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THE  
**Sword and the Trowel;**

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

EDITED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

1878.

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

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## PREFACE.

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AS we close the fourteenth volume of *The Sword and the Trowel* we also complete the first twenty-five years of our ministry in London. How swiftly time has fled, and how like a dream the retrospect appears! Yet it has been no dream, but a blessed and wonderful reality, for which may the name of the Lord be magnified.

Twenty-five years ago we began this work for the Lord with a slender handful of friends, so slender, indeed, that it is easy enough to make a list of them. A few poor, godly people were the nucleus of the present great host. They were, however, as good as they were few. Having been for some years discouraged and disappointed, they were delivered from all unpractical squeamishness, and were ready to join heartily with their young leader in an effort for restoring their church and increasing the kingdom of Christ. Prayer was made unto God without ceasing for prosperity, and the prosperity came suddenly, like the bursting of a great rain cloud, but it did not pass away, or even abate. Year after year there was still the sound of abundance of rain. The feeble folk at New Park-street soon felt strong enough to attempt an aggressive work by holding services at Exeter Hall, and, when this turned out to be more than a success, future progress was forced upon them rather than selected by them. From Exeter Hall to the Surrey Gardens, and from the Surrey Gardens to the Metropolitan Tabernacle has been an advance in which there has been the freest action of simple faith and honest common sense, and yet those who have been behind the scenes know that there has really been no choice at all, but the Lord has shut his servants up to one way and one method, and all they have had to do has been to go forward in his strength.

College, Orphanage, Colportage Association, Society of Evangelists, might any one of them be regarded as works of Christian inventiveness, but it would be by far the smaller half of the truth to view them from that point of view. These enterprises have succeeded each other by a natural rule and order of Providence as inevitably as the links of a chain follow each other. We have heard kind friends speak of "genius for organization" and "great practical common sense" as abiding in the leader of these various works for the Lord; but, indeed, it would be far nearer the truth to say that he followed with implicit, and almost blind, confidence what he took to be the intimations of the divine will, and hitherto these intimations have proved to be what he thought them. At the close of twenty-five years we see a vast machinery in vigorous operation, in better working condition than ever it was; and, as to means and funds, perfectly equipped, although it has no other resources than "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Gratitude bows her head, and sings her own song to her Well-beloved, to whom it belongs.

What are we to see in the years which remain to us? It is not ours to supply an answer. Few and feeble the years may be which shall complete our pilgrimage here below. They may be but as seven lean kine, which shall eat up the fat kine that have gone before. Let the reader pray that such a wretched supposition may not be realized. Otherwise may we read the lines of destiny. According to the riches of his mercy our Lord will fulfil the promise, "Thou shalt see greater things than these": and if spared for another quarter of a century each branch of the work will be stronger, the whole enterprise far more widely developed, and many new ends and objects hitherto unattempted will have been carried out to the glory of God.

At any rate, with all our heart we thank the thousands of friends who have helped us during these twenty-five years. Our chief gratitude is due to the Most High; to him be it paid: but it would by no means be pleasing in his sight that we should be ungrateful to those of his friends and servants who have been our fellow-helpers. What could we have done alone? We are the debtor of all. There have been the regular contributors with their small amounts coming in constantly; these have been sweet as daily bread. There have been the occasional donors whose gifts have been special thank-offerings of mercies received; these have been pleasant dainties. And there have been the brethren, true stewards of the Lord, who every year in dividing out their substance have made an item of each branch of our work, and have sent us large sums, so that the cause of God might not lack; these have been royal providers. Upon helpers of all sorts may the dew of the Lord descend; may they have their full share of the comfort which cometh of doing good. We should be willing, personally, to surrender our own portion of the pleasure if we could send it on to some heavy-hearted subscriber who needs good cheer at this moment.

Brother, if you have helped by the College to teach many a young Apollos the way of God more perfectly; or if in the Orphanage you have provided for the widow and the fatherless; or if by the Book Fund you have helped the impoverished servant of God; or by the Colportage have joined in sending pure literature into the dark spots of your own country; or by the Society of Evangelists have enabled the earnest proclaimer of the gospel with his silver trumpet to sound out the word of life—if you have helped in any one or all of these works, let us rejoice together; let us give a grip of hearty fellowship, and with a song in our mouth and a prayer on our tongue let us go on our way till the end shall be.

C. H. SPURGEON.

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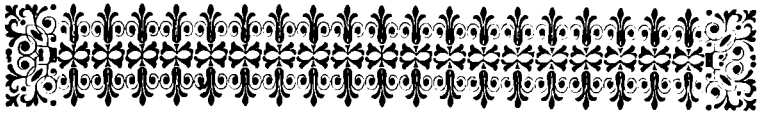
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THE  
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

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JANUARY, 1878.

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*The Voices of our Days.*

A MEDITATION FOR THE NEW YEAR. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.”—  
Job xxxii. 7.

**I**N the discussion between Job and his three friends Elihu was present, but though by far the wisest man he remained quiet. Sometimes a still tongue proves a wise head. In our text he gives his reason for refraining from speech. He felt inclined to deliver his mind, but being the younger man he modestly said “These grey-headed men ought to know better than I. Perhaps if I speak I shall display my ignorance, and they will say, ‘Be silent, boy, and let your fathers teach you.’” Therefore he said to himself, “Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.”

Elihu had, however, been disappointed. His words plainly say that he had heard but little wisdom from the three ancients, and he added, “Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment.” He was not the only man who has been disappointed when looking to his seniors for wisdom, for it is a sorrowful truth that the lapse of years will not make us wiser apart from the grace of God. Though with the teaching of the Holy Spirit every year’s experience will make the Christian riper, yet without that teaching it is possible that each year may make a man, not more ripe, but more rotten. Among all sinners the worst are those who have been longest at the trade; and among saints he is not always the best who has lived long enough to grow cold. We have known some exhibit ripeness of experience in their very youth through divine teaching, and by growing on the sunny side of the wall of fellowship; while others who have been far longer on the tree are still sour, because they hang out of the blessed sunlight of

the divine presence, in the cool shade of worldliness. You cannot measure a man's wisdom by the baldness of his head, or the greyness of his hair; and yet if the Spirit of God were with us to sanctify each day's experience it ought to be so. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

This, then, is our new year's theme—the teaching of our years as they pass over our heads. What are we learning from them?

Our first remark shall be that DAYS HAVE A VOICE. Elihu said, "Days should speak." Every day, as a day, has its own lesson. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." The sun never breaks upon the earth without light of a superior order for those who have intelligence, and especially for those who have the Holy Spirit. For instance, the mere fact of our beginning another day teaches us to adore the mercy which kept us alive when the image of death was on our faces during the night. An extraordinary mercy indeed; for sleep is near akin to death, and waking is a rehearsal of the resurrection. When the day begins it tells us that God has already provided us with mercies, for there are our garments ready to put on, and there too is the morning meal. Each day in its freshness seems to hint that the Lord would have us attempt somewhat new for him, or to push forward with that which we have already commenced, or to draw nearer to him than we have ever been before. The Lord calls us to learn more of him, to become more like him, to drink more fully into his love, and to show forth that love more clearly. Every hour of the day teaches us its own lesson, and till the shadows fall the voices speak to us if we have ears to hear. Night, too, has its teaching. Does it not bid us pray the Lord to draw a curtain over the day and hide the sin of it, even as he draws the curtain across the sky, and makes it more easy for us to fall asleep? Do we not delight, as we go to our beds, to ask to be unclothed of all our sins, even as we are stripped of our garments, and should we not pray to be prepared to fall asleep, and lie in our last bed-chamber, till the everlasting morning breaks upon us and we put on our glory robes? Did we but exercise sanctified thought, each day would bring its precious dower of wisdom, and make us better acquainted with the Lord.

What a message do our Sabbath-days bring to us! To those who toil all the week long the light of the Lord's-day seems fairer and fresher than that of any other day. A person at Newcastle who had a house to let took an applicant for it to the top of his house, spoke of the distant prospect, and added, "We can see Durham cathedral on a Sunday." "On Sunday," said the listener, "and pray why not on a Monday?" "Why," said he, "because on the week-days great furnaces and pits are pouring forth their smoke, and we cannot see so far; indeed, we can scarcely see at all; but when the fires are out our view is wide." Is not this a true symbol of our Sabbath-days when we are in the Spirit? The smoke of the world no more beclouds the heavens, and we see almost up to the golden gates. Such days do speak, indeed, and tell us of the rest which remaineth. They sing in our ears with soft and gentle voice, and tell us that we shall not always need to bow like galley slaves, tugging at the oar of this world's work, but may even now look up to the place where our home awaits us, and the weary are at rest. These peaceful

Lord's-days call us away to the top of Shenir and Hermon, whence we may view the land of our inheritance. They cry to us, "Come up higher." They beckon us to commune with "him whom, having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." All days speak, but Sabbath-days speak best,—they are orators for God! These resurrection days, these days of the Son of man, these have angel voices. He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

While each day speaks, some days have peculiar voices. Days of joy speak, and bid us bless the Lord and magnify his name. Days of sorrow speak and cry, "Depart ye, depart ye, this is not your rest, for it is polluted." Days of communion with God speak, saying, "Abide with me"; and days of lost communion cry in warning, "Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there any secret thing with thee?" Days of health say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"; and days of sickness say, "In the day of adversity consider." Each day, whether bright or dim, clear or cloudy, festive or desolate, has its own tone and modulation, and speaks its message. Some of these days are great preachers, and from them we have learned more than in months before. Solemn days of decision when sins have been abandoned, joyous days of manifestation when Christ has been precious, triumphant days of victory in which God has been exalted—these speak indeed, and like prophets claim a hearing in the name of the Lord. Whether common or special, each day is to us a new page of sacred history, a new window into the truth, another halting place in the march to the celestial city.

Here let us add that *all our days have had a voice to us*. There were youthful days, and we thought they said, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," and we listened all too eagerly; yet we misunderstood those voices. Had we hearkened to the end of their sermon we should have heard them say, "But know that for all this God will bring thee into judgment." To some of us our youthful days were full of blessed teaching, for they called us to seek him early in whom we have rejoiced and found our all in all. Days of middle life have a voice, which we hear as we buckle on our harness for stern fight, and find but little space for rest, and none for self-congratulation. What do these days say to us but "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." Those grey hairs scattered upon our brows warn us that our sun will not remain at noon for long. I hear a voice which cries to me, "Quick! quick! quick! The night cometh." As to those later days, to which our text more pointedly alludes, they say to you, dear brothers and sisters, who have reached them, "Make sure work for eternity. Hold time loosely. Lay hold on eternal life." The declining strength, the teeth long gone, the limbs trembling, the eyes needing the optic glass to aid them, the hair snowy with many winters—all these are messages of which the purport is, "Be ye also ready, for the Bridegroom cometh." Knowing our frailty, each day sounds in my ear the trumpet call, "Boot and saddle. Up and away. Linger no longer. Press on to the battle." One of the loveliest sights in the world is an aged believer waiting for the summons to depart. There is a lovely freshness in the green blade; the bloom upon the ripening

corn is also fair to look upon, but best of all we delight in the golden ears drooping down from very weight of ripeness, expectant of the sickle and the harvest home. We have some among us who are so lovely in their lives and heavenly in their conversation that they seem like shining ones, who have lingered here a little late; they ought to be in heaven, but in mercy to us they tarry here to let us see what the glorified are like. I have heard of stray sunbeams, and these are such. It is well when our old age is such a voice from heaven, but with the unconverted man or woman how different are all things! To them we must tenderly but faithfully give warning. "You *must* soon die. The young *may* die, but you *must*: you know you must. Be wise, therefore, and prepare to meet your God." The eleventh hour with iron tongue calls to you, hear it, or you will have to hear it sound your condemnation for ever.

Our days all have a voice, and those which mark the different stages of our life and the flight of time have voices which demand special attention. Birthdays, as often as they come, have a chiding voice, if we are lingering and loitering; and they have also a voice appealing to us for gratitude for years of mercy past. They have a voice calling to us for more strenuous exertions, and bidding us draw nearer to God than before. There is always a buoyancy and gladness about the first days of the year; they speak of thankfulness, and call us to devote ourselves anew to God, and seek new grace to make the coming year more holy than the past. The dying hours of the last day of the year are well kept as a watch, for by their fewness we see their preciousness. There are also last days to a life; and it will depend upon what that life is whether they will be rang out with joyous peals or knelled with despair.

Let days speak, then, for they have much to say to us.

The next thing in our text is, that INCREASING YEARS SHOULD INCREASE OUR WISDOM—"multitude of years should teach wisdom." A man ought not to be at this moment as foolish as he was twelve months ago. He should be at least a little wiser. Christian men ought to learn several things by the lapse of years.

We ought to learn to *trust less to ourselves*. Self-confidence is one of the commonest faults of the young: they judge themselves to be better than their fathers, and capable of great things. Untried strength always appears to be greater than it is. For a man to trust himself in the beginning of his Christian career is very unwise, for Scripture warns him against it; but for him to trust himself after he has been twenty or thirty years a Christian is surely insanity itself—a sin against common sense. If we have spent only a few years in the Christian life, we ought to have learned, from slips, and follies, and failures, and ignorances, and mistakes, that we are less than nothing. The college of experience has done nothing by way of instructing us if it has not taught us that we are weakness itself. To rest upon yourself, or upon any particular virtue which you possess, or upon any resolution which you have formed, is vanity itself. Brother, has that spider's thread already failed you so many times, and do you still call it a cable? Has reed after reed broken beneath you, and do you still rest on them as though they were bars of iron? Are you an aged Christian, and yet self-confident? Surely this cannot be.

Age should teach every man *to place less and less confidence in his fellow men*. I do not mean that we are to lose that legitimate confidence which we should place in our fellow Christians, and in the moral integrity of those we have tried and proved, but I refer to that carnal confidence which makes flesh its arm: this should be cured by age. When we begin the Christian life we are like feeble plants needing a support. We cling to our minister, and everything he says is gospel; or we follow some superior person, and place our admiring confidence in him. Alas! It often happens that helpers fail, and unless we have in the meantime learned to do without them the consequences may be very serious. In the course of time I think most Christians find their idols among men broken before their eyes. They at one time said, "If such a man were to fall, I should think that there was no truth in Christianity;" but they have learned better now. God will not have us make idols of his saints or ministers, and years prove to us that those are cursed who trust in man; but he is blessed that trusteth in the Lord.

We ought to learn, again, that *there is no depending upon appearances*. Have you not found out, as far as you have now gone, that the direst calamity that ever overtook you was your greatest mercy? And have you not found that what you thought would have been a choice blessing would really have been a terrible danger to you if it had been bestowed? You have judged the Lord by the outward manifestation of his providence according to your folly; have you not now learned to believe in his tried fidelity, and to trust him at all times, let him do what he may? In this, age should instruct us. We ought not to be afraid because the day is cloudy, but remember that if there were no clouds there would be no rain, and if no rain, no harvests. Surely it is time that we had done judging each inch of time by itself, and began to see things upon a broader scale. We should neither be too much depressed nor too exultant, because of our immediate present condition, if we knew that things are not what they seem.

Years also should teach us *greater reliance upon the divine faithfulness*. It ought every day to be easier for a Christian to trust in God. The young believer is like a young swimmer who, for the first time, feels his feet off the bottom, and scarcely knows what will become of him; but the old swimmer feels like a fish in its native element, and he is not afraid of drowning. The little waves which, in his boyhood, he thought would swamp him, he takes no notice of whatever, and even if huge billows roll he mounts them like a sea bird. Oh, it is a grand thing to be established in the faith, grounded and settled, so as to be able to say, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed." So it ought to be with us. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom."

And truly, dear friends, we ought to attain a deeper *insight into the things of God*, as every year rolls over our heads. The conversation of mature Christians is always very delightful. Young Christians sparkle most, but old Christians are diamonds of the first water. You shall get good fruit from a young and earnest Christian, but it lacks the mellowness and full flavour of the ripe believer. I love to talk with aged Christians, even when they are uneducated people. Many holy

women may be met with among the poor of the church who know a world of sound divinity; and if you will but listen to them you will be surprised. They do not deal in theories; they tell you matters of fact. They do not explain points like the school men, but they illustrate by their experience what else seemed dark. They have been instructed by living near to God, by feeding upon truth, by lying in Jesus' bosom like the poor man's ewe lamb, which did eat of his bread and drink of his cup: this makes men wise unto salvation, and, in such cases, years sanctified by grace teach them wisdom.

I shall have to speak long if I have to show in what respects Christians ought to grow wiser. They ought to grow wiser with regard to themselves—to be more watchful against their besetting sins, more intent in that particular department of service for which they find themselves most qualified. They ought to be wiser towards Satan, more aware of his devices, and of the times when he is likely to assail them. They ought to learn how to work better with others; to manage more easily people with queer tempers; to get on better with those who are under them, or with them, or above them. They should be learning how to deal with trembling sinners, with hard hearts, and with tender consciences; with backsliders, with mourners, and the like. In fact, in all things every year we ought to be more fully equipped; and, under the blessing of God's Spirit, years should teach us wisdom.

Brethren, we ought to learn, if we remember who it is that has been teaching us, if we are Christians. It is the Holy Ghost himself. If your boy goes to a school two or three years, and does not make progress, you do not feel satisfied with the master. Now, you cannot, in this case, blame the teacher. Let the pupil take much blame to himself then. "Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom," since the Holy Ghost dwells in us who are converted to God. Let us remember how sweetly he has taught us by means of the choicest mercies. They used to teach their children the alphabet in the olden times by giving them A B C on pieces of gingerbread, and when the boy knew his letter he ate the gingerbread for a reward. That is very like the way in which we have been taught doctrine: it has been sweet to us, and we have learnt it by feasting upon it. I know it has been so with me. The mercy of God has been a divine instructor to my soul. "Thy gentleness," says one of old, "has made me great." With such sweet teaching, kind teaching, loving teaching, forbearing teaching, we ought to have learned something in all these years.

And then, sometimes, how sharply the Holy Ghost has taught us. I have heard say that boys do not learn so well now, because the rod is so little used. I should not wonder; but in God's school the rod never has been put aside. Some of us do not go long without a stroke or two; and if you have been very much tried and troubled, and yet have not learned, my dear brother, my dear sister, what can be done with you? What with all this smarting, with all this sickness, with all these losses and crosses, and yet no profiting? O vine, with all this pruning, are there so few clusters? O land, with all this ploughing and harrowing, is there so slender a harvest? Let us mourn before God that it should be so. And let us remember again how much teaching we have had from the ministry, under the blessing of God's

Holy Spirit. I should not wonder if some Christians do not profit, because their Sabbaths are very dreadful days to them. All the week they are hard at work, and on Sunday there is nothing to feed upon in what they hear, and they come home from public worship dissatisfied and troubled. Now, if your souls have been fed,—if you have often said, “Surely, God was in this place, and I knew it,” and you have gone home with your souls fed with the finest of the wheat, should there not be some wisdom to show for it? Consider the position which some of you occupy as teachers of others, as heads of families and instructors. If you do not learn, how are you to teach? And if there is no learning with you, you cannot wonder if your scholars make no progress under your instructions. With God as our teacher, if we do not learn we cannot blame others if they do not learn from us who are but men and women. May God grant that instead of losing time in frivolities, or “killing time” as the worldling calls it, we may seek to increase in the knowledge of God and in likeness to Jesus, so that every day we may be better heirs of heaven.

My last word shall be a short one, and it is this: according to my text, **THOSE WHO HAVE WISDOM SHOULD COMMUNICATE IT TO OTHERS.** “I said, days should speak”—not be silent, “and multitude of years should teach wisdom;” that is to say, those who have days and multitude of years should try to teach the younger folks what they know. Now, it is a fault with some of our brethren that they do not teach us young people enough. They are too quiet. I should not like them to die and go to heaven without having told us all they know; and yet when a venerable saint is buried who has been very reticent in speech, and has never used his pen, what a mint of teaching is buried with him! It always seems to me to be a pity that anything should be lost through the hand of death; it should rather be a gain. There are some of us who have told people all we know, and we are always repeating it, so that if we die no secrets will sink into oblivion; but there are others of the opposite sort, a great deal goes into them, and there must be a deal of wisdom in them, for none ever comes out. Doubtless many believers have been walking with God and enjoying the means of grace for so long a time that they are quite able to teach others, but they are of small service to us because they are so retiring. I never like to see a Christian like an old-fashioned money-box, into which you put the money, but from which you cannot get it out again unless you break the box. It ought not to be so. Does not our Saviour tell us that the well of water in us is to become rivers of water streaming out from us? As we receive we should give. The more we learn the more we should teach; and if God teaches us it is because he expects us to instruct others.

Now, brethren, I presume to speak to those who are older than I am. Try and teach somebody, dear brethren; ask yourselves how did you learn what you know? You were taught. Return the blessing by teaching somebody else. You were taught. Did your mother teach you? Are you a mother yourself? Then teach your own children. Did you learn from your father? Then, father, be not ungenerous to your family. Hand on the inheritance: what your father gave you, pass on to your sons, that they may teach the same to their heirs. Or did you learn from a Sunday-school teacher? Be a Sunday-school teacher



yourself, and teach the rising generation. Remember that according as you have ability you are a debtor to the church of God, by whose means you received the truth, and to the church of God pay back, in the shape of instrumentality, the teaching which you have received by teaching those around you.

Note, next, that you are bound to do it, for without this the truth cannot be propagated in the land. There is not a tree that stands at this moment leafless and bare in the winter's blast but what has within itself preparation for casting its seed into the earth next year. Take off a bud, and you will find concealed within it the flower and everything preparatory for the creation of another tree like itself when the fulness of time shall come. The violet and the foxglove in the bank are waiting for the time to cast seed abroad, that the species may be continued on the face of the earth, each after its kind. In like fashion should each believer, by making known the truth of God, secure a succession of the faithful among men. Are those of ripe years among us attending to this as they should?

Again, remember that the devil is always teaching, and his servants are always busy. When the sons of Belial invent some new blasphemy their lips ache to tell it. Let but a loose song be sung in any music hall in London, and before many hours it will have a thousand voices occupied with it. The devil has his missionaries ready to teach iniquity wherever they go, and they neither lack for zeal nor courage. And shall Satan have such busy servants and Christ's cause languish for want of agents? God forbid! If you have learned a great truth, go and tell it. If you have found out something that is fresh to you, concerning the Lord and his love, do not wait till the morning light, but tell it at once. If you have found the Saviour, tell about him; tell about him; tell about him with all your might whenever you have opportunity, and spread abroad the glad news of his salvation. Remember that to tell to others what you have known is often the very best way of deepening and increasing your own knowledge. Holy occupation is one of the most important things for our spiritual health. If you see a church sinking low the last persons to leave that church are the Sunday-school teachers, and others, who are practically occupied with serving God; and the first to go are those fluffy professors who are neither use nor ornament, but cling to a church like dust to your coat. Very largely will you find that, in proportion as you serve Christ, Christ will serve you; therefore seek you to feed his lambs, and he will feed you.

At the beginning of this year I would urge each one of you to say, "Cannot I make next year better than this? Can I not pray more, believe more, love more, work more, give more, and be more like Christ?" Was last year an improvement upon 1876? Whether it was so or not, let 1878 be an advance upon 1877. It ought to be, for it is a year which lieth somewhat nearer heaven than its predecessors. If you have lived up till now without a Saviour, end that dangerous state. Listen to the gospel message—"Believe and live." Ere New Year's Day is over look unto Jesus Christ, and be saved. He will have glory and thou shalt have happiness, and thus shall you begin aright another year of our Lord, and his Holy Spirit will make it to you a year of grace.

# Bhamo.

## No. II.

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY, M.R.C.S. (ENGLAND), L.R.C.P. (LONDON).\*

**I** LITTLE thought when I made the promise to write again on this subject that it would be from any other place than Bhamo. Bad health and worse climate drove us from it. Since then shipwreck and the loss of nearly all has driven us home. In the wreck I lost all my note books, and must now trust to treacherous memory for facts wherewith to write my No. 2.

To the best of my recollection we closed No. 1 with a topographical account of that old Burmese town, Bhamo. That must have been alike both to you and me the driest side of the subject. But now that we have come to the "working side" there is not so much of an especially interesting nature to relate. I mean from an evangelistic point of view; for whilst we have had converse with numbers of people of different nationalities (amongst whom were several enquirers after "the truth," some few of whom, for a time, gave us hope of the existence in them of divine life), so far as we know there were no cases of decided conversion from dumb idols to the service of the living and true God. But you must not imagine from this that the Bhamo Mission has been a failure. It has been no such thing. If I may be allowed to say so, it has been a decided success. A success which has surpassed our most sanguine expectations, and made our Tobiahs and Sanballats stare and grievously mourn. A success which has added new lustre to our hopes, and brought nearer the accomplishment of our leader's plan, namely, the evangelization of the western provinces of China. Let it be remembered that Bhamo and its neighbourhood had not been the scene of previous long and extensive missionary labours. Excepting the short visits of some three missionaries at long intervals, there had been no mission work previously done; so that Bhamo, comparatively speaking, was entirely "new ground." Like new ground, it had to be ploughed and broken up before the seed could be sown; and seed when it is sown does not spring up into life and bring forth fruit at once, as some seem to imagine and expect, when judging of foreign missionary work. "Oh, they have been preaching there for more than a year, and there are no souls saved." Hence the unreasonable conclusion of the thoughtless is, of course, that "The work is not of God." No! though after the first few years even of patient toil there be no cases of manifest conversion it may nevertheless be a real work of God; which shall afterwards be attested by an outburst of spiritual life. Look at the works in which Morrison, Carey, Moffatt, and Judson were engaged; men who laboured long before they saw much, if any, fruit. Those men knew what it was to toil on at the work of ploughing, sowing, and harrowing, year after year, buoyed up with the assurance

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\* It is a long time since we heard from our friend, whose papers we always welcome. If the following paper should excite a deeper interest in the China Inland Mission we shall be heartily glad. It is an apostolic work, and the attempt to assail China by way of Bhamo is a wise one which will yet succeed. This paper shows the value of medical missions, and revives our faith in them for some countries.

that it would not return unto them void. And now, as we look forth, shall we say that the work in China, India, Africa, and Burmah has been a failure? God forbid!

The time since our first missionaries (Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau) landed at Bhamo has been spent in this work of clearing, ploughing, sowing, and harrowing. These four things embrace a strange variety of occupations, which the uninformed would scarcely imagine. House-building, odd jobs of joinery, hanging windows, screwing in locks and bolts, superintending clearing and drainage work, felling trees, stacking wood, etc. It would have amused our friends to have seen us during the erection of the first mission house, with our light coats off, shirt sleeves turned up, and caps on, working with plane, chisel, and saw, perspiring away midst shavings and sawdust. The house had to be finished, and finished in our fashion, and as the Burmese carpenters were unable, from long continued habit, to exert themselves, we did it for them. I am often reminded of what a good brother living in Great Yarmouth once said to me when I wanted some bills about a "China meeting" circulated, "If you want anything done you must do it yourself."

Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau had been working amongst the Chinese and Burmese, and in fact made rapid progress with the first mission house, before our arrival. Even in my special department of mission work, namely, the "medical," I had been preceded by my excellent friend and colleague, Mr. H. Soltau, who had been dispensing with a liberal hand Jaynes's Expectorant and Carminative, Davis's Pain Killer, &c., and so, in one sense, I had but to take up my friend's practice. At first the medical work was conducted in the *zayat* where we lived. A small low wooden house, with a thatched (*thecá*) roof, built on poles, situated on the road side. A little amateur joiner soon converted a packing-case into a dispensary-cupboard, then away we set to work. My first case was a poor emaciated Chinaman—truly a "bag of bones." He had been suffering from chronic bronchitis for a long time. He could scarcely speak from difficulty of breathing, and it was only with the aid of a piece of bamboo that he succeeded in reaching the *zayat* at all. It was soon noised about that the promised doctor had arrived, and the result was the people soon flocked together. They were not all patients. Some had come to see the others doctored. One class of cases, of which we had a large number, were Burmese with loose teeth. At an early age these people learn to smoke green tobacco and chew betel-nut; and one result of this habit is, that their teeth are rapidly discoloured and worn down, whilst many become quite loose. The people were unwilling to part with their loose teeth, and so came for medicine to have them fastened in. I was not at all surprised at such requests, seeing they had previously been led to understand, through the advertisement of my excellent colleague Mr. Stevenson, that I could cure all kinds of ailments, it mattered not what; they were but to come if they wanted curing. So high had this good brother raised their expectations, that we got all manner of cases, not a few of which were beyond the domain of both surgery and medicine. For instance, some—Kah-cheens chiefly—wanted medicine which would act as a charm, and prevent bullets from hurting them. Some asked for medicine which

would ensure their having sons instead of daughters; whilst others required me to practise necromancy, and dismiss their trouble by a few passes of my hand.

Every morning, except Sunday, there came many cases, both surgical and medical. Some were Burmese, some Chinese, principally from Yunnan; Shans and Kahcheens, from the bordering mountains; and others, natives of India. These kept us fully occupied from nine till noon. Words and books about salvation through Christ were spoken and given as occasion allowed. This work, as well as interpreting Burmese and Kahcheen, fell mainly to the lot of my efficient colleague, Mr. Stevenson. Although we made no charge, many who had received benefit brought presents, some of fruit of various kinds, plantains, melons, potatoes, and cocoanuts. Others, pork, fowls, eggs, rice, &c. Among the rare gifts was a live civet cat, and the dried skin of an armadillo. These gifts we nearly invariably accepted, as it would have given offence to have done otherwise. For three weeks after our arrival my dear wife and myself lived at this *zayat*, and then we moved over to the new house. For some time after, the dispensary was still held at the *zayat*, until the intense heat, which made the walk to and fro through the town very trying, compelled us to transfer *it* also to the new mission house, near the east gate. The mission house, you will remember, is built in Burmese style, on posts, so that the floor is raised some eight feet above the ground. It was decided to fix up a place underneath a part of this floor for a dispensary. Brother Adams and myself, with the aid of a Burmese joiner, had nailed up the bamboo mats to the posts for sides, put up the shelves, and had it finished for work in a week. The dispensary assistant, a Chinaman, drily remarked that now the dispensary was much further from the bulk of the people we should only get the "true cases"—that the "false ones" would not walk so far. He alluded more especially to the number of Shans and Kahcheens who formerly came, complaining of great pain in the lumbar region ("small of the back.") This pain at first puzzled me. After a close examination of a number of cases, and proving the absence of serious disease, I found that this back pain arose from the habit the people have of squatting down like monkeys. Occasionally they remain a long time in this position, so that, when they attempt to rise, a severe, rheumatic-like pain is experienced in this part which does not readily pass off. Cramp, in short.

In spite of the distance patients continued to come in large numbers at times. The first important case we had was that of a Burman severely bitten about the right knee by a ferocious tiger. It was Saturday night, shortly after dusk, when we were startled by the Burman cry of "tiger," "tiger." Bang, bang went the guns. Clang, clang went the gongs amidst the shouting and yelling of all the people. In the distance we could see the men and women dashing about with firebrands. Not long after this first alarm a troop of men and boys, some with guns and some with firebrands, came rushing down the lane in our direction. Marching into the enclosure they quickly made known that "a Burman had been bitten by a tiger, and would we come at once?" No time was lost. Armed with lint, bandages, and surgical pocket-case off I ran in company with Mr. Soltau. Gaining the main road we

found the people rushing about in a frantic manner with firebrands and guns. The sight was alarming; and not only so, but dangerous, as the firing was at times brisk, and from what I saw and afterwards proved, those who had the guns were not over careful where they were shooting. Next morning we extracted two large rough bullets from a poor cow, which of course died, as the missiles had passed right through its abdomen. We soon reached the house where the poor Burman was lying, surrounded by his sympathizing friends. It was one of the joiners who had been working upon the Mission house. Some of the teeth wounds he had received were deep, and of course their proximity to the joint rendered them very serious. Free cauterization and application of wet lint and bandages was all we could do then, beyond giving directions. Afterwards it became very apparent that the case would be a long one; the man might possibly lose his joint, or limb, if not his life. There was no hospital accommodation at the Mission house, and so an iron bedstead was put together, fitted up with mattress, pillow, and clean sheets and counterpane, and then conveyed to his own house. Here he lay till he became convalescent, which he eventually did, thanks to God's goodness. The last time we saw our friend he was working in the rice fields, with a slightly stiffened knee, but nothing worse. This man was on our hands for more than two months. After this a number of serious cases came in, which compelled us to fit up iron bedsteads and put them in the waiting room in front of the dispensary.

The first eye operation happened to be the first case taken in. The man was a Shan, and came from a distance. Although afterwards discharged cured he often came to us, bringing at times other patients. We managed to crowd five iron bedsteads into our little room, besides the one in the dispensary itself, all of which were often occupied at one time. This ought not to have been, but what were we to do? The people kept coming, and we had to do our best to receive them. At one time, when all the beds were full of patients, there was brought an old Chinaman from Seekaw, twenty miles away, with a bad ulcer on his right foot and serious lung mischief. One of the other patients, a Chinaman from whom a stone cancer had been removed, vacated his bed and settled down in another part underneath the house. All this dispensary and hospital work was carried on immediately under the single wooden floor of our dining room and Mr. Soltau's bedroom.

Shortly after breakfast one morning, I was summoned to go down to see two men who had been badly wounded with dahs (short swords) in a free fight, such as often takes place on board Burmese boats. Upon arriving at the boat, which happened to be one of the King's boats from Mandalay, I found one of the two men in a dreadful state. The number and character of the wounds he had received I cannot here relate, but about the head and face especially he was cut about in a fearful way. I never saw such a case of incised wounds before. A long time was spent in sewing them up as best I could, yet I kept saying to myself, "It is simply impossible for him to live." However, when all had been done which could be done on the boat, the poor man was brought on a stretcher, with the other man—who had been wounded, but not so badly—to the dispensary. The whole Mission party took turns in caring for

him afterwards. In this hospital work all hands were laid to the plough. We were not simply doctors but nurses; nay, even at times undertakers. We not only spread the poultice and wetted the lint, but made the beef tea and corn flour, and mixed the egg and milk. As our patient was in the service of the King of Burmah some Burmese officials came down to take his depositions, expecting that he would die. On one occasion they left a sum of money for him in care of his companion, who had accompanied him mainly to wait upon him, although he himself had received a great gash over his right shoulder. To show the roguery and hard-heartedness of this fellow, we have only to relate that very early one morning, before light, he decamped with the money, leaving his companion in a helpless and all but insensible condition. The poor man ultimately recovered, sufficient to enable him to go about and visit his friends in the town, although partially demented from the terrible gash he got right through his skull. After a long stay with us Captain Reade kindly gave him a free passage in his steamer, the "Col Fytche," to Mandalay. I never saw such an exhibition of nature's curative art as this man's case afforded. He left us quite a good looking man, although he came with one side of his face laid completely open, the end of his nose cut off, and his upper lip cut through.

We had another case of a still more painful nature, and whilst we did all we could, it nevertheless ended fatally. It was that of a Burman Buddhist priest. He was twenty-five years of age, and had been suffering for more than twelve years. He was brought to us in a boat, three days' journey from Bhamo. Emaciation is no word whereby to describe his condition. Bowed down with pain, he was little more than bone covered with skin. For five days he had scarcely touched food for pain. He was in a bad state. That afternoon (for we dare not delay) we operated upon him, and extracted a large and curiously-shaped stone.\* Although he was relieved of the great pain and slept well, and did well for a time, yet he ultimately sank from the previous exhaustion, on the tenth day after operation. His mother came a few days after with a present of fruit. She had to sell her own little boat in which she had brought her son, to provide a feast for the priests on the occasion of the funeral.

Here is another interesting case of a Burman officer who had been severely cut under the knee, laying open that joint. He had been brought seven days' journey down the river from Mow-gowng. From the first we saw that the case would in all probability go to the bad unless the limb was amputated. Before, however, introducing that subject to him, which we knew would be distasteful, as it is to most people about to lose a leg, the case was treated in the usual way. In spite of all our exertions, the man became rapidly weaker, from the immense discharge and hectic fever. The culprit, who had inflicted the wound with a dáh, was brought down in the same boat in chains. He was allowed to come in company with his keeper every morning to see his victim. I generally utilized his presence by getting him to assist

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\* This stone weighed nearly four ounces avoirdupois, and was sent to my worthy teacher, Jonathan Hutchinson, Esq., London.

me in dressing the wound, which was a troublesome affair. Everything depended upon the progress of the case as to whether the prisoner was to live or not. If the man died, the prisoner was to be executed (which is generally done by crucifixion in Burmah). Consequently the prisoner was deeply interested in the case, and came every morning, with his chains clanking, to see his victim, and to render what assistance he could. Whether it was a merciful mood, or a love of money combined with an assurance of success on our part, I do not know, but one day the patient made a proposition to the prisoner that if he would but give him forty rupees (some seventy shillings) he would free him of all responsibility and obtain his release. This is allowable. The prisoner then began to canvass for the money. Who would lend him forty rupees? At last, after numerous attempts, he raised the money, paid for his redemption, and next morning came as usual, but without either chains or keeper. He was free. When all hope of saving the limb was gone, amputation was at last suggested to our patient. Just as was expected, he shuddered at the thought. I had obtained the permission of the chief magistrate of the town, "the Woon," to do it, but the patient said that if his leg was taken off he "*would not be a man*, and people would laugh at him." In short, he preferred to die. The culprit now wanted to take him down to Mandalay in the king's steamer, which happened to be in. As he pleaded hard, and the patient did not object, I consented, after having denied them once. He was taken off, and we afterwards heard that he died.

In October, 1876, Mr. Stevenson, after a great deal of special prayer and effort succeeded in obtaining a large plot of land (compound), situated in one of the best localities within the stockade. In January, 1877, a teak house was built at one corner of it, and in the following month my beloved wife, baby boy, and myself, together with the medical work, were transferred to it. We were now back again in the old neighbourhood, being nearly opposite "the zayat" on the high road leading to the north gate. Nearly all the people coming in from China and the Shan States do so by means of this road. This made the position so very desirable for mission work. The blessing we had received in the other mission-house, which was still occupied by Messrs. Stevenson, Soltan, and Adams, served greatly to increase the number of patients now that we were in a better locality. A thin partition of bamboo mats, about seven feet high, served to divide our one little room, which was bedroom, drawing-room, breakfast-room, and dining-room, as well as study and nursery, from the dispensary. We happened to move into this new house just about the time the Chinese and Shans were returning to China and the Shan States; so we were often full of people. The usual work was resumed. There were several operation cases which had to be accommodated at a neighbouring zayat. It was after we had moved over that we began midwifery work amongst the native women. We were glad when this work came, as we knew what torture the poor creatures underwent as the result of blind superstition. A case of difficult labour is considered there as a just punishment for crimes committed in the previous state of existence; and so, instead of being treated with kindness on the part of those who at such times can be kind and helping, they are the subjects of their ill-

treatment and reproach. We longed for an opportunity of changing this state of things, and so hailed our "first case" with delight. It was the wife of a Chinaman. He came to the front gate after we had all retired for the night, crying out most piteously. I got out of bed and went to see what was the matter. The poor man was on his knees in the road, praying for me to come at once. At first I thought like Eli of old, that the man was drunk. He affirmed, however, what he said was truth, so I dressed and went out. We slowly wended our way in the dark along the slippery banks of the river. Climbing up the embankment, we entered a small rickety bamboo hut. It was his home. There, in the midst of a number of Burmese women lay the poor wife in agonizing pain. The case proved to be an instrumental one, and did well. To show how absurdly these people act on such occasions, I told my patient afterwards to lie down and keep quiet. Early next morning, which was a very hot one, I again visited her, when to my annoyance I found her drawn up quite close to a log-fire, and with all the bandage supports removed. But in spite of all this she made a good recovery. There would have been many more such cases had we remained.

There were many more cases of interest which we cannot now give. We will close this account with just another melancholy case. A Chinese Buddhist priest came to the dispensary about a month or six weeks before we left, with a cut finger. He had recently come from China for the purpose of collecting money towards building a Buddhist temple in T'eng-iou-ch'eo (Mo-mein, a third-class city in Yunnan, where poor Mr. Margary's head was suspended). After he was treated for the finger he came several times, and I spoke to him about the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. He listened, and gave me some encouragement. He went away, and I lost sight of him for several days, until one day a Chinaman came and said that there was a sick man at the Temple, would I go and see him? This was the Chinese temple, in the town, the galleries of which were used by travellers passing through, and others. I went. It was late in the afternoon. Upon enquiry I was conducted up into one of these galleries, where I had often been before to visit the sick. Right down in a dark corner, lying on some bare boards, in a dreadful stench, was my friend the priest. He was burning with fever, filthily dirty, and only partially sensible. I knew it was risky, but I had him removed on an extemporised stretcher to our house at once. The only room we had that was at all available was the bath-room. He was laid in that for the first night. Next morning my servant, Sze-laou, assisted me in washing him. Instead of the dirty, stinking sacerdotal robes, we put him on a clean white shirt, kindly supplied by some Christian ladies worshipping at Paragon Road Chapel, Hackney. An iron bedstead was fitted up with mattress, clean sheets, &c., and placed in an outhouse specially prepared for the purpose. There he was laid. His case required constant attention, for he was very low. Towards evening the fever returned with increased violence, and our hopes grew smaller. I ministered to him myself, and gave him medicine, simple food and stimulant alternately, at stated times, through both day and night. Very



early in the following morning, when it was yet dark, I arose to give him his stimulant. As he did not move or answer when I spoke, I took him by the hand, but he was—gone. Just gone. Oh! it was a solemn scene, one I shall never forget. It was a beautiful calm night, the stars were shining brightly overhead, and there was I standing by the side of my friend the Buddhist priest, who had left his native land to beg for a temple, but now stiffening fast and cold in death. He had no friends, and beyond ourselves none to care for him. I had spoken to him about Jesus in the bath-room, but I do not think he understood what was said.

We left Bhamo in June. At some future period I may give a few particulars relative to the shipwreck, &c. I close this with an item of intelligence which will doubtless rejoice your hearts as it has done ours. About a month ago we received intelligence from Mr. Soltau that our brother Mr. John McCarthy had travelled on foot from the province of Sze-ch'wang right through the mountainous province of Yunnan, across the Burmo-Chinese frontier, right on to Bhamo. He is the first Protestant missionary who has ever set foot in that province, and worked his way through to Burmah. He preached and distributed books all the way along. Now he is in Bhamo with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Soltau, of our own mission, and Mr. Cushing, of the American Baptist Society.

Surely our cry is tenfold, "Ebenezer, Ebenezer, for hitherto the Lord HATH helped us."

12, Clyde-road, London-road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

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## Baby is King.

I READ, once, a little fable, that was on this wise: The birds all came together to elect a king. A venerable old owl was the chairman. There was a great rustling of wings, and much chattering among the birds. At last, a long-legged crane got up and offered this resolution: *Resolved*, "That the bird which can fly the highest shall be our king." That was unanimously carried. Then all the birds—the eagles, and buzzards, and hawks, and humming-birds, and bullfinches, and black-birds, and the rest—flashed up into the sky. One by one they became tired, and dropped down again; but there was one that was not tired. That was the eagle. He flew higher than all the others. Then he looked down and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am your king." Just then a little wren who had nestled on the back of the eagle, in his feathers, and had had a free passage up there—a regular little dead-head—sprang up and looked down at the eagle, and laughed at him, and said, "Not a bit of it, sir; I am above you, and I am the king." I have thought that, no matter how high we big birds fly, our children, the little birds, are always above us, and the baby is king.—DR. SCUDDER.

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## An Archbishop of the Greek Church.\*

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

AT a time when the almost hopeless chaos which we compendiously label "the Eastern Question" engrosses public attention, and the struggle between the powers which represent Mahommedanism and the Greek Church is raging, we open with interest a book which promises a glimpse into the life of a Greek ecclesiastic, and into the doctrine and ceremonial of the Greek Church. The little work before us narrates the story of Alexander Lycurgus, Archbishop of Syros and Tenos, a man who, through his visit to this country in 1870, became better known to Englishmen than is usual with the dignitaries of that church. He was a great and good man, and this is unmistakably apparent, notwithstanding the disadvantage to which he is subjected from the style of continuous panegyric in which the book is written. The worthy archbishop appears to be in a similar danger to that of the Athenian player who was suffocated to death with the garlands thrown by the applauding audience: at any rate, he is so profusely covered with eulogium that some little labour is required to remove the wreaths in order to see the man. His family descent was in his favour: he was the son of a patriot who took a prominent part in the Greek war of independence which broke out in 1820, by which the nation struggled from under the intolerable Turkish yoke and emerged into liberty. This man was afterwards made governor of Samos, and when that island was, by decision of the European powers, given back to Turkey, was elected a member of the Athenian Senate, under King Otho, in which capacity he served until his death. Alexander owed much of the breadth and enlightenment of his mind to the early bias given him by his father, who loved to walk with his little son along the sea-shore in the soft eastern starlight, or to spend the cool evenings on the flat roof of the house, telling the story of his eventful life, and instilling into the young receptive mind the spirit of his own glowing patriotism.

The child was born in 1827; and, being of an unusually studious disposition, was appointed at the age of six years "reader" in the church. In this capacity the little lad was clothed in a long white robe and round cap, and his duty was to stand behind the choir and read aloud the words of the psalm they were about to sing, for in the Greek church the singers are not allowed to use books.

The Eastern Church, in spite of its oppression under the Turkish yoke, had held its dogmas and ritual unchanged, but it was impossible to escape altogether the baneful effects of anti-Christian rule. Its priests had degenerated into an uneducated boorish class, and the spiritual life of the oppressed and unhappy people had sunk to a very low ebb. The nation was stirred into new energy by its recent acquisition of freedom, and the minds of the people became actively

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\* The Life of Alexander Lycurgus, Archbishop of the Cyclades. By F. M. F. Skene; with an Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. Rivingtons, Waterloo-place, London. 1877.

engaged in planning measures to meet the varied requirements of their regenerated life. Young Alexander, sharing this new ferment of mind, and casting his eye on the fallen state of the church, resolved to devote his life to its service. With this view he flung himself with ardour into the study of theology, and passing through the upper public school, entered the new University of Athens, which it had been the first care of the liberated Greeks to establish. At the age of twenty-four his brilliant college career gained him the distinction of being chosen Government student, an appointment which carried with it the privilege of studying at the national expense in the universities of Germany and France. Of this privilege he availed himself to the full extent, and spent seven years in the Universities of Leipsic, Heidelberg, Halle, and Berlin, under such professors as Tischendorf, Tholuck, Bernhardt, and Muller. He received the degree of doctor of philology, and after travelling a short time in France, returned to his native country one of its most cultivated and distinguished men.

From his earliest years he had devoted his life, prospectively, to the church; he had now to select the particular line of service in which he would run. The Greek church possesses both a married and a celibate priesthood; but, according to the invariable rule of superstition, the married is placed at an immeasurable inferiority in dignity to the other, and is shut out from all the higher employments of the church, which are reserved exclusively for the celibate priesthood. A married man can become only a parish priest, his duties being limited to the mechanical performance of public worship in the country villages, the only needful qualification for which is the ability to read. He is of the same class with the ignorant peasants around him, and finds his level with them all his life. He cannot preach; for the Greek church allows no preaching without a license, which is only bestowed on properly qualified persons: and the appointment of public preacher is considered a great and rare distinction among the eastern clergy. The parish priest, moreover, receives no payment of a regular kind; and the small gratuities, varying from one to five shillings, which are given him for such services as commemoration of the dead, or benediction of the house, lower the credit of his position, and are barely sufficient for his support. Students of theology, therefore, taking these things into account, naturally avoid a parochial cure, and prefer to become bishops' secretaries, university professors, or public preachers: and Lycurgus could never indulge any thoughts of marriage unless he was prepared to stultify his usefulness, and shut himself out from those positions which would afford play for the abilities, natural and acquired, which fitted him to do important and responsible work for the church.

He was appointed assistant Professor of Divinity, an honorary though honourable position, in the University of Athens: his lectures earned him great renown, and crowds of students flocked to his classes. At length, in 1862, he judged the time had arrived when he should enter the priesthood, and with that reverence for places which characterises his communion he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to be ordained in the Holy City by the Patriarch Cyril; and on the day which the Greek calendar terms the Festival of the Cross, the *stole*, symbolizing the yoke of the priesthood, was laid upon his shoulders

by the venerable patriarch. Returning immediately to Athens he was appointed public preacher, which position he occupied with almost unprecedented popularity, continuing at the same time his labours as Professor of Theology, without fee or reward to himself, but with great benefit to the university and its students. At the end of four years he was chosen by the holy synod to fill the post of Archbishop of the Cyclades.

And so the precocious genius, the diligent student, the brilliant professor, the earnest priest, the eloquent preacher stands before us at last as an archbishop. But let no simple English reader imagine anything so glorious as an archbishop of the Anglican church, with a palace and retinue almost kingly, a seat in precedence of the highest peers of the realm, and an income of £15,000 a year; for the modest salary of an archbishop of the Greek church is fixed at £180 per annum, which is increased to about as much again by the voluntary offerings, varying from fifteen to thirty shillings, presented to him by private persons for performing for them, at their request, the offices of the church. His light income is compensated, however, by heavy duties. These may be summed up as comprising the average labours of a bishop, dean, and incumbent in the English church. He is required to superintend the affairs of the diocese, to see to the proper maintenance and preservation of the churches, vestments, holy icons, and sacred vessels, and to take his part in the Liturgy on every Sunday and festival day: besides this he watches over the spiritual condition of the monasteries, examines and ordains priests and deacons; and with the aid of four assessors, named by government, judges all ecclesiastical faults committed by the clergy, and punishes them at his discretion. In addition to this he is obliged to respond to every call made by his people for attendance at religious services suggested by family events: he is beset by a legion of baptisms, weddings, burials, visitations of the sick, thanksgiving services on birthdays and other anniversaries, commemorations of the dead, and "openings of churches." Some of these ceremonies are peculiar and interesting. The "commemoration of the dead," for instance, is performed yearly on the anniversary of the death of a friend, by a service conducted in the church, when the "beloved soul" is remembered before God, and offerings of corn and wine are made and given to the poor. A service is also frequently solemnized over the grave on the anniversary of any important event in the life of the departed. The people cherish a curious superstition which connects the state of a corpse, after burial, with the condition of the departed soul. Many believe that if the body is found after a certain lapse of time undecayed it proves the dead man to have been a great sinner. A young widow, whose husband died and had been buried in Athens, wished to remove his body to her home, but was dissuaded by her friends, on the ground that her husband having been a tradesman might have been tempted to commit fraud, and so the body might be found undecayed. She was not to be turned from her purpose; and when the skeleton was discovered, "as pure as if it had been many years in the grave," she exclaimed, "Did I not tell you he was a good man? You see he has been forgiven."

The ceremony of "opening a church" is a singular one, and not

without romantic beauty. Greece is dotted all over with little deserted chapels, which have been erected on the site of some idol temple, with the view of "deconsecrating" the shrine from its heathen dedication. These lonely sanctuaries have never been meant to be of general use, as indeed it is impossible they should be in their distant and often perilous positions; but they are supposed to bear silent witness, amid the solitudes, to faith in Christ; and it is regarded as a meritorious act, on any occasion which calls for thanksgiving, to pay for the celebration of a service in one of these secluded shrines. A very picturesque affair it is. The procession starts over night, in order to reach the appointed spot before daybreak and commence service with the first beams of the rising sun. The service consists of chanting and prayer, and the celebration of the Eucharist with incense. With such a miscellany of duties it is easy to see that a Greek archbishop's is not an indolent life.

The solemnities of the "Great Week," in which the archbishop takes the principal part, are very striking. We quote the description. "He it is who acts as chief mourner in the solemn funeral procession, with which in the darkness and stillness of Good Friday evening the Eastern church commemorates the burial of her Lord. He walks in front of the bier of the Crucified, and intones the wailing chant in the office of the dead as the sad train passes slowly through every street in the city from the door of the church; to which it returns, followed by the lamenting people, to deposit the sacred bier before the altar for the four-and-twenty hours of watching that ensue. It is the bishop, again, who, in the deep gloom that shrouds the eve of Easter, suddenly at midnight lights the first taper, from which thousands more are kindled so instantaneously within the church and among the crowds around the doors, that it seems as if streams of living fire were flashing through the dark night air; then he breaks off simultaneously the funeral chant he has been murmuring in a voice sad and low, and intones the grand triumphal hymn, *Christ is risen*, which is caught up far and near by the exulting people, till it echoes through the distance in a shout of joy."

The chief event, in some respects, in Lycurgus' life was his visit to England in 1870, primarily to consecrate a Greek church in Liverpool, but as the event proved, it widened out into much ampler objects. On this occasion he enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Gladstone, at Hawarden Castle, and was entertained also by the two archbishops, and by several bishops and noblemen: the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford conferred on him the degrees of D.C.L. and D.D., and he was favoured with an audience of the Queen at Windsor Castle. This English visit was mainly employed in discussing with the dignitaries of the Anglican church the scheme of union with the Greek church, which had been introduced in the previous year in a correspondence between the present Archbishop of Canterbury and the Patriarch of Constantinople. The conferences held in England with Lycurgus gave a great impulse to the desire for union with the Greek church which has so greatly possessed the Church of England of late years.

It will not be inappropriate to state here a few facts concerning the

Greek church. It calls itself "The Holy Orthodox Catholic and Apostolic Church." It receives the first seven General Councils, rejecting the authority of the pope and the later Councils of the Western Church. Its chief dignitary is the Patriarch of Constantinople, who since the inundation of the Turks in the fifteenth century has been the creature of the Sultan, and who now rules over that part only of the church which is included within the Ottoman empire. From this central body there have been two secessions; the Russo-Greek Church in the dominions of the Czar, which seceded in the seventeenth century, and is governed by a "Holy Synod"; and the church of the kingdom of Greece, which dates its independence from the Greek revolution of 1822, and like the Russian is ruled by a Holy Synod, which elects the bishops and regulates the limits of dioceses. The Greek church agrees with the Western church on the questions of the Trinity and the Incarnation, but dissents from it on the doctrine of the "procession" of the Holy Ghost. The Greek creed runs thus: "I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Lord, the giver of life; which proceedeth from the Father:" but the Greeks reject the Latin addition, "and the Son." Spurning the supremacy of the pope, they hold tradition and the seven sacraments; they baptize by triple immersion, and administer confirmation immediately afterwards, even to infants. This is done by the priest, not the bishop. In the Eucharist they hold the dogmas of the real presence, transubstantiation, and the propitiatory sacrifice; but they use leavened bread, and administer in both kinds, and even to children. In penance they practise auricular confession and priestly absolution; but confession with them is a simpler and less objectionable rite than in the Roman and, we must add, the Anglican church, being merely a preparation for the Eucharist. As to celibacy, marriage is singularly enough in this "apostolic" church prohibited altogether to bishops, whether by way of disproving its title we will not venture to say, but the apostolic rule runs thus—"A bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife." 1 Tim. iii. 2. The inferior priests are allowed to be married, though not a second time; the common people have a little more liberty, but even for them a fourth marriage is utterly unlawful. They believe in an intermediate state of purgation, and therefore in prayers for the dead, though not in purgatorial fires. They also pray to the saints and to the Virgin Mary. They use no graven images except the cross, but have no scruple against praying before pictures. Their ceremonial is as gorgeous as that of the Roman church, and though they allow no instrumental music, singing is universally in use.

It will be perceived that the Greek church is a shade or two better than the Romish; but, notwithstanding this fact, these being its doctrines and practices, it is beyond our power to understand why the Protestant Church of England desires union with her. The reason lies, perhaps, in the fact that hierarchies always tend to pay greater respect to hierarchies than to the Word of God.

In 1875 Lycurgus attended the Bonn Conference, which was held for the purpose of formulating some general basis for the "unity of Christendom." It is our belief that all such attempts to manufacture a union which does not vitally exist must ever prove abortive. Union

cannot be made; it must grow: and only by a simple return to Christ and to his teaching, "as the truth is in Jesus," divested of all injurious human accretions, will this union be attained. Let the energies of God's people be directed to the dissemination of the truth which unites, and which will of itself confront and cast out the error which divides the churches, and they will be making the best contribution in their power towards the "unity of Christendom." The motives of the promoters of the Bonn Conference were praiseworthy, and deserved, if they did not ensure, success: but the hair-splitting in which all such conferences are doomed to spend their time is hardly an adequate result of the labour bestowed.

The archbishop was ill when he went to Bonn, and he did not long survive his return home. In his weak state of health he halted at his sister's house in Athens, where he had the advantage of all the careful nursing that fond sisterly love could bestow. On the day before his death he received a letter from Mr. Gladstone concerning the Bonn Conference, which he read, and re-read, with very great pleasure. His death was unexpected and sudden, and we must add early, for he had scarcely completed his forty-eighth year. He lay on his couch in the evening, looking out through the open window upon Mount Hymettus, on which the after-glow of sunset still lingered, bathing it in hues of rose and violet. His sister had turned her back to fill for him a cup of soup, when she heard him say softly, "It is finished." Instantly she turned to his side, but in that brief moment the great change had been accomplished. The tidings of his death filled Athens and Greece with mourning. His removal caused a blank in the church not easy to fill; for his gentleness, generosity, humanity, and charity were equal to his learning. Our great and admirable fellow-countryman, Mr. Gladstone, had conceived a warm friendship for him during his stay in England, and wrote a letter on receiving the intelligence of his death, from which we extract a few sentences. "Hawarden Castle, November 1st, 1875,—I have received with the deepest regret the sad news of the death of the Archbishop of Syros; and yet all my personal feelings for the distinguished prelate, all my recollections and individual impressions, are almost obliterated by the sentiment of a loss difficult to measure, not only to the Hellenic race and church, but to the whole of Christendom, . . . I believe that the fatigues of his journey, and his labours at the Synod of Bonn exhausted his already feeble strength. But how glorious is such a death! How illustrious the martyr to peace and love! May the Almighty raise up among your fellow-countrymen, and elsewhere, successors truly apostolic to the sacred cause and work of the departed. I believe that in Greece his memory will not fail to be perpetuated in some national and popular form, and in that case I shall beg also to be allowed to take my part therein. No one better than myself will keep in remembrance his great character, his distinguished intelligence, and the valued friendship with which he honoured me."

The favourite theme of the devoted young archbishop's thoughts, and the main object of his yearnings was the unity of all the divided Christian churches. He hardly included the Papacy in this hope, but to the Old Catholics of Germany and to the Anglican and Lutheran churches he looked with ardent longing. It is impossible to regard

this devotion to what Mr. Gladstone in the above letter calls the "sacred cause of peace and love" with any feelings but those of admiration and approval. It is a favourable token that the desire is growing amongst Christians. But a true welding is not possible until the dross is more thoroughly separated from the pure metal. There is as yet too much of the chaff of error mingled with the grain of truth: a winnowing process is first needed, and the Master must come upon the scene, and, with fan in hand, "thoroughly purge his floor." Then we shall begin to see, visibly appearing, what, amidst all the external divisions which characterize Christendom, we must not forget does even now inwardly and vitally exist in all true believers in Jesus, that "glory" of oneness of which Christ declared—"The glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me."

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## The Indian's Prayer.

A friend sends us this as being composed by an Indian who was brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus:—

**I**N de dark wood no Indian nigh,  
Den me look Hebben, me send up cry  
    Upon me knees so low,  
Dat God on high in shiney place  
See me in *night* wid tearey face,  
    Good man,\* him tell me so.

God send him angel, take me care,  
He come heself, he hear my prayer,  
    If inside heart do pray,  
He see me *now*, he *know* me here,  
He say, "poor Indian, nebber fear,  
    "Me wid you night and day."

How me lub God wid inside heart,  
He fight for me, he take me part,  
    He sabe me life before;  
God lub poor Indian in de wood,  
So me lub God, and dat be good,  
    Me praise him two times more.

When me be old, me head be grey,  
Den "me no leabe you," so him say,  
    "Me wid you till you die;"  
Den take me up to shiney place,  
See white man, red man, black man face,  
    All happy like on high.

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\* The missionary is meant.



## The Pastor of Ettrick.

BY REV. J. WILSON, M.A., ABERNYTE.

### I.

The reader introduced to the place and the man—modern testimonies to Thomas Boston, *pro* and *con*—his early ministry—his progress in evangelical light, with examples.

ON the 25th of August, 1871, the writer made his first excursion into the famous Scottish district of Ettrick, still locally designated “the forest,” though only a few scraggy oaks and beeches linger here and there as the remains of the once extensive Ettrick forest, of old the covert for royal game and the fastness of border outlaw, and where once, according to the old bard’s testimony,

“In it were many a seemly tree,  
There’s hart and hind, and doe and roe,  
And of all wild beasts great plentie.”

The day in question was hot and cloudless, and having set out from the neat and fashionable town of Moffat, per omnibus, we, ere long, found ourselves in a lone land of magnificent green mountains, with summits far withdrawn, lining on either side the long pass of Moffatdale. Passing Bodesbeck, of traditionary fame, by the white bleached road, whose powdery dust eddied and drifted round the carriage wheels, we entered a narrow gorge where the mountains became grand and well nigh perpendicular, and the scenery was savage and “eerie” in the extreme. The high cascade of the Grey-mare’s-tail, with snowy banner waving out for a minnte or two, signalled us as we passed. Shepherds with their flocks hung far aloft on break-neck places, and our fellow-travellers, to add to the weird character of the situation, regaled us with doleful tales of former times—coach-guards having here perished in the snow in a rain battle with the storm, and shepherds venturing after their lost flocks having been hurled by an avalanche down the precipitous sides of the mountains. Past the cottage of Birkhill, whose inmates certainly occupy an elevated position in society, or rather far out of it, and near the high watershed of the Annan and the Yarrow, we enter the parish of Ettrick, once the scene of the unwearied labours of Thomas Boston. Rounding a corner we catch the first peep of the Loch of the Lowes, and then of “lone St. Mary’s silent lake,” lying embosomed in the gamboge-coloured hills, still and clear as on the day when Wordsworth marked how—

“Through her depths St. Mary’s lake  
Is visibly delighted,  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted.”

His description, as well as Scott’s, was this day verified to the letter, even to the trite allusion to the “swan and shadow.” One part, however, of their description was then inapplicable. It was by no means “lone St. Mary’s,” for the day happened to be the centenary of Scott’s birth, and many tourists had been attracted in honour of it to the lake he loved and described so well. A fine statue of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, overlooking the lake reminded us that the spot was connected with more than one classic name, as did also the cottage

hostelry of "Tibby Shiel," at which we alighted, with its memories of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ."

Not visiting the district on that occasion as a special votary of Sir Walter Scott, we thought of another name connected with it not unknown to literature, though very much forgotten. We were reminded of another shepherd of Ettrick who trode these heights and vales as diligently and laboriously in his proper functions as ever did literal shepherd among his flock; and thus having introduced the reader to Ettrick by the same route that we ourselves took, it may be necessary to introduce him (especially the English reader) to the shepherd in question—I mean Thomas Boston.

No Scottish writings on practical religion were more extensively read a generation or so back than those of Boston. At one time it is said there was on an average one book of Boston's to every Scottish family; and still in the more secluded districts one may easily find in muirland farm house, or shepherd's dwelling, a venerable copy of the "Fourfold State," as well smoked as the hams that adorn the kitchen ceiling. This book most probably formed for years the chief spiritual nutriment of some aged and infirm inmate long debarred from the house of God. That the writer of works so popular was one somewhat noteworthy may be safely assumed, and this hasty estimate is curiously confirmed by a sample of folk-lore given by an eminent native\* of a neighbouring district, who tells us that when a boy his schoolfellows would take this catechetical method of revenging themselves upon a certain unpopular local magnate. "Who was the best man that ever lived?" Answer. "Thomas Boston." "Who was the worst?" "Laird ——." Another tradition of a more substantial and interesting character comes from a different region of the country. A certain "moderate" Presbyterian minister in the West Highlands, who had been wont to preach dreary discourses to pews the most of whose occupants slept, all at once began to startle them out of their occasional slumbers. The change was not so much in the manner as in the matter of the discourses. There was felt to be in that a certain living and piercing power which went direct to the consciences and hearts of the hearers. Benumbed spirits began to throb with the pangs of awakening life. The empty seats began to fill, and the fame of this new preaching being bruited abroad crowds came from other parishes that had equally been under moderate rule. The awakening interest of the hearers reacted on the preacher, and as the result there began a wonderful religious awakening, to whose reality and depth time amply testified. The secret of the change was this, that the moderate minister of the parish, having a competent knowledge of Gaelic, had been employed by a society to translate Boston's "Fourfold State," and had found it convenient to give his own congregation the first-fruits of his labours by preaching its chapters to them *serialim* from week to week.

We do not forget, however, that there is another side to the picture; for the name of Boston is by no means universally fragrant in Scotland in our day. His writings are nearly out of print, and his memory is as musty and moth-eaten in the estimation of some modern theologians,

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\* Robert Chambers in "Biographies of Eminent Scotchmen."

or anti-theologians, as his volumes, which stand dingy with antiquity on some old bookstall. Are we not told by one of our leading novelists\* that the "Fourfold State" shows us the ways of God to man through a fourfold "fog"? Do we not also read in a recent interesting "Memoir of a Scotch Probationer,"† which, however, much more decidedly proves the possession, on the part of its subject, of true literary genius than of the spirit and aspirations proper to the ministerial office, that having made an equivocal appearance in the eye of certain orthodox Presbyters, who were officially testing his qualifications for the ministry, and having been advised to study Thomas Boston, he purchased an old copy of the "Fourfold State," and proceeded in youthful frolic to evince his contempt for the book by "burying it beneath all the old rubbish he possessed," and having at a later period disinterred and read it, his mature conviction was that Boston's "Fourfold State" is very poor "as a theological book to recommend to any latter-day student of divinity to read."

Certainly, with a class who have much more sympathy with light literature than Biblical theology in our day, the writings of Boston are among the relics of a barbarous past.‡ But on the other hand, anyone who possesses a capacity of appreciating evangelical truth enforced by powerful appeals to the conscience, and lightened by pithy though often homely illustration, cannot fail to turn with respect from the "Fourfold State" (provided he has got hold of the ungarbled edition), and to understand the secret of Boston's former popularity in Scotland. He is the chief exponent of a school whose distinguishing feature was remarkably clear views of the essential nature of the gospel, or the new covenant, as distinguished from the law, or the old covenant.

Afterwards we may exemplify these views by passages from Boston, and show how he was led to a deeper insight into evangelical truth, and however little regard this school may have from a large class in our day, and however much the controversy|| they had to wage with the traditional party in the church of their time, may be characterized by some modern historians, such as Hill Burton, as a dreary controversy, their views are highly worthy of the remembrance and the study of men of our time.

The position of Boston as a theologian was, first, Biblical; second, evangelical, in the sense of distinguishing thoroughly the free-grace character of the gospel as different from the law; next, Calvinistic; and lastly, Witsian, or following that system of theology the main ideas of which were the two covenants, of works and grace, and the federal headship of the first and second Adam.

\* George M'Donald.

† "The Life of a Scottish Probationer." By Rev. James Brown.

‡ It must be allowed, however, that the style of Boston's works has had somewhat to do with their diminished popularity. He expresses, in his memoir, his aversion to the "modish style" which was coming into fashion in his day. Yet a little more attention to style, while not detracting anything from their Calvinism, would have greatly enhanced the value and permanence of the writings of Boston and some of the Puritans. How much more valuable would Owen's great legacy to the church have been had his style been more lively and succinct!

|| The Marrow Controversy.

Having stated for the benefit of readers who may be well nigh ignorant of the name of Thomas Boston, his chief claim upon their attention in such a sketch as this, we may give a brief account of his life as admirably exemplifying the "painful" and faithful labours of the best class of old Scottish pastors.

Much of our material is got from his memoir, which, though prolix and antiquated in style, and sometimes too morbidly subjective, is yet, we venture to affirm, one of the most valuable autobiographies to the Christian minister ever written. Thomas Boston was born in the town of Dunse, March 17th, 1676. This town lies at the foot of its Law, famed in Scottish history, whence is obtained a fine view of the fair valley of the Tweed, with the once formidable fortress of Norham on the English side, frowning distant defiance across to the castles of Wark and Hume on the Scottish. His father he describes as an intelligent man, of good repute, who, having come under the saving power of the gospel in youth, suffered much for his Nonconformity during the Stuart persecutions. He lay long in the prison of Dunse, and Thomas was early initiated into the strict principles and penalties of Presbyterianism by lying many nights in prison with his father to keep him company. Happier days having come, and the persecuted ministers being allowed to preach, Thomas, when a boy of eleven years, went often great distances to attend the preaching of Henry Erskine, father of the more celebrated Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine. He was awakened by two of this preacher's sermons on, "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you," etc., and "Behold the Lamb of God"; and his earnestness and zeal were attested by his readiness, as he tells us, to go long distances, and to wade the Blackadder river in cold frosty weather, in order to hear his favourite preaching. In those days he says he had a "great glowing of affections in religion, even to a zeal for suffering for the cause of Christ"; and while his own mature judgment could detect much rubbish in his dispositions and experiences at that time, yet he could not but trust that "some good thing toward the God of Israel wrought in me."

Having gone to college at Edinburgh, and been licensed to preach on the 18th of June, 1697, he preached his first public sermon in his native town; beginning, he says, in a "rousing strain, and would fain have set fire to the devil's nest." His text was certainly of a rousing character, "Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to help." From the first he was accompanied by the light and shadow of the faithful minister's course, the attachment of the godly or "exercised Christians," as they used to be called, and the hatred of the profane. Though at first bashful and timid in public, he very soon became bold in preaching, so that whenever he entered the pulpit he felt so fortified by the divine presence he had sought so much in private that, all timidity being thrown to the winds, he cast down the gauntlet to sin in rich and poor alike. The motto of Sir Galahad might well be taken by such faithful preachers.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure."

Naturally of a sensitive, variable temperament, which was no doubt much

influenced by his delicate frame, his preaching was much dependent on the particular mood of the hour. Being settled as pastor of the congregation of Simprim in his twenty-fourth year, he began sedulously to labour with much study and prayer. He gave no uncertain sound as to the natural depravity of the human heart, and the necessity of regeneration and reconciliation to God. Boston believed that there cannot be much lasting spiritual effect accomplished by the preacher through the instrumentality of the Scriptures without an intelligent understanding of them on the part of the people; and that while the Spirit of God must ever be the vitalizing agent, there cannot be a solid work of grace as a rule without regular systematic instruction in the truth of the gospel. This idea moulded the character of his whole ministry. System, combined with variety, was aimed at in his discourses, so that in a year's work his hearers received from him a more or less complete body of divine truth. Such a course in the hand of one less prayerful and profound in spirituality than Boston would be likely to degenerate into formality, but this appears never to have been the case with him.

A brief sketch of a week's work at Simprim in Boston's day may be given. On Friday and Saturday the preacher prepares very thoroughly for his Sabbath work. The texts are sought by prayer, and generally bear on the circumstances of the people. The hours of the Sabbath morning are devoted to prayer, and when the youthful preacher enters the homely structure he finds it well filled, some "exercised souls" from distant places being present, because they had found out that their case is met by his preaching as face answereth to face in water. Casually his eye catches someone of more learning among them, and human nature asserts itself in an involuntary feeling of depression on account of the scarcity of his books and commentaries, which may render his discourse more open to intellectual criticism than it otherwise would be. That temptation is no sooner felt than overcome, and ascending the pulpit, he prefaces the work of the day by a short address, followed by the giving out of a psalm. His simple auditors, of whom the men are in homespun suits of "waulked plaiding," and with broad blue bonnets doffed, and with the "single-soled shoes," for which the neighbouring town of Selkirk was famous, are all attention for their pastor's appearance and strong pathetic voice, and, above all, his earnestness speedily commands the interest of his hearers. After praying and singing, a lecture is given, in which, however, "the enemy so far prevails that the preaching goes away with little pith;" and at the close the preacher retires to a neighbouring barn in great depression, and goes in shame before God; and having laid all oars in the water, as he expresses it, he wrestles with God for pity, and takes the covenant as the ground of being heard. The afternoon service, which he begins with a deep sense of his own vileness, is far more enjoyable. "A gale of the Spirit blows upon him," and he goes on with light, life, and satisfaction, so that a visible impression is made on his hearers. In the evening the people again assemble for the "exercise," in which they are catechized by their pastor on the preaching of the day, or on the Shorter Catechism. On Monday he visits some of the people, and questioning them on the Sabbath work, discovers great ignorance among them. On Tuesday he visits the sick, one of whom tells him that she has been

“a believer all her days,” whereupon, says Boston, I sat as astonished for awhile. On Wednesday afternoon he has some further catechizing, still endeavouring to lay a deep foundation for the gospel in the minds of the people, especially in regard to man’s spiritual ruin and depravity. On Thursday he attends a fellowship meeting with one or two exercised Christians, and afterwards preaches his week-evening sermon in the church; coming home from which, with a sense of the Lord’s presence, he felt with joy, as he says, that he was in Simprim as in a nest under the covert of Christ’s wings.

His leading characteristics were thoroughness and faithfulness, and the fruit of his labours was seen in the reclaiming and awakening of his careless worldly flock. He began in his preaching by setting forth man’s ruin by the Fall, or perfect alienation from God, then his begun recovery through Christ, and lastly, his perfect recovery; and having continued this system more or less through his ministry, and having prefixed an account of man’s original righteousness, he gradually shaped his sermons into the book called “Man’s Fourfold State.”

Along with his marked success in awakening and edifying souls during these “halcyon days,” as he styles them, of his ministry at Simprim, the two most notable events of this period of his life were his marriage to a true yoke-fellow, Katherine Brown, of Culross, and the deeper insight into evangelical truth to which allusion has been made. The occasion of the latter is worthy of notice. He had at first preached the law, not to the exclusion of Christ, but as the most marked feature of his addresses. He became growingly dissatisfied with the measure of his spiritual attainments, being convinced of a strong tendency in his heart to legalism, and a want of insight into the peculiar free-grace character of the gospel. He had heard a friend often expound the meaning of being divorced from the law, dead to the law, but understood very little of the matter. Gradually, however, rays of light broke in upon his mind, though not sufficient wholly to dispel the darkness, till one day he chanced to visit at Simprim a cottage whose owner had been engaged in the Cromwellian war, and had brought home two small religious books. These he espied lying on a shelf over the window. On examining them, he was struck by the statements given in one of these, which seemed to speak directly to his present perplexities. It was the “Marrow of Modern Divinity,” and he was allowed to carry it home. In this manner he was led at length to discover the free unconditioned access to Christ permitted to all sinners, and the true relation of faith and works, pardon, and repentance.

It might be interesting to ascertain fully the results of this process, but only a few sentences may here be given as a specimen of the evangelical insight attained in this way by Boston.

“In a sinking state of the church the law and gospel are confounded, and the law jostles out the gospel, the dark shades of morality take the place of gospel light, which plague is in this day begun in the church, and already far advanced. Men think they see the fitness of legal preaching for sanctification: but how the gospel should be such a means they cannot understand.

“It is not gospel doctrine that Christ will receive none but true penitents, or that none but such have a warrant to embrace Christ by faith (Rev. xxii. 17 quoted). The evil of their doctrine is that it sets sinners to spin repentance out of their own bowels and to fetch it to Christ; and it must in a special

manner entangle distressed consciences, so as they dare not believe until they know their repentance to be true repentance.

“Even the saints sometimes lay much of the weight of their peace upon the depth of their convictions and terrors, whereas the weight of it is to lie entirely on the blood of Christ, for nothing else can shelter us from the wrath of God. I know no need of a further depth of the law work than to convince a sinner of his absolute need of Christ for justification and sanctification.

“The gospel is a report from heaven of salvation for poor sinners from sin and from the wrath of God; however dear bought, yet freely made over to you in the word of promise, so as that ye may freely take possession of it. This report being brought to the sinner, faith trusts in it as a true report, believing that God has said it; and trusts it as good, laying our salvation upon it.”

Boston's insight into the nature of the gospel will be further elucidated by taking a short passage from the “Marrow of Modern Divinity,” with a part of his commentary upon it.

MARROW.—“The truth is, God never speaks to a believer out of Christ, and in Christ he speaks not a word in terms of the covenant of works. And if the law should presume to come to your conscience and say, here in and herein thou hast transgressed and broken me: and therefore thou owest so much and so much to divine justice, which must be satisfied, or else I will take hold on thee; then answer you and say, O law! be it known unto thee that I am now married to Christ, and so I am under covert; and therefore if thou charge me with any debt thou must enter thine action against my husband Christ, for the wife is not sueable at the law, but the husband. But the truth is, I through him am dead to thee, O law! and thou art dead to me; and therefore justice hath nothing to do with me, for it judgeth according to the law.\* And if it (the law) yet reply, Ay, but good works must be kept, if thou wilt obtain salvation; then answer you and say, I am already saved† before thou camest, therefore, I have no need of thy presence, for in Christ I have all things at once, neither need I anything more that is necessary to salvation.‡ He is my righteousness, my treasure, and my work. I confess, O law, that I am neither godly nor righteous, but yet this I am sure of, that he is godly and righteous for me.”

Such were Boston's views of the gospel, and we are far from certain that believing men in our day who lovingly study the apostle Paul will

\* BOSTON'S COMMENTARY.—If a believer should acknowledge the necessity of his own holiness and good works, in this point (*i.e.*, the satisfaction of justice); and so set about them in order to answer this demand, then he should grossly pervert the end for which the Lord requires them of him: putting his own holiness and obedience in the room of Christ's imputed obedience. And so he should fix himself in the mire, out of which he could never escape until he gave over that way and betook himself again to what Christ alone has done for satisfying this demand of the law. But that the excluding of our holiness, good works, and keeping of the commandments from any part in this matter, *militates nothing against the absolute necessity of holiness in its proper place* (without which in man's own person no man shall see the Lord) is a point too clear among sound Protestant divines to be here insisted on.

† Saved, to wit, really though not perfectly; even as a drowning man is saved when his head is got above the water, and he, leaning on his deliverer, is making towards the shore.

‡ But are not personal holiness and godliness, good works, and perseverance in obedience, jostled out at this rate as unnecessary? No, by no means, for Christ is the only fountain of holiness, and the cause of good works in those who are united unto him: so that where union with Christ is there is personal holiness and good works infallible; and where it is not, all pretences to these things are utterly vain.

pronounce them effete or enveloped in a "fourfold fog." Nor are we certain that modern culture has substituted anything clearer or more satisfying to the Spirit-taught soul. Granting that a theology has become fashionable which commends itself better to the feelings and tastes of the majority of men, harmonizing better with the spirit of the age, and looking less strange and out of place when introduced to lend variety to the pages of a modern novel, yet we may say of it as Coleridge in his later years did of Unitarianism, if the doctrines the sum of which (Boston and his school) believed to constitute the truth in Christ *be* Christianity, then (the fashionable theology of modern light literature) is not, and *vice versâ*. Nay, we may go further, and say if the doctrines taught in the gospels and expounded in the epistles of Paul *be* Christianity, then modern fashionable theology is not.

Whoever cares to see the doctrines above mentioned treated in their subjective aspect, or in their workings in the hearts and consciences of men at progressive stages of their spiritual history will find remarkably searching and profound examples of the same in the "antiquated" book already mentioned, namely, the "Fourfold State," part III. section 2, and especially in the discourses on how the branches are cut off from the natural stock.

In our concluding sketch we shall give some account of a visit to the scene of Boston's ministry, and of his pastoral work and private life, along with some matter which has not previously been given to the public.

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## Out in the Bush with Thomas Spurgeon.

HONOURED and beloved President,—Your son Thomas landed at Melbourne on the 28th August, and was most heartily welcomed by everybody, I know, for your sake; and now, by all who know him, for his own. He has spoken with much profit to his hearers and credit to himself before an audience of 4000 people in the Melbourne Town Hall, as well as in the leading churches of the denomination, both in the metropolis and in the country. I am gratified to think, however, that he made his bow to Victoria first in our new church here, and that we were also privileged to celebrate his coming of age at the "pivot," as Geelong is facetiously called. We tried to be as hearty and affectionate as we could on that occasion, whatever else was lacking.

Before Mr. T. Spurgeon's arrival, I was solicitous to respond to another pressing call to make a preaching tour in the bush at shearing time similar to that chronicled in the *Sword and Trowel* of February, 1876. When I heard from you of your beloved son's coming, and that he could "preach a bit," I earnestly hoped he might accompany me. My hopes and anticipations having been quite surpassed by the facts of our outing, I thought it would interest your readers to have an account of this joint attempt "to combat sin, and labour for the Lord."

Meeting at the office of a godly member of the Upper House of this colony in Melbourne, we started for Sandhurst (100 miles distant) at 12.15 on Tuesday, 2nd October, *en route* to Quambatook. On this long railway journey we found how useful a number of large illustrated narrative tracts were among our fellow-passengers: for the busiest people must travel by rail, and the enforced leisure of the journey may give just the opportunity to get the arrow in between the joints of the harness. We found the religious world of Sandhurst all alive and rejoicing at the results of the visit (just over) of Dr. A. N. Somerville, whose evangelistic tour in Victoria has been attended with unspeakable good. Thomas



was to preach in the large Presbyterian church, kindly lent by Rev. Mr. Nish and his session for the occasion. A crowded and most attentive auditory heard the invitation pressed so winsomely upon them to taste and see that the Lord is good. A collection was taken on behalf of the Baptist Sunday School, and all seemed gratified.

The following day, after a drive round the city, we attended the noon prayer-meeting, and gave brief exhortations to continue instant in prayer; and in the evening spoke at a church tea-meeting connected with the settlement of Rev. J. Gregson (late missionary at Acra) over the Baptist church there. We were obliged to leave in the middle of the meeting to catch the train for Inglewood. It is but two years since I came this way before, and yet so soon a railway has been constructed over the roughest thirty miles I ever travelled.

Well, we were to pass the night at Inglewood, and we knew no one there. We lumbered slowly over the new-made railroad and into the station, and had scarcely come to a standstill when a head was popped into the carriage and a cheerful voice asked if Mr. Spurgeon was there. We found that our Quamba-took friend had written down to Mr. Congreve (brother of Mr. G. T. Congreve) informing him of our coming, and asking him to secure quarters. Most kindly and considerately he did so, and the next morning furnished us with a light wagonette and pair, with which we got over 50 miles of the bush road in fine style. Much of our way lay through a forest clearing, and the crisp bright morning, together with the kindness of our friend, whom we seemed to know only to part from, put us into high spirits. There in the wilds the forest echoed to the songs of Zion. Dined at Wedderburn, and then away to East Charlton, where we were to hold a service that evening. On arrival found that the Presbyterian church had been lent for the service, and that a big poster had been printed. Let me explain how these centres of population originate. Unlike Inglewood and Wedderburn, where the people were drawn together by gold finds—at present apparently exhausted,—we were now in a part of the country beyond the auriferous range, where small farmers are settled. By some people these farmers are called “cockatoos,” because they perch only for a season; but they are persons who have availed themselves of the privilege to select 320 acres of land at £1 per acre, with ten years allowed by the government in which to pay for it. In some cases, where a number of persons of the same family have selected land adjoining one another, large tracts of country are held. All this region was formerly rented by squatters from the government as sheep runs; but the selector can choose his section anywhere on a run, if it be not purchased land, which is, of course, freehold. The decline in the gold-mining operations, and the consequent necessity for a large number of persons to find employment and a livelihood elsewhere, together with the fact that many of the lands which were first settled on nearer the coast have become impoverished through continual cropping, without rest or manure, have driven large numbers of persons to these virgin districts of the interior. They are widely scattered—many are very poor, and consequently they present urgent claims upon us to carry the gospel to them in their distant settlements. East Charlton and other places we visited are agricultural and pastoral centres. There, if anywhere, a place or places of worship are found, there are the hotel and drinking-shops—the drapers' stores, the inevitable blacksmith's shop, and the branch banks. We found that the Presbyterian minister's residence was at Donald, 30 miles away; so the extent of his parish and the distances he must travel may be imagined. We got the bell tolled and the kerosene lamps in the church lit. Soon a good but somewhat rough congregation assembled. The hearty singing brought as many round the doors as there were inside. These seemed reluctant to come in, but remained listening attentively throughout the service. “When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both,” was Thomas's text—and many a heartfelt testimony afterwards was borne to the acceptableness of the message. In the darkness outside we got hold of several persons to whom we spoke separately the word of grace. In these services it was an understood thing between

us that, as my young brother is far from strong, I should take as much of the work off him as possible, and be ready to come in at an emergency. I ought to mention that the young gentleman, Mr. T. Hollidge, who accompanied your son, proved a famous deacon, in distributing hymn-books and seating the people; and that my good wife, either in the choir or at the instrument, where we had one, rendered valuable aid in the service of praise. Though I say it, we were a harmonious quartette.

It was a grief to find that one of our Quambatook friend's shepherds, a fine young fellow, had recently gone raving mad, and had been brought to this place on his way, viâ St. Arnaud, to Ararat, where there is an asylum. We afterwards heard, that before his derangement, which was sudden and unaccountable, he had given pleasing proofs of saving interest in Jesus. The waggon in which the poor fellow had lain took our luggage, and a buggy and pair having been sent for us from Quambatook, we started next morning for that friendly home in the wilderness. Over plains, nothing but plains, poorly grassed and sparsely timbered—plains which seem to hold the heat and to be favourable to storms of dust, our patient beasts plodded for a weary thirty-five miles. On the way we met the first wool-teams coming down to the nearest point at which a railway can be reached, whence the bales get speedy transit to the shipping port. Far away the approaching team could be seen by the great cloud of dust. Twelve or fourteen fine oxen with their great wooden yokes will pull three tons or so twelve miles or more in the day. They stop for the night at a place where there are grass and water, and the men camp under the waggon. We halted and gave some gospel picture reading to the "bullockies," and noticed that the brand of the bales on one lorry was "R. G. Q.," which told us that our host (to-be) was already well on with this season's "clip." We were travelling beside what should have been the river Avoca, but alas, in consequence of the scant rains of winter, the river bed was dry. There were, occasionally, holes to be met with which had water, or dams which retained some of the precious liquid; but unless copious rains fall before the great heat of summer, death to the stock and disaster to selectors and squatters must ensue. One result of the drought is that most of the wool of Victoria is being shorn "in the grease," as there is no water to wash the sheep: and another result is that the woolgrower must pay a large amount per ton for carriage of dirt and dust off his estate. You must live for a time in Victoria, at some distance from a water supply, if you would know the value of water, or understand vividly the allusions of Scripture to it. Oh how often have I known that pathetic verse of Jeremiah's concerning the dearth painfully true: "Yea, the hind also calved in the field, and forsook it, because there was no grass." I may state here what a gentleman who was purchasing sheep on the lower Avoca told me. He lives in Riverina, a great piece of country north of the Murray, in New South Wales. Through the drought of last winter about four millions of sheep have died. He had seen them lying all along the dry beds of the creeks, near enough to touch one another, struggling in death, and the cruel crows picking their eyes out. Another pastoral farmer told me that he had seen a number of crows acting in concert to drive a lamb or a sheep into a bog or swamp where it could not move and there pick its eyes out whilst alive. In one of the woolsheds I used this as an illustration of the procedure of the enemy of souls who, driving them into habits of sin and vice, endeavours at once to produce despair by depriving them of the ability to see whence help alone can be obtained. I could see that the illustration appealed to the experience of some of my hearers and went right home. Happily rain has fallen in Riverina, and the country is being re-stocked; and before we left the valley of the Avoca we heard that the river was slowly running again. Whilst in that region we offered special prayer for rain, thinking of the example of a man of like passions with ourselves. God heard and answered us most graciously.

Arrived at Quambatook, what a welcome we got! I cannot describe it, nor the treatment we received from everybody whilst there. I can only think of

Elimelech's words, "Blessed be the Lord God of my master; I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren." When on Saturday morning we went over to the woolshed the shearers struck work, met us in a body, put forward a spokesman who said, "In the name of the shearers I have to offer a hearty welcome to Quambatook to the Right Reverend Mr. Spurgeon and the Reverend Mr. Bunning." We tried to reply, disclaimed high ecclesiastical titles, told them of one who said he would rather be called a devil than a priest, and why; invited them cordially to the service of the morrow, and departed. That evening, as the shadows were falling, we found that twelve thousand sheep belonging to another owner were passing through the run, and were reminded of Israel's request to pass through the land of Moab. Our host, however, unlike Moab, gave the stranger "mob" one of his best paddocks in which to feed and rest for the night, and we assisted in the very primitive business of pitching the shepherd's tent, and partaking of some of their excellent tea and "damper."

The Lord's-day came brightly and quietly. No shouts of men mustering flocks, nor barking of the faithful and indispensable collie dogs. The musical notes of the piping crow, a liquid running up and down the scale, and distant bleatings seemed to chime in well with the Sabbath hush which rested on tree, and river, and plain. Our first service was in the Quambatook woolshed. Many strangers there as well as all station hands. The squatter's family, governess, and selves made a good bush choir—the shrill voices of the selector's children joining well with the strong singing of so many men. We used Sankey's hymns. Thomas preached, with full heart, of the faithful saying "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I don't wonder that our beloved host, with Highland enthusiasm, which I heartily reciprocated, as he thought of his indebtedness for years in the wilderness to the printed sermons of the father of the youthful preacher, and then realized that it was C. H. S.'s son holding forth the word of life so affectionately there in that woolshed, put his arms about him, as soon as he got home, and, with streaming eyes, blessed him in the name of the Lord.

A hasty luncheon over, we started for Towaninnie, nine miles away. The afternoon service was to be held there, and it was a more central place. What with three or four full vehicles, and a troop of horsemen from our starting place, we made up quite a cavalcade. We had not got more than half-way before we descried white-topped drays, waggons, buggies, carts, carryalls, and every description of wheeled conveyance, as well as men mounted on all sorts of nags, scouring over the plains, and coming through the woods, all converging on one centre. Towaninnie (which is a native name, meaning "the meeting of the waters," as Quambatook means "a night's rest") is a squatter's homestead, with woolshed, log butts, and a small, permanent native encampment near. The shed is a very fine one—we dubbed it "the cathedral." Through a mistake made in a local print, which circulates through the district, many of the people had been waiting since eleven o'clock in the morning; now it was three in the afternoon. "Sure," said the owner of the station to Thomas, "It's the son of your father alone who could get so many people together from such distances." This gentleman had done his best to make the waiting congregation and their cattle comfortable. Oh! what a sight met us on entering the place. At one end of the lofty shed, seated on planks placed across wooden chocks, or mounted on wool bales in one, two, and three tiers, or perched about the wool-press, were assembled fully three hundred people in this out-of-the-way place. The number of women and children was surprising. And, perhaps, most affecting of all, skirting the edge of this crowd, was a line of the black faces of the aboriginal Australians. A wool bale, covered with a cloth and surmounted with a family Bible, and a glass of water, looked quite church-like, and we proceeded at once. I expounded the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican; and Thomas never preached better than when enforcing the confession of sin. One could see that the novel circumstances in which we were met, so

many people never having been seen together in the district before, and then the fact that the gospel had been sent to them in the wilds, had a strong effect on many minds. Some were deeply moved, and one Methodist brother, whose face was a study throughout the service, and who, working uneasily on his seat, led me to feel that he was about full, could restrain himself no longer, and shouted three times, "Glory be to God!" Our hearts said, Amen. As we passed the aboriginal encampment in going to our buggy, Mr. F., who is appointed a protector of the natives, called them all out to shake hands with Mr. Spurgeon. "Bring out 'em old men, 'em picaninny, 'em lubras, bring all out," said he, and all came out. Thomas shook hands with all, even with the shy, keen-eyed little darkies. When I saw one tall, blind, old woman take his hand, so white and thin, in hers, so sooty black, yet delicately formed, a yearning I cannot express filled my soul that we could only join hearts in that way in the faith of Jesus with these last remnants of a fast disappearing race. O Lord, we believe we know that—

"Some from Carpentaria's strand,  
Some from Tasman's beauteous land,  
Shall praise the King of heaven."

but, O teach us, as a colony, to care more skilfully and intensely for the spiritual welfare of these original owners of the great Australian continent. I may here add, that on the following Lord's-day I took over a large number of the *British Workman*, and other illustrated periodicals, and gave them to the natives; for they are fond of adorning the walls of their slab huts with the pictures. One bright, young, native man asked me for some copies of a periodical without pictures, saying he could read a little. I asked him if he knew about God's love in giving his Son to die for sinners. He said he did. "Then may I hope to meet you on the right hand side at last," I said. "That is my prayer every day," he said. "O then, you will tell the other blacks some of the good news, won't you?" "I will try," said he, and so we parted.

We turned towards home, and all around us there came snatches of sacred song borne to us on the breeze from our hearers dispersing in all directions. "God bless you, much obliged to you," was shouted from a cart-load of strong, sun-browned men, whilst our host struck up in joyful notes that paraphrase of Logan's—

"Let Kedar's wilderness afar  
Lift up the lonely voice,  
And let the tenants of the rock  
In accents rude rejoice."

for he said it was then being literally fulfilled that the "wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." As we drove through a long road, with selectors' fences on either side, we suggested that it should be called Spurgeon-street, in commemoration of the day; and I should not wonder if in future plans the name will duly appear. After a tea even more hasty than the forenoon's luncheon, we tried to prepare for the evening service in "our own" wool-hed. I feared the consequences to my dear fellow-worker of taking the lion's share in three services in one day; but, in the parlance of the arena, he "came up smiling," and, the Lord helping us, we had a precious service to close the day.

On the Monday our host mounted Thomas and his friend on two good horses, whilst his son and daughter rode their ponies, and we came on in the family coach and pair, that we might visit a part of the run frequented by various sorts of game. We had a number of dogs following, and a double-barrelled breech-loader in hand. Rabbits, which in some unaccountable way have found a congenial *habitat* so far up the country, abounded, and were darting from cover in all directions, with their white furry tails erect and curious bounding run. Our dogs were with difficulty held off from these in hope of larger game.

The curious kangaroo rat, which, like the opossum and all sorts of Australian quadrupeds, is marsupial, or pouched, also went hopping swiftly across the plain. The wild turkey (great bustard) was plentiful, and with their portly forms and stately walk suffered us to come quite close to them before they took wing and sped out of sight. It was an exciting as well as a pretty scene. When, after travelling some miles, we espied upon a distant slope a flock of kangaroos feeding, and a group of emus among them. The dogs saw them as soon as we did, and with straight tail and wondrous speed, were off. Then ensued a number of chases in different directions across wide stretches of open green-sward, and then through belts of timber and brushwood, which thrilled even the most unsportsmanlike bosom among us with ardour. The kangaroos took one direction, leaping partly towards us—the emus, like the wind, taking another track. The horsemen were at once in full pursuit; and soon we had more than enough of hunting, for there, on the ground lay a noble emu, its feathers scattered all around, and still fighting for life. It was speedily put out of pain, and then we noticed its rudimentary wings, its curious plumage, unlike all other feathers, and its powerful and horny legs. From the emu a medicinal oil is extracted, which is in high repute among the blacks, and not less so among the white bushmen for its healing virtue and alleviation of rheumatic pains. Very soon we were on the kangaroos' track, and found that the dogs on that scent, being little more than pups, had been outstripped by the long-leaping marsupials. It affected us to find that one mother kangaroo, closely pursued, had cast away her "joey," as the young one is called: only when it is a race for life will she do that. The dogs, apparently in contempt for small, weak prey, had scarcely touched the "joey," and so when the mild-eyed, graceful creature was brought to us we would fain have tried to bring it up tame; but we left it there, finally, assured that the mother, remembering exactly where she had dropped it from her arms would speedily return. Then we turned for home. The swiftly declining Austral sun casting his ruddy rays aslant through those lone, solitary woods, and over those wide, wild plains, when the gusty wind had died away into the scented zephyr of evening, quite enchanted us.

On Tuesday evening, after a day's wandering on horseback through miles of the trackless mallee scrub, festooned with the clematis creeper, and bright on the ground with the magenta pig-face, and a host of strange wild flowers, we held a service in the woolshed, for more closely dealing with souls than on the Lord's-day. Thomas, with divinely imparted skill, combated excuses of all kinds, and I dwelt on the Lord opening the heart of the first convert in Europe. It was a precious time, and led us into conversations with many souls. Think on that night, O our God, for good!

About noon on Wednesday, three of us started for a township called Mount Whycheproof, as we had promised to preach there that evening. Our journey of twenty miles to Whycheproof station was pleasant but uneventful. After tea, however, when a couple of the station manager's fresh steeds had replaced ours, and he pulled the reins to see how they would go, the "off" rein, which the stable lad had carelessly put through the bridle ring without buckling it, came out. The well-fed, high-mettled creatures immediately started, pulled the buggy against a massive gate-post, smashed the pole, and then, straps, etc., being of small moment, soon shook or tore themselves free of all encumbrance, and ran off into a paddock. This was not only annoying, but somewhat affrighting. For we had nine miles of very rough road to do to get to the mount—a road full of tree stumps and crab holes. To get piloted over this by the kind manager we had called at his residence. To make matters worse, the sun was westering, and we were due at service by half-past seven. Soon a pole from another trap was screwed and strapped on in place of the broken one, other harness procured, and the horses, highly nervous from their recent fright, again yoked. Another attempt at a start was made, when they "played up," and broke the splinter-bar. Another bar was somehow fastened on, and in the

deepening twilight we at last started. Then, honoured President, I felt a responsibility in respect to your dear son, which, but for the "open door upwards," of which Thomas reminded me, would have been painful. I must gratefully record the skilful and gentle "tooling" of the horses by the gentleman driving us, who, anxious that he might see stumps and holes as far ahead as possible, *slood* nearly the whole distance. We had the light of the low-hanging crescent moon when the sun had set, which helped us somewhat through this weird journey. We found the congregation assembled in a wooden Presbyterian church just erected. The building was innocent of paint, or even of wooden lining, and so a curious multiplicity of draughts was directed upon our necks and heads when speaking, as also upon the candelabra, consisting of two pieces of wood nailed crosswise, with four candles, each jammed into three nails. Especially when the doors were opened, we observed the guttering candles shed a shower of grease upon the worshippers below. In saying our many adieux, and going through our hearty hand-shakings when parting, we all came in for a profuse number of those oleaginous mementos. The place was full, although but one day's notice was given; and a more attentive congregation could not be desired. I knew that many present were fighting with the difficulties connected with clearing and fencing their allotments in this new settlement, and in trying to make a home and wring a living from the reluctant soil and uncertain climate. Thomas spoke of a faithful promise-keeping God, and I gave them Christ's counsel to seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things would be added unto them. We felt the privilege and yet awe of our position, speaking to people who had told us they were highly favoured now, seeing that a minister was to come to them for one service in their new building, once a month. Many women with babes in their arms, who must have come far, were there. All were interested, some most deeply moved. It was a pain to us to think that here, as well as at most of the other places we visited, we had no time to follow up impressions made, or to guide anxious souls, past their difficulties, to Christ. Then, when our horses were put in, we started homewards. The moon had sunk below the horizon, and the track was most indistinct. Willie Gray, the young man who had driven us from Quambatook, went on in front on horseback, to show the road, and as cautiously as our fine steeds would allow, we followed. With the exception of once bringing up sharp, as the box of the wheel grazed a great stump, when Willie lost the track, God brought us safely home to Whycheproof station, where we slept that night.

The next day we came home round by Towaninnie. This led us over that very road traversed in the dark last night. Then we experienced what has its spiritual parallel, viz., how different the way of the soul is when the broad daylight of the Father's love and guidance rests upon it from when the night of unbelief and a self-upbraiding conscience magnifies every difficulty and obscures every blessing. At Towaninnie we were anxious to witness the skill of some of the natives in throwing the boomerang; but not one weapon of that kind could be found anywhere, and skilful Peter or deft Moses were away somewhere else. An old black fellow showed us that a little of his ancient cunning remained, in using the throwing-stick with his spear, and in mysteriously causing what the proprietor called his "tippety-witchet" to wriggle off among the grass to a long distance. But there was more sorrow than mirth, as the poor old fellow "showed his ivories" in a forced smile at the failure of his aged arm to recall the skill and repeat the deeds for which he had once been famous. That evening, at Quambatook, we had arranged to celebrate the Lord's Supper with the few believers we could gather together; and a great refreshment upon our way this eucharistic meal proved to all. It was a pleasing coincidence, too, when on the following Saturday, in a broad bend of the river Avoca, obedience was yielded to that other simple rite, as I immersed our kind Christian hostess into the name of the Trinity. The little enclosed grave of her child was just across the river, and there, before the family, the servants and other witnesses,

with her faithful husband standing in the water by her side, did this lady put on Christ. We all joined to pray that she and her family may walk with Jesus all the journey through.

But I must not omit a brief description of what we called the "Shearers' Festival," on the Friday night. At an early hour in the afternoon work ceased, and when Thomas and I returned from a long walk by the river bed, we found a good many men, in their Sunday attire, taking the piano over to the shed in a waggon, singing lustily that roaring tune, "Marching through Georgia." Soon, from many a distant selection, the company began to arrive. The shed was decorated with green boughs, and illuminated with lamps which Ah Yen, the Chinaman cook, had specially made. Tins, which once contained preserved fish, were filled with grease, and a wick put down the middle. If there was much smoke there was also considerable light. Our host was called to the chair, and after a little speechifying the singing and recitations began. Two brothers and sisters from a selector's family sang, "The sands of time are sinking," to the time Rutherford, very sweetly. Then followed a recitation, "The Leper," by T. Spurgeon, and solos and choruses by the whole company from Sankey's latest edition. A gentleman selector recited "Beautiful Snow," and soon we were at the end of our first part. It was then announced that our hostess would make her speech in Chinese, and that it would be very *touching*. This was verified when Ah Yen appeared in all the glory of blue silk jacket, white ducks, and his turban tail arranged with special care, bearing cakes and pies, and followed by Ah Sam, the celestial gardener, with coffee and cool drinks. In the second part we found that John Ploughman's son could worthily interpret his father's article on "Tall Talk"; and that his friend could follow suit. And so, after many other items, and with a merriment which left no sting behind, we came to the end of our programme. The moon was now some days older, and lighted the company to their distant homes. It is worth recording that our host has no more trustworthy servant than Ah Yen, the cook. Faithfully and conscientiously he toils away in his kitchen. We went out there and thanked him for helping in so important a part of the entertainment. His face lit up at once, and his mouth gradually extended across his face in a long smile—if we were pleased, he was delighted. But to all remarks about the soul, the Lord, etc., he, poor fellow, has but one reply, "me no savee." So as soon as we got to Melbourne we procured a Chinese Testament, and some other literature in that language, for Yen can read and write well. May he there read with saving benefit, in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God. My readers may be aware that here in Australia, as in California, "these from the land of Sinim," are gradually spreading all over the country.

The next Lord's day was a repetition of a similar three services to those held last Sunday, with even larger congregations, more attention, and greater blessing. The fact that we were "ready to depart on the morrow," added a compassionate yearning to our addressees, and, I hope, a tender receptiveness to our hearers. O those earnest faces, listening for eternity! O those farewells, who could forget them? On the Monday morning the shearers and station hands had early made a subscription among themselves of a few pounds, with the request that we would purchase two souvenirs of our visit, and have them inscribed, "From the shearers of Quambatook." Of course we wished for nothing of the sort; yet we could but feel that the act was eloquently kind. Soon after breakfast we were told that a buggy and a waggon, each with their pair of horses, were waiting for us, and then—I say it without any mere lachrymose sentimentality—we regretfully said good-bye. Of the master and his lady, courtesy demands that my words be few; but even the children, without an exception, had vied with each other in showing us love and every thoughtful attention. As our vehicles rapidly drew away from the homestead, to see about sixty men, with all of whom we had shaken hands, all the servants, the children, and others running across the fields, climbing the fences, shouting and waving their farewells, was an appeal to our hearts that made us look all

sorts of ways to hide our eyes from each other. O Quambatook! kind home in the bush.

"Now for my friends' and brethren's sakes  
Peace be in thee, I'll say,  
And for the house of God our Lord,  
I'll seek thy good alway!"

Away we sped along the dusty road, now through level country, then following a winding bush track through dense scrub, now passing a lake which we proved to be very salt, by our horses refusing to drink, then past Bael Bael and Reedy Lakes, where the sight of fresh water was so kindly to the eye and refreshing to the taste in this parched-up land, and so on for thirty-five miles to Kerang. It was just getting dusk when, crossing the long wooden bridges over the Loddon river, we entered this new and rising township. The Rev. George Slade was looking out for us, and right glad we were to see him. After nineteen years of pastoral work in Geelong, he has devoted himself to bush mission work. With his fine powers, strong physique, and thorough *bonhomie*, he must succeed. God bless him! It is a great thing for us to have such a brother representing Baptist interest in the souls of those remote settlers. Thomas was present, and spoke at his valedictory in Geelong, and with us was delighted at the unexpected meeting here. The principal hotel keeper in Kerang generously gave us the use of a hall, in which we held a service, with a good assembly, half-an-hour or so after arrival, and honest brother Dash and his excellent wife gave us food and shelter for man and beast. I remember going out rather late to see that all was right in the yard, and fancying I saw the opossum rug exposed to the heavy dews, I grasped it, and found I had hold of Willie Gray's head, who, with his mate, was sleeping at the bottom of the buggy. Though I must have handled some of his features roughly, he told me next morning he was wholly unconscious of it.

At noon on Tuesday, young Mr. Burgess, who had been travelling part of two days from Echuca, to take us on thither, arrived, and after an hour or two of rest for his horses we left Kerang for Mount Hope Station, where we were to sleep. Mount Hope, a range of huge granite hills, was in sight during nearly the whole twenty-five miles we travelled to reach it. Emus, wild turkeys, flocks of the long-legged bird called the "native companion," and of the "ibis," were passed. It was a delightful drive. The declining sun was throwing most fantastic shadows of the great granite boulders of the mount as we drove up to the station homestead. Here, although known only by name, and our coming announced but the day before by a comparative stranger, we were received most warmly. I must pay a passing tribute to the princely hospitality shown to us at Mount Hope, for after the labour and travel of many days past, the evening of pleasant intercourse, music and song, we passed there, made it prove one of those "*noctes ambrosianæ*" of which we have read.

We were awake in the morning by the sound of falling rain. With conflicting feelings we heard it, for was it not an answer to fervent prayer? But then we had nearly forty miles to do that day in an open conveyance, and a service to hold in a large hall at Echuca that night. We parted as from friends long known when we started from Mount Hope in the rain. I will not dwell upon the chilly and wet discomfort of that forty miles' pull through the mud and rain, nor describe too minutely the bespattered appearance we presented when, by the Lord's great kindness, we arrived without accident at Echuca. This town of 4000 inhabitants lies at the junction of the Murray and Campaspe rivers, and is the border town between Victoria and New South Wales. The heavy rain and squally wind thinned our congregation greatly; but who could regret it, when the rich showers of blessing fraught with fertility were falling over so wide and needy an expanse of country. The Baptist interest at Echuca is new, and under brother Shann, promises great prosperity. A substantial wooden chapel is to be opened on the 11th of November. From Echuca to Kyneton, about one hundred miles, we were able to travel by rail.



The friends at the latter place met, and treated us with great kindness during our brief stay. In the mechanics' institute at Kyneton, a large auditory assembled, and Thomas was helped to speak sweetly and powerfully of the Redeemer's tears. On the morrow we reached Melbourne, having held sixteen services in as many days, and having gone over nearly seven hundred miles in going and returning.

A review of our bush expedition I shall not attempt; but the good hand of our God in arranging everything for us, even to minute details, I must acknowledge. Nor can I refrain from praising him for giving me the company, sympathy, love, and invaluable co-operation of your dear son. God has made him the instrument of much blessing to many, but most of all, I think, to me and mine. I believe that the foregoing and other work Thomas may do in the Colonies, if the Lord will, may prove no mean help towards preparing him for what I pray may be a gloriously useful life. I must rejoice with you, beloved sir, in the fact that both your sons are called so unmistakably to the ministry of the gospel. Though perhaps not remembered by Charles, now in college, I desire to send affectionate Christian salutation to him. To you, honoured President, I must ever remain,

Your very grateful ex-student,

WM. CHRISTOPHER BUNNING.

Geelong, Victoria,  
30th October, 1877.

## Notices of Books.

*The Sunday School Teacher's Manual; or, the Principles and Methods of Instruction as applied to Sunday School Work.* By WILLIAM H. GROSER. Sunday School Union.

WE are glad to see this work so nicely got up with marbled edges, looking as if it were meant to be used. Every teacher would be the better for carefully mastering this manual. It is solid, but not dull by any means; in fact, it abounds with sprightly illustrations, we were about to say with "wise saws and modern instances," and in truth we might almost add that sentence. The story of the Andover student amused us mightily.

"An American professor relates the following anecdote:—

"A student at the Theological Seminary at Andover, who had an excellent opinion of his own talent, on one occasion asked the professor who taught elocution.—

"What do I specially need to learn in this department?"

"You ought just to learn to read," said the professor.

"Oh, I can read now," replied the student.

"The professor handed the young

man a Testament, and, pointing to the twenty-fifth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke's Gospel, he asked him to read that. The student read, 'Then he said unto them, O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.'

"Ah," said the professor, 'they were fools for believing the prophets, were they?'

"Of course that was not right, and so the young man tried again.

"O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.'

"The prophets, then, were sometimes liars?" asked the professor.

"No. O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

"According to this reading,' the professor suggested, 'the prophets were notorious liars.'

"This was not a satisfactory conclusion, and so another trial was made. 'O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.'

"I see now," said the professor, 'the prophets wrote the truth, but they spoke falsehoods.'

"This last criticism discouraged the student, and he acknowledged that he did not know how to read."

*The Onward Reciter.* Volume vi. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS serial always contains a number of lively, telling teetotal pieces, which must be invaluable to advocates of the temperance cause. Here is a pretty piece about "A dinner and a kiss."

"I've brought your dinner, father,  
The blacksmith's daughter said,  
As she took from her arm the kettle,  
And lifted its shining lid.  
'There is no pie or pudding,  
So I will give you this,'  
And upon his toil-worn forehead  
She left the childish kiss.

"The blacksmith took off his apron,  
And dined in merry mood,  
Wondering much at the savour  
Hid in his humble food;  
While all about him were visions  
Full of prophetic bliss;  
But he never thought of magic  
In his little daughter's kiss.

"While she, with her kettle swinging,  
Merrily trudged away,  
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,  
Catching some wild bird's lay.  
And I thought how many a shadow  
Of life and fate we would miss,  
If always our frugal dinners  
Were seasoned with a kiss."

Messrs. Nelson's Christmas and New Year's Cards surpass all we have ever dreamed of. Beauty borrowed the rainbow's hues when these cards were produced.

*Letters of William Cowper; being a Selection from his Correspondence; with a Sketch of his Life, and Biographical Notices of his Correspondents.* Religious Tract Society.

WE cannot write *letters* nowadays, but must be content to send mere notes and memoranda. When letters were reasonably few and cost a shilling each men had the time to write well, and thought it worth their while to do so. Now that the penny post is a public man's sorest trial, the shorter we can make our epistles the better. How we wish some of our correspondents would believe this, especially those young ladies who cross their letters! We never waste a moment on trying to read what people think to be unworthy of a fresh sheet of paper; crossed letters make us cross, and we drop them into the waste paper basket. By the way, what right has a man to expect an

answer to a letter if he does not enclose a stamp? It is a dead robbery to make some of us spend scores of pounds in a year on postage.

Cowper must have been a choice correspondent. In his hands the most trifling event becomes charming, and the smallest gossip blossoms into something fascinating. The simplest letter in the whole selection bears the mark of poetic genius; the language and style are so vivacious and pleasing that you feel that no ordinary pen has been at work for you. The Tract Society is keeping to its purpose when it republishes such works as these. We do not so much need books upon religion as works in which common subjects are treated in a religious spirit, and this volume precisely meets this want. A leisure hour cannot be more interestingly spent than in seeing the manners and customs of a hundred years ago displayed to the life by one who saw them from the standpoint of a poet and a Christian.

*Nine Lectures on Preaching.* Delivered at Yale, New Haven, Connecticut. By R. W. DALE. Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. DALE richly deserved the honour which America put upon him when she invited him to deliver the Yale lectures. It is needless for us to say that the nine lectures are well worth reading. Mr. Dale takes a new route over the well-traversed province of Homiletics, and says a thousand good things, but somehow we question if the lectures will be so much appreciated as they ought to be. We find ourselves usually agreeing with all that Mr. Dale says in these lectures, and sometimes wondering that it should be so, for he is a man of original and independent mind, and in some of his teachings he has embraced modern error. His soul's leanings and convictions bind him to the great evangelical doctrines of the gospel, or he would be roaming we know not whither. His utterances therefore combine the two characteristics of evangelical conservatism and spiritual radicalism; his thoughts are fresh without being wild, careful without being servile. Many young men will read these lectures and be the better for them, and that is the sole reward which Mr. Dale covets.

*Sketches of Country Life.* After Birket Foster. Religious Tract Society.

A PACKET of cards. Some people will greatly admire them: they are very good and cheap, but do not greatly charm us, nor do we think them very beautiful. Tastes are capricious, and ours is sometimes fastidious, and therefore we submit our judgment with some hesitation, and shall not be surprised if it should be questioned. We have before spoken glowingly of the Society's Christmas issues: they are for the most part first-rate.

*Light amid the Shadows.* By Mrs. HURCHEON. Elliot Stock.

VERY good, but very little of it; the matter is much leaded out, and so a book is made up with scanty materials. The chapters are sweet and spiritual, but still they are in every way little.

*Lea's Playground and Little Redcap.* Religious Tract Society.

Two more very readable tales for boys: they contain good lessons, and are written with ability.

*Johnny M'Kay* is another of the same style, which any boy would read through if he once began it. The Society is becoming more and more a power in supplying tales for the young. We are not fond of such things, especially for grown-up people; but as children must have them, these are safe and good.

*Good out of Evil.* A Tale for Children. By Mrs. SURR. T. Nelson and Sons.

WE never remember to have seen such wonderful engravings of birds. Not only are the designs life-like, but the execution of the blocks is matchless, and the printer's part of the work is perfect. To lovers of such art as really depicts living objects, and does not caricature them in a set style, this little volume will be a gem. We have hardly regarded it as a child's book, though it is so, for the engravings have quite fascinated us. It must tend to develop any artistic talents which may lie latent in children if they have such works as these before their eyes. To us it has been quite a holiday to look at the birds, which seem as if they would fly out of the page, or sit and sing to us while we looked on.

*Immanuel's Land, and Other Pieces.* By A. R. C. London: James Nisbet and Co.

THE authoress of the remarkable hymn in Mr. Sankey's collection, "O Christ, what burdens bowed thy head," has given to the world the rest of her poetical productions. Although they are of unequal merit, the authoress was justified in seeking for them a permanent place amongst volumes for devotional reading. Every piece exhales the fragrance of an intense spirituality, while some are really beautiful settings of evangelical truth.

*The History of Protestantism.* By Rev. Dr. WYLIE. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

WE have now before us the third volume of this truly great work, and we could earnestly wish that all our readers had a copy of it. The volumes are profusely illustrated, in an excellent style of art, and are worthy of any drawing-room table. We do not think Dr. Wylie the most brilliant of writers, but he is solid, painstaking, and sober, and he has collected a mass of facts of the utmost value to all students of history and advocates of the Protestant cause. This third volume closes the work, and it is furnished with a tolerably good index. Messrs. Cassell have often issued most important books, but they never did the public better service than when they sent forth this eloquent plea for Protestantism—a plea all the more powerful because it does not consist of opinions, but of facts.

*The Sale of Callowfields.* By Mrs. PROSSER. Religious Tract Society.

OF course an attractive story, for Mrs. Prosser always writes well: but what the moral of it all is we can hardly tell, unless it be—*beware of lawyers.* We heartily join in the advice; we once knew a gentleman who used to long for a day's shooting in the Temple, and the various Inns of Court. We would not touch a hair of a lawyer's head, or say anything too severe about one of them, even if it were possible to do so. We cannot do without the gentlemen of the law, but it would be a grand thing if we could.

*The Sinner's Welcome, and other Papers.* By the Rev. FREDERICK HARPER, B.A. With Preface by the Rev. ALFRED HEWLETT, D.D. The Book Society.

GENUINE undiluted gospel, clearly and boldly put before the reader. It is delightful to get such papers from a clergyman of the Church of England, for they not only contain the more elementary truths of our holy faith, but also a fair proportion of the deeper and richer mysteries, in which is laid up strong consolation for the believer.

*Pilate's Question, "Whence art Thou?"*

An Essay on the Personal Claims asserted by Jesus Christ, and how to account for them. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

EQUALLY admirable, whether viewed as an exposition or an argument. A masterly defence of the doctrine of our Lord's deity, calculated to win the doubter, and to confound the opponent. Among educated and candid thinkers this treatise is calculated to be of the utmost service.

*History Primers.—Roman Antiquities.*

By Prof. A. S. Wilkins. *Literature Primers.—Shakspeare.* By Edward Dowden, LL.D. Macmillan and Co. 1s. each.

WE have before expressed our great admiration of these shilling primers. They are not all equally good, but over some of them we have uttered exclamations of wonder that so much accurate scholarship could have been packed away in so small a compass. No young man has in these days any excuse for being ignorant when, for a shilling, he can have the rudiments of almost every science before him, well arranged, and well explained.

*Beneath the Cross. Counsels, Meditations, and Prayers for Communicants.*

By Rev. G. Everard, M.A., Vicar of St. Mark's, Wolverhampton. Wm. Hunt and Co.

INTENDED for churchmen, but really useful to all Christians. There is a good clear Christian ring all through this precious little book. The style is simple, and the doctrine sound.

*The Origin of Nations.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.

INSPIRATION has been attacked on all sides, but men have not been wanting to appear in its defence, and able to find new confirmation of it even in the attempt to overthrow it. "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." The chronology of the old Testament, which may probably be regarded as one of its most vulnerable points, is here ably defended and substantiated. Efforts made by laborious research and by special pleading to claim for Egypt and Babylon and other nations a higher antiquity than is assigned to them in the Scriptures are here refuted, and adduced as witnesses to the testimony of Scripture respecting them. The ethnology of the Bible is also shown to harmonize with all other historic records, and its genealogies to be full of spirit and of life. Such productions are rare, and are worthy of special encouragement.

*A Help to Family Worship; or Short Forms of Morning and Evening Prayer.* By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

If people must use forms of prayer in their families these will be as good as any; but how much better it would be if all parents would endeavour to speak to the Lord in the language of their own hearts. Our INTERPRETER was prepared by us with great labour to help in the conducting of family worship: it contains a portion of Scripture with an exposition, and also a hymn; but because it has no ready-made prayers the sale has been limited, and we fear it will continue so; though we know it to be in daily use among some of the noblest of the land. Surely religious life in England is not so low as to call for the universal help of prepared forms. If so, we see much cause for regret. We dare not use a prepared form in the family, nor could we, therefore, compose such a form for others. The same scruples are not felt by Mr. Bourdillon, and we are bound to say that he has done his work very well. Those who read these prayers should also use THE INTERPRETER.

*The Preacher's Analyst; containing Analyses and Epitomes of Sermons, Addresses, etc., together with copious Sermonic References.* Elliot Stock.

THE outlines are for the most part excellent, but we think that for usefulness there are too many upon minor themes, more calculated for essays than sermons. Still the choice of discourses is regulated by excellent judgment, and the selection will be worth far more than one of ten times the size in which quantity is more considered than quality. The six months of this magazine to our mind make up too small a volume; we should have preferred to wait till twelve months had been completed: such very thin books are lost in a library, and the time spent in hunting up a text when there come to be a number of such small books will be a considerable item. The work ought to be encouraged, and we hope it will be, by those whose time is limited, and who need trains of thought to be started for them. The references to works and sermons are a new feature in sermonic literature, and are exceedingly valuable.

*The Christian Voyage.* By T. CAMPBELL FINLAYSON. Religious Tract Society.

SEVEN practical sermons upon a pleasing theme, in which there is plenty of sea room. The titles and texts may furnish some poor preacher with a sermon, and perhaps secure a purchaser for the book, so here they are:—Setting Sail, "And they launched forth." Luke viii. 22. Pilot, Compass, and Chart, "Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth"; James iii. 4. Lighthouses and Beacons, "For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life," Prov. vi. 23. Perils of the Deep, "Perils in the sea," 2 Cor. xi. 26. Becalmed, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them," Prov. i. 32; "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him," Prov. xxvi. 12. Anchoring in Perplexity, "Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon

rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day," Acts xxvii. 29. The Desired Haven, "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven," Psalm cvii. 30.

*The Scriptural Doctrine of Sacrifice.*  
By ALFRED CANE, B.A. Edinburgh:  
T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street.

THAT the scriptural doctrine of sacrifice should need to be elaborately stated and defended in the nineteenth century, and in our own favoured land, and that it should be needed in the upper sphere of the theological literature of the present age, is a lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation. It virtually says to all the teachers of modern thought in Christianity, "When for the time ye ought to be teachers ye have need that one teach you which be the first principles of the oracles of God." If the doctrine of sacrifice be not one of these first principles we know not what is; and we know no other upon which many professed teachers of Christianity need to be better informed. Since they have need that one teach them this first principle of the oracles of God, we are glad that one has been found. The doctrine of sacrifice is here traced through the whole Scriptures, is exhibited in its real expiatory and substitutionary character, and put into its proper position in relation to the whole doctrines and duties of Christianity. The principal theories of atonement which have appeared in modern times are thoroughly investigated, and are shown to be erroneous in proportion as they have departed from the old evangelical faith. Mr. Dale's theory is justly commended for many of its fundamental principles, and as justly charged with not carrying them out to their legitimate consequences. He has seemed to us, in fact, at the close of the Lectures as though half afraid of having gone too far in the right path. He is too speculative to be strictly theoretical. The present treatise we consider, therefore, to have been imperatively required. The style, we fear, is too rugged, and needlessly encumbered with scholastic terms and phrases to please general readers, but none will have carefully perused it to the end without being amply rewarded for their toil.

*Christ All and in All.* A Discussion on the Person and Work of Christ. By Two Brothers. Elliot Stock.

A VERY excellent little book to give to young people of Socinian tendencies. The arguments used appear to be fair and conclusive, though, like the most of such dialogues, the discussion is necessarily all on one side, and one wonders what the Unitarian could or would have said if he had been well drilled in Socinian reasoning. Whatever he might have said would not have destroyed the force of the statements on the right side, and therefore the book is quite as well as it is.

*The Temptation in the Wilderness; or, the Conflict and Victory of the Son of Man.* By E. REEVES PALMER, M.A. John Snow and Co.

MR. PALMER has handled his subject as a devout and thoughtful man would do, and the result is an able treatise. We do not, however, care for speculations as to whether the human soul of Christ was in his earlier days conscious of its union with his Deity. It is a question which was originally started by a certain foolish and presumptuous unbelief, which went the length of as-

serting that our Lord was not divine till his baptism; and to meet this it is proposed to concede that he may not as man have known his own Deity. Faith would never have raised the point, and is instinctively shocked at the concession proposed. It is to deprive the sacred manhood of all reason, and almost of consciousness, to conceive that it was not aware of its union in one person with the Divine Word. We wish good men would not rush in where angels fear to tread. The high mystery of our Lord's nature is not a fit subject even for devout speculation, for the line of reverence is so soon overpast. We have indicated a fly in the pot of ointment, but there is sweet ointment left after all.

*Inspired Ethics: being a Revised Translation and Topical Arrangement of the Book of Proverbs.* By JOHN STOCK, LL.D. Elliot Stock.

IN this fashion the Proverbs may be more handy for reference, but we scarcely think that there will be much demand for the work. The arrangement is elaborate, and must have involved much careful thought, but we like the Proverbs best as they are.

## Notes.

At the time for making up the magazine Mr. Spurgeon is completely laid aside and in a condition of pain which prevents his doing anything: hence the Notes are few and rough.

EVANGELISTS. We have an excellent report from our friend Mr. Anderson of Reading:—"Our brethren Messrs. Clarke and Smith have been in Reading and the surrounding neighbourhood for three weeks. You will doubtless be pleased to have some account of their meetings. Their work among us began with a Christian workers' meeting which, though necessarily smaller than the others, formed a fitting introduction to them. The time was mainly occupied in stirring up believers to seek conversions, counselling them how to deal with the anxious and in making appeal to the King of kings for blessing. We could not help hoping that the connection between the upper room and the day of

Pentecost might among us receive some parallel. The few first meetings were less numerously attended than we had anticipated. This was fully accounted for by the stormy state of the weather and the biscuit factory, which gives employment to several thousands, working overtime. Even this however worked us good, as it led to greater fervour of prayer and effort. Towards the close of the first week much power was felt in the meetings and several professed having found the Saviour. On Monday night you, dear sir, visited and preached to us. Long before the time advertised for the opening of the doors crowds from the neighbouring towns and villages, as well as from Reading, gathered in the street, and afterwards, as a policeman at the gates remarked, 'More people went away than got in.' Several cases of quickening among Christians and conversions have come to our knowledge as the result

of the sermon then preached on 'the angels hastened Lot.' On Thursday evening about thirty of the Stockwell Orphanage boys sang at the service, and Mr. Charlesworth, in conjunction with the evangelists, addressed the crowded congregation. Tears of joy gathered in the eyes of many as they looked upon the happy home-like appearance of the boys and thought of what they might and indeed would have been but for the Orphanage. The meetings of our brethren in Reading closed on Sunday night with a crowd which overflowed the chapel, filled the large schoolroom, and even then many had to go away. At the close of the service the chapel remained full to the prayer-meeting, and afterwards many enquirers came into the vestries, several of whom profess there to have closed with Christ. Two crowded children's services and two Saturday night men's meetings were addressed by Mr.

Smith in a bright, racy, gracious manner, which could not fail to effect great good, while the earnest, solemn and heart-searching appeals made and truth spoken by Mr. Clarke night after night will we feel sure yield yet a still larger harvest than even now appears. Services were also held with similar success in Wokingham, Henley and Pangbourne. Again thanking you for so generously helping us, and praying for the prosperity of your many works.—I am, yours, &c., W. ANDERSON."

COLLEGE. The following brethren have gone forth from the College: Mr. W. Hobbs to Norwood New Town, Mr. McNab to Great Broughton, Cumberland. Mr. Dean also leaves us to study medicine at Glasgow, for medical mission work.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr J. A. Spurgeon:—Nov. 26th, sixteen; 29th, twenty; 30th, one.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Fawcett	6	10	0
W. B. Lenham	1	0	0
M. J.	1	0	0
Christiana Pilgrim	1	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Five Pounds	5	0	0
Mrs. Hinton	0	10	4
Mr. J. Symon	0	10	0
Ashford	1	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0
Mr. Wayne	0	10	0
G. P.	0	5	0
J. S.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baker	1	0	0
Per Mr. G. Aubrey	0	15	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Dr. McGill	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	1	0	0
Mr. J. Robson	5	0	0
Miss Miller	0	10	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	2	6
Mr. J. Urquhart	1	0	0
Master Alfred Leversha	0	3	0
Mr. E. Johnson	2	10	0
Mr. W. A. Maude	5	0	0
Mrs. Aikman	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. Searle	1	0	0
Mr. Krell	5	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers			
Meers, Helass and Co.	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
A. Richardson, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. John Leach	0	10	0
R. Oakshot, Esq.	0	10	0
James Withers	0	10	0
Profit on Sale of Books by Mrs. James Withers	4	16	0
S. Gostage, Esq.	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	0	5	0
Donation, Mrs. Howitt	0	2	0
	8	19	0
Collection at Drummond Road, Bermondsey, per Rev. J. A. Brown	5	3	0
Collection at Kingsgate Street, Holborn, per Rev. W. H. Burton	7	0	0
Moiety of Collection at John Street, Bedford Row, per Rev. J. Collins	4	10	0
Moiety of Collection, Grosvenor Street, Manchester, per Rev. C. A. Davis	5	0	0
Collection at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, per Rev. C. B. Sawday	11	0	0
Collection at Minchinhampton, per Rev. H. A. James	3	4	6
Collection at Eythorne, per Rev. T. Stubbs	4	9	3
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Nov.	25	46	0
Dec.	2	34	18
" " " " "	9	40	0
" " " " "	16	31	10
	£246	9	7

## Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 20th to December 19th, 1877.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Fawcett	0	10	0
C. W., Edmonton	1	0	0
A Friend, L. H.	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Janet Houston	5	0	0
W. B. Lenham	0	10	6
M. Hayes	0	1	1

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Marshall ... ..	0	10	0
Friends, per Mrs. Porter, Bristol ..	6	0	0
J. M. W. ... ..	0	10	0
One who has received benefit from reading Sermons ... ..	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Galloway ... ..	0	10	0
Miss Dibley ... ..	2	2	9
Mrs. Ferguson ... ..	1	5	6
Mrs. H. Falconer ... ..	0	3	0
Mr. A. N. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. Thompson ... ..	2	0	0
A Friend from Worthing ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Fowler ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. A. Cowen ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. R. Ryman ... ..	10	0	0
T. E. ... ..	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Lloyd ... ..	1	0	6
A Friend ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Day ... ..	0	4	0
K., Devonport ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Wayne ... ..	0	10	0
G. P. ... ..	0	5	0
J. S. ... ..	0	5	6
Miss Wells ... ..	95	5	0
Metropolitan Store ... ..	1	3	6
Mr. Abrahams ... ..	60	6	6
Scholars of Caversham British School ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Spence ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. T. B. Daniell ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. A. Paxton ... ..	0	10	6
Mrs. J. E. Moore ... ..	1	0	0
F. C. ... ..	0	0	6
Mrs. Townsend ... ..	1	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Nuttall ... ..	1	5	0
Mr. W. Paine ... ..	1	1	0
O. C. ... ..	10	0	0
Ardgye ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Pibill ... ..	0	8	0
Grateful ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Sainsbury ... ..	0	13	0
Ealing ... ..	0	2	6
Mrs. Jamieson ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. R. Hindall ... ..	1	0	0
A Well-wisher ... ..	0	5	0
Dr. McGill ... ..	1	1	0
Dorton ... ..	1	0	0
E. C. ... ..	0	5	0
Miss S. Fryer ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Wallington's Box ... ..	0	12	4
Boxes at Metropolitan Tabernacle Gates	3	16	0
Miss Pearce ... ..	1	1	0
Miss E. Pearce ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Robson ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. J. Ward ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Goode ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. G. Fryer ... ..	0	7	9
Mr. R. H. Promfret ... ..	1	10	0
Master Alfred Leversha ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Miller ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Colthrup ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Johnstone ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. Clift ... ..	1	0	0
S. C. ... ..	5	0	0
W. O. T. L. ... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Porter ... ..	1	0	0
Annie and Gerty Bennett ... ..	0	11	0
Mrs. White ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Napier ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. E. Johnson ... ..	2	10	0
Baptist Church, Eyemouth ... ..	1	0	0
T. L. W. ... ..	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Trickett ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Edwards ... ..	0	10	0
First-fruits, S. on A. ... ..	0	10	0
E. W. ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. E. W. ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Martin ... ..	2	0	0
Romans vi. 7 and 8 ... ..	1	0	0
A Servant Girl, Forres ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. W. A. Macfie ... ..	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Burt ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Armstrong ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smellie ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Smellie ... ..	1	1	0
T. H. M. ... ..	0	10	0
C. M. F. ... ..	0	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. Perkins ... ..	5	0	0
F. W. ... ..	8	0	0
Mrs. Fidge ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Fidge ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Searle ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Hinton ... ..	1	10	0
Mr. Krell ... ..	5	0	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Mr. W. Wildsmith ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Gostage, Sale of Work ... ..	1	5	0
Mr J. Broad... ..	0	6	4
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Mrs. Arnolds ... ..	1	10	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier ...	0	15	3
Dr. Mill ... ..	1	0	0
Miss M. Grant ... ..	1	0	0
A Friend ... ..	0	2	6
In Memory of dear Caroline ... ..	0	10	0
Caroline's Brothers ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bufard ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Winsor's Bible Class ... ..	0	12	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T.—			
Mrs. Nelson ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Airey ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Pewtress ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Gibson ... ..	0	5	0
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			1 0 0
Mrs. Herschell ... ..	3	2	0
Mr. A. C. Tessier ... ..	2	2	6
Mr. C. F. Aldis ... ..	1	1	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—			
M. H. Sutton, Esq. ... ..	2	2	0
Messrs. Helass and Co. ... ..	1	1	0
James Brown, Esq. ... ..	0	10	0
Nellie Withers ... ..	0	10	6
Mr. J. H. Fuller ... ..	0	5	0
By Box, Millie Allright ... ..	0	10	0
„ „ Harry Anderson ... ..	0	10	0
„ „ Samuel Morgan Gostage ... ..	1	11	7
Quarterly:—			
James Withers ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Blackman ... ..	0	1	1
Harriet Cooper ... ..	0	1	1
Rev. E. Porter ... ..	0	2	6
			<hr/>
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Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
J. H. Parker ... ..	1	0	0
A Widow's Offering ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Sims ... ..	1	0	0
Collected by G. Eves ... ..	0	10	0
Two Little Boys, N. and G. ... ..	0	0	4
Mrs. Graham ... ..	1	0	0
Nett Proceeds of Service of Song by Mr. J. M. Smith and a choir of Orphans at Carlton Chapel, Southampton ... ..	14	8	0
A. Peglar, Esq. ... ..	1	0	0
E. Jones, Esq. ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Chaplin ... ..	5	0	0
From the Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Potter ... ..	0	5	9
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			£366 6 3



*Christmas Festival at the Orphanage:—*

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
W. B. Lenham ... ..	1 1 0	Mrs. Frearson ... ..	0 3 0
Mrs. Virtue ... ..	0 10 0	Miss M. Webb ... ..	2 0 0
Mr. A. B. Todd ... ..	0 5 0	D. E. G., Wilts ... ..	0 2 0
A. B. C. ... ..	0 2 6	Mr. T. Jones ... ..	0 4 0
B. O. ... ..	2 0 0	Mrs. Lane ... ..	1 0 0
E. F. ... ..	0 2 0	Mr. T. Barlow ... ..	1 0 0
Sunnie ... ..	0 2 0	Mrs. White ... ..	0 5 0
Mr. W. Smith ... ..	0 2 6	Mar ... ..	0 1 0
Member of Church of England ... ..	0 5 0	Mr. W. Rooksby ... ..	0 5 0
Mr. R. Hindle ... ..	0 10 0	Mr. T. Berry ... ..	0 5 0
Mr. Goldston ... ..	1 0 0	M. C. K. ... ..	0 10 0
Mr. Chaston ... ..	0 10 6	M. A. D. ... ..	0 10 0
A Country Friend ... ..	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Wood ... ..	0 5 0
Upper Gallery ... ..	0 7 6	Mr. J. B. Elgar ... ..	0 10 0
Mr. S. Rudd ... ..	0 5 0	T. H. M. ... ..	0 7 0
Mrs. B. Tice ... ..	0 5 0	Scholars at Chaversham School ... ..	0 13 6
Mattie Tice ... ..	0 2 0	Miss Alice Seward ... ..	0 7 8
Lottie Tice ... ..	0 2 0	Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier ... ..	0 2 6
Bonnie Tice ... ..	0 1 0	E. A. N. P. ... ..	0 3 0
Eliza Smith ... ..	0 2 6	Mrs. Pittman ... ..	0 10 0
Orphans' Box in Workshop ... ..	0 5 6		
Mr. J. Storey ... ..	0 5 0		
			£18 11 0

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.*—Provisions: A Sack of Peas, Mr. Slade; some Apples, Mr. Pack; A Sack of Flour, Mr. Russell; 2 Boxes of Valencias, Anon., per G. W. R.; small parcel of Tea, M. G.; 4 cwt. of Fruit Preserve, Mr. Chivers; 240 Eggs, Janet Ward; Fruit for Christmas puddings from Mr. Daintree and Mr. Llewellyn; a Case of Oranges, Anon per Messrs. Hanson. CLOTHING: 10 Shirts, T. H. C.; 2 pairs of Boots, Mr. Smith; Cloth for 9 Suits and Overcoats, Mr. Heath; 50 Woollen Scarves, Miss Winslow; 32 Cotton Shirts and 12 Handkerchiefs, Teachers and Scholars, Downs Chapel Sunday School, Clapton.

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*Subscriptions for Districts:—*

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Oxfordshire Association, Witney ... ..	10 0 0	Mr. E. Brayne ... ..	0 10 6
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Dorchester District ... ..	20 0 0	E. B. ... ..	16 0 0
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Mrs. R. Clark, for Cheddar ... ..	10 0 0	A Rector, per Mr. Stevenson ... ..	0 2 6
Cinderford District ... ..	7 10 0	Rev. R. Murrell ... ..	0 2 6
Miss Evans, Haydock ... ..	40 0 0	Mrs. Ruscoe ... ..	0 1 0
Nottingham District ... ..	10 0 0	Mr. Monteith Cadnam ... ..	0 5 0
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Northampton District ... ..	10 0 0	F. Fleming, Esq., Wolverhampton ... ..	1 1 0
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Wellingborough District ... ..	5 0 0	Mr. G. Gregory ... ..	1 1 0
Bower Chalk, Wilts ... ..	7 10 0	J. Sands, Esq. ... ..	10 0 0
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Whitechurch, Salop ... ..	5 0 0	Mrs. Marshall ... ..	0 10 0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde ... ..	10 0 0	Mrs. Begbie ... ..	1 1 0
Sittingbourne, per Mr. G. H. Dean ... ..	10 0 0	Mr. W. McEwing ... ..	2 0 0
		M. A. D. ... ..	0 5 0
		A Friend ... ..	0 10 0
	£180 15 0	Mr. C. Davies ... ..	1 0 0
		Mr. and Mrs. Miller ... ..	0 2 6
		D. E. G., Wilts ... ..	0 2 6
		Mr. G. Emery ... ..	5 0 0
		Mr. J. R. Bayley ... ..	1 0 0
		E. W. ... ..	3 3 0
		C. M. F. ... ..	6 10 0
		Mrs. Ruybold ... ..	1 0 0
			£140 10 7

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*Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Avington. 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.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

## Christianity without Christ.

BY CHARLES HODGE, D.D. PRINCETON.



IN one sense of the word, Christianity is the system of truths taught by Christ and his apostles. In this sense the question, what is Christianity? is simply a historical one. It may be answered intelligently and correctly by a man who does not profess to be a Christian, just as he may answer the question, what is Brahminism? or, what is Buddhism?

In another sense, Christianity is that state of one's mind produced by faith in the truths revealed concerning Christ. In this sense, Christianity without Christ is an impossibility. It would be an effect without its proximate cause. Nevertheless, there is a form of religion, widespread and influential, which is called Christianity, in which Christ fails to occupy the position assigned to him in the Bible.

The Bible teaches us that the same divine person, by whom and for whom the universe was created, is the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the Jesus of the New. And as natural religion (in the subjective sense of the word) is that state of mind which is, or should be, produced by the revelation of God in the works of nature, and by our relation to him as his rational creatures; and as the religion of the devout Hebrew consisted in the state of mind produced by the revelation of the same God, made in the law and the prophets, and by their relation to him as their covenant God and Father; so Christianity is that state of mind produced by the knowledge of the same God, as manifest in the flesh, who loved us and gave himself for us, and by our relation to him as the subjects of his redemption.

Three things follow from this: *First*, as the same divine person is the Creator of heaven and earth, the Jehovah of the Old Testament and the Jesus of the New, there can be no inconsistency between the religion of nature, the religion of the Hebrews, and the religion of Christians. The one does not assume that to be true which either of the others assumes to be false. The only difference is that which arises from increased knowledge of the object of worship, and the new relations which we sustain to him. The Hebrews, in worshipping Jehovah, did not cease to worship the God of nature; and the Christian, in worshipping Christ, does not cease to worship the God of the Hebrews.

*Second*: it is impossible that the higher form of religion should be merged into a lower. It is impossible that the religion of a Hebrew should sink into natural religion. That would imply that he ceased to be a Hebrew, that he rejected the revelations of Moses and the prophets, and that he renounced his allegiance to Jehovah as the God of his fathers. In like manner, it is impossible that the religion of a Christian can sink into that of the Old Testament, or into that of nature. That would imply that he ceased to be a Christian; that he rejected or ignored all that the New Testament reveals concerning God and Christ. There could be no true religion in the mind of a Hebrew that was not determined by his relation to Jehovah as his covenant God; and there can be no true religion in the mind of a Christian that is not determined by his relation to Christ as God manifested in the flesh.

*Third*: the Christian, in worshipping Christ, does not cease to worship the Father and the Spirit. He does not fail to recognize and appreciate his relation to the Father, who loved the world and gave his Son for its redemption; nor does he fail to recognize his relation to the Holy Spirit, on whom he is absolutely dependent, and whose gracious office it is to apply to men the redemption purchased by Christ. In worshipping Christ, we worship the Father and the Spirit; for these three are one—one only living and true God, the same in substance and equal in power and glory. Christ says, "I am in the Father, and the Father in me. I and the Father are one. He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father; and therefore, he that worships the Son, worships the Father." Hence, it is written, "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father," but, "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." It is to be remembered, however, that in the mysterious constitution of the Godhead, the second person of the Trinity is the Logos, the Word, the Revealer. It is through him that God is known. He is the brightness of his glory, revealing what God is. We should not know that there is a sun in the firmament, if it were not for his *ἀπαύγασμα* (splendour). So we should not know that God is, or what he is, were it not for his Son. "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him." In having Christ, therefore, we have God; for in him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead.

It does not need to be proved that Jehovah was the God of the Hebrews; the object of their worship, of their love, gratitude, and trust. They recognized him as their absolute and rightful sovereign, whose authority extended over their inward as well as their outward life. On

him they were dependent, and to him they were responsible. His favour was their life, and they could say, "Whom have we in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth we desire beside thee."

As little does it require proof that Christ is the God of Christians. In the New Testament all divine titles are given to him. He is called God, the true God, the great God, God over all, Jehovah. He is declared to be almighty, omnipresent, immutable, and eternal. He created heaven and earth; all things visible and invisible were made by him and for him, and by him all things consist. He upholds all things by the word of his power. This divine person became flesh; he was found in fashion as a man, and in the form of a servant. Having been born of a woman, he was made under the law, and fulfilled all righteousness. He redeemed us from the curse of the law by being made a curse for us. He bore our sins in his own body on the tree. He died the just for the unjust, to bring us unto God, and having died for our offences, and risen again for our justification, has ascended to heaven, where he is seated on the right hand of God, all power in heaven and earth being committed to his hands, and where he ever lives to make intercession for his people. This Christ, God and man, in two distinct natures and one person for ever, was to the writers of the New Testament all and in all. He was their wisdom; from him they derived all their knowledge of divine things, and to his teaching they implicitly submitted. He was their righteousness; renouncing all dependence on their own righteousness, they trusted exclusively on the merit of his obedience and death for their acceptance with God. He was their sanctification: their spiritual life was derived from him and sustained by him. They were in him as the branch is in the vine, or the members in the body, so that it was not they who lived, but Christ who lived in them. Without him they could do nothing; they could no more bring forth the fruits of holy living separated from him than a branch can bear fruit when separated from the vine, nor than the body can live when separated from the head. They felt themselves to be in him in such a sense, that what he did, they did. They died with him. They rose with him. What he is, they become. What he has, they receive, all in their measure—that is, as much as they can hold. They are filled with the fulness of God in him.

This being so, it follows, of course, that Christ was to them the object of divine worship and of all the religious affections, of adoration, of supreme love, of trust, of submission, of devotion. He was their absolute sovereign and proprietor by the double right of creation and redemption. Love to him was the motive, his will the rule, his glory the end of their obedience. It was Christ for them to live. Living or dying, they were the Lord's. They enforced all moral duties out of regard to him; wives were to obey their husbands, children their parents, servants their masters, for Christ's sake. Christians were commanded not to utter a contaminating word in a brother's ear because he belonged to Christ; they endeavoured to preserve their personal purity, because their bodies were the members of Christ. The blessedness of heaven in their view consisted in being with Christ, in beholding his glory, enjoying his love, in being like him, and in being devoted to his services. It is a simple fact, that such was the Christianity of the

writers of the New Testament. Their religious life terminated on Christ, and was determined by their relation to him. He was their God, their Saviour, their prophet, priest, and king; they depended on his righteousness for their justification; they looked to him for sanctification. He was their life, their way, their end. If they lived, it was for him; if they died, it was that they might be with him. They did not attempt to reform or save men on the principles of natural religion, or by a process of moral culture. These had their place, but they are inadequate and absorbed in a higher moral power. Paul, in writing to Titus, speaking of Christians before their conversion, says: "They were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another. But after the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the promise of eternal life." They, therefore, laboured for the reformation and salvation of men, by going everywhere preaching Christ as the only Saviour from sin.

What Christianity was in the hearts of the apostles, it has been in the hearts of Christians of all ages, and in all parts of the world. Of this, every Christian has the evidence in his own experience. Christ is to him both God and man—God manifest in the flesh; God surrounded by the rainbow of humanity, which softens, diversifies, and beautifies his rays. Christ he worships, trusts, loves, and obeys. Christ is his wisdom, his righteousness, his sanctification, his redemption. Christ is ever near him, so that he can be spoken to, appealed to, and communed with; a present help in every time of need. Christ is the Christian's portion for time and for eternity. With Christ he has everything, and without him he has nothing.

The experience of one Christian is the experience of all. This is the conscious bond of their union. The hymns which live through all ages are hymns of praise to Christ. All Protestants can join with St. Bernard when he says: "Jesus, the very thought of thee, with sweetness fills my breast; but sweeter far thy face to see, and in thy presence rest. When once thou visitest the heart, then light begins to shine, then earthly vanities depart; then kindles love divine. Jesus, our only joy be thou, as thou our prize shalt be; Jesus be thou our glory now, and through eternity." "Jesus, our being's hope and end." They can also join with that other Bernard, who says of heaven: "The Lamb is all thy splendour, The Crucified thy praise, His laud and benediction, His ransomed people raise." What is true of the Christianity of the mediæval saints, is true of believers now. Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me," finds a response in every Christian heart. So does his hymn, "Compared with Christ, in all besides, No comeliness I see; The one thing needful, dearest Lord, Is to be one with thee." "Thyself bestow; for thee alone, I absolutely\* pray." "Less than thyself will not suffice, My comfort to restore: More than thyself I cannot

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\* *Absolutely* means here *unconditionally*, and is the proper word.

have; And thou canst give no more." Cowper expresses the hopes and feelings of every believer in his hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."

Every Christian can join with Newton in saying, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds, in a believer's ears; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his tears. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest." "He is a rock, a shield, a hiding-place, a never-failing treasury." "Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring." "When I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought." In like manner, Keble makes Christ everything to the believer. "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night, if thou be near." "Abide with me from morn to eve, For without thee I cannot live; Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die." "Come near to bless us when we wake, Ere through the world our way we take; Till in the ocean of thy love, We lose ourselves in heaven above."

Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," is on the lips of every English-speaking Christian. All look up to him as a guide, as their refuge, their trust, their only source of strength, as their all, more than all—as the source of spiritual and eternal life. In another hymn he says: "I thirst, I pine, I die to prove, The wonders of redeeming love, The love of Christ to me. Thy only love do I require; Nothing on earth beneath desire, Nothing in heaven above. Let earth, and heaven, and all things go, Give me thy only love to know, Give me thy only love." Again, "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing, My dear Redeemer's praise, The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace," etc., etc. So Dr. Watts, "Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God." "Till God in human flesh I see, My thoughts no comfort find." "But, if Immanuel's face appear, My hope, my joy begins." "Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone, Has power sufficient to atone; Thy blood can make me white as snow; No Jewish type could cleanse me so." "To the dear fountain of thy blood, Incarnate God, I fly, There let me wash my guilty soul From sins of deepest dye." "A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall, Be thou my strength and righteousness, My Jesus and my all." Volumes might be filled with such proofs of what Christianity is in the hearts of Christians. It will be observed, it is not mainly Christ as a teacher, as an example, nor even as the expiator of our sins—it is not mainly what he has done that is rendered thus prominent; but what he is. He is God clothed in our nature, ever with us, ever in us—our life, our present joy, our everlasting portion; the one to whom we owe everything, from whom we derive everything, who loves us with a love that is peculiar, exclusive (that is, such as he entertains for no other class of beings), and unspeakable.

In painful contrast with the Christianity of the Bible and of the church, there is a kind of religion, very prevalent and influential, calling itself Christianity, which may be properly designated "without Christ." It might be all that it is, though Christ had never appeared,

or, at least, although our relation to him were entirely different from what it really is.

The lowest form of this kind of religion is that which assumes Christ to be a mere man, or, at most, merely a creature. Then, of course, he cannot be an object of adoration, of supreme love, of trust, and of devotion. The difference is absolute between the inward religious state of those who regard Christ as a creature, and that of those who regard him as God. If the one be true religion, the other is impiety.

The second form of this religion admits of higher views of the person of Christ, but it reduces Christianity to benevolence. And by benevolence is often meant nothing more than philanthropy. The gospel is made to consist in the inculcation of the command, Love your neighbour as yourself. All who approximately do this are called Christians. Hence it is said, that if all records concerning Christ should be blotted out of existence, his religion could be evolved out of our own nature. And hence, too, an avowed atheist is told, that if he sits up all night with a sick child, he is a Christian, whatever he may think. A popular poem—popular because of the sentiment which it teaches—represents the recording angel as placing at the head of those who love God the name of the man who could only say, "Write me as one who loves my fellow-men." The love of our fellow-men is thus made the highest form of religion. This is below even natural religion. It ignores God as well as Christ. Yet this is the doctrine which we find, variously sugared over and combined, in poetry, in novels, in magazines, and even in religious journals.

The doctrine which makes benevolence the desire or purpose to promote the happiness, not of our fellow-men merely, but of being in general, or all beings, logically, and often actually, results essentially in the same thing. All religion, all moral excellence consists in benevolence. Our only obligation is so to act as to promote the greatest good. This is the motive and the end of obedience. According to the New Testament the motive to obedience is the love of Christ, the rule of obedience is the will of Christ, and its end the glory of Christ. Every Christian is benevolent; but his benevolence does not make him a Christian; his Christianity makes him benevolent. Throughout all ages the men who have laboured most, and suffered most for the good of others, have been Christians—men animated and controlled by Christ's love to them, and by their love to Christ. It is evident that the spiritual life—the inward religious state—of the man to whom it is Christ to live, is very different from that of the man who lives for the happiness of the universe. A man might thus live if there were no Christ.

Another form of religion in which Christ fails to occupy his proper position, is that which assumes God to be merely a moral governor, of infinite power and benevolence. Being infinitely benevolent, he desires the well-being of his kingdom. To forgive sin without some suitable manifestation of his disapprobation of sin, would be inconsistent with a wise benevolence; Christ makes that manifestation in his sufferings and death. Then he retires; henceforth we have nothing to do with him; we have to deal with God on the principles of natural religion; we must submit to his authority, obey his commandments,

and expect to be rewarded, not merely according to, but for, our works. Christ merits nothing for us, we are not to look to him for sanctification, or any other blessing. All he has done or does, is to make it consistent with the benevolence of God to forgive sin. Forgiveness of sin, therefore, is the only benefit which God bestows on us on account of Christ.

This theory changes everything. Men are rebellious subjects. It is now consistent in God to forgive them. He calls on them to submit, to lay down their arms, then he is free to deal with them as though they had never sinned. They must merit, not forgiveness—for that is granted on account of what Christ has done—but the reward promised to obedience; justification is simply pardon. Conversion is that change which takes place in a man when he ceases to be selfish, and becomes benevolent; ceases making his own happiness the end of his life, and determines to seek the happiness of the universe. The essence of faith is love, *i.e.*, benevolence. It is hard to see, according to this theory, in what sense Christ is our prophet, priest, and king; how he is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; what is meant by our being in him as the branch is in the vine; or, what our Lord meant when he said, “without me ye can do nothing”; what was in Paul’s mind when he said, it is Christ for me to live, “it is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me,” and so on to the end. This is a different kind of religion from that which we find in the Bible, and in the experience of the church. As the religion (in the subjective sense of the word) is different, so is the preaching different, and so are the modes of dealing with sinners, and of promoting reformation among men. Some go so far as to hold that there can be morality without religion; men are exhorted to be moral because it is right, because it will promote their own welfare, and make them respected and useful. They are to become morally good by a process of moral culture, by suppressing evil feelings and cherishing such as are good ones, by abstaining from what is wrong and doing what is right.

Others take the higher ground of theism, or of natural religion, and bring in considerations drawn from our relation to God as an infinitely perfect being, our creator and preserver and father, who has rightful authority over us, who has prescribed the rule of duty, and who rewards the righteous and punishes the wicked.

All this is true and good in its place. But it is like persuading the blind to see and the deaf to hear. This is not the gospel. Christ is the only Saviour from sin, the only source of holiness, or of spiritual life. The first step in salvation from sin is our reconciliation to God. The reconciliation is effected by the expiation made by the death of Christ (Rom. v. 13). It is his blood, and his blood alone, that cleanses from sin. As long as men are under the law, they bring forth fruit unto death: it is only when freed from the law, freed from its inexorable demand of perfect obedience and from its awful penalty, that they bring forth fruit unto God (Rom. vii. 46). Christ delivered us from the law as demanding perfect obedience, by being made under the law, and fulfilling all righteousness for us; and he redeems us from the curse of the law, by being made a curse for us—dying the just for the unjust, and bearing our sins in his own body on the tree. Being thus



reconciled unto God by his death, we are saved by his life. He sends the Holy Spirit to impart to us spiritual life, and transforms us more and more into his own image. The Spirit reveals to us the glory of Christ and his infinite love. He makes us feel not only that we owe everything to him, but that he himself is everything to us—our present joy and our everlasting portion—our all in all. Thus every other motive to obedience is absorbed and sublimated into love to Christ and zeal for his glory. His people become like him, and as he went about doing good, so do they. All this, of course, is folly to the Greek. God, however, has determined by the foolishness of preaching to save them who believe.

Pulmonary consumption is more destructive of human life than the plague. So Christianity without Christ, in all its forms, the phthisis of the church, is more to be dreaded than scepticism, whether scientific or philosophical. The only remedy is preaching Christ, as did the apostles.

Two important facts are to be borne in mind. First, the inward religious life of men, as well as their character and conduct, are determined by their doctrinal opinions. Even the *Edinburgh Review*, years ago, said, "The character of an age is determined by the theology of that age." Therefore, any system of doctrine which assigns to Christ a lower position than that which he occupies in the New Testament, must, in a like degree, lower the standard of Christianity—that is, the religious life of those calling themselves Christians. Second, nevertheless, it is equally true that men are more governed by their practical than by their speculative convictions. The idealist does not feel and act on his belief that the external world has no real existence. In like manner the religious life of men is often determined more by the plain teaching of the Scriptures and by the common faith of the church than by their theological theories. Hence, men have often more of Christ in their religion than in their theology. It is, however, of the last importance to remember, that sound doctrine is, under God, our only security for true religion and pure morals. If we forsake the truth, God forsakes us.—*From the Princeton Review.*

### "Very dry."

A MINISTER having been appointed to the charge of a parish when patronage existed in the Church of Scotland, the parishioners laid before the patron the following objection to the appointment:—"His manner in the pulpit is dry, apathetic, and unimpassioned. His reading uniformly bad, always without measure or pathos, reading in the same heavy monotonous tone of voice, whether argumentation, exhortation, application, or illustration, without one redeeming look or gesture to attract the interest or command the attention of his audience." It is to be feared that the same fault could be justly found with many who are already in the pulpit, and can no more be removed from it than Theseus from the stone whereon he sat.

## The Pastor of Ettrick.

BY REV. J. WILSON, M.A., ABERNETHY.

SECOND PAPER.

Ettrick—the district and its inhabitants in Boston's time—a visit to Ettrick—reliquos of Boston—pastoral work and family trials—letter to his wife—his character—extracts from his writings.

THE upland parish of Ettrick in which Thomas Boston was settled as minister in the year 1707 embraces the higher part of the valley along the course of the Ettrick river and the mountainous tracts that border on St. Mary's lake. It was of old the haunt of notable freebooters, almost every spot having curious legends attached to it. On many a height the visitor still sees their dismantled fortalices—like forsaken hornets' nests—grim remembrances of old feudal days when these border regions were planted by strong families, as rough buttresses of the land from southern invasion. The fierce manners of feudal times lingered longer here than elsewhere, and there was not wanting in the legends and ballads of the district much to protract and foster this spirit. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Boston's dwelling, at the ruined tower of Tushielaw, still stands a famous ash, on whose lower branches are seen the notches and hollows worn by the ropes with which the owner of the keep hanged his victims, and on which he himself was hanged by James V.

A brother marauder was hanged during the same royal expedition, and the stone which marks his tomb is still seen near the site of the old tower of Henderland, inscribed in black letter, "Here lyes Perys of Cokburne and his wife Marjory," the said wife Marjory being the heroine of a popular ballad, "The lament of the Border Widow," in which she says—

" And think na ye my heart was sair  
When I laid the mou' on his yellow hair?  
And think na ye my heart was wae  
When I turned about away to gae?"

But it would be a task as endless as out of place to give all the legends of the district regarding the perilous days of the

" Homes that dwelt on Leader side  
And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow."

In John Welch's time, who as minister of Selkirk evangelized this region and had the charge, it is said, of the four parishes of "St. Marie Kirk, New Kirk of Ettrick, Rankelburn, and Ashkirk," the fierce border spirit was by no means extinct, as he learned by experience, having at length to quit the neighbourhood through the animosity and barbarity of Scott of Headschaw. Even in Boston's time, though a profession of religion to a large extent obtained among the people, the state of civilization was not high.

During the preceding generation, when the persecuted nonconformists to prelacy took refuge among the mountains and caves of Ettrick as a last retreat, conventicles were frequently held by Peden, Renwick and

others, as at Riskinhope, Dobb's Linn, Talla Linn, and by this means a leaven of true godliness was introduced. In this way there were a number of families such as the Biggars, Brydens, Andersons, &c., who formed, as Boston says, "a ballast to his enemies," and from whom a band of faithful elders were obtained who formed a sort of body guard to the minister, strengthening his hands in cases of discipline and in times of difficulty. The change produced among the people by the dark time of persecution was more sudden than satisfactory. Previous to that time, as an old man informed Boston, there were but three Bibles in the parish; now there was one almost in every house, family worship was maintained, and many of the people hotly protested against the evils and defections of the times. But their new pastor soon found that most of them overlooked evils nearer their own doors. Profane swearing was pretty general among them, and a loose separatist spirit, which gave Boston much trouble for many years. He began to preach boldly against the sin of swearing and other evils, and for many years he earned nothing but hatred and opposition from many, until—such is the perversity of human nature—having received a call to go elsewhere, they at length united in fervent desire to retain him, and were friendly ever after.

The manse of Ettrick which sits at the foot of the lofty green range of hills, was, when Boston went, "a sorry habitation" from its rickety condition, and for some time the family had to bivouac in the barn, where one of his children was born. A mountain stream, swelling in time of flood to alarming size, passes the manse in rather close proximity. At one time when the proposal was made to him by friends to prepare for publication the discourses that form the foundation of the "Four-fold State," and being in difficulty about it on account of his excessive humility, we find him in his memoir retiring to a solitary place up the brook where he prayed, and sung Psalm cvii. That which fairly decided his undertaking the task was a letter from a friend, Mr. Colden, in which he said, "Let respect to duty and the salvation of perishing souls sway you."

That word "perishing souls," says Boston, nailed my heart, and it burst out and answered, "Then let me be a fool for perishing souls." It shows the deep and well nigh morbid conscientiousness of the man to find that nothing of any moment could be undertaken by him without a long process of prayer for Divine light, and self-examination as to the motives prompting it. Thus, when pressed to publish some sermons he spends most of a day in prayer, and reads Durham on "the call to write books," waiting on the Lord while he spread out his papers and letters before him. Such works, begun, continued, and ended with prayer, could not fail to prove successful, and accordingly we find that ere long he received testimonies unsought as to their worth and benefit. Such testimonies were to the much afflicted and painfully conscientious pastor, as he says, like cordials to a fainting spirit or a ray of light shining in a dungeon.

A year or two ago the writer of this having visited Ettrick was kindly shown by the present minister various relics of Boston. Among these are a few small metal tokens used in Boston's time to reckon the number of souls over whom the faithful pastor watched and prayed, and who

having made a credible profession of conversion were admitted to the Lord's table. They and he have gone to give in their account and to stand in their respective lot, and it was therefore with reverent interest we examined these old counters.

Another and more interesting relic is the session records written by Boston's own hand in a beautiful, business-like way; for having been sometime in a lawyer's office in youth, and being synod clerk, he had acquired such business capacity, that Lord Minto, who had been clerk to the national council of Scotland, having been present at a synod meeting, publicly expressed his admiration at the manner in which Boston conducted its business. These session records amply attest the low state of morality in the parish and the difficulties of his position on account of the stern method of discipline which was followed. Such a method of dealing with backsliding communicants, as when a peculiarly obstinate offender who would not confess particulars of her crime, was made to stand weekly before the congregation for a year, may in our more enlightened and refined age appear out of place. Yet it had advantages. That sense of justice which sits so lightly on our age, and is indeed wholly evaporated from the soft-sawder theology of Broad Churchism, was heightened by it to a great degree. As an old negro is said to have remarked in contrasting the preaching of two successive ministers, "God appeared to be a greater Being at that time than he now does." The portion of these records which would most interest many has connection with a name not unknown in literature, viz., that of the hero of James Hogg's "Brownie of Bodsbeck," being the penitent death-bed confession of Walter Laidlaw of Chapelhope.

After leaving Ettrick manse we proceeded round by the classic vale of Yarrow and drove over to the manse of Kirkhope to visit Mr. Gibson, who is a descendant of Boston. The road thither passes over the hill tops between the valleys of Yarrow and Ettrick, and reminded one forcibly of Thomas the Rhymer's road to Elfland,

"Yon bonnie road that winds about yon fernie brae,"

especially as it passes Oakwood Tower of weird memory, which is said to have been the residence of the veritable wizard, Michael Scott, who spake the words that "split Eildon's hill in three." Near the top the sloping surface of the mountains was a patchwork of green furze and purple heather. A heavy thundercloud hanging over the vale of Yarrow, down at "Newark's stately tower," was discharging its contents in that quarter, and higher up we were wholly enveloped in a dense mist. Having arrived in safety, however, at the beautiful Kirkhope Manse, perched on a high cliff, with a fine "linn" or rapid of the Ettrick brawling beneath, we were shown certain other relics of Boston. Among these was a small pocket Bible with silver clasp, which had belonged to Boston's wife, inscribed "Katharin Brown, 1699," and from the handwriting and date probably a present from her betrothed.

We were also favoured with a copy of a letter never hitherto published, which had been sent by Boston to his wife from Edinburgh on the occasion of a visit to the General Assembly. It was written after a time of great personal and family affliction, for Boston through a great part of his course was one who, above most, "did business on the great

waters" of trouble. It was about the close of a trying spring season, when days of drifting snow, long known as "the drift days," desolated the uplands, and famine and death in many cases followed. His wife had fever, and he himself was in so weak a condition that he had felt compelled to look out for an assistant in his pastoral work; but having got some relief, even while his work increased, he says he was taught to work on without asking questions till his Master should say, Stop. There were also deeper troubles connected with his ministry which touched the heart of the faithful pastor more keenly. His temporal substance, too, was diminished, and his wife's fever lasting two months, her faith remained firm, and she was resolved never to part with Christ though at times she felt "like a bird on the side of a wall where it cannot alight, gripping with its claws." About the same time the end of the house was blown down by a gale of wind. It is necessary to dwell upon these things to understand the steady valour with which the afflicted and severely indisposed pastor girt himself for diligent work from week to week, and the amount of public spiritedness he showed in regard to evils impending over the church. His greatest grief was his wife's illness, through which, he says, she had been for several years free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, remembered no more, overwhelmed with bodily maladies and her spirits drunk up with terror. There is a certain quaint and almost tragic interest in Boston's descriptions of his wife's spiritual exercises at this time. At length, having attained much of her former peace and light, she made, according to the fashion of those days, a personal covenant, which was written down by her husband.

Now, says Boston, we were with our broken ship within sight of the shore, and I was as one stretching forth his hands, crying, Help forward, help forward! But, behold, in a little time after, the storm rose anew, and the ship was beat back into the main ocean again, out of sight of land. No wonder this man became to many a son of consolation in trial, and wrote *The Crook in the Lot*, a book once extensively read and prized by afflicted persons in Scotland.

In such circumstances he might have been excused going to the General Assembly. But duty loudly called him thither. A dark cloud of moderatism was beginning to gather over Scotland, threatening to remove the pure light of gospel truth, and along with that all spiritual vitality. It was about that time or shortly after that the father of Carlyle of Inveresk, according to the admiring account of his son, would go along with a brother clergyman, both having a "very great turn for fun and buffoonery," on expeditions in which they would go out of their way for the special purpose of making sport of brother ministers. Still, as the narrator informs us, both were very respectable orthodox clergymen. One leading qualification sought in ministers of this stamp was a capacity of holding their own in the hard drinking bouts common at the period.

All this was a grief to Boston, and as at that time the Assembly had to deal with the case of a professor of divinity, Mr. Simson, who was accused of teaching loose views, and as the moderate party were likely to allow the errorist to hold his important office, the Ettrick pastor leaves his afflicted wife and family and sets out on horseback for

Edinburgh. The following is the letter already mentioned, which was written to his wife after his arrival:—

“Ed. May 6, 1720.

“My dearest,—I came yesternight to Cowgate mouth in good time but wearied; however we were very well accommodate then beyond expectation, wherein I saw the goodness of a kind providence. This morning I came in here safe, and just this forenoon the assembly began Mr. Simson’s affair. Mr. Wilson\* is here, to whom I have represented your case, and he has a hearty sympathy with you, and gives his love to you. I have been in Mr. Trotter’s shop, spoke for the carvy, orange-peel and tea, but he being busy in the commissioner’s house on this occasion I could not get the tea ensured to come out with the servant, but if it come not then you may expect it on my return. I desire the horse may be in again on Tuesday’s night next week. I am in health but crazy, and have not yet got time to rest. I desire to believe that the Lord who called us to part for these days will pity us both, and make us meet again to bless him for his kind conduct about us. You cannot be off my heart, and I believe our joint case, and the case of ours, is on the heart of our merciful High Priest. ’Tis now past twelve o’clock at night, and I’m obliged to conclude, being with most endeared love and regard,

Your most loving and affectionate husband,

“T. BOSTON.

“My love to all the children; and I doubt not but my daughters will show the same, if not more, concern for your comfort in my absence as in my presence.”

This brief note, written with no view to the public eye, and in spite of its domestic business details, is not without deep interest: It shows that Boston, as a man and husband, was less ascetic than many who knew him merely as a writer suppose; and it is a genuine piece of every-day life at a time which is not unimportant in Scottish history.

The Assembly, as usual, treated Simson’s case in a shuffling manner by referring it to a committee, without taking any definite measures, though the charges against him were of many years’ standing. From this finding Boston alone dissented, judging the charges against the professor to be too grave to permit him any longer to teach in the church, and in a clear audible voice read his dissent.

The leading evangelical ministers present—though not members of that Assembly—strengthened Boston by their sympathy and presence; and one of them, Ralph Erskine, three years after, in writing an epitaph to the memory of Boston, commented on this scene:—

“The great, the grave judicious Boston’s gone,  
Who once like Athanasius stood alone,  
Whose golden pen to future times will bear  
His fame, till in the clouds his Lord appear.”

After this time his health gradually declined, but to the very last he persevered in his loved work; and when no longer able to go to the church he preached from a window in the manse, the congregation standing without. He entered into rest on May 20, 1732.

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\* Gabriel Wilson, of Maxton, his close friend and a faithful minister.

Boston is described by his contemporaries as a man of amiable, venerable aspect, over the middle size, and with a strong, melodious voice. He had naturally a lively imagination and, as a few of his more intimate friends knew, a ready wit, reined in, however, by a Puritanic reverence and a sense of God's presence. He was exceedingly modest and humble, and there was, undoubtedly, too dark a type in his piety, partly owing to the generally low state of his health. He was no despicable scholar in Hebrew and theology, and laboured much upon a Latin work on Hebrew stigmatology or accentuation, which was published in Amsterdam after his death. David Mill, the famous English Biblical scholar, wrote the preface, in which he says—"Reverendus Boston, in Scotia quondam Pastor Attricensis doctissimus, utilissimam accentibus Hebræis operam navavit præsentî libello, quo hanc doctrinam perspicue et accurate persecutus est." The celebrated Bengel in his later years (see Life, p. 425) says, "If writing were not become too laborious for me I would endeavour to trace out the doctrine of the Hebrew accents. Mr. Boston (of Ettrick) has hit upon the right way of understanding them."\*

Boston's great work, however, was, as a preacher and writer, in both which capacities he was a bright light in the dark evening of moderatism that was settling down on Scotland. The communion seasons at Ettrick were greatly prized by the godly in Scotland. A slight indication of this is in the incidental notice by Boston in describing one communion, that the horse of a visitor from Fife had run off. It is also told of a farmer in Lanarkshire that he rode to Ettrick every week to hear the sermons that formed the foundation of the "Fourfold State."

Those who think of Boston as one whose Puritanic sternness had at length repressed all human tenderness should read the glowing tribute he pays to his wife after thirty years' married life, which commences, "A woman of great worth, whom I therefore passionately loved and inwardly honoured: a stately, beautiful, and comely personage, truly pious, and fearing the Lord; of an evenly temper and patient in our common tribulations, and under her personal distresses; a woman of bright natural parts. . . . and finally a crown to me in my public station and appearances."

The autobiography and other writings of Boston abound in memorable and pithy expressions of which a brief sample may be given in conclusion.

"Had I but one wish, it should be that he would wrap me up in his love, light, and life, while I am here, and take me away to eternity when he pleased, though I would fain do something for Christ here; but my unbelief and worldly-mindedness put me on the rack."

"I have observed that, wanting written commentaries, a heavenly frame of spirit and soul-exercise, whether about temporal or spiritual things, were two excellent commentaries."

"Upon occasion of enlargement in secret prayer I saw the unreasonableness of the conceit of merit, as if a beggar should think he should

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\* This note furnished by Dr. A. A. Bonar.

therefore have an alms, because he can cry for it, or puts out his hand to receive it."

"On the Lord's-day morning worldly thoughts were as bird-lime to my feet."

"I besought the Lord to go with me, for without him the pulpit was a terror to me."

"This month we had a family thanksgiving, wherein the Lord was very gracious to us, and our hearts were enlarged with the remembrance of the Lord's hearing our prayers at the last family fast, and with his present goodness."

"As for the Sabbath sermons (after going to Ettrick), they were but coldly enough received; but remarkable was the pricking up of ears when anything relative to the public fell in, which was a wounding observation to me."

"I have sometimes a confusion in my head in preaching, but seldom does my body fail when my frame is right."

"I was surprised with discoveries of the Lord's mind in his word. As from time to time in that happy study I met with new discoveries of that nature, I often thought with myself, what a trifle my digging up of gold in some mine of Peru or elsewhere would have been in comparison with what I found in my accentuated Hebrew Bible."

"My kind and gracious Master managed me at that time as ever a mother would have done a weak child, so that I got a lesson, just to be doing with the strength I have for the time, without asking questions."

"The heart of the believer uses the lawful enjoyments of life warily, as the dogs of Egypt run while they lap the water out of the river Nile."

"If a man have an ill neighbour, he may remove; if he have an ill servant, he may put him away at the term; if a bad yoke-fellow he may sometimes leave the house, and be free of molestation that way. But should the saint go into the wilderness or set up his tent in some remote corner of the sea, where never foot of man, beast, nor fowl had touched, there his natural corruption will be with him. Should he be with Paul caught up to the third heavens it shall come back with him, 2 Cor. xii. 7."

*"Many a groan is heard from a sick bed, but never one from a grave."*

"Thousands hope to be saved who do not at all concern themselves with the question, whether they are born again or not; a question that is like to wear out among us."

"Be humble, carry low sails, walk softly all your years. The peacock walks slowly, hanging down his starry feathers while he looks to his black feet."

"Common operations of the Spirit, like a land flood, make a strange turning of things upside down. But when they are over, all runs again in the ordinary channel."

"Many have a rational discovery of the world's vanity, but can that wean their heart from the world? Nay, no more than painted fire can burn off the prisoner's fetters."

"If sin is somewhat bitter to us, but never so bitter as suffering, never so bitter as the pains of being weaned from it, truly we are strangers to the saving change."



"Surely it is from the devil that weak Christians make a rack for themselves of the attainments of the strong. And to yield to this temptation is as unreasonable as for a child to dispute away his relation to his father because he is not of the same stature with his elder brother."

"As a wife unwilling to be put away pleads and hangs to the marriage tie, so do men by the covenant of works. They hold by it like the man who held the ship by his hands; and when one hand was cut off held it with the other, and when both were cut off, held it with his teeth."

These extracts will serve to show better than our sketches what manner of spirit Boston was of. We add one more which may be regarded as a sort of *extract essence* of the experience of one who closely studied God's methods of dealing towards his people in providence: it will doubtless find an echo in the hearts of many Christian readers. Speaking of a matter which he had greatly longed and prayed for in youth, he says:—

"He brought it about through many difficulties, tried me with various disappointments, at length carried it to the utmost pitch of hopelessness, and seemed to be laying the gravestone upon it at the time of my mother's death; and yet after all he brought it to pass: AND THAT HAS BEEN THE USUAL METHOD OF PROVIDENCE WITH ME ALL ALONG IN MATTERS OF THE GREATEST WEIGHT."

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### "Though the earth be removed."

THE traveller Humboldt gives an interesting account of the first earthquake he witnessed. It was at Cumana, in South America. The first shock came after a strange stillness. It caused an earthquake in his mind, for it overthrew in a moment all his lifelong notions about the safety of the earth. He could no longer trust the soil which up to that day had felt so firm under his feet. He had only one thought—universal, boundless destruction. Even the crocodiles ran from the river Orinoco howling into the woods; the dogs and pigs were powerless with fear. The whole city seemed "the hearth of destruction." The houses could not shelter, for they were falling in ruins. He turned to the trees, but they were overthrown. His next thought was to run to the mountains, but they were reeling like drunken men. He then looked towards the sea. Lo! it had fled; and the ships, which a few minutes before were in deep water, were rocking on the bare sand. He tells us that, being then at his wit's end, he looked up, and observed that heaven alone was perfectly calm and unshaken. Many strange things are yet to come upon the world—earthquakes, overturnings, upheavings. But amid them all, as the Book tells us, the Christian shall look up to the heavenly One, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," and to his heavenly home which cannot be moved.—*From "Bible Echoes."*

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# A Decalogue of Admonitions on the mode of Preaching.

BY PASTOR A. A. REES, SUNDERLAND.

1. Open your mouth.
2. Do not speak either through your teeth, throat, or nose.
3. Speak in your ordinary conversational tone and key, but louder or softer according to the size of the place you speak in ; do not bawl, bellow, screech, or spurt.
4. Avoid both monotony and sing-song in preaching, which are as bad as intonation and drawling in prayer ; and shun false emphasis.
5. Beware of too much gesticulation, and yet do not be too stiff : there is a medium between a windmill and a sign-post. Make neither a promenade nor a socket of the pulpit, and let all your movements be gentle, not violent. Consider that all eyes are open on your gait, as well as all ears open to your speech. Let your pulpit appearance, therefore, be like the best fashion and material of a woman's dress—such as is not noticed by wayfarers. Do not let your apparel be more attractive than your deportment ; let there be nothing in it, either of the fop or the priest. Do not rise up in the pulpit as if you were ascending from a handbox or had just come from the shop of a clerical tailor. Especially in these ritualistic days, shun “the M.B. waistcoat,” “the dog-collar,” the cardinal's hat, the long-tailed coat, and I was going to say the white neck-tie ; but as this is worn by butlers and waiters, it might be retained ! Yet avoid the other extreme of slovenliness, looseness, and vulgarity.

“Be gentlemen in manner and in dress,  
Be nothing more, but mind you're nothing less.”

In a word, do not let the eyes of your audience be more attracted than their ears ; especially let your features wear their ordinary aspect ; beware of frowning, simpering, or grimace. You may open your mouth wide enough without distending and distorting it as if it were made of india-rubber.

6. Do not sink to a whisper at the close of your sentences ; “begin low, speak slow, rise higher, and then fire,” but be sure you fire with ball cartridge, and aim at the bull's-eye.

7. Do not imitate Paul, Peter, or John ; have a manner of your own, original, natural, and good. “Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.”

8. Do not speak as if you would *command* attention, but as if you would conciliate it. Be persuasive, not imperative ; and yet let it be clearly seen that your persuasiveness is for the interest of your hearers, not for your own. Let the sound of your “Master's feet be behind you” when you speak in his name, for words are words, when there is a man at the back of them, much more when there is a God.

9. In your preaching, set *fruit* before the people, not *flowers* ; display the gem, not the setting ; exhibit the picture, not the frame ; and in holding it up, stand behind, and let only the tips of your fingers be

seen. In a word, let your motto be, "We preach, not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves, your servants, for Jesus' sake."

10. Deal sparingly in figures and anecdotes. As a rule, one story in a sermon is quite enough, and avoid drawing out your similitudes too long, and too minutely: to wire-draw comparisons is to break them; and when the butter is thicker than the bread, it nauseates, instead of giving a relish. The soul of wit is brevity, and wit is neither flippancy nor lightness. Shun them both. To sum up all, when you get up into the pulpit,—“Have something to say, know how to say it, and when you have said it, *sit down.*”

### The Dead Raven.\*

THE subject of our story was only a poor weaver living in the little German town of Wupperthal; a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich towards God, and well known in his neighbourhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "*The Lord helps,*" he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well! the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the bad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although, as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left, no bread, no fuel in the house, only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly the wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground-floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man: "There, saint! there is something for you to eat!" he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and, stroking its feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hands! The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the

\* From "At all times. A message for the new year." A sweet little book published by the Religious Tract Society.

weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God, when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace, and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly; "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus he who fed Elijah by living ravens proves himself equally able to supply the needs of his tried servant by the same bird when dead.

### The Lord's Caged Birds.

WHEN Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes, in 1695, she not only sang but wrote songs of praise to her God. "It sometimes seemed to me," she said, "as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which thou givest to them that love thee in the midst of their greatest crosses"—a sentiment which she embodied, during one of her imprisonments, in a touching little poem, which begins thus:—

"A little bird I am,  
Shut from the fields of air;  
And in my songs I sit and sing  
To him who placed me there;  
Well pleased a prisoner to be,  
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee."

### God in all things.

ACCORDING to the theology of the Gentiles the gods regard great things, but neglect small things. This thought is in the heart of many Christians, as if God did only care for the greater matters. The blind world sets up an idol called chance or fortune, and lives at peradventure: but the child of God must not act thus. Prov. iii. 6—"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." The children of God dare not resolve upon any course till they have asked counsel of God; till they run to the oracle or ephod. Jacob in his journey would not go to Laban, nor come from him without a warrant. Jehoshaphat doth not send for the captains of the army, but for the prophets of the Lord: 1 Kings xxii. 7. "Is there not here a prophet of the Lord, that we may enquire of him?" It is a great argument that the fear of God is in the heart when even in little things we have respect unto the Lord.—*Thomas Manton.*

## The Vatican Conspiracy.\*

MR. ARTHUR has for long enjoyed a well deserved fame as an author of marked ability; but his latest work will henceforth rank as his *chef d'œuvre*. Indeed, the publication of such a book at such a time is nothing less than a public service done to the Protestant cause, a service worthy of cordial recognition by those who long for the advancement of religion, as distinguished from that drivelling compromise with idol worship and human pride which goes by the name of the papacy. The book is very thoroughly done; its preparation must have entailed years of laborious research, and so onerous a task would hardly have been undertaken by a man who was not a patriot as well as a Christian, aiming at a far higher mark than literary renown or worldly gain. Further than this, the production of such a work needed an acquaintance with several languages, a dogged perseverance in scenting out and amassing materials, and a penetrative shrewdness characteristic of the best historian. In an age of literary sensationalism a couple of substantial volumes on the machinations of the Vatican may look like dry reading to persons who can only endure light reading; but those who have eyes to see will discover in Mr. Arthur's story the sensationalism of real life, the startling novelty of actual history, the romance of truth. The proclamation of the pope's infallibility in the nineteenth century is such an anachronism that we ought to know how it came about, that future generations may not disbelieve the records of our age. The most blundering of living men declared infallible? Why and how?

The question, What is the papacy? is one which every intelligent Protestant should answer for himself, so that he may not be led astray by errors arising from indistinct notions or radically false views. Among Protestants, so-called, of one school we have a dangerous dalliance with popish rites and customs; while others, who have not gone so far astray, manifest a pseudo-charity, or sentimentality, when speaking of the pope, not at all worthy of their robust forefathers, who hated and opposed the system of Rome, because they, more often than we do, realised by experience a nausea of its bitter fruits. The pope does not represent one denomination among many which is content to live and let live, he is the avowed enemy of every other communion under the sun, and it is only consequent on a temporary abrogation of power, sacrilegiously sanctioned by ruling princes, that a war pitiless and exterminating is not waged against all who dare to think for themselves or worship according to conscience. Modern progress and the growth of Liberalism? These to the pope are anarchy, revolution, the treading under foot of the rights of God's heritage. The freedom of the press, free parliaments, freedom of discussion, or even free sovereigns, are impious innovations which would never be tolerated did the world only clearly perceive in what its chief interests consist. It is the glory of a prince to yield homage to the pope, and apart from such subjection there is no real liberty. Ecclesiastical law is not only above civil law, the

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\* The Pope, the Kings, and the People: a History of the Movement to make the Pope Governor of the World by a universal Reconstruction of Society, etc. By William Arthur. London and Belfast, William Mullin and Son, 1877.

church is the source of all law ; and while all rulers are answerable to the Holy Father, he himself is answerable to none. The man in the triple crown is king of kings and lord of lords, and whosoever disputes his impious assumption is an assailant of the prerogatives of God, who has made him to be his vicar on earth. If any suspect us of exaggeration they may soon be undeceived by consulting the famous Vatican Syllabus of 1864, wherein the errors of the times and the rights of the church are set forth ; or they may look into the service used at the coronation of pontiffs, a sentence from which is quoted by Mr. Arthur as a motto for his title-page, "Take thou the tiara adorned with the triple crown, and know that thou art the father of princes and of kings, and art the governor of the world." At the noontide of its ascendancy, popery held the world in slavery ; and, being of the same spirit as when its law could blight a nation, there exists in Rome to-day an organised conspiracy to reimpose upon the world the pre-Reformation thralldom. More remarkable still, there are fanatics who are content to work and to suffer for the realization of these visionary schemes, and who are sufficiently sanguine to anticipate ultimate success. Perhaps there are no harder toilers in the ecclesiastical world than these self-deceived Jesuitical deceivers.

Pio Nino is himself the most incomprehensible enthusiast in existence. To some traits of character, specious and winning to unthinking beholders, he unites an ambition as limitless as the universe. Has he not divided even his own communion by promulgating the dogma of the immaculate conception ; and has he not reduced himself to the level of a heathen god by pretending to be infallible ? When, in 1846, he commenced his chequered pontificate, there were liberal-Catholics who thought they desied the promise of better days ; but the words and actions of the new pope were as illusory as a mirage, and it soon became evident that the adherents of such a man must be the assailants of all the best hopes and aspirations of the human race. As he grew older, the pope's reign became more and more a warfare against moral progress and evangelical religion ; the Bible Society had no more bitter enemy ; and his chief friends among earthly rulers were the cruel tyrants whose empires groaned beneath a blood-stained despotism. Because the world laughed at his pretensions, and refused either to sympathize with his periodical whinings or to yield to his yoke, Pio Nino pronounced the world to be full of evil, as indeed it is, but of another sort from that which he denounces. Bad as matters were Pio had one cure remaining : among the resources of the Vatican there was at least one sovereign remedy. In December, 1864, the Congregation of Rites assembled at the Vatican, and after the inferior dignitaries had withdrawn, the members of the College of Cardinals heard the pope declare that the evils of the time could only be overcome by a general council. That was the earliest intimation the world received of the Vatican Council of 1869, the result of which, as all are aware, has not been either the conversion of the world or the subjection of the nations to the pretended chair of St. Peter.

The syllabus, too lengthy to particularise in detail, but the drift of which is sufficiently indicated above, as the ostensible ground-plan of a cosmopolitan code, was intended to be "the charter of reconstruction ;"

and the great council "was meant to complete the constituent arrangements of the new theocratic monarchy." This is the conspiracy against the peace and well-being of the world which the pope has inaugurated and superintended, his assistants being a huge army of Jesuits and priests, who, from Rome, the centre, have dispersed themselves throughout nations of both hemispheres. While the movement, as an ecclesiastical phenomenon, may excite more surprise than alarm, let us not forget that energetic and powerful legions are plotting against us with sleepless industry; and that the instigator of the mischief is the throned fanatic who has won his way into the hearts of many as a venerable man, ill-used by the liberating armies of Italy. According to Mr. Arthur, a chief part of the present pope's life-work has been to "set in motion an immense apparatus of means for effecting in the course of ages the complete social, political, and ecclesiastical reconstruction of all society, which reconstruction will culminate only when the spiritual and the temporal powers meeting as in an apex in the Vicar of Christ, he shall be by all men regarded as not only high priest, but as king of kings, and lord of lords; when all authority and dominion, all principality and power, being put under him, there shall in the whole earth exist only, as we should express it, one master and all men slaves, or, as he would express it, one fold and one shepherd."

This is nothing less than a war undertaken against modern civilization, as being, what it really is, the grand obstacle obstructing the growth of the papacy. The mediæval popes could never have become what they did had not society been in a semi-barbarous condition; and their magnificence was the lurid glare of subtle priestcraft amid the dense midnight of ignorance. The papacy would recall those glorious times. Our present liberty she denounces as the liberty of damnation; and for our own good, whether we will have it so or not, all must be reconstructed. Our free parliament, our books, newspapers, and magazines; our mode of saying what we think, and professing what we believe, are as abhorrent to Jesuit fathers as daylight and police are to burglars and garotters. The great literary organ of these worthies is the *Civiltà Cattolica*;\* and, in consequence of the large number of other periodicals this *Civiltà* inspires, Mr. Arthur thinks that "they can scarcely be charged with vain boasting who call it the most influential organ in the world." But this precious serial is hardly in any sense a religious journal, although it is the mouthpiece of the pope and the defender of the church. The organ of a man who is as infallible as the Bible itself needs not give space to Biblical studies and similar themes, and the *Civiltà* does not do so; its contents, on the contrary, are mainly a "talk of revolutions, monarchies, republics, authority, and anarchy, interspersed with snarls at heresy and heretics." The volumes of this magazine would go far towards proving that the Romish communion is a political confederacy rather than a Christian church. Identical terms in the mouths of Protestants and Papists do not carry identical meanings. By the spread of gospel liberty and the conversion of the world, we mean the spiritual enlightenment of individuals by the

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\* Catholic Civilization, as opposed to the Spurious Form of Civilization we at present enjoy in England.

Spirit of God, and the ingathering of the nations into the fold of Christ : by the same terms Jesuitical editors intend the extirpation of Protestantism and the subjugation of kings to the influence of the priest. These gentlemen, however, write with sufficient emphasis to convince us that while no stronger weapons than quills are available they will seek to conquer by writing, but they only want the opportunity and they will vigorously enforce their claims and clench their arguments with steel and gunpowder.

When it was determined to reconstruct society by a council the way was prepared in a cautious manner, and the subsequent preparations were made on a scale in keeping with the magnificence of the pageant with which Rome hoped to dazzle the world. The cardinals were desired to express in writing their views on the subject under several heads, and some time later thirty-six bishops in distant dioceses were also secretly honoured with communications, and invited to give their opinions in writing. This cautious procedure, hardly necessary in the case of a man who had already begun to suspect himself to be infallible, drew forth many curious specimens of ecclesiastical letter-writing, as well as divers flowers of rhetoric pleasing to pontifical ears. Modern science, the doctrines of the Reformation, liberty of the press and of worship, were condemned with that whole-hearted vehemence so characteristic of the writers. Freemasonry was especially denounced as a chief engine of the enemy for pulling down the stronghold of the church. In a word, society was all awry, and a majority believed that the council "would be a luminous beacon scattering the darkness that covers the world."

But while this was the verdict of the majority, a few had the honesty and sagacity to see that there were serious difficulties to be encountered, and that the votes of such a body would be rejected, or would even be greeted with derision by public opinion. Farther than this, the secret commission assembling at the Vatican in March, 1865, found reason to believe "that France, Italy, and Portugal would prohibit their bishops from attending a council"; and as Mr. Arthur says, "this indicates a consciousness that political distrust of Rome was felt most strongly in Roman Catholic countries." This is strictly true, for the pope's most uncompromising enemies have of late been found in his own dominions; the Romans rejoiced even to ecstasy when the liberating legions entered the city in 1870, and priests are hated in Rome as they are hated nowhere else. But, as long as they can hold their own, popes have hitherto shown a callous front as regards the love or detestation of mankind. In 1866, Pius IX. retained the temporal power by means of the French troops; and while the preparations for the council were slowly progressing the cardinals were shocked and balked by Napoleon's evacuation of Rome, and by the disaster which befell the Austrian arms at Sadowa. This was not the first time that Bismarck had baffled the Ultramontanes.

Had there been no unforeseen interruption, the council, which was to revivify the Church and save society by bringing back a mediæval régime, would have been held in 1867, by way of celebrating the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter's martyrdom; but as European war and political storms frustrated that design, the pope was still determined



to treat the world to one of those pagan shows which are as unapostolic as they are characteristic of the Vatican. The scene in Rome was such as can never be witnessed in any other city. Five hundred bishops, thousands of priests, and a multitude of pilgrims swelled the population to double its usual proportions; and it was amid all this pomp and pageantry that the Syllabus of Errors was solemnly confirmed. Liberal Romanists might take alarm at these retrograde movements; but they protested in vain. The whole policy of the present pope has been one of retrogression, and having hatched one scheme after another well calculated to demonstrate that his communion represented war, and not peace, he has carried the day by the votes of creatures of his own.

With a brazen-faced disregard of truth the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica* proclaimed the Papal States to be an oasis in the world's desert; and accepting their words as a challenge, Mr. Arthur has at length sketched the condition of the priest-ridden territory, which would have been the most favoured country in the world had not the papacy been the reverse of what it professes to be. All who have travelled in Roman Catholic countries are perfectly familiar with the contrast those kingdoms present to their Protestant neighbours; and occasionally, as in the case of Spain, the contrast has been as complete as fiends and inquisitors could desire. In a greater or less degree the plague has fallen upon other lands, to wit, Portugal, Austria, and Ireland; but although Ireland, when matched against other portions of Great Britain, presents in comparison but a sorry picture, she is a bright and prosperous land when weighed against the squalor, ignorance, and crime of the Vatican home-dominions.

Romanists, when forming an estimate of their own system, are content to surrender private judgment and to accept as final the specious apologies and verdicts of Jesuit champions; as Protestants we are bound to look at popery through its fruits. The land on all sides in Italy betrays the curse of the priest, and the evil has become so intolerable that the popular senate sees in priestcraft the chief obstacle to progress. The class who should correspond to our own villagers, labourers, and others of a grade above the mere peasantry, have no self-respect, their homes are hovels steeped in dirt. "You look in vain for a book, periodical, or journal," says Mr. Arthur. "The idea of children's picture-books, or of a cottage library, is out of the question; and the Bible is not to be seen. If there be a picture of the Madonna, or the patron saint, it is, in point of art, far below the pictures which often light up the cottage of our humblest labourer. If there is a book, it is a wretched dream-book teaching how to succeed in the lottery. No polished chest of drawers, no white dresser, no fire-range bearing witness of taste, no pretty crockery, no easy chairs. You may perhaps see a man asleep on the bare bench and another on the floor." Apparently strangers to soap and water, the common people are sluggish, their clothes swarm with vermin; and though their lot is cast in a land which is in itself a garden, they have no energy to draw forth from nature what she is ready to yield. If the people are ignorant they know quite as much as their masters would have them to know; for, according to the Jesuit organ before referred to, knowledge "proves extremely dangerous

in a social sense," and is a manœuvre of Liberalism to undermine the church. Such being the condition of the toilers, their implements and tools are of a corresponding old-world pattern. "From the ridge between the two valleys, by Civitella,"—we again borrow Mr. Arthur's words,—“the stranger has one of those prospects of which no previous travel blunts the charm, and no subsequent travel blunts the memory. Here he finds well-made men ploughing, and women with busts worthy of Sabine mothers carrying stones. Looking at the plough he finds it only a few degrees stronger and better than that used by the ordinary Hindu ryot. It is very far behind the improved ones to be seen in northern Italy, and would be a real curiosity to Bedfordshire or Lincolnshire ploughmen.” Coming to other classes in the towns, the depressing influence of the dominant ecclesiasticism is everywhere observable. “Beginning at the upper strata of finance and commerce, a merely English eye would look in vain for tokens of their existence;” and “coming down to the shops, perhaps an episcopal city in the ‘oasis’ would so impress Roman Catholic shopkeepers from Thurles or Tuam, that they would think a comparison profane.” A vestment has perennial interest for people who care little for the attractions of nature; and a few illuminations hung out in honour of some newly canonized saint are more than the fairest landscape; but our sober minds are much more affected by the fact that the only really prosperous people in Italy are the priests.

The present pope appears to unite in himself, as it were, the heart and soul of the whole fraternity of Jesuits, and the great Council of 1869 was virtually nothing more dignified than a Jesuitical conspiracy to realize those ambitious dreams which had been indulged in for years by the pontiff and his specially favoured brotherhood. The history of the whole affair from first to last would seem to show that an old man, remarkable neither for genius nor theological learning, may easily lose his head amid the architectural splendours and sensuous surroundings of the Vatican, until he suspects himself to be what the interested adulations of sycophants represent him—a demigod. Had Pius IX. been characterized by more shrewdness, or even by a truer benevolence, he would not have formally declared war against modern Liberalism and human progress, but he would have shaped his procedure to the exigencies of the times. Splendid opportunities have come and they have been allowed to pass by unused; friends have been alienated until the papacy is a house divided against itself, a byword and a laughing-stock to common sense. The process has simply been the gradual growth of sacerdotalism, with its inherent pride and ambition. The Jesuits have conceived an ideal of “Catholic unity” which means the world ruled by the pope, with temporal sovereigns for his vassals, and they work with frantic zeal for its realization. Their machinations are supposed to be fraught with danger to the race in general; but the peril is lessened by the fact that it is possible to fail in a cause by egregiously overshooting the mark. A programme of no surrender, no compromise, would have been sufficiently absurd in such times as these, but when claims are preferred and dogmas established which the hierarchy, corrupt as it was, in the middle ages would not have accepted, the course of action is akin to suicide. The Jesuit fathers at Rome may be so blinded with

passion that they cannot foresee the consequences of their game; but the world at large, and even a considerable proportion of the Roman Catholic population, are far wiser, and will not fail to take warning in time: at least, so let us pray.

It would weary ordinary readers were we to attempt to narrate the history of the splendours of the Vatican council—perhaps the greatest exhibition of ecclesiastical dresses the world has ever seen—and the manner in which Pius IX., more resembling a heathen idol than a man, amid clouds of incense and the blasphemous adulation of his bribed puppets, contrived to turn into a recognised dogma his dream of personal infallibility. It is right to say, however, that the passing of the famous vote was the result of successful management, and not the deliberate act of the Romish hierarchy assembled in solemn council. There was really no open free discussion; the whole thing was pre-arranged, and while the chief bishops of the Continent indignantly voted against the preposterous innovation, a packed congregation, bribed or menaced, carried what the Jesuits had prepared for their patron, and thus exalted the pope to the rank of an animate pagan god. In the meantime, while the council was sitting, the tide of war overran Europe, and the Jesuits made no secret of the fact that the cause of France was that of Jesuitism against the Reformation. When one disaster after another disappointed their hopes and ruined the Napoleonic dynasty, the council which was held throughout the summer, was suspended; for, besides the brilliant victories of the generals of united Germany, the soldiers of united Italy finally deprived the pope of his temporal power on the memorable 20th of September. Thus the boasted council came to an inglorious end amid the shock of war, and also amid warnings which need to be taken heed of if more stupendous catastrophes are to be avoided. Still, the council has so far proved a success that it has had the effect of banding together in closer union the various nationalities of Jesuit fanaticism; and one striking characteristic of that busy fraternity is that adversity never damps its energy. In a greater or less degree their pestiferous influence is felt in every civilized clime; in education, in elections, in every way, direct and indirect, in which it is possible to gain a convert, grasp a subsidy, or oppose a truth. On the contrary, the fact is patent to all the world that popery is unable to hold its own. Protestantism in Ireland has, we trust, received a stimulus by the separation of Church and State. In England the prospect is not hopeful; in America it is a constant cause of complaint that in consequence of the national system of teaching the ranks are thinned. Further than this, even the pope himself regards his case as beyond human aid, and therefore looks to heaven and to the Virgin for succour; but as we are not apprehensive of a reinforcement of strength coming from that quarter, we can enjoy our religious liberty and build up the church without trepidation.

## Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund.

OUR readers have all along taken such a hearty interest in Mrs. Spurgeon's endeavour to replenish the libraries of poor ministers, that we feel it to be their due that they should read a portion of her new Report, which will be sent to all subscribers, so that they may see the money duly acknowledged, the balance-sheet properly audited, and the number of books distributed set forth in detail. *Twelve hundred and eighty odd pounds*, all given without personal solicitation, make up the account for the year, and with this amount (less the balance) six thousand three hundred and forty-eight volumes have been purchased and sent carriage paid to pastors' libraries. Almost all the Christian denominations, including the Church of England, have shared in the division. Our own students have very properly led the way, but Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists have had no stinted share; in fact, all needy ministers who have applied have received a grant, and we trust that for many a day there may be no need to deny any hungry applicant a portion of mental meat. Personally we thank all the donors for their kindness, and having said this, we leave the extracts from the Report to speak for themselves.—C. H. S.

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### THE BOOK FUND: ITS OBJECT.

The Book Fund aims at furnishing the bare bookshelves of poor pastors of every Christian denomination with standard works of divinity by various authors; books full of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ, the study of which shall enrich their minds, comfort their hearts, quicken their spiritual energy, and thereby enable them to preach with greater power and earnestness "all the words of this life." How deeply needed this service of love has long been, what an urgent and painful necessity it has become, is fully proved by the intense eagerness shown on every hand to obtain the proffered boon. The writer could point to many a faithful servant of the Lord, who, toiling on in secret poverty for years, has not even *seen* a new book (except in the shop windows), till a grant from the Book Fund filled his heart with joy and his lips with thanksgiving. "These books have brightened my hope, and quickened my faith," writes one such pastor, "I will not trouble you with my difficulties for want of a commentary to stimulate and guide my poor thought, *they are too sad to tell*, but they have helped me to appreciate your gifts." Those whose resources enable them to enjoy without stint the luxury of a "new book," can scarcely realize the longing and craving which gnaws at the heart of a poor minister when he sees—beyond his reach—the help and refreshment he so sorely needs. His brain is weary with producing unaided thoughts; his mental powers are flagging for want of stimulus and encouragement; his spirit is burdened with the pressure of cares, which stern poverty brings upon him; and yet, though a few sterling, solid books would be a specific for much of this misery, the purchase of such blessed potions is as impossible to him as would be the acquisition of the "Elixir of Life" itself! Many a one has told me that the books sent seemed to "put new

life" into him, and it is not difficult to read in those three words a sad and sorrowful story of mental faintness and famine. "Read good suggestive books," says the President of the Pastors' College in his "Lectures to my Students," "and get your minds aroused by them. If men wish to get water out of a pump which has not been lately used, they first pour water down, and then the pump works. *Reach down one of the Puritans* and thoroughly study the work, and speedily you will find yourself like a bird on the wing, mentally active and full of motion." But what if there is no water at hand to coax the up-springing of the living stream? or rather, what if the bookshelves are bare, and no Puritans can be reached down? This is a question which the Book Fund seeks to answer in the only satisfactory manner, by placing as a free gift in the hands of poor pastors that nourishment for their brains which is as absolutely necessary to mental vigour as food for their bodies is essential to physical existence. "Ten thousand thanks," said a dear brother, writing lately, "for sending the books *when you did*. Their coming brought deliverance and salvation to my mind. I was in an agony of spirit—at my wits' end for a text. I opened one and found, 'The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock.' This was just what I wanted; it took hold of me, and the Lord helped me to take hold of it." "I have very little to spend in books," says another. "My salary is only £60 per annum; so that when a new book comes, it is like bread to the hungry. I do not say this to make you think I am a martyr—if so, I am a very happy one, for I have chosen willingly Christ's service, and my very wants are a means of grace to me." Again, another pastor writes, "I cannot tell you how much the receipt of these useful and suggestive volumes cheered me. The sight of a refreshing spring never more gladdened a weary traveller."

No one who knows anything of the position and means of our country pastors can doubt that the "object" of this Fund meets, and, as far as it is able, alleviates a sadly overlooked evil. After more than two years' daily correspondence with ministers all over the land, the writer feels that she speaks with sad and serious certainty on the matter, and she is grieved to know that everywhere the want is felt, and the same cry is heard. "Oh for some books to help me in my pulpit preparation," says one, "I have to preach before the same people three, perhaps four times a week, and though the Lord has promised that my 'branch shall not wither,' it sometimes gets *very dry*." "I know we should depend upon the Spirit's aid;" says another—"and so I do, but if I could read some of the burning thoughts which are recorded by God's earthly seraphs, my lips, too, might glow with holy rapture, and give forth 'goodly words.'" "I never dare now to *think* of a new book," writes a third, "two or three times I have begun to save a little money towards the purchase of a long-coveted work, but every time it has gone for something else; Johnny and little Harry and Walter *must* have boots, or mother is ill, or the girls' frocks are getting shabby, and so the precious volumes are still unattainable." And yet a fourth most touchingly says: "When I witness the self-denial, and hard unremitting labour to which my wife so cheerfully submits herself to keep our household moving comfortably in the sphere God has given, I cannot with any pleasure add to her difficulty by purchasing the books

I often covet, though this doubtless hinders the freshness and variety of my ministry."

Dear Christian friends, these are no fancy pictures which I am painting, these are no silly tales of fiction, told for the purpose of exciting emotions as worthless as they are weak, but I write of living, suffering realities of flesh and blood, our brethren in Christ, and men moreover who claim and bear the title of the "King's ambassadors," and I ask, "Ought they to be thus treated?" I want you to ponder for a moment the sad *fact* that throughout the length and breadth of this dear England of ours there are *hundreds* of Christ's ministers so poor that they can scarcely find proper food and clothing for themselves, their wives and their little ones, out of the miserable pittance which is called their "*salary!*" Books, which ought to be "common things" with them, littering their rooms in "most admired disorder," crowding each nook and corner with mute but matchless companionship—are, through their poverty, unattainable luxuries, vainly coveted blessings, the very thought of which must be laid aside, lest the longing should lead to repining, and the desire deepen into distress. Such things ought not to be, but unhappily they *are*, and till the churches of Christ shall awaken to a sense of their responsibility in this matter, and their moral obligation to provide their ministers with mental food, I will rejoice that my Book Fund does at least lighten a little the pressure of the famine.

I read the other day a description of the late Bishop Thirlwall's library at St. David's, and among other things the writer says: "It was a little room very plainly furnished with mahogany and horsehair, but it was literally covered with books. They were everywhere—on the chairs, on the window-sills, on the mantel-piece, on the coal-scuttle, by the fireplace, even inside the fender! Still he knew where to find any book that he wanted." I am afraid I thought with almost jealous pain of the ludicrous contrast which would be presented, could the "bare bookshelf" of a poor Baptist pastor's parlour be brought for a moment into comparison with any bishop's overflowing library! Perhaps the pain at my heart was not harmful, for it brought the prayer to my lips, "Oh Lord, give me greater strength and larger means to continue and extend this urgent work which thou hast given me to do."

Happy will the day be both for pastor and people, when "books for the minister" shall be as acknowledged necessities as his daily bread, and when both the study and the dinner-table shall be more liberally provided for.

#### ITS SUSTENANCE.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts."

The Book Fund has been nourished and fed from the King's Treasury, and I must "make my boast in the Lord" that all needful supplies for the carrying on of the work have plainly borne the stamp of heaven's own mint. I say this because I have never asked help of any one but *Him*, never solicited a donation from any creature, yet money has always been forthcoming, and the supplies have constantly been in the due proportion to the needs. Once only during the year did the Lord try my faith by allowing the grants of books to outnumber the gifts of money, and then it was only for a "small moment" that a fear overshadowed

me. The dark cloud very speedily passed away, and fresh supplies made me more than ever satisfied with the resolution I had formed to draw only on the unlimited resources of my heavenly Treasurer. None of the friends whose hearts have "devised liberal things" on behalf of my work will reproach me with ingratitude towards them when I lay my *first* loving thanks at his feet; they will rather join me in praising him for so sweetly inclining their hearts to help his needy ones, and will joyfully say: "O Lord, of thine own have we given thee!"

I recall with glad satisfaction the very first donation which reached me, "for sending books to ministers." It came anonymously, and was but five shillings' worth of stamps, yet it was very precious, and proved like a revelation to me, for it opened up a vista of possible usefulness and exceeding brightness. The mustard seed of my faith grew forthwith into a "great" tree, and sweet birds of hope and expectation sat singing in its branches. "You'll see," I said to my boys, "the Lord will send me *hundreds of pounds* for this work." For many a day afterwards mother's "hundreds of pounds" became a "household word" of good-humoured merriment and badinage. And now "the Lord has made me to laugh," for the hundreds have grown into thousands; he has done "exceeding abundantly above what I asked or even thought;" and faith, with such a God to believe in and depend upon, ought surely to "smile at impossibilities, and say 'it shall be done.'"

After praising him "from whom all blessings flow," my loving thanks are due to the friends who, by their generous gifts, have co-operated with me in this blessed work. Money has come to me from all quarters, and always with congratulations and good wishes. Many dear personal friends have liberally aided me; some of my dear husband's constant and devoted helpers have been pleased, when sending him a cheque, to make it a *little larger* for the "Book Fund," while quite a number of strangers (though strangers no longer), whose names were previously unknown to me, have sent very considerable donations to my beloved work. *God bless them all!* And if only a tithe of the happiness their gifts have secured to me and my poor pastors be returned into their own hearts, their cups will be full to overflowing, and their joy will abound. Oh! how sweet some of these sums of money have been to me! Real "Godsends" I may truly call them, for the gold has seemed to lose its earthly dross when consecrated to him, and has often shed a light as from heaven's own "golden streets" upon my pathway! Coming sometimes in seasons of great pain and suffering, these gifts have been like precious anodynes to soothe my weary spirit, and hush my restless thought, for they plainly showed the Lord had not "forgotten to be gracious." They have almost charmed away my sorrow by teaching me to plan for others' joy, and oftentimes they have been truly, "means of grace" to me, leading to blessed commerce with heaven, by supplying frequent occasions of prayer and praise. Surely, after so much mercy past, if I did not bless his name, "the very stones would cry out."

#### ITS SUCCESS.

Judged by the benefits and blessings it has conferred, its success will be best told by extracts from letters received in acknowledgment of gifts, and as the "Book Fund" has become entirely unsectarian in

its operation, it will perhaps be interesting and pleasant to introduce some "kind words" from ministers of different denominations who have joyfully accepted this service of love. It has been no easy matter to restrain my hand in making these selections from the many hundreds of letters I possess; I have felt a veritable *embarras de richesses*, and most unwillingly have omitted many a passage brimful of joy and gladness, lest I should weary my readers; but when they have perused these thankful, loving words, they may rest assured the "half has not been told" them. Having commenced the year by offering six volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons to all ministers formerly students of the Pastors' College, first speech is accorded to two of their number.

"My dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—I feel deeply grateful to you for the six volumes of sermons which reached me this morning. When I opened the parcel I experienced such a rush of emotion as made me kneel down instantly and thank God for his goodness to me, as well as to pray for his blessing to descend upon you. Many times when a few brethren have met together at my house, or I have gone to theirs, have we mentioned your work in our prayers, and the best expression of my gratitude, I feel, will be in the fervency and faith of my petitions. I trust you will accept my thanks, though they are so imperfectly conveyed. My heart glows, but my pen fails."

"The six volumes that you sent me last February were a precious boon. They were most opportune to my moral and spiritual state; for I was racked with doubts on many matters, and my spiritual life was low. When those volumes came they brought to my remembrance the joyful seasons I used to spend at the Tabernacle, and I could not refrain from crying out in agony of soul, 'Oh that I were as in months past.' Then I said I will see what my old teacher says, I will apply my heart unto his instructions; so for weeks I read the sermons, and studied them hard to see if I could find an answer to the questions which vexed my soul and weakened my grip of gospel truth: and, blessed be God, I have found an answer. I have found peace, satisfaction, increasing delight. The truths which those sermons contained have been marrow and fatness to my soul. They have kindled my zeal, they have directed my energies, they have strengthened my arm for the fight. Such a change as this affected my preaching. It made me more earnest, more decided, more affectionate in my appeals, more importunate in entreating men to accept Jesus as their Saviour. Many persons noticing the change came to thank me for the gospel truth with which my sermons were charged, and to join me in earnest prayer for the conversion of souls. Our prayers and desires have been answered in the increasing congregations we get, and in the deep attention they give to the preached word. We labour on, believing the blessing will come according to the promise. The members of our church display a quickened zeal in the service of Christ, and we are now watching for souls as those who must give an account. I have thus, my dear Mrs. Spurgeon, told you briefly and very poorly the good I have received from the volumes you have sent me, and the good which, by God's help, I have been able to do. Should you be able to send me some more, I can promise you a very attentive reading, and an ardent study."

The extract next subjoined is also from an old student, but it claims special notice because the writer is one of those who are labouring in a distant land, and a gift of books to such is truly "as cold water to a thirsty soul." It is not often that the opportunity is afforded of ministering to *their* necessities, on account of the heavy expense of transit; but when friends are found to take charge of a parcel, we have the rare pleasure of receiving, in due time, such answers as these:—



"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon.—I have to acknowledge, with gratitude and pleasure, the receipt of six volumes of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, which you so kindly forwarded by Mr. ——— of this village. May the Lord reward you a thousandfold for this great, and I might almost say, unexpected kindness to a stranger in a strange land. . . . When settling here rather more than three years ago, I often found an American volume of the sermons, well worn, and highly appreciated; and I assure you they made me feel more at home than otherwise I should have done in this rugged country. . . . You can scarcely imagine the joy I felt in receiving the sermons fresh from England; but this you may rest assured of, both yourself and your dear husband were prayed for that night with more than usual fervour and feeling, and special thanks were given to him 'from whom all blessings flow.'"

If space permitted I could give extracts of letters from France, Sweden, Spain, Nova Scotia, Nebraska, Cape of Good Hope, Sydney, Adelaide, Bengal, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and many other "strange lands," which would delight and interest my readers, but I must content myself and them with the following much-prized communications from Church of England missionaries, one on leave of absence for awhile, the other just starting to his work in that country, India. The first-mentioned writes thus:—

"Many, MANY thanks for the four volumes of the 'Treasury of David,' I prize them much. I doubt not that, if not already, these volumes will soon become standard works on the Psalms. Every one knew and felt that there must be a 'feast of fat things' for mind and soul in the Psalms, but Mr. Spurgeon has dished them up in a way so superior to what anybody else has ever done that both mind and soul receive much more from his 'Treasury' than from any other work. I am thankful to find the books in the libraries of Church of England clergymen at D——— and K———, with less dust on them than 'Browne on the Articles,' or theological works akin to 'Den's Theology,' etc. The day of Christ will reveal the great good the Lord has been doing through Mr. Spurgeon's instrumentality. When a student at —— College I used to visit some of the Irish courts around the neighbourhood. In one of these dens of villainy and iniquity there lived a man who was my terror, and who more than once sent me flying out of the court, pushing me by laying his hand to the back of my neck. My heart sank every time I entered the place if I met this man. He was all that was wicked and iniquitous. One day, to my surprise, instead of cursing me, he asked me to his filthy dark room. I entered it with fear, not knowing what was in store for me; but, thank God, it was to tell me that he had found Jesus, and had resolved in his strength to follow him. The message of love, and mercy, and peace had been conveyed to this man's heart by the lips of your good husband. He heard Mr. Spurgeon preach in some public place or other, and there Jesus met him and called him. From that day till his death he lived the life of a Christian, and died glorifying the depths of Jesus' love. I do not think you can have ever heard of this case, and there must be many unknown to you who on the great day will welcome your dear husband as the one who was the means of leading them to the feet of Christ."

"Dear Madam,—The books arrived safely on Saturday night. May God bless you for your kindness and liberality to a perfect stranger. I have long been under deep obligation to your honoured husband, since it was through reading a passage in one of his books in South India that I was first awakened out of a sinner's natural self-complacency to cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' Though we may never meet on earth, and may differ on minor points, ever shall my prayers ascend to God for you both, and we shall assuredly meet where partings are unknown."

I may just say here that many missionaries of different denominations have, on leaving England, applied to me for the "Treasury" to carry with them to their distant stations (Damascus, Madrid, China, the Punjab, Ceylon, Delhi, Lagos, and Timbuctoo, recur to my mind at this moment, but there are many more), and it has given peculiar satisfaction to grant the requests of these dear brethren, and to receive from them assurances of the great comfort and refreshment they have derived from the perusal of the precious volumes when toiling far from home, and friends, and country.

About the middle of the year an unexpected and most delightful impetus was given to the "Book Fund" by a very kind and generous friend, who desired that all the ministers in Argyleshire should possess the "Treasury of David," and entrusted the writer with funds to carry out his wishes. We wish we had space for some of the grateful letters which acknowledged the gift.

This year, too, Ireland has been a sharer in the benefits of the work: many Presbyterian and Wesleyan ministers there having hailed with enthusiasm the offer which I was enabled to make to them by the kindness of a lady, whose generosity has often made my heart to sing aloud for joy.

Returning to home-work, I will quote a letter from a Congregational pastor, a specimen of hundreds, for my Book Fund has had the privilege of ministering to very many in the Independent denomination.

"Dear Madam,—I am at a loss for words wherewith to express my gratitude to you for your kindness in forwarding to me the 'Treasury of David.' But I can commend you and your work to my Father in heaven, praying that he may abundantly enrich you with the treasures of his grace, and that he may so bless and prosper you in your work of love, that you may be enabled to make the hearts of hundreds of my brethren beat for joy as mine did when I received your present. The volume will certainly be a 'treasure' to me. I have already feasted my soul upon the precious words which are contained therein, and am looking forward to many such occasions as I carry out my intention of reading the books through again and again. None but myself and God can know what a help the 'Treasury' will be to me in my labour. May the Lord enable me to use the gift to his glory."

Being fearful of over-taxing the patience of my readers, I must pass without notice the epistles received from Evangelists and Home Missionaries, some of which would certainly vie in interest and pathos with any that have been already given, and I will introduce but one other letter, making it do duty as the representative of kind and appreciative words from the many divisions of Methodism, Wesleyan, Primitive, and so forth. It is from the pen of a "Bible Christian" minister, and it tells the same "old story" of deep need of books, and utter inability to procure them.

"Dear Madam,—Your very valuable and welcome present came duly to hand, and positively made my heart leap for joy, and outflow with a thousand blessings upon the kind donors. I can never express in words the deep feelings of gratitude I am the subject of, for your great kindness in thus shedding sunshine upon the difficult pathway of one who is trying, amid all his unworthiness, to serve his generation faithfully and to do the work assigned him by the Master; but what I cannot put into language I can breathe in heart at the heavenly throne, that Jehovah's benedictions in ever-increasing richness may fall upon you and your honoured husband, until taken to the eternal home.

The 'Psalms' have always been my favourite resort for meditation and exposition. and I should long ago have purchased the 'Treasury of David' had I been able, but a salary of £80 a year allows but a very small margin for books, and though my mind often *craved* for them, the luxury was not enjoyed."

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It is not easy by culling extracts to give a fair idea of a report which has been carefully written, but if the above passages should assist in creating, maintaining, or increasing an interest in the mind of a single reader we shall be exceedingly glad. An appeal for bread and clothing touches the hearts of all, but it needs a measure of mental and spiritual culture to appreciate the dire necessities of a bookless preacher; to those who possess such power to sympathize we commend our dear wife's earnest effort. From all those who wish to see our poorer pastors helped, and especially to see their mental furniture improved, we expect continual aid for the indefatigable worker who has the holy task in hand.

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### The Last Days of Dr. Johnson.

IT appears that it was a letter from the Rev. Mr. Winstanley, Rector of St. Dunstan's in the East, which was the instrument permitted by God to bring his mind to a quiet trust. In answer to the anxious question written to Mr. Winstanley by the dying moralist,—“What must I do to be saved?” Mr. Winstanley wrote, “I say to you in the language of the Baptist, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.’” That passage had been often read by him, and had made but a slight impression, but now being pressed home by the gracious Spirit, it went straight to his heart. He interrupted the friend who was reading the letter, “Does he say so? Read it again.” He then earnestly begged that the writer might be sent for that he might hear from him a confirmation of the truth. The state of Mr. Winstanley's health and nerves made an interview impossible, but he wrote enforcing the truth. We have no doubt that this was well for Dr. Johnson's mind. He whose life had been passed among men; who had derived his chief pleasure from their society and had leaned upon their friendship, was taught that he must look for comfort in religion from a different source; and that as Christ only was the Mediator, the Spirit of God alone could be the Comforter. A little before he died Dr. Johnson turned to Mr. Brocklesby with great earnestness. “Doctor,” he said, “you are a worthy man, but I am afraid you are not a Christian. What can I do better for you than offer up in your presence a prayer to the great God that you may become a Christian in my sense of the word.” Instantly he fell upon his knees and offered up a fervent prayer. When he rose he caught hold of his hands with great earnestness and cried, “Doctor, you do not say amen.” The doctor looked foolish, but after a pause said “amen.” Johnson said, “My dear doctor, believe a dying man, there is no salvation but in the sacrifice of the Lamb of God.”

With that witness he died. With his reason unclouded, he gave this remarkable testimony to a simple faith in Christ, a testimony specially valuable at the time it was delivered.—*The Christian Observer*, January, 1859.

## Pictures on my Wall.

BY J. C. WITHERS.

IN an interval of leisure, snatched from a busy life, I have been reading a calm and thoughtful work, the gift of a valued friend, on the highest subject which can engage the human mind—a volume written by a man who adorned the judicial bench of Scotland, and who, not very long ago, passed quietly and peacefully to his rest. "The Circle of Christian Doctrine" of the late Lord Kinloch is a valuable contribution to theological literature. Clear and chaste in diction, it is alike lofty and impressive in thought, and able and impartial in argument. Obstacles which beset the path of earnest seekers after truth are not put on one side or slurred over by the author, but are carefully considered and fully met. "Dangers retreat when boldly they're confronted;" and doubts on religious subjects may almost always be set at rest when, the aid of the Holy Spirit having been anxiously and prayerfully invoked, those subjects are honestly and patiently investigated and made matter of reverent inquiry.

Laying down the volume, my eyes rest upon two companion pictures which adorn my walls, and which at once connect themselves with the work of the departed judge. They are little pictures; nothing in them is garish or obtrusive; but they are full of significance. Take the first. A turbulent sea, lashed into fury, rolls along with majestic sweep; while a woman clings to a massive rock, in the shape of a cross, which looms high and grand above the waves. Other means of safety to which she has trusted have given way, and are sinking beneath her; but her grasp of the rock is firm, and all the more tenacious because of her peril; and she feels that, while she retains her hold of that which is able to defy the tempest, she is secure from being engulfed by the waves. The circumstances and surroundings are dark and portentous—the wind whistles in her ears, the rain heats upon her with pitiless persistency, the heaving water laves her feet, but that upon which she relies is unaffected by the contention of the elements. She looks upward appealingly but hopefully. Her countenance is not quite free from an expression of apprehension; but this expression is mixed with, if not overshadowed by, one of calm confidence for the future, and of thankfulness for the safety which, so long as her grasp does not give way, she feels certain she enjoys. Turn to the companion picture. In it we have again storm and tempest, though the scene is scarcely so menacing as in the other engraving. The sea still rolls along in heaving billows, but it is not quite so boisterous as before; and the lowering clouds are relieved by a ray of light which breaks through the darkness and gives promise of dispelling their gloom. She who had been struggling with the almost overwhelming force of wind and wave has now obtained a footing upon the rock on which she had formerly fixed her hold; and, firm in the security for safety of that upon which she has herself relied, she is stretching out a helping hand to an unfortunate sister who is yet battling with the surging waters. I gaze for some time at these pictures—simple but carefully elaborated bits of art; and they appear to me to constitute a pictorial illustration of the old but ever new story of the cross of Calvary.

Thou! poor wretched soul, conscious of sin, but beaten about by wind and wave of doctrine, try no longer of yourself to master the elements, for you must perish in an unequal conflict, but lay hold at once of yon rock ahead which has withstood the force of all the storms which have ever blown, and of all the seas which have ever rolled, since the great Father placed it in the midst of the seething surge, for those who are truly sensible of their danger to lay hold upon. Cling to it; and you will not find that your faith in its power to save you has been misplaced. There are clefts in its side; and, if you only once get your little finger into one of these, and do not let go, you will not perish. You will gain a footing upon the rock by-and-by; and you will not be

long upon it until, gratitude for your own preservation welling up within your heart, you will manifest an eager desire to prevent others from going down—for there are many wrecks on the great waters; and men who wish to save others from imminent peril have not far to seek for objects of compassion.

I turn from these pictures to an engraving of another work—one which I can hardly imagine any person looking upon without admiration, and which is worthy of the reputation of the artist by whom it has been conceived. Sir Noel Paton has styled his "Faith and Reason" a "thought for the times"; and the result of his earnest study eminently realizes the idea which those words convey. A female figure, in white robe of spotless purity, represents Faith. A glittering necklace, emblematic of the Christian virtues, encircles her neck; a girdle, bright with precious jewels, and illustrative of Bible subjects, clasps her waist; and a wealth of golden hair flows freely and gracefully from her finely shaped head. Her eyes are cast wistfully to heaven; and not a shadow of doubt or difficulty disturbs the perfect serenity of her features as she gazes upwards to the sky, where a bright and solitary star, "hanging like a gem upon the brow of night," sheds forth its mild and gentle radiance. Reason, on the other hand, is brought before us as a warrior who has fought his way to a lofty height. He is thickly clad in armour; he wields a ponderous sword, and his face is full of the trouble and perplexity born of contending thoughts. He has surmounted ridges of difficulty; he has ascended from peak to peak; but he has at length reached a point beyond which any further progress is impossible. The mist rolls thick and dense around him; but while, with his weapon in one hand, he steadies himself upon a projecting piece of rock, he rests with the other upon the arm of Faith; and feels that, so long as he does so, he is free from all danger of falling from the dizzy eminence which he has reached. Should he let go his hold of Faith, however, he is certain to be precipitated into the abyss below; and the very altitude to which he has attained will make the consequent catastrophe the more complete. The precise significance of this picture may possibly be interpreted in different ways by different people, for there are men in these days who will twist and pervert the most obvious teachings; but to me its meaning is sufficiently clear. Reason is a God-given attribute, and must be exercised; but there are depths and heights which, unaided, it cannot hope to reach. The Finite can never, because it is Finite, pierce the mysteries of the Infinite; but Faith, born of God's Holy Word and Spirit, comes in where Reason fails to fathom or to soar; and, the two going hand in hand, security—it may be after some climbing on sterile hills and through a good deal of mist—is at last obtained. This is evidently the lesson which the Christian post-painter had in view: and in our time such a lesson is far from unnecessary, when so many talk as if there were nothing in the vast universe of God which the puny mind of man cannot encompass, and when, in numerous instances, the pulpit itself, to its shame and disgrace, clouds or keeps entirely in the background those grand old doctrines of Christianity which have been the hope and solace of millions of our race. "Jesus Christ and him crucified." You will never perish, man, if you lean with the whole strength of your nature upon that upward-bearing sentence, fully conscious of what it means in relation to yourself personally; but if you do not believe by a simple, child-like, trusting faith, that a Saviour, the incarnate Son of God, once lived on earth and died a shameful and ignominious death for sinners, you will inevitably, whatever your endowments, and whatever your capacity for mental flight, be the victim of a fall which will dash you to pieces in an awful abyss. Your intellect, you say, will not allow you to believe this—it is too mysterious to be true. *Your* intellect! The mind of man may grasp many things; but surely the experience of every day should teach us that there is a greater number still which are beyond our comprehension, but which we do not, therefore, refuse to credit. Do we doubt our own existence; but can we explain it? Can we trace the growth of the flower, with its varied tints and its cups of fragrance; but do we deny it is

there? Can our mind sweep across the midnight sky and pluck from the stars the secret of their being; but, because we are not able to do this, would we say that there is not that above our heads which is visible to every eye? I cannot understand why any man should say that in spiritual matters only he will not believe that which he cannot fully and completely comprehend. Let him become aware of his true condition, let him feel that he is a sinner, let him discover that the Most High is too pure to behold iniquity,—let him in a word, for the first time, read his own heart *aright*, and he will have done with intellectual subtleties which profit not, and with doubtful disputations which are as the idle wind. He will shun, as he would a leper, all the frothy nonsense which is talked by thoughtless men about so-called modern thought and progress in theology; he will lean with the arm of Faith upon the finished work of a risen Saviour; and he will ask God to guide his reason in the holy things of the divine Word and the divine life. He will put off the cumbrous armour of intellectual pride; and, clothed with the white garment of the meek and humble Jesus, he will enjoy a peace which he could never otherwise experience. He will be done for ever with difficulties; the Sun of all light will illuminate his path, and he will advance upon the way which he has yet to traverse, confident with a confidence which is not of earth. Ere long he will be carried to his silent resting-place in some quiet churchyard, and the grass will blow above the form which was once instinct with vitality; but the spirit will have passed to fairer regions than human imagination has conceived, and shall dwell in eternal felicity with its Father and its Saviour.

## Encouragements to Work and Pray.

THERE is at the Metropolitan Tabernacle a Society for lending out the Pastor's Sermons to the residents in the neighbourhood.\* It is not an expensive form of service, for the work is done by willing volunteers, and the outlay consists of the purchase and binding up of the sermons. About £30 keeps the simple machinery going; though amid the multifarious agencies which have their head-quarters at the Tabernacle this minor one gets rather pushed into a corner, and sometimes, in past years, has had to sue to the pastor for his personal assistance to keep it going. That help our readers may be sure will never be grudged by the Pastor, when he remembers the rich consolation which that little Society has brought to his heart. The Society is too unobtrusive to *print* a report, and accordingly the worthy secretary, Mr. F. Wood, forwarded it to us in writing. God be thanked a thousand times for its perusal, for it has cheered our anxious heart, and made a somewhat weary labourer sing for joy. It has seldom fallen to our lot to meet in one batch with such a number of reasons for gratitude. We print the following extracts that all who love the gospel which we preach may rejoice with us.

"The committee of the above society, in presenting their report for another year, do most devoutly thank God for his great goodness in saving so many souls, and making the sermons such a blessing to the sick and dying; and tender their sincere thanks to our pastor and friends who have so kindly aided us in our work with their contributions, sympathy, and prayers. We have received during the past year fifty new members, most of whom are now working earnestly amongst us, as will be seen by the following accounts.

"Mrs. W. states that the other evening, when attending a missionary meeting, a female came up to her and said, 'I must thank God you ever left Mr. Spurgeon's sermons at my house, for they have been the means of my conversion.'

"Miss T. says, 'An old man on my district who is so deaf that he cannot hear the preaching of the gospel, said, 'I bless God you bring those sermons to me, for they have led me to trust in Jesus.'"

"A brother writes, 'I have a woman on my district who would not take the tracts at first, because she was a Roman Catholic, but at last she has been led to accept them and to lay hold of the truths contained in them. She is now a believer in the Lord.'

"Another brother reports the case of a man who said, 'Your pastor's sermons have been the means of rescuing me from a drunkard's grave, and have led me to Jesus, who is my all in all.'

"Miss M. has the following fact to relate. 'I have three infidels saved on my district, and a man who would always work on a Sunday brought to Jesus.'

"The sermons are not only blessed to those who are well, but often prove a great comfort to the sick and dying.

"A sister sends this account: 'A girl came one Sunday crying and saying her father wanted to see me at once, for he was dying. On going I found him pillowed up, and he told me the following:—'The sermons have been the means of bringing me to Christ, and this one (pointing to one on the bed) has lit up the dark passage through which I am now passing. Yes, Jesus is coming, see, his hand is now clasping me,' and with that he laid himself back and died.

"Another runs thus:—'The sermons have been made a great blessing to a bed-ridden woman in my district; she said, "They are the only spiritual food I get; and do you know, sir, they are the only food I want, for they help me to bear my affliction with patience, and send such joy into my soul."

"The sermons are very useful among young and old.' One afternoon a sermon-distributor called at one of his houses, and found the mother and father out, but he gave it to the little boy, who read it, and ever after that came for the sermons himself, and through them has been led to believe in Jesus. He now reads the sermons to his mother. When his father was dying he told us he was going to be with our pastor's Lord, and that his son had been the means of bringing him to accept Jesus, through reading the sermons to him.

"We have had sent to us the following:—'One cold evening in last December, Mary was missed from the group around the fireside; her mother, in searching for her, looked into her room, and there she found her reading. "Why, Mary, what have you got there?" "One of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons." "What do you want to read that dry stuff for?" Mary's eyes filled with tears, she looked up and said, "Oh, mother, you do not know what you say, they have been the instrument in God's hand of bringing me to put my trust in Jesus." The mother, wiping a tear from her eye, said, "Come down and read it to us," and Mary now reads every week the sermons to the family. This has been the means of the conversion of her mother.'

"In addition to this work we are often asked by persons for sermons to take abroad with them; and these bear fruit. The other week a gentleman told us that he had been to Australia, and on the ship he used to read them to the passengers, and an old lady said, 'Tell Mr. Spurgeon when you get back that his sermons have led me back to God.' A young man confessed that one of the sermons has gone home to his soul, 'and from henceforth,' said he, 'I will serve the Lord.'

"Just lately a young man asked us for something to take to a man who was ill in the hospital; of course we gave him some sermons to keep; that young man got better, and then read the discourses to many in the ward, which was the means of bringing some three or four to love Christ. There are many more cases we might tell you of, but time will not allow."

The distributors and subscribers to this most fruitful little society may well thank God and take courage. So much reaping seldom falls to the lot of sowers of the seed. We rejoice together. In many places the like work might be tried, and more success would follow than from the common run of tracts.

## Notices of Books.

*The Spare Half Hour.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS is the third of our shilling series, and contains papers from the early years of *The Sword and the Trowel*. If our friends will place it on their hall tables where callers could read for a few minutes, or if they will give it to people who might not read a sermon, we shall hope to hear of good results. We trust that the little book will prove attractive and useful. It is very prettily bound. We hope by making a series of elegant little shilling volumes to extend the knowledge of the gospel in new directions; but we must depend upon our zealous friends to circulate the works which we take great pains to prepare.

*Pastor C. H. Spurgeon: his Life and Work to his Forty-third Birthday.*  
By GEORGE J. STEVENSON, M.A.  
Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR worthy publishers have asked us to notice this shilling life, but the situation is so absurd that we feel more inclined to laugh. Think of a man's reviewing his own life! All we can say is that we do not believe one half of the good things which Mr. Stevenson says of us; but that we wonder at his diligence in collecting newspaper notices, gossip, and facts, and at his care in sorting them so well as he has done. We were asked to look through the MS., but declined to do so, for we had rather that writers on such a subject should speak upon their own responsibility. A few of the statements are therefore quite new to us, and we cannot endorse them; yet on the whole the story is correct, only we fear it is too kindly told. Those who purchase will have plenty for their money.

*Whitaker's Almanack.* J. Whitaker, 12, Warwick Lane.

THIS is the king of the almanacks for real usefulness and variety of condensed information. In the counting-house and on the farm, in the study and in the family, it is alike a counselor and guide. Mr. Whitaker spares no pains to make it full and accurate. The bound edition at two shillings is the best for continual reference.

*Scripture Text Calendar.* 1878. Bemrose and Sons.

THIS shilling calendar always hangs in our study, and by tearing off a leaf every morning we constantly know the day of the month. *Bemrose's Daily Remembrancer*, a sort of pocket-book, is handy for entering engagements.

*Our Own Almanack for 1878.* Arranged by WALTER J. MAYERS. Partridge and Co.

A GOOD twopennyworth of almanack, and practical address, nicely illustrated. Friends who remember Mr. Mayers at Battersea, and others who have heard him sweetly singing the gospel will be glad to have his almanack. Through our being ill this notice is a month late, which we regret.

*The Little Gleaner.* Vol. XXIV  
Price 1s. 2d. Houlston and Sons.

THIS is a very good spiritual magazine for the young, and we have not the heart to find fault with it; but really the engravings are execrable.

*The Sower.* Vol. XVI. Houlston and Sons. 1s. 2d.

HERE we have quite a mass of rich experimental truth, fitted to nourish and delight the children of God. Many a poor bedridden saint would have his weary hours divinely lightened if he could pore over these humble but soul-refreshing pages.

*The Baptist Magazine* deserves special mention for the thoroughly living articles which have been found in it of late. Those who never read it, and yet speak of it as dull, should be just enough to see whether their censure is deserved.

*The Baptist Messenger*, containing one of Spurgeon's sermons and other religious matter, holds its own.

*The Church and the Appeal* are both good in their own way.

*The Christian Family* is well worthy of circulation among Independent churches.



*Old Jonathan.* Vol. XXI. Collingridge.

THIS is a singularly cheap book at one shilling and sixpence. It is well illustrated, interesting, and full of gospel. The picture on the cover is a failure, but in all other respects the book is marvellously good. Never mind the exterior; look within.

*Hand and Heart.* Vol. II., 1877.

1, Paternoster Buildings.

POPULAR as a weekly, *Hand and Heart* ought also to have a large circulation in the bound form. It is now before us, and makes a grand, sumptuous, richly illustrated volume, a credit to any table or library.

*The Levitical Priests: a Contribution to the Criticism of the Pentateuch.*

By SAMUEL IVES CRTISS, Ph. D.,  
Leipsc. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

A GERMAN doctor lights his huge and dirty pipe, and smokes till he does not know which is Moses and which is Bismarck. In that condition he spins a theory about Deuteronomy having been written by Ezekiel, or Ezra, or Jeremiah. The precious piece of insanity is printed, and lo! a cloud of learned doctors darken the air at once: they arise to approve and to support, or to object and to condemn. Where a smile or a growl would be quite enough to meet the case a learned discussion commences. Nonsense is soberly confuted, and sheer imagination met with laborious argument. We see no earthly use in the volume before us, or in the original German work of which it is a translation.

*Death the Gate of Life.* In loving memory of Rev. George Moyle.  
Elliot Stock.

MR. CONGREVE by issuing this memorial for sixpence enables every friend of the venerable pastor of Rye Lane, Peckham, to have his portrait and a few words of memoir. George Moyle will live in the memories of hundreds as a full weight Calvinistic Baptist, of holy character, and loving spirit: we wish there were thousands of such. Too often strong doctrinal views are associated with bitterness, but it was never so with George Moyle, nor should it ever be the case. His successor, we are happy to say, is a man likeminded.

*The Doctrines of Annihilation and Universalism, viewed in the Light of Reason, Analogy, and Revelation.* By the Rev. THOMAS WOOD. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THIS treatise meets the twin heresies of annihilation and universalism in a very cool and resolute manner, and makes short work of them. To very many young persons who are troubled as to the future of the ungodly this work would be of the utmost value, indicating, as it does, the solid basis upon which the old orthodox views are settled. The new doctrines have certainly gone tolerable lengths now, and from annihilation to restoration has been a mere foot-race. We expect soon to hear that the ungodly are to be exalted at once to heaven, and the righteous sent into outer darkness. Why not? All the sympathies of our modern divines are with the unbelieving; the gospel which they preach to them is, "doubt and be saved," and therefore we may naturally look for a heaven prepared for loose thinkers, who are so brave as to despise all creeds and believe in nothing whatever. The blameworthy folks would seem to be those simple people who believe in plenary inspiration, who feel sin to be a terrible evil, and who therefore believe in eternal punishment: to such narrow-minded bigots our liberal modern thinkers award a place more hot than heavenly. Everybody is received as a Christian nowadays by the Broad School except those who are so indeed and of a truth. Mr. Wood is an Arminian, and in one part of his argument bears hard upon Calvinists, but we can very well endure all that he can say on that point, and yet thank him for service rendered in slaying deadly error.

*Aunt Emma's Picture Book.* With one hundred Illustrations. Thomas Nelson and Sons.

THE cover is to our eye singularly beautiful, and the woodcuts are so wonderfully printed that we suppose some special process must have been employed to bring them up. The aforesaid engravings are rather a medley, and the explanations show that the book is intended for *little* children. What a treasure for them!

*China's Millions.* By J. HUDSON TAYLOR. Morgan and Scott.

THE annual volume of this deeply interesting magazine is now to be had all gloriously arrayed. It would be a worthy work if some wealthy Christian were to present a copy to all our great merchants and rich professors and let the book plead for China's millions. How vast the arena, how profound the need, how urgent the claims of that great empire! The Christian church has not begun to think of it yet in a thoroughly earnest spirit. When will the wail of the dying millions be heard?

*The British Workman, The Band of Hope Review, The Weekly Welcome, The Family Visitor, The Family Friend, The Children's Friend, and The Infant's Magazine.* S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A WONDERFUL set of periodicals, all owing their existence and maintenance to the genius and zeal of one man. No society has been able to excel the *British Workman*, or to rival the *Weekly Welcome*. Whichever of this sevenfold series we select, we can do no other than extol it: whether for children or adults, the matter is sure to be suitable, attractive, and practical. These serials are their own best advertisement and recommendation.

*Heaven not our Home, but the renovated Earth the eternal Abode of the Redeemed Saints.* Elliot Stock.

If this good man does not want heaven to be his home, he is quite at liberty to tarry elsewhere; but we would respectfully remind him that he may go further and fare worse. His book is mere dreaming. There is nothing either in his style or in his matter to deserve our readers' attention.

Were half the ink thus vainly spent  
In sober exhortation spent,  
Reviewers' tasks would lighter be,  
And readers' time pass pleasantly.

*Day unto Day: An Illuminated Diary.*  
Religious Tract Society.

A LOVELY note book, well suited to bear upon its page memorials of the Lord's goodness. Ladies, for once take our advice and buy this dainty morsel; if you use it to record special mercies it will become a treasure indeed.

*The Mediterranean Illustrated.* Picturesque Views and Descriptions of its Cities, Shores, and Islands. By the author of "The Buried Cities of Campania." T. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is an extraordinary volume, worthy of a palace. It seems to us to be perfection in all respects—letterpress, engraving, and binding. The subject is a wide one, and is well set forth. As though we were sailing on the sea itself, we glide by the sunny shores of Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Africa, always entertained with condensed history, pithy anecdote, and pleasing information. Those who think of making the tour of the Mediterranean, or even of visiting a portion of its shores, should be sure to carry with them this unrivalled guide.

*Missionary Stories, Narratives, Scenes and Incidents.* By Rev. W. MOISTER. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster Row.

"Now, Arthur, why are we sure that this is not a dry book?" "That's no riddle at all, my learned brother, for the book may be all the drier because its author is *Moister*. Mark you, I don't say it is so; but what's in a name?" The narratives are mostly in connection with Wesleyan missions, and are many of them very charming. Christians of any denomination are all the better for being well acquainted with the doings of their brethren in other churches, and therefore we should advise those who are not Methodists to read these missionary stories and put them in their Sunday School libraries. The book is prettily bound and well illustrated.

*Bric-a-brac Stories.* By CHERITH. Author of "Homespun Stories." Hatchards, Piccadilly.

EXCEEDINGLY well-told stories. Very affecting to tender hearts. The first story, entitled "Sam," sets forth the evils of "treating" in an unusually vivid manner; and truly the evil of making others drunk out of generosity or custom is a very grievous one. Prettily got up, and touchingly written, this little book is worthy to be read in my lady's boudoir, and in his lordship's lounge.

*Milton's Poetical Works.* The Globe Series. Macmillan and Co.

THERE young man, you have Milton in as neat a form as you can desire, well edited and printed in a fair, clear type, for three shillings and sixpence. What would you have more? We do not know a handier form of Milton, and yet it is fit for a library; nothing can be cheaper, and yet there is no touch of meanness about the volume.

*Bible-Class Teaching.* By the author of "The Old, Old Story." Hatchards, Piccadilly.

THE author is evidently of the Church of England but truly of the Church of Christ. Teachers will thank us if we induce them to buy this helpful little book. Its theme is "Jesus Himself," its style is pleasing, its spirit devout, its teaching sound, its manner suggestive. Its twenty-five lessons would furnish a sensible teacher and his class with half a year's rich instruction.

*Good Will; a Collection of Christmas Stories.* By MARK GUY PEARSE. Wesleyan Publishing House, 66, Paternoster Row.

HERE is Mark Guy Pearse at it again! He never ceases to tell his tales. But he is not a bore; not a bit of it. He and Daniel Quorm will live for ever and a day; and those who buy this lot of tales will laugh and cry, and say—May Mark Guy and Mister Horn and his friends have plenty of delighted readers.

*The Expositor's Commentary: Illustrated Notes on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* By the Rev. C. NEIL, M.A. R. D. Dickenson.

LIKELY to be very helpful to Bible-class teachers. It is a lively commentary, and adorned with many a fitly chosen illustration and well-selected explanation. It belongs to an order of works of which the more the better: not standard and first class, and therefore above ordinary comprehension, but plain and popular, and therefore useful to the thousands.

## Notes.

WORN out with weariness of brain Mr. Spurgeon has left home for a period of rest, and asks the prayers of his many considerate friends that he may soon recover, and may be permanently strengthened for his work. Certain symptoms, which recur each year with painful force, appear to indicate that the strain upon the mind must be lessened or the periods of rest lengthened. Steps are being taken to remove some of the burden to other shoulders. It is a great mercy that when weary the pastor is at this time able to leave without being burdened with care as to provision for any of his enterprises: all funds are in a healthy state, and loving hearts and hands will keep them so; above all, the great Lord will provide.

The annual church-meeting at the Tabernacle is a great event in the commonwealth which finds its head quarters there. It was held January 9th. A large number of members met for tea at 5, and then at 6.30 the business meeting began. All accounts, having been audited by two appointed brethren, were read before the church, and ordered to be passed, and entered on the minutes. The statistics of the church were as follows:

BY INCREASE.		DECREASE.	
By Baptism.....	206	By Dismission ...	138
„ Letter.....	121	Do. to form new	
„ Profession .....	20	Churches .....	24
		Joined other Churches	
		without letters ...	38
		Emigrated .....	5
		Names removed for	
		non-attendance &c.	71
		Deaths.....	61
	437		337

Leaving a nett increase of 100. Number at present on our Church Books 5045.

It is remarkable how large a gross increase is needed to make any clear increase. As a church grows older this difficulty increases, and great work must be done for but little statistical result: still souls are saved, and whether other churches on earth or the hosts triumphant above are the gainers it is equally matter for rejoicing.

The pastors and officers who spoke were received with such hearty enthusiasm as can be seldom witnessed. Love has not every day full opportunity to express itself, but on this occasion the cheers and other demonstrations of loyal affection were such as cannot easily be forgotten. We are not frozen together, but melted into one mass

by the fire within. The pastor mentioned that he had virtually completed 24 years of his ministry; and had held office, not perhaps *de jure*, but certainly *de facto* for that period, for his preaching had been continuous, and though not actually elected till April 19, yet there had never been any doubt about the matter, and he had been from January, 1854, the actual shepherd of the flock. It was proposed and heartily carried by all that the deacons should consider how best to celebrate the pastor's silver wedding when the 25th year should close, if God should spare the senior pastor to that time. Mr. Spurgeon then reminded the church that its heaviest burden was the Almshouses, which having been scantily endowed for 6 aged sisters, now accommodated 17 and made a heavy drain on the Sacramental Fund. It appeared from the balance sheet that the alms given away to the poor annually exceeded £1000, and, from the great number of the poor members, it had been needful for the pastor to find £120 and for other friends to give privately in order to balance the account. This was principally due to the large item for support of almswomen, and Mr. Spurgeon requested that if friends would make an effort to raise about £5000 this part of the church work would be put into proper shape, and he should regard it as a fit way of celebrating the anticipated event. He remarked that it was comparatively easy to carry the load *now*, but that he should not like to leave such a heavy burden for his successor. Should he himself be suddenly called away, the church might find it no great cause for blessing Mr. Spurgeon's administration if it found that houses had been built for the aged widows to starve in, but that their daily bread had been forgotten. He remarked that the good ship was in trim condition from stem to stern with this exception, and he would like to see the matter done, and done well. From the enthusiasm of the meeting there is little doubt that by many hands the needful amount will be brought in on or before January, 1879. The deacons meantime will deliberate and arrange, and report progress in *The Sword and the Trowel*: they are not men to let grass grow under their feet.

EVANGELISTS. — Messrs. Clarke and Smith have continued their useful labours, and the most pleasing accounts have reached us from Reading, Trowbridge, and Landport. In Mr. Medhurst's large chapel great multitudes assembled, enquirers were numerous, and the Lord's blessing was evident to all. We can hardly print the high praises which have

been privately sent to us of these two brethren, whose fitness for this special agency is very remarkable. Without excitement the Lord works by them mightily, and the churches are refreshed and the outside world is impressed. A friend has promised help for two more evangelists; and if the right men are found, we shall not hesitate, for the need of such workers *in connection with the churches* is more and more apparent to us. This important branch of service has been left to unattached amateurs with serious results to church work; although the blame of this fact does not rest on the men themselves, but upon the slumbering churches, which did not soon enough perceive the need of the agency, and upon the officialism which frowned at anything like innovation. Evangelists in full harmony with the churches will be a great blessing, and prevent the disorder which arises out of the present disorganized mode of doing or pretending to do the work.

COLLEGE. — We have worked during the last twelve months at double pressure, having had far more than our usual number of men. We have been obliged to keep many eligible candidates waiting till next August, for though at the present moment we have a considerable sum in hand, as the balance of a legacy, we do not see it right to spend it all in one year, but deem it best prudently to regulate the outgoings. We never had a better or more diligent set of students, and we hope by their means to open up new spheres, both in England and elsewhere. Since last report the settlements are: Mr. Pope to Thorpe le Soken, Essex; Mr. Foster to Braintree, Essex; Mr. Hobbs to Norwood New Town; Mr. McNab to Great Broughton, Carlisle; Mr. Hutton to Hawick. Mr. Dean has left to study medicine at Edinburgh, preparing for a medical missionary.

We have been greatly gladdened by seeing that our brother, Mr. Gammon, has formed a church and commenced building a chapel at Puerto Plata, San Domingo. We hope the Baptist Mission will now have great joy in this work.

A very kind letter from the church in Lal Bazaar Chapel, Calcutta, rejoices us with the welcome given to our late student Mr. Blackie, who has become their pastor. Truly our young brethren are spread abroad all over the world. God bless them all.

ORPHANAGE. — The boys enjoyed their Christmas very greatly, and we thank all the generous friends who made it a merry day. May God bless them all, especially

the princely donor of the shillings and boxes of figs. Mr. Newman Hall and his congregation began our Christmas for us in a new way by a collection at Christ Church, which amounted to £50. A party of the boys attended the service and assisted in the singing. Mr. Hall writes us that the appearance of the boys and their behaviour and singing were much approved by all. Alas, for the President of the Institution, he was debarred the pleasure of joining in the mirth of his great family; but the trustees and the esteemed master saw that all was in order. Our aim has been to make the boys happy as well as orderly, and nowhere in the world are there more open countenances, joyful faces, or more obedient children than at the Stockwell Orphanage. The success in life of many who have gone out from the institution causes us unfeigned delight: the young men cling to their orphan home in a right loyal manner, and already donations from them are coming in. All friends who have assisted to make up our grand list of presents are hereby personally thanked by the President on his own account, and in the names of the trustees, and especially on behalf of the boys, whose hearty cheers might have been heard for many miles if the telephone had been in operation.

**COLPORTAGE.** The work of the Colportage Association increases and extends rapidly. Availing themselves of the liberal offer from two gentlemen, alluded to in a previous number, the committee set to work energetically, and with the commencement of the new year twenty additional districts

were opened and colporteurs at work. Ten of these labour in connection with the Town Mission in and around the important town of Birmingham. The Great Yarmouth Town Mission have also employed an agent, and other towns would do well to follow their example. The agency being entirely unsectarian is admirably fitted to co-operate with mission efforts. Associations of Christian churches, too, might employ colporteurs with great advantage, the written and spoken word being thus presented together.

These extended efforts will require increased pecuniary aid, which we trust will flow in as needed. By the end of February upwards of ninety districts will be occupied by men fully devoted to the work. We ask our readers to remember the colporteurs in their prayers. They distribute thousands of tracts; and parcels of gospel tracts for gratuitous distribution by them will greatly aid the Association. We append a list of the twenty districts.

New Districts opened January, 1878.—Oxfordshire—Oxford and Chipping Norton; Suffolk—Haverhill, Thurlow; Wiltshire—Chippenham, Bower Chalk; Lancashire—Southport; Essex—Tiptree; Nottinghamshire—Long Eaton; Devonshire—Newton Abbot; Wales—Haverfordwest, Rhyl. Ten around Birmingham, as follows:—Smethwick, Shirley, Erdington, West Bromwich, Yardley, Stichford, Minworth, Hampstead.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon: December 31st, eighteen; January 3rd, ten.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1877, to January 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H., per Mr. Feltham	...	...	0 2 0	Βαρρομα	...	...	10 0 0
Mrs. Allbury	...	...	0 5 0	L'esperance	...	...	5 0 0
First Fruits, M. A. Jeph	...	...	0 10 0	Per Rev. D. Asquith	...	...	0 10 0
A. Friend	...	...	5 0 0	Mr. J. G. Hall	...	...	1 1 0
Miss Spiedt	...	...	5 0 0	A. Friend, Mrs. D.	...	...	0 7 0
Mr. Griffiths	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. Bowley	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Banger	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. J. Hector	...	...	1 0 0
Mrs. J. Hodge	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. Bowker's Bible Class	...	...	18 10 0
Mrs. Butterfield	...	...	0 10 0	R. D., Otago	...	...	2 10 0
Mr. B. Vickery	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. A. Mayne	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. J. M. Ferguson	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. Haggatt	...	...	1 5 0
Mr. W. Ewing	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Heywood	...	...	0 7 0
A. H. J.	...	...	1 0 0	Mrs. Fyfe	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. J. Somerville	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. R. Scott	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. W. Lockwood	...	...	1 0 0	Moniaive	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Russell	...	...	1 0 0	G. E.	...	...	0 2 0
A. Friend	...	...	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Brewer	...	...	5 5 0
Mr. W. Tucknott	...	...	1 7 0	Mr. and Mrs. Thomas	...	...	2 10 0
Miss Macnab	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. R. Fergus	...	...	2 10 0
A. Friend, per C. L.	...	...	0 5 6	Mr. Child	...	...	5 0 0
Miss Marshall	...	...	2 2 0	Baptist Mission Room, Reigate, per Mr. Barton	...	...	1 10 0
Mr. K. Hunt	...	...	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Booth	...	...	1 0 0
A. Thankoffering for Recovery of Pastor	...	...	0 10 0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
Mr. Wiseman	5	0	0	J. S. ....	1	0	0		
Mrs. Isaac	5	0	0	Mr. N. Reed	0	5	0		
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	8	Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0		
Part of n tenth from the Country	5	0	0	Mr. R. Hanbury	50	0	0		
Mr. H. W. Dutler	2	2	0	A. Friend, Scotland	20	0	0		
Mr. Fearson	5	0	0	A. Collie	1	0	0		
G. S. ....	0	10	0	Miss Boobyfer	0	5	0		
Mrs. Benzies and Friends	0	12	0	Miss Hadfield	5	0	0		
I. Duckingham	0	10	0	High and Dry	0	10	0		
B. S. B. ....	2	0	0	Ashford	1	0	0		
Mr. J. Balne	1	5	0	Prov. x. 21, 1st clause	0	10	0		
Rev. G. Ifearson	1	1	0	Margaret Wallace	10	0	0		
Mr. Rutherford	1	0	0	A Lady, per Mr. R. Smith	0	19	10		
Collection at Romney Street, West-				Mrs. J. Davies	0	10	0		
minster	3	15	0	Mr. E. King	1	0	0		
Irvine Baptist Church and Friends	5	5	0	H. O. ....	3	0	0		
Collection at Pence Tabernacle	3	11	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Dec. 23	52	1	7		
The Misses Dransfield	2	2	0	" " " " " " Jan. 6	43	6	3		
Mr. J. Dore	1	0	0	" " " " " " "	13	30	19		
J. M. G. ....	2	0	0	" " " " " " "	6	40	6		
Fragment from Mission Box, Houston	0	14	0	" " " " " " "	13	30	9		
Mr. O. W. Roberts	3	3	0				£104	2	0
Mr. S. Johnston	2	0	0						
Mr. Apperly	1	0	0						

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 20th, 1877, to January 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Allbury	0	5	0	Mr. G. Carse	0	10	0
Little Friends	0	8	0	Per Mrs. Withers:—			
Fruitfuls, M. A. Jeph's	0	10	0	Mr. T. Woodeson	2	0	0
Thankoffering	0	10	0	Mr. E. Woodeson	1	1	0
Miss Margaret Grant	0	2	0	Mr. W. Woodeson	0	5	0
Mrs. Greig	0	11	6				3
T. A. H. P. W.	10	0	0	Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. Yeates	0	2	6	Mr. S. Joiner	1	1	0
A Friend	0	0	3	J. A. M., Nairn	1	0	0
Mr. J. Carlyon	0	5	0	A. H. J. ....	1	1	0
Mrs. Jamieson	1	0	0	Mr. J. Somerville	0	10	0
R. F. ....	0	10	0	Mr. W. Lockwood	1	0	0
Children's Offerings, Gatehouse	0	2	6	Mr. J. Russell	1	0	0
B. Knell	0	2	6	A. Friend	0	5	0
Christmas Box	0	5	0	Mr. R. Risk	0	3	0
Mr. A. West	1	0	0	Mr. J. B. Hay	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Saunders	0	5	0	Miss Bull	0	4	1
Mrs. S. Hopwood	0	10	0	Mr. E. Clover	2	10	0
Proceeds of Concert by Orphanage Boys				Mr. James Smith	1	1	0
at Lake Road, Portsmouth, Sale of				Mrs. H. Smith's Box	2	11	8
Programmes, etc., less Expenses	18	6	1	Wick	1	0	0
Rev. T. W. Medhurst's Bible Class	18	14	0	Miss Macnab	1	0	0
Mrs. People	1	0	0	A. Friend	0	12	6
A Servant	0	2	8	A few Friends, per Old Aub	0	8	0
Two Readers of Sermons, Kirkcaldy	0	5	0	T. A. L. ....	0	2	6
C. E. and M. O.	0	10	0	Mr. W. Wilkinson	1	1	0
A Widow's Mite, M. T.	0	5	0	A. Friend, per C. L.	0	5	6
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0	G. P. ....	0	10	0
Miss Rowlands	0	6	0	A Sermon Reader	0	1	0
Mr. W. Quane	0	5	6	Mrs. Baker	0	12	0
Messrs. S. Phillips and Son	1	1	0	Mr. Jerry	0	2	6
D. J. H. C. ....	1	0	0	Mr. Hobson	2	0	0
N. M. ....	0	10	0	Mr. S. Wigney	0	5	0
Wokingham	0	5	0	Mrs. Booker	1	7	11
Mr. H. Close	0	5	0	L'esperance	5	0	0
R. S. T. ....	0	10	0	Mr. Harrison	1	13	0
Mrs. Butterfield	0	10	0	Mr. C. Payne	0	5	0
Mrs. Dix	10	0	0	Mrs. Armitage	0	10	0
Mrs. Walker's Box	5	1	1	A. Friend, Mrs. D.	0	7	0
G. M. R. ....	1	0	0	A. Friend	0	5	0
Mr. B. Vickery	1	0	0	Southsea	0	3	0
Friends at Reading, per Mrs. Hutt	36	15	0	Mr. Bowley	1	0	0
J. Miss Sargeant	1	1	0	Mr. J. Pellman	0	5	0
J. Ligar	0	2	6	A few Lads, Brockhurst, per J. C.	1	7	0
E. M. ....	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Yeo	1	0	0
A poor Widow	0	0	6	M. O. F. ....	0	1	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	5	0	0	Mr. W. Turner	0	3	6
A Reader of "Sword and Trowel"	0	10	0	Mrs. Willingham	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Broughton	5	0	0
Mr. J. Priestley	1	0	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
Mrs. Halliday	0	1	6
Mrs. Thomas	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	5	0
A Clapham Omnibus Driver	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilson	0	8	0
Mr. G. Steele	1	0	0
Mr. Hart	2	0	0
Gratitude	0	10	0
Christmas Morning Collection at Christ- church, per Rev. Newman Hall	50	0	0
Mrs. Topham	0	5	0
An Orphan	0	2	0
S. G.	0	4	0
Mrs. Cozens	0	6	0
Mrs. Horn	0	1	0
Mr. Horn	0	1	0
Mr. Tunnelliff	0	10	0
F. D., Otago	2	10	0
Mr. A. Austin	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	0	0
Sermon Readers, Swansea	1	0	0
Metropolitan Store	1	4	0
Christmas Tree, per Mr. J. Field	5	0	0
Mr. A. Mayne	1	0	0
W. C.	2	0	0
Every Little Helps	0	11	0
Mrs. Harvey	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Annie Brown, Great Grimsby	5	15	6
Edward Jackson	0	3	0
Mrs. Haggett	1	5	0
Mr. Hewett	0	10	6
Mr. Colvin	1	0	0
Miss Colvin's Sunday School	0	3	0
Mr. Lewis	1	1	0
Miss Collins	0	2	6
Mr. Tawell	1	1	0
Mr. W. McLachan	1	0	0
Mr. W. Bainbridge	10	0	0
Mrs. Smith	0	10	0
Auntie	0	5	0
	0	2	6
In Memoriam	3	0	0
Mr. J. E. Adams	0	5	0
Mr. J. Shanks	1	0	0
J. L., Regent's Park	0	8	6
Mr. J. Lock	1	0	0
Mr. Snell, Torquay	1	0	0
An old Member	5	0	0
Grace and A. Jacomb Hood	1	5	0
Mr. H. Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. Jackson	1	1	0
Mr. G. Dean	0	10	0
Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas	2	10	0
P. B., Dumbartonshire	1	0	0
J. T.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hickman	1	14	0
Mr. J. Burnett	3	0	0
Mr. B. Fergus	2	10	0
Mrs. P. Barratt	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. W. Verry, Collected	10	10	0
Mrs. Layard	1	0	0
J. Francis	5	0	0
Mr. Wiseman, collected	5	0	0
Brethren, pray for me	0	10	0
M. P.	0	5	0
W. P., Chicago	1	0	0
Bessie Chester	6	1	8
D. S.	0	10	0
T. Soufer	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Pegler	0	13	0
Mr. E. Williams	0	10	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	5	0
Mr. J. K. Waugh	1	0	0
H. E.	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. James	2	0	0
Part of a Tenth from the Country	5	0	0
Ezzil	0	10	0
E. L. Henry	0	5	0
Per Mr. Charles Perry	6	5	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington	0	2	6
Pakeha	5	0	0
M. and E. P.	0	2	6
Mr. R. Law	0	5	0
Stirlingshire	0	5	0
Mr. W. Adams	0	5	0
J. K.	1	0	0
Frank and Benny Rigby	0	10	0
Mr. James Bain	0	10	0
Mr. T. Rogers	0	7	6
Mr. W. Biggs	2	10	0
Mr. J. Cubey	2	0	0
In loving Memory of a dear Mother	1	0	0
Miss Smithies	1	0	0
Brasted Mission Church, per Mr. Dur- nett	0	10	0
Christmas Gift, per Rev. W. Anderson, Reading	1	0	0
K., Buckingham	5	5	0
A. K., Banbury	1	0	0
Mr. Webster	5	0	0
B. S. B.	3	9	0
Mr. S. Wade	3	11	0
Mr. S. Hobill	1	1	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Richmond Street Ragged School	8	5	0
A Friend, per Rev. A. G. Brown, Downs Road, Clifton—	5	0	0
Mr. Mart	2	0	0
Mr. Payne	3	0	0
Mrs. Way collected	2	10	6
	7	10	6
Mr. J. Nutsey	0	15	0
Mr. J. S. Farmer	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mr. W. Ronald	1	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. S. A. Hunt	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Crossley	1	1	0
W. B. Y.	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis	5	0	0
Miss Hagger	1	0	0
Mr. Rutherford	1	0	0
A Friend, per Rev. D. Russell	0	10	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Rev. D. Asquith	1	0	0
W. O. J.	0	5	0
M. L. Aberdeen	1	0	0
Mr. T. Whitehead	2	0	0
Mr. G. Barrett and Friend	1	2	0
W. A. M.	0	4	0
A Shepherd and a Ploughman	0	3	6
Mr. J. Dore	1	0	0
Mr. R. T. Thomas	0	5	0
Last contribution for 1877 from friends at Brockley Road, collected by Miss Walker and Mrs. Phillips	7	14	0
A Friend, Maidenhead	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6
J. M. G.	2	0	0
Fragment from Mission Box, Houston	0	15	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	3	3	0
Mr. S. Johnston	2	0	0
Matthew xxv. 40	3	0	0
Mrs. Thomson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Rellax	0	10	0
Mr. Apperly	1	0	0
J. S.	1	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. R. Hanbury	25	0	4
Orphanage Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	3	0	4
Mrs. Mott	1	0	6
Mary Jenkins	0	10	0
Miss Fitzgerald	0	11	6
Friends, Morris Square, Devonport	2	2	0

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

	£	s.	d.	
Mrs. E. Black	0	10	0	
Miss Hadfield	5	0	0	
Prov. x. 21, first cluuso	0	10	0	
Per Mr. Pencock	0	1	0	
Rise in Wages	0	4	0	
A. Collie	1	0	0	
Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0	
Mrs. Robottom	1	0	0	
Mrs. Drayson	1	7	8	
Mr. R. Lewis	1	0	0	
Margaret Wallace	5	0	0	
Mr. J. Nutter	1	0	0	
A. Ross, voluntary	0	2	6	
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0	
Mr. T. Milward	10	0	0	
Mr. E. King	1	0	0	
Arthur Denham	0	10	0	
Country Minister	0	3	0	
A Friend	0	2	6	
Per Mr. Fassmore	1	0	0	
S. Brown	0	4	0	
H. O.	2	0	0	
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>				
Mr. James Grose	1	1	0	
Per F. R. T.:				
Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0	
Mrs. Tyson	0	5	0	
	0	10	0	
Mr. W. Tebbutt	2	2	0	
Per Mr. Charlesworth				
Cox and Dennis	1	1	0	
Sunday School, Sittingbourne,				
per G. H. Dean	0	18	0	
J. and J. McKee	0	2	0	
Bessie Kerridge	0	2	6	
Mrs. Easton	1	0	0	
Miss Summersell	1	5	0	
A. B. C.	1	0	0	
J. Facey	0	5	0	
Miss Brown	1	1	0	
Mrs. Weston	1	0	0	
J. P.	0	5	9	
Sunday School, Eresham,				
per Mr. Warrington	3	13	8	
Mrs. Seman	1	6	0	
Twenty Coins in Pillar Box				
at Orphanage Gates	0	8	2	
G. R.	0	2	6	
		13	3	10
Boys' Collecting Cards (see below)		56	4	2
	£579	3	3	

Christmas Festival at the Orphanage:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Buckmaster	2	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	0	2	0
Mrs. Appleton	0	5	0
E. Price	0	1	2
Reader of "Sword and Trowel," Dum-			
fries	1	0	0
Mrs. Morgan	1	0	0
Miss Cockshaw and Pupils	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Tickle	0	2	0
Our Christmas Goose, Romney Street	0	10	6
Huntly	0	8	0
Mr. La Touche	1	0	0
Miss Mary Best	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Matthews	0	2	6
Friends at Bures, per Mrs. Kemp	1	1	0
Mr. Sears	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Edwards	1	0	0
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	2	6
Friends, per Mrs. Ashe	3	2	0
S. T. T.	0	15	0
P. and J. B.	0	10	0
Mr. Wilfred Hine	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Hine	0	10	6
Country Minister	0	2	0
Gratitude	0	1	6
Constant Reader	0	1	6
Fanny and George	0	1	0
From a lighthouse	0	2	6
Little Bob	0	3	0
S. A. Turland	1	1	0
A. Hacksby	1	8	6
G. Lawrence and Friends	8	0	6
I. I.	0	6	6
W. A. M.	0	2	0
Collected by Nellie Caffyn	0	10	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	2	6
Rev. S. F. Bridge	0	5	0
Mrs. Gurney	0	5	0
Miss Blackford	0	5	0
Mr. Culver	0	5	0
Mr. S. Culver	0	5	0
Miss Culver	0	5	0
Mr. W. Riddell	0	5	0
Mr. Jumper	0	10	0
Friends at Hardway and Elson	0	13	0
Mr. G. Inglis	0	5	0
Miss Kate Williams	0	5	0
Mr. W. Matthews	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. Matthews	1	0	0
Mr. C. Howe	0	10	0
H. E. S.	1	1	0
A Friend in North	0	10	6
Mr. C. Buchel	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
S. H.	1	0	0
Ruth, Grace, and Ernest Jones	0	10	6
Mrs. R. Vinson	0	10	0
Mr. Alfred Austin	1	0	0
Mr. John Harper	1	0	0
Mr. James Irving	1	5	0
S. W.	0	10	0
B. W. S.	0	10	0
Mr. Browning	0	15	0
Mr. McLaren	0	10	0
Mr. W. Rutty	0	6	0
Mr. Arthur T. Lake	0	10	0
Ernest Lang	0	9	0
Mr. John Hamilton	0	8	0
Mrs. Morgan	1	0	0
C. H. S.	5	0	0

£52 15 2

Received from Editor of "Christian Herald," £11 3s 1d for Orphanage and other institutions.

Boys' Collecting Cards.—Bailey, F., 3s; Burchett, T., £2 3s 5d; Blundell, G., 4s; Bates, W., 4s; Brind, H., 11s; Barrett, O., 4s 6d; Balcs, H., 11s; Bowtell, E., £1; Bailey, G., 5s; Biss, H., 10s 11d; Baxter, 6s; Bell, 10s 11d; Butfield, G., 3s 1d; Bignell, A., 13s; Buckley, T., 2s 6d; Bowers, A., 2s 2d; Brown, A., 5s; Clarke, W., 4s 10d; Cockerton, T., 1s 4d; Crisp, T., 15s 5d; Charlwood, A., 3s; Cockerton, A., 1s 7d; Church, J. W., 2s; Crook, J., 6s 7d; Corpe, F., 4s 3d; Coles, G., £1 1s; Coxhead, H., 3s 2d; Coman, H., 11s; Clamtree, 3s; Dean, W., 10s; Dann, A., 17s 1d; Davies, C. & W., 10s; Deer, H., 10s; Davis, C., 2s 6d; Ellett, J., 6s; Emmett, G., 5s 2d; Edmunds, H., 3s 6d; French, E., 14s 3d; Fleming, G., 5s; Fitch, W. G., 11s; Fulton, H., 7s; Frost, A., 6s; Foulsham, 4s 5d; Finch, H., 2s 2d; Gardiner, A. H., 15s 1d; Gubbins, S., 4s; Glaysheer, G., 5s; Grinter, T., £1; Gardner, 5s 6d; Goddard, G., 3s; Goodman, H., 4s; Goodger, H., 7s 6d; Hadden, H., 3s 6d; Hilton, J., 2s 6d; Hunt, G., 13s 3d; Hart, F. A., 3s; Hart, R. E., 16s 6d; Hards, H., 8s; Hunt, W., 8s 6d; Howitt, W., 8s 6d; Hochheimer, C., 6s; Hermann, 2s 11d; Hitch, T., 3s 6d; Hollands, W., 6s 6d; Hart, R., 3s 2d; Hart, R., 16s 6d; Howard, J., 5s; Hawes, F., 3s; Johnson, G. W., £1 5s; Jones, C., 9s; Jordan, A., 6s 3d; Kentfield,



L., 10s 3d; King, 2s 6d; Kitchen, £1 8s 6d; Key, J., 2s; Lonnon, A., 6s; Lewis, E., £1 4s 9d; Lansbury, T., 6s; Leak, J., 1s; Leeger, S., 10s 1d; Madigan, W., 1s 3d; Marley, W., 1s; Morgan, J., 3s 2d; Machin, F., 6s 3d; Mackenzie, W., £1 4s 6d; Mister, W., 5s; Morgan, A., 7s; Messenger, J., 7s; Mills, H., 8s 6d; Moss, H. J., 2s 6d; Marsh, H., 2s 6d; Morton, L., 1s; Mitchell, J., 5s; Mumford, A., 4s 7d; Norkett, W., 2s 5d; Neville, H., 13s 2d; Nearn, J., 3s 6d; Osborn, D. E., 10s; Owen, A., 1s 4d; Phillips, H., 5s 4d; Payne, H., 2s; Parker, F. T., 5s 2d; Pitt, F., 15s 9d; Puck, T., £1; Phillips, B., 2s 6d; Pearcey, G., 2s 6d; Poole, A., 1s 1d; Reid, F., 3s 9d; Ruffhead, F., 5s; Roberts, G., 5s; Rees, 18s; Simmons, G., 1s; Ramell, J., 5s 4d; Richards, G., 2s 6d; Riddell, O., 7s 8d; Rogers, W. E., 2s; Snell, T., 7s; Smith, H., 1s; Smith, G. C., 7s 9d; Simmons, G., 1s; Simmonds, F., 5s 5d; Smith, H., £1; Smith, A., 4s; South, F., 3s; Stroud, W., 14s 3d; Scott, G., 5d; Thomas, 8s 8d; Toscani, L. and T., 2s; Taylor, W. E., 3s 7d; Thompson, E., 2s; Turner, J., 13s; Valler, W., 5s; Viney, J., 3s 9d; Wiggins, H., 9s 6d; Walton, H., 2s 8d; Walter, H., 2s 3d; Weston, J., 10s; Wheeler, W., 10s; White, C., 15s 1d; Wood, J., £1; Ward, H., 17s; White, S., 12s; Wakrill, H., 12s; Whitehead, W., 15s 2d; Webster, G. W., 3s 9d; Witherdon, 7s 6d; Ward, S. and C., 10s; Webb, C., 5s 2d.—Total, £56 4s 2d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—Clothing.—136 Ties, Rex and Bridge; 7 pairs of Cuffs, Anon.; 6 pairs of Socks, M. Kine; 21 dozen Handkerchiefs, 12 Collars, the Misses Dransfield; 12 pairs Cuffs, Miss Pike; 33 pairs of Slippers, G. T. Dawson; 10 Comforters, 7 Shirts, 5 pairs Socks; 7 pairs of Cuffs, Anon.; hamper of Apples sent to Mr. Spurgeon.

Provisions: A Cod Fish, "Deal"; 3 Casks of broken Biscuits, Huntley and Palmer; 1 bushel of Beans, J. and S. Lawman; sack of Flour, E. Clover; a bag of Rice, J. H. Potier.

Sundries.—A load of Firewood, J. Smith; ditto, J. K.

For Sale Room.—1 knitted Petticoat, Miss Clarke.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—Provisions, &c.: A fine Sheep, H. Hutt, Reading; Beef, Mr. Buttuck; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby; some Bread, Mr. Pringle and Mr. Bonar; Plum Puddings, &c., Mr. Finch and Friends at Tunbridge Wells; Mr. Thomas and Friends, at Cardiff; Mr. Gillespie and Friends at Plaistow. Fruit for Puddings, Mrs. Arnold and Mr. Cantell; Christmas Cake, Peek, Frean and Co., and Miss Norris. Oranges, Mr. Vickery, Miss Nunn, E. Newman, J. D. Doulton, and Mr. Cantell; Apples, Mr. Woodnutt; Nuts, Mr. Finch and J. O. Cooper; Sweets, Mr. Pascal, Mr. Tuckett, and Mr. Boggis; Christmas Tree and Holly, Mr. G. H. Dean and J. H. Bath; 240 Fancy Boxes French Plums, W. Harrison; 240 New Shillings, J. D., per ditto; Sundries, J. Hill.

Error in Mrs. Withers' last month's list.—James Brown should be James Boorna, Esq.

## Colportage Association.

### Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Oxfordshire Association, Chipping Norton	7	10	0
S. Mander, Esq., Wolverhampton	10	0	0
Skipsea District	10	0	0
For South Wilts District, Trowbridge, per Rev. W. Barnes	1	0	0
Frome, Sheppard's Barton	1	0	0
Frome, Badcox Lane	1	5	0
	3	5	0
Southern Association for Four Districts	40	0	0
Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon	2	10	0
W. R., for Riddings	7	10	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle	5	0	0
E. Pye Smith, Esq., for Sevenoaks	5	0	0
Eyethorne District	7	10	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, for Thury	17	10	0
B. Cory, jun., Esq., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, for Boss	7	10	0
Melton Mowbray	10	0	0
Minchinhampton	10	0	0
Coseley District, collected by T. S. B.	4	7	0
Arnold, collected by Miss Wells	24	2	6
Chester District	4	7	0
Southport District	7	10	0
Stockport, H. Faulder, Esq.	5	0	0
	£198	11	6

### For Capital Fund.

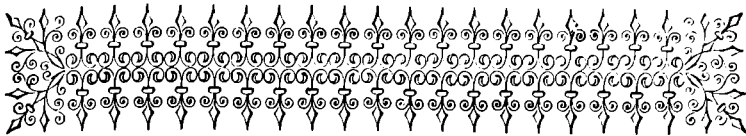
	£	s.	d.
Per Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	175	0	0

### Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
John Olney, Esq.	1	1	0
E. B.	25	0	0
Prov. iii. 9, G. W.	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Ellis	1	1	0
A. S. W.	1	1	0
Miss Smith	5	0	0
S. O. Habershon, Esq., M.D.	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Wood, Dudley	6	0	0
K. Buckingham	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Brown	2	0	0
Mr. Frearson	7	10	0
Mr. T. Moonlight	1	0	0
W. P., Chicago	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Allan	1	1	0
A Sister and Brother, Bankhead	0	5	0
Mr. E. Coulson	5	0	0
Mr. A. Fyfe	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector	1	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	0	0
Fragment from Mission Box, Houston	0	15	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	2	2	0
Mr. S. Johnston	1	0	0
	£67	8	0

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

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.

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MARCH, 1878.

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An Address for Sad Times.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



DAVID in his sixty-first psalm prays, "When my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I." It is a very wise and appropriate prayer. He is in great sorrow, and asks to rise above it; he has great faith, and therefore is sure that there is a safe refuge for him; and he is conscious of great weakness, for he does not speak of climbing the rock of safety by himself, but implores divine leading that he may come to it. His prayer will well befitt the lips of men like ourselves who dwell where troubles rage and toss their waves on high.

By many forces the heart may be overwhelmed. A sense of guilt may do it. Carelessness and indifference are swept away when the Holy Ghost works conviction of sin upon the conscience, reveals the justice of God, and leads a man to see that he is in danger of the wrath to come: then heart and flesh fail, courage and hope depart, and the man is overwhelmed. Such a season is the fittest time for crying, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." If you can but find shelter in the rifts of the Rock of Ages what security will be yours! The rock of atoning sacrifice rises higher than your sin, and upon it the most guilty may stand far above the surging billows of vengeance. Led by the divine hand to cling to the great Redeemer and Substitute, the utterly shipwrecked soul is safely landed and may sing because of his escape.

Sometimes, however, believers in Jesus, though quite secure from divine wrath, are, nevertheless, overwhelmed with trouble. They should

not be so, for if their faith acted as it ought no fear would fasten upon them; but through the infirmity of the flesh, and, partly, also through inbred sin, unbelief comes in like a flood and drenches and deluges the anxious heart. At times also the trials of life roll onward like enormous Atlantic billows, and toss our poor barque till we reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man. The ship becomes waterlogged, and does not answer to the helm of reason; she drifts with the adverse current whithersoever it pleases to hurry her, and eternal shipwreck seems near at hand. It is good for a Christian then to cry, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I;" for though a rock is to be avoided in a natural storm, yet in our spiritual tempests there is a high rock which is to be sought unto as our shelter and haven. Truly that rock is higher than we are, and its very height is our comfort. God, the infinitely high and glorious, is not troubled nor dismayed, his purposes are far above and out of our sight, and they are also far beyond the operation of evil; hence by confidence in God we leave the storm beneath us and smile at the hurly-burly down below.

To me, my brethren, the most overwhelming thoughts do not come to my heart from my own personal sin, for I know it is forgiven, nor from worldly trouble, for I am persuaded that all things work for my good; but I am deeply distressed by the present condition of the church of God. Men who are called of God to care for his flock are grievously bowed down when the signs of the times are dark and lowering. Moses carried the whole people of Israel in his bosom in the wilderness, and they were sometimes a heavy load to him; and thus each true minister bears the church upon his heart, and is often sorely burdened. At this moment I can sorrowfully cry with Jeremiah, "My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart. I cannot hold my peace."

It is overwhelming to my spirit to see the *growing worldliness of the visible church*. Many professed Christians—the Lord alone knows whether they are true believers or no—give us grave cause for apprehension. We see them tolerating practices which would not have been endured by their fathers: my blood chills when I think of how far some fashionable professors go astray. There are families in connection with our churches in which there is no household prayer; but much luxurious eating and drinking and extravagance. I have my suspicions that there are among professors a considerable number who attend the theatre, spend their evenings in card playing, read the most frivolous and foolish of books, and yet come to the Lord's table. If they differ from the world it is hard to see how or where. Neither in their dress, nor in their speech, nor in their mode of trading, nor in their habits at home are they at all superior to the unconverted. Is not this an evil under the sun? When the church descends to the world's level her power is gone. Yet we cannot root up these suspected tares; we are even forbidden to do so lest we root up the wheat with them. If false professors were more open in their conduct we should know them, but their evil is secret, and therefore we are obliged to let them grow together with the wheat: yet sometimes the sorrowful husbandman goes to the great owner of the farm and cries, "Didst thou not sow good seed in thy ground? From whence, then, hath it tares?" The answer is that

“an enemy hath done this,” and we are overwhelmed in spirit because we fear that our sleeping gave the enemy the opportunity.

I look again and see *numbers of professors apostatizing altogether*. In this great London persons who were members of churches in the country fall into the habits of their neighbours, and absent themselves altogether from the means of grace, or treat the worship of God on the Lord's-day as if it were optional, and when they attend to it they go tripping from one place of worship to another, and forget the duties of Christian fellowship. Many others are content to hear noted preachers, not because they preach the gospel but because they are reputed to be “clever men.” Once men were esteemed for soundness, unction, and experience; but now men crave after popularity and cleverness. Some who call themselves Christians make fine music their grand requisite. If they need that gratification why do they not content themselves with a week-day concert in the proper place for such displays? God's house was never meant to be made a hall where tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum may vie with each other in pleasing man's ears. Not a few choose their Sunday resort because the “church” is an imposing structure, and the congregation is composed of “very respectable people.” If they seek society, let them go where the *élite* may fitly gather, and keep themselves select; but in the worship of God “the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all.” It is an ill sign when God's poor saints are despised; but so it is in this day. If tradesmen save a little money they grow too great for the assembly in which they were once at home and must needs make part of a more fashionable congregation. These things also cause my spirit to be overwhelmed, not because in one single instance it has happened to members of my own church, but because the fact is open to the view of all and is the subject of general remark.

Equally grievous to the heart is it to see *the spread of superstition*. You can hardly go down a street but you will pass some popish joss-house, called an Episcopal church, where self-styled priests entice silly women to the confessional, and amuse them with masses and processions. Vile impostors! Clergy of an avowedly Protestant church, and supported by this nation, they are yet ravenous to eat out the very vitals of Protestantism. Fools enough are found to believe in these priests, and bow before their crucifixes, and their stations of the cross and the like rubbish, and the abomination evidently spreads like the leaven among the meal as described by our blessed Lord. Heaven alone knows where this England of ours is going, and he who loves his country feels his spirit overwhelmed within him.

Nor do I think this to be the worst sign of the times. All around us there is growing up in tangled masses *the ill weed of “modern thought,”* which is nothing better than an infidelity too cowardly to wear its proper name. There are preachers in Christian pulpits who deny the authenticity of various books of the Bible, and reject plenary inspiration altogether. There is not a doctrine of the gospel which is not denied by some “thinker” or other, and even the existence of a personal God is by the more advanced regarded as a moot point; and yet the churches bear with them, and allow them to pollute the pulpits once occupied by godly preachers of Christ. After having

denied the faith, and plunged their daggers into the heart of vital doctrines as best they can, they still claim to be ministers of the gospel, and ask to be received into union on the ground of some peculiar inward virtue which exists in them apart from all doctrinal belief. Men who might justly be prosecuted for obtaining property under false pretences by violating the trust-deeds of our churches may well wish to abolish creeds and articles of faith, because these are perpetual witnesses against their knavery. I would not care what became of the pelf if the churches were saved from error. I see this leaven of unbelief working in all directions, and many are tainted with it, in one point or another; it eateth like a cancer into the very soul of the churches. God deliver us from it! It is hard to know what to do, for no one wishes to suspect his fellow, and yet a pest seems to be in the very air, so that it penetrates into the best guarded chambers. We hear of this man and then of another broaching strange notions, and those who were thought to be pillars suddenly become rolling stones. Who next? And what next? In the midst of this confusion our heart is apt to be overwhelmed within us. Is there not a cause? It is not our household, it is not our estate, it is not our bodily health which is in danger, or we would bow in silence and bear it; but it is the household of God, it is the estate and kingdom of Christ, it is the church of God on earth, which is thus suffering; and well may those who love the Lord and his Christ and his truth tremble for the ark and feel a holy jealousy burning within them. At such a time the prayer of David is priceless, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." Let us see how this petition meets the case.

First, let us remember that *God lives*. Glorious thought! The Lord sitteth upon the floods, yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. Still he effects his purposes and accomplishes his will. It would be very childish if we were afraid for the moon because dogs bay her when she walks in her splendour; it would be very absurd to fear for the eternal mountains because the winds blow upon their granite peaks, and it would be equally idle to tremble for the truth of God. The stable things will stand, and those which cannot stand are better gone. God liveth, and everything that is of God liveth in his life. On this rock let us rest.

"Error must die, and they who love her most,  
And suck the poison from her venom'd lips,  
Will find her vaunted strength an empty boast,  
And share the horrors of her last eclipse.

"But truth is strong, and worthy of our trust,  
And truth shall stand when time no more shall be,  
And man is levelled to his native dust,  
For God is truth to all eternity."

Next, let us remember that *God's truth is still the same*. It does not matter whether fifty thousand espouse its cause, or only five, or only one. Truth does not reign by the ballot box, or by the counting of heads: it abideth for ever. All the tongues of men and angels cannot make truth more true; and all the howlings of devils and doubters cannot transform it into a lie. Glory be to God for this! Jesus

Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The eternal verity hath its deniers in derision, for they are as the chaff which the wind driveth away. "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

Another rock may also afford us shelter, namely, the high doctrine that *the Lord will save his own*. The much despised truth of election stands us in good stead in troublous times. We sigh and cry, because so many worship the deity of the hour, but the Lord answereth, "Yet have I reserved unto myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to Baal. Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace." The words of the apostle are true at this moment,—“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded, according as it is written, God hath given them the spirit of slumber, eyes that they should not see, and ears that they should not hear, unto this day.” I bow before the awful sovereignty of God, and the clamour of the people comes not into mine ears. Jehovah's purpose shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. No drop of the redeeming blood shall be spent in vain, no line of the everlasting covenant shall be erased, no decree of the Eternal shall be disannulled. This angers the adversary, but in its divine truth we find our consolation while the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing.

A rock that is higher than I may be useful not only for shelter but for elevation. If you stand upon high ground, though you may be a dwarf, you can see farther than the tallest man who remains below; and now, standing upon the high rock of God's word, what do we see? Look! Clear your eyes of doubt and mist, and look! Forget the present for awhile and gaze through the telescope of faith. What do we see? Systems of error broken in pieces, superstitions given to the moles and to the bats, the clouds vanishing, the darkness of night disappearing, and the beasts going back to their dens, for the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing beneath his wings. A day of the triumph of the truth must dawn. If it do not come before the advent of our Lord it shall come *then*, to the confusion of his adversaries and to the delight of his saints, and there shall be "new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." If this old earth will still reject the truth, and the old heavens still look down on a reign of error, they shall be utterly consumed with fire, and on this very earth on which we stand, renewed and purified, there shall be placed a throne as glorious and terrible as the cross of Christ was ignominious and shameful. The blood of Jesus has fallen on this world and guaranteed its redemption from the curse, and one day, when he has delivered the subject creation, our Lord will dwell here, and reign amongst his ancients gloriously. We can afford to wait, for eternity is on our side. We can afford to see the ranks of the Lord's army pushed back awhile, we can afford to see the standard fluttered by the rough winds, we can afford to hear the "Aha! Aha!" of the Philistines, for when the Prince cometh they shall know his name and the power of his might. If they will not yield to him now and kiss his sceptre silvered with love, they shall bow before him when they see the naked iron of his rod breaking them in pieces like potters' vessels. Oh to be on God's side! The whole matter lies there. If a

man knows that his heart and soul are given to the cause of God and truth, he is entrenched within an impregnable fortress, and he shall find in the eternal verities munitions of stupendous rock. He shall be steadfast "though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

What then are we to do? We are to give all diligence to make our calling and election sure. See to that, for, though some denounce such holy care as selfishness, our Lord and Master knows best, and he charged his servants not so much to rejoice in their power over devils as in the fact that their names were written in heaven. Watch over your own spirit, and cast not away your confidence. Then zealously in dependence upon God do the little you can do; do it well, and keep on doing it. You and I are not called upon to regulate the world, nor to stay the raging sea of human sin. Let us not attempt to wield the divine sceptre; it befits us not. Naturally you would like to set all people right, and make all preachers orthodox. But, my brother, the task is beyond you. Be careful to be right yourself in your own life, and be resolute to bear your complete, honest, obedient testimony to all the truth you know; and there leave the business, for you are not responsible beyond your possibilities. No one of us is much more than an emmet on its little hill. Now, if yon tiny ant were to indulge in serious reflections upon the state of London and forget to assist in the labours of the insect commonwealth, it would be a foolish creature; but if it will let those great matters alone and go on doing its ant-work, as an ant, it will fill its little sphere, and answer the purpose of its Maker. A mother teaching her little ones, and doing all she can to bring them up in the fear of God; a humble village pastor with his score or two of people around him; a teacher with her dozen children; a quiet Christian woman in her domestic circle bearing her quiet godly testimony; a young man speaking for Jesus to other young men;—there is nothing very ambitious about the sphere of any one of these, but they are wise in the sight of the Lord. Leave the reins of the universe in the hand of the Maker of the universe, and then do what he has given you to do in his fear and by his Spirit, and more will come of it than you dare to hope. We are like coral insects building each one his minute portion of a structure far down in the deeps of obscurity. We cannot as yet war with those vaunted ironclads which sweep the ocean and hurl destruction upon cities, and yet—who knows?—we may build and build until we pile up a reef upon which the proudest navies may be wrecked. By the steady, simple, honest, Christian upbuilding of holiness and truth—defying no one, attacking no one—we may nevertheless create a situation which will be eminently perilous to the boastful craft of falsehood and scepticism. A holy, earnest, gospel church is a grand wrecker of superstition and of infidelity. The life of God in man, patience in suffering, perseverance in well-doing, faithfulness to truth, prayer in the Holy Ghost, supreme zeal for the divine glory, and unstaggering faith in the unseen God—these are our battle-axe and weapons of war, and by the aid of the Holy Ghost we shall win the battle ere the day comes to its close. Till then, O Lord, when our heart is overwhelmed, lead us to the rock which is higher than we are.

## Our Shipwreck,

or, Ps. lv. 22, and Rom. viii. 28.

BY THOMAS P. HARVEY, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (LOND.)

**M**Y only apology for furnishing a few particulars of our recent trial is that to the Lord's people generally it may prove both a source of encouragement and a cause for praise. It is not at any time very pleasant to be in the fire, yet, as in the case of the three Hebrews, it brings out the real presence of a living Christ. Those three men were all the richer in their practical experience of the love of the living God, and his willingness and ability to keep them in time of trouble. The furnace was a school for them. Trial in God's service is a great aid to a closer walk with him. We too often moan and groan over our trials, forgetting all the time that the greater they are, the greater the weight of glory which they work out for us. I believe it is just the Alpha and Omega of God's object in allowing us to be overtaken by trial. Goods and chattels may go, as did ours, to the bottom of the sea, but you get something else in return which cannot sink in ships. God seldom subjects his children to severe trials all at once. He is infinitely wise in all his dealings, and as much prepares us for a great blessing as for a great trial. Just two months before we were wrecked, our only baby boy, Harold, was taken from us after a little life of four months and twenty days. That was the heaviest blow we had ever yet sustained. Perhaps some of my readers may know what it is to be in bitterness for the loss of their first-born (Zec. xii. 10). It brought out what we were glad to see, the sympathy of the Burmese.

Just before we started for the grave the Burmese head official, the Woon, came to the house with all his retinue to see if he could help us in anything. In the case of a Burmese town like Bhamo, situated on the bank of a river, it is the custom always to carry the corpse down in the direction of the stream when you wish to inter, and never against the stream. On our way to the grave in the boat kindly lent by Mr. Cooper, the Political Resident at that time, the Woon followed us for some distance on the bank. Beyond a number of rice fields on a hillock right out in the wild jungle was the little grave. Shans, Chinese, Kahsheens, Hindoos, Burmese, and Europeans, a large company in all, had gathered around it. On our return, as we passed through the town, the Burmese women turned out of their homes and cried out, "We pity you, we pity you." Afterwards the empty cot, the little clothes, and the silence were more than we could well bear. We had but one room in which to live, and everything about us served to remind us of our loss. This only tended to increase the depression and feebleness brought about by the great heat and excessive damp, until at last it was decided that on my account we should leave the place. Friends said, "Go home," but one was naturally unwilling to accept this advice, as we had been out but fifteen months. I had reason to believe that a change to a cooler and more bracing climate was all that was necessary, and therefore decided to go round to Eastern China, and if possible



locate in Chefoo for a time, where I should be able to recruit my strength and continue work amongst the Chinese. Accordingly we left Bhamo in June for Rangoon. In the following month we left Rangoon in the steamship "Kurrachee," bound for Penang, where we intended changing for a steamer bound for the port of Shanghai.

We left Rangoon July 8th, and proceeded all well till July 19th. At seven o'clock on that morning, about three hundred miles north of Penang, and some fifteen miles from the mainland, nearly opposite to the termination of British Burmah, in the province of Tenasserim, the steamer struck upon a sunken rock. At the time my dear wife and myself were sitting in the saloon at the stern, with our Bibles for the morning reading. The sea was calm, and there was a fair wind. The treble thud-bump shook us up and made everything rattle on the steamer in an unmistakable manner. I ran on deck to ascertain the cause, and quickly the chief officer shouted, "She's on the rocks." The captain shouted, "Out with the boats," and then rushed into the saloon to reassure himself as to the position on the chart. All was now confusion, men rushing in all directions preparing the boats and getting ready for the worst. Upon returning to the saloon, I found my dear wife in our cabin. We hastily put on all the clothes we could, not knowing where our lot would be cast by evening. The chief officer (Mr. Harris) came and called upon everybody to make up a small bundle of things. He had a most cadaverous appearance, his face being whitish blue. The ship's servants were hurrying here and there, collecting what things they could, and making them into bundles. Spoons, cruet-stands, knives, forks, corkscrews, salvers, and dish-covers were huddled together in a promiscuous heap within a towel. Candles, tea, biscuit, mustard, pickles, and cheroots made another bundle. In this way the things which could be collected readily were made up into bundles. No time was lost. Intense earnestness marked every face. The most lethargic were quickened, as though they had received an electric shock. While I was getting out a small tin box, full of surgical instruments, and a bag, Mr. Harris was hurrying my dear wife out of the cabin and across the main deck. She was literally hauled over the ship's side. I reached her just in time to lay hold of her hand whilst she descended into a small boat below. When we were safe in the boat, the captain and officers commenced to hand down articles for us to preserve. Guns, revolvers, ship's-papers, a bag of dollars and rupees, sextants, chronometers, binnacles, albums, and little treasures of all kinds were passed down. "Here, doctor, take care of this," "Take care of that," "Please, Mrs. Harvey, look after my chronometer," such were the cries.

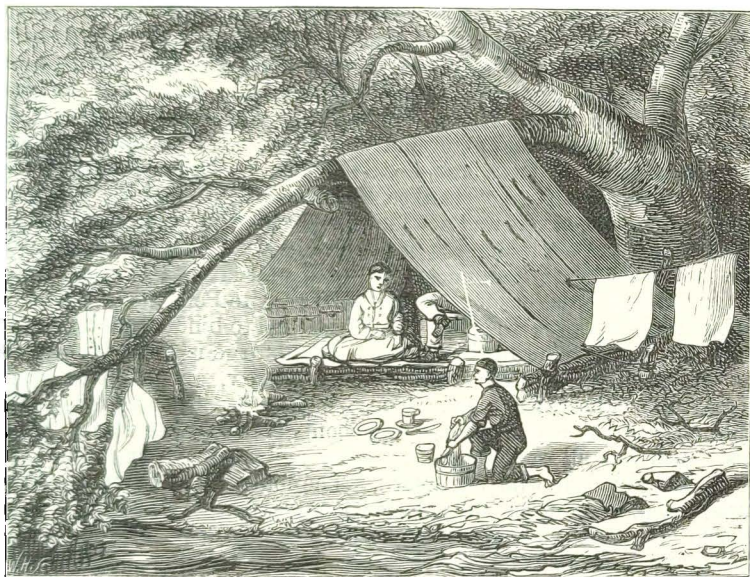
Whilst this was hurriedly going on, several natives got on to the other end of the boat. Three poor frightened Burmese children were handed down to us into the boat like so many portmanteaus. The captain threw in six or seven boxes of Huntley and Palmers' biscuits, and Mr. Harris a long axe for felling timber. The third officer was deputed to take charge of the boat, and ordered to make for the nearest shore. There were now about fifteen persons in the boat, together with the goods mentioned. When we pushed off from the wreck, scarcely any were found fit to use the sculls, so that we had to put back to ship two

fresh hands who could do so, in doing which we were nearly stove in by running against the ship's side. The two fresh hands having been taken in, we again started for the land, which fortunately lay but two miles off. It was the middle island of the Gregory group. In making for the shore, we had to struggle with the heavy tide, which was coming in. The waves were so high, and the boat so heavily laden, that several times we were nearly capsized. The poor little children at the bottom of the boat screamed as the waves broke over us. Once or twice I really thought we should never live to reach the shore; but through God's goodness we did. The sea bottom, along which were huge pieces of coralline, at last became visible. The boat was steadily steered amongst the rocks, and then grounded on the sand. The natives and myself all paddled through the shallow water to the dry beach. This my dear wife would doubtless have done, had not a kind hearted Burman taken her in his arms and carried her on shore.

The boat having been cleared returned to the wreck to bring away more persons and stores. The goods we had brought were then all piled in lots. The next thing we did was to collect sticks and make a fire. As the brambles were crackling, how the viper mentioned in Acts xxviii. came to mind. The next thought was about water. I set out on a voyage of discovery round to the other side of the island, and had not gone more than half-a-mile before I came upon a running brook of fresh water. I "thanked God and took courage." The good news soon spread, and it was not long before there was some water boiling in an old tin kettle hanging by a string between three sticks. By this time two other boats had reached us, each well laden. Amongst other things they had brought off the captain's favourite Persian cat. It was as wild as a March hare; they had been compelled to bind all its legs to the trunk of its body, and in this way it landed on the island. The second boat had brought a number of the native crew, and a lot of bottled stores, such as beer, wine, etc. These had not been landed long before some of the men began to drink, and soon were the worse for it. Seeing this I gathered all such stores together and covered them with a rug, over which my dear wife sat guard. The fourth boat brought a lot of fowls, sheep, and ducks. The latter completed the journey for themselves. We were now enlivened by the bleating of sheep, quacking of ducks, and crowing of cocks. Anxiously did we now watch with a binocular the sinking steamer. Her stern end kept getting lower and lower in the water. At last the vessel broke fairly in half, the aft part disappearing altogether, and the fore part, slightly inclined, remaining impaled on the top of the rock. The last boat which reached the island brought the captain. He seemed to be much moved by the disaster. Having drunk a cup of tea, which had been prepared for him, he related the condition of the steamer when he left. Half-an-hour after she had struck upon the rock there was half-a-foot of water in the saloon. The stern half gradually sinking lower in the water, the pressure upon it became so great that it at last broke away from the fore part, which was upon the rock. With it went nearly all our goods and chattels, kind presents of friends collected for many years past, things upon which we set great store and which money could not possibly replace. What we most of all sorrowed for was a large box, containing all the clothes, etc.,

belonging to our darling Harold, which had been but recently sent out by loving friends at home.

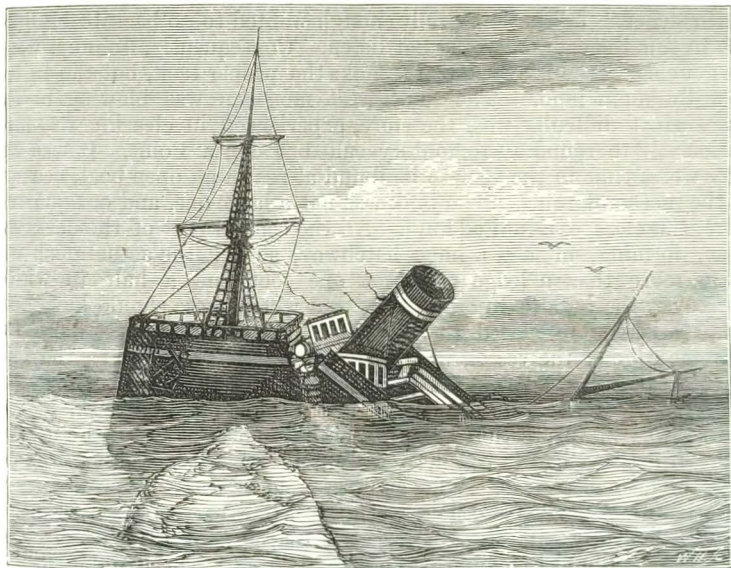
The next thing which occupied our attention was preparation for remaining on the island until the time when we should be taken off. Two tents were suggested, one for our two selves, and another for the officers and crew. Some four or five axes with long handles were produced, and soon was heard the sound of the woodman. A piece of beach, sheltered above by a large branch of a tree dipping down to the sea, was selected for our tent. The attention and exertions of the captain and officers on our behalf were of a most unremitting kind. They proceeded, first, to erect a tent for us. This was done by throwing a large piece of sailcloth (an awning from the wreck) over the projecting branch of the tree just mentioned, and fastening the sides down on the sand by cords fixed to large sticks. The end nearest the dense



jungle, which occupied the centre of the island, was closed by another piece of canvas. One or two rugs we had brought with us were spread out under this covering, and the few things we had saved placed around inside. Afterwards we enjoyed the luxury of placing boards underneath the rugs, and for the last two or three days the still further luxury of two damp, disagreeably smelling mattresses, obtained from the wreck. It was decided that the captain and officers should all take their meals just outside our tent, for which purpose a table cloth was spread out upon the sand, around which we all squatted as well as we were able. The fact of the fore part of the vessel remaining impaled on the top of the rock enabled the captain and officers to save parcels of provisions, which amply supplied

all our wants whilst upon the island. After dinner, on the first day, they all remained for a brief service. A psalm was read, the benediction sung, and prayer offered. We were glad to testify to the goodness of our heavenly Father for thus preserving our lives. After that we prepared ourselves for rest, and spent the first night upon the island. In my case it was not in sleep. I kept watch, and employed myself all through the night in collecting sticks to keep up a large fire just before our tent.

Early in the morning Mr. Harris left us in a small boat for Renoung, a Siamese town, some fifty miles away. It was thought advisable to communicate as quickly as possible with the governing Rajah of that place to see if he could not render assistance. After his departure a number of trips were made in small boats to the wreck, to bring away anything that might be serviceable to us. On one occasion I accompanied the captain in a trip to the vessel. He took careful soundings all the way from the island to the wreck, and then all round its immediate vicinity. When close alongside we had a most distinct view



of the top of the sunken rock. It was low water at the time, so that it was only covered by some five feet of water on the top. The rock looked just like a sugar-loaf, and close alongside of it the lead line went down fifteen and seventeen fathoms. The keel of the steamer lay buried in the top of it. Fishes in large numbers were swimming about enjoying the rice from the hold,—“It is an ill wind which blows nobody any good.” Scaling the ship’s side we soon gained what remained of the main deck, when a fearful sight burst upon us. Utter ruin reigned supreme. The ends of the two boilers showed up amidst a profusion of splintered boards lying in all directions: the great funnel

looked as though it would fall out into the sea every minute; bags of rice saturated with sea water, barrels, spars, ropes, ship's tackle lying about, altogether presented the saddest sight I ever beheld. It was enough to make one weep to see such valuable property brought to such an untimely end. The stench arising from the fermentation going on among the wet rice which lay in the hold was something terrible. I was glad to get away and get back again to the island. Early on Monday morning Mr. Harris returned from Renoung with a Chinese junk.

The question now arose, Would it be right to go in the junk? The captain strongly advised us to do so, lest the provisions should not hold out. Having had a little practical experience of such craft I said "No," but ultimately gave way to the majority. By nine o'clock fourteen of the party, including ourselves, were on board this junk, a grand mistake, as you will afterwards see. The Chinese pilot, Johnny, who had travelled up and down these waters for years, was put in charge to take us to Renoung. This Johnny was a native of Mergue, the last port at which we stopped, and where he was taken on board the "Kurrachee." Johnny naturally enough wanted to go back to Mergue, but to this the captain would not listen. Consequently, Johnny, when we got clear of the island, did not make the proper tack, but ran in too near the main land. The south-west monsoon was blowing at the time, great difficulty was, therefore, experienced in clearing the land sufficiently to round a promontory called Victoria Point. It was the very worst time in the year to be found at sea in an open boat, because of the incessant rains. The junk was not a large one, and our quarters were, therefore, of a limited kind. All the central part of the deck was open, forming, in fact, a huge hatchway, so that the actual deck was little more than a ledge of about one foot and a half in width. Moreover, the junk had no bulwarks, but where these should have been small sticks were placed at intervals of three or four feet along the extreme edge of the vessel, which sticks not only served to tie the oars to, but supported a fringe of long jungle grass, which thus formed a sort of low curtain round the junk instead of a solid bulwark, and of course was no protection against being washed off. To the narrow ledge of deck we had to confine ourselves for three days and two nights, with the deep sea on one side and the hold of the junk on the other. Save an umbrella we had no covering to protect us from the pelting rain and burning sun which alternately played upon us. To go below into the hold and remain there any time was a sheer impossibility. What with the Chinese stowed away in all conceivable corners, smoking opium, one of the passengers smoking lullabub, others tobacco, and the stench from the hold and the hold itself, the place was something fearful. To look down was to see some dozen men stretched about in all ways upon bags of rice, &c., some sound asleep, the rest smoking or chatting away. Unfortunately it was the time for high tides, and the sea ran very high and the junk pitched about dreadfully. But, what was worst of all, we were making no headway. Tack, tack, tack, but only to be driven back again to the place from which we tacked. This was disheartening. Stores had been put in for one day and now we had been out three, and still were not half way to Renoung. All this was entirely owing to

Johnny, who became exceedingly insolent. I offered him 40 rupees if he would but turn back to the island, but he would not. The opposition company's steamer "Ananda" was expected in the course of a few days in Renoung, and fears were entertained lest we might miss it, and remain out, perhaps for a full month before another steamer came that way. The junkmen at last saw that there was no good to be obtained by continuing as they were doing, and so decided to turn back to the island. Hope now filled our breasts. Yes, now we may live to see home again. A strong wind and a high running sea soon brought us within sight of the island. But what now should surprise us but the sight of the lug sails of two of the "Kurrachee's" boats going in the opposite direction, apparently for Renoung. What could be the matter now? Why were they leaving the island? Had the tides risen so high as to have washed away the two tents? Had they been attacked by pirates? All these questions now perplexed us. We put up signals of distress, but no reply. The junk still ploughed through the heavy sea, and soon the wreck once more hove in sight. As we drew nearer eager eyes looked towards the island to discover signs of people still remaining. At last a pale column of blue smoke arose. Well, somebody had remained behind. The junkmen gave the wreck a wide berth, and made for the other side of the island. Our hearts were filled with joy as a little boat was seen approaching us from the island. It was the captain. He came alongside and took my dear wife and myself on board. The rain was descending in torrents. When we landed we found ourselves nearly a mile from the tent; drenched to the skin, we had to drag ourselves along to it over the soft sinking sand. Upon our arrival a Lascar ran out to me with a drawn cutlass, but he soon recognised me, and with his fellows hailed our return with an English hurrah. It was now dark, and the inside of the tent presented anything but a cheerful appearance. Nevertheless it was a home. We had to strip everything off, because we were drenched to the skin, and not having any fresh clothes of our own to put on, borrowed some sleeping clothes from the second engineer. A large blue blanket was given us, in which we wrapped ourselves together, and then lay down to sleep. It appeared that a day or so after we left the island the wreck had been visited by a band of Chinese pirates, who carried off what they could. Fears were entertained that they would attack the party left behind on the island. This led to the majority leaving in boats for Renoung: these were the boats we had seen. The second engineer remained with our brave captain, and a few of the firemen on the island. They had visited the northern Gregory, which they found inhabited by Selangese. The poor people fled at their approach and hid themselves in the thick jungle, but signs being given, their confidence was restored, and then the captain explained the nature of the calamity which had overtaken us. The morning after our arrival some of these natives visited us in one of their canoes. They were the wildest specimens of humanity I had ever beheld, nearly nude and decorated with ornaments in various ways. Poor as they were they did their best to supply our temporal wants by bringing oysters, yams, and fish. The latter they caught in a very clever way. Armed with long bamboos, each of which had a barbed iron blade, they walked about in the shallow water on the beach spearing fish.

They had quick eyes and threw their javelins with great precision. Their reward was rice, of which we had plenty to spare, while they had not tasted it for a long time past. They never attempted to molest us, but on the contrary, when the "Ananda" arrived, they helped us to convey what we had to that steamer.

We were now living in the large general tent, as ours had been taken down. The rains increased both in frequency and force, so that our beds and other wraps were damper than ever. In the morning the first duty was to take out all the clothes, mattresses, and so forth, to dry them in the sun. After no great time a shower of rain would descend, and then we had to collect the things as rapidly as possible, and not before some were damper than when they were first put out. This kind of work occupied a good deal of our time. To add to our discomfort two new enemies attacked us, namely, flies and fresh water. The former were countless in number, and covered us whenever we attempted to sit down outside the tent; the latter sprang up in the jungle just behind that part of the tent where my dear wife slept. To arrest a spring was in this case impossible. Gradually the water, after collecting in a large pond behind, began to work its way amongst the soft sand, where it formed a channel running past my wife's bed, through the tent, and so down to the beach. As it increased in volume the channel increased in width and depth, until it had undermined nearly a fourth of the space occupied by the bed, and caused the tent to sink in by washing the sand away from the posts which supported it. Such was our condition on Saturday morning (July 28th), when about six o'clock the captain made our hearts dance for joy by shouting out, "The 'Ananda' is coming; pack up your things!" Peering through the binocular we saw her steaming amongst the islands on her way from Renoung. The second officer put off in a boat at once to stay her progress. By six p.m. we were all on board, steaming away for Mergui. The reaction, after all this hard life, now set in, and I could not sleep a wink during all the first night, being kept in a state of constant suspense, not knowing but what the next moment we might strike on another sunken rock, seeing there are many in this archipelago, and we were going all night.

Friday, August 3rd, found us once more safe in the port of Rangoon. Kind sympathizing missionaries of the American Baptist Society paid us every possible attention. Whilst some gave us a home in their house, others supplied us with clothes and money. One dear aged brother took me to a tailor's and paid for a suit of new clothes. The ladies of the mission turned out from their wardrobes articles for my dear wife. From far and near help came from nearly all parts of their mission. They seemed to vie with each other in their attention and liberality. May God ever remember them for it and supply all their need. Now, there was but one course open to us, namely, to make the best of our way home to England, as it was impossible to remain in Burmah's damp heat, and to go to China in our all but destitute condition and broken state of health would have been madness. The British India Steam Navigation Company, through the kindness of Mr. Leechman, gave us free passages to Calcutta, for which place we left on the 19th of August, arriving on the 23rd. We had now to seek our passage home. Beyond what the mis-

missionaries had kindly given to us and a little we had saved, we were without funds. We did not know a single individual in Calcutta who could help us. What were we to do? Why, continue trusting our faithful God who had so often proved himself indeed to be "a present help in time of trouble." Upon landing I went straight to the company's agents to see whether they would reduce the fare to London on their steamer, the "Dorunda," which was to leave in two days. They received me courteously, expressed their sorrow that we should have been put to so much inconvenience by the loss of one of their steamers, but offered no help. "But," said Mr. Mackinnon, the principal, "stay on board to-night, and come and see us in the morning." Next morning I went again and this time took what money I had in a bag, namely, 423 rupees (£37). Now or never, thought I, something must be done, for the steamer leaves in the morning. Entering the office, I placed the bag of money on the counter. The two fares home first-class amounted to 1100 rupees; the second class half that sum. "Well," said Mr. Mackinnon, "what can you pay?" I replied, "I have got 423 rupees, but Mrs. Harvey requires 23 to buy some clothing in Calcutta, so I have 400." Mr. Mackinnon then said that they had decided to take us first-class at second-class rates. But still I was 150 rupees short of meeting this amount. But now mark! See how wonderfully God works for his children! Mr. Mackinnon said, "Pay me 300 rupees, and I will pay the difference to the company myself." This he did in my presence. My heart was too full to speak for the moment. After thanking him, it was with joy I went out to my dear wife, who was waiting for me in the street, with a ticket for two first-class passages for London and 100 rupees in the bag. The same afternoon we were on board the steamship "Dorunda," and by 9 o'clock on the following morning we were steaming down the Hoogly bound for London.

The attention and kindness we received throughout the voyage from Capt. Templeton and his officers were of a marked character. Never shall we forget our wreck on the "Kurrachee;" the loving sympathy of the American Baptist missionaries in Burmah; the liberality of Mr. Mackinnon of Calcutta; and the kind friends we made on board the "Dorunda," so long as we live. Again our cry is more than ever, "Ebenezer," for the Lord YATH helped us.

To recapitulate—we had thought when we first left Rangoon of being soon in China, but "My thoughts," saith the Lord, "are not your thoughts; nor my ways your ways." Though allowed to attempt the journey it is refreshing to see how "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." Had the "Kurrachee" rolled off from the top of the rock shortly after she struck it, with such an immense hole in her bottom, she would have sunk with us at once, and that in fifteen or seventeen fathoms of water. See, again, how safely we were brought to land in spite of the smallness of the boat and the heavy sea. And though cast upon a desert island for eleven days (excepting those spent in the junk, where our lot was far sadder), we had plenty of water and provisions (the latter because of the fore half of the vessel remaining on the top of the rock); and through all the exposure to incessant rain, sleeping on damp mattresses, and wearing wet clothes, and want of proper food on the junk, our strength was sustained and there was no return of



previous symptoms of pulmonary mischief. See how God worked for us in both Rangoon and Calcutta. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

We are advised now to remain at home for two or three years before proceeding to the East again, in order to recruit strength. We hope to utilize every opportunity of making known the spiritual wants of the people in China and the work amongst them. It is encouraging to remember that during my previous stay in England, God blest me in interesting four dear brethren in China. Those four are now evangelizing in three of the previously unoccupied provinces in that country; three of the four were first led to offer themselves for the work by reading articles upon the subject in *The Sword and the Trowel*.

[Our friend Mr. Harvey's address is 1, Clarence Terrace, Silver Hill, St. Leonard's-on Sea. We are charmed to find that our magazine should have been useful to the China Inland Mission through having issued Mr. Harvey's interesting articles. No nobler mission exists, and we pray the Lord to bless the work very richly, and give to Mr. Hudson Taylor and all his workers a glorious future in China and the region round about.]

### Much fruit.

THEY say that at Mentone the citron harvest lasts from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. Women may be seen almost every morning of the year stepping down the rocky mountain paths, with large baskets upon their heads filled with the fruit. Pastors may well wish that their churches were always in such bearing order, and Sabbath-school teachers may sigh for such perpetual fruit. To come nearer home, may not each one of us long for like perpetuity of fertility in our own souls? It would be a grand thing to be evermore working and at the same time planning new effort, and preparing material for new enterprises. The thought is by no means novel, for long ago devout George Herbert sang—

" O that I were an orange tree,  
That busy plant!  
Then should I ever laden be,  
And never want  
Some fruit for him that dressed me."

Mentone owes its lemons to its warm sun, and to its sheltered position close under the great rocks. Here is a secret for us all. To dwell in communion with Jesus is to abide in the sunshine, and to rest in his great love and atoning sacrifice is to nestle under the Rock of Ages, and to be shielded from every withering blast. "Nearer to God" is the way to greater faithfulness.

C. H. S.

## Sir Titus Salt.\*

SIR TITUS SALT was a Christian, a philanthropist, a model man of business, and his eminent success came as the reward of the industry, perseverance, and uprightness which were his characteristics from early life. His life was a consistent growth throughout, so that in old age he was doubly blessed in having a good hope of eternal life, while there was no youthful wild-oat-sowing to regret, such as has often caused pain and sorrow to aged men, in spite of a heart renewed by grace. True, he was fortunate in having parents whose example and love were better than honour and wealth, but other men have been equally privileged who have thrown their advantages away—men who have sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind when the best things of life awaited their acceptance.

In the year 1803, when Titus was born, the family of Salt was highly respectable, but not renowned. Daniel Salt, the father, was an honest, outspoken Yorkshireman, who could utter quaint, original things, and in addition to other singularities, had an impediment in his speech. His wife was in some respects a contrast to all this: she was "retiring in her disposition, sweet and gentle in her ways, sometimes subject to mental depression, but an earnest Christian, and a staunch Nonconformist." The place of his birth was the Old Manor House at Morley, near Leeds, a hamlet of Batley, which has since increased to a town of 13,000 souls. Such a home, with its genial associations, was well fitted for the childhood home of young Titus, who from the first was taciturn, nervous, and fond of retiring within himself. The old hamlet was something more than a chosen retreat of nonconformity, for "the old Puritan spirit" lived among the villagers. "The Sabbath was strictly observed," we are told. "Family worship was common in many a home. The Bible and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' were the books most frequently read. Good Friday was not in their calendar, and the many fast days which human authority originated they did not recognise." No building representative of the Established Church stood in the town, and more singular still, the people do not seem to have required one. There was the nonconformist conventicle, and that was supplemented by a dame's school, and a town school, and when the youth of the interesting settlement had passed through these there was an academy of a higher grade at Batley, three miles away, at which Titus attended when nine years of age, carrying his dinner with him day by day. While he was thus trained at a tolerably good school, the education of his higher moral nature was progressing at home. "To his father he was indebted for many wise counsels, and for instructions in practical mechanics with which his former occupation made him familiar. But his higher home education was imparted by his mother. It was from her he acquired that respect for religion, that regard for the Sabbath, that reverence on entering the house of God, that personal attachment to Christian ministers and their work, which were retained as long as he lived."

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\* Sir Titus Salt, Bart., his Life and its Lessons. By R. Balgarnie. With Portrait and Illustrations. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1877.

In his tenth year the family removed from their beloved homestead at Morley to Crofton, near Wakefield, where Mr. Daniel Salt adopted the calling of a farmer. The farm-house was at once licensed for public worship in accordance with the requirements of the Conventicle Act, the nearest nonconformist chapel being three miles away, at Wakefield. In a primitive, or old English fashion, Titus and his sister Sarah rode together on a donkey every day into Wakefield, to school, and happily were most fortunate in their teachers. In the first instance the academy was kept by Mr. Royson, the pastor of Salem Chapel; but in 1815 the school was handed over to Mr. Harrison, a tutor to whom some of the most successful men in the town afterwards fondly admitted their indebtedness. When engaged in teaching he was in his element, and he always insisted that the work of the school should be thoroughly done. When the tutor grew into an old man and the pupil became one of the most prominent men of the district, the regard of each for the other increased in intensity. "The pupil was proud of his teacher, of whom he often spoke with respect, and sometimes exhibited to his friends the specimens of drawing and penmanship which, under his tutor's instruction, he had as a boy prepared. When Saltaire was opened in 1853, Mr. Harrison was among the guests invited to the banquet." Mr. Harrison remembered his pupil as "a fine pure boy," more remarkable for moral qualities than for intellectual precocity.

When the prices of agricultural produce went down at the close of the French war, Mr. Daniel Salt and his family relinquished farming and settled in Bradford, and at this date, in 1822, both father and son began their connection with the woollen manufacture, in which Titus was afterwards destined to win distinction. The father was desirous that his son should attain to such excellence in work as can alone arise from complete knowledge, and on this account Titus went through a kind of apprenticeship of two years in the house of Rouse and Co. "Had he shrunk from the drudgery and toil of business at the first, he could not have reached that point of eminence in it which he gained at last," says Mr. Balgarnie. "Imagine him introduced to the sorting-board; he is a tall young man, with a 'brut' or loose blouse, worn over his clothes to keep them clean. The fleece of wool is unravelled and spread out on the board; being impregnated with natural grease, it holds entangled in its fibre a variety of substances with which the sheep while living had come into contact: these must be carefully removed. All the wool of the fleece is not of the same quality, but varies in length, fineness, and softness of fibre. It is the business of the sorter to separate these different qualities, and to put each into a basket. It is evident such occupation requires long and careful education both of the eye and the hand." Having thoroughly mastered his craft, Titus joined his father, whose position soon altered for the better, now that the business was aided by the genius and energy of a son who was already a rare example of youthful consecration and prudent thrift. He had brains, strong arms, and an excellent constitution, and he was determined that there should be no want of effort. The utmost excellence of which he was capable was his constant aim in whatever he undertook. In sorting, combing, or buying wool he would not be excelled by any competitor, while the energy which he threw into Sunday-school work

was similar to that which characterized his business life. Still timidly retiring, he said little, but thought and prayed the more. He conscientiously observed the scriptural injunction of doing with his might what his hand found to do; to-day resolving that he would sell £1,000 worth of wool, to-morrow teaching the Shorter Catechism to a class of poor children. His modest estimate of self, and the deference which he paid to those who were his superiors in years, even when his business talents were reaping a golden harvest, were also admirable traits in the character of Titus Salt in early life.

In 1836 he made a discovery which not only affected his own future course in the world, but the trade of Bradford generally, as well as the welfare of thousands of operatives. This was nothing less than the discovery of alpaca—that useful fabric now so extensively used, which is made from the long wool of an animal so named, which finds its home among the mountains of Chili and Peru. One day, when in Liverpool, he happened to see a vast pile of this material, then so valueless in the English market that the importers were contemplating re-shipping the bales to their native clime. Mr. Salt had never heard of this curious natural production, but he looked at the material with characteristic curiosity, said little, and soon after returned to take a sample away for quiet inspection. “On his return to Bradford,” says Mr. Balgarnie, “his first act was thoroughly to scour the material he had brought, and then to comb it. He then carefully examined the fibre, testing its strength and measuring its length. Whether he spun any of it into thread we do not know, but the result of his experiments thus far was a surprise to himself. He saw before him a long glossy wool, which he believed was admirably adapted for those light fancy fabrics in the Bradford trade which were then in great demand.” In this manner was alpaca—the staple manufacture at Saltaire—discovered. This episode in Mr. Salt’s life may look like an accident at first sight, but the knack of taking advantages at their flood is not accidental. It was genius seizing its opportunity.

It is not our purpose to give particulars of Sir Titus Salt’s mercantile life, except where such details illustrate his constant solicitude for the religious and moral progress of the people in his employ, or reveal his princely munificence. There was nothing mean in his character, he never patronized the poor so that they should feel humiliated by the obligation; he had no desire to see his name paraded in subscription lists; he gave money away because conscience would not allow of his doing otherwise, and he found more pleasure in dispersing wealth than a miser does in hoarding it. He was a man who lived for others, and whether we look at him as a master, or as mayor of Bradford, or as head of a household, we shall find him pursuing a course of happy unselfishness.

The great industrial palace, the streets of comfortable dwellings, the Literary Institute, and the various places of worship which are included in the town of Saltaire, constitute a model settlement, which is well described in a paper drawn up for the use of the Commissioners of the French Exhibition in 1867:—

“High-class work and good wages have brought together a large number of first-class workpeople and mechanics, whilst the comfortable

homes and houses provided for them have awakened in the minds of the people that home feeling which has led them to tastefully and neatly decorate their dwellings—a very sure sign of social happiness. . . . This is a most important point. A man in a dirty house is like a beggar in miserable clothing: he soon ceases to have self-respect, and when that is gone there is little hope. . . . In almost every house at Saltaire some form of musical instrument is found; and indeed, the choral and the glee societies, together with the bands, have become household names. . . . There is no public house in Saltaire! This with comfortable houses, and every inducement to stay at home—with literary and social institutions in their very midst, with high-class tastes, and, to crown all, a beautiful temple to the worship of God—it would be strange indeed had Saltaire not a reputation and a name. The erection of baths and wash-houses has been a great advance. . . . The diseases familiar to poverty are almost unknown.”

Probably no town of the same size in the kingdom can show a cleaner bill of health, or give a better account of its general morality. Though not totally abolished, drunkenness seems to be reduced to a minimum. The storm of a cholera epidemic has swept over other places without a single death occurring here. Whatever science and money could effect in the way of securing the health and comfort of the people, as well as in removing temptation out of their way, was done. The philanthropist, more than the manufacturer, superintended the progress of the builders' work.

There are people, and not a few of such, in the world who seem to look on the best deeds from the standpoint of evil. What had these discerning souls to say about Saltaire? They said that the founder had deserted Bradford, although at the time his works were giving employment to thousands of Bradford operatives. The buildings had also been erected by Bradford firms, and at a cost of a quarter of a million sterling; but because the establishment was on a healthy site, relieving the great town of a portion of its dense population, the charge of desertion was preferred. The fact was that Sir Titus Salt never deserted anybody who needed encouragement and who deserved help. Little acts of kindness, as well as greater deeds of benevolence, afforded him pleasure; and he appears to have accustomed himself to the exercise of charity until he knew of no distinction between the great and the small. Perhaps he was at his happiest when entertaining his workpeople at a monster banquet, without intoxicants, in the grounds of Crow-nest. He was always delighted to offer the hospitalities of his mansion to Christian friends, especially pastors, who were esteemed for their work's sake. Promising students, and poor preachers in failing health, received from him bank notes as well as kind words. Little children, even such as were strangers to him, would become acquainted with the flavour of his confectionery; and a poor broom-seller in the street was on one occasion surprised at his purchasing the whole of her stock. He could not be severe even for example's sake. A quantity of material was one day spoiled by a negligent workman; but the operative, instead of making excuses, stepped forward and bluntly confessed the error. “What do you mean to do?” asked the master. “Do better,” was the reply. “Go and do it,” said Mr. Salt; and thus the

misadventure not only ended satisfactorily, but drew together in closer bonds of union the great manufacturer and his humble servant.

Not until late in life, however, did Sir Titus Salt take possession of all the Christian privileges within his reach, though there is reason to believe that his heart had been the Lord's from the days of his youth. "He had long been in the twilight, as it were," says Mr. Balgarnie, "hesitating and halting between Christ and the world. It was a blessed trouble, which brought him to see that full decision for God is the only way of peace and safety." The trouble referred to was the death of a daughter; and Sir Titus partook of the Lord's supper for the first time in the chapel at Saltaire in 1861. His happiness increased after he thus became more decidedly on the Lord's side, while his sympathy and liberality became more remarkable as the infirmities of age increased. Honours were showered upon him, the Queen made him a baronet, his townsmen sent him to represent them in Parliament, one testimonial after another was presented; but like a wise man unto whom grace was given, Sir Titus could estimate such things at their proper worth. It was his unspeakable happiness to know and to realize that one grain of faith outweighs the best things of earth. His liberality increased with his years; and did so "because the light of an eternal world had fallen upon his spirit, and his sense of responsibility had been quickened. He felt that his days were closing, and he must needs work in the lingering light of the setting sun." He chose to be his own almoner, and not to leave the whole work of distribution to executors after his death.

The lessons of such a life are manifold, and should not be fruitless in a busy age when money is too often idolized by the successful few, and social position is coveted by all. The man who has all his capital invested in the present world will find himself a bankrupt at the last. Wealth is a stewardship, and Sir Titus was faithful to his trust. The man is not really rich whom death can deprive of all; and on the last day of his life the master of Saltaire might have been the poorest man in the world had he not possessed an inheritance beyond the grave, purchased with the blood of Christ.

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## The Application of the Sermon.

THE Rev. Thomas Robinson, of Leicester, wrote to a young minister as follows: "You laid your plan well; your divisions and subdivisions were natural and proper; but there was no application of your matter till you came to the conclusion. Now, to be useful there must be an almost perpetual application. The people need arousing; they must be shown the bearing everything has upon their particular case, and thus be made to feel through the whole discourse the personal interest they have in every part." The advice is sound and is greatly needed by many. We are not to preach *before* our congregations but *to* them, aiming always at their hearts.

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## Placing out the Boy.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

ONE of the most critical periods in a boy's life is the time when he leaves home to become an apprentice or to take a situation. Parents should be specially upon their guard in the selection of new homes for their sons, for on that choice may depend their entire future. Placed with a firm, kind Christian master a young man may happily develop powers and faculties which might have remained dormant in the less stimulating atmosphere of home. Self-reliance and manly courage have been gained by removal from the too tender care of a fond mother, and the struggle of life has been commenced under more advantageous circumstances by emerging from the narrow limits of home affairs. If our boys could be for ever bound to their mother's apron strings it might be safe for their morals, but it would be fatal to their growth. They *must* go out into the world as their fathers did before them, and it is for their good that they should do so; but care must be taken that they are not subjected to needless risks in the operation. A lad should not be sold into temporary slavery by being bound to a brutal master, nor driven into duplicity and cowardice by subjection to a morose employer, nor tutored in vice by being located in a godless and immoral household. All this is clear enough, and yet it is not always considered: the business is a good one, or the premium is small, or the master is a distant relative, and so the child, tenderly reared under godly influences, and altogether unused to the world's coarser mood, is thrust out into the chill blasts of sin, and made to bear the unfeeling rudeness of vulgar natures, and the result is at first misery, by-and-by defilement of conscience, and ultimately depravity of life. Of course the grace of God may interpose, but that is no excuse for the want of thought which placed the young mind in such peril. "Lead us not into temptation" should be our daily prayer, and we should carefully remember the precept which it suggests. To tempt a child is infernal, and to place it where it will be tempted is next door to it. We would not place our sons or daughters in a lion's den or near a viper's nest, and yet we do worse if we commit them to the care of ungodly men and women, whose whole spirit and conduct will have a corrupting influence.

We have been led to make these remarks by reading a passage in the lately published *Life of our friend William Brock*. His experience was a very bitter one: he records it in his own words.

"I had been forced as a schoolboy to rough it—roughing was still to be my lot, and such roughing, that I remember it almost with dismay. My master was illiterate and profane. His wife was ill-favoured, ill-bred, ill-mannered, and ill-disposed; a wrangler with her husband, and with all who came within her reach. My fellow-apprentices were ignorant, boisterous, and debased, knowing nothing more about literature or religion than the beasts which perish. Until I entered the house I do not believe there was a book within its walls. Whatever talk there was, either in the shop or at the table, never rose above vulgar

twaddle. The domestic arrangements were beggarly and bad. Neither food nor beverage was tolerable in quality or sufficient in amount. I had to sleep on the stairhead for years. Of the commonest conveniences there were hardly any; of the ordinary comforts there were none at all. The material and the moral wretchedness of the place was complete. It troubles me to remember it. I have not overcharged my representation in the least.

"For a while it was more than I could bear. To my mother I wrote piteous complaints. She sent me the means to buy some necessary food; and once she interfered. By degrees, however, I became inured to the domestic hardships, and things which I could not help I tried to bear as best I could. As I remember, unto this day, it was trying to bear it, but the discipline, I dare say, did me good.

"By the moral wretchedness which surrounded me, I was especially distressed. When Sunday came, I found that neither Mr. nor Mrs. B. was going to church. Mr. B. was going to the belfry to chime the people into church, but he was afterwards coming home again. This I found to be the general rule. In no way whatever was there any recognition of God. It had been arranged that I should attend the services in the Independent chapel, the only place in the town with whose minister or congregation my mother had any acquaintance. Mr. Ward was then the minister—a good minister of Jesus Christ. I went on the first Sunday, both morning and evening, spending the intervals of service in the way that I knew my mother would approve. The next morning I was christened, as they told me, 'Parson Brock,' a designation, by the by, which adhered to me all through my Sidmouth life. Banter and chaff I might have borne easily enough, but it turned out that banter and chaff were to be by no means all. Mr. B. distinctly attempted to annul the arrangement for my going to chapel. 'He wouldn't have any of the saints about his place;' and then he swore. My fellow apprentices joined in the swearing and in its denouncings. 'Trust them for making the place too hot to hold me, unless I would give my religion up!' Correspondence a little mended matters, and, so far as violence went, I was to be let alone. One thing, however, was carried out, and that was the determination that I should have none of my reading and praying, either in getting up or in going to bed. I was warned never to try that again; but as I did not exactly see any reason why I should not, I just did what I had been wont to do before getting into bed that night. Away came S's shoe from his hand to my head, with an emphatic warning that, as often as I said my prayers like that, so often the shoe would be flung; and the harder it hit me the better should he be pleased."

Now, it could not be right to expose a lad to all this; and if the result was not fatal to his youthful piety, the credit was not due to those who placed it in such serious jeopardy. Where is the use of our keeping our children out of evil company while they are with us at home, and then thrusting them into it afterwards when we are no longer near them to advise or console? Fathers should not only see that their sons are allowed the full privileges of the Sabbath, but should look out for masters who care for such matters for themselves. Of course there must be an eye to the secular advantages of the trade and to the



peculiar recommendations of the particular shop or establishment; but this must not be all in all, nor the first thing. For others as well as for ourselves we should seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; for our own flesh and blood, the offspring whom God has given us, we must deliberately elect the service of the Lord in preference to all earthly gain. If we do not act thus in the case of our own children, it will become questionable whether we have chosen the Lord for ourselves. If we do not wish to see our own sons grow up to be earnest servants of the Lord, we may justly doubt our own conversion; but how can we honestly desire such a result if we place them for years under influences which must powerfully work in the opposite direction.

It is not only upon grave questions of morality that parents should exercise thought, but also upon minor details of comfort and association, which may lead up to the weightier matters. We remember a well-behaved and hopeful youth who early fell into sin, to the deep horror of the honest, godly family to which he belonged; and yet when we learned that he had eaten his meals, and spent the brief hours after shoetime, in the sole company of the one domestic servant, in the kitchen of a little general shop in a country village, we were not at all amazed: the offence was very grievous, but had the youth been received at his master's table, and had he been provided with fitting associates, it might never have been committed. In London the custom still lingers, even in some large and well-known establishments, for the young men to sleep on and under the counters in the shop. Of course, all sense of comfort and a considerable portion of the delicacy of decency vanishes under such a condition of things; and when loose talk leads on to loose living who is to wonder? In certain shops the assistants are expected to be more sharp than honest, and to stick at a round lie would involve their dismissal; no Christian parent or guardian should permit a youth to live under such regulations. These rules form an unwritten code, but are none the less rigidly binding on those subject to them, and a toad under a harrow has not a more uneasy life of it than the youth who is troubled with scruples. Very long and late hours ought also to be considered by those who are seeking situations for lads. We are not among those who would go to an extreme in crying out against hard work, for to some young men the most arduous labour is a far less evil than the temptations of a leisure which they have not the sense to improve; but we feel certain that in many young people the seeds of consumption and other diseases are sown, and made to develop rapidly, by weary hours of standing in hot shops in the midst of dust and stagnant air, and sometimes amid smells and exhalations, from which they are not allowed a moment's escape till the shop is closed. Can it be right to place our boys where they will be slowly murdered? Nor is injury to health the only danger, for, fagged and languid, the young people have no spirit to use aright the late interval after the shutters are put up and the stock cleared away: and therefore amusements which excite the baser feelings seize upon their condition of mind, and drag them down as by an iron chain. We could say a great deal more, but we forbear. There are trades or professions which suggest gambling and drunkenness, and are to be shunned at once, and yet we

have known professing Christians offer their children to Moloch by placing them in such occupations. This is sad indeed !

Parents cannot discover much about the internal condition of families in which they place their sons and daughters, but they ought to learn all they can, and act with decision and prudence. A tyrant master can ruin a lad's temper, break his spirit, and reduce him to a semi-imbecile; on the other hand, a negligent, easy, unscrupulous head of a house can, without intending it, place a thousand temptations in the way of youth, make vice easy, and dishonesty almost inevitable. Dangers lie on all sides, and how can they be avoided? Certainly not by negligence, or leaving the boy to take his chance, as some say.

The hour is critical for the young man, and full of responsibility for those who are his guides; let it be a season of doubly earnest prayer, and let it be postponed a score times sooner than once done in a manner which the Lord would disapprove. The boy's temperament and character should be studied, and a thousand points taken into the reckoning, and it will be better to endure a dozen sleepless nights to arrive at a right decision, than to judge hastily and repent for a lifetime, and make our child mourn long after we are in our grave. "It is better," said a statesman, "to spend six millions now in preventing war, than six hundred millions afterwards upon the evil itself": as to the particular instance to which he referred we may debate upon his statement, but the general fact is self-evident, and its moral is exceedingly applicable to the point in hand. Plant a tree carefully if you would have it flourish, and place out your son anxiously if you would see him prosper in the fear of the Lord.

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### The rod that budded.

PAUL JOANNE ascribes amazing fertility to the soil of Mentone, and backs his assertions by a story which reads like a legend. He says that a stranger coming to pay a visit to his Mentonese friends stuck his walking-stick into the ground and forgot it. Coming back some days afterwards to seek his cane, he was surprised to find it putting forth leaves and young branches. He declares that the little tree has grown vastly, and is still to be seen in the Rue Saint Michel. We have not seen it, and are afraid that to enquire for it in the afore-said Rue would raise a laugh at our expense.

We may believe the story or no as we please; but it may serve as an emblem of the way in which those grow who are by grace planted in Christ. All dry and withered like a rod we are thrust into the sacred soil and life comes to us at once, with bud and branch and speedy fruit. Aaron's rod that budded was not only a fair type of our Lord, but a cheering prophecy of ourselves. Whenever we feel dead and barren let us ask to be buried in Christ afresh, and straightway we shall glorify his name by bearing much fruit.

C. H. S.

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## John Foxe the Martyrologist.\*

ACCORDING to a very generally received opinion the Institutes of John Calvin have done more in influencing the thought of the Church than any other uninspired writings; and if the Geneva Reformer has taught us what to accept as the truth of God, Foxe, with equal advantage and success, has taught us what to avoid as the deadly error of the Papacy. The one is a faithful, confident guide, who with rare sure-footedness advances from truth to truth; the other with his warning beacon reveals to us the sophistries, cruelties, and absurd pretensions of the effete superstition called the Church of Rome, and compels us to reject the pope as the representative of Antichrist.

The history of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs" is, in fact, a history of England's breaking away from the papal chains; but many things associated with the issue of the work in modern times have an interest of their own, and of quite another kind. It has been said, that in the sixteenth century, Foxe did more than all other writers combined to make the revival of popery impossible in England; but his readers were few in those days compared with what they number in our own. Nowadays the worthy martyrologist comes before us in various garbs, each one of which renders him eligible as the companion and instructor of a distinct section of the community. While Sunday-school scholars have their twopenny illustrated abridgment—a typographical curiosity, and a marvel of cheapness—the scholar, for fifty shillings, can possess the complete edition now published by the Religious Tract Society, an edition which, in the way of scholarly editing, clear printing, and good paper, leaves nothing to be desired. It was thought, with some show of reason, that the book-market should be constantly supplied with one complete, trustworthy edition of "The Book of Martyrs;" and, accordingly, some friends who were warmly zealous in the cause of Protestantism, presented the Committee with the stereotype plates of the standard edition now before us. Throughout, the undertaking has been no less costly than arduous, and all opponents of priestcraft must wish it abundant success. Modern editions of the Martyrology have been too numerous to mention; but the one best adapted for family reading is the profusely illustrated, elegantly printed volume issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. While its gallery of pictures will inspire in youthful hearts a wholesome horror of popish cruelties, the large clear type will commend itself to more elderly readers. In an age of Ritualistic innovation eminent service is done to the cause of truth by the scattering broadcast of works like this. We are glad to note that a new edition, in monthly parts, of Messrs. Cassell's edition is now in course of publication.

When John Foxe was born, in 1517, the Reformation was in that

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\* The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe. With Appendices, Glossary, and Indices. By Josiah Pratt, M.A. Also an Introduction, Biographical and Descriptive. By John Stoughton, D.D. Eight volumes, Royal 8vo. The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. 1877.

The Book of Martyrs. By John Foxe. Revised, with Notes and an Appendix. By W. Bramley Moore, M.A. With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas, John Gilbert, G. Du Maurice, J. D. Watson, etc., etc. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, Ludgate Hill.

interesting stage when Luther openly challenged the pope by placing his unanswerable theses on the door of a church in Wittenberg. The Reformer and historian was born at Boston, the unpretentious but interesting Lincolnshire town which then thrived as an oasis in the watery desert of the fen country. The times in this country were times of appalling spiritual darkness; and hopes of better things in the future could not have been based on any apparent loosening in the bonds of superstition. The State was jealous of the power of the priests, and recent Acts of Parliament limited their stipends, or otherwise set bounds to their pretensions; but their dreaded power was still supreme, for priestcraft ruled the minds of the multitude. The notions of the people in regard to spiritual truth were of the most grovelling description. "Our Lady's House at Walsingham" was a shrine which attracted hosts of pilgrims, and appears to have served as a popish substitute for the cross of Christ. "A husband is sick in London," remarks Charles Knight in his History of England, "and his anxious wife writes, 'My mother behested another image of wax of the weight of you to our Lady of Walsingham, and she sent four nobles to the four orders of friars at Norwich to pray for you; and I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and St. Leonard's.' These were not the mere fancies of the women of that time. William Yelverton, a judge of the King's Bench, writes to thank his cousin for his zeal 'for our Lady of Walsingham'; adding, 'for truly if I be drawn to any worship or welfare to discharge of mine enemies' danger, I ascribe it to Our Lady.'" The wills of the period afford abundant testimony to the dominant power of the church; for among the many bequests we find money left for all kinds of ecclesiastical purposes—requiems, paternosters, tapers, altars. A supposed saint would have it engraved on his tombstone, how he had purchased a free pardon for his sins; another would in death delegate a priest to go on pilgrimage, and to say masses for the testator's soul. Candles on the high altar, images of the Virgin, and all kinds of priestly assumptions were multiplied until the Saviour himself was lost sight of and virtually forgotten. This was the condition of affairs at the close of the fifteenth century; but early in the sixteenth more than one David was raised up to carry discomfiture into the Philistine camp. Rome began to learn that her universal supremacy was not beyond assault.

While John Foxe was young his father died, and the widow was married again to a bigoted partizan of popery. This change boded little but ill to the youthful scholar whom his parents designed for the old paths. He was regarded as a good Latinist, and his relish for the poetical models of antiquity was keen; but in time he relinquished the poets in favour of divinity, and this new course of reading gradually unsettled his belief in superstition, by opening his eyes to the truth of the reformed doctrines. In those days such a change of sentiment risked the loss of a man's estate, and imperilled his life; but although Foxe was reduced to poverty he escaped with a whole skin. His father probably thought it a pious act to appropriate the portion of goods which otherwise would have fallen to the share of the renegade; and for the same reasons the convert was driven from his Fellowship at Magdalen College, Oxford. Though this was a harsh discipline the effects were so far beneficial that Foxe was once and for ever driven from that

hateful, semi-pagan communion, which, to foster its own spiritual pride, would rob God of his prerogative to rule the conscience, and retain its hold on human minds by pains and penalties.

Deprived of his rightful inheritance, and of his college emoluments, he now tasted the bitterness of complete poverty for Christ's sake; but relief came when the young confessor accepted a tutorship at Charlecote Hall, Warwickshire, the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy, on whose domain Shakespeare was years afterwards accused of committing depredations obnoxious to the game laws of those old times. "Under the trees which must have been familiar to the great poet," says Dr. Stoughton, "the Protestant historian probably had wandered, book in hand, musing on those points which had disturbed his mind at Oxford, and gaining as it would appear from his subsequent life, additional light upon the momentous ecclesiastical controversies of the day." He did more at Charlecote, however, than read and meditate; he fell in love with the pretty daughter of a Coventry merchant, and their subsequent marriage proved a happy union. The time came for leaving Charlecote, and he soon found that, though married life brought additional happiness, it also had its peculiar trials. He settled at Coventry; but even in the Bible-printing era of Henry VIII. that busy town was becoming too conspicuous a residence for a well-known reformer like John Foxe, and he retired for a time to the house of his wife's father at Boston. Even there he was almost as much dreaded as a Jonah in a ship; for lynx-eyed priests, who were naturally chagrined that their prestige was on the wane, suspected the quiet observer, and would have gone a great deal further had they known that Master Foxe, for reasons best known to himself, eagerly collected and treasured the stories of the lives and sufferings of Christian martyrs. He must have looked like a very sorry opponent of the proud hierarchy of Rome; but though poor and despised, and shunned, even by his relatives, he had truth on his side; and with the press for a sling, he had one stone in reserve which would defeat the enemy—he could write a book.

Leaving Boston and his father-in-law's household, Foxe sought refuge in the more crowded capital about the end of Henry's reign, in 1547, a time of general excitement and transition. Though the Reformation was daily attracting fresh adherents, the kingdom was still divided into hostile sections, and some animated collisions occurred between abettors of the Pope and champions of Protestantism. There were writers who cared little about religion in any form who could yet cast railing words at a falling cause, and ridicule popery in street ballads; but even such things indicated the direction taken by the current of public opinion. Scenes bordering on riot occurred in the churches, and the legislature interfered in the cause of peace but was unable to suppress the popular feeling. It was at such a time that Foxe appeared in London, penniless, footsore, and all but broken-hearted. The cathedral being then a common rendezvous of strangers and loungers, he one day resorted thither, looking the very picture of despair. With sunken eyes, thin sallow cheeks, and a death-like pallor overspreading his countenance, Foxe was taken notice of by some unknown good Samaritan, who spoke kind, cheering words, and placed a sum of money in his hand. The mysterious stranger spoke of better days, and

these immediately dawned upon him in an extraordinary manner : he was taken into the household of the Duchess of Richmond, who had charge of the children of her brother, the Earl of Surrey, then a prisoner in the Tower, and destined soon after to suffer death, on account of the capital offence of placing the royal arms on his shield. There is some mistiness about the charges preferred against the unfortunate earl ; but it is not improbable that he was too zealous in the cause of the Reformation to please so intolerant a pope as Henry VIII. His zeal would also occasionally take a ludicrous turn, as when he perambulated the streets of London at midnight to break the windows of notorious Papists in the hope of pricking some guilty conscience. His fatherless children found a faithful friend and tutor in the martyrologist.

During the brief and happy reign of Edward VI. Foxe resided with his patron and charge at Reigate, where he regularly preached, and when out of school hours he found a profitable recreation in cleansing the parish from the relics of popish idolatry still abounding. This Protestant activity won for him the sincere hatred of all Papists ; and when the times changed with the accession of Mary, the vigilant Gardiner, like a Vatican blood-hound, scented his prey, and Foxe was compelled to escape for his life. Aided by the Duke of Norfolk, the Reformer embarked at Ipswich, and before the vessel was out of sight the Bishop of Winchester's messenger, with a warrant in his hand, stood on the quay, watching the receding sails with baffled fury. A farmer's house where the fugitive was supposed to have slept was rudely broken open and searched without avail ; the bird had escaped the fowler. In the meantime a tempest arose, so that after a day of misgiving and suffering, the ship, instead of reaching the Dutch coast, put back again into Ipswich, where Foxe was more alarmed than diverted with the narrative of what had happened during his absence. Fearing to let it be known that he was stopping in the town, he rode away and secreted himself till it would be safe to attempt the voyage. Subsequently, with his anxious wife, he crossed the sea, and found the shelter which his own country denied to the faithful servants of the Lord.

Notwithstanding that Edward VI. had, in his last hours, endeavoured to set aside the will of his father, and the succession to the crown as confirmed by Act of Parliament, the final triumph of Mary was hailed by the people with extraordinary enthusiasm. London crowds shouted their good wishes, drank the Queen's health in bumpers of wine, and scrambled for the coins which some extra warm-blooded enthusiast might throw into the street ; but the joy in England was outdone by the exultation at Rome, where Pope Julius the Third shed tears of joy. With some show of caution, but with demon-like energy, Mary's government set about accomplishing the restoration of papal slavery. Lady Jane Grey and her friends were murdered ; Acts of Parliament which had favoured the Reformation were sweepingly repealed, heretics were marked for vengeance, the best of the people were driven into exile, and the Man of Sin reigned triumphant.

Having escaped from his cruel enemies Foxe reached Strasburg, where he sat down to work with characteristic industry. From this fine old city he removed to Frankfort, at that time a kind of ecclesiastical menagerie, where the lion of prelacy, then in a transition

state, refused to lie down with the lamb of ultra Protestantism represented by the Scotch refugees. In a day when union was urgently necessary, disputes among the fugitive Protestants were very unseemly, and could have pleased none but the enemies of the faith. What we may call the church party stood up for vestments and ritual, and would give up nothing to relieve the consciences of their brethren. Unsuccessful attempts at conciliation were made; and seeing that the outlook was hopeless, if Protestant worship was to be encumbered with the superstitious innovations of Rome, Foxe left the arena of controversy, and sought refuge in Basle.

Basle was then a city of refuge to numbers of eminent and worthy Englishmen, who then shared the citizens' hospitality. In a passage quoted by Dr. Stoughton, the son of the martyrologist acquaints us with the aspect of the place in those stirring, interesting days. The celebrities there housed "were many, but of slender estate, who some one way and some another, but the most part gained their living by reviewing and correcting the press. This place, for careful printing, and plenty of diligent and wealthy men in that profession, then surpassed all the cities in Germany, and they preferred the industry of our men in that employment before any of their own countrymen. To these men Mr. Foxe joined himself, so much the better liked because, having been always inured to hardships, and in his use put to the trial of his patience, he had learned how to endure labour; and that which seemed the greatest misery to others—to suffer want, to sit up late, and keep hard diet—were to him but the sports of fortune." His literary labours were very abundant, although the disquieting alarms of persecution reached to the very threshold of his study. He printed a lumbering Latin poem, in which the stilted *dramatis personæ* were the chief characters in the Bible, "besides a number of strange personifications, such as Psyche, or the human soul; Pseudamnus, or Antichrist; and Pornapolis, or Babylon, the mother of harlots." He corresponded with friends in England; pleaded eloquently for the Protestants; made translations, and whenever possible took possession of any authenticated history of heroic fortitude under persecution. The Book of Martyrs was progressing, and, without knowing it, bloodthirsty Bishop Gardiner was stimulating its growth.

Though learned refugees could earn a livelihood in a Continental printing office, their remuneration was anything but liberal. Foxe had seen enough of "the sports of fortune" to reduce him both in pocket and health, so that when he reappeared in London in the fall of 1559 he wanted even the necessaries of life. Rather than starve he applied to his quondam scholar, the Duke of Norfolk, who then occupied a mansion in Aldgate, and who at once received the Reformer into his family. It might not accord with the independent spirit of Foxe to eat the bread of a patron, but what was cheerfully given he thankfully received without inclining to any abatement of labour. Dr. Stoughton remarks that Parkhurst, who was bishop of Norwich in 1560, "wished to obtain for Foxe some suitable church preferment, but, strange to say, could not succeed." There is nothing strange connected with the matter; Foxe refused to subscribe to the Anglican articles, and thus rendered himself legally not eligible for office in the Church, although,

in spite of his scruples, he obtained a prebend's stall in the cathedral of Salisbury.

While living at the ducal mansion in Aldgate, Foxe became intimately associated with the well-known citizen John Daye, printer to the Queen, and whose offices were the apartments of Alders Gate. Daye was happily something more than a printer of the old school; he was an ardent Reformer who could second with lively zeal the anti-popish projects of his laborious literary friend. As Foxe had served the Continental printers, so now, in a similar manner, he worked for Daye, but the union was of a much closer kind. The compact they entered into was a truly patriotic one, as mere gain was not their ultimate object. For some time the martyrologist walked daily from his sumptuous retreat at the east end of the town to Daye's busy office, and finally he made the ancient gate his permanent abode. Both author and printer were sufficiently sagacious to perceive that a complete historical account of papal atrocities would do more than could be done by parliaments and armies in curtailing the power of Rome, and they were determined to see historic justice done to the noble band who had yielded up their lives in the cause of Christ. After years of toil and anxiety, the first edition of "The Acts and Monuments" was published in 1563—a year of dread, alarm, and suffering; "pestilence, scarcity of money, and dearth of victuals," having pressed heavily upon the London citizens.

The affliction passed away, and Foxe was fully occupied in preparing a new and enlarged edition of his great history. So abundant were his labours, that when his old friend Grindal, bishop of London, appointed him to preach at Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, 1570, the martyrologist would have excused himself by remarking, "There never yet was ass or mule who was so weighted down and overdone by carrying burdens as I have long been by literary labours." However, in that age, as is the case in our own day, multiplicity of other work was not considered a valid plea against accepting preaching engagements. While the bishop could find no better substitute, and while the people were anxious to hear an author whose book had already become popular, Foxe was obliged to preach. We seem to hear the tones of his praying words, "Help them that are needy and afflicted. . . . And above all things continue and increase our faith," ring forth in loud distinctness over the multitude of upturned faces. Then, with a touch of humour, he reminds his auditory that on Good Friday the Pope curses his enemies. Cursing is the natural language of blind apostates. Foxe tells his audience that he fears the blessing of "his holiness" far more than his anathema; may he "never bless us more as he blessed us in Queen Mary's time! God of his mercy keep away that blessing from us."

Foxe was now the most popular historian of his time, a veteran in the van of the Reformation, and the most detested foe of Rome in all the world. Because the apologists of the Pope were unable to set aside his tremendous indictment they tried the easy expedient of laughing down the influence of the martyrologist by holding up his work to ridicule; but, as far as England was concerned, they laboured in vain. Libellous critics like Nicholas Harpsfield, one of Queen Mary's Oxford professors, and a prisoner in the Tower, might speak of the book as a legend or a farrago of lies, the people were of a contrary opinion—they read the



details of heroic suffering while their own memories corroborated the story. The church of England, whose articles Foxe refused to subscribe, acknowledged his work and extended to it its valuable patronage. In village churches throughout the country the folio Book of Martyrs was chained to the desk in common with the Bible, so that even those who were unable to read might hear the histories of Rome's accursed cruelty, and by hearing might be finally estranged from a devilish system founded in lies and cemented with blood. The answer of popery to the Book of Martyrs came in the form of the "invincible" Spanish Armada of a few years later; but Foxe did not live to see the triumph of his principles in the providential destruction of that messenger of the Inquisition. Had he been yet alive his old heart would have leaped for joy, having seen the salvation of God. Truth, defended by the shield of faith, and the then small resources of England, was stronger than the defiant squadron, while the thunders of heaven silenced the Spaniard's guns and sent his galleons to the bottom of the sea.

Though "The Acts and Monuments" was published in 1563, the preparation of successive editions occupied the author during the remainder of his life, or till the year 1587. The second edition, in two volumes, was published in 1570, and persons who associate printing with our own well appointed modern offices will hardly appreciate the difficulties which Daye had to conquer before a large work like the "Martyrology" could be given to the public. It was an age of monopolies and of petty, vexatious restrictions on every-day commerce. In what would now rank as his little printing office "ouer Aldersgate" Daye employed three presses; but, although the Capital could not supply competent workmen for his moderate requirements, Daye would have risked a heavy penalty had he employed more than four foreigners. Trade rules are cramping enough at the present time; it seems strange that they should not long ago have been defied and disregarded. Perhaps nothing more readily enables us to measure the contrast between the two Londons—the town of Elizabeth's day and of our own—than the singular fact that the London of Elizabeth did not contain a dozen competent printers.

In London Foxe was called upon to endure severe trials, and in these seasons of sorrow he exemplified a Christian resignation worthy of his profession. The execution of his old pupil and patron, the Duke of Norfolk, for treason, in 1572, was a severe blow to his susceptible nature. Further trouble was occasioned by the erratic disposition of Samuel, son of the martyrologist, who for a time left home, wandered on the Continent, and reappeared suddenly and unexpected in England, clothed in a suit not at all in accordance with the father's Puritanic taste. "Who are you?" asked Foxe, when the unrecognized youth stood before him, "Sir, I am your son Samuel." "Oh, my son," was the reply, "what enemy of thine hath taught thee so much vanity?" Samuel's adventures were not yet ended; for on his return to Oxford he was expelled Magdalen College, a procedure which had the effect of awakening the father's wrath. In time, however, the renegade became sobered, and to him posterity is indebted for many things which otherwise would never have been known.

Liberal with his substance, and tolerant to all sincere professors of the gospel, Foxe did honour to his principles until the last. He died on the 18th of April, 1587, and his remains were laid in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

Of the martyrologist's wit, wisdom, and behaviour in private life, the following incidents, related by Samuel Foxe, and quoted by Dr. Stoughton, will afford a tolerably good notion: "Being once asked at a friend's table what dish he desired to have to begin with, he answered the last—which word was pleasantly taken as if he had meant some choicer dish, such as are usually brought for the second course; whereas he rather signified the desire he had to see the dinner ended, that he might depart home. Going abroad by chance, he met a woman that he knew, who, pulling a book from under her arm, and saying, 'See you not that I am going to a sermon?' Master Foxe replied, 'But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather for to-day; you will do but little good at church.' And when she asked, 'At what time he would counsel her to go?' 'Then,' answered he, 'when you tell nobody beforehand.\*' It happened at his own table that a gentleman there spoke somewhat too freely against the Earl of Leicester, which, when Master Foxe heard it, he commanded a bowl, filled with wine, to be brought in; which being done, 'This bowl,' quoth he, 'was given me by the Earl of Leicester;' so stopping the gentleman in his intemperate speeches without reprehending him. A young man, a little too forward, had in presence of many said, 'That he could conceive no reason, in the reading of the old authors, why men should so greatly admire them.' 'No marvel, indeed,' quoth Master Foxe, 'for if you could conceive the reason, you would then admire them yourself.'"

The question, Is Foxe's book trustworthy? has been repeatedly asked; but, after putting aside those excited papists, whose rabid utterances are the mere boiling over of passion, the reply has always been satisfactory. If the sources whence the Martyrologist drew his materials are to be questioned, all other history must be questioned also. Though errors of inadvertence may have crept into so large a book, the author was too conscientious to over-colour or wilfully lead his readers astray. He copied the public registers of England and Scotland, some of which have since been destroyed; and he received facts from relatives of the sufferers, or from eye-witnesses of the martyr fires, what could be better material for history? Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Grindal, Bishop of London, were among those who rendered assistance. All unprejudiced critics accept the martyrology as a history which rests on the solid basis of truth; and in the opinion of Dr.

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\* In a similar manner Mr. Arnot, the grandfather of the well-known Edinburgh pastor, administered a rebuke to a country dame who seems to have inclined towards making a parade of her pious, punctilious observance of seasons and ordinances: "Early on a Sabbath morning he was standing inside the dyke of his kail yard, when a woman from a neighbouring clachan passed by, with her shoes in her hand, and her petticoats tucked up, intent upon a lengthened journey. She accosted him as she passed, asking, in a tone of surprise, if he was not going to the *sawerament* at such a place, meaning a distant parish. 'I'm ga'en to our ain kirk,' he replied; quietly adding, 'my religion does not lie in my heels.'" Mr. Arnot adds that his grandfather probably "knew the person he had to deal with, and that he was not far mistaken as to the *habitat* of the honest woman's religion."

Wordsworth, all the malicious attacks of Papists have failed to prove "that John Foxe is not one of the most faithful and authentic of all historians." The assaults of Rome have done more than anything besides to prove that the book is unimpeachable, and the position assumed by the author impregnable. The book is a book for all time; and until the Papacy—the harlot of Babylon—shall cease to plague and deceive the nations, Foxe's open page will continue to make the ears of England tingle, to condemn Popery as a sanguinary imposture, and to warn all ages against trusting it with power.

## The Right Preaching.

MR. JERRAM when curate to Mr. Cecil related the following conversation, which took place between them: "There are," said Mr. Cecil, "some men who thinking they see the evils arising from enthusiasm are particularly careful not to excite the passions, but are calm and sedate and close reasoners, as though their auditors were all head and no heart, and thus put them to sleep.

"There are others who are very doctrinal in their discourses. They lay down the truth with great precision, and guard their statements of it on the right hand and on the left, and show their skill in splitting hairs on every controverted point; and these produce a kind of hearers who are always listening for a slip in the preacher's sermons, and making him an offender for a word.

"Others seeing the evil of that course, in order to avoid it, are very strenuous advocates for moral duties, and are perpetually inculcating the necessity of sobriety, honesty, and speaking the truth; and seldom, except on fasts and festivals, advert to the doctrines of the gospel.

"Another class, perceiving the error of all these kinds of preachers, endeavour to rectify their mistakes by uniting doctrine and practice, faith and good works, and they make the union of these the constant theme of their pulpit addresses." "Well, sir," said I, "these seem to have combined all that is essential to Christianity, and have hit upon the only way of being useful." "No, sir," said he, "these, though not so deceptive as the rest, fall very short of what a Christian minister ought to aim at. They have not got the key to the heart; they do not show the interest their hearers have in the gospel; they do not exhibit it as a *privilege*. It is intended as a remedy for the ills of life; it is a comfort for the sorrowful, it is a support to the weak, a cordial for the faint, a guide to the blind, a succour under adversity, and a hope full of immortality. These are the things which come home to the heart, banish sorrow and endear the Saviour. It was this character in the Lord Jesus Christ that so greatly endeared him to the common people. They understood what he said, and therefore heard him gladly. He spoke to them as being anointed to preach the gospel to the poor; as sent to preach deliverance to the captives, to heal the broken-hearted, to give recovery of sight to the blind, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. Therefore the people fastened their eyes upon him, and wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth."

With all our heart we endorse Cecil's sentiments.

## Notes of a Sermon

PREACHED BY CHRISTMAS EVANS, IN KENSINGTON CHAPEL, BRECON, ON FRIDAY,  
MAY 18TH, 1838.

THE annexed sermon was preached by Christmas Evans while making, as was then supposed, his last tour through South Wales, this last being his thirty-fifth visit to South Wales. The principal object of the journey was to make a collection for a weak church in Caernarvonshire over which he was pastor.

Luke xxiv. 46, 47:—"Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

There is some difference in those words compared with Mark; it is there said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." There faith is said to be the door; but true faith includes repentance and remission, so that there is no real difference between the two evangelists.

*First, I shall observe from these words that repentance and remission of sins were to be preached in the name of Jesus by the Apostles.*

*Secondly, that they were to begin at Jerusalem.*

First. Repentance and remission of sin. Here we have the gate pointed out which leads the soul to heaven;—repentance and remission of sin: these go together: where repentance is there is remission, and where remission is there is repentance.

Here is a pill curiously made, composed of two ingredients, sent down from heaven in a box by the great Apothecary, to be administered to the sinner. What is repentance? It is a change of heart, a turning of the heart from Satan unto God. God says to the sinner, "Sinner, you and I are not of the same mind; you go one way, and I go another way. In your present state of mind you cannot enjoy my happiness in heaven. You must have a change of mind if you would come there. Your sins must be remitted, and without repentance there is no remission; in short, you must become of the same mind as myself."

What is remission of sin? It is the unloosing of the chain of condemnation. The chain of condemnation has come upon all men, for that all have sinned, this chain holds fast all the human race: remission of sin is the key that unlocks this chain. It does not break it; no, for it is a holy chain. The Spirit of God unlooses the chain, and sets the sinner free, and the Saviour says to him, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more!" Oh that the Spirit of God may descend this evening, and unloose the chain of condemnation from some souls in this assembly.

*Repentance and remission of sin were to be preached in the name of Jesus—in his name.* Allow me to illustrate the subject. The preacher of the gospel acts in the character of a crier. The crier receives a paper from the justice, and goes into the street and proclaims its contents. He must confine himself to the substance of that paper. Thus Jonah acted as a crier in Nineveh. I should suppose that he enters into Nineveh, and proclaims in one street the message which God had delivered him: "Forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed." He proceeds forward, and, entering into another street, repeats the same: "Forty days, and Nineveh shall be destroyed;" and thus continuing until he has fulfilled his message. So the minister of the gospel, in the character of a crier from the court of heaven, tells his message to the sinner. Sinner, thou art bound with a chain of condemnation, but Jesus Christ came from heaven that he might loose thy chain; he died on Mount Calvary; he was laid in the grave, and rose again the third day, and afterwards ascended into the heaven of heavens! And now he has given us the commission to preach unto thee repentance and remission of sins in his name.

Repentance and remission are preached in his name because they are nowhere to be found but in Jesus Christ. The law makes no mention of

repentance: there is no such thing in the law. The law speaks thus, "Do this and live. The soul that sinneth, it shall die." It does not say to the sinner, when he fails to enter heaven by this gate, "*There is another way* whereby thou mayest be saved;" the law says no such thing. Repentance and remission are to be obtained only in the name of Jesus. I feel that I am a poor sinner, and as such I find hell everywhere out of Christ. I look here, and I look there, but hell is everywhere. I am saved only in Christ. The minister of the gospel would have no confidence to preach if it were not in Christ's name. Peter, dost thou think to preach the gospel in Jerusalem? Yes. What? How canst thou be so bold? Didst not thou there deny thy Master; wilt thou then dare to shew thy face there? Yes, but I shall only do it in the name of Jesus. I dare be bold when I use that name.

Christ is all and in all; without him the gospel can produce no effect. Allow me to explain myself by a simile. I was present in a room, in company with about thirty persons, for the purpose of making experiments in electricity. The gentleman who superintended the electric machine stood at one end of the room. He proposed to make an experiment upon me. A chain which was connected with the machine came around the company, and touched my breast. The gentleman said, "Stand there, Evans, at the far end of the room." He then began to turn and turn the handle of the machine. I could see the sparkles begin to fly, and all at once the chain struck me, and I jumped three feet high from the ground. I never felt such a thing before! On the day of Pentecost Christ superintended the great electric machine of the gospel. When Peter was preaching to the multitude, this chain of the word was carried around the multitude. Jesus Christ in heaven began to turn and turn the handle of the gospel machine, and while Peter was preaching, and Christ working, 3,000 souls felt the electric shock of Repentance, and were forced to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Oh, that the electric power of his word may be felt here to-night.

*Repentance and remission of sins were to be preached to all nations.* Jerusalem was the starting point. Dost thou intend, Lord, to make it stationary there? Oh no. Beginning at Jerusalem, all nations were to be embraced in the covenant. The devil has had a long run in this world, but the gospel has come and taken some of every nation and language, so that the devil cannot boast of having any whole nation or tribe under his power, and when the millennium will come he will be dispossessed of his power, and the kingdoms of this world will become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

I shall now proceed to my second head, that *they were to begin at Jerusalem.* The apostles were to begin at Jerusalem because *the inhabitants of that town were witnesses of the sufferings and death of Christ.* Where he taught and wrought, there he was crucified, there he was laid in the grave, from whence he rose again the third day. It was necessary that in the place where he was so degraded he should be exalted. He was crucified on Mount Calvary as a malefactor, but he appeared on the day of Pentecost as a King! He was laid in the grave as a slave, but he was preached in the day of Pentecost as the Lord of life and glory! He appeared on that day with the royal star in his bosom, the token of authority and power!

*In Jerusalem he received the first fruits*—the first fruit was the resurrection of Christ, the second was the gift of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, the third was the conversion of three thousand souls on the same day. The Saviour determined that from Jerusalem he would obtain the first fruits of his sufferings. He had great odds to contend against. Suppose that all the fleets of Great Britain were to desert their lawful Sovereign, and to go over to a pretender, and suppose all the armies on land should follow their example, this would be a very serious affair, the Sovereign would be placed in a very dangerous situation. This was exactly the situation of our Saviour. The scribes, the chief priests, the lawyers, the Pharisees, and the great body of the nation had gone over to the enemy, and left their lawful sovereign. He had only a few poor fishermen

on his side. What if some one were to say to the Saviour, "Thou dost not mean to attack that line of battle ships with thy inferior force?" He replies, "Yes, I do; I will make an attack." There are the twelve steamboats sailing on the day of Pentecost, and taking their stations alongside the men of war: the smoke and the fire begins to ascend, the steam boats break in upon the enemy's line, and three thousand are taken prisoners on that day.

*Jerusalem was the scene of the victory of Christ over his enemies.* He obtained a victory on the cross, but it was not perceived by the world. It was not likely that he who was crucified and dead should be victorious, but he gained a victory although the world did not perceive it. The victory was more apparent to the inhabitants of the upper world. I suppose that many looked out from heaven upon the wonderful scene, and among the number Abraham and Sarah. Abraham, struck with wonder at what could be the meaning of the sight, cries out, "Sarah! Sarah! what is that sight?" Sarah replies, "Dost thou not know, Abraham? It is the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head. It is thy seed, Abram, which was promised thee, in whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed." A victory indeed was gained; the Saviour put his foot upon the head of the old Serpent, and gave it a bruise from which it will never recover. The world, indeed, did not perceive this victory, but he then routed principalities and powers, and with one blow shattered the castle of hell into pieces. That victory was decisive, and since then his ministers are sent into different parts of the world in order to complete the triumph, and to take possession of the territories of the enemy. The great victory was gained on Mount Calvary, so that the Saviour has now only to divide the spoil with the strong. Jerusalem being the seat of this victory, it was necessary that here his triumphs should begin—beginning at Jerusalem.

*Jerusalem was the seat of the ancient Jewish church.* There was the golden altar on which the holy fire burned continually, there were the priests, who were the types of Christ, there the daily sacrifice was offered, and there the paschal lamb was slain and offered for sin. Coming in the fulness of time, the Saviour says, "Ye lambs, there is no more need of your services; I, the Lamb of God, am come to be offered in your stead; go, go and feed in the meadows of Israel. Ye bulls and goats that have been continually offered for sin, go back, go back and graze on the mountains of Israel. I, the Lamb of God, am come to be offered in your stead." He came to do away with the old dispensation, and became both Prophet, Priest, and King. Christ locked up the Jewish temple with its rites and ceremonies, and at the same time opened to view the church of the New Testament. Jerusalem was to be the centre from which the waters of life were to proceed, which were to continue their course into the uttermost part of the sea, and to reach every tongue, and language, and people, and these waters were never to be consumed by the winter's frost or by the summer's heat.

*It was necessary that the gospel should begin in Jerusalem in order to obtain credence for it among other nations.* Here is Peter at Rome. He begins to preach the gospel, and is questioned by the Romans, "Well, *what* hast thou to say?" "I am come to tell you about one called Jesus." "Jesus; who was he?" "A Jew." "A Jew; well, what have you to say about him?" "He came from heaven, and appeared in this world in the form of sinful man. He died for our sins upon the cross, and the third day he rose again." "Rose again?" "Yes, rose again." "What, in the same place?" "Yes, in the same place." "Impossible; thou art an impostor. Why didst thou not preach those things in thine own country?" "We have done so. We began at Jerusalem, and now we have brought the same glad tidings to you. 'Beginning at Jerusalem.'"

*The apostles were to begin in Jerusalem in order that thereby the magnitude of divine grace might be displayed.* "Beginning at Jerusalem." This command was rather startling to the apostles. I imagine that Peter is ready to exclaim, "Lord, are we to preach in Jerusalem? It was there, Lord, that thou wast

crucified." "Yes, Peter, begin in Jerusalem." "But, Lord, are we to make no difference between one man and another?" "No, make no difference between one man and another; preach it promiscuously." "But, Lord, what if we find the man that plaited the crown of thorns, and put it upon thy head, are we to preach to him?" "Yes, Peter, tell him that repentance and remission of sins are to be obtained in my name." "But, Lord, suppose we shall meet the smith who made the great nails that were driven into thy hands and thy feet; and suppose we shall meet the carpenter who made the cross on which thou wast crucified, what shall we say to them?" "Tell them, Peter, that if they believe on me they shall be saved." "But, Lord, what if we shall find the soldier that thrust the great spear into thy side, shall we make any offer to him?" "Yes, Peter, tell him that my blood, which was shed upon the cross, can wash away all his sins!" "But what, Lord, if we shall meet the man that put the purple robe upon thee; hast thou any salvation for him?" "Yes, Peter, tell him that I have got a robe of righteousness for him to cover his nakedness."

*The gospel was first to be preached in Jerusalem, because there the church was to be formed which was to be a pattern for Christian churches in all succeeding ages of the world.* It was to be the mother church, or standard for all others. On the day of Pentecost the Saviour was preached, the Spirit was given, and the ordinances which were to remain in the church were administered. I have often doubted whether or not I have preached the true doctrine, thinking that perhaps I have been deceived myself; but when I look to the day of Pentecost, I find that I have been preaching the same Saviour as was then held forth; and I have depended for assistance on the same Spirit, so that I feel satisfied. My friends, let us look at the present time to that Saviour which was set forth on the day of Pentecost; let us look for the same Spirit. He hath the same strength and power now as he had then. The Church of Rome may fall into disrepute, but the church formed in Jerusalem will remain as a pattern of Christian churches in all ages.

## Alas, poor Mouse.

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

Sir,—Your October number (p. 451) contains a quotation from the *Directorium Anglicanum* stating that the priest "who does not keep the sacrament well, so that a mouse or other animal devoured it, must do penance forty days."

If such is the fate of the incautious priest, what must be the doom of this most sacrilegious mouse? In page 89 of this Anglican directory we read, "If a fly or spider, or any such thing, should fall into the chalice before consecration, the wine which is in the chalice ought to be poured out, and the chalice ought to be washed, and other wine with water put therein to be consecrated. But if any of these contingencies befall after the consecration, the fly, or spider, or such like thing should be warily taken, oftentimes diligently washed between the fingers, and should then be burnt, and the abluition, together with the burnt ashes, must be put into the piscina."

Of course, although the mouse is not specified, he is included in the words, "any such thing," and must suffer the doom of the fly or spider. He "must be warily taken, oftentimes diligently washed between the fingers, and then be burnt," and his ashes disposed of as the law appoints.

Now, some of us who are not "Priests" venture to think that this judgment on the mouse is disproportioned to the offence. If what he ate was only bread, he merely followed the instinct of that nature which the Creator had given him. But if, through priestly consecration, the bread had become transmuted into flesh, the mouse, not being carnivorous, would not consume it.

The framers of this law, by its very enactment, have unwittingly declared their belief that the bread, after consecration, remains what it was before—bread—in danger of being eaten by a mouse!—T. S.

## Notices of Books.

*The Life of William Brock, D.D., first Minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, London.* By CHARLES M. BIRRELL. Nisbet and Co.

WE are greatly pleased with this "Life." The author has very wisely retired into the background wherever he could do so, and has allowed our old friend to speak for himself by portions of an autobiography which he had left behind him, and by giving space for Mr. Brock's eldest son to give his filial reminiscences. The volume is full of moral lessons and gracious teachings. We like it all the better because it is not swollen out by a number of letters and petty details. Mr. Birrell has erected a seemly monument to his friend, and has not piled over his remains a vast mountain of unhewn stones such as those wherein many of our worthies have been buried from human memory. William Brock was worthy of a memorial, and the memorial is worthy of him.

*The Hermit of Livry: a tale of the days of Calvin.* By EMMA LESLIE. Sunday School Union.

THE second title is by far the more accurate: the hermit of Livry is burnt very early in the narrative, and Jean Calvin remains the hero of the tale. Much of this historical story is an embodiment of actual fact, and as there is no straining to produce a sensational story, we are able to commend it to our young readers. The great underlying truths for which Calvin contended are plainly and affectionately stated, and the spirit of the tale is devout and gracious. Every family and Sabbath-school library should possess a copy.

*Meditations on the Miracles of Christ.* By the Very Rev. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., Dean of Chester. Religious Tract Society.

A SECOND series of meditations upon the Miracles from the well-known pen of Dr. Howson. No praise can possibly be needed from us. We place the volumes among our standard theology; though we think the old forgotten Puritans to be page for page of ten times the value of the best of the moderns.

*Talkers: with Illustrations.* By JOHN BATE. Elliot Stock.

MR. BATE has given us an amusing book, which will, we hope, correct some of the common faults of general conversation. He has done his work well, but many of his characters are overdrawn and unnatural. Mr. Bate's personages are too stilted and stagey, and his own style a little inclines that way: yet this is a striking book, and deserves success. America must be a nice place to *live out of*, if its natives are inquisitive and impertinent, after the fashion herein suggested:—

"A gentleman with a wooden leg, travelling in a stage-coach, was annoyed by questions relative to himself and his business proposed by his fellow-passengers. One of them inquired how he came to lose his leg. 'I will tell you,' he replied, 'on condition that you all ask me no other question.' To this there was no objection, and the promise was given. 'As to the loss of my leg,' said he, '*it was bit off!*' There was a pause. No more questions were to be asked; but one of the party, unable to contain himself, exclaimed, 'But I should like to know *how* it was bit off.' This is an old story, but here is one of a similar kind, of a more recent date. It occurred in San Francisco, where a genuine Yankee, having bored a new comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means, and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family. 'Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children in New York; and I never saw one of them.' After this reply the couple sat a few moments in silence; then the interrogator again commenced, — 'Was you ever blind, sir?' 'No, sir.' 'Did you marry a widow, sir?' 'No, sir.' Another lapse of silence. 'Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?' 'Yes, sir; I so stated it.' Another and a longer pause of silence. Then the interrogator again inquired, 'How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?' 'Why,' was the response, "*one of them was born after I left.*"



*Jesus' Banquet; or Monthly Meditations at the Table of the Lord.* By JAMES SMITH. Passmore and Alabaster.

DEVOUT and orthodox, but very tame. We commend this little work for the excellent motive and gracious spirit of its author, who is a son of the late James Smith, of Cheltenham.

*Christian Sunsets, or, The Last Hours of Believers.* By JAMES FLEMING, D.D., Hodder and Stoughton.

THE witness borne by departing saints is as strong as it is touching. Many have been brought to Jesus by seeing how his presence supports his feeblest followers in their most painful hours. Our friend Dr. Fleming has composed a very useful book by condensing the last testimonies of a goodly fellowship of believers and arranging them under appropriate headings. The work costs five shillings and would be a very appropriate and comforting present to a sick friend; indeed, it would be no less appropriate to those in good health, for these departing ones teach us how to live as well as how to die, and our author has not forgotten this fact.

*Jonathan Ireland, the Street Preacher: an Autobiography.* John Dickenson, Sutton-street, Commercial Road, E.

THE life of a real original Primitive Methodist, full of fire and zeal for the conversion of souls. Such men as Jonathan Ireland have been the strength of Methodism, and we are not without fear that they are undervalued in these days of boasted culture and education. Hardly polished enough for the larger congregations, the old-fashioned local preachers stand a chance of being elbowed out by men of more show, but with not a tenth of their originality and power. This ought not to be and need not be. We ought to have room for enthusiasts, even if they violate every rule of grammar. A grand, blundering, hammering, thundering, whole-hearted Boanerges is worth a regiment of very prim reverend gentlemen, meek as milk-and-water, and soft as boiled parsnips. The life before us will mainly interest Methodists; but if anyone wishes to see the goings on of a real Ranter of the old times he cannot do better than peep at "Jonathan Ireland."

*Henry Wonnacott, lately Minister of Albion Congregational Church, Hull. Memorial volume.* Edited by his Wife. Hodder and Stoughton.

As a memorial volume it will be read with deep interest by those who knew Mr. Wonnacott, and moreover, it has considerable merits of its own. We were much cheered by one passage.

"In his eighteenth year, having come to a house of business in London, a sermon preached by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, was the means of leading him to consecrate himself entirely to the work of the Lord. The great place was thronged, and he was almost carried by the crowd up into the top gallery at the back; and there, squeezed into a window recess, he listened to the words that were to change the whole current of his life. The text was a remarkable one, 'Ye shall grow up as calves of the stall'; but nothing more than the text can now be recalled."

The bulk of the volume consists of sermons, which manifest considerable power. We like the ring of such a passage as the following:

"'Preach to us,' say they, 'in these tricky times a sound, earnest morality. Let the pulpit deal with present day vices, and talk to men in plain language about drunkenness and bad tempers, about commercial cheating and lying, about slandering and flattery, and the thousand wrongs and nameless evils of the day,' and I like the advice; I go with it most thoroughly. But when I find it means, 'Do not preach so much about the cross; let us hear less about cleansing by Christ's blood; let the death of Christ alone,' I dissent from it. I dissent from it because it forbids me to use the chief weapon in the armoury victorious against sin; it is bidding me stop the streams, but leave the fountain head alone; it asks me to lop off the branches, but lay no axe upon the root. If I have read this gospel aright, the true panacea for drunkenness, and bad tempers, and commercial immorality, and all the vices of our fallen manhood, is not the inculcation of virtue, but the bringing of the soul into vital relationship to Christ."

*Chronicles of Capstan Cabin; or, the Children's Hour.* By J. JACKSON WRAY. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

Lots of fun for the boys, and splendid lessons of courage, benevolence, and good temper cleverly intermixed. Our Wesleyan friends are waking up, and have a future for their literature if they keep it up to this mark.

*Home to God: a Guide on the Way.* By SAMUEL PEARSON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

ONE of a very useful class of books. Thoroughly practical, sensible, and scriptural. Incidentally Mr. Pearson touches upon politics, and has the following sensible remarks:—"The attitude of many evangelical Christians in reference to politics has been most disastrous to the best life of England. They have preached and practised the principles of political asceticism. In their view it was the bounden duty of Christian men to abstain altogether from public life. Fortunately for our country's welfare, others who held the gospel with a more intelligent grip, had higher views of their duty; and the liberty which we enjoy is due, under God's blessing, to the arduous struggle which they made on behalf of peace, prosperity, and religious freedom. Some excuse must be made, however, for political total abstainers; for in some periods of our history party conflict has been but another name for trickery, dishonesty, and corruption of all kinds. To avoid all contamination, therefore, they left the conduct of affairs to time-servers and pleasure-seekers. But if it be legitimate, as all will admit, for men to live together in society, government is a prime necessity; and those who receive its protection will be bound to discharge the duties which are involved in the very existence of a social compact. If men become hermits, we can understand their consistency in separating themselves from life's duties because of life's sin. But when they do not decline the benefits of State-regulated life, but stay among the compacted multitude, protected like ourselves in person and property, not only is their judg-

ment at fault, but their consistency must also be impugned. Such people are neither good citizens nor good Christians. No doubt they sin for the most part unconsciously, and with the best intentions. But it is none the less a deplorable fact that both imperial and local politics are often dragged in the mire, that abuses remain uncorrected, and the best reforms unmade, and that those parts of our constitution which best deserve to be conserved are endangered, because so many choose to maintain a guilty silence."

*Cyclopædia of Moral and Religious Anecdotes.* Virtue and Co.

THIS cyclopædia is that of Kerchever Arvine, and is an exceedingly rich, useful, and well arranged collection of nearly three thousand incidents fitted for illustration. We remember feeling that we had found a great prize when we purchased it nearly five-and-twenty years ago; and we thought it was out of print till a copy was sent us for review. Of course it is now somewhat old, and newer works have come into the market, but we still value our old friends, and feel that our good word is still its due. It may be a special recommendation in various directions if we add that the principles of peace and total abstinence are advocated with intense earnestness and considerable force. We believe that the price is three half-crowns.

*Old Daniel; or, Memoirs of a Converted Hindoo.* By THOMAS HODSON, Wesleyan Missionary. 66, Paternoster Row, and Castle Street, City Road.

SURELY the bright coloured pictures are among the oddest and most amusing ever produced. The youngsters cannot help being pleased. The engraving of a baptism deserves a place in *Punch*. We wonder the missionary was able to go on with the sprinkling business while all his audience were rushing out of door and window lest a single magical drop should fall on them and turn them into Christians against their will. Nothing can be better adapted to keep the missionary spirit alive in our juveniles than plenty of books of this sort. There are no very thrilling incidents, but every page is alive. Capital.

*Gideon Brown*: a true story of the Covenant and of the Persecution in Scotland, as related by himself. Edited by Dr. MACKAY. Edinburgh: William Oliphant.

MIGHT have been written by Defoe. "The Plague of London," by Defoe, is still believed by thousands to be an actual narrative of facts, and this little piece of autobiography stands a good chance of equal credence, for it is life-like to a high degree. The more our people know of the Covenant and of those who suffered for it the better. We wish Mr. Oliphant a large sale.

*Philosophy of the Seven Principles, or Revelation and Science in complete Harmony.* By JOHN COURTS. F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

"THE seven principles or distinct kingdoms which are found to constitute creation, open up new and fresh fields of thought to enquiring minds. They are the seven central points from whence there is evolved all that man is or that man can possibly know by the reason. This evolution of each principle from a unit, which is beyond the sphere of reason, into a trinity of manifestations, and from these developing until all the relations found in creation are embraced by them, is most interesting." This is the author's own account of his work. Is it not most interesting? The whole book will be found to be equally so.

*Proverbial Sayings of our Lord: studies of some of the axioms in the Saviour's teaching.* By Rev. W. KENNEDY MOORE, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

OUR author has touched a rich vein, and has worked it here and there with considerable ability, but an abler brain and hand would be needed to lay bare the full treasure with which the subject is stored. We can hardly imagine a more suggestive topic than the proverbial sayings of our Lord Jesus;—knowledge, experience, pathos, wit, sagacity, humanity, grace, and every other faculty, capacity and endowment, might all be exhausted before the varied sentences of condensed wisdom uttered by our Lord Jesus could be worthily discoursed upon. The seventeen sacred apothegms which Dr. Moore has selected are well handled, and make us wish that

he had touched upon more. We do not quite see why the author closes his book with poems when he had by no means finished his proper subject; but poets are unaccountable beings, and must be allowed to produce their poems when and where they please, or the worst consequences may follow.

*David Livingstone, Missionary and Discoverer.* By the Rev. JAEZ MARRAT. 66, Paternoster Row.

THE identical book for the boys. What with lions, hippopotami, and buffaloes, Robinson Crusoe himself will have to look to his laurels. Adventures such as those of Livingstone tend to stir up the spirit of enterprise in our youth; and if that is sanctified we shall grow missionaries by the hundred.

*The Kingdom of God Future.* By R. G. J. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

BY the kingdom of God and the kingdom of heaven in the New Testament the millennial reign of Christ is principally intended. This by a numerous citation of passages is here attempted to be proved, to the satisfaction no doubt of those who needed no proof upon the subject, but not we think to the satisfaction of others.

*Polly Wyatt; or, Virtue its own Reward.* Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

A SUITABLE book to give to a young servant who is beginning to listen to "followers." The necessity of character in order to a happy marriage is strikingly brought out. How many of our servants leave comfortable homes to become the slaves of drunken husbands! They cannot be too careful to secure sobriety and uprightness in those whom they select as partners; and if they are Christian girls they should never violate the precept, "only in the Lord."

*Black Harry: or, Lost in the Bush.* Edinburgh: Oliphant.

A PRETTY story of patience under injuries, incidentally showing the injustice and folly of treating poor servants with contempt. We owe so much to those who serve us that we should consult their comfort, and never regard them with prejudice and dislike.

*The Great Conflict.* By GEORGE G. LOBBMER. Boston: Lee & Sheperd. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

ONE object of this book is to show that the Baptist denomination has been first and foremost in advocating the freedom of religion from all civil and secular control, and another object is to show how far it is bound, as a denomination, to give liberty to others. Historically it has ever been consistent with itself in opposing the interference of governments and church hierarchies with religious opinions, except they can be proved to be injurious to society, and even then it has dealt with the effects only, and not with the opinions themselves. This position is here assumed and maintained with all the ability and research needful for such an undertaking. The Baptists are shown to have suffered much in defence of the great principle of religious liberty, and to have been persecuted on this account in Germany and England and America after the persecution of other denominations had ceased. This commendation of the Baptists is not without a candid acknowledgment of the assistance which in this respect they have received from others. The liberty which they claim for themselves they are here reminded is due from them to others both within and without their own denominational bounds. How far the liberty they give should correspond with the liberty they receive is here discussed with much wisdom and prudence. No rules are laid down for indiscriminate guidance, but the constitution of a Christian church, and the spirit with which it should be pervaded are so defined as to allow for some variety of practice without any sacrifice of principle. The following may be taken as a specimen of the many judicious observations at the close of the volume.

"When one differs from his brethren on some non-vital point of doctrine, such as the order of conversion, the time or nature of the second advent, the extent of the atonement, he is not to be restrained in its proclamation. Among the Baptists various opinions exist upon these subjects. Some of them are old school Calvinists, others are new school; some believe that faith precedes repentance, others that repentance precedes

faith; some ardently advocate the pre-millennial doctrine, while others as ardently deny it. But as all agree to the reality of the atonement, the need of efficacious grace to save, the supernaturalness of conversion, and to the certain coming of Christ at last in judgment, they tolerate each other's differences, and permit no breach in their fellowship. Should one or the other of these parties be dissatisfied with the arrangement, and insist that his views become the standard of orthodoxy, a conflict would occur which could only end in new compromises, or in separation. If such an agitator should be led by his fiery zeal to denounce as narrow bigots those who cannot subscribe to his notions, he would simply be transgressing the bounds of his own liberty, and in spirit would be violating that of others. In such a case toleration would cease to be commendable."

*Homes and Home Life in Bible Lands.*

By J. R. S. CLIFFORD. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street.

THERE are many works in which young persons are made to see the manners and customs of the people, and this is but one more of the same order. As new generations arise the same instruction needs again to be imparted; and if the form of the teaching becomes more fresh and lively, so much the better. Every Sunday School teacher should familiarize his scholars with the class of facts which he will find here, very well arranged, and clearly explained.

*The Ascent of Man from Death to Life.*

By F. H. MORGAN, M.A. Elliot Stock.

DARKENING counsel by words without knowledge. Whatever is sound and orthodox in this book we know already, and whatever is not so is certainly not worth anyone's reading. We have no fancy for speculations, even when, as in this case, they are of the feeblest order. Everybody seems nowadays to have taken to theorising. The old, tried, and proved doctrines of our fathers must hide their heads before the dreams of their degenerate sons. We are not of that mind, but see the throng reeling around the stable pillar of the truth, and tremble for them.

*Heart Thoughts.* By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.  
*Heart Life.* By the same Author and Publisher.

LIVELY, good-humoured, well-intentioned papers, which secure themselves a hearing and exercise a healthy influence over the reader. Nobody has time to grow weary of Dr. Cuyler's writing, because his pieces are so short, and we may add, they are so thoroughly vivacious, that very few would be tired of them even if they were long. Here are some clippings from the two books before us:—

"A careless word sometimes makes irreparable mischief. I have read that a foolish young English clerk, fond of practical jokes, once said to a friend, 'Have you heard that E—— and Co., the bankers, have stopped payment?' He merely meant that the banking house had, as usual, closed up for the night. But he amused himself by seeing how he had startled his friend. He did not stop to explain his real meaning. His friend mentioned the alarming report to another: the rumour spread. Next day there was 'a run upon the bank,' and Messrs. E—— and Company were obliged to suspend payment! The silly youth did not mean to burn down the commercial credit of a prosperous house, he only meant to amuse himself *by playing with fire.* And a kindred mischief to his is perpetrated by every one who retails contemptible gossip, or gives birth to a scurrilous slander. 'An abomination to the Lord is the false witness who speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.'"

"We once had a venerable and most godly-minded officer in our church, who never did a wrong act to our knowledge, and yet he never did a pleasant one either. There was a deal of good solid 'meat' in him, but no one liked to prick his fingers in coming at it. So the rugged old man was left to go on his way to heaven, working, and praying, and scolding as he went; but even the children in the street were almost afraid to speak to him. A drop or two of the *Apostle John* in his composition would have made him a glorious specimen of a Christian. He has become *mellower* by this time, in the sunny atmosphere of heaven."

*St. Paul's Three Chapters on Holiness.*  
 By the Rev. JOHN VENN, M.A.  
 James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

THERE is little in this exposition of the 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters of the Epistle to the Romans in which we do not fully concur. Personal holiness has its proper place assigned it as the effect and not the cause of faith in Christ for justification, and is not the less but the more commended and enforced on that account. The author, we hope, will be much encouraged in his design.

*Homeward Bound.* By ANNIE GRAY.  
 London Home for Little Boys,  
 Ludgate Circus, and Hodder and Stoughton.

WE were afraid that we had fallen upon another of the legion of tales about miraculously good boys without shoes and stockings, who talk rather better than saints and angels. Of these tales about unspeakable innocents in rags we have had nearly enough; for, however touching the first dozen or so of such impossible narratives may be, we are growing hardened by the repetition of them for the hundredth time. We were, therefore, very glad to find ourselves landed at the Little Boys' Home at Farningham, upon which we would invoke every blessing. The story is likely to aid that admirable institution, and therefore we wish it a wide reading.

*The Epistles to the Seven Churches.* By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THESE expositions are characterized by the simplicity, devotion, and literary correctness of the purest class of the evangelical clergy. The observations upon the Book of Revelation with which they are accompanied are judicious, and sufficiently explanatory for every practical purpose without entering upon its prophetic design. The historic references to the seven Asiatic churches, the description of their spiritual condition at the time in which these epistles were sent to them, and the particular meaning and force of the admonitions and promises addressed to them, are here presented in their proper proportion and clearness. The character of the author adds to the merit of his productions.

## Notes.

It is very difficult to write notes of work while one is altogether absent from the scene of action, and pledged to be as quiet as possible; but as our readers expect a little personal gossip we must give it.

We are thankful that no *religious* papers reach us here, for they are usually the least satisfactory of publications, and certain of them are among the heaviest afflictions of the church of God. Happily we do not here refer to either of the two Baptist papers. We do not at this present know what new heresy has been started during the last month, but we expect to find that "modern thought" has undergone some fresh development, and has produced another batch of falsehoods. When we left we heard on all sides the intelligence that the punishment of sin in the next world would be a mere trifle, and would soon be over, and some even went further and reported that all those who live and die without Christ were to be in due time admitted into glory; perhaps by this time the opinion may have been started that the devil himself is God. We venture no guess upon the subject, for theological hypotheses are now as wild as they are abundant, and no man living can tell where the advanced gentlemen will end. We are glad to get away from the continual smother of their deceitful teachings, and to have our Bible to read by sunlight. The more we turn to that volume the more are we confirmed in the old creed, and the more certain are we that the modern spirit is deadly to grace, fatal to zeal, and hostile to the truth of God. Our first article will show how we felt when our heart was heavy, and now that we are in brighter spirits our impressions are not less solemn.

The daily papers have been welcome, for they have helped to answer the countless rumours with which from day to day the English colony in this place has been tortured. One day we heard that war was proclaimed, on another it was only the Russians in Constantinople, and then again our ambassador was recalled from St. Petersburg and all Europe was in a blaze. "Wars and rumours of wars" have been the daily talk, and only by the somewhat greater sobriety of letterpress could we tell where we were. Far away from home report seems more busy than even in London, and it certainly lies at an astonishing rate—fifteen to the dozen, as the old ladies say. Amid all this hurly-burly Christians ought to learn that all the boasted influence of commerce and civilization in causing wars to cease is

mere fiction, and that nothing but the kingdom of Christ can drive out the demon of war. We are also called upon to watch for the Lord's coming: not to prophecy that he will come at once, or begin to cast up figures and guess at dates; but to be ready, because he will surely come when men look not for him. "Wars and rumours of wars" are warnings to keep us from slumber. "Awake, thou that sleepest."

From home we have received letters from a large number of our students, all of them most pleasing. We cannot help giving an extract from one of them, because it is very much a sample of other testimonies—

"I cannot express my gratitude for all the benefits I have received during my two years at the College. It has been a precious two years to my soul: and instead of dryness and barrenness to my soul, as I almost feared, it has been a time of sweet refreshing and joy to my heart. I cannot say what a delight the College prayer meetings have been—times when I could say with the psalmist—'My cup runneth over.' Although as you so kindly told us when first we saw you in the College, that it would take two years to show us what fools we were, is literally true in my case, yet I feel it has made me, if there can be such a thing, an intelligent fool. The last two years have been the happiest in my life, and the College has seemed more of a home than anything else, where it could be truly said, 'one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren.' And it has been marvellous to me how much *he* helps. It seems quite a joy to learn a Greek lesson for Jesus, and even the verb is comparatively easy when learnt with him looking over one's shoulder."

Our evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, have been holding special services at the Tabernacle, and up to the time at which we write they have enjoyed marvellous success. Feb. 11, our good deacon, Mr. Murrell, sent us a telegram announcing a marvellous children's service on Sabbath afternoon, Feb. 10, with 4,000 children and about 1,000 adults present, although, as the superintendent of the school afterwards informed us, "there was from morning to night nothing but gloom over the whole city, accompanied by dripping rain without intermission, and the streets were ankle deep in mud and slush." It must, from all accounts, have been a very wonderful occasion.

Wednesday, February 13, brought us

another telegram:—"Enthusiastic meetings. Tabernacle full on Tuesday night. Monday, largest prayer-meeting ever held in Tabernacle." This was as oil to our bones, and though rapidly gathering strength it was a better tonic than the wisest physician could have prepared, and none the less efficacious because it contained no trace of bitterness. The Lord's name be praised that all goes well, and that for us to rest is no loss to his work.

Our beloved brother, J. A. S., invaluable at all times, has proved himself a priceless gift from God to us, by bearing all our burden, and throwing all his energies into the work at home while we are forced into the rear rank. The zealous aid of all our officers, and the loving prayers of our own people, and numerous friends, have all worked together to secure us perfect repose of mind, and, by the divine blessing, to lift us up to renewed health.

On Feb. 14 we received a loving letter from our deacons, requesting us to prolong our rest for two weeks more. This is brotherly forethought, and tender love, and we are very grateful to God, and to our brethren, but we hope that one out of the two weeks may suffice. We like to write down and publish these Christian courtesies and deeds of love, because such things are not universal, and there have been cases where pastors have been treated in a very different manner. If we ever die of grief it will not be caused by unhappiness at home or unkindness in the church, unless the whole of our past life should be succeeded by its exact reverse. Our deacons are remarkable men, not only for kindness to their pastor, but for individuality; one of them has preached in our absence on one occasion, and made strangers enquire "If the deacon preaches like this, what must the pastor be?" Another makes us smile while he writes, "My advice would be, take not only the two weeks, but twelve if neces-

sary. Get thoroughly sound before returning to work, and when you do, take it as easy as you can. My experience has been that seven or eight weeks is not sufficient time to recover after being so thoroughly overworked. It was the case with my old horse, 'Major,' a good bit of stuff as ever lived, but too free (very like yourself), would overdo himself if he had the chance, and at last got queer in the legs and giddy in the head. A three months' run on a suitable soil brought him round wonderfully, and on being sold he fetched the original price."

The most cheering news has reached us from our son in Australia. He has been preaching incessantly to full houses in the region around Adelaide. Here also is cause for thankfulness.

Personally we have experienced special mercy in restoration to health. We seem to get better every five minutes. Mentone is still to us a charming retreat, unsurpassed for its warmth, sunshine, and scenery. Nor must any one imagine that it is a spiritually barren spot; for we have seldom known a more happy fellowship. Here are ministers of Church and Dissent forming a practical Evangelical Alliance, besides esteemed brethren and sisters in Christ of no mean order. M. Delapierre, of the French Church, and his assistant minister and evangelist are doing much, not only for the visitors but also for the Mentonese, and they are always glad to manifest a loving interest in members of other churches. One could readily work in Mentone as much as at home, for requests to visit the sick, preach, &c., are of constant occurrence. No one who is ill need fear coming to this place under the notion that they will find no friends and no opportunities for usefulness: if they should come here and make that complaint it will be their own fault.

ORPHANAGE.—Mr. Charlesworth's report is as sweet as it is short. "All well at the Orphanage."

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Gilbert	...	...	...	Mr. Wilcox	...	...	0 10 0
E. D.	...	...	...	Mr. and Mrs. H.	...	...	0 8 0
W. T. Birmingham	...	...	...	Mr. H.	...	...	0 2 6
Mrs. Watson	...	...	...	Mrs. S.	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. J. G. Howlett	...	...	10 0 0	Mr. J. Feltham	...	...	20 0 0
Mrs. C. Robertson	...	...	0 15 0	J. B. C.	...	...	1 0 0
Miss R. Wilkinson	...	...	2 0 0	Miss Winslow	...	...	2 0 0
Mr. J. A. Hart	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. W. Casson	...	...	1 0 0
Mr. W. Fox	...	...	3 0 0	The Tenth of a Servant's Wages	...	...	1 0 0
Eliza and Alfred	...	...	1 0 0	Mr. Darby	...	...	5 0 0
Mr. H. Lever, College Evening Classes	...	...	0 10 0	Mr. J. Leeson	...	...	0 10 0
Mr. R. H. Pomfret	...	...	1 10 0	Mr. J. Hughes	...	...	1 0 0
Gratitude for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery	...	...	0 5 0	Mrs. J. Hughes	...	...	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
John S. Hughes	1	0	0	Collection at Berston Hill Mission			
Mr. E. Turner	5	0	0	Chapel, per Rev. H. Winsor	3	3	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0	Collection at Burwell, per Rev. E. George	2	5	0
Mr. G. James	1	10	0	Students' Collecting Cards	131	17	6
Mr. Mathewson	10	0	0	"A Friend," Southport	50	0	0
Bunch of Keys	0	5	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Jan. 20	30	6	1
Collection at Mansfield Place, Paisley, per Rev. J. Crouch	3	1	0	" " " " "	27	20	3
Collection at Sloane Street, Chelsea, per Rev. G. J. Knight	4	10	8	" " " " "	Feb. 3	28	0
Collection at King's Road, Reading, per Rev. W. Anderson	10	0	0	" " " " "	"	17	34
							9
					£	545	9

## Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 20th to February 10th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Brine's Sunday Class	0	10	0	Mr. C. Clark	0	10	0
In Memoriam, Miss Butterworth	2	2	0	Anon	0	10	0
Miss Webb, per Rev. F. J. Bensken	0	7	6	Sunday School, Darvel	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Jones	0	7	7	T. and H. S. Ashby	0	2	6
Mr. H. D. Marshall	0	10	0	A Mother's Thankoffering	0	10	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	1	0	Anon	1	1	0
Miss Gilbert	0	5	0	Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Farry	2	0	0	Mr. G. James	1	10	0
Baptist Church, Long Preston, by W.				East London Tabernacle Sunday School	6	11	6
Giddings	1	0	0	S. G., per Mr. Atteroll	8	8	0
Mr. Wilcox, Glasgow	0	10	0	Legacy, late Rachel Leach	19	19	0
Widow's Mite	0	2	0	Donations per Bankers	21	0	0
Mr. T. T. Marks	1	1	0	Prince Consort Foresters' Lodge	1	4	0
S. C.	0	10	0	"A Friend," Southport	50	0	0
Orphanage Box at Metropolitan Store E. G. M.	1	5	3	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Sunday School, Aston, per Mr. Harding	0	3	6	Per F. R. T.—			
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	7	0	Mr. Keen	0	5	0
Mr. P. Wolman	0	10	0	Rev. F. Tucker	0	3	0
J. J. S. N.	0	10	6	Mr. Probin	0	3	0
Mr. P. Root and Friend	0	15	0	Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mrs. Watson	0	5	0	Mr. T. Higgins	0	5	0
Mr. G. Beckett	1	0	0	Mrs. Lawrence	6	3	0
Mr. G. Nowell	0	5	0	Mr. H. Brown	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Hollis	5	0	0	Mr. Bremner	0	3	0
Mr. J. G. Howlett	1	0	0	Mrs. G. Dix	0	3	0
Miss Jones, per Mrs. Ellis	10	0	0	Miss Cooke	0	5	0
Miss Maggie J. Fergusson	0	5	0	F. R. T.	0	5	0
Sunday School, Halbeath, per Mr. Watson	0	2	6	Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0
Miss E. Smith	0	3	6	In remembrance	0	5	0
A Grateful Reader	2	0	0	Rev. W. Mummery	0	5	0
Mrs. Munro	0	2	0				3 10 0
Mr. G. Grant	0	10	0	Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. J. A. Hart	0	10	0	Sunday School Mission, Gore-bridge	1	0	0
Mr. William Fox	5	0	0	Young Men's Bible Class, St. Leonard's Street Sun- day School, per E. Burch	0	13	6
Eliza and Alfred	0	10	0	E. J. Farley	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader, Inverness	0	2	6	J. Plumbridge	1	1	0
Mrs. Goodson	0	5	0	Miss Galloway	0	10	0
Mr. H. Lever	0	10	0	"S. M. G."	5	0	0
A Constant Reader, Hull	0	3	6	Mrs. George	5	0	0
Gratitude for Mr. Spurgeon's recovery J. W.	0	10	0	E. Booth	1	7	0
Baptist Sunday School, Lochee	1	12	8	Mrs. Hague	1	0	0
Miss Chisholm	0	13	8	Service of Song, Cam- bridge, V. J. Charles- worth, J. M. Smith, and Choir of Orphan Boys	33	3	6
A Thankoffering for special favours, per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0	10	0	Girls of Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	14	0
Collected by Mr. Reading	0	13	0	Twenty-two Coins, Pillar Box, Orphanage Gates	0	5	3
Mr. James Kennard	1	0	0	Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (see below)	3	17	10
A Friend, Pershore	0	10	0				58 9 1
Mr. W. Clark, Eythorne	2	5	6	Mrs. Green	1	1	0
Ashley and Eastry Sunday Schools	0	15	0	Mr. Watts	1	1	0
Vauxhall Baptist Sunday School, per Rev. G. Hearson	1	1	0				£243 13 9
Mr. Harding	1	5	6				
Collection at Wellington Hall Sunday School, Dover, per Rev. J. F. Frewin	5	0	0				
Miss McLaren	1	1	0				
Mr. H. C. Bunister	1	0	0				
Mrs. Pairey	1	0	0				



Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Manktelow J., 9s; Clarke M., 5s; Davison J., 2s 7d; Wilshire J., 12s 6d; Peckham V., £1 0s 3d; Sandford H., 8s; Dean G. E., 17s 6d; Conquest W., 3s.—Total, £3 17s 10d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—CLOTHING.—50 pair Boys' Boots, Messrs. Meadows and Co.; 50 Flannel Shirts, 21 dozen Collars, The Misses Dransfield; 25 Flannel Shirts, Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road, Brixton.

PROVISIONS.—240 Eggs, Janet Ward; a large Ham, Mrs. Krell; a prime Pig, W. Stevens; a Sack of Flour, Thos. Collins; 2 Cases Oranges, a few of the Old Boys; 2 pieces of Beef (erratum), J. Burrell; some Chocolate Creams and Sweets, Anon.; Case of Homoeopathic Medicines, etc., Anon.

Received from Editor of "Christian Herald" £33 3s. for Orphanage, and other institutions.

## Colportage Association.

### Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Per J. J. Grylls, Esq., for Neston	10	0	0
Per Rev. F. S. Attenborough, Leamington	10	0	0
Haverhill, per Rev. J. L. Phillips	5	0	0
Haverfordwest District	11	1	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Messrs. Hine Brothers, Maryport	10	0	0
North Wilts District	7	10	0
Members of Wednesbury Baptist Chapel, for Gosely District	0	13	6
Oxfordshire Association, Stow	10	0	0
Rhyl District	7	10	0
F. A. Homer, Esq., Sedgley	10	0	0
Dudley, per Rev. W. G. McMichael	6	5	0
Nottingham, per Rev. E. J. Silvertown	10	0	0
Ironbridge, per David White, Esq.	9	0	0
Bacup, per Jas. Aked, Esq.	10	0	0
Birmingham Town Mission	7	0	0
Chesterfield	10	0	0
	£227	4	6

### Subscriptions and Donations to the General

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Nisbet	0	10	0
A Friend, Pershore	0	10	0
Miss Dunn	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
A Valuer of a Colporteur	0	5	0
Friends at Dudley, per Mrs. Wood	1	9	0
Thos. Latham, Esq.	0	10	0
W. G. Macgregor, Esq.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Swain	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gale	0	10	0
Collected for Ludlow by Miss M. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Miss E. M. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Small Sum	0	6	6
	2	6	6
Collecting Box, Mr. J. Kettle	0	1	9
A. M. Aitken, Esq.	3	3	0
"W. H."	1	1	0
Mr. Mathewson	20	0	0
Mr. E. T. Stringer	1	1	0
Mr. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. Hellier	0	10	6
Miss Winslow	5	0	0
Mr. H. Lever	0	5	0
F. E. W., per Mr. Latimer	0	10	0
A Thankful Reader of Sermons	0	5	0
Mrs. Lawson	1	0	0
A New Year's Gift	0	8	6
Mr. W. Pedley	5	5	0
T. A. H. P. W.	10	0	0
	£56	14	3

## Society of Evangelists.

### Statement of Receipts from August, 1877, to February 19, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	150	0	0
Mr. Rains	5	5	0
The Misses Dransfield	10	10	0
Mr. R. May	5	0	0
Mr. Davis	0	10	6
Mr. Potter	2	0	0
Friend, per Mr. Barber	0	2	0
Friend, per Mr. Spurgeon	0	2	0
A Working Man	0	10	0
Mr. H. G. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. Allison	5	0	0
Mrs. Raybold	1	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	2	0
Mr. Tubbey	1	0	0
D. J. H. C.	0	10	0
K., Buckingham	1	0	0
A Friend	0	5	0
Miss Miles	0	2	6
Mr. Mathewson	10	0	0
Per Mr. Runcunder	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. C. Child	5	0	0
Mr. Dyer's Establishment	1	0	0
Proceeds of Annual Meeting	20	11	11
Contributions by Churches:—			
Stockton and Middleton	14	0	0
Bristol	40	0	0
Caine	3	3	0
Melksham	2	0	0
Southsea	25	10	8
Waltham Abbey	0	13	6
Barking Road	1	0	0
Reading	10	10	0
Henley	2	0	0
Trowbridge	3	0	0
Lake Road, Landport	30	0	0
Henley-on-Thames	1	1	0
Clapham	0	10	0
	£360	8	7

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

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.

—◆—  
APRIL, 1878.  
—◆—

## Periodical War Madness.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



FRIEND who was some long time ago prostrated by African fever assures us that he still feels it once a year. The enemy was repulsed in its first assault, but it annually resumes the attack, and will probably do so as long as our friend survives. This curious phenomenon has its parallel in the moral world, for certain evils may be subdued and apparently driven out of a man, and yet they return with great fury and resume their former sway. The like is true of races and nations. At intervals the world goes mad, and mad in the very same direction in which it had confessed its former insanity, and resolved never to rave again. England, at set seasons, runs wild with the war lunacy, foams at the mouth, bellows out "Rule Britannia," shows her teeth, and in general behaves herself like a mad creature: then her doctors bleed her, and put her through a course of depletion until she comes to her senses, settles down to her cotton-spinning and shop-keeping, and wonders what could have ailed her. A very few months ago it would have been difficult to discover an apologist for the Crimean war, and yet in this year of grace 1878 we find ourselves surrounded by a furious crowd whose intemperate language renders it almost a miracle that peace yet continues. If they do not desire war, they are mere bullies; but if they do desire it, they certainly go the right way to bring it about.

One stands amazed at the singular change which has come over the populace, who, if they are faithfully represented by their journals, have learned nothing by experience, but long to thrust their burned hand

again into the fire. The mistakes of former days should minister to the wisdom of the present generation, for history is a nation's education; it is, therefore, to the last degree unfortunate when the people relapse into their acknowledged errors, and repeat the blunders of their sires. If our country has been fairly depicted by the advocates for war, its condition is disappointing to the believer in progress, and alarming to the patriot who gazes into the future. We are still pugnacious, still believers in brute force, still ready to shed blood, still able to contemplate ravaged lands and murdered thousands without horror, still eager to test our ability to kill our fellow men. We are persuaded that a large portion of our fellow citizens are clear of this charge, but the noisier, if not the more numerous party, clamour for a warlike policy as loudly as if it involved no slaughter, and were rather a boon to mankind than an unmitigated curse. A mysterious argument, founded upon the protection of certain mythical "British interests" is set up as an excuse, but the fact is that the national bull-dog wants to fix his teeth into somebody's leg, and growls because he does not quite see how to do it. The fighting instinct is asking to be gratified, and waxes violent because it is denied indulgence.

It is cause for gratitude that the cool heads among us are now sufficiently numerous to act as a check upon the more passionate. We are not now *all* mad at the same time, nor are quite so many bitten by the ban-dog. When last our people barked at the Russian bear, Messrs. Cobden and Bright and a small band of sensible men entered a protest which only enraged the fighting party; but now, thank God, the advocates of peace are heard, and even though abused, their power is felt. They may be unpopular, but they are certainly influential; their opponents have to stand upon the defensive, and exhibit some show of apologetic argument, whereas aforesaid they laughed the peace-man to scorn as un-English, fanatical, and idiotic. Though our people have not advanced as we could desire, yet there has been progress, and that of a solid kind. Statesmen are now found who forego considerations of party to obey the higher dictates of humanity; ministers of the gospel now more frequently denounce the crime of carnage and pray for peace; and among the masses there are juster ideas of the lamentable results of war. We are bound to be thankful even for small mercies, and on that ground we rejoice in the faintest sign of advance towards truthful estimates of bloodshed; but we are sorry to temper our rejoicing with a large measure of regret that our fellow countrymen, ay, and fellow Christians are still so far from being educated upon this most important subject. Many who did run well apparently, and were theoretical lovers of peace, lost their heads in the general excitement and went over to the enemy; some of them, fearful lest English prestige, alias British swagger, should suffer; others afraid that Russia, by capturing Constantinople, would block our road to India; and a third class, carried away by unreasoning sympathy with the dominant feeling around them. Times of feverish excitement test our attachment to great principles, and are probably intended by providence to act as a gauge as to their real growth; viewing the past few months in that light, there has been cause for congratulation, but greater reason for regret.

What is the cause of these periodical outbreaks of passion? Why

does a peaceful nation bluster and threaten for a few months, and even commence fighting, when in a short time it sighs for peace, and illuminates its streets as soon as peace is proclaimed? The immediate causes differ, but the abiding reason is the same—man is fallen, and belongs to a race of which infallible revelation declares “their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace they have not known.” Wars and fightings arise from the inward lusts of the corrupt heart, and so long as human nature is unrenewed, battles and sieges, wars and rumours of wars will make up the history of nations. Civilized man is the same creature as the savage; he is washed and clothed, but intrinsically he is the same being. As beneath the Russian’s skin you find the Tartar, so the Englishman is the savage Briton, or plundering Saxon, wearing broad-cloth made from the wool of the sheep, but with a wild fierce heart within his breast. A prizefight a few years ago excited universal interest, and would do so again if it exhibited gameness and pluck, endurance and mettle. As a race we have these qualities and admire them, and it is idle to deny that if we were unrestrained by education and unrenewed by grace, there is not a man among us but would delight to see, or at least to read of, a fair stand-up fight, whether between fighting men or fighting cocks. We are not cruel, and therefore the brutal contests of Roman gladiators, or the disgusting scenes of Spanish bull-fights, would never be tolerated among us; but we are a fighting nation, and are never better pleased than when we see an exhibition of spirit and courage. Doubtless some good runs side by side with this characteristic of our countrymen, and we are far from wishing to depreciate bravery and valour, but at the same time this is one of the difficulties which the peace advocate must not fail to recognize. A tamer people might more readily adopt our tenets, not from conviction, but from force of circumstances; we find a warrior race slow to learn the doctrine of “peace on earth, good will toward men”; nor may this discourage us, for such a race is worth instructing, and when thoroughly indoctrinated will be mighty to spread abroad the glorious truth. Rome covets England because she knows it to be the centre and pivot of the world, and we covet it also for the self-same reason: let Great Britain once declare from her heart that her empire is peace, and the whole earth shall be in a fair way to sit still and be at rest. We are far from this consummation at present, nor need we wonder when we remember the hearts of men and the passions which rage therein, and especially when we note the peculiarly warlike constituents of which our nation is composed. Observe the bold dash of the Irish, the stern valour of the Scotch, the fierce fire of the Welsh, and the dogged resolution of the English, and you see before you stormy elements ready at any time to brew a tempest.

What, then, is to be done? Shall we unite with the clamorous patriots of the hour and sacrifice peace to political selfishness? Or shall we in silence maintain our own views, and despair of their ever being received by our own countrymen? There is no need to take either course: let us believe in our principles, and wait till the present mania comes to an end. We would persuade all lovers of peace to labour perseveringly to spread the spirit of love and gentleness, which

is indeed the spirit of Christ, and to give a practical bearing to what else may become mere theory. The fight-spirit must be battled with in all its forms, and the genius of gentleness must be cultivated. Cruelty to animals, the lust for destroying living things, the desire for revenge, the indulgence of anger—all these we must war against by manifesting and inculcating pity, compassion, forgiveness, kindness, and goodness in the fear of the Lord. Children must be trained with meekness and not with passion, and our dealings with our fellow-men must manifest our readiness to suffer wrong rather than to inflict it upon others. Nor is this all: the truth as to war must be more and more insisted on: the loss of time, labour, treasure, and life must be shown, and the satanic crimes to which it leads must be laid bare. It is the sum of all villainies, and ought to be stripped of its flaunting colours, and to have its bloody horrors revealed; its music should be hushed, that men may hear the moans and groans, the cries and shrieks of dying men and ravished women. War brings out the devil in man, wakes up the hellish legion within his fallen nature, and binds his better faculties hand and foot. Its natural tendency is to hurl nations back into barbarism, and retard the growth of everything good and holy. When undertaken from a dire necessity, as the last resource of an oppressed people, it may become heroic, and its after results may compensate for its immediate evils; but war wantonly undertaken, for self-interest, ambition, or wounded pride is evil, only evil, and that continually. It ought not to be smiled upon as a brilliant spectacle, nor talked of with a light heart; it is a fitter theme for tears and intercessions. To see a soldier a Christian is a joy; to see a Christian a soldier is another matter. We may not judge another man, but we may discourage thoughtless inclinations in the young and ignorant. A sweeping condemnation would arouse antagonism, and possibly provoke the very spirit we would allay; while quiet and holy influence may sober and ultimately overcome misdirected tendencies. Many of our bravest soldiers are on the side of peace, and in the present crisis have spoken out more boldly on the right side than we might reasonably have expected of them. This must be duly acknowledged and taken into account, and we must speak accordingly. Rash advocates mar the cause they love, and this also is not to be wondered at, since a portion of the same fighting nature is in them also, and leads them to be furious for peace, and warlike on behalf of love. The temptation to fight Christ's battles with the devil's weapons comes upon us all at times, and it is not marvellous that men speak of "fighting Quakers," and "bigots for liberality." We must guard our own spirits, and not lend ourselves to the service of strife by bitter contentions for peace; this, we fear, has not always been remembered, and the consequences have been more lamentable than would at first sight appear: opponents have been needlessly created, and prejudices have been foolishly confirmed. Let us profit by all the mistakes of zealots, and at the same time let us not become so extremely prudent as to lose all earnestness. The cause is a good one, let us urge it onward with blended vigour and discretion.

Seeing that the war-spirit is not slain, and only at the best wounded, we must in quiet times industriously inculcate the doctrines of peace.

The work begun must be deepened and made more real, and where nothing has been taught we must begin in real earnest. It is wise to keep the evil spirit down when it is down. We had better shear its locks while it sleeps, for if once the giant awakes it snaps all arguments as Samson broke the new ropes. As a drunkard should be reasoned with in his sober intervals, and not when he is in liquor, so must our nation be instructed in peace when its fit of passion is over, and not when it is enraged. Have we well and wisely used the period since the last great war? Perhaps not; and it may be that the late ebullition has come to warn us, lest we beguile ourselves into the false notion that a millennium has commenced, and dream that men are about to beat their spears into pruning-hooks. Peace teaching, which is but another name for practical gospel teaching, must be incessant, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" must resound from our pulpits, and be practised in our homes. "Let us love one another, for love is of God," must be more in our hearts and lives. Above all we must evangelize the masses, carry the truth of the loving God to their homes, preach Jesus and his dying love in their streets, and gather men to his fold. All soul-saving work is a blow at the war-spirit. Make a man a Christian, and he becomes a lover of his race; instruct him, and he becomes ashamed of blows and battles; sanctify him, and he sweetens into an embodiment of love. May the Holy Ghost do such work on all sides among our countrymen, and we shall see their outbursts of rage become less frequent and less violent, for there will be a strong counteracting influence to keep down the evil, and to restrain it when in a measure it breaks loose.

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### Too True.

IT is to be feared that an immense amount of time and money is wasted in these days upon mere schemes. The clergy are ready to rely upon everything rather than upon the substantial claims of their message. One party takes to new dresses, banners, and processions; another to penny readings, political lectures, and concerts. They change from one thing to another day by day, and the result is only a weary waste of their own time and the creation of a certain amount of social feeling, which might equally be produced without the supernatural influence of the church and religion. Religious truths, if they are what they are believed to be, cannot need all this trivial machinery to recommend them; and religious convictions, which are to be of any value, must be produced and maintained by more simple and permanent means. If we may judge by the history of the church, both in early and modern times, a man of true religious feeling needs nothing but a room and a Bible, in order to produce the greatest results. The one thing essential is not new plans, new experiments, and daily changes, but a belief in the power of the permanent truths of the Christian religion, and a devotion to these, and to these alone.—*The Times*.

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## Mademoiselle Lenoir—an example.

OUR object in editing this magazine has always been of the most practical kind. We are ready to smite error with *the sword*, but we earnestly desire to build up the church with *the trowel*. To this end we would continually endeavour to promote Christian usefulness. We long to see all the children of God shedding their light far and near, and by no means hiding it under a bushel, or calculating how much oil their lamp consumes per hour, or flashing for the sake of display, or repining because they cannot emulate the new electric light. We would have the trees in the Lord's vineyard known by their fruits rather than by the peculiar twist of their branches. Practical religion is needed in this practical age. We must show our faith by our works. Hence we have gathered examples from all quarters, with the view of stimulating to earnest endeavours, for facts have a language much more convincing than mere opinions; a life is more telling than a lecture, a godly deed more powerful than a discourse. Nor have we been very squeamish about agreement in all points with the workers whom we have introduced to our readers, for we know our friends to be too sensible to suppose that we endorse everything because we commend something; and we feel also that at times a noble example is all the more influential when exhibited by those who have less light and fewer advantages than ourselves. When we see holiness and self-sacrifice in persons of doubtful creed it should be all the louder a reproof to our shortcomings. If in persons whose minds are darkened by a degree of error so much that is admirable may be found, what manner of persons ought we to be to whom clearer instruction has been given? If in a comparatively sterile country fair flowers are grown, what ought to be the products of the favoured isle where grace has been pleased to create a garden of the Lord?

Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare has written a very useful work, entitled "A Winter at Mentone," and as our library is very small while staying in our quiet retreat, we have made all the more use of such works as we have, and have carefully studied Mr. Hare's pages. Having been interested and instructed we felt that we could not do amiss if we culled from the book certain paragraphs which refer to Mademoiselle Lenoir, of whom we know only what our author tells us, but we suppose from his description of her condition that she has ere this passed away and ended her life-work. Her mission was a noble one, and bravely did she carry it out. A lady at the head of a school has great power for good or for evil; she may bless future generations or curse them. We know ladies who are educators of such daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers as a nation needs, and of such maidens and matrons as the church requires. May God bless them in their honourable profession, and teach them how to teach their youthful charge. Would to God that every governess were so gifted by nature and so taught by grace as to be both kind and wise, loving and firm, so as to influence her girls for good throughout their whole future: we scarcely know of a greater blessing to a community than to have such a wise woman in it, nor does any member of society deserve a larger reward. But it is not in this department alone that much may be done for

noblest ends, for every sphere presents its own special opportunities, and they who are right in heart will seize upon them. It would have been fatal for Mademoiselle Lenoir's usefulness if she had neglected the opportunities of her governess-ship because she would have preferred another position; and it will be equally idle if any one of us should leave unused the advantages of our own calling, because we are not governesses, and dream that in no other sphere could we be useful. Let each do that which lies nearest to hand in the name of God, and good will come of it.

Here is the record of the benefactress of Mentone, may it help to raise up like workers in our neglected villages and hamlets.

‘I asked one day, ‘To whom do the upper classes in Mentone owe their general knowledge and intelligence about everything?’

‘Oh, to Mademoiselle Lenoir.’

‘Where did they get their strong religious feeling and ready discernment of right and wrong?’

‘It came from Mademoiselle Lenoir.’

‘What leads people to be so charitable in Mentone, and to take so much trouble to prevent poverty among their poorer neighbours?’

‘It is owing to Mademoiselle Lenoir.’

‘Where do people go to in the afternoon, as they turn up the narrow street where the Mairie is, and stop at a house there?’

‘They go to consult Mademoiselle Lenoir.’

‘And how did this lady gain this great influence?’

‘By love.’

‘Then how active and strong Mademoiselle Lenoir must be!’

‘No, Mademoiselle Lenoir has been bedridden for two years.’

‘How, then, has she been able to carry on all her good works?’

‘By love.’

‘Is she very rich?’

‘No, she is very poor indeed, she has scarcely anything.’

‘How does she then live?’

‘Oh, Mademoiselle Lenoir lives on love.’

‘After hearing all this, I naturally longed to see this lady who had done so much for the place, who was so loving and so beloved, and whose sick chamber is like a shrine, where people go for assistance and advice. Soon I had a message to say that she would be willing and able to receive me.

‘Twenty-two years ago, Mademoiselle Lenoir, who had spent many years in Russia as a governess, came to Mentone, intending to spend a short time there. During the time she had intended to stay, however, she saw enough of the ignorance which prevailed, and its effects upon the character of the people, to touch her deeply. For herself, she was then young, strong, energetic, and highly educated. She had no particular object left in life, and her aged mother, the only near relative she had in the world, was willing to make a home with her wherever she wished, so she was determined to devote her life to a work which seemed to her to have been especially thrown in her way, when other occupations failed. When she arrived at Mentone the upper classes were in a state of almost heathen darkness and ignorance; the men merely careless and mindless, the women engrossed with dress and



frivolities, both without taste or acquirements; and her impression was that raising *their* minds through education would be the easiest and surest means of obtaining a good influence over the lower classes afterwards, and thus raising the standard both of intellect and morality throughout Mentone. So she opened a school, which at first contained only three pupils, but which all the young gentry of Mentone afterwards considered it their greatest happiness to attend. The foundation of all her teaching was love; and whilst she poured out the treasures of her own richly-stored mind to her scholars love was the ruling principle of action, which it was her first object to instil. Her first pupils grew up around her loving and honouring her: and as mistresses of households and mothers of families they still found that their best friend and wisest counsellor was the gentle governess who had watched over their youth. The peasants learnt also to honour one who had worked so great a change in the characters of their superiors; the sick clung to her whose experience and knowledge rendered her as useful as a physician, whilst her gentle voice and motherlike sweetness lightened the dreariness of the dark chamber, and fell like balm upon their sufferings; mourners came to her for sympathy, which no one else knew so well how to give; little children of former pupils sprang up around her and called her blessed. Even Florestan, the wicked prince of Monaco, acknowledged her virtues, and on more than one occasion had recourse to her knowledge of the character of his subjects, of which he himself was utterly ignorant. He recognised his sense of her services by a pension; and when the avaricious Caroline, Princess of Monaco, who had always been opposed to this display of generosity, suggested on a public occasion, in hopes of drawing it back into the treasury, 'that Mentone required more of Mademoiselle Lenoir than her strength would admit of, and that it would be a good thing for her if she would seek some sphere of usefulness which would be less fatiguing to her;' he was heard to reply sternly, 'Caroline, it might be a good thing for Mademoiselle Lenoir if she were to give up Mentone, but it would be a bad thing indeed for Mentone if it were to lose Mademoiselle Lenoir.'

"Her mother died, and Mademoiselle Lenoir was left alone, yet not alone even in this world, for her former pupils clung around her like daughters; and when two years ago illness came upon her, with sufferings which death alone can terminate, three of them, who knew the distress it would be to her if her work should fall to the ground, voluntarily undertook to keep up her school in her name, and in the room adjoining her own chamber her teaching still continues through their instrumentality. For two hours only in the afternoon, an interval of the most terrible suffering, is Mademoiselle Lenoir still able to see people, or occupy herself as before; and then she sometimes still has her classes to her bedside, sometimes gives advice to their teachers, sometimes admits the poor, and occasionally receives visitors. Her pension ceased at the annexation of Mentone to France, and she was left in a state of the greatest poverty, but she has rooms in the house of General Partouneau, the father of one of her earliest pupils, and he and his children visit her daily, and lavish the same care upon her which they would bestow upon one of their own family. When I saw her she was half sitting up in bed, supported by pillows, her face occasionally

convulsed with pain, but yet bearing an expression of the most inexpressible sweetness, cheerfulness, and resignation. When young she must have been very beautiful, and her manner is still so winning, that it is easy to understand how she gained the influence which has made her so remarkable. Her room is full of prints and photographs, memorials of her former pupils and friends, and has a very cheerful appearance; but that which really makes you forget you are in a sick chamber when you are with Mademoiselle Lenoir, is the inward joy and peace which beams from her eyes, and which no suffering or trial can destroy; and to her the Mentonese apply with truth their ancient proverb, 'To the one who walks well the way is never long.'

Here is a notable example. Dear reader, imitate Mademoiselle Lenoir by doing all that you can for those around you. Wield the grand instrument of *love*, for love is of God. Be a living sacrifice, and so shall you live in the hearts of thousands.

### The Great Builder and his Work.

**S**PEAKING of that enormous mountain peak known as the Matterhorn, which is the universal admiration of Alpine travellers, a writer says that the materials of which it is composed are remarkable, and he goes on to give us the following description: "Few architects would like to build with them. The slope of the rocks to the north-west is covered two feet deep with their ruins, a mass of loose and slaty shale, of a dull red brick colour, which yields beneath the feet like ashes, so that, in running down, you step one yard and slide three. The rock is indeed hard beneath, but still disposed in thin courses of these cloven shales, so finely laid that they look in places more like a heap of crushed autumn leaves than a rock, and the first sensation is one of unmitigated surprise, as if the mountain were upheld by miracle; but surprise becomes more intelligent reverence for the Great Builder when we find, in the middle of the mass of these dead leaves, a course of living rock, of quartz as white as the snow that encircles it, and harder than a bed of steel. It is only one of a thousand iron bands that knit the strength of the mighty mountain. Through the buttress and the wall alike the courses of its varied masonry are seen in their successive order, smooth and true as if laid by line and plummet, but of thickness and strength continually varying, and with silver cornices glittering along the edge of each, laid by the snowy winds and carved by the sunshine."

Now, all this suggests a parable. The church of God, that glorious mountain of his habitation, is apparently built of very frail materials. The saints are, to all appearance, more like "a heap of crushed autumn leaves than a rock," and beneath the feet of tyrants and persecutors they seem to yield like ashes; and yet the church defies the storm and towers aloft, the obelisk of the truth, the eternal pillar of almighty grace. Faith, with eagle gaze, perceives the thousand iron bands which prevent the disintegration of the mass, and the central foundation harder than a bed of steel upon which the colossal fabric rests. The church abideth for ever: infinite love, faithfulness, and power sustain her, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. C. H. S.

## Whitefield the Preacher.\*

WHITEFIELD was born at that exciting juncture in the history of our country which our fathers recognised as the triumph of the Protestant Succession. On the 20th of December, 1714, when the future preacher first saw the light at his mother's tavern in Gloucester, Queen Anne had been dead nearly five months, and with her last breath also died the last hope of Jacobitism and Popery in England. At the same time the victory of the Protestant cause did not always mean the spread of gospel principles; for, having escaped the dangers arising from the suicidal schemes of a Popish king, the Church of England lapsed into that fatal lethargy which continued until the awakening of Methodism. The times were also times of extremes common to an era of war and revolution. The elegance of its literature was remarkable; no less remarkable was the ignorance and moral degradation of the main body of the people. While Romish and other political treason-mongers were sleeplessly active, society sustained shock after shock of alarm; but thanks to the vigilance of those who had the keeping of the State, treason either ended in mere noise or in futile attempts to seize the reins of power by force of arms. With patriots like Gilbert Burnet in the Establishment, and Thomas Bradbury among Nonconformists, the barque of Protestantism escaped the breakers to descend to us as our most valuable heritage. To such notable natures purity of doctrine in religion was dearer than political freedom, but while defending the one they were too sagacious to let slip the other, and therefore politics were cared for as well as religion by such advanced spirits; but the masses were led by names and party cries, and knew little or nothing of true godliness or pure morality.

Such having been the condition of the times, Whitefield may not be set down as a favourite of fortune. The inn, to the drudgery of which he succeeded by birth, was anything but a first-class hostelry, and sweeping the bar, drawing ale for vulgar customers, and reading trifling books in leisure hours did not constitute a desirable educational discipline. Coffee-houses were in their prime; but coaching was in its infancy, the bad roads not allowing of much to be accomplished in rapid travelling, so that few intelligent travellers came in the young barman's way. His surroundings were unfavourable; we have no authority for supposing them to have been altogether vicious. Mrs. Whitefield appears to have been a respectable woman, who, according to her light, desired that her son should rise to better things. At any rate, her teaching was better than her son's practice. After conversion, good men have often painted themselves blacker than they really were—their object being to magnify the sovereign grace of God—but in the case of Whitefield we have penitent revelations of early sins such as should have been confessed in private prayer, but might perhaps wisely have been withheld from the public: of this, however, the good man was probably a better judge than we can be. It is only fair to remember, however, that prior to conversion he visibly improved in morals

\* The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, B.A. By Rev. L. Tyroman. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

as he grew in years. In childhood his education was neglected, though the time he passed at the school of St. Mary, "partly in acquiring learning and partly in acting plays," was a training which he utilized in after days. When the poor barman had reached the age of seventeen, he and his mother heard "the story of the poor servitor of Pembroke College, who by serving others had paid all his college expenses, and had saved a penny." Quick to perceive an opportunity, Mrs. Whitefield said to her son, "George, will you go to Oxford?" To which George replied, "Yes, with all my heart." That answer marked a turning point in the family history. Indeed, to quote the well-chosen words of the great preacher's last and best biographer, "George's decision, prompt action, and hard-working ambition, displayed pluck not unworthy of the man, who, in later years, braved brutal mobs with heroic boldness, and who, when the present comforts of oceanic travelling were things unthought about, again and again crossed the turbulent Atlantic, and, constrained by the love of Christ his Saviour, tramped American woods and swamps, seeking sinners and trying to save them." A few months subsequently he was one of the Holy Club at Oxford.

His preparation, from first to last, for that active and successful service in which he was afterwards engaged, is one of the most romantic passages in all religious biography. Could heaven be won by human merit he would have been the man to win the eternal prize. No Pharisee of the strictest sect ever surpassed Whitefield in ritual observances, and what he must have suffered from starvation on Wednesdays, Fridays, and especially at more holy seasons, is best known to the enthusiasts who have tried the same regimen. He was saved from bilious attacks by fasting "thrice a week for thirty-six hours together;" private devotions were attended to several times a day; no Sabbath was ever passed without its sacrament, its tears, and extra service. But all this was every-day religion, and as such comparatively commonplace; to have seen his piety in its utmost prime we must have watched the extraordinary rigours of Lent. The wonder is that he did not succumb to starvation, but he held out during the prescribed forty days, going to church three times, and praying seven times every day. All this time he knew nothing about the new birth; but in due season the heavenly Teacher revealed to him his error, and then, to use his own words, "O what a ray of divine light did break in upon my soul." Before the change he had been taciturn; but now he must speak and write in order that the good news might be published abroad. The day of his conversion unloosed his tongue, and influenced his whole after life; never did he walk through Oxford without visiting the spot where the sweet thunder of the words, "Ye must be born again," had broken the spell which was blighting his life.

Though converted he was still a babe in Bible learning; his views of truth were far from being so full and clear as they subsequently became: like others, it was necessary that he should not only grow in grace but in the knowledge of Jesus. Young and immatured as he was, however, Mr. Tyreman informs us that he burst upon the world "like a blazing comet," when he began his career by engaging in that itinerant work in which he was destined to excel. His sermons were so entirely original that the preacher was in the best sense an innovator. His

taking Scripture for granted, his application of its truth to the sinner's need, and his stirring appeals, glowing with the earnestness of holy enthusiasm, together constituted something different from what people had been accustomed to in that sleepy, luxurious age, and to some it seemed as though the trumpet-voice of a new prophet were ringing through the land calling everybody to repentance. No one had ever heard of him, and the appearance of such a phenomenon was quite unexpected in the comfortable religious world, and therefore Whitefield was soon regarded as the eighth wonder of the universe. His name got into the newspapers; he was commended on the one hand and sneered at on the other hand. The wits levelled their poisoned lances, and even coffee-house loungers were anxious to learn what the youthful babbler would say. He did not by slow degrees work out his amazing popularity, he leaped to it at once, and from the outset his prayer was that he might pass "unhurt through the fiery furnace" of human applause. The evangelist's own words acquaint us with the nature of the situation better than could be done by the more polished language of the historian. At Bristol "it was wonderful to see how the people hung upon the rails of the organ-loft, climbed up on the leads of the church, and made the church itself so hot with their breath that the steam would drop from the pillars like drops of rain." Nor did the impression end with the service. "Multitudes, after sermon, followed me home weeping," he says, "and the next day I was employed from seven in the morning till midnight in talking and giving spiritual advice to awakened souls." During his first visit to London in 1737 the town was so thoroughly roused that nothing similar to the scenes had ever been witnessed since the hearing age of Puritanism. The ecclesiastical prejudice of a year or two later not yet being matured, nearly all the churches were open to the preacher, and a novice from the country had not gone the round of London sights until, lantern in hand, he joined the throng who at five or six o'clock in the morning heard Mr. Whitefield at one of the city sanctuaries. "The sight of the congregations was awful," remarks the evangelist. "One might, as it were, walk on the people's heads, and thousands went away from the largest churches for want of room. . . In a short time I could no longer walk on foot as usual, but was constrained to go in a coach from place to place to avoid the hosannas of the multitude. They grew quite extravagant in their applauses, and, had it not been for my compassionate High Priest, popularity would have destroyed me."

From all this it will appear that Whitefield was the prime originator of the Methodist movement in its public form; and indeed Mr. Tyreman, a truly impartial biographer, admits that he prepared the way for the after progress of the Wesleys. The revival was very general, Dissenters in common with Anglicans participating in the blessing; and for a churchman of that age the large-heartedness and catholicity of Whitefield were as remarkable as his preaching gifts. Yet even such a heavenly nature could not all at once cast aside the follies and pretensions of the State church. The luckless Baptist "teacher" of Deal, where the great preacher called when on his way to America, was sharply reproved for "taking the ministerial function without being called as was Aaron." His other acts of ecclesiastical discipline

were more extraordinary than profitable. A child of four years, who was so frightfully incorrigible as to refuse to say the Lord's Prayer when ordered to do so, was beaten until he complied on his knees, when he was rewarded with fruit. Another example of juvenile indecorum, who misbehaved himself at public prayer on shipboard, "Whitefield ordered . . . to be tied with cords, and to be kept tied till he learned, and could repeat, the fifty-first Psalm from memory. The lad performed his penance, repeated the psalm with great solemnity in the midst of the congregation, and was then released from his ignominious bonds."

But it was not as a favourite son of the church that Whitefield was to win souls for his Master; the time was at hand when the clergy would revile him, and for the most part close the doors of their churches against him. In 1737, on the eve of his departure for America, all London appeared to be stirred; but on his return in the following year the tide was so completely turned that the clergy regarded his name as synonymous with disorder and fanaticism. By way of stimulating the work in progress nothing more providential could have occurred, and some such medicine was necessary to correct Whitefield's leaning towards an empty ecclesiasticism. This change in the disposition of the clergy was partly owing to the indiscretion of friends in publishing the poor evangelist's diary *verbatim* without asking permission, or exercising any common sense in editing the work. The preacher was now shunned where he was formerly courted, and reviled by those who had sounded his praise.

At the same time the opposition was so far from being universal that a considerable remnant of the clergy remained faithful, while the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishops Benson and Butler were among the despised Methodist's friends. The highborn ladies and gentlemen, moreover, who either for love or against their inclination, were attracted by the charm of the preacher's eloquence, were numerous. The Earl and Countess of Huntingdon are familiar names. There were, besides the Duchess of Buckingham who thought it was "highly offensive and insulting" to be reminded of her need of a change of heart, the Duchess of Queensberry, "celebrated for extraordinary beauty"; and Ladies Lisburne and Hinchinbroke, both of whom were affected and profited hearers. There may have been others; but when the multitude was moved to repentance, who would be careful to catalogue the exceptional grandees who stood among the crowd? The opposition stimulated the curiosity of high and low; the closed doors of the State Churches taught Whitefield that, like his Master, he must preach in the open air, and henceforth the immense assemblies which congregated, even in winter weather, were a glorious feature of the great awakening which his zeal had inaugurated.

London had never yet seen a year of evangelistic excitement in any way equal to that of the year 1739. Even the amiable Doddridge was mistaken enough to class Whitefield among weak men; Dr. Watts thought he was somewhat enthusiastic; though Dr. Johnson, with a quicker eye to discern the needs of the times and the quality of the instrument, afterwards accorded the preacher his due as a God-sent friend of the common people. The day had come when only one pulpit in London

was open to him—that of Islington—and even there, because opposed by the churchwardens, Whitefield adjourned to a tombstone. The scoffs and scurrilities of the clergy were so much oil to feed the fires of popular enthusiasm, and under this head the movement was considerably indebted to the violent anti-methodistical sermons and pamphlets of Dr. Joseph Trapp. Dr. Joseph had substantial reasons for wishing that things might remain as they were, seeing he was a notorious pluralist who pocketed the revenues of four livings, two of which were in the City, and a man whose comfort was that “Pluralities are the stale topic of every ignorant creature who hates the church”; or to use the words of Whitefield himself, he was a man who acted “the character of a vain libertine, full of self-love and earthly desires.” Dr. Trapp’s desire was that good loyal citizens should copy his own example, and not be righteous overmuch. The doctor commanded a large audience of hearers and readers, who appreciated his advice because it was in sympathy with their own tastes—it was convenient in a loose age to have texts grossly misinterpreted until license assumed the guise of virtue. Fortunately the bulk of the English people were not readers of pamphlets, nor did they sit at the feet of polite preachers. They knew that their great evangelist was excluded from the churches, and they were content to make a temple of wide spaces of ground like Moorfields or Kennington-common.

The cardinal truths of the gospel had for so long dropped from the sermons of ordinary preachers that the exclusion of Whitefield from their pulpits now looks like a merciful provision for giving back to the people that which had been wrongfully withheld, and a gracious means for the louder proclamation of that knowledge which is life and peace.

It was not the first time that the people were found to be wiser than their teachers. By tens of thousands the populace flocked to Kennington-common, to Blackheath, to Moorfields, hundreds being on horseback or seated in their coaches. If Whitefield was accused of being an enthusiast he hardly cared to deny the charge while the mob were willing to listen, and behaved in so orderly a manner as to set the clergy an example of good behaviour.

It is astonishing to be told that these open-air discourses were sometimes nearly a couple of hours in length. “The cries of the wounded are heard on every side,” said Charles Wesley. “What has Satan gained by turning him out of the churches?” The question asked by the poet of Methodism is still being answered, for since that day opposition has only served to advance the triumph of the gospel. Whitefield was quick to perceive the advantages of his position, and his joy must have reached its culminating point when he saw his glorious example boldly copied by the Wesley brothers. With three such champions in the field the revival was fanned until its flame became too vehement for any human opposition to damp its fires.

During the year 1739 Satan raged, and dozens of pamphlets, either maligning or defending the arch innovator, were published, the larger portions being poisoned arrows intended to blast the character and destroy the usefulness of the still youthful preacher. Emboldened by success, however, as well as by the popular excitement and the unparalleled willingness of the people to hear, Whitefield was able to

turn on his assailants by exhibiting to the world the character of the men who were the decriers of gospel doctrines. "Is it becoming a minister of the Church of England," he asks, "to frequent those places of polite entertainment which are condemned by all serious and good men? Is it not inconsistent with all goodness for ministers to frequent playhouses, balls, masquerades? Would it not better become them to visit the poor of their flock, to pray with them, and to examine how it stands with God and their souls? Would it not be more agreeable to the temper of the blessed Jesus to be going about doing good, than going about setting evil examples? How frequent is it for the poor and illiterate people to be drawn away more by example than by precept? How frequent is it for them to say, 'Sure there can be no crime in going to a play, or to an alehouse—no crime in gaming and drinking, when a minister of our own church does this.' This is the common talk of poor, ignorant people, who are too willing to follow the examples of their teachers. The examples of the generality of the clergy occasion many persons, committed to their charge, to run to the devil's entertainments. Good God! are these the men who are charging others with making too great a noise about religion?" Such passages are pictures of the times which no student of history can afford to overlook. Whitefield had his critics, but he himself could in turn lash the follies of his traducers. At any rate his words enable us to apprehend the full meaning of the language of the Duchess of Somerset, when she said that Dr. Trapp's "Great Folly of being Righteous over-much," was "a doctrine which does not seem absolutely necessary to be preached to the people of the present age."

An old divine remarks that the best evidence of a man's being great is the fact that God is with him. This was the spring of Whitefield's power. Neither to contemporaries nor to posterity was he a man of uncommon strength of mind. He was impulsive, impatient, he did indiscreet things; he would himself have been the first to admit that he was a wonderful living example of how the weak things of the world may confound the wise. He never earned popularity by concealing truth, or yielding to compromise; on the contrary, his denunciations of the vices of the period were unsparingly severe. If we carefully consider the character of the age his plain dealing will appear perfectly amazing. The clergy were not only denounced as lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, their pulpit teaching was shown to be not a whit higher than that of the heathen philosophers—"The clergy charge us with being over-righteous; but let them take care lest they are not over remiss." The people who thought they would be able to win salvation by going to church and saying their prayers were rudely awakened out of their dream—"O Good God! thou knowest that I wish I could bring all men off from this undoing delusion that will but betray them into everlasting misery." If the aristocracy followed him in their coaches it was not because he tickled their ears with fine phrases or complimentary laudations. "O ye Pharisees, what fruits do ye bring forth?" he once asked them. "Why are you moral, polite creatures? You do your endeavours, and Jesus is to make up the rest. You esteem yourselves fine, rational, and polite beings, and think it too unfashionable to pray. It is not polite enough. Perhaps you



have read some prayers, but know not how to pray from your hearts. No, by no means ! That was being righteous overmuch ! But if once, my brethren, you were sensible of being lost, damned creatures, and saw hell gaping ready to receive you, then, O then, you would cry earnestly unto the Lord to receive you, to open the door of mercy unto you." He dealt in a similar way with the vulgar crowds who were ever willing to listen to his appeals: there was no pandering to the pride of that human nature which he once defined as being a mixture of brute and devil. Even now we seem to hear the tones of the preacher's voice—thunder-like in power and bell-like in clearness—reaching to the utmost limits of Kennington-common. "O that I had ten thousand lives to give away, that I might win you to Christ ! Had I the tongue of an angel, that I might speak so loud that the whole world could hear me, I would bid the Christian world preach a common salvation, a common Saviour, for all who lay hold on him by faith. Are you seeking where to wash ? I tell you not to go to the river Jordan, but to the blood of Christ. You need not fear to go. Though he has given grace to thousands, he has still enough. Come, ye publicans ; come, ye harlots ; come to Jesus Christ. O do not let me go without my errand. Do not force me to say, ' Who has believed my report ? ' I cannot bear the thought of it. I must lift up my voice like a trumpet, begging you to lay down your arms, and to return home, that your loving Father may dress you in his spotless robe."

The phenomenon of London was repeated on the continent of America when Whitefield returned to the New World in 1739. Benjamin Franklin, the now celebrated printer of Philadelphia, was astonished at the rapt admiring attention of the crowd, notwithstanding the preacher's "common abuse of them, by assuring them they were half beasts and half devils."

Franklin was a warm-hearted friend of Whitefield, and he was one whose conversion was ardently longed for by the evangelist. Though we are not informed that this holy desire was granted, we are acquainted with the more than magic power which the eloquence of the one exercised over the mind of the other. All readers are acquainted with the anecdote of Franklin's not intending to give to the collection, and then at last, in spite of himself, emptying his pockets into the plate—halfpence, silver, and gold ! The testimony of such a common-sense observer is among the most interesting reminiscences of the Whitefieldian revival. "He had a loud and clear voice," says Franklin in a word-picture of his earnest friend, "and articulated his words so perfectly that he might be heard and understood at a great distance, especially as his auditors observed the most perfect silence. He preached one evening from the top of the Court-house steps, which are in the middle of Market Street, and in the west side of Second Street, which crosses it at right angles. Both streets were filled with his hearers to a considerable distance. Being among the hindermost in Market Street I had the curiosity to learn how far he could be heard by retiring backwards down the street towards the river, and I found his voice distinct till I came near Front Street, when some noise in that street obscured it. Imagining, then, a semicircle of which my distance should be the radius, and that it was filled with auditors, to whom I allowed two

square feet, I computed that he might well be heard by more than thirty thousand. By hearing him often, I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of the voice was so perfectly well tuned and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse." At the Philadelphian Exhibition in 1876 was shown Whitefield's pinewood pulpit, a portable article such as could be easily taken to pieces, and from which it is considered that the gospel was proclaimed to upwards of ten million souls.

We shall not attempt to trace the story to its close by following Whitefield through all his perils by sea and land during his seven journeys to America. For long he was the elected pastor of a parish in the wilds of the New World; but his connection with the people was more nominal than otherwise, his real parish stretching into both hemispheres. He was evidently raised up for a special purpose, and he accomplished his life-work in an apostolic manner; indeed, he has been fitly called the seraphic Whitefield. Though he has often served biographers with a subject, the work of Mr. Tyreman is the standard life of the great preacher. It is the fullest, and it is also the most readable, being a really entertaining book; and, furthermore, a number of misleading errors concerning facts and dates, which one scribe has bequeathed to another for generations, for the first time have been carefully avoided. We trust our paper may induce many a reader to purchase and peruse the Life of Whitefield, and we pray that many young preachers may partake of his spirit, and follow his example.

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## Our Neighbours.

A GENTLEMAN once said to Dr. Skinner, who was asking aid for foreign missions, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I won't give anything except to home missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbours." "Well," the doctor made reply, "whom do you regard as your neighbours?" "Why, those around me." "Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" "Yes." "Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much land do you own?" "About five hundred acres," was the reply. "How far down do you own it?" enquired Dr. Skinner. "Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I am half way through?" "Exactly," said the doctor; "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the Chinese—the men whose land joins yours at the bottom." Every Christian should say in a higher sense than the heathen poet, "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me." To a believer in Christ all men are neighbours.

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## Canon Farrar on "Future Life Questions."

AT the present time, among many sections of the Christian Church, there is being asked this question: "What do you think of the latest expression of opinion on Future Life Questions as given by Canon Farrar in his three sermons on these subjects?" The notoriety which "The Life of Christ" has given to its author has, to many minds, invested him with an authority which it is both heresy and folly in any to dare to oppose or question. To this new oracle a kind of sacred unapproachableness is accorded by his devotees, which makes his utterances to be, to them at least, half-inspired. For ourselves, having ventured to read the sermons, we have come away from them with a sense of the utter weakness of the arguments, if arguments they can be called, whereby it is sought to overthrow the old-fashioned belief in the eternity of future punishment: and with a disappointed feeling of the inadequacy of the theory which it is sought to substitute for the orthodox faith.

Now, since one of our most serious objections to the whole of the sermons is the tremendous disproportion between the statement and the proof, we shall endeavour to show that our opinion, as expressed above, is not without foundation.

The first thing that struck us as being unfavourable was the amount of misrepresentation of his opponents in which the preacher was obliged to indulge in order to command the sympathy and carry with him the convictions of his hearers and readers. Taking his first sermon on this subject—and with that we shall at present deal—it will easily be seen to what lengths of misrepresentation even a learned canon, and the popular author of "The Life of Christ," was obliged to resort in order to overthrow this "impenetrable tradition"—as he is pleased to call it. After having, in the first paragraph, used his powers as a word-painter (the Canon's great faculty) to depict the amount of sin which still exists in so-called Christian lands, and after having vividly described the anxious questionings which such a state of things would suggest to every thinking man, the Canon proceeds to say that he will give the best answer he can to these enquiries. In doing so he cannot refrain from attacking by a side stroke all who have the audacity to differ from him, and the following is the courteous way in which he describes them. They are "those who take loose conjectures for established certainties, those who care more for authority than for reason and conscience, those who pretend to dignify with the name of Scriptural argument the ever-widening spirals of dim and attenuated inference out of the narrow aperture of single texts, those who talk with the glib self-complacency of an ignorance which takes itself for knowledge, as though they alone had been admitted into what, with unconscious blasphemy, they call the council-chamber of the Trinity; they, perhaps, may speak readily of fire and brimstone, and may feel the consolatory glow of a personal security as they dilate upon the awfulness and the finality of the sufferings of the damned." This we venture to call a fearful and dishonest caricature of the orthodox belief and its defenders. Is all the "conjecture" on the orthodox side? Is all the "*certainty*" on the Farrar side? Do all the defenders of the old-fashioned faith care more for

authority than for reason and conscience? Who is our learned Canon that he dares thus to judge his fellow-teachers, and brand them as unreasonable and dishonest to their consciences, because they happen to differ from him? Who told him that his opponents "speak readily of fire and brimstone, and feel the consolatory glow of a personal security as they dilate upon the awfulness and the finality of the sufferings of the damned"? Granted, that there may be some few whose complete submission to a crude creed has crushed out of them all sense of sympathy with their sinful brethren; but is it fair to take them as a sample of the orthodox party, and then attack it? "Fire and brimstone"! Why, thousands of the orthodox, both lay and ministerial, have no belief in the *physical* as the *chief* element of suffering in the future punishment of the lost! but they believe that, given to man a sinful and ungodly spirit and an immortal nature—neither of which Canon Farrar will deny—they believe that Christ will say to the finally impenitent, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." They have no desire to be more charitable (?) than Christ; no ambition to be more loving (?) than the God who is love. To be compelled thus to caricature your opponent in the beginning of your attack is the sure sign of a bad cause; it is the old lawyer dodge, "Got no case, so must abuse the plaintiff's attorney."

Is it not strange that that view of God's dealings which is so loud in its boast of the exclusive possession of the spirit of gospel love and sympathy should need to descend to such severe language when dealing with its opponents?

A little further on the Canon tells us that those who teach the orthodox opinion are "hard and narrow bigots," and that their teachings "reek like acrid fumes from the poisonous crucible of mean and loveless hearts." The preacher certainly has revelled in Dante to advantage, for the language which he uses as descriptive of those who differ from him exceeds in its "intolerable ghastrliuiness" the poet's most imaginative flights. But we suppose that such clerical Billingsgate must be allowed and tolerated in a Canon who speaks "ex cathedra," the Westminster infallibility, only one step below that of the Vatican, making what is sin in others to be grace in him. A little further on, after having played on the feelings of auditors and readers by enlarging on the physical ideas of suffering, we are told that those who teach this "impenetrable tradition" believe "the *majority* of mankind are doomed to hell by an absolute predestination." Where does the Canon find his authority for our belief that the "*majority*" of men and women are doomed? Are we of necessity obliged to resort to that universalism, which even Canon Farrar says he "cannot preach with certainty," in order to believe in the *majority* of mankind being saved?

Again, what definite idea has he in view when he says that the orthodox Christian teaches that the "*majority*" of mankind are doomed to hell by an "*absolute*" predestination? The preacher surely knows that predestination—at least, as to its agent—refers to God, and that therefore, to the absolute One, predestination must be absolute.

But does he mean to imply that because to the mind of the Eternal and Absolute there can be no such thing as contingency or surprise that therefore the predestination is arbitrary in the sense of not being the

reward of equally foreseen transgression? If so—and this we believe was the idea intended to be conveyed by the sentence and its context—then with equal vigour and vehemence would we “repudiate these crude and ghastly travesties of” the orthodox faith and of “the holy and awful will of God.” The Canon has made his “man of straw” in order that we may applaud as he destroys it.

The next characteristic of this sermon is its strange modesty and inconsistency of statement concerning the Canon’s own views. In the first few sentences he tells us that the opinions he is about to advocate are held by “yearly increasing multitudes of the wisest and the most learned in our Church.” This is certainly a modest statement, and the only difficulty in the way of our accepting it is that it sounds too much like an echo—an echo of an ironical speech once delivered by a suffering and persecuted saint who, turning to his self-elected infallibles, said, “No doubt but ye are the men, and wisdom will die with you.” But, seriously, does Canon Farrar brand as ignorant and foolish all who differ from him? Yes! for their views are “sleepy shibboleths and dead traditions.” We are afraid that the incense of popular applause has not been without serious effect on the mind of this dignitary of the Church; certainly it has not lessened his dogmatism and self-complacency. He tells us that he speaks “not with natural passion, but with most accurate theological precision,” and that therefore we are to conclude that all texts seeming to operate against his own views are either wrongly interpreted or taken out of their proper relationship to the Scriptures as a whole. Is it true, then, that Canon Farrar is the only canon of Scripture, and that if we reject his views there is left to us nothing but “sleepy shibboleths and dead traditions”?

Now for the inconsistencies of statement. In two or three places we are told that those who believe with him “take into account the grand principles which dominate through Scripture, no less than its isolated expressions;” and again he says, “I protest against the ignorant tyranny of isolated texts.” But we ask, how does he obtain his “grand principles which dominate through Scripture,” if not from those “isolated texts” which he so slightly disparages? If his “general principle” is not gathered from a number of particular instances, or “isolated texts,” how is it obtained? From whence does he get his grand view of the all-embracing love of God, and what he calls the “universal and absolute redemption of Christ”? From whence but from “PARTICULAR TEXTS”? His “general principle,” it would seem, is like the Irishman’s broth, which was made without reference to any particular meat, potatoes, carrots, or turnips, and which turned out to be saucepan broth. To make bricks without straw was an Egyptian punishment; but here is a learned Canon telling us to get our “general principle” from the Scriptures, but to beware of texts!

Again, he tells us he can “say nothing to uphold the Romish doctrine of purgatory;” and yet a little later on he says, “Have faith in God. There is hope for you—hope for you *even if death overtake you before the final victory is won*; hope for the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven; hope for the mourners, for they shall be comforted; though you, too, *if you should continue in sin*, may have to be purified in that gehenna of eoneon fire beyond the grave.”

The mind of a Westminster priest may be able to see the difference between this "purifying gehenna" and the Romish doctrine of purgatory, but to ordinary minds it will be a matter of considerable difficulty to see wherein "the difference lies."

Again, he says that he "cannot preach the certainty of what is called universalism—that is, the view that all will be finally saved;" and yet to make the peroration of his sermon he strings together—oh! the consistency!—a lot of texts, arbitrarily connected: and texts, too, which the teachers of universalism are for ever quoting as proof of their doctrine. His last words are, "Say also, as Christ's own apostles said, that there shall be a restitution of all things, that God willet not that any should perish, that Christ both died and rose and revived that he might be the Lord both of the dead and the living; that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; and that the day shall come when all things shall be subdued unto him that God may be all in all."

We might point out the fallacy which underlies the argument about everlasting when the Canon talks about those who "Foist into the word '*aiônios*' the fiction of an endless time, or who do but give the lie to the mighty oath of that great angel who set one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and, with one hand uplifted to heaven, swore by him that liveth for ever, that time should be no more."

We admit that all definitions of "eternity" fail: but does not the idea of "endless time" approximate nearest to it? Has he not read the Bampton Lectures of a Dean of St. Paul's on "The Limits of Religious Thought;" and does he not know that only an approximation to the Eternal and Infinite is possible to the Finite and the Limited?

Equally fallacious, as we believe, is the assumption that punishment is "purifying and corrective": mercy may come in, and make punishment reformatory; but in its simple and first intention punishment is the infliction of a penalty for transgression: the tendering to an offended law suffering in lieu of obedience. Having thus attempted to look at the Canon's first sermon let us now leave it, contenting ourselves by accepting as source of rejoicing the statement he himself has made: "I care but little for individual authority in such matters." Nor do we care very greatly even for the individual authority of the eloquent Canon and popular author; but, taking our stand on the Book of God—that aggregate of texts—and believing that the whole is true, and therefore the parts, we take from it this word as the creed of our mind, the hope of our heart, the guide of our life, the inspiration of our service: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be damned."

H. O. M.

## Glimpses of Missionary Work in China.

INTERESTING papers have appeared in the *The Sword and the Trowel* from time to time bearing upon missionary work among the Chinese. The following extracts from the diary of Mr. G. F. Easton will, we think, be appreciated by our readers, and none the less because they relate to one of our own Tabernacle workers.

Mr. Easton was originally a scholar in the Sunday-school at New Park-street Chapel, and was afterwards connected with the Sunday-school at the Tabernacle, both as a scholar and as a teacher. He was led to the Saviour under the instrumentality of our late beloved Elder Verdun, and joined the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle when about nineteen years of age. His sympathies having been drawn towards the millions of China who are living and dying without the knowledge of the Saviour, he was led after months of anxious thought and earnest prayer to devote his life to missionary work.

Under the auspices of the "China Inland Mission," he left England in October, 1875, and he has now for more than two years been actively engaged in spreading abroad the glad tidings of free grace.

During the past fifteen months Mr. Easton has made two long pioneering journeys, in company with a young colleague, to the most inland province of China. The province of Kansuh contains a population of some fourteen million souls, and until these journeys no European Protestant missionaries have ever visited it. In each journey a distance of nearly four thousand miles has been traversed, a large portion of the distance having been overland, necessitating walks of twenty-five miles in the course of the day, as the missionaries passed from one city to another. The second of these long journeys having been completed, the subjoined extracts are culled from his daily record, and well illustrate the experiences of itinerating missionaries in China.

"Extract from Diary, August 6, 1877.—In the evening I went out to preach, standing on the main street. I had a good audience. A number of naked little children stood in the centre of the circle (all that the Chinese children wear during the hot weather is just a small apron round the waist). Many of my hearers seemed intelligent, and were attentive. I spoke upon the leading truths concerning God, sin, and the Saviour, and afterwards put the substance of what I had said into a few sentences that they might remember it. I afterwards distributed some tracts among them, and being requested to come again on the morrow, I cheerfully promised to do so. The people, as a rule, seem slow to understand anything that is not in the train of thought which they have been used to. Would that we could see some real heart work among them."

"Extract dated Aug. 22, 1877.—Left Tsin-ceo at daybreak, travelled fifteen miles over hills. When arriving at a small village called Lao-mao, having rested and enjoyed a read at my Bible, seeing a group of villagers squatting round a doorway, I made one of the party. A stool was borrowed for me from a neighbour, and I thus had an interesting congregation, consisting of nine men, one woman, and some little girls. They listened to me attentively for a long time, and understood tolerably well. I found that only one man could read, and I gave him a

tract and a small book entitled, 'God's love,' making the condition that he, having the happiness of understanding the printed characters, and being, therefore, so much wiser than his fellow villagers, would read it to them.

"Later in the evening I was glad to hear him reading it to a small circle, and repeating what I had said as a sort of commentary upon his reading."

"Extract, Aug. 23, 1877.—Have come another twenty miles to-day and arrived at Tew-kuam-ceng, a large village and busy grain market. To-day the heavens are as brass indeed; it is distressing to see the withering crops and parched fields as we walk along, they look as hard and dry as the roads we walk upon; the Indian maize has failed, and the other crops also. I obtained but poor accommodation in the village, and had visitors from the moment I arrived until after dark. I became so wearied that I was obliged to lie down and be indifferent to all comers. There were long discussions about my speech, and each one raked up all he had ever heard, or fancied he had heard, of foreign countries and foreigners. I had innumerable questions to answer over and over again. My English Bible always excites unbounded curiosity, and gets thoroughly inspected. 'Look, it has leather coverings,' 'gold edges,' 'good paper,' 'printed on both sides too.' 'How small the characters are.' 'Where was it printed?' 'How many pages do you read a day?' 'What does it speak about?' etc."

"Extract, Aug. 28, 1877.—Between 11 a.m. and 12 a.m. I put on my large straw hat and went out, having walked through the city and chosen my spot for preaching. I made friends with some shopkeepers, who immediately brought me a stool, and in a few minutes I had a large audience. The first row squatted down on their haunches, whilst the back rows stood, forming a square. The people listened attentively for a long time, and I tried to make the truth plain to them. After some time a small stand was placed in front of me, and some good tea presented, which was very acceptable to me: my congregation retained their positions, and I continued to speak to them, altogether for about two hours; at the close distributing tracts and books among the people."

In an extract referring to the recent drought Mr. Easton gives a description showing the heathen superstitions which prevail. He says, "The people, especially the officials, are getting very anxious about the rain; every day official processions pass our inn on the way to the temple; the principal mandarins go in person every day, attended by all the highest officials and scholars in the city, each attired in mourning, each man carries a sprig of willow in his hand, and two pails of water are carried in the procession; while proceeding timbrils are struck, bells are rung, and the men shout to the gods to send the rain; orders are issued to the inhabitants to throw water upon the street in front of their houses as a sign to the gods, and the slaughter of animals is prohibited in consistency with the period of fasting."

To show the way in which during the missionary's journeyings opportunities are seized by which casual roadside conversation may be turned to good account we give the following extract describing a conversation.



Meeting two native doctors, Mr. Easton accosted them, and asked, "Do you carry medicines?" One of them replied, "Yes," pointing to a small packet tied round his waist, "we have every kind of medicine for all diseases." "Where do you get your medicines from?" "We dig them from the hills." "Pray what diseases can you cure?" One of them raised his closed hand, and, releasing one finger at a time, mentioned the name of a disease each time, and at the close of a list of complaints, said, "We can cure every kind." I congratulated them upon their wisdom and ability, and begged to ask what it might be that caused my head to ache at that time. "That depends," replied the most prominent, "on which part of the head it is that is aching." "Mine is a frontal headache," I replied. "That would be—let me see," said one, turning to his companion. "Ah, yes," replied the other, who put on a wise look, and walked on ahead to consider the matter. I suggested it might be caused by the sun. "That is the cause," they unanimously answered. I then turned the conversation by saying, "But I know of a bad disease which all men have, and yet there is only one who is able to cure it. You, gentlemen, or any of your profession, could not cure it, I am sure. I then went on to speak to them of sin and of God, and to point them to the Great Physician."

These quotations from Mr. Easton's diary, although somewhat disconnected, yet give glimpses of the nature of the work in which he and other earnest spirits are engaged. Their task is a hard one, and they need the constant help of the Divine Spirit to make their witness for Christ effectual: their constant appeal to Christians at home is—pray for us, and intercede for the millions of perishing souls in China. Surely the appeal shall not be lost upon us who love our Lord and are working for him at home. We are solemnly pledged not to forget our brethren abroad; let us continually remember them at the throne of the heavenly grace.

S. WIGNEY.

## Penalty of Unbelief.

I REMEMBER away up in a lonely Highland valley where beneath a tall black cliff all weather-worn, and cracked, and seamed, there lies at the foot, resting on the greensward that creeps round its base, a huge rock, that has fallen from the face of the precipice. A shepherd was passing beneath it; and suddenly when the finger of God's will touched it, and rent it from its ancient bed in the everlasting rock, it came down, leaping and bounding from pinnacle to pinnacle—and it fell; and the mau that was beneath it is there now! "Ground to powder." . . . Therefore I say to you, since all that stand against him shall become "as the chaff of the summer threshing floor;" and be swept utterly away, make him the foundation on which you build, and when the storm sweeps away every refuge of lies you will be safe and serene, builded upon the Rock of ages.—*Maclaren*.

# The Work of the Pastors' College.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PART VII.

THE PASTORS OF BRISTOL.

(Continued from page 122, 1877.)

THE church at Philip-street, Bedminster, Bristol, was planted in the fall of 1855, the first pastor having been Mr. B. Nicholson, who was greatly aided in his efforts by Mr. George Pine, the treasurer and school superintendent from the beginning to the present time. Whatever promises of success there may have been at first, they soon gave place to a darker season, and the extinction of the church at no distant date seemed no very improbable contingency. Such a disaster, however, would have been not only a misfortune to the neighbourhood, but a loss which the neighbourhood could ill afford to suffer. Bedminster is an important suburb of the thriving western city, and its large industrial population need all the evangelical pastors we can give them. Dr. Doudney, whose pure gospel publications are thickly scattered over the country, worthily represents the established church, and is a host in himself; but while he is prospering in the work of winning souls, the nonconformists have their special wants. Wanting the prestige of the State-patronized clergy, their aggressive work, if it is to succeed, must be carried forward with tact, judgment, and zeal. At one time the church at Philip-street was reduced to a scene of desolation, and the task of bringing it back into a condition of healthy life and prosperity would not have been lightly undertaken by any man whose capacity to work was not sustained by strongest faith. Mr. Norris, of the Pastors' College, entered into the unpromising sphere, and his labours have been highly blessed. The chapel is filled, the church has multiplied, and the future is bright with the hope of better things.

Following our plan of giving brief sketches of those pastors' career who come under our notice, we may say that William Norris is a native of Wrightington, in Lancashire, and was born on the 27th of October, 1844. In itself Wrightington is an unimportant village, but standing in the midst of an important district, and being within seven miles of Wigan and ten of Preston, it is surrounded with vast hives of industry, in the form of collieries and cotton factories. In this neighbourhood, at the grammar-school of Heskin, and afterwards at a private academy, the first rudiments of education were received. Mr. Norris was fortunate in regard to his earliest schoolmasters, and consequently has many pleasant reminiscences of youthful days, and of those who then controlled his life.

At eleven years of age he was converted during a revival of religion in the locality. A number of friends, among whom was Mr. Thornton, the curate of Eccleston, and Mr. Smalley, a cotton spinner, held a series of meetings as well as cottage services, and, child as he was, William longed to take some part in what was going forward, and in course of time, when a suitable opportunity occurred, he offered his maiden

public prayer, and since that date he has continued to testify to the Saviour's power and glory.

It was about this time, or soon after, that he preached his first sermon to a select audience, consisting of a poor collier and his family. The collier desired that a portion of Scripture might be read, and followed by a few words of explanation. In all there were only six persons in the congregation, four of whom were children, but the sermon was remembered, and the good miner in after years has exhibited a rush-bottomed chair as having been William Norris's first pulpit. Though the commencement was made amid rough surroundings, it was not unpromising. The cottage was a poor thatched home, with a brooklet running its crystal stream directly in front of the broken doorstep. The walls within were whitewashed, the floor was paved with rough flagstones; and the scanty furniture bore sure evidence to the poverty of the industrious tenants. Poor as the place was to the outward eye, however, the collier and his wife were rich towards God, being able to realize the preciousness of redeeming love. The collier's mother was most ignorant; for one day when Mr. Norris had read to her a passage from "The Pilgrim's Progress," she betrayed symptoms of great surprise as well as of honest indignation. "Eh, puir mon, how they did serve him to be sure," she remarked, raising her hands and looking grave; and it was with great difficulty she was made to understand that the book was an allegory.

Mr. Norris senior bore a high character in the district on account of his abundant labours in the gospel cause; and such a man was naturally anxious that his son should be a preacher too. The family attended at the Primitive Methodist chapel, and the father was class leader, school superintendent, and local preacher for many years. He was a kind-hearted, sympathetic man, loved and revered for his work's sake. If any were sick or were otherwise in trouble he was sure to be sought as a counsellor and adviser. His eminently useful course terminated in 1869, when such large numbers of persons were deeply affected by his removal that the funeral sermon was delivered successively in the several pulpits of the country around.

When he was twelve years of age, William Norris was asked to preach in a chapel; but the fact is mentioned merely as a curiosity in ecclesiastical annals; it is not a thing which the judicious will turn into a precedent, or think worthy of being copied. A child who has not entered on his teens is out of place in a pulpit, and those who would put him there must be strangely wanting both in self-respect and common sense. Nevertheless, the request was in the present instance complied with, and Mr. Norris remembers that he discoursed on the words, "Prepare to meet thy God." A beginning having been made he frequently repeated the experiment of preaching while yet a boy, the friends always taking care that their "supply" was raised to the standard pulpit height by a couple of hassocks provided for the purpose. Our Primitive Methodist friends have ways of their own, which we have no doubt suit their own people, but most other bodies of Christians would have been afraid to trust so young a boy in a pulpit.

In this manner he began the ministry of the word in childhood, and continued the service during youth, until he was a recognised preacher

of the Word, and constantly engaged on the Sabbath at an age when others have scarce begun to prepare for the work. At seventeen he went to Belfast, in response to a special request, for the purpose of conducting evangelistic services in the town and suburbs. This excursion was so far a success that he was asked to repeat the services; and when this was done, considerable audiences were again attracted. His undoubted success as an itinerant opened the way in new directions. After his return from this expedition, he was invited by a gentleman, who was willing to support the movement by liberal subscriptions, to repeat the services in Ireland, but as a call to engage in the Primitive Methodist ministry at Exmouth came at the same time, the Devonshire station was preferred, and in February, 1862, Mr. Norris settled in that sphere.

His labours in the west extended through a little more than a year, and continued to be successful, although his youth and shortness of stature combined to render his appearance the reverse of ecclesiastical. At Exeter there was a sober-minded dame who regarded the engagement of a mere stripling to be no less than a breach of order, likely to cause scandal among on-lookers outside the denomination. "What will they send us next?" she said, looking grave and raising her hands with characteristic energy; but her nerves regaining their equilibrium after the first service, she became one of the young preacher's most steadfast friends until his removal from Exmouth in July, 1863.

It was a rule in the Primitive Methodist connexion that no probationer should stay more than a year in one place, but this was not strictly adhered to in the present instance; and it was not until July, 1863, that Mr. Norris removed to Hastings. In the course of a few months he was called to London to fill a vacancy in the Walworth circuit; and thence he removed to High Wycombe in 1865. At High Wycombe his views of infant baptism, hitherto deemed to be scriptural, were relinquished, and this severed his connection with the Primitive Methodist body, and ended an engagement which had been hitherto carried out happily and peacefully. The future appeared to present a less cheerful outlook. The Baptists were to Mr. Norris as strangers, and the Baptist denomination was a foreign land; it was uncertain whether it would not be advisable to engage in secular business rather than begin *de novo* in an unknown community.

The pathway of duty soon opened as a straight, clear road. The Baptists of Little Kingshill, a village within a short distance of High Wycombe, asked Mr. Norris to preach on probation, and subsequently he settled in the pastorate among them. After remaining in this little sphere for more than two years he resigned the pastorate, but not before a substantially built manse had been erected, of which future pastors will feel the comfort.

A few weeks after leaving Little Kingshill he entered the Pastors' College, and was at once commissioned by Mr. Rogers, the senior tutor, to preach regularly at a newly founded station at Sutton, Surrey. The Sabbath labours in the pulpit, and the week-day studies in the College combined were too great a strain, and the result was a severe attack of nervous prostration, for the relief of which a generous friend took him for a tour through Holland and Belgium. At this date he might have

settled at Sutton, but the invitation to do so was declined. The same may be said of a promising opening at Stockton-on-Tees, which was also declined, in deference to the opinions of the College tutors.

In October, 1869, Mr. Norris was sent from the College to Amsterdam to occupy the pulpit of a clergyman of the English Presbyterian Church who was laid aside by illness. It was no new thing for foreign English Presbyterian churches to apply to Mr. Spurgeon for supplies; in fact, Rotterdam had already set the example to Amsterdam. Mr. Norris also preached once on each Sabbath at Velzen, the residence of the English colony who were engaged in making the famous canal between the North Sea and the Zuyder Zee, and at these services a lady-in-waiting on the Queen of Holland was a frequent attendant. To a student of the Pastors' College the church at Amsterdam presented many especially interesting associations. In past days this was the church of the English refugees; and at the present moment its generosity to those who supply its pulpit is well known in the Pastors' College. The congregation was composed of the *élite* of Dutch society, a couple of Scotch families alone representing the English speaking race of the British Isles. They were Pædobaptists, although in that particular they do not appear to have shown the least symptoms of bigotry. Mr. Norris remained in this comfortable sphere until the pastor was restored to health; but he did not do so without falling into divers temptations. A worthy Anglican divine tried hard to draw the young English preacher aside from "the Baptist way." Neither argument nor appeal availed, however; and the only result was fresh proof that the young Baptist student was steadfast in principle as well as ready in utterance and conciliatory in manners.

On May-day, 1870, Mr. Norris preached for the first time in the pulpit of Philip-street chapel, Bedminster, Bristol. The chapel stood in a very needy neighbourhood, and the general aspect of affairs was not at all encouraging. The prosperity of the church was at a very low ebb; old friends had lost heart, new ones were not attracted, and the dreary condition of the premises was quite in keeping with the state of the people. A few weeks before the advent of Mr. Norris the weekly offering realized three half-pence, and on high-days, or special occasions, it showed no disposition to rise above five shillings. The chapel was most uncomfortable, having a bare, cold, unfinished look; the roof was inconveniently lofty, and there was just sufficient gas to make darkness visible. As for the congregation, it could only be called such by courtesy; the singing would sometimes collapse; and to say nothing of the echo with which the building was endowed, the preacher's voice, wanting a better audience, rolled and rumbled among the open rafters which seemed to sympathise with the empty pews. The school-room was spacious, but in consequence of faulty foundations the floors sunk, the gable wall swerved from the perpendicular standard of safety, and both wind and rain found a passage through the damaged skylight. With such a fabric the roll of pew rents was not likely to be improving; and, in point of fact, apart from the contributions of the treasurer and founders of the church, the income was less than £40 a year, while the incidental fund was £12 in debt. Nevertheless, the case was not looked upon as hopeless by a few earnestly zealous friends in the church, who were longing

for spiritual prosperity and a harvest of souls. These reformers very properly began by cleansing the chapel, and perfecting the arrangements for lighting. During the pastor's absence at the College conference they erected and furnished a vestry. They next rebuilt the school-room, with additional accommodation. The chapel still remained architecturally imperfect; and some time elapsed before this portion of the work was taken in hand. At last the completing touches were given to the sanctuary; the pulpit gave place to a platform; a ceiling cured the echo; the old gallery at the end of the building was replaced by one of a more graceful design, which ran round three sides of the interior; a new staircase was carried up through ante-chambers, so as to avoid noise and draught. These improvements were effected at a cost of £1,400, and the whole has been paid with the exception of about £180, due to the Tabernacle Building Fund: and the people with some reason consider that they now possess one of the neatest and most comfortable chapels in Bristol.

During the present spring Mr. Norris will complete the eighth year of his ministry at Bristol, and he can testify that they have been years of happy labour among a united and affectionate people. When comfortably filled on a Sunday evening the chapel accommodates eight hundred people, a condition of affairs which causes those who remember something very different often to ask themselves, "What hath God wrought?" There can be no doubt that for a number of years the church was threatened with extinction; and when Mr. Norris undertook the pastorate there were friends in Bristol who anticipated nothing less than a collapse. A well-known minister who knew the facts of the case said, "Mr. Norris, you are coming to the hardest post in the city; if you can succeed there you can succeed anywhere." What the success has been we have shown, but a few figures will make the statement more precise. The church members have increased from eighty-four to two hundred and thirty; the school which in 1870 had two hundred scholars now contains seven hundred on its books. Indeed, another schoolroom is already a necessity.

Such has been the work accomplished, but Mr. Norris has not confined his labours to the city. Through his efforts, aided by Mr. G. M. Carlile, a jubilee chapel was erected and opened at Blagdon in 1874, in aid of which undertaking the ladies of the Bristol churches organized a bazaar. As district secretary of the Bristol Association he has also arranged for the holding of evangelistic services in the suburban villages, and these have carried blessing with them to the poor as well as to those who are out of the way. The pastor has had opportunities of removing into more imposing or more remunerative spheres, but he has not hitherto been tempted to leave a field where his labours have so manifestly borne the seal of divine approval and blessing.

*(To be continued.)*

## Preachers of the Past Generation.\*

**M**ESSRS. Evans and Hurndall have prepared a memorial of a score of Congregational ministers which is well worthy of notice. In his genial introduction, Dr. Stoughton says of the twenty pastors whose portraits and sermons enrich this volume, "They stand in the midst of a noble succession, connecting the past with the present, the old with the new." All bear familiar names, but at the same time they are names which to younger readers will carry with them a very old world ring. Many of them were giants in the Nonconformist camp; the majority were eloquent exponents of those grand old evangelical doctrines which alone constitute the strength of nonconformity; and all were characterised by a strong individuality such as entitles them to occupy a place in the very interesting group before us. The volume is one that all nonconformists may justly regard with pride, the more so because the selection, limited to twenty, might have been greatly extended, and although the editors have confined themselves to one denomination, it is not impossible for a galaxy of Baptists to follow. The volume is one of the most thoroughly interesting collections of ministerial memorials and specimens of pulpit work we have ever seen. The worthies seem to live again, as by the graphic skill of the respective authors, and by the art of the photographer, they are made to pass before us. We purpose to notice some of the more prominent of the names—men who, having passed into their eternal habitation, are yet subjects of perennial interest on account of their sanctified genius and abundant labours.

From the days of early youth to the closing stage in his successful, laborious, and happy life, *William Jay* was an eminently interesting character; and it was as a healthful young mason with a warm heart, and with genius lighting up his observant eye, that he first attracted the notice of Cornelius Winter, who then conducted a college at Marlborough for the training of ministerial students. Mr. Winter was a man of fervent piety, to which he added genius and learning and a few eccentricities which it might be foolish or even dangerous to imitate, but which in connection with his own character appeared as natural and appropriate as jewels in settings of gold. Mr. Winter was a man who would not fail to lay hold of the best human metal; though he had no hankering after gold or silver, he grasped eagerly at abilities which might be used for the Lord Jesus, coveting earnestly the best gifts. Had he acted otherwise, he might never have been the tutor of Mr. Jay. The good man had noticed the promising mason's boy then engaged in building Fonthill Abbey; and after taking him aside, and praying and talking seriously with him, it was arranged that manual labour should be exchanged for the college class. Even a less shrewd observer than Mr. Winter would have soon perceived what kind of youth had entered the institution. At all events, when the tutor found himself unable to fulfil an engagement at Surrey

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\* Pulpit Memorials, Photographs, and Specimen Sermons of Twenty Congregational Ministers, with brief Memoirs by several Friends. Edited by E. J. Evans, B.A., and W. F. Hurndall, M.A. London: James Clarke and Co, 13, Fleet Street. 1878.

Chapel, he did not feel the least hesitation in shifting the duty on to the shoulders of his favourite pupil; and thus, to the inexpressible surprise of certain worthy deacons in London, a very rustic-looking lad appeared on the scene shortly before eleven o'clock on a Sabbath morning, and just when every one was beginning to suspect the minister had forgotten them, he asked, "Had I better not go now into the pulpit?" That was Mr. Jay's first appearance in the metropolis; and the adventure is very pleasantly explained by Dr. Newth:—

"Rowland Hill, when leaving home for his usual summer tour of evangelistic labour, announced Cornelius Winter as the preacher at Surrey Chapel for the following month, intending to call at Marlborough on his journey, and arrange with Mr. Winter to take the services. For some reason the latter was unable to comply with Mr. Hill's request. 'Well, then,' said Mr. Hill, 'if you won't go yourself, you must send some one.' 'I have no one to send,' was the reply, 'except Billy Jay, of whom I spoke to you a little while ago.' 'Let us see this Billy Jay.' Just then Jay was walking in Mr. Winter's garden. When called he came in to Mr. Hill, just as he was—with his coat off. 'Will you preach for me at Surrey Chapel on Sunday?' 'Yes, sir,' Jay replied, 'if Mr. Winter says I may.' After some further conversation the arrangement was made, and Jay was sent up unannounced, Mr. Hill probably anticipating with quiet humour the surprise which the young man's appearance would excite. When a boy the writer of this often heard the story from his father, to whom it was related by Mr. Hill himself."

Mr. Jay was fortunate in regard to his early associations; and equally so in his first pastoral settlement. Like Doddridge, he commenced in a quiet rural sphere at a stipend of £35 a year, which one of the members augmented by allowing him to enjoy board and lodging for nothing. Mr. Tuppen, the first pastor of Argyle Chapel, Bath, was converted under the preaching of Whitefield, arrested by the arrow of truth when his pockets were full of stones, which he intended to throw at the preacher. Mr. Tuppen died in middle life, after a very successful pastorate; but his last days appear to have been embittered by the falling away of a son, who, until he was corrupted by evil company, had been a youth of promise. When, soon after his removal to Bath, Mr. Jay visited this renegade on the bed of death, the young man cried out in tones of anguish and despair against the sophistry of the arch infidel of France who had proved his ruin.

Mr. Jay was not a scholar in the conventional sense, the philosophical never entered into his teaching; but he was a man whose heart was warmed by the evangelical truth he proclaimed; and he was not in the habit of offering on the altar of the sanctuary that which cost him nothing. Conscientious himself, he was duly qualified to advise others in those words of robust common-sense, which, as characteristic of the man and of his public utterances, cannot be too often reiterated in the ears of those who are engaged in the Lord's service. The zealous pastor feels the need of diligence; but "this is not always the case," says Mr. Jay, as quoted by Dr. Newth, "I have been sorry to observe, in no few instances, the reverse of this. When the iron has been blunt less strength has been put to it; and where there has been no advantage of preparatory fitness preachers have



been less anxious and active in their exertion. It is one of the benefits of training for the ministry that, however imperfect it may comparatively be, it creates a habit of order, a tone of application, and a heedfulness of time and opportunity. It is a bad case when a man has acquired the knack of preaching, and can talk on for an hour in the pulpit without effort and without effect. In proportion as the great truths and doctrines we preach are well known and familiar, so much the more necessary is it to retire and meditate much upon them, that our own minds may be affected by them, and that we may render them impressive and interesting to those that hear us. It is well for a young minister to feel difficulties, and if these induce him to retirement, study, and prayer he will in time surpass, at least in efficiency and usefulness, many who proudly towered above him at the beginning."

*Dr. James Bennett* is not much known to the readers of the present generation, although in his day he was one of the most respected pastors in the Nonconformist body. His long life extended from 1774 to 1862, and he kept a diary for nearly seventy years. One of his earliest converts, and one whom he introduced to the ministry, was John Angell James, afterwards of Birmingham, at whose jubilee services Dr. Bennett preached one of the sermons.

*John Pye Smith* was so far in sympathy with his contemporary last mentioned, that he found in incessant toil the duty and the recreation of his life. He was born at Sheffield in 1774, and his father was a dealer in second-hand theological books, whose knowledge of English literature appears to have been only bounded by his stock. In respect to the son we have the remarkable statement, "He educated himself. His father's bookshelves were his only school." He was converted at the age of sixteen, and having experienced the great saving change he entered on what "was a distinct epoch in his life." In the last decade of the century, even after Whitefield and Wesley had done something to ameliorate the fallen condition of the people, and to soften down their strange intolerance of evangelical doctrine, he could be nothing less than a brave volunteer who dared to go abroad in byways and villages to preach the gospel. Such a volunteer, however, was found in John Pye Smith, who for a companion in labour had the youthful James Montgomery, the future poet, the two having itinerated around Sheffield in their Master's service. Soon after coming of age Mr. Smith became a student in the academy at Rotherham, and he there made rapid advancement in various departments of learning. We are told that his hours of daily labour were from five in the morning until ten at night; and yet "so vigorous was his health, that he seems then and through most of his life to have allowed himself no time for daily outdoor exercise. He sometimes said that he found change of pursuit a sufficient substitute for walking in the open air." The whole current of his life was turned by what at the time looked like a very trivial circumstance, one of the little things which reveal in a truly surprising manner the overruling care of Providence. He declined a tutorship at Wymondley College at the early age of twenty-six; and what happened besides is very concisely told by Mr. Evans: "He went to London near the end of 1799, intending to return to Rotherham by the mail. He had booked his place, and was to be taken up at Highbury; but the

afternoon became foggy, the guard forgot the appointment, and the mail went by a new and shorter route. After waiting in vain, and having no engagement that evening, Mr. Pye Smith visited Mr. Ebenezer Maitland at Clapham, where he found Dr. Winter and Mr. Brooksbank, leading members of the committee of Homerton College, in consultation respecting a suitable person to fill the office of classical tutor in that College. Charmed and impressed by the young man, they asked him to consider whether the post would suit *him*, should it be offered." What immediately happened is pretty generally known; instead of remaining at Rotherham, as he might have done, John Pye Smith accepted a tutorship at Homerton academy, and remained in connection with that institution until 1849. So long as strength was continued he was not willing to relinquish his abundant labours. As pastor of the Gravel-pit Chapel at Hackney he won general respect. We are told, that "the chief feature in his discourses was a vast amount of definite Scriptural instruction. . . . His voice and style prevented his ministry from attaining that popularity which it fully deserved." His sermons were scholastic and essay-like, but it was otherwise with his prayers. While he was a philosopher, a divine, a college professor, and an author wielding a vast influence by the pen, "he was above all things a man of prayer."

While Dr. Johnson lay upon his death-bed in December, 1784, *Joseph Fletcher* was born at Chester; and his father was a man "whose piety was of the Puritan type." His mother, who in her days of maidenhood bore the name of Wolfe, was related to the General who fought and died at Quebec. After being educated at the Grammar-school of Chester he removed to the University of Glasgow, where he benefited by the companionship of Ralph Wardlaw, and others of a kindred spirit. In 1807 he settled in the pastorate at Blackburn; and there, as Dr. Reynolds remarks, he "cultivated and chastened the faculties which made him one of the most popular and successful preachers of his generation. He never aimed at rhetorical triumph or pulpit 'excellencies,' but he was intent upon producing spiritual effects, on enlarging the mental horizon of his hearers, on combating their follies or weaknesses, on winning souls for Christ—and he succeeded." Some years later he settled at Stepney; and the chapel, still remembered by many is thus described: "The old meeting at Stepney was one of the curiosities of Nonconformist worship. In 1823 it still preserved externally the appearance of a large suburban dwelling-house. This had been intentionally devised in days of persecution to avoid publicity. The huge garrets were almost large enough to contain the whole congregation, while a private and concealed staircase was provided, by which the minister could have escaped if the worship had been forcibly disturbed. The roof was supported by immense wooden shafts which were the gift of the Stadtholder of Holland, and an air of Puritan solemnity and dignity pervaded the sanctuary." On his settlement in this place he at once became exceedingly popular, and ranked as one of the most valuable ministers in the metropolis. His intellectual gifts were of a high order, his voice was musical, his delivery is said to have been faultless, and he was pre-eminently a man who lived near to God and who was sufficiently great to be entirely unselfish. On Christmas Day, 1842, he preached for the

last time, and founded his discourse on the text, "Waiting for the consolation of Israel." Before evening he was conscious of symptoms which were the precursors of a fatal disease, which terminated his earthly course on the 8th of June following. In summing up the character of this saintly man Dr. Reynolds says, "It would be difficult to find in the annals of the Christian ministry the record of a more faultless life, of a mind more thoroughly pervaded by gentle goodness and rich culture, by logical coherence and quick sympathy, by lofty principle and spiritual earnestness. He was playful and cheerful, with a keen sense of humour, but he was interpenetrated by such a realization of the presence of God and the world to come that his friendship and his society seemed continually to open and throw back the door of the kingdom."

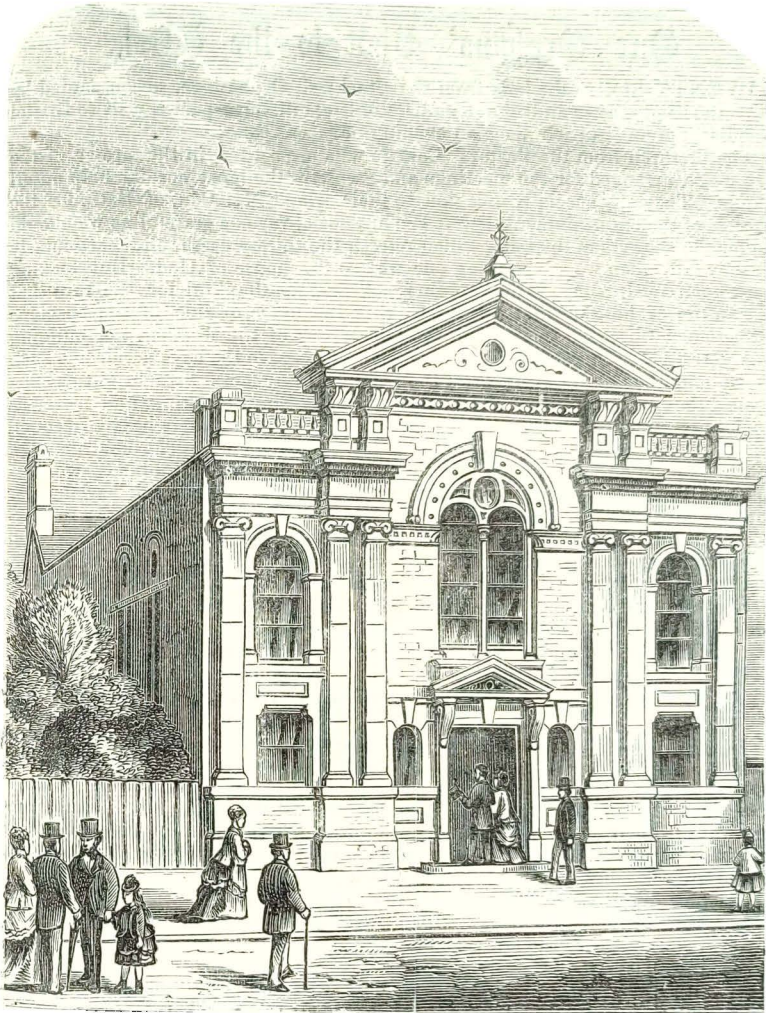
Side by side with Joseph Fletcher, *John Angell James* stood out as a considerable figure in the first half of the present century; and Mr. Dale's sketch of his former colleague is genial, and suggestive, and perhaps the most interesting contribution to the collection. Mr. James was a mother's boy, that is to say, he seems to have inherited his genius from the maternal side, and it was his mother who in youth exercised over him the most decided influence. Born at Blandford in 1785, he went at thirteen to Poole, there to learn the art and mystery of a linen draper; for good old fashioned people of eighty years ago thought that when a youth began his teens he should finally relinquish learning and enter on the sober business of life. His surroundings at Poole were favourable to the growth of piety, and very early in youth he became desirous of giving his life to Christ by entering the ministry. Mr. James the elder did not incline towards this plan; but objections being overruled the young aspirant, after holding a prayer meeting at the house of a cobbler whom he had been wont to visit, left the drapery and entered the house of Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, who then trained a select number of students for evangelistic work. Mr. James remained with his tutor about two years; and then, while he was still a youth and not yet of age, he settled in his first and last pastorate at Birmingham. Immediately afterwards he married a wife, whose "influence over him was very powerful and altogether good." Mr. Dale refers to these early years in very significant terms:—"But for some time I am afraid that he was rather idle; and this was not unnatural, for he had never been trained to regular and systematic intellectual work. He was a pleasant companion, and was always in request at the houses of his friends. His powers of mimicry, which, however, in his later years he rarely exercised, were extraordinary. The flexibility of his face and of his voice, and his keen sense of fun, made him one of the best story-tellers that I have ever heard. He could preach—in a way—without working hard, and I believe that he found it much pleasanter to spend his time with his young wife, among his friends, than at his desk in his study. He paid the penalty of his desultoriness. For seven years he produced no strong impression on the town. But by the end of that time he was beginning to become a different man. He and Mr. Bennett wrote to each other on questions of criticism and theological doctrine. Mr. Bennett had very considerable scholarship, and his young friend was forced to read carefully in order to maintain the correspondence. This seems to have led him to form better habits. He himself ascribes his

early failure to 'a want of care on my part in the preparation of my sermons.' When he began to work harder, he began to succeed." There is much that is suggestive in these words; and attention to their obvious lesson on the part of many "unsuccessful" brethren might lead to something more satisfactory than they have hitherto known. Desultoriness is a very common disease, and the only specific is work. People will no more value what costs the student little or no effort than they will appreciate inferior wares when they know that they ought to be supplied with the best. Mr. James became wise in time, and he reaped his reward. From being an obscurity buried in Birmingham he rose into one of the most approved preachers of his denomination. He was even thought to be worthy of the honour of being asked to preach the annual missionary sermon in Surrey Chapel; and in that day no one who was not a very great man indeed was thought competent to go through so magnificent a performance. Think of the infinite labour of preparing one of these "great" sermons, and of learning the matter by heart which would occupy two hours in delivery! If the popular slave was able to perfect the whole in a month he must have been a model of industry for the time being. Mr. Dale describes one of these May deliverances, and also the effect of the discourse upon the admiring audience. The spectacle, as viewed from our degenerate modern standpoint seems to have been a judicious admixture of the grand and the ludicrous. "The structure of the sermon was usually elaborate. There was an introduction. . . . Then followed divisions and subdivisions, with 'transitions,' which Mr. James knew how to contrive with great skill. The whole arrangement was determined with a view to rhetorical effect; to the 'application' and peroration the preacher gave most careful labour." The process of delivery was an ordeal of excitement for both preacher and audience. Having written and committed to memory all that he had to say, a prompter, manuscript in hand, sat behind the preacher, lest any momentary failure should mar the beauty of his brilliant periods. Mr. James appeared at Surrey Chapel as a "great" preacher in May, 1819; and, speaking of the occasion, Mr. Dale says that "After he had been preaching an hour he sat down in the pulpit, and a hymn was sung; and such was the excitement that, during the singing, oranges were thrown to him from the gallery. When the hymn was finished he preached for another hour." Such preaching is now altogether obsolete; but the church is not on that account in any respects a loser. John Angell James was not at his best when at his "greatest"; and we can go no further than charitably to excuse what contemporaries regarded as his most unquestionable successes. We all subscribe to the high eulogium pronounced by Mr. Dale.—"He perfected holiness in the fear of the Lord. He was a good man as well as a great preacher—good to the very core of his heart."

When the majority have done their work with skill and good taste, it may seem ungracious to find fault; but the unsatisfactory article on *Thomas T. Lynch*, by Mr. Samuel Cox, of Nottingham, demands a word of criticism. We are truly sorry to see his useful pen dipped in such gall of bitterness. Perhaps memoir writing is not Mr. Cox's forte; at all events, while the law of libel remains what it is, he would not

presume to deal with living men after the manner in which he writes of one who is beyond the reach of his invective. There are many now living who hold that Dr. Campbell was not so utterly wrong in "The Rivulet" controversy as Mr. Cox believes him to have been; and there are some who even believe that the sturdy doctor with prescient eye saw further into the future of his own denomination than others of his age. The readiest way of showing that a cause is bad is to defend it in an unworthy manner; and this is assuredly done in the case before us. We are surprised that competent editors should have allowed the sentences to pass which here offend the eye. The Rivulet dispute is spoken of as "the unrighteous assault of Dr. Campbell and his crew." Mr. Cox has hitherto been upon terms of more than cold courtesy with at least one of that crew. They were besides "unscrupulous assailants;" they were "ignorant and unscrupulous men;" and they had "dipped the arrows of their mouth in the poison of calumny and falsehood." By way of giving our readers an idea of Mr. Cox's powers of description, we quote a choice, suggestive illustration,—“They were as utterly incapable of understanding him (Mr. Lynch) as a hound is incapable of understanding the sweet and luminous mystery of moonlight at which he bays.” We admit that there was a sufficient quantity of moonshine, but who is Mr. Samuel Cox that he should compare his Christian brethren to hounds? We will not indulge in more than a hint at an easy retort,—barking is not confined to the hounds who are "incapable of understanding the sweet and luminous mystery of moonlight." We have neither space nor inclination to enter into the merits of the controversy; but the faults were not all on one side, nor the abuse either. "Silent Long" had better have been silent longer, and others had better be silent still, if they care for their reputations. Dr. Campbell was human, and as such was liable to err; but none who really knew him can ever entertain doubts as to his honesty and pious zeal in the cause of truth. We could almost wish that he were alive now to battle with the unbelief which is unsettling the national mind under the pretence of leading it into broader paths. He, at least, had the quality of decision, and never was a firm-hearted journalist more needed than now. In regard to Mr. Lynch, he was used more roughly than we should now use him; but the cause of which he was the representative will not be a gainer by malicious un-English kicks at a dead lion. It would have been wise to let the matter die, but as an assault has been made upon an honoured name, though we did not go all the lengths of the sledge-hammer doctor, we will say emphatically that he deserves far more generous treatment.

Thus we have given a sample of the noble twenty whose photographs, memoirs, and sermons swell the volume before us into goodly proportions. Time would fail us were we to speak of other revered names here memorialized—James Parsons, Thomas Binney, David Thomas, Robert Vaughan, Andrew Reed, &c., &c. It only remains for the Baptists and the Presbyterians to group their departed nineteenth century worthies in a similar manner, and we should then have a three-volume record of the "three denominations" of surpassing interest and enduring value.



## Enfield Baptist Chapel.

**E**NFIELD is a pleasant suburban town ten miles north of London; and we are glad to learn that the church there, of which Mr. G. W. White is pastor, is making a vigorous effort to wipe away the chapel debt of £600 during the present year. Four gentlemen have promised £25 each, provided the whole amount is forthcoming, and the pastor has undertaken to collect £100. The church was founded in 1867, and after worshipping for some time in an iron room, the new chapel was opened in September, 1875, the total cost having been £2,517. As we omitted to give an engraving of the structure at the date of opening, according to our frequent custom with chapels which grow out of our College work, we do so now, and, meanwhile, congratulate our Enfield friends on their past success and future prospects. They deserve to receive once more substantial help from the Christian public.

## Our Orphans' Visit to the West.

**T**WENTY-SIX of the lads from the Stockwell Orphanage, accompanied by the head master and other members of the staff, have paid a visit to Bristol and Bath, giving at each place an evening of sacred song.

The brethren from the Pastors' College who are settled in the former of the two cities, arranged for the meetings and received the most cordial help on all hands. They are specially indebted to their friend Mr. Cox, of Bath, for the success of the entertainment there. We are not always as grateful as we should be for the showers of blessing which refresh the thirsty earth, and particularly if they fall when we are making our way to the house of God. But looking back upon Wednesday, 27th February, we must be thankful for the rain that fell on the evening of that day, preventing the overcrowding of the spacious Broadmead Chapel. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, the building was well filled with an enthusiastic audience, who gave the boys a welcome such as we hope they get at every town they visit. Their faces were bright as sunbeams, they were as fresh as larks on a dewy morning in spring, and merry as crickets on a summer's day. Everybody was struck with their happy freedom, and yet with the discipline and order of their movements. The chairman, E. S. Robinson, Esq., commended the wisdom of the President and his co-workers in choosing the "cottage" rather than what he called the "barrack" system, for the Orphanage. Mr. Charlesworth, dwelling upon this feature of the institution, carried the sympathies of the audience in its favour. The boys won golden opinions for the clearness and sweetness of their singing. Led by Mr. Ladds, and occasionally accompanied on the cornet by Mr. Manton Smith, they gave a beautiful emphasis to the music, showing that they had been trained with precision and care. The interest of the gathering was increased by the presence of Mr. Latimer, formerly one of the inmates of the Orphanage, now a student in the College, the first of the Stockwell lads to enter upon the work of the ministry. The story of his earthly father's death and his heavenly Father's care in providing for him such a home; the tale of his conversion while yet under Mr. Charlesworth's tuition, the account of his College life, and the announcement that he had just received a cordial invitation to become the pastor of an important church in Cambridgeshire, was sufficient to prove that the Orphanage was preparing its youths for noble careers as well as saving them from pressing want in their early days. Many who heard him will follow him with their prayers that he may be the first of a grand succession of men who shall go forth from Stockwell to proclaim Christ crucified.

The meeting at Bath was as great a success. Through the kindness of the Mayor it was held in the Guildhall, and presided over by the Rev. H. Tarrant, a worthy successor of the late William Jay.

### AN AFFECTING SCENE

occurred in connection with the visit. Mrs. Hillyard, the lady to whom the public are indebted for the foundation of the Orphanage, resides at Bath. Aged and feeble, she lives a lonely and suffering life, waiting for the Master to call her to her eternal rest. She receives few visitors, but when told that the orphans were coming to sing, her face brightened, and she asked that they might pay her a visit at her own home. Those who were favoured to accompany the children to her house will never forget the sight. Passing by her one by one, each of them received from her hand a bright new shilling as a memento of the occasion. Then they sang to her, "Gathering Home One by One." Before they left, summoning up her strength she spoke to them somewhat as follows:— "My dear boys, I shall never meet you all again on earth; probably I shall never see any of you any more, but I shall be waiting for you in glory. Be sure you meet me there. Let not one of you be absent. I shall look for you. I am glad that the lads who have gone from the Orphanage have turned out so

well. May it be so with you. We shall meet again if you only trust and believe in Jesus." It was like the charge of a mother whose children had gathered round her for the last time; and soon from them tears were seen and sobs heard in the room, for the dear lads were so overcome by the good old lady's words that they could not refrain from weeping. It is our earnest hope that all of them have resolved that, by the grace of God, they will respond to her appeal and follow the Saviour. None who were present will ever forget the scene. May its impress remain on the eternal history of the boys.

The hosts who entertained the wandering minstrels for the two nights of their absence from town speak in highest terms of their behaviour: "They are good boys; we never saw better behaved lads," and similar expressions fell from their lips.

We hope that this will not be their last visit to the West. It was a pleasant and healthy change for them, as well as a direct benefit to the funds of the Orphanage.  
G. D. F.

## Notices of Books.

*Alpine Adventures; or Narratives of Travel and Research in the Alps.* By the Author of "The Mediterranean Illustrated." Thomas Nelson & Sons.

THE engravings beautifying this work are of remarkable excellence, as Messrs. Nelson's engravings usually are. It is a great treat to examine the illustrations produced by this eminent firm, for they are in marked contrast with those which are commonly met with; and they are printed with a care, which printers rarely bestow upon their work. Alpine adventure is a fascinating topic for the penman, though we confess that we think very little of the sanity of the gentlemen whose foolhardiness supplies materials for the story. In the present handy volume a very large amount of matter is condensed into small compass, the interest is well sustained, a tone of reverent adoration is infused, and the whole result is both entertaining and instructive. For young people, especially, the narratives will have a great charm, and as very few of them will have nerve enough to dare

"The ice-cumbered gorges,  
The vast seas of snow,  
Where the torrent drives upward  
The rock-strangled hum,  
Where the avalanche thunders  
The hoarse torrent dumb."

we think we may recommend the book to school and family libraries as one of the liveliest which has of late appeared. We have read the book through during our enforced leisure, and enjoyed it exceedingly.

*Anecdotes for the Family and the Social Circle.* S. W. Partridge and Co.

The book is tastefully bound, but the stories are too much worn. We have enough collections of stale anecdotes, we should be glad of a few fresh ones. Still there are many to whom the incidents will be quite novel, and such will have their money's worth if they purchase this handsome book.

*Songs for Silent Hours.* By LUCY A. BENNET. W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

THE title seems to us to be a mistake, for one can hardly be silent while singing a song; but there is no mistake about the excellence of much of the poetry in this pretty volume. It would need to be better to reach the highest order of merit, but still it is good, and far above the mediocrity which wearies us.

*Reminiscences of an Abolitionist.* Thrilling Incidents, and wonderful Escapes of Fugitive Slaves. With Portrait of Levi Coffin. Dyer Brothers, 21, Paternoster Square.

RATHER out of date, for the interest in runaway negroes is much abated now that emancipation has been proclaimed. Mr. Coffin was a sort of general manager of the Underground Railway by which slaves were conveyed into freedom, and his anecdotes are singular and sometimes amusing. There are readers to whom these "reminiscences" will be very novel, and to all they will have a measure of interest.



*Life and Labour in Christ's Vineyard.* By Rev. J. H. WILSON. The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

This is a very pleasant book, and both for interest and profit is well worth reading. Its subjects are too numerous for much continuity of thought upon any one of them, but they are touched with a graphic skill and irradiated with a bright colouring which makes them doubly welcome. Well-known truths are still better known when thus stated in sharp and terse sentences and illustrated by well selected metaphors and anecdotes. The arrangement of the subjects might be improved. We live first by Christ, then in Christ, then for Christ, then with Christ. The *in* here is before the *by*, and the *with* before the *for*. In explanation of labour in Christ's vineyard, we have the result of the author's own observation and experience of evangelistic efforts both in England and Scotland, and chiefly in London and Aberdeen, which is well calculated to encourage and direct all who have life in Christ to work in his vineyard.

*Heroes of Discovery.* By SAMUEL MOSSMAN. William Oliphant and Co.

LIVINGSTONE and Stanley and the travellers of our own time are second to none of those who went before them into unknown lands. The fear is that our young folks will hear so much of their achievements that they will quite forget Mungo Park, Magellan, Bruce and others of an older time. The volume before us is not all that we could have wished it to be, but it will be useful in keeping green the laurels of those "heroes of discovery" who were the wonders of bygone ages. The story of Mungo Park will never be old to us, and yet more than seventy years have elapsed since he passed from the stage of action. Captain Cook has not yet been dead a hundred years, but unless the story of his life becomes more generally known, we shall soon have town councillors asking who he is, even as the other day certain Glasgow officials enquired who the Marquis of Hartington might be, for they had never heard of him. By all means let these illustrious travellers live on, or find memorials in pages such as these.

*The Day after To-Morrow.* By Mrs. PROSSER. Religious Tract Society. Full of detail and colour. Sure to be popular. Mrs. Prosser is quite a queen among story-writers; but we are not great lovers of such things.

*The Judgment of Jerusalem predicted in Scripture, fulfilled in History.* By the Rev. Dr. PATTON of New York. Religious Tract Society.

A WELL written recapitulation of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. Among divine judgments the chief, the overthrow of Jerusalem is among histories the most thrilling: often as we have read the terrible tale it has an unabated fascination for us, and we peruse it again with equal interest. We do not think we ever had so painfully vivid a view of the whole unutterable woe as when reading Dr. Patton's summary, with which the Tract Society has favoured English readers. The illustrations are exceedingly helpful.

*The Survival.* With an Apology for Scepticism. Remington and Co., Arundel Street, Strand.

THIS is not an apology for the scepticism which doubts what may reasonably be proved, but for that which doubts what ever cannot be infallibly established. Even this latter scepticism needs more to be restrained than to be encouraged in the present day. Instead of indulging the tendency to settle religious questions for ourselves, we need more of the holy desire to take them as they are settled for us upon divine testimony in the Scriptures. In this book we have the experience of one who has conscientiously and devoutly endeavoured through life to have both mind and heart right in the sight of God; but who from being too intent upon the subjective effect of religious truths has failed to derive benefit from their objective influence. He is ill at ease from resting upon his own experience of those truths instead of resting upon the truths themselves. He is seeking sanctification without justification. His life has been a struggle for holiness without Christ: the life of one who, if righteousness had been by the law, has evinced all the sincerity and ardour that could be required for its attainment.

*The Patriarch Jacob*, and some of the lessons of his life. By Rev. ALEXANDER GREGORY. Nisbet and Co.

A VALUABLE addition to our popular Christian literature. We should like to see a series of such Bible biographies. Preachers will here find suggestions, and godly readers will be edified. The twenty-one chapters have about them a rare and sustained interest; they have the ring of sound doctrine and bear the mark of a master hand. The patriarch who worshipped on the top of his staff is made to live again in these admirable pages.

*The Christian's Armour*. An Exposition of Ephesians vi. 11—18. By the Rev. L. R. AYRE, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ulverston. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE Christian's Complete Armour has been so fully described by Gurnal that we are ready to exclaim, "What shall he do that cometh after the king!" Mr. Ayre has preached nine useful sermons, which are here set forth in large type with few lines to a page. Those who heard these discourses will be glad to have them in an enduring form, and we doubt not a considerable number beyond his immediate circle will read them with profit. They are sound and good, but do not appear to us to rise above the common level of commendable preaching.

*The Divine Life: a Book of Facts and Histories*. By the Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A FIRST-CLASS book, fascinating as a novel, and convincing as the clearest logic—of which indeed it gives us the best form, namely, the logic of facts. Cases of remarkable conversion are detailed, and no honest man, who is free from prejudice, can fail to see that the gospel is a wonderful power, and is attended by marvellous mental and moral phenomena. Every lending library should have a copy of this charming book. We intend borrowing passages from it which will enrich our own pages and act as an advertisement to the work. The Religious Tract Society is doing noble service in producing volumes of this character.

*The Bible Record of Creation true for every Age*. By P. W. GRANT. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS is an attempt to reconcile geology with revelation; not with the first verse of Genesis merely, but with the six days' creation; not by endeavouring to bring six long periods of the formation of the earth into harmony with the six days, but by showing that the right interpretation of the six days of itself suffices to indicate six long divisions of time. A vast number of refined criticisms and of scientific details are brought together for this purpose, which we humbly conceive will have no other good effect than to prevent others from wasting their energies in the same direction. The use of the Hebrew article, for instance, we consider, too feeble a foundation upon which to erect an entire theory; even as the use of the Greek article serves to strengthen the evidences of the divinity of Christ, but would not serve for a basis for so important a truth. Well aware that the records of geology do not exhibit the formation of plants as complete before that of animals has commenced, nor of fishes before birds, nor of birds before beasts, an attempt is made to show that the Mosaic days were not necessarily successive, but in a great measure parallel with each other. The Sabbath difficulty is got over by supposing that, too, to be an indefinite period. The institution of a literal seventh day for a Sabbath in the moral law, and the reason there given for that institution, because that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, compels us, against all criticism and reasoning, to conclude that the six days were literal as well as the seventh. To make the six days to be figurative days of thousands of years while the seventh is admitted to be a day of twenty-four hours would neither make the last a seventh nor be a reason for its observance. The six days would not be days in relation to the seventh, and the seventh would not be a seventh in relation to the six. The ability and conscientious zeal of the writer might, we think, have been better employed in the defence of the Scriptures in other ways.

*Creation Redemptive.* By the Rev. S. LUCAS, F.G.S. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

THIS is not an ordinary book, either for its subject or composition. We seldom meet with so much originality of thought and close reasoning within so small a compass. The one object is to show that the creation of this globe, and of all others which are necessarily in harmony with it, was with a view to the redemption of the human race. This is the end for which all creation and providential government exist, and by which God will be supremely glorified. This accounts, according to our author, for all the mixtures of good and evil in the natural creation; and especially in the geological phenomena of the earth prior to the fall of man. The two principal demands made upon our belief are that great and long preparations were made for the redemption of mankind before they were actually needed, and that the actual effects of sin were imposed upon the creation before the actual commission of it. The former will be readily admitted by all who accept the divine origin of human redemption; but they may feel called upon to pause before they give full credence to the latter; though it has no difficulty about it to our mind.

So far as the material creation is concerned, we are compelled to concur in a statement of this kind:—"Think of igneous and metamorphic rock with its precious gem and metal—of Cambrian, Silesian, and Devonian masses—holding in store gold, silver, tin, copper, lead, and iron; of carboniferous limestone and the coal measures abounding with fuel and iron, and with the limestone close at hand to be combined with the coal to flux the iron; of Permian and Triassic supplies of salt, magnesia, gypsum, and building stone; of Liassic and Oolitic and Cretaceous stores of lime, iron, road and building material, and of the clay, and gravel, and fertilizing 'coprolites' of more recent formations. Innocent man would not have needed these. Man irrevocably doomed would not have been favoured with them. But they are most admirably and beneficially adapted to the circumstances and wants of a fallen but

redeemed creature. These formations, therefore, so charged with suitable and beneficent provision, were formed and built upon a redeeming plan."

The following opinions will not, we think, be so readily received; because they suppose the actual consequences of sin to precede its commission, the effect to be prior to its cause. And yet this is not impossible, for as the sacrifice of our Lord saved men before it was actually offered, so the sin of man may have operated before it was in very deed committed. Our author's statements are very clear:—

"What of carnivorous beast, and of poisonous plant and reptile? To assert that they were changed after the fall, is to beg the whole question without offering the slightest proof; and to assert that they have been created or introduced since man's fall, is an assumption equally baseless. . . . They are what they were first made by the Creator. . . . God foresaw that ungrateful man would fall, and become rebellious, and, therefore, he formed carnivorous beast and poisonous and destructive plant and reptile. . . . They were created for the Redeemer, to suit his redemption economy, to render it of that *mixed character* we see in all his dispensations; to mingle *judgment* with mercy; and to affix on moral evil the utmost mark of the divine abhorrence."

It may be said that this is not the best way of accounting for animal suffering prior to the fall of man; but even if that be admitted, the whole train of reasoning in this book or its general design will not be destroyed.

*Home Lessons on the Old Paths; or, Conversations on the Shorter Catechism.* By M. T. S. Paisley: J. S. Parlane, 1878.

ONE great cause of the religious steadfastness of Scotland is to be found in the use of the Shorter Catechism. Let children learn well that very admirable compendium of theology and they will have a good groundwork of knowledge to begin with. The volume before us very pleasantly explains some of the truths taught in the catechism, though it seems to fight rather shy of election and other mysterious truths; but this perhaps is not to be wondered at, as it is

for children. The anecdotes also are rather well worn; but yet, as far as the dialogue style is capable of being managed, the authoress has done her work very well.

*Letters to a Young Clergyman.* By JOHN C. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE author of these letters is well known both in connection with Birmingham and Greenwich. Canon Miller is one of the ablest and largest-hearted members of the Evangelical party; his opinions are always worth considering and his remarks upon the Christian ministry cannot but be valuable. Although the letters are specially applicable to Episcopal curates, there is much in them which every sensible young preacher might read with profit. Dr. Miller is never extreme, and yet he is very plain and outspoken; his advice is eminently judicious, but yet he gives forth no uncertain sound. We greatly rejoice that so many young men who are entering the Church will in all probability read these wholesome counsels; it would have been well if some of the present generation of ministers had heard a little of the same good common sense when they first entered the pulpit; some of them are past mending now.

*Rays from the Sun of Righteousness.* By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teachers, the name of Dr. Newton is enough to assure you that this is the book which will suit you and your classes. The addresses are all concerning the Lord Jesus, they abound with anecdote and illustration, and are in the best style of talk for the young. Here are one or two tales testifying to the providence of God; our author places them under the head of Jesus the Shield of his People.

"*A Friendly Warning.*—A party of workmen were engaged in the Hoosac Tunnel in Massachusetts. One day, as they were resting during the hour appointed for their noon-day meal, they saw a number of rats run by where they were sitting. They all rose at once, and ran after the rats. While they were doing this, a great mass of

rocks fell to the ground, just where they had been sitting. They would have been crushed to death if God had not been a shield to them, and had not employed the rats for their protection. He who can save men in this way may well be called a shield."

"*The Squirrel and the Robber.*—A Christian once kept a tame squirrel, which was a great pet with him. Bunnie had the freedom of the house, and was allowed to go about everywhere and do as he pleased. In the winter time, he was very fond of making his bed at night in the side-pocket of his master's coat that was hung up behind the door in the sitting-room. He would get a little bunch of tow from his own cage, climb up the door on which the nail stood, run down the coat, spread out his tow-bed, and have the cosiest kind of a nest for a cold night. Now you would scarcely think that the great God, who rules among the angels in heaven, would make use of a little squirrel to shield his servant from harm. But he did. It happened in this way. One night a robber stole into that house, when the family were all asleep. He made his way into the sitting-room. There he saw the gentleman's private desk, in which he supposed was the money that he wished to steal. If he could only find the keys of the desk, it would save him a great deal of trouble. Looking round the room, he saw the coat hanging behind the door. Perhaps the keys are there. He thrust his hand into the pocket to feel for them. This wakened Bunnie. Not liking to be disturbed, he seized the robber's finger, and made his sharp teeth meet in the flesh of it. The pain of the bite caused the robber to utter a loud cry. This wakened the owner of the house. He rushed downstairs with the poker in his hand, and made a prisoner of the robber before he had time to escape."

*Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted.* POEMS by CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a new edition, and the more the better. To be the authoress of "Just as I am" is fame enough for any one, and sufficiently recommends all else that has fallen from her sanctified pen.

## Notes.

A CERTAIN growling critic affirms that we make too much of the Tabernacle and its affairs. This is a sin which we fear he is never likely to commit towards any good work. It may suffice us to say that our pages from month to month prove that our sympathies extend to every form of holy service in all Christian denominations. These notes are specially intended to set forth our own portion of the work which is done for our Lord, and we cannot see any objection to their being so occupied. Other agencies and communities have their own organs and reports, and this is ours; and if we keep very much to home affairs, our friends are, we find, all the better pleased. The Lord is making much of our work, and though we have passed through great personal trial he is blessing us more than ever and raising up princely friends to help us; therefore the growler may growl on.

The weekly religious papers have already given full accounts of the remarkable work of grace which has been going on at the Tabernacle during the pastor's absence, and therefore we will not repeat stale news; but we must at least declare our grateful praise and cry, "What hath God wrought?" A very gracious influence is upon our church and people. The believers around us are evidently greatly quickened, which is a most important point; and all are on the look out for souls, which is equally a matter to rejoice in. Love and unity are conspicuous, as well as joyful energy. Our evangelists, Messrs. Clarke and Smith, have done a noble work among us; and let the Lord be glorified for it. They have gone to Newcastle-under-Lyne, and are having marvellous times. Everywhere we trust they will now find open doors, for they are worthy. On our return the crowds were almost terrible; two Tabernacles might have been readily filled on the first Sabbath. The eagerness to hear was remarkable, even for a place where crowding is constant. We have always been heartily welcomed when returning from a vacation, but never so warmly as on this occasion. Every outward token showed that the people were joyous, not because of mere natural feeling, but because they had been aroused and awakened, and were hungering to hear the Word of Life from the lips which have fed them in former times.

On Monday evening, March 18, the new converts, more than four hundred in number, were invited to tea together with

the evangelistic choir and the singers. What a happy meeting it was! We were all overjoyed. Then came the great prayer-meeting at 7. The Tabernacle was almost entirely filled, and both praying and singing were carried on with a spirit and enthusiasm such as, even among our naturally warm-hearted people, we have never seen excelled. Eighty-four had been added to the church on the previous Sabbath, and this encouraged us to look for greater things.

COLLEGE. The College has largely shared in the visitation of grace with which the Lord has favoured us. A whole day of prayer was kept by the men in preparation for the services, and then all threw themselves into the work with the utmost zest. Many of the students had the great privilege of leading individuals to Jesus by personal conversation, and nothing can better conduce to joyful encouragement than such blessed success. To be in union with a living church is a great part of a young minister's training, and to be actually engaged with enquirers is a splendid preparation for after service. All goes well with the College; and those friends who have helped us in this our well-beloved work would be rewarded a thousand times could they hear a tenth part of the good news which often gladdens our heart. We do not make too much of this work; we have never spoken of it as we might have done, for we prefer to leave it to speak for itself. We do have failures, and some men who were very hopeful turn out to be weak; but can it be otherwise while we have to deal with imperfect beings? Those who are mighty soul-winners, and these are not a few, shall be our advocates. Our only desire is to send out men who will hold to the old faith, and preach it with some measure of intelligence, and above all with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. How far the Lord has made the effort a success eternity will reveal, and we await the verdict without fear. Meanwhile, we are having such sweet letters from our men in foreign lands that we brush the tears from our eyes to see how they love us, and how they love the gospel, for which we would live and die. There are some four hundred of the men preaching now; God bless every one.

The following account from our former student, Mr. Gammon, now an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society, will interest our readers, and show that our

College men are doing a good work in foreign lands.

"Puerto Plata, San Domingo,  
West Indies, Feb. 22, 1878.

"My dear President,—My report for last year, whilst being very far from what I could wish, is a slight improvement on the previous one; we have baptized forty-nine persons, on a profession of their faith in Christ, at the different stations, and there have been but few cases calling for exclusion from the church.

"With regard to my new work in San Domingo, so far, it has been very rough and discouraging; however, the small church we have formed has given us some encouragement, and the few members we have are very faithful to their duties; several months of the short period during which we have been resident in Puerto Plata have been taken up by revolutions.

"On Sunday, January 13th, we opened our new Iron Chapel, seating four hundred persons, but that very morning fighting commenced in town, and since then—five weeks—very little has been done besides visiting the sick and wounded. I have been obliged to send my wife and child away, for from the beginning of the year we have been surrounded by the rebels; and often just as one sits down to write or study the firing will commence, and all work is over for the time being. When it will end we cannot tell, for both the Government and the rebels seem determined to hold out. We are in a very unpleasant position, for our houses are of wood, and the Remington rifle balls go through them like paper. Many non-combatants have thus been wounded and killed by stray balls. There are about forty wounded soldiers in the hospital now, and they very eagerly receive the Spanish tracts and books which we give them. I should be very glad if some kind friend at the Tabernacle would send me a supply of tracts, but especially of your sermons, both in English and Spanish, for distribution among the people; my poor, weak voice cannot be heard everywhere, but these silent messengers of the gospel may prepare the way for me, and even do the work I am unable personally to accomplish; any parcel of books sent to the Baptist Mission House, under care of Mr. Baynes, will be forwarded to me by him. This is the port from which most of the people from the interior ship their tobacco, mahogany, etc., which is brought in by them on horses; so that it is plain what an amount of good might be done by giving them SPANISH tracts, gospels, and Testaments.

"Hoping to be able to give you a much better and more detailed account next year,

"I remain, my dear President,  
Yours very sincerely,  
R. E. GAMMON."

The news from our son, Thomas Spurgeon, in Australia, continues to be of the most delightful character. The exceeding kindness of friends is almost more than we dare to think upon; we thank the brethren in the various colonies, one and all. Brightest of all to our heart is the fact, that from various quarters we hear of conversions which probably our dear son has not been informed of. Christians at home tell us of sons and brothers abroad who write to say that they have been brought to the Saviour by hearing our son's sermons. A grand presentation at Adelaide has evidently touched Tom's heart as it has done ours. Mixed with it all the father and mother at home get their share of loving remembrance from friends. Things of this sort come to us, and as they are genuine words, though we do not feel worthy of them, we must give a specimen:—

"Ballarat Ministers' Association,  
November, 1877.

"Resolved unaminously,—That in giving a hearty welcome to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, on the occasion of his visit to Ballarat, the Association would avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of putting on record their deep sense of the services rendered by his father, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, to the cause of Christ throughout the world, and not least to Victoria, through the influence of his printed sermons: their hope that the father may be long spared as a watchman on the towers of Zion: and their earnest prayer that the son may prove worthy of so noble a sire, and may be increasingly blessed as a worker for God."

We have had so many of these kind messages that we might appear to be indifferent to them if we did not take some public notice of them. We have needed them all, and each one has come opportunely. In times of sickness and depression of spirit the Lord often employs human sympathy as a cordial and restorative, and we have found it so. Generous aid to our work, and affectionate words of thanks, have often made labour light and suffering endurable.

ORPHANAGE. Our friends will have read Mr. G. D. Evans' interesting paper as to the orphans' visit to the west. Everyone

seems to receive our orphans kindly, and we thank them. The beloved lady who founded the Orphanage should be remembered in our prayers. May she enjoy in her own heart the Lord's gracious smile as she sees her substance accepted by him and used to his glory.

Mr. Latimer, the first youth from the Orphanage to enter the College, has passed through his course of instruction with great satisfaction to us all, and now settles at Willingham, Cambs, with the unanimous and hearty vote of the church and congregation. This is a noteworthy fact in our Orphanage history. Another Orphanage student is now in the College, and very many are in positions of respectability and trust. The condition of the Orphanage is good.

Our valued friend, Mr. Vickery, who so generously presented the Orphanage with a very handsome drinking fountain desires us to mention that it was manufactured by Messrs. W. and T. Allen & Co., 2, Somerset Buildings, Lambeth Hill, London, E.C. It certainly does great credit to the firm.

The Post Office authorities have not removed our residence but they have altered our postal description. All moneys and letters sent to us should be directed, C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, *Balham*. It is more convenient to us to have letters so addressed than to have them sent to the Tabernacle. If sums of money fail to be promptly acknowledged we should be glad if friends would write us at once, for some mistake may have occurred, and by a timely notice it may be rectified. Friends writing about matters which do not concern us, but are merely for their own information, should not expect us to pay postage: it is growing to be a heavy tax. A large part of our daily toil arises from letters which ought not to be written, but which we try to answer, and do answer, as a rule, though it makes life a slavery. If postal labours increase, as they threaten to do, it may come to this, that, courtesy or no courtesy, we shall have to decline answering; for life is not long enough for us to be perpetually writing explanations of hard texts, giving names of books, replying to people seeking situations, refusing requests for loans of money which we cannot spare, answering questions upon degrees of affinity, church government, medicine for gout, hotels at Mentone, and so on *ad infinitum*. Certain people never seem happy until they have a pen in their hand with which to torture a public man. It will be

needful in self-defence to declare that we will answer nobody unless they have a right to an answer, and this implies that the letter is short, sensible, about some important matter, and has a stamp enclosed. If a man asks me a question in the street, and I am to pay a penny if I reply to him, he cannot reasonably expect me to answer unless he pays the penny himself; why then should a person be expected to pay a penny for the great privilege of giving advice gratis, for which he uses his own stationery and gets no thanks? Letters which are to the purpose shall always have a reply, but we cannot promise to answer every epistle; indeed, we do not intend to do so much as we have done in that direction.

COLPORTAGE. The Secretary sends us the following report:—“The Report of the Colportage Work, which we have now to offer, is most encouraging; and will, we trust, stimulate others to help us in a still further extension of this valuable and economical agency. Since the end of December, 1877, no fewer than thirty additional agents have been added to the staff of the Association, and are now actively engaged working in new districts. Through the liberality of two most generous and tried friends of Colportage all these districts have been commenced with a lower rate of subscription from local friends than we usually require, which is £40 a year. But this has been done in the full hope that during the first year the work will so commend itself, that Christian friends in the district will become sufficiently interested to subscribe the full amount for the second year. About ninety of our agents are now at work in England and Wales. Will friends remember them in prayer? Ninety godly men all day long travelling from street to street, and from door to door in our towns and villages, sowing the seed of God's word, by the printed page, by the pointed appeal, and by the daily life. More than a hundred pounds' worth of Bibles and Testaments alone are sent out every month, besides Bible parts and a variety of religious periodicals and books, and sound, instructive publications. Help is much needed just now to provide the Colporteurs with a sufficient and suitable supply of Tracts for gratuitous circulation. Many Christians have not much time to distribute tracts; here are ninety distributors at hand, whom they can supply with gospel messages. Parcels will be thankfully received and acknowledged if sent to the depôt, addressed to Mr. W. Corden Jones, Secretary,

Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E. Subscriptions or donations for this purpose, or for the General Fund, will be duly acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel*. The Annual Meeting will (D.V.) be held early in May, when, as usual,

several of the Colporteurs will give an account of their work, and the Annual Report will be issued.  
Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—March 4th, twenty-one; 7th, twelve; 11th, eleven; 14th, eighteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
East Norton...	0	10	0	Collection at New Barnet, per Rev. M. Cumming	5	0	0
M. Mulligan	0	10	0	Mr. Rumbal	1	0	0
A Friend, per A. A. B.	20	0	0	A Friend, per Rev. G. Rogers	20	0	0
Mr. H. F. Wright	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	0	0
Mr. G. Seivwright	1	0	0	Baptist Church, Bromley and Broom- augh, per Rev. J. J. Deane	2	8	0
Miss J. Wright	1	0	0	Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1	0	0
A Friend at Limbury, per Mr. Menlove	0	10	0	Miss Steddall	3	0	0
Mr. H. Pledge	2	0	0	Mr. R. McDowell	1	0	0
Collection at Harston, per Rev. S. H. Akehurst	3	0	0	Mr. Alfred Stratton	5	0	0
Mr. W. C. Sutherland	0	9	3	Mr. Grant	9	0	0
Rev. W. H. Knight	0	10	0	Church at Thaxted, per Rev. G. H. Hook	1	10	0
Miss Eliza Bush	0	3	0	Collection at Christchurch, per Rev. C. Dallaston	12	0	0
Friends at Letterkenney	1	1	0	M. ...	1	0	0
H. B. C.	0	2	0	Mr. J. Dunlop	0	10	0
Mr. C. Smith	1	0	0	Mr. W. Scott	1	0	0
John xvii. 20, 21	7	0	0	Mr. W. Badden	25	0	0
Australia—				Rev. A. E. Johnson	0	10	0
Bertie Olney	5	0	0	Tabernacle Almshouse Sunday School	1	10	0
Friends in Adelaide, per G. S. Fowier, Esq.	10	0	0	Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
				W. Fowier, Esq.	50	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	15	0	0	Collection at Dover, per Rev. J. E. Frewin	3	0	0
Miss Dransfield	2	0	0	Mr. W. Barber	1	1	0
Collection at Wynne Road, Brixton, per Rev. T. S. Edwards	6	1	0	Alfred Laversha	0	2	6
Collection at New Barford, per Rev. F. A. Holtzhausen	4	10	0	Mr. R. Finlayson	0	10	0
Friends at Portfield, per Rev. E. Barrett				Mrs. J. T. Potter	6	10	0
Mr. R. A. Hall	0	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Feb. 24	30	6	1
Mrs. Hall	0	10	0	" " " " " " " " " " " "	3	30	9
Mr. F. J. Yates	0	5	0	" " " " " " " " " " " "	10	20	0
Mr. C. Ellingworth	0	2	6	" " " " " " " " " " " "	17	34	0
Mr. J. Annis	0	2	6				
Mr. Summer	1	10	0				
	0	5	0				
					£37	0	11

## Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to March 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Reepham	0	4	0	M. G.	0	5	4
Readers of "The Christian," per Morgan and Scott	4	2	6	Mr. T. P. Alder	1	0	0
A. H. N.	0	2	6	Scholars, Eld Lane Sunday-school	0	19	0
Gourock	0	2	6	Mr. Wadland	0	10	0
A. B.	5	0	0	Mr. W. Butcher	0	2	6
A Friend, per A. A. B.	5	0	0	Mrs. Snell	0	4	0
Somersetshire	15	0	0	Mrs. Laycock	1	0	0
Friends, per Mr. D. Tolmie	1	15	0	Mr. J. G. Coe	3	0	0
Friends, Cracy	0	10	0	Miss Eliza Bush	0	3	0
A Friend, Maidenhead	0	5	0	Miss Robertson	0	1	3
Three Arniston Coalminers	1	0	0	Ernest St. George Tucker	0	4	6
Mrs. Grant	0	10	0	Mr. J. Watts	1	1	0
A Friend at Limbury, per Mr. Menlove	0	10	0	Amon	0	2	0
Mr. H. Pledge	0	10	0	E. D.	0	10	0
Mr. R. Harris	2	10	0	Mr. C. Smith	1	0	0
A Friend, Stamford Hill	0	10	0	Jane Taylor	0	5	0
				Mr. S. Cone	1	0	0



		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Australia:—					Captain Hacault	...	1	0	0
Melbourne	5 0 0				Mr. Oakshott	...	0	10	0
Friends in Adelaide, per G. S. Fowler, Esq.	10 0 0				Children at Weddington House	...	0	16	2
		15	0	0	Ernie, May, Winnie	...	0	10	7
Legacy, late Mr. Baker	100 0 0				Rev. E. Porter	...	0	2	6
T. H., Sandwich	2 2 0				Mr. J. Withers	...	0	5	0
Mr. E. Booth	1 7 0				Mrs. Blackman	...	0	1	1
Mr. Hague	1 0 0				Mr. H. Cooper	...	0	1	1
Service of Song, Lewisham High Road	11 12 0								11 17 5
Collection after Sermon at Cotham Grove Chapel, Bristol	9 12 0				Mr. J. Dunlop	...			0 10 0
A. Pearce	0 10 0				Little Hugh	...			0 1 0
"U. R. F."	0 5 0				Mrs. Hubbard	...			1 0 0
Service of Song, Bath	30 9 0				In Memory of Little Leonard	...	12	0	8
By Sale of History of Orphanage, Bath	0 10 9				In Memory of Little Arobie	...	2	2	0
Service of Song, Reigate	13 11 0				In Memory of Little Stanley	...	0	13	4
By Sale of "Song of the Shirt"	0 15 10				Mr. W. Badden	...	23	0	0
Frank and Harry Nye	0 11 0				Mrs. Wilson, Ontario	...	2	0	0
Mrs. Fitzgerald	1 0 0				Tabernacle, Almshouse Sunday School	...	1	10	0
Mr. W. Izard	5 0 0				Mr. H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Rinford	1 0 0				Charles Street Sunday School	...	1	16	3
Part Collection, West Croydon Chapel	10 10 0				Mr. Nicholls	...	1	0	0
T. B. C.	1 0 0				H. E. S.	...	10	0	0
Mr. E. Lambert	1 0 0				E. H.	...	2	0	0
Part of a Sailor's Tithe	1 0 0				Girls of Practising School, Stockwell per Miss Hyde	...	1	6	5
A Friend in the North	0 10 0				First Fruits	...	0	1	11
Mr. and Mrs. Luff	1 0 0				Boxes at Tabernacle Gates	...	3	14	1
Metropolitan Store	1 2 6				Dear Old Granny	...	0	10	0
F. F. E. and Friend	0 11 0				W. K. C.	...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Tyte	1 1 2				Mr. R. Finlayson	...	0	10	0
Miss Fellis	0 5 0				Mrs. J. T. Potter	...	0	10	0
Sermon Reader	0 5 0				Mr. W. Barber	...	1	1	0
Mr. Vellaot	3 0 0				Mrs. Grundy	...	0	2	0
Per Mrs. Withers:—					Service of Song at Broadmead, Bristol	...	58	4	2
Mr. W. Moore	5 5 0								£406 13 0
Mr. J. Huntley	2 0 0								
Mr. J. O. Cooper	1 0 0								

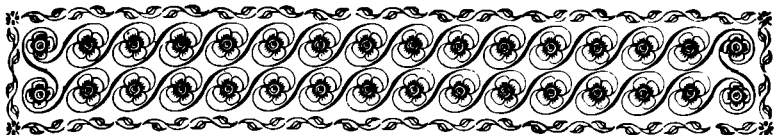
List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—OLOWING:—2½ Flannel Shirts, Friends at Brockley Road Chapel; 21 dozen Handkerchiefs, Miss Winslow and Pupils.  
 PROVISIONS:—2 Sacks of Onions, G. Tabor; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward.  
 GENERAL:—Some old Books, Anon.; a knitted Wool Shawl, Anon.

## Colportage Association.

Subscriptions for Districts:—		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Matlock District, per Mr. A. Griffith	8 3 7½				Mrs. S. S. Lloyd, Solihull	...	0	10	0
Matlock District, per Rev. F. H. Bellamy	1 10 3				Mrs. Evans	...	0	5	0
A Friend, for Kent	31 7 0				Mrs. Parker	...	0	1	0
S. W.	10 0 0				Mr. Perkins	...	0	10	0
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G. W. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne	10 0 0				E. Pye Smith, Esq.	...	3	0	0
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Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10 0 0				Part of Sailor's Tithe	...	1	0	0
	£101 2 4½				Mrs. Helen Wilson, Ontario	...	2	0	0
					Stamps for the Lord's Work	...	0	4	0
					A Church of England Woman	...	0	5	0
					H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0
					H. E. S.	...	5	5	0
					Mr. H. Pledge	...	0	10	0
									£40 2 6
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.		£	s.	d.	Subscriptions for Capital Fund.		£	s.	d.
"H. M."	20 0 0				R. Hanbury, Esq.	...	25	0	0
Mrs. T. M. Fergusson	0 1 0								

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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, 1878.

## A Voice from the Sea.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Yea, it shall be at an instant suddenly."—Isaiah xxix. 5.

"The Lord sent out a great wind into the sea."—Jonah i. 4.



ABOUT four o'clock in the afternoon of Lord's-day, March 24th, the inhabitants of London were startled by a sudden hurricane which all at once brought with it darkening clouds of dust, and for a short season raged furiously. Sitting in our study in quiet meditation we were aroused and alarmed by the noise of doors and windows, and the terrible howling of the blast as it swept upon its headlong course. Unhappy were travellers across heath and moor who were overtaken by such an overwhelming gust, for it gave no warning, and allowed no time to seek a shelter. It was soon over, but it was followed by cold and dreary weather, and it would seem to have been a token that winter meant to make another struggle to assume his ancient throne. His Parthian arrow was driven forward with intense force and left its mark in ruin and death.

Just at the moment when landsmen were terrified by the threatening storm, her Majesty's training ship "Eurydice," which had returned from a cruise to the West Indies, was rounding Dunnose headland, off the Isle of Wight, with all plain sails, and also her studding sails set. Those on board were all naturally anxious to reach their homes, and having only to round the coast and to anchor off Spithead, they were making the best of the wind. The noble frigate was plainly seen from the lovely village of Shanklin; but one who was watching the fine vessel suddenly missed it and wondered why. She was hastening along with all sails

set except her royals, and her ports open, when in a moment the fierce wind pounced upon her. It was in vain that the captain ordered sail to be shortened; the ship lurched till her keel was visible, and in less time than it takes us to write it the ship capsized, and more than three hundred brave seamen perished. Well might her Majesty's telegram speak of "the terrible calamity of the 'Eurydice.'" What mourning and lamentation had that one cruel blast scattered over the land! How swift is the swoop of death! How stealthy its step! How terrible its leap! *In the midst of life we are on the verge of the sepulchre.* This lesson is preached to us by those three hundred men who lie enshrouded in the all-devouring sea, with a gallant ship as their mausoleum.

"Toll for the brave!  
The brave that are no more!  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore!"

Great is the peril of the ocean, but there are also dangers on the land, and at any moment we also may be summoned to appear before our God. Since this cannot be questioned, let each prudent man foresee the evil and prepare himself for it.

Another lesson which lies upon the surface of this sad event is this—*never feel perfectly safe till you are in port.* Many awakened souls are almost within the haven of peace, and are at this time rounding the headland of thoughtfulness, with the sails of earnest enquiry all displayed to the breeze. Their condition is very hopeful but it is not satisfactory to those who are anxious about their eternal welfare, nor should it be satisfactory to themselves. They are steering for the harbour, they enjoy favouring winds, they have all sails set, but still they have not quite believed in Jesus, nor surrendered themselves to his grace. We who watch them can see that their ports are open, and we dread lest they should be overtaken by a sudden temptation and should suddenly be overturned at the very moment when our hopes are at their best. Is the reader in such case? Then let us beseech him not to be content till he has found Christ and so by faith has anchored in the harbour of "eternal salvation." Do not be happy, dear friend, till you are moored to the Rock of Ages, under the lee of the everlasting hills of divine mercy, through the atoning blood. It seems very wonderful that a ship which had been to sea so many times and had just completed a long winter's cruise in safety should at last go down just off the coast in a place where danger seemed out of the question. It is doubly sad that so many men should be within sight of a shore upon which they must never set their foot. To perish in mid ocean seems not so hard a lot as to die with the white cliffs of Albion so near: to die with the gospel ringing in our ears is still more sad. Never reckon the ship safe till it floats in the haven: never reckon a soul safe till it is actually "in Christ." The "almost persuaded" are often the last to be fully persuaded. Aroused, impressed, and moved to good resolutions, to tears, and even to prayers, yet men postpone decision, and by the force of Satan's arts are lost—lost when we all hoped to see them saved. O that seekers were wise enough to be distressed until they are thoroughly renewed. Any position short of regeneration is perilous in

the extreme. The manslayer would have been cut down by the avenger had he lingered outside the walls of the refuge-city ; it would have been all in vain for him to have touched its stones or sheltered near its towers : he must be within the gates or die. Seekers after salvation, you are not safe till you actually close in with Jesus, place all your confidence in him and become for ever his. Shall it be so *now*, or will you abide in death ? Rest not an hour. Trifle not for another moment ; for death may seize you, or a spiritual lethargy may come over your soul from which you may never again be aroused. Give no sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids till your anchor has entered into that within the veil and you are saved in Christ Jesus.

A further lesson should be gleaned from the scant wreckage which as yet has floated up from the sunken vessel. Let us all take warning, and remember that *we cannot tell when fierce temptation may assail us.*

“ Be watchful, be vigilant, danger may be  
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.”

As the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh, our want of foresight keeps us in constant jeopardy, and should therefore induce unceasing watchfulness. The gale may burst upon us either from the north or from the south, and if we make ready for an easterly breeze we may be assailed from the westward instead. He who has sailed upon the sea never trusts it ; he who has been at the mercy of the wind never depends upon it.

Beloved believer, you have had a long stretch of fair sailing ; let a brother whisper in your ear, “ keep a good look-out.” Those who are familiar with spiritual navigation know that there is never more likelihood of storm than when the barometer stands at “ set fair.”

“ Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss ;  
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss :  
Far more the treacherous calm I dread  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.”

The danger of a foreseen tempest is comparatively little, for your ship with close-reefed sails, and bare poles, is ready for whatever comes ; but the perils of the calm lie in the temptation to security, and the liability that sudden temptation may find us unprepared. “ What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch” : for if the good captain of the ship had known at what hour the storm would come he would have lowered all his sails, and have weathered the gale. He did all that a brave man could do, but all was little enough, for the huge ship was tossed over and sucked down, and but two remained to tell the tale. Be ye always ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the danger will be upon you.

One other warning let us collect from the wreck while yet it lies beneath the wave. *Always be most afraid of sudden temptation when all sails are filled with a fair wind.* Personal experience teaches some of us that our gladdest times attract perils to us. The temper of the placid may readily be ruffled when they have newly come from solitary communion with God : the rude shock of the world's rough speech tells

most upon a mind which has been bathed in heaven. Even the love of Jesus may lead us in the heat of our spirit to wish that we could invoke fire from heaven on his foes. Great power in prayer, unless we guard ourselves well, may be followed by a fit of depression, even as Elijah fled from Jezebel very soon after his wrestlings upon Carmel. High and rapt enjoyment may be followed by fierce temptation, for the enemy watches for loaded vessels when he allows the empty bark to escape. Even our Lord found but a short interval between the testimony from heaven at his baptism and the temptation from hell which beset him in the wilderness. Our full sails tempt the prince of the power of the air to rage with more than his usual malignity. It is right that all sail should be set when the wind is favourable. Why should we not avail ourselves of everything which may speed us on our way? Still, let us never forget to watch unto prayer, or our happiness may be our danger. Brother, mark well your steps in coming down from the mount of communion, for at the foot of it you may meet mocking Pharisees, dispirited disciples, and perhaps one possessed of an evil spirit of the kind which goeth not out save with prayer and fasting.

Let the self-exalting professor specially beware; but remember, dear brother, that you may soon become such a character. When your sails are big with the wind, and you are flying over the waves, clap your hands if you please and hope soon to have perfected your voyage, but take care to have all hands ready for an emergency. Perhaps one of the best things that could happen to you would be that when you are sailing along so bravely, confident and at ease, your topsails of pride should be carried away; you would be all the better for losing such lofty gear. Plenty of ballast must be stowed away or our royals may be our ruin. Better have our glory rent to ribbons by the gusts than for the ship itself to be blown over. Mark this.

Are you prospering in business? Keep your eye on the weather, and do not flatter yourself that you will never be moved. Is all going well with your family? Be grateful, but rejoice with trembling. Is every desire gratified? Thank God, but do not fold your arms, or suffer the watch to go below. Are you progressing wonderfully in the spiritual life? Doubtless Satan has told you that you are somebody now, strong in faith, exceedingly earnest, wonderfully busy, and altogether an example to others! Do you not see that the storm-fiend is near you, and do you not know what a wind he can raise? Remember how he slew Job's children by a wind which smote all the four corners of the house. He saves up those four-cornered hurricanes for men in high estate as Job was; therefore beware. Brother, take in those sails, for the weather is very gusty just now and cannot be relied on for five minutes. As you would dread shipwreck cultivate a holy jealousy, maintain godly fear, and evermore look to him that keepeth Israel. He never slumbers nor sleeps, for he knows that his children always need his watchful eye.

## An Evening among the Whitechapel Lodging-Houses.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

THE lodging-houses of London in themselves constitute a considerable portion of that half of our four-millioned-peopled city of which ordinary people know little or nothing. They are the homes of the out-cast and very poor, or rather, they are the miserable shelters which night after night receive such a portion of the homeless population as is not too destitute to pay threepence or fourpence for the accommodation. The lodging-house is the lowest round of the social ladder—far below even the workhouse—and the men and women who crowd the frouzy kitchen, and herd together in the pestilential atmosphere of the reeking rooms, are the Pariahs of our English civilization; they have lost all that is socially valuable, although in some instances a spark of self-respect may still be detected. In nineteen cases out of twenty these people may possibly be tasting the fruits of vice and improvidence; but there are other examples, darkly curious, and of almost impenetrable mystery, in which misfortune alone appears to have been the cause of ruin. Thus it will become strikingly evident, the more carefully we look into the subject, that, speaking generally, the lodging-house is the refuge of the *ruined*. Rarely, indeed, can a grown person ever again rise to respectability after lapsing into its degradation, or hope again to retrieve a moral character after breathing the dreadful miasma of the poisoned atmosphere. We speak after the manner of men; for, of course, there are none of the roving tribe who are beyond the reach of the grace of God. Virtually, however, with the exception of those of tender years, the habitants of the lodging-house are lost. It is as if they had passed a bridge of sighs, across which they cannot or will not return. Society has discarded them; the church cannot reclaim them.

Still, bad as these places are, and odious as they must necessarily continue to be while degraded human nature remains what it is, they are very far from being what they were; they have been wonderfully reformed by the passing of Lord Shaftesbury's Act for their regulation. What they were in those awful days before the establishment of the London City Mission the most graphic pen would be unable to describe, and were portrayal possible the picture would too much resemble sensational exaggeration to be acceptable. Though men and women cannot be reformed by Act of Parliament, there are times when the iron hand of the law may with advantage check the excesses of sin and the rapacity of those who would not scruple to grow rich by the miseries of others. The Act referred to has worked as a very wholesome check on the landlord and his "deputy," as well as on the lodgers themselves. Indeed, the houses have been brought under the surveillance of the police, who hitherto, as overseers, have not proved unworthy of their trust. In his keen-eyed studies of London life, Charles Dickens did not overlook the lodging-houses; and the compliments he paid Lord Shaftesbury on account of his Act were expressed in unequivocal terms.

The landlord of the past generation was not quite like his successor of to-day; for these gentlemen, like their betters, have the knack of adapting themselves to the era and to circumstances. Some time ago we gave elsewhere a pen-and-ink portraiture of Mr. Landlord as he flourished in those halcyon days when neither lawyers nor philanthropists interfered with his doings, and this little portrait will serve the purpose of enlightening the reader:—The well-to-do proprietors of lodging-houses were frequently found to be men of an exceedingly low origin; and in many instances the capital employed for commencing business was not obtained in an honest manner. Having begun as a rogue, the landlord of the last generation carried on a system of roguery to the end of the chapter. Whether in person, or by deputy, he was a prince among thieves of the unskilled order—the rovers who live by robbing a butcher's stall, a grocer's window, or a waiting carriage. It mattered nothing to such a man who were his customers, nor what was the nature of the property he either purchased or took into pawn. He would take a shirt or a coat from a famished applicant; lend money on a needy pedlar's basket of ware; or, the transaction being a more gainful bargain, he would grin with satisfaction as he awarded sixpence to a juvenile "prig" for a lump of bacon or a joint of meat. The man was, in fact, a general dealer, whose purchases were often made at nominal prices, while his profits were realized in the dearest market possible. He was able to supply with drink and edibles the hungry and thirsty throng who, every evening, crowded his none too capacious kitchen. While he had matches, lace, and ballads for such "travellers" as needed to replenish their stock, some of his bargains were of too dark a nature to bear looking into. He also owned a convenient wardrobe, stored with costumes suitable for those who wished to follow the profession of mendicancy in character; so that a "shipwrecked mariner," a "disabled soldier," or a "reduced gentleman," could be accommodated at a minute's notice. The sinner flying from justice could here, for a few pence, be served with a chemical which would, in a trice, change the complexion of his skin, and so make him as another man to the officer he had dodged round the street corner only ten minutes before. *Pseudo-artizans* "out of employment" here found the implements of their unknown crafts. Stranger still, an enterprising beggar could negotiate with the lodging-house landlord for the daily loan of a "wife and children," knowing well that there is nothing like "a large family" for exciting the almsgiving propensities of British citizens.

A cursory survey of a lodging-house kitchen might lead to the inference that the inmates represent one dead level of low life, the lowest that western civilization can show; but the truth is, we find the most wonderful diversity, even while every subject may be characterized by the general uniform of dirt and rags. The professional man, who has been ruined by wine and vicious indulgence, there finds himself on the same form with the outcast wretch who has been a cadger and impostor from his youth. The merely unfortunate man, who, without being able to account for his disasters, has sunk from comfort and affluence to want, rags, and despair, may encounter a brother who can offer a word of sympathy by telling a similar story. We must not wrong these poor creatures by putting them all on one level; for while

a casual visitor may not readily detect any difference in the members of the kitchen-group, the practised eye can quickly distinguish between a criminal vocabulary and words of honest despair. The first is the language of those who are breathing their native air, people who have never known happier or more fragrant surroundings. It may be the language, also, of those fallen stars who grovel in the slums with a university education, and who perplex the missionaries by their quotations from the Greek Testament, or the Iliad of Homer; but the confessions of others, given in a faltering voice, and with a tearful eye, carry a meaning very different from what we associate with a career of crime. Let us always retain sufficient large-heartedness to distinguish between misfortune and wilful wrong-doing.

In giving a few examples of the human curiosities which are found from time to time in the London lodging-houses, there is some difficulty in making a selection. Some years ago we met with the case of a physician, who sunk down, and down, from a fashionable West-end practice, until he became an outcast of the streets, as well as a frequenter of taprooms and low-life dens, although he continued to exercise the healing art among his new associates. Another case, reported in the newspapers, was that of a well connected gentleman who, on being overtaken with misfortune, battled with poverty and hunger in the lodging-house kitchen until death released him from the ordeal. At the last annual meeting of the Ragged-school Union one of the speakers mentioned instances of two clergymen whom he had encountered among the destitute in the streets. One of these gentlemen could show an abundance of testimonials, while he confessed at the same time he had slept for two nights in a basket in Covent-garden market. "What are you?" asked the friend; and the man replied that, in addition to being an ordained clergyman, he had formerly been the master of a great public school. "What brought you to this?" was further asked, and the reply was *drink*—"Drink, of course, sir." "I saw another clergyman in a common thieves' lodging in Westminster," remarked the same speaker, "his wife was begging in the streets, and she begged a piece of bread of me. I gave that woman, who had two beautiful children with her, a shilling to get some food for herself and her children, and immediately afterwards I went to see the husband, whom I found, I repeat, in a common thieves' lodging. I saw him dressed just fit to go into the pulpit, and it was only six months since he was discharged from a curacy in the east of London. I do not mention names; let such men have a chance of repentance. When I had got into the miserable room I saw him sitting in front of a little fire, having in one hand a piece of bread, and in the other that very common source of sustenance among the poor, a red herring, which was stuck on a fork. I said to him, 'Where did you get that from?' He replied, 'Oh, a gentleman gave my wife something just now, and she brought this home to me, and is gone out again to see if she can get something more.' 'Do you know what the gentleman gave her?' I asked. 'Twopence,' he replied. 'That is not true,' I said, 'he gave her a shilling.' 'Ah!' said the man, 'then she is gone out to spend the tenpence in gin.' That, my friends, is what gin can do, and this only one instance among thousands."



The tramps, the impostors, and the adventurers in general who make use of the lodging-house would not, perhaps, be inclined to regard themselves as belonging to the unfortunate classes in the proper sense; at all events, care sits lightly on their hearts, and a seared conscience is no hindrance to a jolly life. They take things as they come, and show no sign of wishing for anything better. Some of them are very communicative, and will reveal all that one asks of them about their mode of imposing on the public as sham sailors, made-up soldiers, and *pseudo* broken-down gentlemen. Their stories tend to prove that vagrancy may be largely encouraged by country charities, such as Watts's Refuge, at Rochester, and others which were originally intended for those footsore and deserving travellers who might be under the necessity of perambulating the country in search of work. Some of the more ingenious impostors carry their practices to the most impudent lengths, sticking at nothing, not even at preaching in a village pulpit. These are the people whom no human laws can terrify, nor art allure into happier paths. They can be reached by the grace of God, and by that alone.

We will now give particulars of what we saw in the vicinity of George-yard, Whitechapel, on Friday evening, the 15th of March, on the occasion of Lord Shaftesbury's visit to that notorious locality, of which Mr. George Holland is the active evangelist. Three hundred men and women were to be invited to a substantial tea, and his lordship was to preside at the after-meeting as the well-recognised friend of those who, low as they had fallen, were not too low to value the sympathy of a godly English nobleman.

Though we have mentioned George-yard and its neighbourhood as a notorious locality, the place may not justly be mentioned in the same breath with the George-yard of a quarter of a century ago. The surprising outlying network of unsavoury streets, courts, and alleys then constituted one of the most dangerous districts in London, on which a respectable person could not have intruded, and where the police could venture only in companies. A robber who, after being chased along the main thoroughfare of Whitechapel, could dart down this ready opening was at once as secure from arrest as though he were in a city of refuge. It made no difference whether the booty were a lady's pocket, a gentleman's watch, "a lift" from a tradesman's door, or a messenger's parcel suddenly snatched from unsuspecting hands; the property was lost, and the thief was secure. The women of the neighbourhood, in extraordinary numbers, have been known to wear print dresses of a uniform pattern, when the explanation was that a great "lift" had been effected from the store of some unfortunate draper. On another occasion a large pipe, in connection with Mr. Holland's mission station, was out of order, and on being examined was found to be choked with some dozens of empty purses, all purloined from street passengers, thrown on to the roof, whence they were washed by the rain into their singular receptacle. One of the plague spots of the district in those days was a public-house going by the name of *The Black Horse*, a sign which may possibly have been suggested by Dick Turpin's famous dark-coloured mare, as that knight of the road is said to have frequented the hostelry during the early years of the eighteenth century.

Standing aside from the main road, with a spacious convenient yard, after the manner of the picturesque inns of Old London, *The Black Horse* was just the very kind of place that robbers of the highwayman type would have chosen for a rendezvous; and the tradition may not be unfounded that it was thence Turpin came forth to commit his last murder. For about a century and a half after these tragic scenes, however, the black succession of landlords continued their iniquitous traffic; and if, as was the case at last, "Stop thief" would be heard fifty times in a single day, Boniface the Black was ready and anxious to afford the criminals fifty chances of escape. The case became desperate, and tended towards working its own cure. The place was literally a thieves' den, where, during the prohibited hours of service on a Sabbath morning, £25 worth of drink would be sold. Children of a tender age would leave the premises in a state of intoxication; and the bar was provided with a trap-door, through which persons, senselessly drunken, were lowered into a strawed cellar below, to enjoy the privilege of sleeping themselves into renewed consciousness. There were also certain contrivances to facilitate the escape of depredators; so that, considering all things, the landlord of such a citadel was a king among thieves. Determined to be no longer baffled and defied, the police at length succeeded in getting the license cancelled; and *The Black Horse* is now one of the branches of Mr. Holland's station, having been used for some time as a shelter for homeless girls, for whom suitable employment is provided. It is an auspicious fact in connection with this part of the work that the ancient inn is not the only "cadgers' hotel" which the authorities have closed during the last ten years; some half-dozen in all of a similar character have forfeited their licenses; and this partially accounts for the improvement effected in the neighbourhood. In some respects our friend George Holland may be congratulated on having been doubly fortunate. His head quarters are a subdued volcano; that is to say, they are the seat of an extinct distillery; while *The Black Horse*, instead of being a citadel of crime, is a light in a dark place.

On our arrival at George Yard, about six o'clock, the corps of assistants were actively engaged in preparing for the evening entertainment; and we were handed over to the custody of the visiting evangelist, who kindly volunteered to show us the character of Mr. Holland's thickly peopled, interesting see. In more than one sense such a guide is indispensable. He is familiar with the whole of the ground; he is extensively known among the people, and under the wing of his protection we were able to penetrate into dens which we could not with impunity have invaded alone. The lowest criminals seemed to recognize in him a true friend, and one whom they know would fain raise them to respectability, rather than allow them to sink lower into depths of misery. As we move from place to place our guide is able to explain what character the several localities bore in the past, as well as all about their present reputation; and it is reassuring to find that, bad as the places still remain, their past history casts a still darker shadow. The story is a consistent narrative of improvements having been effected. Vile dens in the shape of public-houses have been closed; thieves and loose women have been driven from their retreats, to have their rooms occupied by

a respectable class ; and in one remarkable instance, a late pestiferous court has been renovated, to be peopled by industrious artizans, through the efforts of Miss Octavia Hill. We saw one secluded rookery, with a convenient open space, where open-air services are regularly held in summer, the chief part of the congregation occupying seats at the open windows as though they were boxes around an amphitheatre.

In turning our attention to the lodging-houses we are first of all surprised at their number. Frouzy looking establishments, with "Registered Lodging-House" inscribed over the entrance, are a leading feature of nearly every street, and each establishment appears to swarm with customers. They are a migratory race, homeless and aimless, here to-day, on tramp to-morrow ; and some of them are acquainted with the characteristic features of every county in England. A slight push at the outer door, which requires no fastening, and to which a piece of leather, held by a couple of nails, makes a convenient handle, we are at once in the kitchen. The room is tolerably spacious, and though quite as full of inhabitants as such a place ought to be, it will not receive its complement until later in the evening. Already the movements of the miscellaneous throng about the area remind one of the uneasy flittings hither and thither of a colony of ants suddenly disturbed, so that the addition of a score or two, more or less, will not materially affect the character of the scene. Cold indeed is the strong March wind without, but here, at all events, we have warmth enough and a little to spare, a large heaped-up clear red fire being the solitary cheerful object on which the eye can rest. The thickly charged atmosphere is a compound it is not easy to describe ; but if the reader will think of the fumes of onions, fish, meat, beer, and tea, all incorporated with a due proportion of the nauseous effluvia arising from the skins of those whose bodies are as filthy as the rags they wear, a faint notion of what the air is like will be obtained. This is one of the best conducted houses of its class, and nightly accommodates about ninety inmates, who each pay fourpence for their bed, Sunday being a free night to all weekly tenants. Such a place is one which anyone might enter without fear, and our visit seems to inspire no curiosity beyond an eagerness to secure the tickets for tea we are distributing on behalf of Lord Shaftesbury and George Holland.

But our information would be incomplete were we to leave the ground without seeing something different, without descending a grade or two lower to penetrate into a lodging-house of a baser kind. One of the most singular features of lodging-honse life is its undoubted testimony to the truth of the proverb, "Birds of a feather flock together." Those who are more or less industrious, gaining their living on the streets, do not care to entirely associate with avowed cadgers and professional thieves. Others are incomprehensibly particular in regard to the locality of their hotel ; they will herd at the West-end, or, in any case, will not risk their prestige by lying in any house east of Holborn. It is necessary that these points should be clearly understood ; for we are now about to walk straight into one of those dangerous dens known as thieves' kitchens, in Whitechapel.

*Den* is the most appropriate term which the language supplies for conveying to the mind, in a single word, a true impression of the

character of the place. The crowd of wretched looking mortals, the hot atmosphere, the sickening effluvia, and the clear red fires are still as characteristic of the lodging-house as what we saw in the former kitchen; but an indefinable something clearly assures us that we are on lower ground, among more desperate adventurers. Though it is broad daylight outside, the kitchen itself is nearly dark; and being divided into two, the inner apartment is darker than the outer. Our guide presses forward with the assurance of a veteran who is treading on familiar ground; but less seasoned explorers, who would not pass as cowards, will be sensible of some misgiving, however bold a front they may assume. In short, we are in the very heart of a den of thieves; and while the personal risk would still be considerable to one unprotected, the day has been when a man not demented would as soon have presumed to invade a den of lions. In semi-darkness it is not easy to take stock of the company; but a glance will show that the young are there preparing to enter upon a course of crime, similar to that which their elders have some of them well nigh finished. England can show no picture of humanity lower than this. The women look as though they had long, long ago lost the last vestige of womanliness; the dogged scowl and care-for-nothing-and-nobody bearing of the men shows that they mean revenge on society. Life in such a place is existence without hope; and it is not surprising that many are tempted to end their misery by suicide. Can none be reclaimed? George Holland and his helpers can answer the question. Many have been rescued from ruin; by divine power beggars have been raised even from their moral dunghills, and have been fitted by grace to sit among princes.

We have said that one part of our errand consisted in distributing tickets of admission for the festival later in the evening at the quondam distillery, which our friend Mr. Holland has, with wonderful tact, transformed into a mission hall. The very name of a tea and meeting at which Lord Shaftesbury is to preside seems to come to the lodging-house denizens like a gleam of sunshine on a dark day. The men, the women, even the children, are so eager to come, that were the old distillery capable of accommodating twice three hundred, there would be no difficulty in finding guests.

Soon after six o'clock the preparations for our evening party are completed, the doors are opened, and the large company pour in, the ground area being appropriated by the men, while the gallery is set apart for the women. As master of the ceremonies Mr. Holland finds plenty of occupation; and his directions are given in a kind, peremptory tone, which none would dare to challenge—"Gentlemen, this way if you please; ladies, up stairs." When all are seated, large, stout mugs are served out; the singing of "Be present at our table, Lord" follows, and the meal commences. The mugs were replenished as often as necessary; but each individual's share of cake and bread and butter was enclosed in a paper-bag, the quantity allowed being sufficiently liberal to satisfy even a lodging-house appetite. The majority stood in silence during the singing of the grace, as though they would not attempt a strange language; but during the entire evening their behaviour was quite orderly. The picture presented was certainly impressive and instructive. Though not exactly ill-at-ease the people seemed to be out

of their element. Every face looked like the index to some striking life-history; and yet the traces of ruin on each imparted to all a monotonous sameness. No shirts were visible from our place on the platform; and it must have been long since the hundreds of heads of matted hair last saw a comb. Who are these people? All of them are not quite what they appear to be. One who understands the subject well intimated that in such a company there would be at least half-a-dozen fallen stars—clergymen, barristers, justices of the peace, men who have yielded up their all for drink, and who expect never to be other than the scum of society.

The hymn given out by Lord Shaftesbury, "Rescue the perishing," was sung, a prayer was offered, and then followed a solo by Miss Brown. After these preliminaries Mr. —, a neighbouring clergyman, addressed the singular congregation.

Hinting at those mysterious fallen stars to whom we have referred, this friend remarked that while he knew his own congregation, he did not know those before him; but all were within the reach of God's mercy. In alluding to the habit of profane swearing, he observed that people act without being aware of the nature of their offence, and he was glad to think their prayers were not answered. Then people are always afraid to die without religion; dying hours bring home to us the truth about our state before God. Moreover, people deceive themselves in regard to death-bed repentance; the first step towards repentance is to give up sin. To show the difference between true and sham repentance, the life-story of a beershop-keeper at Manchester was given. The man gave out that he was a believer in Christ; and when asked what made him think so, he said he did not think about it, he knew for a fact that he was pardoned. Well, then, he would of course show his faith by his works. The beershop had been a nuisance in the district; he would of course cease his connection with an iniquitous traffic, and close the doors. At any rate, he would not encourage Sabbath drinking. The man hesitated; he was not prepared to make so many sacrifices for religion, and actually proposed to make a compromise. He was honestly assured that he was deceiving himself, but without effect. A few Sabbaths later the speaker preached on a piece of waste land facing this same house, when the noise and the drinking were proceeding in the bar as usual: but though the beershop was open, God had himself ended the trade of the landlord, for the man lay dead in an upper room. However low a man may be, he begins to rise when he gives up sin. Many in that hall might never again become what they once were; but all might become better than they are. Men work for hell; the wages of sin is death; heaven is the free gift of God.

Mr. George Holland gave a very characteristic speech, and many things he said seemed to go to the hearts of his hearers. It was twenty-five years since they commenced the work; and religious services are now held in ten lodging-houses. Friends from the Metropolitan Tabernacle and other places come to help them; but he wanted to see helpers rise from the ranks of those they sought to benefit. Of course he deliberately referred to the fallen stars who were among the company. Ah! there had been a time when, having servants to wait

upon them, they sat with their feet underneath their own manogany. Sin had done it all—give up sin and all would be righted. George Holland knows of plenty of cases of reformation, and one or two are related for the sake of encouraging others. On one occasion a drunkard, who had reduced his family to beggary, came to that hall seeking relief. The man was given to understand that he was too far gone to be trusted; but if he would return and send his wife, she should have attention. In a moment the renegade felt that he had been touched in a tender place; he realised his degradation as he had never done before. "What? You will trust my wife and not trust *me*! I'll alter; I'll go into the country; I'll give up drink." He forthwith tramped to Romford, and boldly confronting an old employer, he asked for work. "But we can never depend upon you; you are a very good workman, were it not for the drink." "Try me once more," pleaded the other, and work was given him. He worked steadily, and casting in his lot with a congregation at a chapel hard by, he soon had a comfortable four-roomed cottage of his own. No one can tell what good is before them when they give up sin.

One night there was a meeting in the hall when the arrow of conviction went home to the heart of a fallen star who sat on one of the forms. George Holland made some references to that mysterious class, and he heard the sobbing of a man in tears. "Why do you sob?" was asked in a sympathetic tone. "*My* case, sir," was the reply, "but I'll turn over a new leaf." On the next morning he looked through the advertisement columns of *The Times*; and seeing that a situation was vacant which he well knew himself competent to accept, he went to Bishopsgate to make enquiries. Though the office was a most respectable one, the applicant paid no extra attention to his morning toilet; he went just as he was, straight from the lodging-house. The gentleman was doubtless surprised to be troubled by such a visitor; but being too well bred to betray emotion needlessly, he concealed his feelings beneath that true courtesy which is founded in sympathy. Naturally a character would be indispensable, and who could be found to give it? At first sight the question might seem to be a final one, because no satisfactory answer could be given; but the poor applicant was not one of those who would accept defeat when victory could possibly be secured by plain dealing. A character? He would give himself a character! He had been a drunkard, he had been herding in a lodging-house, he had been the cause of his own ruin, and now he intended to give up the drink, forsake evil company, and begin life afresh. It so happened that the gentleman to whom this ingenuous prodigal applied was a member of the Society of Friends; and he heard the prayer of his fallen brother. He gave him clothes, food, a home, employment, until the ragged outcast of a Whitechapel den became a new creature, a respectable and useful member of society. Hundreds of professing Christians would have dismissed such an applicant at once, and so have trampled down the poor being who wished to rise. Of course prudence is to be commended, but so also is Christian charity. It would be impossible for the fallen to rise if there were not a few Christians left who will risk a little comfort or money to win a soul.

To such an audience Lord Shaftesbury always speaks with sympathy.

They might be low and miserable, but none were so low that they could not fall lower. One of the most affecting of the songs once sung by the South American slaves, and reproduced in England by the Jubilee Singers, was the hymn containing the line, "Keep me from sinking down." Those words were sung by people in slavery, and God had not only answered the petition, he had enabled them to rise to freedom. That was an example for them; but if they would rise they would have to cultivate more regular habits, and exercise some sort of self-control.

Such are the people who are found inhabiting the dens of the district in the midst of which George Holland has set up his mission stations. On their departure the guests were each presented with a bouquet and a text supplied by the Flower Mission. Much that is interesting, or even striking, in connection with the work remains to be told; but this we reserve for another paper. May the Lord in his abundant grace bless every earnest effort which is put forth in order to lift the beggar from the dunghill, and set him among the saints of the Most High.

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## The Christian Young Men of New York.

BY PASTOR G. D. EVANS, OF BRISTOL.

"YOU should by all means visit the premises and see the work of our Young Men's Christian Association," was one of the answers given to the question of an uncommercial traveller, "What is there worth seeing in New York?" The description of this home of Christian service which followed the reply to the interrogation was ample inducement for the writer to step into a horse car and make his way to the respectable locality where the noble institution has its centre of operations.

### THE BUILDING ITSELF

is worthy of notice. It is not situated in a hole-and-corner position of the city, but lies at the junction of two of the best thoroughfares, being at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third street. The site is an exceedingly valuable one, and was secured for the purposes of the Association by the enterprising commercial men whose wealth is given freely for its support. Business tact is distinctly marked in the plan of the building. A number of very fine stores occupy the ground floor, the rents of which go into the funds of the institution, thus assisting in the reduction of the debt, which stood, two years ago, at the sum of 150,000 dols. To an Englishman this seems to be a very heavy burden upon so good an undertaking; but to a New Yorker who knows the value of property thus held in trust for the Lord's work, and which by reason of its splendid position is continually increasing in value, such a sum appears a very light incumbrance.

By a fine double staircase we reach the landing on the first floor, whence we obtain access to the various rooms and offices where the business of the establishment is carried on. We remark the completeness of the whole organization and the quiet activity of the machinery, no part of which appears to be out of gear. We enter a lofty, well lighted and ventilated hall, in which several clerks are employed in

connection with the various departments of the work. In one corner of this hall is a door leading to a dainty little office, the peculiar sanctum of the devoted and indefatigable secretary, Mr. McBurney. We found him to be a gentleman of great intelligence and true culture. He entered into the various details of the association with a zest which proved that he was in every sense of the word a young man's friend, and that it was with no mere official dignity that he filled his position, but with a most commendable desire to make the organization over which he presided the most efficient in the States.

Through the clerks' hall we pass into another large apartment which forms a

#### MAGNIFICENT READING ROOM.

admirably stocked with all the best known American and English periodicals, magazines, and reviews, as well as a large number from other quarters of the globe. Seventy-two daily papers furnish a tolerably large meal for any member of the society who wishes to digest their principal contents. Nearly three hundred weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals represent the efforts of a considerable portion of the literary section of the human race. There is scarcely a part of the globe that is civilized enough to possess a newspaper but you may find some intelligence of it here. The greatest stranger in New York is at home poring the old familiar page, which it was his pleasure to consult when thousands of miles away. It was in this reading-room that we received our first intelligence of the suicide of the late Sultan of Turkey. Fourteen days upon the sea had shut us out from the knowledge of the events of the great world of politics, from which, for a time, we were completely banished. The title of a leading article in a number of the "Christian World," which had evidently travelled by a faster line of steamer, gave us the intelligence, which has in less than two years become a stale page of history, so quickly have startling events followed each other in the tragedy of the Ottoman Empire.

Ascending to a higher story of the building we were introduced to a splendid consulting and lending library of upwards of 10,000 volumes. This is very largely patronized by the members of the association, for the range of literature represented is very wide, and there is ample opportunity for the student, in whatever branch of knowledge he desires to become proficient, to become acquainted with the authors who will yield him the assistance that he needs. We were glad to find that in a city where life is an exciting chase after wealth and pleasure, there are many young men who enjoy the solid and substantial rather than the frothy and sensational mental fare that abounds on all hands. This is indicated by the analysis given in the report of the character of the works that were used by the subscribers during the year 1875. Upon the same floor as the reading-room we found some very substantially furnished parlours, which gave a cheerful, home-like appearance to the place. Many of the young men of New York are, practically, without a home. Gathered together from various lands, they are not connected with families in which they may form a part of a happy circle gathered round a comfortable fire. Even when engaged by large firms they do not live in the house, as they would if they belonged to establishments



such as those presided over by our own city merchants. Hotels and boarding houses are their residences. Hotel life suits the tastes of the richer or the faster of their number. The billiard room is, perhaps, the only public place in the house where they will be sure of meeting with any jovial fellowship; and, although its associations are probably not so bad as they would be here, because a man is just as welcome to drink water as spirits or wine, unquestionably the influence is neither elevating nor healthy. Boarding houses are very largely patronized by all classes. You can live at almost any rate you please. Some landladies will adopt every expedient for the comfort of their lodgers. Some of them simply provide their customers with their meals, a bed-room, and a latch key, that will admit them to the house up to any reasonable time of night. The evening meal, which is a dinner succeeded by a cup of tea, is over by six or seven o'clock, according as the necessities of the young man may require. Then he must find shelter in his bed room, or, perhaps, if the house is large, in a common sitting room, where a number of men are engaged in various avocations not always conducive to the quietude he seeks. The association has sought to meet the difficulty arising from this state of things. In one of the parlours there are facilities for chess and draughts; in another is a grand piano, upon which, we believe, any person is at liberty to play. Each evening those engaged in the various parts of the building may assemble, if they choose, at the gathering for devotional exercises that is regularly held. We were present at one of these simple gatherings, and retired from the parlour feeling that a young man need not be homeless with such opportunities of fellowship.

A very strong belief in muscular Christianity exists amongst our friends. A large and creditably fitted up gymnasium testifies to this fact; for various forms of athletic exercises facilities are given. An experienced professor is engaged to provide instruction in the science. The gymnasium is largely patronized, and if the hour we spent, looking down from the gallery upon the athletes, furnished any true idea of the pleasure with which the men enter into their exercises, their enjoyment must be very great. We must not omit to mention, also, that a bowling alley and baths form part of the arrangements of the premises. Nor would our description be complete without noticing that a large and luxurious lecture-hall, capable of holding 1,500 people, supplies a grand audience room for the various association gatherings that assemble there. An elegantly fitted organ adorns this building. The premises being so admirable, and the appliances so numerous, our readers will be anxious for some information concerning

#### THE NATURE OF THE WORK

in progress. We must remark, here, that whilst the greater part of the machinery is gathered beneath this roof, there is a branch institution where some of the plans devised at head-quarters are carried out. It is situated in the Bowery, which is a very much lower part of the city. There young men, from all countries, who are in search of employment apply for advice and assistance in obtaining situations. The success of this branch is very great. In 1875, 2,862 persons were aided and registered, 9,621 lodgings were furnished, 7,157 free meals were

provided, 180 young men were restored to their friends, and 916 furnished with employment. The interest manifested in the temporal welfare of these wanderers attaches some of them to the organization which thus wisely approaches them through their most pressing and urgent wants. Perhaps a more effectual way of bringing proper influence to bear is in connection with the social meetings which take place in the parlours from night to night. A number of the members have formed themselves into a band for the express purpose of receiving and entertaining strangers. They attend the rooms in turn. A youth drops in to look at the day's paper, or to enjoy a quiet half hour in one of the parlours. There is nothing in the etiquette of American society to prevent one who is a stranger to him from speaking a friendly word. That word is spoken, kindly and affectionately, by one of these young men in waiting. Friendships are thus formed which have saved many from companionship far less desirable. Such a work as this might be done, not only in connection with all kindred organizations, but also in connection with every Christian church, and, indeed, every large business house. It is the want of a friend of similar age and experience that prevents our young men, who come from the surrounding villages to our great cities, from falling into those associations which would uplift and purify them. They require to be warned, not from the pulpit alone, but personally and individually, by those who can breathe into their ears suggestions concerning their dangers, which are all the more likely to be heeded because they proceed from those who are meeting, day by day, with similar temptations to their own.

The committee have not forgotten that there is a side of our nature that asks for the exhilaration of music and mirth. They know that the fascinations of the questionable amusements are so strong, that unless attractions can be supplied that will equal them in interest, whilst they surpass them in moral influence, young men will be drawn into society that may bear them on to ruin. To meet this want monthly receptions are held. To these gatherings each subscriber is privileged to introduce a lady. We were present at one of these pleasant sociable meetings. The vast hall was crowded; the programme was varied, and included some excellent recitations by a lady, organ recitals, splendid selections upon the harp, by Ap Thomas, the celebrated Welsh harpist; and a number of melodies, admirably rendered by the youthful members of the Apollo Club. On another evening, when we were unfortunately shut out, the crowd being so great, an *exposé* of spiritualism was given by a gentleman who is a sort of American Maskeleyne in the cleverness with which he obtains by tricks the various effects which are attributed by others to supernatural agency. On that evening a well-known minister of the city presided over the gathering, thus showing sympathy, not only with the attempt to expose that which many believe to be an extensive system of fraud, but also with the aim of the promoters of the various entertainments in thus introducing healthy amusements to their patrons.

Why should not our large-hearted Christian men inaugurate in every great city a bureau of amusements for the young, which shall satisfy without degrading the faculties which require such a stimulus? Remembering, as well we may, that there is a time to weep, let us not be

so misanthropic as to forget that there is also a time to laugh. An occasional pleasant evening in such society as we met at Association Hall would correct many of our ill humours, and purge away some of our bad blood. During the winter months there is also a course of lectures upon scientific and social subjects, by which a considerable number of the more thoughtful of the members are attracted. For the further improvement of the mental powers classes for French, music, shorthand, etc., are in active work.

These things are but accessories, quite subordinate to the spiritual business of the Institution. A very strong desire is manifested on the part of the managers to keep up the spirit of prayer. Every day there is a prayer-meeting from 4 to 5 p.m., each Thursday an additional gathering for the same purpose at 8 p.m. Every Sunday two prayer-meetings are held, besides occasionally a larger convention for the same purpose.

There is an immense Bible-class each Sunday afternoon during the winter and spring, averaging eight or nine hundred in attendance; and on a very favourable day as many as thirteen hundred have assembled. A "good physician," Dr. Thompson, notwithstanding the pressure of his numerous professional engagements, was there, conducting this class, and was, as the numbers who attended declared, exceedingly popular. In the summer-time a smaller class is held, presided over by various gentlemen in turn. On the afternoon when we were there it was conducted by a prominent merchant of New York.

Several brethren are employed in connection with a committee for the visitation of the sick. This form of service is especially valuable to such young men as are thrust upon the cold charity of a boarding house. The work is gradually extending itself to the hospitals, for no ministerial or priestly jealousy interferes with the welcome ministrations of devoted laymen.

Another committee of men, thoroughly acquainted with the needs of the various localities, arranges a regular campaign of open-air services. The work being organized upon a systematic plan, the best men are chosen, and the districts appointed where there is the greatest likelihood of doing good. Through the summer these bands of preachers may be met with in the most degraded parts, declaring the good tidings of salvation in a way that does not subject their message to contempt.

In the United States there are 80,000 miles of railroad, employing, it is stated, 800,000 men. They enjoy very few opportunities for religious worship. Their needs are urgent. Their claims upon those Christian men who require their good offices every day for their own personal convenience and comfort are too much forgotten. Services have been organized for their special benefit. The New York Central Railway has granted the use of a large hall as a reading and meeting-room, and now, during the intervals of labour, simple words about Christ are spoken to those who enter in, and on the Sunday, especially, very encouraging meetings have been held and most gratifying results obtained. The gospel harmonises discordant elements, uniting various classes of men in our glorious society where all distinctions fall, but it is evident that special work must be done amongst special classes if they are to be brought into this fellowship. The Christian church must

be awake to the fact. If there is anything in connection with any one section of society which interposes a barrier between those who belong to that section and the church, we who belong to the church must either break down the barrier or leap over it, and reach those who, behind it, are excusing themselves from seeking communion with us.

With a reading-room so amply supplied there is a large accumulation of newspapers and periodicals. Every week the files are cleared and a considerable number of the best toned publications are sent off to the various army posts and naval stations of the U.S. service. In 1875 over thirty thousand periodicals were distributed amongst the soldiers and sailors, and from various parts of the world the most gratifying intelligence was received from those who had thus been supplied with a healthy moral and religious literature. In many a mess-room an attentive group has gathered round a young soldier or sailor as he reads the page which recorded the doings at home. Such a page is always welcome to the wanderer in strange places.

Great use is made in America of vocal and instrumental music in religious worship. Indeed, the professional singers who figure in the choirs of some of the churches are a scandal to the good old-fashioned descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. Music furnishes a very strong attraction at Association Hall. Every Sunday evening there is a service of song with evangelistic addresses. The best of Moody and Sankey's hymns (which we found were sung all over the city, and used in many places of worship) were, in that hall, rung out by a choir of well trained voices, and proved a great attraction to an eager throng of listeners.

Of course the service is entirely undenominational. It thus catches a large number of outsiders, holding them until sufficient interest in religion is created in their minds to make them value the ordinary means of grace.

Perhaps one of the most important branches of the work is carried on by what is called a church committee. Its object is to bring into fellowship all those members of the association who do not belong to a Christian church. It represents all evangelical denominations. Each applicant for membership in the association states his preference for the worship of a particular church. Every month a classified list is made out of all such new members, and handed to the respective members of the committee for visitation. The youth who in the country town or village from which he has come has attended the ministry of a Congregational, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, or an Episcopal communion, will be thus introduced to a member, and probably through him to a pastor of the same denomination. He will thus most likely be saved from wandering about from place to place, and perhaps at last drifting away from religious ordinances altogether. We believe it to be a point of honour that no member of the organization shall use its facilities for the purpose of proselytizing. Any attempt to do so would be met at once with the reprobation of the governing body; and we would insist upon this as a favourite principle, which should lie at the very foundation of all such associations as these. There should be a broad catholicism at the very base of each society, and no member of the body should be allowed to do anything to rob it of its truly catholic character. They are not the friends either of the young man or of the

society who would narrow and limit its operations to the building up of a sect. They would saw away the foundation of Christian charity and substitute for it the little unsightly stone of their own "ism," and the building erected upon such a base, instead of becoming a great and broad temple of comely and beautiful proportions, would be a poor, wretched, meagre edifice unworthy of the wide and universal church which it ought to represent. The church committee mentioned above is in the case of the New York Association a safeguard against such a prostitution of the purposes of the society. The work we have indicated in this paper is simply that which comes to the surface. There are under-currents of influence which are doing vastly more good than any tabulated results could show. The organization benefits every large house of business in the city. The young men are as proud of it as successful students of their alma mater. Its existence is regarded all through society as a valuable boon.

Far be it from us to institute comparisons, unfavourable or otherwise, to the noble organizations of the same name which adorn our large centres of population. In some respects Great Britain can set examples of Christian work that our friends over the water would do well to imitate. The young Americans are not in all respects models for us. New York life in many points differs from that of such cities as London, Manchester, or Bristol. Yet surely nothing but good can result from a judicious comparison of the various modes of serving Christ, and the various manifestations of Christian philanthropy in different parts of the world; and if, when the comparison is made, we find ourselves in enterprise or zeal or method in anywise behind our brethren, we must not allow our native conservatism to prevent our adopting the most radical measures that are found successful in bringing the young men of the great western continent to Christ.

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### "Calling out the Reserves."

"Reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war."

Job xxxviii. 23.

ON the evening of April 1st, the Lord Chancellor read a message from the Queen, stating that

*"Her Majesty has thought it right to communicate to the House of Lords that her Majesty is about to cause her Reserve Force and her Militia Reserve Force, or such part thereof as her Majesty shall think necessary, to be forthwith called out for permanent service."*

Might not some such message from the King, who is in the midst of Zion, be just now very seasonable, if the Holy Spirit should convey it to all the churches? There should be no reserves in the hosts of the Lord; but alas, through the lukewarm condition of many, these reserves form a numerous part of our membership, and need a great many calls from their officers before they will obey. Perhaps if they felt that the King himself ordered that they should be "forthwith called out for permanent service," the love of Christ would constrain them, and we

should see them marching forth to war. "I pray thee have me excused" has been upon their lips for a long time, or else they have said, "I go, sir," but they have not gone. The word of Moses to the children of Gad and Reuben is exceedingly needed by many at this time, "Shall your brethren go to war, and ye sit still?" The reserved forces are so terribly numerous as compared with the active army of our great King that our holy war is sadly hindered and the Canaanites are not subdued. Among these inactive professors there are many who are commonly known as "very reserved people." These must no longer sit at ease, but must summon up courage enough to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, lest the curse of Meroz fall upon them. Others are idle, and allow their armour and their weapons to rust. Many are busy here and there about inferior things, but forget their allegiance to their Lord. Very much time, talent, and opportunity is held in reserve for various reasons, and ought at once to be brought forth and consecrated actively to the Lord. What meanest thou, O sleeper? What aileth thee, O sluggard? There is much to be done, why doest thou not thy part? Every man has a place appointed him in the battle, what excuse can be accepted for those who are at ease in Zion, and stir not a hand for their Master and his cause. Nor is it in men alone that a sinful reserve is made, but great treasures of gold and silver belonging to Christians are laid by to canker while the Lord hath need of them. Men talk of loving Jesus so as to give him all, and in their hymns they say that if they might make some reserve, and duty did not call, their zeal would lead them to a total sacrifice, and yet the *financial* reserve of the church of God is probably a hundred times as great as that which is expended in the Lord's service. Your own judgments will confirm this statement. The funds actually in the hands of professed believers are immense, for many Christians are enormously rich, and yet we hear daily appeals for money, till one might conclude that all professors of the Christian faith were poor as Lazarus, and that nowadays no holy women were able to minister to the Lord of their substance, and such persons as Joseph of Arimathæa were no longer disciples of Jesus.

There is a great deal of reserve *time*, and reserve *talent*, and reserve *energy* and *fire*, and we would in the name of Jesus call it all out. Why, some men when engaged in the service of God seem to be only the tenth part of men compared with their zeal in their business pursuits. It would take nine of some church members to make one real praying man, and twice that number of some preachers to make a downright earnest minister of the gospel. Is this judgment too severe? Are not some men mere apologies for workers, even when they do pretend to be up and at it? Verily it is so. Oh, if they would but be aroused; if all their manhood, all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, were truly engaged, how differently they would act; and if they sought strength from on high, what grand results would follow! I long to see the Holy Spirit filling us all with ardour, and causing every man and woman among us to yield himself or herself fully unto the Lord.

*When the reserves are called out matters look very serious, and we expect*

*to see war.* Every lover of peace shuddered as he read the Queen's message, for he felt that at last war was really threatened. God grant it may not be so. But with regard to the church of Christ, when the reserves are called out, the world believes that it really means war for Christ. At present the world despises many a church for its inactivity, but when *all* Christians come forth it will know that we are in earnest. While the regular workers are marching to and fro like a standing army, going through its regular drill, very little is done beyond mere defence, but when the reserves are called out, it means *defiance*, and the gauntlet is thrown to the foe. Our Lord would have us fight the good fight of faith, and go forth in his name conquering and to conquer, but the elect host is hampered and hindered by the sutlers and camp-followers who hang about us and work us serious ill. If all this mixed multitude could be drilled into warriors, what a band would the Son of David lead to the war! Once get the reserved members of this church praying, working, teaching, giving, and the enemy would soon know that there is a God in Israel. There is too much playing at religion nowadays, and too little of intense, unanimous, enthusiastic hard work. A part of the church is all alive, but a far larger portion is as a body of death, by which the life of the church is held in bondage. Once find the whole body tingling with life from head to foot, from heart to finger, and then you shall have power over the adversary and prevalence with God. When all the people shout for joy and long for the battle, the Philistines will be afraid, and cry out, saying, "God has come into the camp." O that my eyes could once perceive the signal! Zion *travailing* is the sign by which those who know the times will be able to prophecy concerning Zion triumphant. O for the universal agony, the inward throes of deep compassion and consuming zeal; for when these are felt by the whole body, the joyous hour is come.

The Queen's message reminds me of a great and comforting truth. *God himself, blessed be his name, has forces in reserve which he will call forth in due time.* Remember the Lord's own language in the book of Job: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?" He represents himself in the language of his servant Joel, as calling out innumerable locusts as a part of his host: "The Lord shall utter his voice before his army; for his camp is very great." The hiding of his power we cannot estimate, but we know that nothing is impossible to him. Whatever the church may have seen and experienced of divine power there is yet more in reserve, and when the fit moment shall come all restraint shall be withdrawn, and the eternal forces shall be let loose to rout every foe-man, and secure an easy victory. For the moment our great Captain puts his hand into his bosom and allows the enemy to exult, but he is not defeated, nor is he in the least disquieted. "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged." His time is not yet, but when the time comes he will be found to have his reward with him and his work before him. Let us never be daunted by the apparent failures of the cause of God and truth, for these are but the trial of patience, the test of valour, and the means to a grander victory. Pharaoh defies Jehovah while he sees only two Hebrews and a rod, but he will be of another mind when the

Lord's reserves shall set themselves in battle array and discharge plague upon plague against him. Even the doubling of the tale of bricks, and the wanton cruelty of the tyrant, all wrought towards the divine end, and were no real hindrances to the grand design; nay they were reserved forces by which the Lord made his people willing to leave Goshen and the fleshpots.

To-day, also, the immediate present is dark, and there is room for sad forebodings; but if we look a little further, and by faith behold the brilliant future which will arise out of the gloom, we shall be of good cheer. My eye rests at this moment somewhat sorrowfully upon the battle field of religious opinion; truly, there is much to rivet my gaze. It is a perilous moment. The prince of darkness is bringing up his reserves. The soldiers of the devil's old guard, on whom he places his chief reliance, are now rushing like a whirlwind upon our ranks. They threaten to carry everything before them, deceiving the very elect, if it be possible. Never were foes more cunning and daring. They spare nothing, however sacred, but assail the Lord himself: his book they criticise, his gospel they mutilate, his wrath they deny, his truth they abhor. Of confused noise and vapour of smoke there is more than enough; but it will blow over in due time, and when it is all gone we shall see that the Lord reigneth, and his enemies are broken in pieces.

Let us watch for the coming of recruits divinely prepared. Let us be eager to see the reserves as they come from the unlikeliest quarters. There may be sitting even now by some cottage fireside, all unknown, the man who shall make the world ring again with the gospel, preaching it with apostolic power. The orthodox advocate, born to cope with subtle minds and unravel all their sophistries, may even now be receiving his training in yonder parish school; yea, and even in the infidel camp, like Moses in the palace of Pharaoh, there may dwell the youth who shall act the iconoclast towards every form of scepticism. Jabin and Sisera may reign, but there shall come a Deborah from mount Ephraim, and a Barak from Kedesh-naphtali. Let the Midianites tremble, for Gideon who threshes wheat in the wine-press will yet beat them small. The Ammonites shall be smitten by Jephtha, and the Philistines by Samson; for every enemy there shall be a champion, and the Lord's people shall do great exploits. I for one believe in Omnipotence. All other power is weakness, in God alone is there strength. Men are vanity, and their thoughts shall perish; but God is everlasting and everliving, and the truth which hangs upon his arm, like a golden shield, shall endure to all eternity. Hither come we, then, and bow before the face of the Eternal, who reserveth wrath for his enemies and mercy for them that seek him; and as we lie at his feet we look up right hopefully, and watch for the moment when all his reserves of grace, and love, and glory shall be revealed to the adoring eyes of his chosen people world without end.

C. H. S.



## Ancient Oriental Records.\*

DR. RULE'S deeply interesting volumes will richly reward all lovers of Scripture who give them the attention they deserve; for they are literally packed with curious facts and inferences, which modern research in Bible lands, and among ancient monuments, has recovered from the *débris* of ages, to serve as side-lights to reverent students of the letter of inspiration. "Chiefly, yet by no means exclusively, in Egypt and Assyria," says Dr. Rule, "original writings of remote antiquity have been recovered, many of them older than the writings of the oldest existing histories, and all of them perfectly independent of the historians, whether sacred or secular." These "recovered realms of knowledge" are now being explored by competent scholars, and no small portion of the harvest already gathered is included in the works before us. To all expositors of the Word, whether in the pulpit or in advanced Bible classes, the volumes will be helpful. Even ordinary readers who have not had their taste spoiled by the sensationalism of fiction, will find Dr. Rule a most entertaining and instructive companion. We give a few specimen extracts, and begin with

### CHINA AND THE DELUGE.

"'The Chinese civilization,' says M. de Guignes, 'is undoubtedly the most ancient in the world. Authentically, that is to say, by the proofs furnished by Chinese history, it can be traced back 2000 years before our era.' We need not enter into the chronological question which this author raises, but accept the quotation he affords us. 'The documents collected in the Shoo King, or Book, *par excellence*, especially those of the first chapters, are the most ancient in human history. It is true that the Shoo King was found by Confucius in the second half of the sixth century before Christ, but that great philosopher had such profound respect for antiquity that he would not alter in the least the documents he placed in order. Besides, as is evident to Sinologists, the style of those documents differs from the later style of books following, as the style of the Twelve Tables differs from that of Cicero, which is a sufficient proof of their antiquity.' Now, the very first chapter of the Shoo King, as translated by M. de Guignes, contains a statement that the Emperor Yao, who lived B.C. 2357—2256, was chosen Emperor of China *because of his successful labours in draining off the waters of the Deluge. If this be authentic history, it is triumphant evidence that in the reign of Yao the Deluge was known in China.*"

Further on Dr. Rule makes some interestingly suggestive remarks on

### SOLOMON'S FOLLY.

"The record of a special gift of wisdom to Solomon does not in the least imply that the gift was absolute and perpetual. It was made in

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\* Oriental Records. Monumental. Confirmatory of the Old Testament Scriptures. By William Harris Rule, D.D. Samuel Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row.

Oriental Records. Historical. Confirmatory of the Old and New Testament Scriptures. By William Harris Rule, D.D. (Same Publishers.)

answer to a prayer, but the donation was accompanied with a conditional promise of long life, delivered in such terms as to intimate that the gift was not irrevocable, inasmuch as he might depart from the ways of David his father, break the statutes and commandments of the Lord, and thereby forfeit the grace received.\* After a memorial of Solomon's wisdom and piety, we find an equally clear account of his departure from the way of obedience, and his open allowance and support of idolatry. The occasion of this defection is also stated thus: 'But King Solomon loved many strange women, together with the daughter of Pharaoh, women of the Moabites. . . . It came to pass when Solomon was old that his wives turned away his heart after other gods. Then did Solomon build an high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon. And likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods.' Of all these heathen women, under whose influence the once wisest of kings fell into a depth of moral imbecility, Pharaoh's daughter was the first and chief, and she of course was indulged with a high place for offering incense to her god. If, in her preference of objects of idol worship, she followed the fashion of Egypt then prevailing, her goddess would most likely be Pasht, the *cat-headed*. One of the Sheshonks, probably her father, had a temple of great magnitude and beauty erected and adorned in honour of Pasht, in the city of Bubastis, which is described with sufficient minuteness by Herodotus and others. Two images of Pasht, in pure black basalt, well polished, are in the British Museum. They were brought from that Temple, and are almost perfectly alike, bringing to our view a chief object of adoration of the Egyptian princess. She was the tutelary goddess of cats, animals of equal sanctity in Egypt with ibises and black bulls; not less favoured, and with many persons more beloved. They were so sacred that the killing of a cat was accounted a deeper crime than the murder of a man. In Shishak's grand temple of Bubastis there was a most sacred cemetery for these animals. Bodies of deceased cats were embalmed at considerable cost, swathed, boxed, and solemnly conveyed from all parts of Egypt to the city of Pasht, where they might abide in sanctity inviolate. When a person of sufficient wealth and zeal had a cat die in his house, he might so distinguish its remains; but whenever in Egypt a cat should cease to live, its body was embalmed with reverence and buried within the precincts of some temple far or near. Think of Solomon in the height of wisdom, and leading the devotions of a nation at the dedication of his magnificent temple to the one living and true God, in the flower of his earlier manhood. Think of him again in his decrepitude, providing incense to be burned in honour of the cat-headed idol of one of his wives! 'Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth the Lord.'

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\* This would hardly be our way of stating the case.—Ed.

There are valuable articles on Nineveh and Babylon ; and the following interesting passage occurs on

#### BABYLON THE GREAT.

“ We trace the Acropolis of the royal city, where stood the palaces from whose terraces Nebuchadnezzar surveyed the placid flood of the Euphrates twenty miles away north and as many south, with the city at his feet, the vast plain and palm groves along the river banks, the hanging-gardens near, and temples and villages intermingled in the prospect. Closely adjacent were the mansions of Daniel and his friends, busy in the affairs of State administration ; and here, too, the Chaldee magicians and the Babylonian princes with their craft and superstition. Here the banquet hall of Belshazzar, and not far off the dens and the furnaces where suffered the victims of tyranny and the witnesses to truth. Now, as the stranger treads the ground once trodden by king and prophet, he needs but little meditation to call up to view their familiar haunts ; to see where once the wharves bordered the river, and where the gates that were opened to the soldiers of Cyrus, or erewhile to the captives from Jerusalem. Now a deadly silence broods over the scene. Rabbi Benjamin saw the desolation much more horrid ; for in his day the empty chambers of Babylon were the haunts of wild beasts and serpents, and none could venture into them, but now all are fallen in. All is one indistinguishable heap, and you can only be assured that on this spot Babel was first built, and the speech of man was first con-founded, that the great captivity of Judah found honour and consolation here, and that heathen scribes penned, even where you stand, proclamations of honour and worship to the God of Israel, and deliverance to his captives.”

In connection with the fulfilment of the prophecy contained in Jeremiah viii. 1—3 we have some striking facts about

#### THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

“ M. Caignart de Sauley, commissioned some years ago by the French Government, excavated the subterranean place, traditionally known as the Tombs of the Kings, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem ; and his minute, full, and formally authenticated narrative not only conveys an affecting illustration of the words of Jeremiah and the note of Jerome, but leaves no reason for doubt that the place once known by name to the Jews, and now distinguished as such by the Arabs, is the very catacomb where once the bodies of David and Solomon were laid. Josephus mentions these tombs, and although his text does not afford any distinct information as to the site, his descriptions were so circumstantially correspondent with what was found there as to be found of great use for guidance to the explorer. . . . M. de Sauley began his excavations by clearing away the earth which covered the entrance to the tombs, and laid open to view steps of solid rock. Then he went down the steps to the entrance of the ‘house of burial,’ and penetrated into the first grand chamber, clearing his way through the accumulated rubbish of at least two thousand years. With characteristic perseverance he uncovered platform after platform in the heart of the rock, connected by galleries with gently inclined levels, and found each chamber surrounded

with loculi, or beds for the dead, extracted at right angles with the chamber, each bed to be closed at the foot with a stone, as was the grave of Lazarus. In these mortuary cells corpses had, no doubt, been laid in aromatic spirit and covered with costly robes. Before reaching the inmost burial-places, he found the remains of Romans with incineration after costly ceremonies. . . . Digging deeper again he came upon coins of older times; one, for example, of the time of Jaddua the high priest, he that is said to have met Alexander the Great on his approach to Jerusalem. . . . But he had not yet discovered the cells which Herod sought, but could not find; being driven back by terror. At length, when almost baffled by seemingly impenetrable rock, one of his associates in search detected a joint in the stonework of yet another inner chamber. . . . There lay a rich carved chest of calcareous stone, too small to receive a human body, and apparently a treasure chest. It was broken; evidently broken by violence for the sake of the contents. Shattered remains of sarcophagi were on the floor. One of them, however, was entire, lid and all, and did not seem to have been violated. The lid was not flat, but a slab of marble cut in the shape of a low pitched roof, which is said by the Arabs to distinguish sarcophagi for females. De Sauley saw the lid lifted, and laid gently on the floor. Then he looked down into the coffin, and saw the skeleton of a female, seemingly perfect, for the external air had not reached it until that moment. It was perfect in form, except that the facial bones had sunk into the bowl of the skull. A gentle endeavour to take up what remained of the head caused the whole cranium to subside into the finest dust. So did all the skeleton. Dust covered the bed of the coffin, but the embroidered borders of the grave-clothes might almost be traced as they originally lay upon the corpse, by thousands of finely twisted threads of gold, which remained after the warp and woof of raiment was utterly dissolved by time. . . . It may have been a Syrian wife of Solomon,\* whose remains were seen by the learned French commissioner. Leaving many valuable observations and conjectures of the discoverer, we are content to note that the sepulchre he examined, at or near Bethlehem, the city of David, although no more than one of the sleeping tenants can now be traced, affords an undeniable confirmation of St. Peter's words, 'Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day.' For although the remains of David were not in the sarcophagus now described, it is marked with the name of a royal person, and was but one of the many whose bodies were deposited in these tombs of the kings of the house of Judah, near or in Bethlehem, the city of David."

Whatever may yet be disinterred in Babylon or Jerusalem, Bashan or Edom, Persia or Egypt, it will only serve to confirm the accuracy of the grand Old Book. If unbelief could be overcome by argument, the stone evidence alone is sufficient to bury it under a pyramid of proof, but, alas, infidelity is a matter of the heart, and until the sceptic is regenerated there is little hope of his becoming a believer. Such works as these by Dr. Rule are a great help in controversy with doubters, and may be equally useful to those who have already believed.

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\* The inscription on the coffin signified *Saron, Queen*.

## More Good News from a Far Country.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

[*Private and Confidential.*]

"DEAR MR. EDITOR," said a coaxing voice the other morning, "*do you think you could find room in next month's magazine for a few further particulars, telling how the dear boy gets on in Australia?*"

"Foolish little mother," says the Editor, putting on as solemn a face as he knows how, "do you think people care to hear anything about your boy?"

"No, perhaps not," says the voice demurely, "but they think *ever so much* of your boy, and . . . and God is so good to him and to us."

"That he is!" comes from the depths of the father's heart. "Well, we'll see," presently replies the Editor; "have you there some extracts from his letters?"

"Yes," (this very meekly), "they are woven together in rather a rough fashion, but friends are so indulgent, and 'Good news from a far country' was received so warmly and drew forth so much tender sympathy that, instead of fearing criticism, one longs to renew the sweet experience of touching such harmonious chords. Will you *please* let it pass the editorial chair?"

What was that dear Editor to do, good reader? Surely he will be pardoned for having said "Yes," and placing before his friends a record which aims simply and only at magnifying God's mercy and tender care over one of his little ones.

The thread of the story is taken up where Mr. Bunning laid it down on their return from the Bush.

Mr. Bunning's charming paper "Out in the Bush" leaves nothing more to be said about that journey, except that the kindness received by our dear son from the master and owner of Quambatook has deeply touched our hearts, and will be remembered with the warmest gratitude and love while life shall last.

Returning to Melbourne he renewed the busy life which has been habitual to him since he set foot in the colonies, preaching continually, attending meetings, travelling hither and thither to help some struggling cause, and everywhere receiving a genial welcome and a full share of that splendid hospitality which flourishes so grandly on Australian shores. "All the people are so kind and friendly," he says, "that you have not been in their society for half an hour before you feel quite at home with them." A visit to Kyneton, a stay at St. Kilda, a few days at Pt. Henry, "where we did enjoy ourselves," and then he is away to Adelaide, of which place and its people we will allow him to speak for himself.

"I am writing from Adelaide, a much quieter and smaller place than Melbourne, and therefore in some respects preferable. Friends are as numerous and as kind in South Australia as in Victoria, and I anticipate a very pleasant stay. We are located in a splendid house, situated among the hills, commanding a view of Adelaide, the sea beyond, and the peninsula beyond that. Host and hostess are kindness personified, and we have everything that heart can wish. My first Sabbath here, Nov. 18, was indeed a happy time. I preached the anniversary sermons of the Norwood Baptist Chapel (Mr. Lambert's) and once again had the pleasure and honour of telling the way to heaven. The place is comparatively small and was densely packed, the ample lobbies and vestries being both morning and evening crowded with eager listeners. Not expecting to have to preach twice, I had nothing prepared for evening service, and did not feel justified in delivering an old sermon. Then I found the Lord to be 'a very present help,' and more than I have ever done before I realized that the 'Spirit helpeth our infirmities.'"

The first Sabbath in Adelaide was succeeded by a week which he describes as "teeming with mercy and full of blessing." Monday night was devoted to

a meeting at Flinders-street Chapel (Mr. Silas Mead's), and Tuesday to a tea and public meeting in Norwood Baptist Chapel. Then on Wednesday his kind friends planned an excursion which gave him much pleasure, and is thus described: "We drove to the very top of Mount Lofty, nearly 3,000 feet high, and pic-nic'd there. Lovely scenery delighted us as we ascended. Rugged chasms and steep gullies opened up as we wound round the hills by easy gradients, while the broader valleys had pretty houses peeping from the green trees, and gardens flourishing with oranges and cherries, and rich with the perfume of flowers and strawberries. Far, far up the hills were villas, whither the wealthy owners resort to catch the breeze, and to escape the scorching heat of the plains below. Arrived at the summit, a panorama most extensive and delightful lay before us. Like the city of Jerusalem, there stood Adelaide, a perfect square, with towers, and spires, and trees surrounding it, lacking only the hills to make it exactly like views I have seen of the 'City of David.' We could plainly see the 'Port' with its smoking chimneys, and the winding channel leading to it. Just beyond Adelaide lay the Bay of Glenelg, a favourite sea-side resort only four miles from the city. Landwards and to the south stretch a series of hills not so high as Mount Lofty, but richly timbered and extending to the Murray."

A few "little outings" similar to this pleasant one, were enjoyed all the more that they were sorely needed, for constant excitement and public speaking were trying to the not very robust frame of the young visitor, and the most grateful thanks are due to the dear friends at Glen Osmond who took an almost parental interest in our beloved boy. The following Sunday is thus described: "Another Sabbath has gone by. One just as full of blessing as its predecessors. I was glad to *listen* to a sermon in the morning, a most appropriate and helpful one, on the highest motive for serving Christ, and the best stimulus in doing so,—'For my sake.' In the evening a very large Wesleyan Church was crowded. Before six o'clock the yard at the side and back was filled with vehicles which had brought the people, and 2,500 listened to the Word. A very deep slanting gallery goes entirely round the building; the pulpit stands nearly as high as the gallery, and is reached by a winding stair. When with no small difficulty I had succeeded in gaining the steps, I was surprised at my elevation and at the mass of people. I had to conduct all the service. The heat was very trying, but it made my heart glad to receive those hearty thanks for the sermon as I left the building. To-day I feel as tired as possible, but have to speak at a meeting in the same place to-night."

The following week was spent in an excursion to Moonta, some 100 miles from Adelaide, a trip enjoyable, though tiring. Here he preached in a large Wesleyan Chapel, and as most of the congregation were Cornish Methodists, his audience was not "by any means dull." Then, "On to Kadina, where bills, distributed in the morning only, announced—

#### 'SPURGEON AT KADINA.

WESLEYAN CHURCH. SEVEN O'CLOCK.

No Collection.'

The crier, too, had gone round the little township, and about 800 souls attended. Back to Adelaide Friday morning. A more tedious journey than before—hot, dusty, jolting, anything but pleasant. One of our wheels got red hot, but having neither oil nor water we were obliged to continue on our way. At the first inn we came to we succeeded in cooling it down, but it had been smoking and burning so long that the wonder is no accident happened. On this trip I have seen one of the most celebrated mines in the world, but best of all I rejoice to know that several persons found the Lord through the services.'

Yes, dearest son, this is the goal and climax of our hopes and desires for you, that God would give you "souls for your hire." None can doubt your "high calling of God in Christ Jesus," to be an ambassador for him, if you carry with you such credentials as these. The Lord increase them "an hundredfold how

many soever they be." On Sunday, December 2, we find him preaching again in Flinders Street Chapel, but "suffering from the effects of the tiring trip to Moonta and Kadina." He says, "Concerning that service, and several others both in town and country, I have received most encouraging news. The Lord has blessed me to the conversion of souls, and to the upbuilding of saints more in South Australia than anywhere else—at all events I *hear* of more good done. To his name be all the praise!"

On Monday, Dec. 3, our son and a large party of friends took train northwards, intending to spend ten days in what they call the "Arca,"—a vast tract of newly-cultivated land, where fields of wheat are waving for miles and miles. For ten days they journeyed on and on, Tom preaching four times and finding it "rather hard work after a long ride." The weather was dreadfully hot, and the flies an intolerable nuisance, while worse enemies than flies were constantly being exhibited to landlords of hotels as "spoils taken in the night." One bright spot in this journey was a pleasant Sabbath spent at Fort Augusta, where he met with a companion of his childhood, a son of our esteemed deacon, Mr. Olney. The two young men seem to have been delighted to grasp hands once again and talk over "old times," but farewell had soon to be said, and our dear son had to go on his way. After this journey preaching engagements multiplied, and we note one of which he thus writes:—"On Sunday, December 16, I preached in the open air a few miles from Adelaide. The advertisement of the meeting would have amused you. After the usual announcements came the word 'MOONLIGHT.' People drove in from considerable distances and moonlight aided their return. We had a blessed season beneath a clear Australian sky amongst the gum trees. I found it to be rather an effort, and have had a slight cough ever since. Still I have the same news to tell of happiness and blessing, and though I have not been quite so well lately, feeling weak, as I used to do after services at home, I believe I shall soon be right again. What rejoices me most is to know that I am not labouring in vain. By God's blessing the churches are profited and souls are saved. I have ever so many kind letters encouraging me, and though adverse criticisms appear occasionally, they usually come from the atheistical papers. If God owns my endeavours to serve him, I can need no earthly commendation, yet it is very encouraging to get a kindly word, and both ministers and people give it to me. The waters were not crossed in vain, dear parents; you were not bereft of your son for nought."

The letter from which these latter extracts are taken gave fond hearts at home some deep anxiety, for we feared the dear boy's strength was too heavily taxed by incessant work and excitement. But subsequent news calmed our fears and caused us to bless the "hand unseen" which was directing "all his steps." A delightful "lazy week" followed the time of weakness and weariness, and seems completely to have restored his failing energies. A party of friends was formed for a trip to Victor harbour, and he gives a very lengthy and detailed description of the pleasures and prospects of this most enjoyable excursion. We have, however, only space for a very condensed account of it. Leaving Adelaide on Tuesday, Dec. 18, their way lay over the hills to Battunga, from whence they turned aside to attend an anniversary meeting at Macclesfield, where one of the party was to deliver a lecture, and of course the good people could not let Tom off without a speech. The next day "Strathalbyu" was reached, "a small town as pretty as its name," boasting a "Scotch kirk with considerable pretensions to architecture, and a bridge in front of it, spanning a delightful little stream skirted with willow trees." This seems to have been quite a refreshing sight to him, after the "bare and desolate places" to which he had been accustomed up north. From Strathalbyn they went by tramway twenty-eight miles, and of this part of his journey he shall himself speak:—

"The ride was most monotonous, for miles a-head one could see the straight line of rails piercing direct as an arrow through the wretchedest scrub imaginable. Right glad were we to regain our friends and get a scramble on the

rocks, and a ramble on the sea-shore in the afternoon. Here between Port Elliott and Port Victor we went, literally, on a 'wild goose chase,' and caught two of the birds. They seemed to be a species of swan, and had, I presume, got washed down the Murray, out to sea, and then again ashore. That same evening we took a delicious stroll along a jetty, half a mile long, to Granite Island, where wild ocean billows dashed in furious grandeur on the rugged rocks. . . . At twelve o'clock we reached the mouth of the Murray. This, the largest river in Australia, navigable for over 3,000 miles, has a mouth so narrow, and so blocked by land, that it is very rarely a vessel ventures through it. This very fact makes it worth inspection. We saw the whirling eddies of tide contending with opposing currents: round the numerous sand banks, where pelicans flourished, the wild waves surged, driven on from bank to bank, twisted and turned, now here, now there, in vain endeavour to reach the sea. Just one solitary buoy danced in smoother water, just one solitary flag-staff stood in front of the solitary hut on an island opposite, and everywhere else, landward and seaward, was utter desolation." Less than an hour sufficed them there, and they travelled back to their last starting place, from whence they took another line of tramway to Goolwa, a port of the Murray. Here they proposed to interview some natives, and the result is thus described: "On the way we met the king and his 'lubra.' His majesty wore a large, thick Mackintosh, a fur cap was on his head, and a short pipe protruded from his mouth. Over his back was a swan in a sack, for which he wanted two shillings. We were anxious to see a corobaree, or native dance; but when we gained the camp we had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to gratify us in any way. Only one woman and an old man took pains to interest us. The lady referred to collected some pieces of flannel or rag, and made a hard pad of them, which she placed between her knees, and then commenced beating it with her skinny hand, at the same time rolling her head and eyes about, shrieking, moaning, yelling, groaning, and producing a combination of sounds more hideous than words can tell." They had to pay pretty liberally even for this questionable exhibition, and left without having induced the "black fellows" to give a demonstration of their saltatory movements.

Next day they commenced their homeward journey, and after sundry adventures reached Adelaide on Friday night, blessing God for a "most enjoyable holiday." On the following Sabbath our son preached in the evening in a beautiful church in North Adelaide, and says, "I was mightily helped." Passing over Christmas, of which he himself says very little, possibly because just then a sharp attack of home sickness overcame him, we find him at Gawler and Lyndock Valley, two stations occupied by former students of the Pastors' College, where he was received with open arms and a true brotherly welcome. We give in his own words his impression of the place and people. "Gawler is a little more than an hour's slow travelling from Adelaide. It glories in the name of the 'modern Athens,' though this *can* have no reference to its architecture, and is the second town in the colony. The advantage of possessing two rivers is in summer somewhat nullified by the fact that the bed of one of them can be driven over without wetting the horse's hoofs, and that at the other, if you wish to obtain a bucket full of water, your patience must enable you to hold the pail for half-an-hour. Of course in the winter season matters are very different, and at nearly every creek we heard of teams being washed away and drivers drowned only a few months back. At Gawler Station we were met by Mr. Morgan, whose appearance in silk coat and white helmet, seated in a four-wheeled 'buggy' behind two rough steeds, was as unlike one of 'Spurgeon's Students' as one could have imagined. The warm grasp of the hand meant something uncommon between us, however, and the very horses seemed so pleased that I think the reins must have conducted the excitement from the driver into their legs, for they dashed along in fine style."

"Our first halting place was the home of the 'Faireys.' Here was no enchanted glen, no star-tipped wands and magic scenes, but on a hill overlooking



the pretty town, and standing in a newly-planted garden which promises to be a cool retreat when grown, is the manse of the Baptist Bishop of Gawler (Mr. S. Fairey). He too was rejoiced to see the son of him whom he still calls 'President,' and gave me a hearty welcome. We had nine miles further to drive to Lyndoch Valley, the scene of the pastoral labours of my companion, Mr. Morgan. I feel an intense joy in seeing and helping these former students of dear father's College, they have a claim on me which I am delighted to recognize, and in serving them I am truly happy. My present host is indeed a good specimen of a hard-working pastor. He takes three services on the Sunday and has a considerable journey from one to the other, in fact he is rarely out of the saddle or trap, except to preach or prepare for another service. Pleasant conversations about the Tabernacle and its Pastor, the College and its tutors, the Orphanage and its President delighted him and comforted me, and when the Sabbath came I know not which was the happier. There were about two hundred people in the little chapel, and amongst them hearts as loving, and souls as earnest as I have ever met with. . . . Saturday was hot, but Sunday was hotter still, it seemed to take the life out of everything but the flies. As the heat becomes greater their coolness increases, and they most persistently annoyed me while preaching. Old colonists do not seem to mind them much, but unfortunately I am not sufficiently acclimatized to allow them to fly down my throat and stop up my ears unrebuked. After service on the Sunday morning we had the Lord's Supper, and one good brother did pray so fervently for my dear father and for me, that I felt sure my loved ones at home would have a happy day, brightened like mine by the outpourings of so loving a heart. That same evening I preached in a large Wesleyan church at Gawler, the place was lent, the collection given to the Baptists, and a right joyous time we had. Everyone was so kind to me, that I was quite sorry I had to leave so soon, but I was advertised to take the watch-night service at Norwood, so was obliged to hasten back to town" (Adelaide).

New Year's Day was spent with some friends "who almost worship father." Anon he is off to Mount Barker, where he preached in the Baptist chapel and spoke at a meeting of the Bible Society. Again returning to Adelaide, the kind and generous friends who first welcomed him there (Mr. and Mrs. F.) had arranged for him to visit them at Glenelg, the sea-side resort of Adelaide's inhabitants. About this time the intense heat tried him greatly, and the mosquitos were a constant annoyance. He says, "It is stated that Adelaide is the hottest city in the world inhabited by Europeans, and only once have they had it hotter than it is now. I should not mind the heat by day so much, if the mosquitos would let me sleep at night, but all our efforts to defy their malice seem in vain. One night we managed the net arrangements so deftly that the wretches could only look through the lattice at me, and sing their mournful ditty outside, but alas, the next night the net slipped, and through the meshes of the covering they had their will of me, and bit me from head to foot." On the Sunday after his return from Mount Barker he preached to young people in Flinders-street Baptist church, and had a large and attentive congregation. Receiving just then letters from home, counselling a little less work and excitement, he remarks, "You seem exactly to anticipate my situation, and my desire to do all I can. I felt quite sad you should be anxious about it. I have done my best to get strong consistently with work for the 'Master.' If during the months I have been ashore I had been rustivating all the time in one or two places, I doubt not I should be stronger than I am, but God called me to something better. 'Not to over-work,' you say. No, my darling mother, but this I have not done as yet, and under God's guidance shall not do. 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me,' and I can truly say that I enter on no engagement without first I 'take it to the Lord in prayer.'"

We are now drawing near the close of his happy stay in South Australia, and must hasten on to let him tell of the farewell meeting and the beautiful

presentation by which his generous friends sought to testify their love and interest in him. The last Sunday in Adelaide was exceptionally hot, and he felt thoroughly prostrated by it. Nevertheless, he preached in the evening in the Town Hall to an overflowing audience, and by God's gracious help surmounted all physical obstacles which lay in his path. After the sermon the people crowded round him. "I should like to have shaken hands with the whole two thousand," he says, "and I believe that there was not one who would not have been glad to do so for my dear father's sake."

(To be continued.)

## Notes.

MANY things must be omitted this month in order to give space for a summary of the Conference proceedings, but we must not crowd out the gathering of butchers.

The *Butchers' Annual Festival* was held at the Tabernacle on Tuesday, March 26. 2,100 of the London butchers and their wives were entertained in the rooms below the Tabernacle, and 600 of the masters and their wives, and other friends, had tea in the College Lecture Hall. To feed this great multitude the committee provided a ton of meat, 7½ cwt. of carrots, 600 lbs. of cake, 200 loaves of bread, and a half chest of tea, at a total cost of £150, which was defrayed by subscriptions amongst the master butchers and their friends. The feeding of all this great multitude was accomplished by our marvellous deacon, Mr. Murrell, without a trace of disorder or a moment's delay. How he and his assistants do the work so merrily we can hardly imagine. He might be general of an army, so well does he organize. Mr. Farmer, a city missionary in Camberwell, obtained gratis from the publishers sufficient periodicals to give all the men and their wives at least one each. After tea, or "supper," the butchers, masters, and their wives adjourned to the Tabernacle, where they were entertained with music and singing by our evangelist, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and the evangelistic choir, until the time for commencing the public meeting. Meanwhile, the Tabernacle was rapidly filled by the general public, about 5,000 persons being present. The order and attention of the men was all that could be desired, even had they been peers of the realm. The chair was taken by C. H. Spurgeon, who addressed the men on their need of civility, morality, humanity, and true religion. We do not give a report, because so many of the respectable daily and weekly papers have already issued very fair accounts of the

speech, while a number of others have abused us in their ablest style, their writers being rather hard up for a subject. Earnest addresses were delivered by our brother Alfred J. Clarke; Mr. Dennis, a meat salesman, who read a letter from Mr. Henry Varley; Mr. Varley, jun., and Mr. Lambourne. Mr. Dennis quoted the following definition of a letter, which is worth preserving.

### WHAT IS A LETTER?

"A silent language uttered to the eye,  
Which envious distance would in vain deny;  
A tie to bind where circumstances part,  
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart;  
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,  
The mystic flash, the lightning of the brain;  
And bear at once along each precious link  
Affection's life pulse in a drop of ink."

These meetings, besides creating and fostering a good feeling between masters and men, are calculated to be of great service by letting working people see that the church of God cares for them, and aims at their good. Our Lord fed the multitude as well as preached to them, and thus for ever placed this mode of operation beyond the reach of criticism. What a blessing to be able by means of the Tabernacle and College to accommodate so vast a company and make "a great supper" for more than two thousand.

The *fourteenth annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association* was held during the week commencing April 5th, and a wonderful season it has proved to be.

On Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, a preliminary prayer meeting was held at the College, that the fire might be burning on the hearth when the guests arrived. At 5.30 about 150 ministers and students were entertained at tea at what is best known as Baptist Noel's Chapel, Bedford Row, by invitation of Mr. Collins, the pastor, and his friends, to whom a cordial vote of thanks was passed by the

brethren, who rejoiced to see one of their number in so honourable a position. There were many happy greetings in the school-room, and the President appeared to be happiest of all as he saw his clan mustering for the week. At seven there was a public meeting, at which C. H. Spurgeon occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and brethren Bateman (Leicester), Chambers (late of Aberdeen), Gange (Broadmead, Bristol), and Tarn (Park Road, Peckham). The meeting was full of life, power, and joy from beginning to end, and was a fine beginning of the Holy Week. At the same hour a prayer-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, at which Vice-President J. A. Spurgeon presided, and brethren Medhurst (Portsmouth), and Norris (Bedminster), gave addresses.

*Tuesday morning, April 9.* At the College the President presided, warmly addressed a few words of welcome to the brethren, and prayed for a blessing on the whole Conference. After a season of wrestling prayer, and great melting of heart, the President delivered his inaugural address, which was intended to promote self-examination and lead to a calm review of our life-work, arguments being drawn from the commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Searching questions were suggested by the letter and authority of the commission and by the spirit in which it would be carried out. Action and result were also made contributory to the heart-searching work. The address will be given in a future number, so that no description is needed in this place. Never was audience more responsive to a speaker's words, and especially when adherence to the old truth was declared and modern innovation denounced.

After a recess, business was transacted, the principal items of which were very touching references to the deaths, during the past year, of our brethren Pritter, Sparrow, and Winter; the reception of forty-one students into the roll of the Conference; the unanimous re-election of the President, Vice-President, and officers, and the report of the Conference Benevolent Fund, of which Mr. Greenwood was most cordially asked to become treasurer. By this fund assistance is rendered to subscribers at the death of wife or child. A levy of five shillings was made for the coming year, and members of conference who have not handed in that amount are

reminded that they will have no claim upon the fund unless they send at once: the benefit of last year's subscriptions having ceased on April 30.

Dinner was served at the Tabernacle, and tea at the dining-hall of the Orphanage, which in the evening was filled for a soirée. This was a festive social season, a true feast of love. Mr. J. Manton Smith and the orphans led the singing, and an "all alive" paper was read by Mr. Durban, B.A. "The Bishop of Chester," on "Pains and pleasures of Pastoral Life," which the President said he should like to print, that all might read it with the care and attention it deserved. Mr. Latimer was called to the platform that he might receive £10 worth of books which had been subscribed for by the trustees, masters, teachers, matrons, nurses, and everybody at the Orphanage, on the acceptance of the pastorate of Willingham by the first student who had entered the College from the Orphanage. After Mr. Latimer had briefly and feelingly acknowledged the pleasing presentation, the President said he believed the day was not far distant when he should begin to strike out for the Girls' Orphanage. He had been waiting for a long time, but there were now certain premonitions that the Lord meant him to take up the work. All was ready for action, and he only waited the signal. Brethren Gange and Medhurst spoke of the great joy that had been felt when the orphans visited Bristol and Portsmouth, and recommended other pastors to invite them to their places. We trust the hint will be taken, for in this way the Orphanage might be helped without anyone being burdened. The boys sing remarkably well.

Pastor Frank H. White then presented to the President, for Mrs. Spurgeon, a beautifully framed Illuminated Testimonial, as a token of the gratitude of the brethren for her abounding kindness to them in connection with her Book Fund, and in other ways.

"An address to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon.

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—The return of our much valued College Conference affords us another opportunity of learning from each other of your continued kindness in replenishing the libraries of many of our brethren, by means of your Book Fund. We, therefore, offer you our warmest thanks for all your generous acts, kindly words, and gentle sympathies. It is a marvel to us that you are able to put forth such efforts; but we know your ministry is one of love, and can only pray that our gracious Father may continue

to strengthen you, and that you may long enjoy 'the luxury of doing good.' Your name is already engraven on every page of our history as a Colleague. Our beloved President has put upon record how much he owed to your sympathy and co-operation in the work, when its burdens were heavier, and its friends were fewer than now. As for ourselves, we have had many proofs of your interest in our welfare, and we feel assured of a constant place in your prayers. We join you in heartfelt gratitude for the restoration of our more-than-ever-loved President; and for him, and for yourself and your worthy sons, we desire all happiness, peace, and usefulness. May the smile of God refresh you, the hand of God guide you, the word of God instruct you, the heart of God compass you, and at last the Son of God address you with a welcome to the heavenly home. We are,

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,

"Yours ever gratefully on behalf of the Pastors' College and Conference,

"Frank H. White, Archd. G. Brown,  
E. J. Silvertown, Walter J. Mayers,  
T. W. Medhurst. Wm. Anderson,  
E. G. Gange, J. Alex. Brown."

The President and Mr. C. Spurgeon, junior, acknowledged the gift for Mrs. Spurgeon, who was too ill even to receive a deputation from the Conference.

Our coloured brethren, Johnson and Richardson, who are accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society as missionaries to Africa, "the land of their fathers," sang in a most touching manner the hymn, "Africa," which Mr. Johnson has composed to express his longing to preach the gospel to his own race. After prayer this most delightful meeting closed right joyously.

*Wednesday morning, April 10,* at the College, the President in the chair, a halloved season was spent in prayer specially for the brethren in distant lands, of whom the President presented a general and cheering report. The Vice-president then read a valuable soul-stirring paper on a subject which appropriately followed his two previous ones—"The Christian principle: how both to be and to do." This was followed by two extraordinary papers, the first by brother C. A. Davis (Manchester), on "Jesus, the preacher's model"; and the other by brother W. B. Haynes (Stafford), on "Loyalty to King Jesus, as the soul's reigning influence." Often did the whole assembly weep during the reading. Towards the close of the second paper there was a most thrilling scene. Mr. Haynes, in the course of his

reading, quoted the first verse of Peronnet's grand hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus's name," and the whole assembly, without a signal or the least premeditation, rose as one man and sang the verse with grand effect. Many will never, while reason holds its throne, forget this season, for the Lord Jesus was conspicuously in the midst of his servants, and communed with them till their heart burned within them. Probably few there had ever been *more* under the divine power. It was good to be there. Dinner was provided again, about 350 sitting down each day. The task of feeding so great a number every day was performed by our good deacon, Mr. Murrell, and his helpers, in a masterly style. Not a hitch or a moment's delay.

In the evening, the College subscribers were entertained at tea, and afterwards adjourned to the College Hall for the annual meeting, over which John Kemp Welch, Esq., presided. Dr. McEwan offered prayer, the President presented a *resumé* of the annual report, addresses were delivered by the chairman, and our venerable tutor, Mr. Rogers; Messrs. Latimer, T. L. Johnson, A. J. Clarke, J. Manton Smith, J. A. Martin (Erith), A. G. Brown, J. Edwards, and William Olney, all gave a good word. Brethren Smith, Johnson, and Richardson contributed to the happiness of the evening by their sweet sacred songs. The large company then retired to partake once more of Mr. Phillips' generous hospitality, and at the close contributed to The College funds about £1,600, a sum which is somewhat less than usual, but is still a grand help towards another year's campaign. To God be abounding thanksgiving.

*Thursday morning, April 11,* at the College, the President in the chair, the first hour was spent in the utterance of a succession of brief pointed petitions of one or two sentences, in which more than twenty brethren followed each other with very stirring effect. Two papers were then read, the first on "Paul's one aim," by Mr. W. J. Dyer (High Wycombe), and the second on "Evangelistic Work," with special reference to the labours of our brethren, A. J. Clarke and J. M. Smith, by brother G. D. Evans (Bristol). Reports of the evangelists' visits to Portsmouth, Bristol, Reading, and other places were given by ministers from those towns, and an interesting discussion followed. The success of the first year's labours of the evangelists has been so great that as soon as funds are forthcoming others will

he started if the right men offer themselves from our own body.

Again the Conference dined, but this time in the College lower hall, for the great rain had caused a flood, and the basement of the Tabernacle was a sheet of water. By energetic measures the waters were assuaged, and at 5.30 a large number of friends assembled with the ministers and students for tea in the Lecture Hall.

In the evening the Tabernacle witnessed the enthusiasm of the annual public meeting. The President was still in his place, and after prayer summarized the report, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Fergusson, T. L. Johnson, Mackey (Southampton), Bax (Salter's Hall Chapel), and the Vice-President; and sacred songs or solos were sung by the evangelistic choir, and brethren J. M. Smith, Mayers, Burnham, Johnson, and Richardson: sweet singers all, even as were Heman and Asaph of old.

The ministers and students then adjourned to the Lecture Hall, where they were sumptuously entertained by Mr. Phillips, who together with Mr. Murrell, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. William Olney, replied to the hearty thanks and cheers which were accorded them. What a day it had been! What a happy meeting in the Tabernacle! What affectionate meetings of College friends!

*Friday morning, April 12*, the last and best day of the feast, the President still in the chair, a theme of general thankfulness, since he has on former occasions been quite disabled before the week came to an end. The morning was a season of sacred communion with God. Amongst others, prayers were offered by the President's son, brother, and father; and the following letter from Mrs. Spurgeon to the assembled brethren was read:

"To the Ministers attending Conference, 1878.

"Friday, April 12, 1878.

"My very dear friends,—It will give you some joy to know that the distant echoes of the silver trumpets of your solemn feasts have penetrated even to my sick chamber and filled my heart with joy and gladness. The Conference of 1878 has been one which we shall all remember as long as we live. You have been favoured with the presence of the 'Master' in so remarkable a manner, that 'whether in the body or out of the body' you could scarcely tell. Oh, how my heart 'burned within me' when I was told how he 'manifested himself unto you as he doth not unto the world' during these days of heaven upon earth! How

ardently I longed for a crumb from your table, or a drop from the full fountain where you were slaking your souls' thirst. But though I, like poor Thomas, 'was not with them when Jesus came,' he has not left me desolate; the recital of your wonderful experience of a *prosent* Saviour has lifted the veil for me also, so that I too have seen 'his hands and his feet,' and heard him say, 'Peace be unto you,' and have answered, 'My Lord and my God.' As for the kindness which, both individually and collectively, you have shown to me this Conference, I hardly know how to speak of it. Your handsome present was a great surprise and pleasure to me, and the loving words of the 'address' went straight to my heart, and will ever abide there. I did not NEED this costly expression of your affection and interest, to convince me that such feelings existed on your part towards me, but as I am sure it has given you unfeigned delight to put this on record in so graceful and gracious a manner, I am rejoiced to accept it at your hands with heartfelt thanks, and shall always feel as proud a pleasure in it as is compatible with my deep sense of unworthiness of it.

"Farewell, dear friends, may the solemn joy and gladness of this week refresh and revive you for many months to come. You have seen your Lord, and you *must* carry home with you some trace of his presence: the clay caught the sweet perfume of the rose by being near it; and if only 'the smell of his garments' has passed upon you, your people will recognise and enjoy the blessed fragrance of your renewed consecration of heart and life to his service. Before another conference comes some of us may 'see the King in his beauty,' and 'go no more out from his presence for ever'! So 'farewell,' again, dear servants of the Lord, heaven is *our* meeting-place! Heaven is our home!

"Your loving and grateful friend,

SUSIE SPURGEON."

A thoroughly characteristic paper on "College Friendship" was read by dear old Father Rogers; and then, after a short interval, we gathered around the table of our Lord for the communion and farewell. C. H. Spurgeon preached a sermonette on our Saviour's words, "I thirst." Here was his substitutionary pain, his longing for communion with his people, his longing to save multitudes. All partook of the bread and wine, and remembered that love divine which shone in the great sacrifice. The blessing of the President, "The Lord be with you," was responded

to by the heartfelt utterance of nearly four hundred soldiers of the cross as they said with one voice, "and with thy spirit"; and then with linked hands the Scotch version of Psalm cxxii. was sung to the tune *Martyrdom*, three grips were given as we remembered our triple unity in "One Lord, one faith, and one baptism"; and so closed the formal gatherings of the Fourteenth Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association.

At the farewell dinner our faithful remembrancer, brother Frank White, reported that 130 pastors had sent up £435 during the year to the College funds; the President presented Bibles to Mr. Phillips and Mr. Murrell, both of whom again addressed the assembly; hearty cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon and their sons: thanks were accorded to all the willing workers, for whom Mr. Allison responded; and the meetings were finally closed by the doxology, sung by all present. "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us."

COLLEGE. Since our last report, the following brethren have accepted pastorates: Mr. E. P. Riley, Middleton-in-Teesdale; Mr. K. S. Latimer, Willingham, Cambs.; Mr. G. C. Williams, Mill-street, Bedford; Mr. W. Hackney, Commercial-road, Oxford; Mr. T. Breewood, Mark-house-common, Walthamstow; Mr. J. J. Ellis, Gosberton, near Spalding; Mr. F.

A. Jones, Cross-street, Islington; Mr. W. Compton, Western-road, Hove, Brighton; and Mr. C. A. Fellowes, Keynsham, near Bath. Mr. W. J. White is returning to Japan as an agent of the Baptist Missionary Society.

At considerable expense we give our readers the bulk of the College Report, because we are anxious that all who have subscribed should share our joy in the success which has attended the effort. Perhaps some who have known but little of us may be interested and led to help for the future. This report only touches London; another relating to the country would be equally cheering.

COLPORTAGE. The secretary writes: "This month we are busily preparing for our forthcoming conference and annual meeting of colporteurs to be held in the Tabernacle on Monday, May 6. This is always a most interesting meeting, as the colporteurs speak of the actual results of their labours during the year. We should much like to see a greatly increased attendance at this most important meeting, and are glad to know that you hope to be with us. As full information will then be given, a full report now is unnecessary.

"We thank one friend who responded to our appeal for tracts last month and brought a parcel, also another who sends a donation for the purpose. Will more friends think of this matter, and help to circulate the gospel of Jesus?"

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 18th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Bithray	...	...	...	R. M. H.	...	...	...
Ebenezer	...	...	...	Mr. Robert Gibson	...	...	...
Thankoffering, per Rev. A. A. Rees	...	...	...	Mrs. Harriet Elias	...	...	...
Miss Couch	...	...	...	L. C. W. and J. W.	...	...	...
Mrs. Ellwood	...	...	...	Mr. Dowsett	...	...	...
Mr. H. P. Wright	...	...	...	Mrs. Berry	...	...	...
Mr. John Lewis	...	...	...	Miss Dransfield	...	...	...
Mr. J. G. Cumming	...	...	...	Mr. J. G. Hall	...	...	...
Collected by Miss M. A. Jeph's	...	...	...	Mr. W. C. Parkinson	...	...	...
Mr. R. S. Faulconer	...	...	...	Mr. Balne	...	...	...
Miss Steedman	...	...	...	Mr. Turner	...	...	...
A. T.	...	...	...	Mr. and Mrs. Garland	...	...	...
Readers of "Christian Herald"	...	...	...	Mr. W. Williamson	...	...	...
Mr. and Mrs. D., Stirling	...	...	...	Mr. T. Stone	...	...	...
J. and E. C.	...	...	...	Mr. W. C. Price	...	...	...
O. D. E.	...	...	...	Mr. B. Venables	...	...	...
Legacy, late Miss Chilton	...	...	...	Mr. J. E. Tresidder	...	...	...
Mrs. J. Robertson Aikman	...	...	...	Mr. H. Keen	...	...	...
C. S. F.	...	...	...	Mr. H. Burgess	...	...	...
J. B. E.	...	...	...	Mr. and Mrs. Startin	...	...	...
Awake	...	...	...	Mr. W. Payne	...	...	...
Mr. Winter's Bible Class, Richmond-street, Walworth	...	...	...	Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	...	...
Rev. T. King	...	...	...	Mrs. T.	...	...	...
Mr. H. McKay	...	...	...	Dr. Angus	...	...	...
Mr. G. Gastrell	...	...	...	Mr. W. R. Selway	...	...	...
				Mr. W. Edwards	...	...	...

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. A. James	2	2	0	Miss Ellen Olney	1	1	0
Mr. J. Finch	5	0	0	Mr. J. Garner Marshall	10	10	0
Mr. Padgett	5	0	0	Mr. F. W. Amsten	3	0	0
Mr. Stone	0	9	0	Mr. Cleere Hooper	4	4	0
Mr. Whittaker	5	5	0	G. H. P.	0	10	0
Mr. B. Colls	2	2	0	Mr. W. H. Hale	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Poole	2	2	0	Mr. John Taylor	2	0	0
Mrs. Poole	2	2	0	Mr. Llewellyn	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Goldston	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	2	2	0
L. H.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	10	0	0
Mr. B. Ford	5	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Mace	2	2	0	R. G.	2	2	0
Mr. G. W. Petter	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Mansell	5	0	0
Mr. H. Lee	0	10	0	Mr. S. Thompson	2	0	0
Mr. W. B. Fisher	3	3	0	Miss Thompson	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood	5	0	0	Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Mr. J. W. Sorrell	1	1	0	Mr. J. Davies	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ford	5	0	0	D. B. J.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0	F. H. R.	0	10	0
Mrs. Vinson	1	1	0	Mr. H. Evans	2	2	0
F. R. T.	1	1	0	Mr. W. Evans	5	5	0
M. D.	1	1	0	Mrs. Dain	0	10	0
Miss Parnell	0	10	6	Mr. T. Whitford, M.A.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Oxley	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sexton	2	2	0
Mr. R. May, jun.	5	5	0	Mr. T. D. Galpin	10	0	0
Editor of "Christian World"	10	10	0	Mr. A. Altham	20	0	0
Mr. J. Colman	50	0	0	Mr. D. Duckworth	5	0	0
Mrs. Joynson	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson	3	3	0	Mr. Malham	1	1	0
Mrs. James Green	2	2	0	Mr. R. Evans	10	10	0
Mr. W. A. Straker	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Greenwood	50	0	0
Mr. W. Glass	2	0	0	Miss O. E. Greenwood	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Barrett	1	1	0	Miss A. K. Greenwood	5	0	0
Miss Marianne Cornish	2	0	0	Mr. B. J. Greenwood	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Davies	5	0	0	Mr. H. M. Greenwood	5	0	0
Mr. J. T. Daintree	3	3	0	Rev. A. G. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Rutley	2	2	0	Mr. W. W. Baynes	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horniman	5	5	0	Friends	0	10	0
Miss Horniman	2	2	0	Mr. John Edwards	25	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, jun.	2	2	0	Mr. Mark Whitlock	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Bowes	1	1	0	Mr. B. B.	0	10	0
Miss Butcher	1	1	0	Mr. W. B.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pudin	3	2	0	Mr. B. Vickery and Friend	10	0	0
N. B. G.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Butt	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hammer	5	0	0	A Friend	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	3	3	0	M. H.	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	21	0	0	Mr. J. L. Potier	10	0	0
New Cross	1	1	0	Mrs. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. C. Spurgeon	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. S. Osmond	2	2	0	Mr. T. H. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. W. Bridge	0	10	6	Mrs. Rogers	1	1	0
Mr. F. McTier	1	1	0	Miss Humphrey	1	1	0
Mr. E. Edgley	5	0	0	Mr. E. H. Barrett	1	1	0
Mr. W. F. Meaden	1	1	0	Mr. A. W. Barrett	2	0	0
Mr. G. Jenkins	2	2	0	Mr. W. J. Mills	1	1	0
Mrs. Martin	0	10	0	Mr. G. W. Redman	10	10	0
V. J. C.	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	0	10	0
Messrs. Smith and Clarke	0	10	0	Mr. R. Marshall	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	50	0	0	Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
The Misses Higgs	20	0	0	Mr. S. Colman	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs, jun.	5	0	0	Mr. T. Williams	5	5	0
Mr. C. Wonters	1	1	0	Mr. T. H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0	Mr. D. Hartley	5	5	0
C. W.	2	2	0	Mr. C. Ball	1	1	0
Mr. A. Fishwick	1	1	0	Mr.	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Partridge	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	1	1	0
A Friend	1	1	0	Mr. A. J. Brown	5	5	0
Mr. H. Philcox	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. E. Falkner	4	4	0
Mr. D. F. Wyatt	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. S. Falkner	5	5	0
Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0	Mr. S. Walker	3	0	0
Miss Payne	1	1	0	Mr. C. Russell	2	2	0
Mr. W. S. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. and Miss Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. J. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. A. Gurney Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Payne	3	3	0	Miss Olney	5	0	0
Mr. G. H. Payne	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Romang	5	0	0
Mr. E. Heritage	5	5	0	Mr. T. P. Coe	3	3	0
Mr. H. N. Prentice	0	10	6	Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Purvis	7	10	0
Mr. Hellier	2	2	0	H. K. J.	3	3	0
Mrs. Hellier	1	1	0	Dr. Eugene Cronin	1	1	0
Mr. W. Mills	1	1	0	Mrs. Cronin	5	15	0
Mrs. H. Olney	5	0	0	Mrs. Ellwood			

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Thorne	1	1	0	S. M. S.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Lobbs	2	2	0	Lizzie Culver	1	0	0
Mr. L. Evans	1	1	0	Mr. John Kemp Welch	100	0	0
Mr. A. Brown	0	10	0	Mr. James Kemp Welch	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Henderson	1	1	0	Mr. Arthur Doggett	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Scott	5	0	0	Mr. Robert Rymer	10	0	0
Miss Scott	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Betts	50	0	0
Mr. W. H. Haines	1	0	0	Mrs. Underwood	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wood	1	0	0	Mr. J. Rains	10	0	0
Mr. Webb	10	0	0	Miss Rains	1	1	0
Mr. E. J. Preston	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. May	25	0	0
Mr. H. J. Wigner	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Murrell	10	10	0
Mr. H. Hadland	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Murrell, junior	5	5	0
Mr. E. J. Farley	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Murrell	3	3	0
Mr. W. C. Downing	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Izard	10	10	0
Mr. Fox	1	1	0	Master of a Board School	5	0	0
Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0	T. S.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Boot	5	5	0	Mrs. Bloom	1	10	0
Mr. G. F. Bailey	1	1	0	Miss Bloom	1	0	0
Mrs. Watson	5	0	0	Mr. E. F. Fisher	5	5	0
Mr. J. Holder	2	2	0	Mr. J. Houghton	20	0	0
Mr. T. Banson	1	1	0	Mr. J. Evered	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, junior	2	0	0	Mrs. Chenery	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chilvers	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Frowd	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Everett	5	5	0	Miss C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0	Mrs. D. Kavannah	0	10	0
A. Friend	0	5	0	Mr. Jarvis	1	1	0
Mr. Cockrell	1	1	0	Collection at Zion Chapel, Chatham, per			
Mr. and Mrs. Marsh	10	0	0	Rev. James Smith	6	11	9
Mr. Amos Bell	5	1	0	Per Rev. G. H. Trapp, Mundesley :-			
Mr. James Sayers	1	1	0	Miss B.	0	4	0
Mr. H. J. Shipley	1	1	0	Mr. J. L. C.	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred Tyson	10	0	0	Mrs. J. L. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Isaac Tyson	1	0	0	Mrs. C.	0	2	0
Miss Tyson	3	0	0	Miss D.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Conyers	1	10	0	Mr. G.	0	2	0
Mr. Edward Catchpole	3	3	0	G. G.	0	10	0
A. Friend	0	10	0	Mr. F.	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Russell	2	2	0	Mrs. P.	0	2	0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	3	3	0				
X. Y. Z.	1	0	0				
Mr. H. Wood	1	0	0	Collection at Hemnyock and Saint Hill,			
Mr. W. Whiffin	2	2	0	per Rev. A. Pidgeon	0	12	0
Mr. Rodgate	2	2	0	Collection at Salter's Hall, Islington,			
Dr. White	1	1	0	per Rev. A. Bax	12	15	0
Triphene and Tryphose	2	0	0	Collection at Waterbeach, per Rev. G.			
Miss Nellie Withers	1	1	0	Wainwright	3	1	0
Miss Newman	2	0	0	Rev. J. C. Forth	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hosner	0	10	0	Collection at Maiseyhampton, per Rev.			
Mr. Abraham	5	0	0	C. Testro	0	13	3
Mr. G. Morris	0	10	0	Collection at Grove Road, Victoria Park,			
Mr. Bithray	10	10	0	per Rev. W. J. Inglis	3	3	0
Mr. W. C. Jones	0	10	6	Rev. Isaac Bridge	1	0	0
Mr. E. Bingle	1	1	0	Rev. Frank H. White	4	4	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	3	3	0	Collection at Octavius Street, Deptford,			
Miss Scott	1	1	0	per Rev. D. Honour	3	0	0
Mr. Lardner	2	0	0	Mr. R. Marshall	0	10	0
J. S.	10	0	0	Rev. R. J. Beechiff	1	0	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0	Friends, per Rev. J. McNab	2	4	6
Miss Virtue	1	0	0	Per Rev. C. Chambers, Aberdeen :-			
Mrs. Brown	2	2	0	Mr. J. Brice	0	10	0
Mr. S. R. Patterson	1	0	0	Mr. D. Mitchell	0	10	0
Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0	Mr. A. Murray	0	10	0
Mrs. Hinton and Mrs. Armstead	0	10	0	Mr. J. B. McCombie	0	10	0
Mrs. Wood	1	1	0	Mr. J. Cook	0	10	0
Mr. J. P. Bacon	5	0	0	Mr. J. Stewart	1	0	0
Mr. J. Duncan	200	0	0	Mr. D. Stewart	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bornform	5	0	0				
Mr. J. H. Townend	3	3	0	A Student's Thankoffering	4	10	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	5	5	0	A few Friends, Braunston, per Rev. A.	1	0	0
R. L.	1	0	0	Greer	1	2	0
Mrs. McNeillage	1	0	0	Friends at Bulwell, per Rev. C. D. Crouch	2	0	0
Mrs. Brown	3	0	0	Collection at Exeter, per Rev. E. S.			
Mr. D. G. Patterson	0	6	0	Neale	5	0	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0	Collection at Ashdon, per			
Mrs. Sims	5	0	0	Rev. R. J. Layzell	1	11	9
Miss Emily G. Kemp	1	1	0	Mr. J. R. Cowell	1	0	0
S. S. Absalom	0	2	0				
Collected by Mrs. Griffiths from Friends				Per Rev. G. T. Ennals, Great Shelford :-			
at Kingswood and Wotton-under-				Mr. Watts	1	1	0
Edge	5	0	0	Mr. Nutter	1	1	0
				Mr. W. E. Litley	1	1	0



		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Maris	...	1	1	0	Collection at Cheltenham, per Rev. H. Wilkins	...	13	5	10
Mr. R. J. Moffatt	...	1	1	0	Collection at Ridgmount, per Rev. A. Knell	...	1	1	0
Miss Piper	...	1	0	0	Collection at Southampton, per Rev. H. O. Mackey	...	1	0	0
Mr. S. Clear	...	0	10	0	Collection at Great Staughton, per Rev. W. Coote	...	1	15	0
Mrs. J. Dafforne	...	1	1	0	Collection at Highgate, per Rev. J. Barnard	...	1	15	0
Collected by Miss A. Mathew	...	1	14	0	Collection at Illisley and Wotton-under-Edge, per Rev. M. P. Miller	...	2	12	0
Mr. W. S. G. Box	...	0	5	0	Friends, per Rev. J. E. Spanton	...	1	0	0
Collection at Limsfield, per Rev. F. M. Cockerton	...	0	15	0	Rev. J. A. Wilson	...	1	0	0
Collection at Shefford, per Rev. T. H. Smith	...	1	3	3	Friends at Whitstable, per Rev. Stanley	...	0	10	0
Collection at Merstham, per Rev. H. H. Garratt	...	5	0	6	Contributions from Portsea, per Rev. J. W. Genders	...	2	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Rev. W. Usher	...	1	1	7	Enfield Highway, per Rev. W. Townsend	...	1	0	0
Collection at Strond, per Rev. F. J. Benskin	...	5	9	1	Miss Tate, per Rev. H. Winsor	...	2	0	0
Collection at King's Langley, per Rev. H. Channer	...	0	6	0	Collection at Uley, per Rev. W. Ewens	...	1	10	0
Collection at St. Paul's-square, Southsea, per Rev. R. F. Jeffrey	...	11	0	0	Collection at Shoreham, per Rev. J. W. Harraid	...	1	6	0
Collection at Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier	...	2	0	0	South Side Baptist Church, Glasgow, Rev. W. H. Elliott	...	1	10	0
Friends at Barking, per Rev. W. Tomkins	...	1	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Elliott	...	1	1	0
Collection at Burnham, Essex, per Rev. C. B. Gooding	...	2	10	0	Mr. J. Anderson	...	0	10	0
Collection at Parson's Hill, Woolwich, per Rev. J. Turner	...	2	10	0	Mr. W. Lucas	...	0	2	6
Service of Song at Cheltenham, per Rev. W. Julian	...	21	11	0	W. H. E.	...	0	5	0
Mr. Allen	...	1	0	0	T. and D. G.	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Coomb	...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Dun	...	0	10	0
Per Rev. W. L. Mayo, Chepstow	...	23	1	0	Mr. J. Burt	...	0	5	0
Mr. Fryer	...	0	5	0	Mr. A. Stewart	...	0	5	0
Mr. Sargent	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Love	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Webb	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Stew	...	0	2	0
Mr. Davis	...	0	2	0	Mrs. Freer	...	0	2	0
Mr. Mayo	...	0	10	0	Mr. Kain	...	0	1	0
Collection at Beccles, per Rev. W. Edgerton	...	3	10	0	Rev. E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	...	5	4	0
Collection at Brabourne, per Rev. G. Pring	...	1	15	0	Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Rev. A. K. Davidson	...	3	0	0
Collection at Bedruth, per Rev. H. Abraham	...	2	0	0	Church at Hitchin, per Rev. G. Wright	...	1	0	0
Ordinance Collection at Burslem, per Rev. H. C. Field	...	0	15	0	Friends, per Rev. H. R. Brown	...	0	12	0
Part Collection at City Road, Bristol, per Rev. W. J. Mayers	...	8	2	6	Collection at Mumbles, per Rev. H. Kidner	...	1	8	1
Per Rev. J. Raymond, St. Neot's	...	1	15	0	Friends at Watchet, per Rev. R. J. Middleton	...	1	6	0
Mr. Page	...	0	10	0	Collection at Lake-road, Landport, per Rev. T. W. Medhurst	...	10	13	3
Mr. Armstrong	...	0	10	0	Salem Chapel, Burton-on-Trent, per Rev. J. T. Owers	...	1	1	0
P. J. P.	...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Pine, per Rev. W. Norris	...	1	1	0
J. B.	...	0	10	0	Friends at St. Peter's Park, per Rev. J. M. Cox	...	0	10	0
Collection at Edmonton, per Rev. D. Russell	...	2	2	0	Friends at Dacre Park, Lewisham, per Rev. W. Usher	...	4	15	0
Friends, per Rev. G. B. Richardson	...	1	0	0	Collection at Oaklands, Surbiton, per Rev. W. Baster	...	5	6	3
Collection at Eastbourne, per Rev. A. Babington	...	6	13	0	Collection at John-street, Bedford-row, per Rev. J. Collins	...	12	12	1
Collection at Maidenhead, per Rev. J. Wilkins	...	5	0	0	Collection at Bridgwater, per Rev. H. Moore	...	2	3	6
Collection at Nottingham, per Rev. E. J. Silvertown	...	5	0	0	Collection at Lymington, per Rev. J. J. Fitz	...	5	10	0
Collection at Sutton-on-Trent, per Rev. H. A. Fletcher	...	0	16	0	Collection at Barking-road, per Rev. R. H. Gillespie	...	2	0	0
Subscriptions at High Wycombe, per Rev. W. J. Dyer	...	4	3	0	Collection at North Finchley, per Rev. J. Chadwick	...	1	5	0
Master C. Welton	...	0	6	6	Rev. C. A. and Mrs. Davis	...	2	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, per Rev. G. West	...	3	0	0	Alpha, per Rev. J. T. Almy	...	1	5	0
Friends, per Rev. E. Morley	...	1	0	0	Collection at Ulverston, per Rev. M. Whetnal	...	3	0	0
Collection at Roade, per Rev. C. Ingram	...	1	10	0	Rev. J. Field	...	1	0	0
Collection at Gresham Chapel, Brixton, per Rev. J. T. Swift	...	3	3	0	Rev. J. C. Crutchshank	...	0	5	0
Mr. Avison, per Rev. J. W. Comford	...	0	10	0	Rev. C. Evans	...	1	2	6
					Friends at Bures, per Rev. J. Kemp	...	2	0	0
					Collection at Melton Mowbray, per Rev. J. Tansley	...	1	0	0
					Southwell, per Rev. J. H. Plumbridge	...	0	10	0
					Bromley, per Rev. A. Tessier	...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Amersham, after Sermons by Rev. John Spurgeon ...	5	16	6	Weekly Offerings at Mct. Tab.—Mar. 24	39	3	11
Collection at Tentordon, per Rev. W. H. Smith ...	1	6	6	" " " " " " Apr. 7	31	33	0
Collection at John-street, Edgware-road, per Rev. J. O. Fellowes ...	5	0	0	" " " " " " " 14	36	2	10
					£235	10	5

## Stockwell Orphanage.

*Statement of Receipts from March 20th to April 18th, 1873.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
H. E. S. ...	0	10	0	Richmond Street Mission Sunday School, Waiworth ...	4	13	5
Miss Couch ...	0	5	0	Rev. W. Durban ...	0	13	6
B. H. ...	0	1	0	Misses Hinton and Armstead ...	1	0	0
C. Hunting ...	2	2	0	Collected at College Wharf Saw Mills, per Mr. R. Klickman ...	0	13	0
Ebenzer ...	0	2	6	Arthur Klickman ...	0	5	0
Two Christian Friends ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Cooper ...	1	0	0
Mr. James Houston ...	5	0	0	A Crumb for the Orphans ...	0	2	0
Friend, per Rev. A. A. Rees ...	6	0	0	Rev. W. J. Styles ...	2	0	0
Miss Nuun ...	2	2	0	"Every little helps" ...	0	6	10
Mrs. Ellwood ...	1	1	0	Miss Annie M. Robinson ...	5	0	0
Ann Aldred ...	1	0	0	Miss Kate Leathers ...	2	0	0
Miss Fyfe ...	1	0	0	From M. W., of Berbiace ...	0	12	9
Ethel Bertha ...	0	12	0	R. L. ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. S. Paulcooner ...	10	10	0	Mrs M. G. Scott ...	3	0	0
Readers of "Christian Herald" ...	30	0	0	T. L. I. M. ...	0	1	0
Milton Sunday School, per Mr. A. H. Collins ...	0	15	0	G. M. P. ...	1	1	0
Service of Song, Bristol ...	0	7	0	Victoria Baptist Chapel, Wandsworth ...	2	0	0
Service of Song, Bath ...	5	3	10	Miss Nellie Muir ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. D., Stirling ...	1	0	0	Mr. John Martin ...	1	0	0
C. D. E. ...	25	0	0	Collected by Miss P. Bomford ...	2	14	0
Legacy, the late Miss Chilton ...	90	0	0	Mrs. Sims ...	5	0	0
Wing-clippings from Messrs. Joel Peck and Sons ...	0	10	0	T. S. Boston ...	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Clark ...	0	10	0	One who has just found salvation through Christ ...	10	0	0
Colne (thankoffering) ...	1	0	0	Sarah and Janet Clark ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hall ...	0	15	0	Stotfield Sabbath School ...	1	0	0
J. B. E. ...	0	5	0	Mr. S. Sherlock ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall ...	5	0	0	Collected by Miss Brown ...	0	5	0
Erwin Free Church Sabbath School ...	0	17	8	A Working Tradesman ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Osborn ...	0	6	0	Collected by Mrs. Griffiths ...	15	0	0
Sandwich ...	2	2	0	S. M. S. ...	3	0	0
Mr. E. Young ...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Deverell ...	1	19	11
Pillar Box ...	0	3	5	Mr. Jay, per Mr. Warrington ...	1	1	0
Mabel and Nellie Sacret ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Gatehouse ...	0	5	0
Mr. I. Robinson ...	5	0	0	Mr. Wilson ...	0	10	0
A Friend, per Rev. T. King ...	2	0	0	Legacy late Mrs. Keating ...	10	0	0
Mr. McKay ...	2	0	0	Mr. A. Chamberlin ...	1	1	0
Mr. Palmer ...	10	10	0	Friends at Dows Chapel, per Mrs. Way ...	2	3	6
Miss Way ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Sisman ...	1	0	0
Late Mr. R. Stark ...	1	0	0	Mrs. Armitage ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. Gibson ...	10	0	0	Mr. W. Ranford ...	1	0	0
Mr. Spindler ...	5	0	0	Bag of Farthings ...	0	5	0
Mr. G. A. Gardner ...	0	5	0	Infant School, Stockwell College ...	1	0	0
Two Friends ...	0	12	6	Proceeds of Service of Song, Nelson-street, Camberwell ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Harriet Elias ...	10	0	0	Mrs. Powell, Southampton ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Hill ...	1	1	0	Mr. F. Bateman ...	2	8	6
A Friend, per Mr. Easter Per Rev. J. Raymond ...	0	10	0	W. A. M. ...	0	4	0
Kate ...	0	2	6	T. S. ...	1	1	0
P. J. P. ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Bloom ...	1	10	0
				Mr. E. Hooper ...	0	10	0
Miss Bailey ...	0	5	0	A. H. N. ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Winsor's Bible Class ...	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday School, Newcastle ...	1	0	6
Mr. Elliott ...	0	8	5	Mr. J. Houghton ...	20	0	0
Friends at Chipping Sodbury, per Rev. A. K. Davidson ...	1	10	0	A Country Minister ...	0	3	0
Sunday School, Cornwall-road, Brixton, per Rev. D. Asquith ...				Mrs. Cheeney ...	0	5	0
Mr. Hosegood's Class ...	0	15	0	R. E. and J. S. ...	0	10	9
Girls ...	0	16	5	Mr. P. Watts ...	0	5	0
Boys ...	0	15	6	Miss C. ...	1	0	0
Infants ...	0	3	7	Mr. E. Falkner ...	2	2	0
	2	10	6				

Annual Subscriptions:—		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Silver Wedding ... ..	...	0	10	6	Mrs. R. Johnson ... ..	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Turbey ... ..	...	1	1	0	Miss Humphrey ... ..	...	0	5	0
Mr. Cowell ... ..	...	1	0	0	Mr. Cammaok ... ..	...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Haward ... ..	...	2	2	0	Mr. T. R. Johnson... ..	...	0	5	0
Mr. F. Fisher ... ..	...	1	0	0					
Per F. R. T.:—									1 5 0
Mr. R. Johnson ... ..	...	0	5	0					£382 7 9

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Freeman and Illlyard; Hamper of Pork Pies, Tebbutt and Co.; Tin of Prepared Food, Dr. Ridge and Co.; a Parcel of Clothing, Mr. Eden.

## Colportage Association.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.		£	s.	d.	Subscriptions for Districts:—		£	s.	d.
Miss Boughton ... ..	...	0	2	6	S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton ...	...	10	0	0
W. Mills, junior, Esq. ... ..	...	1	1	0	Cradley Heath, per Mrs. T. Lewis ...	...	7	10	9
E. B. (Quarterly) ... ..	...	25	6	0	Oxfordshire Association, per R. Abrahams, Esq. ... ..	...	10	0	0
"Christian Herald" ... ..	...	11	19	10	Chippenharn, per Rev. H. B. Bardwell ...	...	5	0	0
C. D. E. ... ..	...	25	0	0	Melton Mowbray District, per W. Garner, Esq. ... ..	...	10	0	0
J. B. E. ... ..	...	0	2	6	Skipssea District ... ..	...	10	0	0
From Thanksgivng Service, by A. A. Rees, Sunderland ... ..	...	1	0	0	R. Corey, junior, Esq., for Cardiff ...	...	10	0	0
Mrs. Gatehouse ... ..	...	0	5	0	Clipping, Norton District, per Rev. T. Bentley ... ..	...	7	10	0
Mr. T. J. Johns, value of Bibles, also Parcel of Tracts ... ..	...	0	3	9	Richard Mason, Esq., for Dudley ...	...	2	10	0
J. R. Bayley, Esq. ... ..	...	1	0	0	Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle ... ..	...	5	0	0
Mr. H. McKay ... ..	...	1	0	0	High Wycombe District, per R. Collins, junior, Esq. ... ..	...	4	0	0
Robert Gibson, Esq. ... ..	...	10	0	0	Gloucester and Hereford Association ...	...	7	10	0
Mrs. Harriet Elias... ..	...	10	0	0	Bower Chalk, per Mr. Hockey ... ..	...	6	10	0
Mrs. Amphlett ... ..	...	0	2	6	Maldon, per Mr. S. Spurgeon ... ..	...	2	10	0
R. L. ... ..	...	1	0	0	Wellington District ... ..	...	5	0	0
S. M. S. ... ..	...	2	0	0	Southern Association, per Rev. J. B. Burt ... ..	...	53	0	0
E. M., Berkhamstead, for Tracts ...	...	0	5	0	"W. R.", for Riddings ... ..	...	7	10	0
J. Houghton, Esq. ... ..	...	10	0	0	Hadleigh District ... ..	...	10	0	0
Mr. A. Chamberlain ... ..	...	1	1	0	Eythorne District ... ..	...	7	10	0
Mr. J. T. Crosher ... ..	...	2	0	0	Great Yarmouth Town Mission ... ..	...	7	10	0
Mr. E. Falkner ... ..	...	1	1	0	Leamington, per Rev. F. S. Attenboro ...	...	10	0	0
					H. Faulder, Esq., for Stockport... ..	...	5	0	0
					Rev. C. H. Spurgeon ... ..	...	7	10	0
									£211 0 9
		£104	4	1					

## Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 20th to April 19th, 1878.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Part of a Sailor's Tithe ... ..	...	0	10	0	Readers of "Christian Herald" ... ..	...	10	5	2
Miss Grant ... ..	...	1	0	0	A Sermon Reader... ..	...	1	0	0
C. D. E. ... ..	...	25	0	0	Miss Mills ... ..	...	0	5	0
Mr. T. Paterson ... ..	...	1	0	6	Mr. J. L. Potier ... ..	...	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bailey ... ..	...	1	0	0	Church at Burslem ... ..	...	5	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Scruby ... ..	...	1	0	0					
Miss B. Johnson ... ..	...	10	0	0					£81 10 2
Mr. B. Gibson ... ..	...	10	0	0					
Mr. H. Elias ... ..	...	10	0	0					

The following amounts, which have been left to our discretion, have been allotted to the Tabernacle Evangelists' Society, of which Mr. Elvin is Secretary:—Mr. George James, £2; Mrs. Spreakley, £1; Mrs. Martha Murray, £2; "Four Little Things," £2.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

ANNUAL PAPER

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE LORD'S WORK

CONNECTED WITH THE

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

1877-8.



London:

*Printed for the College by*

PASSMORE & ALABASTER, 31, LITTLE BRITAIN.

1878.

# COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS.

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C. H. SPURGEON, Nightingale Lane, Balham.

## Vice-President.

J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

## Trustees in whom the property is vested.

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## Secretary.

Mr. C. BLACKSHAW, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

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*The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are audited with the accounts of the church by appointed auditors, and are read and passed at the Annual Church Meeting in the first month of each year.*

# Report of College Work

IN AND AROUND LONDON.

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COMPILED BY C. H. SPURGEON.

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**Y**EAR by year we have presented our subscribers with a Report of the Pastors' College, until we begin to fear that we shall tire them with our repetitions. Paganini is said to have produced exquisite music upon a single string, but we do not possess his melodious secret, and therefore find it difficult to harp upon one subject without falling into monotony. We will therefore summarize our report of the College, by saying once for all, that the blessing of God is resting upon it, that it has a plentiful supply of students, that the tutors remain as they were, that funds have not been lacking, and that everything works well. Our heart is often heavy within us with sore travail in supervising all the various agencies which have been formed around us, and were it not that we can take our cares to our heavenly Father we should sink: but yet so great has been the loving favour of our God in affording direction in hours of dilemma and supplies in times of need that we are right happy as we adore and magnify our gracious Lord. Bound to persevere, and yet trembling under the responsibility, we feel like Gideon's men when they were "faint, yet pursuing." We are thankful, but we are not satisfied with what has been already done, feeling an increasing hunger to see our great city thoroughly permeated with the gospel. The population grows far beyond our power to overtake it, and all we do seems as a drop in the sea to its awful need of holy influences, and its grievous ignorance of the true God. Thank God, others are working too, and reaping their reward; but this only makes us the more eager to do our full share.

We tarry a moment to express our deep gratitude to many generous friends who have from time to time assisted us, and to the great Disposer of all hearts who has led them so to do. Mr. Phillips' supper and the Weekly Offering are our chief channels of supply, and these yielded right plentifully last year. Our many donors will never know how much of benefit has been bestowed upon the sons of men through the instrumentality of the men educated by the College, until eternity shall reveal all things. Then will it be seen what multitudes have been instructed, awakened, and decided by the earnest appeals of those who have been trained for their life-work in our beloved institution.

This year we purpose reviewing the work of the College *in the metropolis*; this will give a measure of variety, and perhaps set results

in a clearer light than usual. We ought to have something to show, as the outgrowth of years of giving, working, and praying; and we think we have. The success of our men both in England and abroad has been very encouraging, and would vie with the London work in importance and interest; but at this time we make no mention of it, reserving our space for the recapitulation of the work done in and around our great city. Even upon this we cannot enter into full particulars, but must for the most part keep to cases in which chapels have been built or purchased, and churches formed, or raised from the brink of destruction; adding only a mere summary of pastorates occupied by our men over churches of older date.

A large amount of very earnest evangelistic work results in the conversion of souls, but does not produce any church organization; this, however, is by no means labour in vain, for thereby our Lord sees of his soul's travail, whether *we* see it or not. We could not, however, write much upon this point, unless we were to descend to the tabulation of professed conversions; and this we dare not do, for such statistics are very unreliable and unsatisfactory, and are generally best omitted. Our College men have carried on open-air preaching in divers places, besides assisting regular pastors when desired; and halls and rooms have been taken for a time and then dropped when there seemed no hope of permanent success. Our policy has been to imitate the florist, by planting a large number of slips, in the hope that some of them would strike. In the process a great many prove to be failures as to any church result, but they are not failures in other respects, and inasmuch as Christ has been preached, we rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. On this occasion we confine ourselves to operations which have been successful in forming, saving, or greatly increasing churches of Christ. If our successes in this direction had been much fewer we should not have been disappointed; for the difficulty of founding churches, and especially of building chapels, can only be known by those who have experienced it. Societies have existed, and have not been able to accomplish much even by long continued efforts; and this makes us the more grateful that our God in his great mercy has enabled our men to achieve very marked results, such as materially affect the spiritual provision for our teeming population, and the growth of the Christian body to which we belong.

Often under very difficult circumstances a brother has laboured on under hardship and discouragement, and only after a considerable period has perseverance been rewarded. The plan is generally to begin in a hall or other hired building, to get together a few people, to gather converts, and to struggle on till a small church is formed; then commences the labour of collecting money to build a schoolroom or part of a building, or to erect an iron chapel, and, this accomplished, the chapel is undertaken. This has in some cases proved too small, but the smaller one has housed the people until they have been strong enough to erect a more commodious structure. Thus by degrees with slender funds a new house of prayer is opened and Christian activities set in motion, and despite the prejudice of some good men against regular places of worship, we are at a loss to know what London would have been if these permanent centres of gracious influence had not been maintained among us. No amount of occasional evangelistic services will ever render

needless the abiding work of organized Christianity ; in fact, in proportion as special efforts are of use, our churches will become the more necessary. The larger the harvest, the more need of barns.

The College funds, aided by private friends, have largely assisted in building operations, and, whatever we have personally possessed has been cheerfully given ; yet the Christian public, and especially a few noble givers, who appear to help every deserving cause, have had to be relied upon. Therefore we by no means claim for our College all the credit of the work done, nor indeed do we ask for any credit at all, but simply wish to give an account of our stewardship to our subscribers, and most heartily to lay whatever of honour there may be resulting from it at the feet of the Ever Gracious One. The credit of some of the chapels mentioned is due mainly to the London Baptist Association, and it is the furthest thought from our mind to rob it of a single atom of its meed of praise, for it has done noble service to the metropolis, and deserves the growing confidence of the denomination which it represents. If we include in our Report any portion of Association work, it is simply that we may express our gratitude that it has consented to work with us so often. Other denominational organizations have also been our hearty friends, and we trust will ever remain so. We have no object distinct from that of the church of Christ at large ; the new churches melt into the community to which we belong, and will be found to be doing Christian work in perfect harmony with churches before established. It is no concern of ours to keep the new spheres for our own men, and when more fitting preachers come forward we have never expressed any regret at the fact, nor have we been conscious of feeling any. The pulpits are there, and let the best men fill them whether they hail from our College or from another, or from none at all. The churches must choose for themselves, and although we are glad that they, as a rule, feel a grateful tie binding them to the fostering mother, yet if they see reason to go elsewhere they do not find us repining at this use of their Christian liberty.

Should there be any errors in our account, they may arise from the fact that we have had to collect the details with considerable difficulty, and they are mere extracts from materials prepared by a willing hand, but digested by an overwrought labourer who cannot spend time in examining the minute accuracy of every line. We trust that nothing has been overstated, for we have endeavoured in every case to be below rather than above the truth, and we do not believe that any one of our brethren would mislead us. Still, some men are sanguine, and see everything through magnifying glasses, and if it be found to have been so in any one case we can only assure our readers that *we* have not sinned in that direction in compiling our record, but have rather inclined to the other side. The ministers themselves may even discover cause for complaint that we have unduly toned down their reports ; we must therefore assure them that we have never done so because we doubted their word, but in order that all might be under rather than over the mark.

Our fear is that there may be omissions of acknowledgments to others, which they might reasonably expect. If so, they must excuse this fault, for space is limited, and this paper is not prepared with any idea of



saying all that could or even should be said. To obviate all misunderstandings on this score, we would say in one word that nothing has been done by us alone, but that in many cases the work may as fairly be ascribed to other people as to ourselves, and all we intend by mentioning certain enterprises in this Report is neither more nor less than this—the work has been done in connection with the College, under the leadership of our young brethren, and we are rejoiced to have had even the humblest share in it. If we tread on any one's corns after these somewhat lengthy apologies we shall have the consolation of having done so unintentionally.

Only one other fact requires to be mentioned, namely, that from the commencement our plan was not only to train students, but to found churches. Our subscriptions have been received after due announcement that all sums not needed for the education of young men would be used for the work of God in connection with them, and this has all along been done. Hence our expenditure is not all for the men themselves, and no estimate of the cost of each man deduced from our balance-sheet can be correct if it omits this consideration. On the other hand, the large sums which we have supplied for buildings have in almost every instance been either the gift of a generous helper who insists upon being anonymous, or they have come from our own private purse, which is now so thoroughly drained that we could wish that some brother of wealth were moved to come to our assistance. This said, we enter upon our record of labour for “the Master” in London.

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## New Chapels or Churches.

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### I.—EAST HILL, WANDSWORTH,

Was the first scene of our endeavours. In the year 1859 the Assembly Rooms of the Spread Eagle Tavern were hired, and one of our then very little band of students, Mr. J. W. Genders, was sent to preach the gospel. After three months, the youthful preacher and nine other believers were formed into a church. A great blessing followed the ministry, and at the end of four-and-a-half-years' labour in the Assembly Rooms the church had increased to about 150 members.

In May, 1863, Mr. Spurgeon opened their new chapel, capable of accommodating nearly 700 persons, and costing £3,000, towards which he contributed a considerable amount.

After a successful ministry of ten years, Mr. Genders removed to Luton, and Mr. F. G. Marchant, a former student, accepted the pastorate in 1870. He has lately become pastor of a church at Hitchin.

A large amount has been expended, upon school and class rooms and improvements, by the friends at East Hill.

## II.—STEPNEY GREEN, AND EAST LONDON TABERNACLE, BURDETT ROAD.

The eminent success of our beloved brother, Mr. A. G. Brown, late President of the London Baptist Association, is too well known to our readers, and indeed to the Denomination, to require more than a brief notice.

The Church was originated in 1858, by the efforts of one of our early students, in a small chapel in Grosvenor Street, Commercial Road. This place proving too strait for the numbers attending, the Hall of the Beaumont Institution was hired, and ultimately a commodious Chapel erected on Stepney Green, at a cost of £3,500, towards which we gave largely, and our Loan Fund voted £500. This was in 1864.

In November, 1865, our brother, Mr. T. Ness, took the oversight of the church, but though favoured to see increasing spiritual prosperity, he was obliged within twelve months, through failing health, to relinquish his work and go to Australia for a season.

In January, 1867, Mr. Brown entered upon the duties of the pastorate. Of his work in his previous sphere, undertaken while yet a student in our College, an account will be found under Number V. Speedily the Chapel at Stepney was thronged Sabbath after Sabbath; aisles, vestries, platforms all densely crowded; and every Lord's-day evening large numbers were turned away from the doors, unable to gain admission. Necessity being thus laid upon them, the Pastor with his earnest and united people encouraged themselves in their God and determined to build. While their new building was in progress they negotiated with friends of the Primitive Methodist connexion for the sale of the Stepney Green Tabernacle, and received a fair price for it, which amount was paid to the new Chapel Fund.

On February 22nd, 1869, the President of the Pastors' College opened the new sanctuary: a noble pile indeed, which he described as "a Dissenting Cathedral, plain, massive, immense." It contains 2,724 sittings, and has cost about £12,000. But for the princely generosity of the builder, Mr. Higgs, the expense would have been far greater; but on this occasion as upon many others he has used the office of Deacon well, and earned unto himself a good degree. From the first the noble building has been well filled, and frequently overcrowded, and, best of all, the spiritual results have been in the highest degree satisfactory. The church now numbers 1,753 members: the tide of blessing has never ebbed.

## III.—SOUTH STREET, GREENWICH.

Mr. Benjamin Davies, who at an early age was an acceptable preacher of the gospel among our Baptist brethren of the Strict and Hyper-Calvinistic order, after several short pastorates, was called to the pastorate of the church in Bridge-street, Greenwich, in 1858. The College was then in its infancy, and our friend, feeling his need of the advantages it offered, sought our help and was heartily welcomed. A change taking place in his views as to the mode in which the gospel should be presented to the unconverted, he resigned his charge, and was about to proceed to Natal to take the oversight of a church, when large numbers of people called upon him urging him not to leave Greenwich, as his ministry had

been greatly blessed to their souls. This led to the Lecture Hall, at Royal Hill, being rented; and Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, who greatly assisted and encouraged the undertaking, preached the opening sermons in February, 1859. Then followed years of patient and unwearied toil—preaching, lecturing, and collecting for a chapel. At length, mainly by the liberal aid and timely activity of Mr. John Olney and Mr. Huntley, the church and its hard-working pastor saw their long-cherished hopes fulfilled; and the noble sanctuary in South-street, with admirable class and school accommodation, was opened by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon on the 21st day of March, 1872. For a few Lord's-days only after the opening services was Mr. Davies permitted to serve his Master upon earth, for after a few days' suffering, from what at first was thought to be but a trifling ailment, he fell asleep and entered into rest on May 11th, 1872. This pulpit is not now occupied by a brother from our College, but we none the less wish to the church an abundant blessing.

#### IV.—LOWER SLOANE STREET, CHELSEA.

Our beloved brother Mr. Frank H. White, who is now at Talbot Tabernacle, Notting-hill, was sent in the early days of our College to Paradise Chapel, Chelsea, situated at the end of a most unsavoury court in a very low neighbourhood, where the friends were often insulted as they passed to and fro. Despite these difficulties, Mr. White's efforts led, by the divine blessing, to the ingathering of many, and after several years a handsome chapel was erected in the main road at a cost of £4,500, towards which Sir S. Morton Peto generously gave £2,000. We contributed £750 to the work, and also a loan from our Building Fund.

The Lord greatly prospered the church under our dear brother's care for some years, till failing health forced him to resign and seek rest. The church then passed through a series of vicissitudes, and was brought very low. At length our former student, Mr. Knight, removed from Lowestoft at the call of the church, in October, 1876, since which time there has been a continual improvement. The church now numbers 261 members, 69 of whom were added during the past year.

#### V.—BROMLEY, KENT.

The Baptist chapel at Bromley, Kent, is the result of the work commenced by one of our earlier students, Mr. T. Harley, at the first by open-air preaching, and by services in the old market-house. Little, however, remained when Mr. Archibald G. Brown, then a student with us, entered the town and left his mark upon it. We once heard the following story concerning our brother's first Sundays at Bromley in 1862. On the Monday following his second visit, in reply to an enquiry as to "how he got on," he answered that his sermon had some effect, for the congregation of 18 persons on the first occasion had come down to 12: he had evidently "moved" half-a-dozen. The next Monday he reported further progress in the same direction, for he had had but 6 hearers on the third occasion, and he remarked that it only required another Sunday to finish the work. Full of youthful pleasantry, our dear brother was also full of zeal for God's glory, and prayer and faith

soon caused the tide to turn; the meeting-place was filled, and the White Hart Assembly Rooms had to be taken to accommodate the numbers anxious to hear the young preacher. It was soon necessary to admit the regular attendants by ticket. A church of about 30 persons was formed in 1863; many of the members were the seals of his ministry. The little community rapidly increased by the addition of converts from among the eager listeners, and a house became needful for the growing family. Mr. Brown gave himself to the enterprise with all his heart, and consequently he succeeded.

In July, 1864, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon laid the memorial-stone of the present chapel, and preached the opening sermon in July, 1865. As will be seen by reference to the history of the East London Tabernacle, Number II., Mr. Brown removed to Stepney, and another of our former students, Mr. A. Tessier, of Coleraine, was chosen pastor in May, 1867, and has the happiness of ministering to an earnest and united people.

During the past year extensive alterations and improvements have been effected in the building at a considerable outlay, towards which the friends have raised nearly £400.

#### VI.—EALING.

Ealing Baptist Chapel has sprung up, not from the efforts of a student, but from the ministry of our esteemed tutor, Mr. Fergusson, whom it was a great pleasure to assist in this work by a grant of £100. Our friend and fellow-member Mr. John Olney also lent his very efficient aid, and Tabernacle friends espoused the cause. The chapel accommodates a healthy and earnest church, which values its pastor's thoughtful preaching. The debt is gone, and large schoolrooms have been erected. The membership numbers 127.

#### VII.—OCTAVIUS STREET CHAPEL, DEPTFORD.

In the year 1863 a few of the members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle church residing at Deptford formed themselves into a church, and hired a large room at the Lecture Hall. Students from our College ministered to the little community, but as each brother neared the close of his College course, he had to seek a self-supporting sphere of labour, and vacated his temporary place of service for a permanent pastorate. These changes greatly interfered with the progress of the work. For the past eleven years, however, the church has been favoured with the earnest ministry of our friend Mr. D. Honour, who has borne much and worked hard, and the result is that he now sees ground of hope that a numerous church will be gathered as soon as he has a house to hold the people. We helped our friends years ago to build the schoolroom in which they now worship, and we have promised them £200 towards their long-needed chapel; most earnestly do we commend their appeal to the prompt and generous aid of all who wish to see the working classes evangelized. Both minister and people are worthy of help if industry and perseverance constitute a claim. This is an effort among the working classes, and is one of a kind which we would gladly see multiplied. The people have supported their pastor and have done their best to find

funds for a chapel; this is far better for them than if a missionary effort had been made by others, and the people had been pauperized. Help in erecting their chapel is the safest and best mode of aiding a working-class church: once let these good people have their chapel built and free from debt, and by God's grace they will need no more help from outside. Mr. Honour would be delighted to receive subscriptions.

#### VIII.—UPPER KENNINGTON LANE.

The building, in the above road, then known as St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, came into the possession of our denomination in the year 1864, under the following circumstances. A small but increasing congregation had been gathered by the zealous efforts of Mr. G. Hearson, in a large carpenter's shop in an out-of-the-way place near the Vauxhall Railway Station, and a more suitable meeting-place became a necessity. When the ritualistic congregation vacated St. Paul's chapel for a more architectural building, Mr. Hearson's friends, acting with Mr. Spurgeon, secured the chapel on lease, and a considerable sum was expended on necessary repairs and improvements. Mr. Hearson joined the College and carried on pastoral work at the same time. He still remains with the church doing a good work, and ministering, like the apostle of old, to his own necessities.

#### IX.—OLD FORD, VICTORIA PARK.

Here a church has been gathered and an iron chapel erected through the persevering endeavours of Mr. R. R. Finch. The freehold site has been purchased and the whole property is free from debt, Mr. Spurgeon having given five per cent. of the money as it was collected. Having worshipped for about fourteen years in the iron chapel, the inevitable wear and tear of such a structure will compel the congregation to erect a more permanent building; but for this they will require much aid from friends beyond their own circle, and they must be content to work on year by year till their means shall increase. We wish the friends every success in their project, but we wish they were stronger, or had a smaller task before them.

#### X.—DRUMMOND ROAD, BERMONDSEY.

Students of our College having for some time preached the word in a schoolroom in Mill Lane, the nucleus of a Baptist church was gathered. In August, 1865, the pastor of the Tabernacle church laid the foundation-stone of a chapel in the new neighbourhood of the Drummond Road. This was entirely a missionary effort, and we and our friends at the Tabernacle raised £1,270 of the cost and lent £500 free of interest. A church was soon formed and a considerable congregation gathered under the ministry of our student Mr. J. A. Brown. In 1870 the growing needs of the earnest church rendered necessary the erection of far larger premises for the schools. These buildings quite eclipse the chapel, and are the scene of a very gracious work among the children, who number 655. The dew of God's blessing has continued to rest upon our brother's labours from the first day until now. The present membership is 258.

## XI.—PENIEL TABERNACLE, CHALK FARM ROAD.

This interest originated about 1865 in the labours of a person to whom we had for a while accorded the benefits of the College Classes, but who turned out to be far more zealous than wise. Without our sanction or knowledge he contracted liabilities and proceeded to erect a chapel, and finding that disaster would follow, we helped to save the building from being sold by giving £250. The originator of the unwise enterprise disappeared very speedily, and the building was burdened with debt. Mr. Edgley, one of our students, took up the work after a time, but the pecuniary difficulties proved so great that he resolved to leave the building and to erect another chapel in the Berkley Road. This the church did on its own responsibility, and the wisdom or otherwise of the course remains with them. In our opinion they were only creating another difficulty, but in their judgment they were following the right path. We gave them aid after the deed was done, but we had no hand in the doing of it. Certainly the Berkley Road building is a great advance upon Peniel, and is incomparably better as to situation. The first chapel, however, was still used by a portion of the congregation, who invited Mr. E. W. Thomas to minister to them, which he has continued to do with successful results till within a short time since. The present pastor is Mr. R. T. Sole, of our College; but the chapel is badly situated, and the task of raising a church in it will remind the preacher that Peniel was the place where Jacob wrestled hard.

## XII.—BERKLEY ROAD, CHALK FARM.

This chapel, referred to in the preceding paragraph, was opened in 1871, and Mr. Edgley was favoured with a fair measure of success until his removal to Swindon in 1873, when Mr. E. Leach, the present pastor, succeeded him. This esteemed brother is fighting gallantly an uphill battle, and we pray that the divine blessing may crown his endeavours. There is room for both the churches, and even for others, if the people could but free themselves from the burden of debt, which is severely felt, and is no doubt a great hindrance to the cause. When our men run before us they usually run into debt, but when we have controlled a movement we have either cut down the expense or waited till the funds came in to pay the cost.

## XIII.—MAPLE ROAD, PENGE.

This was an entirely new work. In the year 1865, Mr. J. M. Cox commenced preaching in the lower rooms of a small house in Penge, which soon became inconveniently crowded. A church was formed, and within twelve months it grew to the number of 41 members. With great generosity the friends connected with the Wesleyan body lent their Baptist neighbours their temporary chapel, and they migrated from their hired house. A project for a chapel was set on foot, and the little band worked with a will, and we rendered them substantial help. On June 4th, 1867, the chapel, which cost about £1,200, was opened by us free of debt with

the exception of £300 granted as a loan free of interest by our Loan Building Fund. Upon the removal of its first pastor, the church cordially welcomed our dear friend Mr. John Collins, now of John Street, Bedford Row, to be their minister, and by the divine blessing much spiritual prosperity was the result of the union. In 1869 first-class school-rooms were erected and soon paid for. Mr. G. Samuel is now the pastor. Peace and prosperity reign in the midst of this people.

#### XIV.—BRENTFORD.

About the year 1865 a few friends left Park Chapel and endeavoured to raise a new interest; they were soon after formed into a church under the ministry of Mr. Walter, a student of the College. When persons, seceding from other churches, apply to us, we always try our best to induce them to make peace; but when they altogether refuse to do this, and feel that they can do better by themselves, we do not think it right to let them drift, but endeavour to see how far they can be used for the increase of the church. We believe that in this case good has resulted from this new interest, though we were sorry that it sprung up at first. The present members of the church are not those by whom it was set on foot, but are nearly all new comers. On Mr. Walter's removal Mr. W. Smith was sent by us, and continued with the little church until his removal to Malton. How he suffered and laboured, and endured poverty, is written in the book of the record of the living martyrs for the faith. Mr. W. Sumner, the present pastor, sends the few particulars which we subjoin:—

“My predecessor was Mr. Smith, who left in June, 1875, and is now settled at Malton, Yorkshire. He laboured here for several years with remarkable zeal and self-denial. I followed him as a student in July, 1875, and the Lord greatly blessed me in preaching the gospel; but in the December of the same year the church received notice from the Directors of the Town-hall, wherein the friends had worshipped for nearly ten years, that they would be obliged to raise the rent of the Hall. The church considering it impossible for them to stay, betook themselves to prayer, and the Lord graciously interposed. Just at this time two Congregational bodies amalgamated, leaving, as a consequence, the Albany Chapel, in High Street, which holds nearly 400 persons, unoccupied. Upon leaving our prayer-meeting we heard of this, and hired the Chapel at once at £25 per annum. Thus, instead of giving the Directors more money, we were enabled to give them notice, God in his good providence having provided a better place for us. We took possession of Albany Chapel in March, 1876, and our first business was to make a baptistery. The good work went on, and the church called me to the pastorate in January, 1877. The Lord has continued his blessing, and upwards of 40 have joined our fellowship. The church now numbers 72.”

#### XV.—CRANFORD, MIDDLESEX.

About the year 1859 a few members of a neighbouring church residing in this village commenced holding Sunday-evening services in

one of the cottages; but the increasing attendance rendered larger accommodation necessary, and the friends hired a larger cottage, and converted it into a mission-room, where, in December, 1865, they formed themselves into a church of 15 members, and regular Sabbath services and schools were conducted. Mr. E. E. Fisk, of the College, was invited to minister to them, and he was favoured to see souls saved and added to the little company. By the help of one of their number, who gave much time and labour to the work, a pretty little chapel, with baptistery, vestries, and all needful accommodation, was erected at a cost of £600, towards which some £200 had been collected. Mr. Fisk removing to a larger sphere of usefulness in 1868, another student, Mr. Walter J. Mayers, took his place, and God greatly prospered his work during his short stay. He removed to the new chapel, Battersea-park, in January, 1870, and students were sent to supply the church at Cranford, which ultimately chose Mr. Young as pastor, who soon after went to labour in Scotland, where he died. This is one of the smaller village churches; but these are as needful as larger ones.

#### XVI.—STREATHAM, LEWIN ROAD.

In the latter part of the last century some Christian people erected a small wooden building as a preaching-station in Greyhound-lane. The history of the little community, like the wheels upon which we are told that the little meeting-house once stood, is lost in obscurity. This dilapidated building fell into the hands of Mr. Spurgeon, who rented it of a clergyman. Student after student preached here during their College course with varying success. A small church was formed in 1867, and Mr. Lauderdale became the minister; but the place was extremely small, low, hot, and uninviting: many a barn is much more attractive.

About the year 1870, Mr. W. Coombs, of our College, was induced to stay with the little church through the liberality of an esteemed Christian lady in the neighbourhood, in the hope that a suitable chapel would soon be erected, as our revered friend Mr. Caleb Higgs (now with God) had purchased a freehold site for the purpose. Through domestic affliction Mr. Coombs left without seeing his hopes realized. The church then invited Mr. J. L. Keys to become their pastor, and we were enabled, with the help of our beloved deacon, Mr. W. Higgs, to erect a neat iron chapel in the rear of the site; this was opened free of debt in February, 1874, by our brother and Co-pastor J. A. Spurgeon.

On November 14, 1877, we had great delight in opening a new chapel erected on the ground in front of the temporary iron structure. It is a remarkably beautiful specimen of the taste and common sense of our deacon, Mr. W. Higgs, who carried out the work; it was presented by himself and his brothers, as a memorial of their departed father, Mr. Caleb Higgs. What better form can be given to a monument? It is precisely such as our departed friend would have approved. Here is an example for others.

Mr. J. Johnstone, from our College, is the present minister.



### XVII.—TRINITY CHAPEL, JOHN ST., EDGWARE ROAD.

Our much esteemed brother, Mr. J. O. Fellowes, succeeded Mr. W. A. Blake as pastor of the church at Shouldham-street in 1865, where he laboured with success until 1868, when he and his friends obtained possession of the noble chapel in John-street, which had originally been erected for the congregation of the late Mr. Ridley Herschell. The Word was with power, and the people came in numbers to hear it, and were saved. Thus in the providence of God a small impoverished church has advanced to the front, and now numbers 571 members. This is a clear gain to the denomination, for Shouldham-street Chapel still remains as before.

### XVIII.—CHISWICK.

After the larger church which we have just noticed this is but a small affair. The church meeting in Chiswick-lane is one of those which owes its origin to the Pastors' College. The chapel was for some years in the hands of our brethren the Congregationalists. Under the ministry of the late Mr. Millar, a much respected and devoted servant of God, the cause was prosperous. After his death it declined, and in the year 1867 Mr. Spurgeon took the place, and sent a student to conduct services and preach the gospel on the Lord's-day. The brethren from the College continued to sustain the work for some years, during which time congregations were gathered, and a Sunday-school put into working order. The preaching of the Word was owned of God, souls were saved, and a small church was formed. Many students have worked here with varying success, for the place is a difficult one. About a year ago Mr. Lynn, formerly a student of the College, was invited to become the pastor. During the past year fifteen members have been added to the church, and there has been a considerable increase in the attendance. The church and congregation are for the most part composed of the working classes, but they contribute liberally in proportion to their means in support of the cause. We trust God will answer prayer, send down his Holy Spirit in rich abundance upon all the efforts of the church for his glory, and magnify his grace in the salvation of many souls. The church is one of the weaker sort, but it has "held the fort" very bravely, and we cannot doubt that a brighter future awaits it.

### XIX.—WYNDHAM ROAD, CAMBERWELL.

A case in which the help of a wealthy brother would be very valuable: especially if he would build the people a chapel *very soon*, for otherwise all available ground will soon be covered. A company of believers banded themselves together in the year 1866 to form a new interest in this crowded locality, and worshipped for some time in the Claremont Rooms, under the leadership of Mr. J. Spanswick, of the College. Mr. E. Morley succeeded his fellow-student, and the Lecture Hall in Carter Street was hired for the Sunday-evening services. It

was found necessary by the little church to secure a permanent home, and two railway arches were leased and fitted up at considerable expense, the one for public worship and the other for Sunday-school purposes. Mr. A. Babington, of the College, laboured here as pastor with satisfactory success until his removal to Eastbourne. As this is a struggling cause in a very poor neighbourhood, and could not afford support to a minister, the pastors have, after leaving College, been compelled to remove to congregations which could maintain them, so that the little church has had special difficulties to contend with; and, moreover, converted railway arches do not form very attractive homes or "quiet resting-places." Mr. Childs, another student, has been for some time pastor of the church, and under him there has been a time of great happiness and blessing. He has had many opportunities to remove, but he loves the people, and will abide by them as long as ever he can. A fund has commenced for the building of a chapel, but it is the day of small things as yet. Who will help?

## XX.—DALSTON JUNCTION, ASHWIN STREET.

Mr. D. Paterson, one of our students, laboured very strenuously in the neighbourhood of Kingsland Gate for several years to raise a Baptist Church; and about the year 1866 he and his friends obtained a short lease of the old Congregational Chapel, which had been occupied by the church under Dr. Aveling. Mr. Paterson removed to Oxford, where after a short pastorate he fell asleep in Jesus. Mr. A. Bird, another student, then went to Kingsland, and at Luxemburg Hall, Dalston, carried forward his late fellow-student's work. After a time his people erected a noble building near Dalston Junction, at a cost, including land, of £5,300. With this last enterprise our College has had nothing to do, as we judged the scheme to be beyond the means of the people, and therefore imprudent. However, substantial friends have appeared upon the scene, and have carried on the work with mingled zeal and wisdom, and we now believe that the enterprise will be carried through. We were sorry to differ from our brethren, who were more venturesome as to borrowing money than we have ever been, and we join with them in congratulations as to the hopeful future which lies before them. At the moment of writing we are informed that our friend Mr. Burton, of Kingsgate Street, has been invited to the pastorate, and should he accept it we look forward to great things, the Lord being his helper.

## XXI.—BARNES, SURREY.

About the year 1866 some gentlemen in this neighbourhood, mourning over its spiritual destitution, determined to erect a Baptist Chapel. After considerable difficulty this was done. The cause thus started at first bade fair to be a success, but after some time declined so much as to become almost extinct. However, in August, 1868, one of our students, Mr. W. H. Priter, took up the work while continuing his college duties. This brother, who so lately died, to our intense distress, left a name behind him in the north of England which will not soon

be forgotten. Under his earnest direction the work of the Lord prospered; within twelve months 30 persons were added to the church, and much blessing continued to rest upon his labours until his removal to Middlesborough in 1871. Several changes have since taken place at Barnes, and but little progress has been made until within the past eighteen months. Signs of returning prosperity cheer the hearts of the friends under the ministry of Mr. F. Brown, of our College, who baptized 28 believers last year, and is evidently raising the church into a healthy, self-supporting condition.

### XXII.—CORNWALL ROAD, BRIXTON.

In December, 1866, a small room was opened in this district, and Mr. Asquith, of the College, was sent to see what could be done towards raising a new cause. The friends obtained the loan of a joiner's shop, where they held services until September, 1867. By that time, through the generosity of Mr. Spurgeon, who gave £50, and the still more efficient assistance of Pastor A. G. Brown, a small chapel was erected. A church of eight members was soon afterwards formed, which within eighteen months was increased to sixty. The crowded state of the little chapel and the rapidly increasing Sunday-school rendered a much larger building necessary, but the attainment of this would have been utterly impossible to so poor a people had not the Lord moved one of the members of the Tabernacle generously to secure suitable property close by, and to erect at his sole expense a convenient chapel to seat 500, with house for the minister. This with some adjoining houses is the property of the Stockwell Orphanage, who let the chapel and house to the church and minister at a nominal rent; such being the wish of the donor. The arrangement is a very useful one, as it gives to a small church an efficient board of reference in case of any dispute out of which scandal might arise. Thus helped, the friends have appropriated the smaller chapel to Sabbath-school purposes, and are carrying on their work without the burden of a debt. On the generous donor may every blessing rest.

### XXIII.—CHEAM.

Cheam is a small village in Surrey. Our students commenced here, and in the neighbouring village of Ewell, in the open air. The two lower rooms of a cottage were hired and made into one, and here, in a most self-denying manner, our students continued to preach. At last a new chapel was erected under the leadership of Mr. W. Sullivan, who is partially occupied in the post office, and is thus enabled to render service to the little community without being a burden to it.

### XXIV.—SUTTON.

In this growing town Mr. W. Norton erected a small chapel, and upon his removing we purchased it of him for £400. A congregation was gathered and a church formed, which, after paying us £300 for the chapel (ourselves giving them the remainder), has removed into a

better position in the High Street, where they have erected part of a more ornate structure, and are going on to raise funds for the completion of what will evidently be a handsome and suitable chapel. Under the able pastorate of Mr. Bergin, this community is increasing in power and usefulness. This esteemed brother is not of our College, but we are none the less interested in Sutton, where from the character of the population we hope that a strong church will grow up. The first chapel is now used as a schoolroom.

#### XXV.—SHOOTER'S HILL ROAD CHAPEL.

This chapel is situated on the old road which from time immemorial has run from London to the sea at Dover, traversed, in all probability, by the Roman legionaries as well as by the Canterbury pilgrims, and in later days by the stage coaches. Near the chapel are two distinct neighbourhoods, the one consisting of handsome suburban villas, and the other of a large working-class colony known as Sunfields.

It was in a little mission chapel in Sunfields that the Baptist church now worshipping in Shooter's Hill Road Chapel was first organized. This mission chapel was built by persons of various denominations, and was to be used for the preaching of the gospel without any sectarian basis. This scheme resulting in a congregation of less than half-a-dozen, a few Baptists living in the neighbourhood took up the cause, the original promoters having abandoned it, and applied to Mr. Spurgeon for a student to supply the pulpit. The present pastor, Mr. H. Rylands Brown, was sent. After much anxious toil and many discouragements a church numbering ten members was at length formed. Circumstances then occurred which rendered the building of a new chapel imperative. In the good providence of God a most eligible site was secured in the main road, and the present chapel was opened, Mr. Spurgeon preaching one of the sermons.

The church has steadily grown both in numbers and power, especially in earnestness and oneness of purpose, internal disputes being practically unknown. There are at present 137 on the church books, 28 having been added since January of the past year. There is now no debt upon the property. The church was assisted by a loan of £200 from the Tabernacle Loan Fund, and by a gift from Mr. Spurgeon of £250. From the advent of the pastor, upwards of ten years since, the interest has been self-supporting.

#### XXVI.—NORTH FINCHLEY.

In July, 1867, Mr. W. Clarke, now of Ballarat, was sent from the College to open a preaching station at North Finchley. The services were held in the front room of a dwelling-house. At the beginning of the following year a building known as the "Cottagers' Chapel" was secured, and a church formed. A good congregation was gathered during the time of Mr. Clarke's ministry, but in the early part of 1870, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Ashford, he severed his connection with Finchley.

During the next two years a variety of circumstances combined to

scatter the congregation, and in August, 1872, the brother who had supplied the pulpit for the space of about a year joined himself to the Plymouth Brethren, a number of those who had been associated with him following his example.

A very small company of worshippers was left in possession of the chapel, but at the invitation of these friends Mr. J. Chadwick, then a student in the College, who had on several occasions conducted the Sabbath services, agreed to take the oversight of the work. The church was reorganized in October, 1872, and consisted of ten members, with Mr. Chadwick as pastor. He laboured with them continuously during the two years remaining of his term in College, and then went to reside permanently amongst them. From the beginning of his ministry the work has greatly prospered: the congregation soon increased so as to fill the room, and the church has now a membership of nearly a hundred, while it has won for itself through God's blessing the sympathy and esteem of the various churches in the district. Further progress, however, is impossible so long as the church remains in its present place of meeting. The "Cottagers' Chapel," originally a stable, is a low, dilapidated, and in every way inconvenient building, incapable of enlargement or improvement; and as the recent extension of railway facilities is bringing to the district a continuously increasing population, the members of the congregation feel that the duty is thrust upon them of providing a meeting-house that shall not only meet their present requirements, but shall be suited to the wants of a growing and attractive neighbourhood.

Rather more than two years ago a most eligible site was purchased at a cost of £450, and vested in trustees. Plans have been prepared by Morton M. Glover, Esq., and accepted by the committee. They are designed ultimately to accommodate, with galleries, 850 persons; but for the present the building is so arranged as to provide 400 sittings on the ground floor, while under the same roof there will be vestries, class-rooms, and a lecture or schoolroom for about 300 children. The estimated cost, including land, gas fittings, &c., is £4,000, towards which a large amount is already promised.

The President of the College has very warmly commended this cause to the sympathy of the churches, and has himself contributed £100 towards the cost of the undertaking.

## XXVII.—ENFIELD BAPTIST TABERNACLE.

Early in the year 1867, a few friends of Baptist principles resolved, after serious and prayerful consideration, to commence a Baptist cause at Enfield. Accordingly a deputation waited upon the President of the College, who promised to render all the assistance in his power. A large room, known as the Assembly Room, adjoining the "Rising Sun" public-house, was forthwith rented and opened for public worship on the 24th of March, and students from the College conducted the services. On Whit Sunday of the same year a church consisting of 12 baptized believers was formed by four of the deacons and elders of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and a building fund commenced. The success of the work soon excited a considerable amount of prejudice and

opposition, and the landlord of the "Rising Sun," doubtless finding that the preaching of the gospel on his premises was not the most likely method of increasing his business, summarily gave the friends notice to quit. This involved them in an unexpected difficulty, as no other suitable place could be found. However, assured that the work was of God, they determined without delay to erect a temporary building, and on the 3rd of December an iron chapel was opened by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. From that time the cause rapidly increased, and the church found itself able to support a pastor. Accordingly, in 1868, Mr. D. E. Evans, of the College, was invited, and laboured for upwards of two years with most cheering results. Upon the resignation of Mr. Evans, in 1870, Mr. George W. White—who during his College course commenced the church at Shoreham, Sussex—accepted the pastorate. Early in his ministry it became evident, owing to the increasing congregation and the inadequate accommodation in the iron chapel for the advancing agencies of the church, that a more suitable and substantial building would be required. And in December, 1872, an enthusiastic meeting was held and a building scheme inaugurated. For two years the friends worked unanimously and heartily to raise the necessary funds, after which the committee felt justified in commencing operations, and on the 16th of June, 1875, the memorial stone of the new tabernacle was laid by W. Fowler, Esq., J.P. In the following September the building was opened for public worship, Dr. Landels preaching the first sermon. The total expenditure, including freehold site and accommodation for Sunday-schools, was £2,517. The people have done nobly, as may be gathered from the fact that a debt of only £590 remains. To remove this burden four gentlemen have promised £25 each on the condition that the entire debt be cleared during the present year, and it is earnestly hoped that other friends will come to the assistance of this church in its final struggle for freedom. During the ministry of the present pastor the church has steadily increased, and now numbers 90 members. Souls are being saved, and the work bids fair to be one of the most successful of the College enterprises.

#### XXVIII.—TOTTERIDGE ROAD, ENFIELD HIGHWAY.

The neighbourhood of Enfield having been selected by the government for the erection of large works for the manufacture of rifles and other weapons of war, a very large number of artizans settled in the locality. A few earnest friends, desiring to employ the weapons of our warfare, which are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, sought our advice and help. A plain schoolroom was erected at a cost of £200, of which sum we provided the half. We sent brethren from the College to preach the word, under the ministry of one of whom there was considerable success, and a small church was organized; this was in 1868. In the following year Mr. Doel was chosen pastor, and the church and the congregation rapidly grew, until larger accommodation became necessary, and a neat chapel was erected, towards which we contributed. After the retirement of Mr. Doel from the work Mr. W. Townsend received a call to the pastorate; since which time between forty and fifty persons have been received into fellowship. The great decline of work

in the gun factory has caused the removal of large numbers of persons from the neighbourhood, and affects the progress of Christian work. In these stirring times, as an ill wind blows good to some one, it may be that this church will increase with the number of gun-makers employed. The present membership is about ninety. The friends have reduced their debt of £800 to £550, by the help of a loan of £150 from our Tabernacle Building Fund.

#### XXIX.—GRESHAM CHAPEL, BARRINGTON RD., BRIXTON.

In May, 1868, one of our students, Mr. G. Kew, obtained the large hall of the Angell Town Institute for Sunday services, at an annual rental of £50, for which two friends became responsible. Within a short time a church of thirty-six baptized believers was formed, which number increased to sixty within twelve months, and there were large congregations on Sabbath evenings. As there was no accommodation for week-night services or Sabbath-schools, the friends began to raise funds for a chapel, our good friend Mr. James Stiff acting as treasurer, and rendering them considerable pecuniary help. A plot of ground was taken on lease and a neat iron chapel erected in 1871. Within twelve months, however, the Lord was pleased to call his young servant home, after a long and painful illness.

Mr. J. T. Swift, of the College, the present pastor, succeeded Mr. Kew, and much blessing has resulted from his earnest pleadings with men's souls. The chapel has long been too small for the numbers attending, and there is great need of a larger chapel and suitable school-rooms, but the path has been blocked up hitherto.

#### XXX.—HORNTON STREET, KENSINGTON.

While studying with us, Mr. R. J. Mesquitta was chosen by a few friends to be their minister, and to aid in a movement to form a new church. He succeeded in raising a Baptist church in a public hall in High-street, Kensington, in 1868. The friends, after a time, obtained possession of the old chapel in Hornton-street, formerly occupied by Dr. Stoughton's congregation. By their self-denying efforts, and some outside help, the place was converted into an elegant place of worship at a cost of £700. Mr. Mesquitta left the church in 1870 for another sphere of labour, and our brother, Mr. Hawes, who is not of our College, is now the pastor. May prosperity attend him.

#### XXXI.—SURREY LANE, BATTERSEA.

The church meeting at Surrey-lane was formed in 1868, at the Lammas Hall, under the ministry of one of our students, Mr. J. Eames. A piece of ground in Surrey-lane was soon after secured, and the present temporary iron chapel erected, capable of holding 300 persons. Here Mr. Vaughan works with great diligence, but the lease of the ground has almost run out, and unless a friend is raised up to save the interest, this church of working people will lose its place of worship. They are bound to build a permanent chapel in eighteen months, or to forfeit both

chapel and lease. We were not parties to this agreement; but as it was so constructed we should deeply regret the winding up of the enterprise, but we do not see how it is to be avoided unless some friend is moved to help more largely than we are able to do.

### XXXII.—BATTERSEA PARK CHAPEL.

The London Baptist Association having voted £1,000 towards the chapel, we purchased a fine freehold site for £750, and our esteemed deacon, Mr. Higgs, erected the chapel-school upon the back part of the ground, for the small cost of £1,000, leaving the land in front for the future chapel. The building now holds about 500 persons. The place was opened free of debt in January, 1870. We selected our earnest student, Mr. W. J. Mayers, now of Bristol, to commence the work of the Lord in the new building, and right happy were we in our choice, for soon a good congregation was gathered, a church of earnest workers formed, Mr. Mayers recognised as its pastor, and schemes of usefulness entered upon and successfully carried out. In 1871 it was found necessary to erect a gallery to accommodate more hearers.

Upon the removal of Mr. Mayers to Bristol, in 1874, our former student, Mr. A. Bax, of Faversham, was heartily welcomed to the pastorate, and spiritual prosperity was enjoyed by the church, and Sabbath-schools and vestries erected. To the regret of the church and congregation, he left at the call of the important church at Salter's Hall Chapel, and was succeeded by another of our College brethren, Mr. T. Lardner, of Ulverstone, who has during the past year baptized 61 believers. The present membership is 289. We have said that there is freehold ground for the erection of a large chapel, but the people are mostly poor, and will need much aid from outside before they can hope to achieve their purpose. At present they do not seem to look upon the design as practicable with their small means. They need a good start, and being an earnest folk they would go on with it and by degrees reach their aim.

### XXXIII.—JAMES' GROVE, PECKHAM.

The gathering of a congregation and the erection of a substantial chapel in James' Grove may be considered as a home-missionary enterprise of our own beloved people at the Tabernacle. The work was commenced in 1864 by Mr. J. B. Field, one of our elders, who preached for several years in a room in a friend's house. A much larger place became necessary, and the large hall of the Rosemary Branch Tavern was hired. The attendance was large and souls were converted. The people, though of the humbler class, worked hard and were liberal, so that a considerable sum was collected towards the cost of a chapel. We contributed £140, and in December, 1870, had the pleasure of preaching the opening sermon. Mr. Field relinquished his secular calling and entered our College some time previously, and he continued to minister to the people he had gathered until his removal to Aylsham in 1875. The converts have from the first been received into fellowship at the Tabernacle, but they will be formed into a church as soon as it will be wise to do so. Discordant elements have hindered progress,



but our student, Mr. Chettleborough, has united the people around him, and the prospects are very pleasing.

#### XXXIV.—MERTON ROAD, NEW WIMBLEDON.

In 1871 our friend Mr. J. L. Keys having had his attention drawn to this new neighbourhood as a likely field for a Baptist interest, rented the Palmerston Hall, then used as a preaching station by our Independent brethren. The little company was upon the point of giving up the work, but willingly transferred their tenancy to Mr. Keys. A congregation was gathered, and in the course of twelve months a small church formed. Mr. W. W. Robinson, also from our College, succeeded Mr. Keys, and laboured among the people for about three years. During his ministry the friends purchased the freehold building, which was very fairly adapted for a Nonconformist chapel, having a good schoolroom and vestry. Towards the cost (over £1000) we apportioned them £200. The present pastor, Mr. A. Halford, another of our College men, became pastor in 1875. There are now sixty-five members in fellowship and a flourishing Sabbath school.

#### XXXV.—SUNNYSIDE ROAD, HORNSEY RISE.

The church and congregation now worshipping in this place have been gathered by the persevering efforts of Mr. Frank M. Smith of the College. Between seven and eight years since Mr. Smith had his attention drawn to an unoccupied place of worship in the growing neighbourhood of Hornsey Rise. It was known as Duncombe Road Chapel, and had been erected and used for a congregation of the "Free Church of England" order, but had passed into the possession of the Birkbeck Building Society and was "to let". Our young brother sought out a few friends of the gospel in the vicinity, and, obtaining some promises of help, boldly hired the building, and by the divine blessing succeeded in the course of four years in gathering an earnest working church and congregation, who, with the generous help of other friends, were enabled to erect a commodious iron chapel and schoolroom in a better position, at a cost of £1,680, towards which we contributed £50.

During Mr. Smith's ministry at Hornsey he has baptized one hundred and forty-three believers, and there are now one hundred and seventy in fellowship. The church is healthful and aggressive; it is, however, heavily weighted with debt, and deserves assistance.

#### XXXVI.—HAMILTON ROAD, NORWOOD.

Mr. R. P. Javan furnishes the following particulars of his work:— "Four years since, while a student in the Pastors' College, I commenced preaching services in a mission room. At the first service there were not half-a-dozen persons present; the congregation grew, but very slowly. After I had preached there for nine months, the friends urged me to settle down amongst them, and I complied with their request. The first year they promised me a salary of £80, to which sum Mr. Spurgeon added £20. The next year they promised me £90, and Mr. Spurgeon

added £10 and contributed a further sum of £10 for general purposes. We rent the Paxton School Room for our meetings. We have had unusual difficulties to contend with, as our work is of quite a home missionary character. We are contemplating the erection of a chapel." This interest is a weak one, but it has made a gallant effort, and has never drawn upon us when it could help itself. Its position is not convenient, and as yet there seems little hope of getting into a better place. Mr. Javan's friends have wrought hard and done well, but experience proves that without a home of their own churches do not rise into a vigorous condition.

### XXXVII.—OAKLANDS CHAPEL, SURBITON HILL.

An eligible site having been presented to us by our kind friend, Mrs. Woodfall, the London Baptist Association gave £1,000 towards the erection of a chapel thereon. We opened it in July, 1874. For a time our valued helper, Mr. J. T. Dunn, undertook the work of gathering a church and congregation; but as we could no longer spare him, Mr. Baster, of our College, was invited to settle among the people, and became pastor in January, 1878. The work advances slowly but surely: there is now a church of 70 members, and a good Sabbath-school.

### XXXVIII.—ST. PETER'S PARK, PADDINGTON.

Through the persevering labours of one of our former students, Mr. J. M. Cox, a church has been gathered and a chapel commenced in this new and roadless neighbourhood. Mr. Cox began the work here by preaching in a barn, and after some time a church of 18 believers was formed. A shop and parlour were then fitted up as a meeting-room, and the little company migrated thither, and worked on until the present school-chapel was erected in 1875, at a cost, including the land, of £1,150, towards which £600 have been raised. We could not at first see any probability that Mr. Cox could carry out his plan; but his spirit is indomitable, and his courage boundless. We have felt bound to give him a measure of help. Still, the work is his own from the beginning to this hour. Certainly his self-denial, perseverance, and push have achieved far more than we expected. The present building is the basement upon which it is hoped ultimately to raise a chapel as the superstructure. The plan of using the basement as a temporary building is somewhat new, but it has been tried before and found to answer. The present number of believers in fellowship is 50.

### XXXIX.—WYNNE ROAD CHAPEL, BRIXTON.

A little band of our Tabernacle friends maintained for some time a preaching station at a hall in St. Anne's Road. In the early part of 1874 they secured the commodious but dingy iron chapel erected for the late Mr. W. Carter, and under the ministry of Mr. T. L. Edwards, one of our students, succeeded in forming a thoroughly working church, in which are some of the choicest of our own friends. The membership is now 120, last year's returns showing a nett increase of 41 persons.

A considerable sum has been expended in purchasing, renovating, and decorating the building, which now presents a very different aspect from that of former days, one of our invaluable deacons having largely helped both with influence and money. The pastor and people are abundant in labours for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the neighbourhood, especially in attracting young men and women to their well-conducted Bible-classes and special meetings, from which frequent additions are made to the church.

#### XL.—VICTORIA CHAPEL, WANDSWORTH ROAD.

This is another of the London Baptist Association chapels, in the work of erecting which our beloved people at the Tabernacle took a large share. We agreed to undertake the work if the Association would grant £1,000 towards it. While we were seeking restoration to health in the beginning of 1872 our friends raised a subscription to present us with the means of purchasing the freehold land. This helped us grandly. The chapel was opened in April, 1873, and Mr. Henderson, one of our students, was chosen pastor. From the first the Lord has owned and blessed his earnest labours. The church at the present time numbers 252 baptized believers. Within twelve months it became necessary to erect schools and class-rooms, and these have been built and paid for. This church is a great power for good in the neighbourhood, and is diligently labouring to remove all debt from its handsome premises.

#### XLI.—PLAISTOW—BARKING ROAD.

The good work going on among the friends to whom Mr. Gillespie ministers is best described in a letter he has lately sent to us :—

“ My Dear Sir,—On February 23rd, 1872, you sent for me to come and see you in your vestry. On going there I found you had company, four gentlemen whom I had never seen before, and who seemed to look me through. You then addressed me thus, ‘ Gillespie, I want you to go down to Barking-road and preach for two or three Sundays, and if you don't like the place, don't stay ; if you do, stick to it, I'll help to support you. These gentlemen have come for you, and may God's blessing go with you.’ The following Sunday I went to Barking-road, and did not like either place or people, the second Sunday I liked the people, and the third Sunday I thought I could like both place and people. They wished me to come for a few more Sundays, and as I saw signs of blessing, I consented. In two or three months' time the chapel was nearly full, and several had been brought to the Lord. The blessing came in this way : the sons and daughters of several families were brought to the Saviour, and at once I had gained the fathers and mothers. Ah, many times I have seen a whole family bowing before God, and one in particular, a very large family. One son had been their great trouble. He came to chapel, and the text, ‘ God so loved the world,’ (John iii. 16) brought him to Christ. O what a blessed time that was for his family. The father took me by the hand, saying, ‘ I thank God for sending you here, sir, my son is now alive.’

"I soon came so to like the people, that I felt I could not leave them, and thus the work went on, till eventually I settled with them. The chapel got too small : what was to be done? Several began to pray about a new one, and after having made a few alterations in the shape of a small platform, and reducing size of vestries, to give a little more room for hearers, we saw that a new chapel we must have. But the money, where was that to come from? We could only raise about £80 a year, and £30 of that was to go for rent. I laid the matter before James Duncan, Esq., one day, and to my great surprise he said, 'When you get £600 come to me and I will give you £1,000.' We then set to work, and in six months' time we had the £600 in cash and promises. Mr. Duncan, at a public meeting, put the cheque into my hand. I never had such a thing in my hand before, and never since. Towards the £600 you kindly gave us £100, and I must add that the first two years you gave me £50 a year, making in all £200. The new chapel was in course of erection, and everyone doing something towards it. They had besides to make up the £50 towards my salary. It was a pull, I can assure you, but God was blessing the word.

"On June 21, 1876, our new chapel was opened, and of course we all felt very grateful, though we were in debt about £2,500. The first year we exactly doubled the increase we had in the old place, and the work to-day is going on steadily. We started with a membership of 25, and have reached to 198. We are in debt, and more than we can well manage, but we shall get that down. Give us time and Christ's presence. To our Lord and Master be the praise.—Yours sincerely,  
R. H. GILLESPIE."

## XLII.—MARKHOUSE COMMON, WALTHAMSTOW.

Among the various agencies by which our friends at the Tabernacle seek to extend the kingdom of Christ is the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission," whose work consists in establishing preaching stations around London, and assisting young brethren who are endeavouring to plant Baptist churches around London, by contributing towards the expenses of travelling, hire of rooms, etc. The members preach and pay, for each brother is expected to contribute towards the common fund. Several churches have already been formed through the efforts of its members, but we do not give a full account of them here, as they do not come within the scope of this report. We refer to this very useful Society here, because its first secretary, Mr. T. Breewood, who was the originator of the church at Markhouse Common, has been for some time in the College. The society was applied to by a few friends in the neighbourhood of Walthamstow to assist in starting a new interest, and Mr. Breewood was sent; but the progress of the work was such as to necessitate his retirement from the Country Mission, which he had so well served for seven years. He gives the following particulars of his work:—

"The work was commenced three years ago in a private house, in which we held regular services for ten months. Being compelled to look for a larger place we obtained the free use of an abandoned chapel in the neighbourhood; on the first Sunday the congregation increased

from 70, who used to meet in the house, to 170, and in a few weeks the 200 seats were occupied; and from then to the present the congregations have kept up well. We were formed into a church by elders Bowker, White, and Dunn in June, 1876, with 14 members, now we number 78. The Sunday-school has grown from one boy to 300 scholars, among whom a joyful work is going on."

#### XLIII.—ERITH.

The Baptist church in this place has been identified with the College from its commencement. A Baptist friend, earnestly desirous that our principles should be represented in this rapidly increasing town, entered into arrangements with the Vice-President, as the result of which the Public Hall was engaged, and the present pastor, then a student, was sent down to commence services. From the first very satisfactory progress was made, and evident tokens of divine approval rested upon the work. About four months after the services were commenced a very cordial invitation was given to Mr. J. E. Martin to settle, with the view of gathering a church. The church is now two years old, and numbers 31 members, the large majority of whom have been gathered in as the result of the services. In November last the new chapel was opened. It is a handsome building, seating about 250 persons, and already there are signs that the place is becoming too strait. The building cost nearly £1,400, a debt of only £300 still remains, and this it is hoped will be cleared off this year. There are two Sunday-schools in connection with the church, numbering together 180 scholars. There are likewise organized two weekly Cottage Services, a Band of Hope, and so on, all of which are in a flourishing state.

This is one of the numerous instances in which a vigorous and self-supporting church has been speedily raised in connection with the College, without whose initial aid, humanly speaking, it could never have existed.

#### XLIV.—GEORGE STREET, BROMLEY-BY-BOW.

In this spot a Christian brother, who was formerly a member of the Tabernacle, erected a chapel in 1856. Mr. Lambourne, the pastor, writes to us :—

"It is nearly five years since I accepted the pastorate of the church worshipping at George Street Chapel, Bromley-by-Bow, E., from which time the church dates its connection with the Pastors' College. For two years previously there had been no settled minister, and the general results might be easily imagined; but to the glory of God be it said, that during the five years of our ministry the smile of our gracious God has been constantly upon us. After the first three years' labours our number of members had increased threefold, and the building had become far too small to allow us to worship God with any degree of comfort or convenience. Being the property of a private friend, we were unable to enlarge it, consequently we were compelled to secure a large site, upon which we hope to erect a chapel to accommodate 1,000 persons, with schoolrooms for the same number of children. The

foundation-stone of the schoolroom was laid on Monday, March 11th inst. This will accommodate 500 people, and we intend to use it for the present both as a chapel and school-room. The cost of this building will be £1,000: towards this sum we have in cash £600, with promises amounting to another £100. We have received the promise of between £300 and £400 towards the chapel itself, including £100 promised by our beloved President."

This will be another new place of worship. The church is reported in the Handbook as numbering 200. Mr. Lambourne gives a very modest account of his labours. He is a brother admirably adapted to reach the class among whom he resides.

#### XLV.—PONDERS END.

We were asked by a few friends to assist them in raising a Baptist church in this place. Students were sent, and at length Mr. Cotton was chosen to take permanent charge. The church numbers 25, with 5 more about to be added: a hopeful beginning. The friends have a small chapel, and are working hard to erect another more suitable to their present and future need: this they hope to open in two months, and then the small place will be their schoolroom. We have promised to give help in proportion as the friends help themselves.

#### XLVI.—WOOLWICH—CHARLES STREET.

Our former student, Mr. James Smith, now of Chatham, carried on a very useful evangelistic work in Woolwich until a church was formed, which settled down in Charles Street, where it still remains under the able pastorate of Mr. Wilson. The friends have purchased the chapel. The church now numbers 112.

#### XLVII.—PEOPLE'S MISSION HALL, PECKHAM.

In Gordon-road, Peckham, our student, Mr. Linnecar, an earnest evangelist, fresh from the sea, has gathered a people together, fitted up an arch with his own hands, and formed a church of 41 members. Here is the nucleus of a hopeful community, which may the Lord multiply exceedingly. We confess that our joy is great when we see the working people drawn to attend the means of grace and to take an interest in extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Men like Mr. Linnecar seem to gather a congregation better than some of those who are more refined but have less energy. Of course his work is but a commencement as yet, and a railway arch is a poor makeshift; but, if the Lord will give his blessing, though the beginning be small, the latter end will greatly increase. Mr. Linnecar does a great deal of open-air work.

#### XLVIII.—PERRY HILL CHAPEL.

Mr. Spurgeon has lately taken upon a long lease at a very small rental the school-chapel at Perry Hill, Catford Bridge, which stands at the rear of a fine plot of ground. Through the large-heartedness of friends on the spot who desired to see the gospel preached more fully in the

neighbourhood this exceedingly well furnished little building has been transferred to us, and is now a Baptist chapel, where a congregation is already gathered. Repairs to about £50 have been carried out at our expense. This is but a small outlay to secure such a property. As there is a large piece of ground in front which is taken with the building, it is hoped that ere long a goodly house will be built upon it. Our student, Mr. Greenwood, junior, has undertaken the task of raising a church, and he has met with remarkable success.

#### XLIX.—FONTHILL ROAD, FINSBURY PARK.

In 1874 Mr. John Wilson, a former student of the College, commenced preaching in a small hall near Finsbury Park. It was indeed a day of small things, the preacher had not before been in the neighbourhood, and did not know whether a congregation would be in the hall when he went to preach; some eight persons, however, came to the morning service, and in the evening the attendance was multiplied fourfold. Success had so far attended the undertaking that in March, 1875, an iron chapel costing £400 was opened, Mr. Tucker, of Camden Road Church, and others taking part in the services. From the first a measure of prosperity attended the labours of both minister and people, but towards the close of the year 1876 Mr. Wilson's mind was moved towards the higher Calvinistic line of doctrine and also to Strict Communion, and he judged it to be the honourable course to leave the people and begin elsewhere. This is certainly better than strife and ill will. Mr. Wilson left behind a Baptist church of some sixty members, with nearly two hundred scholars. The present minister, Mr. H. S. Smith, continues the work at Fonthill Road, and Mr. Wilson is preaching in the Holloway Road. We wish both the brethren abounding success.

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Although the following cases of New Chapels are not so completely connected with *the College* as the former, they have some relation to it, and yet more to the President of the institution, through the Tabernacle church and its societies, or through the Evening Classes.

#### L.—CHATHAM ROAD, WANDSWORTH COMMON.

Here a chapel, accommodating 240, has been erected and paid for through the efforts of our two sons, C. and T. Spurgeon. This is purely a mission chapel, in the midst of a neighbourhood greatly needing the gospel, but far from eager to hear it. It is a light in a dark place. We rejoice that our son Charles is now a student in the College.

#### LI.—NOTTINGHAM ROAD, UPPER TOOTING.

Chiefly through the consecrated energies of two brethren, members of the Tabernacle, a room was opened here some few years ago. A very

pretty little chapel has since been built, towards which we subscribed £250; the people have given up to the full of their means in order to secure a place to meet in where they might have a hope of gathering a congregation. Mr. Tredray, of our College, was for some months the preacher: at present the little church is seeking a pastor.

### LII.—PUTNEY.

The Tabernacle Country Mission has for some time been sending a preacher here, and at length Mr. Geale has succeeded in building a small chapel in Werter Road, in a good position in a new neighbourhood. The new church numbers 42, and is growing hopefully. We aided this enterprise as far as we had the means, and our Tabernacle friends joined heartily in it.

### LIII.—CARSHALTON.

Here our Country Mission has rented a hall, gathered a congregation, and formed a church of more than 60 members, which prospers under the care of our brother Mr. May, who is a member at the Tabernacle. Thus there are still young plants taking root and branching out; all, we hope, are likely to be fruitful to the glory of God. They need, however, much tending, and some will need a good deal of water from the golden stream of Christian liberality if they are to become strong trees. May the Holy Spirit yet more abundantly water the whole of the trees of the Lord with "the river of God, which is full of water."

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## Certain Churches Revived.

The resurrection and salvation of an old church is often a more difficult task than to commence a new one. They remind us of the man who used profanely to swear, "God mend me," to whom a Christian man remarked, "It were better if he made you new." In very many instances our young brethren have been remarkably successful in this work; but it is not easy to say much about it, for except the case is extraordinary, and altogether undeniable, there are always affectionate friends of the old cause and of the former ministers who feel greatly hurt at any statement which appears to bear hard upon *them*. To them, it may be, the new order of things may even be distasteful, for the noise and stir of large additions, and the introduction of new ways, causes them disturbance of mind, and is hardly counterbalanced by any joy at the manifest increase of numbers and development of resources. Therefore we confine ourselves to those instances in which the growth of the church seems to us at least to be specially remarkable. We have omitted several which might justly have been inserted, lest in any way we should raise a question: our brethren who find themselves unmentioned will not, we trust, take it as a slight, nor fancy that we underestimate their services to the Redeemer's cause.



## VERNON CHAPEL, PENTONVILLE.

One of the earliest of our students was Mr. Alfred Searle, who, while in College, endeavoured to raise a church in the heart of our great city, first at a little old meeting-house in the Old Bailey, thence removing with his little company to Shaftesbury Hall, in Aldersgate-street, where he ministered until invited to Vernon Chapel, Pentonville. He, however, fell ill, and after preaching a few times, fell asleep in Jesus. At this time the heavy liability upon Vernon had to be met, or the place to be sold, and lost to the Baptists. Sir S. M. Peto joined with Mr. Spurgeon in the endeavour to redeem the building and secure it to the denomination. This desirable object was accomplished, and knowing the result thereof, we are unfeignedly glad.

Our brother C. B. Sawday, who was then a very young man, took his late fellow-student's place, and the pews soon began to receive occupants, and the occupants to receive the word of life. This was in 1863. To few youthful pastors has so large a blessing been vouchsafed as to our friend's early labours. In one year 198 persons were added to the church, and how many were converted then and in after years it would be hard to estimate, for the ministry has been remarkably useful in soul-winning.

A crowded chapel led to hiring the large hall of the German Gymnasium for Sunday services in 1867, and at length to the enlargement of Vernon, which is now a very commodious building, seating 1,300. This church of 650 members, with its schools and organization, is one of the most useful in London. We have both given help and granted a loan to this church.

## ARTHUR STREET, KING'S CROSS ROAD.

The church worshipping in Arthur-street Chapel has records of "a strange, eventful history" of well-nigh a century and a half, as we learn from a little book compiled by one of the deacons for the information of his fellow-worshippers; but as we have only space for so much of its history as connects it with our College work, we must pass over all but a few facts within our recollection. The chapel is within a few hundred yards of "Vernon," where our beloved brother Sawday ministers; and its history is closely connected with that of "Vernon"; for about the year 1860 the church and congregation, with their pastor, Dr. Wills, were literally locked out of Vernon Chapel, owing to some unfortunate disputes about the ownership of the property, and they eventually erected Arthur-street Chapel.

Passing by the intervening years, we come to the period when the present pastor, Mr. H. E. Stone, entered upon the work at Arthur-street, in 1872. At that period there was a debt of £900 on the chapel, and the church was in a very low condition, 38 names only being on the church book, and of these not a few had absented themselves for upwards of two years. A great change soon took place, for many came to hear the word, faith came by hearing, and souls were saved; and now, notwithstanding the migratory character of the surrounding

population, there are 333 believers in church fellowship, and the chapel, which will accommodate 800, is often well filled.

The position of the chapel has certainly had little to do with the popularity and success of the preacher; for so out-of-the-way is it, that a stranger must needs ask half-a-dozen times, even when close to it, ere he finds it, for it has been described as "next door to nowhere." The pastor says he believes that very many have been induced to attend through hearing him preach at the theatres and in the open-air.

The interior of the building has undergone a very great change, spacious galleries having been erected and considerable improvements made, at a cost of about £900; and as the debt is now a little over £900, it will be seen that this large sum has been raised besides all necessary expenses of worship.

In the little book above referred to, the good deacon thus writes:—  
"Our present esteemed pastor, Mr. Stone, was formerly a student in Mr. Spurgeon's College; and if there were not already so many notable proofs of the value of that noble institution, the present would more than suffice for the acknowledgment of the great debt of gratitude we owe to its founder."

#### ROMNEY STREET, WESTMINSTER.

This church under the influence of ultra-calvinistic preaching had almost become extinct when, in 1865, we were waited upon by one of the few members to whom a heavy sum was due. We released him from his liabilities and saved the place from sale. Mr. J. S. Morris, a student of the College, went to preach in the chapel; his first audience consisted of six persons only. We aided by a draft of members from the Tabernacle, and gave considerable pecuniary help so as to remove the debt. Our friends were thus enabled to renovate the chapel and render it more comfortable. The church soon became a power for good in that densely populated and poor neighbourhood. There were about 120 in fellowship when Mr. Morris removed to his present sphere at Leyton in 1866. Mr. H. Tarrant of our College is now the pastor and an earnest missionary work is carried on by himself and people in a place where it is greatly needed. What with its ecclesiastical heresies, and over-crowded lanes and courts, Westminster needs all the help that all its Christian churches can supply.

#### SOUTHWOOD LANE, HIGHGATE.

Mr. J. H. Barnard, while pursuing his studies with us, laboured hard to reinstate the cause at Highgate. The church had been established about fifty years, and worshipped in a small old-fashioned building under an esteemed minister, who at length retired through old age. Mr. Barnard commenced to preach there in 1862. In 1867 the chapel was enlarged and modernized, in fact almost rebuilt, at a cost of £700, which sum the friends were enabled to raise when they returned to their comfortable meeting-house. The friends are still favoured with the ministrations of our dear friend Mr. Barnard, and, better still, with continued spiritual blessing. The church numbers 121 members.

## KINGSGATE STREET CHAPEL, HOLBORN.

The church here has a history of nearly a century and a half, and has numbered among its pastors several Baptist worthies. The ancient meeting-house was in Eagle Street, adjoining the present modern structure, which is dark and dreary to an almost impossible degree. The most noteworthy circumstance about this church at the time we were called to the rescue was an enormous debt. When our brother Mr. Burton became the pastor in April, 1865, the church was very low; he has laboured long and well for his Lord, and has seen much prosperity. The debt has been reduced by £1,900, and £500 more have been expended in improving the property. From our Loan Fund the church has borrowed at different times £300. The pastor has received into fellowship about 700 persons. The population of the neighbourhood is a very changing one, and church members are constantly being transferred to our suburban sanctuaries, so that the preacher, who is in poor health, feels much discouraged, and yet he need not be, for the souls are saved whether they stay with him or not. When Mr. Burton became pastor there were about 100 names on the books; now there are above three times that number.

## BARKING.

The pastor, Mr. Tomkins, shall tell his own story. "The cause at Barking became connected with the College some six years ago, and was at first supplied by students from week to week. In the autumn of 1873 I was sent to preach, and continued to do so occasionally until the summer of 1874, when owing to the increase of congregation, and other signs of blessing, I accepted the pastorate, though the temporal reward is but small. The cause was then in a very low state, the chapel was small and the number attending few. They had never been able to support a settled ministry.

"During the three years and a-half of my ministry the following work has been accomplished:—1. A debt of £80 upon the schoolroom has been cleared off. The chapel has been enlarged to double its former size at a cost of about £200, all of which has been paid, our worthy President contributing £20. 2. The congregation has more than trebled, while the membership which then stood at 27 is now 102, most of these having been brought in from the world. The attendance at the Sabbath school has during the same time more than doubled. Our chapel is again crowded and we are about to re-enlarge at an outlay of £400. This estimate is for two vestries, new pews, and accommodation for about 150 more people. I may here mention that during the past two winters I have conducted services in a large hall on Sunday afternoons, which were attended by between two and three hundred people, and were much blessed. Altogether we have reason to thank God and take courage."

## SHOREDITCH TABERNACLE.

The following is taken from a circular issued by the church:—

"The church and congregation meeting in Providence Chapel, Hackney Road, London, have increased to such an extent under the ministry of Mr. Cuff that there are now 200 more members on the

church books than the present chapel will accommodate. About four years ago, in consequence of the crowded state of the chapel, it was decided to take the Shoreditch Town Hall for our evening services. This building holds nearly 2,000 people, and from the commencement to the present time has been well filled, and very often large numbers have to go away.

“During the time of our pastor’s ministry 700 persons have joined the church, an old debt of £1,200 has been cleared off, about £1,000 per annum has been raised for the current expenses of the church, including pastor’s salary, Sunday-school, Dorcas Societies, Poor Funds, hire of Hall, and incidental expenses, in addition to which two large Mission Schools, numbering about 1,000 children, have been largely supported by our congregation. We have also a Christian Mission, consisting of about 50 persons, who devote their evenings to preaching the gospel in the open-air during the summer months, and in the lodging houses and other places in the winter; also Tract Societies and other evangelistic agencies. Our School and Bible Class accommodation is quite inadequate to the requirements of our present position.

“Under these, and many other circumstances that might be named, the church has unanimously resolved to build a large Chapel, to seat 2,500 persons; but, in order to accomplish this great work, a frontage had to be secured in the Hackney Road by purchasing several houses, four of which are already in our possession, and two others are agreed for. We have received from our own people, in cash and promises for this special fund, about £2,500, and in cash and promises from outside friends nearly the same amount, making a total of cash and promises received up to this date of £5,000.

“The new building will cost about £12,000, and, with purchase of houses, about £4,000 more, making a total outlay of about £16,000. The entire plot of ground being freehold, the Committee earnestly, yet with confidence, commend their case to the thoughtful consideration of Christian people in all parts of the country, for they are deeply conscious that, unaided by a sympathetic public, they dare not embark in so great a work: and, therefore, they appeal to Christians of every name and denomination for help in this important undertaking.”

### PECKHAM—PARK ROAD.

We do not mention this church because we had any share in founding it, but because under the ministry of our beloved student, Mr. Tarn, it has risen from a low and struggling condition to become a large and influential community. By the divine blessing everything is changed, for the Holy Spirit works mightily with the word. Mr. Tarn has sent us the following particulars:—

“Two years ago, when I settled at Peckham Park Road, the church was exceedingly weak, and the chapel well nigh empty. The need of the church and district was its chief recommendation to me. The band of workers, though small, was united, earnest, and prayerful, and our efforts have been attended by copious and continuous blessing. The congregations soon became so large that we were compelled to erect galleries. Additional accommodation was thus provided for 300, at a

cost of £620, toward which our beloved President contributed £10. This provision has, however, proved inadequate; all the sittings are appropriated, and seats are generally used in the aisles. During the past five years God has added to us 489 souls, and *every month*, with one exception, we have been privileged to welcome new members. The fellowship of the church has increased from 59 to 463.

“In the Sunday-schools God has been pleased to bless us with corresponding increase. The two schools, with 620 scholars and 41 teachers, have become *five* schools, numbering 1,489 scholars and 108 teachers. We are now engaged in the erection of spacious schoolrooms for our home school, which contains 813 children. The cost of the new schools and the freehold site is £2,400, towards which we have received £1,160 in cash and £100 in promises. We have four mission stations where the gospel is regularly preached, and where manifold efforts are made to elevate men and win them to Christ. Two of our young men have become missionaries, one has accepted a pastorate in Lincolnshire, and four more are at present in the College. In every part of our widespread organization there is the throb of healthy life. All our agencies are well sustained, and during the last three years our income for all purposes has amounted to £3,606.

“Further chapel enlargement is sorely needed. Our aggressive efforts are crippled for lack of room. We grieve that the accommodation is not equal to the anxiety for hearing the gospel. We are anxious to enlarge the chapel by adding to it the old schoolrooms, and thus we shall gain about 250 more sittings. The work is both pressing and promising. Will any of the Lord’s stewards help us thus to extend our sphere of usefulness in a district where earnest effort is needed, appreciated, and blessed?—T. G. TARN.”

### STRATFORD GROVE.

Mr. J. H. Banfield, of the College, became pastor of the Union Church at Stratford in 1875. The cause had been established about twenty years, and the membership at the time of our friend’s settlement was 50 only. Through the Lord’s blessing upon his labours, the church now numbers 119 members. Towards the liquidation of a debt of £800 the friends have given and collected £350, including a gift of £20 from ourselves. The income of the church has also been more than doubled. We greatly rejoice in our brother’s prosperity.

### TWICKENHAM.

Here the cause was so utterly reduced that the chapel was about to be sold, and must have been so, had we not taken upon ourselves the payment of the interest of the debt, and thus helped the almost extinct society at its lowest ebb. We have greatly rejoiced to observe that, after our College men had laboured with but slender success, this church has been taken up by Mr. Edward Brown, brother of A. G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, and under his ministry the wilderness rejoices and the desert blossoms as the rose. Though not of our College, Mr. Brown was one of our Tabernacle members, and it has been a delight to us to aid him in clearing away the incubus of debt.

## Other London Churches.

Of other London churches among whom our College men have laboured we can only give a passing notice, though in several instances a page or two might be filled with interesting matter.

**GROVE ROAD, VICTORIA PARK.**—This is an Association chapel. Mr. G. D. Evans here gathered a church of 120 members, which, under the earnest ministry of Mr. W. J. Inglis, has subsequently increased to 318. Here we find a good chapel, a working church, and an efficient pastor, but there is a debt.

**REGENT STREET, LAMBETH.**—We carried on this church when others had left it “minished and brought low.” It had fallen on evil days, and our students could barely keep it going. Our good brother-in-law, Mr. T. C. Page, has both renovated the building and revived the church.

**UPTON CHAPEL, LAMBETH.**—We have had the honour to supply two pastors to this old-established and honoured church. Under Mr. Williams, of our College, the cause is enjoying unmistakable tokens of the divine favour.

**LOWER EDMONTON.**—Mr. D. Russell has been the pastor here for fifteen years.

**ALFRED PLACE, OLD KENT ROAD.**—This feeble interest has been furnished with preachers by us, but it is in a bad situation and deserted by everybody. We shall do our best for it.

**BEXLEY HEATH.**—Under the ministry of Mr. George Smith this church is increasing in strength, removing its burdens, and enlarging its borders.

**Bow.**—Mr. Edgley is cheered by an increased congregation, and trusts that the old church will renew its youth.

**TALBOT TABERNACLE, WESTBOURNE PARK.**—Our well-beloved brother Frank White took up the work of Mr. Gordon Furlong, and by the divine blessing has built up a church of 230 members. This church is doing its utmost for the masses around.

**NEW BARNET.**—Mr. M. Cumming has for a year been pastor of this new Association church, and has been the means of greatly adding to the congregation and uplifting the cause.

**LEYTON.**—Mr. Morris of Romney Street was selected to raise a church here, in the Association Chapel. It is a difficult position. The church commenced in 1876 with 26 members and now numbers 58.

**JOHN STREET, BEDFORD ROW.**—We count it no small honour that our College should furnish one of the successors of Baptist Noel and Harrington Evans. From the peculiarities of the neighbourhood our excellent brother, Mr. Collins, has a hard task before him; and we earnestly pray the Lord to send him his gracious help in a special degree.

SALTER'S HALL CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.—Mr. Bax is happily settled here, and one of the deacons writes us, "Our church is prospering. Our growth is not extraordinarily rapid, but I believe it is of a very substantial character."

DACRE PARK CHAPEL, BLACKHEATH.—We hold no very strong views as to open or strict communion, and we are glad that we always have in the College a few brethren of the sturdy school of old-fashioned Baptists. Among these is Mr. W. Usher, who at Dacre Park is enjoying a very encouraging measure of success, with every omen of better times to come. The membership is 115, of which number 73 have been added since Mr. Usher's advent in June, 1875.

WEST GREEN.—Mr. G. Turner has been working since 1872 in the chapel which was purchased by the Association. The region is chaotic and "cut up" with railway and new roads. There are 108 members, and as the district fills up there will, by God's blessing, be a strong and useful church.

SPRING VALE CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.—Mr. Honan's church in this chapel is reported as numbering 53.

WELLINGTON ROAD, STOKE NEWINGTON.—This decayed church in 1875 chose Mr. Rawlings. He finds it uphill work, but he is not without encouragement.

NORWOOD NEW TOWN.—Here Mr. Hobbs has supplied the pulpit of a society which maintains an undenominational position. Under his ministry it has so prospered that he is induced to remain. There are about 100 in fellowship.

LOUGHTON.—Mr. Vivian accepted this pastorate in 1874, and under his ministry the cause is built up.

HARLINGTON.—Mr. Crick settled here in 1876. Church numbers 174.

POTTER'S BAR.—Mr. Hart has been pastor here since 1876.

PARSON'S HILL, WOOLWICH.—Mr. J. Turner, after successfully building a church at Tunbridge, has undertaken this church, for which we pray that its prosperity may return.

CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON.—This church has invited our worthy student, Mr. F. Jones, to settle among them. May the Lord revive the work by his means.

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Thus have we ended our summary; not without regret at being compelled to be so brief. This hath the Lord done by the hand of his servants, and unto his name give we praise.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

## STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE.					DECREASE.					CLEAR INCREASE	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
		By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.		
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678	446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
1877	270	3,553	458	1,427	189	5,627	431	1,088	140	860	2,519	3,108	<b>37,597</b>
<b>TOTAL . . . . .</b>		<b>32,477</b>	3,760	10,718	1,347	<b>48,302</b>	3,523	7,644	1,447	5,570	18,184	<b>30,118</b>	

270 Churches furnish returns for 1877 : of these, 208\* show an average increase of 11 members per church ; 45 an average decrease of 5 members per church ; 17 show the same numbers as in previous return ; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 11 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

\* 46 of these are Metropolitan Churches, and show a clear increase of 944 members, or an average increase of 20 for each church.



**PASTORS' COLLEGE ACCOUNT, 1877.**

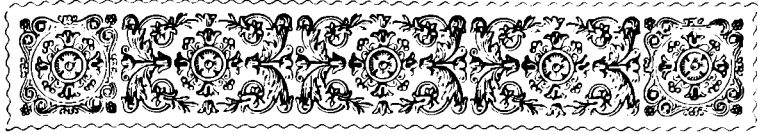
				£ s. d.					£ s. d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle...	...	...	...	1,877 0 0	By Salaries ...	...	...	...	1,249 15 0
.. Annual Meeting ...	...	...	...	135 11 0	.. Cleaning and Keeping College ...	...	...	...	231 19 5
.. Donations ...	...	...	...	4,500 17 7	.. Board and Lodging Students ...	...	...	4,288 0 8	
.. Collections by former Students ...	...	...	...	383 16 2	.. Less received from them ...	...	...	186 0 0	
.. Interest on Balances with Bankers ...	...	...	...	30 19 4	.. Printing, Stationery and Books ...	...	...	630 1 3	
					.. Less Sales ...	...	...	438 16 7	
					.. Grants of Books to Students ...	...	...	191 6 8	
					.. Preaching Stations ...	...	...	150 7 8	
					.. Clothing ...	...	...	356 15 5	
					.. Annual Conference ...	...	...	163 6 6	
					.. Furnishing and Repairs ...	...	...	207 12 8	
					.. Petty Disbursements ...	...	...	119 2 0	
					.. Purchase of Freehold... ..	...	...	40 8 8	
					.. Total Payments ...	...	...	250 0 0	
.. Total Receipts ...	...	...	...	6,928 4 1	.. Balance, December 31, 1877	...	...	7,062 14 8	
.. Balance, 1st January, 1877	...	...	...	2,173 8 8				2,038 18 1	
				<u>£9,101 12 9</u>				<u>£9,101 12 9</u>	

**LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.**

				£ s. d.					£ s. d.
To Balance brought forward ...	...	...	...	568 13 0	By Loan—Burnley ...	...	...	...	100 0 0
.. Donation ...	...	...	...	5 0 0	.. Bristol ...	...	...	...	500 0 0
.. Repayments ...	...	...	...	1,157 10 0	.. Dalton ...	...	...	...	150 0 0
					.. Regent Street, Lanibeth... ..	...	...	...	100 0 0
					.. Putney ...	...	...	...	200 0 0
					.. Stamps ...	...	...	...	2 1
					.. Balance in hand ...	...	...	...	681 0 11
				<u>£1,731 3 0</u>					<u>£1,731 3 0</u>

				£ s. d.
Outstanding Loans, December, 1876...	...	...	...	4,467 10 0
Loans during 1877	...	...	...	1,050 0 0
				<u>£5,517 10 0</u>
Repayments ...	...	...	...	1,157 10 0
				<u>£4,360 0 0</u>

Audited and approved, January 7th, 1878, { RICHARD MAY,  
 THOMAS GREENWOOD, } *Auditors.*  
 CHAS. BLACKSHAW, *Secretary.*



THE  
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1878.

Jesus the Preacher's Model.

READ AT THE 1878 CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,  
BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, OF MANCHESTER.



FEW things are more wonderful to contemplate than the ministry of Jesus. It was brief, extending over not more than three years, yet never was there a ministry more laborious, nor one whose power so deeply stirred the popular mind. It dealt with the profoundest truths, and treated them with transparent simplicity. It attacked deep-rooted national prejudices, tearing them up with unsparing rigour. Not content with assailing obnoxious institutions, it levelled its awful invective at individuals, and those, too, persons who were encased in the armour of national veneration, holding them up to scorn, and flashing upon them the lurid gleam of the wrath which awaited them in the world to come. Yet it was a ministry of intense yearning affection; it brooded and longed; all sympathy, pity, deep love, were concentrated in it: sad lamentings, too, at the obduracy which resisted it, and occasionally glimmerings of profound joy as it discerned signs of present success, or foresaw the grand triumph which eventually was to crown it. Never was there a ministry of which the minister himself was so entirely its centre and subject; it was full of an unearthly egoism; yet never a ministry that gave a deeper impression of humility and self-abnegation. Its glorious I and ME towered up in royal splendour, with a native greatness that seemed to bend easily over all the earth, and carry mankind in its bosom; yet that very world-embrace was felt to be, not an ostentation, but a restraining of power, and the royal loftiness became an ineffable condescension, because of the infinite heights which you felt it had stooped from.

It was an itinerant ministry, and had a nation for its audience: its tours and circuits hovered over the land to which it was devoted like the eagle over its young. Rejected in one place it removed to another,

but ever returned again, as if with the hope of conquering resistance and leaving a blessing behind it. In its sympathies it was universal; no one class exhausted its regard; to no one class was it exclusively directed. Pharisees and doctors of the law heard with amazement: broken, heart-stricken sinners as they listened drew near in a closer ring round the preacher: little children approached, were received and blessed: and as nothing human was excluded from its embrace, so no human being was able to elude its powerful grasp. Recipients wept and believed: opponents gnashed their teeth, and departed to avenge themselves in secret plottings.

This ministry was from the beginning a concentrated purpose, burning to join heaven and earth, to lift men out of sin and exile into fellowship with the Father in heaven; but as it drew near to its close it increased in intensity. Then the preacher stood and cried. The great spectacle was seen of incarnate compassion agitated, whelmed in billowy seas of emotion. The preacher beheld the impenitent city he had toiled for, and wept in foresight of the calamity rejected mercy was to entail. He exclaimed over it in anguish, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem"; and as you listened to his cries you caught some glimpse of the mysterious conflict between divine grace and human obduracy: "How often would I, and ye would not." At last, when the national leaders arraigned him, and the people themselves turned their acclaim into the direful clamour, "Crucify him," he stood before them in the patient splendour of God, bore silently their buffetings and spittings, and submitted to the shameful agony of the cross; crowning with a resplendent halo of self-sacrifice and blood the greatest ministry the world has ever seen; the most solemn, the most arduous of all, and, thank God, the most successful; for its force has wrought in all true ministries since, and all the triumphs of Christian preaching are the triumphs of the Great Preacher who was the Son of God.

In glancing back upon this ministry we must bear in mind that we have the merest outline of what filled three years with closely packed incident and teaching. Notes only, and these of comparatively few, of his public discourses are preserved. There is the discourse delivered at Nazareth, when he opened the roll of the prophet Isaiah; at Bethesda, when he defended the healing on the Sabbath of the impotent man who had lain so long at the pool; the sermon on the mount; the solemn, pathetic upbraiding of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida; the indignant rebuttal of the charge of complicity with Satan; the wonderful group of parables in the thirteenth of Matthew, which inaugurated the change from plain speech to parable as hatred thickened round him; the great discourse at Capernaum on the Bread of Life, and the discourse in the same neighbourhood on unwashed hands. This is nearly all we have of the set public discourses of two years. Then a blank of half a year is followed by fragmentary reports of discourses at the Feast of Tabernacles in Jerusalem, namely, on the living water, on the light of the world, and on the Good Shepherd; with the discourse delivered two months afterwards at the Feast of Dedication, of which the culminating point was, "I and my Father are one." About the same time there is the beautiful address which answered the question, Who is my neighbour? And then follow the wonderful discourses at

Perea, whither he had retreated from Jerusalem for safety, rich with the later parables, the prodigal son among the number; and ending with the pathetic lament over the loved and sinful city, Jerusalem. Then, having raised Lazarus from the dead, and made a last wide circuit of the whole country, in the footsteps of his seventy heralds, he turns his face for the last time towards Jerusalem; and delivering on his way the parable of the pounds, reaches Bethany on the Friday evening before his death. That Sabbath is spent quietly with his friends, and in the evening the supper room of Simon's house is fragrant with the odour of his anointing. On Sunday he triumphantly enters Jerusalem, and delivers the discourse suggested by the enquiry of the Greeks. On the Monday he sweeps the temple of its profaners; and then, on the Tuesday, that great day of the Passion week, Jesus appears in the temple, in superhuman grandeur, to close his public ministry. There was no moment of that glorious day that was not laden with sublimity. In the morning the Pharisees gathered round and began their preliminary assault, and we watch the rattling artillery of question and answer till the attack, again and again renewed, is silenced. The great parables of the two sons, the wicked husbandmen, the marriage of the king's son, all full of stern rebuke as well as of divine graciousness, are levelled at his foes; and then, with the awful outburst of righteous but withering indignation which rolled over the awe-stricken temple courts, like the rehearsal of the thunders of the last day, ending with the utterance once again of the tender, plaintive cry over the loved and lost children of Jerusalem, he abruptly left the temple and closed his public ministry.

Added to this public preaching we have frequent and beautiful notes of his table-talk at meals, and his more private discourses to his disciples, such as the charges delivered to the twelve and to the seventy when he sent them forth; the various talks about his approaching death; the great prophecy on the Mount of Olives; and the celestial colloquy in the supper-room the night before his crucifixion. Some such hasty summary as this represents roughly and imperfectly the great body of what has been handed down to us of the more formal words of Jesus: but in his ministry there is no barren spot; every deed was a sermon; every moment of that unearthly life was glorified with benevolence and instruction.

O Prince of Preachers, how shall we presume to sit at thy feet, much less attain to walk after thee? Yet hast thou summoned us to thy service: and though we swoon away at the splendour of thy ministry of grace, thou wilt lay thy right hand on us and say, "Fear not."

And, first, is it not remarkable that even Jesus did not undertake this work unsent, but based his whole career upon *the commission* he had received from the Father? Nor did he rest with the secret call, but repeatedly published it in the ears of all men. "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach": thus he opened his ministry. "I proceeded forth and came from God, neither came I of myself, but he sent me": thus he continues it. This foundation-stone of the ministry of Jesus must be the basis also of ours. No preacher can afford to lack the Great Bishop's license to preach. It is well if God's choice of us for the ministry be so burnt into our

consciousness that as in the case of Jesus it sometimes gleams out in the very front of our preaching.

Closely linked with the divine call is *the qualification* which accompanies it—the investing of the chosen preacher with the power of the Holy Ghost. This follows the other as effect follows cause. “The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, *because* the Lord hath anointed me to preach.”

But the inference recoils upon ourselves: if the Son of God drew power from the Holy Ghost, how much more must we? Then let our nature lie ever open to the Holy Spirit's entrance. When men look at the reeds shaken with the wind, they will perceive the signs of a great invisible power swaying them at its will, and they will reverently bow and worship. The strings of the mystic harp breathed upon by the Holy Spirit will utter a music that shall charm all ears and exorcise all evil; for it is the utterance, not of the string, but of the Living Breath that sweeps it.

In *the subject matter* of his preaching, too, Jesus is our one supreme example. He said to the Jews, “My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me”: to his disciples, “All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you”: to his Father, “I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me”—bringing us full in face of this fact, that he came to deliver a message. This is a great simplification of the preacher's work as contrasted with the conception of it which some entertain and carry out. With them it is the invention of new philosophies, the spinning of ingenious webs of flimsy speculation from their own brain: and the race of mere messengers is looked upon by these gentlemen with comfortable self-complacent contempt. Yet all the preachers that have moved the world have been not speculative philosophers, but messengers. The Baptist that drew Jerusalem and all Judea after him was the messenger before the face of the Messiah. Luther awoke Europe with his God's-message that men are justified by faith without the deeds of the law. It was the message of redemption through the blood of Jesus which Whitefield delivered with such awakening effect in two hemispheres. King's messenger is the apostle's conception of the ministry when he describes himself as “ambassador for Christ.” But shall the preacher's voice be therefore monotonous? That would argue an imperfect delivery of the word with which he is entrusted. God's message to mankind thrills with harmonies which the poor world is dying to hear. From the deep diapason of eternal righteousness, right through to the sweet flute notes of redeeming love, all the swell of heaven's music is needed to drown the dissonant clangour of human sin. When we listen to the tones of God's message as Jesus delivered it we catch the sweet refrain of all possible celestial harmonies. Milton said of the angel minstrelsy at Bethlehem—

“If such holy song  
 Inwrap our fancy long,  
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;  
 And speckled vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
 And leprous sin will melt with earthly mould;  
 And hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.”

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,  
     Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,  
 Mercy will sit between,  
 Throned in celestial sheen  
     With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;  
 And heaven, as at some festival,  
     Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall."

Such a running, not back to the age of gold, but forward to the eternal era of holiness, is to be effected by the solemn music of the Father's message which Jesus delivered.

We can particularize only a few of the topics of his preaching. If he is our model we shall not speak of sin after modern fashion. It is the besetting sin of the present day to extenuate sin. Eternal law is quarrelled with instead of its transgressor; and sin decks itself out in pathetic disguise till deceived men bewail and try to disprove its doom. But the evil thing was forced to unmask before the pure holiness of Jesus. Stripped, hideous, hellish, those flaming eyes saw all its horror.

Concerning the doom of the impenitent his language was such as is not now considered becoming to cultured lips. Stand in the throng of his hearers and listen: the triple knell of lost souls is sounding: "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." The judicial sentence is pealing: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." Fastening his eyes on the hardened rejectors of God's mercy he says, "Ye shall die in your sins, and whither I go ye cannot come." Of the selfish epicure he said, "In hell he lift up his eyes, being in torment." Is any alleviation possible of his doom? "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed." This is the preaching of Jesus, and albeit tearfully and with breakings of heart, we are bound to follow it. If it is true it is of no avail to shrink from it because it is awful. There are many awful truths. Will any accuse Jesus of a loveless nature because his words on the subject are terrible beyond all the rest of the New Testament? It was his knowledge of sin and doom that made them so, and that led him to undertake redemption. You cannot pronounce upon punishment until you understand sin, and you can fathom sin only with the plumb-line of redeeming love. Know you the height and depth of the love of Christ? the transcendant glory from which he stooped? the stupendous sacrifice that was offered when his Majesty consented to die? the ample fulness of the atonement thus made? then you may begin to judge of sin. If sin could not be expiated except by so vast an atonement, you must not marvel that it involved so great a doom. These great questions are bottomless abysses from which we recoil like children from some sheer shuddering cliff; nevertheless, appalling as they are, we must bring men face to face with them lest we be unfaithful to our hearers as well as to our Master and Judge. "Clouds and darkness are round about him" which our vision cannot pierce; nevertheless—and we are sure of it—"Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

The preaching of Jesus revealed God, and how? As the universal principle of nature? No: as your Father in heaven. It revealed the love of God, world-embracing, self-sacrificing, glowing, too, with peculiar

complacency towards those who love and believe in his Son. Heaven, Jesus describes in these words, "My Father's house," nor can any description make it more heavenly. Time fails to barely enumerate the topics of this comprehensive ministry. But if I must name in one word the main subject of it, it is himself: and rightly so, for is not Jesus the synonym of all blessing? Does it not mean salvation; God revealed; mankind's ideal; atonement; reconciliation; life; grace; purity; heaven? He was the living gospel, proclaiming himself to men, and so his preaching revolved around himself. He preached the cross; the ransom; the substitution; salvation by faith in himself; eternal life by feeding on Him. "I am the door," said he; "I am the resurrection and the life; I am the bread of life; I am the good shepherd; I am the true vine; I am the light of the world; I am the way, the truth, and the life." This great I AM called to the world, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest": and because he could know in every corner of earth and in every age of time the sin-burdened hearts that should seek him, he gave the magnificent promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Here is our model, brethren. As he preached Christ, so let us preach Christ. Declare him, and declare him continually, with the fulness and enthusiasm and faith that spring from sweetest experimental acquaintance with him.

If such was his matter, after what *manner* did Jesus preach? for the mode in which the man comes out in the preaching is not unimportant. The preacher is more than a voice; he is a man whose whole person should second his speech, whose face and gestures bear the same relation to his words that the pictures of a book bear to the text; and whatever subtle influence there may be about him that can sway men, should all be brought to bear upon his preaching.

Now, the manner of Jesus embraced all grandeur and beauty possible to human nature; qualities, apparently inconsistent and contradictory, as gentleness and appalling indignation, harmoniously met together in him. The round completeness of his nature included all opposite poles of excellence; and in his universal balance he was the finished product of humanity, the blossom and glory of the race, the SON OF MAN.

His mannerism, if I may be allowed the word, had made a deep impression on Peter, and some of its characteristics are photographed to us indirectly by him in the vivid pages of Mark. Impressiveness dwelt in his mere bearing; before he opened his lips sometimes the thrill of what he was going to say seized the expectant hearers. Read, for example, this striking note: "And they were in the way going up to Jerusalem: and Jesus went before them, and they were amazed; and as they followed they were afraid." What does this indicate but the pervasion of his whole person with the thought that burned within him? so that the impression was produced on those who saw him before the thought was uttered.

He was wont, we find, to look round about upon his audience before beginning to speak. Sometimes this look was accompanied with a deliberate movement of his body. "*When he had turned about and looked upon his disciples, he rebuked Peter.*" Sometimes there was a long, silent gaze of love, as in the instance of the rich young ruler—a gaze which impressed the heart of the fascinated beholder as much as

the weighty words which followed. These impressive glances and gestures were sent before to herald his words that nothing might be lost. Jesus said nothing carelessly, for he said nothing vainly.

His hearers contrasted his tone of majestic authority with the dilettante word-mongery of the professional teachers of the day. There was the tremendous emphasis of conviction preserved to us by John in the constant "Verily, verily I say unto you," which propelled forward his utterance with the resistless momentum of eternal truth. His sublime fearlessness had struck those hearers, who afterwards traced in the boldness of Peter and John an evidence that they had been with Jesus. There was in him, too, a calm self-possession which defeated those who constantly lay in ambush to trip him—an unflinching readiness of wise reply, and even of retort, if necessary. And yet his grace was so alluring that a trembling sinner could brave the cold drench of the atmosphere of a Pharisee's house to stand and weep behind him. Where will you find sweetness like the close of the eleventh of Matthew? or pathos like the parable of the prodigal son, and the lament over Jerusalem? or sublimity and pathos linked like the description of the gathering of all nations before the King on the throne of his glory. No marvel that his hearers bore him witness, and wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth, that cold professional officers sent to arrest him returned with no other reply to the hard, mocking enquiry, "Why have ye not brought him?" than this, "Never man spake like this man." And yet while the silver tones of alluring tenderness and grace charmed the publicans and sinners away from their gains and vices, this preacher could rise in bursts of terrible grandeur and denounce hypocrisy in great peals of woe, mingled with forked flashes of scathing invective—"Woe unto you! serpents, generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" He that attracted us with colloquial plainness, charmed us with tender grace, melted us in the floods of uncontrolled emotion with his profoundly human pathos, appals us as he lays his hand on the artillery of heaven, and shakes the world with the thunders of divine indignation. Who is this preacher? "The God of glory thundereth. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars, yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon."

Only as Jesus inspires us can we speak like him.

You have noticed how constantly Jesus made use of illustration. It would be an instructive task to gather out all the gems scattered up and down his preaching, independently of those peerless illustrations, the parables. Lilies, birds, a hen and chickens, foxes, a vine, the light, a red sunset, or a lowering morning sky, the crumbs thrown to dogs, oxen under the yoke, the wind-swayed reeds by the water side, the price of a sparrow, wolves and sheep, doves and serpents, a harvest field, a scattered shepherdless flock, a city on a hill, a candle, a bushel measure, salt, the uprooting of plants, a cup of cold water, a door, a thorn-bush, thistles, groups of children playing in the market:—there is a cluster gathered at random; but how pictorial was the preaching from which it is taken. We cannot too implicitly follow Jesus along this charming path. God's world of nature is the great book of illustrations for his other world of moral and spiritual truth. We should set both volumes



on our shelves, and study them side by side. Happy is the man who can use the pair, and happy are the people who listen to him, for they are likely to listen indeed.

I need not speak of the parables of Jesus; there is nothing like them in all literature. They are what Solomon calls "apples of gold in baskets of silver." They are exquisite pictures of human life which, as you look at them, gradually transfigure themselves into an illuminated panorama of heaven and spiritual things. Both parable and illustration are adapted to a deep craving of human nature. Truth must be embodied so that man can touch it. He is sensuous and devotional as well as intellectual, and the preacher who would be universally useful must address himself as Christ did, not to one faculty, but to the entire man.

This preaching again was all alive with pointed, weighty sayings, such as stick like burrs, and remain in the memory to germinate and blossom perennially. To quote them would be to quote great part of his preaching, but take a specimen handful—

"Not that which entereth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

"He that exalteth himself shall be abased, but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

"The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

"Many are called, but few chosen."

And there is a sweet saying which emerges in the preaching of Paul thirty years after it was uttered. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Sometimes he would speak by action. "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Jesus does not answer the question, but calls a little child to him and sets him in the midst of the questioners; and when they have looked at the child, and their mind is all awake and prepared like the sensitive plate for the ray of light, then like a light-ray the answer comes, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

There are mutterings of heart in the audience concerning his claim to forgive sins. Detecting the secret thought, he drags it out to the light and then answers it, but not wholly in word. "That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins"—so far went the verbal answer—the rest was an act. "He saith to the sick of the palsy, Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." Resistlessly impressive must such scenes have been, and never to be lost from the memory.

Jesus constantly in his preaching made use of Scripture. It must suffice to say that he alludes to every period of Old Testament history, and to most of its graphic incidents: the burning bush, the brazen serpent, the manna, the sign of Jonah, and a multitude more. He carefully proved his teaching by the Scriptures, and referred to them as the infallible authority. We, too, must have mind, memory, imagination imbued with the spirit of Scripture.

What shall we say of this preacher's prayers? They were not often offered in public, but they who overheard him in private felt in the presence of those holy pleadings that they had never prayed. "Lord,"

said they, "teach us to pray." One beautiful characteristic of them we would like to mention. When once answered they were not repeated. He did not pray again and again as we do for what God has already given us. Faith having received the boon, no longer asked for it. At the grave of Lazarus he lifted up his eyes to heaven, but did not pray—not then—he had prayed before, when he heard of his friend's sickness; but then, for the people's sake, that the miracle to be wrought might produce its highest effect on them, he let the fact be known. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me: and I knew that thou hearest me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me."

The 17th of John is still awful as the burning bush, from which the voice issued, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." To preach like Jesus we must learn to pray like him.

And shall I bring forward his holiness? It was as a preacher that he stood up, pure as the morning, before his most malignant foes and challenged them, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" His life was as the terrible crystal. We blush before him and hide away our shame. Thy purity, O Saviour, convinces us of sin. Suffer us not by guilt of heart or life to counterwork our own preaching of thy gospel.

How beautiful was his unwearied patience. Again and again would he teach the same lesson to the stolid disciples; and his gentleness it was that made them great.

His laboriousness was amazing. During those three short years he must have travelled in his various circuits and journeyings not less than 2000 miles—and all on foot. We never read of his riding save on one occasion, and then it was not for convenience but for significance that the Scripture might be fulfilled. This labour greatly wearied him: he sat exhausted on the well side; slept through the storm on the lake; had no leisure to eat, and in loving concern for his disciples would sometimes lead them away to rest awhile. And when not preaching he was still at the work, always a preacher: at feast or funeral, in the house, by the way, at the well, his talk always bore on the same great end, to enlighten dark minds and bring men to God.

On one of the spurs of Lebanon the disciples once were favoured with a vision of surpassing splendour—overwhelmed they sank into unconsciousness, and when they recovered and looked again the vision was faded away. We have seen a vision—a preacher whose attitude bespoke high authority, sublimity, and pleading earnestness; his arms outstretched towards his hearers with winning grace, all compassion melting in his eye, and more than human persuasiveness on his tongue; on his face sat purity, and around him shone a splendour of holiness. A vision, did I say? No, not a vision: a reality—a living person; and while we gaze his lips part and he speaks—"Lo I am with you alway, even to the end of the world. As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Behold I commit to you the ministry of reconciliation. Go as my ambassadors to men. Pray them in my stead to be reconciled to God. Have not I commanded you? Have not I looked upon you? Go in this your might."

## “Love Jesus and live for Heaven.”

A MESSAGE FROM A DEATH-BED AT THE ORPHANAGE.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

**A**LTHOUGH the shadow of death has fallen upon the Orphanage, we “sorrow not as others who have no hope,” for Alfred William Cockerton died in the faith and hope of the gospel, and, “being absent from the body, is present with the Lord.”

As is the case with many of the boys received into the Orphanage he came of a consumptive stock. His father died about seven years ago, and was succeeded by several members of the family, all of whom died young. The mother, who still survives, is in a very delicate state of health, and the two children who are spared to her are both consumptive.

Alfred was received into the Orphanage six years ago, and to this fact, by the blessing of God, must be attributed the prolongation of his life. He was the object of constant care and solicitude, and every winter he found a special home in the infirmary. Possessed of a resolute spirit he was reluctant to believe the worst of himself, and cherished the hope that he might get strong and work for his mother. Poor boy! while we all sympathized with his wish, we could plainly see that it was destined to be disappointed.

In January last he entered the infirmary for the last time. The poor mother, who visited him, feared the worst, and the opinion of the medical officer but too surely confirmed her fears. For some time he was able to keep about, buoyed up by a resolute spirit. At length he began to yield to his increasing weakness, and found his nice warm bed a welcome relief. He could only rise for an hour or two in the day-time; and often when dressed he was glad to lie on his bed. All about him soon began to realize that his stay with us would now be very brief, and he himself shared the same conviction. He was naturally reserved, but would speak positively in answer to questions. Although Miss M. betrayed some anxiety about his safety, he never affected an experience to secure immunity from her appeals. He hoped the best, but could not feel absolutely certain. On the 19th February Miss M. went, as usual, to wish him good night before retiring to rest, and the interview shall be narrated in her own words. “After asking him if he was resting in Jesus, he said, ‘Well, I don’t think I am quite firm.’ While speaking on the love of Jesus and his willingness to give rest to those who lean wholly on him, the Holy Spirit sweetly applied the truth to the heart of the little weary one, a smile spread itself over his face, which revealed an inward joy, and he exclaimed, ‘I see!’ The next morning his first words were, ‘I am so happy! I have felt Jesus with me all night.’”

From that moment his faith was established, and his testimony was like that of an advanced believer. His growth in grace was rapid, and in spite of his pain and weakness, his peace of soul was unbroken, and his joy in the Lord never failed him. There was a radiance which lit

up his countenance, telling of the reality and blessedness of communion with the Lord Jesus Christ. The poet says—

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy,”

and those who visited this little child of grace felt that they were looking upon one to whom the words had a deeper meaning than that intended by their author. His resignation to the will of God was perfect. His long-cherished hope, to get strong and help his mother, was cheerfully abandoned as he came to see the hand of the Lord in his affliction; for he felt assured that he who had been a “Father of the fatherless” would prove “a husband to the widow.” He said to Miss M. one day, after his mother had visited him and told him about her trials, “If my mother would bring her troubles to Jesus and rest in him, as I do, it would be much better than telling others of her cares.”

Taking a minister from Lancashire to see him, I said at the close of the interview, “Now, what message would you like this friend to take to the boys and girls of Lancashire?” “Tell them,” was the answer, “to love Jesus and live for heaven.” This good friend promised to be the bearer of the message, a little sermon in itself, and one which we hope our young readers will take as their motto,—

“Love Jesus and live for heaven.” \*

Another visitor to the Orphanage, a student at New College, who came to see him, was struck with his deep-toned piety and love for Jesus, and, on his return home, he wrote him the following letter, addressed to “The little invalid” :—

“27, Rushmore-road, Clapton-park,  
“February 25th, 1878.

“My dear boy,—I was so glad to hear that you are resting in that kind and loving Saviour who has loved you so dearly.

“You may sometimes think how hard it will be to die so young, but if you were only to know the many troubles, temptations, and sins you will be spared by not living even *till* you are a man, you would rejoice that your time of trial and pain is to be shortened.

“It may be that Jesus sees you would not be strong enough to fight *well* the battle of life, and so he ‘*in love*’ will take you away to himself, in order that you may be with him, and safe for ever and ever; like the kind Shepherd he is, he knows how much the weakly lamb can bear: ‘leave all with him, and trust him.’

“How many you leave behind who would like to die too; but they will have to toil on still for years perhaps, before they can see their Saviour’s face, and hear his loving voice; you, my boy, will soon be there, in his presence, and in that beautiful land where no pain, no fear, no heart-ache, no sin comes, and where those whom Christ has bought with his precious blood dwell for ever.

“You are not too young to be **THERE!** Christ died for *you*, and bought you with his own blood, blotted out your sins, so that he might have you with him. Hear God’s word, ‘Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.’

“Do not fear death! Christ has broken the bars of the tomb, and

has triumphed over death; it is a dark doorway through which all must pass, but oh how bright is the scene beyond; the Saviour himself will be there to lead you through the river, and safely bring you to the other side. 'When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'

"May you be able with David to say, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Such is my prayer for you.

"Good bye, dear boy. With Christian love, I am, yours lovingly,  
"ARTHUR A. AVANN."

To this letter he sent the following reply in his own handwriting:—

"My dear friend,—I was very pleased to receive your beautiful letter with such loving words. You were very glad to hear I had found Jesus, and that Jesus is making me very happy. He will be with me in the time of death, and then I shall have no fear. 'When I pass through the waves they will not overflow. When I walk through the fire I shall not be burned.' I know you will excuse the little said. I was sitting up in bed all day yesterday writing. I send my best love. Good bye. God bless you. "A. COCKERTON."

While sitting up in bed, writing, he attempted to make a few verses of poetry, which he asked me to revise. This I had not attempted to do, but our President having seen them said that he would plane them into shape; which he has done, and here they are.\*

Gentle Jesus, can it be,  
I that nailed thee to the tree?  
Didst thou die for sinful me  
On the cross of Calvary?

Yes, dear Lord, not only I,  
But all people made thee die;  
All of us like sheep had strayed,  
All our sin on thee was laid.

Now all those who trust in thee  
From their many sins are free,  
God's great love to them is given,  
For he sent thee down from heaven.

When our sins are put away  
Then we sing, "'Tis happy day";  
When our time of death draws nigh  
Thou wilt bear us to the sky.

O how happy it will be  
To be always praising thee,  
And to sing thy dying love  
In our Father's courts above.

Hallelujah! Amen.

When he thought he was dying, he said, "I am not afraid to die. I am resting in Jesus"; and then he sent this message to his mother:

\* The uncouth rhymes and shapeless stanzas were not very unlike the verses here given, in which we have kept all the spirit and most of the letter.

"Tell her to look to Jesus, and rest in him as I do." I shall never forget his look when I said to him, "Cockerton, there is a very little bit of road for you to travel now before Jesus brings you to himself; what shall I ask the Lord to do for you?" He replied, "Ask him to do it quick!" Dear boy! His desire to depart and to be with Christ was now asserting its supremacy, and he felt as did the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest."

His anxiety for the conversion of his schoolfellows was very marked, and some of them will never forget his earnest prayers and touching appeals. One boy begged to be allowed to wait upon him during his illness, cheerfully giving up his play, and he proved a very valuable assistant in the sick room. Calling this boy to his bedside one day he said to him, "O, Hobson, I wish you had really given your heart to Jesus. It would make me so happy before I die to know you had done so." Then, taking hold of both his hands, as he knelt by his bedside, he prayed earnestly for his conversion. Miss M., who entered the room at the moment, says it was one of the most touching scenes she ever witnessed. Here was a young saint on the very threshold of heaven clasping a companion whom he wished to follow him, and we believe they will be united in the home beyond.

The day before his departure the doctor came to see him, and as he stood gazing in silence upon the wasted form of the lingering sufferer, he withdrew his hand from the bedclothes and pointed upward, his eyes beaming with joy at the delightful prospect of so soon being in heaven. Could he have spoken, his words would not have been so powerful, as, with the silent eloquence of gesture, he said in effect,

"Love Jesus and live for heaven."

When the pastor came to see him he was extremely weak, and could scarcely talk to him. As Mr. Spurgeon held him by the hand, they communed together as though they had been fellow-pilgrims for many years. While the pastor was weeping in sympathy with the little sufferer, the child's face was radiant as with the flush of the resurrection morn itself. Could we have taken to the bedside of this little Christian some who still discredit the fact of child conversion and piety, we think they would have found it impossible to remain incredulous. The grace of God was never more signally displayed than in this case, and never was the declaration more beautifully realized—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

On the morning of the 12th April, as the birds in the gardens around were singing their matin songs, he sweetly fell asleep, to awake in the presence of the Saviour he had loved. The funeral was conducted as usual when a boy dies in the Orphanage. All the inmates were assembled in the dining-hall, with the relatives of the departed. Then the corpse was brought from the infirmary, followed by thirty senior boys in slow and mute procession. A short service was conducted by the head master, and an address given, which, under such circumstances, is always deeply solemn and impressive, and many of the boys, we trust, resolved that they too would

"Love Jesus and live for heaven."

## Floods in the Streets.

*"Rivers of waters in the streets."*—Prov. v. 16.

*"Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."*—Amos v. 24.

ON Thursday morning, April 11th, when we reached the Tabernacle, at eleven in the morning, we found the rooms of the basement covered with water, so that they could not be occupied. Our conference was unable to meet for dinner in the schoolroom, and was obliged to adjourn to another building. The papers, among many accounts of the flooded districts, thus speak of our near neighbours in the somewhat aristocratic region of Brixton:

"The easterly gale which had been blowing since Sunday morning subsided on Wednesday night, and was followed by such a downpour of rain as seldom occurs in this latitude except in connection with summer thunderstorms. It was very heavy all through the night, and continued yesterday without much abatement through the early hours of the forenoon, until more rain had fallen in a few hours than the average rainfall for a month. At Brixton there was a serious flood, caused by the inability of the Effra river, which is nothing better than a covered sewer, to carry off all the water. It burst forth at all openings, and even forced itself upward in jets which are compared to the spoutings of a whale. The water rising with much rapidity, the inhabitants, who in most cases were sitting down to or preparing for breakfast, had barely time to escape from their breakfast rooms, when the water was upon them. Snatching up what came first to hand, they made the best of their way upstairs, and finding all efforts to save their property futile, gave up the attempt in despair. In Brixton-road, not alone the carriage way, but the footpaths were submerged, and in some places the flow of water was so great that the roadway and pavement were broken up by the rushing waters seeking to find an outlet, and in some instances the pavements were actually washed away. The main road itself was like a quickly-flowing river, and many of the side roads were also flooded. The water was in most places upwards of a foot in depth, and in many nearly two feet. Locomotion was exceedingly difficult, vehicles of all descriptions having to be drawn through the flood, with the horses nearly up to their knees in water, while with the tram-cars the water reached up to the step, and an extra horse was necessary to draw the car."

When the Lord is pleased to open the windows of heaven and refresh the thirsty earth with plentiful showers, man in his boasted wisdom has so arranged the cities where he dwells that there is no room for the divine bounty, and a benison becomes a danger. His careful preparations in blotting out rippling brooks and water courses begirt with willows, and burying in the earth beneath arches of brick the once silvery streams, are all sources of peril to him; peril, too, from that which should have been his greatest blessing. The rain is good, but we have not room enough to receive it; we have space for our own filthiness if the heavenly rains will let us alone, but for "showers of blessings" our arrangements have left no receptacle, and they must

drown us out, and stop our traffic, to gain even a temporary lodging-place. Time was when the Effra river would have carried the water down to the Thames without any greater inconvenience than a flooded meadow, or a garden swamped for an hour or two. Some living persons remember the Effra as a pretty brook with a charming walk by its side and overhanging trees. We have seen some pretty bits of scenery which an artist copied from this rural streamlet of days gone by. There were little rustic bridges here and there, and many a nook where lovers of quiet could sit down and meditate; but now there is no sign of the brook until you pass into Dulwich; almost throughout its entire length our modern civilization has transformed it into a covered drain. Confined within a dark arch of brick, the stream forgets its sunny days, and like a prisoner urged along the corridor of an underground dungeon pursues its dreary way. Alas, that man should have made human life to be so much after the same manner. Of green fields and fresh breezes how little do the multitudes of our toilers ever see or feel: of cheerfulness and content how little do many of our merchants and traders understand; and of sacred joy and consecrated delight the bulk of men know nothing whatever. Life comes to us, but too often we will not allow it to flow freely in holy content and joy, where the trees are flourishing and the birds singing among the branches, but we compel it to grovel underground in anxiety and unbelief.

Yet heavenly life cannot always be made to abide among the dead, just as the Effra when fed by showers from heaven would no longer brook its prison. It burst forth wherever a vent existed and forced ways of escape for itself where there were none before. Every now and then this happens in spiritual affairs and men behold the phenomenon with wonder and even with alarm. It was so in the age of Whitefield and Wesley, when the Lord opened the windows of heaven upon our land. What an outbreak there was! What a commotion and upheaval! The old pavements of conventionality were torn away, and the floods burst up through them. Attempts were made to stop the stream, persecution was tried against the Methodists, they were denounced from the pulpit, threatened by mobs, and ridiculed as modern enthusiasts and madmen, and regarded as the offscouring of all things; but all this availed nothing, omnipotence was at work and malice could not hinder. The sacred flood would not be denied a channel, but found free course and God was glorified. Of course it stirred the mud and raised the foulness of the community to most offensive rage, but it cleansed as it rushed forward, and swept away the accumulated vices of dreary years. May the like happen again in our times, indeed we are not altogether strangers to such burstings forth of the living waters even now.

It were well if in individuals there were such floodings of the soul with the grace of God, that the divine life would break forth everywhere, in the parlour, the workshop, the counting-house, the market, and the streets. We are far too ready to confine it to the channel of Sunday services and religious meetings, it deserves a broader floodway and must have it if we are to see gladder times. It must burst out upon men who do not care for it, and invade chambers where it will be regarded as an intrusion; it must be seen by wayfaring men streaming down the places of traffic and concourse, hindering the progress of sinful trades, and



surrounding all, whether they will or no. We want another universal deluge, not of destruction, but of salvation, so that the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Would to God that religion were more vital and forceful among us, so as to create a powerful public opinion in behalf of truth, justice, and holiness. It will be a blessed day when all the streets of our land shall be flooded with grace. Amos in the text which we have quoted bids us aim at this, in the name of the Lord. The formalities of religion are of little worth compared with this, for the Lord says, "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies." "Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." He would have us exhibit a life which should purify the age, and sweep before it every obstacle; a life to be seen even in the streets, where men care least to have it. It is much to be desired that the Christian church may yet have more power and influence all over the world for righteousness and peace. Something of it is felt even now, but not enough. The Church of Christ in England has more power to-day than it ever had before. Our country would have been plunged in war months ago (May, 1878), if it had not been for Christian men who have been the backbone of the opposition to the war party. Peace would not have been kept unbroken so long as it has been had it not been earnestly promoted by the prayers and labours of those who worship the Prince of Peace. In other matters, also, of social reform, and moral progress, the influence of true religion is felt, and it will yet be far more mighty. May the day come when the Spirit of righteousness shall have complete control over those who govern and direct our affairs, then shall judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. All will not go pleasantly even then, for many will be greatly vexed by such prevalence of right principles: their craft will be in danger, they will be greatly inconvenienced in their sins, they will be up to their knees in an element which they do not relish, and they will rave against it; but for all that it will be a blessing if God sends us such showers of grace as to become an irresistible flood. Come, mighty stream; send it, we beseech thee, O Lord: and let us live to see Ezekiel's vision fulfilled. "Then said he unto me, These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea: which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live: and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither: for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh."

C. H. SPURGEON.

## Dr. Barnardo's Village Home for Girls.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

MR. GEORGE SOLTAU, the governor of Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Village Home, Barking Side, near Ilford, Essex, was at once recognised as an old friend with whom we had become casually acquainted some years ago in the less salubrious locality of "Jack Ketch's Warren," Clerkenwell Green. In the days we refer to, Clerkenwell Green retained all those renowned rookeries, Bit Alley, Fryingpan Alley, Broad Yard, "Little Hell," etc., which had won an evil notoriety for the whole neighbourhood. Indeed, before the era of street improvements and of ragged schools, the places specified were regarded as a sort of hangman's preserve; hence the origin of its expressive nomenclature, Master John Ketch having been superintendent-in-chief of the gallows under "Justice" Jeffreys. Localities resemble dogs in so far that bad names, when once given, are likely to stick to them; and this was especially true of the unfortunate cluster of courts whose association with crime and Newgate was supposed to be hereditary. Sensational writers portrayed the horrors of the place, until nervous people, who believe all they see in print, shunned a spot which seemed to be little less than a Tophet of evil in this upper world. But, as Dr. Johnson sagely remarked, the hardest thing to come at is fact; and the "facts" given to the public concerning "Jack Ketch's Warren" were ingenious falsehoods or gross exaggerations. On the quiet autumnal Sabbath afternoon of our memorable visit we found Mr. Soltau at the head of a large and orderly Sunday-school of the "ragged" order, but without the rags. In the houses around, we entered rooms remarkable for their order and cleanliness; a City missionary dispensed the unspeakable blessings of the gospel, and as a consequence many Christian people there found a home. The Lamb and Flag Schools were one of the most fruitful stations of the Ragged School Union; and this success was largely owing to the Christian zeal of Mr. George Soltau. We mention these facts in order that the reader may become acquainted with the antecedents of the governor of Dr. Barnardo's Village Home for Girls. Years of labour in Clerkenwell furnished the best possible training for the important sphere now occupied at Ilford.

After his efforts among boys had been crowned with unexpected success, Dr. Barnardo turned towards the equally needy girls, because he could hardly help doing otherwise; and had he hesitated, two incidents which happened in the street would have hastened a decision. A young thing of sixteen was met with in the Hackney Road, on whose shattered frame disease was making rapid advances. Indeed, the hand of death, with its chill terrors, was already laid upon the child, and she was taken to her mother's home to die—a mother who at first refused to acknowledge the transgressor as a daughter, but who at length was conquered by maternal tenderness. As a victim of sin the girl died, but ere she passed away she repented and found acceptance with the sinner's Friend. Though equally touching, the other case was quite dissimilar. On a bitterly cold evening in March, when snow was thickly falling, a child appeared at the door of the Boys' Home in

Stepney Causeway, and on being spoken with as to her business she replied, "Please 'm, do you take in poor little girls?" Ragged, cold, hungry, she wanted everything for which nature craves, and after telling her story of anguish, she was not dismissed again into the stormy night; her prayer was granted, food and shelter were accorded, the shivering, destitute child was the first candidate for a Girls' Home. Unconsciously she sowed the seed-thought which sprung up to bear fruit in the Village Home at Ilford.

There were plenty of others, however, whose awful need could not justly be overlooked. A lad named William Butler, of more than ordinary intelligence, was admitted into the Boys' Home at Stepney; but though he did well for a time, winning the favour of those about him, a hitch at length occurred which was not at once comprehended. William appeared to be mentally dejected; it was plainly seen that he did not feel at home, and one day he surprised his friends by boldly asking to be allowed to leave. Under such circumstances, permission was of course granted, and while the suspicion was harboured that the boy, having wearied of honest industry, was craving for evil companionship, a Bible, some clothes, and a pair of boots were given him as a reward for good conduct while in the Home. Then the truth came out; the boy had a sister of twelve years, the daughter of a drunken, cruel, selfish tramp, who lived in a Lambeth lodging-house, and when they had casually met in the street the two had agreed to set up a home together. Here was a dilemma; but if there had been a home to place the girl in, both would have been saved from the streets. They went their way to be lost sight of in the great city.

Take a still more striking example. On a certain evening a woman who lived in a neighbouring lodging-house, called at Stepney-causeway, and asked to see Dr. Barnardo on behalf of two children, then stopping at the same house, and whom she desired to save from a life of ruin. Dr. Barnardo asked her whose children they were, and one or two other questions.

"Well, sir, I can't say whose children they are. That is more than anybody can tell. They have been in that house now close on three years. I believe the woman who keeps us *bought 'em.*" "BOUGHT THEM!" I exclaimed; "what do you mean?" "Why, sir, is that all you know about it? Why, there's plenty of these girls bought for a crown! Sometimes they buy them for a year, or two years, or three years; and sometimes they sells 'em right out. But they ain't much good to anybody when they get grown up; for then they are too *knowing*, and generally *go to the bad!*" "But about these girls," I said; "tell me more of them." "Well," she continued, "I have been in that house now about four-and-a-half years; and one night, three years ago, a woman came in—an old companion of our landlady's,—and she had three children with her. She stopped for six months, and then went away one morning, nobody knows where, and left the two children behind her; and *our landlady says she gave her a sovereign for them.* Oh, sir," the speaker continued, "they are only innocent young things as yet, but are seeing every day the dreadful goings on in that house, and hearing the awful words we use; and soon, I fear, they'll be like us! I was broke up most of all, sir, this afternoon. They'd been to

the ragged-school, and come in, and were standing in the kitchen by the table ; and I went in to finish something there, when I heard them singing verses they had learnt at the school. And oh, sir, it went right down into my very heart; *for I once sung that very hymn when I was like them!*" She stopped a moment, scarcely able to control her emotion ; but soon it passed away, and her face assumed a fierce look, which made me draw back as she hissed out between her teeth, " I could have strangled them as I thought that *I once was what they are, and that perhaps they may become what I am!* BETTER FAR FOR THEM TO DIE THAN THAT!" Again her manner quickly changed to the pathetic, and with an appealing look and tone, she said, " Oh, sir, won't you help me to save them ?" Deeply moved, scarcely knowing what to say or what to do, I commanded myself sufficiently to ask her, " How can I get them or take them away ?" " Well, sir," she replied, " I have thought about it, and this is the best plan. If you will come round about five to-morrow morning, I will open the door, and give you out the children."

At any risk this plan was actually carried out. The children were rescued and adopted by a worthy childless couple, who took them to Canada. Well may Mrs. Barnardo, who is an active agent in the work of reclamation, ask, " How can we expect to grapple (I speak as a woman) with our greatest social sin as long as young girls herd in the lowest lodging-houses, and are there being trained by forced association with evil into, at the very least, *indifference* to those holier and purer feelings which God designed should dwell in every female breast ; how can we ever hope, whilst this is so, to grapple with the monster ? To-day, hundreds of young girls, inmates of our lodging-houses, are unconsciously, but surely, being prepared for lives of sin upon our streets. The State *should* deal with it, but does not—THE CHURCH OF CHRIST MUST. Our little attempt is indeed but a feeble one amid such dire need, but the Lord of hosts, who despiseth not the day of small things, will, we are persuaded, smile upon and prosper us."

A beginning was made when one solitary waif was befriended, and an opening to greater things gradually became plain. Mossford Lodge, a mansion with ample grounds, at Barking Side, near Ilford, was handed over to Dr. Barnardo on easy terms by a Christian gentleman who has all along been interested in the work of child reclamation. A commencement on a small scale was made in the autumn of 1873, when the mansion was altered and enlarged to meet the requirements of the inmates. Fifty, and then sixty, destitute children were taken in, all the appointments of the house being as perfect as science and kindly hearts could make them. The baths, the fixed basins in the lavatory, with water at high pressure, to save the labour of carrying or emptying, and the towels so arranged that no two children should use the same, were all wonderfully convenient, but they were at length judged to be more institutional than natural. These things are superseded by something better in the Village Home, where endeavours are made to train the girls in a natural way for first-class service as domestic servants.

As the discipline of each cottage home will be the discipline of a family trained in accordance with Christian principles, a word may be said on behalf of a system which has found great favour in Scotland,

and which will need to be more extensively adopted in England if the tens of thousands of our destitute children are to be saved from crime, and society from their depredations. If it is cheaper to save the children than to allow them to lapse into criminal courses, some such machinery as this will alone effect the object; for experience abundantly proves that children in workhouses breathe in an atmosphere no less corrupt than the dreadful miasma of the common lodging houses. Writing in *The Contemporary Review*, Mr. F. Peek says that the workhouse is "a moral pesthouse, which true charity should either abolish altogether, or at least reserve for the few whom it is compelled to regard as moral incurables, if any such there are." He thus quotes what a workhouse visitor says of these places: "The assortment of strange bedfellows, in a workhouse ward, is such as poverty and the Poor-law could alone bring together; men in convict-looking clothing are sitting on the sides of the beds; faces are amongst them on which one dare not look again. Strong, bad men are dying here, after lives of sin and shame, wild animals tracked to their lair, dying, savage to the last. Children are here: the little, pale-faced boy of ten years old has been two years in that bed; the dying tramp lies on the bed beside him; a burglar is in that bed, in the next a boy of sixteen with an innocent face. . . . A workhouse is a place where we find *childhood without its joys*, youth without its hope, age without its honour: a place the sight of which, more than anything else, tries our faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil." \*

The testimony of Dr. Barnardo himself, as to the evils of the workhouse, are equally conclusive. Speaking before the Social Science Congress in 1876 he said:—"Workhouse training, as generally exemplified in the metropolis, is ruin to young girls! Indeed, how can it possibly be otherwise? Is it not a violation of the laws of nature, which are the laws of God? In some of the parochial institutions of the metropolis and its vicinity we have 400 or 500 children herded together, and in others double that number. They are drilled, uniformed, ticketed, crammed with education up to the required standard of inspection, and at length turned out to situations without an iota of those natural social feelings which, next to religion itself, are the best preservatives which a young girl can have from the woeful abyss yawning beneath the feet of the unprotected of her sex. One night I attended a midnight meeting in the metropolis, at which 231 fallen women were gathered. Forty of these were beyond middle life, 191 were under thirty-five years of age; and when, after one or two effective addresses had been delivered, the question was asked, 'Will all those who were, as girls, in workhouse schools hold up their hands?' 153 hands held up testified to the appalling effect of that dreadful system which attempts to rear the female children of the poorest class on principles which violate and outrage every instinct of nature, and every indication of experience."

The worst feature of the matter is that, while the workhouse perpetuates pauperism and crime, it is as expensive as a better treatment,

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\* Surely these strong statements cannot be true of all workhouses. If so, where is Christianity? This ought to be remedied at once.—C. H. S.

which will transform the rough material into sterling capital such as society will be glad to utilize.

The Village Home at Ilford is not yet finished. The memorial stones of a number of the cottages were laid by the Earl of Aberdeen, in June, 1875, the Lord Chancellor opened sixteen in July, 1876, and since that date the village has been growing, much yet remaining to be done before the design is quite completed. Twenty-four cottages, at a cost of £450 each, have been erected, leaving six others and a chapel still to be provided. Of the cottages, eighteen only are inhabited, these not yet having their full complement of girls, so that the number now in course of training is a little over two hundred, or about a third of what the village will ultimately accommodate.

If we enter one of the cottages we shall find that the children are housed in accordance with the family system. The girls who have been educated in large institutions find trials in the routine of every-day life, because their duties are different from what they have been accustomed to ; so that the model workhouse Miss who succumbed to grief on being asked to carry a can of water into the bedrooms at her first "place" was typical of a very numerous sisterhood. No such mishaps are likely to befall the girls reared in the Home at Ilford ; for every cottage is an independent household with its family duties, which have to be gone through just as they are done in ordinary houses ; and while the matron is a "mother," the young people are supposed to be knit together by sisterly ties. Then, to make the family system as near like nature as possible, young children and more elderly girls are grouped together under one roof, the juniors being cared for by their stronger sisters. In each house there is a "morning" girl, and also an "afternoon" girl, each holding the appointment for three months, during which period the young domestics attend school only half time. The household rise at six, the "morning" girl having to light the fires and prepare breakfast, which is taken early, so as to allow half an hour for prayers, reading the Scriptures, and religious instruction. The duties of the "morning" girl appear to terminate with dinner ; while those of the "afternoon" girl commence with removing the things used at mid-day repast. When all return from school in the evening they take tea together, after which "mother" may give a little reading, a brief enjoyment, as the little ones must be bathed and put to bed by seven, an extra hour being allowed to the elder girls. Thus the days run their course, one being like its predecessor without the children being sensible of any life monotony.

The "mothers" occupy a responsible position, but each finds her sphere a pleasant one, provided her heart is in the work ; and as several other vacancies will shortly occur, Dr. Barnardo will be glad to entertain applications from ladies duly qualified. No salary is given, the mother must be a decided Christian, a total abstainer from intoxicants, and she should possess sufficient money of her own to provide clothes, the only expense she is required to incur. One of the cottages we entered presented a picture of neatness, of social enjoyment, and of family harmony, which will never be effaced from the memory. The company of girls had just dined, the skilful hands of the "afternoon" girl had not yet restored complete order, and as we peeped into the

common room we were greeted with low courtesies and glances of surprise. The "mother," whose every movement was that of an educated lady, appeared to command the loving veneration of her numerous family, and her own private room, furnished by herself, was a cosy parlour. She was a mistress with a full staff of willing domestics, her own duties of oversight being light enough to afford abundant leisure, and yet sufficiently onerous to banish the *ennui* of life.

The laundry is an institution of itself, a separate building, in which twenty girls are daily employed half their time. In the engine-room a boiler of four-horse power works the machinery of the wash-house, all of which is simple and efficient in its working in accordance with the latest improvements. Some eight or nine hundred pieces are washed every day, or about five thousand per week; and the visitor by remaining in the house a few minutes can witness the complete process of washing, rinsing, bluing, wringing, drying, and mangling or ironing linen. The whole, taken together, is a model laundry, the only fault discernible being that it is institutionally perfect; and, as such, is something different from what the girls will meet with in after life. Compared with the miseries of "washing day at home," the routine of this compact little establishment is light and pleasant occupation. It will of course be borne in mind that they have to wash not only for themselves but for between two and three hundred in London, and for the various other institutions connected with the mission.

Having now looked round the village, and having also taken some notice of the little farm-yard, with its horses, cows, and calves—the farm itself consisting of about forty acres of land—we turn our attention to the girls, to individual histories, which will better than anything else illustrate the working of the Home. There is no romance like the romance of truth.

In giving our illustrations of those whom the Home is designed to benefit it will perhaps be more convenient if we classify the cases, and accordingly we will, in the first place, take notice of *those who are rescued from the infamous associations of living parents or relatives*.

Ellen and Mary S. were rescued by their own sister Fanny while the latter was living in service with a lady who sympathised with the sisterly affection of the kind-hearted domestic. When Fanny first confronted Dr. Barnardo with her little sisters, the story she was able to tell ran as follows:—"Their mother had been dead many years; their father, an agricultural labourer in H—, still lived. Fanny left home for training as a servant nine years ago. Two older sisters lived at home with their father, and these two young ones. The older sisters lived lives of open sin, the father abetting and profiting. Fanny was written to by some lady who lived near her father's cottage, and deplored the awful state in which the family were. She obtained encouragement, advice, and leave of absence from her mistress, and arrived, without notice, at the miserable home about mid-day, finding her father out at work, and her two elder sisters drinking at the public-house. In a small back room of the cottage she discovered her sisters, both of them naked, and covered with filth and vermin. Shocked and horrified, she quickly washed and cleaned them, and, taking off some of her own clothes, and borrowing others, wrapped them round the children, and took

them away with her to London at once. After some delay, through her kind mistress's assistance she got the children into a small home, where she paid 2s 6d. each a week for their board; that is, she earned £12 a year, or £1 a month, and for a considerable time she paid all this, her own hard earnings, to keep her young sisters from their evil father, and from acquaintanceship with crime." Their ages were eleven and fourteen respectively, and both were received into the Home.

A. P. is the daughter of a labourer who is at present undergoing a sentence of twelve years penal servitude for committing a criminal assault upon his own child. Her mother died several years ago. The police took the girl to the workhouse in accordance with the magistrates' directions, and she ultimately found refuge at Ilford.

Also belonging to this class were two sisters, Sarah Ann and Emily W., aged respectively eleven and nine, who were taken from an infamous den in the town by a local minister, Mr. Swinburne. Their mother, an abandoned woman of the lowest class, who had been the means of enticing to ruin hundreds of her sex, was at length reached by a female missionary who prevailed on her to enter a Home where she would have a last chance of reformation. Mr. Swinburne interested himself on behalf of the girls and Dr. Barnardo received them into his institution. These and the former instances are fair samples of a truly unfortunate class. To have parents is to them far worse than orphanhood. Unless this institution or some similar agency interferes to rescue them from those who are supposed to be their natural protectors, their life is one black outlook of bodily and spiritual ruin.

*A second class embraces those who are rescued from the lodging-houses.* Children who are reared amid the associations of lodging-houses are trained in a school of crime and immorality, from which the church is in duty bound to deliver them. In the polluted atmosphere of the "kitchen" they become drilled in crime and foul conversation before they are aware of the meaning of either deeds or language.

A couple of sisters named C. were taken from one of the lowest lodging-houses in Flower-and-dean-street under somewhat unusual circumstances. The father was a street trader of the lowest description, the mother was "deputy" of the kitchen, for which she received eighteen-pence a day and the use of a cupboard-like room adjoining the general dormitory, wherein she and her husband, three girls, and a son all slept at night. During the day the girls, aged seventeen, eleven, and ten respectively, were allowed to roam about the establishment at will; and at night the thin partition of their chamber did not prevent their being within ear-shot of the foul talk characteristic of the vagrants and abandoned characters who made a shelter of the building. When spoken with on the subject, even Mrs. "Deputy" admitted that the surroundings were not such as young girls could live among without contamination, and on this account she allowed the two youngest to be removed into the Ilford Home. They professed to be Roman Catholics; but their religion did not include any sanitary science. Their bodies were extremely filthy and covered with sores; and in this respect the children who sleep in lodging-houses are the worst cases of neglect to be met with among the London poor.

Mary S., aged seven, was another of this most unfortunate class.



Thinly clad, weak and sickly, the child was brought to Dr. Barnardo by their mother, a tall, gaunt Irishwoman, who many years previously had been deserted by her husband. Mother, daughter, and two boys for a time sought shelter in Chelsea workhouse, and subsequently they slept in various lodging-houses in Flower-and-dean-street, spending their days in the public thoroughfares. All three of the children were admitted into the Homes. The woman was able to earn only a few pence by doing odd things in the various kitchens, and she did not know of a single relative in the world to help either herself or her children. Such a case represents awful need.

*A third class consists of those who are properly orphans, and who consequently have no refuge before them better than the workhouse.*

The father of E. E. died when she was ten years of age, and the mother was also laid in the grave ten months before the child's admission to the Home. Being left thus entirely destitute, E. E. was for a time supported by an aunt, the wife of a labourer; but, growing tired of a profitless charge, this woman eventually turned her niece out of doors to shift for herself as best she might. The little waif then went to her paternal grandmother, an elderly woman, and miserably poor, who belonged to a tribe of costers inhabiting a court in Clerkenwell. Here she was again unfortunate, being once more turned out of doors by those who either could not or would not bear the expense of her board and lodging. At this stage the little outcast found other and kind-hearted friends; the wife of a sweep found her homeless in the street, took her to Mr. George Soltau, who was then stationed at the Lamb-and-Flag Schools on Clerkenwell Green, when in the course of providence she was saved from the miserable fate of the workhouse, by finding a place in the Home at Ilford.

Elizabeth T— is another example equally affecting. One of a family of five, her mother fell a victim of consumption, and soon after the father died of dropsy in the London Hospital. When she first attracted notice the poor infant's bodily condition was too shocking for description. She was emaciated through want of food, and covered with only a few filthy rags. She and her brothers were so far friendless that they possessed no living relative; their only home was the streets; and but for the kindness of a good woman who, notwithstanding her own poverty, gave the children food and shelter, they must have perished. The boys were allowed to go to the workhouse, but the girl found better friends in the Home.

*A fourth class includes special cases of exceptional interest and urgency.* Remarkable histories under this head are continually being brought to light, and in reference to one of them a clergyman's wife thus wrote some time ago: "Is there any hope that a shelter may be found for a poor little child, whose touching circumstances seem to close the door of every other Home against her? She is a little child of two years, whose mother was only just thirteen at its birth—a mere child herself in short frocks, and so simple that it was difficult to make her comprehend her state before her baby was born. She was the terrified victim of a wretched stranger, who has never been heard of since. The grandmother, in the bitterest poverty, has seen better days, has struggled on in the face of great trials, and now feels this the saddest cup of all. She

has no means of earning a livelihood whatever. A good son, who works as a labourer, but is not able to earn full wages, struggles to support her. The mother of this little infant is herself fragile in the extreme, and is wholly unfitted to earn sufficient for her own maintenance, much less for her child's. She receives her board and one shilling a week for what she can do. Unless you can take in the baby it must perish. My object in soliciting a shelter for the child is to relieve the aged grandmother, who is precluded from any opportunity of earning a scanty subsistence for herself through having charge of this infant. Do help us if you can." In response to this appeal little N— was immediately admitted.

Perhaps the life experience of N. A. is more sadly tragic than any other history to be met with in the Home. She is nearly fifteen years of age, her mother was murdered, and her father who committed the crime is now undergoing a sentence of penal servitude for life. A friend who is well acquainted with the facts of the case gives in a private letter the following particulars of this unfortunate girl's unhappy family:—"Her father was a shoemaker, living at ———. Her parents were married early, the father not being nineteen years of age, and the mother younger. The marriage proved a most unhappy one, owing mainly to the wretched life led by the wife. . . . Three children were born to them. The father and the children were accustomed to attend the Baptist Chapel. He, at times, appeared to be anxious about his soul, and during one winter opened his cottage for a prayer-meeting, and at one time professed to have found Jesus. But the state of his domestic relationship was so fraught with misery that it seemed to drive him desperate. He once ran away from his home and left his wife and three children for three months. He, too, had frequent severe illnesses, and was often an inmate of the hospital for months together. His last attack was one of paralysis, and from this he has never recovered, and it was supposed that this attack left him in a very shattered state, even affecting the control over his actions at times. On the 22nd of September, 1873, his wretched wife provoked him more than usual; came in and went out once or twice for drink. He threatened her; she defied him; he seized his shoemaker's knife, drew it across her throat, and she instantly expired. He went out at once and gave himself up to the police, confessing it all. Locked up in prison, the horrors of his situation appalled him for days and nights, and his distress was extreme. The chaplain of the gaol said he never saw anything like it. But thanks to the precious truth he had so often heard, he knew that in the blood of Jesus there was a power to wash him whiter than snow. Within a week he heard the voice of joy and gladness, and the Lord hid his face from the man's sins, and now, to the surprise of all who visited him, he was calm and happy, and full of praise. The awfulness of his situation was absolutely lost sight of for a time in the joy of the Lord. He told his friends he was quite ready for all that was before him. He was in his Father's hands. Efforts were made by many friends to secure for him a fair trial, but he was far less anxious as to the result of his trial than many others. He was tried on the 23rd of December, 1873, condemned to death, and strongly recommended to mercy. On the 2nd of January, 1874, he was respited during Her

Majesty's pleasure, and removed to the convict establishment at Pentonville, where he was when last heard from. Murder can never be less than murder, but God can, and does, mark the event of great crimes, and turns results arising from them to his glory, working benefits and blessings out of them. He maketh the wrath of man to praise him." The little girl is a quiet-looking child, and to judge by appearances she is not able to realise the full weight of sorrow which has fallen to her lot. Perhaps she never will, for to do so would be to have all the freshest things of youth blighted in the bud.

The next case is that of a Christian woman of colour who vainly strove to support her three orphan children by sack-making at a penny each. Her husband, a tall, fine man, and a sailor, was accidentally drowned at sea while endeavouring to save another man who was supposed to be in danger of being eaten up alive by a shark. One of her three children was born after the father's death, and, amid suffering fearful to think about, she not only did her best to provide what was necessary for her children, but she carefully taught them the truths of the gospel. Dr. Barnardo himself tells us of the first interviews of himself and his agents with this sorely tried woman, whose home was an upper room of a close London court:—"Is she alone? We thought she was at first, but the landlady came up, and is now standing behind, and she points to the corner under the slanting roof, and says in a hushed voice, 'That's where *they* are.'

"Some sacks are indeed there, in the centre of which a bigger mass protrudes; but all only appears to be a heap of other sacks fresh from the hand of the woman who sits before us, still at work, and always at it—stitch, stitch, stitch! But our inquiry attracts her; she has raised her head; she is interested, and looks keenly at us. A quick glance it is; and we can see the moisture which has gathered in either eye.

"'Eh, sar,' she says, 'me'bbe you'll help the childer! My heart's most *bruck!* de good Lord forgive me!'

Big tears coursed down each swarthy cheek.

"Greatly moved, we turned to the corner, and pulled aside a sack, revealing *three woolly black heads*. Yes, sure enough, there three little black children lay. In a few minutes they were awake, and to our surprise, instead of springing out, with the usual vivacity of children, from the heap of sacks, they remained quite still, looking quiet and abashed.

"'She ha'int no clothes for 'em this while back,' explained the landlady in a low voice, 'so they keeps together under the sacks to get warm, till the mother takes her work off to the factory. When she comes back they've a new lot of sacks; but 'taint much they'd have to eat if it warn't for the neighbours who pities 'em, and gives 'em a bit o' broken wittles now and then. But the neighbours 'bout here are only poor theirselves, God help 'em!'

"'Do you mean that these children have really no clothing at all, and always lie in these sacks?'

"'Never a rag among the lot of 'em,' responded the landlady.

"'But they know'd summat 'bout de Lord Jesus,' interposed the mother; 'and I wants 'em *sore to lub* him.'

"'I have a HOME for such; I will take them. Will you give them up to my care?'" was the substance of a prolonged parley.

"Her eyes glistened. 'She would like to let 'em go, but——' A voice from the corner cried, 'Mudder, let's go! Plenty food, nice warm tings. Let's go, mudder?'"

Such are a few of the histories; dozens more could be given, as each child in the Institution seems to have something remarkably distinctive connected with her brief career. When they are once in the Home, however, the outlook becomes brighter; for it is certainly true that the spiritual aspect of the work is highly encouraging. The children meet every week in the Sabbath-school, they are regularly instructed by the matrons, and in a general way they manifest great interest in Bible instruction. The Institution is a very valuable one; it is most efficiently conducted; and in the course of time, when in complete working order, with its complement of inmates, and able to supply on the average from one to two hundred thoroughly trained servants a-year, the public will know how to appreciate its value. The Home represents a work which in these days our overgrown capital cannot afford to do without; and those who carry on such a Christ-like mission should have their hands strengthened by the generous support of all who can pity the destitute little ones, and exemplify a charity which reflects the spirit of Christ. The average cost of maintenance is remarkably low. Only £16 is required for the support of one child, and Dr. Barnardo will gratefully acknowledge any sums which may be sent to the office of the Institution, Stepney-causeway, London. After a season of vicissitude, we trust that "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" are now entering upon a new era of prosperity. Lord Chancellor Cairns is the president; Lord Kinnaid is vice-president; Mr. William Fowler, the late M.P. for Cambridge, is the treasurer; while the committee of fifteen includes well known names among the aristocracy, besides preachers of the gospel, doctors of medicine, and others. While there are tens of thousands of children in London of whom the School Board can give no account, we wish him God speed who rescues the boys; but he is thrice blessed, and society reaps a double blessing through one, who saves the girls from crime and shame.

### Visiting the Sick.

WHEN visiting the sick, *tenderness* is essential. Enter the chamber very gently. Tread noiselessly. Get near to the sufferer. Speak as softly as may be. Remember his nerves; noise is often torture. Sympathise with his weakness, restlessness, and pain. True, you are not come to minister to his body; but enter into his symptoms and his suffering. Ask what his doctor has said. Avoid a professional, official, conventional air. The case may be too grave for cheerful words; but, if otherwise, let your face carry a little sunshine into the sick room. Avoid fussiness. Be ready to kneel without stool or cushion. Go with a brother's heart. Always take the sick man's hand if he can bear it. Be brief—brief in your talk, brief in your readings, brief in your prayers—your whole visit brief. Take up one point. A sick man's brain is soon over-tasked; his nerves soon jar; his strength soon fails. Leave a well-chosen text behind you, as you say, "Good-bye!" Let your "Good-bye" be "God bless you!" Let your last look be one of tenderness and love. Whatever you are in your pulpit, Barnabas, not Boanerges, is your pattern by the sick bed. In all cases seek divine guidance and blessing. Never cross a sick man's threshold without lifting up your heart in prayer, that God, by his Spirit, may give you the word in season for this individual case.—*Canon Miller.*

## Clear the Road.

*"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones."*—Isaiah lxii. 10.

*"Make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way: but let it rather be healed."*—Hebrews xii. 13.

**T**HE DAILY TELEGRAPH," May 9, informs us that "a singular want of thought on the part of the Parisian authorities has been much commented on by strangers. Some days before the opening of the Exhibition a great many of the principal roads in the centre of the city were partially closed for repairs, and at this moment many of them are almost impassable. This applies particularly to the opera district, where the Rue Auber, the Rue Scribe, and the Boulevard Haussman form a mass of unpaved ground covered with heaps of stone and sand, staked off with ropes against the public. Everyone acquainted with Paris is aware that the carriage way and footpath accommodation in this part of the town is insufficient for ordinary requirements, and he may judge of the inconvenience and confusion existing there under present circumstances." Have not some whose business it is to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ been equally negligent as to clearing the way of those who are coming to the light? In many cases doctrinal difficulties are overlooked, or by crude exaggerated teachings are even multiplied, so that the poor troubled heart is unable to travel the path of faith because of hard thoughts and doubtful questions which sorely perplex it. The ministers of Christ should often dwell upon the stumblingblocks which lie in the way of earnest seekers, and endeavour as far as possible to remove them, that simple minds may not be staggered. The language used by teachers is often so refined and oratorical that the common people do not understand it, and hence their way is blocked up "with heaps of stone and sand." "We use great plainness of speech," said the apostle, but his example is not followed in every case. Theological distinctions, crabbed definitions, and high-sounding phrases are often like the ropes with which the Paris footpaths are staked off against the public: they tend to hinder those who are in the right way. Minds are troubled with niceties which need never be raised, and perplexed with distinctions which need never be mentioned.

We know cases in which opportunities of Christian conversation are not offered, and the enquirer is not encouraged to bring his doubts and fears to those whose experience might assist him. In some places the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and only the very violent are able to enter into the professing church at all: the strait gate is made straiter than Christ left it, and the narrow way is almost entirely blocked up. This is not wisdom: free grace should not be preached as if it were the monopoly of advanced saints, but an open door should be set before the anxious sinner, and he should lovingly be pressed to enter it. What is the use of the house of mercy if those who would enter it are rather repulsed by hard speeches than assisted by affectionate invitations? It is said of one of old time, "They brought him to Jesus"; let us zealously occupy ourselves by doing the same to all souls who ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. God has made such a glorious exhibition of himself in Christ Jesus that it would be a sin and a shame if we should even in the least degree hinder one of the least of these who would behold it.

C. H. S.

## Canon Farrar on "Future Life Questions."

### SECOND PAPER.

HAVING in a former paper attempted to estimate the value of Canon Farrar's first sermon on the above subject; having noticed its fulness of vituperation as contrasted with its paucity of argument, we shall now try to look mainly, though not exclusively, at the second sermon, and, in the light of its own pretensions and the statements of Scripture, judge of its merits as a contribution towards the settlement of this vexed question.

Before doing so, however, we cannot forbear quoting what Mr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham—a man differing entirely from the so-called orthodox party on this question—says in corroboration of our opinion of the manner and temper of the Canon's attack. The following is his deliberate utterance concerning the general treatment of this question by the Westminster divine:—"The Canon himself can hardly imagine that he has contributed anything to the settlement of the theological question at issue. He attacks with vehemence—I might even say hysterical—passion, the orthodox doctrine of eternal torment and eternal sin, and the defenders of the doctrine with equal fierceness. . . . I do not think that orthodox men are likely to be convinced by sermons in which they are so recklessly abused. I do not believe that either among the clergy of the Establishment or the ministers of Nonconforming churches those who maintain the orthodox creed are guilty of the cruel and savage temper which he attributes to them. . . . Most of the men, so far as I know, who retain it as part of their theological system, are usually silent about it; they alleviate its terror by innumerable qualifications. If they preach it at all they preach it under the compulsion of conscience, and confess that it is 'the burden of the Lord.'"

Now, though we do not pretend to accept Mr. Dale's verdict as infallible, for on this very question we differ in opinion as much from him as from Canon Farrar, yet we gladly accept the statement, that to his generous and candid mind the savageness of the onslaught of the Westminster divine is an evidence of his inability and unfitness to be a dispassionate guide and leader of others.

In reading carefully both the first and second sermons we have been struck with our author's use of his adjectives. Somewhere we have read of a tyro in Latin, who, anxious to display his profound learning and critical powers, used to write in the margin of books which he had read against certain sentences the words, "Mal" or "Bon," according as the opinions therein expressed agreed with or differed from his sublime convictions and wondrous meditations. Now the same discriminating use of adjectives, and apparently the same principle in their selection has been observed by Canon Farrar in his sermons. A few specimens will suffice to show what we mean. We are told that many of the Fathers held what is generally known as the Universalist view, viz., "the belief that good shall fall at last, far off, yet at last, to all." Now, notice how these particular Fathers are labelled. Origen—because he agrees with Farrar, or rather, Farrar with him, is the "greatest and noblest," Gregory of Nyssa is "the most fearless," Clement of Alexandria is "the most learned," and Justin is "one of the earliest" of the

Fathers; while Augustine—poor fellow!—because he happens to differ from our preacher, is "that man who has cast so dark a shade over theology." To some, it may appear to be a small matter that the preacher should thus label according to his sweet fancy his friends or opponents on this question; but no man better knows the power of such language over the popular mind than Canon Farrar, and hence the danger of his use of it in the place of argument. Fathers are "great," "noble," "fearless," and "learned" in proportion as they are one with the preacher on "Future Life Questions." Does the Canon imagine that adjectives, not arguments, nor the authority of Scripture, are to be the arbiters in theological disputes?

Another feature of these sermons, which at first we could not understand, but which now we think we see to be perfectly consistent with the preacher's anger at those who quote Scripture for their purpose—is the marked absence of Scripture proof for his positions. Is it not strange that the one Book which has hitherto been regarded as the creed-book and infallible authority of Protestants, should be so greatly ignored or neglected by our author? Is there any reason for this? We have heard of an angry disputant who, being taunted with the fact that facts were against his argument, replied, "All the worse for the facts, then." Is that the kind of answer that our Canon would give to any who should urge that the Scriptures were against him? And would that account for his little use of the Bible in this discussion? The question, we think, is not without significance.

But to the second sermon in particular. Taken as a whole, we believe that this second sermon is calculated to be more mischievous in its effects, because more subtle and involved in its fallacies, than the first. The plain and glaring misrepresentation and abuse of the first sermon counteract any convincing force it might otherwise have had; but the enshrouding of fallacy and sophistry in the language of metaphor and trope in the second sermon is likely to mislead even a careful reader. Precision is necessary to all intelligent discussion, doubly necessary in the case of questions of such far-reaching influence as those of which the Canon undertakes to treat; but his facility of speech, so all-essential and admirable in the orator, is fatal to his claim to be a careful expositor in the region of practical divinity. Let us look at some of these fallacies which rob this second sermon of its convincing power.

In protesting against the popular view of future punishment we are told that "though it may find warrant in texts wrongly translated or ignorantly misunderstood, it finds no warrant either in the general tone of *Scripture*, or in *God's no less sacred teachings through our individual souls*." What is the meaning of this? If words mean anything, Canon Farrar believes that the Scriptures are not in themselves sufficient for our teaching and guidance; but must, perforce, be supplemented and completed by the "no less sacred teachings of our individual souls." But did it never occur to his mind that such an argument is its own refutation? If the "teachings of individual souls" be "no less sacred" than those of Scripture, how comes it about that there is so much diversity of opinion upon this subject? Our opinion being that of an "individual soul" is "no less sacred" than his, and

who shall say which is wrong? Truth, according to the Canon's dictum, is not fixed and certain; every man is a law to himself, and the teachings of his "individual soul" are "no less sacred" than the teachings of those Scriptures which hitherto we have regarded as infallible and complete. Buddhist and Quaker, Mormon and Jesuit are equally orthodox, because they follow the "no less sacred teachings of their individual souls." Is that what the preacher means?

A little further on, in endeavouring to show that the sufferings of the impenitent beyond the grave are meant to purify, and not to punish, the preacher quotes that passage in the epistle to the Hebrews where we are told that "God chastens us for our profit that we might be partakers of his holiness," and then argues therefrom that "it would be the utter contrary of this to torture us for ever in a hopeless hell." Can the Canon be so ignorant or forgetful of the first laws of logic as not to have seen that what the apostle applied to a particular species, viz., believing men and women, for that was the "us" of the writer, cannot logically be applied to the whole race, believers and unbelievers alike? Besides which, to assume that God's conduct to men in the future after death is to be the same as during their life is a most flagrant specimen of the "petitio principii": that being the very question at issue. If life be not the period of probation which fixes the character of our eternal future, let the negative be proved; but do not assume it, and then argue therefrom.

But, to strengthen this position, the Canon refers—with questionable taste we think—to the words of hope which the Church in her Burial Service tells her priests to speak over the remains of believer and blasphemer alike, viz., that they lie buried there in "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to *eternal life*." Canon Farrar is welcome to the complacent delight and pride which he feels in his Burial Service, but that delight is certainly not shared by all his episcopal brethren, for no less a dignitary than the Archbishop of York tried to secure a relaxation of the present law, which compels the clergy to read the church service over those for whom it is painfully unfit; and Canon Ryle bitterly complains that the Nonconformist minister "may choose what select funerals he likes among his flock, and what black sheep he will hand over to the parish parson." That must be a poor system of theology which, instead of finding its warrant in Scripture, is compelled to find its warrant in a burial service which is an intolerable burden to some who nevertheless use it. It irresistibly suggests to us that the "man among the tombs" is scarcely fitted for the chair of practical divinity.

Perhaps the most novel statement in this second discourse is the broad and general assertion that "There are, in the main, three classes of men. There are the saints; there are the reprobates; there is that vast intermediate class lying between, yet shading off by infinite gradations from these two extreme classes." Of course, Canon Farrar has a perfect right to his own modes of classifying sorts of men, but when he seeks to class them according to a spiritual standard, would it not be better to give us more than his mere word as an authority for such a division? Are we to receive this as God's division of men? If there be three classes, why did Jesus Christ speak only of two ways, "the broad that leadeth unto death, and the narrow that leadeth unto



life"? If there be a "*via media*" which shall in the end—however tortuous the road—bring us to eternal life, why was it not mentioned by the Saviour, and why did he so earnestly plead, "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate*"? But we are treated to a closer description of this third class. They are those who "try to face both ways. They halt between two opinions. They are neither cold nor hot. They have not clothed heart and soul with good; they have not abandoned themselves utterly to evil. They want to be pardoned; yet they want to retain the offence. They shudder to be in a state of sin, yet they attain not to a state of grace. There is the tempter in them, and there is Christ (?). Now they sin with reckless abandonment; now they repent in bitterest remorse. The angel has them by the hand, and the serpent by the heart." Let us accept this definition. Is there any warrant in Scripture to make us believe that those who "halt between two opinions" are nevertheless in the kingdom of God? Are we justified in believing that those who are "neither cold nor hot" are any less distasteful to Christ now than when he spoke so sharply to Laodicea, and only promised forgiveness upon her sincere repentance? If there be such a warrant in Scripture, why is it not stated? Instead of finding his authority there, we are referred to the instincts of humanity in the following terms:

"Son or brother or friend or father dies; we all have lost one. It may be that they were not holy—not even religious—perhaps not even moral men; and it may be that, after living the common life of men, they die quite suddenly, and with no space for repentance; and if a state of sin be not a state of grace, then, certainly, by all rules of man's theology, they had not repented; they were not saved. And yet, when you stood, O father, O brother, heavy-hearted by their open grave, when you drank in the sweet words of calm and hope which our church utters over those poor remains; when you laid the white flowers on the coffin; when you heard the dull rattle of 'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' you who, if you knew their sins and their failings, know also something of all that was good and sweet and amiable and true in them, dared you—did you, even in the inmost recesses of thought, consign them, as you are honestly bound to do—as you ought to do, if you hold the creed which you sometimes profess to hold—dared you, and did you, consign them, even in your thoughts, to the unending anguish of the popular creed you teach? Or did your heart, your conscience, your sense of justice, your love of Christ, your faith in God, your belief in him of whom you sing every Sunday, that 'His mercy is everlasting,' rise in revolt against your nominal profession then?"

Concerning this paragraph, let us remark that it is so pretty and rhetorical, that it is a pity to spoil it by the application of the stern logic of argument. All we will say is, Would Canon Farrar suggest that in future, trials of criminals should be decided by juries of ticket-of-leave men? If so, not else, dare we accept the unsanctified and sentimental judgment of a sinful man, as to the guilt of his fellow criminal.

But this maudlin mercy is not to be confined even to this third and indefinite class. Our preacher has found out that even among the reprobates there are some who shall receive the mercy of God, reprobate though they be. The prison at Millbank furnishes the illustration, if not

the argument, for this; and we are told that among the prisoners there are some who "have fallen into crime only from surrounding temptations, and from natures weak, but not depraved"; and of whom we are further told that, "Born and bred as these have been, surrounded as they have been with sights and sounds of degradation," yet "as we look on these, we see in them, in spite of all their shame and stain, the infinite potentialities of virtue."

Now, what is the meaning of all this? Does the Canon imply that sin is weakness, and not wickedness? If so, was John mistaken when he wrote that sin was a "transgression of the law"? Does he mean that the guilt was in the circumstances, and that therefore the sinner is not responsible, but the God who made the circumstances? Does Canon Farrar believe that, with all its consequences? If so, then there is no such thing as sin or holiness, it is a mere accident of circumstances and disposition, and the Canon ought to be in the prison, and the criminal in the Westminster pulpit, for there is no difference on the score of morality and virtue.

We could point out many more such fallacies, were they needed; but enough, we think, has been shown to make us very dubious of following such a guide. These are the statements by which it is sought to overthrow the faith of many, for whom the preacher has no gentler epithets than that they are "orthodox liars," and from whom he retires with the grace of a Pecksniff, saying that he "will not deign to answer mere angry ignorance or raging prejudice."

From such ability, combined with so much of what we believe to be deadly error, we might well fear that serious consequences would arise; that such plausibility might deceive "the very elect," were it not that we can join heartily with the preacher in his belief when he says: "It is not for us to construct, after our own fashion, the unseen world. Things are as they are. Theologians may go on spinning their systems unto the world's end; but things are as they are, and they will be as they will be; and for us to misrepresent them by the fallibility of human system, or worse still, at the bidding of human expedients, is a blasphemy against truth and against God." A verdict which we gladly accept, because it sounds to us like the faint echo of what Christ the Living Word said eighteen hundred years ago: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." H. O. M.

## More Good News from a Far Country.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

(Continued from page 225.)

ON Monday evening, Jan. 14, tea and public meetings were held in the Flinders-street Baptist church to bid farewell to Mr. Thos. Spurgeon, who purposes returning to Victoria to-day by the steamer *Aldinga*. The tea, which was spread in the church, was partaken of by upwards of four hundred persons, and the large public meeting held subsequently was presided over by Mr. G. S. Fowler, who referred in felicitous terms to the benefits of Mr. Spurgeon's visit to South Australia and the widely experienced regret at his approaching

departure. Suspended in front of the gallery was the word 'Farewell' worked in flowers."

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The above paragraph is taken from one of the many full and lengthy newspaper reports which have reached us of the doings and sayings of the good people of Adelaide on parting with our dear son. We shall not transcribe all the kind and loving things said on this occasion concerning both father and son, because we mean this paper to be a record of the young voyager's own views and feelings, rather than a mere recital of "what folks thought of him," but we think it a fitting opportunity to renew our expressions of hearty gratitude to all dear friends in the colonies, for the gracious, generous, tender kindness with which he has everywhere been received and entertained. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," saith the Scripture, and our fervent prayer is that the Lord himself may reward those who have been so good to our boy, returning to them "good measure, pressed down, and running over" of spiritual blessing for the temporal mercies and comforts which they have so constantly lavished upon him.

We now give in his own words some details of the last few days in Adelaide.

"The farewell meeting was one to be remembered. Knowing as I do your dislike for testimonials, etc., I am afraid you will think this one unnecessary; but the customs of this hospitable land would have been sadly infringed if some such outlet for kindly feeling had not been allowed. Moreover, though there was a great deal of interest manifested in me, love for father underlaid it all, and made this expression of affection peculiarly gratifying. At the tea-meeting I walked about, shaking hands with everyone, and conversing with those who had anything to say. Words fail to tell of the heartiness of the people. They seem as sorry that I am leaving as if I had been a pastor among them for years. I must have shaken hands at least a thousand times. I know my hand ached enough. This parting was not altogether a happy one for me, for I was really grieved to have to say 'good bye' to so many dear friends. Their kindness overwhelmed me. I never expected so great a reward for the services I have rendered them. Then came the speeches, which you will see reported in the papers, but I must just tell you one little thing. In the course of my speech, when talking of the results of my visit and their kindness, I mentioned how rejoiced father was, and read a short extract from his last precious letter. They were delighted, sat forward in their seats to listen eagerly, as they always do when the magic name is pronounced. Then I went on to tell how happy it had made my sick mother, and spoke thus till tears on their cheeks told me I had reached their hearts, and so I left them to be happy in having made my loved ones joyous. I tried to speak as cheerfully as I could all through, but really did feel 'awfully sorry.' The silver mounted emu's egg inkstand which these loving friends presented to me is really very splendid. The egg is placed on silver ground with a couple of silver emus on one side and a native brandishing his spear over a slain kangaroo on the other, while let into the egg itself is a view in silver of two more emus. The receptacle for ink is surmounted by a silver cockatoo, and an appropriate inscription is at the base. Besides this the surplus of contributions was presented to me in a purse."

This testimonial was subscribed for by the town and country churches in which our son had preached, and was a most delicate way of showing their appreciation of his services. Not content with this, however, some generous spirits proposed that a contribution to the "Pastors' College" and the "Stockwell Orphanage" would form a fitting memorial of the pleasant visit, and some time after the visitor's departure £20 were forwarded through Mr. G. S. Fowler for these institutions. Hearty thanks to the kind donors!

During the eight weeks the dear boy was in South Australia, he attended, and preached or spoke at twenty-four meetings, and we are sure it was in no spirit of self-glorification, but in humble thankfulness to God that he writes, "There is scarce a sermon I have preached but what some are blessing me for

it. Oh! this is glorious! not the praise of men, but the smile of God! I tell you this only that you may share my joy."

Bidding adieu with much reluctance to the friends who "accompanied him unto the ship," he commenced the return voyage to Melbourne, and in a small overcrowded steamer—a head wind blowing all the way—"did not find it very enjoyable." Nearing the end of the journey, an incident occurred which must be transcribed, as it gives an insight into some unique conditions of river travelling in Australia.

"Reaching Port Philip Heads, we had a delightful sail up Hobson's Bay. But our journey was not to terminate pleasantly. Going up the river Yarra is never a desirable trip, but this time we were doomed to something extra in the way of 'disagreeables.' The stream is wonderfully narrow, so narrow that one is surprised that large vessels can navigate it, though in most places it is deep to the edge. Unfortunately for us, the tide was out, and as we proceeded cautiously up stream the harbour-master hailed us from his boat, and desired to board our vessel. This so much hindered us that we got 'stuck,' and only escaped by stirring up mud of the blackest and richest quality. The visitor brought us the bad news that a little higher up there was a wreck lying right across the river, and that it would be extremely difficult to pass. After a prolonged council, off we went again, and soon came up to a vessel run right ashore. Our pilot kindly offered to tug them off, but after a deal of pulling and straining the hawser broke and the steam ship *Dawn* was immovable. Not many yards on was the wreck of the *Otago*, a very fine vessel which had foolishly attempted to sail without ballast. While being towed down the river, a strong south wind caught her and toppled her clean over. There she lay—not exactly bottom upwards, for the masts rested on the other shore, but a sufficiently terrible impediment to our progress. It seemed impossible to pass her. Our captain stamped and—well—did *not* sing hymns, but a skilful pilot took us by. The 'fenders' on one side rubbed the *Otago's* hull, while we could easily have stepped ashore on the other. I never saw such a curious sight. A fine vessel wrecked in a tiny river! The escaped crew had erected tents on the bank—perhaps their position was better than that of most shipwrecked mariners, but I felt very sorry for them. All this manœuvring took up our time, and it was evening before we landed, instead of early morning."

Safely returned to Melbourne, he meets with a glad welcome from former loving friends, and as it was too late in the week to make arrangements for services on Sunday, he takes a Sabbath's holiday *for the first time since leaving home*, and enjoys a "feast of soul." "I was delighted," he says, "in the morning with a really first-rate sermon from Mr. Chapman, the new pastor of Collins' Street Baptist Church, and in the evening I heard Mr. Jones, the Independent Minister. This was a true 'Sabbath' to me, and I feel all the better for the rest. Up to this date I have not missed preaching on a Sunday since I saw you, but I have no ambition to be able to say this always, and am sure I did right in embracing the opportunity of learning from others. I feel the honour of serving Jesus more and more, and pray for that full consecration, and that consuming zeal which God has given to my father."

After a few days' sojourn in Melbourne, we find him writing from "Como," near Geelong, the residence of those same dear friends who showed to him and Mr. Bunning, such splendid hospitality in the "bush" at Quambatook. In this letter also we have the first reference to the fearful drought which threatened to devastate the Colonies a few months since, but which the Lord in his mercy turned away by giving them at last "a plenteous rain." We think these extracts will be read with interest by our friends.

"Como, Jan. 30, 1878.

"What a blazing hot day! I must still at times confess to feeling weak, but I think this is due in great measure to the extremes of a variable climate. When I tell you that last evening we were sitting round a fire, and to-day are afraid to expose ourselves to the scorching sun, you can understand that such changeableness is not conducive to constant health. However, as it is too hot

to do anything like work, I will give you a description of the place from which I am writing, and the way to it. From the town of Geelong, a road extends, more mountainous if possible than the generality of roads in the neighbourhood. For seven miles we journey on, and then turn to the right for a drive along a lane two miles in length. The only possible excuse for calling it a lane, lies in the fact that it is hedged by furze-bushes. No sylvan shades, no rippling streams making music along the road, no banks of flowers—no bursts of song, nothing indeed that constitutes the loveliness of a lane in dear old England. The only passengers we meet are a few poor cattle, wandering in search of water. They have been turned out to provide for themselves, and are partially successful, for they do not scruple to break down fences if a 'water-hole' is in view beyond. Along the lane, and above the hedges, we notice swarms of flies, so thick that, as the sun shines on them, they look like clouds of dust. See how the swallows enjoy this feast, and flit about with rapid, graceful wing! They are not quite like our swallows, not so pretty or so slim, but they are making havoc among the flies! Success to their endeavours, say I, for the flies are intolerable! Soon we enter a white gate, and draw rein before a cottage which overlooks Lake Connemara. The garden is sadly scorched, but a well-wooded slope extends towards the water. 'Ill weeds grow apace' in water as well as on land, and this lake is a melancholy instance of the truth of the proverb. It is of large extent, perhaps four miles long, and more than two across, but its depth is so inconsiderable that it is difficult to get it clear of weeds. There are several boats on it, and any quantity of black swans and a variety of game. The Barrow river flows through it, and connects it with the sea. The sand-hills on which Neptune spends his fury are visible in the distance, and cool evening breezes from the south bear plainly to our ears the dash of ocean billows. Altogether, Como and Connemara have as much of the picturesque about them as most places I have seen in the Antipodes, but even if the place were only half as inviting as it is, I should be happy here, for I am once again among my noble and valued friends of Quambatook. I need not speak their praises—their love and kindness is for ever enshrined within my heart."

"It will always be for me a memorable fact that I visited Victoria at a time which will be a date of mark in its history. You may possibly have read of the political disturbances with which the land is agitated. Many are fearful of coming events, and dark forebodings are cherished by some. May the Lord direct the government to wise measures, and avert the threatened evil! Another distressing feature of the day is the dread of drought! We read of whole flocks up-country perishing, and of mail coaches having to make tracks in the scrub to avoid the carcasses! Human beings must suffer unless rain comes soon. Even in towns supplied by reservoirs it is forbidden to water flowers or vegetables. The fruits suffer, that men may live. Last season was very dry, but this is drier still, and the most tantalizing part about it is that almost every day towards evening it looks as if it could not help raining. I have seen the clouds appear jagged, as though the precious liquid descended half way, while never a drop reached the parched ground. Never before have I realized so fully the misery occasioned by want of water. It has reached so sad a point that no one who has any feeling for the dumb creation can forbear to pray that the heavens may withhold their coveted treasures no longer."

After taking services at Geelong on the Sabbath following this happy visit, we find him the next week in the company of new friends bound on an excursion to their home 35 miles "up country." They started "in a commodious buggy drawn by two strong horses," and they expected to reach their destination by six o'clock in the evening. But after ten miles' pleasant and comfortable travelling, one of the wheels of their conveyance was disabled, and then commenced a series of disasters and distresses which are very amusing in the detail, but which proved most trying to the patience and complacency of the unfortunate travellers. "The box of the wheel was in a fix," says Tom, "and

so were we," and truly their position was not a cheering one—on a lonely country road, five-and-twenty miles from home, with a vehicle hopelessly broken down. Relief came after some hours of patient waiting in the shape of another carriage and horse, which one of the party had procured from a village five miles distant, but their trials were not yet ended, for thenceforward their progress was marked by a succession of difficulties which did not cease till home was reached late at night, and then both bipeds and quadrupeds were thoroughly knocked up. "A little colonial experience of which the usual remarks must be made, 'Worse things happen at sea,' and 'Accidents will occur to the best regulated buggies.'" The "home" to which the "way" had proved so disastrous, was a very happy and pleasant one, and our son's description of it gave us so much pleasure (perhaps we are partial!) that we give it at length in his own words:—"Warrambeen is a large sheep station. The homestead is not in the centre of the 'run,' so portions of the property are many miles away from the house. The land is so unsuitable for cultivation, that Mr. A. is not as much annoyed by 'selectors' as some 'squatters' are. You would almost wonder that the ground was good for anything at all. Where the sheep get sufficient 'feed' is a puzzle to all 'new chums,' and I fancy it must puzzle the sheep too sometimes! 'Is that grass?' 'Was it ever green?' 'Is existence possible upon such scanty fodder?' In answer to such questions as those you are assured that 'it is very good feed, they don't want for anything to eat,—how to give them *water* is the great question,' and one soon discovers the sad truthfulness of the reply. Lake waterholes are empty, and dams that have never been dry before are without a drop. The poor sheep are lingering near where they have often drank, looking anxiously for water in the bed of the exhausted reservoirs. Silly sheep they seem, to stay where disappointment stares them in the face, yet are they wise to wait where water will collect when first it rains! The 'home' of Warrambeen really consists of three houses, first, second, and third—positive, comparative, and superlative! The first positively small, the second comparatively large, and the third superlatively commodious! In the smallest dwelling the owners of all three originally resided, but now its rooms have been done away with and it is used as a church. It boasts a pulpit too, which though of bush construction is quite ecclesiastical in appearance. In this 'church in the house' service is held every Sabbath evening, and though it is conducted by Mr. A., my dear father is the preacher. Once in a while the Presbyterian minister of Shelford leaves his people in the morning to minister here, and then C. H. S. preaches at Shelford. I am told these sermons are listened to with wonderful attention, and interest is sustained by them where it might otherwise suffer through incompetent supplies. To be able to keep a congregation fed so regularly and efficiently is no small blessing, and to have the wisdom to make use of such a privilege, is an example which many others would do well to imitate. But I must hurry on—there is not time to be dwelling now in the 'courts of the house of the Lord,' we leave the church reluctantly, but will return to it ere long.

"The blackened roof of the old kitchen, hard by, tells of long and smoky use. We reflect how many a yarn was spun by early bushmen round the glowing fire, when they returned at eventide to their hard-earned rest. Full many a sheep was sacrificed to roast before that fire, and the ashes on that hearth have baked many a cake of 'damper.' These weather-board houses, and rude constructions, tell of the 'early days' in the colony, and of the toils, and perils, and hardships which some have experienced, but which we are very well content only to hear about.

"The second house is a short distance from the first in point of space, but a long way beyond it as regards size and comfort. It is now almost entirely fitted up for bedrooms, and the hospitality of its owner is so expansive and hearty that I am told they are often filled with friends enjoying a visit up country.

"The new house is built of a blue stone found in large quantities on the estate. It is, of course, all 'ground floor,' for though there is no lack of land

on which to build, there is a great scarcity of the extra labour which would be required to erect storied dwellings. 'Besides, who wishes to run up stairs, when stopping down will answer better?' Fine dining and drawing rooms are here, and a nursery for the rising generation. Further back are more rooms, and a large 'store,' a regular shop, with scales and appliances, and provisions of all sorts. A station store is an emporium of a most interesting nature, if there be any truth in the statement that 'variety is charming.' Hardware and soft goods, things to put on, and things to put away, and all put by till they are wanted. . . . Let us look out now—alas, 'the view is desolate.' There is a garden just in front which, doubtless, could produce any quantity of vegetables in an ordinarily propitious season, but now it looks somewhat bare. Beyond, there are no trees, only some tiny shrubs, which may be trees some day, if the boards about them succeed in keeping the cattle off, and if the soil, and sun, and rain permit. Everywhere is a wild waste, and were it not that in the winter a small stream runs by the garden, there would be the same lack of the picturesque all the year round. Far, far in the distance are some hills blest with trees, but all around are dreary, sun-scorched plains."

\* \* \* \* \*

After writing out this "very dry" bit we must crave permission to lay down both letter and pen for a moment or two, while we refresh the eye of mind and body by gazing on the delicious verdure of the grass and the tender beauty of the waving trees visible from our own little window. The rain falls softly, and the trunks and branches of the oaks, limes, and sycamores show jet-black among the pale and lovely greens of the new-born foliage,—scarcely dense enough at present to conceal their beautiful interlacing. Throw up the window! What a variety of delightful scents and sounds fill the moist air! The songs of the blackbird and the "mavis" lose nothing of their liquid sweetness while the "clouds are dropping fatness," the lilac blossoms bend beneath their load of fragrance, the guelder roses hang out their snowy balls for a shower-bath of cooling drops—shaken off again by every passing breeze, and the golden tassels of the laburnum droop till they kiss the forget-me-nots below them, and help to fill the sweet blue eyes with grateful tears for the welcome shower!

Though birds are the only living creatures to be seen in our small landscape, we think as we look on the fresh greensward that we can almost hear the low music of the cow bell, and we find ourselves half unconsciously repeating some quaint lines we read the other day:—

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,  
Through fern and periwinkle,  
The cows are coming home;  
A-loitering in the checkered stream,  
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,  
Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phœbe-Phillis  
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,  
In a drowsy dream;  
To-link, to-lank, to-linkle linkle,  
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,  
The cows come slowly home.

\* \* \* \* \*

There! we are content! our dear friends in Australia will not find fault with us for praising up this dear foggy, misty Old England of ours, and we turn now with renewed zest to hear more about the country which they rightly think "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on." Our son continues his letter thus:—

"Notice could not be given that services were to be held by Mr. Spurgeon's son till Wednesday in the previous week, but this had made parties interested in the affair more zealous in informing friends and neighbours of the fact. Letters and post cards had borne the message in every direction for miles round that I should preach at Shelford in the morning, and at Warrambeen (our host's residence) at night. Quite a cavalcade left the house at 9.30 a.m. Horsemen and pony-boys, and men, women, and children, in every available buggy, the

one which had broken down with us included. The songs of Zion and of Sunkey rose above the tramp of horses, and the rattle of vehicles, and all were glad to go 'with them that kept holy-day.' Traps and horsemen were descried in the distance, and as the roads converged, our numbers were increased, and there was every prospect of a good congregation. The township of Shelford is a small one, and the district very thinly populated. We had driven over nine miles, and only passed *one* solitary hut, but the few inhabitants there are mostly Scotch, and therefore you will be prepared to hear that they have built a commodious and substantial kirk. The aisles were lined with forms and filled with people, and when I reached the pulpit I faced a very good audience. The omission of hymn singing was not pleasant to me, but I spoke with great freedom to Christians on the text, 'Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you' (Deuteronomy xii. 9). Rarely have I had more attentive hearers, and never a more blessed sense of ease and help in speaking than among these sons of Scotia who have wandered to the seclusion of Shelford, Victoria. I needed not to say a word about the collection, for the Lord had 'opened their hearts;' and as the little boxes at the end of long rods were passed from pew to pew the offerings were dropped in by cheerful givers, and the elders informed me, after thanks for preaching, that 'the collection was very good.' As men remounted horses, and ladies took their seats in buggies, the thanks of many caused me to feel deeply grateful to the Lord, who again had graciously helped me. The evening service was held in the little church at Warrambeen, which I have before described to you. It was filled with people, and we had indeed a good time. What a happy trip it has been. On leaving for Geelong, on Monday morning, my kind hosts 'loaded me with benefits.' They are greatly interested in all father's labours of love, and some time back sent £100 to him through Mr. Bunning. God bless and prosper them!"

Soon after his return to Como, near Geelong, he is able to give the delightful intelligence that "the drought has broken up and the land has been refreshed," and preaching the same evening at a small Primitive Methodist chapel near, he takes the appropriate text, "There is a sound of abundance of rain." Preaching engagements seemed to come thick and fast upon him. He says—"There are so many causes to help that even now I find it difficult to attend to half the requests I receive." On Sunday, Feb. 10, "the rain descended and the floods came. Driving nine miles to church that morning was anything but pleasant. A regular tropical down-pour, so that the dry ditches were soon overflowing, and streams of water were rushing in every direction. We were very thankful. As the torrents descended our praises ascended, for on every hand the grass is springing up again, and we may hope the country is saved. There were very few people in Aberdeen Street Church that morning, but the 'Master' was there, and when we had all moved into the centre seats of the building we enjoyed true fellowship, and listened with delight to a good sermon from Mr. Bunning. The weather cleared towards evening, but the atmosphere was oppressively hot and steamy, and anything but helpful to preacher or hearers. My text that evening was from Ephesians v. 8, and after the sermon a good number stopped to a delightful prayer-meeting, where my father, mother, and brother were remembered before the throne."

Here, for the present at least, we must leave our "young wanderer," lest we tire our readers with details which, though all-important and interesting to us, may not prove so engrossing to them; but we ask all who have thus far followed our dear son's course with interest and pleasure to join us in praising and extolling the wonderful goodness and grace of the Lord to him. He has "led him by a plain path," though he went forth "not knowing whither he went." He has "guided him by his counsel," for not a step has been taken without seeking to know his will. He has taught him to declare his truth, giving him "favour" in the eyes of all the people, and he has "kept him as the apple of the eye," hiding him beneath the shadow of his wings.



## Notices of Books.

"*Mountains of Bread*" series. By the author of "If I am to die," etc. Partridge and Co.

THE series of little books, all bearing the quaint prefix of "Mountains of Bread," come to us claiming notice for various reasons, not the least of which is that the narratives they tell are in all cases *strictly true*. Writing with charming simplicity, and an earnest faith in God, the author of these tiny booklets seeks to put before her readers a succession of varied Christian experiences, in which, as in a mirror, may be seen reflected the "manifold" mercy and lovingkindness of the Lord. We are not surprised to hear that much blessing has rested on these testimonies to his faithfulness. Such seed is likely to bring forth a hundredfold harvest. The sale of both books and leaflets secures for many aged and suffering Christians a little constant pecuniary help, and we are pleased to commend the loving effort to the sympathies of our readers.

Miss G. Thompson, Old Hall School, Wellington, Salop, will gladly send an assorted packet of these little books on receipt of 13, 25, or 36 stamps.

*The Nonsuch Professor in his Meridian Splendour; or the Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians.* By WILLIAM SECKER. J. C. Pembrey, 164, Walton Street, Oxford.

THIS work has always been a great favourite with us. It is singularly terse and quaint, full of illustrations and sparkling sentences, and withal deeply spiritual and scriptural. We are glad to see it re-issued, and hope that it will not only be bought but read and prayed over. He who cares for pith and warrow, wit and antithesis, proverb and dark saying, will here find a rich store. The book should have been published in London as well as Oxford, but we dare say the publisher would send it post free; we do not know the price, but a half-penny card would obtain the information. By the way, we wish good people would not write to us to know the prices of books: we cannot answer such letters, friends must write to publishers or enquire of their bookseller.

*Covenants and Oaths relating to Eternal Life.* By the Rev. JOHN VENN, M.A., late vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford. Nisbet and Co.

A BOOK upon the covenants in these heretical times! Will it find readers? Whether it does or not the subject is the basis of all theology, and ought to be a chief point of study among believers. The author puts much of his teaching very forcibly; we do not agree with him in all his opinions, but even when we differ we are glad to have read what he has to say. As a compendium of scriptural teaching upon the covenants Mr. Venn's work will be highly instructive, and though some of his explanations need to be looked at carefully before they are received, he has done good service in preparing such a work.

*Papers read at the Islington Clerical Meeting, 1878.* By REVS. FIELD FLOWERS GOE, Archdeacon PREE, DR. BOULTBEE, CANONS HOARE and RYLE, and C. F. CHILDE. William Hunt and Co., 12, Paternoster Row.

OF course these papers contain much which pertains alone to the Church of England, but they are also worth reading by Christians of other communities. The lecture which refers to the Plymouth Brethren is vigorous and able, and the other papers are soundly evangelical and exceedingly well written. We are glad in these days to bear with the peculiarities of our brethren so long as they are stable upon vital doctrines: there is no trimming in these papers.

*Thoughts on Life and Godliness.* By the Rev. EVAN HOPKINS. Hodder and Stoughton.

SPIRITUAL thoughts expressed in suitable language. Believers who aim at growth in grace will be edified and encouraged by these pages. They contain nothing very deep or striking, but they are healthy reading, and bear the impress of an earnest spirit familiar with the inner life. It is pleasing to see that Richmond has a vicar who feeds his flock with wholesome gospel truth.

*Scenes and Incidents from Old Testament History, in a series of Short Sermons for Family Use.* By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

THE author is not only a thoroughly evangelical clergyman, but a saintly man whom it is a privilege to know. A vein of clear gospel truth runs through all these short sermons, and, better yet, a line of gracious spiritual feeling. The texts and subjects are well selected and instructively wrought out. The gospel application, or rather the manner in which the author "spiritualizes" each of his subjects, is very ingenious, and proves that his one aim is to set forth the Lord Jesus as "all and in all." For reading in families these brief discourses will prove very suitable.

*Ingleside and Wayside Musings.* By the Rev. I. R. VERNON, M.A.: Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." Religious Tract Society.

TRUEST poetry is often found where no rhymes jingle, and no measured feet restrain the flow of thought. This dainty book is pure, unalloyed poetry, albeit writ in prose fashion. Its author has a quick but far-seeing eye, and a mind which muses deeply and expresses itself by the use of a facile pen. One needs to be a thinker to appreciate his delicious chapters, and yet, somehow, no effort is required, but one may lean back in the arm chair by the fire and feel the pages glow with a warmth which by its own genial influence penetrates your soul. No man could give us many of such books. They are the cream of a life, the otto of ten thousand roses, the perfume of broad acres of fragrant flowers. Live on, good author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," and let us have all that can possibly come from your "Ingleside and Wayside Musings." We are all the richer, and so must you be, for having gathered so many apples of gold and laid them up in such exquisite baskets of silver. Our readers must get the book for themselves. Here is just a fragment to tempt them on:—

"There is one saying which, let me confess, has troubled me sometimes. It is this—  
'There shall be no more sea!' Ah, shall

there indeed, and not in a figure, be this great delight no more? What, no more 'grey glassy water,' sleeping in the calm; no more semi-transparent curves, crisping into silver-white; no more crash of billows, and heave of swells, and boiling of the hoary deep like unto a vast caldron? No more Atlantic loneliness, with but the one ship in the centre of the circle to interrupt the silent communion of the glittering heaven with the reflecting deep? No more delicious murmur; no more fascinating shrill roar of shallow waters searching every pebble as they leave the rattling beach; no more pleased plash of sleeping waves? Alas, it seems to me (hear with my play-earnest, kind reader), it seems to my foolish earth-bounded thought that I should miss my sea. It may be so, that this only is meant, that there shall be no hindrance any more between the intercommunion of nations, that there shall be no separation of peoples any more. Ay, further, that the reserve which impassably parts here mind from mind, and soul from soul, shall then flee away, and the isolation which now in kindling moments we deplore and strive against, may then be for ever of the past. I shall cite a lovely poem for a comment on that text which seems to doom our great, grand ocean—

"Yes, in the sea of life enisled,  
With echoing straits between us thrown,  
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,  
We mortal millions live *alone*.  
The islands feel the encompassing flow,  
And then their endless bounds they know.

"But when the moon their billows lights,  
And they are swept by balms of spring,  
And in their glens, on starry nights,  
The nightingales divinely sing;  
And lovely notes, from shore to shore,  
Across the sounds and charnels pour;

"Oh then a longing like despair  
Is to their farthest caverns sent;  
For surely once, they feel, we were  
Parts of a single continent.  
Now round us spreads the watery plain,—  
Oh might our margins meet again!"

"Who has not felt at times this opening of the heart and yearning of the spirit to those of our fellows, above all, our brethren in Christ, separated it may be from us here; felt it, as in these verses so sweetly described, in spring hours, and nightingale moments; however we may have been recalled to stern reality again by the repulsion of the chill gulf which here is fixed even between the thoughts and feelings of souls whose margins approach near enough for each to note the rough outline of each, and to catch the clearer bird-notes and to interchange the more definite spice-odours. But in this sense, at all events, shall not hereafter, and in that new world, the continent reunite, and the separating sea retreat?

'The unplumb'd, salt, estranged sea.'

*The Life Hid with Christ in God.* Selections from the Writings of Isaac Penington. Compiled by C. J. WESTLAKE. With an Introduction by Mrs. Pearsall Smith. S. Harris and Co., 5, Bishopsgate Street Without.

WE have often profited by the works of Isaac Penington, but we cannot say that we consider these selections to be fairly representative of his utterances. It is easy to make extracts here and there from a deeply mystical writer, hard to be understood; but it is extremely difficult to make these extracts so judicious as to express the fulness of his meaning, and convey the power of his words. Penington is of the quiet, thoughtful, *inward* school, which comprehends the followers of Madame Guyon and the Society of Friends. We take leave to question the accuracy of some of his experimental statements, but in very many respects he is a highly gracious, deeply-instructed child of God. Although his language is often obscure, we should not agree with those who imagine that his views were identical with those of Mr. Pearsall Smith and the modern perfectionists, and we judge that the association suggested by the introduction is not a happy one.

*Grounds of Christian Hope: a Sketch of the Evidences of Christianity.* By STANLEY LEATHES, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A SOLID defence of revelation. The arguments are weighty, and the language plain. If men were prepared to accept sound reasoning upon the manifestation of God in Christ Jesus this might suffice to convince the most sceptical; but, alas, the blindness is upon the heart as well as upon the mind, and men grope at noonday as the blind feel for the wall. The Religious Tract Society, with its many-sided literature, at one time amusing the young and at another edifying the mature, does well to take a share in maintaining the bulwarks of our holy faith. We do not want too much of refuting infidelity, and none at all of such talk as merely advertises the doubts of foolish men; but of discreet advocacy of the claims of Christ we are glad to see that a sufficiency is always forthcoming.

*Our Four-Footed Friends.* By MARY HEWITT. S. W. Partridge and Co.

*The Brook's Story, and other Narratives.* By Mrs. BOWEN.

DELIGHTFUL books for the youngsters, teaching them to love all things that God has made. The stories are marvelously interesting, and set off by illustrations in the highest style of art. The more of these advocates of "Our Four-Footed Friends" the better. Spread them, then, and let them circulate through every pore of our vast nation, until vivisection and cruelty of every kind shall be hounded off the face of the earth. We can commend both books in equally unqualified terms, and thank Messrs. Partridge for producing elegant and artistic works on behalf of dumb animals.

*Expository Lectures on the First Epistle of St. Peter.* By the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. R. D. Dickinson.

WE always enjoy Thornley Smith, though we do not subscribe to his views upon all doctrinal points, for he takes the Arminian view of election, and this is to our mind a considerable drawback. The sermons are good and earnest, the critical notes are valuable, and the "thoughts of other minds," added at the end of each discourse, are judiciously selected. We place it among our expositions of Peter with gratitude to the author, not comparing it for an instant with Leighton or John Brown, but believing it to be for general reading a work worthy of our commendation.

*The Merryweathers: a Temperance Reading Book for Boys and Girls in Advanced Classes.* By Mrs. W. H. WIGLEY. Jarrold and Sons.

THIS is a useful little book of temperance teaching in the form of a history of the Merryweather family, and their go-in-for-everything-good society. If the boys and girls for whom the book is written thoroughly master the arguments it contains they will not be likely to be allured by the attractions of the alcoholic liquors it condemns. A little more vivacity in the writer's style and accuracy in the printer's work would be an improvement.

*Origin and History of the New Testament.* By JAMES MARTIN, B.A. Third Edition. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE are glad to see that a third edition of this work is called for. To those who love books that are suggestive and clear, learned and yet entertaining, this volume will be very precious. Rarely have we seen a book so modest in its pretensions and yet so masterly in its performances. Ripe scholarship and deep research are allied to a clear, crisp, and graphic style which makes every subject which is treated to command the attention of the reader. Led by our author, we follow with intensest interest the descriptions of the circumstances which called forth the writings now collected together under the title of the New Testament; the apostles seem to live and breathe and speak again in our midst. The chapters which deal with the different MSS. and translations are exceedingly interesting. Here is a specimen. Speaking of the reaction against the Bible which took place in the dark times of the Middle Ages, we are told:—

“Writing materials were scarce in those times, and the old was sacrificed to the new. Parchments on which were written not only the most valuable works of classical authors, but the sacred books of the Bible itself, were carefully cleansed

of all the writing they contained, and filled with legendary and often licentious tales. Happily this helped rather to preserve than to destroy the Word of God. The pumice stone with which they were rubbed, only half obliterated the original lines; and the patient scholar is still able to decipher what to all appearance was irrecoverably gone.

“Thirteen centuries of danger and adventure were however safely passed: fires were kindled to burn the Word of Truth, but over it they had no power. Floods of barbarism swept over the glory of the proud empire of Rome and laid it in ruins. But their only effect upon this, its greatest glory, was to wash it into some quiet resting-place, where it was not only preserved but multiplied as the ages rolled away. At length the storm abated. Light burst upon the gloom of the long night of the dark ages. Men began to think and thirst for knowledge: and to quench that thirst there gushed forth from many a monastic cell, like the stream at Rephidim from the flinty rock, the living water of the Word of God.”

For the Sunday School teacher and the general Biblical student this is an invaluable guide, while the size and price place it within the reach of all. The whole of the edition ought soon to be sold.

## Notes.

As the weekly papers give the news of the churches, we reserve these Notes for matters relating to the work of the Tabernacle, and other special items. All else they will find in other periodicals.

*Monday evening, April 29.*—Mr. Hudson Taylor, “the Apostle of China,” brought a number of his friends of the China Inland Mission to our prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, that the prayers of our church might be specially presented for eight missionaries who were to sail for China on the following Thursday. It was a touching service, especially moving all hearts when one by one the missionaries stood up and special prayer was presented for each one. With heroic self-denial our beloved brother, Mr. Taylor, sends back his own wife to take charge of some of the orphans saved from the famine: he will follow as soon as he can, but to tarry here without her on the

Master's business is right noble. Mr. Taylor gave some delightful instances of the way in which the Lord has heard his prayer in sending money and men, and also encouraged our hearts by proofs that the Holy Spirit is applying the gospel to Chinese hearts.

*Thursday afternoon, May 2.*—The Baptist annual meetings of this year have been full of life and joy. They closed with a true love-feast, for about 450 ministers of the Baptist Union were entertained at dinner in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall, at the expense of the London Baptist Association. The after-dinner addresses were thoroughly hearty and fraternal, and were followed by the Annual Meeting of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, which was a large and enthusiastic gathering. We are glad to see that a majority of our own students, and indeed of all the men in our different

denominational colleges, except those of Wales, are total abstainers. We never hear of characters being ruined, and dishonour being brought upon the cause of Christ, through a man's drinking water. No man has a right to deny another his Christian liberty in this matter, but it is safest to feel quite free to do without.

**COLPORTAGE.**—The Annual Conference of the Colporteurs was held on *Sunday and Monday, May 5 and 6*, at the Tabernacle. Twenty-five of the Colporteurs selected from the eighty-six now employed, came up to London from their various districts to report progress, to renew old acquaintances and make new ones with their fellow-labourers, to consult with the committee as to past and future operations, and to receive such an inspiration for their work as these visits to head-quarters usually supply. Though only commenced eleven or twelve years ago in a very small way, our Colportage Association has grown, by the blessing of God, until it now numbers eighty-six men, fully employed as Colporteurs, and eight who give part of their time as book-agents. It is impossible to tell how much good is effected by this means of spreading the truth, especially in the villages and country districts where the only enlightenment the inhabitants receive comes from the ritualistic clergyman's Roman candle, but the following statistics will reveal something of the extent and success of the work. During the year 1877, the average number of men employed has been about sixty-one, and they have distributed gratuitously 160,000 tracts, visited 500,000 families, and sold 84,147 books, and 239,758 periodicals, for which they received £6,651 19s. 10d., that amount being £743 18s. 1d. in excess of the previous year's receipts. The total subscriptions for the year amounted to £3702 16s. 6½d., which included £545 5s. for the Capital Fund, and £1991 6s. 6d. local subscriptions. It is also worthy of remark that our men sell more than £100 worth of Bibles and Testaments every month. If Christian people only knew the value of this agency among our rural population we should never have to ask for subscriptions, but should treble the number of men at once. The president of the Association, C. H. Spurgeon, presided at the annual meeting in the Tabernacle, after having addressed the Colporteurs in one of the class rooms in the afternoon in a more private manner. We were glad to see so large an attendance, which evidences a growing interest in the society. Prayer was offered by two of the committee, our brethren Goldston and Pearce; the Report

was presented by the honorary secretary, Mr. Fred. A. Jones; the balance sheet was read by the honorary finance secretary, Mr. G. Gregory, and addresses were delivered by the general secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones; Mr. J. Manton Smith, and five of the Colporteurs. The collection amounted to £23 10s. 6d., which, though very good, considering that there were two other collections in the same week, was very small compared with the need and the merit of the society. Probably some who were present did not like to give an amount so small as that which they had in their purses at the time and are waiting to send in heavy cheques. If so we trust they will not delay till they forget. Tabernacle friends will not be behind-hand and friends from a distance will not lag. The Report can be had of Mr. Corden Jones, Colportage Office, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Tuesday evening, May 7*, the fifty-ninth Anniversary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society was held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., was in the chair, and intimated pretty plainly what he and other influential "laymen" would do if the Congregationalists did not take some decisive step to declare the evangelical objects of the Union. We thank God that this step has been taken, and that it has been done with a heartiness and unanimity more significant than the deed itself. It was our privilege, at the Home Mission, to advise our brethren to imitate Cobbett, who said, "I not only speak so that I can be understood, but so that I cannot be misunderstood." Our brethren of the Independent order will never, as a whole, go our lengths in old-fashioned Calvinistic doctrine: but we are delighted to believe that they are determined to abide by the verities of the common faith. A few noisy individuals, for ever clashing the "high-sounding cymbals" of their pretended thoughtfulness and culture, have led many to fear that Congregationalism would ultimately become another name for a lawless, creedless scepticism, but those fears are groundless; the sons of the Puritans are aroused, and have avowed the faith once delivered unto the saints. God bless the brethren, and send them a down-pour of his grace, that in the power of the Spirit the preaching of the gospel among them may greatly glorify the Lord. It was high time that something was done, and now that it is done we thank God and take courage, and feel that the Congregational Union has made a new departure, and will henceforth no longer be a place

where Panthoists and Socinians will dare to say that they find themselves at home.

*Wednesday evening, May 8*, the Annual Public Meeting of the Liberation Society was held at the Tabernacle, which was crowded in every part, the resolutions in favour of the policy of the society were carried with one dissentient, whom Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., seemed to be able to single out as "a D'Israelite indeed." In nothing are Tabernacle friends more hearty than in the desire to free the domain of the Saviour from the intrusion of Cæsar, whether Cæsar gives gold or makes laws. Liberal and Conservative are distinctions of small consequence to us, compared with those which arise out of the Church and State question.

*Thursday evening, May 9*.—At the request of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews we preached at the Tabernacle, and made a collection on behalf of that society. We know neither Jew nor Gentile under the gospel, and are half sorry to have any effort made upon the lines of that ancient division; but yet if the house of Israel cannot be reached by ordinary ministries they must be sought by peculiar means: hence we say, "God speed the Society."

**COLLEGE.**—The annual breakfast of the College was held on *Friday, May 10*, after which short addresses were delivered by our brethren W. Williams, Cuff, and J. Manton Smith. A meeting was afterwards held in the lecture-room, when the tutors spoke briefly, and the President gave an address on the birth, origin, history, and work of a Metropolitan Tabernacle student. All goes well. A considerable number of new men have been selected for admission next August, and spheres are being found for those whose time has expired. Two or three good men are needing positions, but these will be found for them in the Lord's time. We merely mention the fact that vacant churches may know where to apply. We heartily wish that we could break up more new ground: friends living where a Baptist church is needed should apply to us. During the past month the following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. Lyall, at Odiham, Hants, and Mr. Jas. F. Foster, at Wick, N.B. Mr. Papengouth has gone to missionary work at Naples.

On *Sunday afternoon, May 12*, the annual sermon in the Tabernacle on behalf of the National Temperance League was preached by the Rev. J. A. Macfayden, M.A. of Manchester, but for some reason or other the building was not nearly filled. What are the temperance men up to? Are they

asleep? Their great sermons will not help them unless they muster in larger numbers.

On *Sunday evening, May 12*, our seat-holders, at our request, stayed away from the Tabernacle and prayed for a blessing upon the strangers who were expected to occupy their places. Although the service is no longer a novelty, the building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the singing, reverence, and general attention were all that could be desired. Our text was Matthew v. 45, "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Very large numbers of all ranks were unable to obtain admission, for the building was packed. The officials tell us that the excluded ones pleaded hard for admission, and gladly enough would every one have been accommodated, but the laws of matter do not allow of two persons occupying the same space. What a mercy to find the multitudes willing to hear! How earnest should be our prayers for a blessing to attend all that is spoken!

At the same hour an open-air service was conducted in the grounds of the Orphanage by the members of the Tabernacle Evangelists' Association, the orphans forming the choir. This is reported to have been a service of remarkable power.

On *Tuesday evening, May 14*, we again lent the Tabernacle to our Primitive Methodist friends for their annual missionary meeting, which we are glad to find was as large and enthusiastic as ever. The net increase of 149 to the membership of the denomination strikes us as being very small compared with other years, and also contrasted with the increase in the population. It is hardly as good as a decrease, for a decrease would be more likely to lead to earnest prayer and redoubled effort.

*May 17th*, the ninth annual meeting of the *Tabernacle Country Mission* was held in the Lecture Hall, the Pastor presiding. A goodly band of friends mustered to tea, among whom were little bands from each of the stations. Good Mr. Bowker must have been cheered to see his young soldiers surrounded by their friends. The report read by Mr. Clough referred to the services held at Putney, Carshalton, Walthamstow, Tiptree Heath, St. Mary Cray, Kensal Town, Tooting, New Hampton, Teddington, Upper Caterham, Southgate, and Pope Street, near Eltham, and also to open-air services in other places. It was brief and full of matter. The year's subscriptions amounted to £105 13s., and the expenditure to £105 2s. 10d., for which small sum a very large amount has been done by gratuitous labourers who want nothing

but their expenses. This is one of the most profitable ways of spending money for our Master, and we are always glad to help. Short speeches interspersed with sweet song made up a happy evening and we came away feeling that the Lord's work is prospering in every department at the Tabernacle, for which his name is to be magnified.

A friend who stepped into a City church the other Sabbath day found there a congregation of nine with twelve performers to carry on the worship for them, namely, minister and clerk, six choristers, organist, blower, beadle, and verger. Is this a profitable use of national property? This is by no means a solitary case: some City congregations are not quite so crowded.

The London City Missionary in the public-houses of Walworth writes to say that many coffee-houses in his district are supplied with *The Sword and the Trowel* monthly, and he adds, "these are highly prized by the proprietors and very many of their customers, and I believe much good is thus done in a quiet, unostentatious manner. Neither the proprietors nor I know who pays for them, but I am told, 'a kind lady leaves them every month.'" We know how part of the work is done, and any who wish to help can write to Mr. Bartlett, Metropolitan Tabernacle. The City Mission needs aid for the support of the Walworth Public House Mission, which may have to be given up if special funds are not sent for its support. It is a good work and should not be relinquished.

Mr. Morton, of Longton, writes very affectionately concerning the death, by scarlet fever, of Thomas Page, one of our orphan lads, who has been in his service and lived in his house. He says, "He died leaning on Jesus, leaving behind him a good name. I am very pleased to bear

testimony to the fact that he was in every sense a good lad, and had become as attached to us as one of our own. His abilities would have procured him a good position in life. He had just joined the church, and was very dear to a large circle of young friends. I have not merely lost a servant, but a friend." We mourn with our friend, but his testimony is very comforting to us, and will, we trust, help to cheer those who have helped us to train the orphans for Jesus.

CAPE TOWN.—We are delighted to see that our late student, Mr. Hamilton, is abundantly prospering in the upbuilding of a Baptist church in Cape Town. He now needs a new chapel and deserves to receive help from old England. At a bazaar which was arranged by his own friends the sum of £150 was cleared. We fear we shall see the good man over here collecting; it would be a deal better if we could send the money out and let him keep at his work. Certain foreign pastors use far too much of their time in gathering funds here, when they are wanted in their own field of labour; but they are not to be blamed for the money is needed. It would be a grand improvement in the exercise of Christian stewardship if believers gave without the need of pressure and personal calls, and so kept the missionaries at their work. When will that day arrive?

*Will our friends specially note that the 19th of June is Mr. Spurgeon's Birthday and will be kept as a fête at the Orphanage. Proceedings will commence at 3 in the afternoon.* Particulars will be announced by bills. This is a suitable time for sending in all moneys collected. Bazaar goods will also be very welcome.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: March 25th, seven; April 4th, twenty; 29th, nineteen; May 2nd, nineteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th to May 18th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Allison	...	...	...	Mr. Alabaster	...	...	...
E. B.	...	...	...	Mr. J. H. Alabaster	...	...	...
J. A.	...	...	...	Mr. B. Tice	...	...	...
Miss Wade	...	...	...	Baptist Mission, Annfield Plane	...	...	...
Mrs. Nicol	...	...	...	Mr. W. Silcock	...	...	...
W. S.	...	...	...	Mr. W. R. Huntley	...	...	...
Mr. W. Ross	...	...	...	Mrs. Huntley	...	...	...
Mr. W. J. Clark	...	...	...	Miss E. Kiddill	...	...	...
In Mr. Spurgeon's Letter Box	...	...	...	Miss S. Kiddill	...	...	...
Mr. Robert Miller	...	...	...	A. Y.	...	...	...
Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	...	...	...	Mr. James Meldrum	...	...	...
Mrs. Passmore	...	...	...	Mr. Harry Gifford	...	...	...
Miss Passmore	...	...	...	Nonconformist	...	...	...
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	...	...	...	Mr. John Graves	...	...	...
Mr. H. R. Passmore	...	...	...	Mrs. Jane Dewar	...	...	...
Mr. J. E. Passmore	...	...	...	Mrs. Margaret Cullam	...	...	...

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Ruck ... ..	5	5	0	Rev. R. Kerr ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. R. S. Pearce ... ..	5	5	0	Collection at Truro, per Rev. J. S.			
Mrs. H. S. Pearce ... ..	1	1	0	Paige ... ..	2	10	0
Miss Ellen Johnson ... ..	0	10	0	Part Collection at Arthur-street, King's			
Mr. and Mrs. Congreve ... ..	5	5	0	Cross Road ... ..	2	13	3
Miss Jessie Congreve ... ..	1	1	0	Collection at Providence Chapel, Hack-			
Miss Minnie Congreve ... ..	1	1	0	ney Road ... ..	11	0	0
Mr. W. P. Hampton ... ..	5	0	0	J. G., Woolwich, per Rev. R. Brown ...	5	0	0
Messrs. Hollings and Brock ... ..	0	10	0	A Student ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Catherine Priestman ... ..	21	0	0	A Working Man and his Friend ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. McArthur, M.P. ... ..	20	0	0	A Friend ... ..	1	1	0
A Friend ... ..	1	0	0	C. G. ... ..	2	10	0
Mr. Humphrey Vellaiott... ..	7	0	0	Mr. Arthur Doggett ... ..	21	0	0
Mr. James Toller ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. James Harvey ... ..	28	30	6
Mrs. H. Keovil ... ..	1	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—Ap.	5	36	5
Mr. James Brown ... ..	0	10	6	" " " " " " " " May	12	46	3
Mrs. Morris ... ..	2	2	0	" " " " " " " "			
Mr. J. Benson, junior ... ..	2	2	0				
Mr. Simpson ... ..	0	5	0				
Mr. Spriggs ... ..	1	0	0				
Mrs. Holroyd, per Rev. G. Duncan ...							£493 13 8

## Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 19th to May 18th, 1873.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. James Smith ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley... ..	3	0	0
Mrs. Hill ... ..	0	9	5	Mr. J. Crocker ... ..	3	0	0
Mrs. Duncomb ... ..	0	18	6	Mr. T. S. Child ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. A. Doggett ... ..	5	0	0	Mrs. H. Keovil ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. T. Doggett ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Cory ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Rose ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Isaac Atkinson ... ..	0	10	6
Hubert and Geraldine ... ..	0	1	6	Mr. William Cooke... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Doggett ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Morris ... ..	0	10	6
By Sales ... ..	0	6	0	Mr. Wilkinson ... ..	1	0	0
A Friend, St. Albans ... ..	4	0	0	Mr. Munday ... ..	1	0	0
Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell,				Dr. Frankerd ... ..	0	12	0
per Miss Hyde ... ..	1	5	0	J. Colman ... ..	0	6	0
Green Walk Mission, after Sermon by				J. Kling ... ..	0	6	0
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth ... ..	1	15	0	Service of Song, Exeter Hall, Notting-			
Friends, per Rev. D. Mace ... ..	1	4	6	ham, per Rev. V. J. Charlesworth ...	27	0	0
Mrs. Mansergh ... ..	0	5	0	Service of Song, Mill Street Chapel,			
Mr. Kelly ... ..	0	5	0	Bedford, per Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	8	6	1
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Everett ... ..	5	0	0	Mr. Folmar ... ..	0	2	0
Tenth Class, Rusholme Road Sunday				Mr. Spittegs ... ..	0	5	0
School, Manchester ... ..	0	5	0	J. C., Woolwich, per Rev. H. Brown ...	1	0	0
Mr. B. Tice ... ..	2	0	0	Miss Wade ... ..	1	0	0
"Infant voices shall proclaim				Miss Brown ... ..	1	1	0
Their early blessings on thy name" ...	0	10	0	Friends at Woodham, Walter Malden,			
The Misses Isabella and Ann Smith ...	2	0	0	Esses, per Colporteur ... ..	0	16	1
Banchoy Sunday School ... ..	0	12	0	Rev. J. F. Frewin ... ..	1	0	0
A. B. C. ... ..	0	2	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. S. Thursby ... ..	0	8	0	Per F. R. T.—			
S. H. ... ..	0	2	6	Mrs. Mold ... ..	0	5	0
Gresham Chapel Sunday School, Brix-				Mr. J. Edwards ... ..	0	5	0
ton, per Rev. J. T. Swift ... ..	7	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Abingdon ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grange ... ..	10	0	0	Collected by Miss Walker... ..	1	12	6
Mr. G. Jackson ... ..	2	0	0	Mr. J. G. Clements... ..	5	0	0
A Family Thankoffering ... ..	0	10	0	A Working Man and his Friend ...	2	0	0
Mr. Harry Gifford ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. Robert Ferrier ... ..	0	10	0
A Blue Coat Boy ... ..	10	0	0	Rev. Wm. Saunders ... ..	5	0	0
Miss Spiebat ... ..	5	0	0	A Friend ... ..	0	3	0
S. and N. ... ..	20	0	0	Durweston Chimers... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Wilkinson ... ..	5	0	0	E. H. ... ..	0	10	0
"Christian Herald" ... ..	17	12	5	For Stockwell ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Ellen Johnson ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Keyworth ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. Wild ... ..	0	2	0	Thankoffering for a good crop of Grapes	0	3	0
Sundwich, per Bankers ... ..	2	2	0	Nellie's Present ... ..	9	5	0
Mrs. John Mortlock ... ..	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Bradford ... ..	3	12	6
Silver Crowns for our Silver Wedding ...	6	5	0	Collected by Ann Gardiner ... ..	1	10	0
The Metropolitan Store ... ..	1	3	6	Mrs. D., Irvine ... ..	0	1	3
Miss Emma Salter ... ..	0	10	0	Mr. Arthur Doggett ... ..	2	10	0
Mr. Edward Williams ... ..	0	10	0				
Mrs. Catherine Priestman... ..	0	10	0				
J. F. C. ... ..	0	10	0				
Easter Ross Man ... ..	0	2	6				£228 17 9



List of Presents, per Mr. Charleworth.—PROVISIONS:—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; Good Friday Buns, Mr. Russell and Mr. Pringle; 3 cwt. Marmalade, Mr. W. Thompson.

CLOTHING:—3 pairs knitted Socks, 3 pairs knitted Stockings, Eleanor Brown; 2 pairs knitted Socks, A Scotch Girl; 6 pairs knitted Socks, A Widow's Mite, Nottingham; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 11 Night Shirts, Sarah; 12 Cotton Shirts, 4 pairs Socks, Mrs. Browne's Bible Class, A Load of Firewood, A Friend.

SALE ROOM:—Shawl, 7 Neck Shawls, 14 Scarves, Mrs. Gloag; 3 Articles, Anon.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 18th to May 19th, 1878.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
A. L. Brander, Esq. ... ..	0	10	0
L. F. D. P. ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. T. Scott ... ..	0	10	0
G. W. ... ..	2	2	0
Miss Battersby ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Padgett ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Cockerill ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Keys ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Hale ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Woollard ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Harris ... ..	0	1	0
Mr. W. Vincent ... ..	0	0	6
Collection at Annual Meeting ... ..	23	10	6
Mr. G. Freeman's Collecting Box ... ..	0	13	3
Mr. Pullen, ditto ... ..	0	6	6½
Mrs. R. Cook ... ..	1	1	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0
T. H. Olney, Esq. ... ..	5	0	0
T. E. Davis, Esq. ... ..	2	2	0
Miss Dransfield ... ..	1	1	0
R. May, Esq. ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. A. R. Emery ... ..	6	0	0
Mrs. H. Kaevel ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Geo. White ... ..	0	10	0
W. G. MacGregor, Esq. ... ..	1	1	0
E. Russell, Esq. ... ..	5	0	0
P. W. A. ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Brown ... ..	5	0	0
J. C., per Rev. H. R. Brown ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Wade ... ..	1	0	0
	£39	3	¾

Subscription for Capital Fund.

	£	s.	d.
R. Hanbury, Esq. ... ..	25	0	0

Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Met. Tab. Sunday School ... ..	3	15	0
Minchinhampton District ... ..	10	0	0
Iron Bridge ditto ... ..	7	10	0
Wilts & E. Somerset Association ... ..	17	10	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association ... ..	40	0	0
South Wilts:—			
Batton ... ..	1	10	0
Warminster ... ..	0	15	0
	2	5	0
Southport District ... ..	7	10	0
Elders' Bible Class Met. Tabernacle ... ..	5	0	0
Chesterfield District ... ..	4	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup ... ..	10	0	0
C. F. Allison, Esq. ... ..	10	0	0
North Wilts District ... ..	7	10	0
Messrs. Hine Bros., Maryport ... ..	10	0	0
W. S. Caine, Esq., for Widnes ... ..	10	0	0
New Barnet, per Mrs. Morrison Cum- ming:—			
C. Weston, Esq. ... ..	0	10	0
T. Knight, Esq. ... ..	2	0	0
Ditto, Subs. ... ..	1	0	0
Cradley District ... ..	6	19	3
Oxford District ... ..	6	5	0
Preston District ... ..	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton ... ..	10	0	0
	£281	14	3

## Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 20th to May 18th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
In memory of a beloved daughter ... ..	2	10	0
A. D. ... ..	10	0	0
T. C. ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas T. Marks ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Robert M'Dowell ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. George James ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. T. H. Foster ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. E. T. Carrington ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. John Coombs ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. A. Hodges ... ..	1	0	0
581409 ... ..	25	0	0
	£56	17	0

581409 is acknowledged. It has been divided among four objects.

The following amounts, have been sent to us for the Mission work carried on by Messrs. Wigstone and Blamire in Spain:—Mr. Samuel Hobill, £2; Miss M. Jones, 10s.; Tryphena and Tryphosa, £4.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurg'on if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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 this Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.



THE

# SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1878.

## Up to the Westward, or a Tasmanian Trip.\*

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



S that the sound of raindrops on the roof, the pitter-patter of a shower upon the window? Is it but a little while past dawn or is the sky beclouded? How shall we go if it rains? Will our anticipated trip have to be postponed? Such were my waking thoughts on the morning of March 14. Fears were realized and hopes dispelled on looking forth. There was none of the clearness and brightness so usual to Native Point. The gathering clouds promised a continued downpour and we were evidently doomed to have a taste of Tasmanian "damper." We had made arrangements to take three horses and a light buggy with us by railway, and were actually under weigh to reach the station in good time for the quarter to nine train when we were compelled to put back by a heavier shower.

How many an expedition has been spoiled by rain! Who has not seen a long row of pleasure-vans taking Londoners amid a drenching rain for an "outing," and pitied the poor cockneys, whose spirits were falling as fast as the shower, and their faces becoming as long as the fiddles which do their best to cheer them with grating attempts at

\* This paper was sent as a letter home, but it was at the same time hinted that it might go into *The Sword and the Trowel*. Its author says "the paper is willing to go to the dissecting room or to undergo the operations of the pruning knife if needs be, the hope of its writer being that it may prove as interesting to some at home as the trip itself did to him abroad." From a beauteous land he sends greetings to Christians in what to him must ever be the *most* lovely island, and asks their praises and their prayers to God for all that he has done and yet may do, and for the spread of the gospel in all parts of the Colonies.

music? Similar scenes presented themselves to our mind while we watched the weather, and hoped it might clear up sufficiently to enable us to go by the mid-day train. The prettiest place is cheerless without the sun. The winding stream had lost its silvery sheen, there were none of the glittering diamonds of the day before: all was dull and leaden, cold and cheerless. We meant however to take our journey if we could. Taking advantage of a partial cessation in the downpour, we made an early start, and after a deal of trouble we secured the horses in a cattle truck and the buggy on a timber waggon. Not long after we ourselves were seated and on our way to Wesley Dale via Deloraine.

Our progress is rather slow, according to English notions, and one soon gets weary of the number of stoppages and the delays of shunting, but there is a feeling of safety which can hardly be so fully experienced where trains run every ten minutes at a high rate of speed. This railway is by no means a "direct route," for in order to avoid the hills or to climb them more easily, it twists and turns about, so that at one minute it seems to be making straight for the towering mounts ahead, and in the next it runs round a hill in a curve so sharp that we can plainly see our steeds in the cattle truck ahead as we speed away from the mountains we were hastening to before. The country is by no means wanting in picturesqueness though bereft of beauty and brightness by the clouds and rain. Nearing the end of our railway journey we are astonished at the number of skeleton trees which, having been "rung," are bereft of leaves and bark, and stand bare and naked by thousands on the hills. The process of "ringing" the trees is the first step towards utilizing the ground on which they stand. Crops can grow under a tree that has been "rung," and soon the tree itself falls before the wind or is consumed by fire, and so the land is cleared.

Deloraine is the terminus of the Western Railway, so here we disembarked and made preparations for the renewal of our journey on horseback. The buggy was soon off the truck and "Charlie" was speedily harnessed to the buggy. Before many minutes my friend Hollidge was mounted on the grey pony and your correspondent astride fleet "Florence." Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were the occupants of the wheeled conveyance, and glad enough were we to act as outriders.

We hastened through the little town under a continuous downpour. Just time for a glance at the hill and the river in the valley, and we were past the public library and the public-house, and on to the hills beyond. A few miles out of Deloraine the beauties of the ride began, a ride which was not at all dry in any sense. Uphill, and then down dale, only to ascend again, we beheld an infinite variety of scenery. Often we seemed completely surrounded by wooded hills and rocky mountains, which only wanted the sunshine to make them truly beautiful.

The road at length passes through a forest. Above our heads gigantic gum-trees tower to a height of about 150 feet or more. Their trunks all charred by fires which have, in years gone by, cleared the underwood and produced a still thicker growth. Here and there are forest giants laid low, their immense roots upturn and their monstrous trunks level with the ground, or resting on a brother giant to save them in their fall. At their side the lovely green of the tree fern stands out in brilliant contrast to the blackened stem, and makes us feel that it is often

just as well and better to flourish in a corner or in a lowly place than to aspire to loftiness and risk a fall.

These woodland glades are wonderfully silent, nought can be heard except the occasional scream of parrots or the pipe of magpies. How we miss the sun, how *they* miss it too. The gaudy plumage is not half so gay nor the flashing wing a tithe so bright; and, oh, what lovely lights and shadows would lay about our path if the sun would for a moment peep through the leafy bowers overhead. Here on our left is an opening in the dense undergrowth and a little silver stream comes trickling down, making music on its way and filling a trough by the roadside for thirsty cattle. Pure as the morning dew which helped to swell it, bright as crystal, and sweet and cool, the stream is truly welcome, for the oppressive closeness of the forest has warmed our steeds and made them glad to drink.

Refreshed, they journey on, and soon emerging from the wood, we rejoice in the view of mountains left behind and ranges yet before. For a while we ride downhill, through a long lane hedged by the fast spreading gorse or furze. Speaking of it to Mr. Gibson as I ride, I tell him how it recalls to mind my home. The golden glories of Clapham Common are remembered, for who can deny that this common shrub has a beauty peculiarly its own? It is not, however, very suitable for hedges, unless carefully attended to: it harbours rabbits and spreads amazingly. Still better is our way when a little further on we ride betwixt hawthorn hedges, not cut and trimmed, but luxuriantly stretching upward, providing ample shade and abundant shelter. Here too the road is good and wide. There are indeed three tracks—the centre one upon a hard and well-made metal road, and on either side of it a naturally soft and easy path. This is a splendid place for a canter, so side by side “Kitty” and “Florence” speed along, their riders rejoicing in advantages beyond what Rotten Row can boast, exemption from a crowd of riders and all the glorious liberty of a country ride.

We passed no township on the road, and only a few solitary houses till we reached Chudleigh, eleven miles from Deloraine. Forge, post-office, tavern, and store were to be seen, but not much else. We were now within two or three miles of Wesley Dale, the residence of Henry Reed, Esq., whither we were journeying. “A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid,” so in answer to our inquiries as to the locality of Mountain Villa we were told that when we got a little further on we could not help seeing it. There stood the villa, imposing in appearance and beautiful for situation. A mile and more away we marked its broad verandas and half-completed terraces. A richly-wooded hill rose above it, and a few miles away the mountains held the clouds five thousand feet above the sea level.

Mrs. Reed had hastened to the gate to meet us, and we received a hearty welcome. After shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the lady turned to me, and though my companion was nearer to her, she remarked, “This is Mr. Spurgeon, I can tell: I have seen his father many a time.” Not often have I been so easily recognised, and I felt immediately that one who could know me so readily must know my father well, and one who could welcome the son so warmly must love the parent heartily.

Soon Mr. Reed appeared : his manly form, over six feet high, unbent by age, his hair white with two-and-seventy winters. "We welcome you as a servant of the Lord," said he, "and as the son of a noble father. The Master bless you." When greetings had been exchanged with sons and daughters, four of us knelt in a little study while our new-found friend thanked the God who had brought us together, and invoked a blessing on our stay. Of the house I can only say that everything is on a very large scale, notably so the dining-room. Taking me into it, Mrs. Reed explained that it was originally intended for the holding of services, and would accommodate over two hundred persons. "So," said she, "it is all the Lord's." Here we had a congregation of nearly twenty persons to family prayer, morning and evening, but the Sabbath services are held in a shed a little way down the hill. Within sight of the house, too, a church is being rapidly erected, a good substantial roomy building, so that we have plain evidence that our kind host is not satisfied to have a fine house for himself, but must build for his Lord also. Everything is as yet in an unfinished state, but the stables, farm buildings, and offices will all be first-rate when completed, and it was most pleasant to see the house of God standing amongst them. There is a beauty in it beyond that of the picturesque and architectural, for the time we hope will soon arrive when men shall there worship the Lord "in the beauty of holiness," and shall find eternal life through the word.

On the day following our arrival we arranged to visit some famous caves a few miles distant. Mr. Varley had told us of their wonders and had raised our expectations to a high pitch. Mr. Reed was himself the discoverer of these now famous caverns. Many years ago, when exploring that part of the country as an early settler, he desired to follow a certain creek to find its source, and penetrating the dense scrub and brushwood he came upon these remarkable caves from which the waters flow, and to which in the summer months a constant stream of visitors finds its way. We came to them by a four-mile ride, rough and hilly, with any quantity of fallen timber obstructing the path and compelling frequent deviations from the beaten track. We had the sun this time, and on the mountains just ahead lights and shadows played, lighting up first a patch of forest, then a ridge of rock, and then for awhile enshrouding all in the gloom of a darkening cloud. On the road we pass a small chapel used also as a school, and here a whole troop of youngsters stop for a moment in their play to look at the troop of horsemen. What a grand thing to have in the wilderness a school for the children, and better still a place whence gospel light shines forth, and where the cross is uplifted. We dismount at the foot of a small hill, and handing over our steeds to the groom who accompanied us, and who, I am glad to say, is with us on the heavenly journey too, we have but a few steps to go and are standing before the entrance of a cave. The large black opening in the rock is surrounded by the living green of ferns and mosses, while a fallen tree lies across the mouth, as if to guard the bowels of the earth from all intruders.

Just a hurried look at the interior sufficed, for we were told of grander scenes and goodlier sights. A short walk brought us to a lovely dell, thick with luxuriant growth, lively with the flit of little birds and the murmur of a stream that rippled through it, hidden by

the trees, and shrubs, and ferns. A kind of tropical dampness pervaded the place, and the air seemed redolent of fragrant shrubs. A well-worn footway told of numerous visitors, and brought us to the opening which we sought. We had to descend some distance down natural steps, rough and uneven, amongst the rockeries and ferneries planned and planted by nature's beautifying hand.

Three of us ventured within the high-roofed cave. What a change of atmosphere! It was fresh and cold, as though we had reached the birth-place of the icebergs: a real refrigerator where sunbeams never wander, and solar light and heat are never known.

Armed with candles and matches we penetrate the darkness. A considerable stream runs through the caverns,—a winding stream, so that we are forced to cross it many times. We often appreciate our mercies most when we have lost them; never before did I realize so intensely the advantage of wearing boots, for the rough stones were trying to my bare feet, and the icy chilliness of the stream, with the darkness so intense, made our bootless travelling anything but pleasant work. Still, nothing can be done or seen without a certain amount of trouble, the enjoyment often being all the sweeter for the previous toils. I know that I, for one, was glad to find the stony bed exchanged for a ridge of sand, and pleased to be able to urge my companions to press on to the smoother footing which I had gained. The roof was generally pretty high, but broken stalactites hanging down threatened broken skulls to incautious travellers. We often found the adage true, "He needs must stoop who cannot stand upright."

Once more booted we were able to pay more attention to our surroundings, and the flickering glare of our candles cast fantastic shadows all around; now trying to pierce far down a side recess and light its gloom, and anon producing at hand ten thousand diamond flashes from a snow-white rock. How much depended on these lights we carried! They seemed the brighter for the unchanging gloom and lasting night in which we were immersed. We thought of Shakespeare's metaphor,

"How far yon little candle throws its beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world,"

and we prayed for grace to "walk as children of light."

But there are wonders above us as well as beneath and around. The rocky roof is bright with phosphorescent light. We stretch one hand towards it and find upon our finger a glowworm, who made it his delight to do his little best to light the gloom; and there are myriads of them, like nature's tapers, shining in her palace underground. Crossing the rivulet once more we are stopped by a miniature lake of considerable depth and wondrous clearness. We are told that beyond this the most wonderful stalactites and rock formations are to be seen, assuming all sorts of shapes and glistening in rainbow colours; but lack of time prevented our proceeding. The bright transparence of this pool is due to the fact that just above there is a narrow opening in the rock, high over head, and through it streams the light of heaven, and clouds and sky are reflected in the glassy mirror far below. Just beside us there is another opening, steep and slippery, which, nevertheless, seems passable. It was dangerous in the extreme to hurry up

this "hill difficulty," for there was nought to cling to should we slip, and only rugged rocks and deep water to receive us should we fall. Even when we had safely reached the open air there was need to be careful. The warning word was passed not to trust to the rotten trees. Keeping to the proper path, and only relying on what was quite secure, we climbed successfully. Was not this a picture of many who, as they seek to climb to heaven, trust to broken reeds, instead of keeping to Christ, "the way," and clinging to him alone? No wonder, then, that they never escape from "the hole of the pit."

We had now to walk over rough ground, thick with shrubs and ferns and grass, the abode of leeches and lizards, and, for aught we knew, of snakes. Fortunately, we saw none of the dreaded reptiles, and after getting refreshed with a draught of pure water in the cave we visited at first, we set our faces homewards. Not far along the forest path we met a train of bullocks, going to the creek for water. Mr. Reed asks the lad who drives them how it is he does not come to Sunday-school, tells him that though he can drive bullocks, which, by the way, is no easy task, it would serve him better still to be able to read God's word. He asks him, too, to inform his friends that Mr. Spurgeon, of London, would preach on Sunday next, and they were to be sure and come. We returned by the same track, and on the way we had great joy in thinking of the wondrous Creator, and in blessing him for such opportunities of beholding his handiworks.

The following day (Saturday) was pleasantly spent in visiting a farm called "Dairy Plains," about six miles distant from Wesley Dale. Our friend, Mr. Gibson, whose property it is, took this opportunity of inspecting his far-famed cattle. Through the tangled forest we went and returned, shaded from the sun, and surrounded by a wild and majestic beauty. Our visit would, however, have lost its crowning pleasure had it not been for the blessed Sabbath-day. Getting good is not so sweet as doing good: we all looked forward to a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and were by no means disappointed. A cold, fresh morning saw about fifteen of us gathered to the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, and so precious was our fellowship with the Lord of the Sabbath that we well-nigh forgot the cold through the inward warmth which the love of Jesus kindled in our hearts. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Reed was there, for the former had spent a bad night and was very unwell. This reminds me of how sweetly the good old gentleman spoke of his declining years and wasting strength. "Yes," said he, "my time will soon be over, but the Master is very kind: he is taking down the tabernacle very gently, and so sweetly. He takes away my hearing first, and soon my other powers must follow. Blessed be his name." In some such language as this, like Job of old, the good man blessed the God who gives and takes away.

We had some real, earnest prayer at that morning meeting; nor do I doubt but what much of the after blessing was due to the fact that we were early asking for it. Several of us had a good climb and a sharp walk up the hill before breakfast, and body and soul both rejoiced in the spiritual and physical exercise we had enjoyed. The Sabbath-school is held in the morning, about fifty children attending and Mr. and Mrs. Reed superintending. During a forenoon walk we

did our best to get a good attendance for the service, and one of our friends rode over to a neighbouring village to invite others to the meeting. An early dinner allowed all in the house to be in readiness for three o'clock, and at that hour we found the long shed crowded by well-nigh three hundred people. In answer to our prayer Mr. Reed was able to attend, and we had a time of great blessing. I felt the Master's power from the very commencement, and you may be sure he did not leave me to the end. I preached from a favourite theme, Isaiah li. 1; and afterwards I heard dear old Mr. Reed saying to himself, "The good, grand old stuff,—man's utter helplessness and degradation, God's sovereign grace, and the glory all the Lord's. The Master bless him." Again, as usual, some of the people longed to tell me of their love to father, and how they treasured and read his sermons; but I could not stay long to talk with them, for I had but little time in which to rest and prepare for the evening meeting.

Sometime ago the only meeting was in the afternoon, but during Mr. Varley's stay for a month they had commenced an evening service, and had not discontinued it. It was thought that the large dining room would hold the evening congregation, but it appeared that nearly all had accepted Mr. Reed's invitation to remain. Our host announced when the first service was done that I would preach again in the evening, and that he would be glad for them to stay. "I am afraid," he said, "that there is little or no bread in the house, but what there is you are welcome to, and there is plenty of milk and sugar and tea." Immediately a neighbour or two came forward with offers of the "staff of life," and at 6.30 there were more than ever assembled, hungering for the heavenly manna.

There were some, I knew, amongst my audience, sons of the forest and the backwoods, who seldom heard the gospel, though they might have done so, but they seemed altogether taken up with the anxieties and toils of a settler's life. Knowing that nothing could really benefit them for this life and eternity but true religion, I held the cross plainly before them and tried to proclaim in the plainest terms the simple plan of salvation. My text was, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." How happy should I be if those who gazed at me so intently and listened so eagerly would look to Christ and live, and give attention to the Saviour's pleading voice.

That evening was cold and clear, and the silvery moon and twinkling stars saw many returning to their distant homes, I trust, inspired with greater love to their self-sacrificing Lord.

Truly a glorious day; like many another Sabbath spent in these distant lands and in the remoter parts of the colonies, 'twas bright with the Saviour's smile and full of the blessing which comes from the hand of the God of the whole earth. When our hallowed services are over we begin to think of the meeting which has but just commenced at home, in England, and long that like blessings may be lavished upon those who are so dear to us. Many and many a time have we in this earlier region prevented the dawning of the Sabbath on British shores and craved a morning blessing on distant friends.

Our visit terminated on Monday morning. About nine o'clock we started home again—that is, to our Tasmanian home—well worthy of



that charming name. Our good host (Mr. Reed) sought rich blessings for us all in prayer before we left, and in return we could but thank him and his lady for their kindness and wish them every joy.

A delightful ride brought us to Deloraine for the mid-day train. It was sharp and cold on starting, so we swiftly sped along, but soon the sun grew stronger, and we were glad to reach the foot of a lofty mount where the morning freshness still remained. In our going out and in our coming in the Lord was with us, for which our hearts were grateful. If the recital of our trip has awakened any interest, will my readers join my prayer that Mountain Villa may ever rejoice in the dew of the Lord, and that the whole of this lovely island of Tasmania may soon become "as the garden of the Lord."

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### The Sacred Scriptures Verbally Inspired.

"ST. PAUL, speaking of the word of God, saith, 'The whole Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable.' Many think the apostle's speech is hardly true of the whole system,—that all and every part of the Scripture is profitable. Much is spoken of genealogies and pedigrees, of lepers, of sacrificing goats and oxen, &c. These seem to have little profit in them: to be idle and vain. If they appear vain in thine eyes, yet hath not the Lord set them down in vain. The words of the Lord are pure words, as the silver tried in a furnace of earth refined seven times. There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, no letter, but it is written for thy instruction; there is not one jot but it is sealed and signed with the blood of the Lamb. Our imaginations are idle, our thoughts are vain; there is no idleness, no vanity, in the word of God. Those oxen and goats which were sacrificed teach thee to kill the uncleanness and filthiness of thine heart; they teach thee that thou art guilty of death, when thy life must be redeemed by the death of some beast: they lead thee to believe the forgiveness of sins by a more perfect sacrifice, since it was not possible that the blood of bulls or of goats should take away sins. That leprosy of which the word speaks teacheth thee the uncleanness and leprosy of thy soul. These genealogies and pedigrees lead us to the birth of our Saviour Christ, so that the whole word of God is pure and holy. No word, no letter, no syllable, no point or prick thereof, but is written and preserved for thy sake." So far we have taken an extract from *Bishop Jewell*, we will close with a verse from *Henry Vaughan*:

"Welcome, dear book, souls' joy and food! the feast  
Of spirits; heaven extracted lies in thee.  
Thou art life's charter, the dove's spotless nest  
Where souls are hatch'd into eternity.  
In thee the hidden stone, the manna lies,  
Thou art the great elixir rare and choice;  
The key that opens to all mysteries,  
The Word in character, God in the voice."

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## Loyalty to King Jesus as the Soul's Reigning Influence.\*

READ AT THE 1878 CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE, BY  
PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, OF STAFFORD.

THE request to select "some spiritual, soul-stirring topic," conducted my mind at once to that which heads this paper. Conditions of the soul may be described from a sense of the absence and want of those conditions, by taking the exact counterpart of the soul's yearnings, as well as from actual experience. Only from the lower ground this paper presumes to speak. Like the lad Joseph, who told with naïve simplicity his starry dream, and, I judge, felt no taint of self in the telling; so may one go to sleep, prayer closing his eyelids, and the Book his pillow, and see imaged forth to his rapt spirit a state of high and holy exaltation, that while he dreams brims his soul with its own ecstasy, and when he awakes perchance, well nigh breaks his heart, that it should be so far away. Nevertheless, let him tell to his brethren the dream. Who knows but, with God's blessing, some day it may come true. Do we not all see a thousand radiant beauties of grace and holiness ever rolling in majestic sweep above our heads, like the armies of the sky? We reckon them to be but as the mere flooring of heaven; but oh, how we long that we could bring them down into our dim and tarnished life here on earth!

Our theme is, indeed, a lofty one. And high places are usually slippery places. They should move with cautious feet who tread about a throne. As history relates, the Earl of Strafford, seeking for his master a prouder crown, led him towards the scaffold. Certainly, with the most ardent intentions to honour Christ, we may and shall on every occasion utterly fail, unless that great Spirit, who inspired David to "speak of the things which he had made touching the King," bestow the needed aid. Of our King, then, and loyalty to him, I proceed to speak.

In treating the topic, I desire permission, first, to set forth the high truth of the sovereignty of Christ. "Art thou a king then?" Not indeed with Pilate's scorning put we the question, but as those who often ask because the answer always has so sweet a coming. The truth that

"The head that once was crowned with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now"

cannot weary. It has often bathed the dying bed in glory, as it will assuredly be the essence of the raptures of eternity. Let us proclaim his titles:—

JESUS—*King of men.* Chief of the race by far-exceeding merit. It is told of Salvator Rosa, in his youth, that he was accustomed with some

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\* The reading of this paper at the Conference was attended with remarkable power. Tears flowed freely all around, and at one point the whole of the brethren leaped to their feet, and, as if impelled by a common impulse, sang, "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

artistic associates to visit the island of Capri, renowned for its beauties. On one occasion his comrades were so delighted with one of his studies that they unanimously chose him their captain, and, in their enthusiasm raising him to their shoulders, bore him in triumph round the room. Were men clearer-sighted, such is the matchless perfection of Christ's manhood, they would long ago with one voice have declared him by right of every manly virtue their superior and sovereign, and have borne his name, if but for the honour of the race, throughout the world in triumph.

Again, JESUS—*King in Scripture*. "To him give all the prophets witness." Within the realm of Inspiration Immanuel holds court unrivalled. All the most sublime in poetry, magnificent in imagery, gorgeous and imposing in ceremony, gathers about him; and priests, prophets, kings, and apostles kneel bare-headed in his presence. Scripture is his own dominion. He treads it like a prince. On every page the shadow of his sceptre falls. So when he was upon earth, at his bidding, Moses, David, or Isaiah, as he spake the name, advanced and yielded unflinching testimony to his sovereignty.

JESUS—*King in heaven*. "All power," said he, "is given unto me in heaven." From the eternal throne the mandate has gone forth, "Let all the angels of God worship him." On his return from earth, at the everlasting doors, uplifting at their cry, they welcomed him "King of glory," and to this hour in all those shining ranks, no knee but bends, no tongue but confesses him Lord. The Hero of redemption is the centre of heaven's praises. Our blood-washed spirits, speeding in rapt communion to his presence, stoop side by side with archangels and seraphim, at the feet of the Crucified.

"Crown him with many crowns." *On earth, too, Jesus is King*. They are contending about territory; it is all his; and, alas, the soil, springing with verdure, seems more responsive to his rule than man who occupies it. Over every league of land and sea he sits supreme. We see lists of the sovereigns of the world, with the dates of their accession, &c.,—Officers only! *Jesus is king*. We read of political changes, national crises, calms and storms upon the sea of human feeling; how sublime to see Jesus ruling all: to know with what ease he plays crown against crown—permits, restrains, or impels, and ever above the sleepless pillows of statesmen, and the weary brows of kings, holds with consummate skill the whole situation in his hands. This round world rolls on no uncertain path through the heavens, but is followed ever in its course by the eyes that are "as a flame of fire."

"He weareth still the crown."

Nor this alone. As yet we stand on the edge of his dominions. We must "crown him Lord of all." "Above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named," *the universe is his*; that universe of which this planet forms so inconsiderable a part: which, as it is opened up before us by scientific aids, so widens and unfolds to our aching sight. With worlds showering like sparks from the anvil of the Eternal, what is our own amid the starry splendour? The high intelligences of heaven, surveying the scene from their exalted state, see it but as one feeble taper, burning in some brilliantly illumina-

nated palace. These myriad glories, these illimitable fields of light, are subject unto Christ, to whom the most distant orb, whose light, travelling on through the ages, has not yet reached our world, is as present and obedient as Gabriel at his footstool.

Finally and mainly, *Christ reigns in Zion*. He is "King of saints." The whole culminates here. Here his regal glory, as God-man, has its burning-point. The many crowns of our exalted Lord all yield to this, and this includes them all. Head over all things to the church, for her he wields the wider dominion, and we behold with astonishment the course of the universe of God made subject to Christ's redeeming purposes. "In Salem is his tabernacle and his dwelling-place in Zion. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." "The Lord reigneth." "The shout of a king" is in our midst. With him is the church's sole headship. Immanuel's kingdom will not hold *two* crowns. Truly all such insignia of earthly power are best left without his temple gates. "Out of his mouth goeth a sharp two-edged sword;" all other law, whether issuing from seat of learning or throne of power, is without authority within the sacred boundaries. Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, glorious with every worthy attribute, human and divine, he deserves and let him receive the profoundest homage of every regenerated heart.

I have thus briefly striven to set forth the King. Truly his commanding worth seems to compel allegiance. But I have now to speak of *loyalty to this King as a reigning influence in the soul*. I would say, then, that he who reigns, and reigns so well, everywhere else, should not be denied the highest place in the human heart; and from *us* at least he shall receive no such denial, who feel it our proudest honour to own his sceptre. Admitted there—led to the highest seat—will it not best beseech his majesty to wear all that beauty and array which so well become him? Here, too, *in our hearts* as in heaven—

"Let him be crowned with majesty  
Who bowed his head to death."

Where the heart constantly realises her crowned Lord, her abiding condition will be that of loyalty to him. The mind glorified by his presence will be full of courtly semblances—for the dreariest dungeon glows with palace splendours as he passes its threshold—and all the thronging thoughts, like servitors, are waiting about his throne. The halo round his crown will give to his presence a rich light, dear to humility as life itself and love's own heaven. Love in the consecrated breast, unsated yet overladen with the weight of his worth, confesses herself conquered and captive, and unable with her poor arithmetic to compute the value of even one jewel of that flashing diadem. Rutherford, bold through strong affection, attempted much; but *he* retreated baffled from this task. He warns us from the impossible venture, declaring, "If you go to weigh Jesus, his sweetness, excellency, glory, and beauty, it would straiten you to find a scale for the balance in which to lay that high and lofty One—that ever transcending Prince of Excellence. If your mind could fancy as many created heavens as time hath had minutes, trees have had leaves, clouds have had rain-drops since the first stone of the creation was laid, they would not make half a scale in which to weigh

his boundless excellency." So Love kneels bewildered at the golden footstool, and yields to the ravishment of a joy she cannot estimate.

Loyalty to King Jesus, then, results from and lives upon a realising of his kingly presence in the soul, and for that it is a silver sceptre which he bears, it is the loyalty, not of cold duty, but of ardent affection. It is exactly symbolised in one of the most majestic of scripture scenes:—Christ, with kingly robe gathered by a golden girdle, his countenance as the sun, his right hand grasping seven stars, his feet sandalled with fire—John, the apostle of love, prostrate before him. Or—and who can help recalling the incident in this connection—it is illustrated in the gentle, loyal-hearted Doddridge lying in vision, smitten with the glory of that lofty presence, at the feet of his divine Redeemer.

And now, is there not here a mighty influence, something to yield the soul up to, to be borne along by its majestic might? There is wondrous power of impulse in this sweet matchless mastery. It is grand working for Christ under the shadow of his throne, to have the freedom of the palace and go and come in fulfilment of our service under his glances. I would like to dwell upon this a few minutes, in view of our high and sacred calling.

In regarding Christ's kingship I seem to have before me *a blessedly tangible fact*. It helps me to hold him to my thought when I have connected him with this material state. Strong faith perhaps will smile at such aid; yet to retain that beatific vision so often lost, no real assistance need be spared. It sometimes happens that all goes from us but the King. Desolate, we still can say, "Be thou exalted, O Lord, above the heavens." "Thy kingdom come." There is something charmingly realistic about the conception that the God-man Christ now rules these islands and all the earth. The first dawn upon our soul of the truth, that we, while indeed subjects of the Queen, are yet as literally and even more truly under the protection and government of Christ, sheds a delicious light. "O king, live for ever," we involuntarily cry. The personality of Christ becomes more vivid, and while we muse upon it, there seems to steal over town, and home, and heart the shadow of his sovereign power.

It is a true recommendation of viewing Christ much in his kingly glory, that *we assuredly do thus highly exalt him*. We are unacquainted with heaven's language; we must speak of our Beloved by earthly figures. If for him the richest should be reserved—and, beyond all controversy, the "best of everything" is his due—this symbol of supremacy is his peculiar right. It is the mark in Scripture of Christ's exaltation that he is raised above all principalities and powers. Whom the Father hath set at his own right hand, *we* cannot too greatly honour. I know he grants me daily cleansing—priceless boon, but it fills me with shame to see him girded with the towel to wash *my* feet. Precious and indispensable are his sacred teachings, yet, above that Rabbi's robe, showing more glorious, let him put on imperial purple: let me see him gloriously throned. To behold him exalted is to his people as water to their thirst, as rest to their fatigue.

"The highest place *our heart* affords,  
Is his, is his by right,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's eternal light."

As Rutherford cries (to quote that princely saint again), "Now, who is like to that royal king crowned in Zion? When shall I get a seat for royal majesty? If I could set him as far above the heavens as thousand thousands of heights devised by men and angels, I should think him too low. Blessed and holy is his name!"

Loyalty to King Jesus, ascendant in the soul, *mightily influences our service*. Christ's servants catch their first inspiration from the cross, and the master charm of Calvary is always powerful and prized; but the crown also has an inspiration we cannot afford to lose. The person of Christ, be his brow girt with gold or thorn—a personal realised Saviour is essential to our work; without him we can do nothing. Abstractions stir no blood, inspire no lives. But like the presence of Alexander on the battle-field, making every soldier a hero, is the sight of our victorious Leader when he passes down our ranks. In the day of battle, before the desperate engagement, let us but see our King, and it will go well enough. The truth of the exaltation of Christ often affords the soul grand foothold. There is at times a spell and fascination about it that half intoxicates the heart, and swift over all the mental frame pours delight unutterable. This is divine wine wherewith to fire the heart for pulpit duties. Some lives there are that gather here their chief motive force, and breathe almost exclusively the court atmosphere. The royalty of Jesus is the river of their joy.

In the very name KING JESUS there is might and invigoration to his servants. We sing

"Jesus, the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace,"

and truly it is a name above every name for sweetness and fragrance. But *King Jesus*—is not this the soldier-subject's title! It has a right royal ring. It stirs the soul like a trumpet. Its bare utterance seems to marshal us to duty. This name of power Peter inscribed upon his standard as he led the vanguard of the church on to Gentile territory—"Jesus, Lord of all." Paul advancing for the first time into Europe in his Master's name, filled Macedonia's capital with the fame of "another king, one Jesus." The Thessalonian converts saw indeed the King in his beauty, till their over-sanguine hearts began to vision in every sunset the refulgence of his coming. His very name has a spell. How influential then must be his indwelling! Absalom, beautiful in person, and supported by a magnificent equipage, stole the hearts of the men of Israel, till they rose and risked war in his behalf. Stand thou in the gate, O Prince Immanuel,

"E'en with thy glory excellent,  
And with thy majesty;"

and the conquered hearts of thy people will spend their latest life-drops for thy glory.

Ruled by this loyalty we shall better pray that hardest sentence in the Saviour's golden series, that prayer the most difficult that human lips can try—"Thy will be done." Umbrage has been taken of late,

by one of the powers of Europe, on account of the word "submit" which was made use of in a government dispatch. Monarch will not bend to monarch. Every approach towards the claim of equality lessens the willingness to yield. But who would not submit to his king? Our grief is that we cannot lie low enough at the footstool of a sovereign so great as ours. Pride cannot live in the light of his throne. We read that when a certain noble Persian was arrested he drew out his sword and defended himself; but when they told him that they came to carry him to the king, he promptly and willingly yielded. The loyal followers of our Prince require but a sight of his seal to make immediate and unquestioning submission howsoever hard the requirement. *Death*, is going to the king.

There is a charm, too, which, to my mind, this view of our Lord and of our relation to him as his servants flings over all our work. How gracefully, as we meditate upon it, the ambassadorial robe seems to fall about our shoulders; just as Paul, writing of heaven and of Christ, ("known no more after the flesh," but as "God in Christ,") declares his ministry by saying, "Now then, we are ambassadors for Christ." This truth, like the sun, touches the lowest duties of our office with light, and sheds a peculiar dignity over all. That which might have seemed mean in itself, is no longer mean when done for the King. Each service, touched with the Royal Commission we bear in our hands, is turned into gold. It has been found wisdom to impress toiling mankind with a sense of the dignity of labour, to save the humblest from false shame, and inspire all with perseverance. If such be the effect of this philosophy, no mortals on earth should equal for nobility of heart and dauntless energy those upon whose least duty rests a glory outshining all earthly honour—the servants of King Jesus. How this heaven-born light, stretching along the path of the future like a carpet of cloth of gold, tempts our feet and takes away our weariness.

Predominant in the heart, this influence may be expected to *impel to deeds of daring* for Christ. Loyalty throughout the world's history has been a mighty inspiration. Sanctified and rendered unto Christ, it has shaken and will yet again shake the world. How it glowed and flamed upward from Lambert's spirit, more fiercely than the fire that wrapped him, as clapping his burning hands, he cried, "None but Christ; none but Christ." It was the presence of the King that infused into those ancient defenders of the faith a more than human courage. Who would sell one hour of life for a Christless Christianity? But, as on Flodden Field, when

"Tho' thick the shafts as snow,  
Still the Scots around their king  
Unbroken fought in desperate ring,"

and the English squadrons strove vainly

"To break the Scottish circle deep;"

whenever the church of the Lord Jesus, recognizing the exceeding value of his person, crown, and glory, closes her ranks in "circle deep" about him—Christ her hope, her creed, her all; then, under the shadow of that inspiring Presence, such deeds of prowess are wrought, such divine sacrifices are made, as bless the world and give the angels of God

another heaven. Not all is it to whom God has given the fearless lion-heart that *can* respond to great opportunities. But David's mighties are only mighty as they are true to their Leader-King. The "glory in his looks" feeds the flame of their hearts' enthusiasm. When an ancient monarch would display his soldiers' devotedness to his person, he called to one who stood near him at the top of a tower, and pointing over it, bade him *leap!* The face of the emperor was his inspiration, the emperor's word his law: instantly the soldier sprang from the height and was dashed to pieces beneath. Christ's chosen champions at his command have made ventures as daring. At the royal tones, fired by the kindling glances of the speaker, they have leaped; but how sweetly blessed has been the alighting it will be theirs in the leisure of eternity to relate.

Loyalty to Christ *will hold the life true* through all disturbing influences that beset our way. This, as to three things, which, if I may be allowed, I will briefly indicate.

It will hold the life true, *as to doctrine*: to Christ, King of the Book. When in India the British crown was contemned, and the subject rose in rebellion, there was disorder and every evil. And those doctrines that would depose Christ from his kingly throne—what good fruits can be borne of such base mutiny! Holy fidelity will see in every teaching that refuses to bow the knee to him a traitor ripe for the axe. See with what graceful order in the Book of God all the truths fall into position below and around the King! How, in the Epistles, does "the name high over all" lie everywhere thickly bestrewn! The jewelled hand of the divine Artificer of our salvation flashes in every verse: always a King's hand; for from Genesis to Revelation he is Lord of all. Seeing him thus, and delighting that it should be so, the greenest by-path tempts us in vain.

It will hold the life true *as to church administration*. Here loyalty to Christ should ever preside. There are other competitors for the seat: self-honour, the fear of man, evil policy—one or other of these influences is perpetually making itself felt, often succeeding, if not in wholly diverting the soul, in imparting to its movements an unsteady and weakened posture. Not till regard for Christ supplants and expels these unholy forces can the course of the soul be undeviating and true. When, in the reign of Charles I., the judges of England were holding office under certain new and revised conditions, exceedingly unfavourable to the cause of justice, namely, "during his majesty's pleasure," the will of the king became of more importance in their regard than the laws they sat to administer. In Zion the servants of the crown have the happiness of being at all times most in accord with the will of their Sovereign when they best honour the statute book; and here it is a noble and safe and wise policy that sets above all other considerations the royal pleasure. How clashing interests are quelled, and difficulties vanish, when dealt with in this spirit of unselfish fidelity to Jesus! This lifts every question out of the narrow arena of party, invests it with a sacred character, and applies high and true principles to its solution, causing all things to work for the furtherance of the Saviour's kingdom and glory.

This principle holds the life true, *as to personal character and development*, to Christ, "King of Righteousness."



Loyalty urges the strictest self-scrutiny. As Israel before Ai, the heart will search out its Achan with relentless impartiality. Evil may be, and, alas, will be in the most faithful bosom; but it will go and come by stealth, like the Jew in England when laws of banishment forbade him the country. Loyalty to the King, his able minister in the heart, can know no rest while one inch of soil fails to yield its true produce, or one foul disfiguring growth pollutes the atmosphere. As Joseph reaped Egypt for Pharaoh, it will lay our manhood's last rood under tribute for Immanuel's storehouses. A chastened purifying power hath this influence upon the soul. Breathed upon by the Spirit of God, all the Christian's being becomes responsive. With what tender care treads that life which holds it the chief of disasters to offend the Lord. What *fear* is there, lest by evil contact the delicate bloom of communion should be destroyed. When the heart is aglow with loving admiration of the King, sin, that blackest of treasons, appears unrobed to its most naked ugliness. "Shall I," we cry, "withdraw the sword's point from the throat of the enemy to turn it towards my Sovereign?" "Eighty and six years," said Polycarp, when urged to reproach Christ, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King?"

Finally, to conclude the whole, loyalty to King Jesus *kindles up the future with glory*. Hope plays a large part in Christian experience. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be;" and the "things that God hath prepared for them that love him" often give us ravished dreamings. The devoted believer's richest reveries have for their centre the Lord, and like the sublimest sunset-splendour that ever rewarded the artist-watcher is the sweetness, power, and glory with which faith, gazing across the future, clothes the long-expected advent days. As our delight in that Crowned One grows in intensity, we look forward with deeper expectation—forward to the consummation of his kingdom. The glooms of the hour are forgotten in that glow of light, in which we see a subjugated world, wherein

"Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him,  
His praise all people sing."

What a prospect for Immanuel's friends! Alexander's world was divided amongst his generals. So Jesus, standing amidst his followers, partitioned it amongst them. "All power," said he, "is given unto me in heaven and in earth, go ye therefore and teach all nations." Like the Chevalier's Highland chiefs, surveying with covetous eye Scotland's glens and mountains, and anticipating the hour when through their dauntless valour, all should be subject to their prince; who that amongst the deluded millions of this rebel earth joys in Emmanuel's rule does not cherish the grand hope—a hope assuredly to be realized—of islands, seas, and continents, all stretched in subjection at the Redeemer's feet. The vision is overpowering, like that which prostrated John before his angelic attendant. To what divine eloquence do prophet and apostle rise at every mention of this theme. What pictures of peace and righteousness and praise overspreading

and beautifying all, do they portray—heaven glad, earth at rest, hell isolated! Then, when all the world's forces shall be made to subserve the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, how holy and beautiful will this now groaning earth appear. That is a fine idea of Arnot's: he writes, "Men are busy girdling the globe with a network of electric wires. Each state covers its own territory for its own purposes. But when the machinery is all ready, the supreme Monarch may see meet to appropriate the whole, and thereby circulate his own message in every language and in every land." The thought is capable of extensive application. Steam, the press, the telephone, all the discoveries of science existing or yet to exist,—we see them, as in prophetic vision, in the hand of our King. Oh, happy world, thrilling and throbbing with the divinest name! Then, when inanimate creation and living men shall be alike vocal with his fame, and from lip to lip his worthy praise shall pass round and round this renovated globe, its onward sweep through the heavens shall be in a perpetual atmosphere of music. Such sounds, at least, do at still hours steal strangely across the sea of coming time into the consecrated ear, and thus does loyalty to King Jesus, in many a desponding hour, kindle up the future.

And now, if the feelings of the writer of this paper while meditating on its matchless theme have been at all communicated by its language, no fitter words could form the concluding lines than the first stanza of Perronet's immortal song:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all."

An old writer tells us, "In the solemn coronation of the prince every peer of the realm hath his station about the throne, and with the touch of his hand upon the royal crown, declareth the personal duty of that honour which he is called unto, to uphold the crown and dignity of his prince." It is not to-day the coronation of our King, for long ago God set him upon his holy hill of Zion. Yet, at this annual gathering, often he seems to be crowned anew in our midst; and if we may be permitted to touch that "royal diadem" in token of the renewal of our hearty allegiance to him, it shall be that we may instantly fall at his feet, and worship "him that liveth for ever and ever."

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## God glorified in Forgiveness of Sin.

LIKE some black rock that heaves itself above the surface of a sunlit sea, and the wave runs dashing over it; and the spray, as it falls down its sides, is all rainbowed and lightened; and there comes beauty into the mighty grimness; so a man's transgressions rear themselves up, and God's great love, coming sweeping itself against them and over them, makes out of the sin an occasion for the flashing more brightly of the beauty of his mercy.—*Maclaren.*

## Two Hundred Years of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN his essay on John Bunyan, published in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* more than twenty years ago, Macaulay says: "The Pilgrim's Progress stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained." These expressions are not consistent with our present knowledge, for it is generally agreed that the Dreamer's immortal allegory was originally published by Master Ponder at the sign of *The Peacock*, over against Cornhill, in 1678. A copy of the first edition, moreover, is in the possession of Mr. R. S. Holford. In the introduction to Mr. Elliot Stock's fac-simile reprint, to which we have previously alluded,\* we are told that "the unique and priceless original is a compact volume, printed on yellowish grey paper, from, apparently, new type; and so perfectly has it been preserved, that it seems to be in precisely the state in which it left the publisher's shelves."

It is not our intention to write another Life of Bunyan; the allegorist left us a choice piece of autobiography in his "Grace Abounding," and for generations the facts have been re-dished by authors of various capacities until even the genius of Lord Macaulay could effect nothing more than place familiar things in a striking light. Copies of the various editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress" would fill the shelves of a library of tolerable size; another library might be formed with the "Lives" of Bunyan, and with the tame, or even worthless, imitations of his great work, which have for the most part constituted so much lumber in the literary market from Anne to Victoria. Not that lumber is necessarily uninteresting; marine stores still attract the curious; and far more fascinating than an old curiosity shop would be a complete collection of Bunyan literature. It falls to the lot of few, even among the greatest men, to have such a host of biographers doing him honour after death; and yet after reading Ofor, Southey, and the brilliant pieces of Lord Macaulay, we shall be ill acquainted with Bunyan's wonderful experience unless we have derived our knowledge at first hand from the pages of his own autobiography.†

Some time ago we were favoured with the opportunity of visiting Elstow and of seeing for ourselves the relics of Bunyan, or rather of Bunyan's times, which are found in that still quaint village. Lying aside from the main highway to the north and south, the little settlement is so non-progressive that many of the objects on which Bunyan looked still remain intact. The tower of the old Norman church, standing apart from the main edifice, is the same as it was in the seventeenth century; and ascending to its leaden roof we looked upon a charming landscape, and also upon the ancient bells whose clear tones so well

\* February, 1875.

† For popular reading the best edition of Bunyan's book is the edition published by the Religious Tract Society, "John Bunyan. An Autobiography. With illustrations by E. N. Downard, engraved by Edward Wympere." The work is so edited that "All that is really essential to the biography and to the illustration of Bunyan's inner life is retained." All who would know Bunyan's adventures, and understand the man, should read this book. The best *complete* edition of "Grace Abounding" is that edited by Ofor, and included in his standard edition of Bunyan's works.

pleased the young tinker. Speaking of the village green, Mr. Copner, the vicar, remarks: "More than two centuries have passed away since Bunyan might have been seen on this identical sward, the ringleader of a posse of village rowdies, playing at pitch and toss on Sabbath evenings. The old green is much the same now as it was then, and so, no doubt, is the quaint old structure in the middle of it, whose bricks and oak-beams tell a story of the past. It must have been in its glory in the days of Bunyan; and, if tradition tells true, on occasions of fairs and merry-makings, many a romping dance in the long room upstairs did our hero caper here with the Elstow maidens, before any qualms of conversion had sobered the tenor of his ways." The church, the ruins of the Hillersdens' mansion adjacent, the green and its curious centre-piece, have all something to tell us of Puritan times and of our dreamer's early days.

We are sorry to be unable to give a like testimony concerning the house still occupied by peasants, and called Bunyan's Cottage. The poor woman in charge is evidently pained by the incredulity of visitors, she shows an oaken beam which relic-mongers carry away piecemeal; but after all, though this is the site of an older house, we well know that it is not identical with the Bunyan cottage our fathers might have looked upon sixty years ago. The place is, nevertheless, worthy of a visit. The book of pilgrims' names contains many characteristic entries; and it is not altogether unprofitable to hear a dame recount traditions, facts, and fancies which have accumulated in the village during seven generations.

We suppose it is not now generally understood that Bunyan's moral character in early life was not so unspeakably infamous as it was believed to have been by his older biographers. His own denial of ever having violated the seventh commandment ought to have suggested the necessity of exercising more moderation while cataloguing his crimes. He was so far from being a fast youth, according to the conventional sense of the term, that modern ritualists, who would supplement the Common Prayer with the Book of Sports, would still call such a renegade a good churchman. A race of historians with little penetration and no industry have followed in one wake, and while deceiving themselves have deluded others. Bunyan judged of himself by the Scriptural standard, and, strictly speaking, his language was correct; but on that very account it is grossly unfair to assign to his words a meaning they were never intended to convey.

If the latest researches teach anything, they show how we have been misled as to the particulars concerning Bunyan's imprisonment. All readers are familiar with the old town cage of Bedford, as it has been a hundred times portrayed with pen and pencil; a cramped, damp, uncomfortable place, whose base was washed by the slow-flowing waters of the Ouse. Did Bunyan ever occupy a cell in this horrible place? Is this the *Den* he lighted upon in the pilgrimage of life? About ten years ago Mr. James Wyatt, in a paper read before the County Archæological Society, maintained with some force of argument that the dungeon on the bridge is not the prison referred to in the opening of the allegory. "It must be borne in mind," he says, "that the so-called offence for which he was sent to prison took place in the county, at

Samsell, in the parish of Harlington, as he himself describes; and he was committed by a *county* magistrate, who would have jurisdiction over the county prison only. The jail on the bridge was exclusively a borough building, and numerous entries in the corporation books show the municipal authorities alone used it and maintained it." He then shows from the town records that the Bridge-house was totally destroyed by a great flood in 1671, so that "if Bunyan had been imprisoned at that period in the bridge dungeon as described he would have been swept away."\* This, however, is not in itself conclusive; for it is well known that Bunyan enjoyed comparative liberty during the twelve years of his prison life. The argument which seems to be conclusive is, that if the county prison stood in the town, a county offender would be therein confined. The magistrates before whom Bunyan was arraigned could not have committed a prisoner to a place exclusively in the hands of the corporation; and consequently he most probably never entered the place, which has not been without its attractions to authors and artists for two centuries.

The first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was written during the twelve years of the author's prison life; and the most interesting crisis in the history of the book had arrived when the MS. was taken from the drawer where it had lain for years, to be submitted to a council of judicious critics who should discuss its merits and decide on its fate. Was the coarse-looking manuscript worth the ink expended upon it? The discerning portion of the judges said, "John, print it, it may do good." The other part of the council did not conscientiously countenance an innovation which seemed to lower Christian teaching to the level of worldly story-tellers. Print it? No! The book could do no good, and it might do much mischief. "There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable," says Macaulay. "But that time was passed; and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state." Fortunately for the world Bunyan could appeal to the higher court of his own common sense, where a favourable decision being delivered, the sugar-paper-looking manuscript was soon pronounced to be a masterpiece at the bar of public opinion.

The "fools" whose verdict chagrined Macaulay do not justly come under that category; they were simple pious souls, sincerely jealous of their Lord's honour, but they lacked the wit to detect the matchless beauty of their companion's work. Fools of another and more genuine kind have frequently taken up Bunyan's book, and while exercising the functions of critics, their owl-like eyes have missed its abundant beauties. Can anything, for example, savour more strongly of the block-headism which is akin to imbecility than the article on Bunyan in *The Penny Cyclopædia*? "The Pilgrim's Progress" is there spoken of as "this coarse allegory;" and it is characterized as being "mean, jejune, and wearisome." Without feeling angry, we can excuse the illiterate Puritans who advised the suppression of what they supposed to be a mere story book for grown up children; but we must regard with scorn the contemptible dunces, who, so recently as 1836, could parade their folly in a work intended for the people.

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\* Quoted by Copner in "The Hero of Elstow."

Dr. Johnson, when at the height of his fame, was sufficiently courageous to give Bunyan his due. 'His *Pilgrim's Progress*' has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story," said the monarch of the Literary Club in 1773; "and it has the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is remarkable that it begins very much like the poem of Dante; yet there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. There is reason to think that he had read Spenser." (?) The notion that our allegorist had profited by the study of "*The Faerie Queen*" is not entertained by Macaulay and later critics.

In what kind of esteem was Bunyan held in genteel and literary circles during the eighteenth century? The common opinion seems to be that educated people generally regarded him as a very vulgar fellow, to whom no reader of taste gave any attention, however much his works might be appreciated by the vulgar throng. We have happily conclusive reasons for believing that this was not the case. The opinion of those who were competent to judge virtually corresponded with our own; and in proof of this assertion we will adduce a couple of extracts from *The Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1741, and April, 1765. The search for these long-since forgotten critical utterances has been a labour of love; and we copy them from Mr. Urban's pages, now discoloured by age, for the sake of those who could not procure the originals.

In the magazine for September, 1741, there is an article on certain allegorical writers, and the following distinctly refers to "*The Pilgrim's Progress*." The opinions were written in a dead literary age, when, moreover, the religious awakening of Methodism had only just commenced. "I will add to these," says the writer, "an original of an opposite kind, '*The Pilgrim's Progress*' of honest John Bunyan, a man who, if he wanted learning, wanted also any sort of art or fraud, and whose expression, if it be homely, is at the same time so just and natural, and so exactly of a piece with the structure of his tale, that, take it altogether, there never was an allegory better designed or better supported. The wits may perhaps take offence at the respect I pay to this religious romance; but if we consider the universal good reception it hath met with at home and abroad, we may either allow that it has merit, or that ourselves and our neighbours are void of penetration and true judgment. Besides, this is not the only book of its kind, there have been many others published with the same view, though not in the same manner, which, though written by learned and judicious men, have yet met with an indifferent reception compared with that afforded to '*The Pilgrim's Progress*' of Bunyan. He hath, therefore, according to the rules, a right to fame which should never be denied him; and I have the rather commended him on this occasion, because I think his example might incline men unacquainted with any but their mother tongue to undertake somewhat therein which might give them as just a title to reputation. Sense is sense in all languages, and let a man know ever so much Latin and Greek, he thinks in the tongue of his people, let it be what it will; so that in point of invention all men are on a par."

The next extract appeared nearly a quarter of a century later, when George III. was on the throne, and when religion and literature had both partially revived:—"John Bunyan is the author of a book well known, called 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' an illustration by allegory of that set of religious principles which, a very few particulars excepted, is contained in the XXXIX. Articles of the Church of England. . . . His book has been frequently the witling's jest, who neither knew nor cared whether the principles upon which it was written were false or true; and it is always denied by those who suppose the principles to be false, as establishing fanaticism upon the ruins of rational religion. The late celebrated Mr. James Foster used to say that not one of the characters in 'The Pilgrim's Progress' talked common sense but Ignorance, whom the author has conducted the back way to hell. As a work of imagination, however, illustrating a particular set of religious principles, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is certainly a work of original and uncommon genius; and though the allegory is frequently broken by a mixture of literal and metaphorical senses, yet curiosity is forcibly raised, and constantly gratified; the mind is ardently and tenderly interested for the hero, his dangers produce surprise and terror, and his escapes admiration and joy. Every reader is indeed the very pilgrim whose progress is exhibited, and therefore necessarily refers his dangers and deliverances to himself; is alarmed by the same fears, and animated by the same hopes; he feels himself urged to flee from the wrath to come, and is directed in the course he is to run; the acts of various characters who would seduce him from it are detected, and he is shown to be superior to any force that may assail him in it. It is, perhaps, one of the most powerful addresses to the passions of youth in favour of religion in the world; and best adapted to awake, in the most gay and thoughtless part of life, an attention to futurity, and an awful sense that eternal life and death are set before us. In a word, it contains a most excellent epitome and illustration of Calvinistic divinity, under an allegory highly entertaining and affecting. It inculcates religion at the same time that it impresses a lively sense of its importance; it at once shews the ground and the goal, and strongly stimulates to run the race."

Additional proof that Bunyan was in favour with the classes able to purchase expensive books is seen in the handsome folio volumes of his collected works, issued in 1737. The allegories are illustrated with copper-plate engravings, four being printed on a page.

The "improved" editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," little read at the time of publication, and now decently interred in the oblivion of public libraries, are still to be reckoned among the literary curiosities of the eighteenth century. The gifted people, who, being naturally surprised and scandalized at a tinker's popularity, seized a quill to prove to the world how infinitely better they could do the thing themselves, scarcely stand so much in need of our pity as the would-be purists who undertake to reclothe Bunyan's book in the fashionable language of the town. One of these industrious noodles, who flourished during the reign of Queen Anne, re-wrote the entire allegory, invented a new title, and even substituted Joel ii. 23, "Your old men shall dream dreams," for Bunyan's motto, "I have used similitudes." The opening

sentence of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is one of the things in English literature with which the ordinary run of people are most familiar :— "As I walked through the wilderness of this world," etc. The "improved" edition opened thus : "At a time when all things were in a profound silence, and sleep had locked up all the portals of my senses, my waking fancy represented those things to me which made so strong an impression on my soul, that I could not easily forget them." Did rhetorical folly ever surpass this attempt to rise to heights sublime on borrowed wings ?

More than a hundred years later the honest and pious Joseph Ivimey came before the world as an imitator of Bunyan, if not as an actual "improver." The motives of such a man are, of course, above suspicion. As a pastor, as an evangelist, as a private Christian, his character was quite irreproachable ; it was his misfortune to inherit a passion for writing, in his case a talent for making himself ridiculous in the eyes of an ungodly world. It would be difficult to find in the departments of religious biography and history a more stupid book than his "Life of Milton," or a heavier piece of reading than his "English Baptists." His pen was ever busy, and without having a spark of literary genius he appears to have thought that there was no kind of authorship in which he was not qualified to shine. While wishing that this good man had written less, we can excuse the mania which possessed him until we come to "Pilgrims of the Nineteenth Century ; a continuation of the Pilgrim's Progress under the plan projected by Mr. Bunyan." Even the most serious person will find it impossible to look through this volume with the gravity which the subject should command.

Want of space precludes our giving extracts, but two or three sentences may be copied as a sample of the general fare. The pilgrim passes through the town of Toleration, where "there were no Domes, no Spires, no Steeples ! nor was the sound of a *Bell* to be heard in it." The pilgrim then pursues his way and meets with adventures like the following : "The evening approaching, and finding myself fatigued with my long walk, I enquired where I could find a lodging. I was directed to a tavern bearing the sign of 'The lion eating straw like the ox.' Being told also that it was kept by a very honourable and happy pair, who had lately become pilgrims, named 'Simplicity and Godly-sincerity,' and that they had lately discharged a waiter named 'Fleshly-wisdom,' and hired another in his place called 'Godly-fear,' I concluded I might with perfect safety and comfort spend the night at their house."

There can be little doubt that the attention bestowed upon Bunyan by writers of this calibre did something in the way of making his works distasteful to persons of taste. Thus, "Rees' Encyclopædia," a work published in Ivimey's day, speaks of the allegorist as "A very popular writer among persons of a particular description." Rees, a non-evangelical preacher himself, does not forget to say that Bunyan was "a rigid Calvinist," whose genius had been too extravagantly extolled by Granger and others.

On coming to our own times, the allegories of Bunyan are published in England chiefly by four agencies : the Book Society ranking first,



in point of age ; the Religious Tract Society dates from 1799 ; and among private firms the chief place must be given to Messrs. Blackie and Son, and to Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

What these four agencies have accomplished in the distribution of Bunyan's books is something to excite wonder and gratitude, while the enormous increase in the sales during the last twenty years shows that the tinker's popularity was small in the past if the past is measured by to-day. The Book Society has five editions ; one in very large type, with coloured plates ; one admirable edition at a shilling, and a marvel of typography, the allegory unabridged at twopence, and two others. A million copies of a penny edition, also unabridged, have likewise been circulated. These are striking results of the abolition of the paper duty.

The Religious Tract Society can add its testimony to the growing popularity of the allegories. In fifty years ending in 1849, the sales of "The Pilgrim's Progress" amounted to 170,000 only ; but the last twenty-nine years would tell a very different story. The Society's editions of Bunyan are very numerous, ranging from the tasty little volume at a shilling, to the superior gift-book, with its choice series of coloured plates, at seven shillings and sixpence. There is also a very large type edition for failing eyes—a rare volume for presentation to elderly people, and one which such will heartily appreciate. These various editions not only speak well for the enterprise of the committee, but testify to that wide-spread and ever-growing popularity which Bunyan still commands among the English-speaking race. Not that the author's fame is confined to one nation or people, however ; for the committee of the Religious Tract Society have been instrumental in disseminating Bunyan's Pilgrim throughout the world in twenty-six foreign languages. The work seems to have been written for all nations as well as for all time.

As a private firm, all admirers of Bunyan are indebted to Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin for various editions of this allegory of surpassing excellence, both as regards the annotations and the pictorial illustrations which accompany the text. This firm employed the late revered Dr. Brock to write the author's memoir, while the notes, prepared by Dr. Maguire, have the characteristic excellence of not obscuring the text. To pronounce the illustrations to be admirable is not to pay them so high a compliment as to say that they are the happiest efforts of the gifted Selous, and Paolo Priolo. Many of the pictures are allegories in themselves, and repay the most careful attention. We mention these magnificent popular editions, works in the production of which a large capital has been embarked, as still further proof of the wonderful hold John Bunyan still retains on the national mind. Five hundred thousand copies have gone forth from Belle-sauvage-yard, and because the demand seems to be stimulated by the supply, a sumptuous large print quarto edition, with its supplementary plates printed in colours, is now being issued. Even little children, just beginning to read, constitute a portion of Bunyan's great audience, and an edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress in Words of one Syllable," and published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, is in a third edition.

Passing from the Allegories, as separate publications, to the collected

editions of Bunyan's writings, we are bound in common fairness to acknowledge with grateful admiration the achievements of George Offor.\* There was a sense in which Mr. Offor was a Bunyan enthusiast, and had it not been for enthusiasm he would hardly have persevered to conquer the difficulties which arose at every stage of the extraordinary task he undertook as the crowning work of a busy life. His edition of Bunyan is not only the greatest monument which loving industry could erect in memory of a venerated author, it is the only complete edition ever given to the world. Only by a lavish expenditure of capital, and an equally liberal outlay of time and labour, could such a monument have been completed. The many steel engravings which adorn the text are selected with taste, while the fac-simile illustrations from old editions will afford entertainment to connoisseurs. These volumes are in themselves a striking proof of the appreciation now accorded to Bunyan by the well-to-do classes of England; for never before were the works of a puritan divine sent forth into the world with such costly accompaniments. Mr. Offor appears to have aimed at making his work an edition for all time, and we are not bold enough to say that he has not succeeded. Whatever there was to be done has been done so thoroughly that we are unable very plainly to see what there is left for others to accomplish. Were we asked to name the best life of Bunyan in our literature we should select the work of George Offor; and the careful reader who wishes to read "Grace Abounding" in its complete form will find in George Offor's notes both entertainment and assistance in understanding John Bunyan as a man, and also John Bunyan's time. According to the custom of the day, Messrs. Blackie issue their edition in about twenty-four parts, and we shall be glad if any words of ours can stimulate the sale of such a work as this in the fourth jubilee year of the publication of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Mr. Offor informs us that "'The Pilgrim's Progress' was meanly printed for half a century in separate parts, on paper of the worst quality, in the cheapest form, with the rudest woodcuts. Innumerable copies of these parts were sold, especially to the poor, who eagerly read them over and over until they were worn out, and have become rare in proportion to their age."

Speaking of John Bunyan's works generally, Mr. Offor says further: "Never was there a period which so imperatively called for these works as the present day. Mighty efforts are making to exalt the Man of Sin, and again to enthrall this country in the Satanic yoke of Popery, or that of its dark, ill-shapen brother, Puseyism. Bunyan's book on that awful word 'Antichrist' is a home-thrust at the enemy; his work on the 'Greatness of the Soul' excites the deepest interest in its indescribable value; his 'Few Sighs from Hell' alarm the thoughtless, and fill the believer with adoring gratitude for his escape; his treatise upon Baptism raises us above water to that one baptism of the Holy Ghost which alone regenerates the soul. Every treatise, while it excites

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\* "The whole Works of John Bunyan," accurately reprinted from the author's own editions. With Editorial Prefaces, Notes, and Life of Bunyan. By George Offor, Esq. With numerous Illustrative Engravings. Three volumes royal 8vo. London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow: Blackie and Son.

solemn and earnest inquiries after salvation, clearly defines the narrow path which leads to life, abounds with antidotes against despair, and with comfort to the feeble-minded; contains milk for babes, and strong meat for men in Christ. In Bunyan's writings there is no sectarian bias—Christ is all in all. He addresses the hearts of the whole family of heaven—old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlettered—leading all classes to be found 'looking upon Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.'" All will agree with these sentiments, and our readers, at all events, will rejoice in the growing favour which, as a characteristic of our age, is being extended to John Bunyan's works.

Thus we celebrate the fourth jubilee of a book which charms and instructs at every stage of life, and which in the best language of earth marks out the path to heaven.

### Have to have more.

*"For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."*—Matthew xiii. 12.

**T**HE TIMES, May 8th, speaking of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy says, "No doubt people ought to bring to a collection of pictures, or other works of art, as much knowledge as possible, according to the old saying that if we expect to bring back the wealth of the Indies, we must take the wealth of the Indies out with us. Learning and progress are continual accretions." This witness is true. He who studies the works of art in an exhibition of paintings, being himself already educated in such matters, adds greatly to his knowledge, and derives the utmost pleasure from the genius displayed. On the other hand, he who knows nothing at all about the matter, and yet pretends to be a critic, simply exhibits his own ignorance and self-conceit, and misses that measure of enjoyment which an entirely unsophisticated and unpretending spectator would have received. We must bring taste and information to art, or she will not deign to reveal her choicest charms.

It is so with all the higher forms of knowledge. We were once in the fine museum of geology and mineralogy in Paris, and we noticed two or three enthusiastic gentlemen in perfect rapture over the specimens preserved in the cases; they paused lovingly here and there, used their glasses, and discoursed with delighted gesticulations concerning the various objects of interest; they were evidently increasing their stores of information; they had, and to them more was given. Money makes money, and knowledge increases knowledge. A few minutes after we noticed one of our own countrymen, who appeared to be a man of more wealth than education. He looked around him for a minute or two, walked along a line of cases, and then expressed the utmost disgust with the whole concern, "There was nothing there," he said, "except a lot of old bones and stones, and bits of marble." He was persuaded to look a little further, at a fine collection of fossil fishes, but the total result was a fuller manifestation of his ignorance upon the subjects so abundantly illustrated, and a declaration of his

desire to remain in ignorance, for he remarked that "He did not care a rap for such rubbish, and would not give three half-crowns for a wagon-load of it." Truly, in the matter of knowledge, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

The same principle holds good in matters of religion: he who has love to Christ, and a spiritual appetite, enjoys the word of God, and finds it to be marrow and fatness; but he who has no spiritual perception turns away from the most instructive doctrine, rejecting it, even as the full soul loatheth the honeycomb. Such a hearer is no gainer by the gospel, and though it may seem to be a contradiction that he who had nothing should have something taken away from him, yet so it is: the unspiritual man is frequently a loser by the gospel which he hears, he loses that curiosity which at first induced him to listen, that measure of interest which in some degree aroused his attention, and that slender sense of ignorance which remained in him so long as he did not even know what the gospel was. Henceforth he has heard all that the preacher has to say, he thinks he knows all that the Bible can teach him, and any little hope that there may have been for him is greatly diminished. There must be life in us, or we cannot feed on the food around us; there must be an eye in the body, or light will be in vain; there must be some grace within the soul, or else all the grace in means and ordinances cannot enrich us. When the soil is made good the good seed yields a harvest, but often the barren soil devours all that the husbandman can put upon it and is none the better. We ought to go to public worship with an earnest desire to obtain a blessing, a willing heart to receive it, and a sense of our need of it, and then we shall not hear in vain. If beyond this our soul is in actual fellowship with our Lord already we shall find that his paths drop fatness. "To him that hath shall be given."

Remember, too, that a religious profession requires grace to sustain it. A company which begins business without cash will soon lose even its nominal capital, will in fact lose what it never had; thus thoroughly illustrating the words of our Lord, and, as in a parable, setting before us the result of pretending to be Christians if we have not grace. If we have no oil in our vessels with our lamps the lamps themselves will go out and leave us in total darkness.

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## Thou knewest.

"Thou knewest."—Luke xix. 22.

WITH these awful words the judge in the parable is represented as silencing his unworthy servant. He set up the plea, "I knew thee that thou wert an austere man." Without noticing or questioning this, the judge replies, "Thou knewest,"—thou art therefore condemned out of thine own mouth. He takes the man's own admissions, and forges them into a bright sword, wherewith he cleaves the false heart through. "Thou knewest; thou oughtest therefore." The condemned sinner at the judgment-seat will need no other voice than this, "Thou knewest."

## Canon Farrar on "Future Life Questions."

### CONCLUSION.

**A**LTHOUGH the principal statements made in the two sermons which we have already examined are very largely repeated in Canon Farrar's third sermon, yet there are a few new assertions which compel our notice, and require close study, if we are to judge of their truth or falsehood according to the teachings of the Scriptures.

Already we have seen how little of Scripture is quoted in support or defence of the doctrine which it is sought to substitute for the old-fashioned belief in the eternal connection of sin and punishment; so that we shall no longer express our surprise at the marked absence of Scripture proof, though for ourselves, we test every statement by the standard of its authority.

At the very opening of this third sermon we are warned that the orthodox view of this question is one which, in its appeals to men, depends very largely for its success upon its ability to create fear in them, and we are told with great assurance that "The virtue which has no better basis than the fear of hell is simply no virtue at all. No virtue is in the least degree virtuous which springs only from a hope of profit or fear of punishment . . . . Fear may cause the enforced obedience of the slave; love alone can win the devotion of the child." Now, we are not sure that we should question the truth of these statements when applied to the believing children of God, but when used as equally true of believer and unbeliever alike, then we think them to be of the nature of those half-truths which are whole lies. Our meaning will be clear if we quote the purpose to which this principle is applied. To prove his assertion the Canon asks—"What was the subject of the teaching of our blessed Lord? Was it 'turn or burn,' or was it 'Come unto me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'? Was it hell-fire that he preached to the rejoicing multitudes as he sat among the lilies over the silver lake, or was it the beatitudes of the meek and the merciful, and the message of a Father who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust?"

What do these questions mean? Does Canon Farrar intend to teach that Christ never appealed to fear when he addressed the sons of men? Does he mean to imply that his teaching was of that meagre kind that can only touch one portion of man's nature? Did Christ never appeal to men after the "turn or burn" fashion? We thought that he once said, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" (Matt. xxiii. 33). We grant that the mass of his teaching was of that kind which attracts and draws by its winningness of love, but it would be denying the plainest facts of Christ's life and teaching to seek to prove from his words that no appeal should ever be made to fear. Christ was the great Physician whose ministry to sinful men was an all-round one; to most he administered cordials, but, where necessity required, he failed not from false sentiment to use the severest caustic or the sharpest lancet.

But, supposing this statement about the appeal to fear being contrary

to Christ's teaching to be true—an assertion we altogether deny—we should have expected that, in this *same* sermon at least, there would have been consistency enough left in the preacher to have kept him from appealing to fear himself. But what do we find? Canon Farrar sees that unless there be some restraining motive of fear, those who listen to his consolatory sentences upon this subject are likely to continue in sin, and so he expostulates after this fashion—"I bid you *beware* how you wrest God's mercy to your own ruin . . . *Dare* any of you turn the grace of God into lasciviousness, or count the blood of the covenant, whereby you were sanctified, an unholy thing?" Now, had we not read in the first paragraphs of the sermon the Canon's ingenuous contempt and indignation at the use of appeals to fear, we should have considered the above sentences rather strong in that direction, but now we are driven to suppose it to be only his gentle way of putting the truth. But these are not the only specimens, they are the faint and feeble sparks of the fire which burns all through the sermon. For instance, with all the vigour that the sternest preacher of orthodoxy could use, we are reminded, "Has there ever been any human being yet, since time began—however noble, however beautiful, however gifted, however bright with genius or radiant with fascination—who has sinned with impunity? Ah, no! God is no respecter of persons. Fire burns and water drowns, whether the sufferer be a worthless villain or whether it be a fair and gentle child. And so the moral law works, whether the sinner be a David or a Judas, whether he be a publican or a priest. In the physical world there is no forgiveness of sins. Sin and punishment, as Plato said, walk this world with their hands tied together, and the rivet by which they are linked is a link of adamant."

Again, after having described our inability to escape the natural consequences which sins of a certain kind bring to our bodies, we are treated to a description of the punishment which the victim of *delirium tremens* undergoes in the following words:—"Have you ever seen—if not, may you never see—a young man suffering from *delirium tremens*? Such as not even Dante ever imagined are the horrors that wait upon him—the blood-red suffusion before the eyes quenched in sudden darkness—the myriads of burning, whirling rings of concentric fire—the millions of foul insects which seem to be weaving their damp, soft webs about his face—the hideous, ever-changing visages which look upon him—the eyes which glare from wall and roof—the feeling as if the man were falling, falling, falling, endlessly into a fathomless abyss."

Could anything be more awful in its description, or more powerful as an appeal to fear? Is not the whole of the language such as to fill with horror and trembling, and did not Canon Farrar intend that it should be so? A little further on we are told that the reason for all this suffering is, that "God, who loves us, wishing us to see how drunkenness blasts and scathes and debases and embrutes, in order to save men all this horrible stain and agony and shame, has attached this law to the abuse of intoxicating liquors, as he has attached to fire, a law that it should burn."

Surely from such a statement as this, one would imagine that who-

ever else did not, yet God himself appeals to fear. Is that the Canon's meaning? If not, what does he intend to teach by such a passage? Does it not look as though the Canon were himself better than his creed, and sounder than his most cherished hopes and desires, and did really believe that the road to childlike love is often through the territory of slavish fear? How else can we explain the strange fact, that at the beginning of the sermon we are warned against being led by appeals to fear, and yet throughout the whole of the same sermon the preacher again and again makes his appeals to that emotion.

We shall not adduce more proofs of this fact: it is as easily proved from these few instances as from the whole. Recurring for a moment, therefore, to a general survey of the discourses at which we have thus hastily and briefly looked, we are naturally led to enquire, "What is the teaching upon which we are to rely as being the best suited to take the place of the orthodox view which we have hitherto held?" The answer, so far as we understand it, is plainly, according to our preacher, something of this sort—"I say nothing to uphold the Romish doctrine of purgatory. I cannot accept the spreading belief in conditional immortality. I cannot preach the certainty of what is called universalism, or the view that all will finally be saved."

Besides which, so far as sin is concerned, he tells us that "How long and how far we, in our pride and obduracy and corruption, may harden ourselves, even beyond the grave, against the constraining love of God, we know not, and none knows," but that "shame and corruption are the inevitable consequence of sin—the flame and remorse which will always burn so long as sin is practised—the worm of conscience which will always gnaw until sin is forgiven." The Canon's teaching is thus purely negative—he cannot preach purgatory, annihilation or restoration, he does not know how long sin shall last, and yet with these crude "*don't knows*" he hopes to overturn the cherished beliefs of thousands of God's children, of whose system he can say nothing gentler than that it is "a narrow, railing, Pharisaic dogmatism—a religion of cursing and bitterness."

To us it seems a grave mistake that before the preacher had made up his mind what he believed, he should begin to attack the beliefs of others. He calls his view an "eternal hope," but are our mere hopes to be preached with so much dogmatism, and impatience towards the beliefs of others? Let us have the severest enquiry, the keenest criticism, the closest scrutiny to see if our beliefs are after the mind of Christ, but do not let us preach our personal hopes and longings as though they were unquestionable verities. We feel inclined to quote against the crude dogmas of the Westminster divine the weighty words of a president of the Baptist Union, of whom even Cannon Farrar, we think, would find it hard to say that his teaching is "a narrow, railing, Pharisaic dogmatism—a religion of cursing and bitterness." We mean Dr. Alexander Maclaren—who in his address to the assembly said:—"If ever there was a time when certitude of conviction was needed and longed for, it is amid the tossings and questionings of this distracted age. It does not become the bearers of God's message to speak as if they were ventilating a hypothesis, or telling forth some partial truth . . . We have not to preach doubts, but certainties."

Doubts are not meant to be proclaimed till they have ripened into convictions . . . Keep your work under cover till it is made."

It may be that we also may seem to lie under the charge of having attempted only the destructive, not venturing to propose anything in place of the Canon's theories. We might reply that the cases are altogether different, and provided we can succeed in destroying his position, the teaching on this question which has hitherto been accepted by Evangelical Christians will remain. But we are not ashamed to state our belief. Briefly then, we believe, that "*Sin*" is "a transgression of the law," an active personal violation of the will of God, that such transgression deserves and demands, the punishment which God has annexed to its committal. That a living faith in Jesus Christ as the substitute for man's sin is the only way of salvation and escape from the punishment and dominion of sin. That the unbelieving sinner shall surely suffer the righteous penalty of his sin according to the eternal law, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." That no condemnation could be more severe than for God to say concerning such a soul, "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone." That sin will ever be an active principle in opposition to God's will, and hence the punishment for sin must be eternal unless the sin be removed by faith in the crucified Saviour. Indeed, our creed is none other than that of Jesus Christ, who, in no tone of doubting, said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

H. O. M.

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## To Understand the Word we must seek the Holy Spirit's Aid.

**I**S the Bible the word of God? Then be sure you never read it without  *fervent prayer for the help and teaching of the Holy Spirit*. Here is the rock on which many make shipwreck. They do not ask for wisdom and instruction, and so they find the Bible dark, and carry nothing away from it. You should pray for the Spirit to guide you into all truth. You should beg the Lord Jesus Christ to "open your understanding," as he did that of his disciples. The Lord God, by whose inspiration the book was written, keeps the keys of the book, and alone can enable you to understand it profitably. Nine times over in one Psalm does David cry, "Teach me." Five times over, in the same Psalm, does he say, "Give me understanding." Well says John Owen, Dean of Christchurch, Oxford, "There is a sacred light in the word: but there is a covering and veil on the eyes of men, so that they cannot behold it aright. Now, the removal of this veil is the peculiar work of the Holy Spirit." Humble prayer will throw more light on your Bible than Poole, or Henry, or Scott, or Burkitt, or Bengel, or Alford, or Wordsworth, or Barnes, or Ellicott, or Lightfoot, or any commentary that ever was written.—*Canon Ryle*.



## Colportage: its Benefits.

**I** THINK it will be a satisfaction to Mr. Spurgeon, and those who are interested in the Colportage Society, to hear a short account of what I saw of the good and useful work being done in the cause of Christ by Mr. Hodges (one of the colporteurs) at Wellow, a village in the Isle of Wight. Here the first Baptist church and Sunday-school were formed in the island about one hundred and ten years ago. About forty years have passed since my late father, the Rev. W. Elliott, became the pastor, and continued so for seven years. During his pastorate the church was most prosperous, but after his removal to London it soon went down, and many of the most useful and leading members were lost to it either by death or removal. When I visited the island six years ago, I went into the chapel one Sunday morning just in time for the service. There were but a very few people, and there was no one to lead the singing; at last an old woman with feeble voice commenced, but the song was with difficulty sustained to the end. The Sunday-school had only about fourteen scholars left, and the whole picture was one of sadness; but what was my joy when about a fortnight ago upon visiting the home of my childhood, where I first heard the sound of the gospel, one Sabbath morning, and taking my old place in the chapel for worship, to see the whole aspect of things so pleasingly changed; a full congregation of attentive hearers, good vigorous singing (in my early days we had there such a band of musicians as I am happy to say we do not see in our chapels now), and there are eighty scholars in the Sunday-school, of which Mr. Hodges is the admirable superintendent. He has also a good Bible-class in active operation, he visits the people well, and is much beloved and respected by them. At present, and for a long time past, good local supplies are sent out from Newport, a distance of eight miles, every Sabbath; but if these by any accident fail, Mr. Hodges can preach. He also holds services on the Sunday about two miles from the village, in a very isolated spot, and to give you an idea of the ignorance of some of the poor in that locality, I will relate a little circumstance which happened many years ago. The minister was visiting a woman in her cottage. After having read a portion of Scripture, looking up he observed she had continued her knitting all the time, and as he was going to kneel for prayer, he said to her, "You will not go on with your work now." She replied, "Oh, if you wish it, I can put it down, but I could hear just as well if I went on." She has long since passed off this earthly stage, but I doubt not there still remain many who are as ignorant of the solemn import of prayer, and therefore it is a blessed thing to have the gospel taken to their doors, and this Mr. Hodges does. Some friend or friends have given him a nice little donkey and cart, in which he travels about, and takes his Bibles and Testaments, and a good supply of religious literature, and they say it is wonderful how many of each he contrives to sell. The demand and thirst for all of them seems rather to increase than diminish, and I think much of the revival in the church is to be attributed to the indefatigable labours of Mr. Hodges, whose heart is truly in his work. I was much pleased with the conversation I had with him; the "great day" alone will reveal all the good done by the quiet, unostentatious work of the self-sacrificing colporteur in carrying the good news of salvation to those whose are ignorant and out of the way. May this simple statement greatly cheer dear Mr. Spurgeon's heart, and strengthen him in all his projects, which have one aim and object—that of rescuing the perishing from the bitter pains of an eternal death, and leading them to the Saviour of sinners, so that at last he and the many who directly and indirectly have been saved through his influence may together walk the streets of the New Jerusalem.

A MOTHER.

## Zenana Work in India.

THE Zenana Mission, which has of late years been organized in England, in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, is gradually extending the area of its operations, and its yearly income is well sustained. As a mission undertaken by the Indies of England for the benefit of the female half of the Indian community, this effort is destined to confer matchless blessings on those who sorely need raising from the mire of heathenism to the enjoyment of gospel privileges. Since last year additional workers have entered the field, so that there is no fear that the increased revenue will not be used. Twenty ladies and their assistants are now in the country, and besides these there are thirty converted natives at work either as teachers or Bible-women. "The number of pupils taught to read and write is variable, and difficult to ascertain," we are told, "but it must be more than 700, whilst in every place they are far outnumbered by the women who hear the Bible lesson only."

Among those who have recently left England to engage in Zenana work Miss Kemp demands honourable mention, that lady having accepted service under direction of the Committee at her own charges. Miss Kemp is stationed with Mrs. Anderson at Allahabad, and two other ladies, Miss Craik and Mrs. C. C. Brown, have proceeded to Calcutta during the year. The arrival of these volunteers in the capital was quite providential, for just at that time the work was in a drooping state, consequent on the retirement of one agent and the physical weakness of another. The following paragraphs give us an insight into the work:—

"In Calcutta, from various causes, the work may not appear, perhaps, to have made so much progress as usual. Just after the close of our financial year, Miss Simpson, who had laboured there so many years, retired from the field altogether, and a little delay occurred before Mrs. Lewis could find a suitable successor; but in April Mrs. Reid, sister of our friend and worker, Miss Joseph, of Benares, undertook the work, and has since carried it on with great earnestness. Our good old friend, Mrs. Sanders, still continues to work for us; and there are, too, Mrs. Manuel and the other Bible-women and native teachers: but, owing to the extreme weakness and ill health of our dear, highly-valued friend, Mrs. Lewis, we have little regular account to present. Since the commencement of the year 1878 her heart has been gladdened by the arrival of the two dear ladies mentioned before; and amidst the anguish of leaving India and her beloved work, she has been cheered by putting them into it and making over some of her precious charge to them. Miss Craik and Mrs. Brown are therefore now resident in Calcutta, and are much needed there, though it has been arranged that for the present Mrs. Brown should visit Serampore once a week, and also Soorie occasionally. One part of Mrs. Reid's work is at Baraset, which she and the other ladies, too, report as very encouraging. One little incident, given by Mrs. Lewis in a letter last November, will interest our readers:—

"I would like to tell you of a scene Mrs. Reid witnessed on her last visit to Baraset. In one house there lived a widow with her only son and his wife. The young daughter-in-law had long learned to read, and had come to read the Bible, not only alone, but also to the mother-in-law. On entering the room on the occasion referred to above Mrs. Reid heard the old woman, who was supposed to be dying, in prayer, and saying, 'Oh, God, if thou art the true God, then hear and save me!' Mrs. Reid went to the bedside and said, 'He is the true God, but it is his will that we ask for everything in the name of Jesus.' But,' replied the old lady, 'Jesus is God, isn't he?' 'Yes,' said Mrs. Reid, 'but he became man for our sakes, and he died to save us, and as our substitute; and now God will accept all who ask for forgiveness for Jesus' sake.' The gospel plan of salvation having been clearly, and at some length, set before her, the old woman said, 'I see it. Oh, Jesus, save me, save me, and take me to your own happy home.' Then, after a time, she burst forth into a kind of

rapture, saying, 'He has forgiven me all my sins, and now I know he is the only Saviour, and will save me, and have me with him for ever.' After this she entreated her daughter-in-law to come to this true Saviour and be happy, as she was. Mrs. Reid said the scene was one that no words could adequately depict. May the Lord increase the number of believers a thousandfold!"

At a Christmas-day meeting at Delhi the chapel was crowded, and three low-caste women were baptized, more being expected to follow. Several English ladies and seven native Bible women are engaged in this city. The following is a picture of Indian life during hard times in this interesting district:

"How exceedingly poor some of our converts are, a very small incident in this morning's work may illustrate. Lucy and I were sitting in one of the shoemaker's villages in which she has a class of eleven women and girls. The day was cold enough for English winter clothing, yet a little girl sat down among the class whose only covering was a yard of calico upon her head. I had just told her to cover herself better, when another fine, bright little girl, perfectly naked, was brought up by her father eating her breakfast—a little bit of chupattie (dry unleavened cake). 'Say your catechism and you shall have your food,' said he, taking it out of her hand, and she obediently lisped out several answers about Adam and Eve, and tried to sing with the rest. Seeing that we looked pitifully at the child, he told us that he could earn only twopence halfpenny a day to feed five children and himself, and that now food was dear they had no sale at all for their shoes. It is not often that our people are so badly off, but food has been so dear and work so scarce that in this district mothers have sold their children for sixpence or ninepence each. In one case a poor mother sold her child in Delhi for two shillings to obtain food, but was beset on her way home and the grain was forcibly taken away from her."

The converts would be more numerous were the fear of man removed. The gospel, as of old, causes enemies to arise in the households of those who accept it, and many who secretly believe shrink from the consequences of an open confession. The following account of a visit paid to a family in Delhi will reveal the nature of the difficulties in question:

"After much knocking, we got admittance to a neat house, in which lived a widow and her daughter, a very pretty young woman with a still prettier baby. The mother, who had a candid-looking, agreeable face and manner, commenced some whispered explanation to Mrs. Fernandis, which I partly guessed. She was delighted to see her, and more especially because her learning to read and holding religious conversation had been stiffly opposed by her son-in-law. Twice the visits had been stopped, and now her joy was great that no one was at home to interdict her, and not once only would she read her lesson but two or three times, and she begged to have it explained again. But she was evidently in some fear of a large figure sleeping on the floor, whom she told us was her aunt, a rigorous unbeliever in everyone but the prophet Mohammed. Presently we were in full discussion with the old lady as to our doctrines, which she believed were all very good for our nation. We read and talked a long time, and she appeared pleased with the bhajans and some of the parables, but turned off the conversation to family matters, and complimented Mrs. Fernandis on her correctness of language. On leaving the house I was glad to find that the widow is a believer. She confesses that nothing is good but the gospel. Her difficulty in becoming a Christian is that she cannot give up her daughter and little grandchild, from whom she would be entirely separated."

One writes further on this topic: "So many discouragements meet us, we often feel sad and almost despairing. The women are so degraded and weak, and downtrodden by the men, that they do not seem able to think for themselves; and the disapproval, not only of a husband, but of a brother, or even of a young son, is enough to make a woman leave off learning or listening to the Scriptures. We are disappointed too, often, by some of our pupils who have been learning for years, and have become able to understand advanced

books through our constant visiting and reading and explaining the Scriptures, who, when they come to a point at which they seem obliged to choose one course or other, give us great pain by saying, 'My husband' (or brother sometimes) 'says that if I read with you any more I shall be becoming a Christian: I cannot hear your books.'

Benares, as a sacred city, is full of shrines, pilgrims, and beggars, many of whom go thither to die. To have set foot in this wonderful place is equivalent to salvation in the estimation of the natives. The city is one of the most surprising strongholds of Satan in the world; but even here it is possible to gather over sixty children in a Sunday-school. We have been much pleased with an example, from this district, of the power of true religion over the dark native mind: "S— is just as interesting and industrious as ever. She has passed on from the Gospels to the Acts of the Apostles. She was much struck with the second chapter. After she read it, I explained to her that the Holy Spirit was not promised only to the apostles, but is promised to all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it is absolutely necessary for us to receive him, for without his light and aid we cannot know Jesus, or understand his teachings, or serve him. She admitted all this. Then I said, 'You have often professed to believe in Jesus, but have you received his Spirit?' She looked embarrassed for a few moments, then, with striking simplicity of tone and manner, she replied, 'I do not know that I have, but I feel a power in me which was not there before, and this power enables me to do many things I could not do before; for instance, I was addicted to telling falsehoods, but I have been enabled to give that up, and I have strength and courage to confess Christ before others. I speak against idolatry to all the women who come to see me, and try to point them to the Saviour. Is not this power given by the Holy Ghost?'"

These instances will sufficiently show the character of the work embraced by this mission to the women of India; but we cannot withhold the translation of a letter which a converted Brahma lady addressed to the committee after going through many conflicts and finally accepting Christ as the divine Son of God.

"Very Gracious Ladies,—Though living hundreds of miles away from India, in a far-off land, you have shown your compassion to the unfortunate daughters of this land by giving them religious knowledge. The people of this country are anointed with the oil of gratitude towards you. Hundreds and hundreds of times has my heart blessed you. I wish to tell how, though living amongst Hindoos, I have learnt to know the true God. My father taught me to read when I was very young, but the old women in the family abused me for learning. His mind was enlightened, and he would not let me worship either gods or goddesses. If my mother placed me before an idol, he would immediately carry me away. After my father's death, the sufferings I endured from the women in my family because I would not worship idols, God only knows.

"But I want to tell you of the day that I reckon as the beautiful day of my life. Three years had passed after my father's death, when, in this town, my respected friend Miss Robinson entered my house to give me instruction. How much her teaching helped me I cannot tell you. Who would not be grateful for such teachings? I cannot express my gratitude to her. First she gave me the 'Line upon Line' to read, and then, by degrees, the whole of the New Testament. By reading the Bible my mind has much improved, and I have got a clear knowledge of the Lord. Ladies, by a wonderful event my faith in Christ has been established. I prayed to Jesus Christ for a particular thing. This was my first prayer to him. I had not prayed to him before. But in what an astonishing way my prayer was answered. It was like light to the blind, and life to a stone. Since this wonderful answer to prayer I have believed with a firm faith in Jesus. My mind, day by day, awakens to a clearer knowledge of the truth. Now for the salvation of my soul I trust entirely on him."

The work only requires to be known to command general admiration and increased pecuniary support. Nothing could be more promising than a women's mission to women of this character; and it is delightful to think that ladies of education should still discover enough of Christian zeal to forsake comfortable homes in England to toil and risk health, or even life, in India. Our country-women have often won the admiration of the world; but never in a nobler service than that represented by the Zenana mission.

## Notices of Books.

*The Mourner's Comforter.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR readers may not have noticed that we have been preparing a series of pretty little volumes at a shilling each. We are just issuing the fourth of these, and we trust that it will be found specially useful to tempted and desponding minds. These small books cost us considerable pains, but we shall be more than recompensed if we hear of good arising from their perusal. Given as presents, or left in the hall, or placed in the cottage library, they may be read where larger works would not be taken up. If we are encouraged, we hope to prepare twelve of these handy volumes; another is already in process of formation. "The Spare Half-hour," which is the third of the series, is reviewed by "Hand and Heart" in the following cordial terms:—"Mr. Spurgeon gives for a shilling a guinea's worth of racy, suggestive papers from the *Sword and Trowel*. Mr. Spurgeon's power of observation and happy skill in finding lessons in all he observes were never more happily illustrated. Whether at Pompeii or in Jersey, he is ever reaping the harvest of a quick eye, and turning all to profit—through a vigorous fancy and a ripe, devout judgment."

*The Pilgrim's Progress, as originally published by John Bunyan: being a Fac-simile Reproduction of the First Edition.* Elliot Stock.

THOSE who could not afford to buy the former fac-simile with the plates can now gratify their taste at a lower figure. We greatly prize these old-fashioned copies, and if we had not the whole work, we should certainly get the first part of Bunyan's incomparable allegory. Lovers of the antique can indulge themselves with a great treat for 3s. 6d.

*The Biblical Museum; a Collection of Notes, explanatory, homiletic, and illustrative. Old Testament, Vol. III.* Elliot Stock.

WE have spoken in the warmest terms of the former volumes of "The Biblical Museum." This is equal to its predecessors, and we have only to say to young students, "Get it, if you have to go without your dinner for a week to buy it; and when you have bought it, read it and use it."

*John, whom Jesus loved.* By JAMES CULROSS, A.M., D.D. Morgan and Scott.

HERE is another feast for men who love the fat things full of marrow. We at this moment merely announce our friend's book; but we have our knife in it, and we feel that we must take time over it. It is a rich book, and our readers who know the wealth of Dr. Culross's pages will be sure to get it, and delight in it.

*Notes of Expository Addresses on the Book of Revelation.* By H. LIEBSTEIN. Part II. S. W. Partridge and Co. Price 2s.

WE are glad to give a few words just to bring these judicious addresses before the public a second time. Though little in quantity, Mr. Liebstein's matter is excellent in quality. We find that our former review has been challenged because we quoted some remarks upon the Higher Life business; we do not, however, make any retraction, for we know quite as much about the matter as the gentleman who wishes to set us right, and we believe that we are right already. The least said about the Brighton business the soonest mended; and the less pretended perfection is tested in other cases the more it will be admired.

*The Real Ritual Reason Why.* By HELY SMITH, Rector of Tansley, Matlock. Price one penny, or in packets, 5s. per 100. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A TRACT worthy to be scattered all over this priest-ridden land. A cheaper edition should be produced and the country should be salted with it. Its pungency lies in the self-evident contradictions of Scripture which the Ritualists perpetrate.

*The Levitical Priests. A Contribution to the Criticism of the Pentateuch.* By SAMUEL IVES CURTISS, Jun. With a Preface by Professor DELITZSCH, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

OUR former notice of this book contained an error: the work is not a translation, but an original production of Mr. Samuel Ives Curtiss, who is not a German but an American, and an able and devout man. From various testimonies we are led to believe that this is a valuable antidote to certain sceptical views, and therefore we would appreciate it highly from that point of view, and desire for it a large circulation among those who are at all troubled upon the subject whereof it treats. At the same time we confess that we are not so constituted as to have patience with the nonsense which breeds in the minds of German dreamers, nor do we personally value the learned works which are meant to counteract their maunderings. After taking a dose of Kant, Schleiermacher, or Hegel, we feel more ready to laugh than to reason, for their wonderful philosophies appear to us to be such wretched cobwebs that the practical mind walks through them without knowing they are there. The same remark applies to many of the novel criticisms of Germanic scholars, and to such as are met by Mr. Curtiss. These nightmares do, however, really disturb the unstable and influence their minds for evil, and therefore it is well to have them chased away. The follies of the learned may thus be fairly overcome by the wisdom of the learned;—a sorry business after all. Nevertheless, for the benefit of others we do hereby revise our former review, and stand corrected by further consideration. When doctors deal with lunatics they must follow ways and means which would be

superfluous if their patients were sane, and we are glad that there are persons who have the patience and the skill to undertake the task. May the Lord raise up in Germany more earnest teachers such as Delitzsch and Curtiss.

*Short Discourses.* By WILLIAM JAY. Two volumes. Hodder and Stoughton.

ALTHOUGH the plates from which these discourses are printed are somewhat worn we are right glad to see a cheap issue of such plain, pleasing, practical, profitable sermons. Jay is to our mind a model sermonizer, and his style is eminently calculated both to impress and to instruct. Those who were his habitual hearers must have been thoroughly well taught in the word of God, and must have found a great freshness and sweetness in his ministry. To read in families or to village congregations no man can find a better collection of short sermons.

*The Rev. William Cuff in Shoreditch. Realistic Sketches of East London Life and Work.* By a Travelling Correspondent. James Clarke and Co.

MR. CUFF has we hope only commenced life, and the best part remains to be written, but even these opening chapters are interesting, and Mr. Pike has written them in his best style. We do not think any one will grudge eighteen pence for these sketches, and if they are led by their perusal to assist Mr. Cuff in building his much-needed chapel in crowded Shoreditch we shall rejoice indeed. This is a stern task but a noble one, and we wish our beloved brother the richest success in it. *Chorus from all the ministers of our College*, "And so say all of us."

*Bay Leaves: a Tribute to England's Heroes.* By E. GARNETT HALL. Provost and Co., 36, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

THESE verses are well worthy of their subject: they have a ring and a life about them which are refreshing to the weary reviewer as he groans over verses where the sense is racked to suit the rhyme. We like the dash and the salt with which the authoress has flavoured her lines.

*Tunes for the Family and the Congregation.* Selected by S. D. MAJOR. Bristol: W. Mack. London: Hodder and Stoughton, and Novello, Ewer, and Co.

THE compiler's design in this work is to provide sufficient tunes, in number and variety, for the various Hymn Books now in use. So far he has been successful. There are, in all, 772 tunes of unequal merit, assigned to their respective authors, and the index contains all the titles by which the tunes are known in other collections. It is rather a cyclopædia to select from than a book to adopt for congregational use. It will, however, be valued in those families where psalmody is pursued as a study, or adopted as an element of social worship.

*The Last Scenes in the Life of our Lord.* By the Rev. D. T. K. DRUMMOND, B.A., with a Biographical Sketch by Professor Balfour. James Nisbet and Co.

THE sudden death of the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond was a serious loss to Edinburgh. For many years he had been a power in Scotland, especially in connection with the English Episcopal Church, of which he was a genial, godly, evangelical representative. He occupied an exceedingly independent position, having separated from the Scotch Episcopal body, and being virtually a dissenter. He was an eloquent and earnest preacher, and his crowded church bore testimony to his popularity both as a friend and as a pastor. Tenderly sympathetic, he was exceedingly valuable to mourners, and led many to look to Him who bore their griefs. Earnest and energetic, he guided his church in paths of gracious usefulness, and being exceedingly amiable in disposition, he preserved them in unity and concord all his days. His sermons are admirable specimens of the form of evangelical teaching associated with the Low Church school, and his common conversation and his letters, if we are to judge by the brief memoir which has been written by Professor Balfour, must have been exceedingly instructive and suggestive.

This volume ought to command a large sale, both from the subject and

the mode of handling. We give two extracts from his letters, the second of which will, we trust, suggest a sermon to some of our ministerial readers:—

"Monzie, Sept. 13, 1850.

"Dearest Friend,—

"Is it not refreshing after the hurry and bustle of human society, its littlenesses and its greatneses, its loud talk and its vast shallows, to turn to the face of natura and to commune with one's own heart before God amid the grand, the beautiful, and the true, and be still? How the wearied heart is lifted up by converse with the great Unseen through 'the things which do appear,' that is, when we have the right key to unlock this his glorious treasury; when we take the *Word* with us, by whom he created all things, who was with him from the beginning, as one brought up with him, and for whose ultimate inheritance, possession, and enjoyment, all these things were prepared. How vain to think of enjoying natura, or worshipping nature's God, if we have not the Son of God! That is, to try how we may confess him, and deny him, at one and the same time; that is, to bless him, and to curse him, in the same breath.

"Ever most affectionately yours,

"D. T. K. DRUMMOND."

"Monzie, Sept. 28, 1850.

"My dearest Friend,—

"Many thanks for your most welcome letter. Your graphic account of your dredging operations at Arran supplies an interesting subject for reflection. Were we to set about searching the Scriptures in the earnest persevering spirit which pervades these earthly occupations of ours, what a blessing we should be to each other, how rich we should all become in the deep things of God.

"Your *preparation*, taking all things needful for your search.

"Your *foresight*, having with you all kinds of vessels for all kind of spoil.

"Your *prudence*, in protecting yourselves as far as possible from storm and rain.

"Your *patience*, never being discouraged from trying another point, because one is unsuccessful.

"Your *deliberation*, allowing plenty of time for the securing and keeping your gains.

"Your *wisdom*, in sorting and arranging everything at once, so as to make the most of it, and to be able to put your hand on it at once whenever wanted.

"Your *union*, all in one boat.

"Your *brotherly kindness*, each helping the other—one pulling, another dredging, a third reading, a fourth arranging specimens.

"Your *love*, in telling a distant brother of your labour and your success, your searching and your finding, your activity and your happiness. Now there is a sermon for you in return for your text.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"D. T. K. DRUMMOND."

*Morning Bible Readings.* Compiled by W. EDWARDS, Esq. W. Hunt and Co., 12, Paternoster Row.

ALTHOUGH we have many books of this kind we have not too many, if we reflect upon the variety of the tastes and capacities and experiences of good men. It cannot be said that this work was rendered unnecessary by those which preceded it, nor that it is likely to supersede others that may follow. It has a brief recommendation from the Rev. Canon Ryle, who justly says that it may be safely left to stand upon its own merits. Those merits lie in its devout experimental tone and not in the vigour or freshness of the thought.

*Faith in God.* Sermons by the late JAMES HAMILTON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street.

WE have here the biography and sermons not of the Rev. James Hamilton, but of a Rev. James Hamilton, a minister, who, had he lived to the full development of his powers, might have attained to an eminence similar to that of his namesake.

He was well equipped, to all human appearance, for long and useful service in the church on earth, and therefore he was not the less, but all the more fitted on that account for the service awaiting him in the church of the first-born in heaven. His sermons are valuable examples to young ministers of the clear statement of evangelical truths, accompanied by a wide range of thought and genuine literary taste. They possess a dignified simplicity, which will be equally appreciated by the intellectual and by men of ordinary understanding. They appeal with sweet and irresistible force both to the mind and to the heart.

*Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church.* By E. DE PRESSEUSE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

MUCH as has been written upon ecclesiastical history, we find by this volume that many points still require elucidation. The facts which relate to doctrines and State influences have been fully investigated, but the experimental and practical effects of Christianity in

its first centuries have been little dwelt upon. This want is here supplied. Primitive Christianity is here seen in its personal and home influences, upon which, in fact, its more public aspect depends. It is by moral and spiritual power only that it has won its way amidst nations which opposed it by idolatrous superstitions, philosophic prejudices, and social habits, and open violence. Every other force that has been employed in the defence of Christianity, however just it may appear, has hindered its progress by destroying its purity. Its success has ever been in proportion as its own peculiar effects of personal purity, enduring patience, and self-sacrifice for the good of others have prevailed. These sentiments were admirably confirmed by a cloud of witnesses in the first and purest ages of church history. Our author carries us back through all the intervening centuries to see our brethren of that early period in their forms of devotion, their church government, their places of worship, and their sweet fellowship in suffering; we listen to their teachers, commune with them in their love-feasts, and unite with them in their prayer and praise. Nearly all other histories have omitted much which is profitable for us to know of those who were in Christ long before us, but this volume has supplied the deficiency.

*Voices from Abegweet; or, the Home on the Wave.* By MAURICE SWABET, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas, Exeter. James Nisbet and Co.

RESPECTABLE verses, mostly upon themes connected with the North American colonies. There is a gracious tone about the whole collection, and a considerable amount of poetic sweetness.

*Letters to the Perplexed.* By the Rev. H. A. DOBNEY. James Clarke & Co.

THESE letters are calculated to perplex the perplexed beyond all ordinary perplexity. When we have mentioned that they first appeared in the *Christian World* our readers will readily guess their peculiar character, and know how suitable they must be for settling troubled minds. Surely there is a touch of quiet irony in the title.



*A Young Man's Safeguard in the Perils of the Age.* By WILLIAM GUEST, F.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

It has rarely been our lot to read a book which we have so much enjoyed, and could so unhesitatingly commend. Mr. Guest speaks in that plain, strong, sensible manner, which commands the respect, and wins the convictions, of young men. Topics usually avoided are here touched in a delicate but unmistakable fashion; and the youth leaving home for a first situation could have no better guide than this to enable him to avoid the shoals and quicksands of life. The style is clear and beautiful, abounding in choice illustrations, rising sometimes to the highest eloquence. Once begin to read, and there is no putting down the book until it is finished. One specimen will enable our readers to judge of its merits:—

“The great things of this world have been accomplished by individuals. Past social reformations have originated in individual souls. Truths, that now sway the world, were first proclaimed by individual lips. No warlike host delivered the children of Israel from the bondage of Egypt, but one man—Moses. No senate of statesman raised Israel to a pitch of greatness that proclaimed to the world the glory and safety of a theocratic nation, but one man—David. No school of divines gave to England the Bible in the mother tongue, but one man—Wycliffe. No learned society discovered America, but one man—Columbus. No association of science revealed the clue to interpret the laws of the heavenly bodies, but one man—Galileo. No parliament saved English liberties, but one man—Pym. No assembly of theologians wrote the book which, next to the Bible, has had the most potent influence on the English language and on English hearts, but one man—Bunyan. No confederate nations rescued Scotland from her political and ecclesiastical enemies, but one man—Knox. And the same might be said of almost every great step since in the progress of the race. Doubtless these men found their coadjutors; but all through the ages God has put immense honour upon individuals. Christ most instructively teaches that it is not to corporate associations of men he gives the talents

which will prepare for the grand approbation of faithfulness on the last day, but ‘to every man according to his several ability.’”

We could quote a score of such, for the book sparkles and gleams with them from beginning to end. It should sell by thousands, and be scattered broadcast.

*Straight Street; or the Church and the World: a History and Allegory.* By SERJEANT LAVERACK. F. E. Longley.

To say the least this is a very singular production. The good serjeant runs on at a great rate upon all sorts of subjects, taking always the right side, and speaking his mind both honestly and fluently; but as to sustained allegory, or the continuous use of similitude we see an attempt at it, but the only success is in the lists of names. John Bunyan will not be superseded by Serjeant Laverack, neither will “Straight Street” ever cause men to weary of reading the Pilgrimage to the Celestial City. Much about horse-racing and gambling might have been omitted with benefit; we do not see the use of putting such things in print. Since he writes in a kindly spirit, with the best of motives, and displays an industrious mind, we cannot but wish the author well; but for its merits and character his book is far too large to command a sale or to be widely read.

*Sermons Preached at the Dedication of Union Chapel, Islington.* By various Ministers. With an historical sketch by HENRY ALLON, D.D., Minister. James Clarke and Co.

SERMONS upon great occasions are generally very poor things: the preachers aim high, and hit nothing. We can hardly criticise a series of discourses when one of our own appears among them; but we venture to say that very few opening services have supplied sermons more worthy of preservation. There is a very marked savour of Christ crucified in the volume, and this alone might save it. The most critical may be glad, if only for curiosity sake, to have a fair specimen of the style of Henry Allon, Dale, Maclaren, Edmond, Baldwin Brown, Spurgeon, Parker, Newman Hall, Raleigh, and Punshon. Every man among them is a Doctor or a B.A. except one.

*The Young Llanero; a Story of War and Wild Life in Venezuela.* Thomas Nelson and Sons.

PRODUCED in Messrs. Nelson's best style, and those who know what that is will comprehend that there is nothing better. The wood engravings are matchless. The story will be exceedingly fascinating to boys; but to our mind it lacks purpose, and we fail to see its use beyond amusement and a little instruction in natural history.

We beg here to express our deep sympathy with Messrs. Nelson under the heavy loss which they have sustained by their late disastrous fire. It will be a loss to the nation if the issue of their valuable works should be intermitted even for a few weeks.

*The Speaker's Commentary: New Testament.* Vol. I. John Murray.

OUR opinion of the "Speaker's Commentary" improves as it proceeds. It is undoubtedly a standard work, and adds considerably to our expository stores. It will be of less value to plain readers than many of the older commentaries, but to ministers it will be a book of constant reference and instruction. The best scholarship from among the bishops and other Anglican clergy has been employed upon the work, and the volume before us is worthy of its predecessors. The whole issue will be an honourable monument to the learning and piety of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

*Martin Luther, the Prophet of Germany.*  
By the Rev. J. S. BANKS. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster-row.

OUR Wesleyan friends are very wisely exerting themselves to produce a literature of their own, and they have been remarkably successful in obtaining authors who write with popular ability. In the present life of Luther the writer, of course, always takes the Arminian side upon such questions as free will, and the like, and thus he finds an excellent opportunity for gently advocating the creed which he has espoused. Of this we do not complain, but rather hold it up to imitation, only wishing that we could see the press pouring forth a stream of literature equally imbued with Calvinism. Mr. Banks writes

exceedingly well. He has given a vivid sketch of Luther, and for general use we do not know of a better biography in so small a space. Wesleyan peculiarities occur so seldom that any Protestant may circulate the book, whatever his doctrinal views. The woodcuts are quaint and suitable.

*The Second Advent.* By the Rev. J. BENNETT, M.A. James Nisbet and Co.

THE author tells us that this book is the outcome of lectures delivered during Lent, and now "published at the request of those who heard them." We suppose that those who heard them considered them worthy of being preserved; but for ourselves, after attempting to understand them, we fail to see their value. Those of our readers—if we have any such—whose souls thrill at the mention of the seven vials and the four-and-twenty elders, will count us very heretical; but we can't help it. The Literalist school of prophetic students will find here a book after their own heart! but practical, working Christians will think it much-about-nothing.

*The Desert Path and the Heavenly Hope.* By Mrs. HERBERT W. TAYLOR. Houghton and Co.

DEVOUT thoughts harmoniously expressed. Some of the verses are exceedingly sweet, and they have all the more charm about them when we remember that she who wrote them is now singing the new song before the throne.

*Songs of Zion, Harmonized Edition.*  
By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, M.A. Nelson and Sons.

THIS collection of hymns and tunes is an attempt, and a very successful one we think, to combine about a hundred and fifty of our grandest and sweetest time-honoured "spiritual songs" with an equal number of the more modern melodies which have attained immense popularity since their introduction by our friends Philip Phillips, Sankey, and other singing evangelists. The harmonies introduced in this edition by Professor W. H. Monk are simple but good, and the tunes generally are well adapted to the hymns.

*Palissy, the Huguenot Potter: a True Tale.* By C. L. BRIGHTWELL. Religious Tract Society.

OUR young people cannot know too much about such heroes of the faith as Palissy, although we fancy there are nearly enough lives of him now. The author has attempted to give an account of the facts which Palissy himself recorded, weaving them into a tale. In these days of revived Romanism we need to keep the evil deeds of Rome before our children's eyes. Only the other day the daughter of a Baptist minister, quite a child, was decoyed into a Popish building on a Sabbath evening and baptized into antichrist without the father's knowledge or consent. The rascals are busy, and we had need be on our watch.

*Triplicate Paper on Trinities.* By ALFRED F. MORGAN. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE author searches through all nature and providence for analogies to the three personalities in the Deity, and with much the same success, we think, as if they had been two or four. There is a short commendatory preface by the Bishop of Manchester, more in reference to the design than to the success of the undertaking. It was reserved, in all probability, for the scheme of redemption to reveal to men and the whole intelligent universe the peculiar constitution of the divine nature. As without the Trinity there could be no redemption, so without redemption the Trinity could not be known and glorified.

## Notes.

MANY memories were awakened in our mind when we received a letter from the vicar of Isleham, Cambs., to inform us that the venerable W. W. Cantlow, lately the minister of Pound-Jane Chapel, had suddenly died. Between himself and us there existed this special bond, that on May 3, 1850, we were baptized by his hands into the name of the sacred Trinity in the river Lark, which is the Isleham baptizing place. We shall never forget rising early that morning at break of day for prayer, and then walking along the lonely country road in quiet meditation from Newmarket to Isleham to the house of Mr. Cantlow. His kindly smile greatly encouraged our trembling spirit. With holy delight he welcomed the youth, who desired to confess his Lord in the Scriptural fashion, and with many a loving word he bade him be faithful unto death. In the Isleham vestry for the first time our mouth was opened in prayer in a congregation of adults; and in the extremely gentle and cordial companionship of the pastor we spent a very happy evening, which we recollect was very cold, so that a peat fire, whose white appearance we still remember, was needed to warm the room. Mr. Cantlow was for some time a missionary in Jamaica, and is mentioned three times in Hinton's "Life of Knibb." For thirty-two years this excellent man resided at Isleham, and was the pastor of the church till age enfeebled him, and he welcomed our worthy student Mr. J. A. Wilson as his successor. He was great at giving the soft answer which "turneth

away wrath"; he was beloved by his people, and universally respected in the village.

His death serves as a landmark in our life, reminding us at forty-four that the days are long past since we were generally spoken of as "the boy preacher." One correspondent kindly trusts that we shall be "*strengthened under the infirmities of our declining years,*" which kindly wish we gratefully acknowledge and lay by in store, but we hardly feel that it is quite seasonable at present. Mr. Stevenson, in "The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, his Life and Work," makes it out that we joined the Baptist church a year before we were baptized; but not so, we never dreamed of entering the church except by Christ's own way; and we wish that all other believers were led to make a serious point of commencing their visible connection with the church by the ordinance which symbolizes death to the world, burial with Christ, and resurrection to newness of life. That open stream, the crowded banks, and the solemn plunge have never faded from our mind, but have often operated as a spur to duty and a seal of consecration. From henceforth let no man trouble me, for he who first saved me, afterwards accepted me, spirit, soul, and body, as his servant, in token whereof this mortal frame was immersed beneath the wave. The outward sign has served to bring vividly before mind and heart the spiritual meaning, and therefore is it dearly loved, for his sake who both ordained the ordinance and himself submitted to it.

The church at the Tabernacle agreed at the last annual meeting to celebrate the Silver Wedding, or 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. SPURGEON'S PASTORATE in the first week of January, 1879, if the Lord will. A committee has been formed to make arrangements for carrying out the festival in a proper manner. The Pastor having intimated his wish that an effort should be made to celebrate the occasion by obtaining funds for the Almshouses, there is to be a large bazaar held soon after Christmas. It would have been natural that a presentation to Mr. Spurgeon himself should have been a chief feature of the occasion, but he from the first objected to this, and desired that the poor of the church should have all the benefit by means of the relief afforded to the poor fund if the almswomen were no longer supported from it, as they have been hitherto. About £150 a year has now to be found for the alms-women, and Mr. Spurgeon feels that if he were removed this would be a burden upon the church which it might be unable to carry. Having built the additional almshouses, he wishes to see the additional endowment supplied. In case, however, any friends should not fall in with the proposed plan, they can devote their thankoffering to any object they may select, or they may give it to Mr. Spurgeon for his own personal use if such be their desire. Meetings for praise and prayer, and reunions of church-members, sermon readers, magazine-subscribers and the host of Mr. Spurgeon's friends will be planned, and probably an account of the twenty-five years will be printed and published. From this time to Christmas it is hoped that many will think how they can contribute to the success of the celebration.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION.—Mr. G. E. Elvin, the secretary of the Association bearing the above title, has sent to us a paper containing many interesting particulars about the society, but as we have not room for it *in extenso* we have culled a few extracts to lay before our readers. The association has been in existence for about fifteen years, and its objects have been threefold,—to commence and maintain regular services at as large a number of stations as possible, to train young Christians for the work of the evangelist and pastor, and also to carry on, wherever practicable, the work of evangelization in connection with existing churches, and under their authority. In all these three designs considerable success has been

achieved. Services are conducted every Sunday in eleven different stations, while several brethren are engaged among the lodging-houses in the Mint and elsewhere. Many of the members of the association have entered the ministry, some after a course of training in the Pastors' College, but as Mr. Elvin truly remarks, "the very mention of them indicates the weakness of the association; the best success it can have tends to impoverish it; the more it is able to train young men for the regular ministry, the more it is 'minished and brought low,' by its preachers leaving it for the College." With pardonable pride he mentions our dear friends Mr. Orsman and Mr. Edward Leach as formerly occupying the position he now so ably fills, but he in a measure consoles us with the assurance that *he* is not likely to relinquish his post as secretary in order to become a pastor, or to enter the College, and that therefore if his life is spared he hopes to devote himself to the duties of his office for a goodly number of years. Long live the good man. O secretary, live for ever!

He says "the special distinctive work of the association for the past two years has been the effort we have made to help on the evangelization of London by means of the churches. Our pastor saw that the work must not be spasmodic, but perpetual, and that it must not be a thing outside the churches, but connected with them, and therefore, acting upon his suggestions, and under his sanction, and feeling that it was an agency of the largest church in the largest city of the largest empire of the world, and that therefore it ought to attempt great things, this association offered to the churches to send them approved men who should conduct special services in their own places of worship, with the view of awakening the unconcerned, and leading the anxious ones to the Saviour." It is gratifying to learn that numerous invitations have been received from churches, not only of our own denomination, but also belonging to the Independents, Presbyterians, and other bodies; and it is equally cheering to learn that the services have been so much enjoyed that from almost all the places invitations for a second visit have been sent, and best of all that "not a single series has been held without some sinners being brought to Jesus. . . . During the last winter our meetings have been more numerous and successful than at any previous time."

Mr. Elvin asks us specially to mention the need of increased financial help, as the work of the Association is growing more

rapidly than the funds in its treasurer's hands. The expenditure for the half-year ending March 30 was £63 17s. 11d., the greater part of which was for rent, printing, postage, etc.; and on that date the balance due to the printer and treasurer was £5 1s. 4½d., and for rent of halls £16. We have been enabled to meet these amounts through the liberality of various friends, but it is very desirable that there should be a larger regular income to enable the work to be carried on in its ever-widening circle of usefulness and blessing. Mr. Elvin particularly requests that any donations and subscriptions that may be intended for the society, of which he is secretary, may be sent with an intimation that they are for the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association*, as otherwise, in mistake, they might be applied to the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists, which supports our Brethren A. J. Clarke, J. Manton Smith, and J. Burnham; whereas his society consists of what are vulgarly called *laymen*, who are engaged in business, and require nothing but their travelling expenses. This is one of the cheapest and best of the many growing societies connected with the Tabernacle. We have allotted to it a few amounts which have been left at our discretion, and shall hope to do so in future as we are enabled by kind donors. We have received several letters from London ministers bearing testimony to the efficient services rendered by these earnest evangelists, and we feel confidence in inviting other churches to secure their aid. If only to break the monotony of their own regular work, our brother ministers would find these young evangelists a great relief to them.

On *Tuesday evening, May 28th*, the seventeenth annual meeting of the *Bible-class* formerly conducted by our beloved sister, Mrs. Bartlett, and since her death ably conducted by her son, was held in the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. About two hundred of the members of the class and their friends were present to tea, and a large number of others came for the public meeting, at which the pastor presided, and delivered an address on the history of the class, its efforts and successes, its ups and its downs. He also spoke of the importance of individual effort for the conversion of souls, and the influence of Christianity in the homes of true believers. Sacred solos were sung by our Brother J. Manton Smith, and addresses were delivered by Serjeant Baily, of the Grenadier

Guards, and by brethren Alfred J. Clarke, J. M. Smith, Townsend (the second student who has entered the College from the Orphanage), J. A. Soper, and E. H. Bartlett, the leader of the class, who closed a most interesting and comprehensive report of his labours by presenting to the pastor £48 4s. 1d., which had been contributed or collected by the class for the College. It was a very happy evening, and thoroughly worthy of the traditions of this famous class.

On *Wednesday evening, May 29*, about 2,500 persons were present at the Tabernacle for an evening of sacred song and addresses, by our evangelists and the evangelistic choir. The pastor took the chair, and opened the meeting with prayer; and after the hymn, "Come to Jesus" had been sung, spoke of the success which had rested upon the labours of our brethren, Clarke and Smith, notably at the Tabernacle last February. A large amount had then been expended for printing, advertising, free teas and the like; so that instead of sending up a contribution towards the College Evangelists' Fund, as most churches that receive a visit had done, there was a deficiency of about £26, which would no doubt be cleared off that evening. The time then passed most pleasantly with solos, choruses, and anthems from "The Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song," Mr. Smith singing the solos and occasionally leading the congregation with his cornet, Mr. Frisby conducting the evangelistic choir, and Mr. Buckley accompanying. Each of the evangelists also spoke briefly of their work, their difficulties, their success, and their Saviour. An interesting incident of the meeting was the presentation of gold watches to Messrs. Clarke and Smith by the pastor, in the name of himself, the deacons, the choir, and other friends, who desired to give them some token of their Christian love and esteem. The choir is in a very efficient condition and sings most sweetly. We notice that some churches get up concerts, secular or sacred, in which the attraction is mere music. Is this the mission of the church of Christ? Is this the fitting use of the precious talent of song? Surely the winning of hearts for Jesus is our work, and not the provision of amusement. Singing can be made pleasantly subservient to our grand aim, and most happy and attractive gatherings may be held without going into secular sing-song, and unprofitable entertainment. It is a good thing to keep our young people away from the demoralizing amusements around them, and to

bring them under the influence of the gospel by addresses and singing, of which the old, old gospel is the theme. This will have all the charms of music without the drawbacks which inevitably attend concerts, penny-readings, and the like.

On *Monday evening, June 3*, the annual meeting in connection with Mrs. Evans' *Home Missionary Working Society* was held in the lecture hall. This society makes garments for poor ministers and their families, and during the year has made many a heart to sing for joy by the boxes of clothing which it has sent out, of the value of £160. A little money goes a long way by the cutting and planning of our lady friends. Could not drapers, mercers, haberdashers, etc., at small self-denial to themselves, send on remnants, unfashionable pieces, and so on; for Christian ministers' wives and little ones in country villages care little about fashion? This is a favourite society with us, and if our readers could see the grateful letters received they would not wonder that we prize its modest but useful labours. More of this another time.

On *Tuesday evening, June 11*, the annual meeting of *The Spurgeon's Sermons Tract Society* was held in the lecture hall. After tea the chair was taken by Mr. C. F. Allison, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, and Messrs. Murrell, Charlesworth, Goldstone, Court. We were unable to be present, but we are informed on good authority that Mr. Allison made an excellent chairman, and that the meeting was a splendid one, full of life and power. He started the train of speakers and announced Mr. Murrell as the Pullman car, but not the sleeping car. Mr. Murrell made the speech of the evening, and, we are told, "brought down the house," whatever that may mean, by the announcement that he had collected £20 among his friends towards the funds of the society. Eighty thousand of Spurgeon's sermons have been circulated by this useful agency, which has thirty-seven depôts in different parts of the country, and supplies every week 250 districts containing 7,000 houses. The honorary secretary is Mr. Cornell, 60, Hamilton-square, King-street, Borough, S.E., who will be happy to receive sermons and contributions, and also the names of any friends who desire to start agencies in their own districts for the loan of the sermons which are everywhere welcomed, and are more certain to be read than ordinary tracts. This method of spreading the

gospel has been remarkably owned of God. Friends who can afford to buy the sermons and lend them should do so on their own account, but those who have the time to circulate the sermons but no money to buy them should apply to this society, which will help them if it has the means to do so.

We wish the best success to the new evangelical paper, *The Christian Signal*. We do not wish to regard it in the light of opposition to existing papers, but as supplying a great lack. It was time that orthodox Christians of all denominations had some weekly medium for expressing their sentiments, and maintaining their principles. As Baptists we are well represented by two respectable papers, but the wider sphere of evangelism has no worthy representative. The *Christian World* with remarkable ability represents latitudinarianism, we only wish that we could see anything like the same vigour and talent employed in the defence of the good old cause. If ministers and Christian people who feel strongly on this point would promote the circulation of *The Christian Signal*, it would in due time become a powerful instrument for good. Other people have full liberty to advocate their own views, and we by no means condemn them for so doing; we therefore regret that something like personality is too apt to tinge the new paper, but we certainly should rejoice to see a thoroughly able penny journal which we could circulate without introducing our young people to dangerous errors.

COLLEGE.—During the past month the following brethren have settled: Mr. Hollinshead at Rattlesden, Mr. Stead at Worthing, and Mr. J. G. Wilson at South-end-on-Sea. In addition to this, Mr. Mead has accepted the call to Eccles. Our friend Mr. Holmes, late of Belfast, has sailed for Ontario, and we bespeak for him the sympathy and confidence of our Canadian friends. Mr. Javan is removing from Hamilton Road, Lower Norwood, to Warksworth in Northumberland. The students are now absent upon vacation, but are to re-assemble on Tuesday, August 6th. Some four-and-twenty new men are then expected to join the classes. We are still looking for places where new churches may be gathered, but by this we do not mean old places which everybody else has abandoned in despair.

BOOK FUND.—Mrs. Spurgeon is prepared to give "The Treasury of David,"

or four volumes of sermons, to any *poor* ministers in Ireland who are in actual charge, and will apply to her for the grant. The offer applies to all Protestant denominations alike, and she is enabled to make it through the generosity of a princely donor. To make the amount go as far as possible, recipients will be asked to pay the carriage of the parcels, but they are not to send anything when they make their application: that will be a matter of subsequent detail. Ministers who read this notice will oblige by communicating the information to their brethren, and assuring them that their applications will be heartily welcomed. Mrs. Spurgeon hopes to give her friends some interesting particulars as to the fund next month.

COLPORTAGE.—Since the Annual Meeting two additional colporteurs have been started: one at Crawley, Sussex, and the other at Hartford Bridge, Cramlington. It is to be hoped that the friends in the various districts who at present subscribe towards the support of the Colporteur will use every effort to continue the work during the widespread depression in trade which exists, as it is generally much easier to keep friends interested than to arouse their interest. It is encouraging to this Association that those who have tried the system of Colportage for the longest time are usually most satisfied with its valuable work and results, and anxious for its extension. The Secretary of one of our local Associations has kindly sent a copy of a resolution passed at the recent gathering, which was heartily adopted. It runs as follows, "That this Association, having heard the reports of the work done by the Colporteurs during the past year, would express its gratitude to God who has blessed the labours of its servants, and its esteem for the brethren engaged in Colportage; it would again commend this agency to the prayers and liberal support of the Churches," &c. Our friends began with one agent, but continue adding to the number each year. Colportage needs only to be known to be valued and supported. The Colporteur scatters light in the dark places by the sale of Bibles and books of evangelical character, and useful and interesting publications. By his visits the mourner is cheered, and the fainting invalid comforted, while the dying who in many cases would not hear of Christ are pointed to him as the way of life. The last Annual Report is full of interesting cases of usefulness reported by the agents, which are only selected from a mass of letters on the same subject. We ask

friends to pray for the work, and to help us by contributions, and by making it known to others.

ORPHANAGE.—*June 19th.* The Forty-fourth Anniversary of the Pastor's Birthday was kept as a fête at the Orphanage. The day opened with bright sunshine, which very speedily vanished, and the sky was overcast; a thick darkness followed, and very soon torrents of rain descended. No prospect could have appeared more gloomy; yet many prayers had been offered for the success of the day, and large numbers were looking forward to spending its hours in the Orphanage grounds in happy fellowship. Prayer was heard, the rain ceased, the day was above the average of days in this land of the weeping skies, and it concluded with abundant thanksgiving. The afternoon was fine, and the company began to arrive in large numbers, among whom we specially noticed a large contingent of country friends, whom we were right glad to see. The work of hand-shaking taxed all the pastor's strength, and the gifts for the Orphanage handed in to him needed all his wits and memory to keep a clear account. It was a time of joy and gratitude. At four o'clock an entertainment was given to the young folks, which the elder people appeared to enjoy. When this was over the friends sat about the grounds in groups to enjoy music and refreshments. At seven o'clock a large public meeting was held, which was presided over by G. Palmer, Esq., M.P. for Reading, who very heartily expressed his sympathy with the Orphanage, a sympathy which he has shown for many years in the most practical manner. On his departure the chair was occupied by Mr. T. Blake, the Baptist M.P. for Leominster, another beloved and hearty helper. Mr. Willis, Q. C., who is a staunch Baptist, Anti-state-churchman, and Liberal, addressed the meeting with a forceful eloquence which abundantly proves his fitness for the House of Commons; and we take this opportunity of expressing our hope that the borough of Colchester will at the next election return him at the head of the poll. Mr. Spurgeon, his father, his son Charles, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and Mr. Williams, of Upton Chapel, took part in one of the most lively and interesting meetings we have ever attended. The boys were specially jubilant, for a worthy gentleman and his bride who had been married in the morning sent £5 to be divided among them. The fête was a festival of Christian affection, and all day long there was a display of the loyal and fervent love

of the church and people to their pastor, such as can never be excelled. In remembrance of the quarrels and disputes in many churches, such a scene was calculated to delight the Christian heart and compel the exclamation, "Beloved, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The Orphanage funds will be helped by contributions amounting to about £500, to which must be added the receipts of the bazaar, and the money paid for admission by nearly three thousand persons, who entered the grounds. The highest credit is due to Mr. Murrell and his volunteer staff of helpers, who conducted the heavy work of the refreshment department, and to Mr.

Charlesworth for his capital programme. Dr. Barnardo's band and Mr. Courtney's choir greatly enlivened the proceedings: the illumination of the grounds in the evening was exceedingly effective; and a splendid display of flowering annuals by James Carter and Co., of High Holborn, was a new feature, and a charming attraction. The pastor went home with a glad and grateful mind, praising God for his goodness, and feeling the ties which bind him to thousands of Christian friends fastening around his heart more strongly than ever.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon—May 23rd, nineteen; May 27th, thirteen; May 30th, sixteen.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

*Statement of Receipts from May 16th to June 18th, 1878.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Andrew Dunn...	25	0	0	Miss Hagger...	0	10	0
A. D., in Loving remembrance of J. Drayson ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Mills...	2	2	0
Mr. W. Knight ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor ...	2	10	0
Friends ...	0	10	0	R. P. ...	10	0	0
Mrs. Whicher ...	0	10	0	Mr. Douglas ...	0	10	0
A Sermon Reader ...	0	5	0	Readers of "Christian Herald" ...	14	1	4
Mr. Thomas Souter ...	0	2	0	Mr. E. Mounsey ...	2	10	0
Dr. A. R. Simpson...	10	0	0	Mrs. Salmon... ..	0	2	6
Mr. W. Pedley ...	1	1	0	W. W. ... ..	1	1	0
Baptist Mission, Annfield Place	0	2	6	Mr. E. Wicks ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. Bartlett's Bible Class...	48	4	1	Miss Bowley ... ..	0	10	0
M. C. ... ..	0	6	0	Miss Noy ... ..	0	6	0
T. C. L. ... ..	2	2	"	Friends at Horncastle, per Rev. J. Wright ... ..	0	19	0
Mr. Geo. Meadows...	0	5	0	Mrs. Spurgeon's Texts ... ..	5	0	0
Mr. W. C. Pratt ... ..	2	2	0	Rev. Alexander and Mrs. Macdougall ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway ... ..	1	1	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—May 19	33	0	0
A. B. C. D. ... ..	2	10	0	" " " " " June	2	35	6
H. Turnbull.. ..	0	10	0	" " " " " "	9	39	3
Mrs. Margaret Wilson ... ..	0	10	0	" " " " " "	16	33	13
Mr. A. Searle ... ..	2	0	0	£344	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Procarson ... ..	5	0	0				
Mr. G. R. Chapman ... ..	5	0	0				
Mr. W. Olney ... ..	5	0	0				
Mrs. Matthews ... ..	0	10	0				

## Stockwell Orphanage.

*Statement of Receipts from May 19th to June 19th, 1878.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A. D., in Loving remembrance of J. Drayson ...	0	10	0	Mr. Palmer ... ..	0	1	6
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ... ..	6	0	3	Collected by A. W. Anden ... ..	0	6	6
Wednesday Evening Children's Service, Cornwall Road, Brixton ... ..	0	12	0	Mr. Charles Clark ... ..	0	10	0
One whom the Lord hath hitherto helped ... ..	1	0	0	A Friend, Edinburgh ... ..	0	2	6
Beatrice Waterman ... ..	0	12	5	M. P. Upwood ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Peskett ... ..	0	18	0	Mr. S. Watson ... ..	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. T. Punn ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Osborna ... ..	5	0	0
Miss Wade ... ..	1	11	8	Mrs. S. Taylor ... ..	5	0	0
Richard Arthur ... ..	10	0	0	Mr. W. Pedley ... ..	1	1	0
Mary Hopper ... ..	0	5	0	Simpson and Susie (Children of Pastor Matthews, Antwerp) ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. I. Tunc ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. John Kennedy ... ..	15	0	0
Tom Shurmer ... ..	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. Verry ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. S., a tenth ... ..	1	8	0	Mr. E. Burton ... ..	0	15	0
				I. Telford ... ..	0	2	0
				Mr. G. Bolton ... ..	0	10	6



	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Nuttall	1	0	0	Mr. Geo. James	2	0	0
Miss K. L. Thomas	0	10	0	E. Turner	0	2	0
Metropolitan Store	1	5	0	Collected by Ollie Rossiter	1	5	0
Fruitful of Cucumber Crop	0	10	0	Mr. F. E. Browning	0	18	6
Mr. W. J. Galloway	1	1	0	Mr. Richard Evans	10	10	0
Miss Chapman's Young Men's Bible Class, Gaimlingay	0	7	0	Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
William, Charles, and Alfred Jackson, Cardiff	0	16	0	Master James Dowsett	0	6	9
Contents of a Box on Shop Counter	1	13	0	Mrs. E. Jones	1	2	6
Mr. J. D. Treherne	0	5	0	Bazaar, June 19th, 1878			
Mr. E. Williams, per Mr. Wallis	1	1	0	Miss Allen	14	6	8
W. H. S. M.	0	5	0	Mr. Goldston	11	8	4
A. B. C. D.	2	10	0	Miss Moore	7	8	8
S. S. Absolum	0	2	0	Mr. Bartlett	14	9	0
Harriet Turnbull	0	10	0	Refreshment Stall	58	0	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0				105 12 8
Mr. A. Searle	2	0	0	G. J. R.	1	0	0
Mr. G. R. Chapman	5	0	0	L.	1	0	0
Mrs. Mott	0	12	0	A. B. C.	0	10	0
E. P., per Rev. G. M. Murphy	1	0	0	H. V.	0	2	6
Miss Hagger	0	10	0	A. B.	0	2	0
Mr. Robert Johnson	5	0	0	E. C.	0	19	0
A Servant Girl, near Forbes	0	2	1	Mr. Dean, Sittingbourne	1	0	0
Mr. George Hawkes	0	10	0	Miss Rushton	0	5	0
Miss Mays	0	5	0	A Kingston Deacon	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0	Miss L. Price	0	2	6
M. A. N., the widow's mite	0	10	0	Albert William Spurgeon Raxworthy	1	1	0
Miss Jordan	0	2	6	The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Mr. Timothy Thomas	0	10	0	Surbitonians	2	2	0
Miss Smith	0	10	0	Annie	0	10	0
Miss Newman	2	10	0	Camberwell Omnibus Driver	0	11	0
M. A. D.	0	5	0	A Friend	1	0	0
A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	1	0	A Friend	2	2	0
J. S. H. R., per Editor of "Christian Herald"	10	0	0	A Friend and H. McEwan	0	5	0
Mrs. Herbert	1	0	0	From Little Tommy Wood's Money-box	0	5	0
Mr. Jos. McIntyre	0	10	0	Mr. Newman	0	10	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	1	6	C. H. S.	44	0	0
Rev. W. J. Styles	1	0	0	Mr. G. Palmer, M.P.	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim	1	0	0	Charlesworth's Friend	0	10	0
"High and Dry"	0	10	0	Mr. Henry Tubby	5	0	0
A Presbyterian	0	16	0	Little Alice	0	2	6
Mr. Ed. Mounsey	2	10	0	Miss Spliedt	1	0	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	5	0	0	Mr. T. Blake, M.P.	1	0	0
Miss Clara E. Berry	0	1	0	Little Arthur	0	2	6
A Widow's Mite	1	0	0	Mr. Tomkins	1	1	0
Mrs. Salmon	0	2	6	Collected by Minnie Maxwell Bayley	1	0	0
Mrs. Clara Lewis	1	1	0	Mrs. Dunn	0	2	6
Mr. Samuel Budd	0	10	6	One who for ten years has taken the			
Mrs. Rudd	0	10	6	Sermons	1	0	0
Miss Hobbs	0	10	0	E. A. T.	0	10	0
Girls in Miss Hobbs' Workroom	0	3	6	Mr. J. B. Maddox	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Copping	1	1	0	Master Goldston	0	4	3
W. W.	2	2	0	Miss Jones	0	9	10
E. B.	44	0	0	Miss Wheeler	1	4	2
Mrs. Walker	0	5	0	Miss S. Turner	0	3	5
Miss Fells, Sister and Friend	0	15	0	R. Wagner	0	2	2
Alice	0	13	0	Mrs. Culver	0	6	11
Mr. Peter Calder	1	1	0	Mrs. Emery	0	7	2
S. Tuteher	0	10	0	Mr. B. Vears	0	9	7
E. A. Williams	0	5	0	Master Stoares	0	5	3
Alfred Leversha	0	2	0	Mr. Gerrist	0	3	3
Evelyn Davies	0	1	6	Miss E. Hughes	0	12	3
H. E. S.	10	10	0	Mrs. Errington	2	2	3
Miss E. Jane Bowley	0	17	6	Miss E. Hughes	1	13	0
Mary Davies	0	2	6	Miss A. Siderly	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Briggishaw, Wokingham				Master Allum	0	3	9
Mr. Helas	1	1	0	Master Allum	0	8	8
Mr. J. Helas	1	0	0	Master Brooker	0	11	0
Mr. H. Weeks	1	1	0	Miss Ross	1	1	9
Mr. J. Weeks	1	1	0	Mrs. Frisby	0	8	3
Mrs. Skerritt	1	1	0	Master H. Frisby	0	5	6
Mr. Briggishaw	1	1	0	Nellie Wheatley	0	5	0
Mr. Dunning	1	0	0	Miss Johnson	0	10	11
Mrs. Wright	0	10	0	Mr. Stringer	1	4	9
Mrs. Clare	0	5	0	Miss Stone	0	19	6
M. E.	0	2	6	Miss Tospell	0	1	1
				Mrs. Newth	0	3	9
				Miss S. Drew	0	10	9
				Miss A. Lines	0	7	0
				Miss Kiernan	0	8	11
				Miss M. Gooding	2	8	0
Miss Adams and two Friends	0	5	2	Miss L. Abbiss	0	16	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Sherwood ...	0	15	0	Master Marsh ...	0	3	10
Mrs. Ferrer ...	1	16	10	Miss E. Sandell ...	0	8	1
Mrs. Harrington ...	0	5	7	Steam-Mills, Shelford ...	0	4	1
Master H. Blundstone ...	1	0	3	Mr. Peake ...	1	1	0
Miss Hudson ...	1	3	3	Master J. Everett ...	0	15	0
Miss L. Daulf ...	0	12	2	Mr. J. Maynard ...	0	13	0
Master W. Hanford ...	0	10	3	Mrs. Willcoor ...	1	2	6
Mrs. Saunders ...	1	4	6	Miss E. White ...	0	3	7
Miss H. M. Boggis ...	0	1	5	Miss E. Ridley ...	0	8	7
Mrs. Brown ...	0	3	3	Master D. C. Dowsett ...	0	3	3
Mrs. Perry ...	0	4	6	Mrs. Hollis ...	1	0	6
Mrs. Kidman ...	0	4	7	Mr. Bowes ...	0	12	0
Master Jas. Romang ...	0	18	0	Miss Lilly Potter ...	0	18	0
Miss Howard ...	0	1	6	Miss Burman ...	0	12	4
Master Hanton ...	0	6	6	Miss Underwood ...	0	15	7
Mrs. Crain ...	0	3	7	Mrs. R. Mills ...	0	9	6
Gerty and Kate Field ...	0	8	5	Miss Carden ...	2	3	10
Miss Eames ...	0	4	0	Mr. Buckmaster ...	0	11	9
Master C. Fern ...	0	11	6	Miss Swain ...	0	3	3
Master T. Lardner ...	0	13	9	Miss L. Cockerton ...	0	15	6
Mr. Hayle ...	0	12	9	Miss Seward ...	1	15	0
Miss Crofts ...	0	5	10	Mrs. Abbott ...	0	13	0
Mrs. Gibbons ...	1	2	4	Miss Mary Blackwell ...	0	13	4
Mr. Stevens ...	1	14	11	Miss Chamberlain ...	0	9	4
Miss Blake ...	0	5	7	Miss R. Payne ...	0	2	7
Master Blake ...	0	5	0	Master A. Dunn ...	0	3	8
L. Balshaw ...	0	1	4	Miss Ware ...	0	11	3
Lawrence ...	0	10	2	Miss Cockshaw and pupils ...	1	4	6
Lawrence ...	0	6	5	Miss Corsan ...	0	9	10
E. Balshaw ...	0	1	4	Miss Houlgate ...	1	3	0
Mrs. Meller ...	0	3	8	Master A. Marshall ...	0	5	9
Miss Raybould ...	0	10	0	Mr. McGuffie ...	0	4	0
Robert Street Ragged School ...	0	7	9	Mr. Butler ...	0	3	0
Miss Kate Richardson ...	0	10	3	Mrs. Davis ...	0	5	5
Mrs. Gisby ...	0	1	10	Mr. Ashton ...	0	2	6
Master H. Mills ...	0	12	0	Master E. Phillips ...	1	12	4
Mrs. Buswell ...	1	8	10	Mrs. Craig ...	0	18	6
Mrs. Welsh ...	0	9	5	Miss Choat ...	3	4	2
Miss Winslow ...	3	0	0	Miss C. Webber ...	0	4	8
Master B. Heyball ...	0	2	0	John Webber ...	0	1	7
Miss Buck ...	0	6	5	Miss Hunt ...	1	17	9
Master W. Jago ...	0	7	5	Mr. H. E. Nichols ...	0	7	0
Mrs. Kerridge ...	0	6	9	Mrs. Romang ...	1	0	8
Miss Doughty ...	0	1	0	Miss Larkman ...	0	5	9
Miss Liberty ...	1	12	3	Mrs. Dobb ...	0	3	3
Master Dupont ...	0	12	0	Miss Jane Maynard ...	0	6	7
Mrs. Mallison ...	6	3	9	Miss E. Luxford ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Hurtzell ...	0	4	0	Miss Gillard ...	0	13	9
Mrs. M. A. Joyce ...	1	0	0	Master Horne ...	0	5	5
Miss Peters ...	0	4	8	Miss Snell ...	0	10	1
Mrs. Smith ...	0	3	3	Master Delacourt ...	0	5	6
Mrs. Hopkins ...	1	10	6	Mr. Glover ...	0	1	7
Miss Dyal ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Day ...	0	2	7
Miss L. Mitchell ...	0	3	6	Miss Louisa Allen ...	0	2	3
Miss Jones ...	0	4	4	Mr. Wallace ...	0	16	9
Miss J. A. Langton ...	0	5	0	Mr. Hobson ...	4	0	0
Mrs. Tiddy ...	2	9	0	Miss Powell ...	1	0	0
A Friend ...	0	2	6	Miss Batten ...	0	2	5
Mr. R. Smith ...	0	3	2	Miss Evans ...	0	3	1
Miss Patinson ...	0	2	0	Miss Bonser ...	0	9	0
Mrs. Howling ...	1	15	10	Miss Jeph's ...	4	15	0
Miss Butcher ...	0	13	5	Mrs. Mansergh ...	0	2	6
Miss P. Gurr ...	0	6	0	Mr. H. Barrett ...	1	2	0
Miss E. Higgs ...	44	12	4	Mr. G. Paine ...	1	15	5
Miss Badenoch ...	0	13	10	Mrs. Culver ...	1	1	0
Miss Baker ...	0	12	9	Master Perkins ...	0	10	10
Master A. Kemp ...	0	2	9	Miss Leworthy ...	1	15	0
Master Fuller ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Allun ...	2	2	6
Miss E. Atkins ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Burden ...	1	12	7
Miss A. Atkins ...	1	2	9	Mr. F. A. Atkins ...	0	4	0
Master W. Hubbard ...	0	13	0	Miss C. Wilson ...	1	14	0
Miss L. Hubbard ...	0	13	2	Mrs. Simmonds ...	0	13	3
Miss A. Charlesworth ...	1	8	6	Mr. and Mrs. Gallant ...	0	14	0
Miss E. Kershaw ...	0	4	9	Mercy ...	2	4	0
Miss R. M. Crope ...	1	2	7	Miss Charlesworth ...	1	8	7
Master E. T. Corsan ...	0	5	4	Miss J. E. Cockshaw ...	1	18	0
Master A. Frisby ...	0	4	4	Mrs. H. White ...	1	0	0
Miss F. M. Warren ...	0	4	5	Mr. Woollard ...	4	13	6
Miss Warren ...	0	4	0	Mrs. Whitehead ...	0	15	8
Master W. Phillips ...	1	16	0	Master Davey ...	0	10	2
Miss Warren ...	0	13	8	Miss Reed ...	0	4	6

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Ranford	1	0	0
Miss A. E. Parker	0	14	0
Mrs. Barnden	0	10	0
Mrs. Billwood	3	3	0
Mrs. Bantick	1	0	0
Miss Farmer	1	10	6
Miss S. Pryor	2	0	0
A. Friend	0	10	0
Mrs. Jenkins	5	0	0
Miss S. E. Cockrell	1	0	0
Mrs. J. E. Knight	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Waight	2	2	0
Mrs. Conquest	0	11	0
Mr. C. Howes	0	3	0
Mrs. Tunstall	0	10	0
Mrs. Mackrell	0	14	6
Mrs. Rickman	0	13	6
Miss Smith	0	16	0
Mrs. Ryan	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Monk	1	3	0
Mrs. Dew	1	0	0
Mr. C. Miller	0	15	0
Miss M. Perry	0	5	0
Miss Maynard	0	15	0
Miss Keys	2	5	0
Mrs. Fisher	1	3	0
Mr. Crofts	1	12	0
Miss Thompson	0	12	0
Mrs. McDonald	1	15	0
Miss Hallett	1	0	0
Mrs. Ward	0	10	0
Miss M. Wilson	1	4	0
Mrs. Russell	1	1	0
Mrs. White	1	2	2
Miss Alderson	0	13	6
Mrs. Cornell	0	10	6
Geo. Eves	0	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. Dipple	1	0	0
Mrs. Healy	1	10	0
Miss Chilvers	2	4	6
Mrs. Pope	1	14	2
Mrs. Bowles	1	3	6
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Miss Hobbs	1	16	0
Mrs. Gladwin	1	12	6
Mr. Luff	1	3	0
Miss Nay	0	6	0
Miss Hickinbotham	2	10	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	10	0
Friend	0	4	6
Mrs. Marsh	1	1	0
Mr. E. King	0	5	0
Miss Parker's Bible Class, per Mr. Asquith	1	0	0
Miss Chamberlain	0	10	0
Odd Money	0	4	9
Mr. Helber	1	1	0
Mrs. Hubbard	1	10	7
Miss Powell	1	2	8
Miss Desroix	3	0	0
Miss Law	1	9	6
Mrs. Evans	1	10	0
Mrs. Goslin	0	10	0
Mr. Padgett	5	0	0
Miss Miller	0	8	8
Miss Faircy	0	18	0
Miss H. E. Phillips	5	0	0
Miss Hogg	0	5	0
Miss Phillips	5	0	0
Miss Baverstock	2	2	3
Mrs. Hill	0	8	0
Mr. Saunders	1	5	0
Miss Nisbet	1	0	6
L. Collins	0	11	0
Mr. J. Barrett	1	1	0
Mrs. Lawson	0	15	0
Mr. Nisbett	1	1	0
Mr. Turner	0	17	6
Miss Pearce	3	10	0
Mr. W. R. Everett	1	5	0
Miss Dowsett	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bower's Bible Class	1	1	0
Miss Goslin	0	16	0
Mrs. French	1	1	0
Mr. Russell	1	0	0
S. G. C.	1	1	0
Willingham:—			
M. C. F.	1	0	0
A. E. C. F.	1	0	0
H. C. F.	1	0	0
I. E. F.	1	0	0
Mr. Mansell	4	0	0
Mr. J. Smith	2	0	0
W. J. B.	0	10	0
Miss Ellis	2	0	0
Miss W. Anderson	0	5	0
Fun	0	13	6
B. W. C.	0	1	0
A. H. B.	0	10	0
Miss Hawgood	0	2	6
Miss J. Hale	1	0	0
G. M.	0	10	0
J. W.	0	10	0
Mrs. Battibone Taylor	2	10	0
United Christian Brothers' Benefit Society	1	9	2
Mr. Rainbow	0	17	2
M. C.	2	0	0

Annual Subscriptions:—

Per Mrs. Withers:—

Mr. M. J. Sutton	2	2	0
Mr. J. Leach	1	1	0
Mr. T. Gregory	0	5	0
Mr. F. Davies	0	5	0
Mr. J. Withers	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dove	0	10	0
Rev. E. Porter	0	2	6
Harriet Cooper	0	1	1
Mrs. Blackman	0	1	1
John Broad	0	2	1
	4	14	9

Per F. R. T.:

Mrs. Bampton	0	5	0
Mr. Cammack	0	5	0
Mr. Simonds	0	5	0
Mr. Jones Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Smith	0	5	0
Miss Smith	0	5	0
Miss Emily Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Thoday, Jun.	0	5	0
Mr. E. Kearsley	0	5	0
Miss Emily Johnson	0	5	0
	2	10	0
Mrs. Davis	1	0	0
Mr. T. Pocock	2	2	0

Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—

Girls of the Practising School, Stockwell, per

Miss Hyde	1	0	0
Stamps, "Lever"	0	2	6
H. J. Neville	0	3	0
G. Emmett	0	2	3
"A little boy"	0	1	10
Miss Gittens	0	10	0
Stamps, anon.	0	0	5
A. "Widow's" Offering, "Derby"	2	0	0
Nett Proceeds of Musical, Elocutionary Entertainment, by the Pupils of Walworth Commercial School, per Mr. Bennett	5	18	0
Nett Proceeds of Service of Song, at Hitchin, by the Orphan Boys	6	19	0
	16	17	0

£752 4 8

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.*—FOR ORPHANAGE BAZAAR :—6 pairs Baby's Shoes, Anon.; pair Mats, Anon.; 1 Antimacassar, Anon.; 3 Mounted Texts, "Camberwell"; pair Slippers, per Mr. Dods; a Jet Brooch and Chain, Anon.; a Case of Precious Promises, Anon.; 143 Bottles Coloured Ink, Mr. Pacey.

The following friends also sent articles:—Fanny, 1; Miss Farmer, 4; L. Pulford, 5; Miss Eley, 5; C. A. Day, 6; Miss Farrar, 7; Mrs. Stockwell, 7; Mrs. Moore, 7; Miss Spurgeon, 8; Miss Hubbard, 13; Mrs. Smith, 15; S. Reeves, 19; Mrs. Nunn, 22; Mrs. Gloag, 27; Miss Parkins, 31.

We also received anonymously:—One Parcel, containing 2 articles; Two, containing 3 articles; One containing 5 articles; One, containing 6 articles; Two, containing 12 articles.

SUNDRIES.—2 Boxes pure Dairy Food, Messrs. Deverill, Dawson, and Co.; 6 Cricket Bats, 2 Wickets, 3 Balls, Mr. Frowd.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1878.*

Subscriptions for Districts:—		Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Oxfordshire Association, Stow ...	10 0 0	Mr. S. R. Pearce ...	1 1 0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney ...	10 0 0	Mr. Jas. Davies ...	0 10 0
C. Neville Johnson, Esq., for Crum- lington ...	10 0 0	Rev. W. A. Blake ...	0 10 6
Northampton Association ...	10 0 0	Mr. Nisbet ...	0 10 0
Cradley, per Mr. Lewis ...	7 10 0	J. C., per Rev. H. R. Brown ...	1 0 0
Cinderford, per E. P. Walker, Esq., T. Greenwood, Esq., for Brentford	15 0 0	Miss Wade ...	1 0 0
A. S. W., for Bideford ...	10 0 0	E. B., towards Conference ...	11 13 2
Dorchester ...	20 0 0	Mr. J. West... ..	0 5 0
Preston, per John Crook, Esq. ...	10 0 0	Per Mr. H. E. Saddler ...	0 0 11
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40 0 0	John Olney, Esq. ...	2 2 0
Abingdon, per Rev. G. H. Davies ...	7 10 0	Miss Way, Dinder ...	1 0 0
Haverhill, per Rev. J. L. Phillips ...	5 0 0	Mr. W. Pedley ...	1 1 0
Skipsea, per Miss Angus ...	10 0 0	Miss Harriet Turnbull ...	0 10 0
Cheddar, per Mrs. R. Clark ...	10 0 0	Mr. John Campbell ...	1 0 0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde ...	10 0 0	Mr. Alfred Searle ...	0 10 0
Tiptree, per Rev. H. Hagell ...	6 5 0	Mr. G. R. Chapman ...	5 0 0
Oxford, per R. J. Grubb, Esq. ...	6 5 0	Mr. A. Boot ...	1 0 0
Melton Mowbray, per Mr. Garner ...	10 0 0	Miss Morris ...	0 2 6
R. Cory, jun., Esq., Cardiff ...	10 0 0	E. E. Jones ...	0 10 0
	£227 10 0	R. P. ...	10 0 0
		T. L. W. ...	8 0 0
		Mr. Edward Mounsey ...	2 10 0
		Mrs. Salmon... ..	0 2 6
		W. W. ...	0 10 6
		A. L. ...	0 10 6
			£30 19 7

## Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from May 20th to June 19th, 1878.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Church at Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	20 0 0	R. P. ...	5 0 0
Church at Nottingham ...	5 5 0	Mr. Joseph Leeson ...	0 10 0
Mr. W. Pedley ...	1 1 0	Mr. E. Mounsey ...	2 10 0
Romans vi. 7 and 8 ...	2 0 0	H. E. S. ...	5 5 0
Mr. Tompkins ...	0 10 0	J. S. ...	5 0 0
The Misses Du Fre ...	20 0 0		
An unknown Friend, per Pastor Rees, Perth ...	30 0 0		£102 1 0
Mr. G. R. Chapman ...	5 0 0		

*Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.*

*Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Batham. 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.*

# Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31sr, 1878.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
To Donations:—		By Maintenance and Education:—	
General ... ..	£ s. d.	Salaries and Wages ... ..	£ s. d.
Collecting Boxes and Books ... ..	4,006 11 7	Provisions ... ..	1,173 5 5
Services of Song (less expenses) ... ..	615 9 5	Clothing ... ..	2,501 8 5
	107 18 0	Washing, Soap, &c. ... ..	1,078 7 1
	4,729 19 0	Fuel, Gas and Water ... ..	150 14 8
.. Legacies ... ..	410 19 0	Books and School Requisites	423 10 3
.. Annual Subscriptions ... ..	127 14 0	Gardening and Sundries ... ..	77 6 10
.. Balance of Interest and Rents... ..	1,438 8 11	Medical Expenses ... ..	41 11 1
		General Expenses:—	92 2 7
		Printing, Stationery, &c. ... ..	5,536 6 4
		Furniture, and Repairs ... ..	195 16 11
		Poor and General Rates ... ..	576 19 6
			125 15 8
		Total General Expenditure during the Year ...	6,434 18 5
Total General Receipts during the year ...	6,716 0 11	.. Investment of Legacy, £1,045 16s. 3d. Consols ... ..	1,000 0 0
.. Legacy by the late Mr. George Moore ... ..	1,000 0 0	.. Transfer to Foundation Fund ... ..	437 7 10
.. Balance at Credit, 31 March, 1877 ... ..	1,278 0 2	.. Balance at Credit 31st March, 1878 ... ..	1,121 14 10
	<u>£8,994 1 1</u>		<u>£8,994 1 1</u>

We have examined the above Account, and compared the same with the Books and Vouchers, and find the same correct.

May 27th, 1878.

THOMAS GREENWOOD, JOSEPH PASSMORE, THOMAS H. OLNEY, BENJAMIN WILDON CARR, CHARLES BLACKSHAW, <i>Secretary.</i>	} Trustees.	S. HOPE MORLEY, WILLIAM IZARD, } Auditors.
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THE  
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1878.

More about our work in Calcutta.\*

BY A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.



IT is now more than a year since we sent any tidings from this distant place to our friends at home, through *The Sword and the Trowel*. How swiftly the time has passed away, and how little of its joys and sorrows can we give in this short account, and yet, perhaps, enough to encourage friends at home to continue to pray for us. During the first part of our time here we seemed to be learning *how* to work, and, looking back, we can truly thank our heavenly Father for his guidance in keeping us all the while clear of the difficulties and collisions into which we might have been brought through our ignorance. Many things which at first were difficult seem now natural and easy, and many places where we then felt strange have become familiar to us. In reading at home these accounts of work abroad there is often something rather romantic about them, but to the workers it is not romance, but practical reality; the surroundings and details differ from those at home, but the work is the same. It would be easy in writing to give highly-wrought descriptions, but our motto is "the truth, and nothing but the truth," whether dark or bright. We are filled with thankfulness and joy at the remembrance of the wonderful instances of God's blessing in the past, and if any one should ask, "Do you not meet with discouragements?" we would answer, "With sore *disappointments* sometimes, but not discouragements, for we rest on God's promises,

\* May the Lord bless this beloved sister in her arduous labours for his name in the dens and drinking saloons of Calcutta.

and we have found that 'he is *faithful*, and what he has promised he is able to perform.' The good seed has been sown broadcast,—in some instances we have been permitted to see the fruit early ripened, as it were, but the harvest is "*not yet*."

In order to reach many who could be met with in no other place we have been visiting, as we had opportunity, military canteens as well as ordinary public-houses. On our first visit we hardly knew how or where to begin; the place was full, and it is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that amongst the numbers present you would not have found one who was leading a Christian life, or perhaps more than a very few (if any) who did not at times overstep the bounds of moderation. The men showed much surprise as we went in,—a sort of hush prevailed as we distributed illustrated papers right and left, but all took them willingly. On a subsequent visit to a larger canteen it appears the colonel was passing by, and seeing two strangers there immediately ordered out the sergeant of the guard to make enquiries; but when he received the report he was quite satisfied. Thus, unknown to us at the time, we were watched by those who had the power to hinder us, but who helped us instead.

We may mention, in passing, another instance of the same kind. Through circumstances too long to relate, we were one morning on the Strand seeking eagerly for a vessel which was to sail that day. We had with us only one person, a miserable man whom we hoped to rescue by sending him to his own country in care of a Christian captain, and, in spite of all possible watchfulness, he had been drinking. We could find no trace of the ship amongst the crowd in the harbour, and the natives round could give us no help. Meanwhile, it was ten o'clock on a hot morning in May, the hottest month in the year, and we were in much perplexity, until all at once help came from an unexpected quarter. Two runners from a public-house in Flag-street came by, men who might regard us as their greatest enemies; but in answer to a question we put to them, they not only pointed out the vessel most readily, but hailed a boat for us, nor did they leave the spot until they saw us safely on land again. What but the merciful care of God could have inclined the hearts of two such men to do more for us than we could have hoped for, much less have expected?

It is our rule to work two together, but in the early part of last year I found myself unexpectedly on a visit at a strange place, several hundreds of miles away from Calcutta. It was a large military station, and presented a fine field for scattering the good seed. The hospital came first, with its lonely sick ones, then the drinkers in the canteen. On the second visit, finding the hospital guard on duty at the gate, a few words were spoken to each man, and a little book given. Although then a perfect stranger to the men and the place, subsequent circumstances have made both familiar, so that the various criticisms passed on the occasion have come to our knowledge. These remarks we are always glad to hear, not from curiosity, but because they are often a guide for the future. The corporal, a Roman Catholic, said, "I pity her, but I dare say she will retire to bed to-night with an easy conscience, as no doubt she intends well in serving out such rubbishing trash." Another said, "Oh, you may be sure she's getting paid for it

out of some society or other, or she wouldn't come here," while still another remarked, "She was in the canteen last night, and fell into rank like one of us, serving out books right and left, and she's going there *to-night*." It may seem to some a useless and eccentric action, but, like the bow drawn at a venture, the *Lord* directed the arrow, and it pierced one hard and sinful heart, so that the wound could only be healed by himself. There was on guard that day one of the most hopeless drunkards in the regiment. Twenty years of a soldier's life he had spent in various parts of the world, but always under the same master, *the devil*. He had sunk into the depths of sin, and in remorse and misery had only just before planned self-destruction. It was pay-day, and even as he sat there his mind was full of thoughts of his money, and how he would spend it as soon as he was off duty. Knowing the frequent state of the canteen on pay-day, a sudden compunction touched his heart, lest rough or sinful words should meet the stranger on her way there. He had not prayed for himself for years, but involuntarily he breathed this silent prayer for another: "O God, I know I am a wicked, vile sinner, and have no hope at thy hand, having sinned so much against thee; but bless this lady, thy servant, whoever she is, and keep her from being insulted by drunken comrades, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Meanwhile some extra beer which he had ordered was brought, but, instead of drinking it, to the surprise of all he poured it on the ground, saying, "By God's help, not another drop of beer or spirits will I drink."

Meanwhile, knowing neither of the prayer nor the criticisms, I went on through the fast deepening twilight, and on reaching the place gave away about two hundred papers to eager recipients. Never were men more anxious; and, far from a rough reception, I found what we have invariably found amongst both soldiers and sailors, that a lady with a smile and a kind word is always politely received.

Each succeeding evening found T—— (the man who had poured away his beer) at our little gathering in the soldiers' prayer-room. He came there a convicted and contrite sinner, nor was it long before as he prayed the message came to his heart,—“Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee,” and he rose in newness of life, to fight against his old enemy. It was for a time a hard struggle, but as he remembered how the dying Saviour said “*I thirst*,” while bearing the sins of the world, the accursed thirst for drink was taken away, and, upheld by Divine grace, from that blessed evening there has not been a more rejoicing believer nor a more earnest worker for Christ in his regiment. His money is spent in helping his pious, aged mother at home, and many a precious contribution to buy books comes to us now on pay-day with his prayer—“that they may be as much blessed to others as they were to me.”

Twelve months have now passed, and in the providence of God he has been removed to another regiment and to a distant station, where he has kept the few Christian men together, and conducted the Bible-class. He has collected and given more than £15 during the year for the *Lord's* work, and all the expenses of a second visit paid by us some months afterwards to the same station, to bid farewell to the regiment before it left India, were borne by this man and his Christian comrades.



In reviewing such a marvellous change we can only say, "It is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

There was yet the *terra incognita* of the artillery canteen to be visited, and, with a fresh supply of papers, I went there. It was quite dark when the time of opening came round, and, after passing the married quarters and stables, I was directed down a road, at the end of which was seen the light from an open door. While stumbling along over uneven ground, a young man, whom I could just distinguish as a soldier, came up, saying, "Will you allow me to be your guide where you wish to go?" On my thanking him, and telling him where I was going, he kindly took me to the right place, and, without coming in, waited for me, and then walked back beside me. It was a very desirable opportunity, and might have been the only one, for a few words on the all-important subject. I found out he was a Scotchman, and, after a few remarks, led the conversation naturally to religious matters and temperance. He said he cared nothing for such things and did not think of them, and like many of his countrymen he was very reserved. Praying for help to use the few precious moments aright, the truth was plainly set before him and an affectionate appeal made. To all this he answered scarcely a word, and by this time we had reached the road leading to the chapel. I warmly urged him, as he had been *my guide* so far, now to follow me to the service. This he declined, saying he was not dressed to go to chapel, and, having obtained a half promise that he would come the next night, I had very reluctantly to leave him. We had commenced singing in the chapel when, happening to look round, I saw this very man sitting in a corner behind the door. He looked bewildered, like a man just awakened from sleep. Every night after this he came, sometimes hurrying away to escape being spoken to, until one evening he stayed behind for private conversation. It seems that the night we first met he was doing what he never remembered doing before, hesitating whether he should go and get some drink. The Holy Spirit was evidently striving mightily with his besetting sin, and he could remain silent no longer. He resolved, but, as it proved, in his own strength, never to touch another drop of what had ruined him, but after a few days temptation prevailed, and he fell. Constant prayer was made for him, and Christian friends took him by the hand, and once more he took courage, this time beginning at the foot of the cross with the prayer, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." On the last night of the old year he came in from camp, a distance of ten miles, to say "Good-bye" before he was removed to a new station. He was completely overcome with emotion, and was unable to say more than a few words; but the manly stand he continues to make against his old habits, and his deep humility, give us good ground to believe that "in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; old things have passed away, behold all things have become new." Several times since his change he has sent 10s. from his "*canteen fund*," as he calls it, for the Lord's work, and he writes that his Bible is his only companion. This man had lived, up to the night when the Lord met him, in utter carelessness, sometimes drinking three bottles of brandy besides other liquors in one day; for his good education and intelligence enabled him to undertake many extra duties, which brought him more money. We would ask

our friends at home to remember these solitary disciples of Christ, sometimes for months deprived of Christian companionship, and hard beset by sin and temptation. Sometimes when a man is struggling to follow the promptings of his better nature, and finds himself overcome by temptation, he gives up in despair, yielding to the fatal impulse of putting an end to his misery (as he imagines) by putting an end to his life with his own rifle.

On several occasions men have followed us out of the canteen with tears of shame and contrition for their past life. One such went to chapel and very soon after found the Saviour. Writing some months later, he says: "I have had many temptations to lead me away, but so far I have been kept. I have found out that there is *no pleasure outside of Jesus.*"

Only a short time ago a letter was received from some person unknown to us. It was written by a soldier a few days before he embarked for home. The writer says: "Before leaving, I want to tell you that ten months ago you offered me a book in the canteen. I was just going to give you an uncivil answer, when something struck me, and I took it home instead and read it. From that time I have drunk no more, although I had been a great drunkard. I went to chapel and wanted to speak to you, but could not. Now I want very much to give up my bad habit of swearing, too; will you write and tell me if there is any way to do it? If you please, write by return, I shall be able to hear before we sail."

Returning to our usual work at home, we can gratefully testify that the Lord is present to bless. The coffee-rooms continue to be most useful, indeed we often wonder what we did without them. Each Sunday we take a number of strangers there from the streets and public-houses, and through the week various meetings are held there. Many a man can testify to the blessing he has received in them: one will point out the quiet room into which some Christian friend took him for conversation, and another the very table by which he knelt when he realized the pardon of his sin. Monday evenings are always busy times. Once a fortnight we have a tea-meeting, and by this means the place is now becoming well known. All through the year we have had constant help from some one or other of the young converts, both sailors and soldiers, at these meetings. It is very encouraging to us to see them with the earnestness of their newly-found happiness trying to point others to the Saviour. It is on these occasions that many join the temperance society, and receive the red rosette which is our badge. We are not able to trace many of those who join, as they are soon scattered over land and sea, but we do sometimes have the pleasure of welcoming them back after a few months or a year, and finding them sober men still. Several wore their rosettes on Christmas-day in various places, in order to show their colours and be better able to resist the solicitations of their companions to drink. "Are you a Christian?" was the question put to a stalwart sailor of about forty-five years of age, who had strolled in for a cup of coffee one Sunday evening a year and a half ago. "Well, no; I can't say I am," he answered. "Would you like to be one? will you seek the Lord

*to-night?*” asked the gentleman again. “What could I say?” related this man afterwards: “I had been drinking then; I didn’t know what to do, so I said, ‘Give me twenty-four hours to think about it,’ and so he did, he gave me till the next night. But as I walked down to my ship I thought to myself, ‘If this had been the call of God to judgment *he* would not have given me four-and-twenty hours to think about it.’ So I went on Monday evening and told Colonel Haig I would decide at once. We prayed together at *that* table, and as he told me of the love of Christ I received the pardon of all my sins by faith. I have been a wicked man—a drunkard and blasphemer for twenty-five years. Often my poor wife and children were left hungry and cold while I wasted my money on drink. My ship left almost immediately, so I did not write home to tell them of the change in me, but when I reached there the first night my wife said, ‘What shall I fetch for your supper, William? will you have a pint of beer?’ ‘No,’ I said, ‘I’ll take a pint of water; I don’t drink beer now.’ She could hardly believe her own ears, but she soon found out what the grace of God had done for me. There was rejoicing in heaven over a vile sinner pardoned; but not only in heaven,—there was joy on earth too, with my old praying parents and my wife, who had been so long praying for my conversion. Even the children knew the difference, and the little one said, ‘Father, you’re a better man now than when you went away.’ This is eighteen months ago, and though I have had many temptations I am very happy, and the Lord has kept me till now.”

A Canadian Roman Catholic who had never read the Bible, and had not been inside a chapel for twenty years, was met with in the street. We took him to the coffee-room, and thence to God’s house. He went to a meeting during the week at the rooms of the Young Men’s Christian Association, and signed the pledge. The next Sunday evening after service he came home with us to tea, and we spoke to him about his need of a Saviour. “Hold,” he said, “one thing at a time. I’ve just given up drink; I can’t do everything at once.” But he soon became anxious about himself, and asked for a Bible. Just before leaving he got up at one of the meetings and gave a touching account of his past sinful life; “but,” he added, “I was brought here, and I found out what a sinner I was,—I began to read the Bible and seek the Saviour. Ever since the ladies found me I have followed them to chapel and their houses *constant*, and now I am so happy; I only advise all of you to do the same.”

A very interesting young man, officer on board a steamer, was with us one evening at tea. He had long been an abstainer and lived a moral life, and like the young ruler might perhaps once have asked, “What lack I yet?” Still there had often been in his mind a desire to possess what he knew he had not—a *new heart*. This evening his sense of need and longing for it had increased, and a little book which was given to him, called “*Why not to-night?*” brought him to decision. He could give no answer to the enquiry, and he yielded his heart to the Saviour. Since then he has made several short voyages, returning to us after each one, full of joy and peace in the Saviour.

A Swedish sailor came up to the house after service one Sunday night, and, waiting behind for an opportunity of speaking, said, “I have been

looking for you a long time, and now I have come to thank you." "What for?" we asked. "Four months ago you gave me a Swedish tract. I never felt I was a sinner till I read that and went to the service, but that brought me to Christ, and now I am happy. I have been away, and only came back last week, and I wanted to tell you about it." Twelve months passed away and again we met him at the coffee-room. "This is my birthday," he said, and seeing we did not exactly understand what he meant, he added, "I was born in Calcutta a year ago to-day, March 11th." Thus the Lord has preserved him faithful.

From several other incidents we select the following. Going into a public-house one Sunday afternoon in July we found five or six men sitting round a table, just preparing for an afternoon's drinking. Bottles of brandy and glasses were on the table, and all was ready. We spoke a few words to them, and asked if they would like some singing, and then commenced the familiar hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

Two of the men were young and looked quite respectable, and making an earnest appeal we asked them to leave the place and go with us. However, all seemed useless, and, after waiting as long as we could, we went away. Let one of them tell his own story: "When you came in that Sunday I was so ashamed I did not know what to do. I have a *pious mother*, and, although I have lived such a reckless life, the sight of you in such a place brought back all she had taught me. I said to myself, '*There's some truth in religion after all.*' We would not go with you, but afterwards I said to my friend Morris, 'The least we can do for them is to go to chapel.' We went first to please you, but as the minister asked whether there was not some prodigal there who would return to his heavenly Father, I said to myself, '*I will,*' and I just gave myself to Jesus as I sat on the chair. I find it is of no use to try to get on with a prayer just morning and evening, I must be thorough, and give all to Jesus. I used to have a bottle of brandy or whisky at hand, and I used to be going to it continually for a *freshener* or *pick-me-up* while I was at work; now I go to Jesus instead, and lift up my heart to him." Great was this poor fellow's sorrow when the time came for him to leave. "Every boat-load of cargo which comes alongside," he said, "is like a blow at my heart; it is like *leaving* home, not going home. Each Sunday I have walked past that house just to look at the place where you met me."

We are trusting that if his life is spared this man will be made very useful to his shipmates, for he has been carefully brought up, and seems to be much in earnest.

It is said that "poverty brings together strange companions," but we might say with more truth, *sin* brings them together. A gentleman and Latin scholar was a strange person to find in a mat hovel, in one of the narrow alleys of an Indian city, but there we found one. We had gone in search of an American sailor who was living amongst a number of sinful companions, and, while engaged in speaking to him, a person entered whose habits and character were plainly depicted on his countenance. To our great surprise he accosted us with a polite

bow, and saying, "*Pax vobiscum*, ladies," retired into an inner room, separated from the one where we were sitting by only a partition of matting. When we had finished our conversation, and had urged those present to forsake their evil course and begin a new and better life, and were just leaving, the voice of a speaker, unseen by us but close behind said, "Excuse me, but you have had more hearers than you were aware of. Every word you have spoken has come home to *me*, it is all true,—I only wish *I* could retrace my steps." We found that this man had come to India as an officer in the army, and afterwards had a good Government appointment at £800 a year, but sin had dragged him down until his only shelter was a hut with drunken sailors. He expressed deep regret, and so far showed his sincerity that he left his companions, and went to the more honourable refuge of the workhouse. Here he remained patiently for several months until he obtained a situation worth about £70 a year, and is now earning a little more. He is frequently to be seen at chapel, respectably dressed, but in spite of the great change which has undoubtedly taken place, and of what he himself thinks, we are not yet satisfied that he is truly converted.

Although these streets in which we work are such haunts of sin, there are now many spots in them which we can never pass without joyful recollections, because they remind us of God's faithfulness. We remember one and another who from these places were brought to the Saviour, and are to-day living for him. Not far from the coffee-room we one day met two soldiers. We gave them a tract, and invited them to the evening service. They said they could not stay because they had to go on guard the next day, and must return to barracks early. We then invited them to our house the following week. Months passed away, and all recollection of the circumstance had passed away from our minds too. It appears, however, that one of them was the son of a praying mother, a widow in the north of Ireland. He had left home years before to escape from its restraints, and, after a while, enlisted and came to India. He had become hardened in sin, but the Lord had a purpose of mercy towards him that afternoon, and it was by this simple meeting that he was to be brought back. He could not shake off the remembrance of the word of warning, although he resisted it for nine months. At last he came to chapel, and to see us. On the first few occasions we found it impossible to get any response from him, he would hardly speak a word, but a great work was going on within his heart, and, at last, unable to conceal his distress, he had to call up a comrade during the night to pray for him. In the early part of August, just nine months after our first meeting, he was enabled to trust himself entirely to the Saviour, and join in the song of praise,

"Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away."

The joy of his mother when she received the glad tidings may be imagined, nor has she ceased since then to pray for a blessing upon the tracts distributed in Bow Bazaar.

This young soldier has now completed his term of service, and has returned to his mother to be her comfort and stay in her declining years. We have just received a letter from him, and give the following

extract :—“I now write to let you know that the Lord has brought me home safe to my dear mother and sister. I only got home last Sunday morning, and I am happy to tell you that we were all at chapel together in the evening. It was indeed very refreshing to my soul to meet once more with the people of God.”

On another occasion we had a special service, and many soldiers were present, amongst them one who had become a teetotaller some weeks before, in order that he might save up some money for “a spree.” He had gone out that night to spend his money, but as it was early, he thought he would go to the meeting first. After we had had tea, and spent some time in singing and reading, a lady closed with prayer. The sound of a woman’s voice praying recalled to his mind his own mother, and how she had taught him to pray at her knee; as he said afterwards, “It hurt my feelings, and nearly broke my heart.” For some time he was in darkness, groping for the light, but he, too, found peace in believing. The money set aside for sinful pleasure was sent home for a Christmas present for his mother, and, writing on the anniversary of that memorable evening, he said: “I cannot let this day pass without writing to tell you how I bless God that he directed my steps to you. While I was living in sin I hated my life; often when cleaning my rifle I have longed to send a bullet through my head, or as I looked down into the river, I wished to end my misery in it. But now I am a new made man, *body and soul*. I am so happy, and the time passes so quickly, even on sentry it is gone before I know it, for I have so much to think of.” Although this man’s Christian course has not been without its clouds, we believe he is safe upon the Rock, Christ Jesus.

But it is time to close, in fact we fear lest we may have taken up too much space already. We trust that many who read this will feel encouraged, as they see that we need not wait for great powers, or riches, or great opportunities, to work for the Lord. He will bless and use weak instruments and overrule their imperfections, and make simple means effectual. A loving heart, personal sympathy, and entire dependence upon him, are all we need, and these he will give us. Moreover, there is a place for each of us; even those whom he has laid aside from active service are doing his *work*, because they are doing his *will* by suffering. They are able, too, to help other workers by prayerful sympathy and thoughtful assistance, supplying them with the materials so much needed. Thus we look forward to the joyful day when the “sowers and reapers will rejoice together,” and those “who tarry at home will divide the spoil.”

L. M. R.

### “Ritual Reason Why.”

WHY do Ritualists countenance *private* devotions being performed in *public*, and keep the doors of their churches always open for the express purpose of encouraging the practice?—*Because* Christ said, “Thou when thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret.”—*From Hely Smith’s “Real Ritual Reason Why.”*

## The Vine of Israel.

A SERMON PREACHED ON BEHALF OF THE BRITISH SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL AMONG THE JEWS.

“Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine.”—Psalm lxxx. 14.

I FEEL somewhat straitened on this occasion, because of the speciality of my subject. I have been persuaded by the Society to preach on the behalf of the Jews, but my mind does not quite run in the direction which is prescribed for it. I have been so in the habit of preaching the gospel to everybody, knowing neither Jew nor Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, that the very recognition of anything like nationality and speciality is somewhat difficult to me. I do not think that the recognition of the distinction is wrong—nay, I think it right, but it is so unusual, that I scarcely feel at home. I would sooner, by a thousand times, take a text and preach the gospel to sinners or to saints than discourse upon a special race; yet is it needful, and therefore let it be done; and I trust the Holy Ghost may make our meditation profitable. Assuredly, if there be any distinction which might be maintained, and I think there is none, for that distinction of Jew and Gentile seems to me to be wiped out and obliterated,—if there be any distinction, we may, at least, recollect that which lingeringly subsists between the seed of Israel and the nations, for God’s election of old fell upon them, and when the whole world lay in darkness gleams of light gladdened their eyes. To them belonged the oracles. They were long the sole preservers of precious truth, which they have handed down to us; and if through their unbelief we have taken their place, we cannot but recollect who occupied it for so many centuries, and we cannot but look with extraordinary tenderness and affection and earnest desire to that elder family whom the Lord loved so long, and towards whom, methinks, his love still burneth, as shall be seen when the day comes in which he shall gather Israel again unto himself.

We shall view the prayer of the text in its reference to Israel. “Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine.” The vine was peculiarly a type of Palestine and the Jewish nation. When this psalm was written the Gentiles were not in the psalmist’s mind, but only Israel. So let us speak of Israel now, and let us pray to God that he will return in mercy, behold in pity, and visit this vine, and the vineyard which his right hand hath planted.

Let us reflect upon WHAT AN AMOUNT OF INTEREST SURROUNDS THIS VINE—this chosen people. Brethren, Israel has a history compared with which the annals of all other nations are but poor and thin. Israel is the world’s aristocracy, and her history is the roll-call of priests and kings unto God. At the very beginning, what interest attaches to *the planting of this vine!* The psalmist speaks of the Lord’s bringing the vine out of Egypt and casting out the nations that he might find a trench wherein he might place Israel’s roots, that she might strike deep and take possession of the soil. But what wonders God wrought in the

removal of Israel from the soil of Goshen, wherein her vine seemed to have taken deep root, until the wild boar of Egypt began to uproot her. Never can we forget what he did at the Red Sea. Even at the very mention of the name we feel as if we could sing unto the Lord who triumphed gloriously, and cast the horse and his rider into the depths of the sea. What marvels he wrought all through the wilderness, when he turned the rock into a pool of water, and made refreshing streams to follow his chosen along the burning sand. Neither can we forget the Jordan; our hearts begin to sing at the mention of the name,—What ailed thee, O Jordan, that thou wast driven back when the Lord's ark led the way through the depths of the river and the priests stood still in the midst, while all the hosts of his people passed over dry-shod? Neither can we fail to exult as we think of the planting of the vine in Canaan. Saw ye not the walls of Jericho tottering in ruins at the sound of the rams' horns when Israel gave her shout, for the Lord was in the midst of his people? Therefore the sword of Joshua smote the Canaanites till they were utterly destroyed; the sun stood still, and the moon in the valley of Gibeon, because the Lord hearkened to the voice of a man, working marvellously with his people, that he might settle them in the land which he gave unto their fathers—the land which flowed with milk and honey. When I think of such a planting it seems to me that this vine can never be given up to be utterly burned with fire after such wonders as these. It is not God's fashion to cast away a people for whom he has done so much. The commencement of Israel's national history is by far too grand to close, as we fear it must, if we judge only according to carnal reason. An era brighter and more glorious must surely dawn, and the Lord must bring again from Bashan, and lead up his chosen nation from the depths of the sea. Once again he will make bare his arm, even he that cut Rahab and wounded the dragon, and the whole earth shall behold all Israel, both spiritual and national, singing in one joyous song the song of Moses the servant of God, and of the Lamb. The very planting of the nation makes us feel the deepest possible interest in its welfare. O God, behold and visit *this* vine, and the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted.

Let us reflect again upon *the prosperity of Israel and the wide influence which the nation exercised for centuries*. I am keeping closely to the psalm, which is really my text, for we are told that after the planting of the vine the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. "She sent out her boughs unto the sea and her branches unto the river." No nation has ever exercised such an influence upon the thought of the world as the Jewish people. I grant you that some other nations exercised greater influence upon the world's art and sculpture, and the like; for Israel eschewed much of art and science, not greatly to her loss, especially since the reason for it was so greatly to her gain. But the idea of one God, which the Lord had graciously written upon the hearts of his elect people, though it took many an age to erase the natural lines of idolatry which nature had imprinted there—that idea of the unity of the Godhead is a treasure handed to us by the seed of Abraham. The grand truths which were contained in type and shadow, and outward ordinance, and given to the chosen people of God, exercised a far more powerful influence over the



world than, perhaps, most of us have ever dreamed. I feel certain that the religion of Zoroaster came from the Jews. I believe that much of whatever is pure in eastern religions might be distinctly traced to the teachings of Moses, to gleanings of the Israelitish vintage which were carried to the nations through their commerce and intercommunication; perhaps, directly and distinctly by the teachings of Jews who journeyed thither as exiles in captivity. The earth had become corrupt even in father Abraham's time, and though here and there there might have been found godly individuals like the patriarch Job, adhering to the simple worship of the one only God, yet, for the most part, the whole world was sunken in idolatry, and the light came to it, and remained in it, gleaming strangely in the darkness, like flashes of lightning amidst the blackness of a tempest: that light came always, as I believe, by the way of Israel. The original light of tradition grew dimmer and dimmer, and threatened to die out, for in transmission from father to son its brightness was sadly beclouded with human error. But the truth retained much of its vitality and purity in the midst of Israel, and from Israel it influenced the rest of the nations. In the days of Solomon how proudly did the temple stand upon its holy hill, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, the one Pharos of the midnight sea of humanity. That little country—we often forget what a very little district Palestine occupied—was, nevertheless, the very queen among the nations. From far-off Sheba they came to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and to other lands the rumour of his glory extended, and all his greatness was connected with the worship of God, for she who came from Sheba came to hear all the wisdom of Solomon "concerning the Lord his God." That little land thus influenced all lands, and transmitted far-off adown the centuries what was known of the ever-blessed God among the people. To me it seems so sad that she that sat over against the treasury should now be poor; that she that laid the daily shewbread before the Lord should now be famished; that she that piled the temple, and brought the offering, should now turn away from the one only Sacrifice, and should these many days remain without priest or temple. Alas! poor Israel. Our hearts take the deepest interest in thee, and we pray the Lord to look down and behold and visit this vine, when we remember the days of thy glory, and all the splendour of the revelation of the Most High in the midst of his people.

Nor does the interest become one particle the less when we come to *the time of Israel's decay*. She would imitate the heathen and go aside to false gods; nothing could cure her of it. She was chastened again and again, and at last it came to banishment, and the people were scattered. Alas, for the tears that Judah and Israel shed! What sea could hold them all? How were God's people made to smart, and cry, and groan! Let the waters of Babylon tell how salt they flowed with Judah's griefs. How could they sing the Lord's song in that strange land? What a history of woe has Israel's story been! And then, when they were brought back cured of idolatry, as, thank God, they most effectually are, there came an equally mournful decay; for formalism, the absence of all spiritual life—the mere observance of outward ritual, came into the place of idolatry, and the people in whom all the nations of the earth were blessed had the Christ among them, but refused him.

“He came unto his own and his own received him not.” Woe worth the day! Speak of it with sevenfold sorrow. *He* came for whom they long had waited—Israel’s hope—and they refused him, yea, they crucified him. My tongue will not attempt to tell what came of it, when his blood was on them and on their children. Earth never saw a more terrible sight than the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. Then did they sell the ancient people of God for a pair of shoes, and the precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, were esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter. The enemy ploughed the holy place and sowed it with salt, and the seed of Abraham were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Alas! the evil ceased not when the last stone was overthrown, but wrath followed the fugitives. Through many, many centuries Israel was persecuted—shame covers my face—persecuted by those who called themselves Christians. The blood of Israel hangs in great gouts upon the skirts of Rome, and will bring down upon that thrice-accursed system the everlasting wrath of the Most High; for did they not grievously oppress the Jews in Spain and every Catholic country? remorselessly hunting them down as if they were unfit to live; torturing them in ways that it were impossible for us to describe, lest your cheeks should blanch as you heard the horrible story? The men that were of the same race as the Christ of God were so hated by the professed followers of Jesus that no indignities were thought to be great enough, and no severities to be fierce enough, for execution upon what they thought to be the execrable Jews. Thank God, such persecution is over now—let us hope for ever, at least in the western world. The race would have been stamped out, however, if Rome’s tender mercies could have wrought their will. Go to the Ghetto to-day, in the Jews’ quarter in Rome, and see the church, as I have done, in which a certain number of Jews were compelled to hear a sermon, once in the year, levelled at their own race and faith, and over the door of which is written what from such a quarter is a wanton insult to them, “Unto Israel, he saith, all day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.” Verily it would be so eternally if the hands of Rome were the hands to be stretched out, when she encouraged if she did not command the racing of Jews in the Corso and the pouring of contempt upon them in the rudest fashion. Israel would never worship images, saints, and virgins. Blessed were they as a nation for this thing at least, that they utterly rejected the idolatry of which Rome is shamelessly guilty. It were better far to be no Christian than to think Popery to be Christianity, for it is one of the vilest forms of idolatry that ever came from the polluted heart of man. Alas, poor Israel, what hast thou suffered! What tongue can tell thy woes? I feel, perforce, compelled to apply to Israel the language which Byron applied to Rome, when he called her “the Niobe of nations,” and reckoned all sorrows beside hers but petty misery:—

“What are our griefs and sufferance? Come and see  
 Jerusalem in heaps, and plod your way  
 O’er steps of broken thrones and temples.”

Look, too, on a princely people crushed under persecution, labouring

and finding no rest. "Princes are hanged up by their hand: the faces of elders were not honoured. They that did feed delicately are desolate in the streets: they that were brought up in scarlet embrace dunghills. How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed!"

But we will not end here, my brethren. The interest which we feel with regard to Israel, and which makes us pray, "Lord, visit this vine," rises as we think of *its future*. I am no prophet or interpreter of the prophecies, but this much seems clear to me—that the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Jews, will have dominion over them, and they shall be converted and shall own him to be the Messiah which was promised to their fathers; so doth the New Testament teach us as well as the Old. It seems to me that we may work for the conversion of Israel with the absolute certainty that, if we do not see it ourselves, yet it shall be seen,—for the natural branches of the olive which for a while were cut off shall be grafted in again, and so all Israel shall be saved. The future of the Gentiles in the fulness of its glory can never be accomplished till, first of all, the Jews shall be ingathered. Ye shall have no millennial day, or full brightness of his glory, until yonder, by Jordan's streams and Judah's deserted hills, where once the Saviour worked, and walked, and preached, the song shall yet again arise of Hallelujah to the God of Israel.

One thought more, and then I leave this point of the interest we take in Israel: we must for ever take a special interest in the Jews, because *of them came our Lord*. He was so completely a man that one forgets that he was a Jew, and, perhaps, for the most part it is best that we should, for he is more a man than a Jew; but still "he took not up the nature of angels, but he took up the seed of Abraham." Jesus is the Son of David. The Jews have a part in him after the flesh which we have not; and, amid all the privileges which we enjoy, we can well afford to let them have everything that they can claim; and they can certainly prove a special kinship to him whom our soul loveth. Oh, if it were for nothing else but that our Saviour was of the Jews, we ought to love them and make them the subject of our prayers and of our earnest efforts. Surely the mention of that will suffice, and I need not say so much as one solitary word more. Interest in the Jews, indeed, is a very wide subject, and we have said enough for the present purpose.

NOW WHAT IS IT THAT THE JEWISH PEOPLE NEED? We have been exhorted by all these things to pray for this vine. What is it that is needed?

The answer of our text is, "Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine." A visitation from God is the one thing needful for Israel. For what purpose should God visit the Jews, then? I say, brethren, it is the one essential thing in order to give them *spiritual life*. Our acquaintance with the interior of the Jewish commonwealth at the present time is not very large; but some of us have observed that there are two sorts of Israelites. Some are devout—devout men with some of whom it has been our privilege to have hearty fellowship in matters of common interest touching the things of God. When we have spoken together of the providence of God and of faith in the divine mercy, we have been much of the same mind. In the late debate brought on by Colenso we were able in comparing notes to feel the same zeal for the value of the Old Testament and for the glory of the ever-blessed God.

Whether we were Christians or Jews we were equally zealous to repel the infidel assaults of the famous master of arithmetic. We meet now and then with men whose sincerity and devotion we could not doubt at all : would to God that their sincerity led them to search the Scriptures and to examine the claims of our Lord Jesus. Such men lament that many of their people seem to have no religion, or—what is almost the same—to have nothing more than the outward form. Their being of the Israelitish race is distinctly recognized and never for a moment held back ; the Sabbath is almost universally hallowed, for which let Israel put to shame many so-called Christian lands ; much is done that is commendable, much which exhibits high integrity and uprightness ; but yet to a large extent the race is sunk in worldliness and misled by superstition.

Oh, that God would visit the Jew and endow him with an enquiring and unprejudiced heart, with a longing after the God of his fathers, with a deeper reverence and a truer zeal for the glory of Jehovah. The visitation of God may well be entreated that he would next grant *enlightenment* to his people, take away the veil which has been cast over their eyes, and enable them to see the true Messenger of the covenant. There are thousands of Israelites to-day who only want to know that Jesus is the Messiah, and they would as gladly accept him as any of us have done. It seems to us so strange that they can read the fifty-third of Isaiah, and so many other plain passages of the prophets and of the psalms, without seeing that the man of Nazareth is the Christ ; yet they do read, but the veil is on their hearts so that they do not perceive Christ in their interpretations. Alas, that the sun should shine and Israel should be in darkness. With many of the seed of Abraham there is an honest desire to receive whatsoever can be shown to be the truth of God. If the Lord would touch the eye and remove the scale, what an enlightenment of the whole nation would follow ! A nation would be born in a day. What joy for us, what honour to God, what happiness to themselves, if they might but be delivered from their present alienation ! O God, thou alone canst do this : we cannot. All arguments seem to be in vain, but do thou behold and visit this vine.

When the spiritual life of the nation shall have been revived, and there shall be an enlightenment of the intellect, they will only need the Spirit to work upon the heart. Even as the Holy Ghost has quickened and regenerated us, so must it be with them, for there is no difference between Jew and Gentile in this matter. The same regenerating work is wanted—the same enlightening of the Holy Ghost ; and, if the Lord will do this, our hearts shall be exceedingly glad.

WHAT, THEN, CAN WE DO ? We are great debtors to Israel, what can we do for her ? Some people are always afraid of telling Christian people to do anything. They mutter between their teeth, “ The Lord will do his own work,” and they are afraid that they should be interfering with God’s prerogatives. Ah, my dear brethren, I am not afraid that some of you will ever do the Lord’s work, for you do not do your own : that part which you can do is neglected. Do not be so mightily frightened lest you should be too active. It is God’s work to visit Israel and gather out his people, and he alone can do it ; but he works by means. What, then, would he have us to do ?

I answer, the first thing is *praying for Israel*. You believe in the

power of prayer, do you not, my brother? Why, some of us can no more doubt the power of prayer than we can doubt the force of a steam-engine or the influence of the law of gravitation, because to us the effects and results of prayer are everyday things. We are in the habit of speaking with God about everything, and receiving replies which to us are as distinct as if he had spoken to us with words. We can speak boldly in prayer to God concerning Israel. No nation can be nearer to God's heart than the Jews. We may be bold with the mighty God. We may open our mouth wide, for he will fill it. We may plead with him urgently after this fashion—Wilt thou not glorify thyself by the salvation of the Jews? What couldst thou do that would more signally strike the whole world with awe than if thou wert to turn this wonderful nation to the faith of Christ? Thou hast taught them the unity of the Godhead; thou hast burnt this into their very souls: now teach them the deity of thy Son, who is one with thee. Bring them to rejoice in the triune God with heart and soul, and all lands shall hear of it, and say with wonder, "Who are these?" Great God, were not these thy messengers of old? When thou wantedst heralds, didst thou not look to Israel? Thou didst take James and John, and Peter and Paul. Thou wilt find such as these amongst them now, if thou wilt call them—both boastful Peters and persecuting Pauls, whom thy grace can transform into mighty testifiers for the name of Jesus. Let us pray to God to do this. We can pray.

The next thing we can do is to *feel very kindly towards that race*. I know all that will be said about converted Jews, and I lament that there should have been grave occasion given in many instances; but for my part I have been glad of late to smart a little for the sake of my Lord. I have said, "Well, it was a Jew that saved me; and even if this professed convert should have a hypocritical design upon my purse, I had better be deceived by him than turn away an honest kinsman of my Lord." I do not marvel that there should be deceivers among the Jews, for have not we plenty of such in our churches, who, for the sake of loaves and fishes and pelf, creep in among us, pretending to be followers of Christ when their hearts know nothing about him? In all ranks and conditions of men hypocrisy is sure to be found; but, for all that, we do not turn round and say, "The Gentiles are a bad lot. We will have nothing more to do with them, because two or three of them deceived us." The Gentiles are always taking us in; we know they are, and still we have hope for them. And so must we always have hope towards Israel, and instead of thinking bitterly and speaking bitterly, we must cultivate kindness of spirit both to those who become Christian and to those who remain in unbelief. I for one thank God that this land has now for several years swept away the civil disabilities of the Jew. He is no longer a stranger in the land, but he settles down in the midst of us and exercises all the rights of citizenship. May the kindness of feeling which has prompted this change—and it came, I think, mainly from earnest Christians—lead the Israelites to think kindly of our faith.

Another thing we can do, dear friends, and that is to *keep our own religion pure*. I marvel not that Jews are not Christians when I know what sort of Christianity, for the most part, they have seen. When

I have walked through Rome and countries under Rome's sway, and have seen thousands bow before the image of a woman carried through the streets,—when I have seen the churches crammed with people bowing down before pieces of bone, and hair, and teeth of dead saints, and such like things,—I have said to myself, “If I were a worshipper of the one God I should look with scorn upon those who bow before these cast clouts and mouldy rags and pieces of rotten timber, and I do not know what besides. No, no, good Jew; join not with this idolatrous rabble. Remain a Jew rather than degrade yourself with this superstition! If the Lord has taught you to know that there is an unseen God who made the heavens and the earth, and who alone is to be worshipped,—if you have heard the voice of thunder which saith, ‘Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God,’ stand you to that, and go not one inch beyond it, if the way before you invites to the worship of things that are seen, and the reverence of men who call themselves priests, and the whispering out of every filthy thought into a confessor's ear. No, no, no, Israel; thou art brought very low, but thou art far too noble to become an adorer of crosses and wafers, and pictures and relics.”

Even in our own land there is a good deal which one would not wish a Jew to regard as Christianity. To my mind, baptismal regeneration is about as glaring a piece of popery as there is to be found in the world; and they can hear that lie publicly taught in England. Grievous, too, it is to my very heart that they may hear it among those who profess a purer form of faith than that of which we have spoken. Try, brothers and sisters, to keep Christ's religion as Christ taught it. Purify it. Let it come back to its original form.

*Labour also to be Christians in ordinary life.* If a Jew says, “I would like to see a Christian,” do not let him see a person full of superstitions. Let him see one who believes in the triune God, and who tries to live according to the commands of God, and who, when he talks about Jesus, lets you see the mind which dwelt in Jesus, the same mind being in him. When once the church of God shall bear a clear testimony to the truth of God both with lip and life great hindrances will be taken out of the way of Israel. I know you say, “Well, Jews ought to know that we hold a very different faith from Romanists.” I know that you think so, but I am not able to perceive how the Jews are to learn the distinction, for Papists are called Christians as much as we are. Their religion is dominant in some countries: it is prominent in every country. How is the Jew to know that it is not the religion of Christ? and as he thinks that it is so, he declares that he will have nothing to do with it, and I for one cannot condemn him, but approve of his resolve. I only hope that as the years roll on we who worship God in sincerity and have no confidence in the flesh, we who are saved by the faith which saved Abraham, who is our father after the spirit though not according to the flesh, that we, I say, may be able to bring this purer faith more clearly to the knowledge of Israel, and that God will lead his ancient nation to be fellow-heirs with us. We must keep our doctrine pure and hold it individually with clean hands and a pure heart, or we have not done all that we can for Israel.

This being done, I will next say that we must *each one evangelize with all his might*. Do this not among Jews only, but among Gentiles.

Wherever you are, tell abroad the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Do not live a single day, if opportunity serve you, without testifying concerning the love of God which is revealed in the cross of Calvary. Your prayer should be for the whole church of God—"Behold, and visit this vine." And as a large number of God's elect ones are as yet hidden in darkness, let us pray unto the Lord that he would visit this vine and make these branches to spring out into the light, that on them also there may be rich clusters to his praise.

Brothers and sisters, we are saved ourselves, are we not? Come, ere you go away, let the question be put to you, Are you saved? Are you really believers in Jesus? Is the Christ formed in you? Have you realized him? Are you trusting him now? Will you live to him? Are you consecrated to him, spirit, soul, and body? If you are, that is the first thing. If you are not, I cannot ask you to pray for Israel, or for anybody else, till first of all God has put a cry into your soul for yourselves. If you are saved, then let me ask myself and you, "Are we doing all we might for the honour and love of Jesus?" Sitting on these seats, might not many say, "We have not begun to live for Christ yet as we ought"? May the Lord quicken you. There was a young man here one Thursday night when I closed with some such words as these, who derived lasting benefit from them. He was a gentleman doing a large business, to whom it had never occurred that he might preach Christ. It did occur to him that night, and he went to the town in which he lived and began to preach in the streets straightway. He is now the pastor of a large church, though he still continues his business: and his is an example to be imitated by many. I would to God some young man might be quickened to feel that he must do something, for Israel perhaps, for Christ certainly. And you, sisters, may you feel a divine impulse upon you while you pray God to visit the vine which he has planted. May he also visit you and make you fruitful vines unto his praise. The Lord bless every one of you for Christ's sake. Amen.

### More Questions and Answers.

**W**HY do Ritualists urge the celibacy of the clergy?—*Because* the apostle said, "Marriage is honourable *in all*"; and *because* he has said distinctly, "A bishop must be . . . the husband of one wife," "Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife."

Why do some even advocate celibacy among the laity?—*Because* Christ said, "A man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife."

Why do they consider that there is a peculiar piety in abstaining from meat, and living on fish, eggs, and vegetables at certain seasons?—This, and the advocacy of celibacy, are clearly accounted for by the apostle; *because*, as he says, "the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared as with a hot iron, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats."—*From Hely Smith's "Real Ritual Reason Why."*

## The Slave, the Student, the Missionary.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PERSONS who have had occasion to visit the College Buildings, behind the Metropolitan Tabernacle, during the last two sessions, will have noticed among the company who there pursue their studies a couple of coloured students bearing in their faces very unmistakable traces of African descent. These brethren have found their way to England from the Southern States of America; and regarding Africa as the land of their fathers, they purpose spending the remainder of their lives in the mission field of that benighted country. Thomas Lewis Johnson, the elder, was a slave until the twenty-ninth year of his age, while the younger, Calvin Harris Richardson, was born a freeman, notwithstanding the blood tinge, which in the land of bondage would confine him to the lowest caste of society. As Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Richardson are sisters, who were formerly slaves, the two families are linked together by the ties of kinship as well as by those of Christian union; and after a life not void of adventure it is their desire to remain unseparated in this world until the end of the chapter. Thinking that our readers would be interested in the particulars, we have gathered some facts concerning these volunteers for mission service, and having properly introduced our friends, we will at once proceed with the narrative.

Thomas Lewis Johnson supposes himself to have been born on the 7th of August, 1836, that having been the day which his mother taught him to regard as his natal day. The date given is the probable or approximate date; for it is well known that there was no great certainty attached to slave registers, which frequently consisted of nothing better than vague memories in connection with remarkable events. The locality was Rock Raymond, in Virginia; but that place is quite unfamiliar to our friend, as he was removed thence in infancy, and the spot has never since been revisited. At the time of her son's birth Mrs. Johnson was herself quite youthful, not having been more than a little over sixteen years of age. The whole of her education consisted in the ability to read the alphabet and to count a hundred, such was the care with which the statute book of the chivalrous South guarded the tree of knowledge from the coloured race, and added blasphemy to wrong by quoting Scriptural authority for its crimes. Young as she was, however, the girl was not too young to taste the bitterness and experience the anguish of slavery. Such was the treatment she received from the proprietor that just prior to her boy's birth she left the plantation for some days and nights, and remained concealed in the woods, subsisting upon a diet of berries and wild fruits. The average Southern planter, who turned his human chattels to the utmost profitable account, does not appear to have ever aspired to rise to the level of the brutes which treat their females with some tenderness, and Mrs. Johnson was sufficiently unfortunate to be a unit in the human flock of such a planter. Her husband, who was free, made strenuous efforts to purchase his wife and child; but the other side refused to sell. A man



could thus marry a bond-woman ; but he had no power over either wife or children—they could be sold by auction before his eyes. At the time when President Lincoln's great proclamation broke the accursed chains, the slave code was about as brutal as wicked ingenuity could make it. Slavery fell with a mighty crash when the cup of its iniquity was full.

While Johnson was still quite a child his master moved to Alexandria, where his mother lived with the family as house servant. These days of childhood, which are vividly remembered, were not totally devoid of pleasure ; the gaiety of childhood was not altogether eclipsed until the chattel grew old enough to apprehend the nature of the curse which had marked him as its own before he drew his first breath. He played about the yard with a number of others as innocent as himself in their knowledge of the ways of the world. As time went on, one and then another of the youthful company—who in their master's eye thrived like calves in a straw-yard—were taken ; and after being examined and talked about by a hard-featured stranger, as mysterious as though he had dropped from the moon, they disappeared once and for ever from the scene. This was the first intimation received of going "down South," of being sold into Georgia—the acme of calamity to Virginian slaves who served in private families. Occasionally, in more serious moments, when play was suspended, Mrs. Johnson would say a few words about the dark country beyond, where none of African race might look for anything better than toil, stripes, and death. No wonder that the very thought of Georgia inspired terror ; and whenever a pedestrian, supposed to be a dealer, happened to look admiringly over the fence at the young things in the yard, the human cattle would forthwith scamper away from the apparition to a place of concealment, just as though they had been fleet-footed colts, indisposed to change owners. In this manner Johnson learned that "one blood," which, according to Scripture, belonged to all nations, was divided by man into white and black. The one was free, but the other was a marketable article, and the place most to be dreaded was Georgia. This was, in fact, the word used by mothers to terrify their children into obedience. "You must be a good boy, Tom," Mrs. Johnson would mournfully remark, "or, you know, you will be sold into Georgia and go away from mother"; and of course Tom was ready to do anything and everything to avert such a doom. As he might not be sent to school, his services were utilised very early. When under eight years of age it was his daily office to watch the dinner-table to drive away the flies. Every night he was also required to place his young master's slippers ready for use, and the mistakes which he committed concerning "right" and "left" further developed his notions about the meaning of slavery. The man he served was a great leader among the Episcopalians ; but he thought it unreasonable, if not intolerably absurd, that a human being with five senses should not know what was what without being taught. The schoolmaster was forbidden by law to render any service ; slates, writing-books, and grammars were superseded by a discipline of kicks and cuffs. Ignorant as to the distinguishing difference between right and left, young Johnson usually misplaced the slippers, and the punishment he invariably received would have been as justly administered had

it followed his failure to explain the difference between Galileo and Newton.

Nevertheless, he did not remain totally uneducated; his mother, ignorant as she was, taught her son whatever she herself knew, and shrewdly determined that if possible he should at least have the key of knowledge. For a brief season, while the master was away from home on Government business at Buenos Ayres, little Tommy was secretly sent to a black freeman who undertook to give him a little schooling. In the space of one short month the art of putting letters together was partially learned; and other steps in advance would have been taken but for the interference of the young master whose dexterity in ear-boxing with a pair of slippers is not likely to be forgotten. In order that the educational process might be stopped, the young slave was despatched a day's journey from Washington into Virginia, where he remained for eighteen months on a family farm, his treatment being good all the time. The land was tilled by a younger son, who was kind and considerate under all circumstances.

Then occurred other changes. The master returned from Buenos Ayres to Washington, and died in or about a year after, when the estate with its human chattels was divided. This was a sorrowful time for poor Tommy; for it was now his hard lot to be taken possession of by the elder son, who paid liberal wages in cuffs and abuse, besides practising in medicine as Dr. Arthur Lee Brent. Being separated from his mother, the young slave now settled with his master at Fairfax, Virginia, a hard service which lasted through six years.

The doctor and his body servant boarded with a family of northerners who were favourably disposed towards the oppressed negro race; but in the eyes of Brent this soft-heartedness was nothing better than a Yankee failing. He observed the tendencies of his landlord and acted accordingly. He gave positive instructions that nothing like school learning should be communicated to his valet; and that nothing should be said which could in any way contribute to the inquisitive young negro's enlightenment. Strict in one particular, a more liberal policy was prescribed in the matter of chastisement. A sort of general license was accorded to all to beat and scold the luckless slave, and numbers acted up to their privileges. The result was that Tommy was cuffed and abused from morning till night, and he still wonders that he did not become an imbecile by having his brains turned upside down.

By the time that he was twelve years of age Thomas Johnson began to think about the sweets of freedom, he longed to be his own master, and meditated on the possibility of running away. At every opportunity he conversed with coloured people about Canada, its government, privileges, and characteristics, and by this means his aspirations after liberty were strengthened. His earliest religious impressions occurred about the same time. He heard the pious slaves sing their rudely worded and yet musical songs, and these contained the gospel. Dr. Brent also seems to have realized in some degree his responsibilities as a Christian man. At all events, having in a general way grounded his valet in the doctrine that, both by providence and nature, all Africans were designed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, the doctor taught Tommy the Apostle's creed and the Lord's prayer; and by way

of further establishing correct principles, passages of Scripture were read and twisted out of their proper meaning to make them seem to countenance slavery. All this time Thomas Johnson was superstitious, superstition being a well-known trait of the African national character. The seeming hopelessness of his condition also had the effect of making him gloomy. He thought it would be a doubly wretched thing to pass through a life of misery on earth and then be lost at last. Such considerations led to his wishing to become a Christian. Though still ignorant of the plan of salvation, he shrank with loathing from the thought of going to white people for the information. White people, who were they? They were the people who read the inspired word in private and then violated its principles in daily life. His master, the doctor, had read to him the Scriptures, and had accompanied the reading with cuffs, stripes, and insults, a kind of commentary then common in the slave states.

In 1853 another change occurred, a change which was heartily greeted as though it had been an interposition of providence—the valet was sold to a younger brother of the family. This gentleman, a William Brent, was so far a good man that all his dependents were treated handsomely, and every member of the family copied the example of the master. Soon after making this purchase Mr. Brent died, when Thomas Johnson, in common with others, passed into the possession of the widow. He had still nothing to complain of as regards the treatment received. The widow and her children were exceedingly good-natured, and by their kindness won the esteem of every slave on the estate. Even now, after more than a dozen years of freedom, and a taste of English life and liberty, our friend declares that he would share his last sixpence with that family.

Still, however kindly the slaves were treated, the law proscribed education, and Mrs. Brent showed no disposition to disobey the statute book. All this time Thomas Johnson manifested much native shrewdness by never losing sight of the English alphabet. The barriers set up by selfish laws around the sources of knowledge stimulated his desires to drink at the forbidden spring. No stone was left unturned, no manœuvre was lost sight of which promised to add a crumb to his scanty stores. The young master, Carroll Brent, attended a good school, and without suspicion of what he was doing, this promising scholar frequently gave the young slave that for which he was hungering and thirsting. Indeed, there was a vein of African drollery in Johnson's procedure throughout. "Now, Master Carroll," he would suddenly exclaim after choosing a word, "I'll bet you can't spell *America*." Of course Master Carroll, proud of his erudition, accepted the challenge, and, ever after, the letters, in their mysterious order, were the poor bondman's property. In this curious fashion he constantly added treasures to his vocabulary, and perhaps learned to spell more correctly than many who were more regularly trained. The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was also stimulated in other ways. Anthony Burns, a slave living in the neighbourhood, and whose case awakened almost unparalleled interest throughout the Union, ran away, but failed to reach the goal of freedom until he was purchased at an auction, with money raised by public subscription, and set at liberty.

While the excitement prevailed young Carroll came to Tommy in the form of a preacher of morals, quoting the experience of Anthony Burns as an example of the evil which, in the case of slaves, arose from a knowledge of the arts of reading and writing. Johnson was not in a mood to be thus befooled; but inwardly vowed that if that were the case he would at least enter the threshold of the temple of knowledge, whatever might be the penalties of his endeavours. He struggled harder than ever before to educate himself. Having a little money, he purchased a copy-book and a manual of spelling at a neighbouring shop, when, contrary to his fears, no questions were asked, and on every opportunity these were surreptitiously used. The spelling book was always hidden in his pocket, and often when dusting a room, no other person being present, he would suspend work to glance at the words in the silent, faithful companion. Even in this manner steady progress was made; what little was learned was mastered thoroughly.

In the meantime, whether he would or no, the young slave was constantly thinking about religion; religion was the one thing which would not go out of his mind. He seems to have longed after the peace of God as a compensation for the wrong and suffering of earth. Mingled feelings of pity and indignation fired his soul while he beheld the misery of his people. He saw them in chains, and ill-treated for the crime of desiring freedom, none being allowed to leave home after nightfall without the degradation of showing a pass. Oppressed with such considerations he still became an earnest seeker of religion, and his adventures before setting out on pilgrimage afford an instructive insight into slave life during the decade preceding the great civil war.

While ignorance and superstition go hand in hand we need not wonder at the prevalence of superstition among tribes to whom the boon of education was denied. In this respect Thomas Johnson was not better than his fathers. He supposed that he must renovate himself, and also that he must see the devil to resist him before he could find acceptance and peace. There was a proverb current among the negroes to the effect that when one sets out to seek the Lord the devil also sets out in company. He thought he would have to stand by himself, and prayed to that effect. The mistake he made consisted in putting a literal interpretation on figurative language, and the suffering entailed was exceedingly severe. Life became a kind of living death; the man went about like a dog which had sense enough to know that it was about to be hanged. At length relief appeared in an unexpected quarter.

On a certain day, while in the condition of mind described, Johnson met in the street a man named Stepney Brown, a Christian, who had very clear notions about gospel truth, and who was glad of an opportunity of establishing in the faith persons less experienced than himself. Stepney Brown explained how he had found the strait gate and the straight way. In the course of conversation the cobwebs of superstition were swept away, and the enquirer was recommended to go home and offer this prayer—"Lord, have mercy on me, a hell-deserving sinner, for Jesus' sake, and set me out in thy way, not in mine." Then followed a further piece of advice—"When you ask, ask for Jesus' sake, and believe that you will have the blessing just as you would believe

that I should give you a glass of water if you came for it." Johnson returned home like one who had found new light—the truth as to the plan of salvation began to shine upon his soul. Like the old Greek philosopher, he might have run along shouting "Eureka," for he had found the pearl of great price. He prayed as he had been directed, and presently experienced a sense of glorious freedom such as he had never before known. He looked out on the azure of the clear southern sky, and the calm reigning overhead was typical of the peace within. He felt at peace with all the world, and a conclusive proof of the supernatural origin of the change was the fact that his enmity for white people had vanished—he actually prayed for his master.

All this time, and for long prior to her own conversion, Mrs. Johnson attended the Methodist meetings, and her desire was that Tommy might hold on, or persevere to the end. The latter had adopted Baptist sentiments, and naturally desired to enjoy the privileges of church communion; but because he was himself an Episcopalian, Carroll Brent wished his slaves to be of the same persuasion. The opposition of a master was always a serious obstacle to a slave; for without a pass no slave could be baptized, or even attend a gospel service. In a dilemma, Johnson again consulted his counsellor who had advised him in the street, and this friend was still ready with a good word. "Go," he said in effect, "and if the Lord has done anything for your never-dying soul, ask him to make it manifest." The untaught slave was so ignorant that he did not grasp the meaning of "manifest," but having prayed over his troubles he soon found himself in a clear path. Master Carroll was spoken to again about granting permission for his slave to attend the Baptist church, when, without the show of hesitation, he wrote a permit. Johnson was baptized, and was never more interfered with in his profession.

Here, then, was an anomaly peculiar to slavery and the slave states—a youth, of whose change of heart no doubt could be entertained, was converted before he was able to read the Bible, and the convert felt desirous of proclaiming the truth to others. He purchased a Testament, and made persevering endeavours to master the words. Though frequently baffled in these attempts his education progressed, and he was on all occasions a most attentive listener to the preaching of the word. A young man who came from one of the colleges and explained Matthew v. is especially remembered. Stimulated in an unusual manner to persevere until he had mastered the art of reading, Johnson was constantly engaged with his Bible, and he was delighted to find that in several places the same words occurred, words which could easily be read. In consequence of this, a resolution was formed of going through the Bible, and beginning at Genesis he struggled on until Revelation xxii. was reached, having been able to read no more than an eighth of the words. This indomitable performance was in itself an evidence of genius which is sure to win its reward.

It is well known that numbers of slaves were exceedingly good Christians, and their religious meetings, often convened under great difficulty, were always characteristic scenes. There were many proprietors, who, while they ranked as members of the church of Christ, would not allow their slaves to assemble at a prayer-meeting. The

negroes might have convivial parties, but anything more serious was forbidden. Conscious of the risk incurred by robbing a race of its birthright, the sagacious pro-slavery senators enacted that no more than five should assemble together; and if a man with a permit came up to make a sixth he had to retire, otherwise he might be arrested and be sentenced to suffer twenty or thirty lashes. The mayor of a town, under certain conditions, could make a bye-law for a day, under which ten or twenty could meet together; but the bye-law was as rigidly enforced as the common statute. In a word, the Christian slaves lived under a reign of persecution, their meetings for prayer having to be held in secret; and at these meetings prayers were offered in the lowest undertone, while the songs rendered familiar to English audiences by the Jubilee Singers were sung in a whisper. The Christian life could hardly have been a more thorny path under Nero, or Philip II., than it was on many a plantation in the slave states.

We now come to the opening of a new era; Abraham Lincoln was President of the Union, and, furious at his election, the South challenged her opponents to fight out the quarrel. When the civil war commenced Johnson was a considerable reader, and was competent to form an intelligent estimate of the situation. Among his fellow slaves he never found any so ignorant as to be unfamiliar with the nature of the controversy dividing the Republic. All were perfectly aware that the sympathies of the North were on the side of liberty, and that the South was fighting in the cause of rebellion, which would, if successful, give a new lease of power to the oppressors of the subject race. The masters, nevertheless, openly boasted of having faithful allies in their slaves. Ruling their chattels in fear, and accustomed to receive servile answers to specious questions, these men may have deluded themselves into believing a lie. Mr. Carroll Brent was one of the blind optimists who professed to believe in the devotion of his dependents. Before company he loved to parade the loyalty of his slaves. "Tom, wouldn't you fight for me?" he would cry, while sitting at table; and afraid to say anything unpalatable, Tom would answer, "Yes, sir," meaning all the while that he would fight against the South if ever he had the chance. We do not excuse Tom on account of his falsehood, and "inward reservations," but we do not at all wonder at his having saved his skin. The truth is, these slaveholders did not like to think that their property was held by an uncertain tenure, when individual servants sometimes represented a value of 3,000 dollars in gold. That price was offered for Thomas Johnson just before the breaking out of the war, and Master Carroll declined to sell.

Thomas Johnson saw something, but nothing very considerable, of the great civil war. Master Carroll showed his devotion to slavery and the South by fighting in the ranks as a common private, his favourite domestic, Tommy, being retained as a cook and valet. Once, and once only, did the latter find himself in the midst of a fierce engagement, and then, though a non-combatant, experienced some difficulty in escaping the balls and bullets which whizzed about in inconvenient numbers and with wild irregularity. At the height of the conflict, before the South had lost hope, he found time to marry his present wife, little thinking that the curse of slavery was then only two years' distance

from its final collapse. While the conflict was raging the masters were anxious above all things to enlist the good opinion of their slaves, and they expended some pains in promulgating falsehoods which would prejudice the people against the North. On all sides the news was heard that the North was jealous of the South; and because its climate was too severe for slaves to live in, the aim of the Yankees was to sell the negroes to Cuba and pay the war debt with the proceeds. All along the people were too shrewd to accept the lie.

Then dawned the day of liberty, one of the historical days of America. Having long held out against their besiegers, the rebels behind the ramparts of Richmond perceived at last that they would have to yield; and their Sabbath-day's work on the 2nd of April, 1865, consisted in burning vast accumulations of government and other stores. Seeing that the end had come, and having heard of the President's proclamation, Thomas Johnson allowed his white masters and mistresses to flee without taking the trouble to fly with them. That Sabbath night he spent in concealment in and about the suburbs of the city; and when the morning dawned it was to him and thousands of others the first day of liberty. He walked into Richmond to find that the white people had disappeared. The streets were thronged with negroes—no longer slaves—who were all jubilant, and tasting of the first joys of liberty.

As free people, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson proceeded to New York; but the latter returned to the South in search of several brothers and sisters, some of whom she found. The youngest sister was afterwards married to Mr. C. H. Richardson, mentioned above.

Mr. Johnson next moved to Chicago, where he met with Richard de Baptiste, a Baptist pastor, and for some time he undertook evangelistic work in the city and suburbs. During a space of nearly four years he also had charge of a freedman's church. In the meantime he studied hard and set his face towards Africa.

In Chicago Mr. Johnson met with Mr. E. S. Smith of Manchester, who as a true friend of coloured people sympathized with our friend's desire to proceed to Africa. An application, of which nothing came, was made to the American Board of Missions. Through Mr. E. S. Smith other friends heard of the case, including Dr. Maclaren and Mr. W. Hine Smith of Manchester; and these gentlemen guaranteed that if Mr. Johnson would come to England he should receive some kind of training for the contemplated work. It was through representations made by Dr. Maclaren that the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society volunteered their support, and as a nominee of that society Mr. Johnson has studied at the Pastors' College. He is very grateful for the advantages he has enjoyed, and hopes to leave England in September for the land of his fathers.

Speaking of himself at a meeting lately held in Norwich, Mr. Johnson remarked: "I am a man of one idea, and that idea is Africa. In slavery, in Virginia, I was deprived of the fruits of education, prevented from elevating myself, dispossessed of the keys of knowledge, and my immortal mind starved and my soul kept in darkness. I have often said, and I repeat it, that I have never felt so keenly in all my life the necessity of the intellectual elevation of which slavery has robbed me as since I have been in England—this land of freedom in fact and not

in theory; where I am everywhere received as a man, a brother, and a Christian, and made to feel happy. I have never enjoyed real, true freedom till I came to England. I do not depreciate the kindness of friends in America who fought, spent their money and their blood, and gave their children to give me the freedom I enjoy; but I do say that I have never known real and true freedom until I came to England. My appearance carries your mind back to what you have heard in connection with my people. My people have suffered more than any other nation upon the face of God's earth. I love to talk about Africa. But the name of Africa is suggestive of moral destitution, and great spiritual need. No people upon the face of the earth have been so low down as my people, and no country has been brought so low as my country. I say, 'my country,' for when people ask me my nationality, I say that I am an African. A gentleman met me in the street the other day, and he said, 'Do you speak English?' Being in a hurry, I only nodded. He said, 'What nationality?' I said, 'African.' 'Oh,' he said, 'you speak English, do you come from the South coast?' I said, 'I have never been upon the South coast of Africa.' I am like the Irishman; I was born out of my native country. But I always say that Africa is my native country. Ever since I began to think I have wanted to get back to Africa, my home."

In conclusion, we may state that Mr. Richardson will also engage in African evangelistic work; but he declines to act as the agent of any society lest such a compact should lead to a separation of the families. The two have raised a portion of the money needed for Mr. Richardson's outfit by giving services of song, and the remainder will doubtless be supplied. Our coloured friends will leave England followed by the good wishes of very many friends. Mr. Spurgeon says that he has never before met with two such gracious, genuine, gifted coloured brethren. To know them is to love them. There is a sweet, child-like simplicity about them which is perfectly charming, and at the same time they possess shrewd common sense and tact. They will leave us with the high hopes of all who know them, and with no fear, unless it be on account of their somewhat precarious health.

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## Why and because.

**W**HY do Ritualists affect long coats down to their ankles?—*Because* Christ said, "Beware of the Scribes which desire to walk in long robes."

Why do they approve the prefix of "Father" in imitation of the Church of Rome, and recognise, for example, the title Father Ignatius, Father Stanton?—*Because* Christ said, "Call no man your father" (meaning, of course, as a spiritual pastor).—*From Hely Smith's "Real Ritual Reason Why."*

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## “Handfuls of Purpose”

SCATTERED FOR THE LOVING HELPERS OF THE BOOK FUND.

DEAR FRIENDS,—The “joy of harvest” touches all hearts at this season, and even to those whose eyes cannot look upon the fair and bright reality of nature’s highest festival, pleasant memories of sunny corn-fields, busy reapers, and loaded wains, come wafted by every passing breeze.

It is, however, into quite another sort of field than that waving with full ears of ruddy golden corn that I invite you to-day to “come and glean.” In my “little corner” of the vineyard the sun has been shining, the soft showers descending, and the Lord graciously gives me a very blessed “reaping time,” fast following on the sowing of the seed.

Lately, the testimony of good accomplished by the distribution of books has been so strong, and full, and ripe, that I have earnestly longed that you, dear friends, who aid me in my sweet work, should share my joy, and I now “let fall some handfuls of purpose” from this harvest of gratitude and delight, that you may glean therefrom a most substantial and satisfying portion.

All the extracts are from letters lately received, and need no comment, save that which your own lips and hearts will give.

“How can I rightly thank you for your kind and very valuable present? None of the noble books were in my library, and I found myself involuntarily cutting the leaves, and eagerly scanning their contents. You will never, I am sure, in *time*, fully know how much of stimulus and help were given to the churches through your Book Fund. It is a source of much encouragement to ministers in the thick of the battle to know that a suffering sister is serving out their ammunition from the good old arsenals. We can and do pray for you.”

“For many years past while travelling and preaching in different parts of the country, one has been accustomed to hear Mr. Spurgeon’s praises sounded, and God devoutly thanked for such a faithful preacher, but lately his honoured name has not been mentioned alone. I have gone into the humble, wretchedly-furnished study of many a poor but Christlike minister, and he with tears in his eyes has pointed to a number of splendid books. ‘Who do you think sent me these?’ ‘Ah,’ said I,—‘I know.’ And, in the same room, hanging over the mantel-piece, was a picture frame, the old portrait removed, and a cheering, loving letter from you had taken its place.”

“If God can bless you more in the future than in the past without taking you to heaven, may he in his great love do so.”

“Tears come much easier than words. I am full of joy; and gratitude wells up in my soul to God, who has heard my prayer and put me in possession of a book I have so long coveted but been unable to purchase.”

“They are not mere books which you have sent me, but a mine of wealth. Already many of the psalms shine with a greater lustre, and many that once seemed to be dark and mysterious now appear rich and full of treasure. I cannot express my feelings of thankfulness in words, but when I saw your great kindness I sought the Lord in prayer, and asked him to reward you.”

“I cannot tell you how many times I have looked at the four vols. in the booksellers’ shops and wished they were mine. Now, through the goodness of God that wish is wonderfully gratified, and I hope by his blessing to use it to his honour and glory among men.”

“It is a kindness which widens and deepens my heart. I needed no note with the books, they spoke volumes. They will speak to me while I live.”

“The good Lord did a kindness to us poor fellows when he put it into your heart to feed us with such kingly viands! The cheering cordials should make us all more kingly and priestly in our official ministrations. May the dear Saviour effectually apply the good matter to our hearts.”

[This is from a missionary in a lonely station in India.]

“You, and the generous friends who are aiding you in your undertaking, are doing a work the practical benefit of which cannot be fully estimated. In my own case the gift is most seasonable; for, although the ‘Treasury’ is published at a marvellously low price, whether as regards the size of the volumes, or the labour involved in their preparation, yet the cost must have put them quite out of my reach, but for your great kindness.”

“Daily do I feel more and more grateful to our tender Lord for ever laying it upon your heart to seek to supply ‘beaten oil for the lamps of the sanctuary.’ ‘Watson’s Body of Divinity,’ which you so kindly sent to me, has proved, with the help of God, to be such indeed. Nor can any words sufficiently describe the help which I have derived from ‘Morning by Morning’ and ‘Evening by Evening.’ Many a time have I turned over the leaves of the Bible, anxiously desiring a message from God to the people, and failing to find it, have again given myself to prayer; after which I have not unfrequently been led to take up one of the latter books, and upon opening it, the message has stood out before me, almost compelling me to take it. Sometimes it has been no more than the text; at other times the very suggestive remarks have once and again conducted me into such mines of truth, that at length I have become ‘burdened’ with the word of the Lord. Better than all, God has made it ‘His power,’ not only in the edification of his saints, but to the salvation of souls, and this to me is heaven upon earth.”

“What with the sight of the books, and the reading of your note, my heart was full; and I felt the only way to relieve it was to kneel down and pray God to bless and comfort you, and beseech him to make my heart, which, like a cup, was so full of gratitude to you, ‘a golden

chalice wondrous fair, and overflowing with deep love to *him*,' for thus I know I could best thank you. Being separated from dear Mr. Spurgeon, I have lost one rich means of instruction,—the 'Treasury of David' will in some measure supply its place, especially as he writes as though he were talking to one 'face to face.' Your gift is as a gleam of sunshine on a wintry day, and for ever gratitude to you will remain in my heart."

"May the blessing of our gracious God rest on your noble work; he only knows the benefit it is to so many poor ministers, and he only knows the blessing they have been, and are likely to be, to me."

"The tears rushed to my eyes, and I ran into my study to thank God, and when I was praying I felt I had another argument to use with him for his blessing to rest upon my labours. I felt that whilst *you* did not withhold your *books*, surely *God* would not withhold his *blessing*; if you helped me up to the full extent of your power, surely God would bless me according to his glorious sufficiency, and I said, 'Lord, leave me not without thy blessing. Let me regard these books as a gift from thee, and give me the power to use them rightly.'"

"Illness has prevented my taking any pulpit work for a week or two. I had thought in moments of suffering and weakness that perhaps my work here was done, and that my next employment in the service of Jesus would be to cast a blood-bought crown at his sacred feet in glory. In such a season as this, the books arrived, and I said with David, 'I shall live, and not die.' Jesus would not send food for a portion of his flock to a dying shepherd. He still bids me 'feed his sheep.' The Lord give you joy in my joy, so that he that sows and he that reaps may rejoice together."

These few "handfuls" of the bountiful crops with which our God so graciously blesses *our* work, dear friends, will, I hope, rekindle your interest in it, and lead you to help me further in sowing broadcast over the land the seed-corn of the Kingdom.

Only very briefly have I been able to put the matter before you this time, for "harvest" is a busy season, and the labourer is often weary under the "burden and heat of the day"; but I look to the "Lord of the harvest" for the increase which my soul longs for, and which he will surely not withhold, and I very earnestly thank you for the constant help and encouragement of your gifts and prayers. Boaz's sweet salutation to his reapers is my loving farewell to you—"The Lord be with you."

Very gratefully yours,  
SUSIE SPURGEON.

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## An Interruption improbable.

A FEW WORDS SPOKEN BY MR. SPURGEON, AT A PRAYER-MEETING,  
WHEN A FRIEND HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT IN A FIT.

**P**OSSESS your souls in quietness, beloved friends. When we are engaged in prayer, or in any other form of worship, interruptions may occur, especially in large assemblies. We cannot expect all nature to be hushed because we are bowing the knee. Permit not your minds to be easily distracted, or you will often have your devotion destroyed. Rather let us learn a lesson from a painful incident. I seemed to hear a voice in that pitiful cry of our friend, and it bade me have pity upon the many whose life is one long agony. Let that doleful moan awaken sympathy for thousands in the hospital and out of it who are grievously tormented. We are in good health, and are sitting in the midst of a happy company of our fellow Christians; let us be grateful that we have not been struck down to be carried out amid the distress of anxious friends. Sympathy and gratitude are two choice emotions, and if both of these are aroused by the interruption we shall have gained more by it than we can possibly have lost.

*Sympathy* or fellow-feeling may well be excited by the sight or hearing of pain in our fellow-creatures. We may indulge it freely, for it is not only due to the sufferer, but exceedingly beneficial to the humane heart which feels it. Those who are never out of health themselves, and keep aloof from the poor and the sick, are apt to undergo a hardening process of the most injurious kind. It is a sad thing for the blind man who has to read the raised type when the tips of his fingers harden, for then he cannot read the thoughts of men which stand out upon the page; but it is far worse to lose sensibility of soul, for then you cannot peruse the book of human nature, but must remain untaught in the sacred literature of the heart. You have heard of "the iron duke," but an iron Christian would be a very terrible person: a heart of flesh is the gift of divine grace, and one of its sure results is the power to be very pitiful, tender, and full of compassion. You would feel all the greater sympathy with some afflicted ones if you knew how good they are, and how patient under their sufferings. I am delighted with the diligent way in which some of our tried sisters come out to religious services. When many in good health stay away from the meetings upon the most frivolous excuses, there are certain dear sick ones who are never absent. There is one among us who has many fits in a week, but how she loves to be here! I beg her to sit near the door, for her fits may come upon her at any moment, but she is an example to us all in the constancy of her attendance. Have sympathy with all the sick, but especially with those who might be spoken of in the words applied to Lazarus, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick."

I mentioned *gratitude* also, and I hope it will not be forgotten. Let the cry of pain remind us that we owe our Lord a song of thanksgiving for screening us from the greater ills of life,—consumption sapping the constitution, asthma making it misery to breathe, epilepsy tearing us to pieces, or palsy causing every limb to lose its power. Blessed be

God for our limbs and senses, and for health which sweetens all. We shall never become too grateful; let us abound in thanksgiving.

This interruption speaks to us with a still deeper and more solemn tone. Our friend is not dead, but might readily enough have been so. That cry says to me—"Prepare to meet thy God." We are liable to death at any moment, and ought always to be ready for it: I mean not only ready because we are washed in the blood of the Lamb, but because we have set our house in order and are prepared to depart. I feel it right when I lay my head upon my pillow to ask myself, "If I never wake on earth, is it well with my soul?" and then to reply,

"Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in the embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast."

Could we now, dear friends, at this moment resign our breath, and without further preparation enter upon the eternal world? Breathing out the prayer, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," could we now ascend from earth, made meet for the inheritance above? It should be so. Everything about us should be in such order that if our Lord should come while we are in the field we should not wish to go into the house, but could depart at once. I agree with the great scholar Bengel that death should not become a spiritual parade, but should be regarded as the natural close of our ordinary life; the final note of the psalm of which each day has been a stanza. We ought so to live that to die would be no more remarkable than for a man in the middle of business to hear a knock at the street door, and quietly to step away from his engagements. There should be no hurrying for a clergyman to administer sacraments, or for a lawyer to write a hasty will, or for an estranged relative to make peace; but all should be arranged and ordered as if we kept our accounts closely balanced, expecting an immediate audit. This would make noble living, and do more for God's glory than the most triumphant death scene. A friend remarked to George Whitefield that should he survive him he would wish to witness his death-bed, and hear his noble testimony for Christ. The good man replied, "I do not think it at all likely that I shall bear any remarkable witness in death, for I have borne so many testimonies to my Lord and Master during my life." This is far better than looking forward to the chill evening or actual sunset of life as the time of bearing witness. Let us set about that holy work immediately, lest swift death arrest us on the spot and seal our lips in silence. Be faithful every day that you may be faithful to the end. Let not your life be like a tangled mass of yarn, but keep it ever in due order on the distaff, so that whenever the fatal knife shall cut the thread it may end just where an enlightened judgment would have wished. Practise the excellent habit of Mr. Whitefield to whom I before referred, for he could not bear to go to bed and leave even a pair of gloves out of place. He felt that his Master might come at any moment, and he wished to be ready even to the minutest details.

Now that disturbing incident is over, and we shall settle down again, all the more ready to unite in prayer and praise.

## The Words of Jesus as to Man's Future Destiny.

**I**N Luke xiii. 23—28 it is recorded: "Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you I know you not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out."

Matthew vii. 21—23: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Matthew xxii. 11—14: "And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment: and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment? and he was speechless. Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For many are called, but few are chosen."

Luke xiv. 16—24: "Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready."

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come."

"So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry, said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."

John iii. 36: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

John viii. 21: "Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins: whither I go, ye cannot come."

Matthew vii. 13, 14: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Mark xvi. 16: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Matthew xxiii. 33: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Matthew x. 28 : " And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul ; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Mark xiv. 21 : " The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of him ; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed : good were it for that man if he had never been born."

Matthew xiii. 36—42 : " Then Jesus sent the multitude away, and went into the house : and his disciples came unto him, saying, Declare unto us the parable of the tares in the field. He answered and said unto them,

" He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man : the field is the world : the good seed are the children of the kingdom ; but the tares are the children of the wicked one ; the enemy that sowed them is the devil ; the harvest is the end of the world ; and the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire : so shall it be at the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity ; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire ; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Matthew xxv. 41—46 : " Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels : for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in : naked, and ye clothed me not : sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

" Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ?

" Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal."

Luke xvi. 19—26 : " There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day : And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table : moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom : the rich man also died, and was buried : and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue ; for I am tormented in this flame.

" But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things : but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed : so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot ; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence."

Mark ix. 43—48 : " And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off : it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched : where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off : it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out : it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire : Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

## The Disciples—Judas Lebbaeus Thaddæus.

BY PASTOR C. A. DAVIS, MANCHESTER.

THE name of this disciple is given differently by each of the four evangelists. In Matthew (x. 3) he is called "Lebbaeus, whose surname was Thaddæus;" in Mark (iii. 18) simply "Thaddæus;" in Luke (vi. 16) "Judas, the brother of James;" John mentions him once as "Judas, not Iscariot." The avoidance of his first name, Judas, the Greek form of Judah, by Matthew and Mark is evidently owing to the evil repute into which the traitor had brought that honourable name, they therefore omit it from the description of this faithful disciple, using his other names to distinguish him. Luke is plainly moved by the same feeling, for while he gives the name he fences it off with a note of relationship, to prevent mistake. John's mark is the most significant of all. In the course of his narrative of Christ's discourse after the last supper, he has begun to record a question put to the Lord by this disciple Judas: the name is written; it has brought the dark shade of the traitor across his mind; he pauses and looks up from his work in pain; resuming his pen, he relieves his mind and forestalls the reader's involuntary inquiry with the parenthesis, "not Iscariot." Satan had entered into *him*; he was gone out, and it was night. The brotherhood who listened to that ineffable discourse was not cursed with the traitor's presence; the "spirit" of Jesus was no longer "troubled" by seeing the face of the hypocrite amongst the friends; it was not his discordant voice that broke in upon that sad sweet hour; "not Iscariot." The feeling which led the evangelists to shun this name was natural; it was the name of the kingly tribe, but the act of the traitor had not only taken its royalty out of it, but had branded it with eternal infamy. And these two men had nothing else but the name in common: of the one it might be said, "Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise": of the other it was said, "Good were it for that man if he had never been born."

The other names, if they may be taken to describe the man, mark out a noble character. Lebbaeus means hearty, courageous; Thaddæus comes from a word signifying praise; two constituent elements which make a well-balanced temperament. A broad, full, brave heart towards man, and a spirit of abundant adoration towards God, what could we desire more complete and wholesome?

Very little is recorded concerning this disciple, yet there is sufficient to mark him out individually from the rest. We may begin by letting in some indirect but pleasant light upon his home. Luke tells us he was the brother of James, the James referred to being evidently the one mentioned immediately before as the son of Alphæus, called also by Mark (xv. 40) James the less. Alphæus, then, is the father of Judas. Now let the reader turn to Luke vi. 15, Mark xv. 40, and John xix. 25. The first of these passages gives us the name of the father "Alphæus"; the second the name of the mother, "Mary"; in the third, this Mary appears as sister to the mother of Jesus, and her husband is called Cleophas. Alphæus and Cleophas (or Clopas) are thus identified, and, indeed, the two names are held to be merely different Greek pronunciations of the Aramean name. Now, we find scattered up and down the gospels sufficient incidental information both of Mary and of Cleophas to enable us to form some mental picture of the home in which Judas Lebbaeus spent his early days. They must have belonged to that cluster of devout Israelites who waited for the consolation of Israel, for we find both of them ardent followers of Jesus during his ministry. Mary's sister, the Virgin was, we know, a devout maiden, and she herself seems to have been of like mind; she was probably one of the band of women mentioned by Luke (viii. 2, 3), who ministered to Christ of their substance; certainly we find her a little later (Luke xxiv. 10) associated with Joanna, a prominent member of that band. She was one of the four women whose fidelity to Christ stood the dreadful test of the crucifixion, when all the disciples, her own son among the number, forsook him and fled; her love was stronger than death, for she was one



of those who came to the sepulchre bringing spices to embalm the sacred body. Need we wonder that such faithful love received its reward, and that she was also one of the first to whom Jesus showed himself alive?

Nor was her husband Cleophas behind her in devotion to the Master, though with the hard reasoning which distinguishes man's credence from the blinder and more clinging faith of woman, he lost heart at the crucifixion when his wife still hoped against hope and clung in spite of appearances to him who had so absolutely won her trust. On the day of the resurrection we are permitted to overhear in the exquisite narrative of the walk to Emmaus, some utterances of his which admit us to the secret of a good deal of his previous history. He has been, we now for the first time learn with certainty, though we might have inferred it from the frequent mention of his name, an adherent, and no indifferent adherent, of Jesus. He has recognized in him the Messiah who should redeem Israel; but this faith which till now has filled his heart with light, has received a cruel shock in the condemnation and crucifixion of Jesus by the chief priests and "our rulers" the Romans; and though some hope had been rekindled by the strange report of certain women, yet their story of resurrection had not been fully confirmed by the deputation which had examined into it, and he was consequently left to mourn the fading of the fair vision that had gladdened his life. We cannot wonder that this ingenuous soul should be comforted by a consolation which made his heart and his friend's burn within them, nor that Jesus should end by making himself known to them.

The home of such a father and mother was a favourable training school for disciples: their sons would be brought up in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and especially in the expectation of him whose coming was the bright pole star of the prophetic writings. Their reading of the Messianic predictions evidently partook of the one-sided character of the age, overlooking his humiliation, and dealing only with his glory; and of that glory their conception was far too low and earthly: yet they followed the light they had, and God gave them the double joy of beholding the Messiah they longed for, and of seeing their sons amongst his twelve immediate followers. No account is given of Judas' call to discipleship. Perhaps we are to regard him as an instance of the blessed influence of devout home-training; a disciple, however, he had already become when Jesus, after a night spent in prayer to God, selected from the disciples twelve whom he named apostles, Judas Lebbæus being of the number.

During the whole time of his attendance on his Master there is but one incident recorded of him, and that on the eve of the crucifixion, at the very close of the period. It is in the fourteenth chapter of John. The passage is short and beautiful, we will quote it entire. Christ is speaking:—

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him. Judas saith unto him, not Iscariot, Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world? Jesus answered and said unto 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."

Here is Judas sweetly set down in the midst of a garden of love; and what are the flowers I see blooming around him? The statement of the proof of our love to Christ—"If a man love me he will keep my words"; the connection between our love to Christ and the Father's love to us—"He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father": the linking together of the Father's love and the Son's—"He shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him": the double declaration of the love of the Father and the Son towards the genuine disciple; the sensible proof to the obedient, affectionate believer of that ineffable divine love in the continually abiding presence of the Father and the Son—"We will come unto him and make our abode with him,"—a mingling of perfumed utterances, a sacred intertwisting of blissful declarations which it is hard to match, even in the luxuriant paradise of Scripture.

Judas in the midst of it all accepts it as his rightful place: "unto us," he says. Jesus has been portraying the inner and outer life of the man that loves him; he has revealed the responsive beating of the Father's heart to such a man, and declared that to him he will manifest himself. Judas' expression, "unto us," endorses the whole; it is a profession of love all the more beautiful for being unconscious. He feels within himself what the Master has described, and without a question he accepts the character—"How is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us who love thee, and who keep as a priceless treasure thy word?"

Moreover, he betrays with the same unconsciousness the sharp separation he feels between himself and the world: "Unto us, and not unto the world." Hardly more distinct are the words to be presently spoken by Christ himself: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Not in vain has he gazed upon the character and drunk in the words of Jesus during the golden days that are gone. Christ has won him from the cold, ungodly spirit of the world.

"The cords that bound my heart to earth  
Are broken by his hand."

Then, as to the question itself, he wishes to know how it is that to them, and not to the world, Christ will manifest himself; the question reverts to words uttered by Christ a few moments before: "Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more, but ye see me." He accepts Christ's promise of a peculiar manifestation of himself to the disciples, but enquires, How is it? The question is a right one; it is good that the soul should desire to know the secret of its holiest privileges; the answer of Jesus bears in it no tone of rebuke. It teaches that love is the medium which makes divine manifestation possible to the soul. "How is it?" He seems to say, "Because that soul loves me while the world loves me not." "If a man love me," there is the beginning of it; then love will purify his heart and life, "he will keep my words;" this love-wrought holiness will draw down upon itself the complacent regard of the Father, whose gracious love was indeed its first cause, "my Father will love him"; my love will be entwined with that of the Father, "and I will love him"; and where our love is there will our presence be, "we will come unto him and make our abode with him," in a way which the world cannot understand, but of which the happy believer himself will require neither confirmation nor explanation.

And so in this little question of Judas, for it is the only occasion on which we hear him open his lips, the character of Lebbæus, courageous, comes out in his distinctly accepted position of separation from the world; and that of Thaddæus, praise, worship, in the warm state of spirit which it reveals towards Christ. There is not much told about him, but the little we have is fragrant with the aroma of the divine love to the responsive soul, and of that holy purifying affection which burns in the soul towards its Lord.

There is little to add. His name is mentioned amongst those who waited in the upper room in the attitude of prayer for the promise of the Father. Tradition assigns the regions eastward of Palestine as the scene of his labours, and he is said to have suffered martyrdom in Persia. He is not asking his question now, for he dwells in the noonday splendour of the manifestation of his Lord, which illumines heaven—"The Lamb is the light thereof."

One question remains; is he the author of the Epistle of Jude? We think not, but rather attribute that letter to Judas, the Lord's brother. The names of Christ's brothers are given in Matt. xiii. 55, as follows:—"Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? and his sisters, are they not all with us?" That James and Judas, the sons of Alphæus, are different persons from James and Judas, brethren of our Lord, sons of Joseph and Mary, is, we think, to be clearly gathered from the evangelist John (vii. 5), who at a time when James and

Judas, the sons of Alphæus, were numbered amongst the twelve disciples, says, "Neither did his brethren believe in him": from Acts i. 13, 14, where after the enumeration of the eleven apostles, it is added, "these all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, *and with his brethren*": and from 1 Cor. ix. 5, where they are mentioned separately from the apostles, "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, *and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?*"

The following considerations lead us to the supposition that the Jude who wrote the epistle was, like the writer of the Epistle of James, not one of the twelve apostles, but one of the "brethren of the Lord." (1.) He does not assume the title of apostle, but like his brother, styles himself simply "servant of Jesus Christ," adding with humility, "brother of James." (2.) Since the martyrdom of James the son of Zebedee by Herod Agrippa, the Lord's brother, who was superintendent of the church at Jerusalem, who wrote the epistle and was surnamed "the Just," was the most generally known of the Jameses; and it is natural to regard him as the one to whom Jude refers when he calls himself brother of James. A few centuries later, when the simplicity and purity of the faith became corrupted, and much was made of externals and adventitious circumstances to strengthen a title to consideration, a man in Jude's position would have styled himself "brother of the Lord." In beautiful contrast to this stands the simplicity of the apostolic age, which with deep reverence, standing afar off from the Divine One, and with clear recognition of the vanity of mere fleshly relationship to the Lord, writes, "*servant of Jesus Christ, brother of James.*"

If Judas Lebbæus wrote no epistle, the church will ever have reason to prize the question which elicited from Jesus the golden words that reveal in broad light that mysterious indwelling of the Father and Son, which constitutes the highest dignity of the believer and the choicest joy of communion; "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."

## Notices of Books.

### *The Poetical Works of Thomas Cooper.*

Hodder and Stoughton.

MENAGE relates that one day the Cardinal de Retz desired to be favoured by him with a few lectures on poetry; "For," said he, "such quantities of verses are brought to me every day that I ought to seem, at least, to be somewhat of a judge." "It would," replied Menage, "be difficult to give your eminence many rudiments of criticism without taking up too much of your time; but I would advise you, in general, to look over the first page or two, and then to exclaim, 'Sad stuff! wretched poet-aster!! miserable verses!!!' and ninety-nine times in a hundred you will be sure you are right."

We quite agree with this advice, but we do not intend to follow it in reference to the productions of Thomas Cooper. He is altogether an extraordinary man, and whether he spoke as an unbeliever,

a chartist, a poet, or a Christian lecturer, there was always something in him striking and remarkable; and there is so still. He occupies a very high rank in the hierarchy of intellect, not the highest certainly, but still one far beyond mediocrity. At the present moment he is a grand old man vigorously labouring on to undo the mischief of his earlier years, indomitable in spirit, indefatigable in service. He has the same unbending love of liberty, the same dogged adherence to what he believes to be true as he had in his old chartist days; but the grace of God has softened the stern man, and made him gentle as a child. We believe that he is even gentle enough not to resent it if we were to use our sharpest critical knife upon his poetry, and therefore we feel free to give our opinion with all candour.

There are some most remarkable

stanzas in Thomas Cooper's poems, stanzas which are not mere rhyme, and common-place metaphor, but masses of concrete pearl, ruby, coral, and gold. Certain other verses seem to us to fall rather flat, and to prevent the whole poem from rising to the height which the more favoured verses attain. There is poetry in this book, and a great deal of it, and some of it of the very finest order; still we do not think it will ever be very widely popular, nor that Cooper will outshine Cowper.

The re-publication of "The Purgatory of Suicides" has evidently cost the author many a question, and though he yields at last to the reprinting, he shows his tender spirit by guarding it in his "Address to the reader" by saying, "I earnestly beg to have it remembered that he who so irreverently expressed his sceptical thoughts and feelings in the gaol more than thirty years ago, has, for the last twenty years, been traversing the entire length and breadth of Great Britain, devoting his whole life to preaching, lecturing, and writing, in explication and defence of the Evidences of Christianity, and purposes, by divine help, to continue his labour of duty to the end of his earthly life." The poem is, therefore, a record and a history, but it is by no means the expression of present views upon religious questions. Of course this confession is in a measure necessary, and is thoroughly honourable to the writer; but even in the poem for which he makes apology there are clear evidences that the unbeliever was willing to become a believer, and was already smitten at heart by the loveliness of the Son of God. Take in proof thereof the two following stanzas, which show that it was costing a rebellious heart many a struggle to remain in unbelief:—

"I love the Galilean; Lord and Christ  
Such goodness I could own; and though  
enshrined  
In flesh, could worship: if emparadised  
Beyond the grave, no Eden I could find  
Restored, though all the good of human  
kind  
Were there, and not that yearning One, the  
poor  
Who healed, and fed, and blest! Nay, to  
my mind,  
Hell would be heaven with him! Horror  
no more  
Could fright, if such benignant beauty trod  
its shore!

"I love the sweet and simple narrative,  
With all its childlike earnestness—the page  
Of love-wrought wonders which in  
memory live:  
*I would the tale were true*: that heritage  
Of immortality it doth presage  
Would make me glad indeed. But doubts  
becloud  
Truth's fountains as their depths I seek to  
gauge,—  
Till with this trustless reckoning I am  
bowed—  
Man's heritage is but a cradle and a  
shroud!"

"The Purgatory of Suicides" is a fine poem, and when read with its author's own protest fully in mind it becomes an interesting history of the struggles of a soul in the dark pining for the light.

It is no disgrace to Cooper, or to any other man, to have been a chartist. The chartists only lived a little before their time, all the points of their terrible charter having at length been granted, in effect if not in letter; and there was nothing unrighteous or revolutionary in their demands. It was a far grander thing to have our mechanics caring for politics and reform than to see them fighting for a double allowance of beer, and a short spell of work. The modern agitator is a poor being compared with his predecessor of forty years ago. By so much as thinking is better than boozing, the discontented artisan of Thomas Cooper's youthful days was superior to the man on strike of the present period. We confess we like the strong, manly spirit of Mr. Cooper's "Chartist Chant," and the tender breathing of peace which mixes with its warlike notes. Here are two of the verses—

"Truth is growing—hearts are glowing  
With the flame of liberty:  
Light is breaking—throne are quaking—  
Hark! the trumpet of the free!  
Long, in lowly whispers breathing,  
Freedom wandered drearily—  
Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing  
For the day when there should be  
Freemen shouting 'Victory!'  
"Freedom bringeth joy that singeth  
All day long and never tires:  
No more sadness—all is gladness  
In the hearts that she inspires:  
For, she breathes a soft compassion  
Where the tyrant kindled rage;  
And she saith to every nation—  
'Brethren, cease wild war to wage:  
Earth is your blest heritage.'

Long may the brave old warrior continue to fight against the giant Incredulity. His blows are heavy. "Tom Cooper," as the infidels called him, always was a hard hitter, and struck in the right place as well as in masterly style. He has taken a firm foothold upon the truth; he has found a sharp two-edged sword in the word of God, and he strikes away with all his might. He will do more good at his lecturing than at writing poems, but he has done well at both, and deserves honour for allowing no one of his talents to rust. May his ripest years be full of peace and gladsome expectation.

*Musings in Affliction.* By J. EDMONDS-Yapp and Hawkins, 70, Welbeck-street, and 12, Paternoster-square.

THESE musings are upon the afflictions of Job, and then upon the author's own experience, and finally upon the hopeful condition of a few royal personages; all which musings with the muses will be chiefly interesting, we presume, to the author's own friends and acquaintances.

*A Treatise on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.* By CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WORKS upon the inspiration of the Scriptures are not rare: the attacks of sceptical and rationalistic authors have called forth many energetic and scholarly defences of the sacred oracles: yet a popular work on inspiration has long been needed, and this Professor Elliott has now supplied. He is a strong believer in, and advocate for, the plenary—though not mechanical—inspiration of all the sacred writers. His style is clear, suggestive, interesting; his statements of the views of others fair and generous, and his defence of his own teaching powerful and convincing. The volume, though largely and confessedly the result of wide reading, is not a mere reproduction of any other work, but a judicious assimilation of all that helps to expound this important subject. It deserves to be a text-book upon this branch of Christian evidences, and most heartily do we commend it to the study of every Bible lover. The printing and indexing are all that can be desired: indeed, it is in Messrs. Clark's best style.

*The Englishman's Hebrew Bible.* By THOMAS NEWBERRY. Samuel Bagster and Sons, 15, Paternoster Row.

OF the first part of this work a favourable review was given in the November number of last year. We are glad to see its completion in the same accurate and comprehensive manner in which it was commenced. The immense labour and research which such an undertaking imperatively required will be amply rewarded, we trust, by the consciousness of having made a substantial addition to Biblical literature which will be gratefully acknowledged, not in the present age only, but so long as the desire for a critical knowledge of the inspired word shall remain.

*The Happy Man; or, the Essential Principles of Happiness Described.* By Rev. JOHN PUGH, B.A. W. Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.

A TREATISE of considerable value. We have read our students the chapters upon irritability, censoriousness, and capriciousness, and they were much appreciated. We know a great many friends who would be all the better if they would study these remarks and apply them to themselves. This is a wise, sensible, practical little book, and, unpretending as it looks, it has real merit.

*Fourteen Communion Sermons.* By SAMUEL RUTHERFORD. With a Preface and Notes by ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D. Glass and Co., 85, Maxwell-street, Glasgow.

ALL who relish the letters of Samuel Rutherford will welcome the reprint of this volume, which consists of notes taken down by Rutherford's hearers. There is about it a fulness of quaint remark and illustration, and also of scriptural doctrine and Christian experience, seldom to be found elsewhere. The Scotticisms are explained in footnotes, so that our English readers need not be bewildered by that strange tongue. We have read several of these sermons with intense delight; and, although we doubt not that many modern readers will think them considerably marred by extravagant and uncouth expressions, we are willing to take them, blemishes and all, for their teaching is the joy of our soul.

*Expository Essays and Discourses.* By SAMUEL COX. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WE cannot write in unqualified commendation of the later writings of Mr. Cox. Their popularity, in a great measure, is owing to the undoubted literary talent and taste displayed in them, but more still, we suspect, to their adaptation to the sceptical tendencies of modern times. Had they appeared half a century ago, they would not have been endured. They could not, in fact, have appeared. The old theological views have been so gradually put aside, and other sentiments, first in seeming harmony with them, and then in avowed opposition to them, have been so secretly brought into favour, that, if it were possible, the very elect might be deceived. It is more possible for sincere Christians to be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ in the present, than in comparatively recent times. Let the sincere inquirer after truth give up the puritan writers for the more literary and philosophic teaching of the present age, and unless his heart be established with grace in an unusual degree, he will misrepresent and pervert the noblest doctrines and precepts of the New Testament, and think that he doeth God service. There is a certain proportion of evangelical sentiment and feeling in the author of this volume, and what he does hold is firmly maintained, and eloquently expressed, but we do not conceive of him as having come up to the full standard of him who said, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." In this we do but utter our convictions in reference to one who for his character and acquirements we justly hold in great esteem, and whom we have in several of his earlier productions been able to praise. His own sense of honour and virtue has led him, we presume, to share in the enthusiasm of a lofty ideal of human nature, irreconcilable, without much hypercriticism and forced interpretation, with the inspired record. Some good thing, he supposes, may be found in every man toward the Lord God of Israel, because it is now found in himself. In the crying of the worshippers of Baal to their idol god, he sees some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel. Thus

a roseate hue is thrown over the worst of men which, we fear, will be found at last to have concealed an awful reality of evil. The evil must be terrible if so vast a provision as that which the New Testament reveals was needful for its cure. From the author of "Salvator Mundi" we differ widely, but our esteem for him renders it painful in the highest degree to do so.

*Sunday Morning Sermons Preached in Argyle Chapel, Bath.* By the late WM. JAY. Now printed for the first time from the verbatim notes of one of his hearers. R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

THOSE who know the value of all Jay's sermons will be glad to hear of this new publication and will be thankful to the hearer who has rescued the good man's discourses from oblivion. We have merely to say that here we have forty-three of Jay's sermons and all the review which is necessary is contained in the announcement. Of course, we cannot expect in a hearer's notes all the finish and exactness which the preacher would himself have put upon the discourses if he had himself prepared them for the press; but Jay in the rough is more precious than our modern divines with their polish and affected culture.

*Echoes from Beulah, and Home Memories.* Hymns and Poems. By FANNY LONSDALE. Haughton & Co.

WHEN we open a book and find ourselves doomed to another dose of poetry, we sigh in much the same spirit as the head of the house when he comes home to dinner and murmurs, "Cold mutton again." We could heartily wish that the whole of the versified words which are now issued from the press could be taxed at a high rate before they were printed, and then a second time after they were published. We recollect a witty verse, which came before us when sitting down to our penance of reading the *minor* poets:—

My friend, I've been robb'd!  
 "How I pity your grief!"  
 All my poems are gone!  
 "How I pity the thief!"

These "Echoes" are a great deal better than most others of the kind; indeed, they contain verses of considerable merit.

*Christ our Example.* By CAROLINE FRY, author of "The Listener," "Daily Readings," &c. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.

THE united commendations of Horatius Bonar, Canon Miller, and Messrs. Goodhart, Capel, and Christopher introduce this gracious book to the reader in a way which ensures confidence. It is a holy book, unworldly and elevating, but not wild and visionary. Our readers can buy it for one shilling in paper covers, but we hope that they mean to study it much and long, and so they had better pay another sixpence and get it in limp cloth. This is the sort of teaching which makes real believers, if men give their hearts to it and the Holy Spirit writes the truth within their bosoms. Dr. Bonar says he has prized the little book for forty years, and has lent it, and in various ways made use of it to reach the consciences of professors in this day when there is so little separation between the church and the world. We quote a passage, which is a fair specimen of the style and spirit of the work:—

"When I observe how much the simplicity of divine truth has been departed from, and man has made difficult what God has made plain, I cannot but think there has been in our days too much reading and too much talking; and, though I do not say too much teaching, it is not impossible our teachers may have too much departed from the example of Christ in the manner of their teaching. I should seem a fool to many if I were to say how simple a thing, how plain a thing to an honest mind, I think the religion of Christ to be—so much of it as concerns our personal salvation, and the effects to be produced upon us. It might be even bold to say I think the Bible, for the purposes for which it was intended, the plainest and the easiest book that ever has been written; and while experience proves what the word itself declares, that no man understands it without the illumination of the Holy Spirit, I believe he requires that assistance, not to enlarge his intellect and improve his wit, but to reduce him to the ignorance and simplicity of childhood, without which he will not be instructed. Of this I am sure; if they who have made some progress in a religious course

find themselves harassed by uncertainties in doctrine, or confounded by the clangour of disputation, they had better leave controversy and the opinions of men, and betake themselves in simplicity and prayer to the plain letter of the written word. They had better be deaf till they can hear its language, and dumb till they can speak it without additions and without reserves. 'What shall I do to be saved?' is a question that in some form or other has agitated the world from the beginning of time. Volumes have been written upon it and nations convulsed by it, and the united intellects of man expended in vain to solve it. The Scripture has answered it in one plain sentence—so plain that nothing but wilful blindness can ever more mistake the way. And those practical difficulties which the amalgamation of the church with the world has so greatly multiplied, and the wish to unite what God has separated has now made almost endless, how easily might those too be terminated, by simply referring to Scripture. 'What saith the Scripture?' 'How readest thou?' 'Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.'

*China's Place in Philology.* By JOSEPH EDKINS. B. A. Trubner and Co., 8 and 60, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a valuable addition to our small store of Chinese history and literature. For both of these our country has been chiefly indebted to Christian missionaries, and to those especially of the London Missionary Society. It is a department in which such talents and laborious researches are required as are not often to be found, and can be appreciated by those only who look beyond local and immediate results. The benefit of such labours, though less direct, ultimately becomes far more extensive and permanent than more direct efforts in a more limited sphere. China's place in philology may lead to a better understanding of its place in theology, and of the means by which, in this respect, it may be removed from its place. In the adaptation of missionaries to particular localities their meetness for the Master's use greatly depends. Much depends upon this in home missions, but far more in the immense variety of positions in foreign lands.

*An Exposure of Popery; with Special Reference to Penance and the Mass.*  
By the late Rev. WM. ANDERSON,  
LL.D. With an Introduction by the  
Rev. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D. Hodder  
and Stoughton.

DR. ANDERSON has performed his work very thoroughly, and we only wish that classes of young men could be formed to study his able production. The time has come, and more than come, when Romish controversy must be revived, and the potent arguments which afore-time exploded "the abomination of desolation" must be at the fingers' ends of all Christians. We are not so much afraid of the increase of the genuine Papal church as of the crafty, insidious, Anglican Jesuits who, under the patronage of the National Establishment, are deceiving silly women and brainless men to Romish doctrine. We fully agree with the good doctor's boldest denunciations of priestcraft, and commend such utterances as the following to our readers' best attention:—"I raise again our old battle cry—'Down with priesthood, with all priesthood, English as well as Irish!' And if young Hibernian ladies insist on having young gentlemen for their confessors who have been qualified by study at Maynooth for initiating them into the mysteries, and if Anglican dowagers insist on having their spiritual interests fashionably asserted by pompous prelates who have been trained in treachery at Oxford, then, in the names of truth, morality, liberty, and patriotism, we demand that it be at their own cost, and not ours, they be indulged in their humours. Millions of us make the demand, and the infatuated conduct of the faction precipitates the time when the outraged forbearance of an insulted nation will rise and enforce the demand with a vengeance for which the fools in their security are but little prepared. Nor will this disburdening ourselves of their hateful incubus, and throwing them on their own resources, content us. For the church's sake, for the commonwealth's sake, for their own sakes, we are resolved on the extinction of their pestiferous folly; and with all the weapons God has furnished us with—with his word, with our own reason, with argument, with merry humour, with bitter sarcasm, to expose their Pharisaic preten-

sion and mercenary hypocrisy to the scorn and indignation of the people, till the vile imposture be exterminated from our land, the imposture of priesthood. May the Lord endow us with the requisite hatred of error as well as love of truth, with the requisite bravery and self-denial, as well as prudence and discretion!"

May what has since the doctor's book been done for Ireland be speedily performed in England also, but the removal of endowments will barely touch the evil, the error itself must be fought with, and the doctor's little book furnishes powerful weapons.

*The Salvation Question.* By ROBERT GILCHRIST, Shotts. Glass and Co., 85, Maxwell-street, Glasgow.

A VERY useful collection of tracts, containing the gospel in its fulness, set forth in clear and striking forms. The get up of the book is somewhat homely, but it is handy to have the papers put together, for one knows what to order if purchasing leaflets.

*Thoughts and Experiences of a Charity Organizationist.* By J. HOENSBY WRIGHT. William Hunt and Co.

VERY much of most important matter is here collected, and the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving are clearly shown. Very hard blows are dealt both at voting charities, and at works wherein one man alone is director without a responsible committee. We like the Christian tone of the book, and though we fear that it will encourage churls in withholding, we believe it will teach the liberal to give discreetly, and this is a very necessary lesson. Having ourselves been imposed upon in former times uncomfortably often, we now feel the need of investigation, even in what appear to be the clearest cases; indeed, it is in these that the greatest imposture will often be discovered. We are confirmed by this book in our belief in the usefulness of charity organization, but we are not one whit the more inclined toward "the Charity Organization Society," for which we shall not desert our old and trusted ally the Mendicinity Society. It does not follow because a certain principle is correct that therefore we are to commit ourselves to every society which professes to carry it out.



## Notes.

WE have been greatly cheered by receiving recently a letter from Belgrade accompanying copies of one of our sermons which has been translated into the Servian tongue, and sent to each of the twelve hundred priests and teachers in that country. The sermon selected is No. 1389, from the text, "Be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee;" No. 279 also is being prepared for the press. The friend who sends us the information says that no Protestant preacher in Servian is in the country, and the Greek church is in an extraordinarily dead state. He speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Mijatovich, the translator, and asks for our prayers that this work may be made a great blessing. Will not our readers unite in the petition?

On *Sunday, June 23rd*, Mr. Henry Hutt, of Reading, brought sixty members of his Saturday-Evening Bible Class to the Tabernacle. After the morning service Mr. Murrell provided them with a dinner in one of the College rooms, and in the afternoon they attended Mr. Charlesworth's Bible class for young men, and afterwards partook of tea at the Orphanage. At the tea-table they subscribed sufficient to maintain the orphans for one day, and presented the amount (£10 10s.) to Mr. Spurgeon in the deacons' room at the Tabernacle before the evening service. We are always receiving kindness from friends at Reading, and none are more welcome at the Tabernacle than they are.

Two of the most tempestuous Sabbaths we have ever experienced were the 23rd and 30th of June. What with dense darkness, tempest, and deluging rain it was wonderful that any one came forth at all, and yet there were the people, bent upon the worship of God. The numbers on the evening of the 30th were sensibly diminished, and yet to a stranger the place would have seemed well filled. This short attendance reduced our hospital collection to £152.

*July 2.* We were unable to preach at Mr. Abraham's, near Witney, according to promise, for the severe weather confined us to our bed. Our beloved father took the service, and so our place was well filled. We are quite afraid to make engagements since we are so often laid aside in the most painful manner, and disappointment is the result. We wish the Christian public would believe in our inability to preach every day, at least for the present.

No sooner was it known that we were going to Scotland on July 8th, for rest, than we received requests for sermons, not only from a large number of Scotch

towns, and from places on each of the three lines of railway, but we were entreated just to make a few hours' stay and preach in North Wales, as also on the Cumberland coast, which as everybody knows are both on the road to Scotland if you choose to make them so. How many pence we have been fined in the form of postage for replies to these insanely kind demands we will not calculate, but it is rather too absurd. We are told over and over again that we could stop two hours and go on by the next train; and this being done at a dozen places, when should we reach Scotland? This, too, when a man is out for a holiday!

Alas, the holiday itself had to be postponed for a while through continued ill health. Now, it may seem a very simple thing to write to these good people and say "No;" but it is not so. It pains us to refuse anyone, and to decline to preach is so contrary to all our heart's promptings, that we had rather be flogged than feel compelled to do it.

*July 5.* This evening a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the College in anticipation of the *Celebration of our Pastor's 25th Anniversary*. The ladies were present in great force, and cheerfully accepted the responsibility of preparing a Bazaar for the week after Christmas. The kind words and loving expressions used towards the Pastor furnished abundant evidence that everyone will enter heartily into this movement. Mr. Spurgeon was only able to be present for a short time, owing to his ill health, but his address and that of other friends met with the heartiest response. This celebration can only be a success by the spontaneous zeal of all friends of Mr. Spurgeon. A wedding, whether it be a silver one or a first one, is nothing without heart. This must be begun, continued, and ended with spirit, or left alone.

COLLEGE.—On *Friday morning, June 28*, the President met the students in the lecture hall of the Tabernacle before they left for their summer vacation, and preached to them from Psalm cxviii. 27. At the close of the sermon, which seemed to move the hearts of all present, the session was concluded with the observance of the Lord's Supper, and a few appropriate farewell words from the President, who intimated that the vacation would terminate on Tuesday, August 6th, when he should be glad to meet the brethren,

together with the new students, who would then for the first time enter the College

*In the evening the Evening Classes of the College* were brought to a close for another session by a tea, followed by a meeting in their rooms at the College. Mr. Spurgeon presided, opened the meeting with prayer, and having called upon Professor Fergusson to give the introductory remarks, preached a sermon upon consecration to the Lord. Mr. Kirk read the report in the absence of the secretary, through illness, and presented forty guineas from the members of the classes, for the College funds, a clear proof of the interest felt by the evening students. The report stated that there were three hundred names on the books, the average attendance being one hundred and sixty. One hundred and twenty new members had joined during the last six months, and their coming from all parts proved the need of such classes. The chairman thanked the brethren for their contribution, after which addresses were delivered by Messrs. Juniper, Thwaites, Hustler, Fowler, and C. Spurgeon, and a very pleasant and profitable evening was thus spent. *Young men who desire to improve their talents that they may employ them in the service of God are admitted to the classes without fee or reward.* Out of these classes come numbers of workers in all departments of Christian service. There is room for more. Application can be made to the secretary, Pastors' College, Newington Butts. The next term will commence August 7th.

Most cheering news has been received from Mr. Blackie, of Calcutta, who is enjoying great prosperity, and also from our brother at the Cape, whose work is marvellously succeeding.

**ORPHANAGE.**—The following notice of a trip of the orphan boys was sent to us, and it gave us great pleasure to read it, but we did not dream of printing it. We have been over-persuaded by unwise friends, and now permit it to be inserted in the magazine, expecting to be condemned for egotism, and so on. If it will afford pleasure to any individual so to construe our weakness we must bear the rebuke; but the acts recorded are so very kind, and show such a fine Christian spirit on the part of many, that even though we feel unworthy to receive such generous esteem, we cannot help recording it to the honour of those who render it.

*Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage Boys in Beds.*

Although the Stockwell Orphanage has been established some ten years, to many

it is only known in name, and its claims for support are consequently not recognised by them. There is an idea in some quarters that Mr. Spurgeon is never in need of money to carry on his works, or if he is, he has only to mention the fact to his friends and admirers to provoke a golden shower. It is all very well when those who hold this opinion contribute their quota, but when it is urged as an excuse for not giving at all it becomes an unfortunate fallacy. As Mr. Spurgeon requires for the support of his Orphanage £10 a day, and for the whole of his institutions some £300 or more every week, it will be seen how necessary it is to use all legitimate means to enlarge the constituency from which the supplies are drawn. That the funds have always been forthcoming proves the confidence of the public in his wise administration. It is a fact which should be widely known that Mr. Spurgeon not only does not derive anything from the institutions he directs, but has for some years contributed to the Lord's work more than his official income as the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

The occasional visit of a choir of the orphan boys to country towns, in order to advocate the claims of the Orphanage, is a step in the right direction. The work becomes a reality to friends, their sympathies are aroused and help secured.

On Monday, the 8th July, Mr. Charlesworth and Mr. J. Manton Smith left London with a choir of orphan boys, to give Services of Song at Luton and Woburn, in behalf of the Stockwell Orphanage. At Luton the large Plait Hall was the place of meeting, and through the exertions of Mr. Johnson Willis and the local ministers, a large audience assembled under the presidency of the Mayor, who, although a churchman and a Tory, made common cause with the promoters to ensure success. His speech was a generous testimony to Mr. Spurgeon and the usefulness of his labours. The meeting was enthusiastic throughout, the single fact that it was Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage being an important factor in the enthusiasm. The boys sang well, and two of them gave recitations in capital style. Mr. Townsend, one of the old boys and now a student in the Pastors' College, spoke with great feeling of his indebtedness to the institution, and Mr. Charlesworth gave an interesting account of the work.

To illustrate the catholicity of the institution he gave a denominational analysis of the first 400 cases admitted: Church of England, 124; Baptist, 93; Congregational, 47; Wesleyan, 44; Presbyterian,

9; Roman Catholic, 2; Plymouth Brethren, 2; not specified, 79.

Luton being the centre of the straw-hat manufacture, many parents were connected with that branch of industry, and a few friends very generously offered to rig out the whole of the 246 boys at present in the institution with a bran new "straw yarner." The announcement seemed equally pleasing to the audience as to the boys of the choir, who felt proud of having contributed towards this result. The Mayor, who expressed his pleasure at the appearance and conduct of the boys invited them to visit his grounds the following morning, for a strawberry feast, before proceeding to Woburn. Had the guests been members of the Town Council or provincial mayors their welcome could not have been more hearty. His worship was quite at home with the boys, and addressed to them a few kindly words, which were responded to by a chorus of ringing cheers. The boys also sang several of their pieces before leaving. At the railway station quite a troop of friends, many of whom had entertained the boys, came to see them off, and many were the prayers breathed for the prosperity of the institution.

The route chosen to Woburn was via Dunstable, and although it involved a journey by road of some eight or nine miles it proved a source of pleasure to the boys, for the friends had provided waggonettes for the party. On reaching the station at Dunstable the Rev. H. W. Taylor, of Marlyate Street, and a portly deacon met the boys, and having regaled them with ham sandwiches, lemonade, and jam tarts, accompanied them to their destination. It being the day for the annual treat of the Church Schools at Woburn, it was arranged for the boys on their arrival to have tea with the scholars in the vicarage grounds, the vicar kindly contributing towards the expenses. Before the hour announced for the meeting the people began to make their way towards the Town Hall with an alacrity which seemed to the writer somewhat unusual to the residents of a town which, since the old coaching days, appears to have abandoned itself to somnolent contempt for modern progress in general, and railways in particular. As we walked through the quiet street in the afternoon, we were forcibly reminded of a chapter by Charles Dickens in his capacity as an "Uncommercial Traveller," in which he describes a visit to a similar, and, for aught we know, the same old coaching town. He says "It was a hot day, and the little sunblinds of

the shops were all drawn down, and the more enterprising of the tradesmen had caused their 'prentices to trickle water on the pavement appertaining to their frontage. It looked as if they had been shedding tears for the stage coaches, and were drying their ineffectual pocket-handkerchiefs." What hope we had of a meeting which should be a financial success was by no means stimulated by the remark of the hotel-keeper, that "Nobody's got any money in Woburn"; but remembering that an hotel does not exist for the inhabitants of a town numbering a little more than a thousand, all told, we concluded the statement inclined rather to conjecture than expressed a fact; and so we held on to our hope.

When we state that the Town Hall was well filled, and that some hundreds of people crowded round the outside during the progress of the meeting, the reader will gather that the town was stirred into interest, if not enthusiasm. The chair was taken by Lord Charles Russell, brother of the late earl, an earnest worker in the cause of religion, education, and philanthropy. The noble lord, for some years serjeant-at-arms, is well known the country round, and is held in high esteem for his Christian character and catholicity. In his opening speech his lordship remarked that when he was asked to preside he consented without a moment's hesitation, for, although he knew nothing about the Orphanage before, when he saw Mr. Spurgeon's name as the President that fact was a sufficient guarantee that its affairs were wisely administered. He remembered hearing Mr. Spurgeon in the neighbourhood some 20 years ago, and he quoted the text as being singularly appropriate to the present occasion:—"Do we begin again to commend ourselves, or need we as some others epistles of commendation to you, or letters of commendation from you? Ye are our epistle (*pointing to the boys*), written in your hearts, known and read of all men." The allusions to Mr. Spurgeon by his lordship during his speech, which breathed an earnest Christian spirit throughout, proved how all classes of the community esteem the President of the Orphanage. Here, on the same platform, stood a member of one of the highest families in the land, by whom his ministry had been enjoyed, and a number of poor orphan boys rescued by him from the perils of poverty, and receiving a Christian training which would mould their future life. His Lordship's touching appeal for those whose condition implied the loss of home, will not readily be forgotten. Mr. Charles-

worth gave a very interesting account of the origin and progress of the work. The boys, under the direction of Mr. Ladds, formerly a scholar in the school, sang with admirable effect a number of anthems and sacred songs, and rendered the choruses to Mr. Manton Smith's solos. It was the universal testimony, from the chairman downward, that a more interesting and profitable meeting had not been held in Woburn. The friends who provided homes for the boys came forward at the close eager to march off with their guests for the night. Mr. John Clarke, a real native of Woburn, and who presided at the harmonium, was congratulated for his

admirable arrangements to ensure such good success, and received the thanks of his fellow-townsmen for securing the visit of the Orphan boys. It should be stated that his lordship sent a kind invitation the following morning for the boys to walk through his grounds, and that His Grace the Duke of Bedford gave them permission to see over Woburn Abbey, a privilege greatly enjoyed by the boys and the friends who accompanied them, and also by your contributor, who was

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon—June 20, nine; June 27th, twenty; July 4th, ten.

## Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 19th to July 18th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dransfield	2	2	0
Mr. James Wright, jun.	0	10	0
Readers of the "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	0
Mr. and Miss Mills	1	0	0
One Hundred Threepenny Pieces	1	5	0
A Reader of "The Sword and Trowel"	0	5	0
Mr. George Lewis	1	1	0
E. D.	0	10	0
Mrs. Reddock	50	0	0
Students of the Evening Classes	42	0	0
Mrs. J. Samuel	1	0	0
Mr. J. Clark	0	10	0
Per Mr. John Symon:—			
Mr. A.	0	5	6
J. L.	0	5	0
Mrs. M.	0	5	0
A Well-wisher	0	1	0
Friends in Crathie	0	13	6
	1	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Bowker's Class	17	0	0
Southport	0	2	6
Mr. E. Gammon	3	3	0
C. E. F.	25	0	0
Mrs. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Dr. Beilby	3	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. Balne	0	13	0
Mrs. Berry	0	5	0
Mr. Rooksby	1	0	0
Collection at Park Road, Peckham, per Rev. J. Tarn	5	1	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—June 23	33	0	3
" " " " " " July	30	12	3
" " " " " " "	7	30	6
" " " " " " "	14	41	16
	£277	5	1

## Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Pickering	0	10	2
P. S.	10	0	0
Mr. E. Boot	0	10	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	4	4	0
Driffield, per Rev. John Spurgeon	1	0	0
Mrs. Burton	1	10	0
A Member of Brockley Road Chapel	0	10	0
S. S. Absolum	0	2	0
M. L., Aberdeen	0	10	0
Dove Row Mothers, by J. L.	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Atwood	1	0	0
Miss Dobson	1	0	0
S. G. M. and H., Children's Offering	0	6	0
Mrs. A. O. Watson	4	0	0
M. M. McK.	0	4	0
Trustful Ann	0	3	1
Friends, per Mr. James Smith	2	0	0
Two Servants	3	0	0
Mrs. Moffatt	0	5	0
Mr. Hut's Class, Reading	10	10	0
Rev. H. Wilkins	0	5	0
Readers of the "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	1	0	6
Miss Bessie Kerridge	0	2	6
Mr. William MacGregor	0	0	10
Mr. and Miss Mills	1	0	0
Mrs. Couttie	0	15	0

	£	s.	d.
Ashchenaz	1	0	0
A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	5	0
Mr. James Brooks	0	3	0
A Small Trifle	0	2	9
Mr. A. Paxton	0	10	0
Collection at Church in Plum Tree House	1	0	0
Hughie and Cecil	5	0	0
Miss Dawson, per Rev. G. West	6	10	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Fry	1	7	0
Miss Esther Woods	0	2	6
H., Maidstone	0	6	6
Every little helps	0	14	8
Metropolitan Store	1	1	0
Mr. Alfred Benest	0	12	0
The Misses Robertshaw	0	12	6
Collection at Ringwood Oak, after Sermons by Rev. John Spurgeon:—	30	0	0
Mrs. Hall	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
Rev. Thomas Curme	1	0	0
A Bird of Paradise	1	0	0
	47	0	0
A Reader of the "Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	100	0	0
Mrs. Carter	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Balderston, per Editor of "Christian Herald" ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Mackenzie ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. G. O. Tite ... ..	1	1	0	In College Offering Box ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. Benham ... ..	0	10	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ... ..	5	0	8
Miss Benham ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Berry ... ..	0	4	6
Rev. J. Blake ... ..	0	10	6	Mr. Wadland ... ..	0	5	0
Friends at Downs Chapel, Clapton, per				Miss Abbott ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Way ... ..	2	11	0	Miss E. Jones ... ..	1	2	6
Mr. Ranford ... ..	1	0	0	Mr. Rooksby ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Wilson ... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. Butler ... ..	2	7	9
P. W. ....	2	0	0	Miss Merritt ... ..	1	15	0
Mrs. Armitage ... ..	0	10	0	Miss Fitzgerald ... ..	0	5	0
E. C. G. ....	0	10	0	Master E. Horton ... ..	0	2	1
Mrs. S. L. Hilgendorf ... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. Oxenford ... ..	1	9	1
S. H. ... ..	0	2	6	Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
W. A. M. ....	0	4	0	R. M. Leelan ... ..	0	5	0
Strawberry Money ... ..	0	3	8	J. J. Keevil ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. James Scott ... ..	25	0	0	Mr. G., New Brighton ... ..	1	0	0
A Country Minister ... ..	0	3	3	Net proceeds of Services of			
G. F. P. ....	0	10	0	Song at Luton and Woburn	11	14	0
Southport ... ..	0	2	6				13 19 0
C. E. F. ....	25	0	0	Annual Subscription:—			
J. A. ....	5	0	0	Mrs. Shaddock ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Falconar ... ..	5	0	0				£307 17 6
Dr. Beilby ... ..	2	0	0				

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—GENERAL: A Crochet Cap, Anon; Parcel of Clothing (12 Articles), "M. A. C."; a Scripture Text Quilt, B. West; a quantity of Bread, Mr. Bonner; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; 2 boxes pure Dairy Food, J. Clever.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1878.

### Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton ... ..	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq. ... ..	10	0	0
F. A. Homer, Esq., for Sedgley ... ..	10	0	0
Ligh Wycomb, per R. Collins, Junior, Esq. ... ..	4	0	0
Nottingham District ... ..	10	0	0
W. R., for Riddings ... ..	8	15	0
Newberry, per Rev. G. Home ... ..	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association, Quarterly ... ..	17	10	0
Do. for South Wilts ... ..	15	0	0
	32	10	0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton ... ..	10	0	0
H. Faulder, Esq., for Stockport ... ..	5	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle ... ..	5	0	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association ... ..	7	10	0
Oxfordshire Association, for Chipping Norton ... ..	7	10	0
Maldon District ... ..	2	10	0
Southern Association ... ..	52	10	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class ... ..	7	19	0
	£193	4	0

### Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Part of Birthday Gift to Mr. Spurgeon ... ..	25	0	0
Mrs. Allen ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Woollard ... ..	0	10	0
E. B. ... ..	25	0	0
W. Harrison, Esq. ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. and Miss Mills ... ..	1	0	0
C. J. Parker, Esq. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. James McElkinney ... ..	0	5	0
N. M. ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. William Crawford ... ..	0	9	4
Mr. James Johnman ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Rooksby ... ..	1	0	0
	£58	2	10

### Subscription for Capital Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Osborn ... ..	2	0	0

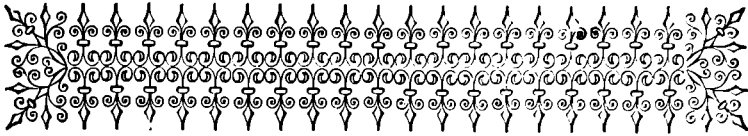
## Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 20th to July 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Ashby ... ..	5	0	0	A Friend ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. and Miss Mills ... ..	1	0	0				£33 0 0
Mr. G. Osborn ... ..	2	0	0				

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

*Fishing.\**

AN ADDRESS AT TABERNAOLE PRAYER-MEETING BY C. H. SPURGEON,  
ON HIS RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.



FEAR I have gathered but few illustrations during my holiday in the north, though I am almost always upon the look out for them. I have spent nearly all my time on board my friend Mr. Duncan's yacht, cruising by day in sunny seas, and usually anchoring at night in lonely bays, far off from the busy haunts of men, where you hear neither rumble of traffic nor hum of city life, but are startled by the scream of sea-birds, the cry of the seal, and the splash of leaping fish. The profound quiet of those solitary regions is a bath of rest for a wearied brain: lone mountain, and sparkling wave, and circling gull, and fitting sea-swallow, all seem to call the mind away from care and toil to rest and play. I am grateful to the last degree for the brief furlough which is permitted me, and for the intense enjoyment and repose which I find in the works of God. No exhibitions, or picture galleries, or artificial recreations, or medical preparations can afford a tithe of the restoring influence which pure nature exercises.

\* This is the report of an address which would never have seen the light if an abstract of it had not been inserted in so many of the newspapers. It was never intended for the public eye, but was spoken in homely confidence to the beloved circle of praying people, whom we esteem as our best friends and nearest kindred. A brief abstract, though executed by the most friendly hand, can never be satisfactory, and therefore we feel bound to give our own version—a revision of our friend Mr. Harrald's shorthand notes.

I have been resting, but not idling; relieving the mind, but not smothering it. Very frequently I have seen others *fishing*, and as I have looked on with interest and excitement, I have been sorry to have been able to take so small a share in it. Perhaps, however, I have gained as much from lines and nets as those who personally used them: they took the fish, but I preserved the silver truths which the creatures brought in their mouths. These pieces of money I have taken, like Peter, not for myself only, but "for me and thee," and so let us share them. We have a good company of spiritual fishermen in our midst to-night, for here are the young members of "the College of Fishermen," who are making and mending their nets; here, too, are eager members of a church in which, when the minister says, "I go a-fishing," all the members say "We will go with thee." Here are the fishers of the Sabbath-schools and of the Bible-classes, fishers of the Tract Society and of the Evangelists' Associations; all these have heard our Lord say, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." Not for the hurting of our fellows but for their good we seek to "take up all of them with the angle, to catch them in our net, and gather them in our drag"; and therefore we are willing to learn from others who are fishers too.

Fishermen speak of what they call *gathering bait*, and they say, such a fish is a "gathering bait," and another is a "killing bait." We need both. The gathering bait brings the fishes together, and thus becomes very useful. You cannot catch the fish if they are not there, and it is therefore wise to throw in your ground-bait pretty freely to attract the finny multitude. I wish some of my fellow fishermen were a little more liberal with gathering bait, for one would like to see the creeks and bays of their pews and galleries swarming with life. Some of them appear rather to frighten the fish away than to attract them around their hooks, they are so dull, so monotonous, so long, and so sour. All spiritual fishermen should learn the art of attraction; Jesus drew men to himself, and we must draw men in like manner. Not only in the pulpit but in the Sunday-school class you need gathering bait, to draw the little ones together, and maintain and increase their numbers. In every other sphere of Christian service the same is true. If faith cometh by hearing, we should first endeavour to gain interested listeners, for how shall they believe if they will not hear. Common sense teaches us that the people must be drawn together first, and must be induced to attend to what we have to put before them; and therefore we must lay ourselves out to this end, because it is essential to our highest aim. A pleasant manner, an interesting style, and even a touch of wit, may be useful. I have sometimes been blamed for making use of pleasantries, but I have done so partly because I could not help it, and chiefly because I have perceived that the interest is sustained and the attention excited by a dash of the familiar and the striking. A sufficient quantity of that which will draw men to listen to our message we not only may use but *must* use, unless we mean to be content with empty nets and useless hooks. A *good temper* is a fine gathering bait in a Sabbath-school. There are some of our brethren and sisters whose very faces are enough to gather the children round them. If I were a little girl I could not help being drawn to some of

the sisters who teach in our schools; and if I were a boy the kindly manners of many of our brethren would bind me to them at once: kindly teachers need not bribe children with gifts, their looks and words are irresistible bonds. Cheerfulness and good humour should be conspicuous in all our attempts to catch men for Jesus; we cannot drive them to the Saviour, but they may be drawn. There is a way of giving a tract in the street which will ensure its kindly treatment, and another way which will prejudice the receiver against it: you can shove it into a person's hand so roughly that it is almost an insult, or you can hold it out so deftly that the passer-by accepts it with pleasure. Do not thrust it upon him as if it were a writ, but invite him to accept it as if it were a ten-pound note. Our fish need delicate handling. The painter, when asked how he mixed his colours, replied, "With brains, sir," and we must fish for the souls of men in like fashion. If you are to win souls you must not be fools. Men will no more succeed in the Lord's business than they will in their own unless they have their wits about them. If Christ's work be done in a slovenly or churlish manner it will answer no man's purpose, but prove labour in vain. We cannot make the fish bite, but we can do our best to draw them near the killing bait of the word of God, and when once they are there we will watch and pray till they are fairly taken.

The fisherman, however, thinks far less of his gathering bait than he does of his *catching bait*, in which he hides his hook. Very numerous are his inventions for winning his prey, and it is by practice that he learns how to adapt his bait to his fish. Scores of things serve as bait, and when he is not actually at work the wise fisherman takes care to seize anything which comes in his way which may be useful when the time comes to cast his lines. We usually carried mussels, whelks, and some of the coarser sorts of fish, which could be used when they were wanted. When the anchor was down the hooks were baited and let down for the benefit of the inhabitants of the deep, and great would have been the disappointment if they had merely swarmed around the delicious morsel, but had refused to partake thereof. A good fisherman actually catches fish. He is not always alike successful, but, as a rule, he has something to show for his trouble. I do not call that man a fisherman whose basket seldom holds a fish; he is sure to tell you of the many bites he had, and of that very big fish which he almost captured; but that is neither here nor there. There are some whose knowledge of terms and phrases, and whose extensive preparations lead you to fear that they will exterminate the fishy race, but as their basket returns empty, they can hardly be so proficient as they seem. The parable hardly needs expounding: great talkers and theorizers are common enough, and there are not a few whose cultured boastfulness is only exceeded by their life-long failure. We cannot take these for our example, nor fall at their feet with reverence for their pretensions. We must have sinners saved. Nothing else will content us: the fisherman must take fish or lose his toil, and we must bring souls to Jesus, or we shall break our hearts with disappointment.

Walking to the head of the boat one evening, I saw a line over the side, and must needs hold it. You can feel by your finger whether you have a bite or no, but I was in considerable doubt whether anything



was at the other end or not. I thought they were biting, but I was not certain, so I pulled up the long line, and found that the baits were all gone; the fish had sucked them all off, and that was what they were doing when I was in doubt. If you have nothing but a sort of gathering bait, and the fish merely come and suck, but do not take the hook, you will catch no fish; you need killing bait. This often happens in the Sunday-school: a pleasing speaker tells a story, and the children are all listening, he has gathered them; now comes the spiritual lesson, but hardly any of them take notice of it, they have sucked the bait from the hook, and are up and away. A minister in preaching delivers a telling illustration, all the ears in the place are open, but when he comes to the application of it the people have become listless; they like the bait very well, but not the hook; they like the adornment of the tale, but not the point of the moral. This is poor work. The plan is, if you possibly can manage it, so to get the bait on the hook that they cannot suck it off, but must take the hook and all. Do take care, dear friends, when you teach children or grown-up people, that you do not arrange the anecdotes in such a way that they can sort them out, as boys pick the plums from their cakes, or else you will amuse but not benefit.

When your tackle is in good trim, it is very pleasant to feel the fish biting, but it is quite the reverse to watch by the hour, and to have no sign. Then patience has her perfect work. It is very encouraging to feel that a large creature of some sort is tugging away at the other end of your line. Up with him at once! It is better still to have two hooks and to pull up two fish at a time, as one of our friends did. To do this twice every minute, or as fast as ever you can throw the line is best of all. What an excitement! Nobody grows tired, and the day is hardly long enough. Up with them! In with the lines! What, another bite? Quick! quick! We seem to be all among a shoal. The basket is soon filled. This is good fishing. Our great Lord sometimes guides his ministers to the right kind of bait, and to the right spot for the fish, and they take so many that they have hardly time to attend to each case, but in joyful haste receive the converts by the score, and fill the boat. It is grand fishing when the fish flock around you, but it does not happen all the day long, nor yet all the days of the week, nor yet all the weeks of the year, else would there be a great rush for the fishers' trade. When amateurs are at sea and the fish do not bite, they have nothing to do but to give over and amuse themselves in some other way, but it must not be so with us, to whom fishing for souls is a life-work and a vocation; we must persevere, whether we have present success or not. At times we have to spend many a weary hour with our line, and never feel a bite; but we must not, therefore, go to sleep, for it would be a pity for the angler to lose a fish by negligence. Draw the line in every now and then, look to the hooks, try a new bait, or go to the other side of the vessel, and cast your tackle into another place. Do not be disappointed because you do not always fish as you did once; have patience and your hour will come.

Our captain one evening when we were in a very lovely bay came up to me and said, "Look at this: I only just threw the line over the side, and this fine cod has taken the bait in a minute." A cod is noted

for the thorough manner in which it swallows the bait. Being of a hungry nature it is not in a picking humour, but feeds heartily. I remarked at the time that the cod was like earnest hearers who are hungering for divine grace, and so greedily snatch at the sacred word. Hungering and thirsting, their souls faint within them, and when the promise of the gospel is placed before them they seize it directly: tell them of Jesus and full deliverance through his precious blood, they do not make two bites of the gracious message—they dash at it, and they are not content till they have it, and it holds them fast. O for more of such hearers.

All fish are not of this kind, for some of them are cautious to the last degree. The author of "The Sea Fisherman" introduces us to an old salt, who says of the Conger eel, "He don't bite home, sir,"—that is to say, he does not take the hook if he can help it. In the instance referred to it had stolen the bait six times, and yet was not captured. Alas, we have an abundance of hearers of this kind, who are interested but not impressed, or impressed but not converted—"they don't bite home," and we fear they never will.

This fishing with a line is a suggestive subject, but I must leave it to say a word about fishing with the net, a mode of fishing to which our Saviour makes more numerous allusions than to angling with a hook.

When we came home on the Monday, after visiting Rothesay, we cast anchor in the Holy Loch. Mr. Duncan said to me, "Look at the fish. Just look at them out there, they are leaping up on all sides; and there are the men, let us go and see what they are getting." We were soon in a boat pulling towards them, while all around us were the fish leaping in the air and splashing back into the water. We reached the fishers, who were just getting out the net. I suppose you all know how this is done. A certain number of men remained near the shore with one end of the net, while others in a boat encompassed a great circle of water, letting out the net as they went along. Thus they enclosed a large space, and the salmon within that area were fairly imprisoned. When all was ready the fishers began to pull at both ends, so as to make the circle smaller and smaller. We followed the decreasing ring, and kept just outside the edge of the net. The fish, which had still been leaping all around us, now began to do so in greater earnest, for those within the range of the net seemed to know that they were in an undesirable position, and strove to leap out of it. Some escaped, but many more failed in the attempt. The men kept pulling in, and then it became very exciting, for it was evident that the net was full of life. Here is a very good picture of what we should do as a church. I am to go out on the Sabbath with the net, the grand old gospel net, and it is my business to let it out and encompass the thousands who fill the Tabernacle; then on Monday night at the prayer-meeting we must all join in pulling in the big net, and looking after the fish. So we bring to land all that have been caught. Many who were surrounded by the net during the sermon will jump out before we secure them, but still it is a comfort that it is not every fish that knows how to get out of the gospel net. Some of them will be in a rage, and bite at the nets, but they will only be the more surely

held prisoners. To me it was a very pleasant sight to see within the net a mass of living, twisting, and struggling salmon-trout, most of them fine fish. There were thirty-seven large fish taken at one haul. O that we may often succeed in taking men in larger numbers still. Let us drag in the net to-night. Let us pray the Lord to bless the services of last Lord's-day, and recompense the fisher's toil.

We must never be satisfied till we lift sinners out of their native element. That destroys fish, but it saves souls. We long to be the means of lifting sinners out of the water of sin to lay them in the boat at the feet of Jesus. To this end we must enclose them as in a net; we must shut them up under the law, and surround them with the gospel, so that there is no getting out, but they must be captives unto Christ. We must net them with entreaties, encircle them with invitations, and entangle them with prayers. We cannot let them get away to perish in their sin, we must land them at the Saviour's feet. This is our design, but we need help from above to accomplish it: we require our Lord's direction to know *where* to cast the net, and the Spirit's helping of our infirmity that we may know *how* to do it. May the Lord teach us to profit, and may we return from our fishing, bringing our fish with us. Amen.

### Give Truth Time.

NEVER give up a great principle in theology on account of difficulties. Wait patiently, and the difficulties may all melt away. Let that be an axiom in your mind. Suffer me to mention an illustration of what I mean. Persons who are conversant with astronomy know that before the discovery of the planet Neptune there were difficulties, which greatly troubled the most scientific astronomers, respecting certain aberrations of the planet Uranus. These aberrations puzzled the minds of astronomers; and some of them suggested that they might possibly prove the whole Newtonian system to be untrue. But just at that time a well-known French astronomer, named Leverrier, read before the Academy of Science at Paris a paper, in which he laid down this great axiom,—that it did not become a scientific man to give up a principle because of difficulties which apparently could not be explained. He said in effect, “We cannot explain the aberrations of Uranus now; but we may be sure that the Newtonian system will be proved to be right, sooner or later. Something may be discovered one day which will prove that these aberrations may be accounted for, and yet the Newtonian system remain true and unshaken.” A few years after, the anxious eyes of astronomers discovered the last great planet, Neptune. This planet was shown to be the true cause of all the aberrations of Uranus; and what the French astronomer had laid down as a principle in science was proved to be wise and true. The application of the anecdote is obvious. Let us beware of giving up any first principle in theology. Let us not give up the great principle of plenary verbal inspiration because of apparent difficulties. The day may come when they will all be solved. In the meantime we may rest assured that the difficulties which beset any other theory of inspiration are tenfold greater than any which beset our own.—*Canon Ryle.*

## The Work of our Evangelists.

BY ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

OUR readers who have been interested in the labours of Messrs. Clarke and Smith, the Tabernacle Evangelists, during the past few months, will be glad to know that wherever they have gone the Lord has graciously blessed their labours. Churches have been quickened, sinners saved, and backsliders restored. The most encouraging reports have reached us from brethren who have been present at the meetings, all of whom speak in the highest terms of the evangelists and their methods of working.

From the applications which have reached us we are glad to learn that there is a general anxiety amongst the churches to attempt greater things during the coming winter months. Had we twenty men instead of three to send out, duly qualified and called to the work, we could scarcely meet the requests which are urged for evangelistic services. It will be necessary to decline some of the invitations and to postpone others, but in every instance where this is the case we trust that special meetings will be arranged by local brethren, and that ministers will agree to help each other at their respective places of worship. What we want is concentrated effort and hearty co-operation. It will be a great mistake for any brother to refuse to go out of the ordinary way, unless he can secure the services of the evangelists. If we are to reach the people, we must be prepared to adopt every legitimate expedient to that end. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," must be modified into "As it wasn't in the beginning, is now, and shan't long be," if success in soul-winning demands it. Not that principle is to be sacrificed or questionable expedients resorted to. We can secure novelty without compromise, and change our methods without ceasing to be orthodox. Whatever change is effected, the integrity of the gospel must be maintained. The grand purpose of the apostle Paul was "to preach the gospel in the regions beyond," and those who are in the evangelistic succession must prove that they are imbued with the same spirit, even though "the regions beyond" lie around their places of worship. Officialism must not despise innovation, nor indifference urge a languid protest against enthusiasm. We must be in earnest if the church is to be aggressive, and the sincerity of the prayer for a revival must be proved by the efforts which are put forth to make the revival a substantial reality.

Our two brethren Messrs. Clarke and Smith commenced a series of meetings at Landport on the 16th of January, which were largely attended. The pastor, T. W. Medhurst, preached in the morning; J. M. Smith conducted a children's service in the afternoon; and A. J. Clarke preached in the evening. At the successive meetings during the week the interest increased, and on the following Sunday both the chapel and the schoolroom were crowded to excess, large numbers being unable to gain admittance. The following week they made the chapel at Southsea their head quarters, and here their success was equally marked. One service was held for the sailors on board the flagship *Victory*, lying in Portsmouth harbour, and a friend who was present writes, "This visit

to the *Victory* was one never to be forgotten." We trust those sailors who found the Saviour, and are by this time scattered over the world, will become missionaries wherever they go, and thus extend and perpetuate the work commenced. Our readers will re-echo the prayer of the writer referred to—"May the Lord's own people, now roused from their lethargy, have grace that, by their prayers and their efforts, with the Lord's blessing, many may be gathered into the fold of the Redeemer, and may we, in days not far distant, have to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'"

In the month of February, when the pastor was absent, the evangelists conducted special services in the Tabernacle, when efforts were made to bring every class of the community under the sound of the gospel. The work was commenced by an all-day meeting for prayer amongst the students of the College, and by special prayer-meetings in the Tabernacle. Large numbers of workers banded themselves together to visit every house in the neighbourhood with invitations. A special class was invited to occupy reserved seats in the area of the building each evening, and the results proved the wisdom of this step. One evening the *employés* of a large biscuit factory, to the number of two thousand, were present; on another, nearly an equal number of coal-heavers; on a third, policemen and soldiers; on the fourth, young women engaged in shops and work-rooms, and so on. In this way the nucleus of an audience was always secured, and the general public filled the remaining seats of the Tabernacle. We commend this plan to those who contemplate arranging services in large towns and centres of industry, and if the co-operation of the masters can be secured the plan will be sure to succeed. One prominent feature of these February services was the successful manner in which the enquiry meetings were conducted. Workers were distributed over the building, and at the close of the services they moved towards the enquiry room, bringing the anxious with them. The interior walls were also posted with slips, pointing the way for enquirers. It was, therefore, impossible for anyone under conviction to feel that he was uncared for. Every evening the enquiry rooms were filled, and many who had been awakened under the preaching lingered to a late hour, until they "found peace in believing." The writer will never forget one scene he witnessed. The leader of the young men's meeting was led to remark, "It is possible there is a young man here who refuses to pray, because he has been tempted to believe God will not hear the prayer of an unsaved sinner." One of the workers immediately rose to say that the young man sitting next to him was in that condition. The leader then quoted the text, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," and then requested the believers present to join in a hearty amen for every prayer for mercy. The silence was awe-inspiring for a few seconds, while all remained bowed; at length it was broken by the young man, who sobbed out the petition, "Lord, save me!" The united "amen" of the rest was scarcely uttered before another was broken down and cried, "Lord, save me!" This continued for some minutes, and at least twenty young men were led to decision. Those who were in full sympathy with the work experienced what I may call a very agony of joy, the feeling was so intense. Joy beamed from every face as all rose to sing, some for the first time—

"I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in him a resting place,  
And he has made me glad."

At the meetings for testimony and praise many declared what God had done for their souls, and at the close of the services there were upwards of two hundred who had given in their names and addresses, of whose conversion there could be no reasonable cause for doubt. It was the universal testimony that never, in the absence of the pastor, had more successful meetings been held. Unto God be all the praise!

In the month of March the evangelists proceeded to the potteries in Staffordshire, and here "the Lord was with them, confirming the word with signs following." The largest buildings in Burslem and Newcastle-under-Lyme were not large enough to hold the crowds. All sections of the church entered into hearty co-operation, the ministers assisting at the services and prayer-meetings. The most gratifying reports have reached us as to the results of these services, but eternity alone can reveal the extent of the good accomplished. "Not only have we been greatly blessed," writes the Baptist minister, "but Christians from all the other communities in the town, who have attended in large numbers, have been revived and stimulated. The enthusiasm of the meetings grew each evening. There was some prejudice against the evangelists in the town before their arrival, but they soon carried everything before them."

From Staffordshire they went to Newcastle-on-Tyne, at the invitation of "the Noon-day Prayer-meeting Committee," and were heartily welcomed by the ministers and members of all denominations. The railway works at Gateshead, and the ordnance works of Sir William Armstrong, at Elswick, were visited, and services held for the men during the dinner hour. One gentleman defrayed the expenses of hiring the Town Hall for one Sunday, Mr. Smith conducted a children's service in the afternoon, and both evangelists preached in the evening. The hall, which holds upwards of three thousand people, was crowded on each occasion. It is impossible to estimate the numbers who attended the services during the three weeks' campaign at Newcastle, or the good that was accomplished. The pastor of the Baptist church concludes a very interesting account of the work with the sentence, "They carry with them the best wishes of hundreds who have derived spiritual benefit from their meetings."

Important as it is to visit the large towns, it is perhaps more important to evangelize the outlying villages where there is no religious service apart from the State Church, and where the gospel is either obscured by the theatricals of a sensuous ritual, or diluted by the sophistries of a rationalistic theology. The condition of many of our English villages is deplorable in the extreme; the people are either blindly superstitious or grossly immoral. Educated in the belief that the Established Church has a monopoly of religion, they come to regard Nonconformity as a worthless counterfeit, and its ministers as spiritual quacks. It is difficult to commend the gospel to the ignorant, but when ignorance is fortified by prejudice the difficulty is increased. Our two brethren resolved in the early summer to see what could be done in

the Surrey villages lying around Redhill, where, although Dissent exists, it cannot be said to flourish, for the ministry of soup and blankets appeals very powerfully to the selfish instincts of a rural population. Hodge with twelve shillings a week, and a family of nine to support, is apt to think more of that special form of godliness which has "the promise of the life that now is," than of that which promises him the blessing of the life "which is to come." All honour to the noble few who despise the doles of charity and obey the dictates of conscience, who prefer poverty to patronage, and upon whom "things unseen and eternal" exert a greater influence than "things seen and temporal."

With the thriving town of Red Hill for a centre, where they conducted a noon-day prayer-meeting, the Evangelists held services at Godstone, Charlwood, Merstham, Reigate, Nalder's Wood, Horley, Kingswood, and Bletchingley, Mr. Smith's silver cornet proving an agent of immense value in rallying the people. Once gathered, the work of preaching became an easy task. During the third week their labours were confined to Red Hill, a large tent being erected on the common, and forming a conspicuous object for miles around. In addition to the congregation hundreds of loungers were scattered over the common during the services, most of whom could hear the voice of the preacher. A minister labouring in the vicinity, and who threw himself heartily into the work, thus writes: "For the stimulus given, for the refreshing enjoyed, for the reviving manifested, for the awakening granted, as the outcome of these special labours, we 'thank God and take courage.'" On this occasion the best helpers of the evangelists were members of the Society of Friends. This is clear evidence that our evangelists go forth in a generous spirit, and are ready to work with all their brethren in the common cause.

Mr. John Burnham, who can both sing and preach very acceptably, was added to the Evangelists' staff at the Conference in April last. During the following week he visited Bexley, Sevenoaks, Tunbridge, Goudhurst, and Marden, in Kent; on April 22 he went to Sittingbourne, and from there to the Congregationalists at Bishop's Waltham, Fareham, and Itchen. He conducted a series of special services of a week at Lower Norwood, and of the same period at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton, and Spencer Place, Goswell Road, Islington. On June 9 Mr. Burnham visited Masden and Staplehurst, on the 16th addressed the members of Mrs. Allison's class, and afterwards spoke and sung at the mission room in which Mr. William Olney, junr. is doing such excellent service for the Lord. The following day he commenced work in the Isle of Wight, where he conducted services at West-Cowes, Ventnor, Ryde, Brading, Shanklin, Sandown, and Newport, and when his last report reached us he was just departing for Andover, Alton, and Brighton. We have received from many of these places very encouraging reports of our brother's work. His voice suits him for smaller places than our brethren Clarke and Smith, and as he works alone there is not the double expense. This we thought would enable the country towns and villages to obtain a visit from him without their being burdened with any heavy expense. He is now ready to take engagements for the winter, and any friends writing to the Pastors'

College can obtain full particulars. We have had abundant testimony of Mr. Burnham's special usefulness, and have no doubt that through the coming season he will go preaching and singing from village to village, and that the Lord will bless both preachers and people by his means. While we are writing we have received a letter in which a minister says, "His work here was not in vain. Six young people are proposed for church membership, and several others *are* members of the invisible church. We hope to see him again in the coming winter." Churches whose ministers are from the Pastors' College will have the preference in allotting our brother's journeys, but after that he will be glad to work for the Master in any place where he is welcome.

The worst point about this evangelistic enterprise is that the pecuniary support given to it is small. As yet we have not had to speak of debt, but the funds are very low. When we consider the wide area over which Messrs. Clarke and Smith have sown the seed, it is somewhat surprising that so few ever enquire—"How do these men live?" They praise them, and work with them, but they forget that they have wives and families to be supported, and that this burden lies upon Mr. Spurgeon and the Committee. There ought to be more voluntary thoughtfulness about the Lord's work. Mr. Spurgeon hopefully expected that the "Society of Evangelists" would receive help from all the places where the evangelists render service, but this has seldom been the case; those who have reaped the benefit have not helped to give the labourers their hire. In some instances poverty prevented, but in others this could not have been the case. One collection would have done it, with a few generous donations, but the fund which supports the men is not usually thought of. Here is a grand enterprise, and God is blessing it, but because there is no public meeting with a lord in the chair, no stimulating rivalry of a subscription list, and no collection to make people "stand and deliver," the mass of professors pass it by. Are there not some of a nobler order who will count it a pleasure to share in this useful effort? We put it in this light and then leave it with the consciences of God's people. We were enabled to place Mr. Burnham on our list through the generosity of one individual, who wishes to be anonymous; are there not others who will help to sustain two such able workers as Clarke and Smith? Is it not a good work, and one which is more and more needed? Shall it languish, then? Shall a soul-saving enterprise be hampered? No. We ask for means to employ yet more men; and we cannot believe that our present straitness of funds will long continue.

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## The Protestant Press.

THE account which the Religious Tract Society is able to give of its operations appears to increase in importance and interest each succeeding year, and to awaken in a corresponding degree our liveliest gratitude. It becomes more apparent every day that such an agency is not only a vast blessing to the country in a direct Christian sense, but is also useful in counteracting the popish or semi-infidel teaching of other institutions which work their tactics by using the Christian name. The Tract Society has, doubtless, many of the shortcomings common to human associations. Certain of its rules may be strait-laced; there may be occasionally a large consumption of red tape; but a committee which is pledged to please everybody will occasionally find itself in a strait between common sense and expediency. Many of the books issued may be unwise commercial speculations; a large proportion of the tracts may be a waste of good ink and paper; but where difficulties of no ordinary nature abound we find the larger opportunity for the exercise of charity. One of the most mischievous mistakes consists in the custom of paying for tracts at a uniform rate, and thus discouraging the production of a superior article.

That tract distribution is the scattering of good seed, which from time to time bears abundant fruit, can be proved from the accounts we are constantly receiving. Preachers of the gospel have frequently testified that tracts have been the instruments of their conversion. Thus Mr. H. W. Webb Peplow, a clergyman of the Church of England, in a sermon preached on behalf of the society, confessed that the reading of a tract on a race-course, whither he went as a young man to banish serious thought, marked the turning point in his own career. He fled from the ground, and also from the wrath to come, to find refuge in Christ. The case of another clergyman is mentioned, who by a similar messenger was led to renounce error. He read a tract, the doctrines of which were at first distasteful, but were afterwards embraced with joy. Since that day that preacher's ministry has been blessed to thousands of souls. Cases quite as remarkable, or even more so, are frequently occurring in the ranks of lowly life. Many a drunkard's home has become transformed through the reading of a tract; and temporal as well as eternal good has been the result. There appears to be an increasing willingness on the part of the common people to read what is offered them, and this should encourage increased distribution.

We will now take a rapid survey of what has been accomplished in the foreign field during the last year.

In *France* we find the people breathing more freely after having passed through a great crisis, and escaped from the snare laid by the ultramontanes. The tactics of the fanatical party are producing results directly opposite to those hoped for; a reaction has occurred, and the fact is mentioned by one journal as "a thing unheard of in our history—four ministers out of nine in the government are Protestants."

In *Paris* upwards of three hundred and eighty-four thousand copies of evangelical publications have been sold. The following admirable

remarks, spoken at the anniversary of the Paris society, by Theodore Monod, are worthy of some attention in England :—

“ Why do we want new tracts ? Why not content ourselves with reprinting the best of the old ones ? It is necessary, without dropping the old ones, to have new. There is a continual demand for them. Besides, everything changes. Numbers of the allusions, and the comparisons of forty years ago, have no meaning for us now. The very manner of expressing oneself varies from one generation to another. Our society ought to bring forth from its treasury things both new and old. Who ought to write new tracts ? Not always the man who says, ‘ I could easily compose a tract.’ Nor he who says, ‘ I am not able to do it.’ The man who ought to write a tract is the one who feels that he has a tract to write. Have you never said to yourselves, ‘ There should be a tract on that subject’ ? Well, write one. When ? As soon as possible. As the proverb says, ‘ Strike while the iron is hot.’ What are the subjects which should be treated of, and whence are they to be taken ? You must think, you must pray, you must search. In your reading you may find tracts almost ready made ; bring them under the notice of the committee. In the old stories of our history, in the sermon you have heard, in the remarks made by those around you, and in the incidents of daily life—everywhere fruitful subjects are to be found. The essential thing is to have something to say, and to say it well !”

The following is a grateful instance of the revolution which one tract may effect after leaving the hands of the distributor :—“ A schoolmaster, whom I know well, but whose name I forbear to mention, seeing one day a Romish priest coming down the steps of his church, where he had just been saying mass, went up to him and gave him a tract. It was as if he had suddenly fired a shot. The curé was at first astounded, and probably offended ; but he thought, no doubt, that the man would not have ventured to take such a step if he had not been firm in his convictions. The priest therefore read the tract ; and the end of this story is that the priest died a pastor, and a deservedly respected one, of one of our churches in the north, and the man who had been the means of his conversion became the schoolmaster in his parish.”

An attempt is being made to issue a new edition by subscription of Calvin’s “ Commentaries.” As, however, at least eight hundred subscribers would be required, it is uncertain whether the scheme will succeed. The work would chiefly be acceptable to pastors, but a select few of the non-preaching class would also prize the book. To what a depth of apathy has France descended when a few hundred subscribers cannot be obtained in order to facilitate the publication of the works of one of her greatest teachers. The committee of the Religious Tract Society in London have aided the dissemination of religious literature in France to the extent of £1860.

The central depot for the publication of evangelical books and tracts in Paris is at No. 4, Place du Théâtre. Under the able management of Mr. G. Pearse the house is a centre of gospel influence. The works of the London Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, besides others, are there found, as well as the widely-circulated magazines of Miss Blundell, *Ami de la Maison* and *Rayon du Soleil*.

There is also a well-conducted depot at Brussels; but as a city Brussels is enshrouded in popish darkness. The following, which comes from Belgium, will give some idea of the needs of the country :

“Some Christians at Antwerp were asked what they could do for God during the fêtes, where God was not thought of; how they could proclaim *free salvation* to the multitudes in this town, where a few steps from the chapel and from the tomb of Rubens in another chapel, and on the marble of another tomb, Catholicism has for two centuries displayed her chief error in its grossest form in a Flemish distich, of which the following is a translation—

‘Heaven is gained by violence,  
Or purchased by the force of money.’

They decided on making a large distribution of tracts. In the space of three days more than twenty thousand tracts, and from fifteen to sixteen hundred portions of the gospels, were circulated. The tracts, wrote one of the colporteurs employed in this work, have on the whole been well received. At the Place Verte a German woman followed me, crying out, ‘Do not accept them; throw away the books, they are bad.’ In spite of this the greater number were accepted. Thus, whilst the prince of darkness employed a grown-up person to destroy the good seed, the Lord, the Father of lights, employed a little boy, who voluntarily offered himself to help in the distribution of tracts. I was still at the Place Verte, when a gentleman accosted me, and asked if I knew English. I answered, ‘that I only knew French and Flemish.’ He then said in French these short but encouraging words, ‘May God bless you.’”

The best news from Belgium is to the effect that the people are becoming weary of priestcraft, and are having their eyes opened to the absurdity of picture-worship and Mariolatry.

The Evangelical Society of Geneva continues its work in a quiet way. Nearly twenty thousand copies of the Bible, Testaments, and portions have been distributed, besides over two hundred almanacks and tracts. A colporteur of this society in La Vienne writes as follows: “One gentleman took me home with him, and showed me a map of France. ‘Look at those parts coloured black; they are those where education is most backward.’ The curé said to me, ‘They are the best parts of France.’ He said at the same time, ‘It is frightful to see all the books which are circulated by means of English, French, and American societies. They do not seem to do much in any one year; but anyone who can go back thirty years will remember how those who sold them found houses closed against them. Now even Catholics ask them in, converse with them, buy an almanack, a Testament, or a Bible; they let the colporteur read to them. Something of what is said always remains in the mind, and soon the Catholics will be half Protestants, and will not listen to the curés.’”

In *Italy* the work goes forward in spite of the determined opposition of an anti-christian hierarchy. Mr. Wall, the pastor of the Baptist church, is a very active evangelist, both as a writer and a distributor of gospel publications. The New Testament, with Notes, is also to be translated into Italian. The little Italian periodicals also bravely hold

on their way. The *Famiglia Cristiana* has a circulation of twelve hundred a week. The *Amico dei Fanciulli* is also said "to find its way not only into the Sunday-schools of all the evangelical denominations, but also into many Roman Catholic schools. The Waldensian pastor at Palermo has succeeded in obtaining about one hundred subscribers, and the mistress of a commercial school in a small town in the Maremma, although she is not connected with any evangelical church, takes regularly forty-two copies. The extreme misery which exists this year in almost every part of Italy has prevented many from renewing their subscriptions. I often receive letters expressing the deep regret with which those who had been accustomed to take it are obliged to give it up. Many who were in comfortable circumstances formerly can this year hardly find the means to purchase food."

A Bible car has been started, and, as regards the sales effected among the peasantry, with the most encouraging results.

The Protestant Press is actively engaged in *Spain* notwithstanding the determined opposition of the priests and the perplexities connected with the censorship of the press. The Protestants have an organ called *La Luz*, and this is now opposed on behalf of the priests by *La Revista Catolica*. The latter taunts the Evangelicals with their fewness and poverty, and is thus answered by the spirited gospel advocate: "Various reasons may contribute to the want of good churches—want of taste, want of time, or want of means. Spaniards are not deficient in taste, nor is Protestantism an enemy to beauty or to the arts. But our time has been short, and our means scanty, in spite of those 'pounds sterling' which are so much talked about. What is there wonderful in this, when the Catholic Cathedral of Seville, in spite of centuries of time and abundant wealth, still remains unfinished? To condemn or to throw contempt upon the poverty of our chapels is the same thing as to ridicule the primitive Christians, who turned into churches the dwellings of their poor adherents, or missionaries in heathen countries, who have to begin by using huts for places of prayer. The *Revista* may be assured, however, that with time we shall have good places of worship, and this without calling in to our aid lotteries and theatrical representations, which are at the present day the recourse (how moral in their tendency!) of the fresh-kindled piety and faith of the Catholics of our country. And even now, if the *Revista* chooses to take a walk through Spain, it will see that we have good buildings—some of them quite new."

During the year, fifty new publications have been issued from the Madrid depot, including a new edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and a "Life of Luther." The committee of the Tract Society, in London, annually subsidize *La Luz* and *El Cristiano*.

The chief obstacle encountered in *Germany* is the spread of Socialism, and the Atheism and immorality with which it is synonymous. Atheism appears to be becoming an organized conspiracy against religion and social order. Still, the Berlin Town Mission continues its operations with unabated energy, and, stimulated by the committee in London, the distribution of evangelical publications is continued with success. The good results arising from the tracts and books are continually appearing to encourage the agents. In one place we find a man relinquishing

Sunday trading through reading a Protestant tract ; in another instance a would-be suicide is turned from his purpose by the same means. Encouraged by assistance from our Religious Tract Society, the German Evangelical Society circulates large numbers of publications, and sends its colporteurs abroad. An attempt has been made to supplant the infidel almanacks by something better ; but, just now, times are hard in Germany, and people with tearful eyes will confess their inability to purchase books.

*Sweden* has been the scene of a remarkable revival ; and the Evangelical Society of that country look to 56, Paternoster-row for a large portion of the money representing their expenditure. The following gratifying testimony comes from a pastor at Stockholm :—

“ We are in the midst of a revival of religion, such as we have never before witnessed in this country. In some places almost the whole population have turned to the Lord. Thus, in the parish of Alunda, in the vicinity of Upsala, with a population of three thousand, in two weeks six hundred to seven hundred are reported as having been lately converted. Children from eight to nine years of age, and persons from seventy to eighty years old, have joined in praising the Lord for his saving mercy. The revival went through the parish like a forest fire, in some places sweeping all before it. Even infidels and blasphemers were converted. As a very rejoicing sign of the times, it is reported that the clergy of the Established Lutheran Church and the pastor of the Baptist Church in this place work hand in hand in revival efforts. Here, in Stockholm, there has also been a glorious work of revival going on during the last months. The Baptist Chapel has been crowded to its utmost extent, both on Sundays and week-day evenings. Even the Lecture-room has been opened on Sunday evenings for preaching the Word to those who could not get in upstairs. Last Sunday, April 1st, the right hand of fellowship was extended to fifty who were received into our communion. Several of the Lutheran places of worship have also been crowded to their utmost extent.”

A very interesting feature of the work in *Bohemia* is the re-issue, at a cheap rate, of the works of her older martyrs and confessors. These books “ bear the stamp of national genius,” and their re-issue, at this opportune moment, will revive the memory of John Huss and his stout-hearted followers. Mr. Kasper, who is at work in the country, is commendably enthusiastic respecting this work of republication ; and we are glad to note that he has been encouraged by a grant of £120. In a letter asking for assistance, he gives particulars of several of the works about to be issued, *e.g.* :—

“ I. *Hlubina vespernosti* (‘ The Immovable Foundation ’). This was written by T. A. Commenius, at a time when the faithful in Bohemia were cruelly persecuted, and when he had to hide himself in woods and dens. Having established the unstableness and vanity of everything earthly, the author elaborately shows how everything good and desirable and true is centred in Christ alone, and may through faith in him be found and enjoyed.

“ II. *Vyhost sveta* (‘ Farewell to the World ’), explaining how one of those who has had enough of the world’s dregs, and who at last has found grace, being made a servant of Christ, now once for all makes

known his firm purpose to separate himself from the ways of sin and sinners. The title explains everything.

“III. *Zivot Jana Augusty* (‘Life of J. Augusta’), containing the history of a sixteen years’ prisoner for Christ. Jan Augusta, bishop of the ancient Bohemian Brethren Church, was one of the most distinguished men of his time. His enemies hoping that, if he could be secured, the whole Church might be easier destroyed, spread false accusations of treason against him, and Ferdinand I., in 1547, made him a prisoner at Krivoklat, where during sixteen years he was subjected to horrible torments and privations. Nevertheless, Augusta held firm in the faith, and he has made the years of his confinement memorable to this very day, by composing in the darkness of his cell many beautiful hymns, which are sung in our churches up to the present time. The various incidents of his martyrdom, as well as his constancy and the foundation of his hope, are here vividly depicted by another distinguished man of God, Jan Blahoslav, and the whole is a touching illustration of Hebrews xi. from the records of our own history.”

During the late war the hospitals were liberally supplied with Testaments and evangelical publications; and these appear to have been preferred before the lighter literature supplied by native friends in St. Petersburg. Grants of cash were sent from London on condition that corresponding sums were raised in Russia. £900 was sent during the year. In Poland the work of distribution and of colportage proceeds, in spite of the violent opposition of priestcraft.

*India* has strong claims on the sympathy of England, and the funds voted are continually increased. During the last decade the sales of religious works has trebled by increasing from half a million to a million and a-half. “During the same period,” we are told, “the local contributions have risen from £845 to £1,691; the proceeds of English sales from £1,702 to £3,346; the vernacular sales from £216 to £1,061.”

What may be accomplished by one book is forcibly illustrated in the history of a well-worn volume given by a missionary to a man in a crowded market:—

“Twenty years after this book was given away, some missionaries visited a new and distant part of the country, and heard of a village where there were people calling themselves Christians. I happened to be a member of this party, and I never can tell you the gratitude and the joy it brought to our hearts when we heard of this; and going to the village, we were told the history of this book; how it fell into the hands of a prominent man and an independent thinker; how he learned this book by heart, committed every page of it to memory, and recited it, morning and evening, to his neighbours; how he threw away his idols; how he told the Brahma priest he should never come to his house again; that he had no offerings to make to him, no worship to give him; that he became a Christian; and how, after twenty years, we found eight believers ready to be baptized and organized into a Christian church.”

It is humiliating to have to confess that a great obstacle in the way of converting the heathen is English infidelity. The tracts and books of London atheists are largely circulated.

*China* is a vast field, calling for all the efforts which the Protestant press is able to put forth ; and we notice that there is a likelihood of a translation being undertaken of "The Annotated Paragraph Bible." Few indeed are the missionaries at present, labouring in *China*; the difficulties in the way of success are sufficient to cow an ordinary man, but while the Lord raises up such brethren as Hudson Taylor and others none may hint at fear.

From the above it will appear that our English Religious Tract Society is ceaselessly active, and that, speaking literally, its field of operation is the world. The magnitude of the work to be done is something which the mind cannot grasp, so that if the funds subscribed were increased tenfold the money could be used in the best of mission work, and the world be the better for the outlay.

At home the prodigious activity of the Protestant press is one of the marked characteristics of the age. The abolition of the paper duty gave a mighty stimulus to all kinds of printing, and especially to periodical literature, so that publishers are beginning to complain that their book sales are falling off in consequence of people reading little else than newspapers and magazines. Periodicals are constantly being multiplied, and a very large proportion of these are exponents of religion. They call themselves "Christian;" but that term would mean a good many different things if it included all the idiosyncracies of a motley company of editors. For example, one of the youngest in the field is mainly occupied with sensational novels; and an article in one of its numbers by an infidel professor, patronizing the Bible, is as pernicious as anything one would be likely to hear in a back slum "hall of science." Somewhat of a contrast to this is the Plymouth tendency of *The Christian*, concisely reflected in the remark, "We are not fond of multiplying chapels," which lately occurred in an article on the work of Mr. Cuff in Shoreditch. Brethrenism strongly impregnates certain weeklies which are received by other Christians without suspicion, and are likely to do subtle mischief among the young in making them discontented with all regular and organized church life.

The commercial morality of some other religious journals ranks lower than that of the daily papers; for the advertisements they publish would not have the least chance of appearing in *The Times*. This advertising business is a very difficult one, and we would not be too severe, but surely a line should be drawn somewhere. One "Christian" paper, more remarkable for its eccentric English than for its literary vigour, appears to be ready to puff anybody, and any article, in return for a good advertisement. Another cause of just complaint is seen in the usage, also now introduced, of making long puffing advertisements to appear as original articles. We marvel that the traders themselves care for such a shallow system, for all educated people know when an article is a mere puff, and they conceive a prejudice against the merchandize which is thus advertized. The public who are deceived by these productions, and we suppose that an ignorant residuum will be deluded, are not so much to blame as the vendors, because there is no sin in trusting the honour of so-called Christian broadsides. Papers which act in this manner are trifling with their best interests; they will assuredly be losers in the end.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to hope that our youthful contemporary, *The Christian Signal*, will from the first exemplify a high-toned business morality, and thus set an example to those who need it. Honesty in journalism, as in commerce, will eventually prove the best policy. Once establish a reputation for integrity, and the money value will not be small to a trustworthy advertising medium.

*The Christian Signal* is one of the latest as well as one of the most hopeful developments of the Protestant press in this country. The paper is started to supply a recognized want, and not merely to add another aspirant to public favour in an already too thickly occupied field. "We believe that by supporting it, and endeavouring to promote its circulation, we shall be rendering great service to the interests of the evangelical faith upon which our churches are founded." That is the declaration of a large number of leading ministers throughout the country, who are desirous of having an evangelical organ; and the enthusiasm with which many of them are promoting the establishment of the paper shows that they do not intend it to fail through dilatory action. The founders of the paper have been greatly cheered by this disinterested service. If the paper is to succeed, let it owe some of its success to personal effort; for by such means the people can do even more than an editor to build up a first-class journal. We lately met with a pastor who had distributed two thousand specimen numbers through various channels. The newspaper is a power either for good or for evil of incalculable magnitude; and if *The Christian Signal* is conducted with vigour it will not only command public favour, it will render a grand service to the Protestant cause.

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## Things upside down.

WHY do Ritualists tell us the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper must be taken fasting—*before breakfast*?—*Because* Christ instituted it *after supper*.

Why do they use wafers instead of bread, and wine and water instead of wine?—*Because* Christ "took bread and brake it," and likewise after supper he took the cup (containing "the fruit of the vine") and said, "Do this in remembrance of me," therefore they do *something else*.

Why do they assert Christ's real bodily presence in the elements?—*Because* Christ said, "Do this in *remembrance* of me," and we evidently cannot do anything in remembrance of a person unless he is *absent* from us. The apostle also, when he said, "As oft as ye do this, ye do show forth the Lord's death *till he come*," equally implies his "real absence."

Why do they imply, by their masses for the dead, a purgatory to cleanse the remains of sin?—*Because* we are told "that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from *all sin*."

Why do they offer the "unbloody sacrifice" for the remission of sins?—*Because* "Cain, who was of that wicked one," offered such a sacrifice, and because "without shedding of blood," the apostle tells us, "is no remission."—*From Hely Smith's "Real Ritual Reason Why."*



## George Moore, Merchant and Philanthropist.\* †

IT seems but the other day when a shock was felt by the universal heart of the English-speaking people on hearing of the sudden death of George Moore, and now we are in possession of the story of his life-toils, presented with all the charm of style which has won for Dr. Smiles a rich renown in this department of literature.

The author has found in his latest hero a welcome illustration of the art of "Self-Help"—a term which has come to be associated with his name; but he has found more than this, for the man, whose life-story he records, was a noble example of the philanthropist, and a very prince amongst those who make "Brother-Help" the justification of wealth, and who, by golden links, endeavour to unite the people in one great brotherhood.

If Dr. Smiles narrates with fulness and freedom the trials and triumphs of a man who had resolved to "get on," he avoids the glorification of mere success, for he portrays, with equal fidelity, the generous benefactor, and shows how the consecration of his wealth to the cause of God and humanity was determined by Christian principle and was not the outcome of mere impulse or the love of fame.

With such a character to portray Dr. Smiles has succeeded in producing a book which, while it is a charming piece of biography, enforces lessons of industry, thrift, benevolence, and religion. Young men cannot fail to derive very valuable assistance from its perusal. They will learn that common-sense, tact, industry, and perseverance were the tools by which the hero carved his way to fortune; that integrity, discretion, benevolence, and piety secured him honour and affection.

It is impossible to read the story of George Moore's childhood without discovering the promise, if not the possession, of those qualities which entered into his character as a man. If he played at marbles, he

\* By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London: George Routledge, Ludgate Circus.

† We should have delighted personally to prepare this brief abstract of the life of our dear and faithful friend, but it was beyond our power to do so. He was a great helper to our work, and a personal friend also. We shall never forget the few days we spent at his house, for he was a man after our own heart. Plain, brusque, and unaffected, careless of form and ceremony, open-hearted, dashing, and cheerful, we rejoiced in such a host, and felt at home in his mansion at once, as we should think every other visitor must have done. A man more free from pride we never met; his workpeople and poor neighbours revered him as a friend as much as they respected him as a master; he had always a kind familiar word for them, not of patronising condescension, but of manly greeting. We are half afraid to tell of our mutual mirth in each other's company, and how our two sons and a reverend divine of the Church of England joined in the hearty fun; but there was the due counterpoise, for the word of God and prayer were in due season, and a sermon in the hall also. Mr. Moore left to the Orphanage a sufficient sum to secure to it for all time the amount which he had been in the habit of annually subscribing, namely, £50. But this is a small part of what in his lifetime he would quietly supply to our other works. He was a Churchman of a school so deeply evangelical that we were wont to call him "a Dissenter in the church." However, we were one in Christ Jesus, and rejoiced in the great truths of the old orthodox faith, and in one point from which some differ we were both very decided—we both believed in the Bible being read in the Board Schools, and reckoned that to be no education from which the word of God is dissociated.—C. H. S.

succeeded so well that his companions concluded that his marbles had a particular charm which guaranteed success; and they freely bought them at a penny a-piece, although they could match them at the shop at just one-tenth the price. When he went bird's-nesting he captured his spoils where no one else dared venture—from bushes which overhung the Dowbeck burn, the trees which skirted the river Ellen, and the Peel towers of Whitehall and Harby-brow. Fond of adventure, he went with a companion to see an execution, walking there and back, a distance of 34 miles, and while his companion saw but little he saw everything, for "he pushed through amongst the people's legs, and when he got to the troop of dragoons who surrounded the scaffold, he passed under the horses' legs, got to the front rank and saw all that happened." When he commenced work he says, "I started at 6d. a day, and by the time that I was 10 years old I got 1s. 6d. a day. When I reached the age of 12, being a very strong boy, 'I carried my rig' with the men. I sheared with the sickle, and kept time and pace with the full-grown shearers. For this I earned 2s. a day, with my food. This was considered unequalled for a boy of my age to accomplish."

When he was apprenticed to a draper at Wigton, a country town near Carlisle, he was put to do menial work, but he soon made his services indispensable to his master in the higher branches, and was so greatly esteemed that when his master began to neglect his business, through drink, his apprentice averted the impending ruin by his rare tact and energy. Never was a youth in greater peril than was George Moore during the early part of his apprenticeship. His step-mother had arranged for him to take his meals at a public-house, which threw him into the society of taproom loungers and gamblers. He soon became an adept at card-playing, and often won considerable sums of money. When he began to reflect on his ways he felt so humiliated at the thought of his possible future, that after lying in bed for 24 hours, without food or drink, the victim of remorse, he arose resolved to give up gambling, and soon after began to attend the classes at an evening school to improve his education. Having won the esteem of the townspeople, a banker on one occasion engaged his services to convey a considerable sum of money to a client who had crossed the Border to purchase cattle. When he had executed his commission he consented to assist the farmer in driving home the cattle which he purchased. The farmer attempted to save time by crossing the Solway Sands, but he had not calculated upon the return of the tide. The result was that many of the cattle were carried away by the incoming tide, and George Moore and his companion narrowly escaped drowning.

His apprenticeship coming to an end, he resolved to leave Cumberland, and seek his fortune in London. With his father's consent, and £30 to boot, he was ready to start, but when the hour for parting came, they fairly broke down. Dr. Smiles says, "The father grat and the son grat, one against the other. At last Nanny Graves could stand it no longer. 'What gars ye greet that way,' she said to John Moore, 'depend upon 't yer son 'il either he a great nowt (nothing) or a great soomat'" (something) and we suspect that her unexpressed conviction was in favour of the latter alternative.

Conscious of his own powers, he was greatly disappointed on his

arrival in London, that they were not instantly recognised by others. His temper was sorely tried by the rebuffs he met with, especially when one employer asked him if he wanted "a porter's place." After wandering over London, entering as many as thirty drapers' shops a day in quest of a situation, he was about to emigrate to America, when Mr. Ray, a Cumberland man, who had heard of his arrival, sought him out, and he accordingly entered the firm of Flint, Ray, and Co., at a salary of £30 a year.

On proceeding from his lodgings to his situation he engaged a costermonger to convey his belongings in a large ancestral hair trunk, which he inherited from his uncle. At a turn of the street he suddenly missed the man and stood amazed, disconsolate, and solitary in the midst of the passing crowd, fearing he had lost his all. After waiting for about two hours on a door step, he saw the man he had missed, equally bewildered. "George was full of delight, and in his exuberance of gratitude, he offered the man all the money he had in his pocket, which amounted to nine shillings. But the costermonger was an honest man. 'No, no,' said he, 'it's very kind of you, but the five shillings that we agreed upon will be quite enough.' He then handed him back the four shillings." Such an opportunity to increase a bargain would have proved too strong a temptation for some in a superior walk of life, and we are glad the story is preserved to the credit alike of George Moore and the costermonger.

The account which George Moore gives of himself on commencing life in London is worth recording, for the wholesome lesson which it teaches. He says, "the first thing I did to remedy my defects was to put myself to school at night, after the hours of employment were over; and many an hour have I borrowed from sleep in order to employ it in the improvement of my mind. At the end of the eighteen months I had acquired a considerable addition to my previous knowledge, and felt myself able to take my stand side by side with my competitors. Let no one rely in such cases on what is termed luck. Depend upon it that the only luck is merit, and that no young man will make his way unless he possesses knowledge, and exerts all his powers in the accomplishment of his objects."

A romantic episode now occurred which, as it has been variously narrated, may be as well told in the words of the biographer, "When George Moore had been about six months at Grafton House, he one day observed a bright little girl come tripping into the warehouse, accompanied by her mother. 'Who are they?' he asked of one standing near. 'Why, don't you know?' said he, 'That's the guvnor's wife and daughter!' 'Well,' said George, 'if ever I marry, that girl shall be my wife.'" Strange, if not rash, as was the resolution, it came to pass, and Eliza Flint Ray became Mrs. George Moore.

Removing to the wholesale house of Fisher, Stroud, and Robinson, at an increased salary, and with wider scope for the exercise of his powers, he felt his fortune was made. But alas! his uncouth manner provoked an adverse verdict from one of his employers, who told him that he was the greatest blockhead that he had ever seen for a Cumberland lad, and he began to despair of success. Doubtless, he wanted at this period the three cardinal virtues of a city house—promptitude,

quickness, and accuracy. But it was only for George Moore to discover his own deficiency to set to work to remedy it. A very few months soon proved him possessor of these very qualities in a remarkable degree.

In comparing town and country boys, Dr. Smiles very truly observes, "The city boy scarcely grows up. He lives amid a constant succession of excitements, one obliterating another. In fact, his reflective powers have scarcely time to grow and expand. It is very different with the country boy. He is much slower in arriving at his maturity than the town boy; but he is greater when he reaches it. He is hard and unpolished at first; whereas the town boy is worn smooth by perpetual friction, like the pebbles in a running stream. The country boy learns a great deal, though he may seem to be unlearned. He knows a great deal about nature, and a great deal about men. He has had time to grow. His brain power is held in reserve. Hence the curious fact that in course of time the country-bred boy passes the city-bred boy and rises to the highest positions in London life." The truth of this is patent to all who will only observe, and yet the system of education pursued in the present day is so exacting in its demands that our boys are in danger of an early martyrdom, or what is worse, they must pay the penalty of their precocity in lifelong weakness of body or premature decay of mind. It is impossible to violate the laws of nature with impunity.

When his brother William succeeded him at Grafton House, he was not equal to the duties which George had performed with ease, although he had received a superior education. Then he was very slow in learning his way about London. George at once went to his help, and did what few young men would have done even for a brother. When his day's work was over, he put on an old coat and went from the City to the West End to deliver his brother's parcels. Many a winter's night did he walk through wind and rain with heavy parcels on his shoulder, thus literally bearing his brother's burdens. It is impossible not to feel a thrill of admiration at such conduct.

Having won the esteem and confidence of his employers he was promoted to be a traveller, and it was in this capacity that he achieved almost unprecedented success. He visited more towns, in the same space of time, than any other man, and sold more goods. Such was his dash and industry that he soon became the hero of the commercial room; such were his business triumphs that he was called "The Napoleon of Watling Street." To him business was everything, and he may be said never to have lost an opportunity of promoting the interests of his firm. While his competitors were lingering over the breakfast table he had canvassed the town, and while they were resting he was on the move to other places. The only competitor he feared was a young man who had taken to the road in the interest of a firm of which he was partner, but he managed to out-distance him in several large towns. His rival sought to engage him at a salary of £500 a year, and thus terminate the opposition. This was a tempting offer for a young man who was only receiving £150 a year, but his answer was prompt. "I will be servant for no other house than Fisher's. The only condition upon which I will leave him is a partnership." At length, in

self-defence, his rival, Mr. Groucock, yielded to his terms; and in June, 1830, at the age of twenty-three, George Moore entered as partner into the firm of Groucock and Copestake, which was afterwards known as that of "Groucock, Copestake, and Moore."

Having secured a partnership he worked, if possible, with greater zest than ever. He says, "In the course of my peregrinations I visited every market-town in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, with very few exceptions. For twelve years I never missed, excepting once, starting for Ireland on the first Monday in every month." Many and interesting are the stories of his adventures, but for these we must refer the reader to the volume.

By dint of perseverance and economy the young partners very soon succeeded in doubling the business every year, and for thirteen years George Moore never took a day's holiday. As the business developed the principals began to covet freedom from the wear and tear of travelling, and only took the road at intervals to open up new ground, or to introduce a fresh traveller. In this way they kept their connection together, and drilled into their habits a large number of commercial travellers. A sedentary life soon told upon the health of George Moore, and his medical adviser counselled a trip to America, or hunting: he accepted both remedies, and soon recovered his health.

Now that the business flourished, George Moore began to turn his attention to works of philanthropy. Whenever he embraced a new object, his partners remarked, "he has found another safety valve." It must not, however, be inferred from this remark that his philanthropy was the expedient of a busy man to beguile the tedium of leisure hours, or that it arose from impulsive benevolence. He awoke to the mission of his life as from a dream, and consecrated his time, talents, and resources as to an avocation which he felt to be a call from God. He worked for the societies he took in hand with as much energy and tact as he had brought to bear upon his business, and gave towards their development or maintenance with a princely generosity. There is scarcely a mission of religion or philanthropy, resting upon a catholic basis, which has not been assisted from his purse. Not that he gave indiscriminately, for the sake of giving: he carefully investigated and weighed the various claims which were urged, and so directed the application of his gift that the institution should derive the greatest possible good. His *conditional* benefactions often brought ten times the amount promised, and the result was often achieved by his own personal solicitation.

From his diary, which he kept faithfully posted as though it were a business ledger, we learn not only how he laboured in the cause of philanthropy and religion, but how diligently amidst it all he watched his own spiritual interests. "He went," says his biographer, "from one meeting to another; from an orphan charity school to an hospital; from a Bible society meeting to a ragged school tea; from a young men's Christian association to a working men's institute." He refused to be nominated to a seat in Parliament from the fear that it would interfere with his Christian work and injure his spiritual life. "No," he replied, when asked if he would stand for Marylebone, "I can make better use of my time than that. There are many abler persons than myself willing and anxious to enter Parliament: but how few there are

who are willing to help the ragged and orphan children. That is my work. No, no; let me remain as I am." Had he coveted the ease which acquired wealth is held to deserve, and grasped the honours which his position had brought within his reach, he would have won the applause of the world. But regarding wealth as a sacred trust, and his position as an instrument for good, he denied himself the indulgence of luxurious ease and treated civic and imperial honours as not worthy of his acceptance. He wrote in his diary, "My days on earth are fast drawing to a close. Weeks and months pass away as if by magic. My old friends are dying. I myself must be prepared for following them; it may be in a moment. I cannot allow any worldly honour to be fixed upon me, to the detriment of my eternal interests." This paper would exceed the limits which the editor can allow were we to enumerate the societies which were indebted to George Moore for his generous sympathy, wise counsel, and substantial aid. His name as promoter, trustee, or subscriber to an institution was a pretty good guarantee of its soundness. If a charity, however excellent in its intention, was not governed by strictly commercial principles, he would not lend to it the sanction of his name. After acting on a commission of inquiry into the accounts of a clergyman, at the instance of the Bishop of London, who had received some £14,000 for the poor in "London over the border," as the region around the Victoria Docks was called, he appended to the verdict the following statement, "It is our decided opinion that no single individual should alone undertake the office of almoner for the public; and the great use of the present enquiry may be to show the danger and anxiety to which anyone may be subject who unwisely undertakes such an office."

Honourable intentions do not count for much when public suspicion is aroused, and possible defalcations under a system personally administered will be held to determine actual infidelity to trust. If generous donors would only subscribe to those institutions which have a responsible committee of financial management at their head the adventure schemes of philanthropy would soon disappear.

It must be regarded as a very remarkable feature in his character that, having been so intent upon the acquisition of wealth, he should be so free from the vicious propensity of hoarding it. "The money," he said, "belongs to God: let me give it back to him." On one occasion he found that many of the married men in his employ, with large families, had borrowed money of the firm, which was a clog about their necks. He writes, "I paid them all off out of my own pocket, with a remonstrance not to get into debt again." His last act for his employes was the disbursement of £40,000, each individual receiving a sum in the ratio of £50 for every five years service in the firm. In more than one instance the gift amounted to £1000. On the death of his partner, Mr. Copestake, the whole interest of Bow Churchyard, and the increased value of the freeholds fell to his share. Had he seized the prize no one could have charged him with avarice. It was justly his. How he acted may be seen from the following entry in his diary:—"I have volunteered to give up all Mr. Copestake's shares to my partners. I have also given the new firm about £45,000, the increased value of the freeholds which fell to me at Mr. Copestake's death." His biographer

says, "During some years he gave away more than he made. In other years he gave away more than he spent upon himself. During the last three years of his life he gave an average of £16,000 a year, and at his death he left a large sum to various orphanages and hospitals."

One of the noblest missions of his life was performed as almoner of the Mansion House Fund, for the relief of the people of Paris at the close of the Franco-German war, in 1871. In company with Colonel Stuart Wortley, he started with £5000 in money and 70 tons of food; and, by dint of his extraordinary tact and energy, he accomplished his purpose of running the *first train* into Paris after the siege was raised. How dreadful was the work he had undertaken may be gathered from his diary. He writes—"The crowds at the warehouse increase. This we keep exclusively for women. There is a *queue* of ten or fifteen thousand waiting there to-day (Feb. 12); they have waited all through last night. I felt heart-sick when I saw them. It was one of the wildest nights of sleet and fearful wind; and, starved and exhausted, and drenched as they were, it was a sight to make a strong man weep." Working day and night the almoners soon organised a system so perfect in its operation that relief was administered to all classes. He writes—"I have little time to read the Bible, but I read the ninety-first Psalm every morning, which is a great support to me." Anxiety, sympathy, and overwork told upon his health, inducing at times distressing melancholy. He never forgot the scenes he witnessed: they haunted his waking and his sleeping hours. That he had injured his health and risked his life without fee or reward, and from no other motive than a strong sense of Christian duty, occasioned him no regret. In reflecting upon the work he had the joy of a hero and the solace of a martyr.

From this period his diary abounds with the deepest spiritual reflections. "Let life go as it may, there will always be a strength underlying it, if we have come to Christ." "Outward gifts are subjects of thanksgiving, but not of rejoicing. There is a better joy,—the heart moulded into the will of God. This was our Lord's joy—oneness of will with God. My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." The entry with which he commenced his diary in 1876 indicates that he was the subject of those premonitions which come to a man who is much in fellowship with heavenly things. He writes,—“It may be that I have entered on the last year of my mortal career. If so, what have I to rescue me when stripped of all that I can now call my own? I do believe that Jesus will go with me through the dark valley, and that I shall have an abundant entrance into the presence of God.” When seventy years of age, he felt the force of that natural instinct by which we cling to life, and especially so if we are conscious of fulfilling a divine mission, and he writes, "This unwillingness to die is spiritual rebellion. I ought to be free from this. Can I not trust God for the future? I *ought* to be free, I *can* be free, I *will* be free. I have no doubt of my heavenly Father's love. Christ says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will *in no wise* cast out.'"

All his engagements seemed to him now to be undertaken for the last time. When he decided to go to Carlisle to speak at a meeting of the Nurses' Institutions he said to Mrs. Moore at the breakfast table, "I *must* go; it will be the last time I shall be in Carlisle." His speech

was carefully prepared, his notes concluding with the familiar quotation,—

“ There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.”

The carriage was soon got ready, and while it was waiting for him at the door, as he descended the stairs he called to Mrs. Moore, “ What is that passage in St. Matthew ? ” She replied by the question, “ Do you mean, ‘ I was sick and ye visited me ’ ? ” “ No,” he said, “ I remember : ‘ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ! ’ ” These were the last words which he uttered on the threshold of the house which had been the scene of his holiest friendships, and the centre of his sphere of Christian activity. Arrived at Carlisle in time to allow Mrs. Moore and her sister to do a little shopping before the meeting, he stood opposite the Grey Goat Inn, viewing the house where he had slept fifty-two years before on his way to London, two runaway horses came galloping along, and before he could get out of the way he was knocked down, and sustained an injury which proved fatal in twenty-four hours. The shock to his wife and friends was like that of paralysis. There is something very touching in Mrs. Moore's narrative of the interview, when she saw him after the accident. She writes, “ I said ‘ George, darling ; we have often talked about heaven. Perhaps Jesus is going to take you home. You are willing to go with him, are you not ? He will take care of you.’ He looked wistfully in my face, and said, ‘ Yes, I fear no evil. He will never leave me nor forsake me.’ ” All that human skill, inspired by the devotion of love, could do, was done for the injured man, but it was all of no avail. He had fought a good fight ; he had finished his course ; he had kept the faith, and we doubt not the words which his memory recalled as he left his beloved house for the last time, expressed his welcome to the better home beyond—“ Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Those who knew him, and those who read Dr. Smiles's book, will subscribe to the truthfulness of the epitaph inscribed in Carlisle cathedral:—“ A man of rare strength and simplicity of character, of active benevolence and wide influence. A yeoman's son : he was not born to wealth, but by ability and industry he gained it, and he ever used it as a steward of God, and a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the furtherance of all good works.”

We cannot close this imperfect sketch without urging the moral which breathes from the pages of this interesting and instructive biography.

“ So live, that sinking on thy last long sleep,  
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee weep.”

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.



## Calvin in Geneva.\*

IN directing attention to a book like "The History of Protestantism," to which we shall not be materially indebted for the materials of this article, we feel that our first compliments are due to the publishers. The work is a publisher's book as distinguished from a poor author's venture. It is illustrated with a gallery of engravings—in themselves a picture history—which could only have been produced by a combination of ample capital and spirited enterprise. So far the work is a pleasant educating companion, and so well worth its price that buyers need not fear they will regret having made the purchase. The literary part of the undertaking is somewhat open to criticism. The writer of a popular history, a book intended for wide circulation, should inherit a larger share of impartiality than Dr. Wylie appears to possess; for in literature, as in military prowess, the better part of valour may be discretion. The Independents and Anglicans will complain of the author's undisguised Presbyterian bias; the Baptists have already resented the re-hashing up of what are assumed to be the libels of bitter enemies three hundred years ago! A Protestant history intended for the use of various evangelical bodies should at least be free from sectarian prejudice, or it will not win a genial welcome, nor exercise permanent influence. Still, engravings may be in themselves a history to touch the heart while they elevate the taste, and of these a full complement are found in the history before us.

In the days of those dreadful persecutions which were the means used by the Romish church for quenching the light of the Reformation, the Protestants looked towards Geneva, not with the superstitious reverence characteristic of the other party when they gazed at Rome, but as to a city of refuge—a stronghold whence help might come when all other human assistance failed. In the persecutions which preceded the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the intervention of Calvin through the Protestant princes was not always made in vain. Though great empires were in bondage Geneva was at least free, and its freemen could speak with an authority that was not given to others. That such an oasis should have been severed from the German territory to become a citadel of truth is a blessed example of the working of Providence in the history of nations as well as in the experience of single individuals.

When Calvin first settled in Geneva in 1536 the first break with Rome had only recently occurred, and he was heartily welcomed by Farel, his brother in faith and courage. The civil commotion, or fratricidal strife, which had preceded that happy consummation, may have reminded the pastors of the storms which swept the peaks and ravines of the Alps to be followed by clear skies and soft calms. Seyssel, who united in himself the office of a temporal prince and a Christian bishop, had died more than twenty years before, not, however, without suspicion of poison, as the covetous dukes of Savoy had been wont to look with Ahab-like eyes on his compact little inheritance. The pope and the citizens came into collision in regard to the choice of a suc-

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\* The History of Protestantism. By J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

cessor, the people choosing the abbot of Bonmont, while Leo the Tenth nominated John the Bastard, who ultimately entered into possession. The people were very welcome to complain, but in such an age it was not easy to cope with so subtle an adversary as the reigning pope. To say that Leo was unprincipled is to express only half the truth—he was a liar on principle, and with an ingenuity worthy of his cause he absolved himself from any inconvenient penalties likely to be entailed by his besetting sin. The time came when the duke of Savoy grasped the temporalities, and thus the factious disputes between the patriots and the church were prolonged until the auspicious day when separation and freedom were vouchsafed.

By tracing the thread of this romantic city's chequered history we are able to understand the full meaning of D'Aubigné's words in "The Reformation in Europe in the time of Calvin": "In the beginning of the sixteenth century there was a living force in Geneva. The ostentatious mitre of the bishop, the cruel sword of the duke, appeared to command there; and yet a new birth was forming within its bosom. The renovating principle was but a puny, shapeless germ, concealed in the heroic souls of a few obscure citizens; but its future developments were not doubtful. There was no power in Christendom able to stem the outbreak of the human mind, awakening at the mighty voice of the eternal Ruler. What was to be feared was, not that the progress of civilization and liberty, guided by the divine word, would fail to attain its end, but that, on the contrary, by abandoning the supreme rule, the end would be overshot."

Farel's heart must have leaped for joy when he heard of the arrival of his friend Calvin in a city which needed preachers no less than it lacked able civil administrators. The story of the new comer's conversion must have preceded him, and what was that story? Sincere as a devotee of the Pope, Calvin had found himself in darkness without immediately discovering in what direction he should look for light. He perceived that the Pope was a deceiver before he accepted the leadership of a more trustworthy guide. Were the martyrs right—was the path of fire and blood, after all, a pathway of peace? He read the Scriptures, he wept, felt the power of conscience, and gaining light and confidence as he progressed, he saw that the papacy was a slough of error and iniquity. "O Father!" he cried, "Thou hast placed thy word before me like a torch, and thou hast touched my heart in order that I should hold in abomination all other merit save that of Jesus." A man who had passed through this experience, and who since the day of his conversion had cast off the Pope because the Pope had cast off truth, was the very agent for Farel's purpose, and the facts connected with their first meeting give us the key to the situation at a critical time in the annals of the Reformation. While on a journey the Reformer halted for temporary rest and refreshment; but Farel, excitable and impetuous, not only determined on not allowing Calvin to depart, but threatened his visitor with the displeasure of heaven if he thought of doing so. Calvin suffered himself to be persuaded; he and Farel became partners in the work of the Lord, and henceforth to be absent from Geneva was to be an exile, and severed from a divinely-appointed sphere.

The bold, uncompromising nature of the men soon became apparent, and their sweeping measures in the cause of reform raised in time a storm of opposition which only subsided after they had been banished from the city. Prizing their independence, and loving freedom in the broadest sense, the Genevans were not otherwise before their age. Their city had long been a centre of pleasure, if not of fashion, so that pastors who became political reformers as well as preachers had no chance of winning the approval and confidence of the community at large. Zealous in the cause of morality and religion, the aggressors may have been slow discerners of the national character. While not neglecting the instruction of the ignorant, they may have committed the common mistake of supposing that people can be reformed by statute. Customs such as the citizens accounted liberties were summarily abolished; brides were required to curtail their finery; and the state having more need of guns than bells, the metal of the latter was taken for cannon, so that they could thunder defiance at the enemy in case of need. Judged from our enlightened standpoint of to-day, this was a very short-sighted policy, as little likely to advance religion as persecution was likely to stamp religion out of existence. Yet, impolitic as they may have been, we should in justice remember that the Reformers risked their lives, and were content to do so, while seeking to heal social disorder and advance the public good. Even the wicked men who clamoured for the pastors' expulsion from the city defeated themselves, and, missing their able counsel in dangerous times, were soon glad to vote for their return.

The enemies of Calvin and of the Calvinian theology from the days of the Reformation to our own time, have made the reformer responsible for the death of Servetus, thereby attaching a stain to his memory as undeserved as it is unworthy of these days of fuller knowledge and ampler justice. Theological bias should have nothing to do with determining the merits of a case like this.

Who was Servetus? From the noise which has been raised about him from time to time by the Unitarians, we might suppose this learned renegade to have been the martyr-in-chief of the Socinian system. A native of Arragon, it would have been well both for himself and the church had he peacefully followed the legal profession, for which he was originally educated. Moderately endowed with genius and learning, he might have done effective service but for the pride and obstinacy which first led him to ignore the leadership of competent men, and next to replace the errors of Rome by the equally fatal heresies of his own humanitarian system. His profitless speculations were as dangerous as they were profane; and his manner of dealing with sacred things appears to have been coarse and unguarded. His opinions shocked men of all parties, and had he not escaped to Geneva, it is not unlikely that the Romanists would have assumed the responsibility of sending him to the stake. To the Romanist Servetus was a religious and political firebrand; to the Protestants he was little better than an unclean spirit, going about to create confusion and to undo the work of the Lord. It is not necessary that we should recapitulate the story of his condemnation and death; but it is just that we should remember that the sentence passed upon him was delivered by a civil court; and that

instead of hunting his enemy to death, as violent partisans have represented, Calvin was the one man of the republic who would have saved Servetus, had that been possible. Calvin warned the adventurer not to set foot in Geneva. When in spite of that information he came, the Reformer supposed himself bound by conscience to the constitution of the church to institute a prosecution, and to appear against him as a witness. A writer in the new edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" says: "As for the assertion that Calvin's influence with the magistrates was unbounded, this falls to the ground before the fact that at this time he was in a state of antagonism with the dominant party. That Calvin hated the doctrines which he found in Servetus' book there can be no doubt, and that he thought the author of such views as were there advanced deserving of death, if he refused when reasoned with to recant, is unhappily true; but that he was actuated by personal spite and animosity against Servetus himself there is no evidence; on the contrary, we have his own express declaration that, after Servetus was convicted, he used no urgency that he should be put to death." The views of Dr. Wylie are similar to those of Dr. Alexander just quoted: "It was a vicious jurisprudence; but it was the jurisprudence of former ages, and of that age, and the jurisprudence freely adopted by the citizens of Geneva. Those who condemn Calvin for conforming to it in a matter of public duty, are in reality condemning him for not being wiser in judicial matters than all previous ages, his own included, and for not doing what there is no proof he had power to do, namely, changing the law of the State and the opinions of the age in which he lived."

Calvin laboured to the close of his illustrious course with the zeal of a man who had an inward testimony that his cause was the cause of God; and he has left behind him works which all biblical students value above gold, and which his most zealous opponents have not failed to admire.

To see Calvin at his best, at the height of his full trust in God, we must look at him in his weakness in his last days. He preached until he had to be carried from his house to the church, and finished his last literary work upon his deathbed. Beza, a faithful friend, perceived that the reformer's soul was consuming his body, and accordingly prescribed rest. "What! would you have the Lord find me idle?" asked Calvin. On March the 10th, 1564, he was visited by the Consistory, and a few days afterwards was able to sit once again with his brethren in the council-house. On Easter-day he took the sacramental bread and wine in St. Peter's, and at Whitsuntide, when it was customary to hold an annual dinner, he rose from his bed, and sat at table for a brief space, knowing that he was doing so for the last time. When the people knew that their pastor was drawing nigh to death the mourning and the excitement were almost unparalleled. Crowds met in the streets, they thronged about Calvin's door; and when, on May the 27th, it became known that his spirit had really left its tenement of clay, the citizens bitterly realized that Geneva had lost its presiding genius, the Church its greatest pastor, and the Reformation its chief apostle.

## Religious Heimathlozes.

AMONG the many strange questions presented to the modern ethnologist by the almost numberless divisions and subdivisions of the great human family, by the rise, growth, and the "decline and fall" of nations, several might afford greater interest, and better repay study, but scarcely any would be more perplexing than that which is offered by the existence and history of the people known in our country as gipsies. At different periods, attempts have been made to penetrate and illumine the darkness by which they are surrounded, attempts having for their end something far higher than the gratification of mere curiosity, but which, up to the present, have been followed by only scant success. Around this strange race there is still, as there ever has been, a veil of mystery. Their origin, their methods of life, their pursuits, their wandering habits, their presence in nearly all parts of the world, their separate existence, and their continuance as a race separate and distinct from all others after the many events which would seem to have pointed to their extinction, even the purpose for which they exist at all, are all matters provocative of wonder, and nearly all are enshrouded in a haze of uncertainty. Wherever they have been found,—and they have been found in every continent except America,—their prominent and distinguishing characteristics have been the same; more or less modified, and in some cases, perhaps, softened by such local influences as the varying conditions of climate, and contact with the habits and customs of the people amongst whom they sojourned. Retaining their peculiarities, yet accommodating themselves to their surroundings, in some places tolerated, in others outlawed, nowhere trusted, they are everywhere a hardy, predatory, indolent, crafty, restless race; blithe banditti, combining the roving habits of a pilgrim with the laziness of the lazaroni, and the manners of a savage with the pretensions of a seer. In Old England, where a feigned talent for foretelling the future, associated with an unmistakably real talent for indiscriminate robbery, has distinguished these social Ishmaels, they have been regarded until very lately with a degree of suspicion and distrust, mingled, in the case of believers in their prophetic power, with a degree of fear; now, owing, partly to the stringency of the law, partly to the enclosure and cultivation of much of our waste land, and partly to the greater enlightenment of the people, their decline is sure. In sunnier southern lands, however, where industry is not so necessary to subsistence as it is here, and where, therefore, indolence is less a crime, we do not wonder that, with their merry moods, their wild ways, and wilder music, these swarthy men and beautiful dark-eyed women, encamping in grand old woods, and wandering through rough and rugged mountain passes, have been allowed a larger indulgence, are invested with an air of romance, and are almost looked upon as the natural descendants of the satyrs and wood-nymphs of old.

Like the source of the Nile, the origin of this strange wandering people has been a matter of much uncertainty, and has given rise to many conjectures. Until the fourteenth century they were unknown in Europe, and it is generally supposed that they journeyed hither from Egypt, and on that account received the name of gipsies; but as the French call them "*les Bohémiens*," merely because they first entered France from Bohemia, the name "gipsy" settles nothing; it may or may not give the clue to their ancient home. Many words in their language indicate Hindustani origin, and it is now considered indisputable that, at some period of their history, they have had a connection with India. Corroborative of this opinion, a work entitled "*Bombay Transactions*" states that at the time of the great Mohammedan invasion of Timor Beg, an exodus of gipsies took place, and that they were believed to have belonged to one of the lowest castes. However, it appears now equally difficult to decide whether they are descended from the Egyptians, or from the Hindoos; whether they are at the present what they have ever been, or, like palimpsests, under the outer and prominent marks which time and their migratory habits have stamped upon

them, there are not, as some have surmised, characters belonging to a more sacred race, and impressed by a mightier hand, proclaiming them to be the lost tribes of the house of Israel; whether, or not, the true facts concerning their rise and early history are now lost, like much besides, in oblivion, hopelessly, and for ever.

Although gipsies are to be found in nearly every part of the world, their presence has not conferred upon it any perceptible and definite benefit. They are spectators merely, not actors. Since their first appearance in history, great advances have been made in civilization; our knowledge of the sciences, of the useful and fine arts, has become more extensive, more thorough, more exact; some of the subtlest and mightiest forces in nature have been tamed and employed in the service of man; new continents have been discovered, or explored, or peopled; communities have emerged from barbarism, and, rejoicing "as a strong man to run a race," have, by persistent effort or rapid strides, gained and continued to hold a place among the more refined and cultured nations of the earth; others, again, debilitated by luxury, or by sheer exhaustion of their power, when just sinking into the decrepitude of old age, have suddenly renewed their youth "like the eagles," and by some Medean charm, regained the strength, energy, and healthfulness of early life. But amid all these changes this roving race has remained the same. Neither the growth nor the decay of nations, neither the progress nor the wealth of the world, appears to have been sufficient to engage their interest to the degree that would have impelled them to general, united, and continuous effort. In a very literal sense, they have been in, but not of the world. Although great travellers, they have made no discoveries; possessed, like the Arabians, of an abundance of leisure, they have neither caught the inspiration of poetry, nor robbed the stars of their silent lore; loving, like the Red Indians, to lead a life spent chiefly in the open air, they are yet destitute of their stern, savage virtues; choosing to fringe our modern civilization, they have neither lent it grace, nor conserved its strength; fitted by their opposite habits, as one would think, for either labour or meditation, they have rarely, if ever, stepped into the circle of the world's activities or schemes. They have added nothing to its commerce, its literature, or its arts; contributed nothing to its triumphs of industry or its treasures of thought. They have vegetated, not lived. But they are not merely innocent of doing good; they have been positively injurious. Their very existence has been at the expense of their fellows; deadening vitality and retarding growth, they have everywhere lived and thrived upon others; among the tribes and nations of earth a kind of ubiquitous parasite.

The main cause of their low condition as a race is to be found in their most common and marked feature. Roving is their ruin. Their wandering habit has grown, not into a second, but into a first nature; and this principally, if not this alone, has been the great barrier to that union, and disciplined effort, that common spirit of industry or enterprise, without which a people can rarely attain even to a respectable altitude in the scale of nations, and never to a position of real and lasting greatness. Sufficiently numerous at any time to make a nation, they remain dispersed throughout the world; belonging to all parts, they belong to none. But wherever found they are wanderers; and, perhaps, they could scarcely be more truthfully, and yet briefly, described than by the old name applied to them in Switzerland. They have ever been, and appear as if they ever would be, *Heimathloses*; a race—as the name signifies—without occupation, without country, without home.

These *Heimathloses* may be of use to us, nevertheless, if, for a moment, we resort to a doctrine held in much favour by philosophers in all times. It is the doctrine of the universality of each law; the theory that the same law operates in every sphere, and whether the plane be high or low; but owing to this difference of sphere or plane, the nimble Proteus passes unobserved. To follow wherever this theory leads, the mind needs a strong and tireless wing. If true, or only partly true, nothing in nature stands alone; the least thing may be a

road to a new world of thought. As the Rosetta stone unlocked the colossal stone literature of Egypt, so the commonest object may be the key to the great unknown, or its revelation; a promise of the greater, or a fulfilment of the less. The falling apple leads to the thought of falling worlds, and gravitation gives the clue to the divine energy that links countless circles of being to the throne of God. Light and heat are analogues of intellect and affection in man, probably of the same in the angels of heaven; they were claimed as such by Christ, and find their originals in the divine omniscience and love. The functions of the mind repeat the functions of the body; the world within man resembles the world without, and the laws of matter run parallel to the laws of mind. Before the gaze of the Saviour, nature is grace in parable; and grace the prophecy of heaven, just as the child is the man of the future, and the man the child of the past, unlike yet the same. The laws of the stars in their relations and orbits, and of flowers in their growth and mutations, may be the laws of souls; and yet human spirits are immeasurably greater than either, for they are made in "the image of God," and only "a little lower than the angels"; and for this reason, their being, like a circle, while it touches more, includes more. A nation is frequently an individual on a large scale, both in its strength and in its weakness; an individual is often a nation in miniature, as in Jacob are foreshadowed the history and genius of the Jews. Even so, the Heimathloses are types; the gipsy character is not restricted to those only of gipsy birth. In every grade of life, in the active world, in the domain of intellect, in religion, there are men who lack the attribute of fixity, of centralization; men so restless that they never domesticate themselves in a place, or a thought, or a church.

Let us confine our attention, however, to the appearance of this restless, wandering spirit in the realm of religion, and in men of admitted Christian character and experience. From several causes at work in our times, it exhibits a marked tendency to spread; a tendency to be observed not without anxiety and misgiving. For the benefit, therefore, of the churches, and of those easily subject to this distemper, it would be well, perhaps, to glance at some of the ways in which it is manifested, and at some of the pleas urged in its defence; for, however attractive it may seem, yet, with the Scriptures, the evidence of experience, and the needs of the renewed soul, kept clearly in view, it appears unquestionably injurious and wrong, and the positions generally taken in its vindication untenable.

In some instances it betrays itself in a perpetual disquietude with one's religious opinions. The mind delivered as a prey to this endless change resembles the Emperor Nero, who, it is said, never appeared twice in the same garment. An individual belonging to this class must have a new doctrine with a new day; and in the course of his life he passes through a whole zodiac of beliefs and misbeliefs, ending not infrequently in "the outer darkness" of unbelief. Or, to put it in another way, such a one suffers a rapid mental transfiguration prior to death; and while deploring the state of almost hopeless fickleness such inconstancy and disloyalty to truth exhibits, we can yet enjoy the grim irony of John Foster when, speaking of a similar character, he says, "You admire *the versatile aptitude* of a mind, sliding into successive forms of belief, in this intellectual metempsychosis by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrine in their turn."

Another man displays this same restless spirit by his frequent removals from one religious denomination to another. At any time, the question "Where dwellest thou?" has a touch of sarcasm, if proposed to him directly. As he belongs to a race of wanderers, he might fittingly reply, "I am a sojourner, as all my fathers were." When he made the last change, as he gazed wistfully on his newly chosen place of sojourning in the transfiguring light of early love, he said, "It is 'a land which the Lord careth for'; 'and the gold of that land is good'; through it courses 'the river of the water of life'; in it are many 'trees of the Lord,' and 'all manner of pleasant fruits'; its ways are ways of

pleasantness,' and all its 'paths are peace.' 'This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell.' " But this smiling land, like many preceding ones, has failed to satisfy. Scarcely had he crossed the frontier before "there fell from his eyes as it had been scales"; the fancied Eden was changed. Now the language of lamentation is heard, "Ichabod, Ichabod! the glory is departed"; the river is dried up, the gold is vanished, the fair fruits are apples of Sodom, the land is a land of desolation and the shadow of death; "Ichabod, Ichabod! the glory is departed." He hears, or imagines that he hears, "in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men," a voice saying, "arise, and depart; for this is not your rest"; whereupon, "not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," he arises and departs. But the change is in the man, not in the place; the place and the glory are the same. Restless and unstable in character, he has been lured easily elsewhere, as he was here; therefore, this once pleasant land has now "no glory" by reason of a "glory that excelleth." Thus, in the course of his life, he makes the "grand tour" of the sects; and, of course, as the consequence of so varied and active a career, he becomes a man of much experience and insight. He has seen, therefore he knows. Your devotion to your own little sect he pities with a gracious condescension; and if you should be so weak as to think that others beyond your own sect possess excellencies worthy of respect and admiration, he most patronizingly attributes it to that ignorance which, in his case, a wider experience has enabled him long ago to surmount. In a most blissful state of self-complacency he stands, at last, outside all sects, free from all, superior to all; and, "without ceasing," he lifts up his voice in prayer, saying, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men." Unsectarian Pharisee! suffer, I pray thee, the word of expostulation. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall"; such separation may not mean freedom, and may, perchance, conduce to a worse bondage. True enough is it that God, as you say, is greater than the sects; and "the bending blue" is greater than your roof, yet you prefer the home life of a civilized man to the life of a bird or beast of the forest. True enough, perhaps, that the imperfections of the sects are numerous and glaring; but he who passes so quickly from one to another sees fragments only, not wholes, the surface, not "the deep that lieth under."

Moreover, in order to attain to a position of affected superiority is it not necessary to do as you have done everywhere, ignore the brightness and magnify the spots? It is; but remember that even Solomon's temple was not all gold. If determined to remain in your present position, "let me, I pray thee, give thee counsel"; continue to keep a keen eye on the dark side of everything and of everybody except thyself; forthwith, manufacture, and most diligently keep, "a book of remembrance," and on one side enter the defects of others; on the other, enter your own virtues, real and fancied; look upon this book as a second Bible, consult it every day, otherwise the flame of your vanity will most assuredly decline. But expostulation and counsel of this kind serves only to feed the flame of anger. We are most sorry: but, "doest thou well to be angry?" "I do well." With an angry man argument is useless. Be not angry while "I speak but this once"; suffer a word of suggestion. End your many wanderings by voluntary exile; become the self-made Crusoe of Christians; set up your new sect of one; and in icy isolation, as "praise is comely," sing this "new song,"—

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

But the form in which this spirit is most likely to comfort us has yet to be noticed. It is becoming increasingly the fashion to think and speak of Christian churches with disparagement; and, by various pleas, to excuse, and in not a few instances to justify non-connection with them as organized bodies. The obligation, the need, the blessings of church association are lost sight of; and the result is the gradual growth of a class of Christians who, if we may borrow



a term from our bicycling friends, may not inaptly be called "The Unattached"; brethren who are ready to defend the wisdom of this course of action, or inaction rather, and to advocate its general adoption. Professing to be believers in Christ, they will attend public sermons, enjoy the worship and the preaching of the gospel, and in many instances give of their substance, but refuse to identify themselves more thoroughly with any single church. Having no home, no ties, religious vagrancy is the consequence. They become wanderers; restlessness grows upon them; at last it becomes their custom, and quite in accordance with their creed to change their places of worship as the weeks roll round, just as the Sultan attends a different mosque on each Mohammedan Sabbath of the year. Fond of roving, with few exceptions they eschew work; "they toil not, neither do they spin." They prefer good food, but of necessity belong to the order *omnivora*; yet, like Pharaoh's lean kine, are seldom the better for their good living. Their conduct expresses their thought; in substance, it is, "we feel, not the need of church fellowship for our own inner life, either as a defence, or as an aid to its upward and outward growth; we fail to see its potency as an aggressive agency; we regard it as antiquated, and, if not mischievous, at the best useless; the spirit of true religion is a free spirit, and must not be imprisoned in these forms and organizations." Thus, owing to this attitude of separation, and the habit of wandering induced by it, these "unattached" brethren have "no quiet resting places," but confess, and glory in the confession, that they are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Bound by no obligations to their fellow believers, sustaining no relations, except of a very vague kind, discharging few duties, they contribute but little either to the spiritual strength, the efficiency, or the succour of the churches they are pleased to honour with occasional visits.

It must not be supposed that the opinions just mentioned are either new or uncommon. Doubtless, "the unattached" might claim many good, perhaps great men. John Foster, the essayist, was one of their apostles; and extracts from his letters might be adduced, countenancing the conduct intimated above, and the eventual dissolution of churches. Few are the men, we imagine, who have not at some period of their lives entertained similar thoughts. The more ardent and sincere the early religious feelings of young converts, the greater the danger of their being hurled back into the delirium of unbelief, shocked into a paralysis of their hope by the spectacle presented in some of our churches of a cold, passionless Christianity, of an indifference, a heartlessness, a want of earnest, straightforward manliness, hardly to be exceeded, if indeed equalled, by those they are pleased to call "the world." Neither must it be supposed that those who have assumed a position of dissent, *ultra* dissent, are unfurnished with reasons, in the strength of which they pronounce self-absolution; although we deem them insufficient. As Aaron's rod swallowed the rods of the magicians, so we shall find one reason brought forward really includes all others, and that is, the failure, in so many instances, of the church itself as an organization. The faults of the church supply her opponents with their implements of attack; and the contest is rendered less easy from the fact that these complaints urged against her seem to have no end; unlike shells, which once exploded are useless for ever afterwards, they resemble rather the boomerang of the Australian savage, which returns again and again to the hand to be hurled afresh with equal precision and force. The lamentable imperfection of some of our small religious commonwealths we readily and sorrowfully acknowledge; further, we most positively and solemnly believe that the continued existence of certain of them is productive of incalculable injury in the neighbourhoods where they are situated. On the spiritual condition of the members individually, it is out of man's province to pass judgment; but viewed as churches, they appear to be abandoned for ever by the Spirit of God: attempts to resuscitate the lost life resemble only the useless efforts made to galvanize a corpse. Also, we are quite prepared to allow that it is possible for men, reserved in manner, requiring little sympathy, with a high standard of attainment before them, with habits of exact

religious thought, and conscientious self-scrutiny, to maintain their religious life without the support and stimulus to be derived from association in a sacred brotherhood. But such men are few; and in this matter our guide must be, not what is possible to the few, but what is necessary for the many. And admitting all that is true, all that our friends outside urge as premises, it does not follow that the course they adopt and recommend is the necessary consequence, or the best and only way out of the difficulty. "To be sure, if there were no churches, there would be no ecclesiastical squabbles; and it may be added, if there were no states, there would be no civil broils; and if there were no vegetable productions, there would be no deadly nightshade; and if there were no water, no one would be drowned; and if there were no fire, no one would be consumed; and if there were no victuals no one would be choked. Church-framers may egregiously err; but when you scout the whole tribe, and all their works, tell us how we ought to proceed; make out a strong case, and say at least that the way you would substitute would be free from the objections that cling to the old ways, and would secure greater advantages."

The opinions here controverted, with their defence, and the action to which they lead, originate really in error. When an institution, which, ordained and fitted for high and holy ends, and which by its very excellence is ever liable to abuse, has through perversion failed to secure some of the highest ends desired, it is supposed that no other remedy is available except entire abandonment and destruction. But we believe there is one other, at least; if reformation is not impossible, reformation will be found superior in every way to destruction. The church exists mainly for spiritual ends, not mercenary, not ostentatious; it is not intended to afford pedestals for worldly honour, or an arena for the indulgence of selfish and unholy feelings. There is frequently "a great gulf fixed" between the ideal and the actual; but if we resolutely refuse to debase the spiritual below other and more worldly ends, it would soon assert itself, and although, like Elijah, in a minority, rule with strong hand. Religion is a life; life involves relations; relations give rise to obligations and corresponding duties. Where this life is common to all, as it is in the church, and where its possessors are equal in position, the relations, obligations, and duties are mutual, and no escape should be sought. And they will be best met and discharged by the assistance of church fellowship. In the maintenance of God's worship in the world, in the expression of a common life in Christ the Saviour, in the embodiment, the incarnation of the power of the Spirit, in the educating and sanctifying influence of social ties unmixed with worldly influence, in increasing the depth and intensity of their spiritual affections, in strong and continuous aggressive effort, in the power that results from concentration of purpose, in the inspiration that is born of companionship in seeking the highest possible ends for ourselves and others, those joined in a holy brotherhood will have in their union a source of power and a guarantee of success, of which those not so joined will be entirely destitute.

"Wherefore, dearly beloved, I beseech you as a stranger and pilgrim": "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?" "Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?" If for us, be no longer ashamed of "the livery of a sect." or the bonds of a church. Happiness and usefulness will be found in fixity, not in fickleness. Find a centre, find a home, find friends, find a place "to dwell in." Birds wander, yet have they a nest. Bees travel, yet have they a hive. It is only when fixed, that the diamond can crystallize into brilliance, and grow into worth. It is only when fixed that the burning-glass can transmit heat, and kindle into flames. It is only when fixed in its place, that the wheel of a watch can help the mechanism, and be of use. It is only when fixed, that the tree can grow into stateliness, or bow with its burden of fruit. It is only when fixed, that the stone from the quarry can strengthen the foundation, or buttress the wall. It is only when fixed in the harp, that the otherwise soundless strings can give birth to music, and deluge with joy. Be not afraid of the fetters of fellowship. They are not the bonds of a slave, but electric

bands that thrill with new power: not the destruction of life, but frequently like the bonds that link Alpine travellers, its salvation. Even if rules and regulations should appear most formal and material, yet it is possible to hide these by the fulness and the loveliness of the life; just as flowers growing in baskets sometimes bloom so profusely as to hide from view the very means by which they are suspended and by which their life is helped.

Churches everywhere are ready to receive such wanderers. Their language is, "We have provender enough, and room to lodge in: Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" At other times it is, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." And content shall we be if any should reply, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." Then, by humility, faith, and love, and all Christian excellencies, may you bless that church, till it become like the burning bush of old, filled with the glory of God, yet unconsumed.

G. ALWAY, Pontypool.

## Gratuitous Distribution of the Scriptures at the Bible Kiosk, Paris Exhibition.

IT was with no ordinary feeling of curiosity I first beheld the above scene of activity. The Exhibition, far exceeding in size all its predecessors, has drawn immense multitudes from nearly every part of the world, and these mainly pass near the place which I was to visit. The courteous offer of a gospel led to my communicating the reason of my presence there, and every explanation was afforded me.

An accompanying woodcut will enable the reader to understand the mode of disseminating the Scriptures at the Kiosk. The use of the ground was obtained by the influence of Mr. Alexander, in a manner so interesting that a few lines should be devoted to the narration of the circumstances. During the Franco-Prussian war our friend had obtained a letter, written by the Queen of Prussia, empowering him to distribute gospels, etc., through the German army; and to this gracious permission but one condition was attached, he was to give every officer and private of Her Majesty's own regiment the Gospel of John. This was gladly acceded to, and the effort was not relinquished until 680,000 parts of the Bible had been given to the Prussian soldiers, as also to the French prisoners interned in the German fortresses.

There were but few nights spent by this noble labourer for the Lord in comfort; yet he persevered, and did not relinquish his task until he had, without



presuming upon his privileges, ameliorated the position of many a captive. Amongst those Frenchmen to whom Mr. Alexander became so useful were some now high in position, and these have proved themselves not ungrateful. Those who peruse these lines will easily connect these facts with the acquisition of such a site as that now occupied by the Kiosque Biblique, Salle Évangélique, etc. It would be difficult to describe the utility of such a centre. Directly opposite the main entrance of the Exhibition the vast throng of persons coming to or leaving the world's show see the flags fluttering from the roof of the above-named building. From one or more windows the pretty little books are given as fast as human hands can make them change ownership. Many read, and, tasting the sweets of "joys which fade not away," desire the whole of the precious Word. To return and purchase a Bible, or New Testament, is not an uncommon incident. I was told nearly one hundred copies had been thus sold in one day. As to the number of persons receiving the gospels gratuitously, some 15,000 were given at the opening, but the funds in hand did not for some time allow of more than 4,000 being distributed on an ordinary day. The visit has, however, not been without fruit, as the Trinitarian Bible Society has generously made a grant of 100,000 portions, thus allowing a large expansion of the work. That even such a grant as this is quite inadequate will be understood when it is remembered that at least some few days have witnessed from between 200,000 to 300,000 persons entering the buildings. Mr. Alexander tells me, when explaining the power such an effort as this possesses, that at the Exhibition of 1867 two gentlemen came to the Kiosque and spoke of the occupation of the Christians as being "very interesting." The speaker was recognized as H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and his companion the Duke of Edinburgh. Bibles were offered as an acknowledgment of the courtesy of the royal brothers. The Prince of Wales said he would prefer a portion in each language. He, moreover, asked if the people read the books, and was referred to a number sitting near, who were engaged in reading the gospels just given to them.

During my stay at the Kiosque, one of the most remarkable men in France had paid a visit to Mr. Alexander. This was none other than Count Fleury. May the words then spoken be the means of bringing the hearer to a more lasting kingdom. There are many, however, of a different walk in life, whose souls are equally valuable, and amongst such I should name the policemen, to each of whom a New Testament has been presented. One of these had a portion given him at the Kiosque, and subsequently bought a Bible. He has since been a constant attendant at the evangelical services, and is ever trying to bring others to the same means of grace. It is here appropriate to state that while many are brought by motives of curiosity near to the doors of the Salle Évangélique, or church, the sounds of singing and the harmonium invite them to enter. Not a few do so; they hear some of the best French preachers hold up the doctrines of the Lamb, and the earnest but simple exhortations are interspersed by appropriate hymns. Before returning to London, it was my desire to see the various colonies of Chinese, Arabs, and others. By the efficient aid of Mr. McCarthy, of the China Inland Mission, I was successful in gathering a number of the former together to take tea with us. An address explanatory of the Christian religion was given to these men, who, two days before, had heard nothing of the kind, and, after various remarks, one of the Chinese stated that he and his fellow countrymen belonged to the religion of Buddha, but that they had only a little faith in it; the priests took all they could get, but gave nothing. Ours, he said, seemed a pure faith, being one of love, and he promised that the books given should be read. A New Testament, written in classical Chinese, was understood by only one of the company, but he said he had read the same almost continually since he received it. We left these men greatly cheered by the fact that such a blessed opportunity had been presented to us.

The work continues in other and abler hands than mine. Before closing

this brief sketch, I give the following extracts of a letter received from Mr. Alexander a week or two since:—

"Since last I wrote to you, the work in which we have the privilege to labour has steadily progressed in interest, extension, and happy results. Prejudices have been removed, many, having received a portion of the word of God, coming to us again, expressing their thankfulness for the gift received, and desiring to know more of the message which is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe it.

"We have special opportunities of observing that the gospel of the grace of God is suited to men of all races, languages, and kindreds. The national *fête*, which was celebrated with considerable *éclat*, was by us devoted to a special effort among the masses from every part of France, who had come to do honour to the occasion. A staff of twenty-two Christian men and women of Paris lent their services to the Lord in helping in the distribution of the gospels at the Kiosque and various entrances to the Exhibition. Upwards of 28,000 copies of separate gospels were placed in the hands of eager recipients on that day. You may imagine how that every day has its characteristic feature of interest: the circumstances, wants, hopes, and joys of mankind so widely differ that we are constantly witnessing cheering instances of God's approbation and blessing.

"I thank you again for assisting in sending us so liberal a grant; 18,000 of them have arrived, which are already partly in the hands of the people. A letter just received from the printer to the Trinitarian Bible Society at Strasburg informs me that 50,000 are on the way to Paris, and that the remainder of the 100,000 will follow within a week. These will soon find their way into houses in all parts of France, for excursionists are daily arriving from near and remote provinces: country people are especially grateful for the gift. As each portion will be read by several, we ought to look for a great blessing in the ingathering of souls.

"The opportunity is great, no difficulty exists; therefore, 'freely ye have received, freely give,' for by so doing you fulfil the command given to glorify God by faith in his power. Only last week I received a written permission from the Prefect of Police for our agents to stand at all the entrances of the Exhibition to give away the gospels. This is a *pregnant fact for a Roman Catholic country*, and indicates the goodwill of those in power."

The above appeal is made to all who desire the salvation of immortal souls. The sum of £2 10s. will purchase one thousand portions, thus enabling the earnest workers at the Exhibition to place the Word of God in the hands of a corresponding number of persons. Let the donors and all brethren pray for the expected blessing. Sure will the harvest be. Donations will be gratefully received on behalf of this work by Mr. Alexander, Kiosque Biblique, Trocadéro, Paris; the Trinitarian Bible Society, 96, Newgate Street, E.C.; or by the Superintendent, Bible Stand, Crystal Palace, S.E. JOHN DANIELLS.

## "My mother never prayed."

AT the close of one of the great battles of the late war, a young soldier lay dying. A Christian comrade by whose side he had fallen earnestly besought him to make his peace with God. Among the pleas offered to induce him to submit to Christ was this: "Perhaps even now your dear mother is praying for you." With a smile of contempt, the dying man replied: "My mother never prayed." In a few moments he was in eternity. Prayerless mothers, can you with confidence look upon your unsaved children and say: "If you die impenitent and unsaved, God will not require their blood at your hands"?—*Selected.*

## Notices of Books.

*The Bible and the Newspaper.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIS little book promises to be a favourite. Many of the papers have reviewed it very favourably, and in consequence it is meeting with a speedy sale. Our hope is that many will read it who would never have looked at a theological treatise, and may here find in the oyster shell of a parable the pearl of great price. We ask for this and the other little books of our shilling series a kindly reception from the Christian public.

*Lectures on Romans V.* By the Rev. M. RAINSFORD, M.A., minister of Belgrave Chapel. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row.

Also, *Lectures on Romans VI.* Fifth Edition.

IN these lectures we have the ripe fruit of an instructive ministry of the most evangelical character. To expound such portions of the word experience is needed as well as study, and the lecturer is evidently not a whit behind in that qualification. He speaks with the accent of conviction. His teachings are the old, old gospel in its most simple and definite form; there are no new metaphors, or poetical turns, or striking original thoughts, in the two volumes before us, and yet they will be read with great pleasure, for they have in them the truth spoken with an unction from the Holy One. The more of such expositions the better.

*Scripture Watchwords and Best Wishes.*  
Sixpenny Packets. Religious Tract Society.

THE use of text-cards has become so general as to oppress the postmen with labours which rival the herculean efforts of the season of St. Valentine. There is no harm in the custom, it fosters kind thoughts, and gives much pleasure, and therefore we wish it a long continuance. Tastes greatly differ, but we admire both of these packets: the "Watchwords" are the smaller, and consequently there is more of them for the money; but "Best Wishes" are a superior production.

*Coloured Picture Hymn Sheets.* Nos. 1 to 6. Threepence each. Religious Tract Society.

ADMIRABLY adapted for nursery and bedroom walls. We have sent on our copies to the Stockwell Orphanage, where all good prints and pretty pictures find admiring critics. The Passion-flower border is very effective.

*Sixpenny Coloured Toy Books.* Nos. 21 to 24. Religious Tract Society.

A WEALTH of delight for one poor coin. The pictures are coloured in a style which will fill young eyes with rapture. For very little ones the same may be had on calico at one shilling, and then they are untearable.

*A Guide to all Institutions existing for the Benefit of Women and Children.*  
Part I. Industrial Schools and Young Women's Institutes. Part III. Associations and Homes for Penitents; Homes for Inebriates. Threepence each part. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.

THESE guides will be very useful to those who need direction in such matters, and persons in such need are very numerous. In these pamphlets there is not much matter for the money, but the information may be invaluable to those who wish to befriend a poor widow, a fallen woman, a defenceless girl, or a struggling spinster.

*The Light of the World.* By DAVID McLAREN, M.A. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

A LESS elevated title would have been more appropriate. There is some light in the volume, but not all that a fallen world requires. Here we have nearly fifty short treatises, all of a religious character, and full of instruction to those who have learned the way of salvation elsewhere. The book professes to keep clear of the superstitions of Rome on the one hand, and of the dogmas of Geneva on the other, and its contents are quite consistent with this profession. The author has a horror of revivals, but a sincere love of Scripture truths so far as he knows them: we wish him a still fuller acquaintance with "the light of the world."

*Butler's Analogy of Religion.* Edited, with Life, Introduction, Epitome, and Notes, by Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M. A.—*Paley's Evidences of Christianity.* Edited by Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M. A. London: Ward, Lock, and Co., Warwick House, Salisbury Square.

WHEN such works can be bought, in paper covers, for one shilling, or bound in cloth for eighteen pence, no young man can plead that he is unable to procure them. We marvel to see standard works like these produced at such a price, and we wish Messrs. Ward and Lock so much success that they may be encouraged to persevere in presenting the public with like bargains. We recommend the student to spend the extra sixpences and purchase *bound* copies, because these works cannot be read at a sitting, but are a stiff exercise to the mind, to which the thoughtful reader returns week after week till he has mastered the subject. A paper copy soon needs binding, and it is cheapest to buy the book bound at first. *Butler's Analogy* has been styled by Lord Brougham "the most argumentative and philosophical defence of Christianity ever submitted to the world"; and *Paley's Evidences* is a work which has enjoyed an equally high repute. The scholar will smile as he reads this paragraph, for no man of education needs this information; but we are writing for a wide and varied class of readers, and there are still among our youth those who need an introduction to these defenders of the faith. Personally, we could pick holes in both the books, but to beginners in theological reading they are invaluable text books.

*Lamps and Lighters.* Sunday Afternoon Half-hour Lectures for the Masses. Delivered in Birmingham. By Rev. C. LEACH, F.G.S. London: R. D. Dickinson.

WE doubt not that these lectures were helpful in gathering together hundreds of those who would not attend the ordinary services of the church of Christ. The strangeness of the titles, the overflowing of spicy anecdote, and the plain appeal would be sure to prove attractive. We are afraid, however, that this kind of thing has been overdone of

late, and we question very much whether the permanent results to the church are so large as we could desire. Evangelization of the masses is, we think, more likely to be fruitful than the lecturing of them. Still, every man after his own order, and however various the method, if souls are won we will rejoice. Our verdict on the book would be, "Sanctified Spice."

*The Higher Criticism.* Some account of its labours upon the Primitive History (the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua). By Rev. C. T. RUST, Rector of Westerfield, Suffolk. London: W. Hunt and Co.

ANOTHER pamphlet, called forth by the rationalistic treatment of the Old Testament records by such critics as De Wette, Davidson, and Ewald. The worthy rector is unsparing in his exposure of the contradictions, the fallacies, and the profanities of this "Higher Criticism," and in strong common-sense logic and plain Saxon language shows its utter unworthiness as an interpreter of the Scriptures. While there is so much theory-spinning by theological professors, we suppose there will be the necessity for these criticisms of the critics; but after all, it is a sorry business, and the game is scarcely worth the candle. Those who are afflicted with the disease should diligently apply the remedy: happily we are not in that condition.

*Evolution, the Stone Book, and the Mosaic Record of Creation.* Three lectures by THOMAS COOPER. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume, which is the fifth of the Christian Evidence Series by the above author is in his best and happiest style, Sterling common sense, sharp repartee, apt illustration, a keen sense of his opponent's weakness, and a readiness of wit to avail himself of the *reductio ad absurdum* make the book as entertaining as it is convincing. If unbelief were of the head instead of the heart, these lectures would surely be its death-blow. We thank God for such an apostle of the old truth as Thomas Couper: long may he be spared to continue his work.

*Handy Book for Bible Readers.* Religious Tract Society.

A CONDENSED concordance, with other useful tables and instructions. This is well enough for the price, but we always recommend the purchase of the best concordance in the market. It is the most satisfactory in the long run. If there is one word omitted from the abridgments, it is nine times out of ten the very word you are looking for.

*School Method.* By F. J. GLADMAN, B.A. Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, and British and Foreign School Depository.

WE see at a glance, and much more fully upon examination, that we have here the result of much wisdom and experience in the art of public school teaching, which cannot fail to be of use to those who are engaged in tuition, and of special service to those for whose benefit it is chiefly designed.

*Scripture Difficulties Explained by Scripture References.* By THOMAS SPALDING. Daldy, Isbister, and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

THERE is no attempt here to find difficulties in the inspired writings where there are none. The supposed difficulties in the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures are justly left to those who search for error rather than for truth. The Bible, as a whole, is admitted to be the pure and undoubted revelation of the mind of God to man. All that is needful to salvation and to the performance of duty both to God and man is clearly made known to all. Difficulties there may be, and must be, in all the divine works and ways, some of which may be easily overcome; others may yield to profound investigation, and others may be left for solution in a higher state of being. There are difficulties of the first kind, arising from idioms and metaphors, and poetic licences, and other peculiarities of language which are here removed for the ordinary reader. As in nature, what is essential to the life of all is within the knowledge of all, what is conducive to health and comfort is gained by closer investigation, what is needful for scientific discovery is the result of still more severe and protracted labour, and

still the unknown far transcends that which is known; so is it with the word of God. As one part of nature is interpreted by another, so is it with Holy Scripture. Upon this principle many a valley is here exalted, many a mountain and hill is made low, the crooked is made straight, and the rough places are made plain. Some slight bias in the author's mind towards a particular creed cannot fail to escape observation, but no one can follow his guidance without being better acquainted with many parts of the sacred volume, and with none more, we think, than with those which relate to the coming of Christ in prospect of the destruction of Jerusalem.

*Teaching the Scriptures.* By Dr. ANDERSON. Morgan and Scott.

"This book," says the author, "is not intended to compete with, much less to supersede, the various and valuable helps, hand-books, and companions to the Bible at present existing, but rather to call them into frequent use. The special object of the writer is to direct attention to the Bible itself, as a book pre-eminently worthy of being read, studied, and analyzed daily, and more particularly in so far as that reading leads to an encouraging communion with God." The book is all that it professes to be, and more, as it might have professed to compete with most of the helps to the study of the Bible, without being charged with presumption. Whether viewed as an analysis of the whole Bible, or as a plan for its daily perusal, or as a directory to the spirit and intention with which it should be studied, it is equally judicious and complete. The one design of the whole Scriptures is kept in view throughout. Every part is shown to have its seed within itself, yielding fruit for spiritual life and nourishment to the soul of man. The Bible is not given to teach man history, or science, or literature, or mere morality, but to restore him to God. To those who approach it with that design it is a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. To all others it is a light that shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. For those who aspire to have a thorough knowledge of the Bible this little volume will be an invaluable help.



*Links of Gold*; or, Thoughts on the Prayers of the Bible. By M. E. TOWNSEND. London: Hatchards.

It was a happy thought which led the writer to gather up in so small a compass these prayers of the Bible, and in a devout spirit commend them to the study of God's people. Beginning with the intercessory prayer of Abraham, and ending with the prayer of Stephen, we are enabled to view with new interest the wondrous and varied pleadings recorded in the Scriptures. Better far the inspiration which would come from the study of such models than from the finest liturgy of ecclesiastical rulers.

*The Life of Fellowship*; or, Meditations on the First Part of the Fifteenth Chapter of John. By A. M. JAMES. London: Hatchards.

THOUGH in no sense could this little work be called an exposition, yet it is made up of practical lessons, suggested by this part of Christ's wondrous farewell discourses. Pervaded throughout with a most loving and fervent admiration of Christ, the volume is likely to become helpful to those whose delight is in "*things touching the King.*" The author has no small power of revealing the spiritual beauty of him who is altogether lovely.

## Notes.

AUGUST 11TH.—The seatholders vacated their seats on the evening of this Sabbath, and the place was over-packed with a dense throng. The power of the Lord was present to heal. At no time have the people ever seemed so eager to hear the word of God. Prayer is asked that every sermon may be attended with the divine blessing. The open-air service held at the Orphanage while the Pastor preached at the Tabernacle was largely attended, and Charles Spurgeon took a leading part in it, to the joy of those who delight to see the fathers followed by their sons.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—Mrs. Spurgeon, though extremely ill, is incessantly occupied with sending out books to ministers in Ireland. For this work a friend gave a special amount. Some mistake has arisen upon the matter, which we would like to rectify. Mrs. Spurgeon's offer of books is not made to *all* ministers in Ireland, but to all *poor* ministers in actual work; hence when others apply in ignorance of this limitation, she hopes that they will take kindly the refusal which it pains her to give, but which it is her duty to send, because the fund is for poor brethren only. In consequence of the publicity given to this Irish offer, large numbers of English ministers have applied—poor ministers whose cases must not be refused; but we mention with some pain that *there are no funds in hand*. Prayer has been offered, and the answer is expected, but perhaps the Lord means us to tell his stewards that this good work of supplying poor preachers with books now needs their attention. Our beloved

wife sends out little mountains of books every week; the applications just now are more numerous than at any other time, and she has literally nothing to go on with. This is a sore trial. We feel that we have only to mention the circumstance and help will come, and yet if each one believes this, and leaves the matter to everybody, that is to say, to nobody, the needed aid will not come. Friends are just now at the seaside, or at Paris, or in the country, and therefore almost all parts of the work find this to be a dull time for subscriptions. We hope that this one department may be treated in an exceptional manner.

Friends will notice in our College accounts the sum of £20 from "Two Sisters, profits of College House." Now, to this amount there attaches deep interest. Two Christian ladies of private means thought that they could help our work for the Lord if they opened a shop and gave all the profits to the College. Some years ago they commenced business, sacrificing their ease in this most laudable endeavour. We did not like to mention the circumstance, for fear it should be misunderstood by the world, and our good friends did not press us to do so till they had seen how the experiment would answer. Having, as private ladies, very little knowledge of business, the "two sisters" did not make a profit, nor even meet their expenses for years, but they were resolved not to be beaten, and so they have continued the shop till the first profit has been gained and paid in. Having seen their indefatigable zeal, and having known what

sacrifices they have made, we now feel that we must put aside every shade of false delicacy, and say that the shop is known as College House, 209, Tottenham Court Road, and the business is that of ladies' outfitting. If our friends purchase goods there, the profits will go to the Pastors' College, and they will not have to pay more than they would elsewhere. No one is asked to buy except as they would elsewhere, but there is the fact that the business of 209, Tottenham Court Road is carried on entirely with the view of benefiting the College. The ladies do not even take their own board and lodging from the proceeds.

It is proposed on *Sept. 25*, to hold a meeting at the Tabernacle, to bid farewell to our coloured brethren, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, who are sailing for the West Coast of Africa. They will sing some of their quaint songs, and Mr. Manton Smith and the Tabernacle choir, under Mr. Frisby, will assist. May these true-hearted brethren be burning and shining lights in the land of their fathers.

Our publishers ask us to mention that they have a large quantity of back numbers of our sermons, which they will be happy to supply at a greatly reduced price to tract societies or distributors. Application must be made direct to Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. They are a stock purchased by them from a bookseller, and consist of the accumulations of years. They are now offered for a trifle for benevolent purposes, but it is understood that they are not to be purchased for sale. We often hear of these sermons being used as loan tracts, and this is an opportunity to procure a cheap supply.

COLLEGE.—On *Tuesday, Aug. 6*, the students assembled at Nightingale Lane, for a day's enjoyment previous to the commencement of the work of another session. Between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning a considerable number met at the President's garden, where a devotional service was held, after which most of the twenty-five new students were introduced with appropriate comments. During the rest of the morning, and also after dinner, various exercises and amusements were heartily engaged in on Mr. Spurgeon's lawn, and also in the spacious and beautiful grounds of Mr. Coventry. Dinner and tea were admirably served in a large tent by Messrs. Murrell and Mills and their numerous

belpers, and although the students, ministers, and visitors amounted to nearly two hundred, there was provision enough and to spare. After dinner, addresses were delivered by the President, Vice-President, and tutors, and before separating in the evening a few words of sympathy and congratulation were spoken by Mr. Andrew Dunn, who is the accepted candidate for parliamentary honours in Southwark. Heartly thanks were accorded to Mr. Coventry for the use of his grounds, a closing address on the work of the College was given by the President, and the proceedings of a most delightful day were brought to a close with the doxology and the benediction.

Arrangements have been made for a course of five lectures at the College on Friday evenings at 7.30. The general public will be admitted by tickets, costing sixpence each lecture, or eighteenpence the course. The programme is as follows: *Sept. 6th*, by Joseph J. Pope, Esq., M.R.C.S., L.M., L.S.A., on "Why and How we Breathe." Chairman, C. H. Spurgeon. *Sept. 13th*, W. H. Golding, Esq., on "Birds of the Bible." Chairman, B. W. Carr, Esq. *Sept. 20th*, Professor Pepper, on "Wonders of Vibratory Motion." Chairman, Rev. V. J. Charlesworth. *Sept. 27th*, Edward B. Aveling, Esq., D. Sc., Lond., F.L.S., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at London Hospital, on "The Biography of a Frog." Chairman, C. Allison, Esq. *Oct. 4th*, W. R. May, Esq., on "Spectrum Analysis, and the Chemistry of the Heavens." Chairman, Mr. C. Spurgeon, junior.

*Deaths*.—On the morning of the College Festival a mourning card and letter arrived from the father of Mr. Gregory, of Brynmawr, one of our students, who had been obliged to relinquish his studies through ill health, informing us of his early, but peaceful, death a few days before. About the same time the news reached us of the sudden death of our old friend and co-worker, Mr. Thomas Ness, of Newton. He had long been an invalid, but had displayed marvellous energy in his Lord's service. He rests from his labours, and his works do follow him. At the same time, at the close of a lingering illness died our former student, Mr. Burt, at one time the pastor of the church at Aldborough—a good man and true. During the past month another member of our conference, Mr. J. O. Wills, of Stockton-on-Tees, has been called to his reward, leaving behind him a wife and five little children, needing the kind hand of Christian help. Thus has death been robbing

the church militant of its soldiers, and swelling the ranks of the church triumphant.

"We a little longer wait,  
But how little none can tell."

We note, then, in all these four cases the Lord has removed those who were ailing, and whose lives we could not have hoped to see much longer continued among us. Thus mercy is mingled with it all; but bereaved wives and children need greater consolation than this: may the Lord send it by the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

*Removals and Settlements.*—Mr. Raymond, of St. Neot's, has accepted the pastorate at Llandudno; Mr. Fletcher, of Sutton-on-Trent, has removed to Alford, Lincolnshire; Mr. Chambers, late of Aberdeen, has been appointed by the Staffordshire Association to the post of Evangelist and Home Mission Superintendent in that county; and Mr. Vaughan, of Surrey Lane Chapel, Battersea, has sailed for Australia. All these brethren have our best wishes. The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. T. Hagen, Great Yarmouth; Mr. J. A. Soper, East End Conference Hall; Mr. John Wilson, Charles-street, Woolwich; Mr. A. F. Cotton, Ponder's End; Mr. B. Marshall, Horley; and Mr. W. A. Davis, South Shields. Mr. Childs also concludes his College term, and settles at Wyndham Road, Camberwell.

The Orphanage boys go north on *Sept.* 26, to sing at Middlesboro', Stockton, and Newcastle. Will friends in those regions give them kindly recognition and support? Very grateful are we to the gentleman who has paid all the charges for the Town Hall at Newcastle for the Orphanage meetings. God always raises up kind friends for the fatherless.

The quarterly collectors' meeting will be held at the Orphanage on Friday, Oct. 4. Tea at five. In the evening views will be exhibited illustrating Mr. Spurgeon's trip to Scotland. Friends can be admitted at seven, at sixpence each.

*COLPORTAGE.*—All appears to be working satisfactorily with the Society, hence but little to report this month. The most pleasing feature of the work at present seems to be that Local Associations, which at first employed one or two colporteurs, have become so convinced of the utility and necessity of Colportage that, after fair trial, they are applying for an increased number of agents. In Hampshire,

Wiltshire, Northamptonshire, and Worcestershire this has been the case; and two additional colporteurs will be started in the latter county shortly. Testimony to the beneficial results of the work is too extended to find a place in these notes. But briefly, the reports continually prove that a vast amount of good literature is being sold with beneficial effect, both upon the mind and soul of the purchaser. The afflicted and dying are visited, and the Word of God read to them, while it is also preached in the cottage, in the open air, and in regular places of worship, with conversions following. We confidently expect as the work becomes more widely known, and trade improves, that a large increase will take place of our not inconsiderable staff of ninety colporteurs. In the meantime, will our readers pray for the Society, and its work, and continue to help it by contributing to the funds? The following extract from a recently published local report will be read with interest:—

"It would be difficult fully to estimate the value, religiously, of the four colporteurs employed in this district being brought continuously into contact with 45,150 families, comprising nearly 100,000 individuals. And while all must rejoice that 1,085 Bibles and Testaments were sold to the people, who shall estimate the benefit of nearly £500 worth of books sold, and 1,974 periodicals circulated. How many readings these have relinquished the trashy novel, and the worse than trashy—the positively demoralizing periodicals? The sick and dying beds of hundreds of persons have been cheered and enlivened by the visits of your agents, who in many cases are the only visitors, and again and again do we hear from persons well able to judge of the high appreciation in which these visits are held. This department alone might well compensate us for all our trouble and outlay.

"The committee have great pleasure in recording their satisfaction with the conduct and work of the four colporteurs, and recognizing their arduous duty, embracing, as it does, much real manual labour, and constant exposure to all kinds of weather. They thank God for the preservation of the lives and health of the agents; and solicit from all Christians the manifestation of hearty sympathy with those our fellow workers; and also earnest prayer to God for his blessing on them and their work."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle by J. A. Spurgeon:—August 1, nine.



*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.*—GENERAL: 240 Straw Hats, from Friends at Luton, per Mr. Barford; 120 Eggs, Janet Ward; a Bag of Rice, Mr. Potier; 6 Knitted Comforters, Mrs. Moore; 6 Shirts, Toilet Set, and Dinner Mats, M. A. Leeder; 28lbs. Baking Powder, Freeman and Illiyard; a Quilt, Mrs. Cozens; Six Tons of Coal, Mr. Hancock.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from July 20th to August 19th, 1878.*

<i>Subscriptions for Districts:—</i>		<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.</i>	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. W. Ings, Camersham, New Zealand	40 0 0	Mr. E. J. Page	0 5 0
Haverfordwest District	6 10 0	B. Vickery, Esq.	1 1 0
Coseley, per Rev. J. C. Whittaker	5 0 0	H. B. Frearson, Esq.	7 10 0
Coseley, per Rev. J. Cole	9 0 0	"H. M."	20 0 0
Eyethorne District	7 10 0	Three Friends	5 0 0
Kingsteignton District	6 10 0	T. and H. S. Ashby	0 2 6
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School, for Longeaton	3 15 0	Mrs. H. S. Pledge	1 0 0
Bower Chalk, per Mr. J. S. Hockey	6 10 0	"Fifty-eight"	1 0 0
Per Rev. C. T. Johnson, Longeaton	5 0 0	J. F. O.	0 10 0
Rhyl District, per Rev. D. Macgregor	7 10 0	Mr. J. Billing	1 0 0
Mr. Worgan, Collecting Box	0 4 4	A. E. R.	0 6 0
Mr. Taylor, Collecting Box	0 5 7	Mr. J. R. Bayley	1 0 0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne	20 0 0	Mrs. Goddard	2 0 0
Messrs. Hine Bros., Maryport	10 0 0	Readers of "The Christian Herald"	15 8 4
Bacup District	10 0 0	A small thankoffering, from near Lich- field	0 5 0
Per W. S. Caine, Esq., for Widnes	10 0 0	Mr. W. Carnegie	1 0 0
Ironbridge District	7 10 0	M. G.	5 0 0
North Wilts District	7 10 0	J. E.	0 10 0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow District	10 0 0	George Palmer, Esq., M.P.	20 0 0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7 10 0	A Sermon Reader	0 5 0
Rev. G. H. Davies, for Abingdon	7 10 0	J. C. S.	5 0 0
Ludlow District	15 13 6	M. H. S.	0 10 0
S. S. Mander, Esq., for Wolverhampton	10 0 0		
Suffolk Congregational Union	17 10 0		
	<u>£230 18 5</u>		<u>£88 12 10</u>
		<i>Subscriptions for Capital Fund.</i>	
		A. F. E.	5 0 0
		M. H. S.	0 10 0
			<u>£5 10 0</u>

## Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from July 19th to August 19th, 1878.*

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1 0 0	Mr. E. T. Carington	0 5 0
Mrs. Goddard	2 0 0		
M. K.	0 10 0		
Mr. J. B. Denholm	0 10 0		
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	10 9 0		
			<u>£14 14 0</u>

*Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.*

*Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.

OCTOBER, 1878.

*The Autumn Congresses. What will come of them?*

A BROTHERLY GRUMBLE.



THE time is at hand when the various sections of Christians will be holding their autumnal sessions, meetings, or congresses. Ministers and delegates are packing up their carpet-bags, and counting out their fares, and soon there will be hurryings to and fro, the clattering cars proceeding forward with impetuous speed, and whisperings of kind lips, "They come, they come." There will be hearty greetings and cheerful conversations, and much Christian intercourse will be enjoyed, and fellowship promoted. Of public meetings there will be an abundance, papers will be read in more than sufficient quantity, speeches will be made more or less exhilarating and instructive, and stereotyped resolutions will be passed for the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth time, with debate wise or otherwise. Vivisection, the Contagious Diseases Acts, the Burials Bill, and other savoury matters will come before us as usual; a brother will object to the use of a semicolon in a certain resolution, and after an hour's debate it will be turned into a comma; another friend will propose an amendment and be called to order, struggle, raise up defenders, and subside: and then the trains will carry home the brethren, and the place which knew them as a conference, congress, or assembly will know them no more for ever, or at least until the meetings shall be held in the same town again. The press will prolong the echo of the congressional eloquence, the local committee will settle the bill, and each generous host will settle down to quiet: and what then? What will come of it all? What is ever likely to come of it?

We are not among those who think that Christian communion is not in itself a thing worth promoting, and inasmuch as these periodical

gatherings must tend to increase mutual knowledge and create brotherly sympathy, we cannot regard them as failures; but, on the contrary, we consider them to be well worth all the time and money expended upon them. Our organ of veneration is so large that we would not question the wisdom of so many pastors leaving their flocks, but we would rather sit down and gaze upon the venerable synod with feelings of glowing admiration. We are sure that the thing is good, and good must come of it, cavil who may. Moreover, there can be no doubt that concerted action in a few instances has followed from these assemblies, and that holy enterprises have frequently received a stimulus which has tended to their invigoration. Yet surely there is room for something more *practical* to arise out of them; the actual, tangible, lasting outcome—might it not become more apparent? There is a considerable sounding of trumpets, and lifting of standards; ought there not to be a grander result? For our own part, we are not cynical or cantankerous as a general rule, but we cannot rest quite contented with the very small mice which have been born of congresses in labour. Is there living one single mortal man who has attended these meetings, and is now satisfied in the review of them? Has not every one an uneasy sense of opportunity thrown away, of strength paraded but never utilized, and of excellent oratory spent in vain? For practical purposes, is the game worth the candle? Does the whole concern pay as a matter of useful business?

Cannot something be done on the occasion which is now near at hand to make the gatherings more effective? We do not know, and therefore we will not hazard a reply. The unpracticalness of the whole business infects our pen, so that we cannot suggest anything, nor help in carrying out any suggestion: but our heart wishes that *somebody* would do so. We are getting weary of this imitation of the ancient British king who marched his army up a hill and down again. We suppose it is all right; indeed, we have no doubt it is; but if by some heavenly husbandry half a basketful of fruit would come of the matter we should feel more easy about it. At present we are not quite clear that we shall be able to give in a good account to our Master of how the week will be spent, for we do not see how to gain much interest upon his pounds by trading in that market.

At the last meeting of the Baptist Union a zealous brother urged upon the meeting an extensive evangelistic effort for reaching the masses of our population. Though himself engrossed by a large sphere of labour, he offered his services as an evangelist, and pathetically pleaded that other qualified brethren would do the same. There seemed in the meeting considerable sympathy with the suggestion, and great readiness to spend a week or two, if necessary, in discussing the details of the proposal; but, alas, beyond the self-denying efforts of the one brother, for which he has been savagely attacked in a denominational paper, nothing has come of it. If another fervent mind were to suggest another godly enterprise his proposal would be equally well received, and quite as surely shelved. We do not blame anybody for this, for everyone is kind and hearty in wishing God speed to all that is good: if anybody deserves blame we take a full share to ourselves: but there stands the fact,—we come and we go, we meet and we separate, we read

papers and we listen to them, we make speeches and we clap our hands, and then farewell.—Another autumnal session of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland is ended! Amen.

Meanwhile sinners are perishing, our great cities are sinking deeper and deeper into heathenish ignorance, our churches are scarcely holding their own, superstition and scepticism are subjugating the minds of myriads, and we are making but feeble exertions, and attempting but little by way of aggressive effort. Five hundred or more Christian men spend a week together in industriously doing nothing, and then go home greatly refreshed! The streets and lanes of the city are full of the Master's servants, but no multitudes are compelled to come in to the gospel feast. Hundreds of heralds are in the great square and the market place, but the crowds are not gathered to hear the silver trumpets. We cannot get at the work. We should interrupt the sitting of a committee. We should make others jealous. Feeble health restrains some of us from going beyond our allotted task; but how about others who are vigorous and robust? Will no imprudent crusader begin the war? Are there none so indecorous as to win souls by going beyond the programme? Every building in the town ought to have a preacher, and many an open space should be made to ring with the gospel. Our Master is coming; the Judge is at the door; how should we answer him if he appeared among us at our next meeting? What if he should say, "You are all gathered as my servants to confer concerning my kingdom, and what have you done?" Could we honestly answer, "Lord, we have done what we could"? If so, these remarks may crave forgiveness. If not, they claim consideration.

C. H. S.

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## Soul Humbling.

I HAVE so much cause for humility, and so much need of it, that I hope I shall never give quarter to anything that appears in the shape of sullenness. Alas! if my best friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide my guilty head in the day of recompense? The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed with my friends for a person religiously inclined, if not actually religious: and, what is more wonderful, I thought myself a Christian, when I had no faith in Christ, when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith nor love, nor any Christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him. But, blessed be God, even the God who has become my salvation, the hail of affliction and rebuke for sin has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty in great mercy to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and bind me up; thus did he wound me, and his hands made me whole.—*William Cowper.*



## Lodging Houses and Fallen Stars.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

FROM what was said in our article on Whitechapel lodging-houses it should not be inferred that Mr. George Holland *confines* his operations to those unsavoury but still interesting dens. Because he is literally surrounded with them, he and his assistants are ceaseless in their endeavours to raise their wretched inhabitants from grovelling in the mire of sin and misery ; but otherwise his mission-house is a grand centre of evangelical influences of all kinds, among all who come under its shadow. We are glad that its conductor has ardent supporters among all denominations, and in all grades of society, for he richly deserves them.

In our last paper we briefly alluded to those mysterious phenomena of low life in London, the fallen stars, who seek to hide themselves from an unsympathetic world in the lodging-house kitchens. While in one sense there is a sameness about all their life histories, yet each one has characteristics of surprising novelty. The people themselves are ready to tell their stories, for they move in a world where they cannot suffer inconvenience from exposure. Where self-respect has been sacrificed, a man will feel no qualms about revealing secrets concerning himself. On the contrary, an unhealthy species of pride may prompt the fallen to minister to the morbid curiosity of degraded associates. Though they have reason enough to be ashamed of what they *are*, many are still able to be proud of what they *were*.

We will now give examples of several fallen stars that have come under the notice of George Holland and his assistant. The first shall be very briefly told, because we have previously published the details at length.

One day a tall man, of a military bearing, was giving an account of himself in one of the kitchens, when a woman remarked to a friend who was standing near, "It's all true, sir, what he says." He had been a commissioned officer in a good regiment, he was the son of a clergyman, and he had two brothers ordained in the Church of England. At his father's death he inherited two thousand pounds' worth of railway shares, and the interest of this property was still paid half-yearly, because the principal could not be touched. Everything else was gone, and the dividends were invariably squandered in drink as soon as they were received. On being spoken to seriously about his desperate recklessness, the officer mournfully shook his head, and spoke like a man who, morally speaking, was an incurable, and past hope of reclamation. That he spoke the words of honest conviction none would have doubted who looked into his features, marred by excess, and took account of his dilapidated costume. The Christian friend who spoke to the prodigal was more hopeful, however. He noticed that the soldier had with him as a companion in degradation a wife, who had formerly been an ornament to good society, and it was evident that a bond of sympathy still held them together. He had still a chance of rising, if he would make a manly endeavour ; and on condition that drink were given up, our

friend promised to write to one of the clergymen whom we have mentioned as brothers of the fallen man. This plan was adopted, and instead of allowing the victim of gin to have his dividends in one sum half-yearly, he received it in weekly portions. This saved him, and after two years of testing himself he felt that he was reclaimed, that he could be trusted with his own, and that he should like to settle in a more salubrious locality. He pressed his benefactor to accept a recompense, and when this was refused he insisted on giving something to the poor. Like the prodigal, the spendthrift soldier had wandered into the far country of shame and despair; but, unlike too many of his class, he returned before his ruin was consummated.

The next example we are able to give is more striking, and, viewed from its earthly side alone, more melancholy.

On a certain evening a stranger appeared at the George-yard prayer-meeting, and from his military bearing it was easy to see that he had been accustomed to the drill and the discipline of the army. On a closer acquaintance, it further appeared that he had been liberally educated, that he had filled successively several lucrative situations, and, worst of all, by his abandoned conduct, had broken his mother's heart. On the night of his entering the prayer-meeting he had reached that low stage of misery, when, having completed his work, as it were, the evil one suggests suicide as the readiest means of escape from intolerable misery of soul. The prayer-meeting saved him by opening a door of hope. He listened to the kindly sympathetic words of Christian friends, and being invited to come again, he did so, until a deep and lasting impression was made upon his heart. Having arrived at this stage, those who had rescued the intended suicide further interested themselves in his behalf, and by their endeavours an educational appointment was procured for him. In course of time this was given up on account of failing health, and being qualified in all respects for the office, the man reclaimed from the lodging-house kitchen undertook the pastorate of a Baptist church in a rural district. Mr. Holland's chief assistant had the pleasure of preaching on the interesting occasion of his poor friend's installation; but his time for work was almost over. A course of sin had made fatal inroads on his constitution, and at the end of a year his labour on earth was finished for ever. In this remarkable case it was felt by the friends at George-yard that they had been the instruments of plucking a brand from the fire, and preparing a vessel made meet for the Master's use.

We may here pause to ask how it happens that officers in the army are so frequently found drifting from their moorings of respectability and leading a vagabond life? Even while we write, a highly connected officer of the 108th regiment, only twenty-five years of age, and whose full name appears in the newspapers, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for having committed sundry frauds on London tradesmen. The counsel for the defence on this occasion made a statement containing many valuable lessons for those who are running the hazard of being wrecked on the breakers of riotous living. He said that the prisoner was the son of a gentleman who formerly held the position of Postmaster-General at Bombay, who had at his death left a considerable fortune to his widow. After his decease, the prisoner's mother

went to live at Paris, and he was afraid that the prisoner, who was an only son, was brought up in habits of great extravagance, and to live in a style far beyond what he could reasonably hope to keep up. After his mother's death he was taken under the charge of an uncle, who placed him at Sandhurst, procured him a commission in the army, and supplied him with very considerable sums of money. Upon the death of this gentleman he was left to his own resources. The prisoner appeared to have received about £3,000 after the death of his relatives, but this was quickly spent. In April last the prisoner resolved upon quitting the army. The money he possessed was soon disposed of, and the prisoner was literally left without resources. He then resorted to the scheme of obtaining money which had led to this charge. With regard to the prisoner's position, there was no doubt that he was highly connected. He was very popular with his brother officers in the regiment, and they were deeply pained to see him stand in his present position. There was, of course, no hope of his ever retrieving his character in England; but in another country, and under another name, he might probably regain to some extent the position he had occupied.

It is not always criminal indulgence, however, that reduces an officer to ruin; for experience has shown that military men in common with civilians of irreproachable character, may be overtaken by misfortune. Some of our readers may remember an instance of this kind which occurred in the early part of last year. A destitute and deserving man made the fatal mistake of applying to the Charity Organization Society, which did not even offer him a stone; but, on the contrary, allowed him to die of want, while the relief he craved, but never received, was being "organized." Not by such a procedure as this will mendicity and imposture be repressed. The adoption of finely-drawn and strait-laced principles would dry the spring of true charity in the heart, and transform their victims into hard-grained, unfeeling calculators.

But to return from this digression to our friends at George-yard, whose work is constantly presenting new phases of interest. In addition to the lodging-houses, the neighbourhood of George-yard abounds with cheaply-furnished rooms, which command a rental of sixpence a night, and thus meet the requirements of a poor nomad population. These humble sleeping places are simply another species of lodging-house, and those who frequent them are too often the improvident, the vicious, the ruined, and sinners judged to be past reclaiming.

In one of these rooms a friend of ours, who is associated with Mr. Holland, once met with a man, his wife, and several children, whose poverty prevented their having a home of their own, or any better accommodation than the miserable shelter of the sixpenny room. By trade the man was a carpenter, and by steady industry he might have provided all things needful for his family; but unfortunately he was unmanned by drink, and in consequence those he should have supported had rags on their backs, and shoeless feet, and were altogether in a starving condition. The children were taken into the George-yard school, where they frequently received a substantial meal as well as food for the mind; while at the same time the poor starving wife was welcomed to the gospel meetings. The cause of the family calamity was

in the man, and it was plainly seen that no improvement could be looked for while *he* remained untouched. He appeared to have sense enough to realize that he alone was responsible for the suffering and degradation of his family; but while thanking those who had shown kindness to his children, he retained that dogged, sullen demeanour which is sometimes characteristic of drunkards in their sober moments. Who that has sought to reclaim such people has not felt himself to be treading on tender ground? None know better than the victims of gin the follies of excess; but the antidote must come in well chosen words, and not in harsh reproofs. The carpenter was spoken to in his poor room; but a very transient impression was made on his mind. He was then encountered in the street, famishing and despairing; and on receiving a trifling gratuity he remarked, "I never thought I should come to this!" Now was the time for another word in season, and that word was spoken. The man had voluntarily set out upon an incline, at the bottom of which was an abyss of destruction, and every step increased the momentum of the descent and the certainty of ruin. He was warned of the danger of such a course, and advised to stop. Stop! "*I can't stop,*" cried the man, "the devil has got hold of me, and I must go on!" He was invited to the meetings, but with characteristic caution he would not make a promise, he would not undertake to do more than think about the matter. The upshot was, however, that after all he did come; the truth reached his heart, he signed the pledge, there was a pause in his course; he had actually stopped! As a sober man he very soon obtained employment, and as his daily earnings went to the family instead of to the public house, there was an immediate and striking improvement in their circumstances. Becoming a thrifty artizan, he borrowed a small capital with which to start himself in trade, and still he prospered. With tears in her eyes the wife acknowledged her indebtedness to the friends at George-yard, as she confessed her happiness. The family soon afterwards removed into the country, and when last heard of the reformed drunkard was the owner of a good business, and, better still, he was a consistent member of a Christian church. This kind of work is continually in progress, and examples could easily be multiplied.

There is a still darker subject to which brief reference may be made. The fallen stars of Whitechapel are some of them young girls, whose lives, once bright with promise, have been permanently darkened by vice. Many of these unfortunate creatures are found in the rooms referred to, and a large proportion are natives of Ireland.

On a certain day our friend tapped at a room door, which was presently opened by a very pretty girl, who replied to the offer of a tract with, "I don't like, sir!" On being pressed to give her reason she replied, "I feel they condemn me," and then burst into tears. She then related her life-story. Her father was a Christian man, and when at home she had herself attended the Sabbath-school. Her downward course, and her sorrows, commenced when she formed an acquaintance with a young man of the baser sort, who, under a promise of marriage, persuaded his victim to come to London, where after a time he deserted her. In despair she gave herself up to an abandoned life. When advised to go home to her friends as a penitent she answered, "No, I would rather

take poison." After being further reasoned with, and having prayer offered on her behalf, the girl promised to enter a home, and by this means she was finally restored to her friends. There is much of this kind of work to be done in Whitechapel, and the return for an outlay of trouble is always great.

One of the most extraordinary cases of reclamation in connection with George-yard, and Mr. Holland's work, is that of Walter Douglas, the particulars of which are published in a sixpenny book, under the title of "Lifted Up."

As the name indicates, Douglas came of a Scotch family; but at an early date his parents removed to the State of Indiana, and there died. An infidel uncle, whose wife was an Irish papist, then took charge of Walter; and this man, who was a dealer in mules, not only gave his nephew a tolerable education, but left a fortune to each of his twelve children. Still, Walter had a will of his own; for being displeased with his tutor he knocked the man down, ran away from home, and on coming of age he demanded his property, and started in business on his own account as a tobacco planter. He married a Christian wife, employed between seventy and eighty men, and for a time all things appeared to prosper. Then there came a crisis when ruin overtook the household in one night. His premises caught fire, and Mrs. Douglas died soon after in consequence of the shock, and having no anchor of Christian hope the man took to brandy drinking, hoping by drink to alleviate the pangs of a wounded heart. When prostrated by fever, thoughts of suicide haunted his mind. He came to London to escape the Federal conscription in 1864; and in our crowded capital he might have been seen wandering hither and thither in rags, shirtless and shoeless. "Strange to say," he himself remarks, "that though at Liverpool, and on my way to London, I had often walked all night, having nowhere to lay my head, after I arrived here God always sent me enough to pay threepence for a bed. For eight weeks I never ate but as a bird, picking up a crust off your streets, and getting a drink of water. Without friends or food, my favourite resort was Hyde Park, with its green carpet and blue ceiling. Yet I was never more proud than then. The thieves in Whitechapel hated me because I would not steal, nor condescend to associate with them."

One day he sat in the park, feeling sick in heart and body, thinking of his departed wife, whom he describes as an accomplished lady, and asking himself, "Douglas, what have you come to?" when he was startled to find, from their conversation, that some nurse girls were afraid of him. One ventured near, however, and presenting him with a shilling remarked, "Ah, sir, God wants you for some special work." Then he was cheered by receiving from a City Missionary the price of a cup of coffee, while a friendly German gave him a loaf. All this time he was an infidel, though capable of being touched by Christian sympathy.

One day while passing through Bethnal-green he noticed a paper in the window of a blacksmith's shop, inviting persons to enter the service of Christ; and he adds. "This thought came into my mind—*I wonder if Christ would have anything to do with me?*" In a few moments the blacksmith was by his side pressing home the invitation, and Walter was more deeply impressed than ever by having found a man

who cared for him. He attended a prayer-meeting by invitation, and shortly afterwards he strayed into the hall at George-yard while Mr. Holland was preaching. That night was a crisis; for, being utterly weary of life, Walter had determined that he would suffer no more, and his purpose was to go straight from the meeting and drown himself in the Thames. In this awful hour he heard a friend speaking, and the voice was that of George Holland,—“You shall not sink any lower than you are. We'll raise a band of praying men around you, and God will save you yet.” This prophecy very speedily came true, and Walter Douglas went to the Antipodes to labour as an evangelist, and to see the Lord's work prospering in his hand. The prayers of his Christian wife were answered—the fallen star was raised.

This is one part of George Holland's work—to raise the fallen; and it is a branch of Christian service which is often associated with romance. Some of the most extraordinary life-stories in the world are told at the fireside of the lodging-house kitchen; the common talk in those squalid dens is often more piquant than the polished conversation of the fashionable dinner table. However low human nature may fall it can never become uninteresting: in a world like this, the men who have fallen have more to talk about than those who have risen. Their adventures have been more romantic in the sense that it is more striking to see a man leap from a precipice, than it is to see the same individual walk up a hill. It is undoubtedly striking to see a man who has stood in a parish pulpit, sat on the bench, or pleaded at the bar cook his own supper at the clear red fire, and take his turn in the use of the common teapot and fryingpan. Such things are to be seen in the lodging-house kitchen, and having once seen them you cannot soon forget them.

### Righteous self hard to slay.

THE writer had occasion lately to visit an old sailor in a protracted illness. Taking his large but not much used Bible, I read to him, and marked with my pencil the words (Hosea xiii. 9)—“Thou hast destroyed thyself,” assuring him they were for *him* as certainly as if his name were there, and adding emphatically, “Do you believe them?” “No,” said he, “I haven't destroyed myself; I have been honest and upright, and what more would you have?” Day after day, for several weeks, I read to him the same condemning words, telling him, to his great chagrin, I could advance no further with him until he believed that saying of God. At last, one day, when I put to him the old question, he said it *must* be true because *I* told him so. “But it is God who says it, not I,” was my rejoinder, pointing him to the plain words of Scripture. At the next visit he was another man—broken down, and stripped of his poor “rags” of self-righteousness. And now he took refuge thankfully in Christ Jesus, his *only* “righteousness.”—*Rev. John Baillie, D.D.*, in “*The English Pulpit: or, What to preach, and how to preach.*”

## The Gospel—God's remedy for Man's ruin.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

IT is a solemn fact, that scenes with which we are familiar, and which make but little impression on our own minds, would strike a stranger with awe. We seem, from our residence in the midst of a dense population like that of London, to have grown accustomed to the drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, ignorance, and vice which are everywhere apparent. Not that we are insensible or indifferent to the misery and squalor around us, but that familiarity has left us less impressible by their horrors. Could some graphic pen be employed to depict those scenes which are found in proximity to our very doors, substituting other names for the localities, how would our feelings be stirred, and our sympathies aroused, and with what eagerness should we hasten to assist in the evangelization of such a dark, benighted place! London wears a proud exterior, and patriots and politicians parade her greatness before august assemblies; but if we penetrate to the core of this great city, the vices we shall discover are unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by the grossest scenes of the most savage nations. Strange extremes often meet. On the African continent there are tracts of land luxuriantly fertile, and there are plains of shifting sand unrelieved in their wild desolation by the presence of a blade of grass or a tiny daisy. In America there existed for many years a freedom almost approaching to license, and side by side there was a system of slavery the most abject that ever cursed the sons of Ham; even so, in London, the centre of art, science, civilization, commerce, and religion, there is the densest ignorance, the grossest sensuality, and a darkness as regards religion unsurpassed by Fiji and Raratonga in the darkest eras of their dark history.

Now, the question is,—How to meet and remedy the evil? One says, "*By improving the dwellings of the working classes.*" This is a step in the right direction. Construct well ventilated houses for the poor, if you will, and remove them from the crazy tenements in which from one to a dozen families herd together, and you will perform a noble work; but the result affects directly their outward condition only. You have left untouched the root of the evil—the heart. Men are not vicious and degraded because they dwell in foul homes; they are degraded first, and their dwelling is but an outward exhibition of the evil which finds its source and centre in the heart. Granted, that a man is better socially for living in a clean and tidy house, yet the fact is clear to all, that some of the worst vices and crimes which our law and police courts disclose are perpetrated by those whose dwellings are to all external appearance everything that could be desired. Men's hearts are not changed by changing their homes. To regenerate society we want and must have something more than improved dwellings.

Others say, "*Education is the great desideratum*, the consummation devoutly to be wished." No one will deny education to be highly necessary and important, but it is not the remedy for the deep and festering wound which afflicts humanity. Educate our poor population in all the philosophies of ancient and modern times, in all the classic lore of Greece and Rome, and in all the arts and sciences of the day,

and you only directly reach *the intellect*: the ruin lies deeper than this, for the evils we lament may co-exist with the most elaborate and perfect system of education, and it is possible for the most profound scholar and the basest villain to meet in the same individual. A mind stored with knowledge is no safeguard against vice and error. Knowledge after all is but an increase of power, and power may be employed for a good or an evil purpose. There must be a principle within which shall preside over and direct all their actions, or else with increased education men may become little better than clever devils.

Others assert that a remedy is to be found in the *universal spread of temperance*. Now, notwithstanding the fact that a large proportion of vice and crime is directly traceable to drink, the evil lies deeper than this. Drink is not so much a cause as an agent by which a cause operates. Remove drink from the land, and you remove not the cause but only the instrument by which nine-tenths of its poverty, crime, and disease are effected. Though temperance does not reach the root of the evil, we freely admit that it removes from the hand of Satan one of his most powerful engines for resisting the truth, and sealing the damnation of souls. Still, although Working Men's Clubs, Mechanics' Institutes and Coffee Palaces are good things, counteracting, as they unquestionably do to a great extent, the pernicious influences of the public house, and affording an opportunity to working men for recreation and the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge, yet something is needed beyond all these.

Other remedies have been proposed and applied, but space will allow us to refer only to one, viz., *increased church accommodation*. By all means furnish convenient places of worship, but we do not believe that the remedy lies so much in the multiplication of churches as in the adaptation of the existing ministry to the needs of the population. The large number of metropolitan churches in the midst of dense populations almost empty on the Lord's Day is an unanswerable argument in favour of this assertion. Until our working classes are willing to enter those places of worship which already exist, there is no necessity for increased accommodation, except in new neighbourhoods. Where, then, is the remedy? Where? Not in any or all of the things mentioned, but in *the glorious gospel of the blessed God*. Let the gospel—not the empty philosophy which often passes for it; let the gospel—not the plausible and pretentious pedantries of erratic theologians; let the gospel in its native simplicity and purity be brought to bear upon the masses of the people, and applied to the heart, as it will be by the Spirit of God, if Christians are only half in earnest, and you have the remedy for all the woes which blight and curse our race. For, according to the well-known axiom, that the greater includes the less, with the reception of the gospel the heart is renewed, old things pass away, and all things become new.

Some would have us believe that the Bible is an obsolete book, that it should be deposited in our museums as a relic of the past, and that this age is too philosophic to admit the necessity or the fact of a divine revelation; but we dare assert, and the truth of the conviction is borne out by the experience of nineteen centuries, that the Bible, above all things else, is adapted to the requirements of man's inner nature. But



to whom does the responsibility attach of preaching the gospel? To any and every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, be he poor or be he rich, ignorant or learned, old or young, master or servant, peasant or prince. The example of the Royal Psalmist of Israel may well rebuke the cowardice or indolence of some, as it certainly affords encouragement to others. In Psalm cxix. 46, he says, "I will speak of thy testimonies before kings, and will not be ashamed." Equals to equals is a grand principle of Christian service. Then, in Psalm xxxiv. 11, he widens out his sphere of service: "Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord." And in Psalm li. 13, his anxiety finds its objects in those who are afar off: "I will teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," was the command of the ascending Saviour to the chosen few who saw the golden cloud descend on Olivet, and receive him out of their sight; and through them the command descends to Christians in all succeeding ages. The boundaries of the world are the limits of our sphere of service. The Creator has commissioned us to go to every creature. His right is supreme, and our duty is plain. Then *go!* do not wait for the poor perishing sinner to come to you. Go! to the damp, dark cellar where corruption reeks, and fell disease lays low its haggard victims, and tell them of the new-creating influence of the gospel of Christ. Go! to yon lonely attic, where in the dull sepulchral glare of a flickering candle, you may read what poverty is, where

"With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sits in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,"

and tell her of the mansions in the skies, and the unsearchable riches of Christ revealed in the gospel. Go! to yon prison-cell where criminals expiate their crimes against society by the loss of liberty, by hard labour and hard fare, and tell them of pardon through the blood of Jesus, and of the liberty of the children of God. Go! to yon hospital, where disease and death, twin monarchs, sway their sceptre, and point the dying to him who conquered death, and who said, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Go! wherever a fellow sinner groans beneath the curse. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Ye servants of Jesus go forth,  
The might of your Master proclaim;  
Oh! tell of his infinite worth—  
• The grace which resides in his name.

Go! visit the sad and forlorn  
Who, lonely, their sad vigils keep;  
In the first dewy hours of the morn,  
Go! seek for the wandering sheep!

There are souls who lament their sad lot,  
And yearn for his pardoning love,  
Whose mercy, despised and forgot,  
They now are so anxious to prove!

Heart broken and weary with sin,  
They long to be perfectly whole ;  
At once, then, your mission begin  
To many a desolate soul.

If some, all too stubborn to yield,  
Your message of love should refuse,  
Ere their fate is eternally sealed  
Beseech them the Saviour to choose.

Oh ! bid them repent and believe,  
For Jesus is able to save :  
That sinners for ever might live  
His life he most cheerfully gave.

The promise for ever stands fast,  
Who, weeping, goes forth in the morn,  
Shall rejoice when his sheaves at the last  
To the garner of God shall be borne."

(No. 91, "*Flowers and Fruits of Sacred Song.*")

## Speak to Strangers about their Souls.

WHEN the Christian church is fully alive and earnestly on the outlook for winning souls, persons cannot long come into a place of worship without being personally spoken to by some friend or another. When, however, congregations sink into apathy, individuals may attend from month to month, and even be anxious to be spoken to about their souls, and yet no one will notice them. This is a very sad state of affairs, and ought to be remedied at once. Mr. Gough told a story the other day which well illustrates the point, though the incident happened in connection with a young men's Christian association. He said, "In America a young men's association had been newly formed, and the walls of the reading room were covered with pictures and one or two notices, one of the latter beginning 'Please remove your hat.' One singular individual had been observed walking in and out of the reading room, constantly keeping his head covered, when a member of the committee approached him and asked, 'Have you read that notice on the wall—Please remove your hat?' 'Oh, yes,' said the stranger, 'I have seen it frequently. I have been here now, off and on, for four months, and no one has spoken to me, and I thought that by keeping my hat on someone would at last turn up and tell me to take it off.'"

This was a very broad hint to those who had been so negligent of their duty, and we could well wish that strangers coming among us would do something outrageous to break the ice and remind Christian people of their duty. The art of button-holding can only be learned by practice; it might be difficult to begin, but it will soon become very natural; indeed, we know some to whom it has become so habitual that they are sometimes indiscreet in their utterances, and seize upon unseasonable times. Better far would it be to see a hundred exhibitions of rash zeal than to have the whole community sleeping in a decorous and deadly silence. Awake, ye believers, and speak for your Master while yet it is day, for your opportunities are passing away, the souls of men are perishing, and you will be called to account for them.

## At Work among the Hop Pickers.

BY J. BURNHAM, OF THE TABERNACLE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

**D**URING the past ten years it has been our privilege to visit various parts of the country in our work for Christ; and we have come to the conclusion that if we would gaze upon the sublime and beautiful there is no need to leave Old England. Different counties claim the distinguished name of "the garden of England," and each one doubtless feels that it can justify its claim. Among these aspirants, Kent has ever stood to the front; and however much her claim may be questioned, there can be little doubt as to its pre-eminence during the lovely time of "hop picking." A more picturesque scene can scarcely be imagined than opens before us in the hop gardens, where hundreds of all ranks and ages are gathered to pick the hops. Here we have the farmer's wife and daughter helping to gather in the chief harvest of Kent. Here are many of the middle classes from town and country, glad to avail themselves of the healthy exercise and the open air, and the exhilarating tonic afforded by the bitter hop. Here are thousands of the poorest of the poor, and lowest of the low, from the back slums of our towns and cities; among the last named, London leading the way. It is of these thousands, and of our work among them, that we wish to say a few words at this present.

It is an acknowledged fact, that notwithstanding the many and excellent agencies at work in our cities, multitudes of the most degraded class are not reached. Recognising this sad fact, our good brother Mr. Kendon, of Goudhurst, in the very heart of the hop country, has for several years past sought, in a variety of ways, to benefit this class during their annual migration into the country. To give them medicine for the soul while they are gaining health for their bodies is his fervent desire. Following our Lord's example, he has often prepared the way for the gospel by attending *first* to their temporal necessities, clothing them, collecting hundreds of them on Sundays to partake of free tea, and so forth. This work has been greatly blessed, as very many rescued ones can testify; and the work has grown year by year, until many labourers are needed to carry on the holy service.

During the week we visit the people at their work in the hop gardens, and by the aid of imagination, we invite you, dear reader, to take a trip with us when we go forth and begin our work.

In prayer seeking divine wisdom and guidance each morning, we start off to the scene of labour, furnished with a plentiful supply of tracts for the adults, and illustrated fly-leaves and little books for the children. As we enter the garden, all eyes are soon upon us, and only a cursory glance is needed to show how unwelcome our visit is to many, and at the same time how much it is needed. We distribute ourselves, and commence our work in right earnest in various parts of the garden. Stepping up to a bin with a hearty "good morning," we commence picking, finding the occupant more ready to converse with us when he sees that we are helping to increase his heap. We soon commence a chat, though seldom *directly* on spiritual matters; oftener on some general topic in which we know they are interested; eagerly watching our opportunity, meanwhile, to turn the conversation into a profitable channel.

Here, I may say, the terrible catastrophe to the *Princess Alice* has readily opened our way for religious conversation in scores of instances ; many of the pickers having friends or relatives among the lost. To broach this subject was in many cases to touch a tender chord at once, and freely the tears have flowed as some have told us of their loss. "Yes," said a poor man, "if I had been among the number, my soul would have been lost for ever ; I do hope God will be merciful and forgive me my sin ; so that I may be prepared for death, come how and when it may." "Amen," said we. "He WILL be merciful, and forgive your sins, if you come as a poor lost one, seeking forgiveness through his dear Son. He has *promised*, and will be as good as his word ; ' If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' ' Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved.' ' Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' " These and kindred gracious promises we leave with a tract, and the earnest prayer that God may deepen conviction and work conversion. At the next bin we see three or four children gathered round an open umbrella, stuck bottom upwards in the ground, into which they are picking hops. We clear the way by talking to the children as we pick for them. We do not find half the difficulty in coming to the point with the children as with the parents. Soon we are telling them a Bible story, and their little eyes sparkle with delight at those interesting scenes, ever more charming than fiction. We tell them of the Saviour who loved the young, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." We repeat the Saviour's matchless story of the prodigal boy, running away from home, and wasting his money ; in want, returning, and the loving father, instead of scolding him, meeting him with a kiss. Then we give them a picture of the father embracing his long-lost son, and more than once have we seen their little eyes fill with tears as they have looked at that speaking picture. In many of these tender hearts we may hope the truth will lodge, and influence their future lives for time and for eternity. When we have won the ears, and we hope the hearts, of the dear children, the parents are prepared to listen ; and we are soon urging upon them the great importance of their knowing Jesus as their Saviour, in order that they may be able to train their little ones for him.

At the next bin stand two men, their rough dress, rougher demeanour, and black scowl certainly do not look very inviting ; but determined, God helping us, we will *pass none*, but rather suffer reproach, if need be, for his sake, we step up to them. Judging our errand, they will not be drawn into conversation ; and soon they give us pretty plain hints that they prefer our room to our company. In such cases, when they will not give us an opportunity to converse with them, we seat ourselves on the bin, and propose to read to them an interesting story ; and from Ashworth's "Strange Tales," or "The Earham Series of Tracts," we soon select, according to our customers ; and to the reading they will generally listen eagerly. Should they manifest special interest, we give them the tract to read again at their leisure. At the next bin our heart bleeds as we meet with an old man and woman, thoroughly hardened in sin, apparently gospel proof, believing in neither God nor devil, heaven nor hell. We try to reason with them from the word of God, but they are

not open to conviction. We soon learn that Bradlaugh is their prophet, and the Hall of Science their heaven. They refuse our message and our tract, and with an aching heart we pass on. Anon we meet with a hearty welcome from a man and his wife, who have visited these parts for years, and, under Mr. Kendon's ministry, have been brought to Jesus. No need here to tread cautiously for fear of introducing an unwelcome theme. Soon they are telling us, with gratitude beaming from their faces, how they were led to feel their need of a Saviour, and to embrace his offer of pardon. Sweet fellowship are we enabled to hold with these poor disciples of our Lord. Receiving a hearty grasp of the hand, and "God bless ye, sir," we pass on refreshed. Here is a strange looking character, evidently bent on sport. Two coarse Hessian sacks are the chief part of his dress. He has got into one, and forcing his feet through the bottom corners, has drawn it around his waist. In the other sack he has cut a hole for his head and arms, and pulled it over him; then a cord around his waist fastens both sacks in their place. He has evidently been robbing a goose of its largest wing-feathers, and these are stuck around his hat. If his skin were darker, he would pass well for an Indian chieftain. In spite of his mischievous leer at us, the story of Billy Bray has taken his attention, and soon he is seated on the bin, eagerly reading for himself about that eccentric but godly man. Two men and a woman at the next bin, with blotched and blurred faces, are singing a coarse song; they hardly seem to have got over the debauch of last evening at the "Red Lion." I am right in my guess, for they greet me with the request for "a pot of beer;" and, in their present mood it seems almost profane to offer them "the water of life." Still, we briefly bear testimony against sin and for Christ, and leave them, hoping that their memories may retain and profit by the short message we have delivered. Thus we go on through the garden, day by day; some greeting us with a warm welcome, some with profane jests, others with oaths and curses. Not unfrequently do we meet with the spiritual children of our brethren George Holland, Lewis, Orsman, and Ned Wright, and we bless God for the influence these dear brethren wield over many of the poor of our great city.

Another important feature of our work is the open-air service. Every evening we start off to the surrounding villages, three, four, and five miles distant (Marden, Goudhurst, Brenchley, Lamberhurst, Horsmonden, etc.), whither the hop pickers resort by hundreds to the shop and the public house. In the centre of the village we take our stand, and commence singing. Before the first hymn is over we have a goodly company around us, of all classes: many from the neighbouring houses, as well as the poor hop pickers, for whose benefit the services are specially held. Abundance of singing, short telling addresses, plentifully spiced with anecdote and incident, hold and augment the crowd, till we soon find ourselves besieged by a large, and generally attentive congregation. Whilst one brother is speaking, others are distributing tracts among the company. In these services a band of Mr. Kendon's scholars renders us very efficient help in the singing. They seem delighted to help us. I name this with peculiar pleasure, as many lads, far inferior to them in social position, would deem it beneath them to

be found at open-air services. Now and then we are interrupted in this work by godless and half-intoxicated men. "Here," says a man, pushing his way to the front, "Here is a penny." No one attempts to take it. "Here ye be, master; who takes the money?" "I thank you, my friend," says the speaker, "'tis not your money we want, but your soul for Christ. Blessed be God, the pardon we offer to-night is not to be bought, 'tis freely given; 'without money and without price.'" Here comes the sack-man from the garden, decorated like an Indian chieftain, evidently intent on the devil's work among us. By our right hand is a lad holding a lamp, that we may be able to see the music. By our left stands this man in strange attire, pretending that he cannot see the hymn on the sheet just handed to him; he bends his head close by our side, studiously managing to bob the feathers up and down our face, intending to baffle us. Of course, many burst into a fit of laughter at this freak; but the dear lads sing all the more lustily to drown the laughter. One of our brethren, being repeatedly interrupted by a sceptic, suddenly broke off his address by saying, "Here is a man who seems able to talk pretty freely; we will just sing a verse or two, and then I will gladly give place for him to speak to you." Whilst the company were singing our brother patted him on the shoulder—"Come, captain, come, we shall all be pleased to hear what you have to say; don't slink back now I have announced you to speak." Entreaty was in vain; and, before the hymn was finished, "captain" had absconded, and our brother was able to proceed. But these interruptions are the exception, rather than the rule; the people generally are very attentive, and many a "God bless ye, sir," and "Good luck to ye," greets us as we pack up the organ, and move off. *En route* for home is a gipsy's camp on the roadside. Two or three women are sitting on logs around burning fagots,—we turn aside for a word or two with them. One, more chatty than the rest, chimes in—"I heard you say last night, 'Here is a Saviour for everybody'; therefore he is my Saviour." "No, no, my friend, not so; though a Saviour for everybody, he is not everybody's Saviour: only the Saviour of those who come to him. Tomorrow (Sunday) Mr. Kendon invites *all* of you to come to a free tea, do you intend to come?" "Yes, sir, that we do." "Now, he comes among you all, and says, 'Whosoever will may come; none of you will be refused'; suppose *you do not come*, is that tea yours? You were invited, freely, and *if you come and partake of it, then it is yours*, and not till then." "Well, sir, I never see'd it like that afore."

On Sunday mornings we visit the various "hopper houses" and camps, distribute tracts, and talk with the occupants as they are gathered in little knots. Some of the more cleanly of the women are at the wash tub; groups of men are lounging on the ground, or sitting on the trunk of a tree, smoking and chatting; some, of both sexes, sitting around some smouldering embers, cooking. Here sometimes may be seen a strange medley. In the same cooking vessel is half of a salted pig's head, a number of potatoes, cabbages, turnips, dumplings, all thrown in together in glorious confusion. We try and get a word with individuals and groups, but encounter some difficulty, as many of them, notwithstanding their poverty, have too much pride to be spoken to about their souls before their companions. Yet some receive us kindly, and we may hope, receive our message too.

Another noteworthy feature of our work, is the hop pickers' free teas on Sundays. In two or three places, some miles distant from each other, these teas are held; and our brethren, with local help, supply speakers for each place. In a large field (weather permitting) a wagon is drawn up with the provisions, and on the greensward a picture, worthy the artist's pencil, presents itself. Seated four or five deep, in a large ring, are hundreds, of all ages, from the helpless babe to the grey-headed sire. Here is a young woman, once handsome, with a broken nose and severely cut face, the result of the "Brown Bear" brawl last night. Here are the dear children, through rough usage and exposure, looking years older than they really are. Here is a group of persons who have evidently been plying soap and water more vigorously than they have done for months before, and, attired in gaudy colours for the occasion, they present a very imposing spectacle. A more interesting scene than this motley group could scarcely be imagined. After doing ample justice to the cake and bread and butter (and, if they get the chance, slipping a store into their pockets or under their hats), we commence singing and addressing them from the wagon; and from many an eager upturned face and tearful eye we gather that the gospel comes as "good news" indeed.

Thus, in a variety of ways, are we "seeking the lost"; sowing the seed beside all waters, morning, noon, and night, knowing not which shall prosper, or whether both shall be alike good. We have reason to believe, as the result, that beneath many a rough exterior there returns to London a regenerated heart; and may we not hope that each converted soul will return to his or her home to be "a burning and a shining light" for their Lord, in the dark dens of our great city.

Surely this is a work calling loudly for the sympathy, and prayers, of all Christ-loving souls. Will not you, dear reader, so highly favoured above these, *your brothers and sisters*, pray for the poor hop pickers? Though many of them may be degraded and sunken in vice, their souls are as precious as yours; and, once won for Christ, they will sparkle brightly in his crown, as trophies of his marvellous, all-abounding grace. You *can* pray for them, and many of you can help them in other ways. Our good brother Kendon—a dear, earnest lover of souls—toils on year after year, never blowing his own trumpet, never advertising; yet his work is far more deserving than many which are paraded before the public. He undertakes this work entirely on his own responsibility. A few, who have heard of his work, send help in the shape of left-off clothing or contributions; but, at present, *he* exercises by far the greater amount of self-sacrifice. We are persuaded that his efforts only need to be more widely known, and many, for the sake of him who preached the gospel "to the poor," will readily, yea eagerly, lend a helping hand in the noble work. Ye who deny yourselves for the sake of the poor will rejoice with us in the glory which awaits all faithful labourers in the day when the Lord makes up his jewels.

N.B.—Any friends wishing to help Mr. Kendon may send parcels of left-off clothing to him, Malden Station, S.E.R.; or post office orders to him at Bethany House, Goudhurst, Staplehurst, Kent, payable at Goudhurst. If spared, please remember this next year as well as at present.

# The Work of the Pastors' College.

## PART VIII.

### THE PASTORS OF BRISTOL.

*(Continued from page 173.)*

THE Baptist churches of Bristol are a family closely knit together in the bonds of kinship, and they are readily traced to one mother. While passing through an ancient quarter of the city called the Pithay, we suddenly came across the spot on which the first church originally worshipped. The region is closely packed with old houses, it swarms with population, the surroundings are dingy and quaint; the inscription on the doorway, "Baptist Chapel, 1652," is unmistakable. Who gathered the congregation is not known; we only know that in the year named "the teacher," as he was called, happened to be Henry Hyman. In the troublous era of the Restoration the people removed from one place to another, frequently meeting in private to avoid the agents of a persecuting Government who were everywhere on the alert. In 1699, after liberty was restored, a house previously occupied by a soap-boiler was taken possession of and transformed into a "Meeting." In 1792 a more commodious sanctuary was erected on the same spot; but some years afterwards the church removed to Old King Street. In 1804 a secession occurred when twenty-eight persons formed the society at Counterslip. Thirty years later another batch of secessionists separated from Counterslip, and these found a shelter in the original house in the Pithay, under the pastorate of Mr. Evan Probert. The ministry of Mr. Probert was so abundantly fruitful that a new chapel on a more convenient site became indispensably necessary. A plot of land, a most commanding position at the end of the City Road, was accordingly purchased, and here the present chapel was erected, and opened by Mr. Spurgeon in 1861. The devoted pastor, Mr. Probert, occupied the pulpit till his death in 1867, labouring till the last with characteristic energy and success. He was a favourite supply to Mr. Spurgeon's congregation, a warm-hearted preacher and a sound divine. The pastor was chiefly instrumental in collecting funds for the new building; his memory is still cherished in the city, and many lives are still influenced by his wise words and worthy example.

Having now reached City Road Chapel, we have also come to Mr. Walter J. Mayers, who was born at Newington Butts, in a spot almost overshadowed by the Tabernacle, on the 15th of December, 1850. Whether or not our friend was a preacher born we shall not attempt to say; but when a little child he would play at preaching on Sunday evenings while the family was at chapel. Many useful ministers have betrayed their instincts in a similar manner. He was fortunate in childhood, having been tenderly cared for and watched over by pious parents. Nothing remarkable marked the era of school life beyond the fact that he had a passion for book-keeping, and received a first-class certificate from the College of Preceptors on account of proficiency in that art. Even as a child he manifested considerable interest in evangelistic work. The Bible-stand at the Great Exhibition



of 1862 was a rare object of interest; another attraction was found in the services which were conducted in the adjoining hall. Walter employed himself in distributing tracts, and became deeply impressed with the importance of religion. These serious impressions were deepened under the preaching of a young Methodist minister, but they passed away without leading to decision.

Leaving school at the age of fifteen, he entered into the service of Mr. Mudie, the librarian, and retained that situation for two years. During this time he was converted, but nothing calling for special remark associated itself with the great change; the example of his parents had all along exercised an abiding influence and now prompted an early decision. As soon as he joined the church he engaged in Sunday-school work at Onslow Chapel, Brompton, and with another young man visited a low district in Chelsea. Those who mean to do much for God should begin early, and, as a rule, an early commencement is one of the best securities for future proficiency.

Young Walter began to preach in the autumn of 1866, and was accompanied on his mission to the streets by two others like minded with himself. This trio first visited Earl's-court, Kensington, a place once covered with fields, but since converted into a fashionable suburb. It was some time before our young friend could summon sufficient courage to make a beginning, and no wonder, for he was only sixteen. Having broken the ice, shyness gradually wore off, and the novice was able to address a crowd outside Cremorne Gardens, as well as to give weekly exhortations to a congregation of Chelsea pensioners, who met in a room beneath Mr. White's chapel at Chelsea. This success in the exercise of his gifts was interpreted by Mr. Mayers as a call to the ministry. At the same time judicious friends, including his pastor, did not accord the young preacher any great encouragement, but rather checked his enthusiasm. Such repression is always painful to youth, but it is frequently overruled for lasting good. The young man's desires were too deeply rooted to be destroyed. A form of application was obtained from the Pastors' College; this was filled up, signed by Pastor F. White, and a short time afterwards the applicant was very warmly received by the Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon. In the meantime Mr. Mayers possessed a steadfast friend in the person of an elderly lady, who prayed for him every day in the assurance that he would in due course occupy a pulpit; and when her *protégé* settled at Battersea, this friend removed thither in order to attend his ministry. What better thing can we do for friends than pray for them?

The 13th of January, 1868, was the first day at college, and it was one of depression and misgiving. Both the place and the company were strange, and the question naturally arose as to whether a mistake had not been committed. The clouds were not long in breaking, however; the evening prayer-meeting proved to be a refreshing season, and lifted the young student out of his fit of despondency.

The first scene of Mr. Mayers' regular labours was Cranford, in Middlesex, where a chapel had been built mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. Booker, who was engaged in the building trade. Here Mr. Mayers is lovingly remembered, and some still remain who ascribe their conversion to his instrumentality.

After this Mr. Mayers preached at the Drill-hall, Peterborough, for eight Sabbaths; and he might possibly have settled in that city had not Mr. Spurgeon just at this time asked him to raise an interest in connection with the London Baptist Association's new chapel at Battersea Park. The call, though not anticipated, was accepted. Mr. Spurgeon, who opened the chapel, undertook that the pastor should not starve; but as it happened, there was no need to become indebted to private liberality. The ministry of Mr. Mayers commenced on the 30th of January; and the chapel, which accommodated five hundred people, was full from the first Sunday. Though in the first instance there was neither church nor congregation, friends soon came forward, who in course of a few months banded themselves together as a church. A Sunday-school was also established, which soon numbered nearly six hundred scholars. As the congregation continued to increase, a gallery was erected, and that also filled. The pastor was not satisfied with a mere Sabbath day success, however; he found out special ways of preaching the gospel. He conducted street services, gave street readings of popular evangelical stories, and found that these told with good effect. Occasionally a free tea was given to railway men, and as many as four hundred inspectors, guards, and others were brought together, and several received abiding good from these reunions. Those who looked on were delighted to see what ingenuity and energy could accomplish for the Lord.

The church at Battersea Park prospered abundantly, and Mr. Mayers was able to contrast present comfort with the labours of earlier days. He himself retains vivid recollections of the wholesome discipline he underwent as pastor-of-all-work before he came of age, and he thus relates the details:—"For some time I had to be deacon, pastor, and chapel-keeper, all rolled into one; and my Sunday morning work, when I first went there, did not commence in the pulpit, but very often I had to shake the mats and to light the fires. This, I have no doubt, was a good discipline for me. After a while there gathered around me some few Christians. The church was formed of twenty members; but when I left it consisted of nearly two hundred, and the chapel, seating some five hundred, had been enlarged, and still remained quite full. I was happy there, and God was blessing me in my work. I had no thought—and I can say this honestly—of going from that sphere of labour, though I did feel sometimes a little limited in my position."

The church was a thoroughly working church. A shop was opened for the sale of pure literature, and a Bible carriage was drawn about the neighbourhood every Saturday night, the work being done by members of the church without any other pay than the satisfaction of doing good. A mission-hall was likewise fitted up a few hundred yards from the chapel, the evangelistic work being done by the pastor and a staff of church members.

Mr. Mayers was always fond of music. At school he sang to the scholars; and when the students at college discovered his gifts they took care to keep them in full use. Soon after he entered college he was in constant request for evangelistic meetings, and his gift of song was found both useful and attractive. On several occasions while a student he was requested by Mr. Spurgeon to "sing the gospel" at the large Tabernacle meetings. Feeling deeply the need of a service

which should blend the sacredness of a prayer-meeting with the attraction of an entertainment. Mr. Mayers conceived the idea of giving evenings of Sacred Song. In this he was stimulated by the first visit to England of Mr. Philip Phillips. His Services of Song have since been given in many towns of England and Wales, and many conversions have resulted from them. The number of invitations to sing has not diminished, but the pressure of home work precludes the possibility of more than a few being accepted. There are true friends extant who greatly question whether the sweet singer and impressive speaker would not be more in his element as an evangelist than as a settled pastor, and whether this may not yet become his ultimate destination. Of that, however, he must judge for himself. Assuredly, he has talents of a high order, both of musical voice and impressive speech, and these fired by his earnest soul would, through the Spirit's blessing, make him a power for good wherever he might itinerate.

In the year 1872 Mr. Mayers received a pressing invitation to the church at Hackney-road, over which Mr. Cuff now presides with such energy. He was for some time inclined to accept the call, but at the urgent request of the Battersea friends he consented to remain with them.

In 1874 our friend removed to Bristol, and the death of Mrs. Mayers almost immediately upon her arrival awakened much sympathy throughout the city. As a lady full of sympathy and Christian zeal, and as the daughter of Elder Cockrell, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Mrs. Mayers had won universal respect. The church defrayed the expenses of the funeral, and the young people of the congregation erected a suitable monument. Thus sorrowfully was the new pastor consecrated to his sphere of labour.

At the recognition service held in City-road chapel on October 13, 1874, a number of ministers and friends were present who represented nearly all sections of the church, and great enthusiasm prevailed. We have heard it said that a very special unction at this time rested on the afflicted preacher, and that to a very extraordinary degree his word was with power. How often has it been so when the Lord's servants have been called to pass through the fire. Perhaps we shall best convey a correct impression of what the situation was four years ago, by giving an extract from the speech of Mr. Gange delivered on that memorable occasion. Some were over sanguine; some entered or applauded prophecies never destined to be fulfilled; but the pastor of Broadmead was more judicious and discerning. He said, "I did feel at the time Mr. Wood went away very sorry that he was going from us. He was a right hearty man. He was what cricketers call 'a good all-round man.' I do not think he was particularly brilliant in any one respect, but he was good at everything. He was a good preacher, a good pastor, a good committee-man, a good secretary, and a good platform speaker. It will be no easy task for our brother Mayers, with all his gifts, to fit into all the grooves in which our brother Wood went along so well. At the same time, while I am sorry at Mr. Wood's departure, I do rejoice very exceedingly that God in his providence has led our friend and brother, Mr. Mayers, to be his successor. I heard from the late Mrs. Wood an expression like this.

She said, 'I listened to Mr. Mayers some time ago, and I heard him sing; and I offered up a prayer to God that he might lead Mr. Mayers to be my husband's successor at City-road'; and so it has come about. I feel peculiar pleasure to-night in being here. . . . When I first settled at Broadmead a great objection was made to me because I came from the Metropolitan Tabernacle College. Some people said, 'We like your preaching admirably, but we do not like your College.' I am glad that opinion has somewhat modified. At the present time there are four brethren settled in this city with the blessing of God resting upon their labours, and they are rejoicing in his smile. There is Mr. Norris, at Bedminster, prospering in his ministry. Good old King-street is looking up and may look up still more; and at Broadmead we have for years enjoyed the Divine blessing. I have been much blest from the outset in having had the happiness of seeing crowds at the prayer meeting. When you have a good prayer meeting you will have a good Sunday service. I do feel this with regard to our good brother Mayers. He is a holy man—a man who has caught God's Spirit; and I feel convinced that his influence in this city will be for good, that he will bless us ministers, and he will bless you people. I am sure he will preach the grand old gospel. Brother Mayers! be very happy that you have been led to Bristol. There is no city in the land that has a grander history of servants of God, and that will do more for them, than this old city of Bristol. I see Mr. Mayers' father upon the platform, and I say to him: 'Do not have the least anxiety about your son here in Bristol. The Bristol people will be sure to take care of him.' They are a liberal, generous, kind-hearted set of people. I have been here some six years, and they have been happy years for me. Every day has been a red-letter day. I have not had an unkind word since I have been here, my wants have been anticipated, and liberal help has always been afforded me, so that our brother Mayers has need for no anxiety. As for the people, they of the city, the Christian people of Bristol, I love them all dearly, and they love the servants of God. Any man who is trying to do good and to bring men to Christ is the man they love, and the man they will support.'

In a measure Mr. Mayers forgot his sorrow by entering heartily into the work of the church. Since his settlement he has received more than three hundred into church fellowship, of whom two hundred and thirty-six have been baptized by him. His preaching is earnest and attractive, and while, like all young preachers, he has been subjected to adverse criticisms, the seals to his ministry have not been few. He may not suit every order of mind, but he is evidently much beloved by the many. Years and experience and deepening thought will complete a range of gifts which even now is singularly wide. The evangelical preacher will develop into the more and more edifying teacher, for to the many he is all that even now. Not only have many young people been converted, but aged and experienced Christians testify to the reception of help and reviving under his ministry. All the usual societies are carried on with spirit and success. About £100 a-year has been raised for Foreign Missions, and a Working Society has been established which sends gifts of clothing to the families of needy ministers. The pastor of City-road does not forget the claims of

pastoral visitation. He has mapped out the church into districts, and while attending to the constant calls of the aged and the sick, he yet endeavours to visit each member (and there are about 550 in the church) at least once in the year. He has found this consecutive visitation productive of good results both to pastor and people. Mr. Mayers is in great request for children's services; every three weeks during the winter he holds a Daniel's Band meeting at his Mission Hall, on Saturday, in one of the poorest districts of Bristol, and during the summer he conducts weekly open-air services, in which the preaching abilities of some of the young men are developed. In the temperance cause generally he is exceedingly active. A service for the deaf and dumb has also been established through his instrumentality; and he has had the privilege of baptizing five of these afflicted people, who have joined the church, and are usually addressed by the pastor in their silent language at each monthly celebration of the Lord's Supper. A Bible woman has been secured for general mission work, and there is a project of employing a missionary whose whole time will be devoted to the welfare of the deaf and dumb.

In regard to the pastor's general labours in Bristol we quote a few words from an address of the deacons issued early in 1877:—"The past year, like many previous ones, has been full of fruitfulness and prosperity. We have had sweetest seasons of communion with the saints, and fellowship with our Lord Jesus Christ. The doors of the sanctuary have been often open, and the faithful ministry of the Word has been blessed to many. Souls have been saved; and those who first gave themselves to the Lord have given themselves also to his people, according to the will of God. As a further proof that the Lord of hosts is with us, a spirit of anxious enquiry is still at work in our midst. What God *hath* wrought may be taken as a pledge of greater things to follow. Large possibilities open up to the eye of faith as we press forward to the work of the future. There is no real blessing that we may not hope for in the year on which we now enter."

We have now said something about each one of the five pastors in Bristol who were educated in the Pastors' College. Each one occupies an important sphere in one of the most interesting cities of the British Empire. May their continued prosperity in the future be represented by a yet more glorious harvest of souls for the Redeemer's garner.

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## Reading Sermons.

THERE is a story told of Dr. Blacklock, the blind Scotch poet and preacher, that he once preached in a kirk in the south of Scotland, to the great delight of all who heard him. There was at the time a great prejudice in Scotland against reading sermons. An elder remarked to an old woman coming out of the church that they had heard a fine sermon. "Yes," said the woman, "but does he read?" "No, no," said the elder, "he canna read; he's blind." "Thank God!" exclaimed the old woman, "I wish they were all blind."

## Pioneers of the Reformation.\*

IN the longest, darkest, and most anxious night the eyes of the watcher are turned towards morning as soon as midnight is passed. The dull, heavy centuries called the Dark Ages were a night to the nations of Europe; and England, torn by dissension, and oppressed by tyrants who could stoop to the humiliation of serving the Pope as humble vassals, appeared to be but a wreck of the kingdom bequeathed to his subjects by Alfred the Great. Thankful we ought to be that at no time did the country lack the services of those who had both faith and hope in their hearts—men who were worthy of being compared with the seven thousand who never bowed the knee to Baal.

In the work before us, ably written by Professor Lechler, and competently translated by Dr. Lorimer, a number of eminent men are portrayed who were lights in dark places before the rise of Wycliffe, who is commonly known as the morning star of the Reformation. These were a kind of preface to the life and work of Wycliffe himself. As Dr. Lorimer remarks, the original German work of Lechler is not only a biography of the Lutterworth Reformer, "but also a preliminary history of the Reformation; beginning far back in the mediæval centuries, and carried down along the parallel lines of the Lollards and the Hussites, to the first decades of the sixteenth century." Finding the entire work too voluminous for his purpose, Dr. Lorimer has reduced the history to suit the requirements of our English taste. The Germans are much fonder of writing lengthy books than the English are of reading them.

*Robert Grossetête*, the good Bishop of Lincoln in the fourteenth century, was a Reformer in his day, and in opposition to the arrogance of the Pope and the claims of the papacy constitute a valid claim to the title, he was a Protestant. During his long life of nearly eighty years the country passed through many vicissitudes, and especially the crisis of Magna Charta. He lived in the reigns of four kings, Henry II., Richard I., John, and the long feeble government of Henry III. During the rule of the latter monarch the papacy was at the height of its power, and, while England licked the dust at the feet of the supreme Roman Pontiff, our kings were regarded as vassals whom the Bishop of Rome could at any time deprive of their crowns and shut up in prison. Henry was unsuccessful in war, he encouraged the insolent exactions of the Pope, and he made enemies of those who should have been his friends by striving after that absolute power which our forefathers from very early times have been loth to tolerate. This was the reign under which Robert Grossetête spent the greatest portion of his life, and the darkness and the troubles of the age exhibit to advantage the greatness of his character.

According to contemporary testimony, he was acquainted with all the sciences; but, according to Lechler, the chief aim and moving-spring of the bishop's life was "his godly solicitude and care for souls."

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\* John Wiclif and his English Precursors. By Professor Lechler, D.D., of the University of Leipsic. Translated from the German, with additional Notes, by Peter Lorimer, D.D. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

Though born of humble parentage at Stradbrook, in Suffolk, he attained to the noblest of characters through studying the holy lives of Bible saints, and prayerfully endeavouring to conform to their standard.

In those days those who were educated were really learned, and among the learned none were more illustrious than Grossetête. He studied both at Oxford and Paris, and besides becoming eminent as a theologian he mastered medicine and the canon law. From the close of the thirteenth century till the year 1335, when he became Bishop of Lincoln, he resided at Oxford, working hard as a lecturer and author. Some three or four years prior to his acceptance of the see of Lincoln, he was laid low by severe illness, when he "experienced something of the nature of a religious awakening." It may have been what we should call conversion; but at all events Grossetête was ever after a changed man. The ecclesiastical sinecures which he then held lay heavy on his conscience, and he determined on surrendering the flocks to those who could exercise the functions of shepherds. He sought counsel's opinion at Rome, and as Lechler remarks, "The answer which was orally communicated to him was thoroughly Roman—by no means could he retain such a plurality *without a dispensation*." That advice, as completely characteristic of Romanism to-day as it was six hundred years ago, failed to satisfy the burdened heart, and lucre was relinquished for the gospel's sake.

In those days Lincoln diocese occupied a broader area, and contained a larger population than any other in the country. "The cathedral," says the German historian, "built at the commencement of the Norman period, stands, with the older portion of the city, upon a height, while the newer portion of the city descends the hill to the plain watered by the river Witham. None of the English cathedrals has so splendid a site as that of Lincoln; with its three towers it is seen at a distance of fifty miles to the north and thirty to the south, and is considered one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the kingdom." The elevation of Grossetête to this high station must have created some consternation in the camp of the loose-living clergy; for the first business to which he gave attention was the checking of abuses, and the dismissal of unworthy abbots and priors. He urged his archdeacons to check immoral customs which tended to the desecration of the Sabbath and religious festivals, and was even bold enough to attempt a reformation of his own cathedral. This led to a quarrel not only with the chapter, but with the ecclesiastical forces of the day. In a word, Grossetête, both in his principles and in his zeal, was in advance of his age; and on this account he was regarded as a man of war while he was a lover of peace—"the true peace, not the false." His chief characteristic is said to have been "an earnest solicitude for souls." When Innocent IV., by a special brief, conferred a canonry in Lincoln on a youthful non-resident nephew of his own, Grossetête resisted the Pope to his face, and actually thwarted the designs of his holiness. The bishop even wrote to the Pope, quoting chapter and verse in self-vindication, a procedure which under such circumstances in the thirteenth century would savour strongly of amazing impudence. "Who is that crazy, foolish, silly old man who has the effrontery to sit in judgment upon my doings?" cried the insolent pontiff, wild with passion. "Is not the

King of England our vassal, yea slave, who at a wink from us can shut him up in prison, and send him to ruin?" Such a speech reveals, in a short sentence, the arrogant pretensions of the popes in that age; and the God-fearing fortitude of the man who, with the Pope and his legions for enemies, could still fight and win.

It is shown by Foxe that, in the time of Innocent IV., the money taken in England by foreign ecclesiastics was seventy thousand marks, or three times as much as the crown revenues. After the death of Grossetête the vindictive pope purposed to have the bishop's ashes cast out of the cathedral of Lincoln, but was hindered by a terrible dream. In his uneasy sleep Innocent saw his great enemy and heard him speak: "Sirribald, thou most wretched pope. . . . Woe to thee that despisest, shalt not thou also be despised?"

Two other celebrated men, who in the fourteenth century served the cause of liberty by resisting the encroachments of the papacy, were the eminent jurists, *Henry Bracton* and *William Occam*. The latter, as a Franciscan, was a pupil of Duns Scotus, at Oxford; and after relinquishing the philosophy of his tutors, Occam gained such an ascendancy in controversy that he was called "the invincible." According to Lechler, he dared to be independent. "His philosophical nominalism had a prophetic and national signification, inasmuch as it prepared the way for that induction method of philosophising which was put forward several centuries later by able countrymen of his own, such as Francis Bacon, Thomas Hobbes, and John Locke."

*Richard Fitzralph*, Archbishop of Armagh, became celebrated as an opponent of the shameless mendicant orders in the fourteenth century. During one of his visits to London he found the ecclesiastics warmly discussing the subject of the poverty of Jesus; and being asked to preach on the subject he taught as follows: "Jesus Christ, during his sojourn upon earth, was always a poor man; but he never practised begging as his own spontaneous choice. He never taught anyone to beg. On the contrary, Jesus taught that no man should practise voluntary begging."

A writer to whom Wycliffe himself was indebted, and a reviver of the doctrine that salvation is by grace from above, was *Thomas Bradwardine*, who died Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349, after holding the office for a few weeks only. He was a great favourite with Edward III., and without being suspected of heresy he was celebrated both at court and in the army as a man of holy walk and conversation. While the most illustrious Christians of those most distant times are well nigh forgotten, we may safely conclude that there must have been many others in the ranks of ordinary life.

*Robert Longland*, the reported author of "The Visions of Piers Plowman," also deserves honourable mention in this category as one of the disciples of Wycliffe. Longland was a native of Mortimer's Cleobury, Shropshire, he was educated at Oxford, and his poem is made up of a series of visions supposed to have been witnessed on the Malvern Hills. The poet exposes, without mercy, the corruptions of the age, and especially the delinquencies of the clerical orders. "The whole drift of the poem is to recommend practical Christianity," we are told. "The kernel of its moral teaching is the pure Christian love of our



neighbour—love especially to the poor and lowly; a love of our neighbour, reaching its highest point in patient forbearance and love towards enemies—a love inspired by the voluntary passion of Christ for us.” Piers Plowman exercised a vast influence for good in his age.

Wycliffe is supposed to have been born at a place long since extinct, called Spreswell, and situated near Old Richmond, in Yorkshire, a town which has also passed away, to be kept in remembrance by a younger namesake. “Only half a mile from Spreswell,” says our historian, “lies the small parish of Wycliff, the church of which still stands on the level bank of the Tees, without tower, and part grown over with ivy. Upon a high bank, not far from the little church, is a manor-house, which formerly belonged to Wycliffe of Wycliffe. From the time of William the Conqueror down to the beginning of the seventeenth century this family were lords of the manor and patrons of the parish church. In 1606 the estate passed, by marriage of the heiress, to the family of Tunstall. Another branch of the family, however, carried on the name, and only about sixty-four years ago the last representative of the family, Francis Wycliffe, died at Barnard Castle on Tees. The tradition both of the locality, and the Wycliffes of Wycliffe, has always been that it was from this family that the celebrated forerunner of the Reformation sprang.” The date of the Reformer’s birth is commonly said to have been 1324; but Lechler is of opinion that the date should be some years earlier, and that probably the ten years, 1335-45 were spent at Oxford in study. The condition of the university in that age may be inferred from the fact that theology as a science was looked upon as something distinct from and above the Bible. “The doctors would have thought it beneath their dignity to lecture on the biblical books,” it is said, “the bachelors who were relegated to this work were called in a depreciatory tone only *biblici*.”

Wycliffe is supposed to have worked quietly at Oxford during the years 1345-66; but not, as some of the older histories represent, as an opponent of the mendicant orders. It was in the last-named year that he was unjustly ejected from the mastership of Canterbury Hall, by Langham, the then recently appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and this affront may have stimulated his zeal in opposing the pretensions and encroachments of an arrogant hierarchy. At all events, the Reformer’s influence as a patriot began now to be felt; and of course his action caused plenty of enemies to appear in the ranks of those ecclesiastical vultures whose greed oppressed the kingdom. It was about this time that Pope Urban V. made a monstrous claim for arrears of feudatory tribute, said to have been granted by King John to the papal see; but the spirited refusal of the English parliament either to pay the money or to own itself a vassal, in conjunction with some well understood threats, showed the Pope that a less insolent attitude would redound more to his profit. Lechler even goes so far as to suppose that Wycliffe was a member of the long remembered parliament of 1366; and also that his influence carried weight with the “good parliament” of ten years later, which undertook the consideration of priestly abuses, especially the shameless exactions of the Pope, who yearly took out of the kingdom five times the amount of the royal revenue. The papal collector lived in London, in grand style, having a

large office and expensive establishment. The representations of the parliament to Edward III. give a picture of mediæval life, and show the need of reform. "There is no prince in Christendom so rich as to have in his treasury even the fourth part of the sum which iniquitously goes out of the kingdom. Moreover the church brokers in the dissolute city of Avignon, promoted for money many wretched creatures, who were utterly destitute of learning and character, to livings of one thousand marks annual income; while a doctor of theology or the canon law must content himself with twenty marks; and hence the decay of learning in the country. And when foreigners, yea, enemies of the country, are the possessors of English church livings, without ever having seen their parishioners, or giving themselves any trouble about them, the effect is to bring the service of God into contempt, and to do more injury to the church than is done by Jews and Saracens." Such were the circumstances under which Wycliffe became a reformer; and the wonder is not that he had enemies both numerous and fierce, but that he did not come to a martyr's grave.

There is some mystery enshrouding Wycliffe's celebrated appearance before his ecclesiastical superiors at St. Paul's in 1377; but it is probable that the causes were political as well as religious. John O'Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, as a man who desired to curb the political power of the bishops, was naturally hated very heartily by the haughty Courtenay, who occupied the see of London. Obscure as the proceedings are when looked at through the haze of five centuries, it is quite understood that, in summoning Wycliffe into its presence, Convocation aimed at wounding higher game. Protected by his powerful friends, Wycliffe stood in St. Paul's, "A tall, thin figure, covered with a thin, light gown of black colour, with a girdle about his body; the head, adorned with a full flowing beard, exhibiting features keen and sharply cut." The proceedings in the cathedral began and ended in a violent quarrel between Lancaster and Courtenay. The affair culminated in a street riot during the evening, the citizens thinking themselves insulted in the person of their bishop. Soon after Gregory XI. signed five bulls in one day against the Reformer; but, to borrow a figurative scriptural expression, the stars in their courses fought against the papacy. The over-reaching greed of the Pope and his unprincipled favourites had produced strong resentment in England, both in the Parliament and at the universities. Wycliffe was in favour at court, so that bulls were more easily signed than carried into effect. With becoming prudence, the English wolves held back the instruments, softened their previous language into a milder dialect, and did not make themselves ridiculous by attempting impossibilities. Just at this juncture, moreover, the powerful Edward I. breathed his last; and a few months later Gregory XI. also died. After the death of Gregory, the world was entertained with the surprising spectacle of two rival Popes, both gifted in the art of abuse, and this schism was an opportunity which the Reformers turned to account.

It was not as a political reformer, or as an opponent of the Pope, however, that Wycliffe attained his real greatness, but as a reviver of evangelical preaching and as the translator of the Bible. The old itinerants of Wycliffe have frequently been portrayed, and their appearance

and habits are better understood than the spurious preaching they sought to supersede. The ordinary sermons of the few preachers who then served in the pulpits of the church were not adapted either to enlighten or edify, and not seldom they contained more of profane buffoonery than of religion. Lechler tells us that "Even an Archbishop of Canterbury, and a learned scholastic and cardinal, Stephen Langton, 1288, saw nothing offensive in taking for the text of a short Latin sermon, which still exists, a dancing song in old French, allegorically applying, indeed, 'The Fair Alice,' and all that is said of her, to the holy Virgin. Things of this sort, however, may have been of comparatively rare occurrence; but in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it had become almost a prevailing pulpit fashion, instead of opening up Bible thoughts, and applying them to life, to draw the materials of sermons from civil and natural history, from the legendary stores of the church, and even from the fable world of the middle ages, and the mythology of the heathen gods." In opposition to all this, Wycliffe prescribed that "in every proclamation of the gospel the true preacher must address himself to the heart." The preparatory work of fitting these men for their duties occupied some years—the time, as is supposed, which the Reformer spent in comparative quietness at Oxford. The "poor priests" who undertook this innovating toil were manifestly men of character, whose poverty was no counterfeit. They went forth, chiefly through the midland counties, in truly apostolic fashion. Their long habits were made of coarse red cloth; they wore no shoes, but each carried a staff in his hand. They were the open-air preachers of Old England before the Reformation revived the gospel which had been treasured by the ancient church in Britain before the blight of popery cured our island. "Their sermons were, before everything else, full of Bible truth."

But the translation of the Bible was the crowning work of Wycliffe's life. The idea of giving the people the *whole* Bible was in that age as novel as it was dangerous; and the magnitude of the undertaking, without the press to multiply the copies, should also be taken into account. Indeed, the extraordinary manner in which the corps of scribes got through their work constitutes one of the greatest wonders of the age, and reflects no little credit on Wycliffe's abilities in organization. In the days of the Reformation the more enlightened men, such as Sir Thomas More, appear to have been ashamed of the Romish policy of withholding the Bible from the people, and to have denied the fact. It was asserted that beautiful old manuscripts, more ancient than Wycliffe's version, existed; but the whole was nothing better than a picturesque myth. Portions of the sacred books had, during the ages, been rendered into the three old languages, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and Old English; but as a general translator of the Bible, Wycliffe was the first in the field. As a Middle English classic Lechler places Wycliffe before Chaucer, who has been commonly regarded as the standard of his day. "If Luther, with his translation of the Bible, opened the epoch of the High German dialect, so Wycliffe, with his English Bible, stands side by side with Chaucer at the head of the Middle English."

In this respect, then, was Wycliffe the benefactor of his country—he

was a reviver of Bible teaching. In a corrupt age, when tradition was commonly allowed to be equal in weight to the inspired Word, he swept the cobwebs of superstition away, and with a boldness wonderful in that age, proclaimed the Scriptures to be the only rule of faith and practice. On this account he was called *Doctor Evangelicus*; but he was not so advanced as later reformers. He worked in the starlight, before the full dawn of the Reformation appeared. Familiar as he was with all parts of Scripture, he was not evangelical "in the full sense of a decidedly Pauline theology, and of a truly evangelical doctrine of salvation." He withstood the Pope as an anti-Christian pretender, exposed the excesses of image worship, and the absurdities of transubstantiation; but he did not altogether escape from the mazes of priestly error which had grown up in the course of centuries. In a half-way manner he even denied the doctrine of salvation by human merit. "On the other hand," says Lechler, "he recognised a merit bearing an improper sense, and also some co-operation of man's own moral power, partly in the matter of forgiveness of sin, and partly in reference to the hope of eternal blessedness." The life of Wycliffe was a progress from truth to truth. He groped along, praying and working as he went, relinquishing at one stage the errors he had fondly embraced in earlier days. Had life been prolonged he would undoubtedly have acquired more abundant light. We honour him as one who, centuries before Chillingworth wrote, proclaimed throughout England that the Bible, the Bible alone, is the religion of Christians.

The last years of Wycliffe were full of adventure; but as our space is exhausted we refer those who wish for complete details to Dr. Lorimer's important and interesting volumes. The Reformer had his eyes opened to see more of the iniquity of the papacy by the remarkable schism in the hierarchy when the two popes, Clement VII. and Urban VI., tried to ruin each other. While one pope was vilifying his rival, Wycliffe declared that both spoke the truth—that, in point of fact, the two halves of antichrist were at war. Emboldened by these scandals he never shrank from uttering his sentiments. His enemies tried hard to fasten upon him the responsibility of having instigated the peasants' revolt, under the notorious Wat Tyler, in 1381, but without success. When Courtenay was translated from the see of London to that of Caunterbury the spirit of persecution gained power, and some of the Lollard party recanted through fear; but their intrepid leader delivered his testimony to the last, neither recanting, nor suffering the pains of martyrdom which he was constantly anticipating. We have said that Dr. Lorimer's work is an important one; it is a book full of instruction and warning for our own day, when ultramontaniam abroad and priestcraft at home are striving to re-establish the heresies and mummeries which Wycliffe and his preachers renounced.

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## The Vagaries of the National Clergy.

BY PASTOR GEORGE W. M'CREE, BOROUGH ROAD, SOUTHWARK.

WE have about twenty-three thousand clergymen connected with our National Church. They are governed and misgoverned by two Archbishops and twenty-eight Bishops; and their salaries vary from £2,400 a-year, paid to the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who is not a peer of Parliament, to £15,000 received by the Archbishop of Canterbury to enable him to live as becometh the Divine Master, who had not where to lay his head. There are thirty Deans with incomes which vary from £700 a-year, paid to the Dean of Bangor, to £3,000 a-year, given to the Dean of Durham, in which county there is an amount of drunkenness and crime of the most appalling character. The entire annual revenue of the National Clergy may be taken at eight millions sterling.

We have spoken of the national clergy and the national church. In the true sense of the word "national" we may affirm that the appropriation of the term is not deserved. Neither the church nor the clergy are really national. We have thirty millions of people, but the adherents of the Established Church do not number more than thirteen millions, all told; and there are not more than six millions of sittings available for them, many of which are "free seats" without backs, and with an abundance of cold wind from the doors.

Professedly, the national church is a Protestant church. It is said to be the Reformed church, the church of a Protestant Queen and people. It is on this ground that it is entitled to its revenues, cathedrals, precedence, and patronage by the State. If it is not a Protestant church it has no reason for its existence; its clergy are impostors, and its income is obtained by false pretences.

Now, what are the present aspects of the national church, as evidenced by services in its consecrated edifices, and also in its school-rooms and mission-halls? We shall answer this urgent question by quotations from the utterances of its bishops, the publications of its clergy, and the contents of its recognized newspapers; and if some of our quotations should distress or shock the reader, remember that we are not to blame for that. The blow must rest on other heads than ours.

We will begin by referring to what Bishop Fraser says as to "Mediæval Ideas in the National Church." Our quotation is from the *Guardian* of January 12.

*"This development of mediæval ideas—this materialistic conception of the presence of Christ in his sacraments—this doctrine of the necessity of absolution by a priest in the case of post-baptismal sin—this invocation, now oblique, soon probably to become direct, of angels and saints—this interposition of the mediation of the creature at every turn, what does it all mean? Whither is it leading us? That it is within the letter of the Prayer-book, no one can pretend. That it is in harmony with its spirit, few would assert. . . . It must, I am sure, become increasingly difficult for many, holding these views, to stay comfortably within the limits, broad though these are, of the Church of England. Some openly avow that they have ulterior aims! Year by year we are advancing in a direction which threatens to make a rational and Scripture faith impossible. Without wishing to lessen by a hair's breadth the long-sanctioned margin of tolerance and charity, it seems to become necessary for those who love their Church, who believe in the Catholic character of its faith and order, to make a stand."*

If, then, the clergy "are advancing in a direction which threatens to make a rational and Scripture faith impossible," why should Nonconformists be expected to contribute, as they now do, to their support; and why should the State pay millions a year to men who deny the faith they were ordained to defend and preach?

As Dr. Fraser seems to think we should make "a stand" against "mediæval ideas," and the clergy who propagate them, let us see what is transpiring in his own diocese. Mr. J. W. Freston, Honorary Secretary of the Manchester

Church Association, paid a visit to the Rev. Knox-Little's church (St. Alban's) on the first Sunday in the present year, and in a letter to the *Manchester Courier* he thus describes what took place:—

"On entering the church I perceived that the chancel was in darkness, but I was directed by the lighted gas to the north aisle, at the east end of which a sort of chapel had been improvised by means of a partition-line of iron covered with evergreens. Against the east wall stood a second communion table. . . . There were eight candlesticks on this table, three of large dimensions on either side of a brazen cross, and two smaller ones, which only contained lighted candles. Leaning against the cross was a peculiar tablet or book, the like of which I do not remember to have seen before. At the time appointed, the minister came from the vestry, wearing an alb with deep lace-like fringe, a white silk chasuble with orphreys richly worked in gold, a stole crossed upon the breast, the embroidered ends being visible below the chasuble, and a biretta on his head. He was followed by a small boy of about twelve years of age, habited in black cassock and cotta. On approaching the table both bowed. . . . But I will hasten to describe the consecration of the bread and wine. The minister, standing with his back to the people, murmured the Prayer of Consecration in a voice quite inaudible until he came to the words, 'This is my body,' on uttering which a bell was tolled; so also when he took the cup. He then prostrated himself before the consecrated elements, and raised first the bread and then the wine above his head for a definite moment. My attention was here attracted by one or two women close to me, who were fallen upon the floor with their very bonnets on the ground. Nearly all present communicated, and I observed that the minister made the sign of the cross in presenting the bread to each—the same with the cup. In some instances I observed that the partakers put out their tongues to receive the bread from the hands of the minister, and in no case did he place the cup in the hands of any communicant, but put it with his hands to their lips. After all had partaken he proceeded with the service, prostrating himself before the bread and wine on coming to the words, 'we worship Thee.' It would be tedious to particularize all the crossing, and genuflexions, and bell-ringing. Everything was done that could be done to convey to the minds of those present the idea that the minister had performed the miracle of turning bread and wine into the God-man Christ Jesus, and as a sacrificing priest had offered Him thus as an atonement for man's sins; and that all present having eaten their God, must worship the bread and wine remaining as God present in their midst."

We hesitated to quote the next part of Mr. Freston's letter, but we venture to do so, because it shows in a white light the RITUALISTIC VIEW OF THE SACRAMENT. Mr. Freston, then, writes thus:—

"A few days ago a friend of mine asked a Ritualist why he was so particular about receiving the Communion so early, and fasting. 'Why,' exclaimed the Ritualist, 'you would not have me put the body of Christ on the top of eggs and bacon.' My friend was staggered for the moment, as well he might be, but he recovered himself sufficiently to reply that he could not see how the indignity would, in that case, be greater than in putting the eggs and bacon on the top of what he was pleased to call 'the body of Christ.' I am ashamed to repeat the story even, but I do so to illustrate the blasphemous absurdities to which the *Hoc est corpus thei* ('*hocus-pocus*' our forefathers called it) reduces its votaries."

We proceed to exhibit, from Bishop Ellicott's Annual Pastoral for 1877, that prelate's view of RECENT REVELATIONS:—

"A few more such revelations as that which startled the whole country last summer would go far to make many real friends of the Church of England very lukewarm and half-hearted in their defence of a system that could permit the introduction of such corruptions of all truth and purity, and would certainly turn all doubtful adherents into positive and avowed enemies. And there is an increasing probability of such exposures. If, for example, there is any truth whatever in much that has been communicated to me relative to the teaching and practices in some of our religious houses—if the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is regularly reserved, if the rule is only communion in one kind, if prayers and litanies, separated only by the most shadowy line from direct invocation of the saints and pure Mariolatry, form a part of daily services—if all these things are so, and they may be brought to light at any time, and are brought, as they probably will be, fully to light, no

sensible person can suppose that the shock to the Church of England will not be of the most serious and menacing character."

It is a rare thing, we thought, to find a church without seeing the Ten Commandments on one of its walls. Judging, however, from a letter in the *Rock* of January 18, THE COMMANDMENTS HAVE GONE OUT OF FASHION.

"It is patent to everybody in and near Ludlow that the splendid large parish church is a Mass-house, and nothing else. I have lately seen it myself. As to the deposition of the Commandments, I am sorry to say it is the fashion all over England to dethrone the good old-fashioned tablets from their accustomed place, and second-hand tablets of the Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and Apostle's Creed (in sets) are to be bought for a nominal price in many places. About two years ago I was passing through another large town in Salop. I visited the parish church (then under restoration), and on wandering into the tower, under the belfry, I found the tables of the Law, etc., thrown in as useless lumber, and nearly smothered in mortar. I enquired of some of the workmen what they were put there for, and was told 'they would not be wanted again, as they were now out of fashion!' Alas! the man spoke the truth. A friend of mine has recently purchased from a builder's yard a splendid set of tablets carved in slate, massive, and in excellent preservation, for next to nothing, and he has presented them to a Protestant church in the North of England."

The utter childishness and fatuity of the proceedings of some of the clergy are simply astounding. There was, for example, a most debasing exhibition in the school-room of St. Michael's Church, Shoreditch, for several evenings in the early part of January. Our authority is the *Rock* of January 18th. The account states that—

"The end of the room was fitted up as a theatre, with stage and drop-scene and appropriate scenery. Bills, which read as follows, were handed round:—'The service of Bethlehem being a service of devotion, it is requested that the audience will (1) refrain from any expressions of applause; (2) keep silence while the curtain is up; (3) be patient during the preparation of the scenes. (Signed) H. D. Nichill, vicar.'"

So that the scandalous "scenes" which were to follow were sanctioned by the vicar, and, as we shall see, by the presence of a "successor of the apostles." We invite the attention of the reader to the decorations of the vicar in the first scene, and surely here we have A VICAR IN STRANGE ROBES.

"The vicar wore a white robe, tied with a golden girdle, with a scarlet mantle edged with amber, and had on his head a tiara adorned with brilliant jewels, while his companions were arrayed in resplendent robes with scarlet and tinsel crowns. A carol having been sung, a bell rang, and the curtain was drawn aside and showed scene 1, 'The Nativity' (Luke ii. 6, 7). This represented a stable, or rather a hut in the country, through the left wall of which projected the heads of an ox and an ass. On the roof was an immense mass of snow (or wool), but although the cold was so severe, the infant Christ, represented by a wax doll, was entirely destitute of any covering, and was lying on the straw. The Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, in the background, were contemplating the doll with great curiosity."

We should think so. The vicar, we fear, has not read the gospel according to Luke lately; for, if he had, he would have been reminded of the fact that the Holy Child was "wrapped in swaddling clothes," and not exposed naked to the adoring shepherds.

We will pass on to the next scene, wherein we are favoured with a strange vision of a LOWTHER ARCADE LAMB.

"Scene 2, 'The Shepherds' (Luke ii. 8—16). These were dressed in dark, rough woollen garments, tied in at the waist, and had naked legs and arms, one of them leading by a string a 'Lother Arcade' sheep, whilst a lamb to match was posed

*in front of the doll, the Virgin and St. Joseph being still in the rear. The introductory hymn ran—*

*'Come adore on bended knee  
The Infant Christ, the new-born King,' etc. ;  
and a part of the concluding hymn ran thus—*

*'Maiden Mother! wherefore thus  
Manger-cradled God with us?'*

*In this scene, as in the following two, where the same scenery was employed, the 'Star in the East' was represented by a gas-star with many points, projecting from the roof of the stable, giving, however, the idea of a general illumination at the 'Inn,' being an unmistakable public-house flarer.'*

Was the Lowther Arcade lamb designed to represent the Lamb of God? If so, was there ever anything more vulgar, debasing, and repulsive?

We quote the remainder of the account without comment:—

*"Scene 3, 'The Kings' (Matt. ii. 1—11).—these were gorgeously appavelled, one having his face blacked and looking somewhat uncomfortable in his novel position. They were represented as offering their gifts, two of them presenting what looked like 'rifle cups,' the third offering an incense-burner, which, as it contained the latest thing in incense in a state of combustion, gave rise to some levity amongst the audience, many of whom coughed and sneezed violently. Scene 4, 'The Return of the Shepherds and Kings' (Matt. ii. 12; Luke ii. 17-20).—These were standing in a row on either side of the stage, facing the audience, and very irreverently turning their backs on the doll. In this and the next scene two small angels were introduced, having the traditional wings and white gauzy dresses. A verse of the hymn ran—*

*'Sleep, Holy Babe!  
Thine angels watch around;  
All bending low with folded wings,  
Before the Incarnate King of kings,  
With reverent awe profound.'*

*"Scene 5.—'The Flight into Egypt,' (Matt. ii. 13—15.) The Virgin Mary, sitting on the donkey, and carrying the doll (still in a state of nature), St. Joseph leading, and the two angels kneeling in front. Flowers of all hues growing in a thick row apparently unaffected by the intense cold which still enwrapped the hut in snow. The concluding verse ran thus:—*

*'Through the lone wilderness, flee then, dear Lord!  
Mary to carry thee, Joseph the guard;  
Angels to sing to thee their sweetest lullaby!  
Round Mary's knee.'*

*"Scene 6.—'The Presentation in the Temple' (Luke ii. 22—28), one verse was as follows:—*

*'But Mary carried in her arms  
As up that court she trod  
Him meeker than a turtle-dove,  
The little Lamb of God!'*

*"The Nunc Dimittis concluding the scene, one of the courts of the Temple was shown with Simeon holding up the doll, the Virgin Mary kneeling, and St. Joseph with a poultry basket in his hand, various worshippers filling up the background. The vicar and his attendants holding up lighted candles on each side of the stage. Scene 7, 'Christ among the Doctors' (Luke ii. 41—49). Christ was represented by a little child with dark hair—who certainly was dressed with a little more regard for decency than last year—wearing now a striped garment reaching just below the knee, tied at the waist with a gundy scarf and standing on a strip of carpet which, as the arms and legs were bare, was an excusable luxury. Learned doctors scattered about in various positions; the Virgin and St. Joseph in attitudes of wonder in the background. Scene 8, 'Nazareth' (Luke ii. 51, 52), showed Christ at home. St. Joseph was busy in the foreground making a cross, though, as there were no Ritualistic churches in Nazareth or any other part of the*



*Holy land in those days, I cannot imagine what it could be intended for. The Virgin was just coming in with a large brown pitcher, while Christ was busy sweeping up the shavings with a garden besom; the two angels being still in attendance, one of them holding in his hands a large bunch of the shavings, and gazing at it with admiring awe. The rhyme of the concluding hymn to this scene was very peculiar:—*

*' Art thou poor, of men despised,  
Struggling on, all alone?  
God was poor at Nazareth!  
' Is thy labour very lowly?  
Brother, see, at Nazareth He  
Swept the floor for Mary!'*

*This concluded the scenes, and the epilogue was given in front of the drop by the vicar with his attendants."*

Such are the vagaries of a vicar in the diocese of the Bishop of London. Had we read of these "scenes" in a miracle play in the Black Forest, or the recesses of some Spanish "hill country," we might have read on, and then lamented the ignorance of the benighted peasantry; but seeing that they were performed under the eye of a London vicar, what shall we say?

It may, perhaps, be imagined that the decorated services held in Episcopal churches have not Episcopal sanction. This, however, is a mistake. Let us examine the account of a service at St. Andrew's, Tavistock Square, when Bishop Cloughton was present. We quote from the *Record* of January 25:—

*"The altar stood out prominently, vested in a white frontal and exquisite lace. On the super-altar stood a metal cross, eight candlesticks with long tapers, and bouquets of rare flowers. These candles were unlighted. There is no window, but simply a wall, against which the altar stands. On the upper portion of this wall is a fresco of our Lord in glory, incensed by four angels. Below this, and immediately above the super-altar, there is placed a very large picture of the Annunciation. On each side, fastened to the wall, is a bracket of three sconces, holding very long tapers. These tapers, together with various jets, I found lighted on entering the church previous to the commencement of Morning Prayer. The choir, vested in surplices and violet cassocks, and preceded by a cross-bearer, entered the quasi-chancel, followed by Archdeacon Dunbar, the incumbent of St. Andrew's, and Bishop Cloughton. During Morning Prayer the Bishop occupied a seat or throne in the choir specially prepared for him. At the back of a Glastonbury chair was a board covered with purple cloth, and attached to it a white silk mitre, capable of being worn. By the throne was placed a pastoral ebony staff. On the pillar close to this throne, and some little height over Bishop Cloughton's head, was fastened a banner, with a representation of the blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, both crowned, the Infant holding a sceptre. Under the Virgin's feet was the crescent, and at her back the rainbow. Nearly opposite the Bishop's throne was the pulpit; and when, at the end of morning prayer, he entered it for his sermon, he could not help seeing this banner."*

We have also the following:—

*"At the end of morning prayer the Bishop gave the blessing from the altar, and many of the congregation left; but the bell rang out for the Communion Service, and others entered. The Bishop was celebrant, Archdeacon Dunbar acting as deacon, and another gentleman as sub-deacon. The position taken by the Bishop was the north side of the altar, with his back to the people. Mozart's Twelfth Mass was beautifully rendered by the orchestra, the Benedictus before the Prayer of Consecration, and the Agnus Dei after it, being given, notwithstanding the decision of the Privy Council against its legality."*

We can only glance at the vagaries of the national clergy as to burials and cemeteries. Thus, a Christian man was buried in the "consecrated" portion of a London cemetery. After the clergyman had read the burial service, and thus done his "duty," some of the friends present asked his permission to sing a favourite hymn of the deceased's. "Well," said the good priest, "go to the unconsecrated ground and sing it there!"

From an article in the *Church Times*, of March 15th, 1878, it would seem that such men as Alexander Raleigh, Charles H. Spurgeon, William Landels, and John Clifford have no right to preside at the Lord's Supper. Indeed, if they do, they are probably guilty of the sin of "Korah and his company"; and, therefore, says the writer, "Dissenting congregations should resort to their parish churches, with their ministers at their head, for holy communion." Yes, Dr. Allon, Dr. Kennedy, Mr. Newman Hall, Mr. Stanford, Dr. Dykes, Dr. Morley Punshon, and other ministers, are to abolish the Lord's table, and go to their parish churches to receive the sacrament at the hands of "priests" in coats of many colours, who refuse burial to our innocent children, who pour contempt upon the Reformation, and denounce us as pretenders and schismatics. The amusing thing is, that the article from which we have quoted is headed, "*Words for Peace.*"

A writer in *The World* says:—

"I heard two old clerical gentlemen chatting together the other day at the corner of Norwich market-place, 'Well, you see,' said one, 'shooting six days a week takes up a good bit of my time.' 'Just so,' answered the other old boy, settling his chin into a very highly-starched white neckcloth. 'Same with me; between parish duties and short daylight, if I want a couple of hours to look for wounded birds it has to come out of a Sunday!'"

According to the writer in the *Church Times*, a pious Baptist pastor should guide his people to the parish church when "the other old boy" would be waiting to "give them the sacrament"; that is, if he could spare time from looking after the birds.

We need not prolong our paper. We have written enough to prove that the vagaries of our National Clergy are astounding and intolerable, and that the sooner they are disestablished and disendowed the better for the reputation and progress of pure and undefiled religion in our great English realm.

## Notices of Books.

*The Treasury of David.* Vol. V. Psalm civ. to cxviii. By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore and Alabaster. Price 8s.

AFTER a considerable interval we have at last completed the fifth volume of the *Treasury*. It is somewhat smaller than its predecessors, but we could not divide Psalm cxix., and so were compelled to make a break as we have done. The same price is charged, for the same labour has been expended. As we could not review our own book, we placed it in the hand of a friend, who returns us this notice:—

The fifth volume of Mr. Spurgeon's comprehensive Exposition of the Psalms of David will be heartily welcomed by hundreds, and even by thousands, of readers who have accepted the previous volumes of this great work as a valuable contribution to our theological literature. We have not yet had time carefully to peruse its varied contents; but did the space permit we should like to see

the entire preface of four pages printed in the magazine. The author of the comments and compiler of the extracts from other authors offers no flippant apology for the interval of three years and a half which has elapsed since the fourth portion of his massive structure was unveiled to the public. He does not even allude to his numerous engagements, and but faintly intimates that ill health has often caused him to suspend his labours. The fact is, that the farther he travels, the fewer comrades he finds. Theological students, like continental tourists, are apt to discover that when they diverge from beaten tracks their adventures lay rather a heavy tax both upon time and patience. Preachers and poets, annotators and expositors, have fastened on particular psalms, and cultivated the study of their small plots till they have become like patches of flower garden; while other psalms, notably some included in this section, have been almost entirely neglected, or

left to those husbandmen who till the open field without bestowing much pains on the smaller enclosures. In comparison, therefore, with his previous instalments, Mr. Spurgeon may well say of this—“*There is more work in it, but less to show for the labour.*” Of the latter class of expositors he complains, we are afraid too justly, that “*as they proceed with their work they become slovenly,*” and sparing themselves the pains of examining old truths in new lights, they are addicted to “*the lazy practice of referring to a parallel passage in a former psalm.*” Such strictures he records, not so much as censures on other men as, by way of caution for himself, shoals which he aims to avoid. Still, as the illustrative extracts from ancient and modern literature, however charming, form only a small and subsidiary department of a work which is mainly original, we are not surprised to learn that he broods long over each psalm before he attempts to commit his thoughts to writing, and waits for those seasons of intenser feeling when a kind of inspiration prompts him, refraining at other times with a salutary fear, lest any of his meditations should “*exhibit signs of fatigue and decline.*” The range of this volume enhances its interest. It begins with that hundred and fourth psalm which celebrates the glory of God in creation; then it takes in three historical psalms, which recount in succession the faithfulness of God, the delinquencies of Israel, and the remarkable deliverances of the Lord’s redeemed people from imminent perils; it comprises that hundred and ninth psalm—a commination we have often read with bated breath, and sometimes shuddered to hear its dire anathemas rehearsed in lively chants at the parish church. It contains also that psalm of sacred enigma, the hundred and tenth, the first verse of which Jesus of Nazareth quoted to the confusion of Scribes and Pharisees, and which also furnished in its fourth verse the text of no small fraction of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and it concludes with the hundred and eighteenth psalm, which ought to awaken a thousand times more interest than it has ever yet excited in our churches, because it tells of “the gate of Jehovah into which the righteous shall enter”;

of “the stone which the builders refused become the headstone of the corner, which is Jehovah’s doing”; and of “the day which Jehovah has made,” where in all his saints shall rejoice. We can do little more at present than announce the publication, but we must congratulate Christians, to whatever denomination they belong, that our author’s increasing acquaintance with the Scriptures strengthens his conviction that *their inspiration is verbal as well as plenary.* Of course! Philology and exegesis are as important branches of science as geology or Genesis. In any case, the minuter the examination the more satisfactory will be the consequence of research.

*The Interpreter. Some selected Interpretations of Scripture.* By S. R. BOSANQUET. London: Hatchards.

IF readers will only recommend this book as much as the author admires it, it will have a speedy sale. It is amusing to see the summary way in which he dismisses every other interpreter in order to secure for himself a hearing. The following is from the preface, and will show the modesty of the writer. “I have quoted in the foot-notes some of the innumerable explanations which have been given of the several passages by former commentators: partly to show what near approaches have been made to the true meaning, *while none have been able to arrange their views into consecutive order*: also to give in some cases support to my own interpretations; partly to show how far the majority have gone astray, and wide of the plan and purpose of the prophecy.”

Dry, dull, dogmatic dreaming is our humble estimate of this interpretation.

*The Monograph of the Gospel.* By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

THE scattered records of the life and teaching of Christ are here arranged in one continuous narrative, without omission of fact or repetition of statement. This is the author’s own account of his production, to which may be added that for size, and type, and exterior aspect, as well as for the short division and numbering of the various incidents it is an excellent *vade mecum* for Christian travellers.

*The Book of Esther: illustrative of Character and Providence.* By Rev. THOMAS McEWAN. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott, Princes Street.

So little has been done towards an exposition of the Book of Esther that we cordially welcome every effort to help us in the unfolding of its pages, and the unveiling of its teachings. It is a mine of wealth, needing to be most laboriously digged and worked, but it will repay the man who shall attempt it in an earnest and thorough spirit. The present volume, made up of a series of discourses to the congregation of Hope Park United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh, is a very useful one in its own way. It contains no elaborate expositions such as would be useful to students, but plain, practical improvements of the historical incidents for the benefit of the whole congregation. The descriptions are vivid and bright, the lessons palpable, and the style interesting. Here is a sample. "The grand fact comes out that Mordecai was a man actuated by religious principle. He was firmly anchored to God by faith, and the world could not loosen that mooring, drag it ever so fiercely. Come what might of it, he would act in harmony with his religious convictions, and not burden his soul with wilful iniquity. Men of this stamp are much needed in every age, men of religious firmness and decision, to prevent the ark of God from being taken by the enemy. When our 'No!' will draw forth the ridicule of those whose good opinion we earnestly desire, or bring upon us the frown of rulers and superiors, the temptation is strong to go with the crowd. It is the rock opposing the stream which causes the breakers, and the man who is prepared to say 'No' in accordance with deep religious conviction must not shrink from the noise and spray occasioned by his resistance. We have no love for a religion of narrow crotchets, and contention for a meaningless shibboleth, but we would rather run the risk of such a charge as that than be destitute of those settled religious principles and convictions which would constrain us, at all hazards, to take our stand for the maintenance and defence of truth and righteousness."

*Theophilus Christianus. A Catechism for the Children of Christian Parents.* London: Longmans.

THE ANONYMOUS author of this Catechism says, it is "strictly undenominational"; and yet Episcopacy is snubbed, Infant Baptism is specially pleaded for, and the final restoration of all men to God's favour is taught as scriptural. For ourselves we should prefer the most denominational Catechism to this strange mixture.

*Cloister Laach: a Legend of the Rhine. And other Sketches.* By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD. London: F. E. Longley.

FIVE sentimental love stories written in the gushing style so dear to the soul of boarding-school young ladies. What more can we say to recommend the non-purchase of this volume?

*Katie. Swan's Nest. Ruth Bloom. Tiger Jack. Alice Benson. Bessie Mason. Dame Buckle. Raven's Feather. Aunt Millij's Diamonds. My Lady's Prize.* London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

QUITE a library for young people. We cannot attempt to read them all, but we feel quite safe in saying that parents and teachers will find any of these little books cheap, lively, and thoroughly wholesome both as to morality and religion. Those at 9d. are about the prettiest little books we have ever seen, but it is almost an injustice to declare a preference where all are excellent.

*The Handbook of Bible Words.* By H. F. WOOLRYCH, M.A. With an introduction by Canon Perowne. Elliot Stock.

A VERY wordy book about words, the value of which may be summed up in a few words.

We hope that average Sunday-school teachers and Bible students will never need such an elementary book as this, and if they do, will not rest content with the small amount of information it gives. Our advice to such would be, save your money until you can buy a condensed Smith or a Kitto.

*Memoirs of Olivet.* By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

THERE is a remarkable charm about Dr. Macduff's style, and his matter is always reliable. This volume has already commanded a large sale, and does not call for any special review on our part. We, therefore, would only say that it is an admirable popular work, and is full of holy thought and godly teaching.

*Hymns on the Psalms.* Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE fail to see any beauties in these hymns, and think it only justice to apply to them a remark quoted in the volume itself, "The best attempts of the kind can only satisfy one in proportion as we are able first of all to banish the remembrance of the original from our minds."

*The Beloved in his Garden.* By the Rev. ARTHUR MACARTHUR, Blackburn. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

GOOD, very good, in tone and spirit, but lacking in freshness and strength of thought. The matter is sound and edifying, but it is not well put together. We are in deepest sympathy with all who would expound Solomon's Song, and other figurative descriptions of our Lord, in the spirit of love and reverent familiarity with his blessed person, and we are sure that the esteemed author of this volume is not lacking in this respect; and therefore we do not like to write an unfavourable line upon his work. Still we cannot help feeling that Mr. Macarthur has hardly enough poetry in his nature to appreciate and expound the symbols of the Apocalypse and the sacred Canticle. Sometimes we fail to see the connection between his admirable sentiments and the texts which they are intended to explain. His sentences are too long and involved, and though the sermons must have been good to hear they are rather heavy to read.

"*The Living Saviour.*" By Rev. JOHN BAIRD. London: Nisbet and Co.

EIGHT short, simple addresses on the person of Christ, calculated to exalt him in the affections of his people, if not to remove the objections of gain-sayers. Suitable for home reading in the leisure hour.

*The Scripture Doctrine of Future Punishment.* By MATTHEW HORBERY, B.D. Sold at 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a reprint from the Wesleyan Conference office of a book published in the middle of the last century by a clergyman in reply to arguments against the eternity of future punishment precisely similar to those which have been put forth in modern times as new and unanswerable. A more complete refutation of the numerous errors upon this subject has not yet appeared. It leaves little, or nothing to be added in vindication of the orthodox faith. Not only are all the texts of Scripture which have the least bearing upon the subject carefully considered, but the several arguments drawn from mere reason are fully investigated. If there be less dependence upon verbal criticisms than might suit the controversial taste of the present age, it is more than compensated by a natural facility of detecting and defining an author's meaning both by the freedom and the precision of the language he employs. Our Wesleyan friends could not have defended themselves better against the illiberal attacks of the advocates for liberal opinion upon this subject than by the republication of this volume, nor could they have furnished others with a better reply to the many false prophets that are gone out into the world.

*The Kingdoms of Israel and Judah after the disruption.* By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. Part II. "To the restoration of Jerusalem." Sunday-school Union.

IF the Sunday-school teacher of to-day is not equal to the instruction of his or her scholars, it is not because there are no helps to be had in the form of useful books. With a hundred-and-fifty pages of correct history, reliable scholarship, and wide reading at command, and all for the price of two shillings, every teacher should know his Bible very intimately. Herodotus, Josephus, Rawlinson, Stanley, and many others, are pressed into the author's service to help in throwing light on the Scripture teaching, and the result is a very valuable handbook on the subject.

*Lectures on the History of Joseph.* By GEORGE LAWSON, D.D. New Edition, Edinburgh: Ogle and Murray, and Oliver and Boyd. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THESE lectures are admirable specimens of the most useful mode of expounding from the pulpit the historical parts of Holy Scripture. It was high time that a new edition of such a valuable work should be presented to the public. Dr. Lawson's language is of the simplest kind, and his ideas are eminently natural; at the same time his thought is deep, and his learning profound. A wise preacher will extract many a sermon from these lectures, and a thoughtful reader will rise from their perusal refreshed and enriched. Dr. George Lawson, whose biography was so admirably written by our friend, Dr. Macfarlane, has a great name in Scotland, but he is not so well known on our side of the Tweed as he ought to be. We are right happy, therefore, to have a second opportunity of earnestly recommending the good man's

lectures to the English public. Dr. Bush, the American commentator, paid the best possible compliment to this work when he executed upon it, and upon Fuller's "Notes on Genesis," a sort of complex burglary, and with the proceeds constructed his own "Notes."

*Notes on the Gospels, Critical and Exegetical.* By S. ALBERT GRIFFITHS, Curate, Ashted, Birmingham. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE Bishop of Worcester kindly gives his *imprimatur* to this work. It may be useful to students preparing for college examinations, and a few good thoughts may be suggested by it to Bible-readers generally; but we confess that we do not see any very special value in the production. The "notes" are condensed, but are not comprehensive, they are brief, but not pithy; neither are they of a sufficiently spiritual and instructive character to enable us to recommend their purchase to our readers.

## Notes.

**BAZAAR.**—The following circular has been prepared by the Memorial Committee. "*The proposed Testimonial to Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.* For a quarter of a century the ministry of our honoured Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon, has been continued to his loving people with an ever-increasing acceptance and power. Our church roll numbered at the commencement 313, and now 5,346 persons are known to be in our fellowship. This fact demands a special 'Memorial,' and we therefore desire to show our gratitude to Almighty God by some mark of esteem and affection towards his honoured servant. For twenty-five years of faithful and eloquent teaching of divine truth no adequate return can ever be made, but we are constrained to attempt the expression of our feelings in a way which we know will be in consonance with the wishes and judgment of our beloved Pastor, by gathering a Fund for helping him more easily to carry on some departments of that great life's work which continues to grow under his hands. We are resolved, therefore, to raise a sum of not less than £5,000, as a thankoffering, for presentation to Mr. Spurgeon at the close of the year; and the whole matter could be

easily accomplished if every church member would give or collect £1. It is our purpose to leave all donors at perfect liberty to select which of Mr. Spurgeon's many religious enterprises they would wish to aid with their gifts, but unless otherwise directed we think it best to unite in one special effort to raise a sum for the permanent relief and comfort of the many poor members of our church; as we know that our dear Pastor shares the spirit of his Master, who said—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' In 'The Metropolitan Tabernacle: its History and Work,' Mr. Spurgeon writes of the Almshouses connected with the church, and of the heavy annual charge which the maintenance of our seventeen aged sisters makes upon our Poor Fund:—'We wish to leave the Tabernacle in good working order when our work is done; but the present burden might prove far too heavy for our successors; indeed, they ought not to be saddled with it. In future years the church may find itself barely able to support its own expenses, and we do not think that we are justified in leaving it the legacy of so heavy a

charge. Our present anxiety is to get the ship tight and trim, and this is one of the matters which is not in a satisfactory state. Our aged sisters are worthy of all we can do for them, and their grateful faces often make our hearts glad.' To remove this one care from our beloved Pastor's mind, and help a worthy object so dear to his heart, is a proposal which we are sure will commend itself to all his friends. We, therefore, confidently expect a hearty response to our appeal to the many readers of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and to all the members of his church and congregation to render this fitting tribute to him in celebration of his Pastoral Silver Wedding. Donations to be sent to the Treasurers, T. H. Olney and Thomas Greenwood, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington. A Bazaar will be held at the close of the year, on behalf of the Almshouse Fund, in connection with this Memorial. Contributions in money or goods will be thankfully received, and should be addressed—*The Secretary, Bazaar Committee, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.*"

On *Friday evening, August 30*, the annual meeting of the *Green Walk Mission*, conducted by Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., was held at the Tabernacle Lecture Hall. To his own deep regret, the senior Pastor was unable to be present, having only partially recovered from a severe attack of rheumatism. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and expressed his hearty appreciation of the useful work carried on in Bermondsey in connection with the earnest section of the church, which has Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., for its worthy leader. He concluded an earnest and appropriate address by presenting to the Rev. Canon Tugwell, the Rector of Bermondsey, twenty-three volumes of the "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," and four volumes of the "Treasury of David," which had been subscribed for by Mr. Olney and his friends, as a token of their gratitude to him for the loan of the boys' schoolroom, Star Corner, for their Sunday evening services while their usual place of meeting was under repair. As the public prints are frequently employed to publish abroad acts of discourtesy and high-handed intolerance on the part of certain clergy of the Church of England, we take great delight in recording a fine instance of conduct of the opposite kind. Canon Tugwell with the utmost readiness lent his schoolroom to our friends, and in the most unaffected and fraternal manner came to this annual meeting of the Mission, and made a thoroughly hearty and earnest speech. This

is the more noteworthy because there has been a hot controversy of late in his parish in reference to the rector's rate, and some of our friends have been to the front in opposition, and will be again should the matter be further mooted. There is, however, nothing personal in the conflict. Everyone regrets that there should be any sort of contest with Mr. Tugwell, and many find it hard to carry out their conscientious convictions when so good and kindly a clergyman is concerned. Mr. Tugwell has the great sense to know and see this. He does not act in a friendly manner merely to those who agree with him in all points, but he treats with unlooked-for kindness those who differ from him. Long may the Canon be spared and prospered, and may all evangelical believers on both sides of the State-church battle be led to follow his example. We can fight out the battle of religious equality and disendowment, and yet unite upon all the grand points wherein we are both agreed. Principle we can never sacrifice, nor ask others to sacrifice theirs, but we can, as Christians, regret the cause of difference and remember the still more important reasons for spiritual unity.

The Canon in his speech said many kind things of Mr. Spurgeon, and of the good work accomplished in Bermondsey by Mr. Olney's Mission. The report was eminently satisfactory, and the speeches were full of life and fire. We wish the utmost success to this holy work in one of the most needy neighbourhoods in London. If other Christian men would imitate Mr. W. Olney, and commence similar missions no portion of our great cities would remain without the means of grace. Gentlemen in business, with a good education, are there not many of you who would find it a great joy to gather around you a people saved by your instrumentality, and lead them forward in the service of the Lord?

On *Monday evening, Sept. 2*, the annual meeting of the Tabernacle Loan Tract Society was held at the Tabernacle, in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting. The pastor presided, and presented several special requests for prayer for various objects; and then the Society's annual report was read by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. Wood. This stated that during the past year over four thousand families had been visited every week, and upwards of fifty thousand of the pastor's sermons had been circulated, with great signs of divine approval, several interesting instances of which were mentioned,

showing that the sermons had been blessed to the sick and dying, the young, backsliders, and all classes of individuals. Ninety-two districts are regularly visited by seventy ladies and twenty gentlemen, some of whom have engaged in the work from the commencement, twelve years ago. The secretary expressed his hearty thanks to his assistant, Mr. G. Woods, and the Committee, for their co-operation, and announced that the total receipts had amounted to £62 17s. 2d., and the expenditure to £57 1s. 7d. In conclusion he earnestly entreated the sympathy, help, and prayers of all present, and stated that during the year they had been cheered by the confessions of more than sixty souls, who had declared themselves to have been saved by this instrumentality. Several addresses were delivered, and two American brethren briefly and affectionately addressed the meeting. Mr. Spurgeon seemed to be supremely happy as the instances of blessing upon the printed sermons were mentioned one by one. Who could refrain from praising God while listening to such gladsome tidings? We do not know of any effort that is carried on upon such a scale for so small an expense, and is attended with so large a blessing. In a certain town in the north of England these sermons are lent from house to house, as loan tracts, by the rector and his curate; and they have seen a marked blessing following their circulation. Where ordinary tracts have been refused, or never read, the sermons have obtained a hearing.

On *Tuesday evening, Sept. 17*, about three hundred pastors, deacons, and elders of the churches in the London Baptist Association partook of tea and refreshments in the Tabernacle school-room, and after spending some time in friendly conversation and inter-communion, met in the Lecture Hall, for a conference upon the topic—"The young people connected with our churches and congregations, our duty towards them; how shall we best discharge it?" After singing and prayer Mr. Chown, the president, opened the conference with an admirable and exhaustive address as to our duty towards the young in our families, our Sunday-schools, our congregations, and our churches. No less than sixteen brethren engaged in the discussion, or conversation, which followed. We best remember the striking remarks of Mr. Marsack Day, of the West London Tabernacle, upon Num. x. 29—32. He showed that we should first gain the young by making prominent the sunny side of religion, and by our cheerful

confidence (verse 29), and then we should hold them by making all the use of them we can (verse 31). There is the material for a capital sermon in this hint. Suggestions as to Young Christians' Bands, Children's Prayer-meetings, Gatherings for explaining the Doctrines, Special Juvenile Services, Correspondence with the young by letter, Singing classes, Bands of Hope, Mutual Improvement Societies, and other points, were both plentiful and practical. Mr. Lyon pleaded for more care in the selection of schools for their sons and daughters by parents of the wealthier class; and he very rightly traced the wandering of many young men from Nonconformist principles to their being sent to schools and colleges where other influences are brought to bear upon them. Can men gather grapes from thistles? One suggestion well worthy of notice was—that ministers should endeavour to preach upon the international lessons of the Sabbath-school, in order to help the teachers, and give unity to the teaching work of the church.

On *Friday evening, Sept. 20th*, the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association (Mr. Elvin's) was held in the Lecture Hall after a numerous body of friends had partaken of tea in the schoolroom. The pastor presided, Mr. Perkins prayed, and then the secretary, Mr. Elvin, presented the annual report. He stated that during the past year the members of the society had conducted 692 Sunday services, and 1,084 services on week days: a very large amount of gospel teaching being thus gratuitously given. The receipts from various sources amounted to £173 10s. 2½d.; and the expenditure for rent of halls, printing, travelling expenses, etc., had been nearly the same, leaving a balance in hand of £2 0s. 10½d.

Addresses were delivered by the Pastor and several members of the Association, and sacred solos were sung by Mr. Chamberlain.

We hope to give our readers a fuller account of this society another time.

COLLEGE. — During the past month seventy-four of the members of the Tabernacle church have been formed into a separate community at James' Grove, Peckham, under the pastoral care of our student, Mr. R. E. Chettleboro. This makes a great gap in our membership, and we are praying the Lord to send us a large squadron of recruits to make up for those we have thus lent to him. God bless the new church and multiply it!



Mr. S. B. Drake has left the College, having finished his course, and having been accepted by Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission. Mr. H. J. Batts has sailed for Cape Town, in order to carry on the work for Mr. Hamilton, who is coming home for six months to collect money for a chapel, which is urgently needed for the worship and work of his newly-raised church of 138 members. Cape Town has not before appealed to us, and we hope that our friends, when the time comes, will be prompt to aid in the needful building. The longer Mr. Hamilton can delay his appeal the better, for just now other matters are on hand.

Mr. Gomm has removed from West Row, Mildenhall, to Canterbury Road, Kilburn; and the following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. C. A. Slack, Faversham, Kent; Mr. A. Mills, East Dereham, Norfolk; and Mr. W. G. Myles, Morecambe, Lancashire.

Mr. G. W. Linnecar, one of our students, was on board the steamer *Princess Alice* at the time of the fatal collision, and we are happy to say that he escaped by climbing the funnel. He sees the hand of Providence in his preservation, and the blind creatures who are just now railing at us would find it difficult to persuade him to the contrary. We confess we cannot comprehend our assailants; they have evidently never read our sermon. Some of them blame us for sentiments which we never expressed, and suggest to us the very ideas which we uttered. The most of them have no notion of what they are writing about, and can make only one thing clear, namely, that the further off they can place the power and presence of God the better they are pleased.

ORPHANAGE.—We take the following extract from a report, made by order of the House of Commons, on the "Home and Cottage System of Training and Educating the Children of the Poor," by F. J. Mouat, Esq., M.D., Local Government Board Inspector, and Captain J. D. Bowly, R.E. It is peculiarly valuable as coming from such a source, and it will, we trust, encourage our subscribers.

"*The Stockwell Orphanage.*—The Stockwell Orphanage, founded by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, is an institution of a higher order than the reformatories and pauper schools, and is not an industrial school properly so called. It is devoted to the education and training of fatherless boys, and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions in money or kind. The feature which caused us to visit it with

reference to the present enquiry is that it is based on the family system, there being eight separate houses, in each of which resides a group of about thirty boys under the special charge of a matron. Each house contains dormitories for the boys, and apartments for the matron, also a lavatory, and the usual offices; but the meals are taken in a general dining hall, and cooked in a general kitchen; an arrangement which doubtless conduces to economy, but which is to some extent a departure from the ideal family system.

"The boys' houses are arranged in a continuous terrace, each house being separated from the next by a party wall as in an ordinary street, the schoolrooms are on a third floor over a portion of the terrace, and are commodious and airy. The standard of education is high, as one of the avowed purposes of the institution is to get the boys 'to take good positions in the world.' There is a general play-hall and swimming bath, and it was stated to us that nearly every boy was able to swim.

"The standard of health is high; there is no general contagious disease in the school, and infectious fevers, when they occur, are easily prevented from spreading by early isolation, in the convenient detached infirmary standing at the south-east end of the playground.

"The institution has been ten years at work, and the boys placed out in situations during that time have, as a rule, turned out well.

"In many respects, this excellent school affords no ground of comparison with pauper institutions; but the point to be specially noted is that the family system, even in the modified form here adopted, is stated to have been productive of undoubtedly good effects, not only as regards the formation of individual character, but also as conducing to a high standard of bodily health."

We have cause for thankfulness in the escape of our excellent matron, Miss Fairey, from the *Princess Alice*. We are expected to ascribe her rescue to chance, but we shall do nothing of the kind; we shall unite with her in praising the name of the Lord who preserved her.

Mr. Toller, of Waterbeach, has forwarded thirty-five sacks of potatoes and two sacks of flour as the produce of the Orphanage acre on his farm. May the blessing of the Father of the fatherless rest upon himself and his estate. Did we not hear of Orphanage acres on some other farms? We thought we did.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Jones sends us the following notes :—

The large increase in the number of agents at the commencement of this year has rendered the work of consolidation very necessary. The work of extension has not proceeded so rapidly of late as it might have done but for this cause, and the extreme depression in trade. It is, however, cheering to know that God is blessing the labours of the colporteurs who are at work, and that the good seed of the kingdom is scattered by them broadcast continually. The following testimony, extracted from the published reports of local associations of churches is very valuable :—

“The Southern Association” reports—“Your committee have the pleasure of recording not only the success of previous years fully maintained, but in various respects an advance upon that. As a Christian agency our Colportage satisfactorily stands the test of time, and meets with growing favour from the people. This is evident from the accounts received from the districts. Take first that of our colporteur at Lymington. Eleven months' work is reported, and in that period he has sold 795 Bibles, Testaments, and Scripture portions; 4313 periodicals and bound books, and hundreds of other small books, cards, &c. These sales have realised £122 4s. 5d. During that time he has made 5036 visits, and distributed some thousands of tracts; and his superintendent further reports of him that ‘he works very hard at Sway, where he continues to preach every Sunday, and not without success. He keeps a full congregation together very well.’”

After detailing the labours of two more colporteurs the report concludes thus—

“To sum up the work which as colporteurs these three have done who have been continuously engaged from the time of the last annual meetings, we have these results: In eleven months they have sold of Bibles, books, and other publications not less than 21,000, which have realised £420; some 17,000 or 18,000 visits have been made, and many thousands of tracts have been distributed; and, in addition, they have laboured as Scripture readers, village preachers, and in the Sunday-school. Your committee cannot but reiterate, and with greater emphasis, the conviction expressed in the report of last year, that in the extension of this agency would be found a wise, economical, and successful employment of the resources of our churches.”

The Wilts and East Somerset Association

report states—“The results of the work have been exceedingly encouraging. In the five colportage districts sales have been effected to the amount of £490 0s. 6d. The circulation of so large a quantity of pure evangelical literature cannot but be regarded with much pleasure by those who know the scarcity of good books in country districts, and the difficulty of obtaining them. The work has been too long neglected. It has been said—‘The church has taught the people to read and left the devil to find the books;’ and certainly the partisans of error and vice have not been slow to avail themselves of the aid of the printing press, and have shown no little zeal in the diffusion of their productions. Now, when the power to read and the taste for reading have become universal it is imperatively necessary to provide a suitable supply if we would not have the influence of our Sunday-school and other Christian organisations entirely neutralised by the pernicious literature which abounds. Many cases of usefulness arising from the sale of books are reported by our brethren. Thus one agent tells of an aged person, who said to him, ‘Sir, I have received more light on spiritual things in a month by reading this book—“The Home Beyond”—than in my whole life before;’ and of another, who, having read Dr. Mackay’s ‘Grace and Truth,’ said, ‘It has taken away my fears, and led me to a more perfect rest in Christ, removing difficulties which I had been labouring under for years. Thanks to you for bringing this book. Bookselling, however, is but a small part of the work performed by our brethren. Their daily labours in the homes of the people are of great value. All speak of visits to the sick, when it has been their privilege to speak of Christ to those who have been destitute of Christian society, and deprived of all gospel privileges. Then, coming to more directly evangelistic efforts, all our brethren are preachers, and here it is found that the one work helps the other; the colportage helps the preaching, and the preaching helps the colportage. Our brother Richards has been much blessed in preaching. Of sixteen persons recently received into the fellowship of our church, six attribute their conversion to our brother who, last March, spent a week at Bourton visiting from house to house, and holding services every evening. This review of the extensive and useful nature of the society’s operations may well excite our warmest gratitude, and stimulate our utmost devotion. Let us resolve, in divine



# Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1873.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
S. W. ... ..	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—	
Mr. J. Sinclair ... ..	0 12 0	Mr. W. J. Palmer ... ..	3 0 0
T. W. and M. S. P. ... ..	3 0 0	Mr. Joseph Long ... ..	1 0 0
A Sermon Reader ... ..	0 2 6	Mr. Andrew Richardson ... ..	1 0 0
H. E. ... ..	0 3 0	Mr. James Withers ... ..	0 5 0
Mr. G. Watt ... ..	0 10 0	Mrs. Blackman ... ..	0 1 1
Thanks for a good harvest, Colchester..	0 2 6	Harriet Cooper ... ..	0 1 1
Mr. S. Willson ... ..	1 1 0		
Children of the late Richard Ebsworth	5 0 0	Mr. N. Starkey ... ..	5 7 2
Mrs. E. Walker ... ..	1 1 0	Mr. T. Scouler ... ..	1 1 0
Mr. E. Walker ... ..	1 1 0	"A Friend in South America" ... ..	1 0 0
J. J., of Isle of Man ... ..	206 0 0	Mr. S. Nutter ... ..	7 0 0
Mr. C. Bull ... ..	3 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. White ... ..	1 1 0
M. McKean ... ..	1 10 0	"Ebenezer" ... ..	1 0 0
Mr. C. Bacon ... ..	2 0 0	Susanna M. Orr ... ..	0 2 6
H. Browne ... ..	2 0 0	Miss F. B. Brown ... ..	5 0 0
For Orphanage Christmas Dinner	0 5 0	Mr. W. J. Callow ... ..	0 5 0
Per Bankers, Sandwich ... ..	2 2 0	A Brother, Bankhead ... ..	0 2 6
J. B. C. ... ..	1 0 0	A Lad's thank-offering ... ..	0 2 0
Mrs. Winter ... ..	2 0 0	Mr. Thomas R. ... ..	5 0 0
J. B. T. ... ..	1 1 0	Ashechenaz ... ..	1 0 0
Mr. J. Hector ... ..	1 0 0	Mr. George G., per Mrs. Cozens ... ..	0 10 6
Mr. C. H. Price ... ..	1 0 0	One who desired to be prayed for ... ..	0 2 0
Miss Weeks ... ..	0 10 0	L. S. T., a thank-offering ... ..	5 0 0
A Reader of Sermons, Worcestershire...	0 10 0	Mrs. Cunningham ... ..	1 0 0
Miss C. Bacon ... ..	0 4 6	Readers of the "Christian Herald" ... ..	10 1 11
Miss Walker ... ..	3 3 4	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
Mrs. Winsor's Bible Class, Leeds	0 12 0	Mrs. Renshaw ... ..	1 0 0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ... ..	3 19 0	Mr. J. Skinner ... ..	1 1 0
Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1 0 0	Dr. A. C. Air ... ..	2 2 0
Treepence per week ... ..	0 15 3	Miss Watts ... ..	2 2 0
Metropolitan Store... ..	1 3 6	<i>Donations per Mr. Charlesworth:—</i>	
Mr. W. Verry ... ..	2 2 0	Mr. Parkinson ... ..	1 0 0
A thank-offering for little Ernest ... ..	2 2 0	A Friend, per Mr. Silvertown ... ..	0 4 0
Mr. P. W. Smith ... ..	20 0 0	Pillar-box Orphanage Gates ... ..	0 3 5
L. A. Matthew xxv. 31—46 ... ..	0 15 0	Rev. D. Ashby, Bedford ... ..	1 1 0
Isaiah xli. 18 ... ..	0 10 0	Miss Hobbs ... ..	0 12 6
Miss M. H. ... ..	5 0 0	J. B. Browne ... ..	0 1 9
"Shavings" ... ..	0 5 0	Orphan Boys' Collecting	87 8 1
Mr. G. Norton ... ..	5 0 0	Cards ... ..	
Halghton Mills ... ..	0 5 0		
Mary Ewart ... ..	1 1 0		
Miss Anderson, Ardoch ... ..	0 5 0		
Mr. T. Roger ... ..	0 5 0		
Mr. J. P. Jones ... ..	0 16 0		
			90 10 9
			£420 8 11

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.—A Load of Firewood, Mr. Lawton; 13 Straw Hats for the Boys, per Mr. Burton, Luton; 8½lbs. of Tea, Anon.; A Bag of Apples, Mr. A. Parker; 25 Woollen Shirts, Young Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road, Brixton; 35 Sacks Potatoes and 3 Sacks Flour, yield of Orphanage Acre, Waterbeach, Mr. James Toller; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a Dial for the School, Mr. Bowman; a Shilling each for thirty-six boys who had no friends to take them for a holiday, Mrs. Silvertown.

Collected by Orphan Boys during Midsummer Holidays.—Atterbury, G., £1; Bush, R., £1 2s 6d; Burchett, T., £2 4s; Bailey, F., £1 14s 9d; Barrett, C., 3s 2d; Bales, Henry, £1 0s 7d; Baxter, H., £1; Buttfield, G., 7s; Baker, F., 16s 1d; Bluntack, W., 3s; Bates, H., 5s; Bell, S., 13s; Blundell, G., 10s 5d; Barrett, G., 5s 9d; Burt, A., 2s 6d; Biss, H., 13s 11d; Buckley, T., 4s 6d; Bultwin, J., 14s 10d; Bailey, G., £1; Bignell, A., 14s 6d; Brind, H., 14s 2d; Campbell, H., 7s 6d; Cornwall, J., 14s; Clarke, W., 2s; Conan, J., £1; Corpe, F. E., 10s; Church, F., £1 0s 6d; Coleman, J., 10s; Clark, M., 10s 2d; Crist, T., 7s 7d; Cooper, C., 7s; Chadwick, 10s; Croll, E., £1; Coshaw, H., £1; Crook, W., £1; Dean, W., 8s 6d; Dann, A., £1; Deacon, G., £1 2s 1d; Davies, C., 2s 1d; Deer, T., 2s; Davies, C., £1; Eimonds, C., 10s 3d; Fitch, G., 13s 6d; Foster, G., 15s; Fletcher, C., 12s; Frost, A., 2s 7d; French, E., 12s 6d; Foulsham, W., £1; Fairchild, F., 5s; Fox, H. C., £1; Finch, J., 1s 3d; Forbes, P., £1; Gardiner, S., 4s 14d; Grinter, T., £1 2s 6d; Goodger, H., 6s 1d; Gallehawk, E., £1; Groves, H., 4s 1d; Gardner, A., 4s; Goodman, W., 6s; Goddard, H., 10s; Glaysher, G., 5s; Gregory, F., 2s; Hicks, A., 2s 10d; Hunt, G., 3s; Hart, R. E., 15s; Hadden, H., 3s 3d; Harris, W., £1; Howard, J., 5s; Hart, Robert, 4s 1d; Herrman, E., 3s; Hilton, J., 2s 6d; Hart, L., 12s; Hughes, W., 7s 4d; Hopper, G., 10s; Hutt, W., £1 0s 3d; Hawes, 8s 9d; Hoobson, W., £1; Johnson, G., 2s; Jordan, A., £1 9s 3d; Jones, A., 7s 2d; Jones, C., 5s 6d; Key, J., 5s; Kentfield, E., 10s 1d; Knibb, C., 2s; Kitchen, T., 13s; King, G., £1; Lewis, E., £1; Lightfoot, A., 4s; Lee, E., 5s; Lansbury, F., 4s 4d; Lake, W., 2s 8d; Morgan, J., 3s; Morton, L., 8d; Moss, H., 2s 6d; Mills, H., 5s; Moran, A., 6s 6d; Minty, E., 12s; Mumford, 7s; Mackenzie, W., 5s 6d; Machin, £1; Matthews, W., 6s 6d; Madigan, W., 1s 6d; Messenger, 5s 8d; Marley, W., 1s 6d; Neal, W. J., £1 1s; Nearn, J., 12s; Owen, A., 7s 1d; Phillips, £1; Parker, F. T., 9s 8d; Parker, P., 6s; Pack, T., 10s 10d; Phillips, B., 3s 10d; Pearce, T., 4s 8d; Peckham, W., 10s; Peacey, S., 1s 9d; Pooie, A., 1s 6d; Pooie, T., £1; Pavey, S., £1; Pir, F., 15s 8d; Read, F., 3s; Russell, J., 4s; Roberts, G., 5s 6d; Ruffhead, F., 7s 6d; Richards, G., 2s; Reddall, O., 4s 7d; Rees, John, £1; Snow, W., 1s 6d; Stroud, W. H., 7s 6d; Smith, H., 16s 7d; Stotesbury, W., 1s; Schultz, A., 12s 6d; Simmonds, G., 1s 9d; Stanley, G., 12s; Smith, A., 6s 6d; Smith, A., 3s;

Smith, H., 9d; Turner, R., 3s 6d; Tilley, T., £1; Thomas, C., 5s 6d; Tompkins, S., 8s 4d; Terry, F., 4s; Valler, W., 8s; Viney, J., 2s 6d; Wilshire, C. J., 10s; Whiter, H., 7s 4d; Whitelock, W., 3s 1d; White, C., 17s 1d; Wills, M., £1; Webster, W., 5s 1d; Wiggins, H., 17s 3d; Weston, W., 13s; Walter, H., 4s; White, S., 6s; Wheeler, W., 12s; Weatherby, H., 11s 5d; Ward, H., £1; Webb, C., 7s; Whitehead, F., 2s 3d; Ward, S. and C., 12s 6d; Wanstall, W., 6s 3d; McWilliams, 14s 6d; Young, J. F., 6s 3d; Leake, F. J., 2s 4d; Elliot, R. J., 6s; Fulton, H., 3s 2d; Neville, H., 10s 7d; Manktelow, 10s 2d; King, H. W., 7s 6d; Lee, E., £1; Oliver, £1 1s; Gubbins, 13s.—Total, £37 8s 1d.

## Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1878.

### Subscriptions for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Kingsteignton, per S. Pincot, Esq. ...	6	0	0	Mr. Jackson ... ..	0	3	0
T. Greene, Esq., for Wellington ...	10	0	0	Mr. Howarth ... ..	0	2	6
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde ... ..	10	0	0	Mr. Tonson ... ..	0	5	0
Tiptree District, per Rev. H. Hagell ...	6	5	0				31 12 6
A Friend for Kent ... ..	31	7	0	Oxfordshire Association, Witney ...	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District ... ..	10	0	0	Southport District ... ..	7	10	0
Per Mr. Charlton, Travelling Agent:—				C. Neville Johnson, Esq., for Newcastle	10	0	0
For Riddings District—				Northampton Association for two Dis-			
Mr. Hollingsworth... ..	0	5	0	tricts ... ..	20	0	0
Mr. Neil ... ..	0	2	6	R. Cory, Jun., Esq., for Cardiff... ..	10	0	0
Mr. A. Shaw ... ..	0	2	0	Skipsda District ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. Argyle ... ..	0	2	6	Newbury District ... ..	10	0	0
Mr. George Miller ... ..	0	2	6				£183 19 0
			0 14 6				
For Matlock District—							
Mr. Rowland ... ..	0	10	0				
Per Rev. R. S. Antliff, for Acering-							
ton District—							
Alderman Lightfoot, J.P. ... ..	10	0	6				
Councillor Howarth ... ..	5	0	0				
William Howarth, Esq. ... ..	5	0	0				
Alderman Entwistle ... ..	2	2	0				
Richard Crossley, Esq. ... ..	2	2	0				
Councillor Smith ... ..	1	1	0				
S. Bury, Esq. ... ..	1	1	0				
W. Smith, Esq. ... ..	1	1	0				
Rev. Charles Williams ... ..	1	0	0				
Rev. R. S. Antliff ... ..	0	10	0				
Dr. Clayton ... ..	0	10	0				
Mrs. Holehouse ... ..	0	10	0				
W. Marsh, Esq. ... ..	0	10	0				
W. Metcalf, Esq. ... ..	0	10	0				
Mr. Broughton ... ..	0	5	0				

### Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.

	£	s.	d.
T. W. and M. S. P., Thankoffering ...	3	0	0
Mr. Samuel Willson ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. E. Walker ... ..	3	3	0
Mrs. T. ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. C. Ball ... ..	3	0	0
Mr. Hayward, per Rev. E. Spurrier ...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Payne ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Watkins ... ..	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas R. ... ..	5	6	0
Mr. J. Hector, Lymington ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Olney ... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Hayward ... ..	1	0	0
			£45 8 6

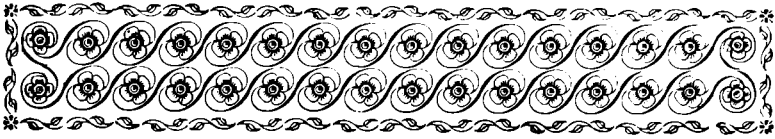
## Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 20th to September 19th, 1878.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Fast London Tabernacle ... ..	12	12	0	T. M. H., for Special Mercies ... ..	10	0	0
Member of the Reformed Episcopal				Mrs. Dobbs ... ..	0	10	0
Church ... ..	0	10	0	Miss E. Darby ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. G. E. Chapman ... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Robinson ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. T. ... ..	50	0	0	Mr. J. C. Isaac ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. C. Ball ... ..	10	0	0	Mr. Thomas R. ... ..	10	0	0
A Friend, for Mr. Burnham ... ..	25	0	0	Mrs. Raybould ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hector ... ..	1	0	0				
Mr. Potier ... ..	2	10	0				£176 7 0
W. B. ... ..	50	0	0				

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Batham. 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.

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NOVEMBER, 1878.

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*Choosing our Crosses.*

“I offer thee three things ; choose thee one of them.”—2 Samuel xxiv. 12.



ALL God's children are chastened, but it seldom happens that they have the choice of the rod. No tribulation for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, but very rarely are men left to select their own tribulation so as to have the least grievous out of three. In most cases men quarrel with their cross ; they wish it had been something else, and they tell you, “I could not expect to be without some form of affliction, but my present distress is the worst possible. If it had been another, then I could have borne it ; but this I cannot endure, for it cuts me to the quick.” We have before us the case of a man of God who had in some degree the option of his trouble. We will for awhile commne with him.

Let us begin by remarking that the choice of our affliction will not be given to you or to me. God's appointment, and not our choice, will determine the form of our chastisement. We may sit down and foolishly say to ourselves, “We would prefer our cross to be pain of body ;” or, “We would sooner enjoy health and endure poverty ;” or, “We would be glad rather to suffer reproach from the ungodly world than to be in penury ; or, we would choose to bear exile, bereavement, or hardship rather than sickness ;” but say what we will, our lot is fixed, and our whims will not alter it. In our Father's house we are not the head of the household, but each one of us is a child whose place is that of obedience. The Lord reigneth and appointeth all things. We may propose as much as we like, but his disposal rules the day. We may sit down and sketch and scheme, but the wheels of providence swerve not from their course to meet our wishes. We put our hand upon the tiller of

life and declare that we will steer the vessel according to our own mind, but there are currents which laugh at our steering, and bear us whither we would not, and there are winds which whirl and twist us about contrary to our devices. You may say in your heart, "This and that shall be;" but the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and his eternal purpose shall be fulfilled. Wherein we are bidden to choose this day it will be well for us wisely to make the election, but concerning our trials it is not left for us to determine their character or form.

For a moment suppose that we had such a choice. It is ordained that we must each carry some cross, but imagine that each one is to select for himself: what then? *The selection would assuredly be a grim and painful task.* You are called to look upon the various forms of trouble, and you are bidden to take one of them. David has his choice of three, and he knew enough to make him dread each one of them. First, he might choose seven years of famine: blasted fields, withered trees, empty storehouses, women and children pining in agony, dropping in the streets by hundreds from starvation, to lie there unburied, because the living were too feeble to cover the dead; the wolf prowling; the whole land given to desolation. David could not choose such a horror, nor endure that such a scourge should come upon his people. But the second was no better: he must flee three months before his enemies. He had known what it was to be hunted like a partridge upon the mountains. He knew the misery of being a fugitive, having no rest by night or by day, but bound to keep the watch-fires always burning, and the hand always upon the drawn sword, while the victorious foe gave no quarter, and enacted horrors on the women and the children. He could not bear the idea of bloodshed, for he had seen too much of it. Nor was it less terrible that pestilence should descend with its invisible sword, and sweep down thousands at a blow, till the grave became gorged with dead. It was a hard, hard choice; and long might a man deliberate between the three furies of famine, war, and plague.

Now suppose, beloved Christian friend, that you stood before a similar series of troubles at this moment, and you were asked first, "Do you choose sickness of body?" Do not be very quick to answer "Yes," for I know what it is, and I cannot give it a word of commendation. What then; shall we select poverty? Many now present could tell you that penury is hard to bear, and is by no means a trifling evil. It is not a desirable experience to be in doubt whence your food and raiment will come when the morning dawns, and to be dependent upon the scant gifts of charity. What, then, shall we select slander and reproach? These are enough to break a strong man's heart. Do you in any degree lean towards sickness in the family, or do you count bereavement to be a less evil than some others? Pause and consider before you decide. Would you be willing that the partner of your life should be taken from you, or that your children should be plucked from your bosom? No, this we would not choose. If it were put to us to select a cross we should be as painfully embarrassed as the fond parents to whom it was offered that one of their children should be taken for adoption. They had only ten, but the first could not go because he was the son and heir; the second certainly could not, because she was a very delicate little girl; the next could by no means

be spared, because she was the image of her mother; and the next child must remain, for he was of so sweet a disposition. The question passed on to the very last at the mother's breast, and, of course, no one would dream of its being taken from her. There were always good arguments for keeping the whole tribe at home. And so there is a reason why no form of the cross should be desired; and if any one shape of trouble were spread out before a man so that he really understood it, he would say, "Save me at least from that sharp sorrow." Thus it is plain that the choice of grief would be in itself a grief most harassing, and we may rejoice that it is not left to us.

*Next, it is more than probable that if we had a choice of our crosses we should, each one, choose a worse than we have already.* Our first instinct would be to be rid of this one, anyhow. We are utterly weary of it, and think that any alteration would be a change for the better. We would take our brother's cross right willingly. We have often envied him. We saw him sitting in his seat on the Sabbath-day, and we heard his cheery voice at the prayer-meeting, and we said in our heart, "Oh, that my soul were in his soul's stead." Yet if we had to bear his burden and to maintain his cheerfulness we might not be equal to the task, and might wish ourselves back again to our quieter position and less robust appearance. It is quite certain, brethren, that God has fitted our burdens to our backs, and our backs to our burdens; so that no man could exchange with advantage. A barter of trials would be a loss all round. We should few of us improve by shifting places, and none of us by changing trials: the Lord has ordained our inheritance for us with far more wisdom than we could possibly manifest if we had to choose our own.

Besides this, *the cross, if it became a matter of choice, would lose its main characteristic.* What is a cross, or a chastisement, or a trial, but a something which comes athwart our wills to grieve us, and by that grief to work our good? It is through its being contrary to our own wishes and desires that it is a trial at all; and, therefore, if we could arrange it according to our mind it would cease to be a chastisement. Well, therefore, may we be asked in Scripture, "Should it be according to thy mind?" Do fathers give their children the choice of the rod, and leave it to their judgment as to how or when they shall be chastised? This would simply mean playing at chastisement, and there would be no discipline at all. It is necessary to trial that it should not for the present be joyous, but grievous; and the idea of making a choice of troubles would destroy the essential characteristic of the cross, which is the crossing of our will. While it destroyed the main ingredient of affliction it would altogether alter trial in other essential respects; for if a person suffers that which he chooses to suffer, the tonic quality is taken from the medicine. I have heard of certain nuns who have arranged to sleep in their coffins every night, the said coffins being set in an almost upright position against the wall. Habit soon renders the position endurable, and probably even pleasant: the mortification of their flesh is more apparent than real. Nobody pities these ladies for carrying out their eccentric habit, since they might lie on beds like reasonable mortals, if they pleased. I saw near Brussels, in a monastery, the whips with which the monks of La Trappe scourge themselves, and



I could but hope that they enjoyed the exercise, and used the scourge right heartily. A self-imposed flagellation is a sham suffering. A sorrow chosen is a trifle; it may readily be petted into a joy: even John Fletcher goes so far as to sing—

“ There's nought in this life sweet,  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy :  
O sweetest melancholy !”

Let those have melancholy who like it, but call it not a trial. Let us save our tears for real sorrows, for where choice comes in the utmost gall is not in the bitterness. If it is my own will that I should suffer, suffering does not subdue my will nor tame my pride; but if it is of the Lord's will that I should bear daily pain, or poverty, or bereavement, then in taking the cup of anguish and drinking it with patience, saying, “Thy will be done,” I honour God and derive benefit from the grief. So you see that the choosing of the cross would be the breaking up of the cross; why then should we wish to have it?

Again, suppose we could choose our cross, *what a responsibility it would involve upon us, and what pain it would bring while we were bearing it.* We should be sure to say to ourselves, “What an ill choice I have made! This is my own choice, and I can only blame myself for it.” If the young man upon starting in life were to say, “Of all the various trials which fall to the lot of man, I have the power to select one, and I do select this”; then when it came upon him, he would cry out, “Alas, for my foolishness, I have plunged myself into the saltiest sea of all.” And then he would chide himself, and refuse to be comforted. As it is, when the affliction comes, we accept the will of the Supreme, and by his grace endeavour to bow before the inevitable storm. The sight of our Father's hand amid the tempest supplies us with comfort, and the sweet sound of his voice saying, “It is I, be not afraid,” sustains us amid the hurricane. When the Lord chooses the cup and holds it to us, we drink it down in peace. We feel no responsibility about it, but we enjoy a solid confidence that he who appointed the sorrow will cause it to work our good.

Brethren, here are good reasons for our rejoicing that no option is given to us. We could not envy David, but we do pity him, for it was a heavy trial to have an option in the matter. How sweet is the thought that our God, in making the allotment of crosses, exercises the greatest care over us, and the tenderest consideration for us. No father can be so judicious and gentle as the Lord. In looking over the lives of your fellow Christians, and in considering our own histories, we shall often be made to admire the adaptations of the peculiar form of tribulation to the person called to endure it. It was well that a certain trial did not happen to Melancthon, for it would have broken his heart; but Luther was all the better for it. We can see that it was well for Bunyan to be in prison, well for Milton to be blind, and well for Baxter to be sick; these crosses came to the right men, and none would wish to have made them exchange. A gardener prunes each tree and trims each plant according to its quality. Would you have him use his knife upon a lily as upon a rose? The comfortable fruits of righteousness are brought

forth by one process in one man and by another in his friend. "One man's meat," we say, "is another man's poison," and it is certainly so as to afflictions. When we get to heaven it will, perhaps, be one of our occupations to see how wisely the Lord dealt out to us all not only our portion of meat but our potion of medicine. This much I know: before we reach heaven, we might almost now, if we have reached middle life, look back and see enough about ourselves, even amid the darkness and smoke of our unbelief and ignorance, to make us bless the Lord most heartily for the fires of the furnace, and for the blows of the hammer, and for the grating of the file: surely by all these hath he made us polished shafts for his quiver. The cross, that bitter tree, has budded and blossomed and brought forth fruit for us. Yes, the very cross we dreaded most has been the most sanctified. Henceforth, then, let us be good friends with our afflictions, accept them as they arrive, rejoice in the love which appoints them, in the grace which comes with them, and in the growth which comes out of them, and never let us wish to have things other than they are so far as our Lord's appointments are concerned. No more let us wish to choose, or, if a choice should come, let us imitate the afflicted psalmist and say, "I am in a great strait: let us fall now into the hand of the Lord." Everything is safe when it is left with God.

## Two Letters to the Countess of Huntingdon :

BEARING ON THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION UNDER WHITEFIELD  
AND WESLEY.

The first letter is from the Duchess of Buckingham.

"I THANK your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive and strongly tinged with impertinence, and disrespect towards their superiors, in perpetually endeavouring to level all ranks, and to do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding."

The second letter is from the Duchess of Marlborough.

"My dear Lady Huntingdon is always so very good to me, and I always do feel so very sensibly all your kindness and attention, that I must accept your very obliging invitation to accompany you to hear Mr. Whitefield, though I am still suffering from the effects of a severe cold. Your concern for my improvement in religious knowledge is very obliging, and I do hope that I shall be the better for all your excellent advice.

"I hope you will shortly come and see me, and give me more of your company than I have had latterly. In truth I always feel more happy and contented after an hour's conversation with you than I do after a whole week's round of amusement. When alone my reflections and recollections almost kill me, and I am forced to fly to the society of those I detest and abhor."

## Letter of William Hone, of the Every-day Book.

THOSE of our readers who have been entertained by Hone's "Every-day Book" (and who has not that has ever seen it?) will be glad to read the following letter. It is not known to all that William Hone became a Christian in his later days, and united with Mr. Binney's congregation; the letter shows how deep was the work of grace upon his heart.

"Dear sir,—Your kindness towards me, and the desire you express of becoming serviceable to me, require that I should be explicit as regards the circumstances under which we met, a little time ago, and have since conversed on. I think my statement should be in writing, and hence this letter.

"It has pleased the Almighty to have dealings with me for several years, until, by his Holy Spirit, I have been brought from darkness to light; to know HIM, through faith in Christ; to rest in his love, and in the cleft of a rock, safe from the storms and afflictions of the world. To acquaint all who ever heard of my name, with this mighty change of heart, has long been my desire; and it seems to me, that I ought not to exercise my restored faculties without tendering their first-fruits as a humble offering to the promotion of his cause, by testifying of his great mercy. It has been my frequent and earnest prayer to God to enable me to do this, as his doing; to seek nothing but honour to his holy name, and in fear of him, and him only, without regard to the praise or dispraise of man—come from what quarter it may—to have my soul possessed in patience; to wait and be still, as a mere instrument in his hands, made willing in the day of his power, to do his work. If it be his work, he will bless it; I pray that it may be. Now, in this matter, and in this view of it, self-seeking and personal gratification are out of question. The desire to engage in it is the most earnest wish of my heart; but my heart has submitted to God, and in submission to him it seeks to do his will, to do the will of my Saviour, as my Lord and my God, who has done all things for me, and will do all things well. I believe he has put the desire into my heart to do this homage to his sovereignty, as a subject of his kingdom. To do it has been the ruling purpose of my mind; as an instance of it, let me mention, I have been frequently asked by autograph collectors to write something in their albums. For the last two years I have done nothing in this way, till the third of last month, a lady having brought in her album the night before, I remembered it was my birth-day, and wrote the following lines:—

'The proudest heart that ever beat  
Hath been subdued in me;  
The wildest will that ever rose  
To scorn thy cause, and aid thy foes,  
Is quell'd, my God, by thee.

'Thy will, and not my will, be done;  
My heart be ever thine:  
Confessing thee, the mighty Word,  
My Saviour Christ, my God, my Lord,  
'Thy cross shall be my sign.'

These lines, I thought, would be ill-placed among contributions of different import: I therefore wrote them at the end of my Bible, and put some others, of a religious and kindly admonitory tendency, in the lady's album. Not even in the albums can I write without manifesting that to please is less my object than to acknowledge the goodness of God. Well, then, my dear sir, in this respect you may gather, in some degree, how it is with me, and how God has wrought upon my mind, and operates upon it to the end I speak of. When his hand struck me as for death, it was in a house of prayer, and whilst being carried from the place in men's arms as for dead, he lifted my heart to his throne of grace. During the loneliness of what seemed to be my dying bed, and the discomfort of my awful infirmity, and the ruin of my house, and family, and prosperity, he was with me, and comforted me; and hitherto he has helped me, and I bless his holy name; my faith in him is unshaken, and he keeps me constantly to himself, and despite of worldly affections, and nature's fear, I depend on him and the workings of his providence that he will never leave me nor forsake me. It has never entered my mind, even as a shadow, that I can do anything for him; but what he enables me to do, I will do to his glory. In the dark seasons of the hidings of his face, I would wait on him who waited for me while I resisted the drawings of his love; and when I sit in the light of his countenance, I would stand up and magnify his name before the people. And now, that he has wonderfully raised me up, after a long season of calamity, to the power of using my pen, I pray that he may direct it to tell of his mercy to me, and by what way he has brought me to acknowledge him, 'the Lord our righteousness,' 'God blessed for ever,' at all times, and in all places, where there may be need of it. I trust I may never be ashamed to declare his name; but readily exemplify, by his help, the courage and obedience of a Christian man, and, as a good soldier of Christ, fight the good fight with the sword of the Spirit.

"May God grant me grace to do his will, is my humble supplication.

"I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

"WILLIAM HONE."

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## Coming to the Point.

**I**F God should restore me to health again, I have determined to study nothing but the Bible. Literature is inimical to spirituality, if it be not kept under with a firm hand. A man ought to call in from every quarter whatever may assist him to understand, explain, and illustrate the Bible; . . . all-important truth is there; and I feel that no comfort enters sick curtains from any other quarter. My state is an admonition to young men. I have been too much occupied in preparing to live, and too little in living. I have read too much from curiosity, and for mental gratification; I was literary when I should have been active. We trifle too much. Let us do something for God. The man of God is a man of feeling and activity. I feel, and would urge with all possible strength on others, that Jesus is our all in all.—  
RICHARD CECIL.

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## John Bunyan and Puritan England.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IT may not have occurred to all readers of the life and works of John Bunyan that during the sixty years of the allegorist's life England herself passed through a kind of pilgrimage from the bondage of designing despotism to the full enjoyment of constitutional liberty as established at the Revolution. At our starting point, or in the year 1628, the crown of this country had not long passed from the eccentric pedant James I. to a successor, who, lacking the wit and knowledge which would have enabled him to govern with a firm hand, or to yield with grace to the force of public opinion, had yet sufficient obstinacy to imperil his own head as well as the liberties of the people. The combatants were taking up their places; the national contest was beginning in stern earnest in 1628. The threatenings of a coming storm were heard within and without the parliament-house, a storm which some supposed had blown over, when the king for a moment appeared to be amenable to reason by acknowledging the Petition of Right. Still the Stuarts were carried away by one idea—that the royal prerogative is above constitutional law; and in one way and another sixty years were consumed in settling the question whether kings were made for the people, or whether kingdoms were created for the convenience of kings. The personal pilgrimage of John Bunyan embraced this interesting period of war, of fierce controversy, of transition from old to new ideas, and because the times were favourable to the growth of giants, all parties could boast of Titans to champion their cause.

It may truly be said that England was in the depths of misfortune and bondage in 1628, the year of Bunyan's birth. Like all weak monarchs who read the signs of the times through the green spectacles of natural pride and prejudice, the king surrounded himself with favourites, whose rapacity, arrogance, and incompetence irritated the people; and at the same time he began to indulge in that tall talk of kingcraft which soon kindled the flames of civil war. The parliament had a patriotic majority, who saw with feelings of indignation and alarm, such as we can hardly fathom, that England was "declining to contempt beneath the meanest." Laud was climbing to power and preparing to impose on the nation "the discipline of Thorough"; Buckingham, who had outraged the sensibilities of all sections of politicians, had fallen by the assassin's knife; and the king, after threatening the Commons, set the House at defiance, and proceeded to collect illegal taxes. On all sides the outlook was one of evil portent. At court, religion was at the lowest ebb. The condition of England as a nation reminds one of the miserable plight of Christian, when, beset with enemies in the city of Destruction, he feared present ruin, and hardly knew how it would fare with him if he made a dash for freedom through the Slough of Despond.

Such was the England of Bunyan's childhood. What were the fortunes of the child? His parents were of the poorer sort; some have inclined to the belief that his family were related to the gipsies; but were they of that still lower caste who, being degraded without knowing

it, transmit to their children a heritage of shame? The general opinion has been, that the elder Bunyan was black both within and without—a low-minded, ill-spoken man, whose grovelling thoughts were never elevated above a mended tea-kettle or a soldered saucepan. The probability is that they were comparatively respectable, if we take into consideration the manners of their condition, and the uncouthness of the times. We shall also do well if we heed the words of Macaulay: “The years of John’s boyhood were those during which the Puritan spirit was in the highest vigour all over England; and nowhere had that spirit more influence than in Bedfordshire.” If the parents of John were not actual Puritans, they attended Elstow Church; for, says Charles Doe, who was well acquainted with the circumstances of the family, they were “of the national religion.” To be “of the national religion” in the most Puritan county of England might mean a good deal more than merely belonging to the Established Church. We have, moreover, the best of evidence for supposing that John was despatched daily on a journey across the meadows to Bedford Grammar-school. When a working-man attends with his household the public worship of God, and does whatsoever lies within his power to educate the younger members, he is now reckoned among respectable artisans; it was not otherwise in the seventeenth century.

But if the elders of the family were not worse than their neighbours, was not John himself a notoriously wicked child, a ringleader in all varieties of juvenile crime? He speaks of himself as such; but then Bunyan was a man who, till the end of his days, never failed to look at his personal failings through the magnifying-glass of an exceptionally powerful imagination. So long as he was unregenerate, there were no transgressors to be found of his own giant growth; he was the chief of sinners. So far, indeed, did he carry this self-depreciation, that on the title-page of “Sighs from Hell,” published two years before the Restoration, the author is styled “poor and contemptible.” He referred to his failings after the manner of the apostle Paul, without the suspicion that his words would ever be unfairly exaggerated. Mr. Offor says that Bunyan “devoted his whole soul and body to licentiousness;” but the statement is untrue, according to Bunyan’s own solemn declaration, if the last word is understood in the usually accepted conventional sense. The truth is, that during childhood he was subject to unusually strong religious impressions; he understood the gospel, and realized the nature of the penalties which were incurred by its rejection. The frivolous companions he speaks of were the children of Elstow; the vain pleasures of the world that led him captive were the sports on the village green. In the meantime, so completely did his thoughts tend towards religion, that the dreams of the night were religious dreams. These facts are inconsistent with the theory that the rearing of the allegorist was altogether godless. There must have been some talk about religion at the hearth of the tinker’s cottage at Elstow; otherwise a child like John, having visions of heaven and hell, and afflicted with fears and fancies, would have been a psychological phenomenon as well as a miracle of genius.

The fact is, that one biographer after another has given an unwarranted sense to the words which Bunyan applied to himself, instead of

making allowance for the exaggeration such as a sensitive mind would be likely to fall into when taking an account of its sins. He never says that his parents were vicious, but because no mention is made of their piety, hair-splitting casuists at once rush to the conclusion that the old people's souls were as black as their craft. Having weighed the evidence, we hardly think these special pleaders have made good their case. A contemporary writer speaks of the old tinker as "an honest, poor labouring man, who, like Adam unparadised, had all the world before him to get his bread in; and was very careful and industrious to maintain his family." Here we have a hard-working man, who, according to the apostolic injunction, provided well for his own household, besides keeping his eye on their schooling. Such a labouring man in any age would be accounted a paragon by many, and by all he would rank as a credit to his country. What good end is answered by painting the paternal tinker blacker than he really was? The mistake has also been made in the case of his still more celebrated son, of not qualifying one part of a conscientious confession by other parts. It is well understood what we mean when we speak of a man's running into all kinds of vice, and being a ringleader in licentiousness. The charge was so well comprehended by Bunyan himself that he once repudiated the slander with a spirited vehemence, which reflected eminent credit on one who was conscious of innocence. Bunyan was addicted to the senseless practice of cursing and swearing; in Puritan Bedfordshire he was in time pointed at as a notorious blasphemer; but among working people in the nineteenth century we have reason to fear that he would be thought a very commonplace swearer indeed.

We are now passing over the time of Bunyan's youth, when the barque of the State, already in troubled waters, was hastening towards that whirlpool of civil war which might destroy in a year the fair fabric of our boasted constitution. The "frightfully ceremonial" Laud was superseding the teaching of the Reformation by what Carlyle calls the "old clothes of Babylon." The "flat popery," preached to order, at Paul's Cross, was the topic of Cromwell's maiden speech in the House of Commons. Far-seeing people were becoming disquieted by the religious dangers; but the deliverers of England had not yet left their rural haunts to appeal to the sword. Cromwell was settled at St. Ives, "grass-farming, mowing, milking, cattle-marketing." In 1633, the King, with a good deal of parade, passed northward to be crowned; and in the following year the famous Ship-money writ was issued, and the excitement it occasioned must have reached even the cottage hearth of the Bunyans at Elstow. Sterner signs that something uncommon was about to happen soon followed. The tinker on his rounds may have heard of the nose-slitting and the branding in the pillory at Westminster of certain godly men who refused to do homage to Laud, the idolatrous innovator. About the same time Mistress Geddes, of Edinburgh, used her strong arm and a church stool in the cause of truth; and "Helen of Troy, for practical importance in human history, is but a small heroine to Jenny." During the next year or two, people's talk was of the "Bishops' War" in Scotland, of the stormy debates in the Long Parliament, and of the horrors of the Irish Rebellion. John Bunyan, as a strong lad of his years, had now left Bedford Grammar

School to itinerate with his father. A little later, or at the age of seventeen, he became a combatant in the civil war, but whether on the royal or on the parliamentary side who shall say? The historians are of opinion that he fought for the Parliament; the divines, on the contrary, contend that he sided with the king. In proof of his royalist sympathies various quotations from his works are given, which prove nothing either one way or the other. Speaking of the 14th of June, 1645, Carlyle says, "John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester—not yet writing his 'Pilgrim's Progress' on paper, but acting it on the face of the earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather *without* the matchlock just at present; Leicester and he having been taken the other day." Bunyan may have served the Parliament; no fact in history will testify to the contrary. He himself merely says, "I was drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it." The author of a sketch of his life, published in 1693, expressly says that Bunyan "in June, 1645, being at the siege of Leicester, . . . was called out to be one who was to make a violent attack upon the town, vigorously defended by the king's forces against the Parliamentarians." This is all quite in accordance with the current of events during that year; but biographers frequently make a hash of the history of England. Even Mr. Ofor could get befogged, and lose his way, and thus, without intending to mislead, his statements are sometimes questionable. He says, "Leicester was vigorously defended by the Parliamentarians against the King's forces, but never by the Royalists against the Parliament." This misstatement of commonplace facts, which are well known to every reader of history, is somewhat surprising in the case of a careful editor. Leicester was stormed and taken by the king on the last day of May; but four days after the royalists' disaster at Naseby, or on the 18th of June, the town was retaken by Fairfax, who again planted on its ramparts the Parliamentary standard. Ofor in another place speaks of this as a capitulation; but it was probably something more, and supposing Bunyan to have been in the Parliamentary hosts, the subsequent words of the allegorist would exactly explain the situation. The most that can be said is that Bunyan was loyal to the English monarchy, just as was the case with thousands of others who fought in the cause of the Parliament. When Mr. Ofor speaks of those veterans as republicans, he writes like a man who hardly comprehends the situation. The Parliament was not fighting for a republic, but in defence of the English constitution, which the Stuarts had outraged.

When, at length, Bunyan married, are we to suppose that the godly daughter of a strict Puritan would, with her eyes open, contract an alliance with one whom Ofor at this time supposes to have been a swearing dare-devil? It is true that the allegorist's first biographer speaks of the difficulty that was experienced in getting a wife at all on account of poverty and an "irregular course of life"; but "irregular" is probably here synonymous with *itinerant*. His wife's dowry, as everyone knows, consisted of two books of Puritan theology, and, pleased with these, Bunyan gave them so much attention that the exercise burnished up his reading, which had grown rusty during the preceding years of war and revolution. A striking proof that he was not now openly immoral lies in the fact that he read about the practice of piety



and the pathway to heaven, and was pleased with what he read, without, as he afterwards confessed, arriving at conviction. His wife also talked to him about her father's piety, until he determined upon himself setting up as a religious man ; and he accordingly relinquished bell-ringing, dancing, and tip-cat, to emulate the most strait-laced in Pharisaic strictness. This delusion quickly passed away, however, and critics have apparently been led astray by not remembering that Bunyan was converted while quite a young man. At twenty-four he found peace ; soon afterwards he commenced preaching, and at the age of twenty-eight he published his first work, "Gospel Truths opened." He lived to be sixty ; the works he composed correspond in number with his years, and for nearly two-thirds of his life he lived a Greatheart in the Christian cause.

At twenty-five years of age Bunyan is living under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. Of him literally it may be said, "Old things have passed away, all things have become new." The humble tinker is now not only a communicant at Bedford Meeting, but his sermons in the surrounding villages, characterized by fervour and original genius, produce a powerful effect on his hearers. His services are much sought after, his books command a ready sale, while their title-pages seem to reveal a timid shrinking from publicity. If it be really true that Bunyan fought for the king during the Civil War, he would not now be particularly sorry that his former enemy had triumphed. Puritanism was enjoying a sort of golden age ; and although some of its votaries might be somewhat severe in their notions, all kinds of irreligion were commonly discouraged, and the nation enjoyed a spiritual and temporal prosperity wonderful to contemplate as following so closely on the heels of the late desolation by civil war. Bunyan, while abhorring the Stuarts' fatal policy, may have regretted the execution of the king, who worked out his own ruin ; but he must have appreciated the liberty of the Commonwealth and the straightforward patriotism of Cromwell, which allowed no holes to be made in the honour of Old England. The peace continued until that memorable 3rd of September, 1658, when in the midst of a great storm, unusual at that season, Cromwell breathed his last, declaring with his latest breath that God would not forsake his people.

We now come to the Restoration, which brought with it a fierce political storm, threatening with extinction all that was worthy of preservation in the nation. No professions of religion, save the most genuine and deep rooted, could stand against "Church and King." Vandals, under the mask of a loyal Anglicanism, devoted life and energy to the extirpation of Christianity, and the destruction of common morality. The most corrupt court the country has ever seen took the lead in vice ; while sycophant ecclesiastics made a god of the monarch. The young lived a kind of beast and devil life ; the old gloried in their shame. The peasants inhabiting the villages around Bedford had greatly valued Bunyan's teaching ; many churches were founded which we believe remain to this day. The work had been carried on in the face of strong local opposition ; for the sectaries of all shades who swarmed about the country denouncing all as radically wrong, save themselves, regarded the Baptist brazier as a dangerous

innovator. The persecution of such had been patiently borne; but when meetings for nonconforming worship were absolutely illegal, the aspect of affairs was entirely changed. Preaching was forbidden, and the magistrates were eagerly alert to enforce the law. The time of fiery trial had come. The cost of duty had to be counted, and the penalty would have to be paid. The informers could not be eluded for ever.

The time for secret services had accordingly arrived, and Bunyan's experience at this time supplies some fine illustrations of adventure in the work of open-air preaching. One of the most interesting of the meeting-places was in Wain-wood, near Hitchin, where, in the year 1653, Mr. Offor encountered Edward Foster, whose grandfather, one hundred and ninety years previously, had actually attended the proscribed services. The spot is charmingly secluded, and while a thousand persons could assemble in the natural amphitheatre, nature also provided a raised stand for the preacher. There, even in wintry weather, Bunyan frequently preached at midnight. To borrow old Mr. Foster's enthusiastic words as given by Offor: "Here, under the canopy of heaven, with the rigour of winter's nipping frost, while the clouds, obscuring the moon, have discharged their flaky treasures, they often assembled, while the highly-gifted and heavenly-minded Bunyan has broken to them the bread of life, assisted by the indefatigable Oliver Heywood and others. The word of the Lord was precious in those days. And here, while uncovered in prayer, the pious matrons warded off the driving hail and snow, by holding a shawl over the head of their devoted minister by its four corners." This holy work was soon interrupted by Bunyan's arrest and imprisonment in Bedford gaol; but even then it was not wholly suspended.

We need not linger over the period which is known as the twelve years of Bunyan's imprisonment, although that passage in the allegorist's life is about as remarkable as anything to be found in the range of religious biography. In comparison with what befell a large number of Quakers, his prison life was a pleasant experience. "The amount of liberty which was usually granted him," says the present vicar of Elstow, "is really not a little curious. It would be difficult to find another instance of a prisoner permitted to be so much at large as he was. Even from his own admission it must be conceded that he had uncommonly little cause to complain of any very irksome restraint." As a churchman, this witness naturally speaks with the bias of his community; but after making due allowance, his statement would seem to be confirmed by the confessions of Bunyan himself. He preached, he visited the saints, and even travelled to London. As occasion required, he may have gone abroad stealthily in the night; and probably during these years he conducted nocturnal services in the dell of the wood previously mentioned. The imprisonment was, doubtless, more nominal than real during the latter portion of the time. He left the prison and returned as inclination prompted. Perhaps he passed most of his nights in the cell, and there used his pens, ink, and paper, as well as his remarkable library—the Bible, a concordance, and "The Book of Martyrs." Such a captivity, at such a time, is sufficiently extraordinary as to be almost unaccountable; and if the facts of the case

have been misunderstood, the biographers are chiefly to blame. To this day pen and pencil portray the den on Bedford Bridge as the place of Bunyan's confinement, although the royal warrant for his release proves beyond question that he was never confined in that prison. Even Ofor is credulous enough to tell a story about a curious gold ring found among the *debris*, when the workmen were removing the gate-house, and "bearing an inscription which affords strong presumptive evidence that it belonged to our great allegorist." Even if the ring had been found in the right place we can hardly think of such a prisoner wearing a costly piece of jewellery while making tagged laces for the support of his household.

We now arrive at the year 1672, the year of the king's celebrated Indulgence, in which liberty was partially restored, and numbers of nonconformist churches were founded. Though the proclamation might be illegal on the part of Charles II., the liberated prisoners, among whom was John Bunyan, were not likely to look very critically into the title-deeds of their freedom. For generations, and the blunder is even repeated by Lord Macaulay, a completely false account has been circulated of this passage in Bunyan's life; and we might still have wanted the plain facts of the case, had not Mr. Ofor, with rare skill and industry, sifted them from mountains of confusion in the State Paper Office. The fiction, as originally invented by its author, is such a compact little story, that one historian has handed the narrative down to his successors unspoiled. It runs thus,—Dr. Owen spoke to Bishop Barlow, who in turn appealed to the king, and the tinker was set at large!

The true account is far more interesting, and though we are well assured of the facts, the incidents seem to remind us of one of Sir Walter Scott's most ingenious inventions. After his inglorious adventures which succeeded the disastrous battle of Worcester, Charles II. was safely landed in France "on the back of a Quaker," a common sailor named Richard Carver. The captain of the ship, Nicholas Tattersall, whose grave may still be seen at Brighton, was amply rewarded at the Restoration; but the simple Quaker, being less self-seeking, was not caught sight of by the King for twenty years. He then appeared at Whitehall, and, instead of asking for land or money, he begged for the liberation of the hundreds of Quakers who were confined in the gaols of England. After some hesitation the request was granted, others besides the Quakers sharing in the royal favour. Copies of the King's warrant were despatched into all parts of the country, and among the liberated were the Dissenters of Bedford, including John Bunyan. Messrs. Owen and Barlow had no more to do with the transaction than the Great Mogul.

Immediately after his conversion Bunyan appeared before the public as an author, and from first to last he had dealings with a number of publishers, whose sign-boards hung over their quaint shops in the old city. One would like to make an entire round of inspection, to look at the windows, and to ask for Mr. Bunyan's works at each counter; but as we were born too late for such an interesting exercise we will offer as a substitute some facts concerning persons and localities.

One of the first publishers employed was Mr. Wright, at *The King's*

*Head* in the Old Bailey, who published "Sighs from Hell," in 1658. Next comes Francis Smith, at *The Elephant and Castle* without Temple Bar, who published a book of Meditations, in 1661, and "Justification by Faith" in 1672. George Larkin, at *The Two Swans* without Bishopsgate, was also a favoured man; for he published "Grace Abounding" in 1666, his house escaping the Great Fire of that year. In 1688 he also issued "Solomon's Temple," and a few months later "The Acceptable Sacrifice." The most fortunate of all, however, was Master Nathaniel Ponder, who resided "At *The Peacock* in the Poultry, over against the Stocks Market." It was Master Ponder's privilege to publish "The Pilgrim's Progress," in 1678, "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman" in 1680, and several other of Bunyan's works. Having succeeded so well with these, it might have been expected that Ponder would have been entrusted with "The Holy War," which appeared in 1682; but that allegory was taken to Benjamin Alsop, at *The Angel and Bible* in the Poultry, who published the book conjointly with his neighbour, Dorman Newman, at *The King's Arms* in the same street. Some other works of the same author were issued at these houses. "The Jerusalem Sinner Saved" was dated from the house of Elizabeth Smith, *The Hand and Bible* on London Bridge. J. Blare also resided on the old bridge, and Bunyan's "Scriptural Poems" were printed on his account. Blare was not always honest, however, for to catch purchasers he would place the allegorist's name on the title of a book written to deceive. John Wilkins published "Water Baptism" in 1673, and the books were "to be sold in his shop in Exchange Alley, next door to the Exchange Coffee House, over against the Royal Exchange." "The Heavenly Footman" was "Printed for John Marshall, at *The Bible* in Gracechurch street"; while "The Barren Fig Tree" was sold by J. Robinson, at *The Golden Lion*, in St. Paul's Churchyard.

In 1688 Bunyan's pilgrimage was complete; and England also, having arrived at the last stage of the Stuarts' tyranny, was on the eve of entering upon that course of constitutional freedom which we still enjoy. Bunyan lived through a revolution, he suffered a full share of its penalties; but when the day of liberty dawned he was taken to a higher sphere and a more enduring reward.

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## Danger from Within.

I AM tempted to think that I am now an established Christian, that I have overcome this or that lust so long that I have got into the opposite grace, so that there is no fear; I may venture very near the temptation—nearer than other men. This is a lie of Satan. I might as well speak of gunpowder getting by habit a power of resisting fire, so as not to catch the spark. As long as powder is wet it resists the spark; but when it becomes dry it is ready to explode at the first touch. As soon as the Spirit dwells in my heart he deadens me to sin, so that, if lawfully called to pass through temptation, I may reckon upon God's carrying me through it in safety. But when the Spirit leaves me I am like dry gunpowder.—R. M. M<sup>c</sup>Cheyne.

## Confessions of the Great.

MADAME MAINTENON, in a letter to a friend, writes as follows : "Why cannot I give you my experience? Why cannot I make you sensible of that uneasiness which preys upon the great, and the difficulty they labour under to employ their time? Do you not see that I am dying with melancholy in the height of fortune, which once my imagination could scarce have conceived. I have been young and beautiful, have had a high relish of pleasures, and have been the universal object of love. In a more advanced age I have spent years in intellectual pleasures; I have at least risen to favour, but I protest that every one of these conditions leaves in the mind a dismal vacuity."

*Madame de Pompadour* wrote :—"What a situation is that of the great! They only live in the future, and are only happy in hope. There is no peace in ambition. I am always gloomy, and often most unreasonably. The kindness of the king, the regard of courtiers, the attachment of domestics, and the fidelity of a large number of friends, motives which ought to make me happy, affect me no longer. I have no longer inclinations for all which once pleased me. I have caused my house at Paris to be magnificently furnished; it pleased me for two days. My residence at Bellevise is charming, and I alone cannot endure it. Benevolent people relate to me all the news of Paris. They think I listen; but when they have done, I ask them what they said. In a word, I do not live. I am dead before my time. I have no interest in the world. Everything conspires to make my life a continual death."

"I am tired," says *Horace Walpole*, "of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggle before I submit to be careful and tender. Can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but it is hard to sit in one's room warmly clothed, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and attended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death. Let the gout do its worst, as expeditiously as it can, it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice, but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see."

*The Earl of Chesterfield's* testimony is to the same effect: "I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and I appraise them at their real worth, which is in truth very low. Those who have only seen them outside always overrate them; but I have been behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pullies and dirty ropes which move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look on all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

## Dr. Duff.

BY REV. JOHN WILSON, ABERNETHY.

ALEXANDER DUFF, one of the greatest of modern missionaries, was born at Moulin, in Perthshire, in 1806. A Highlander by birth and descent, his character and temperament, as exhibited by his burning zeal, passionate utterance, and whole-souled devotion to one Master and one cause, were wholly of the Celtic type. The spirit of intense loyalty and impetuous valour which impelled the kilted followers of Prince Charlie to hurl themselves torrent-like down on the ranks of the "Whiggamore," was largely inherited by him, but used in the service of another Prince for a higher cause. Brought up in a district full of memories of the "'45," when members of his clan followed the standard of Athol, his zeal was wholly of the martial type. He would, in fervent speeches of later days, adduce as an instance of loyalty in a lower cause, that might well put to the blush the lukewarm Christian zeal of our time, by which sons are set apart for anything rather than for missionary service—the utterance of the Highland matron :

"I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,  
But if I had *ten* they should follow Prince Charlie."

Probably one of the most powerful influences that shaped the future character and life of young Duff was the effect of a notable revival of religion in his native district, which commenced a short time before his birth, and through which his father experienced a saving change. This revival occurred under the ministry of Dr. Stewart of Moulin, an eminent Gaelic pastor and scholar, and father of one even more eminent—Stewart of Cromarty—whose ministry exerted such powerful influence over the mind of Hugh Miller.

This revival, which in itself as well as in connection with Alexander Duff, is worthy of special notice, dated from a visit paid to Moulin, by Simeon of Cambridge, and Alexander Haldane, in 1796. Previous to this, Stewart had performed his pastoral duties with some degree of diligence, but without enjoyment. He had a cultivated mind that delighted in music and poetry, but he was as yet destitute of genuine spirituality. There was, however, some commencement of a work of grace on his heart, leading him to greater diligence, and to dissatisfaction with his state and to a search for light. It was on the eve of a communion Sabbath when Simeon and his companion arrived, and the result is thus briefly given in the words of the former:

"At Moulin, a village four miles from Killiecrankie, I called to see a Mr. Stewart, to whom I had a letter of introduction; and as it was the day of preparation for the Lord's Supper, which in Scotland is observed with peculiar solemnity and long public services, I agreed to visit the pass of K. and return to his services, and spend the Sabbath with him. Mr. Stewart was a man of high repute, both for amiableness of manners and for learning, but he was very defective in his views of the gospel and in his experience of its power. When we were all retiring to bed, I had him with me alone in my chamber, and spoke such things as occurred to my mind, with a view to his spiritual good; and it pleased God so to apply them to his heart, that they were made

effectual for the opening of his eyes and bringing him into the marvellous light of the gospel of Christ. From that moment he changed the strain of his preaching, determining to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and God has now for these fifteen years made his instructions most eminently useful for the conversion and salvation of many souls."

The result was a deep awakening in the minds of his people, and its lasting effect remained in the hearts of Duff's parents. He was thus born and brought up in a religious atmosphere, and trained in the knowledge and reverence of divine truth from infancy. Missionary news was read with special interest in his father's house of Auchnahyle, and thus the mind of young Duff was early turned in that direction.

Brought up in the magnificent highland district of Athol, at the meeting of the Straths of Tummel and Sarry, and under the shadow of Ben Vrackie, and at the foot of the famous pass of Killiecrankie, the scenery and associations of his boyhood were well fitted to nurse the ardent poetical imagination of Duff. His youthful mind gave indications of his future eminence, and he was sent at an early age to the academy at Perth, where he speedily formed a friendship which was of the greatest moment in connection with his future life-work. It was that of John Urquhart, the dnx of the school, a lad a year or two younger than himself, and with whom he shortly afterwards went as a student to the College of St. Andrew's. Urquhart is spoken of by his acquaintances as a youthful prodigy of learning; and yet, eminent as he was in scholarship, he stood even higher in spirituality and in missionary zeal. Of him Dr. Chalmers, and other professors at St. Andrew's, testified that he was "the most distinguished in point of ability and good conduct of all the disciples who ever attended them." During the first session in which the two young students lodged together at St. Andrew's, neither appeared to have undergone a spiritual change. They were engrossed in classical studies, and delighted in walking along the bold cliffs and exploring the rocks in the neighbourhood of the town. They read their Bible and prayed regularly, but more from the influence of home training and example than from the force of vital religion on their hearts. But ere long there was a change, and Urquhart became the foremost in all evangelical movements among the students, and the originator of the St. Andrew's University Missionary Society. One address given by Urquhart as president of that society, in which he intimated his decision to devote his life to foreign mission work, was spoken of by Mr. Duff to the end of his life, and appears to have exerted a powerful influence on himself and the other auditors. He thus described it near the close of his life: "The writer of these remarks happened to be present when these sentences were uttered, and he can testify to the deep and solemn impression which they produced. It was not that they displayed aught of the artistic in style, the fascinating in rhetoric, the brilliant in oratory. Oh no. In themselves the words were simple, artless, unadorned. But there was, notwithstanding, a spell-like charm in them which at once reached the heart and caused it to vibrate to the innermost core. The address was on the subject of personal engagement in the work of missions. There was something so touching, so melting even, in that youthful expression of countenance when lighted

up with the kindness of an unearthly sanctity—something so piercingly persuasive in those suffused eyes when glowing with the fire of wistful, longing, and earnest entreaty—something so soul-thrilling in that naturally soft, sweet, mellow, silvery voice, when quivering with the pathos of out-gushing emotion from a surcharged heart—that the combined effect of the whole might well be said to be overwhelming. For a moment it appeared as if all present were ready to march forth as a united phalanx to the battle-field, and few there were who did not then at least resolve to submit the subject to an examination with which it had never been honoured before ; while of some it can be added that they did not pause till they found themselves across oceans and continents in front of the bristling hosts and frowning citadels of heathenism." John Urquhart, it may be added, died at the early age of eighteen, and did not live to carry out his purpose, but indirectly he did much for the missionary cause through those that came under his influence.

At this time Dr. Chalmers was occupying the chair of moral philosophy at St. Andrew's, and had begun to infuse a spirit of evangelical zeal into that cold seat of learning, and his influence, not only for awakening and stimulating intellectual activity, but spiritual life in young Duff and his associates, was of incalculable moment. Alexander Duff finished his course of studies in 1829, having gained high reputation as a scholar and a Christian youth. His missionary zeal was speedily put to the test. The Church of Scotland, which even then was under the domination of the "Moderates," and lukewarm enough in regard to the cause of missions, had resolved on sending out a man as their first missionary to India, and Dr. Chalmers had recommended Duff. We have heard him tell how he found himself thickly beset with difficulties consequent on this call, but not in connection with his own desires or purposes. His friends had marked out a different course for him, and were not prepared to sacrifice their promising son to a life of exile and obscure missionary work ; and the ties that bound him to his country appeared at first too strong to be broken. But prayer wrought wonders, and, he said, it was even as when a traveller on a mountain-path in his native highlands has come to where a wall of cliff or mountain-precipice appears to stand in his way and to bar all further progress, perseveres and finds the wall of cliffs opening up, though by a narrowed gorge, and he gets up to the open country beyond. So all difficulties were cleared away, and in August, 1829, Alexander Duff was ordained the first missionary of the Church of Scotland to India, Dr. Chalmers presiding.

The devoted missionary, along with his newly-married wife, set sail for India, to work his own way in that missionary field without a forerunner, and without any directions from the committee that appointed him. Twice on the voyage they were in imminent danger from shipwreck, the first time off the Cape of Good Hope, in which, along with other effects, Mr. Duff lost a valuable library. The only remnant of it that escaped was a Bagster's Bible, which the missionary took as a lesson in regard to future work, by which God as it were cut him off from dependence on man, to trust on his word alone, and to seek the great source of instruction and true greatness, not in human literature, but in God's revealed word.



On arriving in India, he resolved to begin work on a method entirely new. He saw that, in order to preach to the Hindus with effect, he would require to go through several years' training in the native languages, with possibly but scanty and dubious results in the end. So he commenced work at once at the humblest step in the ladder, by giving lessons in English to any scholars that might be sent to him, on the understanding that the Christian religion should be one of the branches taught. He began with five scholars; but at length the native students in the government college, finding out the value of his tuition, began to frequent his seminary. They felt the spell of consecrated genius in the person of their teacher, and became strongly attached to him. They were not at first directly taught the folly of heathenism and the belief in which they had been reared. The teacher's aim was rather to expound Scripture truth, and let the truth itself preach to them, than to excite prejudice by opposing their hereditary beliefs controversially. He made science the handmaid of religion; as, for example, when teaching chemistry he would show by experiment how the clouds were formed and elevated by natural causes, and how they descended in rain upon the earth; but while he saw their eyes kindle with new light, showing that they were grasping the explanation intelligently, he knew that he had no need to tell them how inconsistent with the facts and laws of nature was the absurd supernatural machinery by which the Brahmins explained these phenomena; *for he saw that they felt it*, and that the heathen superstitions were being undermined. Again, while expounding the truths of the Bible, he could note how many of them were inwardly contrasting its pure and holy doctrines with those of their own Shastras. Thus we have heard tell how one day while calmly expounding the description of *charity* in 1 Cor. xiii. he saw that the Spirit of God was at work on the minds of his scholars, creating an impression which gathered force and grew deeper as he proceeded, till one of them rose and said, "I cannot bear this any longer, there is nothing in our books like this; it touches my heart with a power I cannot understand; my heart is too full, and I cannot stand it."

This went on for a considerable time, and Mr. Duff's seminary became a popular institution in Calcutta; but all at once a storm broke over his head, by which the missionary's work came to a sudden termination, and he himself was well nigh compelled to retire to another sphere. He had not as yet spoken to his scholars about their renouncing heathenism and embracing Christianity. He knew their confidence in Brahminism was being undermined, but to what extent he was not aware. They themselves, however, made him and their heathen instructors aware of it in a manner prompted by the hot-headed rashness of youth, rather than by the prudence which the missionary's example was fitted to communicate. There was a high festival of the Brahmins, who were to assemble with their high priest in a certain temple. One of the objects of special reverence to them was the sheep, in which they believed that a great god was incarnate. To kill a sheep was more than parricide to their mind; it was deicide. Judge, then, of their dismay when in the midst of their most sacred rites a singed sheep's head was hurled in among them by unseen hands. When the worshippers had recovered from their horror, and tracked out the authorship of this

awful deed, they found that it had emanated from a party of Mr. Duff's scholars, who in secret conclave had not only killed the sacred animal, but had cooked and eaten its carcase. Next morning the Hindu population were, so to speak, up in arms against Mr. Duff and his institution. Even those most favourably disposed to him withdrew their youth from his school through fear. His seminary was forsaken, and his life in danger, and he was at a loss what to do. He resolved to take counsel with the Governor-General, from whom, however, he expected no sympathy, as he was yet a stranger in Calcutta, and the government had previously shown no good-will to the missionaries. Mr. Duff, however, purposed to tell the truth candidly, whatever the consequence. Contrary to expectation, he found the Governor-General—a bluff, jolly specimen of a Briton—to be genial and affable, treating the whole affair rather as a good joke, and advising the missionary to keep out of sight till the storm blew over. For many months he was compelled to keep himself private, but gradually he resumed his former work, which speedily grew in his hands to all its former magnitude.

Dr. Duff was somewhat associated with a remarkable man, the founder of the movement called the Brahma Samaj, to whom the former thus referred in a speech made in 1866: "There was then a remarkable native in Calcutta, a man far ahead of his countrymen, a Brahmin of high social position and influence. I refer to the celebrated Rajah Rommohun Roy, who came over to this country and there died. I met him twice or thrice every week in his own home or mine. What made him draw more particularly to me was that my system was one of religious instruction. He had studied Arabic to understand what Mohammedanism was in its fountain-head—the Koran. He had studied other languages to know other religious systems; and he had studied Hebrew and Greek to know what our Scriptures were in the original; and he had come to this conclusion, that the greatest and noblest Being that had ever visited this earth was Jesus Christ. I told him fully of my proposal to give religious instruction along with instruction in every branch of really useful knowledge. 'Certainly,' he said, 'that is altogether the right course'; and it was his great influence that secured the first few pupils—first two, and then five boys of respectable family. If it had not been for him I could not have begun. I commenced my humble operations with five, but I said I am ready to begin with one; and more, to go on and persevere for years, if the Lord spare me, even if there should be but one, for the value of one immortal soul is not to be estimated. At the outset the Rajah was wont to come to the school from day to day for a whole month, to countenance us by his presence, to encourage the youth in the school, and to conciliate and inspire confidence in the parents."

Dr. Duff's educational institution has continued to prosper, and his system has been largely adopted in missionary work, especially in India and South Africa. The grain of mustard seed has now become a great tree in the missionary institutions established in all the presidency towns of India and elsewhere. Whatever may be the merit of this system as compared with others, there can be no doubt that it is one of the most powerful Christianizing agencies exerted upon India at this great transition epoch in her history.

We must not forget the early visits paid by Dr. Duff to this country and America, which were so remarkable in the history of Foreign Missions. Many still live who can testify to the irresistible power of his oratory when in the full vigour of his physical and intellectual powers, and on fire with missionary zeal, and while his subject and method of treating it had all the charm of novelty. He was then, says a late writer in the *Spectator*, "able to enchain men with an oratory which we have never heard surpassed, and under which listeners who hated missions would sit rapt for hours." One address delivered by him in New York, at a great Missionary Convention that had been gathered in connection with his visit to America, has been described by a writer of that country as the highest effort of oratory to which he had ever listened. But Dr. Duff was not merely an orator; he was, to quote again from the *Spectator*, a born diplomatist in the highest sense; and for years he mediated between the religious world and the Government of India, until he acquired the perfect confidence of both, and was able to exercise a most beneficial influence over all moral, educational, and philanthropic legislation. For many years he held a kind of pope-dom in Calcutta, using his power, however, with great mildness and judgment, until his broken health compelled him to return.

In 1848, when the separation took place between the Free and the State Church of Scotland, Dr. Duff, along with *all* the other foreign missionaries of the Church of Scotland, gave a signal testimony to the principles which animated the leaders and adherents of the Free Church, by declaring themselves for that party. Dr. Duff's institution was claimed by the Established Church, and he entered upon temporary premises, carrying with him over a thousand scholars; and the enthusiasm which sustained the Free Church cause at home did not fail the cause of the Mission abroad. The veteran missionary was at length compelled to retire from the scene of his labours with a broken constitution; but for several years before his death he did great service to the cause of missions in his twofold office of Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church and Professor of Evangelistic Theology.

It was in connection with his work in the latter office that the writer, as one of his students, first came in contact with Dr. Duff. Happening one day to enter his class-room, simply to see and hear one whose name was so venerated, he felt compelled to become a regular auditor. With a tall, bent, and frail-looking form, which must have been markedly handsome in younger days; with venerable white beard and high intellectual forehead, the aged missionary's figure alone was well fitted to attract attention and suggest the idea of an Old Testament prophet. But it was not till he had entered into the heat of his subject that this idea appeared to find its full embodiment. At that time he appeared to stand consciously as if with one foot in the grave, and as if in the light of God's immediate presence; and eternal realities were so vividly realized as to stamp with an aspect of meanness and worthlessness all the transitory objects and occupations of earth. Evidently he was a man of one idea, and that the salvation of the heathen. When he began to speak it was in a faint, inaudible, and husky whisper, which gave the painful idea that his breath and strength must fail him in a

few sentences. At times he apologized at the commencement for this imperfect utterance, and referred regretfully to the time of his youthful vigour; and yet, now that his strength was almost gone, there was evidently a power accompanying his words, which seemed more than to compensate for the lost elements of his power as an orator. Divine strength was perfected in weakness. The first few faltering sentences over, the speaker began to get sight of the magnitude and moment of his great theme, and his voice began to gather a little strength, and his features animation. The fire is evidently beginning to burn, when suddenly the right hand flashes upward, with forefingers elevated, and coruscates downward with lightning-like movement. This gesture with Dr. Duff was like the first gun fired in a great engagement. The spirit has now regained its ascendancy over the flesh and its frailty, and time itself forgotten, the speaker pours forth a red hot cataract of argument, invective, illustration, and appeal, too diffusely indeed, judging by the standard of correct rhetoric; but whoever was able to appreciate the spirit would not be likely to think much of the style. How he would scathe with withering invective the sordid and unworthy views of the missionary cause held by many professing Christians; as, for example, the merchant from whom he asked a subscription, who was unable to give because, as he explained, he had paid an enormous sum a short time previously for some ornamental cornice work; or those who in religious meetings sing—

“Waft, waft ye winds his story”

with a gusto which appears but too well explained when their contribution is asked, they evidently considering that it is the cheapest method of sending the gospel to the benighted heathen to ask the winds to waft it for them. How he unsparingly denounced the petty policy and ecclesiasticism of certain churches that pride themselves on the “*testimony*,” which they think it their church’s mission to hold up to the world: their pride is often just in proportion to the smallness and exclusiveness of their sect, but their evangelistic zeal too often ends with upholding the “*testimony*.” “Evangelize the world by a ‘*testimony*,’ the orator would say; as well might you hold up a straw, and with it attempt to stem Niagara, or scatter a few hot ashes on Greenland’s icy mountains, and hope to see them melting down; or hold up your puny hand to bid the sun and moon stand still.”

Last year Dr. Duff met with an accident; he fell while taking down a book from a top shelf of his library, and towards winter his health steadily declined, and he retired to the south of England, and died at Sidmouth in March last. His end, as might have been anticipated, was peace. “I never said with more calmness in all my life,” he remarked as death drew near, “continually night and day, ‘Thy will, my God, my God, be done.’” “In my own mind,” he said again, “I see the whole scheme of redemption, from eternity, more glorious and clear than I ever did.” On his daughter’s repeating to him Newton’s hymn—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer’s ear,”

the previously scarce audible voice responded with almost unearthly

emphasis, "*Unspeakable*," and one of his common expressions was, "I have perfect calm, thank God."

Dr. Duff has left behind him a striking example of great talents and capacities consecrated to the cause of Christ. He ever magnified the office of the foreign missionary, holding it worthy of the highest endowments that could be possessed by man. When it was proposed that he should return home from Calcutta, and take the place of Dr. Chalmers as professor of theology, he declined, considering that it would have been no advancement; and that if the most splendidly equipped professor of divinity were to relinquish his position of honour at home, and go out to foreign missionary work, nay, if the heir to the British crown were to do so, it would be no descent.

We trust that the memoir which is now in course of preparation by his son may perpetuate Dr. Duff's influence and stir up the churches to a more adequate estimation of the stupendous need of the heathen world, and the responsibility lying upon Christians in connection with the Master's command—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

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## Prescription for Fits.

**FOR A FIT OF PASSION.**—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry, for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

**FOR A FIT OF IDLENESS.**—Count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a man. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

**FOR A FIT OF EXTRAVAGANCE AND FOLLY.**—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced

"Who makes his bread of briar and thorn

Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?"

**FOR A FIT OF AMBITION.**—Go to the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

**FOR A FIT OF REPINING.**—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

**FOR A FIT OF ENVY.**—Count how many who keep carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh. Envy is the rottenness of the bones."—*American Paper.*

## “Trespassers beware.”

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS.

IN proclaiming the gospel we endeavour to set forth both its fulness and its freeness. We put up no hedge, fence, or barrier; we raise no question and utter no prohibition, for the invitation runs thus—“Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.” We sometimes meet with the opposite of this in the world without, and the contrast serves to enhance our idea of divine liberality. This afternoon I saw a large board, conspicuously lettered and elaborately printed, which bore the following inscription, “TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED. NO DOGS ALLOWED IN THESE WATERS.” The waters were a little miserable stagnant pond, green with duckweed, and the estate into which no trespassers were allowed to enter was about a half an acre of what would have been a meadow if the grass had not been too much trodden down. I was cheered by the reflection that the dogs of the neighbourhood must have been highly intelligent, and that there was no need for the School Board in that region, for of course it would have been no use to put up the notice, “No dogs allowed in these waters,” unless the dogs could read. I have before heard of learned pigs, but reading dogs are even more an evidence of the culture of the district. The exclusiveness of the notice is not altogether new, but being placed so prominently, it struck my attention.

Frequently we are warned that “trespassers will be prosecuted,” but there is no sentence of the gospel which breathes such a spirit. You cannot trespass there, for the rule is, “Whosoever will, let him come.” You may come to the richest banquets of the gospel; you may walk up and down through all the length and breadth of the land of promise, but you shall never be questioned as to your right to be there, for the Lord says, “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” An open door is set before us which no man can shut, and we may enter freely. I know an hotel in a continental town in front of which there is a fine garden, and at the gate you may read this notice, “*Strangers not residing at this hotel are invited to enter and enjoy the garden at all times.*” Now that is generous, and deserves all praise; it is indeed after the manner of the gospel—enter and enjoy yourselves, “Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.” “Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?”

The Lord draws men to him with the cords of a man, and with the bands of love, but he never did drive a soul from him yet, and he never will. So long as this dispensation of grace shall last, no trespassers can ever be found on the domain of grace, for all who come are invited guests. The Queen permits certain favoured persons to drive through her private park, but the Lord sets the gate of mercy open to all comers and gives all believers a golden key which will admit them at all hours to his own palace. Who then will refuse to come?

The board also said, “*No dogs allowed in these waters.*” But no such intimation is given concerning the living waters of divine grace, for the poorest dog of a sinner that ever lived may come to drink, and swim, and wash here. No doubt it is advisable to keep dogs out of

little shallow pools, for the water would soon become defiled, and the cattle would refuse it; but we do not need to preserve a great river, and no one cares to put up a notice informing the dogs that they may not wash in the sea, because there is no fear whatever that however many dogs may come they will ever pollute old Father Thames or defile the boundless sea. Where there is infinite abundance there may well be unlimited freeness. The vilest dog of a sinner that ever ate the crumbs which fell from the Master's table is invited to plunge into the river of the water of life, which is clear as crystal still, though thousands of uncircumcised and defiled lips have drunk of it, and myriads of foul souls have been washed whiter than snow in its streams. "Come and welcome, come and welcome," is the note which sounds from Calvary, from the wounds of the expiring Saviour; yea, it sweetly comes upon mine ear from the lips of the glorified Christ, who sits at the right hand of the Father. "Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." No one can be an intruder when the call is so unconditional, and whoever tries to keep any sinner back is doing the devil's work. They are trespassers who keep away from Jesus, and not those who come to him. Some are afraid that they would be presumptuous should they believe on the Lord Jesus, but presumption lies in the opposite direction: it is the worst of presumption to dare to question the love of God, the efficacy of the blood of atonement, and the saving power of the Redeemer. Cease from such proud questionings, and trust in Jesus.

Come hither, bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;  
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears—  
O trembling sinner, come.

C. H. S.

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## Ritualistic "Why and Because."

WHY do some Anglo-Catholic priests shave a bald place on the crown of the head? *Because* God expressly prohibited his priests from doing so. "They shall not make any baldness upon their head," *Lev.* xxi. 5; "neither shall they shave their heads."—*Ezek.* xl. 20.—Why do they worship the Virgin Mary, saints, and angels? *Because* Christ said, "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him *only* shalt thou serve."—*Matt.* iv. 10. *Because* the apostle said, "Let no man beguile you of your reward in a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels."—*Col.* ii. 18.—Why do they seek the mediation of the Virgin Mary, saints, and angels? *Because* Christ said, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me"—*John* xiv. 6; and *because* the apostle said, there is *one* mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—*1 Tim.* ii. 5.—From "*Why and Because; or, the Ritualists' Reasons.*" By Hely Smith.

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## How God Preserves his own: or, the Escape of the Quakers.

**D**URING one of James Dickenson's Scottish missions he met with a remarkable adventure. He was travelling with another Friend named Jane Fearon (the wife of his friend Peter Fearon), when on a very rough and rainy day, as evening drew on, he observed a lonely roadside public-house, where, as they were wet and weary, they thought that it would be best to spend the night. Their Gaelic guide, as well as his imperfect English would allow him, tried to dissuade them from doing this, and when he found that he could not induce them to go on to another halting-place, refused to remain with them. They had a civil and attentive reception from the people of the house, but notwithstanding this, the minds of the travellers were soon disturbed by terrible fears which they did not at once communicate to each other. Jane Fearon's courage still further failed her when she heard one of the men say, "They have good horses and bags"; and another reply, "Ay, and good clothes!" As soon as James Dickenson and herself were alone together she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I fear these people have a design to take our lives." James Dickenson, who was walking up and down the room—while his heart, we may feel sure, was uplifted to God,—did not at once answer her. When he spoke he said, "They have mischief in their hearts, but I hope the Lord will preserve our lives." He tried to cheer her by other remarks: then, after being again silent for a time, he once more expressed his hope that God would deliver them, adding, "But if so, we must run." "Alas," was Jane Fearon's disconsolate reply, "how can we run, or whither can we go?"

Taking a careful survey of the room, with a candle in his hand, James Dickenson found a second door, on opening which he saw a flight of stone back stairs on the outside of the house. Leaving the candle burning in the room, after taking off their shoes they noiselessly descended the steps, and then ran until, at a considerable distance from the public-house, they reached an outbuilding, which they entered. But soon James Dickenson said, "We are not safe here, we must run again." Jane Fearon answered that she was so weary that she did not think she could go any farther. However, as her friend thought it essential they should quit this spot, they did so, hastening on until they came to a river, which they soon discovered was crossed by a bridge; they were about to go over it when James Dickenson felt this would not be the right course for them to pursue, and that it would be safer to go farther up the bank. Then they sat down to rest, but soon James Dickenson said, "We are not safe here, we must wade through the river." "Alas!" replied his companion, "how can we cross it, and know not its depth? It will be better for them to take our lives than for us to drown ourselves." The swollen river was safely passed over, and soon after this had been accomplished, while the fugitives were seated on a sandbank, James Dickenson remarked that he did not yet feel easy, and believed that they ought to go farther on. "Well, I must go by thy faith," was Jane Fearon's answer.

Before long they saw another sandbank containing a cavity, and soon



James Dickenson said, "I am now easy, and believe that we are perfectly safe, and feel in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise." But his companion's faith was far from being as strong; and when they heard voices on the other side of the river—fearing that her terror might cause her to make an outcry—he gently said, "Our lives depend upon our silence." It was plain that the voices were those of their pursuers, for the words, "Seek them, Keeper," were frequently heard. Apparently the dog had led them as far as the bridge—but *not* over it—as he naturally followed the scent of the footsteps along the river side until he lost it at the spot where the travellers had crossed. They now saw the people, who carried a lantern, and heard one of them suggest that they had crossed the river; to which another made answer, "That's impossible unless the devil took them over, for the river is brimful." For some time they continued their search, and then left the place.

In the light of the early morning the Friends noticed a man on a high hill looking around in every direction, who, they imagined, was endeavouring to discover their hiding-place. On examination they found that the position of the hollow in which they had taken refuge was such as to prevent them from being observed from the opposite side of the river; whilst the sandbank on which they had first sat down could be plainly seen, and would have been a most unsafe retreat. They now began to think of their horses and saddle-bags, and Jane Fearon proposed that they should go on to a town and make known their case. But James Dickenson reminded her that they could give no positive proof of the guilty intentions of the inhabitants of the public-house, and, moreover, that such a course might give the magistrates an excuse for imprisoning the accusers instead of the accused. "I incline," he added, "to return to the house, fully believing our clothes and bags will be ready for us without our being asked a question, and that the people we saw last night we shall see no more."

Not sharing her fellow-traveller's faith (which was, it seems, marvelously manifested at this juncture), Jane Fearon said that she dared not go back, but consented to do so when James Dickenson added, "Thou mayest safely, for I have seen *that which never failed me.*" Doubtless he felt perfect confidence in following the "still" and "small," though well-known, "voice" of the Heavenly Shepherd—the gentlest whispers of which, long-continued listening and constant obedience had caused him easily to recognise. On arriving at the inn they found their clothes ready for them, and the horses in the stable with the saddle-bags on them, but the only person visible was an old woman sitting by the fire, whom they did not recollect seeing on the previous night; having paid her what they owed they continued their journey.

When James Dickenson afterwards visited that neighbourhood, he learned that, some suspicion having been awakened respecting this house, a search had been made, which resulted in the discovery of a large quantity of wearing apparel and a great number of human bones! The house was pulled down and some of its inhabitants were executed.

Surely the hand of the Lord was in all this. These worthy persons were seeking to do good, and were willing to be led as little children by

the hand of their heavenly Father; and therefore he did so lead them. To those who have faith in the divine Providence, given them in the self-same hour, the grand promises of the ninety-first psalm will be literally accomplished. "All men have not faith," and even all believers have not *the* degree of faith which can grasp promises of temporal deliverance. When they have such childlike confidence they will find that "he shall cover them with his feathers, and under his wings shall they trust."

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## The cost of one neglected Boy or Girl.

WE are afraid lest some of our readers have read articles on this and kindred subjects until they incline to the suspicion that the writers, as a matter of course, indulge in the rhetoric and sentimentality of philanthropy without sufficient warrant. The facts, if they be facts, are so unaccountably surprising, so altogether different from the strangest things of fiction, which have nothing to recommend them but the glare of sensationalism, that what is really startling truth may easily be set down as the invented novelties of genius. The most approved writers of fiction have chiefly concerned themselves with the doings of the great and noble; and there is apparently so little romance associated with squalor and poverty, that literary investigators for ages neglected the theme as one little likely to repay the capital expended on it. Defoe entertained the town with his history of "Poor Jack"; but few, probably, who appreciated the author's graphic powers of delineation, supposed that his remarkable narrative contained a modicum of truth, and was, in point of fact, a reflection of the social life of those about whom the great world of respectability knew little or nothing. Much is now written on the sins, sorrows, and sufferings of the poor; but because this is the case we should not commit the error of supposing that all has been said, that there are not depths in the woes and wants of our great city which the plummet-line of philanthropy and authorship has never sounded. Several years ago some revelations were made by the American papers which tended to show how crime can fructify unless killed in the bud. The facts even went so far as to demonstrate that one neglected girl may become the mother of a progeny who, besides preying on society as common criminals, may actually threaten the security of a whole city.

There is a certain tract of country, not less than an entire county, on the shores of the Upper Hudson river, which has developed the darker phases of human nature in so remarkable a degree that attention was directed to the fact, and investigations were set on foot which resulted in a harvest of unlooked-for curiosities. The social diseases of drunkenness, squalor, poverty and crime appear to have abounded to a puzzling extent; and from end to end of the infected area, in prison and poorhouse, the same name continually kept cropping up. When the matter was carefully looked into, the widely-distributed persons bearing the ominous name were all found to belong to one family tree, and within the space of about a couple of generations they all had come forth from the parent stock of *one* neglected girl.

This unfortunate, who is chronicled by the name of Margaret, was living in the early years of this century; and she was probably seduced, and allowed to live and roam as a wastrel on the virgin soil of the New World. Old diseases are said to work the most terrible havoc among races into whose territory they are imported for the first time; and what may be called the crime of civilized races seems to be possessed of similar vitality when it is transferred to new ground. It was so pre-eminently in the instance before us. "From her sprang the family which has made itself so notorious," says an American journal.

"In one generation there were twenty of her 'line'; of these, seventeen reached maturity, nine spending in State prisons for high crimes an aggregate term of fifty years, the others being frequent inmates of gaols, penitentiaries, and almshouses. In all there have been nine hundred descendants. Two hundred are on record as criminals; and of the rest a great number have been idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, and prostitutes." It is happily rare to come across a family history like this; but how often the like has happened in other instances the present aspect of the criminal world will abundantly testify. Take a girl from the evil influences of the gutter to place her in a training home, like that founded by Dr. Barnardo at Ilford, and her descendants will benefit the world, and perhaps adorn the church; let vice and ignorance run their course, bear their legitimate fruits, and the child—the one neglected girl—becomes the mother of a colony of thieves and drunkards, of paupers, lunatics, and prostitutes.

We are also able to give a reply to the question—What mischief can one vicious boy do in the world, to revenge himself on society for that culpable neglect from which he suffers, as a ranger of the streets, without teachers, or any definite object in life? In the middle of October, 1874, there died in an obscure corner of Mexico an adventurer named George Worley, a native of Manchester, and possessed of some means. During the space of twenty years, according to his own confession on his deathbed, he committed as many as fourteen murders. His first victim was second mate of an American vessel at Liverpool, his second was an artisan of Oswego, whom he shot and then threw into the water. Removing to Toronto, in Canada, under an assumed name, he there murdered four persons, one being a sheriff. At Chicago, during a single season, he killed three men, the first being a captain, the second a saloon-keeper, and the third an unknown person. These crimes sufficiently betrayed his bloodthirsty instincts; and, indeed, such was the immunity from danger enjoyed while removing obnoxious persons from his path, that housebreaking proved a more hazardous occupation. Arrested on account of a robbery, he spent three years in the State prison of Illinois. On his release he removed to New York, and soon after murdered two other persons, one of whom appears to have been a country visitor to the capital, and was killed by Worley after being drawn away into the suburbs to be robbed of two thousand dollars. Then followed a brief season in which he went from place to place as a simple plunderer of whatever tempted his blood-stained hands, and subsequently he committed three other murders in different American towns. At length, resolving to spend the last of his days in a manner which was to him highly respectable, he set up a drinking, dancing and gambling-house at Mazatlan, in Mexico. There he ultimately fared as he had treated others. Sitting at the dice-table with a quick-tempered Spaniard, a quarrel ensued, when Worley was mortally wounded with a pistol-shot. Finding that he could never rise from his bed, the murderer and freebooter sent for an agent of the United States Government, and let out the secrets he may have supposed he would die the easier for divulging. It may be true that Worley wearied of crime as a mere pastime; but he was too deeply steeped in iniquity to allow of his embarking in a respectable profession.

We have said enough to illustrate the moral havoc which one street wail may work in our midst unless the arresting hand be put forth in time to effect a rescue. Many, whose privilege it is to grumble, take exception to the expenses of a good Government; the cost of bad ministers is still more oppressive to the country; but more numerous than both combined are the depredations of those male and female waifs who, from neglected children, ripen into a criminal population.

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## John Knox on the Mass.

### PROFITABLE READING FOR ANGLICAN CHURCHMEN.

AFTER that the prophet Isaiah, in great vehemence, had rebuked the vanity of idols and idolaters, as in the fortieth and forty-first chapters doth appear, at last he bursteth forth in these words:—"Let them bring forth their gods, that they may show unto us things that are to come, or let them declare unto us things that have been before." By which words the propbet doth, as it were in mockage, provoke idolaters and their idols to produce for themselves some evident testimonies by which we might be assured that in them was power, and that their religion had the approbation of God. Which, when they could not do, he is bold to pronounce this sentence:—"Behold, you are of nothing, and your making is of nothing; abomination hath chosen you." If this reasoning of the prophet had sufficient strength in his age to show the vanity of idols, and the fanatic foolishness of such as worshipped them, then may the godly of this day most assuredly conclude against the great idol presented by the Papists to be worshipped in their mass, and against the patrons of the same, that it and they are vain, foolish, and odious before God: it, because it hath more makers than ever had the idols among the Gentiles, and yet hath no greater power than they had, albeit it hath been worshipped as God himself; and they, because they worship their own imaginations, and the workmanship of their own hands, without any assurance of God or his word. If any think that I speak more liberally than I am able to prove, let him consider what makers the idols of the Gentiles had, and what makers the god of bread hath, and let the power of both be compared, and let them be rebuked if I speak the truth.

The propbet, in his description of the vanity of the idols, maketh these degrees:—"The earth bringeth forth the tree; it groweth by moisture; it is cut down by the hand of the hewer; a part thereof is burnt; a part spent in uses necessary to man; another part chosen to be an idol. This is formed to the likeness of man or woman; and then set up and worshipped as a god. All these and some more shall we find to assist and concur in making the great god of Bread. The wheat is sown and nourished in the earth; rain, dew, and heat bring it to maturity; the reaper cutteth it down; the cart or sledge drawn by horse, or some other beast, draweth it to the barn or barnyard; the tasker or the foot of the ox treadeth it out; the fan delivereth it from the chaff; the miller or millstones, by the help of wind or water, maketh it to be meal; the smith maketh the irons that give to that god his length and form; the fine substance of that god is neither wood, gold, nor silver, but water and meal made in the manner of a drammock; and then must the workmen take good heed to their hands; for if the fire be too hot, that god's skin must be burnt; if the irons be evil dight, his face will be blackened; if in making the roundness the ring be broken, then must another of his fellow-cakes receive the honour to be a god, and the crazed or cracked, miserable cake, that once was in hope to be made a god, must be given to a baby to play him withal. And yet is not all the danger past; for if there be not an anointed priest to play his part aright, all the former artificers have lost their labour; for without him that god cannot be made; yea, if he have not *intention*,\* the fashioned god remaineth bread, and so the blind people commit idolatry.

These are the artificers and workmen that travail in making of this god; I think as many in number as the prophet reciteth to have travailed in making of the idols. And if the power of both be compared, I think they shall be found in all things equal; except that the god of Bread is subject unto

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\* "If any one saith that, in ministers, when they effect and confer the sacraments, there is not the *intention*, at least, of doing what the church does, let him be anathema."—Canon V. on the Sacraments.

more dangers than were the idols of the Gentiles. Men made them; men make it: they were deaf and dumb; it cannot speak, hear, nor see. Briefly, in infirmity they wholly agree; except, as I have said, the poor god of Bread is most miserable of all other idols: for according to that matter whereof they are made, they will remain without corruption for many years; but within one year that god will putrefy, and then he must be burnt. They can abide the inclemency of the wind, frost or snow; but the wind will blow that god to the sea; the rain or snow will make it dough again: yea, which is most of all to be feared, that god is a prey, if he be not well kept, to rats and mice; for they will desire no better dinner than white round gods enow. But oh, then, what becometh of Christ's natural body? By miracle it flies to heaven again, if the Papists teach truly: for so soon soever as the mouse takes hold, so soon flies Christ away, and lets her gnaw the bread. A bold puissant mouse! but a feeble and miserable god! Yet would I ask a question. Whether hath the priest or the mouse greater power? By his word it is made a god; by her teeth it ceaseth to be a god: let them advise and then answer.

If any think that I ought not to mock that which the world so long hath holden, and great princes yet hold, in so great veneration, I answer, that not only I, but also all the godly, ought not only to mock, but also to curse and detest, whatsoever is not of God, and yet usurpeth the name, power, and honour of God; and also, that we ought both to mock, gainsay, and abhor all religion obtruded on the people without assurance of God and his word—having neither respect to antiquity, to multitudes, to authority, nor estimation of them that maintain the same.

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### Size of the Holy Land.

AT an evening meeting on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, held in the Vestry Hall, Kensington, the Vicar presiding, J. Mac-Gregor, Esq. (Rob Roy), in a very striking address, gave a description of the size of the Holy Land, and taking Hyde Park as representing Jerusalem, gave the relative positions of the Temple, the Mount of Olives, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, the Sea of Galilee, and other localities. Mr. MacGregor said that the outline was but a rough one, but it was suggestive. Modern Jerusalem occupied, as it were, that part of Hyde Park to the east bounded by the Serpentine. The site of the Temple—Mount Moriah—the space north of Achilles statue, and Zion—the Dairy. Gethsemane would be located at Grosvenor-square, and the Pool of Bethesda at Grosvenor-gate, while the Pool of Siloam would be Buckingham Palace-gardens water and Kedron river Park-lane. The Holy Sepulchre would be on the site of the Barracks, and strange to say, Herod's Palace on the house of the Royal Humane Society. The Guard's house at the bridge represented the Jaffa gate, and the Mount of Olives—2,700 feet above the sea level—would be in Bond-street. The upper pool of Gihon would be at the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and the Damascus Gate would be represented by Victoria Gate. Petersburg-place, Bayswater, would be the site of the Russian Convent, and Rachel's Tomb would be close to Chelsea Bridge. Bethlehem would be on Wandsworth Common; Hebron at Redhill; the Dead Sea—1,300 feet below the sea level—at Erith; Carmel at Leicester; Nazareth at Peterborough; and Mount Hebron at the mouth of the Humber; while the Sea of Galilee would be in the Fens of Norfolk, near Stoke, and the Mediterranean at Great Marlow. This rough comparative outline of the Holy Land only—not the whole Land of Promise—excited considerable interest, as so small a country once contained so many millions of people, so many hundreds of towns and villages, and within its borders events, in number and moment unparalleled in history, have transpired.—*Jewish Herald*.

## Notices of Books.

*Pen and Ink Portraits of the Most Distinguished Females found in the New Testament.* By Rev. O. HEATHCOTE. Downham, Norfolk.

WOMEN take a more prominent part in the New Testament than in the Old. As in the one there are men, so in the other there is a goodly company of women as well as men, of whom the world was not worthy. These are presented in a clear outline in this little volume; and, as the outline is scriptural, the portrait is as complete as for all practical purposes could be desired.

*Redemption.* By the Rev. EDWARD HOARE, M.A. London: Hatchards.

WHILE there is so much of priestly pretension in many sections of the Church of England, it is a pleasing fact to find that there are still among her ministers men to whom the simple gospel of Jesus as the sinner's substitute is precious and powerful. In reading through the above book, had we not known the author, we could have supposed his utterances to have been those of a nineteenth-century Puritan, of our own old-fashioned sort. We have plain statement, deep piety, a strong personal love for Christ, and a powerful way of declaring the old gospel. The little book deserves to sell by thousands.

*The Christian Home.* A Series of Lectures. By the Rev. E. GARBETT, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

NAPOLEON was once asked what was the great want of France, and replied, "Homes." Certainly the welfare of any nation is largely dependent upon the purity and happiness of its homes. In treating the subject of Christianity in the home, its joys, its responsibilities, and its duties, Canon Garbett has done a real service to the Christian church. He has done it, too, in no unworthy manner. A lucid style, lofty tone, and earnestness of purpose are plainly apparent on every page, and the result is a solid, thoughtful, devout, and yet attractive, and readable book. Christian parents could not do better than purchase this as a present for their sons and daughters who are just entering into life's duties.

*Aleography:* being an improved System of Short-hand. By the Rev. J. WILLIAMS. Published by the Author at 1, Albert Place, Pontypridd.

MR. WILLIAMS believes that this work will make short-hand as popular in the religious world, especially in Sunday-schools and colleges, as Mr. Pitman's phonography is in the commercial world. We fail to see on what that belief is founded. Aleography appears to us to be *complicated* phonography. The author has borrowed Mr. Pitman's principle, and nearly all the signs used by him, merely transposing their names and adding more vowel and other signs, so that the memory should be less (?) taxed. A phonographer would be hopelessly puzzled with the new system, and those who desire to learn the useful art would, in our judgment, be unwise if they preferred the "improvements" of Mr. Williams to the old and well-tried invention of Isaac Pitman, which is as suitable to Sunday-schools and colleges as for the commercial world.

*Ten Nights in a Bar Room, and what I saw there.* By T. S. ARTHUR. London: John Kempster and Co., 9 and 10, St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street.

A THRILLING temperance tale, describing the effects produced in an American village by the opening of a new public house. The narrative is a little too horrible for our taste; there is too much about murders, suicides, and *delirium tremens* to make it pleasant reading. Of course, the true story of the doings of drink could not be pleasant reading; and the thought that haunts us as we lay down the book is that it is only too true, as many a town and village in our own land could testify. The book is tastefully got up, suitably illustrated, and remarkably cheap at two shillings. If teetotallers all over the country do their duty it will have a very large circulation, and by this means some poor drunkards may be rescued, as Joe Morgan was, and public houses in England may be transformed from dens of drink into places of rest, recreation, and refreshment, like the one here so graphically described by Mr. Arthur. Soon may that day come!

*The Approaching End of the Age.* By GRATTAN GUINNESS. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WE have here the approaching end of the present dispensation, not *by*, but *according to*, Grattan Guinness; and we have not proceeded far before we discover that both on account of talent and research he is entitled to form and publicly express his opinions upon the subject. We have the usual sentiments of the Pre-millennialists in relation to the personal advent of Christ, the first resurrection, the literal thousand years of earthly blessedness, and the commencement of that period about the close of the second chiliad of the Christian era, or the sixth from the creation of the world. These will be considered by many to have been well illustrated and confirmed. The principal object, however, has been to show a harmony between natural and spiritual phenomena in the correspondence of prophetic periods with natural laws, and particularly with astronomical calculations. This is a prodigious undertaking, and yet it is one for which the author will be found to be much better qualified than might have been generally supposed. If we believe not the theory, it is worth knowing how much may be said in its favour. We say *if we believe not*, because much more, we think, need to be said to justify positive and permanent belief. The preliminary question, how far the natural laws of the universe are in harmony with prophecies relating to redemption rather than with moral law in general, has to be considered. The work of human salvation has been regarded by our most orthodox divines as specially distinct from other parts of divine government, not opposed to them but above them. Natural and moral laws are in harmony with all creatures, however numerous; but redemption relates to man only, and for its system to be interwoven with the astronomical system of the universe suggests differences which require to be reconciled. It is not impossible that some agreement between the chronology of events in creation and redemption might arise from a certain similarity in works of the same author, by which their authenticity may be known; as in the

septiform recurrences which are here extensively pointed out both in nature and grace. It is remarkable, however, that the number seven is more distinguished for its omission in nature than its occurrence, as it is the only number with its multiples that is not found in the divisions of leaves and of flowers. The observance of weeks, too, has not its origin like that of months and years in nature, but in revelation. Much, however, both of science and prophecy, may be learned from this book, whatever our views may be of the harmony between them; and the fact of so good and earnest a man having devoted himself so diligently and enthusiastically to its production will commend it to the perusal and careful consideration of many.

*The Destiny of the Wicked.* By the Rev. A. M. WILSON. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

AMONGST the many replies to the peculiar sentiments in the "Salvator Mundi" of the Rev. Samuel Cox, and the criticisms by which they are defended, few, if any, will be found to be more effective than the little volume before us. It is a remarkable contrast, both in clear reasoning and sound Scriptural teaching, to that to which it is opposed. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just: but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him." We have had numerous exemplifications of this in the religious controversies of modern times.

*Thoughts on Life and Godliness.* By Rev. EVAN H. HOPKINS. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

It is quite refreshing to receive from a vicar of the Church of England so clear and experimental a statement of evangelical truths. It is an oasis in the desert. Many such there have been, and still are; but the vast desert in which they exist, makes them few and far between. The living water here springs up at once from the Divine word, and has no time to partake of the channel through which it flows, and hence the rich verdure and fruitfulness with which it is surrounded. All may here find rest to their souls without the possibility of harm.

*Biology: with Preludes on Current Events.* By JOSEPH COOK. From the Author's Revised Edition, with Preface by Rev. ANDREW MELVILLE, M.A. Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.

THIS series of the "Boston Monday Lectures" is, in our opinion, the best that Mr. Cook has yet produced. Not perhaps so oratorical, or so lofty in flights of eloquence, as some of his other productions, but full of keen criticism, relentless logic, and withering sarcasm. The citadel as well as the outworks of scientific materialism is here riddled through and through with his burning shot. The latest knowledge and discovery is used in defence of the old faith, and some of his finest positions and arguments are captured from the writings of his opponents. We shall gladly welcome the volumes on "Transcendentalism" and "Orthodoxy," by the same author.

*Monday Lectures at Boston.* By Rev. JOSEPH COOK. Third Series. R. D. Dickinson: London.

ANOTHER volume of Mr. Cook's remarkable lectures, and in his most vigorous and convincing style. The subjects are of a more social nature than some other volumes by the same author, and should have a larger sale because of their general interest. It is a pity that the get-up of this edition is so slovenly. The printing is atrocious, and there is little or no punctuation. Such good fare deserves to be served in better style.

*The Progress of the Divine Revelation; or, the Unfolding Purpose of Scripture.* By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

LIKE everything else that the worthy Doctor has written, scholarly, orthodox, and readable, if not very novel or suggestive. Useful to Sunday-school teachers as a companion to the Bible, but of little service to men whose libraries already contain larger and completer volumes on this well-worn subject. When we say that half the book is made up of long Scripture quotations, and the other half is easy, pleasant, devout reading, we have said enough to ensure its purchase by many.

*Christianity: Fact and Life.* A Word to Young Men; an Address delivered at the Young Men's Christian Institute, Aberdeen. By CHARLES SHIRREFFS. Second Edition. Aberdeen: Lewis Smith, 3, McCombe's Court.

WHILE Scotland has young men that can listen to and enjoy addresses such as this, she need fear none of the attacks made upon her pure faith. The breadth, the force, the stern logic of this pamphlet will secure for it the thoughtful admiration of every honest enquirer into Christianity's credentials. We are sorry that more attention was not given to Christianity as a life, for that we feel is the most powerful moral argument for its divinity. However, who can put a whole system of theology into a pamphlet of nineteen pages?

*Before the Cross: a Book of Devout Meditation.* By Rev. T. H. TRICOMB, D.D., Bishop of Rangoon. London: Religious Tract Society.

THE author of this small volume has long been known as an able writer on Christian Evidences, and his reputation will be enhanced by this latest effort. Although we think a better title might have been chosen, yet the book itself is one which we can most heartily commend. Full of suggestive thought, sparkling with epigrammatic sentences, and saturated with a holy admiration for the person of Christ, it is such a book as will increase in favour as it is more widely known. The sharp-sighted preacher will find suggestions for sermons in many of its chapters, while the simplest saint will gather much spiritual good from its perusal. Mr. Tricomb is not ruined by being made a bishop.

*Short Sketches on Important Subjects.* By the Rev. JAMES HAWKINS. London: Elliot Stock.

SHORT, simple, orthodox discourses, not above the average in thought, but containing plain and clear expressions of home-truths. The writer is evidently of Arminian tendencies, for he can talk about "Mansions to let" in heaven, and crowns without brows. He is in fault when he accepts the translation of our version on "pure religion being the visitation of the fatherless and widows;" a text which refers rather to the outward form of religion than to its inner soul.



*Flowers from the Garden of God, and other Addresses to Children.* By the Rev. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., Vicar of St. Augustine's, Highbury. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS is a volume of addresses to children by that excellent evangelical divine, Gordon Calthrop. It will be found useful to Sunday-school teachers about to prepare addresses. We do not suppose that they would take one of Mr. Calthrop's compositions bodily, but they might certainly gather many suggestions therefrom. Good as these addresses are, they do not strike us as being quite in the style for children. Many of the sentences run a little awkwardly for juvenile understandings; still, our praise is far more abundant than our censure, if censure indeed it be. There is exquisite taste about the binding.

*Problemata Mundi. The book of Job Exegetically and Practically Considered.* By DAVID THOMAS, D.D. Introduction by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIS is practically a homiletical commentary on Job, and Dr. Thomas has undoubtedly great talent for the production of such works. We are glad of any light upon the mysterious book of Job, and hence we welcome this volume as an addition to our expository stores, though it is not of the kind in which we most delight. As the editor of the "Homilist" for many years, Dr. Thomas is so well known that there is no need for us to comment upon his tone of thought and style of utterance. He is at his best in the work before us.

*Homiletical Commentary on the Book of Joshua.* By the Rev. F. G. MARCHANT. R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

MR. MARCHANT has produced a volume of great value to the preacher. Thoughtful and thoroughly spiritual, many of the remarks and hints contain the germs of sermons which will readily develop if handed by cultivated men. No preacher will regret taking our advice when we say, "Purchase it at once if you can." The other volumes of Mr. Dickinson's "Homiletical Commentary" shall have our early notice. They vary in value, but they are all of much worth.

*The History of the English Bible.* By the Rev. W. F. MOULTON, M.A., D.D., Master of the Leys School, Cambridge. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE binding is elegant, and the contents are condensed, full, accurate, and highly instructive. It is time that all our young people knew the history of the Bible which they read. They would probably prize it more, and study it more intelligently. From the paraphrase of Cædmon, and the translations of Aldhelm and Guthlac, down to the Old and New Testament companies now pursuing their important work, we have here the history of all the versions and revisions. Every one can see that if this be briefly and interestingly told a most valuable volume must be the result. Such we believe this to be, and therefore recommend it to our intelligent readers. The following paragraph with reference to the progress and character of the new translation may be interesting to our readers:—"During the last seven years and a half the English revision companies have regularly met, but as yet no portion of their work has been given to the world. It would be premature to speculate on the character of the revised version, or on the reception which awaits it. On one point, however, no apprehension will be entertained by any who have studied the constitution of the companies, or the rules which guide their action. There will be no attempt to introduce a new translation under the mask of revision. The bond that has united the several versions which have successively been given to the English people will not now be broken. Amongst those who now meet in the Jerusalem chamber are found some of the most careful students of our early English Bibles; and the labours of Tyndale and Coverdale, and their noble followers, are never forgotten in the discussions on the sacred text. In the last century the chief aim of revisers may have been to depart as widely as possible from the severe style and simple language of the authorized version. The highest praise sought by any now engaged in revision is that they may be held to have removed the blemishes without impairing the excellence of our revered English Bible."

*Outlines of Sermons on the Miracles and Parables of the Old Testament, Original and Selected.* By a London Minister. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street, E.C.

THE author has made an excellent choice of subjects. In some hands a series of outlines upon such striking themes would have been invaluable, but in the present instance we are utterly disappointed. When sermon-helps are feeble they are very feeble. A skeleton without backbone is a wretched concern. These outlines are poor and pretentious. We opened the book with great expectations, and closed it with the proverb on our lips about "great cry and little wool." How much we wish that somebody would do the same thing well.

*Under the Red Ensign.* By THOMAS GREY. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

WE have here within a small compass all needful instruction to those who are interested in seafaring pursuits. The life of a seaman, it is here shown, may be as honourable, and virtuous, and useful, and safe, and happy, as that of any other man. If seamen have been more degraded than others it is because they have been more neglected. Let them be better treated, better instructed, and better defended from the peculiar temptations to which they are exposed, and their position may be as much coveted as it is now dreaded by the wise and the good. The instructions here given have received the highest commendation from those who are best qualified to form an opinion concerning them.

*Oh, do come! You would always rejoice that you came.* By F. STEEPLE, London: J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a good little book about something or other, but we do not know what. It consists of a number of pious but poor paragraphs, plentifully laden with "Yes!" "Ah!" "Oh!" and notes of interrogation. The title is the most striking part of the book, but we warn our readers that the only reference to it is found on the title-page. What a pity it is that good people should be

silly enough to waste time and paper and ink in writing what could scarcely benefit any human being.

*The Parousia: A Critical Inquiry into the New Testament Doctrine of our Lord's Second Coming.* Daldy, Isbister, and Co., 56, Ludgate Hill.

THE second coming of Christ according to this volume had its fulfilment in the destruction of Jerusalem and the establishment of the gospel dispensation. That the parables and predictions of our Lord had a more direct and exclusive reference to that period than is generally supposed, we readily admit; but we were not prepared for the assignment of all references to a second coming in the New Testament, and even in the Apocalypse itself, to so early a fulfilment. All that could be said has been said in support of this theory, and much more than ought to have been said. In this the reasoning fails. In order to concentrate the whole prophecies of the Book of Revelation upon the period of the destruction of Jerusalem it was needful to assume this book to have been written prior to that event, although the earliest ecclesiastical historians agree that John was banished to the isle of Patmos, where the book was written, by Domitian, who reigned after Titus, by whom Jerusalem was destroyed. Apart from this consideration, the compression of all the Apocalyptic visions and prophecies into so narrow a space requires more ingenuity and strength than that of men and angels combined. Too much stress is laid upon such phrases as "The time is at hand," "Behold I come quickly," whereas many prophecies of Scripture are delivered as present or past, as "unto us a child is born," &c., and "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Amidst the many comings of Christ spoken of in the New Testament that which is spoken of as a second, must, we think, be personal, and thus similar to the first; and such too must be the meaning of "his appearing." Though the author's theory is carried too far, it has so much of truth in it, and throws so much new light upon obscure portions of the Scriptures, and is accompanied with so much critical research and close reasoning, that it can be injurious to none and may be profitable to all.

*The Seven Topics of the Christian Faith: A Manual of Theology, Orthodox and Unsectarian, for Classes and Private Reading.* By the REV. P. MACLAREN. S. W. Partridge and Co.

This work is the result of an effort to provide an undenominational text-book for the University of Adelaide, in which there are or have been professors or students connected with the Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches. It may be possible to produce a treatise on systematic theology untinged with sectarianism and at the same time evangelical and orthodox, but we do not think that the writer of this book has succeeded in accomplishing that task. The "Seven Topics" on which he writes are the Bible, God, man, Christ, the Holy Ghost, grace, and glory, and he has something good to say on all of them, but somehow or other he seems to have a knack of dashing in every now and then a few sentences of very questionable teaching, as though he was afraid that the students for whom he wrote should become too sound in the faith. Two specimens of this kind of writing may be found in the author's long and laboured attempt to prove that the work of the prophets mentioned in the New Testament was to authenticate the writings of the apostles and evangelists in order that they might be canonical; and also the argument with which the book closes, in which the writer thinks he has refuted "that old pagan notion which last century became so common, and continues so still," that heaven is "the abode of the glorified and risen saints!" He proves to his own satisfaction that "both reason and revelation deny that heaven is our home; it is at most our lodging till our home (*i.e.*, the earth) be made ready for us." We append one sample of what Mr. Maclaren in another place very rightly terms his "abstruse talk." Recalling his remarks on the will of man he says: "We saw that in every true and complete work of man we have ENERGY (life, motion, activity). INTELLIGENCE (perception and conception), and ÆSTHESIS (taste, or conscience). Now in the work of God we can trace (simultaneous; not successive, as with us, but co-eternal; no acting of one before, apart from, or above another)

the energetic impulse or emotion of the Holy Spirit, the conception of possibilities and perception of facts in the wisdom of the Counsellor, the Son, and the imperial choice, as good or as right, of the Father, which choice lets the energy pass into act, act ruled according to wisdom, so turning possibilities into phenomena and fulfilling the counsel of God's will, doing whatsoever it may please Him." It is but fair to add the following passage: "Should some readers find this speculation transcendental, and therefore refuse it, we have not a word to say. We have no authority for it, and only offer it as a help to such as find it helpful." We have had far too much "transcendental speculation" in our pulpits already, and in our opinion it will be of more service for ministerial students to be taught that for which we have the "authority" of the Word of God. We do not think much of this *Unsectarian* manual of Theology, nor are we desperately enamoured of anything else which describes itself by that uncanny adjective.

*Way Marks.* By Rev. BENJAMIN SMITH. 66, Paternoster Row.

THESE way marks are some of the proverbs of Solomon, set up for the social and moral guidance of the people committed to his care, by which they would be enabled to govern themselves much better than they could be governed by the authority of others. Moral principles are far more effective for good government than civil laws. These Proverbs were the fruit of the wisdom which Solomon asked, and which God gave, for the government of the people. They are not less applicable at the present day than when they were first uttered. Of these proverbs, one hundred only have been selected for exposition, and though with some order out of seven chapters, from the tenth to the sixteenth inclusive, no other reason for the selection can be given than the author's particular interest in them. Supposing him to have noted down many moral instructions, and to have collected many anecdotes in illustration of them, that were well worthy of the consideration of others, he could not have done better than classify them under the proverbs best suited to them. Though

this gives the appearance of a proverb chosen for the illustration rather than the illustration for the proverb, it comported well with the author's design. Much instruction is accumulated in this way, enlivened by historical incidents, and such as may be taken up at any time and easily turned to a practical use.

*For Ever.* An Essay on Eternal Punishment. By Rev. M. RANDES. 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS is not a mere essay; it is a complete and elaborate treatise. The subject of eternal punishment is here fully considered in its relation to the Scriptures, to the divine perfections, to the mediatorial work of Christ, and to human sentiments and feelings. The several theories, also, which have been opposed to it are carefully and honestly weighed in the balances of Scripture and of reason, and are found wanting. It is one of the many vindications of its own purity and policy, in refusing to sanction all modern speculations upon this subject, that have issued from the Wesleyan Conference Office. Our Wesleyan friends have given full proof of their ability to defend their own principles, and to contend with their adversaries in every kind of argument but that of uncharitable abuse.

*Deuteronomy, written by Moses: proved from the book itself.* By JAMES KENNEDY, M.A. Edinburgh: James Thin; London: John Snow.

THE author has set himself the by no means pleasant task of criticizing and refuting the dreamy vagaries and assumptions of such theological wanderers as Kueneu, Ewald, Baur, and their devoted follower Stanley; and we think he has succeeded well. His style is very plain and vigorous; he lays about him in good broadsword fashion, and often makes a very ugly gash in the paste-board armour of "modern criticism." Candid biblical scholars may find conviction through these pages, but we very much doubt whether minds which can accept the teachings against which this pamphlet is directed will be moved by such a protest. It will be principally valuable as a warning to those who are disposed to question the accepted authorship of the sacred books.

*Christmas Cards*, Packets A and B, 6d. each. *Christmas Wishes*, 6d. *New Year's Cards*, Packets A and B, 6d. each. *Greetings for the New Year*, 6d. *Sunday School Reward Tickets*, Packets H and I, 3d. each; Packets K and L, 6d. each. *Bible Blessings*, 1s. London: Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

THESE are all so exceedingly good that we shall do best to give a list of them, and make no preferences. The cards represent various styles of art, but they seem to our unsophisticated judgment to be each one a little better than the rest. Of course there may be improvements in years to come, but we confess our inability to imagine anything for the price, or for the matter of that, for seven times the price, which will at all surpass these delicious *bijoux*.

*Miniature Library.* Box 3. 1s. 6d. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a little box in the form of a book, very elegantly bound, and containing forty-eight little books in paper covers, the whole for eighteenpence. A Christmas-box indeed! Miss Jessie, aged nine, we hope dear mamma will think you so good a girl that she will give you this for a present.

*Twenty-four eight-page Books for Children, with covers and pictures.* Religious Tract Society.

TWENTY-FOUR farthing books in a neat cover. They seem to be exceedingly suitable for children.

The Religious Tract Society has prepared for the very juveniles a perfectly gorgeous *Toy Book*, entitled, "*Town and Country*." It is all ablaze with colours, and both within and without is like Joseph's coat. Harrison Weir's "*Pictures of Animals*," with twenty-four coloured plates, is an equally charming Christmas book, and has the special recommendation of being sure to make children love animals. Surely we shall be rid of the hideous crime of vivisection if our boys and girls grow up under the civilizing influence of these animal books. Cannibals and vivisectors will, we trust, become extinct animals.

*The True Psalmody; or the Bible Psalms the Church's only Manual of Praise.*  
Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

THIS is a reprint of a treatise originally published in America by the Reformed and United Presbyterian Churches of Philadelphia, and is now recommended to the Scotch and English Presbyterians by a number of their eminent divines. Our only objection to the book is the title: we believe the Bible psalms to be the Church's Manual of Praise, but not the only manual. Admitted, that many of the hymns in popular use are of questionable tendency, embodying false doctrine and weak sentiment, yet we are not prepared to banish such hymns as "Rock of Ages," "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and hundreds of others, because perforce compilers have compelled them to keep bad company. We look upon that man as a benefactor to the church at large who will give us a hymn that will express a phase of Christian worship hitherto unuttered in our songs. Our Scotch friends may be pardoned, however, if their devotion to their own version of the Psalms should seem extravagant. One of the learned doctors who recommend this volume says—"Independent of inspiration and the highest sanctions, and of many tender, holy, and sublime associations, the Book of Psalms, in the *Scottish version*, is incomparably superior to any book of sacred song that the world ever saw." After such a declaration as that from a Scotch D.D. we almost tremble to say we shall still use "Our Own Hymn Book"; but we will not quarrel with the Scotch brother, even if he should also declare that the bagpipes are the finest music that the human ear ever heard.

*Carmina Regia, and other Songs of the Heart.* By EDWIN CHARLES WREN-FORD. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

TRUE poetry. Lovers of our Lord Jesus, taught of the Spirit, will feed among the lilies as they peruse these charming songs, which are well worthy of their title. We shall be greatly surprised if Mr. Wrenford be not, by common consent, enrolled among the poets of our century.

*French Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil.* By the Rev. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. With illustrations by English and Foreign Artists. London: Religious Tract Society.

THE annual volumes of Pen and Pencil sketches now make quite a library. It was a happy thought to produce such gems of beauty, it must have been happy work to carry the idea into execution, and it is an almost equally happy task to look through the glowing pages. Not long ago such truly elegant productions would have been accessible only to the rich, but now for eight shillings the tradesman may place a copy upon the table of his best room. We do not know where to begin our commendations: binding, engraving, printing, authorship—everything is of the best. One mischief has come of our examining the "Pictures," we feel a craving to go and look upon the scenes themselves; and if we do so, and can trace the catastrophe to the Religious Tract Society, we have no doubt the secretary will pay our expenses when we send in the account.

*Old and New London. A Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places.* Vol. VI. *The Southern Suburbs.* By EDWARD WALFORD. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS great work is at length concluded, and its six volumes contain a description of London which has never been excelled. The engravings are as good as they are numerous, and this is saying a great deal, for the pages teem with them. No gentleman's library can be half furnished without this choice and deeply interesting work. Many a leisure hour will be pleasantly spent in reading it, and an amount of information will be imparted, which a wise man will know how to turn to good account. Years ago this expensive literary production would have been printed in small numbers, at a high price, and none but the very wealthy would ever have seen it; but now, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, copies will be found on the tradesman's bookshelf, and even the thrifty artisan may purchase the illustrated annals of our metropolitan city.

*Who is the Apostate? A Passover Story.* Translated from the German, by Rev. ADOLPH SAPHIR, B.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

A CHARMING little story, designed to show to the Jews the danger of allowing the Rationalist to explain away the personality of Jehovah, or the orthodox Jew to deny the Son of David. In quarters where Pantheism is the fashionable belief, or where a trust in ordinances is looked upon as the way of salvation, this clever little tractate will provide an antidote. Its brevity will ensure its being read where larger works would be cast aside. The style is fascinating, clear, convincing: the pages full of Scripture proof handled with profound reverence. May many a Jew be turned into "an Israelite indeed" through the reading of this book.

*The Church: an Essay.* By ARTHUR FRIDHAM. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street.

A LABOURED, and in some respects ingenious, attempt is here made to show that the term *church* in the Scriptures is not of different applications as to particular churches, or to the number of the redeemed at any one time on the earth, or to those who have entered into rest, or to the completion of the redeemed at the last day, but is limited in its meaning to the saints both of the Old and New Testament until the second

advent of the Lord. That this is one meaning of the term *church* we admit, and so far as it serves the purpose of the author in refuting the notion of any essential and permanent distinction between the saints of the Old and New Testament we agree with his design; but we do not regard this as the sole meaning of the term *church* in the Scriptures.

*The Battle of Unbelief.* By Rev. GAVIN CARLYLE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SERIES of papers designed to show the fallacies upon which the opposition to the supernatural in religion rests. The papers are calculated to be useful to studious minds in exposing the cool assumptions of the rationalistic school. The author's word is *not* like a fire, *but* like the hammer that breaketh the rock into pieces. The third paper in the series on "The inner harmony between the Old and New Testament" is powerful and conclusive; and is, perhaps, the best of all. On the whole we should say, if you wish to be entertained or amused, do not buy this book; but if you want good tough Scotch theology, with a large share of philosophy, unrelieved by a single gleam of the imaginative, this is the right sort of reading for you. The work is so printed as to allow of marginal notes being made *ad libitum*.

## Notes.

On *Wednesday Evening, Sept. 25*, a large number of friends assembled at the Tabernacle to bid public farewell to our coloured brethren, Messrs. Johnson and Richardson, and their wives, who will very soon be on their way to Africa to preach the everlasting gospel among those of their own race. During their stay with us they have endeared themselves to us all, and have won a very high place in our esteem by their genuine piety, their unaffected simplicity, and their sincere desire to qualify themselves for their great work. We never remember having met with any of their countrymen in whom we had such abounding confidence as in these good men; and though they go forth from us to a distant land they will always abide in our kindest memories. May the Baptist Missionary

Society find in them able heralds of the cross, and may Ethiopia soon stretch forth her hands unto God. Other brethren in the College are thinking upon Africa, and from all we can see there will be no lack of *men* for missionaries; but the Christian Church must take care to provide the means for their sustenance. Mr. Johnson will be supported by the Baptist Mission, but Mr. Richardson wishes to remain free, that he may, if the Lord will, pioneer into regions beyond. Of course, he must live, and we shall be glad to unite with others in assisting to provide for him from time to time, as we see how the work proceeds.

On *Monday evening, Sept. 30*, our beloved brother in the Lord, Mr. J. Hudson

Taylor, came again to the Tabernacle to seek the prayers of the church for another party of seven friends who were about to sail for China, in connection with *The China Inland Mission*. These were Mr. and Mrs. Stott, who have been home for a needful rest; and Miss Mitchell, Miss Snow, Miss Muller, and the Misses E. and F. Boyd, who are going out for the first time. We were very glad to see so many of our sisters setting out for the land where millions are perishing, but we regretted that they were not accompanied by an equal number of brethren. Can it be that our young men have less of the missionary spirit than is poured out on the daughters of the church? We trust that this is not the case. Christian women are greatly needed in "The Celestial Empire," but so are Christian men.

We commend to all our brethren, and sisters, the earnest appeal of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Stott for more labourers not only in China proper, but also in Turkestan, Cabul, Thibet, Mongolia, and other dark parts of Asia, where there are millions of people without a single witness for Christ. No mission so fully meets our ideal as that of Mr. Hudson Taylor. He is an apostolic man, and he has gathered around him men and women of a choice spirit, full of real faith in God, and determined to get at the Chinese in some way or other. Mr. Taylor evidently cares less for scholarship than for grace; and we note in all his brethren who address our meetings that there is no attempt at polish, but an abundance of practical common sense, a hearty belief in the gospel, and a full conviction that the Lord will bless it to the conversion of the heathen. Mr. Stott, a brother who has lost a leg, spoke to the audience at the Tabernacle in such a manner upon his various providential deliverances, that his testimony confirmed the faith of us all. A smile passed over the audience when, alluding to his loss of a limb, he said that it did not matter, for he never meant to run away.

**BOOK FUND.** Mrs. Spurgeon has now closed her special distribution to Irish pastors, all the special amount having been expended and much more. Applications from poor ministers of all denominations are still pouring in, and as fast as a sickly frame enables the work to be done the much valued parcels of books are sent out. The famine for mental food is still sore in the land. Very touching are many of the letters. The Lord has a faithful, self-denying band of ministers among us, and

they ought to be supplied with books, out of which they may feed their flocks. This good work *must not flag*. Can we allow it to do so?

**COLLEGE.** When we referred in a recent number of our magazine to the deaths of three of our brethren, we little thought that the next one would be our young friend James J. Mead, who only accepted the pastorate at Eccles, near Manchester, last June. Yet so it is; at the early age of twenty-one, just as we thought he was prepared to commence his life's work, it is all over, and he has been called home. He was a gracious young man, beloved of all below, and ripe for the service above. Who will step in to fill up this gap in our ranks?

During the past month Mr. J. Clark has left us to continue his studies at Glasgow University, and Mr. W. Seaman has accepted an invitation to New Quay, Cornwall. Mr. H. Kidner has removed from Mumbles, Swansea, to Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, and Mr. T. Wheatley has become co-pastor with the Rev. G. Gould, Dunstable, Beds.

We have an extremely large number of applicants for the College: men are eager to enter upon the work of the Lord. At the same time we have no men in the College beyond their time, but on the contrary find it difficult to supply the churches wishing for students. There is, therefore, great need to maintain the College in full working order, and we do not intend to slacken in anything. We lay out our whole life in the Master's cause, and we trust we shall find fellow-helpers who will find money while we supply labour and thought.

**EVANGELISTS.** Our brethren, Smith and Clarke, have been down in Cornwall for the greater part of the last month. From Falmouth comes a very delightful letter from J. Douglas, pastor, in which, after mentioning the crowds and the conversions, he adds:—

"Suffice it to say that I never saw Calvinistic truth better handled in gospel meetings than it is by Mr. Clarke. He goes in for a whole salvation, a salvation that covers the future as well as the present, with a decision that I never saw even distantly approached in evangelistic work. Not only does Mr. Clarke set forth the gospel in a way that excludes all legalism from the time present, but which equally decisively rides the King's highway of it all the way through."

Redruth seems to have taken fire, and

all denominations felt the glowing heat. Out of several letters we select that of Mr. Kench, the esteemed minister of the United Methodist Free Church.

"Redruth, Cornwall, Oct. 15, 1878.

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—You will, I am sure, pardon me for troubling you with this letter, but I feel that you should be informed of the good work doing in this town and district by means of your evangelists, as they are called, Messrs. Smith and Clarke. From Falmouth I hear of glorious things being accomplished in the name of Jesus, but I wish to say a word with reference to this town and their work in it.

Before they came your minister, the Rev. Mr. Abraham, applied to me for the use of our chapel, which will hold near 2000 persons, and our trustees in the most cheerful manner said Yes, and on Friday evening they began their labours, when, notwithstanding it being market day, some seven or eight hundred persons came together. On Saturday the number was increased, but on Sunday afternoon Mr. Smith conducted a children's service, when some 2500 children and adults filled the chapel in every part. The address was most interesting and powerful. Last evening the chapel was again filled, and at the prayer-meeting several persons sought and found Christ. Throughout the whole of the services held in our chapel (all of which I have attended) there has been a most powerful influence pervading the meetings. We are greatly cursed in this town by what is called 'modern thought,' and this makes us the more grateful for your evangelists, who stand boldly in 'the old paths,' and with great *faithfulness* and *power* 'warn every man' of the danger to which sin has exposed him. I hear that the other services which were held in the Baptist chapel were crowded, and an overflow meeting was held in the Druid's Hall, which was also packed, each service being full of God."

We cannot refrain from adding part of a deeply interesting letter from Mr. Abraham, the Baptist pastor of Redruth, who is unfortunately obliged to leave on account of health. We feel sure that he would be a great acquisition to some vacant church where the climate would be more suitable. The whole letter is most cheering, but space forbids our giving it all. Our friends who are acquainted with the book of hymns entitled "Flowers and Fruits" will appreciate the allusions to the various songs in the paragraphs about the descent into the mine:—

"Mr. Clarke's sermon on the well-worn

text, 'Escape for thy life,' on Tuesday evening seemed to come with the freshness and force of a heavenly inspiration. Then, and often at the other services, my heart sent up almost involuntary (but by no means unwilling) cries to God for his blessing upon the gospel which was so clearly set forth, and my experience was like to that of many others. It seemed marvellous to us all that any could hear the truth so eloquently spoken and so expressively sung, and continue in the service of the father of lies. On the Sunday, morning and evening, Brother Clarke preached in our chapel to as many people as the place could contain; and in the evening a neighbouring hall was opened, and Brother Smith had it thronged with those who were eager to hear his triple endeavours to bring the good news to their hearts—by cornet, sermon, and song. The service for children, conducted by Mr. Smith, on Sunday afternoon, will never be forgotten by those who were present. The sight itself still lingers like a beautiful vision in my brain; and that the racy illustrative address went 'home' was evident by the happy, eager, interested faces of the children. All the schools of the town were with us, and there must have been between 2,000 and 3,000 individuals packed in the building. We are exceedingly grateful to the United Methodists for so willingly lending us their beautiful and spacious chapel, and to the Rev. T. Kench for the hearty and invaluable assistance which he gave. I have as yet said nothing about the spiritual results, but they have been uppermost in my mind all the time I have been writing. They have been exceedingly cheering, and of course they form our chief source of joy. We are not letting the work cease: I preached in my own chapel on Wednesday night, and it was a difficult matter to get the people to go home. Indeed, the place was not clear till half-past eleven; and then five or six who had come sorrowing because of their sins went away rejoicing in Christ as their sin-bearer and risen Lord. The work has been a weariness to the flesh, but a strengthening to the spirit; and, although I am feeling almost 'done,' it is nevertheless a blessed thing to be fatigued and worn in such a glorious cause. Last night I assisted Mr. Kench in a service at his place. By the coming of Messrs. Clarke and Smith I am able to understand more fully than ever I could before how 'both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.' I now regret the necessity for my removal more than ever, but I am very hopeful for the success of the



next servant of the Master who shall labour here.

"Before the brethren left for Truro on Wednesday, we paid a visit to the East Poole tin and copper mine. After looking about for an hour above ground we commenced preparations for a trip below. The process of dressing in miners' costume was an exceedingly interesting one. After a considerable amount of stitching and lacing we succeeded in accommodating a suit to Smith's bulky form; and if you could have seen us when thoroughly equipped you would certainly have thought that some of the Pastors' College students were prepared for rough work. Two captains accompanied us, and we all wore veritable Mambrino's helmets, on each of which a piece of moistened clay did duty for a candlestick. Spare candles were attached to the buttons of our jackets. When all was ready we marched across the yard to the shafts, to descend. Having taken our place in the gig, a two-storied cage, three in each compartment, we commenced the descent: down, down, down—through one hundred and fifty fathoms of blackness. We tried to sing, and I have a shrewd suspicion that we did so for the purpose of keeping our spirits up while our bodies were going down; but the 'Flowers and Fruits' were not in a congenial atmosphere, and required much forcing before they flourished. Smith commenced with, 'Tis the good old way, By our fathers trod,' but we could not get on with that, although a party of young miners might have used the words, for their fathers had to tread the way upon ladders before the gig came into use. 'So near to the Kingdom' was unpleasantly suggestive, while 'Heavenward I wend my way,' and 'We'll journey together to Zion, That beautiful city of light,' seemed peculiarly inappropriate. At last we started, 'I feel like singing all the time,' and only ceased our song when the carriage stopped. Then our underground ramble commenced, during which we did *not* sing 'How beautiful upon the Mountains.' With one captain before, and the other behind, away we went, groping along by the solid granite walls, crawling through narrow passages, climbing over heaps of debris; now knocking our heads, or rather hats, and giving ourselves the opportunity of singing 'Our lamps are gone out, and the daylight is past'; and now standing in huge caverns from which the precious metals have been removed to enrich those who dwell above. Thirty fathoms deeper we went by the aid of ladders placed at every conceivable angle, until we had

reached a depth of one thousand and eighty feet below the surface, and stood among the foundations of the everlasting hills. Ever and anon we were startled by the bang and rumble and roar of the blastings, and partially suffocated by the smoke. (Captain Bishop promises to suspend blasting operations, and get the mine clear of smoke, if ever he should have the pleasure of taking the President where he conducted the students.) The pitmen hailed our arrival with evident joy; and, when we sat in the midst of a swarthy group, the singing by Mr. Smith of 'Always cheerful, always cheerful! Sunshine all around we see,' did not seem to be at all unsuitable; for there was a brightness about the brown faces of the men, which seemed almost to eclipse the dull glimmer of their candles, like the clear light of open day. After spending a little time in prayer we commenced our upward climb, and we shall not be likely to forget the candle-lighted group of sturdy fellows who stood at the one hundred and fifty fathoms level to see us take our places in the gig and start for 'grass' again. Clarke nearly fell into an ugly chasm while we were below, and during the ascent he was very quiet; but when the first gleams of daylight came to us down the shaft we all joined in singing heartily, 'Happy day, happy day.' We were soon able to sing, '*Sweetest* fellowship we know In the light,'—with a suggestive emphasis upon the '*sweetest*.' Having employed the sun to make a record of our adventure we were soon able to resume our original characters, and although we enjoyed the trip immensely, not one of us was desirous of being anything more than an *amateur* miner."

Mr. Burnham, our other evangelist, has had good meetings during the past month at Sandy, Blunham, Ridgmount, Cranfield, Shefford, and Stotfold, Beds; and is engaged from Nov. 3 to 8, Bexley Heath; Nov. 10 to 15, Sevenoaks and Eynsford; Nov. 17 to 22, Woolwich; Dec. 2 to 15, Bower Chalk, near Salisbury; Dec. 30, Southampton. Application for his services on any vacant evenings should be made to C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. S.W.

We have received the following report from the pastor of the Baptist church at Sandy, Mr. Thos. Voysey:—

"The Baptist cause here and the village generally have been much benefited by the visit of Mr. J. Burnham. His calm and earnest appeals with the touching gospel melodies sung with pathetic power, assisted

by his 'American Organ,' have gone home to the hearts of the numbers who crowded to hear him, leaving a lasting impression for good on the minds of very many. Truly his mission has been a season of refreshing to pastor and people."

We have abounding evidence that our three brethren are most efficiently serving the churches. Our only trouble about the matter is that as yet no one seems moved to help us in the effort to any extent, for as will be seen by our accounts only £13 has been given to us during the month for a work so extensive and so needed. Still, we cannot believe that the Lord will leave the work to pine for funds.

**ORPHANAGE.** The quarterly meeting of the collectors was held at the Orphanage on *Friday evening, Oct. 4*, when about £100 was brought in to help the funds of the institution. This is a smaller amount than usual, but we suppose many of our friends are keeping their boxes and cards until they have collected larger sums. How much more might be done if more young people would become collectors! We would gladly forward boxes or books. We had quite a Scotch evening in the boys' play hall. The Pastor and his son Charles gave an account of their summer holiday in Scotland, several Scotch views were shown with the aid of the dissolving view lanterns, and Scotch melodies were sung by the boys and other kind friends, who enabled Mr. Charlesworth to make up a thoroughly enjoyable programme. We were glad to convey to Mr. Macgregor the hearty thanks of the trustees for the help he has rendered by addressing the lads at the Orphanage on Sunday evenings for so long a time. Excellent speeches were given by Mr. J. M. Smith, Mr. Charlesworth, and Mr. A. G. Brown, who could not think of any better way of spending a holiday of two days than by visiting the Tabernacle and its associated institutions. A true-yoke fellow is our beloved friend.

Our choir of boys have made an excursion to the north, holding meetings at Middlesbrough, Stockton, Newcastle, and Bradford. We had hoped to give details of their journey; but we must be content to epitomize all by saying that everybody was kind to the boys, and that we desire to tender our personal thanks for the noble help which the institution has received from many generous hands. We are often bowed to the earth by the affectionate respect which is shown to us, and by the love shown to our boys for our

sake. We receive enough abuse to crush a man's spirit, and more than sufficient love to make him alive again. Some good people write with pious horror to know if the organist at Leeds did really play such and such a tune upon our entering the hall. We have no doubt he did, for the papers say so. But really it is too bad to blame *us* for that. We neither bought it, nor sought it, nor thought it, and if excessive kindness did commit an indiscretion when intending only a hearty welcome, it ought not to be visited upon *our* head, nor we think upon any other. But to return to our orphans, they brought home a noble sum for the Orphanage, and they are ready to go out again on the same terms. The pleasure which it gives their audiences to hear them sing, and the pleasure which we receive from seeing the Orphanage helped, make these singing trips a happy feature in the Orphanage work. Our deep gratitude is due to Mr. Charlesworth, who conducts these excursions with great enthusiasm and sound sense.

*Correction.*—We regret that in our notes last month we understated the amount of produce of Mr. Toller's "Orphanage Acre" at Waterbeach. It should have been 35 sacks of potatoes and 3 sacks of flour (not 2).

**THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. SPURGEON'S MINISTRY.**—The committee earnestly call attention to the circular inserted in last month's magazine. They have received several small amounts, besides one promise of £250 and another of £50. It is obvious that if the presentation is to be made in January there must be a strong effort made within the next few weeks. It would spoil the intent of the testimonial if it became difficult to raise it. The object is the support of the aged members of the church in the Alms-houses; it is at Mr. Spurgeon's own desire that the object was selected, and the committee trust that the £5,000 which is needed will be readily forthcoming.

T. H. Olney and Thomas Greenwood,  
Treasurers, Metropolitan Tabernacle,  
Newington Butts.

Bazaar goods of all kinds will be thankfully received. The bazaar will commence on Tuesday, December 30.

Mr. Spurgeon's son Thomas is expected home on the last day of October or first of November, in good health.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Mr. J. A. Spurgeon:—September 30th, fifteen; October 3rd, fifteen.



	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Duwell	0	18	8	Miss Nisbet	0	15	0
Master E. H. Payne	0	6	1	Master A. Jennings	0	4	3
Mr. J. Mather	0	10	0	A Friend, per Mrs. Skyring	0	2	6
Miss Higgs	1	15	11	Miss Hunt	0	10	0
Miss Wallington	0	12	8	Mr. J. Clark, per Mr. Olney	5	0	0
Miss E. Payne	0	6	10	Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mrs. Rowe	1	8	2	Friends at Downs Chapel, per Mrs. Way	1	17	3
Master Pearson	0	2	11	Part. Proceeds of Lecture, per Mr.			
Master Delacourt	0	4	2	Wilkes	0	10	3
Miss Benser	0	10	0	Mr. E. Boot	0	10	0
Mrs. Allum	0	12	6	Miss Cheeney	0	5	8
Miss Charlesworth	0	11	0	Mr. R. N. M. Allan, Newcastle, for Or-			
Mrs. Samuel	1	0	0	phanage Choir Boys	31	10	0
Mrs. Whitehead	1	4	0	Baptist, Sunday-school, Long Preston	0	12	0
Miss Johns	1	10	0	"1478"	1	0	0
Miss M. Perry	0	1	0	Miss Hannah Twells	0	5	0
Mr. G. Ely	1	4	6	Per Pastor W. J. Mayers	5	1	0
Miss Frisby	0	5	11	Mrs. Adam	1	0	0
Master J. Dowsett	0	3	7	Mr., Sale of Fancy Work	0	9	0
Mrs. Fisher	0	8	6	"Every little helps"	0	5	0
Mr. Luff	0	16	8	"The Widow's Mite"	0	12	6
Mrs. Underwood	0	14	0	Collected by Miss Ellen Price	0	14	0
Mrs. Crofts	0	14	0	T. H. M.	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hillen	0	14	9	Friend from Paisley	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Howes	0	2	6	Mr. John P. Tulloch	2	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0	Mr. Alexander Fowler	0	5	0
Miss Raybould	0	7	0	Mr. Squires, per Mr. Glover	0	10	6
Miss Tatcher	2	10	0	Rev. J. E. Craeknell	1	0	0
Mrs. White	0	10	6	Profits on Service of Song			
Mrs. Barker	0	5	0	at Middlesborough	21	15	6
Miss Mann	3	2	6	Donations:-			
Miss W. Anderson	0	10	0	Mr. W. Bulmer (Mayor)	5	5	0
Master Ambrose	0	12	0	Mr. J. F. Harming	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	0	11	0	Mr. Gunter	0	10	6
Mrs. Priestly	0	14	0	Mrs. Gunter	0	10	6
Mrs. Youngs	4	0	0	Mr. J. Harter	0	10	0
Miss Cunningham	0	15	0	Rev. W. Whale	0	7	6
Mr. Round	0	13	6				
Mr. Gladwin	1	6	7	A			
Mrs. Hubbard	0	19	6	Profit on Service of Song,			
Mrs. Pope	0	14	6	Bradford	20	4	9
Master Hutchinson	0	5	5	Mr. H. Smith	20	0	0
Mrs. Boggis	0	7	6	Mr. W. Whitehead	10	0	0
Miss M. A. Wells	0	5	0	Mr. W. Watson	5	0	0
Mrs. Bowles	1	5	4	Small Sums	8	0	0
Mrs. S. Smith	0	12	0	B			
Mr. C. Miller	1	0	0	Profit on Service of Song,			
Miss Pofield	0	10	0	Stockton	16	6	3
Miss Farmer	0	18	6	Mr. T. J. Thomson	1	0	0
Miss Smith	0	10	3	Mr. G. Walker	1	0	0
Mrs. Parker	5	0	0	Mr. G. Fletcher	1	0	0
Mr. Padley	0	10	0	Mr. T. Drithwaite	1	0	0
Miss Day	0	7	8	Mr. H. Mason	0	5	0
Mr. J. Lawson	0	12	0	The Mayor of Stockton	2	0	0
Mr. F. Burridge	0	1	6	C			
Cornwall-road Sunday-school, per Rev.				Mrs. H. Crossley	22	11	3
D. Asquith	0	17	6	Mr. H. Young	2	0	0
Master W. Hubbard	0	7	0	Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0
Miss Wayte	0	6	1	Mr. Robert Ferguson	5	0	0
Miss Thomas	0	7	8	Mr. F. Mace	1	1	0
Mrs. Webb	0	2	10	Mr. Joseph Fireman	4	12	8
Mrs. Gooding	1	14	8	Readers of the "Christian World"	0	10	0
Miss E. Hughes	0	9	6	Mr. John Feltham	0	10	0
Miss C. Hughes	0	9	3	E. D. T.	0	10	0
Miss Errington	0	16	6	Mr. Wm. Ludbrook	1	0	0
Master Stoares	0	5	6	Collected by Miss C. Jesson-			
Mrs. Spreadbury	1	7	4	Mr. Scarbro	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibbons	0	10	0	Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Mrs. Prebble	1	6	4	Mr. J. E. Fickard	0	10	0
Miss Mills	0	5	0	Mr. Rupert Carryer	0	10	0
Master J. Pulsford	0	5	1	Mrs. Nunnerly	0	10	0
Master A. Frisby	0	3	1	Mrs. Hill, Melton Mowbray	0	10	0
Master R. Wagner	0	1	6	Misses Bennett	0	5	0
Master A. Kimp	0	1	9	Mrs. Eames	0	5	0
Miss L. Corsan	0	6	1	Miss Eames	0	3	0
Master Blake	0	2	1	Miss Cooper	0	2	6
Miss Blake	0	3	6	Miss Raynes	0	2	6
Miss E. S. Evans	0	1	1	Miss C. Jesson	1	0	0
Miss Snell	0	5	0				
Mr. A. Howieson	0	2	6	"A Friend in Scotland"	1	0	0
				Mr. John Alderson	0	5	0
				Mr. Charles Clark	0	13	0

A—plus £2 17s. for books; B—plus £6 18s. 8d. for books; C—plus £6 3s. 6d. for books.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John How ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. L. G. Marshall ... ..	0	10	0
A Country Minister ... ..	0	3	0
Mrs. Wilmer ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Miller ... ..	0	1	4
Mr. Spriggs ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Denby ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Arncliffe ... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Morris Brown ... ..	4	3	6
Mr. John Lamont ... ..	2	0	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates ... ..	7	0	3
Mr. H. Garman ... ..	0	3	8
Mr. Matthews ... ..	0	3	0
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. J. T. Inglis ... ..	0	10	0
Girls of Practising School, per Miss Hyde ... ..	0	15	0
Box at Orphanage Gates... ..	0	5	2
H. Brock ... ..	0	14	0
	2	4	2

	£	s.	d.
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
The Baroness de Rothschild ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pentelow ... ..	1	0	0
Rev. E. Porter, per Mrs. Withers ... ..	0	2	0
Mr. Park ... ..	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.—			
Miss Fanny Johnson ... ..	0	5	0
Mr. Cammack ... ..	1	0	0
Mr. Tidmarsh ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Tidmarsh ... ..	0	5	0
Miss Tidmarsh ... ..	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh ... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Stopford ... ..	2	5	0
	3	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£393	18	7

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth.*—5 Shirts, from the Girls of the South Lambeth Board School, per Mrs. Ashton; 12 Shirts, 12 Pairs Socks, 12 Handkerchiefs, 1 piece Calico, 46 Apples, and 2 Pots Jam, A Friend; Small Cask of Grapes, Messrs. Keeling and Hunt; 75 Boys' Neck Ties, Mrs. Rogers; 12 pairs Socks, Mr. Graill; 6 Shirts and 4 pairs Socks, A Reader of the "Sword and Trowel," Leeds; 50 Shirts, the Misses Diansfield.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1878.*

*Subscriptions for Districts:—*

	£	s.	d.
W. R., for Reading ... ..	7	10	0
Maldon District, per Mr. S. Spurgeon ... ..	2	10	0
Southern Association, Quarterly ... ..	52	10	0
Chipping Norton District, per Rev. T. Bentley ... ..	7	10	0
Chester Colportage Committee ... ..	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castleton ... ..	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ... ..	17	10	0
Eyethorne District ... ..	7	10	0
Bower Chalke District, per Mr. J. S. Hockley ... ..	4	10	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle ... ..	5	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School ... ..	3	15	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class ... ..	5	10	6
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Lyndhurst... ..	10	0	0
Worcestershire Colportage Association ... ..	40	0	0
Preston District ... ..	10	0	0
Nottingham District ... ..	10	0	0
Hadleigh District ... ..	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£213	15	6

*Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.*

	£	s.	d.
B. W. S. ... ..	5	0	0
E. M. ... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Pentelow ... ..	1	0	0
Three Baptist Friends, Clare ... ..	5	0	0
G. Curme, Esq. ... ..	2	0	0
Mr. J. Powell ... ..	1	1	0
Young Christians Band, Stockwell Orphanage ... ..	0	3	11½
Mrs. E. H. Tucker ... ..	0	10	0
Andrew Dunn, Esq. ... ..	2	2	0
Mr. G. Emery ... ..	5	0	0
Readers of the "Christian World" ... ..	1	2	6
Mrs. L. G. Marshall ... ..	0	10	0
E. B., Quarterly ... ..	25	0	0
Mr. Spriggs ... ..	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£49	4	5½

## Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from September 20th to October 19th, 1878.*

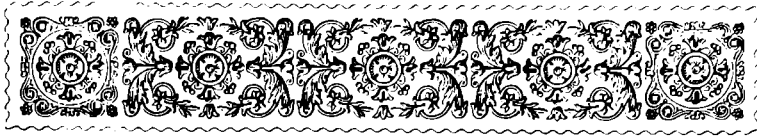
	£	s.	d.
B. W. S. ... ..	5	0	0
A. E. H. ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. Pentelow (Annual Subscription) ... ..	1	0	0
United Evangelistic Committee, Glasgow ... ..	30	0	0
Mrs. Mary Nicoll ... ..	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. G. Wilkins ... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Miller ... ..	5	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£43	0	0

Received too late for insertion in the above lists: Thankoffering from a faithful Friend—For Stockwell Orphanage, £10; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £10; Testimonial Fund, £10.

*Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.*

*Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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 to the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon.*



THE

# SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1878.

## Windows in Sermons.



UAIN'T Thomas Fuller says "reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best light." The comparison is very happy and suggestive, and therefore we will build up a little temple of discourse under its direction.

*The chief reason for the construction of windows in a house is, as Fuller says, to let in light; and parables, similes, and metaphors are to be used with that purpose.* Hence we use them to *illustrate* our subject, or, in other words, to "*brighten it with light,*" for that is Dr. Johnson's literal rendering of the word *illustrate*. Often when didactic speech fails to enlighten our hearers, we may make them see our meaning by opening a window and letting in the pleasant light of analogy. To every preacher of righteousness as well as to Noah there comes the direction, "A window shalt thou make in the ark." You may go round about with laborious definitions and explanations and yet leave your hearers in the dark, but a thoroughly suitable metaphor will wonderfully clear the sense. Even the close cell of the convict has its little grated opening, why should our people be altogether immured in solid walls of dulness? There should, if possible, be one good metaphor even in the shortest address, even as Ezekiel, in his vision of the temple, saw that even to the little chambers there were windows suitable to their size. We have no ambition to be obscure, and yet certain preachers are dangerously near it. Lycophron declared that he would hang himself if he found a person who could understand his poem entitled "The Prophecy of Cassandra"; happily, no one arose to drive the poet to such a misuse of good timber: we think we could find brethren in the ministry who might with almost equal impunity run the same risk in connection with their sermons.

Windows greatly add to the pleasure and agreeableness of a habitation, and so do *illustrations make a sermon pleasurable and interesting.*

A windowless chamber attracts no one. Our congregations hear us with pleasure when we give them a fair measure of imagery: when an anecdote is being told they rest, take breath, and give play to their imaginations, and thus prepare themselves for the sterner work which lies before them in listening to our profounder expositions. Even the little children open their eyes and ears, and a smile brightens up their faces; for they, too, rejoice in the light which streams in through our windows. We dare say they often wish that our sermons were nothing else but illustrations, even as the boy desired to have a cake made all of plums, but that must not be, for reasons good and numerous. There is a happy medium, and we must keep to it by making our discourse pleasant hearing but not a mere pastime.

Every architect will tell you that he looks upon his windows as *an opportunity for introducing ornament into his design*. A pile may be massive, but it cannot be pleasing if it is not in due degree broken up with windows and other details. The palace of the popes at Avignon is an immense structure, and might have been made an imposing edifice, but its windows are so very few that it resembles a colossal prison, and suggests nothing of what a palace should be. Sermons need to be broken up, varied, decorated, and enlivened; and nothing can do this so well as the introduction of types, emblems, and instances. Of course ornament is not the main point to be considered, but still many little excellences go to make up perfection, and this is one of the many, and therefore it should not be overlooked. When wisdom built her house she hewed out her seven pillars for glory and for beauty as well as for the support of the structure; and shall we think that the meanest hovel is good enough for "the beauty of holiness"? Truth is a king's daughter, and her raiment should be of wrought gold; her house is a palace, and it should be adorned with "windows of agate and gates of carbuncle."

*Illustrations tend to enliven and quicken the attention of an audience.* Windows, when they will open, which, alas, is not often the case in our places of worship, are a great blessing, by refreshing and reviving the audience with a little pure air, and enlivening the poor mortals who have been rendered sleepy by the stagnant atmosphere of the meeting-house. A window should, according to its name, be a wind door, and admit the wind to refresh the audience; even so an original figure, a noble image, a quaint comparison, a rich allegory, should open upon the hearers a stream of happy thought, which will pass over them like a life-giving breeze, arousing them from their apathy, and quickening their faculties to receive the truth. Those who are accustomed to the soporific sermonizings of dignified divines would marvel greatly if they could see the enthusiasm and lively delight with which congregations listen to speech through which there blows a breeze of happy, natural illustration. Arid as a desert are many volumes of discourses which are to be met with upon the booksellers' dust-covered shelves, but if in the course of a thousand paragraphs they contain a single simile, it is the oasis of the Sahara, and serves to keep the reader's soul alive. In fashioning a discourse think little of the bookworm, which will be sure of its portion of meat, however dry your doctrine, but have pity upon those living souls immediately around you, who must find life *in and by*

your sermon, or they will never find it at all. If some of your hearers sleep, they will of necessity wake up in hell.

While we thus commend illustrations for necessary uses, it must be remembered that they are not the strength of a sermon any more than a window is the strength of a house; and for this reason, among others, *they should not be too numerous*. Too many openings for light may seriously detract from the stability of a building. A glass house is not the most comfortable of abodes, and, besides suffering from other inconveniences, it is very tempting to stone-throwers. When a critical adversary attacks our metaphors he makes short work of them. To friendly minds images are arguments, but to opponents they are opportunities for attack; the enemy climbs up by the window. Comparisons are swords with two edges which cut both ways; and frequently what seems a sharp and telling illustration may be wittily turned against you, so as to cause a laugh at your expense: therefore do not rely upon your metaphors and parables.

Nor is this the only reason for practising moderation in illustration. A volume is all the better for engravings, but a scrap-book which is all woodcuts is usually intended for the use of little children. Our house should be built with the substantial masonry of doctrine upon the deep foundation of inspired truth; its pillars should be of marble, and every stone should be carefully laid in its place; and then the windows should be ranged in due order,—“three rows,” if we will, “light against light,” like the house of the forest of Lebanon. But the house is not to be built for the sake of the windows, nor the sermon arranged with the view of getting in a favourite apologue: for the window is not the object for which the house is built, but merely a convenience subordinate to the entire design. Our building is intended to last, and is meant for every-day use, and hence it must not be all crystal and colour. We miss our way altogether, as gospel ministers, if we aim at flash and display.

It is impossible to lay down a rule as to how much adornment shall be found in each discourse; every man must judge for himself on that matter. True taste in dress could not be readily defined, yet every one knows what it is: and there is a literary and spiritual taste which should be displayed in the measuring out of tropes and figures in every public speech. “*Ne quid nimis*” is a good caution. Do not be too eager to garnish and adorn. Some men seem never to have enough of metaphors, each one of their sentences must be a flower. They compass sea and land to find a fresh piece of coloured glass for their windows, and they break down the walls of their discourses to let in superfluous ornaments, till their productions rather resemble a fantastic grotto than a house to dwell in. Our law, I believe, in the days of the taxing, allowed eight windows free from duty, and we might also exempt a “few, that is, eight,” metaphors from criticism, but more than that ought to be taxed heavily.

It is a suggestive fact that the tendency to abound in metaphor and illustration becomes weaker as men grow older and wiser. Perhaps this may, in a measure, be ascribed to the decay of their imagination; but it also occurs at the same time as the ripening of their understanding. Some speakers may use fewer figures of necessity, because they do



not come to them as aforesaid, but this is not always the case. I know that men with great facility in imagery find it less needful to employ that faculty now than in their earlier days, for they have the ear of the people, and they are solemnly in earnest to fill that ear with instruction as condensed as they can make it. When you begin with a people who have not heard the gospel, and whose attention you have to win, you can hardly go too far in the use of figure and metaphor. Our Lord Jesus Christ used very much of it; indeed, "without a parable spake he not unto them," because they were not educated up to the point at which they could profitably hear pure didactic truth: but when the Holy Ghost had been given the parables became few, and the saints were plainly taught of God. When Paul was sent to speak or write to the churches in his epistles he employed very few parables, because he addressed those who were more advanced, and more willing to learn. As the Christian mind advanced, the style of teaching became less figurative, and more plainly doctrinal. This should teach us wisdom, and suggest that we are to be bound by no hard and fast rules, but should use more or less of any mode of teaching, according to our own condition and that of our people.

Out of this last point comes the further remark, that *illustrations are best when they are natural, and grow out of the subject*. They should be like those well-arranged windows which are evidently part of the plan of a structure, and not inserted as an afterthought, or for mere adornment. The cathedral of Milan inspires my mind with extreme admiration; it always appears to me as if it must have grown out of the earth like a colossal tree, or rather like a forest of marble. From its base to its loftiest pinnacle every detail is a natural outgrowth, a portion of a well-developed whole, essential to the main idea: indeed, part and parcel of it. Such should a sermon be; its exordium, divisions, arguments, appeals, and metaphors should all spring out of itself; nothing should be out of living relation to the rest. It should seem as if nothing could be added without being an excrescence, and nothing taken away without inflicting damage. There should be flowers in a sermon, but they should be the flowers of the soil; not dainty exotics, evidently imported with much care from a distant land, but the natural upspringing of a life natural to the holy ground on which the preacher stands. The figures of speech should be congruous with the matter of the discourse: a rose upon an oak would be out of place, and a lily springing from a poplar would be unnatural; everything should be of a piece, and have a natural relationship to the rest.

Elaboration into minute points is not commendable. God's altar of old was to be made of earth, or of unhewn stone, "for," said the word, "if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it." Exodus xx. 25. A laboured, artificial style, and especially a style full of ornament, upon which the graver's tool has left abundant marks, is more consistent with human pleadings in courts of law, or in the forum or in the senate, than with prophetic utterances delivered in the name of God and for the promotion of his glory. Our Lord's parables were as simple as tales for children, and as naturally beautiful as the lilies which sprang up in the valleys where he taught the people. He borrowed no legend from the Talmud, nor fairy tale from Persia, neither fetched he his emblems

from beyond the sea, but he dwelt among his own people, and talked of common things in homely style, as never man spake before, and yet as any observant man should speak. His parables were like himself and his surroundings; and were never strained, fantastic, pedantic, or artificial. Let us imitate him, for we shall never find a model more complete, or more suitable for the present age.

Opening our eyes, we shall discover abundant imagery all around. As it is written, "The word is nigh thee," so also is the analogy of that word near at hand:—

"All things around me whate'er they be  
That I meet as the chance may come,  
Have a voice and a speech in them all—  
Birds that hover, and bees that hum,  
The beast of the field or the stall;  
The trees, leaves, rushes, and grasses;  
The rivulet running away;  
The bird of the air as it passes;  
Or the mountains that motionless stay;  
And yet those immovable masses  
Keep changing, as dreams do, all day."\*

There will be little need to borrow from the recondite mysteries of human art, nor to go deep into the secrets of science, for in nature golden illustrations lie upon the surface, and the purest is that which is uppermost and most readily discerned. Of natural history in all its branches we may well say, "the gold of that land is good"; the illustrations furnished by every-day phenomena seen by the ploughman and the waggoner are the very best which earth can yield. An illustration is not like a prophet, for it has most honour in its own country; and those who have oftenest seen the object are those who are most gratified by the figure drawn from it.

It is scarcely necessary to add that *illustrations must never be low or mean*. They may not be high-flown, but they should always be in good taste. They may be homely, and yet chastely beautiful; but rough and coarse they never should be. A house is dishonoured by having dirty windows, with panes cobwebbed and begrimed, and here and there patched with brown paper, or stuffed up with rags: such windows are the insignia of a hovel rather than a house. About our illustrations there must never be even the slightest trace of taint; nor the suspicion of anything that would shock the most delicate modesty. We like not that window out of which Jezebel is looking. Like the bells upon the horses, our lightest expressions must be holiness unto the Lord. Of that which suggests the grovelling and the base we may say with the apostle, "Let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints." That which is vulgar and questionable our pure minds should earnestly avoid. We will gather our flowers always and only from Emmanuel's land, and Jesus himself shall be their savour and sweetness; so that when he lingers at the lattice to hear us speak of himself he may say, "Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under thy tongue." C. H. S.

\* Slightly altered from "Fables in Song." By Robert Lord Lytton. William Blackwood and Sons. 1874. 2 vols.

# The Work of the Pastors' College.

## PART IX.

PASTOR W. H. PRITER, OF MIDDLESBOROUGH.

**W**ILLIAM HENRY PRITER, whose premature death a short time ago caused so much sorrow to the church at Middlesborough, and to all who loved him at the Tabernacle, was born at Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, on the 3rd of December, 1850. In him the grace of God wrought a clear, consistent, unquestionable character. Practical to the highest degree and useful beyond measure, it may be long before the removal of such a man of sterling metal and true weight will awaken an adequate sense of our loss, but of this we may be sure, it will be long before we look upon the like of this valued young servant of the Lord. The Pastors' College has had few names among her heroes more excellent than that of WILLIAM HENRY PRITER, and, weeping over his grave, she yet rejoices over the work which he accomplished.

At two years of age young Priter removed with his parents to London, where his general good conduct in the Sunday-school was so approved that, until the close of his life, he retained and constantly used a large-sized Bible received from his teacher as a special mark of regard. The boy was under holy influences at home, and the Holy Ghost used them in creating and fostering a fine character. Converted in childhood, he himself undertook the teaching of a class as soon as he was fourteen,—those who serve the Lord early are always the most likely to serve him well. He was admitted into communion with the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by baptism, in November, 1866.

While a youth he was engaged in business, but he also undertook both week-day and Sunday evangelistic work in South London. He hired a room at King-street, Walworth, and afterwards at Peckham, where he preached to such as he could attract, while in the season open-air services were conducted. At Peckham he was obliged to make with his own hands the seats for the room; but he succeeded in gathering a congregation, and when he left them he received from the people a small but kindly intended testimonial. He carried on a similar work at Sydenham.

In September, 1867, he applied for admission to the Pastors' College; the usual schedule of enquiries was filled up, but, although the answers to the questions were entirely satisfactory, the applicant's suit was not at once entertained, on account of his extreme youth. In the same year, however, the young evangelist had occasion to speak with Mr. Spurgeon respecting some work then in progress, and he then produced so great an impression on the President's mind that the general rule was set aside at once, and William Henry Priter entered the Pastors' College.

While in college Mr. Priter continued his evangelistic labours. A church was founded at Barnes, to which he ministered during eighteen months, and numbers were converted by his earnest labours. He would at this time occasionally spend a great part of the night in prayer; or, for a similar purpose, would walk to the chapel an hour before the time for commencing service, and so secure a quiet space with God.

Who can be strong where prayer is forgotten? Who can fail when it is a delight? At Barnes he gathered about him many friends and helpers of the right sort, and the tie of attachment between them was very strong; but when a young student gathers a small church around him it is with the distinct foresight that there must be a time of separation, for when he finishes his years of college life the support of the college ceases, and he must look out for a church which can and will sustain him. The separation which ensued between Mr. Priter and Barnes was not without its sorrows and tears; and the people showed their affection by presenting him with a silver watch, an inkstand, and a copy of Dr. Kitto's "Biblical Encyclopædia."

In February, 1870, the Baptist church at Middlesborough applied to the Pastors' College for a student to be sent down to them, their pastor, Mr. Hands, being too unwell to continue active service. In his diary Mr. Priter thus refers to his introduction to the town and people:—

"Left London for Middlesborough in Yorkshire. Met some godly souls in the carriage. The former part of the day passed quickly, the latter was tedious and tiring. Arrived at 7:30 p.m., having started from King's-cross at 7:40 a.m. A gentleman who had been in the train drove me to my destination in his carriage. Enjoyed the presence of my Master very much in the evening after arrival. This assured me that I was in the path of duty." He then continues: "The Yorkshire folk are a jolly sort. Indeed, I cannot make head or tail of them. They are lively, intelligent, jocular, rough, spiritual, homely—deary me, I don't know how to describe them. Everybody has his own way of doing things, and of course that is the best way. Yesterday—Sunday—I rose unusually happy in spirits, and went to chapel. This is a very fine building, but at present only a school-chapel. It seats about four hundred people. There is a space of ground reserved for a very large chapel when it is needed. In the morning from fatigue, and the fact that there were scarcely fifty people in the congregation, I did not preach with my usual freedom. The evening service I thoroughly enjoyed. I do not in any way regret coming; indeed, I feel myself in the path of duty. I like the people exceedingly. Middlesboro' is a splendid field for Christian work."

On the second Monday after his arrival he wrote: "I had a wondrous day yesterday. My morning congregation was nearly three times that of the preceding Sabbath, although the weather was much against us. In the afternoon I visited the school, and gave an address. In the evening the chapel was full. After the prayer-meeting five young men came into the vestry that they might know the way of salvation. To God be all the praise."

Owing to the death of Mr. Hands on March 1st, Mr. Priter was asked to stay another month, and to this request he acceded. On the fourth Sunday after his arrival he says, "I preached at Stockton in the morning. In the evening I preached here. The chapel was crowded. Seats were brought from the vestries. These were soon filled, and even then some had to stand. There seems to be the dawn of a great revival. I trust my Lord will send his gracious showers." During the second month of Mr. Priter's labours at Middlesborough he was extremely successful; large throngs pressed to Park-street Chapel to attend the services, so that every Sunday many were unable to gain

admittance. The church, now being without a pastor, decided to invite Mr. Priter to settle amongst them. This was towards the end of March. So pressing was the invitation and the field so promising that in a letter written to his parents he says : " I fear it will have to be so. The conviction grows upon me. There is a mighty work to be done. Well, the Lord's will be done. When I gave up myself to him in the ministry it was to be his servant, to go wheresoever he should send and do whatever his righteous will should appoint." During the month he wrote : " Everybody wants me to tea this week. Indeed, if I accepted all my invitations, I should not want any more tea for the next twelve months. Last week I went over one of the great iron works, with which Middlesborough abounds." " On Tuesday I went to the sea-side. Although we have salt water here, we are not really on the sea-shore. Saltburn, a few miles from us, is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. It has a very bold, rocky coast line, which just now is very barren and desolate. There is a pier, in imitation of that at Brighton, and every convenience for sea-bathing. From the sea there stretches up the country a rich and beautiful valley, adown which a little streamlet comes, leaping, jumping from the craggy rocks, kissing the rich foliage, and then running away right merrily to lose itself in the mighty ocean. This dell presents a striking contrast to the surrounding barrenness. You stand one moment on a great sandstone rock, with the sea washing its base, and no voice to break the stillness, save that of the sea-gull, which has just alighted for a moment to rest its wearied wing, and you say, how desolate a scene ! You turn round that rock, and you have just the opposite. Here I saw the double snowdrop, the primrose, and others of nature's beauties ; here I heard the sweet music of a thousand little songsters whose voices chirp the praises of him who clothes the lilies and watches the sparrow fall."

Much to the joy of the church at Middlesborough, Mr. Priter finally accepted the pastorate on May 1st, 1870. From a letter written May 2nd we can discover the spirit in which he began his new pastorate : " A large assembly awaited me yesterday morning, a still larger in the evening. The chapel then was quite full. My first Sabbath, on the whole, was very encouraging. My one desire is, that I may here glorify the name of Jesus. Many are the difficulties I already see before me, and these I know are but a part of those that will appear, yet am I confident that God is with me, so I will neither doubt nor fear, but go forward at his command. I ask for a greater measure of strength and a deeper degree of spiritual life, for then do I know that I shall be successful."

On May 30th he wrote : " Do you know I often bless God for bringing me here, if for no other reason, yet for this, that he makes his presence known to me as he has never done before. I had yesterday a most glorious day. The chapel was intensely crowded. My six deacons had to sit on the platform. The aisles, platform, stairs, and gallery stairs were all thronged."

Because the chapel would not accommodate all who came to hear, a series of open-air services was arranged to take place in the summer of 1870. Even thus early the young pastor's devotion to his calling was affecting his health, and we begin to find ominous allusions in his

letters to sickness and weakness. This was the case on a Saturday evening in the middle of June, and speaking of the following Sabbath morning he says :—" I found my way to my pulpit, and as usual soon forgot my weakness, being lost in the greatness of my theme. The day was heavy and cloudy, a cold north-east wind was blowing, and occasional showers falling, so that there was but little ground for expecting an open-air service. At this, in consequence of my weak state, my people rejoiced. At this I was sad and cast down. The crowded chapel in the evening gave me a fresh impetus, so that I preached the word with joy. At the close of the service the weather had somewhat brightened, so off I went, followed by my indoor congregation, and my deacons close at hand. Judge of my joy, if you can, when I beheld an immense throng numbering considerably over one thousand souls, waiting to hear the ' Word of Life.' Oh! it was delight itself. I mounted the platform, forgot that a few hours before I lay groaning in pain, and for a whole hour and a quarter declared unto them salvation by Jesus' blood alone."

Frequently did he say to those with whom he was most intimate that the work of the ministry was no easy work; and had he not felt that preaching the Word was his duty he should not have chosen it. " Woe is me if I preach not the gospel " came to him in a manner irresistible. During the same month he writes :—

" My time is demanded in many, many ways by my people and my work. Each week brings its special care, which requires special attention. Nothing can be done in the ministry without constant application. God does not bless lazy Christians, much less lazy ministers. I was much struck with a verse in Jeremiah xxxii. whilst reading it to my people, where our covenant God speaks of planting Israel with ' His whole heart and his whole soul,' plainly showing us that the Great Eternal has given himself in all his infinite might to the work of reclaiming the lost. What a life was that of Jesus of Nazareth! How awful was the earnestness always manifested by him! How great the fervour that marked him in every act! Is not the Holy Spirit the Spirit of fire? Does not this powerfully show that if we would succeed we must not be idle, but must be in earnest?" And, again, July 18th, he writes :—" I have much need to concentrate every energy I possess upon the great work of my life, for nothing short of this will suffice, and even this will not of itself insure success, nothing but the manifestation of the power of the Spirit of God will give true and real success. At the same time we cannot expect to have this Pearl of price unknown without diligent search and earnest toil. This labour is not only our privilege, but it is likewise our duty, I was a few days since walking through a corn field, meditating upon the work of the ministry, when thinking of it as being the life of continued enterprise and ceaseless endeavour, struggling against many difficulties, and wrestling with numerous opposing forces—my poor heart sinking at the prospect—the thought occurred to me that this is nothing more than my position demanded of me. Whoever else may stay the battle and return, whoever else may settle upon his lees, whoever else may make the flowery bed his resting place, the minister of Christ must not. To seek the increase of our Lord's kingdom is the bounden duty of every servant of Jesus, and especially of those who lead the Lord's hosts. Aggression is the

spirit of Christianity. To endeavour to obtain an enlargement of the church of the Redeemer, to do all that lies in our power to spread his fame, is obligatory on every one of his followers, but especially upon those set apart for this work."

In his diary of the 3rd August we read: "I have to-day again failed in accomplishing my visiting. This part of my pastoral work gives me more anxiety than any other. I want to regard myself more in the light of a servant whose time is not his own, rather than as a master who can do as he pleases. Oh, how I long for more holiness, but sin still reigneth in me." August 4th.—"I have to-day been very dull and low in spirits. I scarcely can give a reason. I want to work more, and do what I do better, so that I may glorify my Jesus as I desire, though never shall I be able to glorify him as he deserves." August 5th.—"I have yet to struggle against slothfulness in holy service. It does seem that I am the very worst and least of all my Lord's servants, yet I do desire for his sake to be the best. It is not for want of a longing to be better that I am as I am. Oh that my Lord may grant my request, and make me a more holy, consecrated, devoted, and childlike minister!"

Though seeming to preach with great ease, his sermons really cost much labour: he worked hard for success, and he so far reaped the blessing which came as the reward of his efforts that, by the end of the first week of October, he thus refers to his perplexities: "I am dreadfully harassed just now. I have incessant labours, especially at the present time. For the last few Sabbaths Park-street Chapel has been so crowded that scores have gone away, unable to gain admission at all. Now, what am I to do? There is only one way open, and that is to take the Music Hall; but this seats two thousand people. I tremble at the thought. Well, something must be done; so I wait the guidance of my heavenly Lord."

No other room or hall being available, the evening services were held in the Oxford Music Hall, and proved to be very successful, for fifteen hundred or two thousand people gathered at every service. These services, however, were a great strain upon Mr. Priter's strength. The hall was, besides, extremely cold, and in other ways inconvenient, so that the meetings could not long be continued there. Writing on December 19th, he says: "I last evening preached to an immense crowd, which numbered but very few less than two thousand. I look forward to many conversions as the result, for I feel confident that God was with me, giving power to the word. It is very hard work preaching in the hall. The platform is rather low for the building, giving me but little command of my audience. Last evening I was quite overcome with fatigue; when I reached home I could scarcely move hand or foot."

Soon after his settlement, Mr. Priter commenced *The Christian Pioneer*, and published the paper every month until the close of his life. Speaking of the aims of this paper, he says: "The history of the Middlesborough *Pioneer* is quickly told. Somebody said to somebody, 'What an advantage it would be to the town could we devise some scheme by which the gospel of Jesus and the interest of the churches could be brought to the firesides of the people!' This was considered a most excellent suggestion, and

somebody else soon proposed a plan for the work and a name for the paper, which were both agreed upon, and the determination made that the *Pioneer* should, in a few weeks, be sent out upon its mission. Being a project emanating entirely from members of the Park-street Baptist Church, that church was requested to place the matter upon the list of its enterprises. According to the request, officers were appointed, and as the result No. 1 of *The Christian Pioneer* was produced. Our great aim is to bring the knowledge of the way of salvation to the homes of the people. Surrounded as we are by thousands who represent all nationalities, we are also surrounded by a dense mass of ignorance, which it is the duty of every Christian, and especially of every Christian church, to endeavour to remove. In this great campaign against the prince of darkness, we hope the *Pioneer* may take no unimportant part." Sixty thousand copies were circulated during the first twelve months.

Before Mr. Priter had been a year in the pastorate his people were beginning to look forward to the work of erecting a new chapel to seat over a thousand persons, at a cost of nearly £3,000. The music-hall services were relinquished in March, 1871; but in November of the same year a series of theatre services was held. The memorial stone of the new chapel was laid by Mr. Vaughan on March 18th, 1872. In March, 1874, the building was opened for public worship. Dr. Landels preached the sermon, and Mr. Priter made a characteristic speech, in which he said, "Four years ago it was my privilege to visit Middlesborough for the first time, and I have found the Middlesborough people a very nice set of people, and so I am here amongst them. I saw that there was energy in the church, and though the number of church members was small, and though there were not so many amongst them who stood as high in the social scale as some young aspirants to the pastoral office might wish, I saw there was working power, and so I commenced. We found that if we were to do much good we must have a larger building to which to invite those who came within our reach. I talked about the matter for a long time, and if I mistake not very frequently dreamed about it, and sometimes in my dreams I stood up to preach in a place that was not so grand as the reality, though it seemed to be. Gradually, however, the dream became real, and I began to buckle on the harness for real hard work. I was told that it would never be realised, but we started upon the work, and exactly two years since we laid the foundation stone."

When the chapel was opened signs of failing strength appeared in Mr. Priter. Friends supplied a great part of the funds necessary for an excursion to Rome with the party of Baptist tourists who went thither in March, 1875. He greatly enjoyed the change, and returned on the 20th of April, much refreshed; but still the fatigue he experienced after any exertion, however small, told that his health was not fully restored.

Soon after his return from Italy he was elected by the town of Middlesborough to represent the Nonconformists on the local School Board. The contest was a severe one, there was much feeling on both sides, and had Mr. Priter studied his health and comfort he would not have risked the battle. He fulfilled his new duties very conscientiously, but was not permitted to complete twelve months of philanthropic labour.



In August, 1877, he was taken suddenly ill whilst arranging for a holiday. For five or six days he lay still, nature meanwhile striving to overcome the disease which had made so great an inroad on his constitution; but all the skill that doctors could command was unsuccessful. The malady had taken too firm a grasp of its victim to allow of its being checked. Drs. Williams, Hedley, and McMay did their utmost, but it was apparent that the end was near. Many friends eagerly sought to know what could be done to prolong his life, heedless of trouble and regardless of expense; but the bravest love could accomplish nothing. At times the sufferer rallied, and thought and expressed his confidence that he would recover. "I have had many attacks," said he to those who attended him, "and this is the worst; but I shall get better."

On Thursday morning, August 16th, all hope of recovery was gone, and affecting was the scene when at about eight o'clock Mr. Priter called around his bed his father and mother, who happened to be on a visit to Middlesborough, his sister, and those friends with whom he had lived during his residence in the town, and to whom he had become much attached. Taking each one in turn by the hand he bade them "good-bye," addressing a word to each that they might all follow him to heaven, might be made blessings, and continue in the work of the Lord, for it was a glorious thing to work for God. Said he, "I had many plans laid for the future, I thought I should have lived for many years yet. My Lord knows that I have done my best to extend his kingdom. I know that he has not forgotten me, nor forsaken me. Twenty years have I served him, and he will not now cast me off. I should like to have stayed longer with you, but my Lord's will be done. Perhaps he has some work, some greater work, for me to do in heaven." When asked if he had a message to leave for the church, "Yes," replied he, "tell them to be faithful unto death." Turning his eyes upwards he said, "I see thee, my Lord, seated on thy throne even as did Stephen. Come, Lord Jesus, come." After straining himself to sing two verses of Toplady's well-known hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," he was exhausted, and gradually showed signs of sinking until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when he said to those who stood near, "I shall turn over and have a nice long sleep." He was assisted to turn over, and the long sleep he wished for proved to be that which knows no waking on earth, but continues until the trumpet calls the saints to take part in the first resurrection. This was on August 16th, 1877. Though under twenty-seven years of age he had baptized over five hundred persons. His life was active and holy; his end was peace. After his death local editors and private friends vied with each other in testifying to the pastor's great public worth as a preacher of the gospel and as a friend of the people. The President in London, whom he loved so well, in his heart's core bewailed the loss of a true comrade in the battle of the Lord. To him it is no small comfort that the work done at Middlesborough survives the severe test of its author's decease. It has also consoled him to have been able to pour out his sorrow with the elder Priter, a sturdy Nonconformist, who comes to cast in his lot with us, and in the work at the Tabernacle will be a living memorial to an honoured son.

## Last Weeks in the Far Country.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE blue waters of Port Jackson were flashing in the golden sunlight on the afternoon of July 4th, 1878, as the steamship *Wolonga*, bound from Melbourne, swiftly ploughed her way towards the capital of New South Wales. My expectations concerning Sydney harbour had been raised by the oft-repeated hope of friends that I might be fortunate enough to enter it by daylight, and great as my anticipations were, the beauty of the scene far surpassed my rosiest dreams. Once within the "Heads," which are about three miles apart, the long rolling swell of ocean gives place to the calmness of a lake, and an ever varying view of coves and promontories and islands presents itself to the eye, tired with an unbroken horizon on the one hand and a distant coast line on the other. The numerous islands add considerable charm to an already lovely prospect. Like dark gems set in a silver sea, they stand with rugged rocks and sombre foliage reflected in the clear waters, and everywhere there is the calm, placid loveliness of a Highland loch and the rugged grandeur of the Land o' Cakes. For half-an-hour or so our eyes are busy delighting themselves with bays and points, inlets and islets; till the busy bustle of the wharf sets all the passengers looking to their luggage and for their friends.

My stay in New South Wales lasted only about ten days, for I was anxious to spend a while in Brisbane before the summer heat grew too intense. On this account my Sydney friends persisted in calling this visit but a passing call, and hoped, as I did, for a protracted stay on my return from Queensland. Nevertheless, they did their utmost to make my sojourn pleasurable, and certainly did not try in vain.

My readers can easily imagine that, with so glorious a harbour close at hand, rowing, sailing, and fishing are the constant recreations of the pleasure-loving citizens. When the weather is fine, and it appears to be so nearly all the year round, excursions and picnics are the order of every day. During my first visit I enjoyed an aquatic "outing" on a Saturday afternoon, in company with Mr. Hibberd, formerly of the "Pastors' College," and a few of his friends. Starting from Woolloomooloo Bay, we pulled clear of a projecting headland, and then hoisted sail, but we had no sooner put the canvas up than the breeze went down. The flapping of the sail, however, did not at all prevent us from enjoying oranges and cakes, biscuits and bananas. This, indeed, was the only headway we made. Away behind us were the wharves and quays of Sydney, with chimneys and spires standing out from a background of city smoke, not thick and black, like the London article, but brown and hazy. Here and there were miniature forests of masts, and the curling smoke of coasting steamers and ferry boats rose from every bay and inlet. Taking to the oars again, we pulled for St. George's Head, and on arrival there discovered that the long swell of the Southern Ocean found its way in at the open door just opposite, and prevented our landing on the rocky shore. Having no desire to come into personal contact with the breakers ahead, we ported the helm and imported ourselves into a bay with a sandy beach

at the far end. Our way was now by a steep and stony path, amidst the rocks and brushwood till we reached an open space, occupied only by a few tents and the back wall of a building. One of our facetious friends pointed out the latter as a famous ruin of the days of the Stuarts; the explanation being that it was erected by a Mr. Stewart, and further, that either he never finished it, or else a storm finished it for him. One of the inhabitants of the tents, engaged in constructing new fortifications, volunteered to show us the torpedo works, and gladly we followed, being either too patriotic or else too unsuspecting to fear a blowing up. What ingenious contrivances for the destruction of our fellow men did we behold! what an outlay of precious treasure! and all to be able to give a Russian cruiser a warm welcome worthy of the hospitable shores of New South Wales. We went along a dark passage leading to a chamber with a protected peephole, commanding an uninterrupted view of the harbour's entrance. From this room, cut in the solid rock and covered with the solidest of concrete, wires, running down a narrow shaft, convey the electric spark to the water's edge, and thence it is conducted through large pipes far out into mid channel to do its dismal and destructive work. How much of mischief could be done from that small operating room! How many men and minds work just as secretly, yet quite as powerfully, for good or evil as God allows! It has been affirmed in a burst of patriotic and poetic enthusiasm that "Port Jackson, with its charms and extent of waters, would woo the white-winged fleets of nations to its ample bosom"; but oh, how like the image which clasped that it might kill,—here is the lurking power to destroy whole navies, and launch instead thereof distress and sadness into homes and hearts.

We next climbed from the level of the sea, till, on the crown of St. George's Head, we stood beside huge, murderous looking cannon, sunk in strong battlements, and pointing out to sea like pictures of destruction set in granite frames. Here were fortifications of no mean order; stoneworks and earthworks of the massive kind, and red-coated soldiery marching about the fort or quartered in barracks at the rear. What a wondrous view we had from that high ground, lit with the glorious light of the Australian sun, undimmed by haze or cloud! There was Sydney to the right, and hills beyond it. The placid waters of the port were shimmering at our feet, and beyond a narrow neck of land, the ocean stretched towards the southern pole. Just before us were vessels entering and leaving the Heads, and hoary ocean scattering his whitened locks about the rugged cliffs. On our left was the sandy beach of Manly, the resort of pleasure-seekers and fishermen, and further to our rear the Middle Harbour waters dancing in the sunshine, edged by another tongue of land, with the mild yet treacherous Pacific in view still further on. After leaving the fortifications we paid a visit to Oyster Cove, and pulled in the deepening twilight to the bay we started from.

I spent two Sabbaths only in Sydney, preaching to dense crowds in the Masonic Hall. As usual, at the close of each service, I received any quantity of welcomes and blessings from folks who either knew or loved my father—or both. Those who knew him loved him as a matter of course, but many an one loves him without any sort of personal

acquaintance. Several told me of salvation brought by printed sermons, and again my heart was made to sing aloud for joy. It would indeed puzzle me to say in which colony the heartiest folks reside. They vied with each other so successfully that I can give the palm to none, for each seemed best in turn. Right sorry was I to leave so soon, the place as well as the people had won my affections. The orangeries of Paramatta, with their golden apples, the Botanic Gardens of the metropolis, with their matchless beauties, the numberless bays of the harbour, all made me wish to linger.

In spite of these attractions, I went on the morning of Monday, July 15th, to secure a berth in the steamer sailing in the afternoon for Brisbane. Having made the necessary enquiries and arrangements, I signed my name on the passenger list; whereupon the clerk in attendance, looking hard at me, said, "You ought to wear a white tie." On enquiry as to why he made such an extraordinary and personal remark, I was informed that the Australian Steam Navigation Company was liberal enough to make a considerable reduction for parsons. I thereupon endeavoured to show my friend across the counter (for *his* benefit, of course) the fallacy of supposing that a white tie made a man a minister. He then informed me that he would have to style me Rev. on the list, and to this imposition I reluctantly consented, on the condition that it came, or rather that I went, cheaper. Another official at this juncture deposed to having come a long way the day before to hear me preach, and to having been crowded out. The scale dropped in my favour, but the effect was counteracted by the discovery made by another official, that "Spurgeon's son isn't Spurgeon," and the determined avowal that "he didn't see it." The important matter was finally carried to the manager, who very kindly pronounced in my favour, and from this day forth, and even for evermore, a man can be a minister in the eyes of the A. S. N. Co. even though he be minus a white choker. Wonders will never cease! It is not a little to the credit of the company that a liberal allowance is made to ministers and clergymen. Surely it would not hurt others to do likewise.

That afternoon I started for Queensland, and arrived at Brisbane about ten o'clock at night the following Wednesday. Even at that late hour hearty grasps welcomed me: Baptist grasps, with a deal of meaning in them. They seemed to say, as plain as pressure can speak, "We are very glad to see your father's son." I was then and there driven to "Burnside," the residence of the Hon. J. Swan, and soon got to know my new friend's home and its kind inmates. Six weeks passed very enjoyably in the most northerly of the colonial capitals. The weather was well nigh perfect, the winter being to my mind infinitely preferable to summer. I found it sharp and fresh in the early morning, but deliciously warm before midday. Writing home concerning "Burnside," I described it thus—"Remember, it is winter here, and then be surprised with me that lovely flowers are blooming in the garden, balmy breezes softening the heat, and glorious sunshine brightening the scene regularly as each day comes round." I am sitting gladly enough in a cool room, and my friends are chatting outside under a shady verandah. Carlo and Tiny, two pet dogs, are basking in the sun, and a sweet canary titters in its cage outside. Every now and then a cockatoo,

conceited as are all its race, informs us that it is pretty. The broad green leaves of the bananas are sadly spoiled by frost, but, as some compensation, peach blossoms, most delicately pink, perfume the air and charm the eye."

My six weeks' sojourn in Queensland was full of work and pleasure. Every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday some kind of service was attended. I tried to vary the meetings by setting one apart for children, and another for men only. Everywhere I rejoiced to note the willingness to come, and the eagerness to hear the gospel, it being no difficulty to muster an audience of one thousand people even on a week evening. One lovely Sabbath morning I preached on the sea-shore at Sandgate, twelve miles from Brisbane. The audience sat on the sloping cliff before me, about four hundred persons from the country round. Their attention was engaged at the outset by an appropriate text, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." On all hands I had abundant testimony that God was blessing his own word by quickening his people and awakening outsiders.

On the 30th of August I took advantage of a splendid opportunity of speaking to country folks who had come to town from all parts of Queensland to see the Annual Exhibition. As many as twelve thousand persons visited the show during a single day, and notwithstanding this and other attractions in the evening, the Town Hall was crammed with eager listeners right glad to hear of Jesus and his love. Next day I started for an "up country" trip, from which I was to be unexpectedly recalled. Preaching on my way at Ipswich and Toowoomba I arrived at Warwick, the terminus of the railway, on Monday, August 26th, and on the evening of that day received from London the following telegram, "Mother worse, return." God specially strengthened me to preach that night, and starting at 6.30 next morning I travelled one hundred and sixty miles to Brisbane, arriving just ten minutes late for the steamer I hoped to catch.

Through this disappointment I was enabled to hold another service in Brisbane, at which I said farewell to a crowd of friends. They also said farewell to me in a very loving way, presenting me with an illuminated address and a beautifully bound album of Brisbane views, subscribed for by the members of the Wharf Street Baptist Church. Of course nothing could entirely remove my grief at so sudden a departure, and for so sad a reason, but the kindness of friends and letters of sympathy were great sources of comfort, second only to the consolations of his Spirit who "doeth all things well." Staying only a day with my disappointed friends at Sydney, I arrived at Melbourne to find that a week must elapse before I could really start for home. I employed the time by preaching in the two principal Baptist churches in Melbourne, and my friends, as I found out the evening before I left, were busy procuring for me a very handsome silver epergne, which was presented to me after a tea-meeting held in Collins Street Baptist church (Mr. Chapman's) on the evening of September 12. Three scrolls at the foot of as many bright columns bore the initials T. S., and the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. Thomas Spurgeon by friends in the Collins Street and Albert Street Baptist Churches, Melbourne, who have long loved and honoured his father, and have now learned to love

himself and gladly acknowledge his efficient services during his stay in Victoria. September 12th, 1878." Numberless were the regrets expressed at my sudden departure, and the sympathy I received on every hand was of the sincerest kind. On Friday, Sept. 13, at noon I embarked on board the steamship *Lusitania*, and after a terribly rough passage, landed at Adelaide the following Monday morning. Friends there had been expecting me to arrive in time to preach on Sunday evening, and were consequently disappointed. However, I had the opportunity of speaking at a public meeting on Monday, and of preaching a final sermon on Tuesday. It was not till two o'clock on Thursday morning that we were finally under weigh. These delays had given me pleasing opportunities of revisiting my friends, but in spite of all their kindness I was anxious to be off, and right glad was I when forty-three days had gone, and a note at Plymouth told me that my dear mother had been spared. My heart was full of songs and gratitude. Will my kind readers join to praise the great Jehovah, who led a youthful pilgrim safely eighteen months, and gave him a joyous return?

To thank my friends in Australia who so successfully contributed to the pleasure of my tour is indeed a pleasurable duty. Most heartily do I bear testimony to the fact that colonial hospitality is unbounded. I was treated almost royally, and had ample opportunity of noticing that strangers meet with unvaried kindness, the fact that they hail from "home" being in many cases sufficient recommendation.

It is, therefore, a matter of great regret that so many accept the hospitality who really do not deserve it, and prove most ungrateful. Of the latter crime I am most certainly innocent, for the memory of their affectionate kindness will remain fresh and fragrant. Everybody was so good that I forbear to mention any names, most cordially thanking them one and all. In return for their kindly interest I feel that I can do no better than enlist your prayers on behalf of our fellow Christians at the antipodes, that the Lord of the harvest will send more labourers into so promising a field, and make his name glorious at the ends of the earth. "Advance Australia" is their motto. We will make it our prayer that, especially in spiritual gifts and graces, Australia may advance till the great island-continent, and the lovely isle beneath it, become flooded with gospel light and fruitful, to a great degree, with Christian service. From my well-loved home—the dearer for my absence—I send to the "far country" my grateful recognitions of its princely hospitality, and my hearty prayers for its truest prosperity.

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### Stick to your Text.

**A**N anecdote is told of a young clergyman who said to his tutor, "I am now to enter the ministry; and in the sphere I am going to I shall have to preach twice every Sunday; and I do not know how in the world I shall ever get variety in my sermons." "Oh," said his tutor, "I will give you a simple rule, which, if you will strictly adhere to, will produce the effect you desire. Always stick to your text."

## William Arnot.\*

AS we rise from the perusal of the life story of William Arnot, part of which is told by himself, in the picturesque style which made him famous as an author, and part by his daughter, we read, with added emphasis, the metaphor by which he justified his *Life of Dr. Hamilton*:—"We watch, with expectant interest, the swelling of a rosebud in spring; we luxuriate in the possession of the full-blown flower while it lasts, and we sigh in sadness when its glory departs. But, moved by a prophetic instinct, we gravely gather the shed leaves from the ground, and deposit them in a place of safety; and soon we make the glad discovery that in these leaves, even when withered, we retain for enjoyment the fragrance of the rose in the dull winter days that follow, when we can no longer look upon the living flower, fresh and dewy on its living stem."

Like many others who have left their mark upon their generation, William Arnot was unable to trace his descent to a remote ancestry. "My parents and ancestors, as far back as they are known to me," he writes, "had all a *good* name, but none of them had a *great* name;" and then he adds: "From all that I can learn of my mother, who died when I was born, I gather that she lived by faith, loved the Bible, walked with God." When a man is descended from a family which embodies such features as these he need not regret that his ancestors were unknown to fame. The Poet-Laureate has embalmed this sentiment in the following stanza:—

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent  
The gardener, Adam, and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent.  
How'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And Arnot's compatriot, Robert Burns, who belonged to the aristocracy of genius, adds his emphatic endorsement in a couplet as forcible as it is felicitous—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Few, we presume, who read the story of a good man's life, form a higher estimate of him from the fact that he had a distinguished grandmother, or that his progenitors derived a title at the caprice of royalty. Nor, with right-thinking people, will a plebeian descent detract from the fair fame of a man who, by the force of sanctified genius and untiring industry, lifts himself out of his native obscurity. It is only the slaves to the conventionalities of society who prefer the accidents of birth to the premium of merit.

Within the church of God a patent of nobility is granted to every member of the divine brotherhood, and, while recognizing the distinctions of earthly rank, no preference should be conceded to the

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\* The *Life of the Rev. William Arnot*. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners-street.

adventitious circumstances of birth or wealth. The law of the kingdom proclaimed by the Saviour himself has never been revoked, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren," and the standard of the last assize which has been foreshadowed will never be relaxed, "Every man must bear his own burden."

Following the course of the autobiography, we learn that William Arnot passed through the ordinary stages of boy life without giving any very great promise of future distinction. He played truant, learnt to swim, fought several pitched battles, read Don Quixote and the Arabian Nights, got into scrapes, and formed the determination to go to sea. As this may be said to be the uniform experience of boys, we should like to know what value our modern philosophers attach to it in view of the theory of development.

For several years he was put to mind sheep during the summer and attended school in the winter months, where he was fortunate in his teachers, and acquired a good knowledge of arithmetic and Bible history. His earliest religious impressions were deepened by his associations, and he began to develop a strictly moral if not a religious character. Rowland Hill's story of the pigs impressed him greatly, although he appears never to have known who was the author. The Pilgrim's Progress and Watts' Hymns for children were also powerful agents in maturing his spiritual life. With the children of that generation the paucity of books available for reading was rather a blessing than otherwise. Books were read then: they are skimmed now.

At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the gardener of Lord Ruthven, in spite of his father's wish to make him a lawyer. A contempt for money-making, which he cherished to the last, and a desire to enjoy the advantages of a home residence, overcame the ordinary considerations in choosing a profession. His love for knowledge now began to assert itself. "During the hours of labour," he writes, "I continued to learn something. Digging became a favourable occasion for learning a conjugation or a rule of syntax."

At the age of nineteen the loss of his brother, after a lingering illness, led him not only to make a final resolve for Christ, but to give himself to the Christian ministry. With his savings, from the scanty wage of nine shillings per week, he went to Perth to study preparatory to entering college; and a year later he was offered board and residence with his uncle during the first session at the Glasgow University. His appearance as he entered the city is thus described: "I wore a good blue cloth long coat, with bright brass buttons, and a cloth cap of large dimensions, constructed by the needle and scissors of my sister Margaret, out of the material of the present coat's predecessor." Indifference to mere appearance on entering a university argues a good deal of moral heroism, and the example may encourage some worthy young man to wear the clothes he has paid for, though the style be antiquated and the material shabby, rather than burden himself with debt to ape his superiors.

In order to maintain himself at the university, he not only had to practise the most rigid economy but to augment his resources by private tuition. The manly independence which this suggests was a prominent feature in his character throughout life. He would not tax his father



to provide even the necessaries of life so long as his own industry could draw from his leisure hours the supplies of which he stood in need. Such was his disposition that, had his father been a millionaire, he would have elected to pursue the same independent course. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

Having been "licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Glasgow," he was appointed assistant to one of the Bonars, and was proud to find that the post had been occupied before by Mr., now Dr., Hanna, and the saintly McCheyne. His call to St. Peter's, Glasgow, followed in about a year, and here he soon gained considerable popularity. His conscientious attachment to his people led him to refuse several very urgent requests to remove to other spheres. His friend, Dr. James Hamilton, anxiously sought his fellowship in the ministry at Regent Square, and his assistance in conducting a Presbyterian College. In urging the matter upon his attention Dr. Hamilton writes: "It is a vitalized Presbyterianism—sound doctrine in warm English hearts and from fluent English lips, guided by Scottish sense and systematically propagated by Presbyterian organization, which promises, in the hand of the quickening Spirit, to retrieve the interests of evangelical piety in England." The impulse which Presbyterianism received by the advocacy of such a view of its importance, has placed it in the forefront of the evangelical free churches of the present day. William Arnot's refusal to accept the call was the result of the prayerful consideration of the question, "Having one life, and supposing it given to his Lord, how shall it be best laid out for him?"

The record of his labours both at Glasgow and Edinburgh, to which city he ultimately accepted a call, proves how intense was his consecration to his life work. His pulpit labours, though a severe tax upon his time and energies, represent only a portion of the duties he felt called to discharge. Consequently we find him maintaining a foremost place among popular lecturers, and commanding at the same time an immense sphere of usefulness by his vigorous pen. The announcement of his name as a lecturer to young men at Exeter Hall was sufficient to attract an overflowing audience. His forceful language, with its broad Scotch accent, compelled attention, and the wealth of his imagery charmed his hearers to admiration. He was not one of those platform orators whose lessons play hide and seek in the labyrinth of their diction. Having something to say, he knew also how to select the fittest words to give it expression. As a temperance advocate he was a perfect enthusiast, and never lost an opportunity of pressing home the claims of total abstinence. "In regard to the ravages of intemperance," he writes, "we have need—the Lord has need—of many strong Christian testimonies; and, alas! the majority of Christians in this country, eminent for attainments, stand aloof in jealous silence." Though a pronounced abstainer and an uncompromising advocate of his principles, Mr. Arnot held that abstainers had no monopoly in protesting against the vice of drunkenness. He writes, "I do not want it to be assumed that none but abstainers can do this. Other ministers ought to be asked to preach sermons specially against the temptations and approaches to this terrible vice. I believe a great step would be gained if those who are zealous in our societies would approach ministers not

identified with the movement, and get them to throw themselves into it, as far as they see their way. It is a weakness when the people are left to think that only persons of extreme views meddle with the subject." He held, with us, that in the presence of such a gigantic evil every legitimate auxiliary should be welcomed, and not a single voice should be silenced by the clamour of bigots or the ostracism of an intolerant clique—that the followers of Christ should make common cause against every vice, and not relegate to societies outside the church a solemn obligation which their discipleship involves.

As an author, Mr. Arnot achieved a measure of success which extended at once his fame and his usefulness. His books possess those elements which guarantee their permanence at least during the next few generations. "The Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life," "Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth," and "The Parables of our Lord," are the largest works which bear his name, and it is difficult to say which of the three is most worthy of his genius. Each volume abounds with evangelical doctrine and Christian precept, illustrated and enforced by analogies and similitudes which betray a poetic mind of no mean order, and a large acquaintance with natural phenomena and the results of scientific research.

A captious critic having found fault with the treatment of the Proverbs from a Christian, and not a Hebrew, standpoint, Arnot sent the following "epistle of condolence" to his publisher, and as the lesson is still needed in some quarters we do not hesitate to quote it:—"Ah, degenerate Mr. Arnot, why wast thou not a Hebrew, beard and all? Think of the enormity: to look on a book of Scripture from the view-point of a Christian. Please, sir critic, is not the Christian view-point a real view-point? And is not the view thence a view to the *point* in these days? And if Hebrew views be good, may not Christian views be tolerated also? I mount the Christian hill and sketch the outspread landscape. Let another limner mount the Hebrew hill, and transfer to his canvas another aspect of the many-sided scene. I show you a picture of Edinburgh from Mons Meg on the Castle! You say, 'Oh, it appears quite a different thing when seen from Arthur's Seat.' Does it, indeed? And does that throw any discredit on my picture?" Had the critic measured the strength of his opponent before provoking a contest, wisdom would have suggested silence. It is deplorable that the spirit still lingers in the church which found expression in the confession, "Master, we forbid him, because he followeth not with us," and which provoked the well-merited rebuke, "He that is not against us is for us." Arnot was not content to be silenced with the irrational logic of self-satisfied arrogance which accepts the syllogism of an unreasoning bigotry—"I believe so-and-so; you differ, therefore you are wrong." The Bible is too cosmopolitan to demand the surrender of nationality for its adequate expression.

In his exposition of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus a simple illustration removes a difficulty with which it is beset. "By a system of coloured lights we contrive to warn the conductors of engines on our railways of danger to be avoided on the one hand, and to intimate the line of safety on the other. The things regarding which the engineers get instructions are not within their view. A red or a white light is

not like the things in the distance that are to be dreaded or desired; but a red or a white light displayed serves the purpose when the things themselves cannot be made known. . . . This parabolic picture, constructed as from a view-point within the present world, is the exhibition best fitted to make the divine conditions of the good and the evil beyond the grave effectual to warn and instruct living men in the body." Having regard to the present unsettled state of thought as to the destiny of the wicked, we cannot forbear quoting two or three of the lessons which Mr. Arnot derives from the parable. "The request for a drop of water contributes to bring out the intensity of the suffering; the answer of Abraham shows that, beyond the boundary of this life, there is no hope of relief. . . . No Saviour goes to that world to win back the lost, who have permitted the day of grace to run out.

"The conception, although conveyed by the lips of the rich man after he had gone to his own place, that a miracle would, if it were exhibited, bring alienated hearts submissively back to God, springs native here in time. It is the deceit with which many sing themselves to sleep, they would believe if one rose from the dead. There are two answers to it: one is, it would not be effectual although it were granted; and the other is, even though it were fitted to accomplish the object it will not be given." The closing sentences with which the lessons of the parable are urged are so pertinent to the objects of this magazine that we offer no apology for transcribing them. "We find the counterpart of this picture, not only in individuals, but in the associated churches: and if Christians, both in their private and corporate capacities, are rich both in temporal and spiritual privileges, they need not go far to seek for the Lazarus who is laid at their gate. Lazarus lies in the streets and lanes of our opulent cities; and, oh, he is full of sores! For his sake, for Christ's sake, for our own sake, we must go out and show him kindness. Dives lost his opportunity, lost it for ever; we must 'haste to the rescue' lest we lose ours too. If we love the Lord our love will stir and burst out and overflow in life. The life that will exercise itself in Christlike charity must begin now; and if a new life in the Lord begin, it will reveal itself in love's labour. If we are bought with a price and quickened by the Spirit, the beggar at our gate will soon discover the change. He will not be left longer to the mere promptings of natural instinct among his neighbours for the soothing of his sorrows; the warm, skilful hand of intelligent and affectionate brotherhood will raise him up and minister to his wants. As a diseased, miserable, neglected Lazarus world felt the coming of Christ, the poor and destitute of the world's inhabitants will know when a loving, hopeful Christian comes within reach. Who touched me? might the huge world have said, if it had possessed intelligence, when God became man and dwelt among us. Who touched me? will the outcasts on the earth begin to cry as they awake to consciousness when a revived church has visited them in their prison, and brought to them the bread of life."

For some time Mr. Arnot conducted "The Family Treasury," one of the very best of the monthlies, and was a frequent contributor to that and other magazines. The "Anchor of the Soul, and other Sermons," is a memorial volume issued by his friends since his decease,

and contains some of his freshest and ripest thoughts. His lives of James Hamilton and James Halley rank with the choicest specimens of biography. Both being endeared to him by the hallowed associations of early manhood, and those spiritual affinities which cement the holiest friendships, we do not wonder that he embalmed their memory in books, which are at once a tribute of affection and an offering of sanctified genius. All three friends, who commenced life together at Glasgow College, and were separated by a providence which assigned them different spheres of service, went home to their reward when their work was done, and they now blend their voices in swelling the song of the glorified: "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

## Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association.

IN our "Notes" for October we promised to give our readers a fuller notice of the society bearing the above title. This article is the fulfilment of our promise. As we mentioned at the time, we hardly know of any organization that is doing so much real work for the Master at so small an expense; and we feel persuaded that, if its operations were more widely known, its funds would be largely increased, and as the natural result its beneficent influence would be more powerfully felt than it has been up to the present time. In passing, we may just point out that the Evangelists' Association is quite distinct from the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists, which supports Messrs. Smith and Clarke and Burnham. These brethren are doing a grand work, as our pages are continually testifying, and their success is the best possible proof of the need of such workers; but the association with which we are specially concerned just now has an equally important though different sphere of labour, and we think we shall be able to show that it also has received manifest marks of divine approval.

The various sections of the church of Christ are gradually coming back to the apostolic belief that the Lord has qualified certain men to do the work of evangelists, some in preparation for the office of pastor and teacher, others for evangelistic efforts only. A conviction of this truth led us, some fifteen years ago, to form an association in connection with our own church for the purpose of banding together those who seemed to be fitted for such service as this. We were thus enabled to direct the society's operations from a common centre, and so to have our Uhlands or skirmishers under proper discipline; and at the same time the brethren could feel that they were not going a warfare at their own charges, but at their back was an army on which they could rely in case of either success or failure. If they were able to storm the forts of the enemy, they were sure to receive sufficient reinforcements to enable them to continue to hold them; or if on the other hand they had to return with tidings of defeat, they were just as certain that their comrades in arms would console them with the assurance of future victories

in other directions. Organization has not only been of use to the evangelists and the church with which they have been connected, but it has given some guarantee to the people to whom the men have been sent that they are at least in some measure fit for the posts they are called to occupy. This in itself is no small matter, for amongst those who at different times have undertaken the by no means easy task of evangelizing, there have been individuals who have done incalculable injury to the cause of Christ by the proclamation of a gospel which they had never themselves received, or by such a parody of the truth as brought it into ridicule and reproach.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association has limited its labours, if it is correct to apply the term limited to so vast a sphere, to the metropolis, for the double reason that other agencies are trying to meet the wants of the regions beyond the boundaries of our great city, and nearly all its members, being engaged in business, can only employ their evenings and their Sabbaths for the association, and consequently cannot travel far. We have been happy in securing the services of most estimable men from time to time as secretaries, but over and over again we have found that just as they have appeared to be thoroughly accustomed to the duties of their office, the needs of some particular portion of London have claimed their whole time and attention, and we have lost them. Our esteemed brother, Mr. G. E. Elvin, one of the elders of the church, has been for some years the secretary, and we are glad to be assured by him that if his life is spared he hopes to be at the helm for a long while to come, as he has no intention of following those of his predecessors who have entered the College, or become pastors of churches. We are glad of it, for a more suitable man for the secretariat we could not possibly find; he is beloved by the young men, who delight to recognise him as their captain, and he is deservedly held in high esteem for his work's sake by all who have had anything to do with him in connection with the association. The same remark applies to "Dr." Goldston, the chaplain and tutor of the association, another of our elders. Many who now sparkle like diamonds owe much of their brilliancy to the polishing they have received from our dear friend, to whom we are heartily grateful, remembering his untiring performance of that oft-needed operation. At the present time the association numbers seventy members, who are all more or less employed like the disciples whom the Lord appointed and sent forth "two and two before his face into every city and place whither he himself would come." Looking down upon London with its four millions of people, hundreds of thousands of whom still belong to the "No Church" party, the Master may well say to these seventy evangelists as he did to those before him, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth labourers into his harvest." Meanwhile let us see what the present labourers have done.

The report and balance sheet presented at the annual meeting in September will compare very favourably with those of many far more pretentious organizations. During the past year 297 Sunday services have been held in halls under the control of the Association, 216 in other mission halls, 30 evangelistic services have been held in various

chapels, supplies have been sent to 82 other chapels, and 12 addresses have been delivered in Sunday-schools, and 55 in the open air, making a total of 692 Sunday services since the previous annual meeting. In addition 358 week-night services have been conducted in chapels, halls, etc., and 34 open-air meetings have been held on the Tabernacle steps on Monday and Wednesday evenings. Thus, no less than 1,084 services have been held under the auspices of the Association during the past twelve months, or an average of three services every day throughout the year. As it has frequently happened that two speakers or singers have been at one meeting, the total number of addresses delivered is in excess of the figures just mentioned. Altogether 1,651 sermons or speeches have been given by the seventy brethren who compose the Association, the numbers varying from one or two by those who have only recently been enlisted by Captain Elvin to 105 by Mr. Chamberlain, and 104 by Mr. Fullerton, who, from the prominent position they have been called to fill, may be termed the trumpeter and the ensign of the regiment.

The total cost of the Society's operations for the year has been £147 7s. 5d., of which the rent of halls, attendance, gas, firing, and travelling expenses have taken £74 13s. 2d.; printing, postage, posting bills, and stationery £48 0s. 10d.; fixtures, show boards, curtain, Bible, hymn books, etc., £13 13s. 5d.; and printing tracts £11. To meet this expenditure, collections at some of the halls have realized £20 13s. 5d.; part collection at the Tabernacle, £11 7s.; contributions from churches visited and various friends, £15 18s. 6d.; sale of tracts and hymn books and profits on oratorios, £12 8s. 9½d.; and the pastor has had the privilege of finding the other £87. This he has been very pleased to do, and the task is all the easier when friends in sending in amounts occasionally leave a sum to be spent at his discretion. The pastor's budget will have to reckon £100 for this society in the year 1879, and therefore he will be glad to be aided in the matter. Those who are willing to subscribe towards this movement may feel assured that every penny they contribute will be applied directly in the evangelization of the inhabitants of London. Nothing is paid for officers' or agents' salaries, all services are rendered gratuitously, and some of the members, so far from receiving anything, even pay their own travelling expenses. Of course, if larger sums are entrusted to Mr. Elvin he will be able to open new stations, as well as to supply additional assistance to some that are in need of a friendly lift; and we have no doubt that he will judiciously expend all moneys that friends may send us for him. He informs us that £20 will cover the cost of opening a new hall, and keeping it going for the first year. *He* will be very happy to find the men; who will find the means?

In addition to the services that are held in the halls under the control of the Association, it will have been noticed from our quotation from the report that evangelistic efforts have been put forth in other halls, schools, chapels, etc. Mr. Elvin issues a quarterly circular to the London ministers offering the help of the evangelists, *free of expense*, either to participate in the evangelizing work conducted by the churches, or to arrange for special services in their places of worship, school-

rooms, or mission halls. The extent to which this offer is accepted may be judged from the list printed in the circular for October, in which we are told that during the present year the following places have been visited:—Church Street, Edgware Road, Baptist Chapel; Borough Road Baptist Chapel; St. John's Wood Congregational Church; Old Ford Baptist Chapel; Britannia Row Congregational Church; Plimsoll Street Presbyterian Church; South Street, Greenwich, Baptist Chapel; Park Crescent, Clapham, Congregational Church; Millwall Presbyterian Church; Mr. Orsman's Mission Church, St. Luke's; Abbey Road Baptist Chapel (Rev. W. Stott's); Stratford Baptist Chapel; Old Gravel Lane Independent Church; Shacklewell Lane Baptist Chapel; Victoria Park Congregational Church (Rev. R. H. Lovell's); Hampden Baptist Chapel, Hackney; Kentish Town Presbyterian Church; Whitefield Presbyterian Church, Long Acre; Mile End New Town Congregational Church (Rev. W. Tyler's); Lower Sloane Street Baptist Chapel.

The following letters, which, with many others, have all been received by Mr. Elvin during the present year, will show how the labours of the evangelists are appreciated in the various places where they have held special services, or supplied the pulpit for absent pastors. \*

The Rev. W. H. Edmonds, pastor of the East India Road Presbyterian Church, wrote on January 22:—"Now that our special services have come to a close, permit me, in the name of the office-bearers and members of the East India Road Presbyterian Church, and also in my own name, to thank you, and through you the beloved young brethren, for the invaluable and gratuitous aid rendered to us last week. I think I may safely say, so far as results are concerned, the services have been a success. Church life has been greatly quickened, a few formalists have been aroused by the Holy Spirit to a sense of their guilt and danger, and God's people have been stirred up to work more zealously for the Saviour who loved them and saved them from sin and hell. The addresses were all good, and some of them of a high order in point of power. My own soul was greatly refreshed by the whole week's work. Mr. Fullerton's sermon, preached to a large congregation, we shall never forget. We have thought it might promote God's glory and the good of souls if, for some weeks to come, we had two short gospel addresses. Could you spare one of your young men each week?"

The same gentleman wrote again on August 30:—"We are greatly obliged and highly favoured by your continued kindness in sending such excellent Christian men from week to week."

Rev. T. Ray, D.D., pastor of the Park Crescent Congregational Church, Clapham, wrote on January 28:—"I know not how to express my gratitude to you for your great kindness to me and the people at Park Crescent Church in sending to us the help you did during the past week. The services were most highly appreciated, and though there were not so many attending them as we could have wished, yet I believe there was a marked increase in the hearers on Lord's-day. I heard the young brethren myself, and I was delighted with them. Their simplicity, earnestness, and devotion prove them to be well fitted for the work they are engaged in. I must beg you to ask of them to favour me and the people on a Monday evening at the prayer-meeting

—perhaps one in rotation—as they infuse warmth and energy which seem almost to produce a quickening effect.”

Dr. Ray also sent another letter on September 28:—“I have just read in *The Sword and the Trowel* for the coming month that the annual meeting of the Evangelists' Association was held at the Tabernacle on the 20th inst., and I am sorry that I had not the opportunity of bearing my humble testimony to the efficiency and excellence of the work of the devoted young men who go forth proclaiming the gospel. I have listened to them with increasing pleasure when they have presided at our prayer-meetings at Park Crescent, Clapham. Instead of two or three who were to be seen assembled we have the schoolroom sometimes well attended, and the addresses from the young evangelists are looked for with increasing interest. Personally I feel indebted to the association, but, having had such difficulties to contend with since I accepted the pastorate of the place, I am unable to do more than express my warmest thanks to you and your colleagues, or I would send you something more substantial than acknowledgments. I feel that your evangelists have been my fellow-helpers for the truth, and I cheerfully believe that great good will be the result of their self-denying labours.\*

Mr. W. J. Orsman, superintendent of the Golden Lane Mission, wrote on February 20:—“I ought to have written before to tell you how delighted we were with the brethren who came to address us last month. Several of the hearers went to the enquiry-room, and a few of them found peace that night. We are glad to hear that Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain are coming again.”

The Rev. Matthew Smith, pastor of Britannia Row Congregational Church, Islington, wrote to Mr. Chamberlain, one of the evangelists, on February 28, as follows:—“We find it hard work to keep on labouring from week to week where sin abounds as it does with us. Still, thanks be to God, we have our joys. The Lord is blessing us, and we have had a large blessing following your labours among us. Last night we admitted into the church fifteen persons, many of whom will rejoice with you throughout eternity that you came and did a week's work for Jesus in Britannia Row. Come and win some more jewels for your Lord's crown.”

The Rev. T. E. Rawlings, pastor of the Baptist church, Shackwell Lane, wrote on April 8:—“I feel I must thank you very heartily for sending us such excellent brethren last week. The services were fairly successful in point of numbers, and I trust good will result.”

The Rev. Julius Benn, pastor of the Independent Church, Old Gravel Lane, wrote on April 9:—“I desire personally, and on behalf of the church assembling in Old Gravel Lane, to offer the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association our most grateful thanks for the kindly service rendered during the first week in April. It will be to us, as a church and people, a season long to be remembered, and specially so to some who, we trust, have been led to give their hearts to the Saviour. This will, I am sure, be to you a rich reward for the effort put forth in his name. I believe the spiritual life of the church has been quickened. We have most assuredly been cheered and encouraged in our work. The zeal and the



earnestness of the brethren who have been in our midst is certainly infectious, like that which characterized the brethren Moody and Sankey. We cannot do more than thank you out of full and grateful hearts, and trust that at some not very remote date you may again show us the same kindness and sympathy. Our dear brother Chamberlain's mission of sacred song was most heartily appreciated, and together with his earnest loving words, has been a power for good in our midst."

The Rev. W. Tyler, pastor of Trinity Congregational Church, Mile End New Town, wrote on May 11:—

"In answer to your circular, offering the services of young men belonging to your Evangelists' Association, the deacons and myself cordially arranged that from Monday until Friday of this week the church should be opened in order that their ministry might be exercised for the benefit of the people who might be induced to listen to their presentation of the gospel. I attended three of the services. It is but simple justice to record that the matter and the manner of the evangelists were such as to command my admiration. . . . Allow me the pleasure of contributing a couple of guineas to the funds of your association. I shall be pleased to know that the Congregational Churches of the metropolis secure the services of your brethren for evangelistic work among the masses of our estranged population."

The Rev. T. J. Dixon, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Millwall, wrote on Aug. 31:—"I thank you very much for the excellent supplies you sent to Millwall on the first three Sabbath evenings of the present month. I have seen several of my people since returning from Southend, and they, one and all, bear testimony to the faithfulness and power of our brethren's preaching."

The Rev. G. W. McCree, pastor of the Baptist Church, Borough Road, Southwark, wrote on Oct. 2:—"The services of your friends are so acceptable that I shall feel obliged if they will preach for me on Sunday, the 13th inst., at 11 and 6:30."

The Rev. J. S. Morris, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Leyton, wrote on October 21—"I do not know if you expect a report of the labours of our dear brethren, Fullerton and Chamberlain. I feel constrained to write and thank you for sending them, and to say a word of the blessing God gave to their message. We had a good congregation on Monday, and it went on increasing each night; but what is best of all, many were brought to Jesus, many were saved—men, women, and children. Each night God was present to heal. Our dear brethren went right into the work. We went together with a band of singers to the back streets to 'call the poor, the lost, the wretched,' and, thank God, many came. Friday night will never be forgotten here. The classrooms were full of seeking souls. There was work for every one who had a heart and tongue for Jesus, to speak to the anxious. That night many passed into the kingdom. The prayers of a few devoted ones, who had prayed night and day, received a blessed answer. May I ask for the brethren to come here again soon? They can tell you a little how much the place needs such a work."

In addition to the above letters Mr. Elvin mentions two instances in which he was invited to church tea meetings, to meet those who professed to have been converted during the services conducted by members

of the Association. One of these was our good Brother G. J. Knight's, at Chelsea, where there were thirty converts; and the other is thus described by Mr. Elvin in his circular:—"At Abbey Road Baptist Chapel, St. John's Wood, we were privileged to hold a week's special services, with such good results that, at the close, the pastor (Rev. W. Stott) requested us to continue them for another week. The interest was maintained until the end of the fortnight; and so great was the blessing, that, a week or two afterwards, the pastor called a special church meeting, when sixty persons attended, who professed to have found Christ during the services. After tea, the pastor and the secretary of this association, with Messrs. Fullerton and Chamberlain (two of the evangelists who had principally conducted the services) affectionately addressed the young converts, who were placed on probation for church membership; and at the close of a joyful meeting the Lord's Supper was administered to the members of the church."

Mr. Elvin also informs us that Mr. Stott's friends presented books to each of the two evangelists, and two guineas to the funds of the association, and Mr. Knight's church voted £2 to the same object. Gratitude that is thus practically expressed must be real.

To conclude,—of all that we have said this is the sum. Congregations have been increased, prayer-meetings revived, ministers of various denominations have been helped and encouraged, many churches have been quickened, souls have been saved, and the converts have been gathered into Christian churches instead of being permitted to roam wherever they wished. The old-fashioned gospel has been preached or spoken 1651 times during the past year alone, and so London has been more fully evangelized than before; and last, but not least, young men have been trained for the Christian ministry. Several of the evangelists have entered the Pastors' College, others are on the way, and some have become pastors without entering the college. All these results, and others which cannot be chronicled, have been secured at an expenditure of less than £150 a year. Surely we have said enough to commend the Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelists' Association to the sympathies of our readers, and only need to mention that the secretary, Mr. G. E. Elvin, resides at 30, Surrey-square, Walworth, where contributions for the work will be most thankfully received.

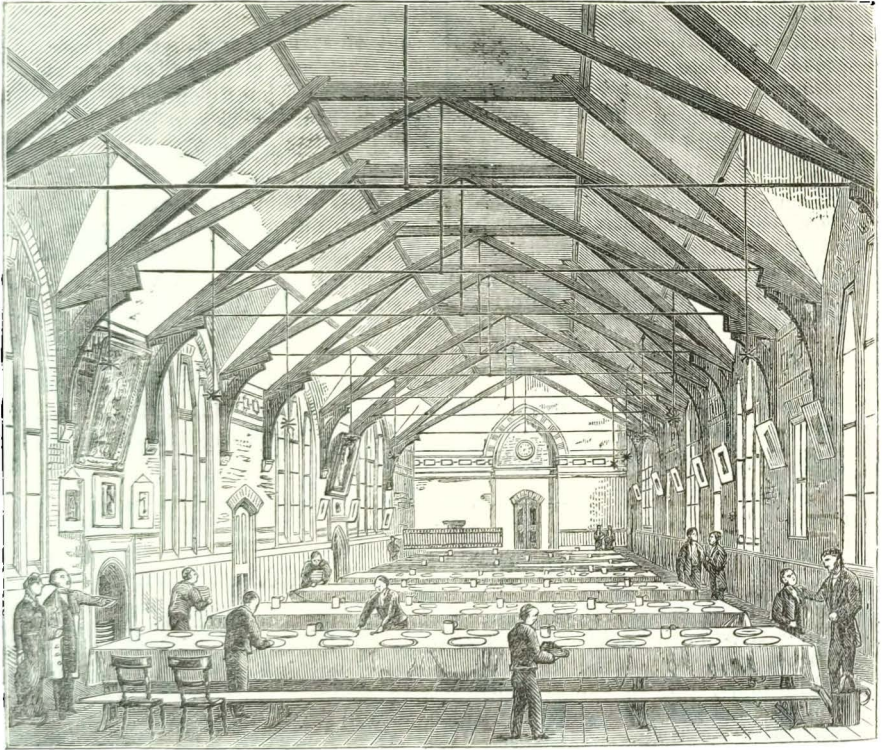
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## Faith and Knowledge.

WE must mark the difference between minds wishing to "add to their faith knowledge," and minds wishing to drag all faith to the bar of knowledge—the difference between wishing to found faith on philosophy, and to deepen faith by philosophy. We *must* analyze our faith as far as we can. No rational man will resist that. And we must systematize all our knowledge. We must keep our faith orderly by rational methods, while we give unto faith the things that are faith's. Philosophy was born a pagan, but she may become Christian, and should be surnamed "Mary." She may be proud to sit at Jesus' feet. (Luke x. 39).—*Dr. J. Duncan.*

## What manner of Persons ought we to be?

**A**LAS! professors are made all of shows and fashions. Every one hath his set measure of faith and holiness, and contenteth himself with a stinted measure of godliness, as if that were enough to bring him to heaven. We forget that as our gifts and light grow so God's gain and the interest of his talents should grow also. Oh, what difficulty there is in our Christian journey! Woe, woe be to them that put on Christ's name, and shame his love with a loose and profane life; their feet, tongues, and hands give a shameless lie to the holy gospel which they profess. I beseech you let not his fairness be spotted and stained by godless living. Oh! who can find in their heart to sin against love; and such a love as the glorified in heaven shall delight to drink of for ever!—*Rutherford's Letters.*



(From John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack.)

### STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE DINING HALL.

The place where the Christmas Festival is held, to which the boys are looking forward with delight.

## Notices of Books.

*T. J. Burton's Favourite Packet of Christmas and New Year's Cards.* 12 varieties for 1s. 74, Eastgate, Louth.

A SINGULAR selection and a charming collection of cards for Christmas and the New Year, which must suit every taste we should think, for every one is different, and every one is good. For a remarkable variety we have not met with such a collection.

*The Preacher's Storehouse: a Collection of Pithy Sayings and Choice Passages on Religious and Moral Subjects.* By the Rev. J. EDWARD VAUX, M.A. London: G. J. Palmer, 32, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE plan of this storehouse is good, but we do not think that the compiler has selected the stores so well as he might have done. They are rather a mixed medley, and there is not enough of the gracious element in them to please us. Still, for a High Churchman, the selection of extracts is wonderfully Catholic, and the result must be helpful to young beginners in the ministry. Upon useful theological subjects pithy quotations are given, consisting of proverbs, metaphors, and expositions: these will supply the preacher with many a fresh thought and striking phrase. We are pleased to see so many High Churchmen issuing volumes of expository extracts, and manifesting therein that, whatever may be their ecclesiastical judgment upon Dissenters, they are not so bigoted as to refuse to use the writings of Puritans, and even of Baptists. There must be some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel in men who search the whole range of literature to gather illustrations of the Word of God. Our hope is that they may be delivered from ceremonial darkness and brought into clear gospel light.

The indices of this volume are wonderfully good. Of course there is a ritualistic flavour about the book, but still there is much worth reading. The following extract is much to our mind:—  
"BAPTISM BY IMMERSION.—Johnson argued in defence of some of the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. As to the giving the bread only to the laity, he said, 'They may think that, in what

is merely ritual, deviations from the primitive mode may be admitted on the ground of convenience: and I think they are as well warranted to make this alteration as we are to substitute sprinkling in the room of ancient baptism.'—*Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.'*"

*Something about saving.* By Mrs. W. P. LOCKHART, Liverpool. Price One Penny. John Heywood, Manchester; and 18, Paternoster Square, London.

MRS. LOCKHART has written like a sensible woman. John Ploughman has read her tract, and only wishes that every working man and working woman in the United Kingdom could be made to read, learn, and inwardly digest it before they had another bite or sup. The habit of saving has delivered France from what seemed to be her downfall, and the want of it will ruin Old England unless our people become wise in time. Let every employer give each of his workmen a copy of this capital pamphlet, which may be had at 7s. per 100, carriage paid, of Mrs. Lockhart, 54, Devonshire Road, Liverpool.

*The Best Song; and other Addresses.* By HENRY DENING. Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row.

MR. HENRY DENING here gives us a number of popular gospel addresses. They are exceedingly fresh, striking, and simple. We commend them to the notice of brother evangelists.

*Clergyman's Sore Throat, or Follicular Disease of the Pharynx.* By E. B. SHULDHAM, M.D., M.R.C.S., M.A. Oxon. E. Gould and Son.

THIS is a sufficiently elaborate discussion of the question of clergyman's sore throat. We cannot say that we have learned much from it, but it has amused us, and we can very well believe that those who are just commencing to speak in public might gather many useful hints from it. We do not agree with the author in much that he says, but we are rather surprised to find that his conclusions are in so many cases exactly those to which we came years ago.

*The Bible Readers' Commentary. The New Testament in two volumes. Vol. I.* Prepared by J. GLENTWORTH BUTLER, D.D. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

WE do not care for harmonies of the four gospels, but greatly prefer to read Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, each one as a separate work. Apart from this radical objection, we are prepared to unite with the unanimous chorus of American divines in admiring the plan of this commentary. So far as we can see, the work is conscientiously done. The range of writers from whom extracts have been taken is a very wide one, and the selections have been judiciously made. To give the reader in one commentary the choicest thoughts of all eminent divines upon the text under exposition is a grand idea; it will require great time, care, and labour to work it out, but if it be done in the best style, Butler's Commentary will be as renowned in the future as Butler's Analogy has been in the past. The work is sold only by subscription, and costs five dollars in cloth. There are to be two volumes on the New Testament, and then two upon the Old.

*Christ the Brightness of Glory. A Series of Sermons.* By JOSEPH CLARKE. Passmore and Alabaster.

MR. CLARKE'S sermons are thoroughly evangelical, simple, and earnest. We are glad to hear that they have reached a sixth edition. This shows that gospel truth does not need oratorical embellishment or brilliant talent to secure for it an audience, but that, honestly spoken in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, it will win its own way.

*The Russo-Polish Jew: a narrative of the Conversion of Isaac Levinsohn.* Robert Banks.

THIS narrative is instructive as showing the progress of a soul from the darkness of Judaism to the clear light of the gospel. The author was a Polish Jew, and is now a Baptist minister. His story has been published in the *Earthen Vessel*, and is well worthy of being issued in the separate form in which we find it here. All who are interested in the Jews will be gratified by the story of Isaac Levinsohn.

*Symbols of Christ.* By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

IT was time that a new edition of this work was issued, and we are glad that the Religious Tract Society has taken it in hand. We should not think of attempting to review these sermons in order to make known their excellences. The many editions through which they have passed are eloquent as to the public appreciation of them, and only a careful study can reveal the chaste beauty and delicate spiritual power by which they are distinguished. To ministers they are a mine of suggestion, and to the general reader a beautiful mirror of him who is the altogether lovely.

*The Story of Esther the Queen. A Popular Exposition with an Introduction.* By A. M. SYMINGTON, B.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

SEVENTEEN brief, pithy, suggestive papers on the Book of Esther, full of practical teaching, and saturated with manly piety. Would make capital outlines for a Bible Class course, or suggest subjects for a series of week-evening services. There is no show of scholarship, but the very terseness of the treatment proves thoroughness of study. It has our highest commendation.

*Christian Life and Christian Progress. Part I.—Evangelical Teaching.* By E. J. WHATELY. London: Hatchards.

THIS treatise is one of the best that we have seen dealing with the radical differences between the evangelical and the sacerdotal parties in the Church of England. The third chapter in particular is full of clear, discriminating words on the essential and accidental features of conversion, and abounds with direction as to dealing with enquiring and anxious souls. It should be in the hands of all who are engaged in specially revivalistic work. The only exception we take is to the coldly patronising style in which we Baptists are dismissed, while the teachers of baptismal regeneration are demolished. If we are right, why is our author so conveniently silent? If wrong, why is not our error exposed? Is it strange that we should make a guess as to the reason?

*Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1879.* Price One Penny. *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1879.* Price One Penny. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE trust that our two almanacks are up to their usual quality. They cost us great labour, especially John Ploughman's sheet, for which it is hard to find a fresh stock of proverbs; but the good which their dissemination may accomplish constrains us to continue them.

*Lectures on Baptism.* By the late WILLIAM SHIRREFF, Minister of the Gospel, Glasgow. With a preface by C. H. Spurgeon. Price 2s. 6d.

*Baptism Discovered Plainly and Faithfully, according to the Word of God.* By JOHN NORCOTT. Corrected and somewhat altered by C. H. Spurgeon. Paper covers, 6d.; cloth, 1s. Passmore and Alabaster.

DURING the last few months we must have had some four or five requests from Roman Catholic gentlemen for information as to Believers' Baptism; besides which our daily correspondence furnishes us with a perpetual demand for instruction upon the same important subject. Feeling hardly able at the moment to produce an original work upon the ordinance, we first of all set to work to re-edit and re-publish Mr. Shirreff's "Lectures." These are admirable, and we hope to have them ready for issue by the new year, when also we will speak of them more fully.

Meanwhile, we lighted upon the work of old John Norcott, and finding it to be pungent and pithy, we resolved at once to reprint it. It strikes us as not having a single word to spare. It is condensed argument, and we have not the slightest idea of how it can be answered. The copy in paper covers will enable friends to buy a number to give away; but the shilling edition is much to be preferred, because it has a capital binding, and cannot be readily torn in halves and thrown into the waste-basket. Our Baptist friends will not be worthy of their colours if they do not place a copy of this book in thousands of families. Our Christian young people ought to be told what is the first duty of a believer. It is a great shame that a large portion of the Christian

church should still scarcely know what a Baptist is, while our simple scriptural faith can only need to make itself known to win the victory. Our intention is, God sparing us, to provide for present use a Baptist literature equal to the demands of all enquirers upon that subject. We do not expect that the publications will at first pay for themselves, but we shall not mind that if truth is made known. We have struck off 5000 of *Norcott*, and now wait to see them take wing.

*The Four Gardens: a Solemn Imagery in Seven Parts.* Elliot Stock.

THE sending to us of a second copy of "Four Gardens" is, we suppose, intended to remind us of our neglect in not having reviewed the poem. We regret to say that we have not so much neglect to confess as incapacity to lament. The volume is altogether beyond our reach. If we receive a dozen copies of it we are afraid we shall still gaze upon the work with wondering awe, but shall never be able to see wherein it is superior to Milton, or what it is but a sort of rhythmical Bible history.

*The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England.* By the Rev. JOSEPH MILLEB, B.D. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

IF any one wishes to know the history of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, and how by the compromise of differences in an ecclesiastical congress they ultimately assumed their present state, he cannot do better than consult this volume. He must not be discouraged by the scholastic references and technicalities with which the exposition of the first of the articles is overloaded. The intelligibility and interest will increase as he proceeds. Churchmen may here see how far they go astray from their own professed principles when they give heed to the seductive influences of modern thought; and canons of the church may here read their reproof by wiser and better canons of former times. In this respect it is a book, especially when completed, as this is but a first part of the author's design, that will, we hope, do good service where it is much needed.

*The Centenary Volume of the Baptist Church, Farsley.* Leeds: H. W. Walker, Briggate.

WE cannot tell how it is that this interesting volume has received no notice in *The Sword and the Trowel*, for at the time of its issue we took it with us to Mentone, and there read it through, and were highly pleased with its contents. There is nothing very remarkable or singular in the hundred years' history of the Baptist Church at Farsley, but it is all through up to, and perhaps beyond, a fair average of interest, considering the subject. The materials are exceedingly well-selected and put together. In every collection of Baptist church histories—and every Baptist of means should have such a collection—this volume, and others like it, should find a place. We suppose that all the Farsley friends have already furnished themselves with copies of their own history, but a far wider circle would find themselves rewarded by perusing this memorial volume.

Mr. Jonas Foster, the predecessor of our friend Mr. Parker, was evidently a man of weight and sound common sense. We wish that we had hundreds more ministers in our denomination of the Foster and Parker type.

From among many passages which tempt us we select the following sentences in reference to Mr. Jonas Foster's doctrinal sentiments:—"His discourses were pre-eminently scriptural and evangelical. In theology Mr. Foster was a moderate Calvinist. He had no Hyperism about him. The dread which he had of it in his people affords plain enough proof that he was not himself infected with it. He was 'very much pleased' with a description he once heard a brother minister give of a Hyper-Calvinist. 'He is in part a Roman Catholic, because he sets up for infallibility; in part an infidel, because he only believes in some portions of the word of God; in part an Arminian, because he makes man's ability the standard of obligation.' But though not a Hyper, Mr. Foster was a Calvinist. He was a thorough believer in the great doctrines of grace, and he preached them. Preached them, it may be remarked, with due regard to an observation which he once heard 'his brother

Gregory of Kippin make,' and which strongly commended itself to his judgment, 'We must never attempt to loose knots where God has left them tied, nor to tie knots where God has left them loose.'

*The Englishman's Critical and Expository Bible Cyclopædia.* Compiled and written by the Rev. A. R. FAUSSER, M.A. Illustrated by 600 woodcuts. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN exceedingly useful cyclopædia. For its size the price, 18s., is by no means great. A very small Bible Cyclopædia is of little use to any one, and can only be regarded as a temporary makeshift until the student can afford to purchase a volume of real worth. The work before us will be of *permanent* use to the Bible reader, for it is sufficiently full to serve his purpose throughout life. Mr. Fausser is a scholar of such repute that his name is a guarantee of accuracy, and his style is so clear that his works always have a thoroughly popular air. We heartily approve of this cyclopædia except upon such matters as *Baptism*, where the article seems to be right and scriptural for several paragraphs, and then on a sudden it vindicates infant baptism on the ground of the presumed regeneration of the children. On that point the remarks are so weak, and as we think so ridiculous, that we have no heart to find fault, fully believing that they will do our work for us, and lead thoughtful persons to see that the baptism of believers is the baptism of the Bible.

*Emily's Trouble*, and *How the Golden Eagle was caught*, 6d. each; *Charlie Scott*, and *The Peacock Butterfly*, 9d. each; *Wonders of the Waters*, and *The Jersey Boys*, 1s. each. Religious Tract Society.

WE cannot profess to read all these children's books through, but we have dipped into them here and there, and find them to be all good, and lively, and well adapted for juvenile reading. When a man is buying cheese he does not eat a whole one, but is content to dig in his iron and draw out a taster; we have done that with these attractive little books, and are able to praise them without stint.

*Anecdotes of Celebrities, historical, biographical, and humorous.* Compiled by CHARLES H. BARNWELL. London: Elliot Stock. Hull: Walker and Brown, High Street.

ONE shillingsworth of anecdotes brought out in first-rate style by a country bookseller. The incidents are not religious, and the work is not quite in our line. We wonder that while employing a person to compile this collection the publisher did not instruct him to put in a few new ones, for very nearly all the *ana* here presented are of the very oldest form and fashion.

*Gentleman Jim.* By Mrs. E. PRENTISS. James Nisbet and Co.

MINING stories, specially high in tone. We will not say that the conduct of several of the leading characters is impossible, but we certainly do not expect to see the like in flesh and blood.

*The Onward Reciter.* Vol. VII. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Manchester: "Onward" Offices, 18, Mount Street, Peter Street.

A THOROUGHLY "live" book of recitations in poetry and prose for temperance and Sunday-school gatherings. We heartily commend it. There is no death in this pot. Some of the pieces are real gems, and all of them are likely to be useful to the young reciters, and those who listen to them.

*The Sabbath-school Recitana: consisting of Scripture Exercises for Boys or Girls at a Sabbath-school Anniversary.* By Rev. JAMES WHITE. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

ANOTHER book of a similar kind, but far inferior, although it aims at something very much higher. It is like its title, high-flown; many passages are far-fetched and altogether unsuitable for children. The poetry is especially poor, if the verses on the beatitudes are a specimen. However, as the answers are almost always in the words of Scripture, some good is likely to result from the memorising and delivery of the recitations, and some parts of the work will be very useful to Sunday-school teachers, though too profound for their scholars.

*Leisure Hours with London Divines.* By a Journalist. Haughton and Co.

THIS book consists of short, good-tempered papers upon London ministers. There is no fault-finding, and no trace of acerbity, but much generous appreciation and liberal commendation. A little more criticism might have made the papers all the more interesting, but the journalist is evidently too kindly a spirit to attempt much in that line. He writes of Stanley, William Arthur, Farrar, Spurgeon, Parker, Brooke, Punshon, Baldwin Brown, MacEwan, Haweis, Newman Hall, and Martineau—a miscellaneous lot of men who probably have never met together anywhere but in these pages.

*Christian Doctrines: a Compendium of Theology.* By J. M. PENDLETON, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

AN out-and-out Baptist outline of theology. Dogmatic enough in all conscience, and in some points too narrow even for us, who have no sympathy with what is called by many "broad doctrine." For instance, in the chapter on "What is a church?" we read this definition: "A congregation of Christ's baptized disciples united in the belief of what he has said, and covenanting to do what he has commanded." This appears to be an innocently redundant definition, but when it is used as a means of refusing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to any but baptized believers, as it is in the chapter on that ordinance, then we see the purpose for which it was inserted. There are other matters with which we do not agree. What do our readers think of this—"Deacons as well as pastors should be ordained to office by prayer and the laying on of hands"? To our mind it comes very near to imparting the Holy Ghost in ordination. On the whole there is little that is new in this Compendium of Theology, and, excepting its Pædobaptist errors, we infinitely prefer the more complete and valuable Outlines of Theology by Doctor Hodge. Perhaps, however, our American cousins can afford to buy both, and they will do well to go side by side, provided a member of the Peace Society be set on guard.



*New Lights upon Old Lines; or, Vexed Questions in Theological Controversy at the Present Day critically and exegetically discussed.* By THOMAS MONCK MASON, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

WHEN a man sets himself, as our author in his dedication does, to "settle the bases of theological controversy," he should be able clearly to expound his own views, and to do justice to the views of his opponents. Neither of these things has been done in the present treatise. Wordspinning, dogmatism, and a show of

learning combine to confuse subjects before plain, and to encumber subjects already sufficiently difficult. We infinitely prefer the present darkness to new lights faint as the glowworm and erratic as the will-o'-the-wisp. What our author says most sweepingly of the theologian is, perhaps, our best criticism upon his own work: "He explains away the meaning of the Scripture—shows not what it really means, but how it may be understood to mean something else."

## Notes.

WE issue this closing number of the year's magazine from the sick chamber. The text which for years has been our consolation is that which saith, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Happy enough is the man who is chosen of God; he may not ask a question as to when or where. Yet one could wish it were otherwise in our case, and that zeal and fervour were not restrained and hampered by being yoked to painful infirmities of the flesh. We could do more, and, we think we may add without self-confidence, we would do more, if we were not laid prostrate at the very moment when our work requires our presence. However, unto the Lord be the arrangement of our health or disease, our life or our death: but while we live we will leave no stone unturned for the increase of his glorious kingdom in the earth. Every interval of relief shall be laid out in his service. The time is short, it must therefore be spent all the more economically; the work is great, the Lord must be trusted the more simply.

It is in the power of some of our readers to do us a great service, namely, by trying to get new subscribers to *The Sword and the Trowel*. Our circulation has always been respectable, but it might have been tenfold if the magazine had been better advertized. From flash advertizing we have always shrunk, believing that good things will sell themselves in the long run; but if those of our readers who enjoy the magazine would mention it in their circle of friends we might have many more readers, and probably, in consequence thereof, many more helpers. We often get loving words of praise, and now we should be glad to see them made practical by a little canvassing for *The Sword and the Trowel*. We attend to the monthly numbers with personal care,

and always read every line: we should not have to do any more if our circulation could be doubled, but our power for God would be immensely increased. Often writing in pain and weariness we nevertheless count it all joy thus to serve our Lord; would it not be right that others of our fellow-servants should lay themselves out to scatter abroad that which we have written?

During the pastor's illness the pulpit at the Tabernacle has been five times occupied by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, and once by Mr. Charles; and it has been a delight of no ordinary kind for both of the sick parents to hear on all hands the highly favourable judgments of God's people as to the present usefulness, and ultimate eminence, of their sons. Applications for the services of Messrs. C. and T. Spurgeon are becoming so numerous that it is needful to prepare the writers' minds for a refusal. For some time to come they would prefer to be sufficiently disengaged to be able to lend their father all the assistance he may require. Godly parents should be encouraged by our experience to pray for and expect the salvation of their offspring.

The Committee for *the Testimonial* to be presented to Mr. Spurgeon, in commemoration of twenty-five completed years of Christian service, report that they have received more than £2,000 of the £5,000 it is proposed to raise. Only another month remains, and therefore the Committee would beg all intending donors to send in their offerings at once. The amount must be made up and presented in the first week of January, and therefore the time is at hand.

The Bazaar appears to be enlisting a large number of workers, and it seems certain that, with God's blessing, the effort will be a great success. It will gladden our

pastor to receive the testimonial, and as it is to be appropriated for the support of aged Christian women at the Almshouses it will remain for ages a constant source of comfort and joy. It is hoped that many hundreds of Mr. Spurgeon's true helpers will send in their names to the testimonial. However small the individual gift, this is an occasion upon which no name should be absent from *the list of love*. The Bazaar is to open December 31, but goods should now be sent as soon as possible.

**COLLEGE.** During the past month the following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. C. J. Clark, West Bromwich; Mr. F. J. Feltham, Winslow, Bucks; and Mr. J. Bradford, Leytonstone. Mr. T. Greenwood, having completed his college course, has settled at Catford Bridge; and Mr. J. Downing, who came from Australia to become a student in the College, has returned to take charge of the Fortescue Street Church, Brisbane. Our dear friends Johnson and Richardson and their wives sailed for Africa on the 9th ult., and Mr. Drake sailed for China on the 13th, with two other young men connected with the China Inland Mission. Friends will be glad to learn that Mr. Comber, of our College, who has dedicated himself to African work, and has entered himself at the Edinburgh University as a student of medicine, has passed his first examination with first-class honours.

Mr. J. T. Almy has removed from Hucknall Torkard to Ryde, Isle of Wight, and Mr. Isaac Near from Stanwick to Ringstead, Northampton.

A *shorthand class* is just being arranged in connection with the College and evening classes. Any young men who desire to join are requested to communicate with Mr. H. Pinkess, 29, Renfrew Road, Kennington Lane, S.E.

**ORPHANAGE.** All goes well. God is very gracious, and daily provides for the 240 orphans; above all, his hand is with us for good in yet higher respects.

Mr. Charlesworth and a choir of boys from the Orphanage will hold meetings in aid of the funds of the institution in the following places: Dec. 2, Southampton; Dec. 3, Landport; Dec. 4, Ryde; Dec. 5, Newport; and Dec. 6, West Cowes. Will friends in those regions espouse the cause heartily? Assuredly they will.

*Christmas Day at the Orphanage.* The time is at hand for our good friends to think of Christmas. Hitherto the provision for a sumptuous feast has reached our stores before Christmas Day and

filled the Orphanage with the finest of the wheat. A hearty, overflowing, brilliant Christmas has been the yearly experience of the family of orphans at Stockwell. We hope it will always be so. Should we be permitted to enjoy our health again, we hope to be at the head of the table, and to watch with commending satisfaction the perspiring exertions of the carving trustees, and the manifest development of the receptive juveniles. We have had many a merry Christmas with our boys, and may the next be one of them!

*Two birds with one stone.* A friend some little time ago gave us a superior invalid carriage for the Orphanage. We cannot get its real worth for it. A friend therefore proposes to start a subscription of £25, for which we will sell the carriage, and then his proposal is that the carriage be sent to the Home for Incurables at Putney. Those who would unite in thus helping both charities should write to V. J. Charlesworth, Head Master, Orphanage, Stockwell.

**COLPORTEAGE.** Mr. W. Corden Jones sends us the following note:—

London, Nov. 19, 1878.

Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Will you kindly ask our friends the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* if they will kindly help us just now in our important work. The funds are low at present, and the demands will be pressing after Christmas, when the publishers' accounts have to be paid. Colportage is a missionary enterprise, and will always need to be supported by subscriptions, for although the profit on the sales makes it an exceedingly economical agency, the amount sold in most districts is never sufficiently large to make the work anything like self-supporting. We have applications from several new districts to appoint colporteurs, and trust that funds will be sent to enable us to do so. Although the depression in the state of trade is trying to our agents, they work on admirably, and many of them send cheering reports of spiritual results.—I am, yours very truly,

W. CORDEN JONES.

**EVANGELISTS.** The concluding part of the visit of our brethren Clarke and Smith to Cornwall was, if possible, even more successful than the commencement, of which we gave our readers an account last month. From Truro, Hayle, and Penzance we have received reports similar to those already published, all testifying that the blessing of the Lord has abundantly rested upon the efforts put forth by our beloved brethren. However long it may

be before the Lord will move his stewards to undertake the charge of this service, we shall not doubt that this is one of the noblest works in which we have ever been engaged. Meanwhile, we would let Christian brethren know that we have several hundreds of pounds to provide in order to keep the evangelists going. This month one or two have given nobly to this enterprise.

After a fortnight's rest, which they both needed, Messrs. Clarke and Smith held a week's services at Trowbridge, and here also they had a crowded chapel every night and three times on Sundays. One evening, Mr. Smith tells us, there were "comic sermons, penny readings, a lecture, and a tea-meeting in the town," but they were told that their congregation outnumbered all the rest put together. This month they are to visit Melton Mowbray and Leicester. We wish them well through the work, for we are sorry to find that Mr. Clarke has been deaf with the want of rest. He casts his whole soul into the preaching and exhausts himself; and yet this is the right thing to do, for of half-hearted preaching we have had much more than enough.

Our good Brother Mace, of Stotfold, sends us a report of the five weeks' evangelistic services conducted by Mr. Burnham in Bedfordshire. He says, "The places selected were small and poor, but greatly needing the help of the evangelist. Through Mr. A. G. Brown's visit a wave of blessing appeared to be passing over the entire county, so that much prayer was offered for Mr. Burnham, and great results expected. Our expectations have been more than realized. A similar account to that you received from Sandy (published in last month's *Sword and Trowel*) might be sent up from every place he visited. The churches have been revived, and sinners saved. The singing of that precious hymn, 'A little talk with Jesus,' by Mr. Burnham, has been greatly blessed."

We have also received the following summary of the visits paid by Mr. Burnham to each place:—Sept. 29 to Oct. 4, at *Sandy*; chapel crowded on Sunday, good congregations all the week, many enquirers pointed to the Saviour, several cases of conversion, the good work still going on. Oct. 6 to 11, at *Ridgmount*; meetings well attended, "souls leaped into liberty," Pastors Knell and Williams (Bedford), and Mr. Readman (Wootton), rendered good service. Oct. 15 to 18, at *Cranfield*; attendance most gratifying, many present who had not entered any place of worship for years. A happy season spent in visiting the aged and

afflicted. Oct. 20 to 24, at *Shefford*, where special prayer-meetings had been held previous to the services. Pastor T. H. Smith informs us,—"the church is quickened, many are under deep concern for their eternal welfare, and some have found the Saviour. Brother Burnham is undoubtedly the right man for this work, and exhibits good tact in dealing with the anxious." Oct. 27 to Nov. 1, at *Stotfold*, where the crowning services of the series were held.

Mr. Burnham has since visited Bexley Heath, Sevenoaks, Eynsford, Shoreham, and Woolwich; and for the present month is engaged at Bower Chalk, Waltham Abbey, Rotherhithe, Stotfold, and Southampton.

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY, METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE. MRS. EVANS asks us to acknowledge the receipt of two parcels of clothing, which were not accompanied with the names of the kind donors. Friends who forward parcels will oblige by enclosing their addresses, so that an acknowledgment may be sent in due course. We promise not to publish them if they wish to remain anonymous, but the longer we live the more we feel the inconvenience of names being withheld from us. Now is the time to say that second-hand garments, remnants, etc., can be most profitably used by Mrs. Evans in clothing the wives and families of our poorest ministers. We deplore the poverty of many faithful preachers of the word, but we none the less invite brethren and sisters to share in the honour of relieving it. This Society frequently fits out the preacher himself, his wife, and the whole family; and then, indeed, its name is blessed. Mrs. Evans' address is 61, Gurney-street, New Kent Road.

At this season heads of families would do well to have a regular turn over and turn out of old clothes, and those which economy itself condemns should be sent to the right about, and not he allowed to rot and breed the moth. We see that our friend Mr. Lovell, 92, King Edward's Road, South Hackney, is wanting left-off clothing for his mission in Victoria Park, and others of the best workers among the poor have the same need. Send on, then. Send somewhere or other the fragments which remain, that nothing may be lost. Let nothing lie idle. Help the poor pastors with a parcel of the best, sent at once to Mrs. Evans; and then pass on the remainder for the poorest of the poor.



		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Collected by Hannah Richards ... ..	...	1 5 6	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>		
Collected by J. B. ... ..	...	0 12 6	Mr. J. Angus ... ..	...	1 0 0
F. Colthup ... ..	...	" 10 0	Miss B. Sanderson ... ..	...	3 3 0
Miss Emmeline Smith ... ..	...	0 10 0	Mrs. M. People ... ..	...	1 0 0
Mr. R. Pulton ... ..	...	1 0 0	Mr. F. Howard ... ..	...	2 2 0
Mr. Abraham Henley ... ..	...	1 0 6	W. J. B. ... ..	...	2 2 0
A Widow's Mite ... ..	...	0 2 0	Per F. R. T.—		
Mrs. T. Birthday Gift ... ..	...	0 5 0	Mr. Gibson ... ..	...	0 5 0
W. P., Chicago ... ..	...	1 1 0	Mr. Underwood ... ..	...	0 5 0
Mr. F. Jones ... ..	...	1 0 0	Master A. Johnson ... ..	...	0 5 0
A Widow's Mite ... ..	...	0 1 0	Mrs. Nelson ... ..	...	0 5 0
Service of Song, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Orphan Boys			Mr. Cammack ... ..	...	0 5 0
Nett Proceeds ... ..	20 7 0				1 5 0
Mr. Hodgkins ... ..	1 1 0				£399 12 8
	*	21 8 0			
Collecting Card, G. B. Eves ... ..	...	1 0 0			

*List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth—PROVISIONS, etc.:*—Some Apples and Vegetables, Mr. N. Parker; 12½ Eggs Miss Janet Ward; 3 Barrels Apples, Mr. Hill; 3½ lbs. Tea, Anon.; 23 lbs. Baking Powder, Freeman and Hildyard.

*CLOTHING:*—Cloth for Boys' Clothes, H. Fisher and Co.; 2 Flannel Shirts, P. Eardley.

*SUNDRIES:*—A Load of Firewood, Mr. Lanton; a Book for Boys' Library, Master Alfie Bomford.

## Colportage Association.

*Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1878.*

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>		£ s. d.	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund.</i>		£ s. d.
Melton Mowbray ... ..	...	10 0 0	Mr. G. Goldston ... ..	...	1 1 0
Gloucester and Hereford Association ... ..	...	7 10 0	T. Drake, Esq. ... ..	...	1 1 0
Mrs. Dix ... ..	...	30 0 6	W. Higgs, Esq. ... ..	...	5 0 0
For Cambridge District (Mr. Apthorpe's):—			B. W. ... ..	...	0 10 6
Miss Elwood .. ...	...	5 0 0	Mr. C. Waters ... ..	...	0 10 6
Miss McPherson ... ..	...	5 0 0	Mr. Llewellyn ... ..	...	1 1 0
		10 0 0	Mr. G. Gregory ... ..	...	1 1 0
Cinderford District ... ..	...	7 10 0	C. S. B. ... ..	...	2 10 0
Ironbridge District ... ..	...	7 10 0	Miss Newman ... ..	...	3 0 0
H. Faulkner Esq., for Stockport	...	5 0 0	Miss Rooke ... ..	...	0 10 0
Collection at Aughton Moss ... ..	...	1 12 7½	Per Mr. T. Morton ... ..	...	0 2 0
North Wilts District ... ..	...	7 10 0	Mr. G. S. Stowe ... ..	...	2 10 0
Bacup District ... ..	...	10 0 0	W. P., Chicago ... ..	...	1 1 1
Ludlow District ... ..	...	5 0 0	Mr. E. T. Carrington ... ..	...	0 4 0
		£101 12 7½			£20 2 1

## Society of Evangelists.

*Statement of Receipts from October 20th to November 19th, 1878.*

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mr. Francis Pool ... ..	...	5 0 0	Mr. G. S. Stowe ... ..	...	2 10 0
Mrs. M. Marshall ... ..	...	5 0 0	Sea Gull's Thankoffering ... ..	...	1 0 0
Mr. W. Angus ... ..	...	1 0 0	Mrs. Dyer and Miss Keeley ... ..	...	1 0 0
Mr. J. Fry ... ..	...	0 15 0	Mr. W. Martin ... ..	...	1 0 0
C. S. B. ... ..	...	2 10 0	Mr. T. Itigden ... ..	...	10 0 0
Mr. J. C. Grimes ... ..	...	1 10 0	Readers of "Christian Herald," per the		
Mrs. E. Ball ... ..	...	1 0 0	Editor ... ..	...	10 1 10
Mr. H. H. Cox ... ..	...	1 0 0			£44 11 10
Mrs. B. C. Gray ... ..	...	4 0 0			
A. E. R. ... ..	...	0 5 0			

*Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week.*

*Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, Nightingale Lane, Balham. 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.*