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A table of contents for *The Sword and the Trowel* can be found here:

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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.

1881.

“They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, ever
sounded the trumpet
uilded. And he that

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INDEX OF TEXTS OF SERMONS, ETC., BY C. H. SPURGEON, IN
 "THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL," VOLS. I—XVII.

	Year.	Page.		Year.	Page.
Genesis i. 7	1871	399	Jer. vi. 16...	1879	105
" viii. 11	1879	153	Lamen. iii. 56	1872	202
" xlii. 22	1877	541	Joel ii. 8	1869	241
Deuteronomy xxii. 8	1869	349	Amos v. 8...	1870	312
" xxxii. 11, 12	1870	49	" v. 24	1878	286
Joshua ii. 21	1875	148	" vii. 1	1872	364
Judges iii. 20	1874	545	Jonah i. 4...	1878	193
I. Sam. i. 27	1868	108	" ii. 7	1872	545
" ix. 3, 20	1872	109	Zech. x. 3...	1866	195
II. Sam. xvii. 23	1870	537	" xiv. 20	1865	97
" xxi. 10	1868	294	Malachi iii. 17	1866	481
" xxiii. 9-10	1876	439	Matthew v. 1-12	1873	8
" xxiv. 12...	1878	517	" v. 3	1873	129
II. Kings iv. 29-37	1867	99	" xiii. 12...	1878	346
" iv. 38, 41, 42	1876	357	" xiv. 16	1871	49
" vi. 1-7	1868	99	" xxiii. 37	1870	49
" xiii. 20	1866	5	" xxvi. 30	1867	481
Nehom. viii. 10	1867	16	Luke viii. 46	1873	407
Esther vi. 6	1865	2	" xxii. 14	1873	61
Job xxxii 7	1878	1	John i. 16...	1865	471
" xxxviii. 23	1878	212	" iv. 34	1873	508
Psaln xl. 17	1871	5	" xii. 3	1876	49
" lxi. 2	1878	97	" xiii. 10	1870	25
" lxxx. 14	1878	382	" xiv. 18	1870	450
" xci. 1	1880	108	" xvi. 31, 32	1871	145
" civ. 28	1874	297	" xviii. 18	1876	97
" cvii. 17-22	1871	462	" xxi. 16	1877	289
" cxi. 5	1880	445	Acts ix. 18	1877	97
Proverbs v. 16	1878	286	" xii. 18	1873	362
Eccl. ix. 4...	1868	108	" xxiii. 10-13	1881	201
Canticles ii. 3	1879	201	Eph. vi. 15	1874	497
" ii. 12	1870	97	Phil. iii. 2...	1876	257
" iv. 7	1865	229	" iv. 19	1877	1
" "	1865	277	I. Tim. i. 15	1872	293
Isaiah v. 17	1876	485	Heb. iii. 18-19	1877	371
" vi. 1-8	1880	493	" xiii. 7	1875	405
" xxix 5	1878	193	James v. 11	1880	49
" xxxviii. 1	1870	107	I. Peter ii. 7	1869	481
" xliii. 10	1875	520	" "	1873	120
" lviii. 8	1869	460	I. John v. 18-20	1875	59
" lxi. 1	1877	493	III. John v. 92	1868	462
Jer. ii. 36...	1870	393	Rev. v. 9	1876	447

P R E F A C E .

KIND READERS,—Throughout another year you have sustained the magazine; and as very many of you have expressed your satisfaction, and few, if any, have favoured me with a complaint, I feel encouraged to believe that you have been pleased with my monthly issues. It was once observed in my hearing by a friend who wished to account for my fulfilment of numerous duties, that, as for the magazine, it was a merely nominal thing to be the editor, for few editors ever saw their magazines till they were in print. However this may be as a rule, it does not contain a spark of truth in my case, for I have personally superintended every page, and I do not think a single line of the magazine has passed through the press without having been read by me. Whether I succeed or not, I certainly do not delegate my task to others. If I had more leisure I am sure I could do better, and it is with unfeigned satisfaction that I find my subscribers contented with what I can procure for them.

The SWORD AND TROWEL has been the happy means of uniting in gracious service a band of gracious givers and workers, who now for these 17 years have joined to aid the institutions which, though they locally surround *the Tabernacle*, are really the offspring of a congregation which is found scattered throughout all lands. By means of this warm-hearted brotherhood *the Pastors' College* has been sustained from year to year, until some six hundred ministers have been educated in it, the most of whom are still faithfully preaching the old-fashioned gospel in which they have been trained. In connection with this enterprise three brethren have been supported as *evangelists*, and their itinerant labours have been signally successful. Testimonies that churches have been aroused, and sinners converted by their means, have been plentifully sent in, and these pages have been increased in interest thereby. Hundreds of thousands have heard the gospel through this instrumentality.

The *Stockwell Orphanage* originated through an article in this magazine, and from time to time its support has been mainly supplied by its readers. During the past year *the houses* for the girls' side have been completed and partly furnished; and at the present time the first detachment of little ones has entered into occupation. More remains to be done by way of furniture for other houses, and the further contracts for the infirmary, baths, and outbuildings have to be met, but it is a great comfort to have seen the project so far in progress, and to feel assured that all that is yet required will be forthcoming in its season. The Bazaar which is so soon to be held will, we hope, secure the amount needed to bring the enterprise up to the next stage, and then we may lay our plan for the final outlay on the chapel of the Orphanage, and a few other necessaries. All that has been done has been accomplished without personal solicitation, or the allotment of votes, or the dissemination of heartrending appeals: it has sufficed

to lay the case before the Lord in prayer, and then to mention it to his people in plain and earnest terms, and the funds have come in with marvellous regularity, the larger amounts having been timed to meet the hour of need as exactly as if the whole went by clockwork. The hand of the Lord is in this thing, and to him be glory. That this institution has brought honour to God is plain enough, for many a time those who would have abused our ministry have admitted that a good work has been wrought, and have had no heart to revile. There is something about orphan work which wins the sympathy of the most careless, and none can tell till the last great day how many have been by this means led to think well of the gospel, and next to hear it and experience its power.

The Colportage Association has held on its most useful course. It has been sustained with difficulty, for somehow it does not chime in with the tastes and views of large donors, but its influence for good is second to no existing agency. Where there are not enough Dissenters to support a minister, or where ministers are unable to cover large and scattered districts, the colporteur makes his way with his pack, and speaks a word for Jesus at every door, either by personal conversation or by leaving a tract. Besides this, he preaches by the roadside or in village chapels, gets up temperance meetings, visits the sick, and above all sells good books. This society, and several other useful works, report themselves in these pages, and enlist good friends thereby.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund quietly pursues its beneficent course. It is putting sound theology just now upon the shelves of many a poor curate and ill-paid minister, and this it does so largely that it would be a miracle of a strange sort if it did not greatly affect the ministry of the day. That the *sermons* distributed and the "Treasury of David" furnish material for preachers is saying very little: that they have evangelized the tone of many has been confessed in numerous instances, and is true of far more.

Brethren and sisters, you have aided me so far in a benevolent enterprise of no small dimensions, and I hope I have in no degree lost your loving confidence. Continue, then, to bear me up in your prayers, and to sustain me by your contributions. More can be done, and more should be done. Every living work is capable of growth; every work which has God's blessing upon it is under necessity to advance. Our watchword still is FORWARD. Possibly we cry *forward* more often than pleases those who lag behind. Some time ago I asked for men and means to send evangelists to India; one man only offered, and that one man was sent. Up till now I have had sufficient money, and I believe that when more men offer I shall have larger funds; but here is room for prayerful uplooking to the Lord. Brethren, pray for us. I would fain live to the utmost of my own life, and I would draw out from all my brethren more and more for God's glory by the propagation of the gospel, the alleviation of suffering, and the arousing of the church. Thanks to all helpers, and a thousand blessings,

From their hearty friend,

C. H. SPURGEON.

December, 1881.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Advice to Simple Believers	184
"All Glory"	619
Ashley, W. J.—	
City Missionaries 600 Years ago	566
Bax, Alfred—	
Jesus was not come	166
Be Short	393
Books, Notices of—	
Ada, 87; Adventures of Woud't-say-Wee, 415; Agnes and the Little Key, 413; All for Christ, 414; Almuth, 189; A Lowly Life, etc., 240; American Testament, 575; A Mother, 190; Andrew Hervey's Wife, 240; Anecdotes of Animals, 285; Anglo-Saxon Version of Mark, 351; Apocrypha, 37; At His Feet, 528; Atonement, The, 40.	
Babylonian Cups, 89, 624; Baby Messengers, 287; Baptist Almanack, 36; Baptist Doctrines, 91; Bible Key to History, 483; Bible Anticipations of Science, 37; Baptist Principles, 233; Baptist Question Book, 237; Beacon Flashes, 234; Beautiful Upon the Mountains, 144; Before the Dawn, 483; Ben Owen, 287; Be of Good Cheer, 233; Bersier's Sermon's, 144; Bessie Black's Wager, 88; Bethel and Penuel, 287; Bible-class Primers, 411; Bible Lands, 576; Bible-text Cyclopædia, 351; Biblical Museum, 143; Birthday Book, 481; Black Speck, 532; Bagomils of Bulgaria, 285; Book about Criminals, 578; Booth and his Work, 484; Boston Monday Lectures, 283, 484; Boys and Girls Playing, 286; Boy's Own Annual, 591; Brave Life, 484; Break of Day, etc., 143; Brethren, The, 575; Brides of Ardmore, 485; Bristles for Brooms, 68; British Evangelist, 142; Brotherhood of Men, 288; Building her House, 240; Butler's Analogy, 538.	
California, 42; Catechism of Geology, 84; Caught in the Toils, 89; Cecily, 287; Certainties of the Soul, 533; Certainty in Religion, 237; Centenary of Sunday Schools, 239; Chain of Life, 86; Chief End of Revelation, 414; Children at Jerusalem, 190; Children of Scripture, 141; Children's Daily Bread, 189; Children's Kingdom, 238; Children's Sunbeam, 146; Child's Companion, 581; Chips, 352; Christian Evidences, 236; Christian Experience, 528; Christian Manhood, 87; Christianity and the Science of Religion, 236; Christianity, Science, etc., 527; Christian's Plea against Unbelief, 592; Christ Lifted Up, 481; Church, The, 142; Classics for the Million, 486; Class Leader's Treasury, 851; Commentary on Romans, 417; Companion to Revised Version, 578; "Concerning Himself," 528; Conference Addresses, 527; Consecrated Life, 235; Consecrated Women, 42; Cottager and Artisan, 622; Creed of the Gospel of John, 289; Critical Handbook, 480.	
Daily Prayers, 484; David, King of Israel, 416; Deacons and Deaconesses, 417; Doctrine of Annihilation, 580; Deep unto Deep, 84; Dictionary of London, 39; Discipleship, 532; District Visitors' Companion, 285; Domestic Circle, 289; Dominion of the Redeemer, 190; Dog Funny and Tuft the Canary, 415.	
Early Days, 142; Earthen Vessel, 239; Eastern Archipelago, 90; Eastern Proverbs, 480; Ecce Medicus, 191; Ecce Veritas, 144; Edgar	

Books, Notices of (continued)—
Quinet, 530; Edith's Probation, 413; Educational Reformer, An, 533; Elements of Geography, 352; Elements of Theology, 528; Elsie Gordon, 40; English Baptists, 416; Epigrams and Epitaphs, 41; Epoch of the Mammoth, 286; Erskines, The, 183; Ethel Graham's Victory, 238; Evangelical Revival, 85; Evangelization Society, 284; Excelsior, 41, 625; Exiles of Salzburg, 413; Exposition of John's Gospel, 480.
Faithful and True, &c., 625; Family Fortunes, 415; Far Off, 191; "Fear Not" of Scripture, 42; Festival Hymns, 146; Fireside Annual, 39, 625; Fisherman's Boy, 532; Fyne's Flower, 240; Foreshadowings, 624; Forms for Burial, 350; Frank Powderhorn, 352; Freedom of the Will, 579; Friendly Chats, 577; Friendly Greetings, 480; Future of Palestine, 192; Future Punishment, 143.
Garden Graith, 624; Garden Oracle, 142; Giles's Poems, 486; Gipsy Life, 41; Girls of Fairylee, 532; Girl's Own Annual, 581; Glenwood, 88; God's Everlasting Yea, 624; Good Cookery, 625; Good Soldiers, 484; Good Thoughts in Bad Times, 85; Gospel According to Satan, 528; Gospel in Leviticus, 85; Gospel pointing to Christ, 531; Gospel Songs, 191; Gospel Types and Shadows, 579; Gospels, their Age, and Authorship, 38; Grace and Glory, 581; Grace Thornton, 485.
Half-hearted Churchmen, 576; Happiness of Consecration, 580; Harold Glynde, 350; Harold Hastings, 485; Heart Lessons, 235; Health Studies 285; Heaven, 624; Heavenly Arithmetic, 87; Heavenly World, 144; Herald of Mercy, 625; Heroes in the Strife, 194; Heroines of the Mission Field, 149; Hidden Bible, 482; Higher Criticism, etc., 235; Hindu Chronology, 239; History of Christian Doctrines, 579; Hive and its Wonders, 285; Holiness, 144; Holy-days and Holidays, 578; Home Visitor, 142; Home Words and Day of Days, 39; Horticultural Buildings, 283; Hours with the Bible, 89, 350; Hours with Working-women, 237; Huguenots, The, 526; Humphrey Page, 532; Hymns for Daily use, 622.
Incarnate Saviour, 143; Incarnation, The, 530; Infidelity Refuted, 530; Inner Life of Christ, 284; In Prospect of Sunday, 141; In Secret, 235; Instead of Many, 235; In the Beginning, 527; In the Sunlight, 238; Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, 91.
James Trust, 40; Janet Hamilton's Poems, etc., 191; Jem the Stable Boy, 482; Jesuits, The, 529; John Ploughman's Pictures, 83; John Ploughman's Talk, 622; John's Apocalypse, 580; John the Baptist, 42; John Wesley, 531; Jubilee Hall, 413; Juvenile Temperance Series, 36; Juvenile Temperance Stories, 485.
Kate and Her Brother, 532; Keeping Open House, 87; Kizzie's Corner, 532; Kingdom of Judah and Israel, 38.
Labourers Together with God, 351; Lakes of Africa, 90; Langdon Manor, 240; Last First, The, 236; Latest of Questions, etc., 580; Lays of Scotch Worthies, 353; Leaflets, 622; Letter H, 92; Life and Teaching of Christ, 191; Life Chords, 35; Life of F. Murphy, 576; Life of J. Blackie, 580; Life of Our Lord, 581; Life of Sir W. Raleigh, 578; Life of Wordsworth, 417; Life

Books, Notices of (*continued*)—

Through the Living One, 189; Light and Rest, 483; Light and Shade, 481; Lilian Mortimer, 414; Little Amy's Work, 488; Little Folks, 142, 417; Little Gleaner, 142; Little Prisoner, 40; Little Redcap, 532; Lizzie Sydenham, 240; London Almanack, 39; Lord's Prayer and the Church, 36; Lord that Health Thee, The, 63.

McDvaine, Memorials of, 623; Maggie's White Hands, 527; Manual of Devotion, 144; Map of Palestine, 87; Marion's Story, 238; Martyrs' Tree, 240; Maude and Mercy, 240; Memorial of Rev. J. Marshall, 41; "Men of Light and Leading," 234; Mercy to Animals, 286; Messiah the Prince, 576; Messianic Prophecies, 288; Methodism in Jamaica, 481; Methodist Family, 142; Methodist Pioneer, 529; Methodist Temperance Annual, 145; Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit, 83; Meyer's Commentary, 146; Miller Manning, 414; Minister's Pocket Diary, 37; Missionary Herald, 40; Missionary News, 142, 527; Missionary Series, 284; Missionary Work, 87; Miss Margaret's Stories, 87; Misunderstood Texts, 92; Modern Scottish Pulpit, 83; Monaco, 414, 577; Monica's Choice, 532; Montalto, 485; Mosaic Era, 481; Moses and Christ, 528; Moses or Christ, 577; Mother's Sabbath Month, 529.

Nature, 526; Neglected Things, 36; New Name, 480; Never Say "Die," 190; New Basis of Belief, 352; New Lines and the Old, 234; New Zealand, 190; Nobody Cares, 287; Nobody's Lad, 40; Non-Alcoholic Treatment of Disease, 145; Noon Day Meditations, 83; "No Place Like Home," 485; Notes on Zechariah, 350; Nurse's Handbook, 285.

Offerings to Friendship, 233; Oiled Feather, 190; Old Bristol, 238; Old Jonathan, 142; Old Miller and his Mill, 482; One Thing, The, 530; On the Doorsteps, 238; Onward, 142; Our Christian Classics, 482; Our Daughters, 193; Our Folks, 39; Our Own Magazine, 142; Our Sister May, 240; Outlines of the Life of Christ, 581; Owen's Hobby, 413.

Punoply, The, 85; Papal Infallibility, 578; Papers on Health, 189; Parables of Our Lord, 194; Partridge's Magazines, 37; Penfold, 238; Philip Gainsford's Profit and Loss, 238; Philosophy of Prayer, 583; Pic-nics and Parties, 145; Picture Library of Animals, 192; Pictures for Scrap Books, 191; Pilgrim Lays, 191; Pilgrim's Progress, 141, 351, 483; Plain Living, etc., 416; Plain Words on Temperance, 532; Plucked from the Burning, 485; Plutarch's Lives, 578; Poems and Hymns, 86; Poets, Painters, and Players, 577; Popery and Patronage, 631; Popery and Puseyism, 90; Popular Guide to Baptism, 37; Popular Recreation, 288; Prayer Meeting, The, 91; Preachers' Monthly, 92, 417; Preaching, 91; Progress of Baptist Principles, 234; Prophet Jonah, 69; Protestant, The, 83; Province of Law, 289; Pulpit Commentary, 36, 237, 284, 349; Punshon, Life of Dr., 531.

Quiver, The, 41, 625; Beedyford, 147; Reminiscences of Congregationalism, 576; Retracings and Renewings, 481; Rescue of Child Life, 38; River of Life, 146; Roll Call, 233; Rutherford's Letters, 480; Ruth the Moabitess, 481.

Sabbath Man's, The, 529; Sabbath School Magazine, 285; Sabbath Schools, 64; Saviour Prophet, 239; School of Grace, 237; Scripture Cards, 625; Scriptural Holiness, 486; Seaside Thoughts, 190; Seeds and Saplings, 529; Self-sacrifice, 289; Septimus Sears, 189; Sermons of Martyrs, 143; Sermons to Students, 528; Service of Suffering, 236; Sheet Almanacks, 39; Short Sermons, 413; Sower, The, 142; Sick Man's Comfort Book, 575; Sin and its Penalty, 90; Smart's Sermons, 574; Soldiers of the Cross, 40; Slave Bloom, 482; Songs for Little

Books, Notices of (*continued*)—

Singers, 88; Speaker's Commentary, 350; Spurgeon's Almanack, 574; Stephen Grellet, 233; Story of a New Drop, 193; Story of Jesus, 194; Story of Dan and Jack, 36; Story of the Covenant, 529; Story of the Years, 190; Stoughton's History, 494; Strength in Weakness, 348; Studies in Matthew, 481; Studies in Music Worship, 86; Suburban Homes, 352; Sunbeams, 825; Sunday, 90; Sunday at Home and Leisure Hour, 39; Sunlight and Shadow, 483; Sunny Memories, 41; Sunnyside School, 234; Summer Days, 238; Swan's Nest, 287; Sword and the Trowel, 83.

Tale of the Grampians, 482; Teacher's Storehouse, 193; Temperance Annual, 145; Temperance Handbooks, 531; Temperance League's Annual, 145; Temperance Mottoes and Texts, 89; Temperance Readings, 145; Temperance Songs, 190; Tempter Behind, 145; Text Cards, 148; The Christ, 351; Theistic Problems, 235; This Life and the Life to Come, 286; Thirteen Articles, 578; Thoughtful Joe, 482; Three Naturalists, 83; Thornton Hall, 234; Thrift Lessons, 191; Tour in Brittany, 238; Tract Magazine, 581; Treasure Book of Consolation, 40; Truth of Scripture, 146; Turn to the Right, 287.

Una's Crusade, 235; Under the Pillow, 529; Universal Instructor, 90, 352; Unseen, The, 87; Variorum Testament, 284; Via, Veritas, Vita, 416; Vic, 240; Vignettes of the Revival, 87; Violet in the Shade, 92; Voices of Hope, 237.

What Aileth Thee? 236; What Church? 85; What do I Believe? 234; Whitaker's Almanack, 146; Wife's Secret, 240; Wilds of Florida, 287; Wilfred, 287; Winter Pictures, 625; Wise Man of Whittleburg, 413; Witton's Main, 40; Wives and Husbands, 285; Word About Work, 192; Words of Christ, 581; Words of Comfort, 63; Words of Friendly Counsel, 193; Work and Prayer, 286; Worthies of the World, 577, 625.

Year after Year, 42; Young Crossing Sweepers, 417; Young Cumbrian, 40.

Boy's Rebuke, A 506
 Brother's Dream, A 112
 Burmah, Twenty-six Years in 402

Calvinism, An Opponent's Tribute 553
 Care for the Day Sufficient 115
 Charlesworth, V. J.—
 "Gone Home" 162
 Last Sunday in Surrey Chapel 251
 "Memorials of a Consecrated Life" 174
 Plea for Christian Effort 502
 The Dog and Porridge Pot 319

Charter, J.—
 Christ is All 506
 Cheerful Giver, A 469
 Cheerful View, A 232
 Church Missions to the Telegu People 167
 College and Orphanage 132
 Colportage Association Annual Report 361
 Colportage Association, Subscriptions to 48, 102, 152, 199, 243, 300, 360, 428, 492, 540, 592, 632
 Comfort in Felt Unworthiness 554

Davis, C. A.—
 Cuthbert, of Lindisfarne 153
 Dr. Doddridge 546
 "Follow Me" 1
 From Rabbinitism to Christianity 206
 James Murrell Phillippo 614
 Little Abe 137
 Manuel Matamoros 518
 Peter Waldo 449
 The Erskines 285
 Thomas Carlyle 336
 Despairing Soul Comforted 3

Downton, Henry—
 A Prayer for Fair Weather ... 479
 Dumfrics Tabernacle ... 28
 Duncan, G.—
 Calvinism ... 225
 The Revised Testament and the Baptists 444
 Enormous Gooseberry, The ... 270
 Far More Exceeding ... 26
 Forbearance ... 888
 Fullerton, W. Y.—
 The Lost Ministry ... 13
 Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, 47, 101, 151, 109,
 247, 296, 350, 426, 492, 530, 591, 631
 Grateful though Borrowing ... 8
 Happiness, Kinds of ... 24
 Harpoons on board ... 613
 Haynes, W. B.—
 Lines on Preaching Christ ... 210
 Memories of Prince Edward Island ... 608
 Holy Life is True Force, A ... 453
 Home in Sunshine and Shadow ... 599
 Influence of a good Book ... 621
 Keys, J. L.—
 George Trosse of Exeter ... 69, 122
 Life and Letters of H. Bushnell ... 77
 Loan Building Fund, Annual Account ... 104
 London Advancing ... 500
 Looking unto Jesus ... 205
 Lord's Converts and Man's, The ... 556
 Meditation Enlightens the Soul ... 258
 Memorials of J. Legge, M. A. ... 625
 Ministers to teach as well as study ... 572
 Night Reveals Defects ... 348
 Noble Words of a Noble Man... 76
 Norwood Chapel ... 573
 Notes—America, 196; Annual Church Meeting,
 147; Anonymous Donors, 242; Appleby, 627;
 Australia, 43, 147, 584.
 Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle, 44, 96, 149,
 244, 294, 420, 490, 537, 588, 629; Baptist Union
 at Portsmouth and Southampton, 626; Ber-
 mondsey, 356; Birmingham, 292; Blantyre
 (Africa), 487; Book Fund, 92, 242; Bracknell,
 627; Brampton (Ontario), 196; Brannoxtown,
 487; Bures St. Mary, 418; Burnley, 242; But-
 chers' Festival, 942.
 Cape Town, 292; Cape of Good Hope, 241; Came-
 roons, 356; Calcutta, 241, 356; Carshalton, 535;
 Caxton, 627; Charlestown, 487; Chesham, 487;
 Choral Society, 636; "Christian Baptism," 242;
 Church, 418; Clay Cross, 487; Coalville, 292;
 Colville, Death of T., 147; College Annual
 Meetings, 43, 627; College Evening Classes,
 43; College Fête, 487; College Session, 418;
 Colportage Society, 44, 95, 148, 197, 244, 293,
 357, 419, 489, 586, 629; "Conference Addresses,"
 584; Conference of Pastors' College, 147, 290;
 Congo, The, 627; Country Mission, 43, 355,
 486; Coseley, 356; Croydon, 354; Croydon
 (West), 627.
 Deloraine, 93, 356; Darjeeling, 356, 635; Day of
 Prayer, 356; Depressed Farming, 583; Dolton,
 93.
 Eastbourne, 93; Edwards, Death of Mr. J., 353;
 Esher, 196; Evangelists' Association, 95, 353,
 583; Evangelists, G. W. Linnear, 292; Evange-
 lists, J. Burnham, 43, 94, 148, 197, 243, 292, 357,
 418, 489, 536, 565, 628; Evangelists, J. G. Wil-
 liams, 418; Evangelists, Smith and Fullerton,
 43, 94, 147, 196, 243, 292, 356, 418, 487, 536, 585,
 627; Eye, 535.
 Folkestone, 43; Free Sundays, 354, 534; Frome,
 418; Jamaica, 93, 356.

Notes (continued)—
 Garfield, Death of President, 584; Garrett, H. H.,
 Fatal Accident to, 584, 627; Gorington, 196;
 "Good Cheer," 241; Gorsley, 627; Gray's Inn
 Road, 93; Green Walk Mission, 625.
 Harrow, 196; Histon, 627; "Hoarding Informa-
 tion," 534; Hunton Bridge and King's Langley,
 535.
 India, 93; Inskip, 43; Ireland, 487.
 Kilmarnock, 93; Kingston-on-the-Hudson, 93.
 Ladies' Working Society, 195; Lady Lash,
 Death of, 241; Langham, 487; Leoda, 418;
 Liskeard, 487; Loan Tract Society, 626; Lock-
 hart, Testimonial to Mr., 629.
 Macclesfield, 196; Macfarlane, Death of Mr. A.,
 242; Madras, 93; Manning, Death of Dr.,
 534; Maternal Society, 584; Medical Mission,
 585; Melbourne, Australia, 93, 147, 487; Mid-
 hurst, 627; Milton, 627; Ministers' Clothing
 Society, 95, 197; Missionary Conference, 418;
 Missionary Prayer Meeting, 195; Missionary
 Working Society, 355.
 New Brompton, 291; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 196;
 New Durham, 535; New Tent, 535; Norris,
 Death of Mrs., 196.
 Ogden, 43; Orphanage Bazaar, 354, 419, 535, 584,
 586, 628; Orphanage Christmas Treat, 628;
 Orphanage Fête, 419; Orphanage, The Stock-
 well, 43, 94, 148, 197, 243, 293, 489, 537, 586,
 628; Orphans in the West, 42.
 Pastor's Holiday, 583; Peckham, 584; Personal
 Notes, 95, 149, 197, 293, 357, 490, 537, 587;
 Port Elizabeth, 198; Princes Risborough, 535;
 Punshon, Death of Dr., 241.
 Reed, Death of Sir C., 241; Retford, 292; Re-
 vised Testament, 417; Rogers, Death of Mrs.
 G., 584.
 Saint Leonard's, 242; Saint Thomas, 356; San-
 dton, 487; Sermon Tract Society, 487; Sitting-
 bourne, 43; Song Services, 586; South Hack-
 ney, 43; South Stockton, 584; Spurgeon,
 Death of Mrs. J. A., 534; Spurgeon's Health,
 Mr., 92, 147, 194, 417, 626; Spurgeon's Silver
 Wedding, Mr., 42; Sterling (Illinois), 196; Stoke
 Newington, 93; Stow-on-the-Wold, 93; Street-
 ham, 291; Students' Meeting, 92; Students,
 Notice to, 242; Sunday School Meeting, 196;
 Sunderland, 418; Supplies at the Tabernacle,
 583; Surrey Chapel, 194; Sutton-on-Trent,
 418.
 The Congo, 356, 627; The Telooogs, 627; Thurs-
 day Night Prayer Meeting, 417, 486; Tokio,
 196; Transvaal, The, 92; Tunbridge Wells, 147.
 Upton-on-Severn, 627.
 Vickery, Death of Mr. B., 194.
 Walsham, 93; Walsingham, 418; Wandsworth
 Common, 627; Watch Night Services, 93;
 Weekly Offering, 43; West Chester (Pennsyl-
 vania), 627; Widnes, 242; Wimbledon, 356;
 Woodstock (Illinois), 196.
 Objections to Election, a Parable ... 380
 Odds and Ends About Preaching and Hear-
 ing ... 476
 Orphans in the West ... 31
 Our Evangelists ... 409
 Page, W., B.A.—
 Dr. Candlish on Baptism ... 79
 Pastors' College, Annual Account ... 103
 Pastors' College Annual Report ... 301
 Pastors' College, Subscriptions to ... 44, 96, 149,
 198, 244, 295, 358, 420, 490, 538, 588, 629
 Pike, G. Holden—
 Costermongers' Hall... 385
 Bespattered Fringes of the Population... 180
 Hospital Reform ... 176
 La Grande Ligne, Canada ... 562
 Pastor A. G. Brown's Orphans' Home ... 515
 Robert Browne and Martin Marprelate... 507
 Sailors Afloat and Ashore ... 214, 271
 Saturday Night in Nottingham ... 480

	PAGE		PAGE
Pike, G. Holden (<i>continued</i>)—		Spurgeon, Thomas—	
Some Letters of Reformed Thieves ...	394	Ants and their Antics ...	116
Thieves in Newgate and their Friends		Fight in the Fender ...	21
Without ...	49	" He 's Not a Bit Like a Parson " ...	89
Praise of the Bible ...	920	" He Had Something to Say and Said It " ...	541
Proper Effects of Age ...	408		593
Put more Christ in the Sermons ...	603	" He Told us Nothing New " ...	446
		Jesus for Me ...	257
Religious Revolution in France ...	221	" Oil Often " ...	50
Roll the Pumpkin ...	556	Over the Ranges, etc. ...	170
		" She made us all out to be Sinners " ...	300
Salter, J.—		Trophies from Toowoomba ...	9
Our Asiatic Seamen ...	326, 557, 604	To John Ploughman ...	185
Seaside Notes ...	821	What Does the Clock Say ? ...	211
Silencing the Critic ...	62	Stockwell Orphanage, Annual Report ...	429
Slender ...	325	Stockwell Orphanage, Subscriptions to, 45, 96,	
Snow Bloom ...	475	150, 198, 244, 298, 358, 421, 491, 538, 588, 630	
Society of Evangelists, Annual Account ...	104	Such Beautiful Language ...	501
Society of Evangelists, Subscriptions to	48, 152,		
189, 248, 300, 360, 428, 492, 540, 592, 622		Theatre, Dr. Cuyler on the ...	82
Spurgeon, C. H.—		Thirteen Ways of being Happy ...	58
From an Unexpected Source ...	178	Tracts and Tracks ...	479
Good Cheer from Past and Present		Trials sure to visit us ...	20
Service ...	201	Truth, The Whole ...	75
Inaugural Address ...	259, 313, 377		
It's Not the Harness that Makes the		Unwound Clocks ...	607
Horse ...	343	Use Your Eyes Rightly ...	79
Look Well to the Singing ...	179	Using the Word Aright ...	27
Lovingkindness of the Lord ...	161		
Orphanage, The ...	478	Vickery, In Memory of Mr. B. ...	187
Preach Christ in a Christly Manner ...	105		
Sermon to Ministers and Tried Believers	464	Weekly Offerings ...	279
Taking the Bull by the Horns ...	160	We're Behind Time ...	29
The Inn ...	65	What Agnosticism Leads to ...	111
Why We Have Not ...	483	What have You Done ? ...	320
Young Preachers Encouraged ...	4	Wigstone, J. P.—	
Spurgeon, Mrs. C. H.—		Christ as a Substitute ...	13
The Book Fund Report ...	180	Gospel in North-west Spain ...	134
Spurgeon, R.—		Losing, Seeking, Finding, etc. ...	470
Work in Bengal ...	280	Worth of Colleges ...	175
Native Churches of Bengal ...	522	Would like nothing to do ...	75
		Wrong Place which was the Right Place ...	258



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1881.

“Follow me.”

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY C. A. DAVIS, OF BRADFORD.



R. STANDFAST, in “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” standing midway in the river of Death, is represented as saying, “I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth there I have coveted to set my foot too.” This is the true Christian spirit, which begins in compliance with the invitation, “Come unto me,” and grows to perfection by obedience to the command, “Follow me.” Our religion centres round a Person rather than a creed. Christianity is summed up in Christ. To come unto him is repentance, faith, and justification: to follow him is sanctification: to be with him is glorification. As the sinner is directed not so much to a way of salvation as to a Living Person who saves him, so the believer looks not to a law so much as to a life. Given, the grace of God, the whole prescription for the attainment of the perfect character lies in these two words: “Follow me.”

But all is not gold that glitters, and it is not all that looks like following Christ that will bear the test of genuineness. Some exclaim, in a moment of excitement, “Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.” It is rashly and precipitately said, without considering the privations that may be involved. Foxes and birds are better housed than he who in this hostile world had not where to lay his head. Others are called by Jesus to follow him, but they are not ready; there are claims which to their mind are more imperious. Lord, suffer me first to go and bury my father. I love him more than thee. Let me

wait till the old man is dead : let me close his eyes, and discharge the last duties of a son ; and when I have satisfied the claims of nature I will lend an ear to the demands of grace. Or there is something for me to inherit : let my worldly affairs be well settled out of hand, and then I will follow thee.

Another is willing and yet unwilling to follow Jesus. Irresolute he stands, wavering between Christ and home, drawn by contending forces. Under the stress of the one he exclaims, "I will follow thee"; and swayed by the other he mournfully adds, "But let me first go bid them farewell which are at home at my house." Though he holds the plough in his hand he looks back in his heart. Such a man will never make a straight furrow. He is halting between two opinions, willing but reluctant, and Christ pronounces him unfit.

Indeed, this business of following Christ is no child's play. "Following of ME is not like following of some other masters. The wind sits always on my face, and the foaming rage of the sea of this world, and the proud and lofty waves thereof, do continually beat upon the sides of the ship that myself, my cause, and my followers are in ; he therefore that will not run hazards, and that is afraid to venture a drowning, let him not set foot into this vessel." Thus wrote John Bunyan, and multitudes have attested the truth of the description. But shall we *fear*, therefore, to follow Jesus? or shall we go after him with heavy step and sad countenance? Read the story of Matthew's call. Jesus "went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom : and he said unto him, Follow me. And he left all, rose up, and followed him." The response is as prompt as the sacrifice is complete, and it is done, too, with the air, not of a martyr, but of a bridegroom ; it is signalized with rejoicing. "And Levi made him a great feast in his own house." What! leaving all, and making a feast over it! But what is he leaving? He is giving up earth for heaven. He is exchanging the position of receiver to the Roman treasury for that of almoner to the treasury of God, to distribute everlasting riches to millions. He takes up a cross which, like Aaron's rod, blossoms and bears fruit ; and even that sweet cross will be soon laid down, and he shall wear a crown. Such self-denial was worthy of a festival : yea, all self-denial done for Jesus is self-enrichment.

Jesus walks along the Via Dolorosa, saying, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and *follow me*." As we obey him, mortifying sin, renouncing worldliness, denying self, and consenting to God, the sorrowful way becomes a way of pleasantness and a path of peace. While we walk, the rugged path of the cross changes to the green pastures of the blood-bought flock, and the air is filled with the Good Shepherd's voice, saying, "My sheep hear my voice, and I knew them, and they *follow me*." We lie down and rest, and lo, the pastures of blessing give place to the scene of useful and successful labour ; the same voice sounds in our listening ears ; but now it is saying, "*Follow me*, and I will make you to become fishers of men." We cast our nets into the great sea of mankind, and enclose multitudes for Jesus ; but while we are doing it the scene is once more transformed,—the place of happy toil becomes the Mount of Ascension, from whence our Lord is rising, and, with heaven opening above him, and

angels appearing like beams of light to meet him, he turns to look back and say, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me now, but thou shalt *follow me* afterwards." Is anything more needed to stir his followers to enthusiasm?

"*Follow me*," he says, and he goes before to guide the steps of our daily life. Will he lead us this year through trial? In no path are his own footprints more visible. Man of sorrows was his name, and through suffering he entered into his glory. It is the highway to heaven traversed by all the redeemed. He himself was tried with poverty, bereavement, suspicion, misrepresentation, hatred, suffering, shame, death, and he says, "*Follow me*." With the fall of his footsteps in our ears, let us confidingly and confidently advance; for we are in the procession of the church marching from darkness to light, from enmity and unbelief to faith and love, from exile to home; and Jesus leads the van. Like the pillar of cloud and fire which pioneered the chosen nation from the house of bondage through the great and terrible wilderness to Immanuel's land, Jesus conducts us to heaven, clearing the way, and beckoning us on. The whole church is following him, and is it not an inspiring spectacle? Let none of us be stragglers: let us be men that can keep rank, in close, compact order pressing onward to our joy. For the Master has said—"If any man serve me, *let him follow me*; AND WHERE I AM, THERE SHALL ALSO MY SERVANT BE."

A despairing soul comforted.

THERE lived lately at Tilbury, in Essex, a gentleman who was a long time under such an eminent degree of despair, that he rejected all comfort that was tendered to him by any hand, and would not suffer any to pray with him; nay, he sent to the ministers and Christians that lived near him, and desired them, that as they would not increase his torments in hell, they would cease praying for him. He would not suffer any religious services to be performed in his family, though formerly himself was much in the use of them. Yet God gave him at last such inward refreshings, and by degrees filled him with such abundance of heavenly comforts, that he told all who came to him that it was impossible for any tongue to utter, or heart to imagine, his joys, unless they had felt them. At last God gave him "the new name, and the white stone, that none knows but he that hath it," Rev. ii. 17. He lived about three-quarters of a year, enjoying heaven upon earth, and then breathed out his last in the bosom of Christ.—THOMAS BROOKS, 1608—1680.

[We quote this, not to excuse despair, but in the hope that some one who has long been shut up in the iron cage may take heart and believe that the bars can yet be broken. Jesus can set free the prisoners.—C. H. S.]

Young Preachers Encouraged.

A SHORT ADDRESS, DELIVERED TO THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

A CERTAIN venerable minister once told me that when his young people took to preaching he did his best to choke them off of it. Whether he was right or wrong is not a question which I shall now discuss: I can only say I have acted upon the opposite principle, and have endeavoured not to choke but to cheer those who try to speak for Jesus. I am not old enough to have forgotten the struggles of my own early days, or the influence of a cheering word upon my young heart, and so I take a loving and lively interest in those who sincerely endeavour to do their best for their Master, even though that best be raw and uncouth. "Would God that all the Lord's servants were prophets," and that far greater numbers of labourers were sent into the harvest of the great Householder.

Let all who have gifts for the work open their mouths and preach Jesus, for the gospel cannot have too many faithful heralds. At this time I will only dwell upon one truth, that for men to speak of Christ to others is a great blessing to themselves. Brother workers, the endeavour to win souls by *preaching Christ is a grand means of grace to our own hearts*. The apostle Paul thought preaching to be a high privilege and a means of good to himself; for he said "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." It is a token for good to us when God employs us, nay more, the holy service is the channel of incalculable benefit to us. So far as I am concerned, I scarcely know how I could keep alive spiritually if I did not refresh my own heart by preaching the gospel to others. So is it with my brethren. Many are warmed by holy exertion who else might have been cold; many are cheered who else would have been despondent; many are instructed who else had been ignorant; many are made to grow who else had been stunted. The first blessing is to be saved yourself, but the next in value is to be the means of saving your neighbours. Salvation from sin includes salvation from selfishness, and this is in a large measure effected by our beginning to care for the souls of others, and showing that care by earnestly speaking to them. The man whose first and last concern is about his own safety is not half saved yet, if saved at all. It is wretched work to be for ever prying into the vault of one's own inner feelings and spying out in the murky darkness new causes for disquietude; better far to look around on dying men, and spend the divine life within you in trying to glorify God by proclaiming his infinite love. By morbidly brooding over self you will hatch new griefs, but by blessing others you will open fresh sources of rejoicing.

Public speech for Christ helps to develop us. I believe it is as good for young men to try and preach the gospel as it is for children to attempt to walk. How they tumble about!—I mean both the preachers and the children. As for the children, their battered noses and broken knees are part payment for the privilege of ultimately walking on two legs; and who regrets the bruises in after days when it is his joy to run without

weariness? The break-downs of young speakers are much the same, they pain them for the time, and perhaps leave a bruise in the form of a story which makes them wince when it is repeated, but by these things men learn to speak without fear, and the preacher is trained to ready utterance. If there were no miserable defeats there would be no happy successes. Preachers are like the sycamore figs of Amos, they must be bruised by failure before they will ripen and sweeten into great usefulness. I like to hear of men beginning to speak for Jesus; they remind me of young eagles stretching their callow wings and taking their first venturous flight: they will in due time soar into the heavens, none the less surely because now they can scarcely wing their way from one point to another. I recollect my own beginnings, and I know how tremblingly, and yet how trustingly, I took each tottering step. Some of the holiest feelings of our renewed nature are called into action at such a time: I could wish that in after years we were as prayerful and dependent as at that season. The effort arouses the noblest part of us, and gives it a chance to indulge its aspirations, and so far it must be good.

It is an admirable thing for young men to begin early to preach the truth, for it is *the best way of learning it*. My college course was after this fashion. I was for three years a Cambridge man, though I never entered the university. I could not have obtained a degree because I was a Nonconformist; and, moreover, it was a better thing for me to pursue my studies under an admirable scholar and tender friend, and preach at the same time. I was, by my tutor's often expressed verdict, considered to be sufficiently proficient in my studies to have taken a good place on the list had the way been open. "You could win at a cantor," said he to me. I had, however, a better college course, for I studied theology as much as possible during the day, and then at five in the evening I became a travelling preacher, and started into the villages to tell out what I had learned. My quiet meditation during the walk helped me to digest what I had read, and the rehearsal of my lesson in public, by preaching it to the people, fixed it on my memory. I do not mean that I ever repeated a single sentence from memory, but I thought my reading over again while on my legs, and thus worked it into my very soul. I must have been a singular-looking youth on wet evenings. During the last year of my stay in Cambridge, when I had given up my office as usher, I was wont to sally forth every night in the week, except on Saturday, and walk three, five, or perhaps eight miles out and back again on my preaching work, and when it rained I encased myself in waterproof leggings and a mackintosh coat, and a hat with a waterproof covering, and I carried a dark lantern to show me the way across the fields. I had many adventures, of which I will not now speak, but the point is, that what I had gathered by my studies during the day I handed out to a company of villagers in the evening, and was greatly profited by the exercise. I always found it good to say my lesson when I had learned it; children do that, you know, and it is equally good for preachers, especially if they say their lesson *by heart*. No better means of fixing knowledge can be devised. My dear brethren, who are young preachers, will learn their theology while preparing their sermons and while delivering them,

if the Spirit of God be much sought and depended on. To translate the ideas of your own mind into language which others can understand and receive is a fine lesson both in thinking and in speaking.

I am glad to see the men in our churches attempting to preach, because it is likely to *give them a deeper sympathy with their ministers*, and we need the sympathy and love of all around us. Some thoughtless persons imagine that the preacher stands up and opens his mouth and sermons leap forth; they know nothing of the intense study and wear and tear of mind which are necessary to maintain freshness and vigour from Sabbath to Sabbath. When these young men open their mouths, they find that instructive matter does not flow forth spontaneously; they discover that the same thing is very apt to come over and over again, or that they are too embarrassed to say anything at all. They are perplexed and worried to know where to find themes, and thus they learn the need of searching the Scriptures, and storing their minds. This is good for them. Better still, they find that they must pray over their subjects, and get their hearts into a right state before God, or else they cannot discourse to profit. They soon perceive that minds are not always fresh and fertile, and they learn to bear with a dull sermon, caused by a headache or a sleepless night. Those who have preached themselves will pray for those of us who have all the year round to instruct huge congregations, and to make the old, old story new and attractive to the same people throughout a lifetime.

I am sure, too, that *it keeps men out of mischief* to set about spreading the knowledge of Christ. The most useful members of a church are usually those who would be doing harm if they were not doing good. They cannot be chips in the porridge, they must flavour it one way or another. I know very well if I was not always at work I should be sure either to worry myself or others, for my brains will not imitate the dormouse, and take a long sleep. To have nothing to do would kill some of us outright. Active-minded idlers are a curse to any community. Lazy members of churches, if they have restless dispositions, become critical hearers, grumblers, gossips, heretics, or schismatics. They find pleasure in giving pain. It is fine to see a sluggard lean over a rail and find fault with those who are hard at work in their shirt-sleeves; he says they are out of order, and ought to wear dress coats. It would be better if they would dress his coat for him. On a very hot day it is very pleasant to sit in a boat and find fault with the two fellows who are rowing so hard that they drip with sweat. I know some who enjoy this delight in a spiritual sense, and also add to it the further joy of criticizing the way in which the rowers feather their oars. If the workers should turn round and say, "Try and do better yourself," they would be justified in the observation, and I wish the idle gentlemen would accept such a bit of practical wisdom. Now, you with fault-finding tongues, use your mouths for a better purpose, and we shall be less troubled by you. Spare energy soon runs wild if it be not yoked to the gospel plough. Vines which bear little fruit go all to wood, and many of the branches run over the wall.

It is a good thing for our young brethren to begin to preach, *because it arouses their natures*. They discover points in themselves that they never knew were there; frequently these discoveries are not flattering,

but humiliating, and this greatly benefits them, for anything is good which lowers self-conceit. Other discoveries comfort and encourage them, for they find out faculties and talents which were unperceived while they were silent. No one knows what he can do till he has tried, nor even what he cannot do till he has made the attempt. When a man begins to agonize for souls, to persuade, and entreat them to come to Christ, he discovers his own weakness, and his need of the Holy Spirit; while further on, when the Lord blesses him, he gladly perceives what great strength can be put into him, and how much his very infirmities may be overruled to the glory of God.

Though a man cannot preach at all, it may do him great good to make the attempt, if he has any strong impulses in that direction; for if he be a man of sense *the clear evidence of his inability will satisfy his conscience*, and enable him quietly to attend to more suitable work. We cannot all preach, and there is no need we should, for it cannot be desirable that the church should be all mouth, since that would amount to its being one great vacuum, a sort of cave by the sea, famous for nothing but contending noises. There must be ears to hear the gospel as well as lips to preach it; and it is not an ill thing for a man to have attempted to preach when his failure leads him to become a good hearer, and a diligent labourer in service more suitable to his abilities.

It is good for young men to begin to preach because it is from among their ranks that the ministry must be recruited, and lay-preaching associations are *often the means of raising up and qualifying men who become able ministers of the new covenant*. Many a small church has been a nursery of preachers. The very need of the people has compelled them to search out and encourage native talent. When a man stands up in the street to preach, or talks to a dozen people in a cottage, he is putting out his pound to interest as his Lord desires, and it grows by being thus employed, till one talent becomes two, and two become five, and five become ten. By exercising his gift the chosen servant of Christ goes from strength to strength. Some of those who now occupy the foremost pulpits, and are doing the greatest good, owe their capacity under God to the constant habit of preaching, which commenced at first in a very small way. How many times I have enjoyed preaching the gospel in a farmer's kitchen, or in a cottage or in a barn. Perhaps many people came to hear me because I was then a boy; but I owed my earliest opportunities to the Cambridge Lay-preachers' Association, which placed me upon its plan, and kept me in constant work, till I became a village pastor. I, therefore, advocate such societies, and wish to see one of the like in every town.

In my young days I fear I said many odd things and made many blunders, but my audiences were not hypercritical, and no newspaper writers dogged my heels, and so I had a happy training-school, in which by continual practice I attained such a degree of ready speech as I now possess. There is no way of learning to preach which can be compared with preaching itself. If you want to swim you must get into the water, and if you at the first make a sorry exhibition, never mind, for it is by swimming *as you can* that you learn to swim as you should. Hence we ought to be lenient with beginners, for they will do better by-and-by. If young speakers in Cambridge had been discouraged

and silenced, I might not have found my way here; and therefore I hope I shall be the last to bring forth a wet blanket for any who sincerely speak of Christ, however humble may be their endeavours. If we slay the striplings, where shall we find our veterans? The fear of there being too many preachers is the last which will occur to me. I rejoice in that passage of the psalm—"The Lord gave the word, great was the company of those that published it." Go forth, young men, and proclaim among the people of this vast city all the words of this life. Among these millions you will all of you be few enough. The Lord make you to be all good men and true. I pray him to anoint you with his Spirit; fill your baskets with living seed, and in due season bring you back laden with many sheaves. My heart is with you, my soul rejoices in your successes, and I look to the great Head of the church through your means to gather in his blood-bought ones.

Grateful though sorrowful.

SEEING that all our troubles and afflictions come from God, we ought to humble and submit our hearts and minds unto him, and to suffer him to work in us according to his most holy will and pleasure. If unseasonable weather should hurt the corn and the fruits of the earth, or a wicked man should misreport us or slander us, why should we murmur and grudge against the elements, or seek to revenge us of our enemy? for if we lift not up our minds, and consider that it is God that layeth his hands upon us, and that it is he that striketh us, we are even like unto dogs, which, if a man cast a stone at them, will bite the stone, without any respect to who did cast it. . . .

Pliny the Second, an heathen man, when he would comfort a friend of his, whose dear spouse was departed out of this world, wrote after this manner: "This ought to be a singular comfort unto thee that thou hast had and enjoyed such a precious jewel for so long a time: for forty-four years did she live with thee, and there was never any strife, brawling, or contention between you, nor never one of you once displeased the other. 'Yea,' but now thou wilt say, 'so much the more loath and unwilling am I to be without her, seeing I lived so long a time so pleasantly with her. For we forget soon such pleasures and commodities as we have proved and tasted but a little time only.' But to answer to this, take thou heed that thou be found not unthankful, if thou wilt only weigh and consider what thou hast lost, and not remember how long thou didst have and enjoy it."

So if we will not set and weigh the one thing against the other, we are like unto children, who, if any man happen to disturb or hinder their game a little, or take any manner of thing from them, will by-and-by cast away all the rest also, and fall to weeping.—*Saltmarsh*.

Trophies from Toowoomba.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON AND JOHN MACPHERSON.

SOME of the noblest deeds are done in obscure places and by men almost unknown, and many a work for Christ is truly great which has begun and spread in an isolated hamlet or up-country township. Such an one has lately come under my notice. At Toowoomba, one hundred miles from Brisbane, Pastor John Macpherson has been labouring for several years. He has from time to time received tokens for his encouragement; but latterly the blessing has been vouchsafed in larger measure. Years of patient plodding have not been spent in vain, and now the harvest time seems to have arrived. On every hand the fields look white, and some notorious sinners are enquiring the way to Zion.

The township is stirred at last, and the whole neighbourhood seems awakened. The devil is very uneasy about it, and has tried to raise a persecution with some success. Not that the persecution has succeeded in staying the tide of blessing; it has rather increased it, and the black prince has had to gnash his teeth over the loss of some of his staunchest soldiers. These make the very best recruits for King Jesus, and Satan is well aware of that fact.

The spleen of the ungodly is vented particularly against the ordinance of believers' baptism. Roman Catholics are very numerous in the township, and equally bigoted.

At a baptismal service held recently in the public baths, the roughs—Larrikins, we call them—created much disturbance, and have since broken some of the chapel windows.

It needs not follow that because the animosity and opposition is manifest there must be real work going on; but such a conclusion is, in most instances, likely to be correct, and it certainly is so in this. The arch-enemy slumbers, or pretends to do so, when he is getting it all his own way; but he roars and raves when his territory is invaded. Early in September last Mr. Macpherson asked Brother John Downing (late of the Pastors' College) to come from Brisbane for special services at Toowoomba. On a Sunday, and on the four following evenings, Mr. Downing preached with much blessing. Some of the most rowdy of the Larrikins sought and found mercy, and many gave their hearts to Jesus. On the Thursday I was announced to preach in the Royal Assembly Rooms, and we had as many as six or seven hundred people from the town and neighbourhood. There were several anxious there, and Mr. M— has written me since, saying, "Your testimony in Toowoomba gave us a great lift. I may say 'we ascended up in a cloud and our enemies beheld us.' A great many have been moved to seek eternal life." Finding the work in this place so full of interest, I asked my friend to let me have an account of his labours for *The Sword and the Trowel*. In response to my request he very kindly sent me a few stories of conversions, which he desires me to rewrite. He seems to think his unvarnished tale not good enough. He says, "My poor attempt would never do. I like to see butter in a lordly dish, and apples of gold in

pictures of silver." I feel, however, that I cannot materially alter his report. It is full of the earnest spirit of the man who wrote, and of the word on which he lives. May God bless his simple testimony to fellow-labourers, and especially to those who seek the Lord. The earnest labourer thus begins his story of the Lord's blessing:—

"When I came to Toowoomba, over five years ago, the spiritual condition of the people was very low, and the gospel little known. By hard, persevering labour a change for the better has come over many hearts and homes. The first addition to our little church was a German, who had lived a notoriously wicked life. He kept a drinking-shanty, and by his godless way of living had sunk into want and woe. It pleased God, however, to visit him with deep conviction of sin. He felt his need of a Saviour, and, after a desperate struggle, he laid hold on eternal life in Christ Jesus. Since his conversion he has always manifested his gratitude to the Lord by seeking to bring others to the Saviour. He was the first of a little church meeting at Highfields, some twelve miles from Toowoomba, which now numbers twenty-eight members. The two following conversions are remarkable as showing how God is found of those who do not seek him.

"A woman who was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church came to me in great distress, her chief trouble being a mistaken fear that she had not been legally married because the registrar had performed the ceremony. After some time she was convinced that she and her husband were as truly married as if all the priests and parsons in the colony had joined them together. Once clear of this unpardonable sin (as she thought it), her mind was open to receive the truth that 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Soon after this interview I called at her house, when a most beautiful sight met my eyes. The poor woman was on her knees with the Bible open before her, pouring out her heart in earnest prayer to God. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, and yet her face shone like an angel's. When her prayer was ended, I asked her what she had been asking for. In reply she pointed to John xiv. 16, 17, and her joy was full. This woman's husband was a drinking, swearing, fighting sinner. On his own confession he had lived for twelve years an utterly godless life. On one occasion he had actually attempted to end his wretched existence by lying across the rails. But God, who is rich in mercy, was determined to save him, and the conversion of his wife was the first means used. He was angry at first, then conviction came. He went about seeking rest and finding none, till one day his little girl put a school card into his hand. The text on it was, 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' He read the card, but at the time felt no impression from the words. Presently he met an old mate who told him of the happy change he had experienced through believing in Jesus. This man's story over, they parted, and then the words of the text recurred to the awakened sinner's memory. He seemed to realize that the Saviour he had rejected was before him, and there and then he believed on the Son of God and found life and peace. He became filled with zeal and love, and was known all over the town as mad G. So anxious was he for the conversion of souls that he would let no one pass him without telling of the love of Christ. The Lord is still giving him grace to testify

for him, and his love for souls is consuming his poor body. 'Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?'

"T. J.'s conversion was very remarkable. He had lived a worthless life, and at the time of conviction was under the influence of drink. On the very night he was led to our meeting he had lifted a stone to knock the life out of a publican, but grace prevented him, and God knocked the stone out of his heart instead. The kindness he received from us led him to see that we possessed something he knew nothing of. From that night a struggle commenced in his mind, and eventually he looked to the wounds of Jesus and gained the victory over sin. No sooner was he acquainted with the way of salvation than he began to warn his companions of their danger, and begged them to join him on the way to heaven. An excellent example this for all young converts!

"Lately his poor mother died, and many of her friends came to see her mortal remains before the coffin lid was closed. This was too good an opportunity for Ted to let pass. I happened to go in when the house was full of people. Ted was standing at the head of his mother's coffin, preaching Jesus and eternal life through his blood. 'You see,' said he, 'the dead flesh of my mother; but where is her poor soul? and where would your soul be if your body were in this coffin?' Then he went on for half an hour speaking of death, judgment, and eternity, and of life, peace and heaven. He would break out now and then with such an expression as this: 'Will you not come to Jesus? will you not come to the lovely Jesus?'"

Reader, has the blessed Saviour made you a partaker of his great salvation? Then

"Tell to guilty sinners round
What a dear Saviour you have found:
Point them to his redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

Ted has been the means of blessing to a jockey on the race-course who was a Roman Catholic. This young man has had to suffer much in breaking away from his old associations; but God has given him grace equal to his day, and has made him bold for Jesus.

"The story of E.'s conversion is very interesting and stimulating, affording, as it does, a wonderful instance of Christian patience and fortitude. This little girl's father and mother are High Church people, and are full of enmity against the Baptists. I first met E. in the house of one of our sisters, and then and there I told her of her sinful nature, and of Jesus who died to put away the sins of all who trust him. The good Lord was pleased to own this testimony to the salvation of her soul, and immediately her trials commenced. Her parents warned her against attending any of our meetings, and, by the advice of the clergyman, took her Bible from her. I gave her a Testament, and told her to hide it in her heart by reading and learning its precious truths. Through reading the Word her desire to confess Christ became so strong that, in spite of threatening, she came to our church-meeting and asked permission to give her testimony, in order to baptism. Before the meeting was over she was removed and taken back home, and the next day a notice appeared in the papers warning any who gave her

shelter in their houses. This, of course, had no effect on members of a church famous for sheltering orphans and outcasts. Her parents having cast her out we received her gladly, and urged her to be steadfast in the faith. In the meantime her father was sent for, and, having journeyed six hundred miles, entered a meeting which Mr. Downing was conducting, and took his daughter out: since then she has been kept a prisoner in the house; the parents know not what to do with her, and we are praying the Lord to have mercy on the whole family."

"The heavenly blessing has fallen on the aged, too. An old couple, living out of the town, had not seen the inside of a chapel for thirty years, nor read the Bible for almost as many. They are now converted, and rejoice in the Word as their daily bread."

"Labour for the Lord in the bush is very encouraging, although much discomfort is incurred for want of comfortable lodging at night. I have often to lie down with many of those little jumping cattle, which are more lively than lovely. In perils of these robbers is one of my greatest trials in my bush work; but it must be cheerfully endured for Christ's sake and the gospel's. Otherwise the country work is most enjoyable. Some time ago I held a meeting in the wild bush, or scrub, as we call it, at which over one hundred and fifty people attended, many being Germans. We assembled in the open air at three o'clock in the afternoon and held service till dark, when we adjourned to our little chapel, which could accommodate only half the people. Here we sang and preached and prayed in German and English until twelve o'clock, when I closed the meeting. After some refreshment I returned to the chapel and found the people as fervent as ever. The Spirit of God began to work mightily, and we continued pointing the anxious to the Saviour till three o'clock in the morning, and finished by singing 'Ring the bells of heaven.' The Philippian jailer will never forget the night when the foundations of the prison were shaken, and I am confident some souls will always remember with great joy that midnight meeting in the bush. Many could say in remembrance of that time of refreshing—

'So great was the change I experienced within
I scarce could believe it was true.
Such love to my God, such hatred of sin,
My soul till that hour never knew.'

Our brother could tell of many more equally interesting cases. I pray they may not only interest my readers, but incite them to work for Jesus. The simple testimony is sure to tell, and the humblest work is honourable. Will you pray for this faithful servant, and he may yet have to tell of still greater blessing.

[“Dear Father,—Could you insert foot note something as below, or intimate that you would forward sums, and certain readers might be moved to help. As *you* like about it, of course. With best love,—
Son Tom.”

“Certainly, dear son, I will let you speak for yourself.—C. H. S.”

“The little church at Toowoomba is very poor, and help is much needed in some of the bush districts. I am sure any money sent would be well expended. P.O.O. to John Macpherson, Toowoomba, Queensland, would greatly rejoice his heart and be a pleasant surprise.”]

Christ as a Substitute.

BY J. P. WIGSTONE, MISSIONARY IN SPAIN.

IN the *Estudiante*, a bi-weekly newspaper of Pontevedra, Spain, for May 7th, 1880, certain tradesmen announce that they "have an agency for substitutes established, which has been now in action during the course of twelve years. This agency to-day, having a great number of substitutes at its disposal, offers them to the public. They are warranted, and to be had at a cheap rate."

Such advertisements I have often seen in the Spanish newspapers. Sometimes substitutes are advertized as wanted; and sometimes, as in the above, substitutes are offered. You may be as curious as I used to be to know what it means, and I am going to tell you. Spanish youths, with certain exceptions, after a certain age, are obliged to undergo a term of military service. When a certain number of recruits are needed, those who have arrived at the eligible age present themselves at the place the government may appoint, and lots are drawn until the necessary number has been made up. Those drawn are drilled, distributed over the peninsula, or sent abroad; and, if war arise, of course they must face the enemy.

"But what has this to do with us?" A great deal.

1. Let me tell you that we are all at the disposal of God, and drawn for a terrible fate. My friend, the lot has been already drawn, and you are exposed to the wrath of God. "Condemned already," you are cursed; your lot is the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Mark you, the whole thing about you is settled according to law; for "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." To be exposed to the guns blazing away in the line of battle is bad, but not to be compared with being eternally tormented in the flames of hell. If you considered this seriously, it is almost enough to drive you mad.

2. About a substitute. One is not surprised that in Spain a number of very poor men, in time of peace, should offer themselves as substitutes for others, nor that the firm we quote should be able to advertise a great number of substitutes; but is there any possibility for a sinner under sentence of eternal death to find a substitute? Who will go for us? Is there any one who will stand instead of me, and bear my curse? Can there be any volunteer to bear hell's torments for my sins? Yes, there is. Wonder of wonders! Jesus Christ, the Son of God, offers to be made a curse for us, to satisfy the justice of God, to take every blow the law can inflict, to exhaust for us our hell.

3. But wait a moment. Is this substitution admissible? Your Majesty, Don Alphonso XII., King of Spain, deign, we pray you, to tell us,—Do your Majesty's laws allow that one man should stand for life or death in the place of another? The substitute being approved, his Spanish Majesty has no objection; and what Spaniard needing a substitute will quarrel with the law concerning substitution? But, oh, thou, the most just and holy King of heaven and earth, wilt thou admit of a substitute for men? wilt thou accept of thy holy Son, the Lord

Jesus Christ, that he may fulfil all righteousness, bear our iniquities, and drink for us to the dregs that bitter, cursed cup of hell? Be still, thou worm, Jehovah speaks—"I accept the substitute; he is approved unto God." Blessed be God, there is a substitute. God is well pleased with substitution; and what man drawn for hell, if not in awful madness, would quarrel with the law that allows a willing substitute to stand in his stead?

4. Our advertisement offers substitutes for the acceptance of the public. So the Lord Jesus Christ is offered, reader, for your earnest acceptance. Say, will you accept the substitute, or no? Are you prepared in your own person to stand before the artillery of God, or do you bless God there is another to take your place? If the Almighty begin with you, the allowing of one single shot, without any propelling force, to fall on your head would grind you to powder. If you flee not to the Saviour, he will bruise you as grapes in the wine press; yea, you will be a worm on which eternal fire will feed.

5. Connected with the substitutes in the paragraph something is said about the "price." There is also something said about price with respect to Christ as a substitute. In Spain it means a good round sum, more than many can afford; but fear not, thou trembling soul. With respect to Jesus no price could be fixed: he is beyond all price. Who would become a curse for money? Jesus is a substitute without money and without price. "We are justified *freely* through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."

6. But in Pontevredra, Spain, you must go to the agency, declare your case, and get the governor to accept the substitute in your name. "Enter into thy closet," or speak to God the great Governor where you sit. Tell him you are drawn for condemnation, that Jesus offers to become your substitute, that substitution is allowed by his own law, and that it has been freely offered by the Lord Jesus; and, as you bow in agony of penitence, ask that the Substitute may be accepted in your name. In Pontevredra the Spaniard finds no difficulty; the agency delights to do it; and at the throne of grace you will find none; there is joy in heaven over one sinner that seeks the Substitute.

7. Now, come. Look at that Spanish substitute going to war, see that serious battle array, hear the awful thunder of those heavy guns: see, the substitute is slain! slain for another! About Jesus? Oh, that awful Mount Calvary. That "place of a skull" is the place of war: the sun is hidden by the smoke of the battle. Oh, Jesus, thou, my substitute, wast slain for me. My Lord Jesus, I bless thy holy name!

"Jehovah bade his sword awake;
 Oh, Christ, it woke 'gainst thee!
 Thy blood the flaming blade must slake,
 Thy heart its sheath must be—
 All for my sake, my peace to make;
 Now sleeps that sword for me."

The Lost Ministry.

"Some evangelists."—Eph. iv. 11.

THE *Catholic Presbyterian* amply justifies its claim to be the classic representative of Presbyterianism in all countries; and when we find in its August number an article on "The Evangelist and his Work," by David C. Marquis, D.D., St. Louis, it shows beyond dispute that the subject of Evangelism is occupying the thoughts of some of the leading men in that church. It is quite time that the subject should be thoroughly discussed, and the church brought to a clear understanding with reference to this, which, by its rarity in connection with church work, we have ventured to call "The Lost Ministry."

We must admit that the article in question is, on the whole, one of the fairest and most faithful we have yet seen on the subject, and we heartily sympathise with the writer when he pleads that the office of the evangelist should be recognized as supplementary to that of the pastor; that the one should be *complementary* to the other instead of, as too often the case, *complimentary*. But while making this admission, we cannot lose sight of the clerical tone which pervades the article, and must take decided exception, if not to any direct statement, at least to a good many inferences.

There can be no doubt but that, in the early church, the two offices of evangelist and pastor were separate and distinct; but many of our brethren, while admitting this, attempt to show that the former has now ceased, as has that of apostles and prophets. Why this should be so we cannot imagine, for the need for it is as great as ever, and while the necessity continues, the office must remain. A few weeks ago a leader amongst the Irish Presbyterians was heard expounding the passage at the top of this paper in the following way:—"Some evangelists and some pastors and teachers." We have now," said he, "our pastors who have the oversight of the work at home and our evangelists who are missionaries to the heathen." If by the heathen he means the heathen abroad, the interpretation is, at a glance, forced and unallowable, and cannot, certainly, be entertained for a moment. We also remember hearing a leader in one of our colleges declare that the church has had four Evangelists, and now those who preach the gospel are only *called* so by courtesy. Surely this statement must have been made in entire forgetfulness of many passages in God's word to exactly the contrary effect.

But returning to our article: the writer is severe upon those who, in the midst of the enthusiasm and excitement occasioned by the visit of the itinerant evangelist, underrate the slower and more prosaic work of the regular pastor. There are minds which can only think and act in extremes, and while we have many—too many, alas!—who support the purely pastoral office to the jealous exclusion of that of the evangelist, we have others, the more emotional and enthusiastic class, who are equally vehement and exclusive in their advocacy of the evangelistic office. There are many who are so concerned about feeding the sheep, that they complacently look on while the church only keeps up its numbers, or even gradually declines in membership and power because no fresh blood is introduced. It is well said that the existence of the

House of Lords is secured by the amount of plebeian blood which is periodically poured into its aristocratic veins; and we are quite sure that no church is safe, nay, is in imminent peril of extinction, which has not at times the fresh zeal and energy of young converts thrown into it. There are, on the other hand, certain persons who form an almost contemptuous estimate of the plodding effort necessary to the building up of a Christian church and character, and applaud the initiatory step as the only one worthy of attention. This is folly, for converts need training as well as saving. It is wise on the part of our government to add yearly many recruits to its various regiments; but it would be superlative madness to compose whole regiments of them. Gambetta in 1870, with all his organization, found that such soldiers cut but a sorry figure before the well-disciplined troops of Germany, against whom they were arrayed.

Extremes meet in error; and it becomes an important enquiry if there is not a middle stand-point. For this Dr. Marquis pleads, and in his pleadings we uphold him. Both these extremists must consent to change their ground: on the one hand, the advocates of purely pastoral effort must see the necessity for an evangelistic agency to co-operate with it, and on the other, the adherents of purely evangelistic effort must admit the necessity of pastoral oversight as well. In this way we shall reach that "happy medium" where the work of the church shall be safe.

One great fault we have to find with the writer under review is the place he assigns to evangelists. Such expressions as "*mere evangelists*," are found in his article, and he asks the question if there is "*not a place among the official appointments of the church for this narrower ministry*." The italics are ours. Now, to our mind, there is no reason either in the office itself, or in its scope, object, or institution, to warrant such an expression concerning it, and we are very much mistaken if this is not the very error which has drawn so many good men and true to that happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss, care-for-nothing-or-nobody kind of ministry. True, the qualifications of an evangelist are not necessarily those of a pastor; but is it not as true that the qualifications for the pastorate are not those suited to the work of evangelism? The very nature of both works determines the point, in the one case unfitting the evangelist for those regular habits of study and thought so necessary to a sustained pastorate, and on the other incapacitating the pastor for that quick and intuitive action so necessary to the success of an evangelist. But, because there is a difference, shall we say there is an inferiority? It is not required that the infantry in our army should display the agility and dexterity necessary to an artilleryman in the limbering and loading of his gun; but for purposes of warfare is the infantry therefore inferior to the artillery, or *vice versa*? If there is to be a union of forces, and we earnestly hope the day is not far distant, it can only take place by each allowing the other perfect equality. The pastor must not lord it over the evangelist, nor the evangelist esteem himself more highly than he ought. Shall those acting on the offensive not be counted as worthy of honour as those guarding the fort? and shall not those on the defensive be as highly esteemed as the most active brethren engaged in the skirmish? The answer is clear.

Indeed, the work of each office so acts and reacts on the other that it is impossible to exalt one at the expense of the other, and it is a matter of supreme difficulty to determine where one ends and the other begins. We agree with our writer, that "every pastor must of necessity be an evangelist"; but we go further, and declare that every evangelist must of necessity, in some measure, be a pastor. It is impossible for a man to exercise the functions of the one office without trespassing upon those of the other; he who feeds the flock must also, in his search for pasture, find some wandering sheep; and he who, like the Master, leaves the ninety and nine to go after that which is lost, must feed those he has found while they are on their journey home. To speak plainly, if an evangelist goes to a town for, say, two months, he must, by the very nature of the case, become a pastor to many during his stay: to deny this is simply to deny a matter of experience.

Another statement to which we must take exception is, that the evangelist has "nothing to do with organization"; in other words, that he is to be turned into a mere machine, propelled by others. Now, we affirm again, having experience to confirm us in our statement, that the organizing faculty is one which must be in an evangelist to a very large degree if he is to be successful. Such a man comes to a place having, in the shortest possible time, to do the greatest possible amount of work; and to accomplish this every line must be laid properly, and every possible means used. No stone must be left unturned; but if the man has no organizing power, instead of turning the stones over, he sits down on them, and fixes them all the more firmly in their place.

Let the church lay down two principles to guide her, and we think the matter will soon be simple. *First*, let us admit that the office of the evangelist must be maintained; and *secondly*, that it must stand upon an equal footing with that of the pastorate. These two principles being acted out, the difficulty vanishes.

To prove the first proposition were an easy matter; but when so many abler men have already done so, we will let it go as said, and said, too, with all the weight of authority and scholarship at its back. We have been too long fighting with only one hand, and instead of, like the children of Benjamin, using the left, we have left it out of our reckoning. Neither office needs fear the introduction of the other, for each will be mutually helpful. As the wise man says, "Two are better than one." The office of pastor is not to the church both eyes and spectacles. In the past it has been the eye, and sometimes a capital I, too; but since it is not perfect, the spectacles are required. Two pairs of eyes will see better than one; and if the church is wise it will take the advice of the most eminent oculists, and preserve the sight it has by at once donning the spectacles of the evangelistic office. There is work enough for both, and it is a matter patent to all who have engaged in evangelistic labour, that the most of those influenced by the evangelists are those who in previous years have come under the teaching of either the pastor or Sunday-school teacher, who is the pastor's auxiliary. The evangelist cannot, therefore, on his own showing, dispense with the pastor; nor can the pastor dispense with him; for let him be as good and faithful a man as he may, his people will naturally, from long

usage in one particular direction, get into a rut, and out of that groove they will never be brought but by a fresh voice and varied methods of work; besides which, if the pastor does not possess that power which we lately heard described as "the art of precipitating decision," he will be glad of the help of a man who possesses that art in a more than ordinary degree. When we hear of any fears entertained on either side, we are reminded of that old Irish story, which says that the authorities of a village once met in solemn assembly and debated as to which wind-mill should be removed from the parish, seeing there was not wind enough to drive them both.

We are far from defending all those who come before the public under the title of "Evangelist," ancient and noble though it be; indeed, we emphatically dissent from the practice of converted men parading their past vices as a catch cry to gain the popular ear. We can well imagine that the last state of places visited by some such is worse than the first; or as the doctor facetiously remarks, "The place which *once* knew them, knows them no more for ever." Yet even here we think if the matter were fairly examined the church would find herself mainly responsible. The preaching in most of our churches has become over-refined, and the natural tendency is, for those who derive no benefit from the orator's artistic feats, from a recoil of feeling, to run into wild plainness of speech. It is a matter of history as well as of experience that these unbridled agencies have always co-existed with hyper-culture, yea, have been caused by it; and many men who would have been otherwise useful have cut out their own lines, and while professedly bound for the same terminus have run their organisations (save the mark!) in opposition to the churches.

We plead that the church should recognise this office; but if the recognition is to place us on a lower footing (I speak as an evangelist) than that occupied by the now-existing ministry, then we decline to be thus recognised. To admit such a distinction would place us in the position of an erratic costermonger at Bradford, who when he took his barrow to be repaired found that the obliging blacksmith had taken off one wheel and put on a smaller one in its place. With a large wheel and a small one he pushes the barrow along the streets daily to the intense amusement of the bystanders, and at a great risk to his stock-in-trade. Such, we think, would be the position of the church with two offices unequally yoked together. The outside world would laugh at our well-meant efforts, while deploring that we had not more common sense, and the blessing which we seek would probably be lost through the inequality and its consequences. Let us have both wheels of the same size, and we shall thus run sweetly along.

It has often been thrown as a taunt in the face of missionary enterprise that when a man fails at home he is sent abroad; and no doubt there is some truth in the statement. Do not let the error be repeated when we are on the look-out for those to be set aside for evangelistic work. It is an effort which might well employ the talents of a Gabriel, and broken-down pastors are not as a rule most suitable for the work. Our best scientists do not think it beneath them to teach the elements of their science to the young, and it is a lovely sight to see hundreds of children gathered in the Royal Institution listening with perfect

delight to one of our leading thinkers, who esteems it his highest privilege to expound simply to them the wonders of nature. How different the principle which has hitherto been applied to Sunday-school work. If the young mind is to be trained, and impressions made which shall be more permanent than any others, we leave the rawest and least experienced of our church members to do the work. What profound ignorance and shortsightedness this policy reveals! Shall it not be reversed? and for our evangelists and Sunday-school teachers shall we not have the very best? It was a matter of delight to us some time ago to observe personally an effort in one of our large towns to reach and teach the "masses" of irreligious men, who form such a vast proportion of the population. Over two thousand men and one thousand women, if we remember aright, are thus laid hold of. But how is it done? Not by the work being left to the inexperienced and undisciplined portion of the church, but by ladies and gentlemen of position and intellect and culture taking such an intense interest in the work as to come regularly every Sunday morning, between six and seven o'clock, to teach them personally.

Never let it be said that this work can be left to anybody, which generally means nobody; but let the best men be chosen for such a glorious enterprise: there is plenty of work elsewhere for the "awkward squad." The office of an evangelist is not to gabble over the A B C of the gospel again and again without leading his hearers to an appreciation of the fulness and beauty of it. "Come to Jesus" is very good as the soul of the gospel, but it is right to give the body of the gospel as well *sometimes*. Epitomes are good in their place, but their place is not in the evangelistic service. A true evangelist must be prepared to meet all the difficulties of the soul, and to enter into the details of the gospel, thus leading men, not only to an emotional, but to an intelligent knowledge of the truth.

We speak as one of the representatives of "The Pastors' College Society of Evangelists," and claim for it much of what should be the true nature of such a work. We magnify our office; not, we trust, above what it deserves, but above what it is generally supposed to include. Indeed, it is amusing sometimes to notice the suspicion and prejudice and hostility with which the name, so full of sweet meaning, is greeted. "He is an evangelist!" Let us avoid him, and hamper him, and hinder him! Oh, if he were only a minister! Just as if he were not!

The idea of starting such a society was a happy one, and the title chosen is as happy as the idea itself. We are given to preaching. Let us see if we cannot preach a practical sermon upon it.

Text.—"The Pastors' College Society of Evangelists."

I. *Evangelists should be trained.*

This we glean from the word "college" united with the word evangelist. An evangelist should be one, knowing what he preaches, and being able to give a reason for the hope that is in him; trained to think for himself, and therefore able to influence other thinkers. He will require training as much as any pastor; and, indeed, an evangelist in a large town will require a much greater store of knowledge than a pastor in a small village. In neither case, however, is there a premium on ignorance.

II. *Evangelists should be organised.*

This the word "society" plainly teaches. They should be banded together for purposes of counsel and co-operation, and recognised as much as pastors are now amongst us. If they formed a society of themselves in particular, they might cease to be thorns in the side of society in general.

III. *Evangelists should be united with the pastors, and work from and for and with the churches.*

The two words are joined in our title, and so it should ever be. It is not necessary, we think, to disguise the denomination to which you belong; nor is it necessary to refuse all sympathy, except such as comes from that denomination. Let both offices be joined in the "Hand-in-Hand Society" until the church shall sing,—

"Evangelist and pastor just gone along!
Just gone along, just gone along!
Pastor and evangelist just gone along
To ring those charming bells!"

We proclaim the banns. Is there any just cause or impediment why those two, the pastor and the evangelist, should not be joined in holy service? Experience has none. Scripture has none. Let the marriage proceed.

Evangelist.—Will you have the pastor to be your co-worker, and take charge of the work after you are gone? I will.

Pastor.—Will you welcome the evangelist as your helper in bringing to decision those who have been impressed under your ministry, and in leading wanderers back to the fold? I will.

We proclaim them *one* to-day. Let both see that they reverence and love each other, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

W. Y. FULLERTON, Evangelist.

Trials sure to visit us.

IF because you are Christians you promise yourselves a long lease of temporal happiness, free from troubles and afflictions, it is as if a soldier going to the wars should promise himself peace and continual truce with the enemy: or as if a mariner committing himself to the sea for a long voyage should promise himself nothing but fair and calm weather, without waves and storms; so irrational it is for a Christian to promise himself rest here upon earth. Well, then, let us learn beforehand how to be abused, and how to abound. He that is on a journey to heaven must be provided for all weathers; though it be sunshine when he first sets forth, a storm will overtake him before he come to his journey's end. It is good to be forearmed, afflictions will come, and we should prepare accordingly. We enter upon the profession of godliness, upon these terms, to be willing to suffer afflictions if the Lord see fit: and therefore should arm ourselves with a mind to endure them, whether they come or no.—THOMAS MANTON, 1620—1677.

A Fight in the Fender; or, a Fireside Fable.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WHILE I was musing the fire burned, but my meditations were soon disturbed by the clatter of the fire-irons on the fender. They had fallen (as they sometimes will) without any apparent cause; so I just rose from my seat, lifted the supports and placed the poker and tongs on one, the shovel, by itself, on the other. I little dreamt that while I was cogitating these domestic implements had been quarrelling; but that such was the case I gathered from the conversation which followed. Of course my train of thought had been spoiled by the accident. I could not even remember the subject of my meditation. How easily the thread is lost and the connection broken; and this is especially the case when the subject is worthy of consideration!

A passing shadow, or a distant cry, a chance reflection, or a sudden noise, will often suffice to cast one's mind adrift from a profitable contemplation. The falling of the fire-irons certainly did so in this instance, and I immediately resolved to turn the accident to account, if possible, until the recollection of my former meditation should return to me, perhaps as suddenly as it departed.

I fancy we should do well thus to act in similar circumstances, and instead of racking our brains to recover what seems lost, reflect upon whatever has happened to take its place. Let us use the bird we have in the hand rather than spend time and strength in seeking two in the bush.

Well, as I said before, these fire-irons had been wrangling, and the affair terminated in an upset and a downfall. It pained me to find that such favoured and fortunate articles should be at strife. They had everything to make them happy—the cosiest corner in the room on this wintry day, a circle of admiring friends, and very little work to do. Ah! perhaps this had a great deal to do with it. Those who “sit at ease” are likeliest to become uneasy and restless; and fire-irons are not the only wranglers whose privileges and blessings make their crime the greater. Yes; all these implements had an easy time of it. They were nearly always resting. The maid in the morning performed their toilets for them, and polished them up for the day. They enjoyed a kind of reserved enclosure, into which no intruder entered beyond the master's slippers, or the soft velvet of a kitten's paw. All the usage they received was of the gentlest sort, mostly from a lady's hand, and certainly since I had occupied the room they might have enjoyed undisturbed repose, for I had been so wrapt in thought that I had forgotten the fire entirely. Truth to tell, I had other irons in the fire, and several of them.

Now, I feel pretty certain that all this luxury and laziness had fostered the spirit of contention. 'Tis so with persons, I am sure. “Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,” and he who is least employed must run the greatest risk of being pressed into the service of “the black king.”

I was at great pains to discover the real cause of the disagreement. This was the more difficult as I had not heard a syllable before the downfall. It seemed to me that this dissatisfaction was chiefly on the part of Mr. Tongs, who had some complaint against the Shovel. The

Poker appeared to be the Shovel's champion, and certainly smote his adversary like a rod of iron. But I looked and listened in vain to find a sufficient reason for such ill-feeling and discontent, and to this day I am a stranger to the real and reasonable cause, if indeed there ever was one. Most probably some petty jealousy started the contention. How often is it so in cases where persons are concerned whose hearts are not made of steel! The affray in the fender is like many another squabble.

It is hard to tell, if you did not see the commencement, how it did begin; but, if one cares to investigate, it soon transpires that the first cause was infinitesimal, and then it grew and swelled to something serious. Trace the course of the conflict from its conclusion to its cause, and you will find the reasons and excuses for the strife becoming smaller and smaller, like the conjurer's boxes, which fit one inside the other and grow small by degrees and beautifully less. Shall we not do well to beware of little seeds of discord, which when they be grown prove to be great trees, in which the unclean birds of jealousy and malice roost and rear their young?

A very little of this unholy leaven soon leavens the entire lump, and families and churches are thrown completely out of gear by *little unpleasantnesses* which were not nipped in the bud. Roots of bitterness very quickly spring up, but are not easily eradicated. I lately heard of the captain of a steamer who ordered a general overhaul of the cargo in his vessel so as to bring to light and place in a safe position a small case of chemicals which he happened to hear was in the hold. We do not wonder at the skipper's caution when we learn that he knew of a noble ship that was totally destroyed by fire through the spilling of the contents of such a parcel. He wisely determined to take much trouble rather than run any risk.

Let us beware of small packages of combustible materials. Let petty annoyances and little unpleasantnesses be thrown overboard, for they have burned many a gracious home and happy church to the water's edge, and scattered the members far and wide.

But to return to the fender. It appeared to me that Mr. Tongs was unsatisfied with his position. He would have liked to occupy the other side of the fender and have it all to himself. The company of the poker was not agreeable; in fact, he wanted to better himself, and improve his situation. How few comparatively are satisfied with the sphere allotted to them, and the place God has put them in; and how often this discontent arises from pride and envy! The tongs want to do the shovel's work, and the poker wishes for a pair of legs like the tongs. The people would like to have a turn at pastoral work, and the teacher wants to preach. We fancy we could serve the Master better in different society, or with another's opportunities, and often accomplish next to nothing through imagining what we would do if we were somebody else. And yet our place and work have been determined by our Maker.

Why wish another's duty or another's opportunities? Far better to perform and use our own with greater zeal and love.

God would have made you a poker, my friend, had he intended you to stir the fire.

He would have formed you as a shovel if it had been your work to sift and search, and he has doubtless given you those capabilities which

you require for the labour to which you are called. Do not try to do what neither nature nor grace has fitted you to perform. It will be the best commendation you can receive if the Master says of you, "She hath done *what she could*." Deacons, and elders, and pastors, and members will do well to see to this. The true economy is to produce an article in the place or country which most favours its production, and certainly it is wisest to assign those offices and spheres to workers who evidently possess the greatest aptitude for such positions.

Whichever side of the fender you may happen to be, don't long for the other, and never fancy that you could serve your Lord in So-and-so's position far better than in your own. Covet not your neighbour's work, any more than his ox or his ass, or anything that is thy neighbour's.

But let us to the fire again. The littleness of the complaints raised by our two-legged friend both amused and grieved me. He even condescended to personal remarks of a most unkindly sort. Alas! that so mean and base a course should be adopted, too, by human beings. Have we not often noticed that when the ire is roused remarks escape which sober moments and quiet consideration must condemn? Out comes the torrent of abuse about personal appearance, or family or business connections, and the next moment we would give anything to recall the hasty speech. Surely the cause must be a weak one that needs contumely to support it. Now, it did the shovel no injury to be called names, but it was no credit to the tongs.

As the children say, "Sticks and stones might break our bones, but calling names can't hurt." Still, throwing *mud* is not a clean employment, and our enemies might as well (for their own credit) throw actual missiles at us as undeserved reproaches.

What if the shovel has only one straight leg with a swollen foot at the end of it; these are the very qualifications for its work, and it is better to be useful than merely ornamental. Nor is it hard to find flaws and faults in everyone. If the tongs can boast a pretty pair of feet and graceful limbs, its mates might readily discover a failing somewhere, did they not remember that the peculiar shape fits for particular service.

But our fault-finding friend was blind to the *uses* of his neighbours, and made disparaging remarks as to the shovel's flatness and tendency to let things drop through that had been taken up. Impartial judges, however, recognised in these characteristics adaptation for special work, and what was deemed a failing by an enemy may well be reckoned a virtue, for how few can sift the precious from the vile, and retain the good while they reject the worthless.

Outsiders, too, could easily pick holes in Mr. Tongs' character, if they chose to do so.

He certainly is somewhat nipping and grasping in his style, and takes one up pretty sharply sometimes; but this we dare not grumble at, for any style may be sanctified, and used to the praise of God.

Just as one star differeth from another in magnitude, so Christians vary in grace and goodness. Only let us try to shine as brightly as we can, and never judge our brethren who differ in colour or in glory.

After all, these irons had no reason to quarrel. They were all

engaged in the same *grate* work; their feet were resting on the one foundation, and it was theirs to keep the mantel-*peace* without a break or jar. Whether the fire heated them to passion, or their long rest made them cross, or what it was, I cannot tell. They were not all equally angered, and I must give the poker some credit for his defence of the shovel.

The fault was that he did not do it "in the spirit of meekness." Still, there was something upright and down-straight about his conduct which I could not help admiring. He was true as steel to the right, and bore the *iron-ical* remarks of Mr. Tongs quite good-naturedly. He even tried to jest over the matter and laugh it pleasantly away; but our two-legged friend fired up immediately, and accused brother one-leg of poking fun at him. Some other two-legged folk cannot stand a joke, and are even made more angry by a good-humoured attempt at reconciliation.

The fiercest storms blow over, but they always leave a swell behind which marks the pathway of the wind, and however amicably a quarrel may be made up it must have wrought some mischief. Our fender friends seemed on right good terms again before long; but I am by no means sure that mutual confidence was increased or strengthened.

Thus the fender really bore the blows occasioned by the falling out, though not an offender itself; and I might have deemed myself an injured party but for the lesson that the fractious fire-irons taught me.

Remember, kind reader, the words of the wise man, which my fable tries to illustrate: "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with."

Kinds of Happiness.

THE different orders of happiness may be described as animal, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. The first is derived from the exercise of those faculties which we enjoy in common with the lower creation; the second, from the exercise of our knowing or reflecting faculties; the third, from the exercise of those faculties which regulate our relations to our fellow-creatures; and the last, from those which bind us to our Creator.

A few illustrations will simplify this subject. We heard recently of a gentleman who had the misfortune to incur the total loss of reason, while his bodily health continued unimpaired. He accordingly did nothing but eat, drink, and sleep—deriving great enjoyment from the various delicacies placed at his disposal. This is a specimen of purely *animal* enjoyment or happiness. To the same effect is an illustration of this class of happiness presented in the lively pages of Mr. Russell, the special correspondent of *The Times*. It is thus given in his diary, "North and South." "Come up here, Bully," cried a captain, who was fond of defending slavery, to a young negro who answered to that name. A boy of some twelve years of age, stout and fat, came up to us; his colour was jet black, his wool as close as felt. "What's your name, sir?" "My name, Bully." "Where were you born?" "Me born Sout Karliner, sir." "Are you bappy, Bully?" "Yas, sir." "Show

how you're happy." Here the boy rubbed his stomach, and, grinning with delight, said, "Yummy, yummy, plenty belly full." "That's what I call a real happy, feelosophical chap," said the captain. "I guess you have got a lot in your country can't pat *their* stomachs and say, 'Yummy, yummy! plenty belly full!'"

The late Henry Cavendish left a name eminent for scientific attainments, and immortalised himself by the discovery of the component parts of water. Yet, so far as can be said of any human being, his happiness lay almost entirely in the gratification of his *intellect*. He was indifferent to food, hated all but scientific company, and would not grant a second interview to his banker, who came to inform him of the large accumulation of his money. "Morally," says his biographer, "his character was a blank; and can be described only by a series of negations. He did not love; he did not hate; he did not fear; he did not worship as other men do. He was almost passionless. An intellectual head thinking, a pair of wonderfully acute, observing eyes, and a pair of very skilful hands experimenting, are all that I can realize in reading his memoirs. His brain seems to have been but a calculating engine; his eyes, inlets of vision, not fountains of tears; his hands, instruments of manipulation, which never trembled with emotion, or were clasped together in adoration, thanksgiving, or despair; his heart, only an anatomical organ for the circulation of the blood." Cavendish's happiness, as thus described, was a happiness entirely intellectual.

The life of John Howard furnishes us with a striking picture of an elevated career, the happiness of which was derived from *moral* sources. "We behold him," says a writer, "devoting his wealth, his knowledge, his intellectual and active powers, to alleviate the sorrows and promote the happiness of his fellow-men. We behold him in retirement at his mansion, furnishing employment for the poor, erecting schools for the instruction of their children, watching over the morals of his neighbourhood, visiting the abodes of affliction, acting the part of a physician to their bodies, imparting spiritual instruction to their souls, leaving his native country and the friends of his youth on a tour of benevolence over all Europe and the East, hazarding his health and his life in the service of humanity."

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, a clergyman of the name of Janeway thus expressed himself upon his deathbed: "Oh! those joys, the taste of which I have—those everlasting joys which are at his right hand for evermore. Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than you ever saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. Oh! worldly pleasures are pitiful, poor, sorry things compared with a glimpse of the glory that now shines so strongly into my soul. Death, do thy worst. Death has lost its terribleness." Here was intense happiness flowing from *spiritual* feelings alone.

Great as is the measure of each of these classes of enjoyment, they are not equal in importance. The human faculties have evidently been so arranged by the Creator that the intellectual shall be superior to the animal; the intellectual powers must in turn, lofty as their range is, pay homage to the moral; and the moral again acknowledge a superior in the spiritual.—*From that marvellous book, "The Culture of Pleasure."*
By the author of "*The Mirage of Life.*"

Far more Exceeding.

"Kath' uperbolon eis uperbolon."—2 Cor. iv. 17.

"FROM glory unto glory!" thank God that even here
The starry words are shining out, our heavenward way to cheer!
That e'en among the shadows the conquering brightness glows,
As ever from the nearing Light intenser radiance flows.

"From glory unto glory!" Shall the grand progression fail
When the darkling glass is shattered, as we pass within the veil?
Shall the joyous song of "Onward!" at once for ever cease,
And the swelling music culminate in monotone of peace?

Shall the fuller life be sundered at the portal of its bliss,
From the principle of growth entwined with every nerve of this?
Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly repealed,
And the moment of releasing see our sum of glory sealed?

The tender touch of moonlight, with an orbit quickly run,
The lustre of the planet, circling slowly round the sun,
The mighty revolutions of its million-heated blaze,
"From glory unto glory" lead our far-expanding gaze.

Then onward, ever onward—through the unexplored abyss,
Dark barrier between the suns of other worlds and this,
Until the measure-unit mocks the grasp of human thought,
And space and time commingle while the clue is feebly sought.

Till, in that wider ocean, deep calleth unto deep,
Star-glories with attendant worlds, forth-flashing as they sweep
Around their unseen centre, that point of mystic power,
In unimagined cycles, where an age is but an hour.

Then—onward, and yet onward! for the dim revealings show
That systems unto systems in grand succession grow,
That what we deemed a volume but one golden verse may be,
One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's great poetry.

That what we deemed a symphony was one all-thrilling bar
Through aisles of his great temple resounding full and far;
That what we deemed an ocean was a shallow by the shore!—
Then onward yet, in eagle flight, through the Infinite we soar—

"From glory unto glory!"—till the spirit fails; and then
Illimitable vistas still opening to our ken,
Mysterious immensities of order and of light
Stretch far beyond our farthest thought, as thought beyond our sight.

But the starting-point in heaven shall be no "glory of the moon,"
No planet-gleam, no stellar fire, no blaze of tropic noon;
From "glory that excelleth" all that human heart hath known,
Our "Onward, upward!" shall begin, in the presence of the Throne.

“From glory unto glory” of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight,
“From glory unto glory” of knowledge and of love,
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

“From glory unto glory” that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following were he leadeth, from shining field to field,
Himself our goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed!

“From glory unto glory” with no limit and no veil!
With wings that cannot weary, and hearts that cannot fail;
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we soar,
And never interruption to the endless “more and more.”

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah’s love and grace,
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of his face,
And infinite unfoldings of the splendour of his will,
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite spirit still.

O Saviour, hast thou ransomed us from death’s unknown abyss,
And purchased with thy precious blood such everlasting bliss,
Art thou indeed preparing us, with love exceeding great,
And preparing all this glory in such “far exceeding weight”?

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest joys are found,
And let our burning, loving praise yet more and more abound,
And, gazing on the “things not seen,” eternal in the skies,
“From glory unto glory,” O Saviour, let us rise!

From “Life Chords,” by Frances Ridley Havergal.

Using the Word aright.

READER, when thou hast heard the word, consider, though the sermon be at an end, yet there must not be an end of the sermon. Practice, which is the heart of hearing, is still behind. Observe the properties of those persons to whom, and their posterity, God will be propitious: “The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children’s children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.” They are described by *their act*; they lay the word up, they remember his commandments; and by *their end*, to lay the word out in their lives, “to do them.” A good husband having received a bag of money, locketh it up safe, that none may rob him of it, and as occasion is he fetcheth it down and layeth it out, some of it for food, some for clothes, some for rent, some for servants’ wages, some for this thing, and some for that, as his necessities require; so, friend, do thou lay up the precious treasure of the word safe in the cabinet of thine heart, and bring it out as occasion calls for it, in thy daily life.—

GEORGE SWINNOCK.



The Tabernacle, Dumfries.

THE Baptist church at Dumfries was founded in 1872. There had been a previous attempt to establish Baptist principles in the "Queen of the South," when the Haldanes were planting their churches throughout Scotland; but from some cause not discoverable it dwindled away, and the building was lost to the denomination. The present church went through some early vicissitudes; but, under the pastorate of Mr. McPherson, the prejudice of the town was slowly, but surely, lived down. In 1879, Mr. Tooley, one of our students, accepted an unanimous call, and, in spite of many obstacles, determined to throw himself into the work, believing it to be the duty of a true minister rather to break up new ground, or work up "forlorn hopes," than to enter into pastures already green and fair. The church was then meeting in an obscure hall, down an insignificant close. The congregations increased, and the membership grew, in spite of losses from change of residence, till they left the hall in the close and adjourned to the large Mechanics' Hall. Meanwhile, they had determined to arise and build. Ground was purchased, plans drawn, and estimates taken in full faith that the Lord would prosper the undertaking. The resources of the Dumfries Baptists were not large, but they were resolute to face the enterprise.

The building is a fine one, in the best part of the town, seating about 430 persons; and built so that, with very little extra expense, galleries can be put in. There is a lecture-hall holding about 80 persons, and several vestries. Altogether it is acknowledged to be, outside Edinburgh and Glasgow, the most beautiful and complete Baptist church in Scotland. It has been carried out, even in depressed times, at a cheap figure, the total cost being under £1,900. Great efforts are being made to add £500 more to the Building Fund by means of a Bazaar, and further voluntary contributions in money. The Baptists of Dumfries have fought hard and sacrificed much themselves, and therefore feel emboldened to appeal for support to friends elsewhere. Baptist principles are fought at long and disheartening odds in Scotland, but scarcely anywhere more so than in the beautiful town where Burns lived and died. Contributions may be sent to the pastor, G. W. Tooley, Dumfries.

I have the utmost pleasure in recommending this case to the generous help of all my friends. Mr. Tooley is personally a right worthy brother, and his work ought to be aided.

"We're behind time."

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.



"BEHIND TIME."

"Estafette," the "Telegraph," and the "Nonpareil." This Nonpareil could boast of an amusing and clever guard, who by the music of his key-bugle, and his ready wit, made himself very agreeable to the passengers who patronized his coach, and also to the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which he made his daily passage. On one occasion the Nonpareil had halted on its journey for the change of horses, just opposite to my window; and I was attracted to it by the clatter attendant upon that operation. The horses were all fairly adjusted, the coachman had seated himself on his box, the leaders were pawing with their fore feet, as if impatient of delay; when, on a sudden, the guard ran out, and eyeing his watch, suddenly exclaimed, "*We're behind time! Make haste, gentlemen.*" In an instant there was a rush to the seats; crack went the whip, the horses' hoofs clattered, the wheels rumbled on the pavement, and the Nonpareil was soon out of sight and hearing. But for some time I stood riveted to the spot, as by some supernatural influence; and the words, "*We're behind time*" echoed on my ear long after the guard's horn had melted away in the distance. "*Behind time.*" I felt as though I had been disturbed in a profound slumber by something very startling, and a number of persons and scenes rushed before my vision, in illustration of the guard's rallying word, "*Behind time.*"

A school boy with his satchel passed, panting for breath, and sobbing at

MY study was on the second floor, the window of which overlooked the great western road which stretches from Exeter and Plymouth, through the picturesque scenery of south Devon. It was in the day of coaches that the event occurred of which we write. The steam whistle had not risen the air of those lovely valleys, nor had the steam horse terrified the unfamiliar natives by his frightful snortings; but coaches in gay colours, with crack whips and gentlemanly-looking guards, which travelled at the rate of ten miles per hour, were the means of public transit offered to His Majesty's liege subjects in those days.

Like the steam horses of more modern times, those old stages bore very significant names; amongst which were, I well remember, the

intervals: for he had been crying. He had lain too long in bed, and was too late for school. He was "*behind time*."

I then saw a youth, pensive and sad, returning to his home, which he had left in the morning joyously. I asked him the cause of his sorrow. He replied, "I have been to seek a lucrative situation, which the *Times* paper had announced this morning; but I was '*behind time*' at the office. Another had stopped in before me."

Scarcely had he passed, when I espied amongst the crowd a man of respectable attire, who had reached the meridian of life's days. His countenance bespoke intelligence and capacity to accomplish something great; but he was dissatisfied with the slow process of rising by degrees, and had been waiting in the expectation that some golden opportunity would open up, in which he might display his talents, and seize the coveted prize of distinction and honour. But it had never come; and he was "*behind time*."

There was another man "*behind time*," because he did not consider the rapidity of its flight. He took no account of it. It rushed on and on towards the ocean of eternity, but he marked it not. He was like the traveller in an express train, who is carried on with a velocity which prevents him from gathering a correct idea of the scenes through which he passes; and although trees, and hedges, and churches, and houses, and parks, and mansions, and all the other features of English scenery, have adorned the path of the modern traveller, he can give no account of them. So the inconsiderate man, who now attracted my attention, had passed through fifty years of fifty-two Lord's days, and three hundred and thirteen working days each; but he could give, alas! no account of them.

My attention next fell on a man who was sauntering along the street with a perfect air of indifference, as though life passed smoothly with him. His countenance was good-natured, and he was well enough respected in his neighbourhood as a thorough easy-going man; but he had acquired the habit of putting off until to-morrow what might be done to-day. He has a letter to answer; but it can be done before post-time to-morrow. He has a bill to pay; but to-morrow will do just as well as to-day. There is a friend to make a call upon; but he can make the call on the morrow. And the habit has grown upon him until there is a whole pile of letters to answer, a whole file of bills unpaid, and a host of friends grieved through the neglect resulting rather from indolence than a cold heart. He is "*behind time*."

Scarcely had I turned away from this object, than I saw the death-bed of one who for years had attended the ministry of God's house with marked regularity, knew the way of salvation in theory, had an undefinable pleasure in attending upon the ordinances of religion, and had contributed in support of religious institutions, as well as assisted in working out those important auxiliaries of the church. But she had never repented of her sins, although she had often purposed to do so. Sickness seizes upon her, and death follows in its train. It is Sunday morning. The minister had been preaching to his people. A messenger awaits him, with an earnest request to visit a hearer who is dying. He hastens to the room; but only just in time to hear her say, "O, Sir! you are too late! you are too late!" which meant that she herself was "*behind time*."

"Don't tell me of to-morrow;
There is much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplish'd
If we throw the hours away.
Every moment has its duty:
Who the future can foretell?
Then why defer until to-morrow
What to-day can do as well?"

"Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We cannot do at last!
To-day, it is the only time
For all in this frail earth:
It takes an age to form a life:
A moment gives it birth."

—*Neglected Things; or, Words of Warning on the Neglect of Common Christian Duties, by the late Rev. E. Shelton.*

The Orphans in the West.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

READERS of this magazine are aware, from reports in the papers, and from a note in the last issue, that the Orphanage choir, consisting of twenty-four boys, the head master, the secretary, and Mr. John Clarke, has been on a visit to Cornwall. The invitation came from the county association of Baptist churches, and right nobly did they enter into arrangements to make the visit a success. The county motto, "ONE AND ALL," never received a more perfect illustration, for everybody seemed resolved to outdo everybody else in catering for the members of the party, and in securing large audiences. That the boys belonged to Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage was quite enough to win the hearts of the Cornish folk, and their kindness to the orphans left nothing to be desired.

When the invitation was received, the journey seemed a very formidable one, and the possible results such as to inspire caution in accepting an engagement which would involve a considerable expenditure for travelling. All fears on this score were, however, soon set at rest, for Mr. Charlesworth secured a most liberal concession from the railway company, and arranged to break the journey down by calling at Exeter, Torquay, and Plymouth, and the return journey at Taunton. The friends in Devonshire and Somerset were not a whit behind the Cornish friends in their sympathy and zeal, but did their best to make the visits of the boys pleasant to themselves, and profitable to the institution.

On Tuesday, Nov. 16, we ventured as far as Exeter, where a meeting was held in the evening in the Bartholomew-street Baptist Chapel. This commodious structure was crowded to excess, and hundreds, it is reported, went away unable to gain admission. The chair was taken by the Rev. C. B. Symes, who has just been invited to succeed Dr. Raleigh at Kensington, and right worthily did he occupy the position. Whatever interest was felt in the institution before was at once converted into profound sympathy as the boys marched upon the platform. During the evening Mr. Neale, the minister of the chapel, announced that the Dean of Exeter had sent a kind letter granting free permission for the boys to visit the cathedral on the following day. This historic pile is one of the most interesting of our cathedrals, and from the top of the tower the boys had a fine view of the surrounding country.

From Exeter we journeyed to Torquay, where the charms of nature blend as nowhere else to form the most delightful of all watering-places. If we succeeded in describing it, as it appeared to us, we should expose ourselves to the charge of exaggeration, so we forbear. Here friends met us at the station, and drove us along the shore and through the town to the Baptist chapel. The worthy minister, the Rev. Evan Edwards, with a goodly company of willing helpers, awaited our arrival, and we were soon seated before a repast sufficiently ample for the hungriest of boys, and sufficiently varied for a civic banquet. Devonshire cream and junket are luxuries to desire, and memories to cherish! Lacking in architectural design as to its exterior, the chapel inside is all one could desire; large as it is, it was crowded, and the audience was responsive both in sympathy and help. Mr. George R. Smith was most energetic in promoting the success of the meeting, and the comfort and pleasure of the boys. They will never forget his kindness in arranging for a drive round the neighbourhood, when they had the opportunity of seeing Babbicombe Bay, and the picturesque coast of South Devon.

With very pleasant memories of the kindness of friends and with their hearty wishes of "God bless you," we left for Plymouth, and found "the Brethren" there quite prepared to accord us a hearty welcome. The Rev. J. W. Ashworth, with several friends, awaited our arrival, and escorted us to his school-room, where tea was prepared by Mrs. Ashworth and several lady friends. The boys were ready to do full justice to the meal, for the weather had changed,

and the wind and sleet were as pitiless as in the bleak regions of the north. Everybody said it was unusually severe for the west. Ten over, we adjourned to the King-street Wesleyan Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, and here a large audience, despite the inclemency of the weather, accorded us a hearty greeting. The chair was taken by Mr. Serpell, and a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon was moved and seconded by Dr. Prance and the Rev. J. Rhodes. The following day, by the kind permission of the noble Earl, the boys visited Mount Edgecombe, his lordship remitting the fares for the ferry. Mr. Phillips acted as guide, and entertained some of the boys at dinner, and the whole of them at tea. Everything Plymouthian, excepting "the sect," compelled our admiration, and on Saturday we took our departure for St. Austell.

On reaching the station Mr. Sampson and Mr. Stocker were waiting with two breaks to convey us to the famous clay-works, some six or seven miles from the town. The weather was fine, and the country, wearing the sombre hues of winter, had a beauty all its own. On every hand the undulations were crowned with engine-rooms, suggestive of the vast mineral wealth below, and the miners' cots betokened the comfort which waits on honest toil. Chapels, which seemed to stand as solitary mementos of subsided villages, were the Sabbath centres to which the worshippers are drawn from all the country round. Industrious, sober, thrifty, and religious, the people owe much to Methodism, the strongest body in the county, and "Dan'l Quorm," we learnt, was not a solitary hero, but the type of a class still sufficiently numerous to be a power for good. The boys were greatly pleased with the workings of the china-clay, and saw for the first time how and whence the material is derived for making and glazing our cups and saucers. Mr. Thomas Stocker, the principal proprietor and manager of the works, sustains the honourable reputation of the family name by his business qualities and benevolence. On Sunday three services were held in the Baptist Chapel, Mr. Charlesworth preaching each time. Scarcely in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had such a congregation assembled before as that which crowded the building in the evening. A gracious influence was experienced, and the best results followed. At eleven o'clock on Monday, the first meeting for the Orphanage was held, presided over by Arthur Coode, Esq., a local banker, a justice of the peace, and a member of the Established Church. In the evening a second meeting was held, with Mr. Thos. Stocker as chairman. If the people had not been compressible the walls must have proved expansive, or yielded to the strain, for surely the Assembly Room was never so crowded before. Mr. Kirton, in moving a resolution, concluded his speech by reciting some spirited lines, in which he incorporated all the names of the party, greatly to the delight of the boys. The wish expressed in the closing lines received hearty endorsement—

"And now, dear friends, I falter, in closing here to-night,
 In wishing for each boy I see a future full of bright
 And happy years of service in this wide world of ours,
 That they may bring to many hearts glad songs from 'Fruits and Flowers,'
 And when life's journey's ended, be the summons soon or late,
 They may among the happy throng pass through the Golden Gate."

The journey from St. Austell to Truro made us acquainted with the features of Cornish scenery. Now we were skirting hills wooded to the summit; anon we were crossing valleys on wooden viaducts, at an elevation which inspired fear. Arrived at the city of the west, we were met by Mr. Paige, a former student of the Pastors' College, and the friends who were to entertain the members of the party, and were conveyed to our respective quarters. Before the meeting we had an opportunity of seeing the city and its surroundings, and also on the following morning before leaving. Since the appointment of the bishop the church seems resolved to win over the people, but the Wesleyans are awake and in earnest, and are resolved to hold their own. The prestige of the Establishment has to be created in Cornwall, and the bishop and clergy are

doing their best to succeed. Some day Truro may have a sanitary inspector, for it rivals Cologne in one respect, but not in the *eau* which has made it famous.

The Town-hall, in which our meeting was held, presided over by the mayor, proved too small, and many were unable to secure seats, and some failed to gain admission. All classes and all sections of the church were represented, and the meeting passed off successfully.

Falmouth was our next centre, and the boys created no small interest as they marched to the Baptist Chapel, one of the most beautiful buildings in the county. The minister, Mr. Douglas, and the mayor (one of the deacons), presided over the dinner, and found a host of willing helpers to support them. Such a meal was not likely, we concluded, to be surpassed during the worthy mayor's term of office, and his worship was of the opinion that a more interesting occasion would not call for his services. Falmouth Harbour, in the ruddy glow of a winter sunset, is a scene never to be forgotten. From Pendennis Castle, on the summit of a headland, the view is enchanting, and the surge of the sea at the base makes a music all its own. The meeting was held in the hall of the Polytechnic buildings, and the mayor presided, the ex-mayor moving a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon in sustaining the burden of his orphan charge. All classes were greatly interested in the institution, and entered with heartiness into the proceedings of the evening. The proprietor of the Royal Hotel offered to accommodate all the members of the party as his guests, but he had to be content with receiving three or four only. Here, as in all other places, the difficulty was in furnishing guests, not in finding friends to entertain them.

From Falmouth we left the railway and took coach for Helston, a journey of a dozen miles across the moors. The morning was cold, and the weather stormy, but the ride furnished a new experience, and was greatly enjoyed. Helston is a quiet market town, ten miles from the nearest railway station. The current of events flows on as it has done from remote times, and the people are happily ignorant of the wear and tear incidental to the rush of cities. All who could conveniently do so turned out to bid us welcome on our arrival. The Queen herself could not have had a heartier greeting. Mr. Heynes and Mr. Best, to whom we owe the invitation from the Baptist Association, were excited with delight, and soon had the boys seated for dinner. The good widow under whose management the meal was provided, seemed quite at home with her orphan charge, and did her best to entertain them, as from loving sympathy with her sisters, who knew the bitter pangs of widowhood. In the afternoon we had an opportunity of visiting the charming neighbourhood of the town, and went as far as Porthleven on the coast. The country is beautifully picturesque, and the people kind and hospitable. The meeting in the Baptist Chapel perpetuated our former successes, and augured well for the remainder of the tour. Mr. John Best presided, and found the task more pleasant than when, as a justice of the peace, he has to bring the arm of the law to bear on juvenile delinquents.

The following day we took coach again, and a journey of twelve miles brought us to Penzance. On the way we passed through Marazion, an ancient resort of Jews, and here we caught the first glimpse of the Bay and St. Michael's Mount. Poetry and art have attempted to depict the scene, but it is a sight to be witnessed, not described. We exhausted our slender stock of exclamatory epithets in its praise, and were painfully conscious that we had failed to do it justice. Penzance smiles serenely upon the bay, and the "many twinkling smile of ocean" is a response as sweet as an artist or a poet could desire. Here we were standing in the heart of the country, made famous by the legends of the Round Table and the Arthurian knights, the seaward portion having been submerged. But what to us was the fabled chivalry of a remote past! "A living dog is better than a dead lion," and Penzance may boast to-day of living heroes to whom beneficence is not a romance, but the sober fact of their daily history. Arrived at the Baptist Chapel, in Clarence-street, Mr.

Bird and his worthy deacons, both in and out of office, soon succeeded in despatching us to our respective quarters, and once again we were soon at home as amongst old friends. St. John's Hall, the finest building of its kind, was the place of our meeting; and commodious as it is it was filled with a large and enthusiastic audience, resolved on being pleased and doing good at the same time. Mr. Berryman acted as local secretary, and to his exertions much of our success is due.

But for his absence from town, we should in all probability have been provided over by Sir John St. Aubyn, whose castle crowns St. Michael's Mount, and overlooks the bay. As it was, the Rev. A. Bird introduced the proceedings in a few well-chosen words, and the meeting went on, perhaps as well as it would have done under distinguished patronage. The delight of the audience was frequently manifested, and a host of friends expressed their determination to help on the good cause of the Orphanage. As it was arranged for us to stay over Sunday to take part in the anniversary services at the Baptist Chapel, we were free on Saturday to accept the kind invitation of several friends to visit the Land's End. The day was bright and balmy, and our journey left nothing to be desired. Mr. Richards handled his team of four with a skill we have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed; and Mr. Newell catered for dinner, while we walked out to the Logan Rock, in a manner which provoked a very agreeable surprise on our return. The boys will never forget this portion of our western tour. As we stood on the "narrow neck of land" where Wesley composed one of his most spirited hymns, the broad Atlantic swells rolled in majestically, then broke in clouds of spray, and flowed back in silver cascades down the rocks, rent and torn by ten thousand storms. When the sun was setting the ocean at the horizon resembled a mass of molten silver, flecked ever and anon with brilliant tints of ruby and emerald. The drive back was in the deepening twilight, the boys singing some of their well-known pieces, and the day's experience will form a chapter in their history to recall which can only awaken the most pleasant memories.

The Sunday services were successful beyond all expectations, and the collections for the funds of the Baptist Chapel exceeded those of former years. The Wesleyan Chapel having been placed at our service for an afternoon meeting, about two thousand children and adults assembled, and a collection was taken at the close for the Orphanage. On our separation the following morning a great many friends came to see us off, and a local photographer took a picture of the boys in a group.* Regrets at parting were cherished and expressed by the guests and the kind friends who entertained them, and to the ringing cheers of the boys "the Flying Dutchman" moved out of the station, and we were on our homeward track.

The first break in our journey was at Liskeard, where we found Mr. Kitchener, formerly a student in the Pastors' College, and a host of friends waiting to receive us. Here, as elsewhere, comfortable quarters had been secured, and though all the faces were new to us we seemed to be at home with old friends. After dinner some of the party walked out to visit Mr. Snell, a farmer who has been a generous helper of the Orphanage. The town is one of the quietest of all quiet Cornish towns, and everything wore an imperturbable aspect. Nervousness, we should suppose, is an imaginary disease there, and the even tenour of life knows no other interruption than the weekly market day. The tone of religious life is, however, of an earnest type, and the Wesleyans are to the front. They have the largest chapel in the place, and very readily placed it at our service for the meeting, one of their most prominent members presiding. As many friends came in from the surrounding villages, and a few from Saltash, the chapel was filled with a very sympathetic audience. Mr. Best, our Helston friend, broke his journey to Plymouth in order to attend

* Copies, cabinet size, may be obtained, post free for 1s. 1d., of Mr. John Moody, Penzance, who has generously offered to give the profits to the Orphanage.

the meeting, and as he journeyed with us the following day he said, facetiously, he was glad to conduct us back to England! When he spoke of Cornwall as "West Barbary" one of our party, though questioning the justice of the designation, said in the words of St. Paul, "The *barbarous* people showed us no little kindness"—a remark we were all prepared to endorse. At the Plymouth station Mr. Phillips brought the boys a bag each containing nuts, sweets, and apples; and the carriages soon gave evidence of the boys' appreciation of his kindness.

Arrived at Taunton, after several hours' ride, we were gladly welcomed by Mr. Palmer, another Pastors' College student, and the friends who were to entertain the boys. The large hall, known as the Assembly Room, proved inadequate, and the crush of people, on our arrival, waiting for admission suggested to some the propriety of returning home. Somewhat weary as we were on entering, we lost all feeling of weariness as the meeting proceeded, and the boys acquitted themselves as well as on any previous occasion; and thus we brought to a close a fortnight's campaign, which resulted in the immediate gain to the funds of the Institution of about £400, and for which the president and committee are devoutly thankful. Nor is this all, the knowledge of the Orphanage which was disseminated, and the sympathy evoked by the appearance and conduct of the boys, will lead to further help in future. The boys did their work right well, and, while enjoying the relief from their school studies, returned home with improved health and greatly benefited by their experience, and with a store of knowledge not otherwise to be acquired. They are thankful to have been more successful than the selfish hero of the nursery rhyme, who only "Sang for his supper": they have sung into the treasury of the Orphanage their dearly love sufficient to keep the entire institution going for several weeks.

Notices of Books.

Life Chords. By FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. With twelve illustrations by the Baroness HELGA VON CHAMM. Nisbet and Co.

How can we review such a book as this? Alas, it is the last legacy of one of the sweetest sisters of song whose voice has ever made glad the city of our God. We are more inclined to weep than write. Some time ago we should have given our readers an outline of the life of this most blessed among women; but the attempt failed, and although the article was in print we had the type distributed. It needs another Havergal to epitomize such a life.

We would fain make extracts from this volume, but it is all so rich, so full, so sweet. As a mere literary production its poetic power, in our judgment, puts it in the first rank of minstrelsy; but in spiritual light it is, beyond all, a star of first magnitude, shining with the light of Christ's own spirit. The book should be published in parts that the poorest of God's people may have at

least a morsel of the great loaf; but perhaps there is the less need, because many of its portions will be handed out to all the saints in collections of hymns, and so thousands will partake of it. Written under the inspiration of the motto, "With my song will I praise HIM," it will live for ever; and even in the millennial day its seraphic language will linger on the lips of those who are counted worthy to reign with Christ. It is a treasure, a casket of jewels; and *all for Jesus*. Sweet chords, forgive us that we cannot more powerfully invite men to listen to your harmonies.

We have taken one piece which forcibly impressed us, and have enriched this month's magazine with it. If it thrills other hearts as it has done ours it will not soon be forgotten.

The Story of Nan and Jack. By the Author of "Remarkable Stories," etc. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A CAPITAL story, containing much useful moral and religious instruction.

The Lord's Prayer and the Church. Letters to the Clergy. By JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L. With Replies. Edited by the Rev. F. A. MALLESON, M.A. Strahan and Co.

FOR Mr. Ruskin we always feel something more than respect, and we cannot criticize him, or be criticized by him, without regret. He has always had a warm side towards C. H. S., and even in this volume he speaks of "Mr. Spurgeon, under whom I sat with much edification for a year or two." His remarks are always worth reading even when they are mistaken. He thinks that preachers in general are not practical, and are more taken up with helping the guilty to escape from punishment than with teaching men to be pure in heart. All we can answer is this:—Mr. Ruskin, so far as we are personally concerned, does not understand us, or he would see that the charge is unjust. Our chief aim is to produce salvation from sin, and our great means to promote it is proclaiming free forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. We aim at the very thing which Mr. Ruskin desiderates, and he mistakes our means for our end. Possibly he does not see the relation of the means to the end, but the connection is made clear by results: men believe in Jesus, receive forgiveness, are influenced by gratitude, and forsake evil.

This book will be regarded in future years as a theological curiosity. Mr. Malleson, the editor, has done his work in a candid spirit. Mr. Ruskin is sledge-hammer as usual, and the various replies are instructive and entertaining in differing degrees.

Neglected Things; or, Words of Warning on the Neglect of Common Christian Duties. By the late Rev. E. SHELTON. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THESE short chapters upon "neglected things" are thoroughly readable, and full of practical wisdom and holy earnestness. The little book is chiefly meant for Wesleyans; but much of it would be valuable to believers of all denominations, especially to those who neglect prayer-meetings, the family altar, and so forth. We could not do

better for the publishers than we have done,—for we have given one whole chapter in this month's issue as a specimen of the style.

The Baptist Almanack and Congregational Handbook for the Year 1881. Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet-street.

THIS is a very useful guide to the Baptist churches in London. Great pains are taken to make it correct, and we believe that it is most reliable.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, [Genesis.] C. Kegan Paul and Co.

WE repeat emphatically the high encomium which we have passed upon former volumes of "The Pulpit Commentary." This is a grand book. We may, perhaps, on a further perusal of so vast a mass of matter find many things to object to; but as yet we have not come across anything, not even in Dr. Farrar's introduction, that will lower our value of the work. It will be to preachers who can afford fifteen shillings a very great acquisition. Langé on Genesis is specially good, and this commentary will bear comparison therewith. Success to the daring enterprise which is issuing such volumes. We are glad to see that the first issue (Ezra, Nehemiah) is in the third edition already.

Juvenile Temperance Series. Packet One. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

TWELVE little sixteen-page Temperance leaflets for children, and all for sixpence. What could be better or cheaper? The tracts are written so that boys and girls will read and remember them, and there are some choice little paragraphs of this sort at the end:—"I wish I could join the Band of Hope," said a little boy about six years old, who stood shivering by his mother's side in the doorway of a gin-shop. "You are not old enough," replied his mother; "you can't understand it." "I guess I'm old enough to know better than to drink gin," was the reply.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum for 1881. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT more can a minister want? Every mortal thing that can be worth recording has a place appointed for it; cash and candidates, baptisms and Bible-classes, books lent and sermons preached, marriages and memoranda, funerals and friends—nothing seems omitted, not even the notice on the title-page, that "this book belongs to Rev. —. If lost, finder will be rewarded on sending it to above address." To thousands of clergymen and ministers this must be as handy as a two-foot rule is to a carpenter.

Bible Anticipations of Modern Science.
By JOHN WOOD. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS is a very little book, but it speaks of great things. It may be regarded as a condensation of Professor Gaussen's "Theopneustia," with the flavour fully preserved. As a reader we are ready to complain of its brevity, for we should like much more of the same kind of information, but as a reviewer we commend it for this very reason, because it will be more likely to be read and read through. Our author shows that the Bible has anticipated many of the great discoveries of science, and that it does not contain any physical error. We wish that all our "modern thought" gentlemen would do themselves the pleasure of reading it through. We have been interested, instructed, and delighted. We call it the essence of meat. We should like a library produced upon the same principles of condensation, for then we should gather as much in ten minutes as we are often able to glean in ten weeks.

The Infants' Magazine; Children's Friend; Friendly Visitor; The Welcome; Band of Mercy Advocate; The Family Friend; The British Workman; The Band of Hope Review. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THESE seem, like a certain person's wonderful tea, to be "always good alike." Those who prepare such literature as this for the people are blessing the age in which they live, and preparing benefits for generations yet

unborn. We do not think that anyone is doing more for our country's lasting good than Mr. Smithies and those associated with him. We suppose we are right in putting all these periodicals together: they are all of a kind, and alike show a marvellous genius on the part of those who produce them. "Streams from Lebanon" are these. Long may they flow through the desert and bless the sons of men. Pure, clear, living waters alone are found here, and whithersoever they go they carry health and cleansing. God speed them all.

The Apocrypha of the Old Testament: with Historical Introduction, and Notes critical and explanatory. By EDWIN CONE BISSEL, D.D. The last volume of the Lange series of Commentaries edited by Dr. SCHAFF. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

WE grudge the expenditure of so much good scholarship upon the Apocryphal writings, which are valuable historically, but should never be associated with the word of God. Dr. Schaff did not think that his huge labour of editing the Lange series of commentaries on the whole Bible could be complete unless he also found a learned doctor to expound Maccabees and the associated books. We think that he might well have been excused the task; but as it must needs be done, it is well that it is well done. Dr. Cone Bissel is evidently at home at his work, and those who need a Commentary on the Apocrypha ought to be grateful to him, for we do not suppose that another will ever be written. Messrs. Clark are brave to publish so large a volume, for which, as we judge, there will be so small a demand. In critical and literary ability the work is of the first order.

A Popular Guide to Baptism. By JOHN ALCOBN. Baptist Tract Society, Castle-street, Holborn.

A PLAIN testimony on behalf of believers' baptism, fitted for wide distribution. Whence come Baptismal Regeneration and the doctrine of the non-need of conversion among children of pious parents? Come they not from the great error upon baptism which still rules the universal church?

The Gospels: their age and authorship.
By JOHN KENNEDY, D.D. London
Sunday School Union.

The Rescue of Child-soul. By Rev. W.
F. CRAFTS, A.M. Same publishers.

THE Sunday School Union does essential service by the publication of such volumes as these. Here are two books that look just like twin brothers, but they bear a different character. The one is intended to instruct the teacher and apprise him of the early history of the gospels in the light of the latest criticisms. The other is designed to introduce the teacher to his little pupils in the infant class and acquaint him with the humour of their childish faculties. Each is useful in its way. Nor is their value to be circumscribed by supposing that they are merely adapted to supply the wants of a special band of Christian workers. These are themes of universal interest. Dr. Kennedy has done his work well. The right of private judgment, as a fundamental principle of Protestantism, is commonly recognized among us, but not every one who prates about it realizes the intolerable wrong of violating the privilege by attempting to hold an opinion or pronounce a judgment, even for his own guidance, until with diligent research and patient study he has mastered all the evidence within his reach. In this age of enquiry our good friends must be on the alert for information. Readers of scripture are well aware of an ancient adage, "*Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*" Partisans of *modern thought* have forged a new *dogma* which threatens to supersede it. *Nothing can be proved*, they say, *therefore cut adrift*. But their doubts lack the charm of our discoveries. The literature of our age rejoices in *treasure-trove*. Antique coins, long buried, are now dug up and exposed to daylight, looking as fresh as if they were minted yesterday. So it is with old facts. In exploring the evidences of Christianity we find out how little we are indebted to Œcumenical councils and Papal bulls for the preservation of our common faith. Indefatigable scholars like Isaac Taylor, Foss Westcott, and J. B. Lightfoot unearth the testimony of the early Fathers, and

behold Polycarp, Origen, Tertullian, and the rest of them, are resuscitated to give evidence so distinct and so decisive that it cannot be rebutted. In a small octavo of less than 200 pages Dr. Kennedy will tell you all about it. Then, Mr. Crafts, as we have said, adventures on another field of discovery. He is more intent upon culling fresh flowers than upon collecting ancient relics. His efforts to extract philosophy out of the frivolities of the nursery is rather novel. He certainly has made an ingenious attempt to analyze the capacities of childhood with the intent of applying suitable means of educating the moral nature in its normal stage of development. How often mothers and fathers try to amuse their friends by telling the quaint things that their little Bertie and Tilly said! Grandpa often talks like twaddle. But here is a clergyman who lays these tales up in his heart and acquires the tact to train the soul while it is yet sensitive. No doubt our little children are very shrewd, though they are so very simple. There is often plenty of wit in their prompt replies. A governess was trying to teach a tiny bantling that little sins are serious. "*Do you know, my dear,*" said she, "*that you have broken one of God's commandments?*" "*Oh, no,*" replied the lad, "*I am sure I did not; I only cracked it.*" Who among you, having children, has not heard replies quite as clever? In what manner can we utilize this childish instinct so as to throw a little more charm into the lessons we give to the children from the infant class upwards? Well, we commend to you this treatise of Mr. Crafts, for he seems to be a clever craftsman.

The Kingdoms of Judah and Israel.
Arranged by F. N. (3d.) W. H.
Broom, 25, Paternoster Square.

A CHART by means of which teachers can trace the histories of the two kingdoms of Judah and Israel in the Books of Kings and Chronicles. The dates of the prophets are also marked. The chart can be pasted in a large-sized Bagster's Bible, and will be very handy for reference, showing at a glance dates which otherwise might require hours of searching.

The Sunday at Home, and The Leisure Hour. Volumes for 1880. Religious Tract Society.

SUCH books are at home anywhere: they might adorn a palace and they will cheer thousands of cottages. As for the *Sunday at Home*, we only wish we had a complete set of it to place in our house, where servants and young people might read it at their pleasure and leisure. God be praised for the Religious Tract Society, which does so much good for all classes of the community, and on the whole does it so well.

The Fireside Annual, for 1880. Conducted by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. (7s. 6d.) "Hand and Heart" publishing office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.

WHAT a born editor friend Bullock is. He does the thing well, and runs the Tract Society very hard. The portraits in this handsome volume are capital, and the work itself is first class.

Home Words for Heart and Hearth, and The Day of Days Annual. Same editor and publishers as the preceding. (Each 2s.)

THESE are two marvellous books for the money; well bound, profusely illustrated and good in all respects.

Our Folks, by the same publishing house is a very extraordinary sixpenny-worth. The forty portraits of the village celebrities are quite a picture gallery, and are sure to interest all who purchase John Churchill's letters home.

Sheet Almanacks for 1881. The Animals' Friend Almanack; Band of Mercy Almanack; Band of Hope Almanack; British Workman Almanack. Partridge and Co.

THESE we place first, for in some respects they are the best sheets published, and there is a style about them which we miss in the others. To train children and grown-up people in kindness to animals is a most desirable thing, and the first two of the above are devoted to this object. The other two advocate temperance and true religion.

The London Almanack. By C. RUSSELL HURDITCH. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THIS sheet is quite by itself. Red in colour and not very tasteful it will not strike the general public, but the texts are most carefully selected; and many a speaker hardly pressed for a subject may here find his mind set agoing by the suggestive arrangement of certain Scriptures.

The Sheet Almanack of the Religious Tract Society.

VERY full of information, rather small.

Sunday School Illustrated Almanack. Sunday School Union.

VERY large sheet, contains the Sunday School lessons, central engraving of the Raikes statue, and other pleasing pictures.

By the way, gentle reader, have you seen a sheet almanack by a certain John Ploughman? If not, get it at once from *Passmore and Alabaster*, and if you don't like it, my name is not John.

Dickens's Dictionary of London, 1880, (Second Year). An unconventional hand-book. "All the Year Round" Office, 26, Wellington Street.

VISITORS to London will find here a little about everything, and much that will be useful to them. Though we do not feel certain that all the information is quite accurate, we are sure that the editor has done his best to make it so in this new edition. The plan of the book makes it handy for a stranger. We question if many Londoners know one half of the matters about which this Dictionary gives enlightenment.

Temperance Mottoes and Texts. Six Illuminated Floral Cards. (2s.) National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

TEETOTALLERS should show their colours, and these may serve them for that purpose. The mottoes are very fairly executed. The temperance literature of the house in the Strand should be greatly improved in the direction of taste: it is hardly up to the requirements of so good a cause. These mottoes and texts are a decided advance, and we hope they will be largely used.

Witton's-Main: and other Stories. By FANNIE SURTEES (Cherith). London: Partridge and Co.

THREE touching, tender tales, showing the wages of sin, and pointing to its remedy. Well told. They deserve to be read.

The Little Prisoner: the Story of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France. Wesleyan Conference Office.

TRULY a most affecting account of the sufferings of poor little Capet. It was to the eternal disgrace of the Republicans that they allowed this innocent child to endure such barbarities. Men war not with babes, but the French Revolutionists seemed to forget their manhood. We do not quite see why the Wesleyan Conference prints this story, which is more calculated to cause pain than to suggest anything practical to the youthful reader.

Nobody's Lad. By LESLIE KEITH (3s. 6d.) J. F. Shaw & Co.

A STORY, fairly well told, of a poor orphan boy in London, and the kind helpers who were raised up to befriend him and others of his class.

Soldiers of the Cross: a Story of Flamborough Head. By the Author of "The Young Armour-bearer."

Elsie Gordon; or, thro' Thorny Paths. By EMILY BRODIE. Shaw & Co.

If people will read story-books, we are glad that they should have such as contain as much gospel teaching as is found in these two volumes. We like truth undiluted; but if others prefer to take it mixed with fiction we hope those who cater for them will flavour the dose as strongly as possible with the herbs that grow in the garden of the Lord.

The Young Cumbrian, and other Stories of Schoolboys. By GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

VERY good stories, Mr. Sargent. Some fellows would have made eleven novelettes out of your well told tales, and would probably have forgotten the morals which you keep so well before your reader's eye. You may tell some more stories when you have a mind to.

Jamie's Trust; or, the Motherless Bairn. By H. WOTHEM. Edited by Miss GATTY. London: J. F. Shaw.

A CHARMINGLY pathetic story of a lost lad's London life. We could not read it all the way through with dry eye. It will as much move as delight all who read it. This style of story is likely to do good.

Treasure-book of Consolation for all in Sorrow or Suffering. Compiled and edited by BENJAMIN ORME, M.A. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

THIS is a choice collection of consolatory words from all sorts of men. These are well arranged, and therefore the book will be the more useful to preachers and teachers. It would make a very acceptable gift to a friend in affliction; we hardly know one more likely to cheer the heavy heart, always excepting the Holy Scriptures themselves, which as much excel all other books as the sun excels the glowworms on the bank.

The Missionary Herald of the Baptist Missionary Society. One Penny. Yates and Alexander.

VERY cordially we can praise *The Missionary Herald*. It contains a well-condensed mass of information, presented in the best form, with excellent illustrations. We believe it to be the truest economy to make the public organ of the Society as good as possible. It was never one half as good as it is now. The December number is a double one, and with its map and forty-four pages of most interesting missionary news it makes an important document, which every Baptist should read.

The Atonement, and other Sermons. By THOMAS COOPER. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE always like to meet with the bold, earnest utterances of our friend Thomas Cooper, now a veteran in the service of his Master. We do not hold his view of the universality of the Atonement, though in some sense it is universal. On some other points we should differ; but on all points of heart-religion and reverent faith in Jesus we are one. May a green old age be long continued to our grand old friend, and may his books have hosts of readers.

Excelsior, Helps to Progress in Thought and Action. Vol. II. Sunday School Union.

THIS twopenny magazine for young people makes a handsome volume of varied reading.

The Quiver: an Illustrated Magazine for Sunday and general reading. Vol. XV. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

THE *Quiver* holds its own elevated place among magazines. The more we look into it the more we admire its spirit, its literary excellence, its artistic merit, and its real value. The annual volume will make a treasury of family reading for the winter evenings.

Epigrams and Epigraphs. By the Author of "Proverbial Folk-Lore." Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A CAPITAL shilling's worth of varieties. When a man has taken great pains to make a collection of varieties from far and wide, he does not often sell his museum for a shilling. Our author deserves commendation for his liberality, and purchasers for his book. We have never before seen the three epitaphs given below:—

"It is well known how great are the resources of advertising ingenuity, but still it was a new idea to make use of a monument. I recall one instance from England, and two from America."

Beneath this stone, in hope of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion,
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the Almighty's will.
UPTON-ON-SEVERN.

Miss Martha R. Rugg
Lost her life by falling
From the bank while
Plucking a flower from
Over the precipice,
At this place, Aug. 24, 1844,
A view of the Falls, taken
From this spot, showing
The above accident,
For sale at the Museum,
American side.

NIAGARA.

Both of these, however, must yield the palm to a third.

JANE,
Wife of T. S., marble cutter.
This monument was erected by her husband
As a tribute to her memory
And a Specimen of his Work.
Monuments in the same style,
250 dollars.

Sunny Memories of Christian Work.

By the Compiler of "Happy Testimony of a Christian Worker."
Paisley: J. and R. Parlane.

THESE bright little incidents will be cheering and helpful to Christian labourers in need of encouragement. The language is occasionally very artificial and stilted; but, notwithstanding, the purpose of the little book is so good that we cannot but commend it.

Gipsy Life: being an account of our Gipsies and their Children. By GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville. Haughton and Co.

MR. GEORGE SMITH is evidently a man who has his "mission," or rather his missions. No sooner has he looked after brickmakers than he calls in upon canal boats, and when he has given these a little stirring-up he is off among the gipsies. This is a live volume, well illustrated, and full of incident. We do not see what legislature can do for gipsies. A trial must be made, but their wandering habits, like those of the canal people, must make it difficult to enforce any educational attendance. We have great faith in individual exertion, but though we would accept all the aid that good laws can render we have very little confidence in the power of any law to reach these outlaws of society.

Memorial of the Rev. John Marshall.
Compiled by Rev. JAMES IRVING,
Tunbridge Wells. Tunbridge Wells:
R. Felton.

A LOVING memorial of an Independent minister of the old school—a school which is now, alas, becoming rapidly extinct. Mr. Irving writes and speaks of his departed friend with all the enthusiasm of a devoted disciple, and the affection of a beloved child: he even thinks that his friend's official appearance in the pulpit in the full glory of gown and bands was a sight most memorable. We cannot pretend to go that distance, but we sympathize in the reverence which Christian affection offers to distinguished worth. Mr. Irving has done his best to raise a monument to his friend; let us wish him heavenly comfort in his sorrow.

California and its Wonders. By the Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. With 17 Illustrations. T. Nelson and Sons.

WE never knew so much about California before. Well done, Dr. Todd! You have charmed us on from page to page, and taught us so much geography, that we feel well up as to the Golden Gate and the Yosemite Valley, and everything else belonging to that wonderful country. The numerous engravings are in the highest style of art. It is a pleasant book for the young, but quite as much so for the older folks.

Year after Year. A Birthday Autograph Book. Compiled by E. H. R. London: W. Mack.

BIRTHDAY Autograph Books are getting very plentiful, and here is yet another. The arrangement is entirely novel, not being chronological, but personal, and admits of repetition of the same signature year after year. It is a little too complex and ingenious for us, but doubtless will be valued by many.

The "Fear Nots" of Scripture: or Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver. London: S. W. Partridge.

It was a happy thought of the author to write these terse, thoughtful little talks on Scripture "Fear Nots"; for they furnish milk for babes and meat for strong men. They would make capital outlines for a Bible Class Series, or skilfully combined produce an ex-

pository sermon of an unusual kind. Get it, friend; you'll find it useful.

Consecrated Women. By CLAUDIA. Hodder and Stoughton.

A LADIES' book. In outward form attractive, and still more so as to its contents. All churches furnish noble examples of consecrated womanhood; yes, even the church of Rome; and Claudia has done well to collect sketches and compose epitomes of these lives, and set them before her sisters. If any Christian gentleman wishes to give his wife an acceptable present let him invest five shillings in purchasing this volume. If any gracious lady desires to influence a hopeful lady friend, let her do the same.

John the Baptist. An Epic Poem. In Three Books. By H. C. LEONARD, M.A. London: James Clarke & Co.

It is very seldom that we can highly commend modern poetical efforts that come to our hands for review: but we venture to give the strongest praise that so short a poem on so well worn a subject can receive. Mr. Leonard has thought upon the character and work of John the Baptist until it has fired his soul, and then has poured it forth in graceful strains. There are traces of imaginative power and dramatic skill that would justify the treatment of a more daring and lofty theme. We shall be glad to meet Mr. Leonard again as a poet.

Notes.

It may interest our personal friends to know that on January 8 we shall reach our twenty-fifth wedding-day. We had a figurative silver-wedding with the Church two years ago, and now we have literally reached that event of domestic joy. We unite with our beloved wife in deep gratitude for a quarter of a century of great happiness, and we beg our friends to aid us in praising God's name. In all probability the Church at the Tabernacle will have a special meeting on Monday, January 10, to congratulate the pastor and his wife.

On Sunday, Dec. 5th, no less than 109 persons were received into church fellowship at the Tabernacle. This is a cheering addition with which to close the year. "The Lord hath been mindful of us, he will bless us." Abiding in peace, and love, and earnestness, the church is made to rejoice in the

presence of the Holy Spirit, giving power to the Word and saving men. We have dismissed a company to form a church in Tooting, and we are organizing a colony in the Old Kent Road, under Mr. Briggs. Thus the vineyard is enriched by offshoots which become vines, and bring forth fruit unto God's glory. Some of the workers among us are eminently blessed in bringing souls to Christ, and the increase to the church is not alone from the pastor's labours, but from the efforts of brethren and sisters whose names are written in heaven.

The joy of our heart in the success of the Orphanage Cornish tour is very great. It is not only the help received, but the warm affection exhibited in the doing of it, which has cheered us greatly. Baptist friends led the way, but Methodists were thoroughly hearty too; indeed, everybody helped the

orphans, and many sent personal words of love to the President. Thank you, warm-hearted friends of Cornwall and Devon: the Lord recompense your kindness a hundred-fold.

On *Monday evening, Nov. 20th*, the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was specially on behalf of the COUNTRY MISSION. Several members of the mission prayed or spoke, and the pastor delivered the address which appears in another part of this magazine. We have often commended this work, and therefore need not say much about it now. It is one of the most useful of our agencies for the spread of the gospel in the heathen districts round the metropolis, and it could be greatly extended if we had the funds with which to hire rooms and pay expenses.

On *Wednesday evening, Dec. 1*, a meeting was held at the Tabernacle to help Mr. Murrell to secure the usual amount from the WEEKLY OFFERING for the College, which through Mr. Spurgeon's illness had somewhat suffered. A large number of friends assembled to tea, and afterwards many more came into the meeting. Three of the students, Messrs. Simmons, Harrison and Ward spoke of the benefits derived from the College, and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Frisby's choir sang some of their sweet songs of Zion; but most of the time was occupied by a recital of "Personal Recollections," by the pastor. It was an enthusiastic meeting, proving the love of the congregation to the College and its conductor. The sum of fifty pounds was by this means added to the offering. We believe that £1880 will be reached, but it will need a special effort during the last few days of the year.

Friends of the College are requested kindly to note that the ANNUAL TEA and PUBLIC MEETING will be held at the Tabernacle on *Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th*. The President is to take the chair, and "John Ploughman" is to exhibit dissolving views painted from the pictures in his new book, and give readings explanatory of them.

On *Friday evening, Dec. 10th*, it was once more our privilege to attend the annual meeting of the COLLEGE EVENING CLASSES, and in the name of the members to present to Mr. Johnson, one of the tutors, *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*, in 10 volumes, handsomely bound, as a well-deserved mark of esteem for himself, and appreciation of his labours. Several of the students spoke of the advantages which they and others had derived from attending the classes, and Mr. Ferguson and the secretary, Mr. Kirk, both testified that the attendance was never so large as it has been during the present year, and that at no time has the work been more successful than it is now. If any other Christian young men wish to join the classes they can write to Mr. Kirk, 24, Gilbert-road, Hurley-road, Kennington, S.E. We are training in this Working-men's College some two hundred brethren who pursue their callings all day, and then study in the

evening. Of former pupils many now occupy places of responsibility in the church, in the press, or in business houses,—and they are Christian men who would have had no chance to rise had it not been for these classes. *Mutual* instruction ends in frivolous entertainments, but classes with good tutors are the most efficient agencies for developing the gifts and fostering the piety of young men.

COLLEGE.—Mr. C. W. Townsend, who was one of our orphan boys, has completed his college course, and settled at Inskip, Lancashire; and Mr. Jno. Doubleday has accepted an invitation to Sittingbourne, Kent. Mr. E. Isaac has sailed for Australia, where he hopes to labour as an evangelist. He is worthy to be received right heartily.

The following brethren have removed during the past month:—Mr. R. F. Jeffrey, from Kingsgate-street, Holborn, to Folkestone; Mr. W. S. Llewellyn, from Bowden to Ogden, near Rochdale; and Mr. J. Hillman, from Hunslet to Hampden Chapel, South Hackney.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullertou have been at *Greenock* during the past month, and the services are still being continued while we write. Notwithstanding very unpropitious weather the average week-night attendance has been about one thousand persons, while the noon meetings have been good, and the Saturday evening "Song Services" very successful. On Sunday evenings it is estimated that the congregations have numbered between three and four thousand, while hundreds have been unable to gain admission. Best of all, many have professed to find the Saviour during the meetings. Pastor J. Dann and several other ministers have laboured heartily with our brethren.

During the early part of the present year the evangelists are to visit Halifax, Annan, and Sheffield, and later on they are to come to London for a long campaign.

Mr. Burnham, though still far from well, has conducted very successful services at Lincoln, Holbeach, and Charlton Kings. The pastors in all these places testify to the blessing received through our brother's visit.

ORPHANAGE.—Friends who send presents for our orphan boys or girls will greatly oblige if they will address them to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham-road, London. On several occasions recently we have had to pay carriage on parcels sent to our house, and as we live at a considerable distance from the Orphanage additional expense has been incurred in getting the articles to the institution.

After their return from their tour in the West, the Orphanage choir gave a service of song at Mr. Medhurst's chapel at Landport. Members and friends of the pastor's Bible-class had collected £55 8s. 6d. for the institution, and the collection after the

concert realized £25 5s. 6d., making a glorious total of £80 14s., which we have received since the lists were closed.

On the morning of Christmas-day a service will be held at Mr. Newman Hall's church, Westminster-bridge-road, when a collection will be made for the Orphanage. Some of the children will sing at the service.

The following extract from a letter from our son Thomas explains an item of £50 in the accounts, for which we thank the Sydney friends, and bless the beloved preacher:—

"Sydney, Oct. 20, 1880.

"My very dear Father,—Yesterday being my last Sunday in Sydney, I took the opportunity, at the suggestion of some kind friends, and notably of our Brother Hibberd, to make a collection at the Theatre Royal on behalf of the Orphanage. I had some handbills printed, giving a concise account of the work, abridged from the annual report. These were given to the folks as they assembled. I preached from 'In thee the fatherless find mercy,' and tried to preach the gospel, and at the same time draw a parallel between the orphanage of my heavenly Father and that of my earthly parent. Among other things I endeavoured to show that the qualification for admission to each is destitution, that the reception is gracious, that gratitude is the necessary result, 'So will we render the calves of our lips.' I pleaded earnestly that they would remember the good they had received from your preached and printed sermons. I urged a still more potent plea. 'For Jesus' sake.' Then I read that short notice in *The Sword and the Troveel* for September about the boys eating like caterpillars, and not spinning cocoons. The audience responded liberally, contributing £46 17s., and I find that by contributions from friends at Paramatta I am able to remit you a draft for £50. Dear father, I can't tell you how glad I am to do this. You will be pleased, I know, but not more than I am. Thousands here are deeply interested in you and your glorious work, and would doubtless help it oftener but for the

long distance and local claims. However, they have eagerly seized on this opportunity of manifesting their esteem and love. I am rejoiced to see it. You will be delighted to hear it, and to receive their gifts, and they are pleased enough to help the orphans for the president's sake. I would have had the collection for the College, but that I felt I could appeal to all for so undenominational a work as the Orphanage. The College must ever hold first place with me, as it does with you, and I think the people would have given to it gladly enough, and perhaps as liberally, but I wanted to make sure, and get a good amount. I had quite set my heart on £50, and prayed the Lord we might realize that amount by one means and another. He has answered prayer. To his name be endless praise."

COLPORTAGE.—Since last month the Committee have been much cheered by an application for the appointment of a second colporteur in a district in Staffordshire, adjoining one where the present man has so commended himself and his work to the confidence of the friends that they want another *just like him*. A new and very promising district has also been opened under the superintendence of our friend, C. F. Allison, Esq., at Orpington, in Kent.

A lady generously sends £100, but wishes the acknowledgment to be anonymous. This aid was specially acceptable, as the amount received during the month without it was less than that received for some time, and far below the necessities of the Association. Will other kind friends help by forwarding a subscription for the new year?

The colporteurs themselves keep working away. One man writes:—"I find I have made 2,267 sales during the past three months, for which I have taken £65 15s. 3d. I have also delivered on the Sabbath 21 sermons or addresses. I have also worked 822 hours, not reckoning Sundays."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—November 29th, nine; December 2nd, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 14th to December 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Ladbrooke	1	0	0	"A Friend in Scotland"...	25	0	0
Part of Communion Collection by Church in Plum Tree House	0	15	0	H. I., Malta	2	0	0
Mr. E. Isaac	3	0	0	Mrs. Ellis	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Gould	1	1	0	A Student, per J. A. S.	2	2	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0	Mr. F. W. Brackett	1	0	0
J. W. L., a Thankoffering	5	0	0	Miss Bradford	0	2	6
Mr. James Bayne	0	10	0	An aged Christian, per Pastor T. D. Cameron	10	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Samuel Willson	5	0	0	Dr. MacGill	1	1	0
Mr. William Gourlay	21	0	0	Mrs. Kennard	0	10	0
A despairing one	0	10	0	Pastor George Hearson	2	2	0
H. B. W.	5	0	0	Mercy and Grace	1	1	0
Free-will Offerings at our Mission Hall, per Mr. A. Ross	6	5	0	Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0
				Part Collection at Penge Tabernacle, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Thomas	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. M. Fergusson	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers,			
Reading:—			
Mrs. John Omer Cooper... ..	1	1	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0
Mr. Andrew Richardson	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Woodson	1	0	0
Mrs. John Leech	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Okshott	0	10	0
Mr. James Withers	0	10	0
Mr. J. H. Fuller	0	5	0
Profit on Sale of Books, per			
Mrs. James Withers	6	0	0
Proceeds of Lecture at Cambridge, by	11	17	0
Mrs. Foster, of Waterbeach	5	10	0
Rev. S. F. Bridge, per T. Greenwood,			
Esq.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Dowsett	5	0	0
Communion Collection by the Bridge-			
water Baptist Church, per Rev. H.			
Moore	1	1	0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown (half-yearly)	1	0	0
<i>Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—</i>			
Nov. 14	46	3	10
" 21	23	3	2
" 28	45	0	0
Dec. 5	43	10	0
" 12	44	0	0
	263	17	0
	£240	6	6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. S. H. Philcox... ..	1	15	0
"In Memoriam"	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Luff	1	0	0
The late Miss Mecarter, per Mr. P. R.			
Thwaites	10	8	2
Part Communion Collection by Church			
in Plum Tree House	0	15	0
Mr. Jas. Houston	5	0	0
Messrs. Jas. Wrigley and Son	10	10	0
A Friend, per Mr. J. McLean	0	8	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. Cammack	5	0	0
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0
A Reader of "The Postman"	0	2	0
Mr. D. Macpherson	0	10	0
"Our Thankoffering," Stratford-on-			
Avon	1	0	0
An invalid	0	2	6
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0
A Friend, per Miss Cockshaw	4	0	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
"A Christian Brother," per Miss			
Myles	0	10	0
East Ross	0	2	6
Young Men's Bible Class, Westbourne			
Grove Chapel	1	1	0
Mr. Gapper	0	5	0
H. R. W.	5	0	0
Mr. David Dann	32	17	0
Mr. W. R. Deacon... ..	5	0	0
Miss S. J. Osborn	0	10	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	0	10	0
Mr. R. Hindle	1	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth James	1	1	0
A Cab-driver's Threepenny-pieces			
A Friend, per Mrs. R. Berry	0	16	6
H. I. Malta	1	0	0
H. I. Malta	2	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song			
at St. Austell:—			
Collected by:—			
Mrs. Sampson	8	1	6
Miss Stocker	3	0	0
Miss L. Andrew	1	15	4
Miss E. Andrew	1	7	6
Miss Janic Stocker	1	14	6
Mrs. Knowles	1	0	0
Miss Knowles	0	8	0
Miss Phillips	1	0	0
Miss Russell	1	0	0
Mrs. Rosewarne	1	11	2
Mrs. Richards	1	13	0
Mrs. Griffin	0	10	0
Miss Lukes	1	10	1

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Congdon	1	4	0
Miss Hore	0	16	3
Captain Yelland	0	18	0
Captain Lilliecap	1	0	2
Mr. Ray	1	1	0
Mr. Body	1	8	0
Mr. C. R. Rowe	0	3	6
Mr. W. Morcom	0	2	0
Mr. P. Reynolds	1	4	6
Mr. Samuel Moss	5	0	0
Mr. Arthur Coode	1	1	0
Miss Russell (Tea)	0	2	6
Sales of Books	0	13	2
Donation from Clergyman	0	5	0
Weekly Offering	3	5	6
Box	0	4	6
Tickets	27	9	0
A Friend	2	2	1
	72	11	3
Less Expenses	2	11	3
	70	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song at Bar-			
tholomew-street Chapel, Exeter	25	0	0
Proceeds of Service of Song			
at Torquay:—			
Collection	31	4	2
Sale of "Song of the			
Shirt"	3	6	7
	34	10	9
Proceeds of Service of Song			
at George-street Chapel,			
Plymouth	46	18	6
Mr. W. H. Ball	5	0	0
Mr. W. S. Knight	0	10	6
	52	9	6
Proceeds of Service of Song			
at Truro:—			
Donations collected by			
Rev. J. S. Paige—			
E. W. Brydges Williams,			
Esq., M.P.	1	1	0
Captain Northey	0	5	0
Sir J. McGarel Hogg, M.P.	2	1	0
A. P. Vivian, Esq., M.P.	0	10	0
Mrs. Job	0	5	0
Amos Jennings, Esq. (An.)	1	0	0
John Martin, Esq.	1	0	0
Mr. Hicks	0	4	0
Messrs. Lake and Lake	0	5	0
Mr. Mack	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Clyma	0	5	0
Mr. Northey, jun.	0	2	6

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
W. Gill, Esq.	1 0 0		Millie Allright's Box ...	0 15 0	
W. H. P. Martin, Esq.	0 10 0		Mr. W. Woodeson ...	0 13 0	
Profits through Entertainment ...	31 6 6	40 0 0	Edith, Louie, and John Broad's Box ...	0 9 0	
Proceeds of Service of Song at Helston:—			Mr. J. H. Fuller ...	0 5 0	
By Sale of Tickets ...	23 14 9		James Withers ...	0 5 0	
" Paid at Door ...	2 12 0		Mrs. Bodman ...	0 1 1	
" Offering at close ...	2 11 7		Harriet Cooper ...	0 1 1	
Donations:—			W. W. ...	0 10 0	
Mr. Best and Sisters ...	10 0 0			8 9 2	
Mr. Heynes ...	2 2 0		G. Price ...	0 1 0	
Mr. E. Kendall ...	1 0 0		Mrs. Kennard ...	0 10 0	
Mr. H. Rogers ...	1 0 0		Mr. W. J. Galloway ...	0 10 0	
Mr. R. Martin ...	1 0 0		Collection after Sermon by Mr. Thomas Spurgeon in the Theatre Royal, Sydney ...	50 0 0	
Mr. Rowse ...	0 10 0		Mr. Alexander Munro ...	0 11 0	
Mr. Shakerly ...	0 10 0		Mrs. James Smith ...	1 1 0	
Mr. Chappel ...	0 10 0		Mrs. M. M. Fergusson ...	0 7 0	
Mr. Harry ...	0 10 0		A late Fellow of the Pastors' College ...	0 10 0	
Mr. Joseph Thomas Mullion ...	0 10 0		M. C. ...	0 10 0	
Mr. Haswell ...	0 5 0		Mr. and Mrs. Dayton ...	2 0 0	
Mr. R. Adams ...	0 5 0		From a Deaf Girl ...	0 2 6	
Mr. Trengrouse ...	0 5 0		Mr. T. T. Price ...	0 3 6	
Mr. L. Sleeman ...	0 5 0		Mrs. Anderson ...	0 10 0	
Miss Heynes ...	0 5 0		Collected by Mrs. C. Padley ...	2 12 0	
Miss A. Heynes ...	0 5 0		Box at "The Hawthorns," per Miss Moore ...	1 4 3	
Other sums ...	1 15 10		Collected by Miss Kate Tuck ...	0 2 6	
	49 16 1	45 0 0	Collected by Mr. G. Male ...	0 2 2	
Less Expenses ...	4 16 1		Collected by Miss F. Peters ...	0 5 2	
Service of Song at St. John's Hall, Penzance:—			By sale of S. O. Tracts ...	0 3 0	
By Tickets sold ...	38 0 9		Collected by Master J. Jago ...	0 6 0	
" Copies "Song of the Shirt," sold in the Hall ...	6 1 4		Collected by Miss M. Kemp ...	0 1 10	
Donations:—			Miss E. Dean, per J. T. D. ...	0 5 0	
Mr. William Dennis, per Mr. James Dennis ...	1 0 0		Collected by Mr. C. Winter ...	0 1 5	
Mr. Burge, per Rev. A. Bird, for Boys' Orphanage ...	2 0 0		Mr. J. McLaurin ...	0 15 0	
Ditto, Girls' Orphanage ...	2 0 0		Collected by Mrs. Richards ...	0 10 5	
Collection at the Wesleyan Chapel—Service for the Young, conducted by Rev. V. J. Charlesworth ...	11 3 4		Mr. W. Dinham King, Camelford ...	2 7 8	
	60 5 5		Mrs. Shaw ...	1 0 0	
Less Expenses ...	7 15 5		Widow's Mite, Preston ...	0 10 0	
Service of Song at Falmouth ...	20 0 0	52 10 0	Mr. Wadland ...	1 0 0	
Service of Song, etc., at Taunton ...	20 15 6		Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell ...	1 8 11	
Service of Song at Liskeard:—			E. G., Clifton ...	0 5 0	
Received for Admission ...	20 18 9		Rev. S. F. Bridge, per T. Greenwood, Esq. ...	0 10 0	
"Song of the Shirt," Collection ...	7 0 6½		A reader of "The Postman" ...	0 1 0	
Contributions ...	5 1 2½		Mr. D. Watts, Annan ...	0 10 0	
Ditto ...	0 1 6		Box at Orphanage Gates ...	0 6 0	
	33 2 0		Miss Newton, per J. T. D. ...	0 2 6	
Less Expenses ...	3 0 6		Collected by Miss Edwin ...	0 15 7	
Executors of the late Mrs. Penaluna, Helston ...	90 0 0		G. H. B., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster ...	2 0 0	
T. L. W. ...	21 0 0		Collected by Master C. L. Manley ...	0 2 8	
Mr. James Struthers ...	5 0 0		Part Collection at Penge Tabernacle, after Sermons by Rev. C. H. Thomas ...	5 0 0	
Mr. W. Paine ...	1 1 0		Sandwich, per Bankers, Nov. 30 ...	2 2 0	
A poor Member ...	0 0 3		Collected by Miss Jesson—		
A Lover of Jesus ...	0 5 0		Mr. Pickard ...	0 10 0	
J. W., Exeter ...	0 10 0		Mr. H. Stanyon ...	0 10 0	
G. C. ...	0 5 0		Mr. R. Carryer ...	0 10 0	
A Widow, Bingham ...	0 2 6		Mrs. Nunnerly (Northampton) ...	0 10 0	
Dr. MacGill ...	1 1 0	30 1 6	Mrs. Eames ...	0 5 0	
Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—			Miss Eames ...	0 5 0	
Mr. M. H. Sutton ...	2 2 0		The Misses Bennett ...	0 5 0	
Mrs. John Omer Cooper ...	1 1 0		Miss Cooper ...	0 2 6	
Mr. Edwin Woodeson ...	1 6 0		Miss Raynes ...	0 2 6	
Messrs. Heelas and Co. ...	1 1 0		Miss C. Jesson ...	1 0 0	
				4 0 0	
			Mrs. Ferrett and Friends ...	0 1 0	
			Collected by the Misses Rust ...	0 7 0	
			P. L. S. ...	0 5 0	
			Executors of the late Mr. Samuel Willson ...	5 0 0	
			For Christmas Festival:—		
			Mr. W. Johnson ...	0 4 0	
			Mr. R. Hindle ...	0 10 0	
			Mrs. M. A. Taylor ...	1 0 0	

	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. B. Todd	0	10	0
Mr. Miles Firth	1	1	0
G. M. R.	1	0	0
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mr. William Smith	0	2	6
E. J., F. J., E. J., and K. J.	0	10	0
M. E. Y.	0	2	0
Miss E. J. Farmer	0	3	0
Mrs. R. Lane	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	0	2	6
Mrs. W. E. Wainwright ...	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
M. J. W.	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Munday	1	0	0
<hr/>			
	11	10	6
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mrs. Sarah Brown (half-yearly) ...	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Barrat	0	10	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mrs. Weston	1	0	0
The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
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	£732	18	11

*List of Presents (Boys' Division):—*PROVISIONS.—19 tins of Dairy Food, T. P. Chard; 20 sacks of Potatoes, Mr. Hogbin; 10 doz. Cabbages, 3 bushels of Parsnips, E. G. Arnold, Esq.; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 28 lbs. of Valencias, 28 lbs. of Currants, 2 bottles of French Plums, 2 boxes of Sweets, 1 box of Figs, Mrs. Arnold; 1 sack of Flour, Mr. Goddard; 1 box Currants, 1 box of Valencias, 2 boxes of Lemon Peel, 2 boxes of Orange and 1 box of Citron, Mr. Llewellyn; 14 lbs. of Valencias, 14 lbs. of Currants, Mrs. Reynolds; 1 sack of Flour, Messrs. Eisdell and Soundy, per Mr. James Withers.

CLOTHING.—50 Flannel Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 12 Shirts and 6 prs. of Socks, Mrs. Whittard; 6 Vests, 6 Caps, and 6 prs. of Cuffs, Mrs. Belcher; 30 prs. of Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. Clarke; 6 Flannel Shirts, and 6 Night Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson; 6 Scarves and 12 prs. of Cuffs, Miss L. Groves; 50 Night Shirts, per Mrs. James Withers, as follows:—Mrs. Anderson, 2; Mrs. J. O. Cooper, 2; Mrs. Collier, 2; Mrs. J. Davis, 2; Miss Louie Broad, 1; Mrs. John Leach, 8; Mrs. Ravenscroft, 6; Mrs. Ward, 6; and Mrs. Withers, 21; 3 prs. of Trousers and 3 Polo Caps, Mr. M. E. Bassett; 11 Woollen Scarves, Miss Lewis; 18 Linen Collars, 4 boxes of Paper Collars, 6 Flannel Shirts, 7 prs. of Gloves, 3 prs. of Mittens, 5 prs. of Socks, 1 box of Ties, "Candle Ends," 12 pairs of Socks, Mrs. Kine.

SALE ROOM AND GENERAL.—3 Packets of Washing Powder, T. P. Chard; 15 Volumes of Books, Mrs. Osborn; 1 Silver Soup Ladle, 1 Silver Table Spoon, 1 Silver Butter Knife, 1 Silver Coffee Pot, 1 Doll, 1 Box miscellaneous Toys, 4 small China Mugs, 7 Fancy Baskets and 1 Bag, Anonymous; 41 articles for Sale Room, Miss Desroix; a quantity of Magazines, Mr. M. Neck; 1 Anonymous of "Poems and Essays" by Janet Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton.

*List of Presents (Girls' Division):—*CLOTHING.—12 prs. of Knitted Stockings, Elizabeth Allen; 7 Dresses, 8 Chemises, 4 prs. Drawers, 1 Hat, 1 Jacket, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle; 3 doz. prs. of Hose, Mr. G. H. Copp; 2 prs. of Socks, "A Working Man's Wife"; 4 Dresses and 5 Skirts, G. P. E.; 6 Chemises, 3 Night-dresses, 1 Cross-over, 12 Handkerchiefs, 2 Tennis Aprons, and a piece of Dress Material, Mrs. G. Thompson; 6 Scarves, 12 prs. Cuffs, Miss Lottie Groves; 12 Chemises, 4 Pinafores, 3 Scarves, 12 Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Moss; 12 prs. Cuffs, 6 Pinafores, "Roslyn."

GENERAL.—Some Dolls, Sweets, Toys, etc., Miss Lottie Groves; a box of Figs and packet of Cards, Mrs. Moss.

ERRATA.—November Number, page 596.—Miss Brown, Boxmoor, £2 10s. put to General Fund, should be for "Girls' Orphanage Building Fund."

Omitted last month:—Collected by Mr. H. Barrett, £1.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. George Hood	2	10	0
An Invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Mr. N. G. Read	0	10	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford, for "The Liver- pool House"	2	0	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
Mrs. Hobbs, per Rev. F. Trestrail, D.D.	2	10	0
Mr. William Pedley	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Allan	1	0	0
A Thankoffering for the Lord's good- ness in a time of bereavement ...	0	10	0
Miss M. Birrell	1	0	0
Mr. A. M. Martin, Corfu	0	10	6
"My Tobacco Allowance"	0	4	0
A well-wisher	0	10	0
Mr. A. Falconer	1	0	0
"A Christian Brother," per Miss Myles	0	10	0
Miss Wilzer	1	0	0
Mary McDonald	0	0	6
H. H. W.	5	0	0
Miss S. J. Osborn	0	10	0
"Two brothers"	1	0	0
H. I., Malta	5	0	0
A Servant Girl, near Forres	0	2	0
Miss Lansbury, per Miss Ivimey ...	0	13	6
Mr. John F. Reekie	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Reid	0	10	0
Mrs. William Haigh, per Rev. E. Osborne	3	0	0
Mrs. Bushby	1	0	0
Mrs. Whitterow	0	10	0
Mr. W. Paine	1	1	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. Hooley	1	1	0
Mrs. E. Jarratt	0	10	0
Mrs. Kennard	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	0
J. J. S. N.	0	5	0
F. K. K. (New Year's offering) ...	0	2	6
A late Fellow of the Pastors' College ...	0	10	0
J. D.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clarke	2	2	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald" ...	10	14	11
A Friend	2	0	0
Mr. Clark	0	10	0
"Science"	1	1	0

<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mrs. Sarah Brown (half-yearly) ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
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	£62	12	5

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1880.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Newnham, Cinderford, and Bowlish District, per Mr. Harding	2	10	0
Newnham, Cinderford, and Bowlish District, per Rev. C. Griffiths	2	10	0
Dorchester District, per Mr. J. T. Soudy	20	0	0
J. B. Mead, Esq., for Deptford	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castletown	11	0	0
R. Cory, Esq., for Cardiff	10	0	0
Northampton Baptist Association, for Bulwick	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, for Stow and Aston District	10	0	6
Oxfordshire Association, for Witney District	10	0	0
Wolverhampton District, per Mrs. Bell	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District, per Rev. H. Kidner	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Halesowen District	5	0	0
Tiptree District, per Rev. H. Hazell	10	0	0
Arnold District, per Mr. Higginbottom	20	9	9
South Wilts District:—			
Whitbourne	0	12	0
Bratten	2	1	1
Frome	1	5	3
	3	18	4
Less Expenses	0	3	5
	3	14	11
Worcester Colportage Association	40	0	0
Sunderland District	10	0	0
	£194	5	2

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Lister	0	1	0
Mr. Rowley	0	1	0
M. G.	5	0	0
Mr. T. D. Ransford	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Kcevil	2	0	0
Mr. Hy. Atwood	1	0	0
Mr. F. H. Cockrell	1	0	0
H. I., Malta	1	0	0
A Well-Wisher	0	5	0
Mr. T. H. Cook	5	0	0
Mrs. Stockford	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Smith	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Galloway	0	10	0
B. H.	100	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson Aikman	5	0	0
Miss L. Spencer	0	5	0
M. C.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Barrett	0	10	0
	£198	2	0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. S. R. Pearce	1	1	0
Mr. W. Higgs	5	0	0
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
Mr. Llewellyn	1	1	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	2	2	0
Mr. Quinn	0	10	6
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0

Society of Evangelists.

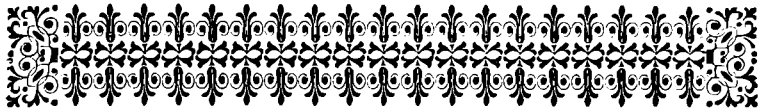
Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 14th, 1880.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. D. Ransford	1	0	0
A Friend, for Mr. Burnham	25	0	0
Thankoffering for Services held at Leamington, by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton	100	0	0
"A Friend in Scotland"	10	0	0
Balance of Collections at Services held by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton at Paisley	9	9	0
Two Friends, Paisley	0	11	0
	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Balance of Collection at Thurleigh, per Mr. Burnham	0	18	0
Balance of Collections after Services by Mr. Burnham at Lincoln	1	10	0
Balance of Collections after Services by Mr. Burnham at Holbeach	1	14	7
<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>			
Mrs. Townsend	1	0	0
	£151	2	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; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1881.

Thieves in Newgate and their Friends without.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.



ON the afternoon of the 3rd of December, after the cold stifling fog of the previous night and morning had cleared away, we sought admittance at the common entrance of Her Majesty's Gaol of Newgate, when, having shown the order kindly furnished by the Lord Mayor, we were privileged to inspect the gloomy but historical prison under the guidance of an intelligent Christian official, who appeared to be the deputy-governor. The place and its wretched inmates were allied to our present subject, so much so that, to understand it in all its bearings, it seemed desirable to see a site which a century ago had excited the interest of Howard, and which remains a great landmark of both old and new London.

There is much in Newgate to remind visitors of a grim fortress, such as may have haunted their imaginations through reading fairy tales; or they may even identify the frowning, soot-incrusted walls—four feet in thickness, the massive oaken doors, bound together with iron, and the heavy bars and gigantic locks with the veritable residence of Giant Despair. Certain it is, that no modern Jack Sheppard would be able to effect his escape by any amount of ingenuity or daring. The low doorway of the Old Bailey, with its ugly spikes, and grated windows above and at the sides, leads into a very sombre kind of entrance-hall, and is quite in keeping with our preconceived notions of this City prison. After passing through several tremendous doors and sundry awful passages, we came to the main portion of the building occupied by the male prisoners.

There are three galleries or corridors, one above another, the cells being on both sides, each measuring about thirteen feet long and seven wide, and being about nine feet in height. The furniture consists of a hammock bed, a table-flap fixed against the wall, a water tap, copper washing basin, &c., in one corner, a stool, and a gas burner, the light from which has to be extinguished at eight o'clock. There are, besides, some brushes which the prisoner himself has to use for cleaning the cell. Each cell is well warmed, thoroughly ventilated, and scrupulously clean, presenting in this respect a marked contrast to the Newgate of the last century, when visitors were fearful of exploring the recesses lest they should carry away with them the pestilence, which, sometimes with remorseless impartiality, swept judges, counsel, and warders into the grave.

Looked at merely as lodging-places, the ordinary cells are comfortable apartments when compared with the wretched home accommodation of too many of the poor in London. The condemned cell is larger than the rest and differently furnished; for a murderer, between the time of conviction and death, is not permitted to be alone for a minute, nor is he ever allowed the use of a knife while taking food. "The condemned cell," said our conductor, with ominous emphasis, "is in this corridor,—you are not far away from it, but I shall not tell you any more." The fact was, we were standing opposite the iron-bound doors which then confined two of the most cruel murderers of modern times. If we understand the arrangements, this last home of these wretched men could be distinguished from the other cells by the alarm-bell, by means of which the officers within could instantly, if need be, call in the assistance of the warders who are on duty both night and day in the gallery.

Descending from this story to the regions below the ground floor we saw six empty dungeons which are only used as an extra punishment in extreme cases. They have not been occupied for two years. When the double doors with which each one is provided close upon the unhappy wretch whose violence and obstinacy may have earned so severe a correction, no ray of light, nor even the slightest sound from without, can penetrate the gloom; the horrid darkness with the perfect silence is literally that of a living tomb. After allowing himself to be imprisoned for a few minutes a certain American gentleman guessed that the whole thing was about as perfect as could be—"the darkness was something to lean against, in fact"; while a lady who accompanied him, and who questioned whether even Newgate officials could enforce silence upon her if she chose to speak, confessed that the dark cell and a little starvation might possibly have the desired effect.

What is the effect of a discipline like this on hardened natures? "Well," remarked our conductor, "it brings them to reflection." If it hardens, the case may be considered hopeless; otherwise, even in the case of a criminal, the dark cell may be the first step towards something better. We heard of the case of one very violent man, who dared all the Queen's officers to do their worst, because he did not care, not he, either for them or the law. When put in the dark cell he threw the bread allowed him after the deputy-governor, but it was placed on the hard planks which serve as the only bed, and then the great double

doors were closed! After a brief confinement the man appeared to be so far conquered that he confessed that the refractory cell was "a queer place," and showed his gratitude for the piece of bread he had at first refused. He confessed something more. While surrounded with preternatural darkness and silence, all the events of a misspent life from early childhood passed before him; and he had such an opportunity as he never had before of taking stock, and striking a profit and loss account of his whole career. There is hope of such a man, especially when, as in the case of Newgate, there are earnest Christians among the officials to give a repentant sinner suitable advice. In common with other visitors, we submitted to a few minutes' solitary confinement with the doors properly fastened, and we can conscientiously testify to the thorough effectiveness of all the arrangements.

Passing on we saw the place where prisoners under certain restrictions were allowed to see their friends; and also the rooms wherein the untried could confidentially confer with their solicitors without being overheard. In what is called the bread-room is a large water tank, put up a few months after the riots of 1780, when the prison was set on fire. In the cupboard in this apartment is a collection of irons, some of them curious relics of the past, being the veritable manacles worn by many celebrated criminals. Some of the contrivances are obsolete, but others are still used. We also inspected a fearful-looking collection of busts, the originals of which all lie in the graveyard without, which is, in fact, an open-air passage leading to the sessions-house. A single initial, cut in the wall, marks each interment, and our guide seemed to be quite familiar with the history of every one. All prisoners in passing from their cells to the dock of the court necessarily pass over this ground, which has more sad memories associated with it than any other area of the same size in the whole world. In bidding adieu to the deputy-governor we realized the truth of his words, when he intimated that all of us were made of the same stuff as the poor criminals with whom he had to do; and that it was possible for any to fall into the same sin, unless restrained by the grace of God.

Such is Newgate and the discipline which the law provides as a corrective of crime. We are glad that the place is what it is, contrasting so favourably with the Newgate of a past age. Grim and black with the smoke of generations, it stands in the heart of our four-million-peopled city, to warn men of the consequences of crime; but having now walked through the prison, let us see what some zealous Christians outside are doing for the reformation of thieves.

On the evening before the above visit to Newgate was paid we attended an annual festival, a supper given to the criminal classes at Little Wild-street Chapel, by Mr. George Hatton and his valuable assistant Mr. Wheatley, of whom a more detailed account will be presently given. As our readers may be aware, this fine piece of property has lately been handed over to the St. Giles's Mission, and put into good repair at a cost of some thousands of pounds. The interior is now worth going some miles to see. Originally erected in 1665 on a corner of the garden of Weld House, for the use of Roman Catholics composing the Spanish ambassador's household, the chapel came into possession of the

Baptists soon after the Revolution ; and the old pile was replaced by the present structure in 1788. The church had sadly dwindled ; but now that the sanctuary has become a religious home of the poor, a large Sabbath congregation attends, attracted by the simple gospel.

A thieves' supper is a spectacle which cannot often be witnessed, but having been once looked upon memory will long retain its sombre impressions. The repast, which is sufficiently substantial to include meat, pickles, tea, coffee, and all the usual accompaniments, is served in several ante-rooms, and also in the lower gallery of the chapel. The invitation is by tickets, and these are in such demand, even down to the last hour, that were the space available six times as large there would be no difficulty in finding guests. Viewed as a body, the men and lads are a poor set, both ill-fed and unwashed, proving, to judge by their appearance, that thieving is after all the most wretched calling in which a mortal can engage. There is no romance in such a life, it is the lowest kind of slavery. A great deal that is not true is said about the aristocracy of the light-fingered art ; but if there are such, and if they ever accept cards of invitation to an evening assembly, they do not appear at Mr. Hatton's supper.

The eating and drinking being over soon after seven o'clock, the more serious business of the evening, the meeting in the chapel, takes place, the supper party occupying the central seats of the ground floor, while a few privileged spectators range themselves on either side. In place of the Home Secretary—Sir W. Vernon Harcourt—who would have been present but for the pressure of official engagements, the chair is occupied by Mr. Flowers, of Bow-street Police court, who to a casual observer appears to be the model of a Christian magistrate. The chairman is supported by several prison chaplains, including Mr. Jones of Newgate. Another sincere friend of the cause, Mr. Vincent, superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland-yard, would also have put in an appearance had circumstances allowed.

The principal statement of the evening was made by Mr. Hatton himself, and he showed that none of his helpers had gone out of their way to seek the work among criminals, it had rather been thrust upon them as the result of their ordinary efforts in St. Giles's. During some special services in Wild-street chapel, a couple of thieves one evening staid behind after the congregation had left, and they gave evidence of having been so seriously impressed that they desired to change their sinful ways for an honest life. "They appeared to us to be so serious," said the speaker, "that we could not think it right to send them adrift without giving them a chance of doing better. Accordingly they were set to work at wood-chopping ; and right well did they fulfil their promise to labour hard for their daily bread. One of these two men has been engaged as a Christian missionary by a private gentleman in the suburbs, and has been very considerably blessed in the conversion of souls. Others of their old associates speedily followed them, and made similar application to us for honest employment, and the work soon became one of the most important operations of our mission."

Here were arguments which could not be gainsaid ; the work had come in the course of the providence of God, and as honest Christian men they dared not put it from them. Indeed, no one felt any desire

to shirk responsibility ; on the contrary, all taxed their ingenuity to find suitable employment for those who desired to reform. Knife-grinding machines, ice-barrows, baskets and barrows for the sale of fruit, coal-carrying, blacking-boxes, besides such manufactures as mat and ginger-beer making, &c., &c., all had a fair trial, and served the men for a time. But having gone so far they had to go a step farther by providing a suitable home where destitute men just out of prison could be temporarily placed under Christian influence, and at the same time have a last chance of regaining a respectable standing. The Home at present occupied is an old-fashioned house in Brook-street, Holborn, close to the spot where, mad with despair, the ill-fated youth, Thomas Chatterton, ended his sad career. There forty beds are made up, and there, it is hoped, many a prodigal takes a turn for the better by setting his face towards his Father's house. Soon after the Home was provided it was found necessary to meet the prisoners on their discharge at the prison-gates, as described in a former number of *The Sword and the Trowel* ; and thus a room was hired near Coldbath Fields House of Correction, where, for two years and a half, a breakfast has been provided every week-day morning. A few simple figures will best explain the magnitude as well as the importance of these operations. In twenty-nine months 24,774 have been discharged from the gaol ; 12,995 of these have partaken of Mr. Hatton's breakfast ; more than 4,000 have signed the temperance pledge ; and 1,314 have been dealt with in various ways. For example, 148 have gone to sea ; 352 have been provided with employment on land ; 32 have been sent to various Homes ; 88 have been sent to their friends, carriage paid ; 13 have gone abroad with an outfit provided by the Mission funds ; 647 have been relieved with money, tools, &c., and the comparatively small number of 34 have either been expelled or have absconded from the Home. This is no slight success, and no small saving to society at large, when we consider what one practised thief may cost the country. This, to borrow Mr. Hatton's generous words, " is largely attributable, under God, to the indefatigable and untiring efforts of my esteemed fellow-helper, Mr. Wheatley, who is literally absorbed in his work, and who scours London over to find employment for those whom he considers deserving of sympathy and aid."

When his turn came to speak for himself, Mr. Wheatley, like a man whose heart was in his business, referred to the necessity that existed for finding the men employment. There is naturally a prejudice in the public mind against taking men who have once fallen into establishments ; and yet, as experience shows, the risk is very small. As a rule, a quondam thief, who takes to honest labour in any shape, really wishes to reform ; and knowing that he is being allowed a trial by those who know all about his antecedents, he makes it a point of honour not to wrong an employer.

Mr. Flowers, the Bow-street magistrate, was able to prove with some force that the chief spring of all crime was drink. Many years' practice as a solicitor, as well as his experience in the police-court, had taught him this sad fact. He said that in the country he was once acquainted with a labourer who, notwithstanding his partiality for strong drink, passed for a respectable man. In an evil day, as it proved, he became

the subject of what was taken to be a wonderful piece of good fortune ; he found himself heir to £8000. The consequence was that he was never sober again, and he died a miserable death in less than twelve months. Another example was that of a beautiful girl, who was arraigned for riotous conduct ; it was natural that interest should be excited by so fair an offender, and much sympathy was felt in court for this young woman. Beauty was no safeguard against sin, however ; and, continuing her evil courses, this same girl, after four years, again stood in the dock. No longer beautiful, what a hideous contrast did her coarse, bloated, and blotched face present to her former appearance ! Thoroughly realizing all through his remarks that he was speaking to an audience of thieves, Mr. Flowers made excellent use of his opportunity. He showed how much better for them a shilling would be in the Post-Office Savings' Bank than in the publican's till ; he spoke of the immense advantages their children might enjoy in the Board Schools ; and then tellingly portrayed the sweets of a freeman's life as contrasted with that of a slave subject to the misery of police supervision.

Though not able to strike out in so happy a vein, the chaplain of Holloway Prison confessed to the wonderful assistance he derived from Mr. Wheatley. The striking testimony he also bore to the pernicious influence of music-halls ought to serve as a warning to all young persons coming to London, not to frequent what this prisoners' friend called "sinks of iniquity." He declared that a fourth part of those who came to Holloway Gaol traced their ruin to this cause alone ; and as to the influence of corrupt reading, he could have occupied the hours until midnight in telling of those who had been ruined by it.

But perhaps the most striking of all the phenomena to be encountered at a thieves' supper-party is the reformed criminal, who mounts the platform, and, with excusable egotism, uses himself as an illustration, while exhorting less happy characters to turn to honesty and God. Happily, Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley can always muster a reserve force of such speakers ; and as we listened to their extraordinary confessions, it seemed as though both grammar and the English vocabulary broke down while overflowing hearts endeavoured to express their gratitude. One man, in particular, who had stood in the dock at Bow-street before Mr. Flowers, spoke of his conversion, of the happiness which belonged to a reformed life, and of that divine grace which was available for all who would only seek it aright.

This brings us to the end of the supper and the evening's entertainment at Little Wild-street ; a thoroughfare so abounding with Irish Roman Catholic families that it does not by any means belie its name.

We can now pass on to notice some other important features of the efforts put forth for the reclamation of London thieves. On a former occasion it was explained how Mr. Hatton was led to engage in the mission ; a word may now fitly be devoted to his able lieutenant.

Like his colleague, Mr. Wheatley is a native of London ; he is forty-one years of age, and he was born in the classic region of Cripplegate, famous for its Puritan lectures, and for having been the dwelling-place of a family whose most illustrious representative wrote "Robinson Crusoe." He does not recollect his father ; but his mother cared for

her son in the best manner she was able to do by first sending him to Cripplegate church school, and next by apprenticing him to the gold-beating trade, which at one time was a far more lucrative calling than it is at present. Seven long years, in accordance with the custom of the old city, were passed in this employment; and, anomalous as it may seem, at the expiration of his term the young man, though actually a gold-beater, found himself free of the City as a leather-seller, because his master happened to be of that fraternity. Thus it happens, that wealthy guilds have virtually ceased to be associated with the trades whose names they bear; and hence the cause of charity, as well as of common honesty, is likely to be served by Mr. Gladstone's proposed Commission of enquiry.

When out of his apprenticeship, Mr. Wheatley worked as a journeyman for eighteen months. His last master, being more of a speculator than a manufacturer, lost more than he gained at the business; but when his shrewd craftsman pointed out the tricks of the trade, and showed where errors had been committed, the lost ground was recovered, and eventually the employer retired in favour of his assistant. Mr. Wheatley borrowed £60, set up in business on his own account, and after working from four in the morning until ten at night for twelve months, he paid back the capital, but at a ruinous expense to his constitution, which must have been completely destroyed had he not had sufficient wisdom to cease "burning the candle at both ends." The gold-beating has been continued from that day to the present; and through having this trade in his hands Mr. Hatton's colleague has been able to do more than would otherwise have been possible in the good cause of helping and instructing the poor.

From his earliest days Mr. Wheatley has always felt respect for religious people; and some years ago, when accustomed to visit various places of worship about London, he one day entered Little Wild-street Chapel, before the building was transformed into a mission station. The friends there asked him to pray; but, as he was only acquainted with Prayer-book forms, he did not comply; and when asked to take a tract district he shrank from the responsibility. Probably the dilapidated old sanctuary, with its remnant of a church, and its empty pews in place of a congregation, did not very favourably impress the stranger with regard to the claims of Nonconformity in that corner of London. Many changes were destined to occur before he was finally attracted to that hallowed spot.

While abroad in the streets at this time, he noticed a placard on a pump announcing that Mr. George Hatton was preaching at King-street Hall, and, as all strangers were earnestly invited, he accepted the invitation. The young gold-beater attended the Sunday morning service, and beholding his present colleague for the first time, he judged him to be the most extraordinary preacher he had ever listened to. At all events, it appeared as though some daring informer during the previous week had told George Hatton all about the outward life and the inward conflicts of William Wheatley, who, accordingly, very naturally said that he would never enter the place again. Such a thing has frequently happened before; and its occurrence merely proves how marvellously adapted the gospel is to meet the needs of human nature.

Instead of stopping away, the stricken sinner attended again on the Monday in a disconsolate state; but after some days he found peace, and realized that Christ was the sin-bearer. This happened in 1865. The convert felt that he was a different man from what he had been, and tried to be useful in many ways. He engaged in prayer at the meetings, visited the sick on Sundays, and even wrote out his petitions when any difficulty was experienced in finding words.

Having now set his hand to the plough of Christian work, he found that work grow wonderfully day by day. The Sabbath's hours proving insufficient for what there was to be done, working hours had to be encroached upon. Any morning after breakfast he could find those who had not been sufficiently fortunate as to break their fast; and even amid the festivities of Christmas Day dinnerless people have been found lying in bed to while away the time. For a man of limited means these operations were somewhat costly; so that, while the volunteer visitor bore his full share of the expense, Mr. Hatton was frequently appealed to for the deficiency. At length three days a week were devoted to the work; and numbers of poor struggling people were advised with, and assisted in their humble enterprises, represented by mangles, potato-cans, &c., &c.

In the meantime Mr. Hatton found that his work in connection with the St. Giles's Mission was extending, and it seemed as though a good deal would have to be given up, unless Mr. Wheatley would relinquish his business, and give himself wholly to the poor. This momentous proposal was made, and, after a few days' consideration, Mr. Wheatley decided to make the trial as requested, and engaged a man to look after business at home in conjunction with his own son. The original arrangement was that two hours a day should be reserved; but this was never carried out. The work is so pressing that it cannot be controlled; if engaged in at all, the urgent calls constantly occurring must be attended to.

It was about this time that the work among thieves and discharged prisoners was suggested by certain members of the criminal class themselves, who after a meeting came forward and asked with straightforward, irresistible bluntness, "Why don't you help *us*?" Such a question, asked by such characters for the first time, was more perplexing than welcome; but not liking to turn a deaf ear to such an appeal, Mr. Hatton looked to his inventive assistant for a practical answer. "You have introduced several new things," he said; "don't you think you could do something for these poor fellows?" The answer came in due time. A number of houses were being taken down in the vicinity to enlarge a brewery; and by purchasing a quantity of waste timber, and chopping it up for firewood, temporary employment was found by which the men were enabled to earn two shillings a day. Because they did the work so well, it was thought that the men ought to be further assisted by being brought away from the abominable associations of the common lodging-houses. If possible, these wretched retreats of ruined humanity were then even more uncivilized than at present. In one, close to the leading thoroughfare of Holborn, a clergyman, who entered the kitchen, had his coat taken from his back; and into the same den, a barrel of beer, just taken from a dray, was rolled from the street, and

the liquor consumed by the ribald assembly amid uproarious glee. There also Mr. Wheatley had witnessed scenes of great uproar on the Sabbath; and once, when he entered the place to invite a selection of the company to a supper, the bag of tickets was forcibly seized, and the contents distributed throughout the room with wild indiscrimination. You may assist a thief, and talk to him as long as you will about the misery of his career, and the charms of an honest life; but so long as he remains in a school of vice like this, the reformation effected by day will be more than undone at night.

Thus, to give the men a last chance apart from the lodging-houses, the Home was established, first at Earl-street, and next at Brook-street, Holborn. Still, for some time there seemed to be a missing-link; and it was found that a discharged criminal could only reform against tremendous odds unless he were taken in hand at the very prison-gates. This proposed extension of the work, entailing great expense, and constant vigilance on every morning throughout the year, at first inspired some misgivings; but since its commencement, in June, 1877, the prison-gates work has been continued with success.

Thieving in London is a very wide subject, which we cannot hope to exhaust in one article. The depredators are not confined to one class, as some persons appear to suppose. There are, doubtless, numbers of families with the members of which the practice is hereditary; but outside of these are individuals who have fallen from good social positions, such as doctors, clergymen, lawyers, and others,—renegades whose fall and degradation are commonly traceable to the vice of excessive drinking. It is really wonderful how far the disease of dishonesty may spread among the ranks of respectable people when a taste for ardent spirits has once gained the mastery. The newspapers lately gave accounts of a student at one of the principal hospitals, who, after taking his degree, was convicted of theft, and sent to prison. This youth was housed in Mr. Hatton's temporary Home until his brother, a rector in the country, fetched him away. We ourselves lately heard a highly esteemed and well-known secretary to a society for extending a knowledge of the gospel among the poor remark how the house had been served by three managers successively, all of whom were rogues; and to our certain knowledge, the last only escaped a lodging in Newgate because his employers were Christian men who did not like to prosecute. Mr. Wheatley knows more about these things than we do, and many a story that he is able to tell proves how far more sensational simple truth may be than the most highly-wrought fiction. As Mr. Hatton says, his colleague is always ready to scour London over to find employment, or to collect money for the purchase of tools with which to equip some poor repentant sinner who desires to return to honest courses. Low-born, vulgar burglars and shop-lifters are not always those who give most trouble, and show the worst symptoms; a youth who has lately occasioned more than ordinary trouble, and who is now undergoing a sentence of several months of hard labour, is the nephew of one of the best-known ministers of the day. Though started in life by being articulated to a good profession he persistently thieved until the law proved a match for him, and found him a suitable lodging in the House of Correction.

The worst class of thieves, and those who give most trouble to the public are the coiners. They appear to be incorrigible, and the inconvenience they occasion is considerable. The men chiefly engaged are ever on the look-out for boy recruits. Thus a youth who may have come fresh from the country with the intention of pushing his way honestly in London, may become enticed into evil paths by a fair-speaking agent, whose tempting bait is an immediate supply of pressing wants. Such a lad enters the criminal ranks almost before he is aware of the fact.

The professional utterer of base coin is careful not to be seen too frequently in the same district, and he is always accompanied by two assistants, one of whom has the parcel of florins in his possession, while the other enters shop after shop with only one piece in his hand. The chief director of these operations confines his labours to receiving the genuine change which is brought from the tills of the defrauded, and if suspicion is awakened, the boy with the supply is not to be found, while of course an innocent-looking man with nothing save sterling silver in his pockets can hardly be arrested. The victims, moreover, are artfully selected, such shops as are tended by modest-looking girls being preferred, and the principal purchases made are *cakes of scented soap*. These coiners, or utterers of base metal, are the hardest class to deal with, and they are the most hopeless as regards reformation. Few of them are educated; and when it is otherwise, crime has become the last resource of a ruined man.

From the above our readers will be able to form a tolerably correct notion of the importance of Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley's operations, and also of the character of the work itself. The Home Secretary, the chaplains of the London prisons, the highest officials at Scotland-yard, the magistrates of the metropolis, one and all bear a cordial testimony to the necessity of such a mission to thieves, as well as to the extreme value of the results achieved. It is an arduous and expensive work, which demands our sympathy, our contributions, and our prayers.

Thirteen ways of being happy.

HAPPY is the man whom God correcteth, for he maketh sore and bindeth up.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Happy is the man that feareth alway.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.

He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.

He that keepeth the law, happy is he.

If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye.

If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye.

Behold we count them happy which endure.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*Well Spring.*

“Oil Often;” or, Pity the Poor Pastors.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

“OIL OFTEN.” I noticed this advice marked very legibly on the handle of a small lawn-mower. He who questions the wisdom of the counsel would do well to attempt to trim his grass-plot with the wheels of the machine grinding and squeaking.

“The man that hath no music in his soul” might possibly enjoy the discord awhile, but if a drop of oil would make the music (?) cease, surely most would stay to apply it. Moreover, the labour is lightened when the cogs work smoothly. The less oil, the more toil. It would be a mistaken economy to spare the grease and spend more strength: stoppages involved by frequent lubrication will prove anything but waste of time in the long run. So much for the literal interpretation of the injunction.

It is not difficult to append a moral to this motto. Poor pastors shall be represented by the lawn-mower; are they not often treated as if they were mere machines? Often are they made to groan for want of such lubricators as I will shortly describe. What a constant round of labour is reserved for some ministers! From this end of the lawn to the other, and back again, with “no leisure so much as to eat.” They must be here, there, and everywhere, at almost the same time. It would be advisable, if possible, to visit every member of the church on the same day, or even hour, else those will be reckoned favourites who are first served. Then, if a man be indeed earnest in his work, he will be fully occupied with sermonizing and visiting the sick in private, and preaching, marrying, and burying in public; or what to some is harder than anything else—attending the inevitable tea-meeting, and attempting to provide a speech which will combine the pleasurable and profitable. Now, this is all legitimate labour. The minister of the gospel does not expect nor wish to be rid of it. He is content to be “the servant of all.” Moreover, he is happiest when busiest: he feels that it is far “better to wear out than to rust out.” While he feels this it would be well for his people to consider whether it is not their place and privilege to ease his labours and to cheer his heart; the application of pleasant oil might prevent, or at least postpone, either wearing or rusting out. It is, of course, the pastor’s duty to care for the sheep, but let not the flock neglect the shepherd. Just as the agricultural implement is rendered more serviceable by lubrication, so the preacher will be the better for kind attention and hearty co-operation. Let him have, first of all, the essential oil of gratitude and love: if he has been made helpful to your spiritual life you cannot but love and honour him. The lame man who was healed at Solomon’s Porch “held Peter and John,” I think out of pure thankfulness and joy. Cling kindly and closely to him who so pronounced the name of “Jesus of Nazareth” that you were led to trust in Christ, and were made sound and strong in so doing.

Always let your pastor know of any benefit received by yourself or others from his ministry. The glad tidings will send him on his way rejoicing, oiling the wheels, as it were, of his faith, and love, and service. Cheery words are first-rate lubricators, for if the *reproof* of the righteous

be "an excellent oil" (Psalm cxli. 5), how much more to be desired is their commendation and congratulation!

Some folks take only their troubles and their squabbles to their minister. Shame on those who involve God's servants in their personal quarrels! Bring messages of peace to your pastor, not words of war and strife. Never dream of using anything but *olive* oil towards him who ministers to you in holy things. He does not want petroleum and kerosene, especially when in a state of combustion. Let peace flow like a river; and if you cannot help getting into broils do not fling your pastor upon the gridiron.

When I urge the constant use of cheering words it must not be supposed that I would have nice things spoken for the mere sake of pleasing. Salad or sweet oil is by no means the best lubricator: it sticks and clogs the wheels, and rather hinders than helps. Flattery will have an analogous effect on the preacher. It is an oil, but not an excellent one. Beware of the flatterer; his unctuousness is not unction, and his oiliness must not be mistaken for holiness. "Drawn swords" are to be looked for from a man whose words are "smoother than butter, and softer than oil" (Psalm lv. 21). But sometimes it happens that this sort of lubricity is employed out of mistaken kindness. The friend means well in praising the young preacher, but he lays it on too thickly. Is not this the reason why so many "promising young men" fail to keep their promise, and never ripen into performing young men? "Unfulfilled prophecies" they have been aptly termed. "Oil often," by all means, but not if the flask is labelled "Flattery." The machine will be spoilt by such sugary stuff.

Prayer for the pastor should be a regular means of oiling his wheels. It brings the anointing from on high. To change the metaphor, I have sometimes thought when watching two men working at the air pump attached to a diver that a praying church does similar service for its pastor. Prayer is "the Christian's native air," and our prayers can keep the earnest worker surrounded by a healthy atmosphere. I would here bespeak for my brethren in the colonies the continual intercession of saints in the Old Country. We are diving for pearls in the Southern Seas. Keep the pumps in full swing. "Brethren, pray for us."

In my wanderings I have come across faithful labourers who I grieve to say are sadly crippled for want of adequate support. Readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* are familiar with cases of dismal destitution brought to light and relieved by my good mother's efforts. "These things ought not so to be." Thank God, the relief is provided, but "prevention is better than cure." Why is the pastor so poor and pinched? Do his people give their utmost? Could not each one bring an extra shilling or two? Or are there no well-to-do, not to say wealthy, people in the neighbourhood? What if they are of a different denomination, the offering would not be refused on that account! Are there no generous spirits that would gladly give did they know the necessity? Then why are they unacquainted with the sad facts? Is it not because the Lord's stewards are not sufficiently interested in the Lord's servants? To such I give three gentle hints. 1. One of the best things to apply oil to a machine with is a feather. 2. Riches take to themselves wings, and fly away. 3. It would, therefore, be well to pluck a few feathers,

for you could oil the needy labourer with them, and the riches would be less likely to take their flight. The advice is gratis, but none the less good. Try it. Oil so applied to the poor pastor is pretty sure "to make his face to shine." I think I see the golden drops dripping from the feather, and I imagine how smoothly the wheels run for awhile. "Oil *often*." Do not fear the cruse will fail. The Lord gives more abundantly to those who lend him their money. "He who bestows his goods upon the poor shall have as much again, and ten times more." May the Lord raise up liberal supporters for his servants, or induce those who give scantily to rise to greater consecration. "Oil out of a flinty rock" is to be doubly prized.

I must refer again to my dear mother's work for ill-paid ministers. Her Book Fund and Ministers' Aid Society are doing much to relieve the necessitous. By means of this carefully managed effort my readers can "oil often" the cranks and cogs of those who proclaim the gospel; but individually and privately much more might be done towards furnishing the pastor's book-shelves. How can he work without fresh oil? Many a time when the wheels of thought grate and grind, and he feels hampered, he exclaims, "Oh, if I only had So-and-so on Job or Jonah." Cannot you give him the book? Such a present would be a drop of oil of the right sort. I have heard of people's faces speaking volumes. Notice if your minister's face has anything of that expression next Sunday, and if so, ask him on Monday what "work" he would like. Give him more works, and so oil *his* works. You and he will both be benefited by the act of thoughtful kindness. Either do this, or else contribute to the Book Fund.

A periodical holiday is another good lubricator. It rests and relieves the mind; charges it with fresh thought, and allows the wheels to revolve freely again. "I go on for ever" is a very pretty song for "the brook" to warble. Often have we been delighted to listen to its pattering and purling amongst the rocks.

"The limpid liquid music springs
From pebble harp with water strings:
The sparkling drops in dulcet tones
Play on the key-board of the stones."

But who is not pleased to trace the stream as it widens and deepens into a clear, calm lake, with trees, and sky, and clouds mirrored amongst the white water-lilies upon its bosom? So do we rejoice to see the hurrying tide of the hard worked pastor's life giving place to a season of rest and recreation, especially when we know that the vital stream runs through the lake, though silently and slowly, and presently comes forth again with fresher sparkles and sweeter music. How such a minister would bless the people who gave him this opportunity to recruit, particularly if, before his departure, they applied the feather of which I spoke just now. Poor weary plodder, he is content to labour, but must often say in heart,—

"I cast a longing eye
On the hidden and waveless pool,
Under the shadowing rock,
Currentless, clear, and cool."

I do not profess to have mentioned half the ways in which you can help and bless the Lord's weary servants ; but once get the desire so to do and ways and means will discover themselves. We would be generous and kind to all our brethren, but if there are any in the "household of faith" who claim our special interest they are those who have ministered unto us spiritual things.

Silencing the Critic.

MANY volumes of the lives of early Methodist worthies have been issued from the Wesleyan press, and they are all so interesting that they deserve to be perused not alone by Methodists, but by members of all Christian communities. As, however, the purchase of these volumes must necessarily be beyond the power of large numbers of readers, it is well that selections of pithy anecdotes should be occasionally offered to the public to gratify and stimulate their appetite. The following capital story we cull from a little book entitled, "Recollections of Methodist Worthies," published at No. 2, Castle-street, City-road :—

"The economy of Methodism provides that all the members of the Society should contribute towards the support of their ministers ; and hence the inconvenience, to which very many clergymen in other denominations are exposed, who are dependent upon the liberality of a few of their flock—sometimes, indeed, upon the bounty of a single individual—is avoided.

"Nothing, however, can protect Methodist preachers, nor any other preachers, from the offensive interference, or overbearing, or opposition of certain self-sufficient men, who not only make themselves of more importance than their neighbours, but imagine that they have a right, above all other people, to review, and approve or condemn, all that is done in their respective localities, and all that they hear from the pulpit, or on the platform. Men of this class are to be found in all churches, and are intolerable pests of the societies to which they belong. Like all bullies, whose discernment, as a rule, is very quick, they know by instinct whether their presence is dreaded by others ; and they take a malicious delight in plaguing and persecuting the modest and unassuming, the thoughtful and quiet. To deal with them effectually requires the manifestation of contempt, as well as the exercise of courage ; and sometimes even both of these fail.

"Many years ago there lived a man of this class in one of the Midland counties, who was, at the same time, the terror and the support of the circuit to which he belonged. He was possessed of ample means, and was not unwilling to help the cause when money was needed : but he made everybody feel what he was doing, and constantly took occasion to abuse, in the roundest terms, stewards, trustees, superintendents, and others, who applied to him for help, for their mismanagement, denouncing them as blunderers or extravagant persons, who deserved no help unless they did what he recommended, and threatening to withdraw his

favours if they did not reform. He was especially offensive to his ministers, declaring his opinion that they were a degenerate race, and very inferior to their forefathers : if they were thoroughly in earnest, and were attentive to the wants of the people, the cause would be much more flourishing and prosperous. It was his invariable practice to quarrel with their preaching ; and he made a point of remaining in his pew after each Sunday morning service, that he might give them suitable lectures on their ignorance, or their indiscretion, or want of power. He seldom meddled with their theology, for here he felt his weakness ; and he knew that on this point they were generally correct ; but if he had been reading a book which they had not had the good fortune to see, they were not abreast of the times : if one of them shouted more than was necessary, or spoke of hell and the lost, he ought to remember that there were many persons in the congregation who could only listen to such remarks with pain : and if he was quiet in his bearing and delivery, it was hardly to be wondered at, that the people should be dull and apathetic under such discourses. In short, there was no pleasing this very fastidious hearer.

“ An excellent man, who was much beloved in the circuit as a superintendent minister, and whose preaching was universally liked, was—to use his own expression, ‘ worried to death ’ by this constant fault-finding, and determined that he would leave at the end of his second year. He did so. At the following Conference another preacher was appointed to succeed him, who was a man of great ability, but considered rather rough. He had the misfortune also to be somewhat lame, and because of his halting style in walking was humorously called by his brethren, ‘ Brother Dot-and-go-one.’ Finding that his predecessor in the circuit was leaving at the end of two years, and ascertaining that he was at the Conference, he went up to him and said :

“ ‘ What sort of a circuit is this you are leaving ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, a very nice circuit indeed.’

“ ‘ Is it hard ? ’

“ ‘ Not at all : the farmers are very kind, and lend us their gigs ; we seldom have to walk any distance.’

“ ‘ But you are leaving at the end of the second year. What’s that for ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, I thought it better to come away.’

“ ‘ But why ? Were you not comfortable ? ’

“ ‘ Oh yes, very comfortable, thank you : except with one man.’

“ ‘ Ah ! who was that ? Was it one of the circuit stewards ? ’

“ ‘ No ; he wasn’t circuit steward while I was there.’

“ ‘ Then how did he trouble you ? ’

“ ‘ Why, the fact is, he was always quarrelling with my sermons. I could never please him : according to his judgment, whenever I preached I made some mistake ; I ought not to have said this thing, or I ought to have said some other thing ; I had misunderstood the meaning of my text ; or I didn’t know much of what was going on in the church or the world, and ought to be better informed—until at last I made up my mind that I wouldn’t stand it any longer ; and so I have come away at the end of my second year.’

“And that was the only reason for your leaving? Were the people kind, and willing to hear the Word?”

“Oh, quite so. I never met with any people more so.”

“Thank you,” said ‘Brother Dot-and-go-one,’ as he limped away.

“On the first Sunday after his arrival in his new circuit, he had to preach in the chapel where this criticising hearer worshipped. He preached with great energy, and with marvellous effect. The congregation were much excited, and all were congratulating themselves upon the advent into their circuit of one who knew how to handle the Word of God so well. Even our friend, the critic, was conscious of most pleasurable emotions; for he had listened with profound interest and delight to the entire discourse. But he must be true to himself, or he would lose his importance in the circuit. He therefore remained in his pew as usual, until ‘Dot-and-go-one’ descended the pulpit stairs, and came down his aisle. Then rising, and shaking hands with his new minister in the most cordial manner, he said:

“Thank you, Sir; thank you, Sir, for your most excellent sermon: you have given us a most admirable discourse.”

“Yes, I have,” said ‘Dot-and-go-one.’

“You have indeed, Sir. We seldom get such preaching here. It will throw new life into this place.”

“So it will;” said ‘Dot-and-go-one.’

“It will indeed, Sir. I could have wished, however, and, I am sure you will excuse my saying so—that you had been a little shorter. You see, our people here are a very poor and plain people, and they are apt to get wearied, if they sit too long in a place of worship. The wise man himself says, that ‘much study is a weariness of the flesh.’

“So he does;” said ‘Dot-and-go-one,’ nodding his head, as he assented to the correctness of the quotation.

“Just so,” replied the critic. “And though I do not speak on my own account—for it is always a great treat to me to listen to an intellectual discourse, like the one you have just given us—yet, I am sure, you must agree with me that it is better, far better, not to weary people in a place of worship. Now, I think that you might, with great advantage, have omitted the third part of your discourse; which, to tell you the truth, was a little above the comprehension of our people, and might, perhaps, give them the impression that you were rather trying to show them how much you knew, than to edify them. Less argument in the body of your sermon, and more force in its application, would have made it much more effective. You will excuse my plain speaking. I always think it better to let a man know my mind, even though it should sometimes not be very pleasant to speak. But you will not be offended with me for saying what I have said, will you?”

“Offended with you, my dear!” said ‘Dot-and-go-one.’ “Offended with you! No; I pity you, my dear! I know you have got a soft place *here*—touching the fault-finder on his forehead—and I pity you from the bottom of my heart;” saying which, he limped away.

“The critic was silenced, and gave no more trouble.”

The Inn.

BY O. H. SPURGEON.

OF all the images which set forth this mortal life there is perhaps none more apposite or instructive than that of an inn. Our own three months' sojourn last year at the Hotel de la Paix at Mentone may well represent a somewhat lengthened and peaceful life. Archbishop Leighton thought so much of the image that he desired to die at an inn, and providence answered his desire: we feel no such wish, though we fully agree with the good bishop's view of the analogy.

We arrived at our inn, where we had for a short time been expected, and were welcomed by those who were already on the spot. So came we into the world to those who received us gladly. Among the very poorest people, the addition of a new member to the family may be a meagre joy, because it divides the scanty loaf into smaller rations, and yet there can hardly be a parent who is not glad at the birth of a child. In the great majority of cases, "Welcome, welcome, little stranger," is no mere empty compliment.

Our own welcome at our inn was a very hearty one: we found all things ready for our lodging, comforts provided by forethought, and promises that whatever else might be wanted should be promptly supplied. Happy those who can look back on their first days in this world, and see that the lines fell to them in pleasant places. Here are our sitting-room and our sleeping-room, arrangements for converse and for refreshment, and much more than the bed and table and candlestick which the Shunammite of old provided for the prophet. So come we into the world, and find loving hands ready to minister unto us, and full many a comfort and necessary provided without our care and forethought. We are too apt to forget the mercies of our early hours in this great caravanserai; but it should not be so.

All the while we tarried, everything in our rooms was our own; we might use chair, and couch, and glass, and table most freely, and yet nothing was indeed our own, but only lent us. Neither the house nor a single article in it was ours: we held nothing in the place, no foot of land was ours. Neither did we in other respects lose the sense that we were sojourners in a strange country, whose citizenship lay elsewhere. Some of those who waited upon us spoke a different language from our own, and could not fully comprehend us, neither could we readily enter into their speech. We confessed that we were strangers and pilgrims, and had no desire to be regarded as natives of the country. We never concealed our nationality, nor wished to change it: France was our lodge, but England was our home. Letters came to us from home, and we were sending perpetual messages back again, and we took more interest in these than in the decrees of the Republic under whose shadow we tarried. We were very comfortable, and yet it was not home; nor did the inn ever rival our own loved home, and thus often we remembered that "this is not our rest," and that our true abiding-place was on the other side the flood. Besides which, we were often thinking and speaking of the time of going home, and referring to the almanack to see how many days would intervene before the end of our

stay. We had dear companions, but the nearest and dearest of all were divided from us by full a thousand miles, and their absence rendered it impossible to forget that we were exiles in a strange land, fair as that land might be. There is no need to denote the parallel, the simile is clear as crystal.

The inmates of the hotel were perpetually changing. We formed friendships, and spent happy evenings, and made excursions together, and then we bade good-bye, never to see those friendly faces any more. The hotel forgot them, and others came to fill their places, and were welcomed in the same manner. The look of the table somewhat changed, seats were empty for a little while, and then were filled up by others: yet there were the same daily meals, and the routine of the hotel went on the same whoever came or went. The most important guest was, after all, nothing in particular. He made a stir at coming or going just for an hour or so, and then all went on as if his name had never been inscribed on the tablets in the hall. The hall-keeper would probably keep up the name for a week or two after he was gone, for certain documents might come when he had departed; but this, like posthumous fame, was soon over, and an old yellow-looking letter inside a glass case was all that remained to show that he had ever climbed the great staircase, or entered the drawing-room.

Among the guests there were little circles of acquaintance, and some show of gradations, though all met at the same table, and dwelt under the same roof. You were drawn to one, and repelled by another. There were warm greetings, and cold nods, for all the world like those one meets with in the greater inn of society. Yet, whoever the guests might be, they were always on the move. A few stayed long and became old inhabitants, but the majority were more distinctly birds of passage, and indeed all were such, for the long stayers talked of "the season," and when they would be going, and always owned that it was only a matter of a few weeks, and they, too, would be gone. The constant adding of new faces at the end of the table, and the disappearance of others made it appear as if death had taken away some, and birth had brought in fresh ones to supply their places.

The dwellers in the hotel were of all ages. We could hear the merry laugh of children on the stairs, and see them romping in the passages; and there were old men and elderly women who talked wisely and soberly, and spent their days very carefully, afraid of the wind, the cold, and the draughts. So in the world we see a great mixture, and it is well it should be so. A table at which all are very old is not a pleasing sight: we want buds and blossoms as well as mellow fruits.

We saw a variety of dispositions as well as of ages, and these shifted frequently. If one visitor was a little grumpy and unneighbourly, he was soon gone; and alas! if another was very cheerful, and shed a light over the whole party, he or she would be gone too, and leave a gap which we all deplored till another filled it. We saw the omnibus at the door, and waved our handkerchief with farewells to the departing, and anon we heard the bells ring, and saw a rush of servants to the front doors, for there were new comers to occupy the empty rooms. Everything changed, nothing continued in one stay for any length of time.

The luggage, too, is an instructive item. What trunks—we had almost

said, what portable warehouses!—some visitors brought with them. We can honestly say that we pitied them heartily. They could not get all their lumber into their rooms, and their huge boxes and portmantaus half blocked up the corridors. Sensible people rather made fun of them, and wondered why they burdened themselves with such mountains of rattle-traps. We think we know other travellers who heap together riches, and load themselves with cares, and make their life-journey a misery. Could they be content with less, their happiness would be far greater. The spiritually wise would smile at the eagerness of many to be rich did they not see stronger cause for weeping over the folly so injurious in the present, and so ruinous in the future.

At last our own time came to depart, and there were many handshakings, and adieus, and "God-bless-you's," but the time was up, and we must needs go. Some wished that we would remain longer, but it must not be: the dearest friends must part. Indeed, the friendships of the hotel had never been formed with any idea of continued residence in the same house; we had met casually, and we parted without any violent wrench, for, after all, we were only dwellers in an inn, and were none of us at home, and therefore the partings were not very sorrowful. If we had the same clear view of the temporary character of all earthly relationships we should be spared a thousand sorrows. Our children were not born immortal,—what wonder if they die? Husbands and wives were united only till death should them part,—how can they hope to be together for ever?

Our rooms are not empty now. Perhaps some worthier guest is there, and the hotel may be all the more full of life because an invalid middle-aged gentleman and his friends have gone to their home across the sea; and so, when we leave this world, we may be missed a little while, but, as the poet said,

"Other bards will walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells;"

so will other voices carry on the solemn worship of God, and other pastors feed the flock redeemed with blood.

In reading a book which interested us greatly during our sojourn we stumbled on the following passage:—"In the anecdote books of our boyhood used to be told the story of an Indian Faquir, who entered an Eastern palace, and spread his bed in one of its ante-chambers, pretending that he had mistaken the building for a caravanserai or inn. The Prince, amused by the oddity of the circumstance, ordered, so ran the tale, the man to be brought before him, and asked him how he came to make such a mistake. 'What is an inn?' the Faquir asked. 'A place,' was the reply, 'where travellers rest a little while before proceeding on their journey.' 'Who dwelt here before you?' again asked the Faquir. 'My father,' was the Prince's reply. 'And did he remain here?' 'No,' was the answer. 'He died and went away.' 'And who dwelt here before him?' 'His ancestors.' 'And did they remain here?' 'No; they also died and went away.' 'Then,' rejoined the Faquir, 'I have made no mistake, for your palace is but an inn after all.'"

The Faquir was right. Our houses are but inns, and the whole world a caravanserai. Under what sign are we living? We like our own

sign of PEACE. DE LA PAIX has a soft sound to our ear. Others prefer to have their hotels called "the Splendid," or "the Royal," or "the Imperial;" let us dwell in PEACE, and we shall be content. It was said of old concerning our Lord and Master that "there was no room for him in the inn:" if it be so in any house, peace will be courted in vain; but make room for Jesus, and all will be well, for "he is our peace."

George Trosse, of Exeter.

BY J. L. KEYS.

THE saintly Samuel Kilpin, when laid aside from his loved work through weakness of body and weariness of mind, jotted down one day in his diary these words: "Finished reading 'Trosse's Life and Funeral Sermon,'—a wonderful object of mercy—an astonishing instance of grace—much to be learnt by it." What manner of man was he from whose life one who was himself so well instructed in the things of the kingdom, could find "much to learn"? We had never before heard the name of Trosse, but we were curious to know the secret, and after many a fruitless search met with a memoir of the good man, and hope our readers will, from the following fragmentary sketch, endorse the sentiment of Dr. Calamy and his friends W. Tong and John Evans in their preface to the work of the biographer: "He has here given such an account of him, both as a minister and as a Christian, that let the reader be of one party and denomination or another, if he has but any relish of true piety, he can hardly forbear wishing that we had more such on all sides, to help to mend a loose and careless, a peevish and ill-natured world."

Is it too much to expect that some godless one, a very prodigal—riotous, drunken, and profane, will read this account of one whose motto might have been, "I WAS BEFORE"*—"I was before like you, worse than you; but I obtained mercy"? To such, Trosse's experience, like that of Bunyan and John Newton, has been, and we believe still will be, "a door of hope." At the same time, those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, and "all who would live godly in Christ Jesus," may, like Samuel Kilpin, find in it "much to be learnt."

EARLY DAYS. SAVED, YET NOT SAVED.

George Trosse was born in Exeter, October 25th, 1631. Whether our gratitude is due to Trosse himself, who left a "narrative of his life prepared for the press," or to the good sense of the biographer whose work lies before us, for the omission of one of those "endless genealogies," in which some biographers seem to revel, we cannot say. Isaac Gilling's account of his friend Trosse's pedigree is conspicuous by its absence. All we can gather is that his grandfather, Thomas Trosse, Esq., had ten children, nine sons and a daughter, of whom Henry, George's father, was the eldest: "he was bred a counsellor at law." Henry Trosse married Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. Walter Burrow, a

* See Spurgeon's Sermon, No. 1574.

merchant, who was twice mayor of Exeter, and "a considerable benefactor to the city."

As to the character of the parents of George Trosse we are left almost entirely to conjecture. It is probable that he was one of the youngest of a family of sixteen children, and that his father died while he was a lad at school, as there is no later reference to him, although George again and again mentions his mother, who, it would seem, lived to a good old age. Neither parent appears to have been a partaker of vital godliness. The singular lack of information about his many brothers and sisters would lead one to suppose that his father, at least, did not deem himself "blessed" in having his quiver so well filled. The following account of George's infantile experiences suggests the horrible thought that an "Infant Life Preservation Act" was as much required in the seventeenth century for the consideration of a wealthy counsellor-at-law as for the common folk of our own times. Of course, the well-to-do of the present day do not act like the Heathen Chinees. The account is thus given:—

He was put to nurse in the country to a woman who kept him till he was almost starved. His life was even despaired of, so that his father being about to take a journey in which he should not be absent long, before his departure appointed the place where he should be buried. At seventeen weeks old he was committed to another woman, under whose care, by the blessing of God, he soon recovered. He was much affected with this preservation, and makes many fine reflections upon it. "God," said he, "who feeds the young ravens, when deserted by their dams, and takes care of the ostrich's eggs when left in the earth by the forgetful bird, looked upon me in mercy; and though I was absent from the eyes and ears of friends, He whose eyes run to and fro through the whole earth, and who is ready to help those who are destitute of aid, put it into the heart of a servant of my father to come and see me . . . I may say with David, '*Though my father and my mother forsook me,*' nay, though my nurse starved me, '*yet the Lord took me up.*' 'God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways' . . . This is, O Lord, inconceivable mercy, unutterable love, that when I was ready to perish for want, Thou shouldst so wonderfully preserve me."

As a lad he received a good education at the grammar school of his native city, where, having a "quick apprehension and delighting in his book, he outstript most of his schoolfellows. He was also modest, civil, and obedient to his parents, and free from those youthful extravagances to which others of his age were addicted; so that his master was much troubled when he was taken from him, and said, his mother did her son and him an injury in removing him from school; for he was the most forward boy that ever he taught."

George being now fifteen years of age, and having a mind to be a merchant, and to travel in foreign parts, his mother sent him to France to learn the language as a preparation for his chosen career. To this he attributes the gross sins and consequent calamities into which he fell; for, going abroad into a world full of snares, with a blind mind, a foolish fancy, and a graceless heart, he was drawn into great evils, of which he drew up an account (as he says) to warn others against the like temptations, and to caution parents against indulging

their children's unreasonable desires. After a short stay at Morlaix, he was sent to Pontive, to a M. Ramet, a French Protestant minister, who had several other English youths under his care, with whom he continued about twelve months, till that gentleman's death by accident. During his residence at Pontive he acquired remarkable proficiency in the language.

Unless Trosse or his biographers have unwittingly done this Protestant minister a great wrong, which we are loth to believe, he must have been a very poor specimen of a servant of Jesus Christ, for he does not appear to have shown any concern for the souls of the young men committed to his charge. While residing with this *Pasteur*, George was laid low by sickness which lasted nine weeks, but he "was secure and stupid, having no serious thoughts of God or another world."

Returning to Morlaix, where he had no occupation, nor any one to advise or reprove him, he plunged into all kinds of sinful pleasures, spending his time and money in tennis-courts and taverns, and in learning music and dancing. He frequently drank to excess; for which, when he came to himself, he would be ashamed, and resolve to give up this sinful practice, but only to forget his vow, stifle his convictions, and drink to as great an excess as before.

When he had been about two years in France, and "had spent six or seven score pounds there"—a very large sum according to the value of money in those days,—he was bidden to return home.

He was much concerned as to what account he should give his mother of his extravagant expenses, and in order to prevent her displeasure he pretended that he had been visited with a very expensive fit of sickness. All he brought home for so much time and money spent was, he says, "The French tongue, garb, and manners, a little music and dancing, and an initiation into company-keeping." "His mother was offended at his gallantry, and ript off the broad gold lace from the sleeves of his doublet."

After he had lived at home almost a year without applying himself to anything that was good, save only that he read sometimes out of Mr. Smith, or Dr. Harris's sermons, to his grandmother, who was bed-ridden, he expressed a wish to be apprenticed to a merchant beyond the seas. To this his mother readily agreed, thinking it likely to lead to worldly wealth and advancement, not giving it a thought that such a course, in the case of such a prodigal, might prove the ruin of his soul. When, in after days, he referred to this dark part of his history, he wrote thus:—"I wish parents, as they love the souls of their children and value their own comfort, would not suffer them to go beyond the sea till they have ground to believe that a good work is wrought in them, and God engaged for their preservation; or else that they would commit them to some religious persons there who would conscientiously discharge their duty to them." And again, in another manuscript: "If I had ever so many sons, and could have them placed abroad for nothing, I would sooner sell my shirt from my back to place them here with an ordinary tradesman, under whom I could expect no great profit or preferment for them, than send them to the richest merchant in Spain or Portugal." Mr. Trosse's reflections on the criminality of parents who send their children abroad, and expose them to the most

powerful temptations, merit the consideration of every father who professes to know the value of an immortal soul. The lapse of time has not deprived his warnings of all their force; at the present hour education abroad is still a serious risk. His own mother tasted the bitterness of anguish from the conduct of her unhappy son. There was, indeed, a radical fault in his education.

With a considerable sum of money in his pocket, this lad of about seventeen years of age was sent up to London, where a distant connection of his family, a Portuguese merchant, charged himself with the business of binding his young friend to a merchant in Portugal. In the meantime he was bound apprentice to a London merchant, so that upon his return from abroad he might claim his freedom and the privileges of a citizen of London. Here he remained for three or four months, spending the whole time in the most godless manner, mostly in taverns, gambling and drinking to excess, "retaining and increasing his antipathy to the power of godliness and the professors of it." He went to a church where the Common-prayer was constantly read, "being zealous," to use his own words, "for he knew not what, and contemning what he ought highly to have loved and honoured; despising pure worship, and doting on human inventions."

IN THE FAR COUNTRY.

After a voyage of three weeks, young Trosse arrived at Oporto, and there took up his abode with one of the principal English merchants. This residence at Oporto he was wont afterwards to allude to as "another sad and sinful period of his life." There was no religion but Popery. The English residents, though they did not go to mass, confess to priests, or worship images, were as great, if not worse enemies to true religion than their Romish neighbours; they had, in fact, no religion, but were practical Atheists, living in uncleanness and drunkenness, and spending the Lord's-day in casting up their books, or in sinful recreation, causing the name of God to be blasphemed, and "hardening the superstitious natives in their prejudices against the Protestant religion, as if it was a doctrine of licentiousness, and gave liberty to all sorts of villainies." Young Trosse here continued in his course of profanity, drunkenness, gambling, and Sabbath breaking, never but once or twice bowing his knees to God, though "he did it to images, symbolizing with Papists in their gesture, to avoid their anger." It must not be forgotten, however, that the Protestant religion was not then tolerated, much less were ministers, neither was any social worship of God permitted. Upon the arrival of any ship from a Protestant country the Inquisitors demanded all religious books from their owners, and retained them until the departure of the vessel. None were found willing to run any risk for their soul's enrichment by concealing their Bibles and good books, though they might easily have done so; but many were ready enough to risk their wealth and even their lives in order to become rich, either by legitimate commerce, or, as was frequently the case, by seeking to defraud the revenue. Trosse says that he did not remember ever to have seen a Bible or a religious book in Oporto or one act of solemn worship performed in the house, or heard God named there but in vain.

Thus he lived in that city, says his biographer, a child of Belial, about two years and a half, and might have continued many more had not God prevented it. It appears that a dispute arose between Trosse's friend in London and his master at Oporto about the payment of one hundred pounds on Trosse's account, and the latter taking umbrage at the unreasonableness of his master's proposals severed his connection with him, and started for Lisbon, intending to return to London. His companion on this journey was a Mr. Robinson, a papist, who during his stay of three months at Lisbon, waiting for a homeward-bound ship, took him to see the Convent of the English Jesuits, "where he found many young gentlemen of our nation recreating themselves, and saw all manner of attractions to sense and fancy. His fellow-traveller, out of a desire to enrich the fathers, advised him to go home, get his portion, and then return to join himself to their society, that he might live as handsomely and happily as they. But the ship being now ready to sail, after two years and three quarters stay in Portugal, he went on board, and in six days arrived on the English shore. The vessel was bound for London, but by stress of weather was forced into Plymouth." Besotted with sin, he was wholly unaffected either with the danger to which he had been exposed, or the mercy of God in preserving him and bringing him home in safety. The day he landed, being Saturday, he was drunk. On the Lord's-day he went to church and heard a sermon; but even there no thought of thanking God crossed his mind; but as he had gone from his cups to church, so he went from the church to his cups more greedily, if possible, than before, and Monday found him in an ale-house, whither he had been carried and put to bed, drunk and insensible. The next day he managed to get to Exeter.

THE PRODIGAL AFAR-OFF AT HOME.

At Exeter, for the next five or six years, his life was as bad, or worse, than ever; and yet, like many in our own day, he would have been shocked not to have been thought a good churchman, for he would occasionally go to church. "When but a child," he says, "I imbibed a more than filial affection for cavaliers, and the liturgy, and the priesthood, and a mortal hatred to Puritans and their preaching and manner of life; and I used to jeer at their praying by the Spirit." Now that he had arrived at manhood he was among the loudest in his condemnation of the godly, sober ministry of these times of the Commonwealth: his drunkenness and his zeal kept pace with each other. As health and strength, worldly credit and wealth, frivolous and wicked companions increased, so did his crimes. "What a life," says he, "I led! What a course to increase my wickedness and to outstrip the common, yea, those who were more than ordinary sinners, can never be related or lamented by me as it ought. I had so accustomed myself to wickedness, so blinded my mind and seared my conscience, that I had not the least sense of the evil of sin, the wrath of God, or the necessity of a change; but was disposed to go on to the end of my days. All these years I lived in such a constant violation of God's commands, as if I had learned the words of them on purpose to contradict them. The devil was my master; his cursed work I loved and delighted in: I had

bored mine ear to his post, to serve him for ever. I superadded wilful hardness to what was natural, and deserved (if ever any did) to be given up to that which is final and judicial. How many thousands, who never were so great sinners as I, are now (probably) enduring the torments of hell, which I deserved far more than they! Experienced Christians might well expect that if ever God should bring home such a sinner it would be by fearful horrors and dreadful convictions, which at last fell out accordingly; for I was so fixed and riveted in my sins, so perfectly depraved by my lusts, and so enslaved to Satan, that many such tremendous providences could not drive me off from my wickedness; as may be seen in the next period of my life."

One day he rode with his mother to Feniton, a small village about twelve miles from Exeter. The next morning, in opposition to her wishes, he returned to the city, and, in order to ingratiate himself with the cavaliers, became surety for one who had been a major in the king's army, in a bond of some hundred pounds. After this he drank to excess, yet managed to get on his horse in the evening. On the road, he fell from his horse, but remounted, he knew not how, and at length reached his home. He reeled into the kitchen, asked his mother's blessing, fell flat on his face before her, and was carried to bed. A servant asked him whether he was not afraid to lie alone. He answered, "I do not fear all the devils in hell, but can go and lie any where at any time." He slept soundly all night, but the next morning the folly and danger of being bound for the major stared him in the face, his brain became disordered, and outrageous madness ensued.

In the narrative of his life which he left for publication, he gives at considerable length an account of "his horrid blasphemies, dreadful despair, temptations, and attempts to destroy himself; of the visions, whimsies, confused heap of ridiculous fancies and nonsensical delusions with which his head was filled during his distraction." For his own safety and his family's peace it was found necessary to send him away from home, and place him in charge of a Mrs. Gollop, at Glastonbury. Here medical skill and judicious supervision were so far successful that he was permitted to return to his home; but it was only to relapse into his former course and bring on fresh horrors and convictions. A second time his friends sent him to Glastonbury, and again after a short season the unclean spirit seemed to have gone out of the man, only for the same sad experience to be repeated, at least in some measure. Upon his return to drinking and bad company after his recovery, he says:—"It might well be presumed that I should live the most watchful and mortified, the most diligent and fruitful, the most religious and shining life of any in the world, having had such experience of the evil of sin in itself and in its effects: but nothing can change a sinner's heart without the efficacious operation of the Holy Spirit. I remained vain and carnal, and in a short time I returned to my former extravagant courses. But God neither suffered me to fall so foully as formerly, nor to continue so long in my relapse. For I soon began to be troubled in my mind, my spirits were disturbed; upon which my friends sent me the *third* time to Glastonbury, where I was as miserable and outrageous as ever. Yet after a while God was pleased, by the use of physic, and the excellent counsel and prayers of Mrs. Gollop (the gentlewoman of the

house where I was kept), to deliver me from my madness and inexpressible misery, and to restore me to the use of my reason; to give me a sound mind and a healthy body; which when I had enjoyed some time I returned to my friends and relations in Exeter."

"JOY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ANGELS."

Of his deep convictions, his sorrow for sin, and his solid assurance of salvation Trosse was ever ready to speak; but he could not tell of any audible voice, speaking, in so many words, pardon and peace to his soul, as some have done. How many under conviction of sin abide long in darkness and distress, waiting for such an experience, because they have read of others having been so set at liberty? Let them learn from the following quotation that the prodigal may be safe in his father's arms, kissed, and forgiven, without a word. (Luke xv. 20.)

"Thus I have given a brief narrative of a wicked and wretched life, a life full of daring crimes, and visited with dreadful judgments, till I was about five-and-twenty years old. Though God might then have justly cut me off, and cast me into hell, or have left me to the power of the devil, and the sway of my lusts,—to have increased my eternal torments every minute of the remaining part of my continuance on earth; yet such was his infinite goodness, such his incomparable and unmatchable grace, that here a period was put to my ungodly courses, but not to my days.

"I believe I may date my beginning to seek after God, and my perseverance in that search till I had found him, from this very time; for though I cannot tell the minister or sermon whereby I was converted, yet, I bless God, I can say, I am what I was not, I am quite contrary to what I was in the past years of my life, both in judgment, heart, and conversation; and about this time I began to be a Christian, or at least endeavoured to be so. God was pleased to make use of all the terrors of my conscience, those dreadful convictions, and the lively apprehension I had of the lake of fire and brimstone, to draw me from sin and hell; and if any one was more eminently instrumental in my conversion than another, I have still thought Mrs. Gollop was the person." In a letter which he wrote to his mother about two years later he says, "I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Gollop is with you. I am persuaded that, under God, she has been the prime instrument both of the health of my body and the salvation of my soul."

Gentle reader, do you not exclaim as you read the "record" of this godly matron's "combat with sin and labour for the Lord,"—O highly-favoured among women wert thou, to have had grace to counsel and faith to plead for the chief of sinners; to wrestle with thy Lord for the young man possessed with the devil, till a *third time* he was cast out, never more to return? Happy to become the spiritual mother of one who turned many to righteousness; happier still, if the example of thy faith and patience shall encourage the drunkard's wife or mother, or the parents of any prodigal to plead and to prevail!

Old things had now passed away, and all things had become new. He "who was before a blasphemer and injurious," had obtained mercy, and now determined to devote himself with all his regenerated power to the Saviour who had

“ watched o'er his path,
While, Satan's blind slave, he sported with death,”

and had snatched him as a brand from the burning. Although, unlike many, he had not received any special call to the public ministry of the word, his subsequent history clearly proved that the Lord who had magnified his mercy in saving one of the chief of sinners, would teach his servant to use his dearly-bought experience of the arts and malice of the enemy of souls for the weakening of the kingdom of Satan, and the comfort of many a saint. How this was brought about must be reserved for a subsequent chapter.

Would like nothing to do.

IN the *Victorian Freeman* we find the following:—The children were discussing what they would like to be and do, and most of them wished for a position with little work and big pay. One of them said, “Well, I should like to sit on the roof all my days, and have nothing to do, just like Joseph in Egypt.” Very naturally the attention of the family was excited by the remark, and the boy was asked to explain himself. He at once quoted the passage, “And Pharaoh put Joseph over his house.” “There,” he said, “that’s what I should like,—to sit on the roof and have a large salary.”

This urchin had never known the sweets of an active life. A French general once asked, “What did Alphonse die of?” “He died, Sir, of having nothing to do.” “That,” said the general, “is enough to kill the strongest man among us.” And so it is.

The whole truth.

THE following anecdote was given me by a gentleman who witnessed the scene, in South Carolina:—The Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, in a small community, agreed to build a meeting-house in common—preaching by turns. When it came to the turn of the Presbyterian minister, he said he felt it his duty to preach on Baptism, and did so, remarking that he should give them the truth, and the whole truth, on the subject. In the course of his discourse he quoted Hebrews x. 22, “Having your hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience”; and there he stopped. A little German member of the Baptist Church was sitting in one corner of the house. He could only speak broken English; but, Bible in hand, he turned to each passage referred to. Observing the minister stop at “*conscience*,” he continued out loud, “*and your bodies vashed with pure vaier.*” This much confused the minister, who to recover himself repeated his last sentence, “Having your hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience”; “*and your bodies vashed with pure vaier,*” was again the response of the pertinacious German. The minister was so annoyed that he wound up his discourse. The congregation all began to read for themselves, and several became Baptists. As for the little German, he defended himself by saying, “Vy, de minister say he vas going to give us de truth, and de whole truth, and this vas de *whole* truth.”

DR. CURTIS.

Noble Words of a real Noble-Man.

THE following eloquent observations in earnest advocacy of religious truth and liberty should not be forgotten. Being now but little known, they deserve a place in these pages, and are as valuable in these days as when uttered in debates in the House of Lords more than a century ago by the father of William Pitt, justly styled "The great Earl of Chatham." Few, if any, dared as he did, to express sentiments then so rare, with such force and courage, in the face of those whom blindness, prejudice, or interest led to oppose and reprobate our forefathers. A sincere love of truth and freedom made him steadfast, and "faithful even unto death."

In the debate in the House of Lords, May 19th, 1772, the Earl of Chatham spoke very warmly in favour of the bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters, and in replying to one of the bishops who had spoken a great deal of the dogmas of foreign colleges, said: "There was a college of much greater *antiquity* as well as veracity, which he was surprised he never heard so much as mentioned by any of his lordship's fraternity;—and that was the College of the poor, humble, and despised Fishermen, who pressed hard upon no man's conscience, yet, supported the doctrines of Christianity, both by their lives and conversation, in a way superior to all. My lords, I may probably affront your rank or learning by applying to such simple, antiquated authorities, for I must confess there is a wide difference between the bishops of those times and the present." (Parl. Hist., vol. xvii., p. 440.)

In the year 1773, during a debate on the proposed extension of the Toleration Act, Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, in vehemently opposing the motion, stigmatized the Dissenting Ministers as "*men of close ambition.*" Lord Chatham replied, and in the course of his speech said, in reference to the accusation:—"That this was judging uncharitably, and whoever brought such a charge against them, without proof, *defamed* them."—Here he paused awhile, but presently proceeded: "The Dissenting Ministers are represented as 'men of close ambition';—My lords, *they are so*; and their ambition is to keep close to the College of Fishermen, not of Cardinals; and to the Doctrine of inspired Apostles, not to the Decrees of interested and aspiring Bishops. In doing this they contend for a *Scriptural* Creed and *Spiritual* Worship, while we have a Calvinistic Creed, a Popish Liturgy, and an Arminian Clergy." . . . "The Reformation has laid open the Scriptures to all; let not the Bishops try to shut them again. Laws in support of ecclesiastical power are pleaded for, which it would shock humanity to execute. It has been said that Religious Sects have done great mischief, when they were not kept under restraint; but history affords no proof, my lords, that Sects *have* ever been mischievous, when they were not oppressed, and persecuted by the ruling church.

On another occasion, when reference derogatory to the Puritans had been made, he said: "There may have been violence,—there may have been ambition,—there may have been even sedition,—but no man shall ever persuade me that it was not the Cause of Freedom on the one side, and Tyranny upon the other."—*Lord Chatham's Defence of the Dissenters.*

Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell.*

THIS book is an affectionate tribute to the memory of an American clergyman greatly beloved among a wide circle of friends. Lively reminiscences, etched by various contributors, supply us with a series of portraits as he appeared in the successive stages of life—a child in his father's house; a student at Yale College; a settled minister gradually rising to distinction among his cotemporaries as a preacher and an author; and, at length, a venerable sire, whose declining age was radiant with many virtues. The entire story is skilfully woven together with diffuse selections from his correspondence, in which he is allowed to speak for himself, and so to become in a measure his own biographer. We hardly anticipate, however, that this voluminous volume will obtain any wide popularity on this side of the Atlantic. It is too much padded with trivialities. In our busy age, with its accumulation of books, we cannot afford to be bored with long stories about Horace Bushnell's mother and grandmother, the "home-spun" dress he wore in his school-days, the letter he wrote to his wife's mother, Mrs. Apthorne, when his baby-boy was born, in which he speaks of him as "the little gentleman," the romps he used to have with his children, and the facetious remarks he made when he was talking to his friends. The shelves of our library are pretty well loaded now, but if such a fashion were imported from the United States to the old country, "*I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.*" And what was Horace Bushnell? Well, he was a typical thinker of rather a narrow type. The good man had a little genius. His originality consisted in a slight divergence from the school of thought in which he was trained. To the heaven-inspired faith of the old Hebrew prophets he made no pretensions. Of the enthusiastic missionary spirit of the Christian apostles he was not a partaker. His idiosyncracies can all be traced to earthly influences. The soil on which he was planted will account for the stature to which he grew. A thoughtful propensity, a sensitive temperament, and a fertile imagination supplied the raw material of a self-reliant, positive, and withal a persuasive preacher, who would never fail to challenge notice. As for the phases through which his mind passed, they must be interpreted by the shadows that were cast on it. He appears to have always ranked himself among orthodox believers, though he frequently announced his orthodox convictions in such a manner as would soothe Unitarians and Freethinkers, while it startled the members of his own fraternity. He evidently found agreeable excitement in first alarming his evangelical friends, and then quietly allaying their fears. This kind of sport we look upon as dangerous, if it is not sometimes deadly, to unstable souls. His lectures on "The Divinity of Christ," and "The Atonement for Sin," delivered, the one at Newhaven, the other at Cambridge, U.S., might have been regarded as efforts to conciliate rather than to combat adversaries of the faith. When he combined them in one volume he prefaced it with "a dissertation on language" so ingenious, not to say so sophisticated, that it puts his arguments out of the pale of criticism, because, as old words are acquiring in his estimation a fresh meaning, we are not yet educated up to his modes of expression, and cannot, therefore, be sure of what he means. Disciples of *modern thought* would probably greet this as a fine mist on a fresh morning, which augurs a bright day for this dark world. We are not exactly of their persuasion: they groan over fossilized dogmas, while we grieve over ossified hearts. This nineteenth century is not more notable for the unbelief of its wise men than any other century of the Christian era, although recent science has minted new apologies for scepticism. But the tree of life is no fossil; it yields leaves and fruits as healing and nutritious as ever it did. The faith of the gospel has not lost its soul-saving power, nor have our creeds and catechisms exhausted their virtue; they still supply wholesome nourishment when

* London: Richard D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

properly digested. Absorbed into the system they feed and strengthen the inner man. Ere long there will arise men who will thunder out the old theology, and cause the world to forget the chirping crickets of heterodoxy, who now believe themselves to be the voices of a perfect age.

Schools of philosophy are not exactly a fit soil for the production of stalwart Christians. In vain we look to them for successors of the apostles, or even for Sunday-school teachers. Their learned professors are prone to prefer their own inductions to divine inspiration, and this is their weakness for practical usefulness. Of this we are quite sure, that preaching would be shorn of all its power if it failed to speak with authority. Call those pulpit exercises by some other name than preaching—call them essays, discourses, arguments, orations, or whatever else you like, which aim at shadowing forth suggestions which scarcely assume any definite form. "Thus saith the Lord," said the ancient seers. "Verily, verily, I say unto you," said Jesus, and "he spake as one having authority." "The things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God," writes the apostle Paul, and then he adds, on behalf of himself and his fellow-labourers in the ministry, "which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth." How else would you define a sermon but as a discourse founded on some text or passage of Scripture, the absolute truth of which is accepted as an axiom? One of the most friendly and apologetic of Dr. Bushnell's American critics thus explains his position:—"Though he had denied none of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, he had ventured to express his faith in them under formulas and philosophic explanations somewhat different from those which were assumed to be canonically settled for all time." We are very confident ourselves that the simple Scriptures, as they have been handed down to us, will survive all the strictures of scientific minds, and we are equally sure that the philosophizing upon them which did Bushnell no good will do others great harm.

The volume before us will be better liked than any of the books which Horace Bushnell published in his lifetime; for it is obvious enough that to those who knew the good man most intimately, the peculiarities of his thought were completely overshadowed by the piety of his heart and the purity of his conversation. He established a reputation among his fellow-citizens, which they appropriately perpetuated by calling a park at Hartford, U.S., after his name. But his admirers expect too much of us if they think that on this side of the Atlantic we can classify him among "first magnitudes." Jonathan Edwards was a theologian whose treatises stand the test of time. William Ellery Channing was a philanthropist whose moral instincts were so fine and his sense of justice so keen that his words touch the very core of our common humanity. But of Horace Bushnell what can we say except that he started a problem which he seems to have never solved to the satisfaction of himself or of anybody else. He trod on treacherous ground, and he detected his mistake before he died. Protestantism always appeals to piety in efforts to reform or to mould back on primitive models: no less surely does it procure the suffrages of profanity when it attempts to pioneer a new path through undiscovered continents. Bushnell's speculative proclivities appealed to the wrong party: they have won him little confidence from believers, and the questionable honour of being admired by "the advanced school."

Use your eyes rightly.

AN Italian bishop who had endured much persecution with a calm unruffled temper, was asked how he attained to such a mastery of himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven as the place whither I am going to live for ever. I next look down upon earth and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look round me and think how many are far more wretched than I am."—*From Bishop Horne's Aphorisms and Opinions.*

Dr. Candlish on Baptism.

BY W. PAGE, B.A., OF HAMMERSMITH.

MANY of our readers may have met with a series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes" now being published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh. Many of them are expositions of certain books of Scripture, and when we mention that the work is done by such men as Dr. Marcus Dods, Dr. Macgregor, and others equally well known in the north of Britain, our readers will readily believe that the work is well done, and that the handbooks produced are trustworthy so far as scholarship is concerned.

Among the volumes of this series is a treatise on the Sacraments, by Professor Candlish, D.D. In a book of one hundred and twenty pages the doctor has managed to put a good deal of sound exposition in a concise and readable form. His style is clear, and those whose doctrinal standpoint coincides with the doctor's will find this an excellent book for guiding their young people in Bible classes. Nor is this unimportant. By the evangelical section of the Christian church we often feel that correct teaching about the so-called sacraments is too much neglected. These things have been expounded and illustrated by the Ritualists, and we feel certain that to some extent the success of these false teachers is due to the general ignorance of young people in our schools and Bible classes about the truth of the matter. We feel pretty sure that very seldom has such a thorough exposition of ordinances that are daily practised amongst us been put into the hands of the neophyte, except by those from whom we differ entirely as to their meaning and use.

Dr. Candlish divides his subject into three parts. The first is on a sacrament in general; the next on baptism; and the last on the Lord's supper. There are two observations we wish to make at once; one is, we heartily record our deep appreciation of very much that this volume contains, and the other is that we readily recognise the fair treatment which he deals out to us as Baptists, so fair as to disarm criticism, were it not that our convictions where we differ from the doctor are both clear and pronounced, and the points are of great importance even in his estimation. As an instance of the doctor's fairness we may refer to his note on page 65. In the text he has mentioned what we all admit—that while many Christians have held the view peculiar to the Baptists, the largest number of Christians hold the Pædobaptist view. His note is:—

"This is mentioned simply as a fact, not as affording by itself any evidence of the correctness of the opinion and practice; for the majority of professing Christians can be appealed to as holding many things which we believe to be utterly erroneous."

Of the general view of sacraments which the doctor sets forth we shall say but little. He holds that they are ordered by Christ, and that no other authority has any right to order any; that they are means of grace, "not performances by which we do something to obtain God's blessing, or render to him a payment, or accomplish a work of our own, but rather exercises in which we receive what he freely gives." He treats of these sacraments as signs and as seals; but not seals to the individual, "they seal and confirm to us God's promises and Christ's love": but they do not seal us. "In the New Testament whenever Christians are said to be sealed it is not by any outward rite, but by God himself through his Spirit:" 2 Cor. i. 22; Eph. i. 13, iv. 30.

We pass over other points to notice what he has to say on the subject of baptism. He frankly admits many things about which there ought to be no question; that the meaning of the word is to *bathe*, and "that it corresponds to the word in the Old Testament which is generally rendered '*dip*.'" As an illustration of this Old Testament word he refers to the healing of Naaman, who "dipped himself seven times in Jordan." He also says, "It is thought by most of those who have investigated the subject that immersion was the earliest form of Christian baptism, on the ground of Paul's allusions to the going down and rising up out of the water as a figure of burial and rising with Christ."

(Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12); "and also of the statements of early Christian writers." Even now he admits immersion to be lawful, and that it "presents a more vivid picture of the entire cleansing of the soul from sin by the Spirit of God;" so much so that when the rite is performed by sprinkling or pouring, "we are to remember, that what is here set before us as a symbol of the grace of Christ is the entire washing of the whole person when one plunges into a pure and cleansing stream or pool of water. That is the way the rite was anciently performed; and that is its ideal which we should keep in our mind's eye."

In the same way we thankfully record our agreement with Dr. Candlish in much that he says about the things signified by baptism, its efficacy and practical use. Briefly, he says baptism signifies our need of cleansing, that Christ cleanses by the Spirit, through our fellowship with his death. He sums up the chapter in these words: "These are the principal things signified by the rite of baptism; and it will be observed that they are just the great fundamental truths of the gospel, and that a certain ceremony which so naturally and simply suggests them is a most appropriate *appendage to the Word*, as it proclaims to sinners the Saviour, and offers to them in him pardon, purity, and peace through his atoning sacrifice and the renewing work of the Spirit. It is a gospel in miniature, as it were, in outward act visibly presented to the eye." It will be noticed in this extract the place in which he puts the rite,—an "*appendage to the Word*." The expression occurs more than once as the proper place both for baptism and the Lord's supper. We are thankful for that appropriate expression. Not less clear is the doctor on the pledge given in baptism. "It is a token given by God of the actual accomplishment of that complete deliverance from sin, which it represents, *i. e.*, regeneration and new life through the death and resurrection of Christ, and on the part of the person baptized." "It is also a token of our being the Lord's, as bought with his blood, and of our consequent obligation to love, loyalty, and service to him." That it is a means of grace when rightly used by the believer our author firmly holds. We have space for one short extract, but it is so fully justified by the experience of Baptists that we could almost believe the doctor had been a close observer of our order and of the effect of the service. "There is no great difficulty in believing, that when one who has just come to faith in Christ receives an ordinance so full of meaning and tenderness as Christian baptism, his faith is strengthened, and he is enabled by it to enter into closer fellowship with Christ."

It will perhaps be a matter of curiosity to our readers to know how the worthy doctor, after these statements and expositions, supports infant baptism as a practice, and shows the meaning, use, and efficacy of it. He has a chapter on "The persons to whom baptism is to be administered." Here he starts so cordially on the side of the Baptists that our wonder grows. His words are—"What is expressly commanded by Christ in regard to baptism is, that those who are made disciples by the preaching of the gospel should be baptized; *i. e.*, those who had been heathens, or unbelieving Jews, but had come to believe in Jesus." Then, to meet the modern practice of his church, he conjures up a difficulty which he attempts to solve. His difficulty is,—"*What are we to do with the children of the parents?*" To answer this he can find no light in the statements of Scripture. Practically, there are two answers; that given by the Baptist, and that given by the Pædobaptist. His objection to the Baptist practice is that "it teaches that all who are brought up in the faith of Christ still need when they come to years of intelligence that great and entire change of heart and life that is symbolized in baptism"; whereas a child may be filled with the Holy Ghost from its mother's womb, and there are cases where the heart opens to Christ with the earliest dawnings of intelligence. Further, he thinks that the Baptists' view teaches that there can be no regeneration where there is no conscious and intelligent faith; and as there is no salvation without regeneration, infants cannot be saved. It is fair to our author that he admits that Baptists do not hold this monstrous dogma; but this, he says, is what

their position logically comes to; and, therefore, as an escape from his difficulty he takes refuge in Pædobaptism.

We do not know whether his fellow Pædobaptists will admire this way of stating their position as a sort of refuge for the destitute. By us there are two things to be said: first, the difficulties of the practice of the Baptists are quite imaginary; and, secondly, the position of the Pædobaptist, according to Dr. Candlish's own showing, is quite untenable.

With regard to the difficulties of the Baptist position, it is an interpolation of the doctor's to assert that Christ's command refers only to *unbelieving Jews and heathens*, who might afterwards believe, and who were then to be baptized. Were there not thousands of children among the unbelieving Jews and heathen when Christ spoke? And Christ, we may be sure, did not forget the children. Yet we have the doctor's own declaration that Christ commanded expressly the preaching of the gospel and the baptizing of those who believed. With all godly training it is true that in the majority of cases there is an entire change of heart and life when the children of Christian parents come to years of intelligence, and those who are filled with the Holy Ghost from the womb are a very small number, and exceptions to the rule, and any Christian rite would surely be made for the rule and not for the exception. Our Lord himself was an exception to the ordinary child, so as to be unique; but he came to John's baptism, though the remark of the Baptist was true, "I have need to be baptized of thee." Thus he fulfilled all righteousness. With regard to the matter of infant salvation, there might be some force in it if baptism were a saving ordinance, or a regenerating ordinance, or a sealing ordinance, to the individual; but both Dr. Candlish and ourselves hold that it is neither of these. It is a witness to the world, which loses much of its divine power by the practice of baptizing unconscious infants. A profession of faith cannot be made except voluntarily, and a means of grace cannot operate when the subject is not yet intelligent. We have no doubt of the salvation of those who die in infancy from Christ's own word: "Of such are the kingdom of heaven." They are quite safe without baptism, and without the word which should always go before baptism, for it is an *appendage to the word*.

Nor is the Pædobaptist position tenable. It confessedly does not come from the command of Christ, but is a refuge devised to meet an imaginary difficulty. One passage with which Dr. Candlish seeks to support it is 1 Cor. vii. 14, which, if he will look into Dean Stanley's Commentary, he will find tells the other way. Another is in Mark, where Christ blesses little children, in which one of our ministers has truly said there is not the shadow of a shade of support for infant baptism.

But the most awkward dilemma is when he comes to the efficacy of baptism. While he is talking about the meaning of baptism, and the pledges given in baptism, he almost entirely ignores the infants, and when he speaks of the efficacy in the case of believers' baptism, he is so true and faithful, that had he passed over the infants, it would have been a lesson fatal to his practice. He admits there is *peculiar* difficulty in explaining the efficacy of baptism in the case of infants, "and the Scriptural requirement of faith for the right and proper reception of the sacrament is the strongest objection against the practice of infant baptism." The doctor is a bold man, and yet strangely infatuated if he thinks he can overturn a true statement like this by the best he can bring on the other side. What can he oppose to this? First, the Westminster Confession of Faith: "The efficacy of baptism is not tied to that moment of time wherein it is administered; yet, notwithstanding, by the right use of this ordinance, the grace promised is not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred by the Holy Ghost to such (whether of age or infants) as that grace belongeth unto, according to the counsel of God's own will, in his appointed time." But this does not show the efficacy of baptism in the case of infants; for it is evident that if, according to this statement, infants, not of the elect, are baptized, it is of no efficacy to them because they are not elect! And infants of the elect baptized find it of no efficacy

because all their privileges and mercies they get by their election; and yet again, children of the elect who are not baptized—and there are such—lose nothing, because all privilege and blessing is assured to them in their election; so baptism has to them no efficacy. Moreover, if this dogma be true, our Presbyterian brethren wrongly classify the infants with regard to baptism. According to this, the infants to be baptized are the elect, and those not to be baptized the non-elect. Do they hold that the children of believers are all elect? or that the children of non-believers are non-elect? This would be to make the gifts of grace follow on natural birth, contrary to all Scripture and experience.

Not more satisfactory are other views of the efficacy of the baptism of infants held by our author. They are briefly that, in after life, when the child witnesses a baptism, it may be told that so in infancy it was brought to the Lord's house. Any Christian parent can see that such would be the occasion for very powerful appeals to some natures, but not more powerful than any Christian parent may address who tells his little one of his agonizing prayers and earnest hopes for his early consecration to God. A sight of the baptism of a youthful believer may by the Christian parent be used as a means of grace to his child, and it often is so used, because he has not done that which the Lord has not commanded, and by his presumption prevented the youth from the joy of personal profession of the Lord, whom his heart has learned to love and trust with all the enthusiasm of his early years and all the joy of a new affection. Dr. Candlish has so admirably described the *efficacy* of baptism when the believer is baptized, and the description of its efficacy in the case of infant baptism is so illogical, feeble, and remote, that we wonder his own words have not convinced him that infant baptism is a figment of mediæval Christianity, and it would have been well if the fathers of Scottish Presbyterianism, whom we all venerate and love, had laid it aside when they discarded many other fragments of Romanism that defiled the church and obscured the gospel.

Dr. Cuyler on the Theatre.

EVERY popular amusement which bids for the support of God's people must submit to this test: Wherever a Christian cannot take Christ and a clean conscience with him, he has no right to go. The theatre, in these days, asks for the suffrages and support of church-members; but its advocates always present to us, in argument, an ideal play-house, whose actors are virtuous people, whose dramas conform to Christian morality, and which rigidly excludes every kind of sensual temptation. Such a Puritanic theatre would be entitled, at least, to respectful treatment from the church; but every person of common-sense knows that the actual average American theatre is no more like the ideal play-house than the average pope is like St. Peter, or the average politician is like Abraham Lincoln. A Puritanic theatre would become bankrupt in a twelvemonth. The great mass of those who frequent the average play-house go there for strong passionnal excitements. They go for the very object which makes it dangerous to a servant of Jesus Christ. I do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, and every attendant is on a scent for sensualities; but the theatre is a concrete institution; it must be judged in the gross, and to a tremendous extent it is only a gilded nastiness. It unsexes womanhood by putting her publicly in male attire—too often in almost no attire at all. One of the most eminent living actresses declares that she only enters the theatre to enact her part, and has but little association with her own profession. A converted actor once pointed me to a play-house in which he used to perform, and said, "Behind those curtains lies Sodom!" We pastors know too well that when our young members form an appetite for the stage, they generally lose their appetite for Christ's service. Can we handle pitch without being defiled? Wherefore let us come out and be separate from this unclean institution; for Christ hath no concord with Belial.

Notices of Books.

WE regret that through the great abundance of books sent in at this season of the year we are in arrears with the publishers. This is not due to any neglect on our part, but to the slender space which we can afford for the review department. We always do our best to make these notices interesting, and they always express our frank, unbiassed opinion. Publishers may rest assured that we will use our best diligence, so that all their productions shall have some sort of notice, however brief. We will always be as prompt as we can be, but delay is unavoidable where columns are so crowded.

John Ploughman's Pictures. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

IN a few months this work has reached its seventieth thousand. The review of these thousands is far more striking than any review by an individual. This book for the people has evidently become the people's book.

Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Vol. XXVI. Passmore and Alabaster.

Is this volume better or worse than its predecessors? If the reader prefers to judge for himself, he can purchase the book for seven shillings. To us it is a theme for deep gratitude that all these years we have been able to find readers for our discourses. God bless them to all who study them.

The Sword and the Trowel. Volume for 1880. Passmore and Alabaster.

A BOOKSELLER'S catalogue calls this "a really standard magazine." We believe that the volume, for five shillings, contains as much interesting and valuable information as can possibly be procured for the money.

Modern Scottish Pulpit: Sermons by Ministers of various Denominations. Vol. II. Edinburgh: James Gemmel.

Scotch Sermons are not all bad, though the name has gained an unenviable notoriety, for here are discourses "as sound as a bell." Sydney Smith called Scotland "the knuckle-end of England;" but, as to gospel preaching, we have

always regarded it as the choicest part of the three kingdoms, and so it is, and so it shall be by the grace of God. This is a valuable collection of sermons, containing one discourse from each of such brethren as A. A. Bonar, Moody Stuart, Hugh Martin, David Brown, and the like. We must write to the publishers for Vol. I.

The Protestant. One penny weekly. East Temple Chambers, Fleet-street.

WE wish every success to this and similar endeavours to raise up a barrier against the perpetual inroads of popery.

Noon-Day Meditations; being a Reflection upon a Scripture Text for every Day in the Year. By the late ELIZABETH SEARLE. James Nisbet and Co.

WE do not care to criticise this book, for it is gracious and consolatory, and it will be read with much pleasure by many experienced believers; but yet the style is inaccurate and the matter rambling to the last degree. Those who love the doctrines will readily overlook literary faults; those who do not had better leave these "Meditations" alone. The work is somewhat after the manner of Dr. Hawker's "Portions," but it cannot for a moment compete with that famous volume.

Word of Comfort for the Weak in Faith. By M. J. U. W. Mack, 4, Pater-noster-row.

OF these poems Horatius Bonar said, "Thank God for your sweet hymns. They are fragrant with the name of the Lord and Master, and will help to refresh and quicken souls." This witness is true, and this little book requires no eulogy from our pen. The poems have been written by a greatly afflicted sister, and we gladly commend them to the sorrowful Christian as full of gold tried in the fire. The poems, with God's blessing, will comfort and enrich those who are in tribulation. The book is neatly got up, and is cheap—1s. and 1s. 6d. We wish it a large circulation among those for whom it is especially intended.

Deep unto Deep: an Enquiry into some of the deeper Experiences of the Christian Life. By Sir EMILIUS BAYLEY, Bart., B.D. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.

HERE we have a series of twenty-two sermons, or chapters, of more than average merit, specially adapted to tried believers who are passing through the deep waters of tribulation. The author has not followed the silly fashion of making a motley volume of discourses or poems carry the patronymic of the first paragraph, but he has been true to his title-page all the way through. We cordially recommend this book to young pastors, for we are persuaded that there is far more need to study the pathology of the Christian soul than many of them wot of. The sore straits through which some saints are called to pass, and the depths of anguish that others have to endure, make no small demand upon the sympathy and the knowledge of every faithful minister of the gospel. Physical infirmities and social bereavements, for example, may appear very common afflictions, though they plunge the soul into deep grief, but the influence they produce on sensitive minds is often so peculiar that each case requires specific attention. The tortures that some experience, when old sins haunt their memory, even after they have had a sense of forgiveness; and the horrors that overtake others through the temptations of Satan, are not to be lightly thought of by those to whom Christ has committed the oversight of any church or congregation. Of course we have a choice little stock of old authors, whose charts we highly prize: there are Augustine, Luther, Bunyan, Gilpin, Brainerd, Edwards, and, we might say, William Huntingdon. These were men much tossed about on the stormy main: men of God, moreover, who knew how to tend sea-sick souls in every stage of their sad complaints, whether staggering to and fro, or brought to their wits' end. None the less are we gratified to greet a new book on an old subject. The old books are a *wee bit* obsolete. The devil may be as personal in our belief, but he is not quite so present to our senses as he was to some of our predecessors. We should not think of throwing an inkstand

at his head nowadays. With the same faith we travel on fresh lines.

We are pleased with Sir Emilius Bayley's parable. He has read Captain Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," and Professor Wyville Thomson's "Depths of the Sea," and the "Voyage of the Challenger," and his acquaintance with modern discovery has helped him to find illustrations of a problem that is started and solved in the sacred Scriptures.

This is just the time for New Year's gifts. You will have to pay a visit to your bookseller: include "Deep unto Deep" among your purchases, and be sure you give a copy to your pastor.

A Catechism of Geology and Sacred History for Young People. By E. A. PEAKOME. Relfe Brothers.

THIS is an attempt to explain the Scripture statements of the creation by the infant science of geology. We reckon it moderately successful, but think that when science has done her utmost, there will still be mysteries in the word of God that must be accepted as revelations rather than understood as the results of reasoning. We are not so afraid of faith as to fear asking for its exercise even in receiving the statements of the Scriptures; what we fear much more is the attempt to reduce everything to the dead level of judgment by carnal reasoning. Christian Rationalism—forgive the contradiction—is very much the fashion just now.

The organization of our Sabbath Schools. By Rev. DAVID MILLER, D.D. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

THIS book contains an interesting sketch of the Rev. David Blair, the writer's predecessor at Brechin, who instituted the first Sabbath-school in Scotland, in the year 1760, and also a review of the rise and progress of the Sunday-school system in England. The writer's aim is to point out some defects in the present system, and to suggest, in lieu of the usual prizes, certificates of merit ascertained by examination in the subjects taught. A good deal may be said for the scheme proposed, and teachers will do well to give it their consideration.

What Church? And the only Faith and Fold: Romanism and Anglicanism Tested. Correspondence with Archbishop Manning. By Rev. C. BULLOCK, B.D. London: "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office.

IF Romanism were capable of refutation and conviction by argument, this pamphlet would surely reveal to it its errors and follies; but when a system relies on its traditions and prejudices rather than upon Scripture authority or common-sense arguments for its existence, what can be done to overthrow it? This little book may be of service in extricating those who have not yet been completely entangled in the Anglican or Romanistic web; but those are just the persons who will not be likely to read it. We believe that the best testimony against Romanism and Anglicanism is a sturdy Nonconformity that knows nothing of priests, or liturgies, or saving ceremonies, and believes in deed, and not merely in word, in the headship of Christ over his church.

The Gospel in Leviticus. By JAMES FLEMING, D.D. Morgan and Scott.

We have inadvertently passed by this last work of our friend, Dr. Fleming. Those who knew this beloved minister while he was labouring in Kentish Town will not need to be told of his earnest, evangelical spirit, and of the savour which rested upon all his teaching. "The Gospel in Leviticus" is all of a piece with the rest of Dr. Fleming's testimony, and is a most fitting close to a life of holy teaching.

Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and other papers. By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

FULLER'S face would have betrayed his humour even if he had tried to conceal it; wit sparkles on the arches of his eyebrows. The portrait prefixed to this admirable reprint we are sure is a good one; there is a something about it so like the Thomas Fuller of the book that we are quite certain of our man. We feel that we could try a quaint conceit with him on the spot were there any need, but all pretence for such a procedure is taken away by the presence of the work to which his face is the worthy frontispiece. Good gentlemen of 27, Pater-

nostr Row, ye do well thus to give us "olde bookes mayde newe." Hand-made paper and clear old type help us to dainty reading when Fuller finds the sentences, and spices them with his wit. He who loves great thoughts, pressed into quaint expressions, like rare foreign fruit into fine carved boxes, and wital bedight with joyous humour as with Christmas flowers, will thank us for bidding him go get himself these "Good Thoughts in Bad Times." Years ago we made this the companion of certain leisure days, and were the wiser and the better for it, at least for the time.

The Panoply; or, "The whole armour of God." By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Hatchards, Piccadilly.

VERY sweet. Full of experimental and practical teaching. We have found much pleasure in fellowship with Mr. Bourdillon at Mentone, and now in reading this instructive little book happy memories are revived. Our friend here gives twelve most striking lectures on the famous passage in Eph. vi. 10—20. Gurnall did this work *in extenso* long ago, and no one is likely ever to rival him: but Mr. Bourdillon gives us much in a little, and his lectures will enter where the bulky Puritan would not be admitted.

The Evangelical Revival and other Sermons: with an Address on the Work of the Christian ministry in a period of theological decay and transition. By R. W. DALE. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE cannot bring our mind to review this volume of discourses. It manifests the author's great ability and honesty, but to our mind it is unsatisfactory, and to our heart it is saddening. Mr. Dale says, "Mr. Spurgeon stands alone among the modern leaders of Evangelical Non-conformists in his fidelity to the older Calvinistic creed." If it be so, we are sorry to hear it, and we pray God that it may not long be true. There is an indefiniteness and uncertainty about these sermons which distresses us. They are not after our heart, and we are the more disappointed because Mr. Dale is a typical person among Independents, and a fine man in all respects.

Songs for Little Singers in the Sunday-school and Home. Composed by HENRY KING LEWIS. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

As a book for infants, or children of an older growth, this is not at all to our mind. Solos, with difficult accompaniments, and four-part music for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, can scarcely be said to be suitable for the little ones, although they are "intended to indicate the writer's idea of the function of song and music in the education of children." Out of the thirty-eight compositions in the volume there are less than a dozen which we should regard as falling within the range of a child's capacity. Awkward intervals and difficult progressions should be absent from "Songs for Little Singers."

Studies in Worship-Music, chiefly as regards Congregational Singing. By J. SPENCER CURWEN. London: J. Curwen and Sons, 8, Warwick-lane.

THE subject of this volume is of considerable interest and importance, and Mr. Spencer Curwen was just the man to deal with it. In treating the subject historically, he has succeeded, after painstaking research, in tracing the progress of congregational music in England, from its introduction by the refugees who returned after the accession of Elizabeth down to the present time. The second part of the book is practical, and contains many valuable facts on the subject of instruments, congregational harmony, voice-training, and congregational singing. Then follows a series of descriptive chapters on the musical service in the principal places of worship in London in the present day. Mr. Curwen says, "The beauty of the Tabernacle singing is religious and spiritual"; and when he speaks of the singing at the Presbyterian Church, Regent-square, he says, "I have always been in favour of organs, but a Sunday at Regent-square is enough to shake one's faith in them. The organ gives a great deal of pleasure, but, after all, it is a *sensuous* pleasure. We *worship* when we send up aspirations and feelings of adoration, prayer, and joy to God." We are glad to note that Mr. Curwen's judgment is not overmastered by the modern custom of "syllabic

tunes, many of which are utterly without individuality." He very truly says, "The congregations want more variety, more outlet for the feelings, tunes they can remember and enjoy." With the great increase of musical capacity it is a disagreeable fact that the singing is less hearty and general than it was thirty years ago, and the reason is not difficult to discover. Dreamy, contemplative compositions have pushed out the older hymns of jubilant exultation and praise; and fugal tunes, with a very pronounced melody, have given place to musical combinations of chords. Precentors who were dependent upon a pleasing air for their success in leading the congregation have been sent packing, and organists have been substituted to accompany a choir, with little or no sympathy with the ordinary worshippers. A reaction in favour of the older style is inevitable, and we shall welcome the change when it comes. The service of song in the house of the Lord should be the vehicle of praise, not the stalking-horse of musical composers. We commend Mr. Curwen's book to all who are interested in the subject of which it treats, and wish for it the large circulation its merits demand.

Poems and Hymns. By JOHN LIVINGSTONE. Johnstone: Alexander Hood, Rankine Street.

PLEASEING versification, more suited to the Scotch than the English ear. We should not be surprised if the young songster sings again and again, and each time better, for there is hopefulness in his strain.

The Chain of Life in Geological Time. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.S., etc. With numerous Illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

GEOLOGY handled by a devout man. Our thoughtful readers who are weary of the countless spawn of religious fiction would find the study of the rocks a delightful exercise for the mind, a change from more direct Biblical learning, and an assistance in controversy with the evil scientists of the day. Ground which Hugh Miller found so fruitful cannot be barren to any right-hearted man. Dr. Dawson's book might serve as an introduction to that wide domain which "coucheth beneath."

Vignettes of the great Revival of the 18th Century. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Religious Tract Society.

Though this marvellous piece of history has been repeated in many forms, it always thrills the reader. Mr. Hood in his own vivid, dashing style rehearses the whole matter from beginning to end; and as his pages are well adorned, and the book is most tastefully bound, we expect to find that the work will become specially popular. Mr. Hood always secures our delighted attention, and we are glad to meet with him in the fertile fields which belong to Whitefield and Wesley.

Heavenly Arithmetic. Addresses by S. A. BLACKWOOD, Esq. Nisbet.

THESE addresses are scriptural and sterling. The speaker is forgotten in the subject, and everywhere the authority of the Word of God is assumed or insisted on. The style is vivacious, crisp, and illustrative to a high degree, and we cannot conceive of any man with head and heart reading them in vain. May Mr. Blackwood deliver many such addresses.

Keeping open House. By MARY W. McLain. (1s. 6d.) J. F. Shaw & Co.

A SIMPLE but pleasing record of the visitors supposed to have come to four little maidens in the course of a year. The story will not be in vain if some who read it take notice of those who seek admittance into their Heart Castles, in order that, like these girls, they may welcome the good, and keep out the evil ones.

The Unseen, and Songs in Trial. By J. M. BAMFORD. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

THOUGH not of the highest poetic order, these songs are sweet, musical and pious. We have seen much worse jingle called poems.

Ada; or, the Memoir of a Consecrated Young Life. By W. J. M. London: W. Mack.

A SWEET record of a charming young life, which was sanctified by great love and devotion to the Saviour. May the history of this lamb lead many others to follow her footsteps.

Missionary Work in connection with the Society of Friends. By STANLEY PUMPHREY. Philadelphia: Office of "Friends' Review."

A LITTLE book giving a most succinct account of the missionary work undertaken by the Society of Friends. Full of information, and apostolic in its exhibition of transparent earnestness: it has quickened our soul, and we believe will create new interest in all missionary operations.

Talk of romance, missionary work is more romantic than any fiction could be, and this is a worthy record of one section of it.

Christian Manhood: or, Memorials of a Noble Life. Being Biographical Sketches of the Rev. R. S. Blackburn. By T. MITCHELL. London: Bemrose and Son,

APART from the padding which has swollen this book, it is a very interesting record of a devoted life, early cut off in the service of Christ. Primitive Methodism has never wanted fire and zeal, and Mr. Blackburn seems to have been full of flaming earnestness.

With a good deal less moralizing and a simpler way of stating facts this biography might be made a very powerful one. There is a constant effort at "preachment," which we do not care for in a professedly biographical work.

Miss Margaret's Stories. By a Clergyman's Wife. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

VERY pretty little temperance tales that must do good wherever they are read. Miss Margaret's own story may be a warning to any young lady who is engaged to a man who "drinks." The cover of the book is embellished with a silver fountain and lake, and a golden swan, symbolical, we suppose, of the purity and beauty of the temperance which the authoress inculcates.

New Map of Palestine, showing the Travels of Jesus in Chronological Order. By Rev. A. P. STOUT, Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

THIS map seems to have been carefully prepared. It is well executed, and likely to be of much use to Bible students.

Bristles for Brooms. By WALTER J. MATHAMS ("Blunt Robin"). Houghton and Co.

Mr. MATHAMS writes very pleasantly, and always with an admirable aim. He has not, however, quite mastered the Blunt Robin style which he has chosen, but too often mixes with it words and phrases not congruous therewith. Many of the sentences which are meant for aphorisms lack salt and point. After making this abatement there still remains enough of good sense and piquancy in the book before us to make it tasteful to a considerable number, and these as they read will be profited. We are greatly obliged to Mr. Mathams for the following paragraph about the Orphanage, which we quote because it is a good plea and also a fair specimen of his manner:—

"Then there is Charles Spurgeon's fold of hungry lambs over at Stockwell. Can't you give him something in the way of food or clothing, or cash? He will soon put it into use, and bring down the blessing of the orphan and the orphan's God upon your head. Anything is grist I've heard that comes to his mill. Articles of jewellery and all sorts of queer stuff have been put in and come out in the shape of good wheaten flour. If you were to send him a whale he would turn it into food for his bairns, not by cooking it though. So don't be ashamed to do a good turn to the orphan through him. And, by-the-by, he is just starting an orphanage for girls, and consequently needs more than ever the liberal offerings of his friends. Just give him a lift in that direction, so that the dear little lasses (God bless 'em) may have a happy home and plenty to eat."

Bessie Black's Wager. By CLAIR WILLIAMSON. Glasgow: John S. Marr and Sons.

WE took this book from quite a pile uniform in style and price, as a sample: we hope it is not a *fair* sample, but the very worst of the lot, by a long way; for it is a "story" we would carefully avoid putting in the way of a child. The scene is laid in an "English Industrial School," and the actors, or actresses rather—Bessie Black and her companions—a set of coarse, incorrigible

girls, who, in the attempt to get free from control, conceive and carry out the diabolical plot of setting fire to the institution. As a set-off to this atrocity, or (if the writer prefers to have it put otherwise) as the Christian teaching of the story, we have the pious influence of one good little girl so blessed to the incendiary that almost simultaneously with the crime she repents and confesses, and the next day begins her prison course "with a peaceful heart," and comes forth to be "the heroine of the village." Children can learn coarse language and sinful ways without our buying lesson-books for them; and to manufacture such stories, even with the intention of illustrating the mercy of God, is not to glorify God, but to do evil that good may come. These books at sixpence are really so handsome and cheap that, after preparing the above, we thought we would read another in the hope of being able to commend the rest of the series; but, alas, this time we hit on a tale about two little girls running away because they did not like their stepmother. The books are intended to do good, but we fear they are more likely to do harm. The idea of sixpenny gift-books, nicely bound, with two drawings in each, is a very liberal one, but the tales ought to be much better written.

Three Naturalists. Stories of Linnæus, Cuvier, Buffon. 66, Paternoster Row.

It is well for our young folks to know the lives of Linnæus and Cuvier and Buffon, but we hope they will never imitate the last, who seems to us to have been everything that is despicable. This is a tiny book, but interesting.

Glenwood: a Story of School Life. By JULIA K. BLOOMFIELD. Wesleyan Conference Office.

A USEFUL book for school-girls who think more of beauty and dress than of brains and grace. No harm would have been done if the story had been told in a more lively manner, and we should have liked a little less about certain church ceremonies, and a great deal more of genuine gospel. The religious teaching of the book is good as far as it goes, but it is very imperfect, and is apt to give false notions concerning God's way of peace.

Caught in the Toils. A Story of a Convent School. By EMMA LESLIE. Sunday School Union.

THIS little story is written with the laudable desire of warning Protestant parents against the dangers and be-guilements to which they expose their daughters when, from economical or other reasons, they allow them to finish their education in a Continental school. The subject is one of grave importance, and might worthily employ an abler pen; but even in this simply-told tale we see abundant evidence of the deadly peril with which young and tender minds are surrounded when brought under the subtle and infamous influence of priests and nuns. The inducement of fluently acquiring the French language is a poor excuse for imperilling the soul, and English parents will do well to ponder this solemn question of eternal profit or loss before they send their boys and girls to be "finished" for the Pope and the devil.

Babylonian Cups; or, Behind the Scenes. By a Special Commissioner. With Preface by H. W. WILLIAMS, M.D. E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria-lane.

THIS is a dreadful book, and, worse still, it is, we fear, no more terrible than true. The "Special Commissioner" was informed that those who are determined to procure intoxicating drink can obtain it in London at every hour of the twenty-four, week days and Sundays too, all the year round. He says that the statement is quite true, for he has taken pains, and sometimes run considerable risks in order to prove that the present very imperfect licensing laws are systematically violated or evaded. His revelations of ladies' public-houses, Sabbath desecration on the river, the road, and the rail, and other scenes over which he is obliged to draw a veil, ought to teach Christians, abstainers, and all patriots, that there is no place in all the world which more needs the gospel than the metropolitan city, which is continually growing, and attracting to itself the best and the worst of all nations. At any rate, somebody ought to see that the laws which are on our statute-book are not deliberately set aside for the purpose of steeping our countrymen and

countrywomen still deeper in vice and sin. The writer of this book evidently does not believe that the police will stop the illegal sale of liquor, for he states that while making his investigations he continually found what he calls "our cerulean guardians" drinking spirits at the liquor-seller's expense.

The Prophet Jonah. By the Rev. SAMUEL CLIFT BURN. Second Thousand. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE lectures will not add much to what is already known concerning Jonah, but they will spread among another constituency the facts which are to be found in other works. Mr. Burn has attained a respectable mediocrity as a writer, and the work before us is made up of discourses of fair average merit, not very deep or fresh, but still far too good to be found fault with, except by a critic who has not yet eaten his breakfast. We like this second book better than his first, which was "A Humble Companion to the Pilgrim's Progress." In form and general get-up the volume on Jonah does credit to the publishers.

Hours with the Bible; or, the Scriptures in the Light of Modern Discovery and Knowledge. From Creation to the Patriarchs. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. S. W. Partridge and Co.

MAY the learned author persevere in the enterprise which he here commences, and give us at least a dozen such instructive books. His plan is similar to that of Kitto's Daily Bible Readings, but the chapters are more full and detailed. If carried out after the style of this first part, the work will be recognized as a standard piece of Scriptural literature. Dr. Geikie is occupying a minor position in Paris; but if the Church of England knows how to reward a laborious writer, some patron will soon put him in a place where he can have large leisure for his writing, and a sufficient income to enable him to utilize the national stores of learning. We abominate the whole system of patronage; but as it does exist, we should like to see it used for the aid of one of the best religious writers of the age.

Sunday: its Origin, History, and Present Obligation. The Bampton Lectures for 1860. By JAMES A. HESSEY, D.C.L. Fourth Edition. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THIS is a cheap reprint of a well-known book of very loose views on the Sunday question. Surely it is "carrying coals to Newcastle" to advise men to disregard the outward observance of the Sabbath. As we have no desire to return to the "Book of Sports" of infamous memory, nor to see the infidelity and profligacy of a Continental Sunday introduced into England, we shall be old-fashioned enough to prefer the day as at present we try to keep it. Apart from its opinions, the book is well got up, and is cheap.

Popery and Puseyism, Twin-Demons with one Soul: or, Ritualism Unmasked. By R. M. GURNELL. London: F. Southwell.

THE form which the Papacy assumes in England is of so mild a type compared with the Continental that few Englishmen believe in the venom of which this serpent can be capable: but in this trenchant treatise the author shows the horrors which it perpetrates in the name of religion when uncontrolled. If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, none who read this pamphlet will ever be found tolerating either Roman Catholicism or its twin-sister, Ritualism. Smithfield's fires would be lighted again to-morrow could our priests have their way. May that day never come.

Sin and its Penalty, Present and Future. By JOSHUA HAWKINS. London: Elliot Stock.

ANOTHER of the miserably sentimental effusions of the "restoration" school of theologians: who teach that, because they so dream, wish, and hope, the vilest sinner and most hardened unbeliever will, after a term of punishment, ultimately enter heaven. But we believe—notwithstanding this pompous little book—that there is, and ever will be, an eternal difference between washing and whitewashing. We had sooner believe in a God who annihilated the ungodly than in a God who should send us into the world to tell men that, unless they accept the gospel, they will be lost,

and all the while had a backstairs to heaven by way of a bastard purgatory. No! no! Mr. Hawkins, your molluscous Deity is not the God of the Bible, if we read it aright, and you may write a library, and then—well—we won't believe you.

Universal Instructor, or Self-culture for all. Fully illustrated. Parts I. and II. Ward, Lock, and Co.

MESSRS. WARD AND LOCK are doing great service to the cause of popular education by preparing this *Encyclopædia of Learning*. The parts at sixpence each are marvels of cheapness; indeed, it seems to us that the chart in No. 1 is worth all the money. The articles are carefully prepared, and the matter is well condensed. The work, so far as we can judge, would seem to be as thorough in execution as it is comprehensive in plan. We seldom give an opinion of a book from seeing small parts of it; but in this instance, as much depends upon the sale in parts, we depart from our usual rule. Should the quality of the articles, illustrations, and materials be kept up, this will be one of the best popular instructors ever prepared. No one can be excused for being ignorant while the means of knowledge are thus brought to his door, and proffered at so small a cost.

The Eastern Archipelago: a description of the Scenery, Animal and Vegetable and Physical Wonders of the Islands in the Eastern Seas. By the author of "The Arctic World," etc.

The Lake Regions of Central Africa; a Record of Modern Discovery. By JOHN GEDDIE. T. Nelson and Sons.

WE put these together because they are of the same type. Here we have excellent writing, full of accurate geographical information, and fascinating in style; first-class illustration and plenty of it, a fortune spent in engravings, and binding congruous with the subject, chosen with admirable taste. Nelson and Sons are never excelled as publishers; they have a masterly method of production, of which we cannot speak too highly. The works before us are of thrilling interest, and should be in every library in the land, to be read alike by young and old.

The Prayer-meeting and its improvement. By Rev. L. O. THOMPSON. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE should not advise anyone to follow Mr. Thompson's suggestions in all points: his book is American, and across the water many things are done which we hope will never be tried here; our island is not large enough for such big things. But, with all abatements, this is so good a book that we wish we could afford to give a copy of it to every young minister. We love the prayer-meeting dearly. Revive your prayer-meetings, and the churches will be revived. These meetings are the furnace by which the church-engine is supplied with power, and if the motive force fails, work will not be done; hence poor prayer-meetings mean a poor pastorate, a poor deaconship, a poor school,—universal poverty, in fact. Mr. Thompson says some capital things in a telling manner, and as his pages are full of fire and gunpowder we hope certain old, worn-out things among us will be exploded, and good things set on fire. A brother who has this book handy will be helped to lead lively meetings, conducting them in varied ways, and expatiating on different topics, so as to keep up freshness, and avoid monotony and dullness. Four editions have been called for in America, and we have little doubt that a like number will be needed here.

Baptist Doctrines: being an Exposition in a series of Essays by representative Baptist Ministers, of the distinctive points of Baptist faith and practice. Edited by Rev. C. A. JENKINS, of North Carolina. St. Louis: Chancy R. Barns.

A SERIES of vigorous and talented discourses upon the distinguishing doctrines of Baptists. Coming from our American brethren, we find, as we expected, that close communion is insisted on. In other respects the sermons are greatly to our liking; and we are greatly refreshed by such forcible denominational teaching in these days, when speaking out is hardly allowed unless you utter some sugared platitude from which even the evil spirit could hardly differ. Messrs. Trübner, of Ludgate Hill, would, no doubt, get this book

for any who desire it. We are gratified to find that our sermon upon "Baptismal Regeneration" is included in the series: we forgot this when we said that the discourses were talented.

Preaching: its Ideal and Inner Life. By THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

DR. ARMITAGE is a master in Israel among the Baptists in America. It was not possible for him to lecture upon the work of his life without saying some good and wise things; and accordingly he has said them, and here they are alive and vigorous. Some of them are not so big as they look, but others are worthy of their parentage, and likely to instruct those who receive them. The lectures must have been fine hearing, with the living man at their back speaking them to living men. As printed, they only add one more to a heap with which this subject is getting overdone, choked up and buried.

Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph. "The Household Library of Exposition" series. By MARCUS DODS, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

DR. DODS is learned and instructive, but as to unction or spirituality he is as dry as the bones in the valley of vision. He seems to have a desiccating faculty, for whatever his theme may be his magic pen extracts from it the least trace of savour. In this he resembles many of the Germans, whose powers in this direction are so great that they would turn a cluster of Eshcol into raisins in five minutes, and leave the pomegranates of Syria dry as the apples of Sodom in half a second. Such scholars have their uses, and, certainly, the writings of Dr. Dods are by no means to be despised, for he presents his readers with much excellent information. Every man cannot be an oil merchant: a drysalter is a very useful person in his way; and so every man has not evangelical dew and warmth, but he may yield us a dry light in which some things are best seen.

The design of the Household Library of Exposition has our heartiest sympathy. We are glad to see that another work by Dr. Maclaren is in preparation.

Notes and Extracts on Misunderstood Texts. By Mrs. MACLACHLAN, Sen. James Nisbet and Co.

YES, there are, no doubt, many misunderstood texts, and if we do not greatly misunderstand Mrs. MacLachlan, she, also, misunderstands them.

The Letter H; Past, Present, and Future: a Treatise with Rules for the Silent H, &c. By ALFRED LEACH. Griffith and Farran.

THOSE who aspire to understand the aspirate will here find assistance in their aspirations. In a few pages we hear all about that awful letter H, which so cruelly betrays the power of early associations and the deficiencies of cockney education.

A Violet in the Shade. Dolly's Charge. A Rose without Thorns. Light on the Lily. Our Laddie. Ursula: a Story of the Bohemian Reformation. James Nisbet and Co.

SIX pretty little presents for papa to purchase for Philip and Phillis when they deserve a prize for good behaviour.

The Preachers' Monthly (Lobb and Bertram, 1, St. Bride-street, Ludgate Circus) is a capital sixpennyworth. Some of the outlines are rather grander in words than in meaning; but, take it as a whole, no magazine for preachers ever opened more hopefully. If it can be kept up to its present point it will be a great boon to weary ministers.

Notes.

VERY PERSONAL. I have been very ill for more than five weeks, and during that time I have been brought into deep waters of mental depression, yet on the whole I have had more quiet of heart than aforesaid. I beg specially to acknowledge the tender thoughtfulness of a host of friends. As if they felt it good to send cheer when God was sending chastisement, they have poured in letters of sympathy, backed up with tokens of love in the form of contributions to my various institutions. I have been sustained by overflowing kindness. A growing sense of unworthiness bows me down, and compels me to mingle wonder with my gratitude. That this continuous kindness to me should result in benefit to my Orphanage, and the other works for God, is cause for unmingled satisfaction. It is doubly blessed to be beloved when the fruit abounds to the glory of God and the good of men. What thanks I owe to God and to my numerous friends! To HIM my heart can speak in silence, but to men there must be voices, and where shall I find them? I can do no more than say to the long list of donors and comforters,—The Lord recompense into your own bosoms all your loving thoughts and deeds towards his unworthy servant.

Our beloved wife has prepared the Report of her work for ministers during the year 1880. In order that many friends may see it, and become interested in her needful service, she has desired Mr. Passmore to publish it; and it can be had by order of any bookseller for sixpence. I think it is a very interesting record, and very likely to benefit the whole class of poor ministers in many ways. The work itself, though it costs our beloved all her time and much careful thought, is one of the most blessed which can be imagined, since it puts sound theology where it will not only be studied, but

published to congregations. Some people imagine that in a very short time all needy preachers can be supplied with books. Alas, there has not been one helping all round yet, and meanwhile the hunger for thought-producing books comes on again, and Oliver "asks for more." And preachers must have more, or their flocks will look up to them and look in vain for food.

A protest from Christian brethren in Holland in reference to the Transvaal has been forwarded to us, and to other prominent ministers. What reply can we make? We understood that the Transvaal was annexed by the will of its inhabitants; but if it was not so it was a piece of oppression and robbery, against which we heartily protest, and we hope that some means may be found by which the Boers may be allowed to enjoy their liberty and govern themselves according to their own laws. It is said that these good people maintained a kind of slavery within their own borders, and if so their demand for freedom loses much of its force. The religious sentiment of England will ask liberty for the Boer, but it will also demand freedom for the Black.

On Friday, Dec. 17, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness and the tutors and students from Harley House, Bow, returned the visit which we and our students paid them earlier in the year. Our esteemed deacon, Mr. C. F. Allison, presided at the afternoon meeting, at which, after prayer by Professor Fergusson, Mr. Guinness delivered a most earnest address on the need of missionaries to the heathen, showing that the home field is overdone as compared with the foreign, which is grossly neglected. The President of the Pastors' College followed with a description of the kind of sermons likely to be blessed to the winning of souls. Our communion was intensely hearty, for the

Colleges are of kindred spirit, and aim distinctly at evangelistic work and soul-winning. Mr. Murrell provided a substantial repast in his usual excellent style, for which he was thanked by representatives of both Colleges.

The evening was spent by the two Colleges very profitably in a devotional meeting, at which Professor Gracey took the chair, as we had to leave in order to preside at the *public examination of our Day School*. At this examination we were delighted with the results of the instruction given to the children. We have seldom spent such a happy afternoon and evening; but, alas! our joy was of short duration, for the following night we were suddenly seized with the first indications of the illness from which we have not yet recovered. In consequence of our affliction the College annual meeting, and the Silver Wedding congratulatory gatherings had to be postponed. Both of these we look forward to as pleasures to come. The dreary gap has been filled up by the diligent labours of others, and it will be joy indeed to be to the front again. Will our readers ask for us health, and a continuance of it, if it be the Lord's will?

Dec. 31.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton conducted the usual WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE. The power of God was present in the vast assembly, and the fruit will be seen for many days to come.

COLLEGE.—Since our last notice Mr. F. E. Blackaby has settled at Stow-on-the-Wold, and Mr. E. H. Ellis at Wellington Road, Stoke-Newington; Mr. Potter has been accepted by the Baptist Mission for India; and the following brethren have removed:—Mr. H. J. Dyer from Gainsborough to Kilmarnock; Mr. W. Smith from Cullingworth to Arthur-street, Gray's Inn-road; Mr. A. Harmer from Onatham-road, Wandsworth Common, to Dolton, Devon; Mr. W. Osborne, late of Bristol, to Eastbourne; and Mr. A. Knell, late of Ridgmount, to Walsingham, Suffolk. Mr. W. McKinney, late of Port Jervis, has settled at Kingston on the Hudson, New York.

Mr. Kendon writes from *Jamaica* expressing great gratitude for the £50 which we sent him from a friend, but adding that twenty times that amount will be needed to repair what the hurricane destroyed. He and his people have erected a room for temporary services, and they intend soon to rebuild the chapel. Amid all his troubles he has much to rejoice over, for during the year he has had 250 additions to the church list of enquirers and members, over forty backsliders have been reclaimed, and a deep work of awakening seems to be going on.

The church at *Madras*, under the care of Bro. Maplesden, reports steady progress in each department of its work, although the pastor has been absent through sickness part of the year. The Lord bless this beloved brother more and more, and send gracious help to all our brotherhood in India.

Mr. R. Spurgeon writes that, at the request of the Missionary Conference, he has removed from Dacca to *Barisaul*, "the most important mission-field in Bengal," where, in connection with Mr. Martin, he is to commence a class for the training of native evangelists to take charge of native churches. After speaking of the success of our brethren, Norris and Hook, at Calcutta, Brother Spurgeon adds:—"It is a joyful thought to me that so many of our brethren are filling the pulpits of our great Indian cities; but why are they not occupying our mission stations also? I cannot understand how it is that I only have this honour of all our brethren. We are in as great need of men now as ever; and I feel sure there are many to cry, 'Here am I; send me.'"

If there are any of our brethren who are thus ready to respond to the divine call for missionaries, "Who will go for us, and whom shall I send?" we shall be glad to hear from them, for we have been looking about for months for suitable men to fill important posts in India, but at present without success. Some who would have been the very men for the work in other respects have not the physical constitution necessary to endure the hot climate; but we hope that in our regiment of more than five hundred soldiers of the cross there will be found some whom the Lord has ordained and specially qualified for this work.

We greatly rejoice that at last we have been able to secure a brother who will take charge of the work at *Darjeeling*. Mr. H. Rylands Brown, who has for thirteen years been pastor of the church at Shooter's Hill-road, Blackheath, and who has long desired to give himself to foreign mission work, has felt called of God to enter this important sphere of labour, and we earnestly pray that he may be made a great blessing both to the residents in the district, and the large numbers of persons who resort to this Indian Mentone in search of health or rest.

We are glad also that there is a slight indication that the Lord approves of our proposed evangelistic mission to the English-speaking populations in India, for he has begun to move his servants to contribute to this object, though at present the amount received is exceedingly small compared with what will be needed if the scheme is to be carried out. A contribution of £10 for this fund from a friend in Australia greatly cheered us. The sending out of Mr. H. Brown will cost far more than we have in hand at present.

Our beloved son Thomas sends us a characteristic account of the services at the opening of the Tabernacle at Deloraine, Tasmania, and says that the following week he was to be at the opening of the Tabernacle at Longford.

Mr. D. M. Logan reports the safe arrival of himself and wife and family at Melbourne, after a somewhat similar experience

to that of Brother Mann in going to Cape Town. They were first wrecked in the *Hydaspes* off Dungeness, when they lost everything but their lives; and the second vessel in which they sailed, the *Sorata*, ran aground on the Australian coast, and put them to considerable inconvenience for more than "a night and a day." On the whole, our brother writes cheerfully, although he has not yet found the right sphere in which he can imitate the great apostle, who supported himself by working with his own hands, and at the same time, whenever he had the opportunity, preached among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

EVANGELISTS.—On *Sunday, Jan. 9*, Mr. Smith commenced a series of services at *Ilalifax*. As Mr. Fullerton was preaching at the Tabernacle on that day, his place was occupied by Mr. Charlesworth, but on the following day he joined his fellow-worker. Three crowded services were held on the first day in Trinity Road Chapel, and at night a large music-hall was filled long before the hour of commencing the service. So many were unable to gain admittance that it was deemed advisable to secure the Drill Hall, where the meetings are still being held with great success.

Since writing this paragraph we are grieved to hear that, owing to the prevalence of fever, our evangelists have abruptly closed their services at the request of the Mayor. This, too, when crowds were gathering! Truly the way of the Lord is in the sea.

From *Dec. 13 to 19* Mr. Burnham was at *Hightate*. Of the services held there our Bro. Barnard writes, "They have been a great refreshing to us all, and the means of reviving the spiritual life of the church. It is also our joy to know that some unsaved and undecided ones have been awakened and impressed." At *Winslow*, from *Dec. 30 to Jan. 7*, Mr. Burnham had, as on a previous occasion, a most gracious season of blessing. He specially mentions the usefulness of a short Bible-reading in the vestry at the close of the service each evening, when many anxious ones, who would not have come alone to speak with the Evangelist, accompanied others, and heard words whereby they were saved. Our brother has since conducted services at *Cranswick* (where a former visit awakened such interest as to necessitate the pulling down of the old chapel and the erection of a larger one), *Scarborough*, and *Sheepshed*, and this month he commences a visitation of the village churches of *Yorkshire*, under the auspices of the Baptist Association of that county, an engagement which, with needful rest, will occupy him until the summer.

Mr. Burnham has hitherto been supported by a single subscriber, for whose help we are most grateful, but that gentleman finds himself giving rather more than he thinks prudent, and, therefore, in future Mr. Burnham must come upon our General Fund

unless some other brother should come forward and offer to support him. At any rate, his labours shall not cease from want of support. We trust that for the present our Yorkshire friends who have his services will remember that the labourer is worthy of his hire.

ORPHANAGE.—*Christmas Festival*.—Although the poor President was obliged to be at home and in bed all Christmas day, the orphan boys and girls were as merry as ever. Through the kindness of our ever faithful friends donations in cash and kind were on the most liberal scale, and right heartily did the youngsters enjoy the good things provided for them. Our son Charles once more presided in our absence, and several of the Trustees attended to assist in satisfying the wants of our large family. Mr. Charlesworth reports that everything passed off most satisfactorily, both at the children's gatherings and the usual supplementary meeting of mothers and the inmates. The surplus of the Christmas Fund runs into the daily expenses, and makes quite an item of importance.

Girls' Orphanage Buildings.—In the preface to the volume of *The Sword and the Trowel* for last year we wrote two months ago that all the money had been promised or given for the first contract, and added "We shall need several other buildings to render the whole of the girls' houses available as dwellings and schools. Infirmary and dining-hall must be built, and a large building is needed to serve us on our great days of public meetings, and to be on ordinary occasions the chapel for the whole of the children, their teachers, and other friends. *It may be that some one friend will give this or that building*, and if not, a bazaar, at the end of 1881, will go far towards it." The words which we have italicised caught the eye of two generous friends who desired to have a hand in this good work, for while we were lying in bed in great pain a lady and gentleman called at our house, and intimated their desire to pay for one of the "other buildings" needed to complete the institution. We have been too ill to ascertain the final decision of these noble souls as to which building they will prefer to erect as a memorial of their love for us and our orphan charge, but we understand that their gift will not be less than £1000. *Will other friends begin working for the Bazaar?*

It will be seen from our cash accounts that we have during the past month received the legacy of which notice reached us on the morning that we paid for "The Hawthorns," in which our first batch of fatherless girls has been housed. Two other noble donations have also come to hand in redemption of promises made for the building fund; and, as the lists show, the general contributions have been both considerable in number and large in amount. For this we devoutly thank God, who through his

atowards thus continues to provide for a work which is peculiarly his own; but friends will please note that the large sums have been already reckoned upon and accounted for, and are not therefore new items to the good; indeed, the legacy comes out of court £250 less than we expected.

COLPORTEAGE.—The Secretary writes:—"I have nothing special to report this month. No new districts have been opened except Pembroke Dock, where we have made arrangements with the colporteur engaged, hoping that the friends in the locality, when they see the value and importance of the work, will subscribe the £40 a year required, so that we may employ him permanently in the regular way. I think it should be publicly acknowledged that we are very thankful to Mr. W. H. Stevens, of Brixton Road, for a very handsome stove kindly presented to the Association, to warm our offices."

The colporteurs will in most cases be snowed up at this time, and the people will have few pence to spare when the thaw comes, but this is an affliction common to us all.

One of the colporteurs says—"I am generally engaged every Sunday and every evening in the week in preaching. Every time I go to each place, whether on Sundays or week-days, I get the rooms not only filled, but often crowded, and great blessings have attended my humble labours, for at nearly every meeting that I have conducted during the last two months, there have been evident signs of conversion, and I have also got many to sign the temperance pledge. The sale of the books has not been without good results. One woman has been brought to the Saviour through reading the book called, 'The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl,' and a lady friend who buys a great many books to give away has told me of several cases of a decided change through the books read."

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Elvin sends us very cheering reports of services recently held by some of his helpers. We have only space to mention one out of many. During a week of meetings in the new chapel erected on the site of the Tabernacle, Moorfields, twenty-five persons professed conversion; and Mr. Elvin adds, "The minister (Mr. Morgan), deacons, and all friends were highly delighted. They were full of thanks to everybody belonging to the Association, and more than all to you for starting and sustaining such an agency." As a practical proof of their appreciation of the work they had a collection on behalf of the Association, although none had been announced. This is as it should be, and if all our churches that receive blessing through the visits of these unpaid evangelists will do the same Mr. Elvin will not find so much difficulty as he now does in keeping the expenditure of

his society within the limits of its income. The Association aims at the evangelization of London, through existing churches of all denominations, and already many parts of our great city have to bless God for what it has accomplished.

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Y. J. W. is very gratefully informed that the "suits of gentlemen's clothing, good, and suitable for a poor minister" will be very thankfully received if sent to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London. The donor's address should accompany the parcel, that it may be duly acknowledged.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Mr. Chowryyappah, Baptist Missionary at Madras, has just sought and obtained permission to translate some of our sermons, tracts, and "Evening by Evening," into *Tamil*. He says that this work will, beyond a doubt, benefit thousands of his countrymen.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received from a ministerial brother:—"Your first sermon in Belfast caused me to decide finally to enter the ministry. Since then I have given ten years to mission work in Damascus, where I built the first church ever erected for the spiritual worship of the true God in that city. I built two churches on Mount Hermon, and in these churches again and again I have preached your sermons in *Arabic*. I preached one of your sermons on the top of Mount Hermon at a picnic given to our different villagers."

One of our elders writes: "In common with everybody, I am deeply grieved at your illness and pain, and I wish I could alleviate your sufferings in any way. I did suffer vicariously for you the other evening. At a meeting in S—, I was laid hold of by a big, burly fellow, more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, who had a paw in proportion, too, and with this paw he laid hold of my poor hand. He did not get hold of it flat, but all of a heap, and did not he give me a squeeze? I thought I had not deserved such a reception, and was not surprised that I was getting it for your sake. The man who held me told me that seventeen years ago he was one of the worst characters in S—, but out of curiosity he went to hear you, and you preached from the text 'Why sleepest thou?' You woke him up. He could not rest, and was obliged to come again to hear you. I forget what text you preached from on the second occasion, but he found Christ that day, and since then he has been earnestly working for the Master. He said he had often walked to the Tabernacle and back in days gone by, and had thought nothing of it, but now his feet would not carry him; neither had he had an opportunity of shaking hands with you, and as he still kept hold of my hand, he gave me another vice-like grip to show how he would shake your hand if he could. My

hand did ache. He is a good fellow, though, and I rejoice that the Lord gave him the word of salvation by you."

Our beloved brother, J. A. S., tells us he was greatly delighted on visiting a sick man lately to hear how he found the Saviour. He said that a few days before we preached at the Crystal Palace, in 1857, we went down to the building to arrange where the platform should be placed, and while trying various positions we cried aloud, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the

sin of the world." This man was at the time at work in the Palace, and the text spoken under these unusual circumstances went with power to his heart, convinced him of sin, and led him to the sin-atonement Lamb. How well it is to utter great gospel texts, even when we are not preaching, for they are arrows from the quiver of God, and will not fly abroad in vain.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—
December 30th, 1880, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1880, to January 14th, 1881.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.			
S. E. W.	...	0	2	6	Mr. W. H. Balne	...	0	10	0			
Mr. A. H. Seard	...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Bowker's Class	...	13	0	0			
Lizzie Culver	...	1	0	0	Miss Crawford, per J. T. D.	...	0	5	0			
Mr. A. Doggett	...	5	0	0	Mr. Spriggs, per Mr. Buckmaster	...	0	5	0			
N. M.	...	0	10	0	Mr. E. J. Upward	...	5	0	0			
Mr. W. Roushead, per Pastor W. Cuff	...	0	5	0	Rev. Thos. King	...	40	0	0			
Mr. Thomas Souter	...	0	2	0	Mr. Edward Adam	...	1	1	0			
A Sermon Reader, Carlton, Beds	...	1	0	0	Mr. C. Allard	...	1	0	0			
Collection at Drummond Road Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown	...	4	16	0	A Farmer	...	5	0	0			
A Friend in Edinburgh	...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. A. Gilbert	...	5	0	0			
Miss M. C. Hart	...	2	0	0	Mr. E. Ritchie, for the late Miss Edwin	...	10	0	0			
Mr. J. B. Denholm	...	0	14	0	Miss Ada E. Thomas	...	0	10	0			
Mr. Thomas Gregory	...	1	0	0	Mr. C. J. A. N. Padley	...	1	0	0			
Mr. James Sommerville	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Wyman	...	0	10	0			
Mr. H. G. Fisher	...	2	0	0	Rev. J. P. Chown	...	1	1	0			
Mr. John Coventry	...	1	1	0	A. H. J.	...	0	10	6			
Mr. and Mrs. McHardy	...	1	0	0	C. S. F.	...	0	5	0			
E. A. H.	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Krell	...	5	0	0			
A. N.	...	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	...	0	5	0			
Mr. W. McEwing	...	2	0	0	I. C. C., Edinburgh	...	0	10	0			
Mr. Peter Lamont	...	0	10	0	Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	...	10	0	0			
Miss E. J. Bowley	...	1	0	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Adam, Aberdeen	...	19	19	0			
Mr. G. Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey	...	2	0	0	8	9	6			
Thankoffering for a faithful Pastor	...	0	5	0	20	0	0			
Mr. Battam	...	0	10	0	A Friend, per Rev. G. Rogers	...	20	0	0			
Miss Gough	...	0	2	6	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>							
G. H.	...	0	5	0	Mr. Wilkinson	...	0	5	0			
Mr. A. G. Apperly	...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Ewing	...	1	0	0			
Help	...	2	0	0	Mr. Blundstone	...	1	0	0			
Mr. Robert Byman	...	5	0	0	<i>Half-yearly Subscription:—</i>							
Mr. John Hector	...	4	0	0	Mr. Wm. Casson	...	1	0	0			
Mr. William Moir	...	1	0	0	<i>Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—</i>							
Mr. Bainbridge	...	10	0	0	Dec. 19, 1880	...	70	0	0			
Mr. John Martin	...	1	0	0	Dec. 26, 1880	...	91	6	5			
W. & E. H.	...	0	7	0	Jan. 2, 1881	...	30	0	0			
Miss Spliedt	...	2	0	0	Jan. 9, 1881	...	30	17	10			
Mr. William Badden and Friend	...	2	0	0								
Mr. Alfred Searle	...	1	0	0								
Mrs. Walker	...	0	5	0								
Mr. Hunt, per J. T. D.	...	1	1	0								
Mr. D. Rutherford	...	1	0	0								
								222	4	3		
										£435	1	5

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1880, to January 14th, 1881.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Collected by Members and Friends of Pastor T. W. Medhurst's Bible-class	...	55	8	6	Miss McBride, per Mrs. A. Ward	...	0	10	0
Collection after Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, Lake-road Chapel, Laudport	...	25	5	6	Thos. Reeve and fellow-servants	...	0	0	0
					Mr. Jno. E. Adams	...	0	5	0
					Mrs. Graham	...	1	0	0
					S. E. W.	...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"The Birds in Paradise"	2	0	0	Mrs. J. Sinclair	1	0	0
Half Collection at Stockwell Baptist				Executor of the late Miss Mercy Smith,			
Chapel	6	0	0	Brixham	5	0	0
Mrs. S. Agar	1	0	0	From the Lord's Box	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0	S. A. Braithwaite	0	2	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0	I. O. U.	0	2	6
Miss E. Penrice	1	1	0	Collected by Miss Mary Thomas	0	18	0
Sarah Ann Silvester	0	2	6	Children of William and Sophia Hawley	0	16	0
M. I.	0	5	0	A Lover of Jesus	0	2	6
Mr. G. Fryer	0	13	0	Per Pastor J. W. Ashworth, Ply-			
R. per Mr. Wm. Olney	6	6	0	mouth	1	0	6
Mrs. Arnold's box	2	0	0	"In Memoriam," per Pas-			
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier's box	0	16	8	tor J. W. Ashworth	1	0	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0				
Mr. A. P. Benest	0	10	0	W. W., Edinburgh	2	2	6
Mr. J. G. van Ryn	2	0	0	Collected by Mr. P. H. Watts	1	0	0
A Sermon Reader	0	0	3	W. H. S. M.	0	5	0
Mr. W. Roughton, per Pastor W. Cuff,	0	5	0	S. V.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Seivwright	2	0	0	Alice L.	0	10	0
A Friend in Edinburgh	0	5	0	Mr. George Lee	0	10	0
A Lady in Edinburgh	0	2	0	Miss Gough	0	2	6
Mr. James Moffat	0	5	0	Mr. Alexander Fowler	0	5	0
Mr. J. T. Godwin	5	5	0	Mr. F. E. Browning	0	15	0
"For mercies received"	2	0	0	A Friend, per Mr. Alexander Shaw	0	10	0
Annie Rouston	1	0	0	Master Alfred Leversha	0	1	6
Mrs. S. Brown	2	2	0	Mr. Robert Brown	0	10	0
Mrs. Bent	0	5	0	Mr. James Trickett	0	10	0
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	0	Miss Edwards	0	10	0
Entertainment by Baptist Sunday-				Friends in Bervie	0	2	0
school teachers and friends, Forton,				Miss Macara and Miss Simpson	1	0	0
Gosport	0	17	6	From a Widow	1	0	0
Mr. H. J. White	1	1	0	Mr. W. Cooke	2	0	0
Mr. James Sommerville	1	0	0	Help	1	0	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0	Mr. Robert Ryman	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew	4	10	0	A mite for Jesu's sake	0	2	0
S. H.	0	10	0	Thankoffering from Bervie	0	10	0
Mr. J. S. White	0	2	6	One who loves the Master	0	2	0
Mrs. T. Fleming	0	7	6	D. McC. Sillith	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Mary Rawbone, Cape				P. O. O. from Uley	1	0	0
Town	14	2	6	Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0	Mr. Alexander Christie	1	0	0
Mrs. Faulconer	20	0	0	Mr. James Green	0	10	0
"Pakcha," per Editor of "Christian				Mr. Charles Barker	0	10	0
Herald"	10	0	0	Miss A. Lucas	1	0	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	15	0	0	Mrs. Bird	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mathewson	10	0	0	Mrs. E. J. Anderson	1	0	0
Mr. Armstrong's "boys," Warrambeen,				Collected by Mrs. Coles	2	5	0
for one year's support of an orphan				Collected by Miss Mena Good Scott	11	12	0
girl	25	0	0	Mr. John Yallop	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Knight	10	0	0	Friends, per Miss Wilmot	0	7	6
Mrs. Walker's Collecting-box	7	4	6	Miss E. L. Fisher	0	5	0
Mr. George Hilton	0	2	0	Mr. S. Warbis	0	5	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0	A Friend, Stockton	0	10	0
Mr. A. West	1	0	0	M. A. R.	0	2	6
H. E.	0	2	6	Stamps from Reading	0	5	0
B. M. W., Hull	1	10	0	Collected by Miss Stickland	0	5	0
In memory of dear Caroline	0	10	0	Mr. E. E. S. Lloyd	0	5	0
Caroline's brothers	0	5	0	S. Wallis, Esq.	10	0	0
J. B. F.	1	0	0	By sale of S. O. Tracts	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Bowtell	2	0	0
F. C. D.	0	2	0	Mr. Reed, per V. J. C.	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Steer	1	0	0	Mr. T. P. Alder, for Tommy Brasher	1	0	0
Mr. T. Clues	0	2	0	A. R., stamps from Melton Mowbray	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Gwyer (Apples)	0	5	0	Mr. John Murg	1	1	0
Miss H. Fells	0	5	0	Mr. William Sewell	1	6	0
A sincere Well-wisher	0	5	0	Mrs. Easton	1	1	0
Mr. Alexander McCay	1	0	0	Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Mr. C. Welling	0	4	0	E. C., per V. J. C.	0	10	0
Mr. Richard Sims	2	0	0	Mr. W. G. Wilkins	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Knowles	2	15	9	Mr. W. Hearn	0	5	0
Mr. William Matthews and Friends	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. Wheeler	0	8	3
E. Mitchell	0	10	0	A reader of the "Christian Herald"	0	1	0
Mr. William Thomas	5	0	0	Mary Webb	0	2	6
Helen Millar and Friends	0	5	0	Miss Fessie Bamber	2	0	0
J. S., and Friends, Buckie	0	5	2	Mrs. Goodson	0	4	0
Mr. Robert Burgess	0	7	6	Miss M. A. Wheeler, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. James Shaddock	1	1	0	A friend, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Nelson	1	0	0	Mr. P., per J. T. D.	0	2	6
Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0	Mr. Alfred Scarle	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Townsend	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Marshall	1	18	5
Mrs. J. Robertshaw (two quarters sub.)	1	0	0	Mr. John Bridge, per Mr. Greenwood	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Edwards	2	0	0
Mr. D. Rutherford	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Weekly	2	2	0
Two friends	0	5	0
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at Victoria Park Tabernacle, per Rev. R. Seddon	10	0	0
J. L. Coleraine	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. C. Harvey	0	19	6
Mr. D. Batchelor	0	10	0
Mrs. Thomson	0	10	0
Profits on sale of photographs, Mr. J. Moody, Penzance	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Stevens	1	1	6
Collected by Jane Dixon	0	5	10
Evesham Baptist Sunday School, per Mr. Warrington	2	17	3
Collected by Mrs. R. B. Browne	0	5	0
Miss E. Summers, per J. T. D.	0	1	0
Miss Crawford, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Mears from pur- chasers of "John Ploughman's Al- manack"	0	12	0
Mr. Spriggs, per Mr. Buckmaster	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Hooper	0	8	8
S. and L. Walker	2	0	0
Mr. E. F. E. Gent	0	5	0
Two well-wishers	0	10	0
Collection by Servants at Park Hatch, Godalming, per Mr. G. Bradford	1	0	0
Collection at Christ Church, Christmas morning, per Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	31	0	0
"From a little girl, for little girls"	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. Caird	0	3	2
Mr. James Boorne, per Mrs. James Withers, last month's list	0	10	0
Mrs. Hill	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Ann Mott	1	17	0
Miss M. Hagger	1	0	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Mr. E. R. Close, per Mr. W. Olney A friend, Corsham	0	5	0
"A little company," Dumfries	0	5	6
Gorebridge, N.B., Sabbath School	1	0	0
Mr. Finch	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. B. A. J. Paxton	0	5	0
Collected in pence by Mr. Joseph Gwyer Rev. A. B. Grimaldi	1	1	0
Mr. Joseph Corfe	5	0	0
"Every little helps"	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Bevan	0	5	0
"In memory of a sainted mother"	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Broomhall	1	0	0
Dorton	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson	2	10	0
G., a sermon-reader, Thame	0	10	0
Mr. A. W. Arden	0	5	6
Mr. James Clark, jun., per Pastor W. Williams	10	10	0
"In memoriam"	3	0	0
Friends at Kelso, per Miss E. Dods	0	15	0
Mr. C. Allard	0	10	0
Mr. R. P. Froste	2	0	0
Mr. William Champness	2	0	0
"A lover of Jesus"	0	5	0
E. Smith	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. Thomas Roger Mr. G. Lee, first week's advance in wages	2	5	0
Mrs. Angus	0	5	0
S. H.	0	2	6
Mr. John R. Waugh	0	10	0
Ms. Padgett	1	0	0
Blairingone Parish Church Sunday Scholars	0	10	0
Mrs. George Hooper	5	0	0
Mrs. Mary Williams	1	0	0
Miss J. R. Moore	1	0	0
Mrs. Jane Allan	1	0	0
A constant reader of the sermons	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. Thomas King	20	0	0
A friend, per Rev. Thomas King	5	0	0
An orphan	0	2	0
Mr. F. Ritchie, for the late Miss Edwin	15	0	0
Mrs. Chillingworth	0	7	0
A. H. J.	1	1	0
T. A. H. P. W.	10	0	0
Sermon-readers, Craig	0	10	0
A friend, Montrose	0	2	6
A country Minister	0	3	0
Collected by Drec Church Sunday Scho- lars, Tullibody	1	5	0
A. B. C. Pewssey	0	2	6
Mr. J. Saxe	0	10	0
Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
J. G. B., Aberdeenshire	0	3	0
Collected by Mr. C. Adlem:—			
P. M.	0	10	0
P. L. E.	1	0	0
P. L.	0	2	0
E. S.	0	2	0
S. B.	0	5	0
H. G. L. A.	0	1	0
G. H.	0	5	0
Church of England	0	5	0
Durweston Ringers	0	10	0
Some friends	0	3	0
Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson	3	3	0
A friend, per Mr. Charles Rogers	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. V. Johnson	2	10	0
I. C. C. Edinburgh	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Martell	2	0	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, 31st December, 1880.	2	2	0
Mr. F. W. White, per Mr. Chilvers	2	2	0
Mr. John Martin	1	0	0
Mrs. M. A. French	0	5	0
A Thankful Offering	1	0	0
Mrs. Clarke	0	3	0
Mrs. Goodall	0	2	6
Margaret Clarke	0	5	6
Mrs. Maynard's six Children	1	0	0
Miss Ethel and Master Bomford	0	10	0
Miss Lavinia C. Fidkin	0	5	0
Part Profits of Christmas Tree, per Mr. John Field	5	0	0
Mr. Joseph Fawcett	2	0	0
P. O. O., per Editor of "Christian Herald"	1	0	0
J. M.	0	5	0
Memorial Hall Sunday-school, White- horse Road, Croydon	1	8	6
Collected by Mr. P. L. Kitchen:—			
Miss Bland, Ipswich	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Sturton	0	5	0
Mr. Glover, Tring	0	5	0
Small sums	0	10	0
Mr. J. Badcock	1	5	0
Quarterly Subscriptions, per F. R. T.—			
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0
Mr. Keen	0	5	0
Mr. Airey	0	5	0
Mrs. Nelson	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
"In Memoriam"	0	5	0
Miss Cooke	0	5	0
Mr. Higgins	0	5	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	5	0
Mrs. Bakewell	0	5	0
A. A. T.	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0
"In remembrance"	0	5	0
F. R. T.	0	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Messrs. H. Head and Co.	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. D. Heelas	3	0	0
Mr. James Ward, jun.	0	5	0
Miss L. H. Wilkinson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0
Mrs. Keddie and Little Charles	0	12	0
Mr. W. J. Dennis	1	1	0
Mr. J. Fidge	1	1	0
Mr. J. Plumridge	1	1	0
Mr. J. Grose	1	1	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (see list)	59	1	7
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (see list)	10	10	4
Executors of the late Mr. John Mann Nelson, for Girls' Orphanage	1250	9	6

For Christmas Festival:—

Mr. Thomas Summers	1	1	0
A Sermon Reader, Langholm	0	10	0
"Woodbine"	0	10	0
"Endymion"	0	5	2
Pastor C. Welton	0	7	6
Mrs. Taylor	2	0	0
Miss Armstrong	2	0	0
S. E. W.	0	2	6
E. H., Lincoln	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Virtue	1	1	0
Mr. S. E. Culver	0	10	0
Mrs. Gurney	0	10	0
Lettie Blackford	0	10	0
Lizzie Culver	0	10	0
Mr. W. McNorton and Friend	0	8	0
M. K.	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Tice	0	5	0
Mattie, Lottie, and Bennie Tice	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Barlow	1	0	0
Two servants, Eaton-place	0	5	0
A Country Minister	0	3	0
Miss S. Offord	0	5	0
Mary, Nellie, and Edith Spurrier	0	2	6
Mrs. Warmington	0	10	0
Mr. A. Doggett	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Edgar	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Nellie Caffyn	0	14	3
Mrs. G. T. Appleton	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred Tyrrell	0	10	6
M. A. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Bury	0	5	0
C. T. M. G.	0	10	0
A Friend, L.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Owen	0	10	6
Mr. H. Edwin	0	10	6
George and Lizzie Kirby	0	2	6
The Misses Rowland	0	5	0
Three Friends	0	6	0
J. J., Wolverhampton	0	7	6
Mr. Henry Hayter	0	2	6
A Sermon Reader, Carlton, Beds	0	5	0
Mr. J. Irwin	0	2	6
Jane Matthews	0	2	6
Dora, Isabel, and Grace	0	5	0
Selina Bligh	0	4	0
Miss M. C. Hart	0	10	0
A. K. R.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Nutsey	0	5	0
Miss Ashe	2	13	10
Mr. Thomas Goodey	1	0	0
Mr. Samuel Tebbut	1	0	0
Mr. G. Lawrence and Friends	11	10	0
Mrs. Fox	0	5	0
E. Clover	0	5	0
Bertie and Percy Monk	0	1	6
S. W.	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Littlechampton Congregational Sunday-school	1	0	0
B. W. S.	0	10	0
Miss T. S. Gare	2	0	0
Collected by Tilly, Jim, and Frank, from Friends at Hardway	1	6	0
Two Little Boys	0	2	0
Mr. J. Nickinson	1	1	0
Friends at Eures, per Mrs. Kerop	1	0	6
Mrs. Bowes	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Clabon	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Near's Children A. N.	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer:—			
Miss Stringer	0	2	0
Mr. W. Conolly	0	5	0
Mr. Wade	0	3	0
			0 10 0
Mr. John Harper	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Parker	0	5	0
Messrs. Hine, Brothers	1	1	0
Collected by Friends of Baptist Sunday-school, Brockhurst	2	10	0
Mrs. Sangster	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Madge	5	0	0
Mrs. Wells	0	2	6
W. B. Wood	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Mary Best, Helston:—			
Miss Collins	0	10	0
Mrs. Heynes	0	5	0
Miss M. Best	0	5	0
Miss H. Best	0	3	0
Miss L. Best	0	3	0
Mr. L. Sleeman	0	1	0
Mr. Lobb	0	1	0
Mr. Winkworth	0	1	0
Small sums	0	1	0
			1 10 0
Collected by Sarah and a Friend:—			
Miss Scotney	0	2	6
Mrs. Fawkes	0	1	0
Mr. J. Brett	0	1	0
Miss Brett	0	1	0
Miss Rice	0	1	0
Mrs. Jarman	0	2	6
Mrs. Lovely	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Rice	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Buckland	0	5	0
Mr. W. Buckland, jun.	0	5	0
Sarah	0	3	0
			1 9 6
T. H. C., per Mr. Murrell	0	10	0
Mr. J. Lang	0	5	0
W. Ball, Cardiff	0	5	0
Per Mr. G. H. Dean, Sittingbourne			
Free Church Sunday School	0	12	6
Milton Congregational Sunday School	1	5	6
Baptist Sunday School	1	2	1
Miss Dean's Class	0	9	11
			3 10 0
"For the Master's sake"	0	5	0
Mr. J. R. Philip, per Mr. Carr	1	0	0
			70 19 3
			£1969 18 1

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards.—Allen, F., 2s; Atterbury, W., 5s 3d; Atkins, R., 10s 1d; Bailey, F., 5s; Brown, H., 4s; Brock, H., 5s; Bell, S. E., 10s; Buckingham, W., 5s; Bivand, C., 5s; Barrett, H., 6s; Baker, T., 12s 4d; Buttfield, G., 13s; Burt, A., 4s 2d; Burnett, H., 1s 6d; Brushier, T., 1s; Buckley, F., 5s; Butler, E. E., 4s; Bentley, E., 13s; Campbell, H., 6s; Coman, J., 6s; Childs, W., 1s 10d; Cooper, C. A., 18s; Cornford, R., 7s 8d; Clayton, H. T., 5s; Cheek, H. D., 2s 6d; Creasey, E. B., 1s; Clinker, H. T., 6s 9d; Clarke, W., 4s; Crook, J., 9s; Davis, W., 10s; Davis, C., 8s; Deane, W., 5s 6d; Dance, H., 9s; Dillon, G., 2s 1d; Duff, E., 13s 9d; Deacon, G., 5s; Dann, A., 4s 2d; Edmunds, C. H., 4s; Edwards, C., 6s 3d; Eldridge, A., 3s; Ellis, H., 1s 6d; Forbes, P., 1s 1d; Fletcher, C. H., 5s 3d; Foster, A., 6s; Foster, G. E., 3s; French, H., 1s 9d; Fisher, F. G., 3s; Grinter, T., 16s 4d; Golding, H., 10s; Green, S. T., 5s 7d; Gibson, A. W., 11s; Groves, H., 2s 6d; Gosling, E. J., 4s; Glyncher, C. G., 5s; Green, C., 2s; Gardner, A., 3s; Gregory, F., 5s; Gallichawk, E. H., 1s; Hunt, W., 8s 7d; Hunt, C., 5s 9d; Hewett, W., 3s; Heayes, C., 4s; Hart, Robert, 2s 6d; Hart, Ralph E., 1s 12d; Hicks, A., 1s 2d; Head, J. S., 4s 2d; Hunt, G., 5s; Hawes, F., 3s 6d; Hart, L., 12s 1d; Hearle, L., 1s 6d; Hobbs, W., 5s; Hughes, A. G., 4s; Harre, G. F., 4s; Jones, C., 6s; Lewis, E., 6s; Lake, W., 8s; Loggo, A., 5s; Morton, V. L., 2s; Mantelov, R., 10s; Moss, H. J., 3s; Moore, A., 11s; Morgan, J. C., 1s 6d; Maxted, G., 5s 7d; Messenger, J., 2s 6d; Marendaz, F., 7s; Martin, A., 1s 6d; Neale, J., 14s 6d; Neam, J. A., 6s; Norreys, W., 4s; Owen, A. E., 1s 6d; Parker, P. H., 8s 6d; Pitt, F., 5s 7d; Pettifor, W., 5s 3d; Pearce, T. E., 2s 9d; Phillips, R., 10s; Pearce, J., 8s 3d; Peckham, V., 12s 6d; Pascall, J. H., 12s; Poole, T. W., 10s; Rees, J., 1s; Reid, F. W., 3s; Rouse, F., 2s 6d; Ramell, J., 4s; Ruffhead, J., 11s 6d; Ray, F., 1s 10d; Ratcliffe, J., 12s 7d; Rigby H., 5s 5d; Reddall, C., 2s; Reeks, Mark., 1s; Strickland, E., 15s; Simmonds, Y., 13s 2d; Smale, W., 6s 6d; Smith, E., 11s; Sully, T., 3s 6d; Snell, T. E., 6s; Smith, P. H., 10s; Shultz, J., 3s 6d; Snow, W. J., 2s 6d; Smith, G. C., 5s; Standley, G., 5s; Schofield, F., 15s 8d; Scott, F. R., 4s; Smith, H., 7s; Switzer, E., 11s; Tyler, G., 10s 9d; Tilly, T., 15s; Thomas, C. W., 3s 6d; Talbot, E., 2s; Towell, C., 10s; Taylor, P., 2s 7d; Turner, J., 1s 1s; Topley, W., 1s 7d; Thornwell, F., 6s 6d; Underwood, E., 6s 2d; Usher, C., 4s; Vardill, W. H., 2s 6d; Willis, W., 4s 6d; Wiggins, H., 11s; Willis, M., 1s 6d; Ward, H. E., 1s 0s 7d; Whiter, H., 3s 6d; White, C. F., 7s 8d; Whitelock, M., 3s 6d; Wakerill, R., 7s 2d; Weller, W., 7s; Waters, H., 5s 4d; Wilks, A. H., 5s 6d; Webster, G., 9s 3d; Wills, C. W., 2s; Willis, W. C., 2s; Witherden, H., 13s; Willard, A., 2s; Williams, —, 1s 3s. Helston: Pentecost, H., 5s 5d; Laity, W. J., 4s 10d; Mr. J. Church, 11s.—Total, £59 1s. 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Adams, A., 5s; Ainger, K., 4s 1d; Brown, L., 5s; Box, L., 6s 3d; Burgess, J., 1s; Chapman, R., 6s; Donnelly, G., 15s; De Laiche, E., 8s 6d; Eagle, S., 9s 4d; Foreman, L., 1s 1s 6d; Gould, E., 1s 15s 7d; Hart, E., 9s 2d; Ive, E., 1s; Kirby, J., 14s; Lugsden, W., 7s; Marshall, M., 5s; Meares, E., 1s; Olden, M., 11s 2d; Stevens, M., 10s 4d; Salt, E., 10s; Spear, C., 14s; White, A., 3s; Willis, A., 1s.—Total, £10 10s. 4d.

List of Presents (Boys' Division).—PROVISIONS.—3 boxes of Raisins, 1 box of Currants, 2 boxes of Peel, 42 lbs. of Sugar, and a packet of Spice, Mr. Daintree; 8 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crossier; a barrel of Apples and a box of Dates, Mr. E. M. Tucker; a sack of Potatoes, Mr. T. Summerford; 10 sacks of Potatoes, 10 sacks of Turnips, Mr. Hogbin; a case of Oranges, Mr. J. S. Smith; a case of Oranges, Mr. Vickery; a sack of Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; a sack of Flour, Mr. Russell; Turkey, Mr. C. F. Allison; a case of Oranges, Mr. E. Newman; 5 cwt. Fruit Preserve, Messrs. S. Chivers and Sons; 3 casks of Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer; 2 Geese, Mr. E. Taylor; a Christmas Cake, Miss Morris; a case of Oranges, Mr. J. D. Doulton; a barrel of Apples, Mr. T. Draithwaite; a box of Raisins, "One up from the Country"; a bag of Cabbages, Mr. J. Walker; 250 boxes of Figs, Mr. Harrison; a Turkey, Mr. Wayne; a Goose, Mrs. Tinniswood; 25 Cakes, Messrs. Peek, Frenn, and Co.; 102 lbs. Cake, H. Philcox; a Turkey, Mr. Tubby; 360 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a sack of Flour, Mr. T. Collins; 3 qrs. 5 lbs. Bath Chaps, Mr. H. S. Case; 3 Tongues, Messrs. Mills Bros.; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Mr. Stevens.

CLOTHING.—16 Flannel Shirts, the "Ladies' Orphan Mission," per Mrs. Harvey; 38 Night Shirts and 6 Towels, The Children's Sewing Circle, Down's Chapel, per Mrs. Davies; 26 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. H. Smith; 6 pairs Blankets, Miss Harrison; 47 Boys' Garments, Mr. J. S. Smith; 4 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. G. R. Smith; 9 Shirts and 7 pairs Socks, Mrs. Bartholomew and Friends; 240 Collars, 240 Handkerchiefs, the Misses Dransfield; a parcel of Left-off Clothing, A. G. G.; 1 dozen Ties, Anon.; 8 Night Shirts and 4 Day Shirts, Mrs. Sowton.

GENERAL.—A Scripture Quilt, Mrs. Phillips; 12 numbers magazine "Onward," Mrs. Harrison; 4 boxes Soap Powder, Cx. Cx.; a Penny each to all the Orphans, a Friend, per Mr. James Spurgeon; 74 vols. "Olney Hymns," 34 Books, and a quantity of Christmas and New Year Cards, the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, per Rev. Dr. Manning; 44 pieces of Sponge, 20 Brushes, and some pieces of Leather, Mr. Spratley; 500 "Carols and Chimes," and 12 "Our Folks," Rev. C. Bullock; 3 gross Somebody's Luggage, and 3 gross Prize Packets, Mr. Pascall; 9 boxes Mixed Sweets, Mr. Tuckett; a packet of Scripture Texts, Mr. R. Ryall; 250 New Shillings for the Children, J. D., per Mr. William Harrison.

FOR SALE ROOM.—42 Articles, Mr. Barnes; 18 Bible-markers, Mrs. Rees Wellington; a Silk Scarf, Mrs. A. West; 2 Antinucassars, Miss Everett; a Toilet Cover, a Set of Toilet Mats, a Baby's Knitted Jacket, Mrs. Bartholomew; 6 Servants' Caps, 1 Lace Mat, 2 Wool ditto, 1 Silk Scarf, 2 Neck Frills, 3 pairs Cuffs, 1 Work Box, 1 Apron, Mrs. Seaman.

List of Presents (Girls' Division).—CLOTHING.—21 Chemises, 23 Neckties, Miss Reynolds; 20 yards material for Petticoats, 2 pairs Stockings, 3 Aprons, 7 Woolen Wraps, 1 Petticoat, 1 Waterproof, 4 Jackets, Mrs. Bartholomew and Friends; 12 Chemises, 6 Skirts, Mrs. Watts; 12 Chemises, E. C.; 6 Chemises, 6 Night Dresses, S. Barlow; 4 Chemises, 6 pairs Drawers, 1 Night Dress, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Met. Tab., per Miss Higgs; 2 Vests, 2 pairs Drawers, 4 Chemises, 5 Scarves, 4 pairs Cuffs, 2 Pocket-handkerchiefs, 1 pair Stockings, "Bervie"; 18 pairs Cuffs, 20 Woolen Scarves and Ties, Met. Tab. Day Schools; 4 Flannel Petticoats, 2 Chemises, 26 pairs Cuffs, Young Ladies, South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, per Miss Fisher; 7 Chemises, 3 pairs Stays, Miss Marshall; 5 Flannel Petticoats, 3 Woolen Petticoats, 4 Serge Petticoats, 2 Linsey Petticoats, 5 Pinafores, 1 pair Drawers, 6 Chemises, 2 pairs Stockings, 6 Stays, 18 yards Calico, Mrs. Stiff's Class; 6 Chemises, 7 Petticoats, 2 Flannel Petticoats, 2 Vests, 6 Stays, 2 pairs Stockings, 1 pair Drawers, 1 pair Cuffs, Sunday-school Scholars, Foots' Cray, Kent; 4 Petticoats, 4 Chemises, 4 Pinafores, 6 skeins Crochet Cotton, 6 Crochet Hooks, Miss Catchpole; 7 Dresses, 4 Petticoats, 4 Crochet Petticoats, 13 Pinafores, 12 Chemises, 1 pair Drawers, 2 Night Dresses, 3 pairs Stays, 3 pairs Stockings, 4 Scarves, 6 Pocket-handkerchiefs, 10 pairs Cuffs, a few Friends, Clarendon Chapel, Leamington, per

Miss Sater; 6 Day Shirts, 1 Night Shirt, 6 pairs Knitted Socks, 2 Flannel Petticoats, 6 Chemises, 15 Pinnafores, 5 pairs Cuffs, 1 Bag, 7 Knitted Petticoats, Mrs. E. Brown; 1 Chemise, Miss Luff; 12 Flannel Petticoats, Mrs. Anderson, per Miss Withers; 11 Chemises, Miss Harper; 7 Skirts, Mrs. Bealby; 4 Pinfores, 16 Chemises, Young Women's Bible Class, Foots' Cray, Kent.
 GENERAL:—Fruited Oil Painting, "Mr. Spurgeon's Birth-place," Mrs. Willis; 1 large Doll, 4 small Dolls, 3 Cards, 6 Blotters, 1 Bible, 1 Toy House, Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class; 3 Boxes Bon-bons, Mr. W. Olney; box useful Presents and Toys, Mr. T. H. Olney; a box sundry articles—Christmas Presents, Misses Drumhead; a number of Articles for Christmas Tree, Miss Descroix; Pictures and Scrap-book, Mrs. Robson; a Packet of Scripture Texts, Mr. R. Ryall.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 14th, 1880, to January 14th, 1881.

	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Collected by Miss Crocker, in Nether			An Orphan ...		0 10 0
Yeadon and Calcutta ...	0	5 6	James, Spencer, and Maude Blyth ...		0 10 0
E. W. C., Rawdon ...	0	2 0	Mr. James Clark, jun., per Pastor W.		
S. E. W. ...	0	2 6	Williams ...	10	10 0
Miss M. Penston ...	0	10 6	A lover of Jesus ...		0 5 0
Mr. S. Tompkins ...	0	10 0	"My tobacco allowance" ...		0 4 0
Mr. A. H. Scard ...	0	2 6	An invalid, Clapham Park ...		0 2 6
Mrs. Graham ...	1	0 0	Mrs. Dr. Maclean ...		1 0 0
Mr. H. J. Tubb, Texas ...	0	14 0	Mr. D. Curl, Praise-offering ...		1 1 0
R. L., Coombe ...	0	10 0	Specimen of new Postal Orders ...		0 10 0
A Widow, per Mary Spurrier ...	0	2 6	Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson ...		2 10 0
Miss Woolfe ...	10	10 0	Mr. C. Allard ...		0 10 0
"My tobacco allowance" ...	0	4 0	Mr. F. Ritchie, for the late Miss		
"In memory of a beloved one" ...	1	1 0	Edwin ...	15	0 0
Mr. W. Graham ...	1	0 0	A. J. H. ...	600	0 0
Mr. James C. Robertson ...	0	2 6	Mrs. Brookes ...		5 0 0
Mr. J. Scirwright ...	2	0 0	Three Arniston Miners ...		0 10 0
Mrs. Hutchison ...	0	10 0	Miss S. L. Donaldson ...		0 7 0
Executrix of the late Mrs. H. J. Perkins,			Mr. A. H. Scard ...		0 5 0
of Hastings ...	45	0 0	A poor woman ...		0 2 6
Mrs. Bax's Bible Class ...	2	10 0	Five per cent. on earnings, E. Porter ...	1	10 6
Mr. W. Mathewson ...	20	0 0	Collected for "The Reading		
Flornie, Harrie, and Minnie	0	6 0	House" by Miss Nellie		
Mrs. George Hilton ...	0	3 0	Withers, Reading:—		
Mr. James Yeates ...	0	2 6	Profits from the Reading		
E. A. H. ...	0	10 0	Market Book Stall, per		
B. H. ...	0	10 0	G. E. ...	5	5 0
Mr. Owen Clover ...	1	0 0	Mr. W. Moore ...	2	2 0
Mrs. Storey ...	0	10 0	"Home Farm," per Mr. A.		
Miss H. Fells ...	0	5 0	Smith ...	1	0 0
Elizabeth Grundy ...	0	2 0	Mr. E. Harvey ...	0	10 6
Stamps ...	0	3 0	H. B. W. ...		0 10 0
Stamps ...	0	0 6	Mrs. George W. Palmer ...		0 10 0
D. F., Port Elphinstone ...	0	2 6	Mrs. Ravenscroft ...		0 10 0
A. H. ...	0	5 0	Miss Bissell ...		0 10 0
N. H. ...	0	2 6	W. and T. W. ...		0 10 0
Miss M. Hunt ...	0	5 0	Mr. W. Poulton ...		0 10 0
M. A. E. ...	0	5 0	Mr. R. Oakshott ...		0 10 0
Mrs. M. Towasend ...	0	10 0	Mr. J. Boorne ...		0 10 0
Mrs. Cook ...	1	0 0	A Friend ...		0 10 0
Miss Cook ...	1	0 0	Mrs. Hammond ...		0 10 0
A Macclesfield Sunday School Class ...	0	15 0	Mrs. Hampton ...		0 10 0
Annie (Half-yearly Subscription) ...	0	5 0	Nellie Withers ...		0 10 0
Bessie Moir ...	0	1 0	Mr. R. P. King ...		0 5 0
Proceeds of Children's Bazaar at Rev.			C. S. ...		0 5 0
H. Stowell Brown's, for "The Liver-	8	4 0	Mrs. Ward ...		0 5 0
pool House" ...	1	0 0	Mrs. Collier ...		0 5 0
Mrs. Hilgendorf, New Zealand ...	1	0 0	Mrs. J. Davis ...		0 2 6
A few poor friends, Tunbridge Wells,			C. B. ...		0 2 6
less 8d. paid for registration ...	0	9 4			
Help ...	1	0 0			16 2 6
W. D. K. ...	3	0 0	Mr. W. Vinson ...		10 0 0
Miss Maggie Kempt ...	0	2 0	B. H., Malmesbury ...		0 1 6
Miss Cruickshank ...	0	2 0	Mrs. Easton ...		1 1 0
Miss E. J. B. ...	0	7 0	Jane Wovles ...		0 10 0
Mr. Allen ...	0	10 0	Mr. Dean ...		0 5 0
Mr. S. Warbis ...	0	5 0			
Sophy and Mary ...	0	4 6	Annual Subscription:		
Collected by Miss Pattie Bomford			Miss Burls ...		0 10 0
Mr. John Martin ...	1	0 0			
Proceeds of Children's Bazaar organized			Quarterly Subscriptions—Per F. R. T.:		
by Miss Mary Jane Ashton ...	0	17 0	A. A. T. ...		0 5 0
A. M. ...	0	3 0	"Amica" ...		0 5 0
H. E. S., towards "Trustees' House" ...	500	0 0	F. R. T. ...		0 5 0
Mr. Henry Bradley ...	1	0 0			0 15 0
Mrs. Thomas Waters ...	5	0 0			
					£1291 6 4

Colporteur Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1880, to January 14th, 1881.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>	£	s.	d.		<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>	£	s.	d.
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0		E. D.	0	5	0
Cinderford and Bowlash District, per Rev. W. L. Mayo	2	10	0		A Friend, per Mr. Mizen	0	1	0
Hadleigh District, per Mr. J. Cook	10	0	0		Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea District	10	0	0		S. E. W.	0	2	6
Islington District, per Rev. F. A. Jones	10	0	0		Mr. H. G. Fisher	1	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission, per S. W. Page, Esq.	7	10	0		Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Minchinhampton District, per Rev. H. Kidner	10	0	0		W. P.	0	5	0
Southern Baptist Association	65	0	0		Mr. E. Coulson	3	0	0
Ringwood District	10	0	0		Mrs. C. Tinker	2	0	0
Bower Chalk District, per Mr. J. S. Hockey	7	0	0		Mr. D. Heelas	2	0	0
Repton and Newton Solney District, per E. S.	10	0	0		E. A. H.	0	10	0
Eythorne District	7	10	0		A. N.	0	2	6
Orpington District:—					Mrs. M. Townsend... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Allison's Women's Bible-class	9	19	10		Miss Gough	0	2	6
M. A. H. (quarterly sub.)	5	0	0		Help	1	0	0
					Mr. John Carrington	0	10	0
Malmesbury District, per Rev. J. L. Phillips	10	0	0		Mrs. Stockford	0	2	6
T. Greenwood, Esq., for Brentford	40	0	0		Miss Spliedt... ..	1	0	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne	10	0	0		Thankoffering for Colporteur's Visit	0	2	6
Gloucester and Hereford Association, Ross District	7	10	0		Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
Mrs. R. Clark, for Cheddar	5	0	0		A. H. J.	0	10	6
					W. P.	1	18	0
£246 19 10					Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	10	0	0
					<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
					Messrs. Cassell, Pelter, and Co.	2	2	0
					Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	6
					Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton	2	2	0
					Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
					Miss Penstone	0	10	6
					E. B. (Quarterly)	25	0	0
					Mr. Blundstone (Half-yearly)	0	10	0
					£57 12 0			

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1880, to January 14th, 1881.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>	£	s.	d.		<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>	£	s.	d.
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6		E. D.	0	4	0
Balance of Collection after Services held by Mr. Burnham, at Charlton Kings	2	0	0		Mr. Tubby	1	0	0
A. N.	0	2	6		Mr. William Casson	0	10	0
B.	1	0	0		Mr. H. W. Butler	2	2	0
Mrs. M. Townsend	0	5	0		Mrs. Mansergh	0	10	0
Mr. W. J. Wilkes	5	0	0		Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0		Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen	20	0	0
Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0		Mrs. S.	10	0	0
Balance of Collection at Southwood Lane, Highgate, per Mr. Burnham... ..	2	0	0		£46 18 6			

£10 received by Mr. Spurgeon from J. M. was divided between two poor ministers.

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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1880.

RECEIPTS.			PAYMENTS.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,880	0 0	By Salaries	1,494	12 3
„ Donations	3,153	7 8	„ Board and Lodging ..	4,265	15 2
„ Collections by Students ...	409	12 6	„ Clothing	168	19 7
„ Interest on Balance with Bankers	40	12 1	„ Lighting, cleaning, and warming ...	206	16 1
			„ Books, Printing, Stationery, and Office disbursements ...	190	17 4
			„ Books to Students on leaving	163	2 3
			„ Preaching Stations,—Home Mission Work and New Chapels ...	582	4 11
			„ Annual Conference,—Travelling, Hire of Materials, Labour, and Decorations	348	14 1
			„ Furniture and Fittings	68	10 4
Total Receipts ...	5,483	12 3	Total Payments	7,489	12 0
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1880 ...	3,521	18 10	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1880 ...	1,515	19 1
	£9,005	11 1		£9,005	11 1

JAMES A. SPURGEON, }
W. C. MURRELL, } *Finance Committee.*
JOSEPH PASSMORE. }

Audited and approved, January 20th, 1881.

B. WILDON CARR, }
WM. P. OLNEY, } *Auditors.*
WILLIAM PAYNE. }

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1880.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations, as published in the "Sword and Trowel" ...	441	18	8	By Salaries of the three Evangelists ...	637	13	5
„ Contributions by Churches visited by Evangelists ...	437	14	7	„ Travelling Expenses to and from places visited ...	100	0	0
				„ Printing, &c. ...	4	8	0
Total Receipts	£879	11	3	Total Payments ...	£742	1	5
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1880 ...	66	14	6	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1880 ...	204	4	4
	£946	5	9		£946	5	9

JAMES A. SPURGEON, }
 W. C. MURRELL, } *Finance Committee.*
 JOSEPH PASSMORE. }

Audited and approved, January 20th, 1881. {
 B. WILDON CARR, } *Auditors.*
 W. M. P. OLNEY, }
 WILLIAM PAYNE. }

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

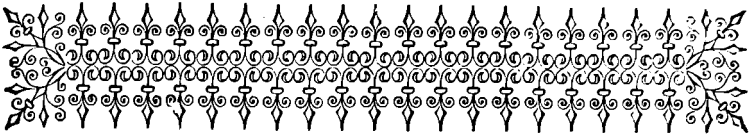
Account for the Year 1880.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1880	23	16	By Loans to Churches:—	...	300	0
„ Repayments of Loans	1,366	14	Peckham Park Road	50	0
				Cheam
				„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1880	1,040	10
	£1,390	10	10		£1,390	10	10

Loans outstanding, 31st December, 1880 £ 4,037 0 1
 Cash Balance in hand, 31st December, 1880 1,040 10 10
 Total amount of the Fund £5,077 10 11

THOMAS H. OLNEY, }
Treasurer. }

Audited and approved, January 20th, 1881. {
 JAMES A. SPURGEON, } *Auditors.*
 WILLIAM PAYNE. }



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1881.

Preach Christ in a Christly Manner.

AN ADDRESS BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED AT THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.



THOMAS Aquinas and others wrote commentaries upon the works of Peter the Lombard, who was surnamed *Magister Sententiarum*, or the Master of the Sentences. I will for a while join these schoolmen, and discourse upon a sentence. I know not whence it came, but it is floating in my brain; here it is: "PREACH CHRIST IN A CHRISTLY MANNER." It comes to me in association with another, "*Preach the cross in a crucified style*," an equally weighty word, which we may handle at another time. Ministers of the gospel, let Christ be your *subject*, and let Christ be your *model*: find in him not only the truth you utter, but the way and life of your utterance.

As for Christ's being our subject, I have spoken upon that theme so many times that there is the less need on this occasion to dwell upon it at any length. What other topic can engross a Christian minister's attention? He is certainly untrue to him who called him if he puts his Master into any but the chief seat, or overshadows him with other themes. Whatever else you leave out, let Christ Jesus never be forgotten. Preach all that you know about Christ—all that you have learned from the Scriptures, all that you have experienced at his hands, all that his Spirit has enabled you to perceive and enjoy. "Not a bone of him shall be broken": set him forth in his entirety. Give each of his doctrines a fair share of your attention, for blessed are they who keep his sayings. Preach all that Christ set forth in his life; all that he commanded, all that he did, all that he suffered, and all that he was. Is not this range enough, even for those who, like Solomon, have "largeness of heart

even as the sand which is on the sea-shore"? What a work is before you if you preach all that Jesus was as to his person, offices, relationships, works, and triumphs. The central sun of your whole system must be his glorious sacrifice for sin. As the starry cross holds the chief place among the southern constellations, so let it be the main glory of your ministry. Let there be no muddle nor mixture about the doctrine of substitution; say plainly that "he was made a curse for us," that he bare the iniquities of his people, and died "the just for the unjust to bring us to God." Set before the people not only Christ, but Christ *crucified*, and when you are engaged upon the work, not only *preach* him in a dull, didactic manner, but, by a lively, spiritual, earnest, hearty mode of address, set him forth "before their eyes evidently crucified among them." You can never grow weary of this subject; it is an inexhaustible fountain of wonder; angels desire to look into it, and glorified spirits fall down in adoration as they think of it. Like a fair landscape, it will grow upon you; and the more you look into it the more you will see in it. God fed his people for forty years with manna, and it was only their lust which made them long for flesh: their every-day diet was all that they really needed, and all that God ever gave them in love,—the quails were sent in anger. The gospel is manna, human speculations are but flying fowl, and often does it happen to those who feed thereon that, while the meat is yet in their mouths, the wrath of God comes upon them. We are not authorized to hand out anything but the bread which came down from heaven, and the true Israel will never weary of it. If the mixed multitude sigh for the leeks, and garlic, and onions of Egyptian philosophy, let them buy their provender at the stall of the nearest "intellectual preacher," but as for you, I beseech you, deal in nothing but the bread of life. Nothing else will stand you in such good stead for profitable discourses as the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing else will keep a congregation in a gracious condition. Nothing else will win souls. Nothing else will bring you a soft pillow when you are nearing your last account. Let your motto be, "None but Christ."

But my sentence bids us *preach Christ in a Christly manner*. Every piece of music has its own proper key, and the proper pitch for the gospel is to be found in the gospel itself. Every man should speak in his own tongue, and we must let the gospel speak its own language and use its own tone. "Never man spake like this man," and this is the man whose speech it best becomes us to copy, if we would prove to men that we are his disciples. How, then, did Christ preach? I cannot attempt to describe his style and manner at length; but here are a few hints.

Did he not preach *most solemnly*? There was weight about every word that he said, meaning in every gesture, force in every tone. He was never a trifler, he did not show off his abilities nor aim at winning applause: he was in solemn, self-forgetting earnest. His accents were those of conviction, his voice was as the voice of God, his very attitudes pleaded with men. What shall I say of him? Oh, that we could speak always as in the presence of God as he did! O that we came fresh from prevailing with the Father in prayer, to prevail with men in preaching, then should we work the works of him that sent us.

Although our Lord always spoke solemnly, yet never drearily, there

is a pleasant interest about his words, for he preached glad tidings *joyfully*. It was evidently his meat and his drink to do the will of him that sent him. He delighted in his ministry, and in it he found refreshment. I cannot imagine our Saviour during those three years wearing the aspect of one who was tired of his work, or as speaking merely because he was expected to do so, in a dull, monotonous, lifeless manner. His heart was in his sermons, and parables, and gracious talks; he loved to be God's ambassador, and would not have exchanged his office to rule empires. He would not be diverted from his life's great mission, and when other work was set before him, he said, "Who made me a judge or a divider over you?" O men of the world, how could you invite him to such a task? Wist ye not that he must be about his Father's business? He said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." He found a satisfaction in his mission so great that even for the most painful part of it he sighed, saying, "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" God forbid, my brethren, that we should ever say of our pulpit or pastoral work, "What a weariness it is!" For in it the joy of the Lord is our strength, and our love to our service will be the life of it by God's grace. Let us joy in our high vocation, and never follow it as if we had made a mistake, and would be glad to rectify it by getting out of the ministry if we dared. Let your joy in your service impart an interest to your discourses, making them fragrant with the peace which reigns in your own soul. "The fruit of the Spirit is joy:" let your hearers see many a specimen of that fruit in your sermons. Preach Christ from the constraints of love, or not at all. Your Lord was no slavish herald, forced to unwilling labour, and he will not have his gospel of liberty proclaimed by hirelings, who have no delight in their message.

Our Lord Jesus also preached very *meekly*. Gentleness was an eminent characteristic of his manner, for he was himself meek and lowly in heart, stooping to the lowest of men without appearing to condescend, taking the little children in his arms and blessing them, and doing it so naturally that you might admire but could not wonder. He did not speak to the poor and ignorant like a very great man, who was so very high up that he had to come down a great many steps to them; but he addressed them as a friend, and entreated them as a brother. "Then drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him," because there was no affectation of superiority about him. He had no need to assume the airs of superior purity, for the superior purity was really there. He lovingly cried, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We must try to possess his meek and quiet spirit, for he says to us especially, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart." We carry his cross, let us copy his lowliness. Of him it was written, "He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench." Contention and strife were not for him, he was the Preacher and the Prince of Peace. Scolding in the pulpit, bitterness in conversation, asperity of manner, and domineering over others are not for us, for they are not Christly things.

Yet if we preach Christ in a Christly way we must preach him *courageously*. There was nothing cowardly about our Lord, no shirking or shrinking, no cultivation of soft speech to win favour from men. He was never anxious to cut the gospel diamond into a shape which should please the taste of the period. He was brave as a lion though gentle as a lamb; keen as the surgeon's knife, though tender as a mother's hand. How bravely he rebuked the sins of the Pharisees! He never trembled before any of his hearers, not even when they took up stones again to stone him; nor, what is sometimes harder to avoid, did he flinch when he was in the midst of his own acquaintance, and, like every other preacher, was without honour among his own countrymen; for he came unto his own and his own received him not, but took him to the top of the hill on which their city was built that they might cast him down headlong. I never heard anybody say that our Lord was brave, because the remark would be altogether superfluous: there is a cool, calm, self-possession about Jesus which it would be hard to match in the life of any other man. He does not brace and rouse himself up to heroism, he is always a hero; but it is always in a way so natural to him that his grandest actions seem only such as you would expect from so sublime a nature. It is the natural calmness of his heart which makes Christ's life so serenely brave. Be you like him. Never go into the pulpit timidly, so as to be afraid of men's faces, lest you be put to shame before them; but, without uttering or feeling defiance, confront the multitude on God's behalf with the fearlessness which becomes the ambassador of God. If what you say be of God, say it out like a man; nay, rather like "the Son of man."

Recollect that one point of Christ's style was his *simplicity of language*. He used great plainness of speech. Though under one aspect of truth it may be said that he veiled his meaning under parabolic curtains so that men did not see it, yet the veil was so thin that those who desired to see the light did see it all the better for that veil, which did but make the light more suitable for feeble eyes. If his gospel was hid it was hid to them that were lost; for now that with opened eyes we read the New Testament we see in it most clearly the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Certainly Jesus had no preference for hard words. You do not find him puzzling his hearers with the terms of the schools or the refinings of the scribes; his language was such that the common people heard him gladly. I wonder what our Lord would have done with some of the books translated from the German with which we have been favoured in past years. Devour stones and grind granite rocks between your teeth, and then hope to feed upon some of the great thoughts of the learned mystifiers of the age, whose thought-creation is chaos, and whose word-utterance is as darkness itself. "Brethren," said a negro preacher, "I am going to confound a chapter to you." Verily, I say unto you, that is what too many critics are doing; their explanations explain away the Scriptures: they hide the wisdom of God behind the foolishness of men. Jesus, the light of the world, was most luminous in his style. Had he been an Englishman I am sure that he would have drawn his language from the pure well of English undefiled, sparkling with Saxon idiom, dear to the people. Always preach with clearness of thought and word. If you are learned

men, to whom Greek and Latin studies are familiar delights, save your classics for yourselves and your fellow collegians; but give the people words which can be readily understood: you will do so if your scholarship has brought you real wisdom. Your shallow scholar, like a scantily flowing brook, reveals every glittering grain which lies within it; but where we find depth and fulness the pure current of the water of life alone is seen, and even pearls and sands of gold lie undiscovered below. Preachers of the age of Thomas Adams and Lancelot Andrewes bespattered their periods with Latin phrases, till one hardly knows whether they were preaching to Romans or to Britons; and this reprehensible practice is but an exaggeration of a habit which is found among certain divines at this hour, which leads them to quote metaphysical passages from Tennyson and hard sayings from Carlyle, as if they were royal dainties for believing minds. Not that I plead for the rags or nakedness of mental poverty: let goodly truth be arrayed in fit apparel; but I decry the Babylonish garment and the meretricious finery with which some would disguise the virgin daughter of Zion. Aspire to be understood rather than to be admired. Seek not to produce a wondering but an instructed audience. Obscurity more befits the Delphic shrine than the oracles of God. Be as plain as a pikestaff in your doctrine and clear as the sun in the heavens in your gospel. Let there be nothing difficult about what you preach, except that which naturally and inevitably surrounds truths of surpassing sublimity and spirituality.

Yet, while our blessed Lord preached very plainly and simply, you must remember that there was much *instruction* in every discourse. I have heard the expression "simple gospel" used by persons who seemed themselves to be simple enough by nature, and far beyond the necessity of making violent efforts in that direction. I do not believe in a *simple* gospel which is suited for simpletons because there is nothing in it. Let your teaching be clear as crystal, but deep as the sea. Our congregations are not to be treated as if they were the infant classes of a Sunday-school. Foundation truths are to be taught frequently; but there must be building up as well. Let there be real teaching in what you have to say, or you will create dissatisfaction among your best hearers. The notion that we have only to cry, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," and repeat for ever the same simplicities, will be fatal to a continuous ministry over one people if we attempt to carry it out. The evangelical party in the Church of England was once supreme; but it lost very much power through the weakness of its thought, and its evident belief that pious platitudes could hold the ear of England. If you knew that as much gold as could be purchased for three-halfpence had been beaten out so as to cover a ten-acre field, you would not be surprised if people said that the metal was rather thin; yet such was the quantity of thought to be found in many "evangelical" books and sermons. I have seen enough of the writings of one or two evangelical bishops not long deceased to wonder how they came to be printed, much less sold; for there is really nothing in them. It was, I suppose, the proper thing to purchase such books and set them on the shelf, and therefore they obtained a sale; but what an imposition upon the public! Can anyone tell me why Archbishop Sumner's comments were ever submitted to the press?

Did weakness of thought ever reach a deeper degree of imbecility? I conceive that, by giving the people mere pap and milk-and-water, our brethren lost their vantage ground, and gave the Ritualist and Broad Churchman an opportunity of which they readily availed themselves. Leave off thinking and you may as well leave off preaching. Our Lord Jesus was no repeater of a parrot cry: the poor had the gospel preached to them; but it was not a poor gospel. What condensed thought he uttered! What massive, masterly expressions he used: such as, "I am the way, the truth, and the life"; or that other grand announcement, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." A fulness dwelt in him, and fulness therefore flowed from him. His was no shadow of empty oratory; he gave to men the substance of eternal blessing. In simple language he proclaimed infinite mysteries, and none who heard him could say that he ever wasted time with barren words, or poured forth vain repetitions of worn-out phrases. Do, brethren, be as solid in matter as you are simple in manner; let your apples be apples of gold, and the baskets, baskets of silver; no wild crabs thrown into hampers will suffice for the service of the Great King.

There was also in the Saviour's preaching a *wonderful mixture of devotion*. He might have prayed his sermons; he did pray *in* his sermons; his sermons were the result of his prayers, and were followed by his prayers. His public discourses were the children of his midnight devotions; they were born in the morning, but he travailed with them all night, and agonised until they were brought forth. This is the way to preach. Pray the divine message into yourself, and then preach it out of yourself. Speak with God for men, and then speak with men for God. To turn from prayer to preaching and from preaching again to prayer was most natural with Jesus; when he was alone with God his heart was pleading for men, and when he was in the midst of the throng his soul was pleading for God. He was always with God, and God was always with him. You never find him for a single moment in a condition in which he was not fit to deal with men's souls, for you never find him out of communion with God.

The only other remark I will now make is that the distinguishing trait in the Saviour's preaching was *his love*. He had an intense affection for his hearers. He had no need to say so, for he looked it, he spoke it, he lived it, he died to prove it. He was incarnate love, and his preaching was his heart set to words. Some men seem to be incarnate dignity. Christ was dignified; yet men saw more of his affection than of his glory. Some men are like embodied tempests. Oh, how they storm! But God is not in the wind, and he is not often in the fire: the still, small voice of tender love is usually the medium of divine communication. I have known brethren who have appeared to take for their example, not Jesus, but the prophet Jonah; and these would seem to care more for their ministerial honour than for the fate of men. They have a sharp, short, spiritual bark about them, as if they suspected everybody, and most of all those who came to confess their faith in Christ. A churlish and cynical manner is by no means uncommon among men; but Jesus was full of love both in heart and manner, and he would have his ministers to be intensely affectionate to their flocks. He desired men to become his followers for their good, and when they

rejected him his great grief was because *they were losing the blessing* which would have come to them if they had received him as their Saviour. I do not know that I should point to any one sermon and say, "How loving our Lord was in that"; but I would bid you look at the whole of his ministry, and tell me where was ever such devoted love to men. When he has to speak sternly, as well as at every other time, his tenderness is apparent. He laments even while he condemns. If Jerusalem must be doomed, its sentence is pronounced by a voice that is choked for utterance. He bathes the furbished sword in a flood of tears. Nay, he went far beyond weeping, for he was ready to die, and did die, to finish the work which he had undertaken for our sakes. In some sense he was dying throughout the whole of his career, looking forward to death, shut up for death within his own spirit, dying daily for those whom he loved. In such a spirit let us proclaim the gospel of the loving God.

Thus, my beloved brethren, I hold up to you Jesus Christ as the model preacher. I hold up no man beside, and I earnestly advise you never to become slavish copyists of any living preachers. Do you reply that you need a living teacher? I reply that Jesus is a living model; for, blessed be God, he ever liveth. There is also this choice advantage about him, that he is an accessible model; for at all times we may sit at his feet. What is equally important, he is an inimitable model, and not as certain among us, whom it would be ridiculous to copy. Many good men I despair of imitating; but the character of Jesus can be transcribed upon the pages of our own lives. You may find faults in all other preachers, for the best of men are men at the best; but there are no flaws, eccentricities, or infirmities in him, for he is perfection. You may regard the ablest of preachers as your beacons as well as your guiding-lights; but in Jesus you will find nothing to avoid, and everything to admire. Preach Christ, then, in a Christly way, and you shall enter into your Master's joy, and share in your Master's glory at the last.

What Agnosticism leads to.

MANY of you have heard that wondrous opening passage of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in which the musician tries to represent the despair of a whole people perishing from thirst, a despair which finds vent for a while in sullen, restless murmuring, until at length, gathering a terrible cumulative strength, it bursts forth almost appallingly in cries of heartrending and importunate agony. So can I imagine the voice of a deceived and terror-stricken humanity, having sought in vain to slake its thirst at the dry wells of modern positivism, sending upward at length to heaven the broken-hearted cry, "Give us back the Christ that we have lost." Away with the ghastly spectre, the hideous phantom, the "It" that has usurped his throne, and let us learn again to love and worship a God who is heart to heart.—*Bishop of Meath.*

A Brother's Dream; or, the False Refuge Destroyed.

AN APPEAL TO THE UNSAVED.

THOMAS S., when quite a youth, had a manly appearance, and grew to a good stature. He was also, what is much more important, a good young man—that is, he feared God, walked in his ways, made himself useful in the Sunday-school, and specially agreeable to all his fellow-teachers. He was beloved by his parents, especially by his mother, and had the affection of all his brothers. I believe he enjoyed life, and up to a certain point enjoyed religion. Up to a certain point, I said; for there was a deficiency, and within the last two years of his life he came to feel it, and very seriously, too. How the idea was first formed in his mind that his religion was not in all things what it ought to be I cannot tell, but so it was. Though he was amiable, devout, consistent, and sincere, it is more than likely that his mind was not so far illuminated as to the total ruin of our nature by sin, nor so fully enlightened as to the glorious completeness of the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ as was necessary to his entire trust in Jesus as his own Redeemer, and to that peace which flows from simple and absolute reliance on him. He became unhappy; everything seemed wrong within; he felt he wanted something, he hardly knew what, nor where and how to obtain it. Perhaps the preaching under which he sat was somewhat at fault in not giving sufficient prominence to the great truth of justification by faith alone, and in not insisting with sufficient emphasis on the work of the Holy Spirit in conversion and sanctification. At any rate, he became more and more dissatisfied with himself, and more restless and unhappy.

One night he had a strange dream. Of old, when there were no Bibles, and especially in places where there were few religious ordinances, and those somewhat obscure as to their meaning, God visited the children of men by dreams in the night. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction." How he may work now, where the Bible and the ordinances of the gospel are still unknown, we cannot tell; but ordinarily God does not employ dreams where the means of grace are plentiful and easy of access. Yet it would be rash to say he never does. The dream of T. S. came partly through the confused state of his mind, yet it contained such instruction, and conveyed to him such a lesson, that the hand of the Lord was plainly to be seen in it.

He dreamed, then, that while he was walking about in a bewildered, unhappy state of mind, he saw an aged woman with a cross-handled basket, such as hawkers of small wares carry in the country, and strangely enough she was calling, "Who wants to buy any religion? Who wants to buy any religion?" His ear caught the sound, and with eagerness he responded, "I do; I do." A bargain was struck, and a large purchase effected. The "religion" he had bought proved to be

nothing more nor less than a great number of props, which he placed as directed so as to prop himself up all round, on every one of the props some duty being inscribed which he was faithfully to perform. He felt some satisfaction in his new acquisition, but this was of brief continuance, as in a very short space of time he discerned in the distance a large fire, which lighted up the horizon, and seemed to be rapidly spreading and increasing, coming nearer and yet nearer to him, and consuming everything in its approach. He was alarmed and terrified at the dreadful sight, but still more so as it approached so near as to set fire to his props, and thus threatened to destroy him. But just as the fire was ready to consume him, and as his last prop was giving way, he saw in his dream one like unto the Son of man, with countenance mild and sweet, and an expression full of love and tenderness, and as he seemed to be in the act of falling, the blessed One stretched forth his hand, and laid hold of him, saying, "I will hold you up." Then he awoke, and, behold, it was a dream. But a deep impression was made on his mind, and one important step was made in advance: he had not got what he wanted, but he knew what he needed, and from whom it must come.

One evening, not long after this, he went to hear a strange minister, who took a strange text, and preached a strange kind of sermon; indeed, all things seemed strange. The text had a rather terrible sound: "And the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies" (Isa. xxviii. 17). He thought of his dream, and his props, and the fire which destroyed them, and seemed so near destroying him. And the more he thought, the more the text and the dream seemed as one; and as the preacher went on, he showed what vain refuges man makes in which to secure himself from the consequences of his sin, and to protect himself against the just judgment of God, instead of trusting in Christ alone for salvation; and how God, in the case of all who are taught and led by the Holy Spirit, destroys the false refuges, and leaves the poor anxious soul for a while stripped, defenceless, and helpless, that he may indeed and in truth learn the truth of David's earnest prayer: "From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I" (Psalm lxi. 2). This seemed to be his case. He had not given his whole heart to Christ, nor reposed in his finished salvation with the full confidence of his soul, as the sinner must do before he can realize his acceptance with God, and the undoubted witness of the Spirit as the seal of adopting love.

The incidents of his dream seemed now a solemn reality, and as he became more clear as to his former mistakes, he grew more hopeful and yet more anxious as to the future. The work of enlightenment and disentanglement, begun by one preacher, was furthered by another, and he was led to a clear view of the way of salvation, and of his own acceptance in Christ Jesus. Thus all his false props were destroyed, and he realized by happy experience the upholding hand of his Saviour, who delivered him from so great a death, and, while destroying the false refuges, led him to the true refuge, the Rock of Ages. The words of the immortal hymn, which have instructed and comforted thousands of anxious souls, became both his prayer and his song, as he passed on towards the heavenly Zion with everlasting joy upon his head:—

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.”

Now, indeed, he could sing, for he had learned the truth of the words by painful experience :—

“Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone :
 Thou must save, and thou alone.”

And now also he could, in self-renouncing faith and love, follow the current of the poet's thoughts :—

“Nothing in my hand I bring :
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
 Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

His journey after this was short, but his course was bright and happy, though dashed with domestic sorrow. He saw an elder brother pass away with songs of joyful confidence in Jesus' love ; he witnessed the merciful deliverance of the writer from an early grave, and then he himself put off this tabernacle of flesh. His end was sudden, but he was ready ; his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord as his only refuge and helper. Never shall I forget the dying scene. A slight cough poured forth the life blood, and in two or three minutes all was over of mortal conflict, sorrow, and sin ; he sank into the arms of his mother and his brother, and entered into the joy of his Lord. I see now the earnest look fixed on me for a moment as I entered the room, and then the steadfast, peaceful gaze upward into the brightness of the scene into which he was just entering. Forty years have fled since then, but all is as fresh as though only a few days had elapsed. Others have gone home to their rest to whom he was more than a brother and a friend ; they have blended their songs with those that ever surround the throne, while others are left below, but

“E'en now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before ;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.”

But the purpose of this paper is to urge the reader not to rest short of an entire trust in Jesus and him crucified, and especially to warn him against all false refuges. This is important, because false refuges, or refuges of lies, are so numerous, and because the heart of man is “deceitful above all things.” Deception as to matters of religion, and as to one's own state and standing before God, is, alas, sadly too common, and it behoves every one to examine himself as to his own state, and the grounds of his trust.

Not a few, like T. S., and some who afterwards became distinguished for the clearness and soundness of their faith in Christ, have been held back from true gospel liberty by imperfect or erroneous notions, which they were compelled to renounce when clearer light was vouchsafed them, and when God's "furnace in Zion" tested their work and revealed its imperfection. To rest in religious duties, or outward forms, or even in gospel ordinances, is about as foolish as to give one's faith to the pope, or trust in a heathen fetish.

The first necessity for every sinner is to flee to Christ for salvation in obedience to his call, "Come unto me." Dear reader, Christ calls *you*, calls you to go to him, to go to him at once, just as you are.

He bids you "take of the water of life freely," in other words, receive him as your substitute, as God's gift of love to you. Your thirsty soul may drink and be filled, for he has said, "If any man"—notice that, "any man"—"If *any man* thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." Human props will fail, as T. S. saw in his dream. Only Jesus himself can hold us up, and keep us secure, and present us faultless before the face of God. The fire will test our religion, sooner or later, and then that which is false will perish, and those who trust in it will be destroyed, if not plucked beforehand out of the fire. Cease, then, from working for salvation. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Believe on him, and you will receive the promise of the Spirit through faith; believe on him, and through the indwelling Spirit rivers of living water shall flow from your heart, in a life of holiness, of love, and trust and praise.

"Hallelujah! I believe!
Now no longer on my soul
All the debt of sin is lying;—
One great Friend has paid the whole!
Ice-bound fields of legal labour
I have left, with all their toil;
While the fruits of love are growing
From a new and genial soil.

"Hallelujah! I believe!
Now life's mystery is gone,
Gladly through its fleeting shadows,
To the end I journey on.
Through the tempest or the sunshine,
Over flowers or ruins led,
Still the path is *homeward* hasting,
Where all sorrow shall have fled."

R. S.

Care for the day sufficient.

WHEN Christ bade us limit our cares to the day that is passing over us, he consulted our natural quiet no less than our spiritual welfare; since the chief sources of most men's uneasiness are chagrin at what is past, and forebodings of what is to come. Whereas what is past ought to give us no uneasiness (except repentance for our faults), and whatever is to come ought much less to affect us, because with regard to us and our concerns it is not and perhaps never will be.—*From Bishop Horne's Aphorisms and Opinions.*

Ants and their Antics.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

SLUGGARDS are not the only persons who would do wisely to go to the ant and consider her ways. Diligence and perseverance certainly rank amongst the highest branches of the education she imparts, but there are other lessons to be learned in her academy; and if we do not confine our attention to the habits of the smaller and commoner sort, but inspect the working of their foreign relatives, the lessons multiply and vary.

The country from which I write (Queensland) affords special advantages for acquaintance with these interesting insects; for I suppose no other Australian colony can boast so many varieties. Here we have them of several colours, black and white and red; and of various dispositions, some quite harmless, others that sting, and certain sorts which, from their warlike character, are termed soldier and tiger ants. We must admit that this part of the world is well named the *Antipodes*, even if we cannot bring our minds to believe that it is so called in honour of the subjects of this paper. Each variety has its own peculiarities as to food and abode, and we might learn lessons from them all, but I can only mention one or two. Perhaps the most remarkable of the tribes is the white ant. I regret to add that I cannot give him a very good character, or point to him as a model for my readers; for he is celebrated chiefly for his destructive propensities.

The great majority of houses in Brisbane, and other Queensland towns, are constructed of wood, as being cheaper, more readily built, and withal more suitable to the climate of the colony. To this the white ant has no objection, as wood is his daily fare; nor does he hesitate to take up his abode in a newly-erected cottage, almost as soon as its owners themselves can feel at home in it. He and his confrères have a peculiar way of conducting their operations. They always work under cover of earth, which they convey to the scene of their depredations, and under a cleverly constructed tunnel of cemented earth they breakfast and lunch and dine, and have their supper off the beam or rafter they have besieged. I have often noticed the thin line of earth extending far up the trunk of a tree, and terminating sometimes in quite a mound of mould on an upper branch. On breaking into their passage-way, a mass of life is seen hard at work demolishing the old gum-tree which serves them as a home. Now, if these gentlemen would confine their operations to standing trees or fallen limbs, no one would say them "nay"; but when they intrude uninvited into the dwellings of human beings, no wonder they are voted nuisances. Various means are taken to prevent their incursions, but very seldom are they entirely successful. Houses are raised from the ground on piles. On the top of each post is fastened a projecting sheet of metal, over which the depredators will not pass; but as it is difficult to ensure that no wooden communication shall exist between the house and the ground, it often happens that a spot is left unguarded, and in a wonderfully short time the invading army is through the breach and overrunning the Australian's castle. I remember the case of one house with which every precaution was taken when first

erected. It was elevated so far above the ground that the owner thought well to give orders to a carpenter to erect between the piles a kind of cupboard for pots and pans. Unfortunately Mr. Chips seems to have forgotten the antics of our heroes, for he built the cupboard so that some small portion of it came in contact with the floor of that house. Shortly afterwards the householder came down to his sea-side residence, and found his domicile thickly populated, and evidently doomed. Complete possession had been gained by but a narrow entrance, and in a year or so it was necessary to refloor the building. Even then the foes were not exterminated, nor is it likely that they ever will be.

Now, I hardly see how I can urge my readers to follow the example of these devourers, unless, indeed, it were to embrace opportunities for doing good as readily as the ants do for destruction. It is their business and life-work to pillage and destroy, and they are certainly "diligent in business." It is, or should be, our joy and privilege to bless and cheer and save. It ought to be our meat and drink to do the Father's will, and yet how slow we are to do good unto all "as we have opportunity." Many a time has an open door been set before us on which we have turned our backs, and lost "the luxury of doing good."

Ants are often successful in their inroads because they do not tarry. The house is no sooner up than they are on the scene and ready for action. Did they wait till visitors tramped the ground, and inmates disturbed them, they might never gain a foothold; and verily I believe that we often lose all hope of doing good to a friend or companion by not speaking at the first opportunity, and churches are often prevented from aggressive work because the favourable time was not made use of. "Delays are dangerous," and if our Lord said to Judas, "What thou doest, do quickly," when he was on so bad an errand, we may well act on the same advice when ours is holy work. Hearken, then, for the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, and be ready for the fight; for if your ears are heavy, the sound may die away, and the hope of victory perish with it. Perhaps as you read this, dear friend, your conscience smites you on account of opportunities you have let slip, which can never be recovered. Do not let your eyes be so filled with tears of regret that other chances shall be overlooked and share a similar fate. The passing stream which bears away your wasted hours or ill-spent talents brings others on its bosom, which must be utilized and improved for the Saviour's praise. Watch them with all diligence; for opportunities are slippery things, and easily elude the grasp.

We may learn more from these destructive insects if we compare the inroads of sin to their mode of operations. Have we not great reason to be careful lest our hearts should be ravaged by the insinuations of evil? How soon may we be taken unawares! Here is a man who is quite boastful in his self-confidence and carnal security. He has, so to speak, put the tin plates on the piles, and feels quite certain he is safe. Suggest that he needs to beware, or hint that he yet may be guilty of such and such sins, and he grows almost indignant, and, like Hazeel, exclaims, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But, alas, there is one unguarded place! Indeed, this very self-confidence may be the place of ingress for a swarm of sins.

Amongst all the injunctions given to the Ephesian Christians there

is none more important than "Neither give place to the devil." *He* never loses a chance or misses an opportunity. I mentioned that these insects always work under earth, which they convey up the tree or beam. Seldom are they found without this covering of clay and sand agglutinated together. Now, if we build wooden houses we have no desire to accommodate mother earth in them. Still more anxious should we be to keep our souls free from earthly things, for we may be sure that when there is a trace of earth in our thoughts and desires, be it never so fine and thin, it harbours, as it were, a procession of ants, who are bent on mischief, and it becomes a track for the operations of evil.

I will not say much about means that may be adopted to exterminate these ants, for I believe that "prevention is better than cure." Far better keep the ants out than have to use an *antidote*. Suffice it to add that they are not easily exterminated: they multiply exceedingly, and there is little hope of ridding a house of them if once they have got a hold on the premises. Not less difficult is it to rid our minds of wicked thoughts, our hearts of wrong desires, or our lives of evil habits. It is wiser in this case, too, to prevent the inroads. We must block up the avenues by which wrong may enter, and by holy resolve and constant watchfulness proclaim "No thoroughfare" to such intruders. Pharaoh's chief baker carried three baskets on his head, which (the margin tells us) "were full of holes." There is little wonder, then, that the birds did eat the baked meats. Be it ours to stop up the holes, and keep our gifts and graces with a jealous care. At how many places the enemy can enter unless we are watchful! The city of Mansoul has at least five gates; for all our senses can become channels of evil if left unguarded. We should do well often to walk round the city and "mark well her bulwarks," and with our constant watching mingle prayer to him that keepeth Israel to keep our hearts and minds by Christ Jesus.

Since writing the foregoing I have noticed in *The Sword and the Trowel* for June that the beloved President, in his inaugural address at the College Conference uses as an illustration a peculiarity of the white ants, on which I intended to enlarge. He tells how the Indian cousins of my Australian friends devour furniture, etc., in so secret and yet successful a style that no one would know the work was going on. I regret to add that the members of the Australian branch of the same family are not a bit better behaved. They enter a habitation, as I have described, proceed up the walls and on to the roof, and then devour the rafters. I have seen a wooden ceiling so eaten in some places that the boards appeared to be warped, or as if the paint had swollen into long and broad blisters; whereas the fact of the case was that the ants had demolished the timber till nothing but the paint remained, or at most a very thin veneer of wood. They play the same pranks with the flooring, unless very hard wood is used, and they will even try their teeth on *that* if no finer fare is to hand, or rather to mouth. This underhand way of dealing is a great obstacle to their discovery. A house may be fit to tumble down, or a ceiling may collapse, before danger is discovered. A gun barrel may fall from the stock, or a sheath drop from a sword, to the surprise of him who tries to handle the weapon. Even so is sin. It takes possession of the *inside*, and works thence to the surface.

How many lives are eaten hollow which look fair enough to outsiders. The day will come when a touch from the hand divine will crumble them, and discover the hollow sham and the empty boast. Are not even Christians liable to be damaged by the insinuations of the adversary and his emissaries? Bad habits creep in and have a hold on us before they become manifest to the public, or even to ourselves. Tendencies towards pride, or sloth, or want of charity make inroads unobserved, until at last the sleeper finds to his dismay that little more than the form of godliness remains. Beware of little foxes amongst your grapes, little ants in your houses, and little sins in your hearts.

Let me now speak of a characteristic of most ants which, however, does not happen to belong to the white species. I refer to pugnacity and ferocity. We reckon amongst our Austral varieties some most savage and formidable customers. The tiger and soldier ants, as their names denote, are by no means keepers of the peace. The black ants, too, are not ignorant of the art of war; indeed, it has been found that one of the best means of exterminating the white is to turn the blacks in upon them. But the red coats are the professional soldiers. Many a deed of daring has been witnessed by those who have watched contending armies. Battle fields are left strewn with the limbs of warriors, and corpses locked in deadly embrace. Captives, too, are taken home by the conquerors and made the slaves of those who were triumphant.

I cannot help remarking that some of God's creatures that are not insects, and have not naturally red coats, can, nevertheless, do a fair, or more correctly *unfair*, share of fighting. There are such things about us as *antagonistic* men and women, and, sad to relate, Christians can be found whose propensities are decidedly pugilistic.

Admitting the difficulty of living "peaceably with all men," these folk are certainly to blame. True, all natures are not equally sweetened; but it is the fault of acid ones that they do not "keep the bottle well corked." It may be an advantage sometimes to be in possession of a good pair of tusks; but, as a rule, it is best not to show them oftener than is possible; and yet some people seem to be always showing their teeth, and when they are not showing them, we have good reason to believe, from past experience, that they are grinding them for future service. If any scheme is proposed at a church-meeting, these toothsome brethren will discern beforehand which party will be in a minority, and they are certain to be there. Of course, this *may* be to help the weak, or maintain the right, and we would be prepared to think it so, were it not of such frequent occurrence. As it is, we incline to the belief that the side is chosen on which there is likely to be most fighting. These cross-grained Christians—tiger-ants, we may term them—have prejudices against fellow-Christians, and *antipathies* to this person and that party. We rejoice in whatever is good about these brethren, but we cannot help wishing the roses had not quite so many thorns. Some are peaceable enough in private, but when it comes to a public discussion, we perceive that they, like the ants, possess nipping instruments, and feel bound to insert their *clause*, which, by the way, is sure to be against the general feeling and opinion. Every motion that they

themselves did not propose stands in absolute need of an amendment, and it is equally necessary that the improvement should be of their suggestion. They are *anti* this, and *anti* that, and *anti* everything. I would suggest that an *anteroom* to themselves would be a wise provision, with mottoes hung round the wall giving such plain advice as the following:—"Go to the soldier ant, thou fighter, consider his ways, and be wise enough to let him fight without following his example." True, we belong to the church militant; but it is one thing to be a soldier of the cross and quite another to be a cross soldier.

May the Lord grant peace in our time; concord in our churches; love in our homes, and grace in our hearts. War to the knife with Satan! Eternal enmity with the serpent! But towards our brethren, "Kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering!"

Light is sown for the Righteous.*

SILENCE abroad! save for the whispering leaves
 As the cool zephyr stirs them, and the ferns
 Wave gracefully before the gentle breeze.
 Silence for ages! but for crashing fall
 Of some tall forest monarch—or the slow
 But sure decay of undergrowth of fern.
 No voice of man to praise the beauteous forms.
 Silent the forest grew, and fell, and other trees
 And ferns still more luxuriant filled its place,
 While in the hidden soil decay went on,
 And in the dark strange wonders nature wrought.
 Why such a waste? What use were all this show
 If no eye gazed upon it, no lips praised,
 No heart rejoiced in the sweet cooling shade?

Go, seek the answer in your cheerful fire,
 Ruddy and sparkling on this wintry day—
 Coals brightly gleaming on your household hearth.
 Surely the "light sown" in the ages past
 Is garnered now by man with grateful heart,
 And "gladness," joined with thankfulness, adores
 The great Creator of this store of "light."
 So in the Christian's life the light is "sown"
 Ofttimes in slow decay, or sudden stroke
 Of suffering; but the golden harvest-time
 Will one day come to every "upright" heart
 Which, trusting in the Lord, contented waits
 The Master's own most wise and blessed time.

E. M. C.

* Suggested by Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, No. 826, "Sown Light."

Encouragement to Street Preachers.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY MR. SPURGEON AT THE TABERNACLE
PRAYER-MEETING.

I HEARD just now a little story which may encourage those of you who preach in the street. One of our friends called in upon a tradesman not far from here, bought some goods of him, and seeing in his shop a text, or a temperance motto, he asked him if he was a Christian. The reply was "Yes, blessed be God, I am." A conversation began at once, in the course of which the tradesman enquired, "Do you know a minister of the name of Medhurst?" The other said he knew him well, for he was the first student in Mr. Spurgeon's College. "Well, he was once in Glasgow, the minister of North Frederick-street Baptist Church, and he often went out to preach in the open air. Two sisters, in rather humble circumstances, were living together in Glasgow, and neither of them had any concern about religion. One of them was very ill, and near to die. The other having to go out to a shop to get some necessary for her sister, wished her sister, as she lay alone, to be amused, and therefore gave her a novel to read while she was away from her. She herself hurried along, but her curiosity made her stop for a few minutes to listen to a young man preaching out of doors. The Spirit of God blessed the few sentences which she heard, so that she saw her past life in a true light, and was fully and deeply convinced of sin. In a few seconds—perhaps fewer than it takes to tell it—she was in an agony of soul about her condition before God. The congregation moved off into the chapel, and she dearly wished to go in with them; but she recollected her sister whom she had left sick at home, and so she quickened her steps towards the shop. She was, however, so bowed down and wretched that she felt ready to faint, and, pausing a while, she took hold of the rails of an area, and cried, 'O God, have mercy upon me. I will have it any how! I will have it now.'" Scotch people, you know, even if they are godless, are usually well acquainted with the Bible: precious texts came to her recollection, and in a few moments by faith in Christ Jesus she found peace with God, and went on her way light of foot and joyous of heart. As soon as she reached home she cried to her sister, "My dear sister, I have never spoken to you about your soul; you will soon be with God, and you are not prepared to die any more than I was myself a few minutes ago. That book is no good; I will get you the Bible; and oh that you may feel your state by nature, and seek and find the Saviour as I have done!" It is a short story, for the invalid died within a few months, happy in Jesus, saved through the instrumentality of her sister, who had been brought to God in the street by hearing Mr. Medhurst preach in the open air. The survivor became a Bible-woman, and went to work in a town in Scotland where she remained for years a great soul-winner, remarkable for usefulness, considering her station and opportunities. What cannot the Holy Spirit accomplish even by a few words heard in the street? One soul can be won, and that soul may win another, and so the light may be passed on for many a mile and through many a year. Do not think when you preach at the street corners that you will at once see the harvest of your seed-sowing, although the Lord may so favour you. If you see no immediate results

your labour may, nevertheless, have been owned of God. Street hearers perhaps live far away from the preacher's residence, and they may have no idea of who he is or where he resides, and so they may obtain eternal benefit and yet never speak with the man who was their spiritual father till they meet him in heaven. I am not aware that Mr. Medhurst knows anything at all about this case, though probably he will hear of it now; but whether he is informed of it or not is a small matter, for the deed is done, heaven is enriched, and God is glorified.

George Trosse of Exeter.

BY J. L. KEYS.

(Continued from page 75.)

NOT many months after his conversion to God, Mr. Trosse had occasion to visit the city of Oxford with a distant relative. Conversation with a friend led him to consider the advantages of a university education. Upon his return he conferred with his mother upon the matter, and obtaining her sanction, and the promise of "a handsome allowance," he was entered as a gentleman commoner at Pembroke Hall in May, 1657, being then in his twenty-sixth year. He continued at the university for seven years, and it is said of him that he took such pains to redeem the time he had lost that he was the wonder of all that observed him. He did not thus labour that he might seek great things for himself, or obtain titles of honour; for he took no degree, nor did he value it. He wrote thus to his mother: "If I had but the learning, I would not seek after the honour of a degree." Under his tutor, Mr. Thomas Cheeseman, a blind man, but not a "blind guide," he attained great proficiency in the classics, as well as in philosophy and divinity. In Hebrew he took great pleasure, and read the Hebrew Bible through several times.

He allowed himself very few hours for sleep. His candle has been observed by one who lodged over against him to be burning all night long. He might well say, as he did, "I kept my chamber, and studied as closely as any in my time." And again, "I took as little recreation as any man." Shortly after he went to Oxford he thus expressed his thoughts and resolutions:—"In this place I hope with constancy to abide till the Lord shall enable me to do some service for his glory and the good of others in my generation. 'Tis time to set about it; 'for the night cometh when no man can work.' The night of age for such an employment is coming fast upon me, and the forenoon of life being vainly and sinfully spent, it now stands upon me to run with more swiftness my spiritual race, lest the dismal night of preventing death cut me off in the midst of my way."

Intense as was his application to his academical studies, he was no less assiduous in the use of secret and public means of grace, examining himself by the Word of God and the works of gracious men; attending the lectures and sermons of that band of godly and able Puritan divines which made the university famous in the time of Cromwell; and meeting for prayer with "twos and threes" of "religious students and townsmen, to his great advantage."

SEPARATION.

At the Restoration, as is well known, sweeping changes took place in the offices and discipline of the universities. The study of the controversy about Conformity was forced upon Trosse by the circumstances in which he found himself placed, and with godly honesty and impartiality he gave himself to the work, and carefully read Hooker, Sprint, and Burgess on the one side, and Gillespie, Paul Bayne, and Dr. Ames on the other. After mature deliberation he refused to subscribe to the discipline and ceremonies, and thus virtually placed himself "without the camp" for Christ's and conscience' sake, though he well knew that his Nonconformity would expose him to the displeasure of his mother and near relatives, and raise an insuperable bar to preferment. Although he believed that some who were for Conformity might with a good conscience subscribe, he did the right, and left events with God.

The visitors appointed by the king were "not slothful in business," but at once set about effecting a clearance of all those who would not comply with the impositions of their church. Dr. Langley, the Master of Pembroke Hall (Trosse's college), was ejected, and the godly chaplain was reviled, and then dismissed with contempt. The repetition of sermons, and other profitable exercises and customs, were ridiculed and suppressed, and such changes effected that Mr. Trosse resolved to leave the university. He remained, however, in a private house in Oxford for a few months. Before he left for Exeter, foreseeing that he should be subjected to temptations and trials on account of his principles, he called together some of his Godfearing acquaintances, and desired them to "keep a fast with him and for him." This they did, and recommended him to the grace and conduct of God.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

"My design is to be a dispenser of God's word in a little church in our city, where I have most dishonoured God." When he penned these words to a relative he little thought how for many a long year he would have his "hopes o'erturned, his projects cross'd," and in the end to be more than realized, though in a way quite contrary to what he himself had thought would be the case. With the influence his family possessed, nothing would have been easier than for Mr. Trosse to have obtained an appointment as minister of "a little church" in his native city had he chosen to conform. As we have seen, however, he had deliberately chosen to suffer affliction, if need be, with the faithful among the servants of God in the ranks of Nonconformity.

For a time he devoted himself as closely as when at college to spiritual exercises and his accustomed studies, "increasing in knowledge, and finding by experience that the best studying is upon the knees." At length he began to preach, but at first very privately, as the ACT AGAINST CONVENTICLES was being rigorously put in force. Nevertheless, on the Lord's-day he still went with his mother to the parish church (where they had a very good preacher) and attended on the Liturgy, in the use of which he sometimes found the Spirit of God moving upon his soul in prayer; "but he never would go to the sacrament, not being satisfied with the gesture."

His first labours as a preacher of the Word met with good acceptance among serious people; but the opposition and prejudices of his relations created difficulties, and caused him to walk with a heavy heart; yet he kept his ground, and his blameless and holy life procured for him the respect even of those who poured contempt upon his opinions.

ORDINATION.

Among the ministers ejected from the Church of England at this period, no less than ten are mentioned in the "Nonconformists' Memorial" as having held benefices in the city of Exeter, all of them good men and true, some of them remarkable for both gifts and grace. To most of these Mr. Trosse's history was doubtless well known. One of these worthies was Robert Atkins, an Oxford M.A., and for a time one of Cromwell's chaplains. At Exeter, prior to his ejection, he had "a vast auditory," being regarded as one of the best preachers in England. Mr. Atkins held his friend and brother, Mr. Trosse, in such high esteem that he was very anxious that he should be ordained. It must be borne in mind here that, with all their light, most if not all of these Nonconformists held that no man, however much approved of God and the people in other respects, was qualified to administer the sacraments without ordination. By the way, it is said that in some remote and benighted regions this superstition still lingers. Well, Mr. Trosse was at first averse to it; but when the Oxford Act drove Dissenting ministers from cities, corporations, and their own benefices, he consented, and was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry in Somersetshire in 1666. "Mr. Joseph Alleine prayed over him, and was joined in imposition of hands by Mr. Ames Short, Mr. Thomas Lye, Mr. William Ball, Mr. Robert Atkins, and Mr. John Kerridge."

THE PRISONER OF THE LORD.

"While King Charles's INDULGENCE lasted, which was about a year and a quarter, Mr. Trosse preached in a licensed house; when it was recalled he desisted from public preaching on the Lord's-day, and went to church as formerly, yet he continued to preach and administer the sacraments at other times until the REVOLUTION.

In the beginning of King James's reign the Dissenters of Exeter were obliged to meet very privately, and in small numbers, being narrowly watched by the persecuting party, who hoped to ingratiate themselves with the Court by rooting out those whom they called *fanatics*. About twenty persons, with three ministers, of whom Mr. Trosse was the youngest, were met to pray together. A malicious neighbour informed the magistrates, who were at the mayor's feast, that there was a *Conventicle*. Three of them, attended by constables and some of the rabble, searched after and found out the little meeting. After they had heaped all manner of abuse upon the ministers, and treated them as if they had been the worst of malefactors, they tendered them the OXFORD OATH, one clause of which is, "*I will not at any time endeavour any alteration of the government, either in Church or State.*" Mr. Trosse refused to take the oath unless permitted to qualify it by the insertion of the word "unlawful," which was not, of course, acceded to. He pleaded, moreover, that the act did not touch his case, as he had never

had a benefice, nor was he legally convicted of keeping conventicles; but all to no purpose: it was the old story of the wolf and the lamb. Mr. Trosse and Mr. Gayland were committed to the South-gate jail for six months, against law, by a *millimus* signed by seven justices (?). The third minister, Mr. Anthony Down, good man though he was, took the oath, and was not imprisoned.

The two brethren found in the jail three others of the city ministers, namely, Mr. John Serle, Mr. Joseph Hallet, and Mr. John Hoppin. We have no particulars of the state of the jail, or of the treatment to which these prisoners of the Lord were subjected. It must have been somewhat different to that of Holloway Prison and Warwick Castle in the present day, in which self-styled priests have lately been immured for contumaciously wearing women's clothes, burning candles in broad daylight, and breaking the oaths they had voluntarily taken. In Mr. Hallet's case the prison treatment resulted in the loss of his health, and eventually the loss of his reason.

Mr. Trosse was blessed with a sound constitution and vigorous health, and was enabled, not only to endure, but even to rejoice in this his tribulation. "He looked upon his prison as the place of his enlargement." "It was to me," he says, "very healthful. In it I followed my studies, served God with the rest of my brethren, and found constant opportunities to withdraw in secret by myself. In the night I found my meditations of God in Christ more pleasing and delightful than ever I had done before, at least for frequency and constancy; so that I can truly say, the prison to me was inconceivably better than a palace, more comfortable and profitable to my soul."

How Mr. Trosse spent the next three years we are not informed; but we may take it for granted that he sought every opportunity to cheer and comfort the little bands of harassed believers to whom he had been wont to break the bread of life, and to whom his prison experience of the preciousness of his Lord and theirs, and the power of his grace to support his suffering servants, would make his ministry more than ever a source of strength and consolation.

When the TOLERATION ACT was passed in the first year of William and Mary, Mr. Trosse resumed his public preaching in "church-time," and soon had, not the "little church" in which to preach, as he had so long desired, but a Nonconformist meeting-house with a large congregation; and thus it was brought about. Just at this time Mr. Joseph Hallet (who had been Mr. Trosse's fellow-prisoner) was called to his reward, and by the unanimous voice of the bereaved church Mr. Trosse was elected to the pastorate. "In that large congregation his work in public and private was very great. For about twenty years he preached twice on the Lord's-day, and at the weekly lecture on Wednesdays. On the Tuesdays he gave a catechetical lecture, following the method and order of the Shorter Catechism." Besides this, his ordinary work, his services were in constant request in the regions beyond, especially on days of public and private *Fasts, Thanksgivings, Preparations* for the Lord's Supper, and *Ordinations*.

He was in special request for funeral sermons, among others for no less than fourteen of his fellow-labourers, including his friend and neighbour, John Flavel; so that he might almost have been tempted to

exclaim, "I only am left." He frequently preached eight times in a week, and here we must take into account not only the fatigues and inconveniences of travelling in those days, but also the different manner of conducting public worship then as compared with these degenerate days. It was not the hour and a half, bare measure, largely taken up with hymn and anthem and chant, chant and anthem and hymn; but "two hours and a-half, and even more," the sermon occupying the larger portion of the time. And what sermons such men preached is best known to those whose most precious possessions are the massive folios of such worthies.

Of George Trosse it is recorded that he loved the pulpit, and delighted greatly in his work. "His discourses were methodical, free from needless excursions; for he would not allow himself to ramble, nor did he offer to God or his people that which cost him nothing. Though he wanted little time to compose a sermon, yet he did not spend it upon stock; but by reading and meditation was still, even in old age, laying in and increasing his treasure of sacred knowledge. His heart was inflamed with love to Christ, and with ardent desires after the salvation of his hearers, and he spake as one who had a mighty awe of God upon his spirit. It appeared that he was sent of God because God was with him, and gave him many seals to his ministry. He did not labour all day and catch nothing, but was very successful in his work. Many in their letters acknowledged the benefit they had received from his ministry."

LONG PRAYERS, AND YET STRONG PRAYERS.

He had a wonderful gift in prayer, expressing himself so fluently, and with such fervency, as to excite the devotion and raise the admiration of such as joined with him. . . . But a little before his death he continued in this duty at a *private fast* two hours, with such exactness of method, variety of matter, and warmth of affection, without anything like nauseous tautologies, as could not but appear very extraordinary for one in his eighty-second year. . . . Such as did not approve of his prolixity could not but be much affected with his pious zeal and fervour, and admire the gifts and graces which God bestowed upon him.

THE PASTOR.

He had an excellent faculty in resolving doubts and comforting afflicted consciences, by the comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted of God. Multitudes, both in the city and country, not only Dissenters, but of the National Church, when they were under temptations or great trouble of mind, made their application to him, some by letter, some in person. He was a skilful and compassionate spiritual physician, of long experience; and there were few of any degree or persuasion that lived near him who did not send or come to him for advice or help if they had *wounded spirits* or *suffered God's terrors*.

He had a singular way of comforting dying Christians, such as had been desponding and trembling at the thought of leaving the world; so that they received great satisfaction in their spirits, and upon his fervent praying with them have been ready to say with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Many times hath he risen out of his bed in the dead of the night to visit and pray with sick

and dying persons when it was dangerous for him to appear in the streets by day, as particularly when there was an order made by the justices of the peace at the Exeter Quarter Sessions, in 1683, against "Dissenting Protestants and Nonconforming ministers," in which they declared that "they would put the *severest* of the laws (which, said they, we find too *easy* and *gentle* unless enlivened by a vigorous execution) in force against them." As an encouragement, they offered a pecuniary reward to any who should seize a Nonconformist preacher. His heart was so set upon doing good that neither the length of the way, the severity of the weather, his own weakness in his later days, nor the danger of infection hindered him from visiting the sick and dying. Faint and weary with labour and abstinence at the time of a public fast, he was sent for to the workhouse where an infectious fever was raging: breaking his fast at four o'clock by taking "a morsel or two of dry bread" on the way he went among the sick and dying, so great was his love to their souls

HIS CHARITY.

"Among those other graces which were visible in his conversation his charity was very remarkable. He had a large heart, full of compassion to the poor and distressed, and kept one pocket always furnished with money to relieve them. So various were the objects, so frequent the acts of his bounty, that it is no easy matter to enumerate them, especially as he managed much of his charity with deep secrecy. He laid aside the tenth part of what he received for preaching, and of all gifts and legacies for charitable purposes, and added thereto much more from his other sources of income." To needy ministers of the gospel he gave regular allowances, and to some of these pensioners he left bequests. The French refugees, young men studying for the ministry, widows and fatherless children, and the poor of the household of faith, were the special objects of his bounty. He saved poor debtors and persecuted ministers from prison, by paying their debts or fines, and, in short, all in distress found his heart and his purse open for their relief and comfort. He was always the first to be sought unto to provoke by his liberality the gifts of others, often giving "four times as much as some who had four times his estate." Of his means we have no information: doubtless he had a sufficiency either from his patrimony or the liberality of his mother. One circumstance in this connection is remarkable. His mother had at her disposal a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. She offered to make her son George her executor, "which would have been worth to him many thousands. Upon his refusing that, she put all into his hand, leaving him to take what part he pleased; he chose only a competency to provide him bread to eat and raiment to put on, with something for books and works of charity, for he had then no thoughts of marrying." Mrs. Trosse, therefore, left the bulk of her estate to another member of the family. When he was about fifty years old, Mr. Trosse married the daughter of an Exeter merchant, who is described as a godly person, "a very delightful and advantageous yoke fellow."

"REDEEMING THE TIME."

"One might wonder," says his brother minister, Mr. Gilling, "how 'twas possible for a man to go through so much work in public and

private as he did ; but he set a high value upon time, and improved it well. 'I bless God,' said he ; 'idleness is my greatest toil, and, consequently, business and employment my only pleasure.' Four o'clock was his hour for rising, until he became advanced in years, when he arose at five, winter and summer. He spent the hours before breakfast in close study or devotion. When not engaged in ministerial works or visits of benevolence he spent his time in his study, only excepting his meal times and the gatherings for family worship, and the stated hours in which he met with little classes of neighbours or children for systematic catechising and spiritual instruction." "So covetous was he of time that, when he went out into his court to wash, he would often carry a book with him, lay it on the head of the pump, and cast his eye upon it. He was as great a reader as most this age does afford. . . . He had read over all the books in his study, and about sixty large folios which stood in his bed-chamber, being more than his study could contain. When he began an author, he read it through, and that not cursorily, but with observation, making particular marks with his pen as he went along. He became mighty in the Scriptures. He had them ready in his memory, and well he might, having, as he said many years before his death, read over the Bible in English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, an hundred and an hundred times."

We have seen that he could pray *long* in public, but he prayed more and even longer in his study. Every day he must have spent several hours in the exercise ; and on his frequent days of special devotion or fasts he would spend eleven hours in secret prayer and meditation. He gave a strict charge not to be disturbed on such days, unless upon life and death ; and would say, his fasting days were better to him than his feasting days. For three, four, and even five hours at a time would he remain in the exercise and attitude of prayer in his study, without a fire, even in the most severe winter weather, for he would never suffer a fire to be made in his study, though often desired to do so. His biographer says that he "was so often upon his knees that they became hard and brawny."

"We are not to wonder," wrote one church historian, "if one who lived so near to God, and conversed so frequently with him, when he ascended the pulpit to preach appeared like a man of God, and spoke with an authority and weight far beyond all the rules of mere human eloquence. . . . With what ardour of soul, what earnestness of entreaty, what divine oratory did he pour out his soul to God, and draw the hearts of the congregation upwards with his own to heaven."

When he was old he did not think himself at liberty to remit his pains, indulge his ease, or hide his talent. When importuned to spare himself, because of his age and infirmities, that he might be the longer serviceable in the world, he would reply, "I came late into the vineyard, and must work hard, and one moment in heaven will be sufficient recompense for all that I can do upon earth." He would also say, "If I do two years' work in one year's time, I serve a bountiful Master, who will abundantly reward me." "Once he fainted in the pulpit, being scarcely able to finish his prayer ; having named his text, he was not able to repeat the doctrine, but sank down. When he came to himself, he said to one that would have brought him out of the pulpit,

‘Shall I not do my Master’s work? Yes, I will.’ After he had drunk something he recovered, finished his sermon, and afterwards administered the Lord’s Supper, not abating anything of his usual length, so earnestly was his heart set upon his work.”

LAST DAYS.

Though Mr. Trosse had a strong and healthy constitution, yet his hard studies, public labours, watchings, fastings, and austerities impaired his health, and brought upon him much pain and suffering; but the mighty efficacy of divine grace supported him under the heaviest afflictions. He often rode, or was carried in a [sedan] chair, to the public assembly when unable to walk thither. Under several severe fits of sickness he enjoyed a blessed composure of mind. On one occasion, when visited by one of his brethren, and asked how he did, he answered, “Here my heavenly Father is pleased to lay his rod upon my back; but I desire to bless him for that he shines upon my conscience.” At other times he gave such replies as the following:—“God hath made me to see that he is well pleased with me in Jesus.” “I have a strong confidence of heaven, and believe I shall go thither; but I never had any great joys except when I was in *prison*, and in a great sickness in 1688.” “’Tis no more to me to die, or to think of dying, than to go from one room to another.”

For some weeks before his departure he complained that he was weak and indisposed, yet he would not remit anything of his public work, studies, or devotions. The evening before his death he told his wife very positively that “the time of his departure was at hand.” The next morning, being the Lord’s-day, he rose early as usual, and preached at the meeting-house near South-gate in the forenoon. As he was returning home he was seized with faintness, and, upon being carried into an apothecary’s shop, said, “I am dying.” After a while he somewhat recovered, and said to the friends who were about him, “There will shortly be an end of all sin, sorrow, and trouble. I thank you for all your kindnesses to an unworthy servant of Christ.” When they expostulated with him for preaching in so weak a condition, he said, “*It becomes a minister to die preaching.*” He refused to avail himself of a sedan-chair, and was with difficulty assisted to his house. Upon entering he fell down, and “though his tongue, which had been a ready and faithful servant, now failed him, yet he seemed to be still breathing after God in fervent prayer: his friend thought he heard him pronounce the words, ‘*Jesus’ sake.*’” “The physician was called and rich cordials administered, but could not renew a life quite spent and worn out in labour and watchings, and so in about three-quarters of an hour he gently surrendered his spirit to God, about one o’clock, Jan. 11, 1712, when he had lived eighty-one years, and been an ordained minister above six-and-forty-years.” What old Thomas Fuller said of *Bishop Jewel* might well be applied to this one of the Lord’s jewels, and a bishop withal—“’Tis hard to determine whether his natural heat or his zeal was first extinguished; whether his prayers or his soul first arrived in heaven; for he died praying, and prayed dying.”

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund Report.

WE have watched from day to day for months the agonies of authorship as this Report has been produced. Our beloved wife has the lowest possible idea of her own powers of composition, and hence every line has been written in grief, criticized in despondency, and condemned without mercy. Not that there was ever the slightest occasion for all this, for in our judgment no language is more pure or pleasant; but so it has been, and therefore "the Report" is a child of sorrow. No one would think it, nor ever dream it; nobody *has* thought so out of all who have seen it, for the style and manner of the report are every way as good as the subject could possibly require,—as good as any subject could suggest. At any rate, the flower has emerged from the bud, and all who gaze on it can judge of its beauty for themselves. All that now remains is that it be widely scattered and attentively read. The smallness of the price (sixpence) will, we hope, enable all our friends to purchase it, and we want them to make a point of doing so for several reasons.

First, it will do them good to read the narrative. A friend, with tears in his eyes, told us that it had been a sweet means of grace to him. To hear how the Lord answers prayer, comforts his mourners, and glorifies his own name, must be beneficial; and there are plenty of instances in the little book by which faith will be confirmed and hope encouraged.

But, secondly, we want poor ministers to have more sympathizers, and nothing upon earth that has ever issued from the press is more likely to make friends for the Lord's needy servants. Read, and let your heart break, if you will, for the sorrows of those who feed the flock of God, and are in return but scantily fed themselves.

Our third motive is that other workers may be stimulated to exertion by seeing how a simple effort can be made to grow till it becomes as "streams from Lebanon." They will see that brethren of all denominations have drunk at this well in the desert, and that many more are pressing forward to be refreshed, and yet this much-valued fountain was once no more than a trickling drop of crystal, hastening to hide itself from the heat. Where once it trembled as a tiny globe it now flows in floods. The Lord's way is ever from good to better; he can in this fashion help the weak things of the trembling beginner till they grow into strength and size altogether unexpected.

We should like to give our readers a few extracts to tempt them on, but we do not know how to manage it: we cannot dig out pieces with the trowel, nor cut them out with the sword: we would, if we had the space, transfer all the pages bodily to our own. Here, however, is a little narrative which may come away whole, like a primrose removed with roots and soil:—

"One of 'our own' men, who has long been ailing, has at last been obliged to resign his charge, not alone on account of feeble health, but also because his people are utterly unable to keep their pastor in the common necessities of life. 'You must go to Australia,' said one doctor after another, 'it is your only chance for life!' But what was

to be done with the dear but very sickly wife and the three mites of children? Long they pondered ways and means, and the conclusion they arrived at was a hard one for loving human hearts, and cost them many a struggle,—the poor wife consented to remain in England, working at her needle for a subsistence for herself and babes, while her husband would seek in a far-off land the strength to labour for means which should reunite them.

“At this juncture she wrote to me, acquainting me with the above arrangements, and there were certain facts in her communication which led me to desire intensely to overturn these present plans of theirs, and secure the emigration of the entire family. But how was this to be accomplished? The expense is great to convey so many to the Utopia of feeble folk, and the funds of the ‘Pastors’ Aid’ could not be made available for such heavy and unusual charges. I wrote again, suggesting and enquiring, and, meanwhile, the Lord sent me quite unexpectedly a sum of money which I could do no less than consecrate to him or this matter. With even this, however, there was still a deficit of some sixteen pounds in the amount needed, and now it was that the wonderfully tender dealing of our God became so manifest. *The very morning* on which I received a rapturous agreement to my proposal that the whole family should go out, and the good news that the passage could be effected under exceptionally cheap rates, my dear husband came joyfully into my room exclaiming ‘Here’s the rest of the money to take your protégés to Australia!’ and to my amazed delight he explained that on opening his morning’s letters he found £15 as a personal gift to himself from an unknown correspondent, and forthwith felt that it was sent from the Lord for this very purpose about which our minds had been so exercised and anxious. Those notes seemed to come straight from Heaven’s mint into our uplifted hands, and the morning’s hours were hallowed by a sweet sense of the nearness of an invisible and watchful love.

“Nor did the Lord’s thought for these poor exiles exhaust itself in this sole benefit, for I afterwards received a parcel of new clothing from a gentleman, *a stranger*, containing the *very articles* which were needed to complete the outfit of the husband, and I was enabled to obtain all that was requisite for the comfort of mother and children. What joy to see the hand of the Lord sustaining, directing, and providing in so blessed and unmistakable a manner. Can eyes which have seen so clearly the goodness and lovingkindness of our God ever be obscured by the wicked mists of distrust and doubt?”

Many such things are in this record, and others painful or pleasant, as the case may be, but all setting forth the goodness of the Lord, and the way in which his own right hand leads those who put their trust in him. His people are not a regiment of ornamental guards, whose chief delight is to be admired by all the weak minds around them; “they all hold swords,” and are expert in war of the most trying kind, and yet not one of them is overcome by the enemy. We are more than conquerors, through him that hath loved us. Believers in the living God shall not fail nor be discouraged, but they shall see and admire the wonderful faithfulness of the Lord their God.

College and Orphanage.



THIS engraving is intended to remind our readers of the two major works which are supported by their liberality.

THE PASTORS' COLLEGE has about one hundred students in training for the ministry, and more than two hundred men in the evening classes, who spend their evenings in gaining an education by which they shall be better fitted for out-door preaching, Sunday-school teaching, and other gracious work. Besides this, a large Sunday-school meets in the building, and all sorts of societies for the benefit of the young people of the Tabernacle. Hitherto the expenditure has always been met by the providence of God. We usually spend £1500 per

annum more than the income from donations, but this has been specially furnished from time to time by considerable legacies, which have enabled us to go on with the work without hindrance. How our God may deal with us in the future it is not for us to prophesy, but he is sure to do that which is right. More than five hundred ministers of the gospel have been trained in the College, and the work still goes on. Many will give to an orphanage out of natural compassion, who will not contribute to a college out of zeal for the truth; and yet we have never lacked friends who have seen the needs of this work supplied, nor shall we ever find ourselves forsaken, for the work is the Lord's. While departures from orthodoxy startle us on all sides, it would ill become the lovers of the old-fashioned gospel to withdraw their aid from an institution which keeps to the Puritanic lines of doctrine, and has no ambition to be held in repute for "progressive ideas," and "advanced thought."

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS is the second work, and a great one it is. Our bird's-eye view is nearly all to be seen at the present moment, but it does not quite show all that must be built before the Institution is complete. The entrance and dining hall for the boys, on the left, are familiar objects to our readers. Something similar will be required on the right hand for the girls, with a chapel or large hall for our great public meetings, to be placed where the artist has sketched a thicket of trees. For this expense we have not even made an estimate at present, but it will be met, we hope, by the *Bazaar next Christmas*. The left-hand range of houses is all occupied by our two hundred and fifty boys, and the handsomer pile on the right, with covered way in front of the lower windows, contains the houses and schools for two hundred and fifty girls. We do not wish to see the Orphanage increase beyond this size; for this number of children the ground-space is admirably adapted, and we may say of it, "there is room enough and to spare." The number of children is quite enough for one management, if we only consider the domestic arrangements, while financially the burden is quite sufficient, and we shall need extraordinary help to carry the work to completion. So much, however, has been done that no excuse for unbelief remains: "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Friends will scarcely need to be told that the great square which makes the Orphanage is not surrounded by fields, as our woodcut would imply; that is a freak of the draughtsman's imagination; yet the site is open, airy, and healthy; and, being under the eye of the people and friends at the Tabernacle, it is more likely to be cared for than if it stood shivering alone upon some bleak hillside. The advantages of a country site are very great, but for convenience of oversight, for securing sympathy, and for command of the markets our position could not be excelled. The Stockwell Orphanage can be seen at any time by dropping a note to Mr. Charlesworth, the Head Master.

Our friends have cared for our boys, and we have suffered no lack, or scarcely felt an anxiety; surely the girls will cast around their hearts a second and yet stronger chain, and the family of half a thousand will eat and be filled and gather up of the fragments.

We have sought only the glory of God, whether we have taught men or fed children, and *God has been glorified*. To him, therefore, be praise that he has permitted us to bring any measure of praise unto his name.

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The Gospel in North-West Spain—Villagarcia.

WE are sitting in our house at Pontevedra, situated in the Vigo Road.

Rat-tat-tat! "Eliza, do you hear? Answer the door."

Enter a stranger, who introduces himself. We can see he has the cut of an Englishman of good family; but by his accent we can hear he has spent his best years in Spain.

Stranger: "I am the principal of a school at Villagarcia, and an Englishman by birth; and knowing you have commenced preaching here, I have come to pay you a visit."

"You are very welcome. We'll talk at the breakfast-table. You are the principal of a school at Villagarcia, you say?"

"Yes, and I am here, too, to beg you to come and begin the preaching of the gospel there."

"At Villagarcia, so near Santiago, where you would think almost every fifth man were a priest?"

"Quite true; the archbishop has come down by rail twice, and excommunicated, in person, myself, my school, the fathers of the children, and all because I did not teach Romanism, but endeavoured to introduce the reading of the Bible in the classes."

"He did that with the school, what would he do with us? You know the Romanists over there say Santiago's (St. James's) remains, self-piloted, sailed up your beautiful Villagarcia bay in a heavy stone boat, as far as Padron; and the newspaper, the *Porvenir*, when speaking about us heretics the other day, specially mentioned that whole district as the property by conquest of that apostle. Yet, do you know, though we talk so, we are half inclined toward your proposal. But we must tell you, last week we walked over to that little seaport, Marin, about half the size of Villagarcia, and offered to take a house there. Now, if you look about you, and find a house and preaching-place, let us know; and if we don't hear from Marin, one of us will go to Villagarcia."

There was no house forthcoming in Marin; there were both house and meeting-place forthcoming in Villagarcia.

Oh, what a stir our taking up our quarters here made! You would think the *Porvenir*, the archbishop's paper, had taken an emetic. We have never had a greater storm of excommunication. The priests have been tempestuous for miles around. The fanatic vulgar threatened that there would not be an old tin-can about the place that would not be beaten at the meeting-house door. The landlord thought the front of our house, all of glass, would be stoned, and said he would not have let it for a day had he known, and asked us to leave. The landlady was next thing to frantic; and the sweethearts of the *filles de Marie* were to stone us in the pulpit at the first meeting. The queerest stories were circulated, some in our favour and some against us. A priest was said to have announced his intention to come, bearing the large church cross, to help us to preach, for ours was the true doctrine; and on the other hand, our servant, taking a walk with the landlady, being introduced to a person, she was recognized as the servant "of those who pray to the devil!"

"Come, now, let us look at the meeting-place, and, as we go, let us say we have announced the first meeting for Sunday week. The Lord alone knows how we shall begin on that day!"

"Why, are you afraid of the priests?"

"I must say I need the Holy Ghost as a Comforter with respect to the fanatical spirit there seems to be here; but that's not what I'm driving at. When we began Vigo work, it took all our money to buy seats and lights. But here all our money is spent upon alterations and platform; and we can only muster nine seats; and we can't buy any lights at all."

"Dear me, how little some rich English Christians know of many servants of God reduced to the last shilling, all through the work of God. If they did but

know, how their hearts would warm; but . . . Now, I won't say it—I was thinking of that text, 'Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.' But, there, you know very well, the text does not apply—does it?"

It is two days before the meeting. No money has come, no lights, and only nine seats. Lord, remember Mr. Spurgeon's sermon about, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee," preached that Thursday night.

"Come in, Mr. Walpole, come in."

"Oh, I will bring in to-night some seats from my school; and I have also a number of good lamps—just the thing."

The lamps were brought; and there they have hung ever since.

"Now it's six o'clock, p.m. It is time to prepare to go to the first meeting in Villagarcia. Blamire, in the name of the Lord, as you are accustomed to say, let us go to the battle again."

"Let us pray first, brother."

Three hundred were present. There was plenty of light. The chief of police was at the door, there was good order; and, ay, and the gospel of Christ was preached.

What's the use of describing such a meeting to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*? Don't we all sympathise with dear Duncan Matheson to the bottom of our souls? and don't we like the hymn that he liked? take the middle verse of it, only changing one word—it will describe the spirit of the matter:—

"The cross, the cross, redemption's standard raising,
I see the banner wave!

Preach on, preach salvation's Captain, preaching
"Tis Christ alone can save!"

and while under the power of such work are we not inclined to think—

"If the whole world my Saviour knew,
Sure the whole world must love him too"?

Ay, would the whole world did; but, alas! *the whole world* does not care for knowledge of his name. Yet, thank God, the meetings keep up here—there is interest, we are at peace; and we look to God for the salvation of souls.

But here comes a newspaper. The archbishop has not come, but sent a Roman Catholic Doctor, to preach against us. He has preached nine nights, or as they call it, held a *novena*. The visitor cries—"You must answer these outlines of that man's address, and we must print it somehow." Let us look at it. The old stuff about Henry VIII., Calvin, Luther, and who knows what all—a bird's-eye view of Rome from the sunny side of St. Peter's. But who can answer all that in a newspaper—nine outlines in one issue, and scarcely any liberty of the press?

It must be done; and here comes the second newspaper containing our answer. But, dear friend, you have read enough of this already; besides, you cannot read it, for it is in Spanish. But, I see your curiosity is excited, and you must have it. Well, here it is translated. It is taken from the *Anunciador*, December 4, 1880:—

"To the Editor of the *Anunciador*.

"Sir,—A nine nights' mission took place lately in this town of Villagarcia, with the sole object that Senor Hervilla might have the opportunity of exalting the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and of knocking down those of the Gospel of Christ. We send you a few notes upon what was said by that gentleman during the nights of the mission; and if you should think fit to insert them in your paper we should be much obliged. Here they are:—

"In his first discourse Senor Hervilla occupied himself with the moral character of the leaders of Protestantism. He spoke of Henry VIII. Well, now, that this king was a bad man nobody denies. History confesses it. But was he ever an evangelical Christian? Never. His last will and testament

proves it, for in it he left £300 a year that the priest might say masses daily for his soul, &c. No Protestant ever did such a thing. Quite true, undeniably true, that he was a bad man; but he belongs to the Catholics.

“Senor Hervilla also spoke of Calvin, Luther, and others. Why? We who preach the gospel do not teach that the people should be guided by Calvin, Luther, or Henry VIII. The Lord Jesus Christ says, ‘One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren.’ It would be well if Roman Catholics would think of this saying of Christ, for it alone is sufficient to knock down the Church of Rome.

“The second night he endeavoured to show that it is possible to understand only what the Pope says. Here the preacher has forgotten that the Lord Jesus Christ has given us the true rule by which the Scriptures may be understood, which is, that ‘if any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God’ (John vii. 17). No one needs great knowledge to see that the Roman Catholic Bible is not of God. The apocryphal books praise lying and murder (see Judith), teach magic (see Tobiah), and in the last chapter of 2 Maccab. the author begs that any fault which he may have committed may be excused!

“The third night he treated of the worship of saints, sacrifice of the mass, auricular confession, and purgatory. Why say the saints should be worshipped, when the Lord says, ‘Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve?’ (Matt. iv. 10). Wherefore sacrifice the mass, when the apostle says, ‘there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins,’ since Christ by *one* offering ‘put away sin by the sacrifice of himself’? (Heb. ix. 26, and x. 26). Wherefore purgatory, since ‘the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin’? Why should we confess in the ear of the priest, when in no part of the Bible there is a single hint of such a thing, but on the contrary it shows we ought to confess our sins to the Lord? (Psalm xxxii. 5.)

“The preaching of the fourth night was about fanaticism. We don’t need to show where fanatics and fanaticism are to be found, for nobody needs to be told.

“The fifth night he dilated upon the necessity of an infallible guide in the church. In the church, according to the gospel, we have One who is infallible in every meeting. In the 18th of Matthew the Lord promises to be in every meeting which meets in his name, and the apostle shows that the word of God is *all we need* as a rule of faith (2 Tim. iii. 16).

“Sixth night.—Signs of the true church. The church of Rome is not *apostolical*, as we have shown; if not apostolical it is not *holy*, if neither apostolical nor holy its *unity* and catholicity are of no value.

“He said on the seventh night that the church of Rome had been persecuted! What about the Inquisition!!!

“On the eighth, he wished to prove that catholics die in peace. No doubt, no doubt; but what kind of peace will it be with the fear of being tormented in the flames of purgatory?

“He finished the course by again occupying himself with purgatory; that dear and abundant storehouse of the priests, of which the Bible says not a single word. God says (and, oh, how different from the teaching of the church of Rome), ‘God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever *believeth* in him should not perish, but have everlasting life’ (John iii. 16).

“We only desire to add that on the first night Senor Hervilla challenged us to discussion. We are quite willing. Many such challenges have been directed to us by the Roman Catholic clergy, but when we have accepted them, they have always failed to fulfil their word. Now let Senor Hervilla find out and prepare some large meeting-place, and we shall have much pleasure in discussing with him.

“We are, &c.,

“T. BLAIRE.

“J. P. WIGSTONE.”

But no meeting-place has been prepared, and no discussion taken place. We are sorry to say something else has. We gave our notes to the editor, who is a lawyer, to alter as he wished, that they might escape the Censor. But who knows what is law in Spain to-day on religious matters? I see by to-day's papers the editor is denounced* by the government for publishing the same notes which you have just read; and our turn will come next. Whether the penalty will be fine or imprisonment we cannot tell.

"Imprisonment! nobody is imprisoned in Europe for the gospel to-day."

You are mistaken. Our friend, Don Antonio Martinez, who lived in our house in Madrid for some time, has just been sentenced to pay more than £40 of a fine, and to be sent two and a half months to gaol for holding a quiet little meeting in a barn, not having, as they say, given sufficient notice. But God, who has kept us for eight years in Spain, and helped us out of every difficulty, will not fail us or forsake us in this.

Reader, remember the work in north-west Spain.

"Little Abe, the Bishop of Berry Brow."†

THE Methodist Churches can show many noteworthy characters drawn from the hard-handed ranks of toil into the work of preaching the gospel. Shrewd common-sense addresses, with more rough humour in them than art or polish, have accomplished good work in village chapels. What if the country dialect is given forth from the pulpit in its unsophisticated purity, there are eager listeners in the pew. I do not know that a saved sinner will be the less welcome in heaven for having been led to Christ by "broad Yorkshire," for example. One object at least of the preacher should be to be "understood of the people," and if the people in question best comprehend the native home-spun, let that be the speech addressed to them. Uncouth language when it conveys the truth is like the rough basket in which the fruit is brought from the orchard. I had rather have a good wholesome dinner on a plain dish than an ornamental entertainment of froth and folly. Not a word, gentlemen, is intended against ability being adorned with culture. What is able is always acceptable, and becomes the more valuable when trained to its highest efficiency. But culture alone is vain. Where there was originally nothing to cultivate, all the cultivation in the world will produce nothing; but a sensible, warm-hearted man, though uneducated, may do good amongst his neighbours, which is the end we should all live for.

Abraham Lockwood, of Berry Brow, near Huddersfield, was one of these local notabilities. Innocent of education, for he could read but imperfectly and never learned to write, he nevertheless made his "mark" amongst the Methodist New Connexion Churches of that district. His career is agreeably narrated in a very readable book bearing the above title, written by the Rev. F. Jewell, and published at the Wesleyan Conference office.

From a rough, drinking lad his conversion so radically changed him as to excite the wonder of the neighbourhood.

"Hast ta yeard th' news?" said one neighbour to another.

"What news dost ta mean?"

"That Abe Lockwood's been and gotton converted last noight, and he's up and off to his wark this morning, shaating and singing like a madman."

* *The Anunciador*, which is a daily newspaper, on account of our article has been condemned to thirty days' suspension and the costs of the process.

† Little Abe; or, the Bishop of Berry Brow. Being the Life of Abraham Lockwood, a Quaint and Popular Yorkshire Local Preacher in the Methodist New Connexion. By F. Jewell. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

"Abe Lockwood converted!" replied the other in astonishment, "Nay, I'll niver believe that."

"It's as true as thaa and me is here; his father telled me he wor ant hoalf at noight on Amebury common, crying and praying by a big tree roit, and he got converted there all alone; and when he came into th' haase, his face was shinin like the moonlight."

This "moonlight" was no bad figure, for Abe's brightness was the reflection from the Sun of Righteousness. For months he had groaned under the burden of a guilty conscience, restless and unhappy. In the company of his fellows he would throw off for a time his gloom, and be their leader in mirth and roystering; but left alone again the cloud came over his heart, till one evening, more miserable than he could bear, he had rushed out of the house and wandered on to Almondbury Common, to spend, as we have seen, half the night at the foot of a great tree, praying. There, before the night was over, the love of God shone into his soul and he found pardon and peace. The grassy slope by the rippling stream that watered the roots of that tree became a consecrated spot to him. It was his Bethel. Thither he retreated for special prayer, and for the renewal of his vows. Thither for want of a quiet room at home he would repair to cogitate and pray over his sermons. Some of his gay companions discovered this practice of his, and, expecting great fun, hid themselves near by on one occasion, but were glad to slink away unobserved after he was gone, impressed and solemnized by the genuine, unaffected earnestness of the man as he rehearsed to himself, in his supposed solitude, the appeals he intended to address to the people, and poured out his heart to God for their conversion.

A bright and happy Christian he was. God had kindled within him the knowledge of Christ, and he did not obscure the light by keeping it in the dark lantern of secret discipleship, nor in the foul lantern of an inconsistent life. His light shone before men, and so shone that it glorified his Father in heaven. Meeting one day a former companion, Abe comes boldly up and says, "Naa, lad, haa art ta?" "Oh, why, middling like, haa's yersen?" "Aye, mun," said Abe, "it gets better and better, religion i' th' best thing i' th' world; it's made me th' happiest chap i' Berry Braa." "Why, thaa looks merry," said his companion. "I is merry, and only wish thaa wor like me;" and in his simple, earnest manner he went on to preach Jesus to his friend.

The neighbours said he would not stand long. "Give him a month or two and it'll be all over." "Weant I stand?" said Abe, "then I'll fall, but it shall be at the feet of Jesus."

So enthusiastic was he in his attendance at class meeting, that he actually went on the evening of his wedding-day, leaving the wedding party behind with his bride. "Where's ta going?" some one asked. Sally, the wife, was looking at him rather curiously, as if she could not understand his movements. "Why," said he, "doant yoa know it's my class noight?" "Well, what by that? They'll never expect thee t'-noight." "Oh, but I mun goa." "Nay, lad, thaa mu'nt goa t'-noight and leave th' wife and all th' friends; foak 'll laugh at thee." "Let 'm laugh; th' devil 'll laugh if I doant goa, and foak 'll laugh if I do. I'm sure to be laughed at ony way; I'll goa."

These class meetings and prayer meetings were the training-ground where he was preparing for the active life that lay before him as a local preacher. They were homely gatherings held in members' cottages, and the unrestrained feelings of those present often made them jump and shout for joy in true Methodist fashion. On one of these occasions, while one brother was praying, another got so happy that he could remain on his knees no longer. Springing to his feet, therefore, he began to jump, and brought his head into contact with a basket of apples which hung from the ceiling; the basket oscillated a time or two, then slipped off the nail, and spilt its contents on the head of the man that was praying. This singular event was deemed by him a sufficient reason for suspending his exercises, and opening his eyes to ascertain the cause. "Pray on, lad," exclaimed Abe; "it's nobbut th' owd woman's apple-cart upset," on

receiving which timely exposition of the state of things, the good man resumed his intercessions, and the meeting returned to its happy flow of feeling.

In these cottage meetings Abe soon became popular as an exhorter; he was looked upon as the stop-gap when brethren failed to keep their appointments; it began to be seen that he was the right man for a local preacher, and to his great amazement and terror he was appointed to preach his trial sermon in High-street Chapel, Huddersfield, with a view to his being officially recognized. There was no help for it; he must go and do his best. That evening Sally brushed him up, and had his clogs polished, and away he went to the chapel. He was very nervous; he started at the sound of his own voice; when he tried to speak, he somehow said just what he didn't intend; and whenever he moved his feet, his clogs clamped on the floor as he had never heard them elsewhere. However, preach he must; so having announced his text, he commenced his sermon, but it was evidently hard to get on: he tried and tried, clasped his hands, uttered a few sentences, scratched his head, and exclaimed, "Friends, I'm plogged; she weant goa; if this is preaching trial sermon I'll niver try another; we'll be like to swap texts." The congregation considerably sang a hymn, by which time Abe was ready with a new text, but with no greater success. He coughed and stammered, till at last he said, "She weant goa, but we'll try another." The third time he had better success. Beginning to feel his ground, he cried out, "She's baan to goa this time, I do believe;" and once fairly started, he spoke very fluently, sensibly, and naturally. The ordeal over, his case came before the circuit quarterly meeting. Some considered the "swapping of texts" three times an extraordinary feature, and gravely doubted such a man's claim to be put upon the plan. On the other hand, though the man who changes horses in crossing a stream may incur great risks, yet if the horse he is riding be sinking under him, he must change seats, or sink too: and in Abe's case, the third horse carried him over. The question was finally decided by the testimony of one who rose and said, "Abe Lockwood was with me on Sunday night at Mills Bridge; I heard him preach, and he did my soul good. After the sermon an old man, seventy years of age, sought the Lord and found him; that old man was impressed under Abe's sermon, which shows that God can do with his preaching. What matter if he does sometimes break down in his sermons? he knows how to break sinners down too; and after all, that is the best sort of preaching." He was cordially received into the ranks of the local preachers, and appeared as such in January, 1837.

Many good stories are given in the book concerning his preaching. In his pulpit exercises he generally enjoyed great self-command, which stood him in good stead one day, and helped him to carry others through a trouble as well. He was in a country pulpit, and had just announced the second hymn, which was long metre. The choir began a common metre tune to the hymn; before they had got through the second line they found out their mistake, and one after another ceased to sing. One tenacious brother, who did not like to be beaten, held on and made a jumble of the words for a few moments, and then he stopped; whereupon Abe turning round to the choir exclaimed—"Ne'er moind, lads, pucker it in! Onybody can mak' a long metre tune goa to a long metre hymn, but yo' mun beat that"; and joining heartily in the puckering exercise he helped them through their trouble.

At another time he had been preaching about the gospel being the Bread of Life for the world; its freeness for all; that it could be had "without money and without price" was his last point, and he made much of it. Now, it so happened that immediately on concluding his sermon he had to announce a collection. While it was being made the thought flashed into his mind that he had contradicted his own teachings by announcing that collection. He knew where the snare had come from, and at once in his own way broke it asunder. Rising to his feet, and bending over the pulpit front, he cast his eyes around the chapel as if trying to find some one. "I know that voice," he began, "it's the devil's." Every eye was on him in a moment. "What does thaa say?

That I ha' not been spaking th' truth, because I telled them th' bread of life wor free, and naa I'm asking th' people to pay for it. Thaa knaws as weall as I do th' bread is FREE, but we mun pay for th' baking. Mak' th' collection, friends, to pay for th' baking, and ne'er moind him." We need hardly say the people gave willingly to that collection, and so Abe got out of that difficulty.

In one of his sermons he was exhorting the people to watch against the devil, lest he should gain entrance to their hearts and spoil the work of God. "Nan," said he, "I'll tell yo' some'at. Aar lads" (his own sons) "took a fancy for a bit of garden; we had a little patch of graand by aar haase; well, they set to wark, mended th' fence all raand, dug up th' soil, threw aat th' stones and rubbish, raked it over and marked it aat into beds, and planted flaars, and you may depend t' lads wor praad o' their wark. By-and-by flaars came into bloom, pinks, pansays, and other things came aat all over th' garden; woren't they praad naa, and so wor I. One mornin', just afore we were going t' th' mill, th' big lad went aat to look at th' garden a minute, and th' first words he said wor, 'Who's been here? Who's been here?' Aat I went, and I wor raight grieved to see all th' garden spoilt, flaars broken off, little beds trampled aat o' shape, and the wark of months all undone. I saw in a minute haa it wor; an owd ass had gotten in during the noight and done all th' mischief. 'Haa could he get in,' said the lad, 'th' fence wor all roight and safe?' But I said, 'Did ta fasten th' gate last noight?' He looked at th' gate, and said, 'I don't knaw, father.' Ab, that wor it. There wor his foot-tracks through th' gateway. Ab, friends, the devil is like an owd ass, goin' skulking and shuffling abaat in th' dark when other folks are in bed sleeping, and he's always trying to get into th' Lord's garden and spoil th' flaars; yo' may mend th' fence as much as yo' loike, but if you don't fasten the gate, he'll be in and undo all th' good wark in your hearts. Shut the gate and fasten it; nail it up, raather than let th' owd cuddy get in."

There are many rich bits like this, but one of the finest I think is this, "Put um on theesen." It is such a piece of pure nature, and withal such a burst of true pathos as must have accomplished the end the sermon had in view more powerfully than the most finished production could have done. Here it is.

"The Prodigal Son was a favourite subject with the 'Little Bishop.' The singular pictures he drew of the prodigal in his degradation brought many a smile on the faces of the congregation. But his chief aim always was to get him back to his father's house again; here his emotions often overpowered him, and his joy was so great that he hardly knew what he was saying. Many still remember him on one occasion at Outlane. He had brought the poor prodigal to the top of a lane leading down to his father's house; there he stood covered in rags and dirt, his head bare and his shoes gone; he is timidly stopping at the corner of the lane debating whether he shall go on or turn back, when at that moment out comes the old man to look up and down the road; he sees that bit of human misery at the lane-end, and in an instant recognizes him as his son. 'Mother! mother!' exclaims th' owd man, 'quick! quick! here's aar Jack standing at top o' th' loin. Oh, run! run my owd legs, tak' me to him! Here, Jack, my lad, come to me, the' father wants thee—come, come!' And in another moment the old man is hurrying with tottering steps and open arms towards his son, and folding him, rags and all, to his bursting heart. It was so real to Abe, and he was so carried away with the picture before his vivid imagination, that when he got the lad into the house, he exclaimed, 'Put shoes on his hands and rings on his feet,' whereupon a man in the chapel called out, 'Nay, nay, Abe lad, put um on roight man.' But Abe responded at the top of his voice, while tears came rolling over his face, 'Put um on theesen and let me aloan! 'This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is saand.'"

This notice might be easily extended, did not our limits forbid. For more than thirty years he was enabled to carry on such work as this, labouring for his own support the while, and often in deep poverty. The title by which he was best known, "Little Abe," was given because, like Zaccheus, he was "litle of stature." But as he himself used to say, "A penny is a great deal

bigger than a sovereign, but yo' all know which to tak' when you have your choice. I doant tak' up much room in th' world, but I'm as happy as if I wor as big as Berry Braa Church."

He died in 1871, and left a memory behind him that grows more fragrant as the years go on. "Listen," he said, "when I can't spaike to tell yo' haa I feel, I'll lift my hand, and yo'll know all's weal." As long as he could speak at all, words of exultation and praise rose to his lips, and when he could no longer articulate, he fell back upon the signal. He was crossing the narrow strip of neutral ground that divides the two worlds; friends stood in the margin of the shadow-land watching him feebly lift his hand as he went over, till he could lift it no more, and when the signal dropped, mourners knew that Old Abe was safe through.

Now, the rest of the acts of Abraham Lockwood, how he helped build Salem Chapel, how he rode on the mule to the missionary meeting, how he rejoiced at the love feasts, and made others shout for joy, and many other things that he did, are they not written in the book of the preacher Jewell for all to read who desire it.

C. A. DAVIS.

Notices of Books.

The Children of Holy Scripture. By L. MASSEY. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

THE children of our homes cannot too soon be familiar with the children of the Bible. Beautiful books, such as those of Messrs. Cassell, exercise a wonderful influence over juvenile minds, and set the facts of holy history before the youthful eye with life-like reality. The volume before us is well written, and artistically illustrated. Money is well spent in *educating* the taste by choice engravings, and the heart by holy histories.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Elstow edition. With Memoir and Biographical Notes. Illustrated. John Walker and Co, 96, Farringdon Street.

WHAT changed times! Here we have Bunyan's Pilgrim bound up in the timber of the edifice in which he was wont to ring the bells. The church of his own day gave the good man timber enough to encase his whole body from year to year; indeed, they gave him so much that for twelve long years he could never say he was out of the wood. Did parsons and justices of that day ever dream that a book written by that horrid tinker would come to be enshrined in the old oak of Elstow church? We cannot help grimly smiling at the pious shrewdness which in this case

makes capital for Episcopalians out of our own Baptist Allegorist; but after thus giving vent to our feelings we take pleasure in saying that this copy of the "Pilgrim" is a gem. It is not only a literary curiosity, but a thing of beauty worthy of my lady's chamber. Every Bunyan admirer of substance, and there are many such, should place this edition among his rarities.

Would honest John be allowed to preach in Elstow church at this day? The excellent incumbent need not wait till Bunyan rises from the dead; let him make the offer to any other Baptist he may select. This will show that he means business, and that brotherly love continues.

In Prospect of Sunday: a Collection of Analyses, Arguments, Applications, Counsels, Cautions, etc., for the Use of Preachers and Teachers. By the Rev. G. S. BOWES, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

FULLY warranting its title. We wish we could present a copy to every poor minister of the gospel in the three kingdoms. There is not too much, and yet very much, upon a wonderful variety of subjects. He who purchases this book, be he teacher, or preacher, or private believer, will have no just cause to regret the expense. It is full of holy thought of a kind which begets thought. It has our warmest commendation.

The Home Visitor and District Companion. Volume for 1880. Edited by the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. Wm. Hunt and Co.

ONLY note the name of the editor, and you may be sure that the magazine is full of life. We are sorry, however, that Mr. Power should insert such a paragraph as the following; we thought he knew better:—"Christian parents should remember that the registration of a birth is not the same as baptism. Children are not members of the Church of England, nor have they any real right to a *Christian* name till they have been christened."

The Sower. Volume for 1880. Houlston and Sons.

IN form, a great improvement upon its older shape. Deep, experimental truth abounds, though in a somewhat narrow form.

Little Folks (Annual Volume). 3s. 6d. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

THIS children's magazine always heads the list, in our judgment, in point of artistic beauty and interesting reading. It is worthy of the house of Cassell. The engravings are both plentiful and admirable; we know of none to rival them. The serial itself is beyond all praise. We take this opportunity of heartily commending to our readers Messrs. Cassell's monthly issues of *Roberts' Sketches in the Holy Land*. This remarkable work has only been within reach of a few until this enterprising house has produced it in serial form, and now it can be obtained at a small cost.

Early Days (Annual Volume). 1s. 6d. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster-row.

VERY good. Children's periodicals quite astonish us: the young ones are evidently better cared for than the older folks. Our Wesleyan friends are well supplied in the direction of juvenile magazines if this is a specimen.

The Little Gleaner. Volume for 1880. Houlston and Sons.

SOUND in the faith. It is a wonderful little magazine. Many will despise its Puritanism, but we admire it.

Old Jonathan. Volume for 1880. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

ALWAYS a favourite with us. The cover to the year's volume is most effective.

Illustrated Missionary News. Volume for 1880. Elliot Stock.

THE cover of this year's volume of this magazine is adorned with one of the most splendid coloured pictures we have ever seen. The work is a first class advocate for missions.

The Church. Volume for 1880. Elliot Stock. Always maintains a respectable position among the magazines of the Baptist denomination. *The Appeal*, by the same publisher, is written in a more popular style, has more life in it, and is well adapted for distribution.

The British Evangelist. W.P. MACKAY. Hodder and Stoughton.

GOOD to give away.

The Methodist Family: an Illustrated Monthly Magazine (annual volume). 61, Paternoster Row.

WELL adapted for family reading.

Our Own Magazine (first annual volume). Published by the "Children's Special Service Mission," 37, Mark Lane; and Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

THE offspring of a very useful movement. We wish it the largest possible circulation, and God's best blessing.

Onward: a Band of Hope, Temperance, and Family Magazine. Vol. XV. 1880. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS periodical improves and increases. Its own motto is "onward." We hardly recognize in the large square volume our little friend of four years ago. How he has grown.

The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book, 1881. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. 11, Ave Maria Lane.

WE have great faith in the opinion of our head gardener; we have given him two of Mr. Shirley Hibberd's books, and he likes them much, and says that Mr. Hibberd writes like a man of experience, a practical man, and not a mere theorist. We therefore recommend all amateurs who are trying their hands at a garden to get this capital shillingsworth.

Sermons of Martyrs, Delivered in Times of Persecution in Scotland. James Gemmell, 15, George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.

If only as literary curiosities, every reading person should possess these sermons. Surely, no Scotchman will think himself a patriot until he knows how Cargill and Cameron thundered out the word. To all Christians it is a joy to know how the Lord spoke by his persecuted ministers, and with what sort of food they fed the flock of slaughter. Better that Scotland were hacked by Claverhouse for cleaving to the Lord, than that she should be flattered by infidels for her gradual departure from the faith. O Lord, how long! Let not the blood of the Covenanters be spilt in vain!

The Incarnate Saviour. A Life of Christ. By the Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A., of Kelso. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

A SERIES of admirable discourses upon the theme which, beyond all others, is just now the favourite among authors. The work should hardly be called "a Life of Jesus Christ," because we are by that title naturally led to expect a connected biography, condensed, descriptive, historical; and this is nothing of the kind. As a volume of sermons upon a most delightful subject, well prepared by a scholarly mind, this book will have its place, and minister to the edification of the church; and though it will not rival the great efforts of genius and research which now are regarded as the standard "Lives of Christ," its sound gospel ring will make it dear to many.

Break of Day in the Eighteenth Century.

A History and a Specimen of its First Book of English Sacred Song. By CYPRIAN T. RUST. William Hunt.

It may be needful to keep Dr. Watts before the public, and remind lovers of a more modern hymnology that they must go far to surpass the old. If there be such a need, Mr. Rust has done good service in selecting some 300 of the good doctor's hymns, and issuing them in a volume. We hope, however,

that the good taste of this generation will always enjoy the lofty poetry of our first of hymn-writers, and that all our collections will continue to contain the best of Watts. Mr. Rust's notes are not very new to Dissenters, but they may entertain his church friends. We feel obliged to him for his good design, for he who is the friend of Watts is our friend too.

Future Punishment: some current theories concerning it stated and estimated. By CLEMENT CLEMANCK, B.A., D.D. Second Edition, Revised. John Snow and Co.

We cannot endorse the teaching of this book, but it is an honest attempt to get at the truth, and as such it is worthy of attention. A desire to reconcile the stern teaching of Scripture, and the gentler dogmas of "modern thought," is apparent all through the book; but the author has too much reverence for Holy Scripture to twist or pervert it to serve his purpose, and therefore his task is the more difficult. He has done as well as any man can do who has such a work before him, and perhaps we ought to say even more,—he has contributed more valuable suggestions upon the subject than any other man whose thoughts we have read. We do not mean that he has theorized so largely as others, but that what he has ventured upon has been more reasonable and less open to objection than the notions with which many speculators have cobwebbed the subject. It is a great deep, and we feel safest when we keep to the undoubted plain meaning of our Saviour's words.

The Biblical Museum. By JAMES COMPER GRAY. Vol. IX. Old Testament. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a difficult portion to comment upon—namely, Jeremiah and Ezekiel; but Mr. Comper Gray has kept up the quality of his work. This Museum must be a wonderful help to teachers and preachers. We have praised it many times, and we feel fully justified in standing to our commendation. It is a compilation of practical hints which a working minister will know how to use in the pulpit.

The Heavenly World. Views of the Future Life by eminent writers. Compiled by G. HOLDEN PIKE. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BEAUTIFUL book outwardly, and within replete with choice words upon that subject which has the most of charms for the weary children of the morning. Mr. Pike has made a rich collection, which will gladden thousands of hearts.

Manual of Devotion. Translated from the Writings of Saint Augustine. Edinburgh: J. Maclaran and Son.

A VERY handy edition of Augustine's little work: full of sweet piety and beautiful expression; it must be helpful to every devout reader. It is a pity to have made the binding and get-up so "Anglican-ish."

Ecce Veritas; or Modern Scepticism and Revealed Religion weighed. By Rev. J. HILES HITCHENS, D.D. Haughton and Co.

A SERIES of discourses in defence of the Scriptures, given to the preacher's ordinary congregation, and now reproduced in book form. While essentially popular in style, these discourses display extensive reading, and considerable argumentative power. May they tend to strengthen faith in the word of God. We hardly knew our friend, Mr. Hitchens, when we saw D.D. dangling at the end of his name.

Holiness as Understood by the Writers of the Bible. A Bible Study. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. BEET has patiently and devoutly gathered together the expressions in the Bible relating to holiness, and deduced therefrom a somewhat novel conclusion as to its nature and consequent claims upon the Christian. The work is exceedingly valuable and interesting to students and preachers as a condensed piece of criticism, and must quicken thought in every reader, while those who hold completely different views of the subjects of Christian perfection will find but little to complain of in this skilfully worded little book. It is among the books nearest to our mind upon this much canvassed subject.

Sermons by Eugene Bersier, of Paris. Translated from the French. R. D. Dickinson.

THIS volume of sermons will repay reading by the student or preacher. Though not in very popular form, we should suppose that they must have been very powerful as delivered. Clear and beautiful, relentless in their logic, and staunch in their orthodoxy, they are an unusually good specimen of the French pulpit. May the land that gave us Voltaire long continue to furnish such antidotes as Pressensé and Bersier.

Beautiful upon the Mountains. Evening Readings for a Month. By MARGARET STEWART SIMPSON. Nisbet and Co.

A SHORT time ago we had the pleasure of commending a little shilling book by Mrs. Simpson entitled "Steps through the Stream," and we are now glad to repeat almost without abatement the same words of praise in reference to a similar book, entitled, "Beautiful upon the Mountains," in which we have a meditation for every evening of a month of thirty-one days. Here are many new illustrations and sparkling thoughts, while texts of Scripture are arranged in a manner calculated to assist the thoughtful and inspire the devout.

Sunlight and Shadow; or Gleanings from My Life-work. By JOHN B. GOUGH. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT a treat it would be to hear John Gough tell all these tales in his own inimitable manner! We confess that we cannot enjoy the reading of his book because we keep on wishing for the man, the beloved man, to rise up and say and act the stories before our eyes. It was an event to us to make the acquaintance of John Gough; we have been consciously richer ever since. He is a grand man, and we were going to say—so is his wife. Well, she is a true helpmeet, and as lovable as her husband. But about this book—it is sure to be popular, and all its teaching is sound and good, not only as to temperance but religion, and all that is pure, and honest, and elevating. The stories sugar the pill, and the pill is good medicine. May the author's shadow never grow less.

Half-Hour Temperance Readings. By the Rev. CHARLES COURTENAY. Jarrold and Sons.

JUST the book for the conductors of mothers' meetings and similar gatherings, where a half-hour's interesting reading may prevent a large amount of gossip and scandal, and perhaps convey useful lessons which would not be so well learnt in any other way.

The Non-Alcoholic Home Treatment of Disease. By Dr. J. JAMES RIDGE. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

THE introduction to this little book is exceedingly valuable, for in it Dr. Ridge discusses the question whether those who join the ranks of abstainers are more or less likely to be attacked by illness than they would have been if they had continued to be even "moderate drinkers." He says when a man signs the pledge "all goes on swimmingly until the *pms asinorum*, the first illness, is reached. It matters not how great or small this illness is, whether it makes its appearance five days, five weeks, five months, or five years after the alcohol has ceased to be taken, Job's comforters will shake their heads over the teetotal folly, and prophesy speedy dissolution if this infatuated course of conduct is not forthwith abandoned." Dr. Ridge's conclusion is "that alcohol is an agent which, so far from being a means of preserving health, actually tends to produce disease, or causes an increased liability to it." This work has been compiled in order that abstainers may not be tempted to take as a medicine that which in many cases has been continued as a beverage long after the disease for which it was prescribed has passed away.

Evans' Temperance Annual. 1881. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

A CAPITAL threepennyworth of temperance poetry, puns, stories, and statistics. Teetotal orators will find many feathers for their arrows here, especially in "Old Ebony's brown study in black and white, which the author hopes will be read." Here is one of his quaint sayings—"If de drinking habits of dis country are to be put down, de pen can

do it, depend upon it. Let ebberybody sign de pledge and de work am done at once."

The Methodist Temperance Annual. Vol. XIII. Elliot Stock.

A THOROUGHLY lively little monthly, which must help to set Methodists' right with regard to the temperance question. We should like to see improvement in the paper and illustrations, which are hardly worthy of the good cause.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1881. Edited by ROBERT RAE. 337, Strand.

WHAT can the most ardent teetotaler want in addition to what is here given upon the historical, literary, national, medical, religious, educational, family, legislative, judicial, sanitary, pecuniary, and other aspects of the temperance question? Many who are not total abstainers would do well to get this little book and read it; some of them might be surprised to find how much can be said against their practice.

The Tempter Behind. By JOHN SAUNDERS. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

A HIGH-CLASS temperance tale, describing the struggles of a young man who had inherited from his parents the craving for intoxicants, but who, largely through the judicious treatment of an eccentric but sensible doctor, was enabled ultimately to put "the tempter behind" him, and to rise to a position of great usefulness and happiness.

Picnics and Parties; or, Aunt Sally's Experiences. By KATE NEELY HILL. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THIS would have been an interesting and useful story if it had not been spoiled by the horrible slang which appears on almost every page. If American schoolgirls who have scarcely entered their teens really talk in the style used in this book we hope it will be a very long while before John Bull's merry maidens imitate the manners and customs of Brother Jonathan's children. Of whom did our little cousins across the water learn the foolish and coarse expressions to which we object? Certainly not from the men of the *Mayflower*.

Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament, Ephesians, and Philemon, by Dr. MEYER. *Thessalonians*, by Dr. LUENEMANN. T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

MEYER's commentaries are for scholars, and by universal consent they hold the highest place for accuracy of criticism and exegesis. When we find such men as Ellicott expressing deep obligations to Meyer, we may be sure that his scholarship is of the highest class. The Messrs. Clark have now published sixteen volumes of the series, and those of our ministerial readers who delight to study the original, and go at once to the fountain-head by the aid of the ablest criticism, will find in the "Meyer series" a grand addition to their libraries.

Scripture Text Cards, etc.—Tiny Texts for Children; Texts for Little Pilgrims; Floral Birthday Cards; Birthday Wreaths. 6d. per Packet. *The Christian's Armour.* 1s. 6d. *Sunny Links in Shadowed Chains.* 2s. *The Ministry of Flowers.* 2s. 6d. *Hidden Manna.* 5s. B. Ollendorff, 53, Jewin Street.

TASTES differ, but in their own special way these cards of varying sizes and differing degrees of elaboration have a great charm about them. Many of them are real works of art, and all of them are choice. The Tiny texts make delightful Sunday School Reward Tickets, while the Hidden Manna Series are large embossed cards fit for framing. Mr. Ollendorff deserves large patronage.

The Truth of Scripture in connection with Revelation, Inspiration, and the Canon. By JOHN JAMES GIVEN, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

A NOBLE volume. An armoury of weapons of defence against sceptical objections—weapons which intelligent men may handle to purpose. The learned author not only furnishes arrows for the bow, but directs the reader to sources whence more may be gathered; and he does this in a brave, confident spirit, assuring all tremblers that modern assaults upon Scripture are not a whit more formidable than those of former times, nor likely to prove in the least more successful. The work will

be most useful to ministers and to educated believers. It is a masterly piece of apologetics, and we have had the utmost pleasure in its perusal. We anticipate increased satisfaction as we still further study the work, for it is plainly worthy of no ordinary reading. Apparent discrepancies are removed, and difficulties overcome; and thus faith is made to laugh at her assailants, and grow rich on their spoils.

The Children's Sunbeam. Pleasant Stories for the Young Folks. F. E. LONGLEY, 39, Warwick-lane.

MANY of these short stories and anecdotes are likely to interest and profit the youngsters. We saluted certain of them as old stagers whom we had met with before in a serial which contained the same hideous woodcuts which disfigure the little book before us.

The River of Life; or, Salvation full and free. By the Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A VERY little book, full of gospel truth, simply and sweetly set forth. Its earnest and pointed appeals render it especially suitable for presentation to such as are seeking for salvation, and to the unconverted.

Festival Hymns: a series of suitable original and selected Hymns and Tunes for School Anniversaries, and other festival occasions. By ALFRED H. MILES. Sunday School Union.

THE object of the compiler is to comprise on a single quarto leaflet the words and music of a sufficient number of pieces for an anniversary service. One page contains an original or selected piece for the anthem, and on the other page half-a-dozen hymns, with a melody. The idea is a good one, and as the leaflets are published at the cheap rate of 2s. per 100, it is sure to commend itself to superintendents and others responsible for the arrangement of anniversaries.

Almanach for 1881. By JOSEPH WHITAKER, F.S.A. 12, Warwick Lane.

OUT of sight the best almanach published for general use. We do not know how it could be improved. It is a mine of information: a wonderful shilling's-worth.

Reedyford; or Creed and Character.

By SILAS K. HOCKING, F.R.H.S.
Ward, Lock, and Co.

To describe this work as a very cleverly written, but highly sensational, novel would be the truth; but the author might complain that it was not all the truth, and that he had a worthy object in view in writing, namely, that of holding up to scorn those professors of religion with whom a rigid orthodoxy is everything, and character nothing;

and, further, that he would demonstrate that a man may revolt against the doctrinal teachings of evangelical Christianity and yet afford to the world and to the church an example of all that is lovely and of good report. While we would accord to the author full credit for his good intentions, we are forced to the conclusion that the book would delight a scoffer or an infidel, and foster a vicious taste for three-volume novels in youthful readers.

Notes.

THIS month our notes are few, for more wearisome days have been appointed us, but yet the Lord has been very gracious, and we have good hope of permanent recovery when frosts and damps become fewer. Our ever-careful church officers have urged us to go away for a month's rest; but, with overflowing gratitude for their kindness and the greatest deference for their judgment, we mean to try and be at our post as much and as often as strength permits; for where can we go in this land of damp, and what rest is there for us while such a charge is upon us? We should only lose home comforts, and like a snail carry our load on our back wherever we might crawl. Work gets sadly behind, and while it is undone where could we rest? Even if the Garden of Eden could be found on earth the Serpent would be at us till our arrears are pulled up, and till we see the Lord's work going on again with its usual vigour.

On Tuesday Evening, Feb. 8, the Annual Church Meeting was held at the Tabernacle. It was a very joyous occasion, though the senior Pastor was disabled in both arms. The warm love of his attached people cheered his heart, and though another season of suffering awaited him, it was a sunny oasis in the desert of pain. The statistics presented at the meeting were as follows:—Increase, by baptism, 314; by letter, 101; by profession, 38; total, 453. Decrease, by dismissal, 147; by dismissal to form new church at Tooting, 5; by joining other churches with letters, 50; emigrated, 12; died, 74; excluded for non-attendance, 106; removed for other causes, 5; total, 399—leaving a net increase of 54, and making the number of members on the books 5,284. An error was made in the total announced last year; this has been corrected in the present returns. A happy meeting was held, and the reports showed that the hardness of the times and the illness of the pastor had not materially damaged the finances. As to spiritual progress, it was hoped that, in earnestness, unity, and prayerfulness, the Church was never in a healthier state.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. C. Brett, late of Wellington, expects shortly to sail for Australia, where he will be glad to hear of a Church needing a pastor. Mr. W. H. Burton, pastor of the church at Dalston Junction, also hopes soon to go to the Antipodes, his church having given him a year's leave of absence in the hope that during that time his health will be sufficiently restored for him to return to his work in England.

Mr. H. Rylands Brown also sails early this month for Darjeeling in company with Mr. J. Gelson Gregson, who is once more returning to India. May this brother be the precursor of many others; but as yet we have no funds forthcoming. To evangelize among the English-speaking population of India seems to us to be a good life-work for any man. If we could send out a few men soon, we should be glad.

Mr. J. Stubbs, whose health gave way in Allahabad, has reached England in safety. He will be glad to get to work again as soon as possible. Mr. D. Lyall has also returned from the Cameroons, invalided. These are sad blows; but men are not made of iron, and the climate is trying.

We learn from Australia that Mr. F. G. Buckingham has settled at Emerald Hill, Melbourne; and that Mr. E. G. Ince has removed from Echuca to Stawell.

Mr. Jas. Smith has removed from York Road, Leeds, to Tunbridge Wells. May he there build up the Church of God!

Another of our brethren, Pastor T. Colville, of Diss, has fallen asleep in Jesus.

The Annual Conference will (D.V.) be held in the week commencing Monday, May 2nd. Dear readers, pray that we may enjoy the Divine presence, and that every minister may return to his people filled anew with the Spirit.

EVANGELISTS.—During the past month Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been holding a series of services at *Annan*, in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association of that town. A local paper states that the services have been well attended.

From *Sheepshed* we learn that Mr. Burnham's services have again been highly appreciated. Crowded meetings were held alternately in the two chapels, and on the last evening about 900 persons, or nearly one-fourth of the whole population, were present. The spiritual results of the meetings are very encouraging, many having been led to decision, and great numbers to ask what they must do to be saved. On the 13th ult., Mr. Burnham commenced his engagement in *Yorkshire*, to which we referred last month.

Mr. Welton, of Driffeld, asks us to correct the statement that was made in our last number with respect to the new chapel at Cranswick. He says that half the cost of the building had been raised before Mr. Burnham's previous visit, and that the new chapel is the result of four years' hard work. The Evangelist's services helped to secure the desired end, and we meant to say no more than that.

ORPHANAGE.—Another dear lad has "gone home" from the Orphanage during the past month. Mr. Charlesworth has written an account of his life and experience while in the institution, which will probably appear in the next number of the magazine.

A Collectors' Meeting will be held on March 23rd at the Orphanage, when specially interesting matters will be attended to, and the President hopes to be in the chair. Will all Collectors make a note of this?

The following note came one morning when the President was very ill, and its contents greatly comforted him:—"Dear Sir,—I have been wishing for some time to send you a donation for the Stockwell Orphanage, and I now ask you to accept the enclosed cheque for £500. Will you kindly enter it 'In Memoriam' without name? I have much pleasure in sending this gift as I believe the dear children are trained in the best possible way for their present and future welfare."

There is no truth in the statement that an anonymous donation of £1,000 has been sent, but we have received during the month the amount (£1,000) promised by W. R. Rickett, Esq., for "The Limes," and since the lists were made up the lady and gentleman mentioned in the last magazine have sent us a cheque for £1,000 for the *new hall* which will be needed for the girls. This is a noble beginning.

COLPORTAGE.—During the past month one of our most devoted and successful Colporteurs has been called from the labours of the field to his eternal rest. A local paper notices his work as follows:—

"DEATH OF MR. W. MATTHEWS, THE COLPORTEUR.—During the week there has passed away from our midst a worker in a humble, but most important department of Christian labour. We allude to Mr. W. Matthews, the local colporteur from Mr. Spurgeon's Colportage Association, whose death occurred, at the Cottage Hospital,

early on Sunday morning. The deceased will be remembered by many persons in the scattered villages and hamlets around Evesham as one who, at times of sickness or sorrow, would be ever ready with a word of religious counsel and Christian sympathy and to many he has been the means of leading them to decide to pursue a new, moral, and spiritual life; while at the side of many a death-bed he has been able to offer true comfort to the departing one. His proper work was to sell and give away books and other kinds of literature, selected for him by the society as being of a moral or religious character. In following this employment, Mr. Matthews had to visit 74 villages, lying within a radius of seven miles from Evesham. During the course of the rather more than six years since his appointment he has sold about £1,000 worth of books, besides distributing to purchasers over 1,000 periodicals monthly. To accomplish this work many long and weary journeys had to be undertaken; and the deceased cheerfully continued his work with scarcely an intermission from week to week, weather rarely deterring him. He mapped out his district so as to traverse the whole within the month; and when sometimes persuaded to give himself a little rest, he would always excuse himself by stating his earnest wish that not one of his rounds should be omitted, even for a month. Besides the houses of the poor, the colporteur with his pack of books was welcomed at some of the country parsonages, the clergy showing thereby their appreciation of the value of his work. The strength and bodily health of Mr. Matthews visibly declined towards the close of the last year, and at the urgent entreaty of his friends, and of Mr. Thomas White, the local superintendent of the Colportage Association, he temporarily gave up his work the week before Christmas, and another agent—who now remains to continue the work—came to relieve him. Mr. Matthews then went to Matlock, hoping by the change and rest, and with skilful medical treatment, to recover his strength. After remaining at Matlock a short time, he found himself worse, and anticipating the event which has taken place, expressed his desire to return to Evesham, where he arrived on Thursday week. The long journey during such inclement weather, it is feared, proved too much for his strength, and he died on Sunday morning."

The last entry made in the Journal of Mr. Matthews shows his confidence in the good being accomplished by his labours, and his unwavering trust in God amid failing strength. He says:—"The work is doing all classes good, the books sold and tracts given are good seed. It cannot die, for it is God word, and it must and shall prevail. A few here and there express their thanks for my visits; and they miss me very much if I do not go on the expected day. It is with much trouble I have gone

about my work this month, but I have found the promises not to fail. 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' To GOD BE ALL THE GLORY."

As might be expected the severe storms and heavy floods impeded the Colporteurs in their work, and many were laid aside; but still on the whole the districts were fairly worked. We have not received any applications recently for opening new districts, and would therefore remind our readers that the Association is prepared to equip and send a Colporteur to a district for the small sum of £40 a year. There are many districts where a Pastor cannot be sustained, and in which the constant visitations and evangelistic help of the Colporteur would be invaluable. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple-street, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The New York *Examiner and Chronicle*, in reporting the ordination of a Baptist minister in Rhode Island, says that he was "formerly a Universalist preacher," and that he "ascribes his convictions, that led to an evangelical change in him, to his hearing, while in London, a sermon from Mr. Spurgeon, on 'The resurrection of life, and the resurrection of damnation.'"

A Baptist minister in the West of England sends us the particulars of the conversion of a man who was deeply impressed by reading our sermons, which had been supplied for distribution in the village by the "Spurgeon's Sermons' Tract Society." He seemed to be sinking in despair, when the pastor remembered our address, "Tempted of the Devil," which he had read in *The Sword and the Trowel*, sent him by Mrs. Spurgeon. It just met his case, and prepared the way for the sermon on "Precious Faith" by our son Thomas in a later number of the magazine. Then our sermon, "A Wilderness Cry" (No. 1,427), was left by the distributor, and by the blessing of the Holy Spirit on the reading of it he was led into true peace, and departed rejoicing in the Lord. Thus does God devise means to fetch home his banished children.

A member of the church at the Tabernacle says:—"Since my removal to ——— it has been my happiness to become acquainted with the City Missionary in this district. I have been delighted with his expositions of divine truth, and it is my firm opinion that he is destined to be ere long a successful preacher of the gospel. He was brought up as a coal-miner, but the sermon you preached from the words—'Here am I, send me,' was used as a call from God for him to go and preach the gospel. He felt after reading that sermon ('The Divine Call for Missionaries,' No. 1,351,) that he would go anywhere where the Lord would open a door."

A Christian farmer, who is now a Wesleyan class-leader, in sending us a donation for the Orphanage, writes:—"I was led to give my heart to God about twenty-four years ago, one evening, while at work in a mill, through reading a sermon preached by you from Psalm cxxv. 2 ('The Security of the Church,' No. 161). I mention this as another illustration of the text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.'"

Another donor to the Orphanage says:—"My chest seems to be going fast, so that this may be my last opportunity of writing to you. Dear Mr. Spurgeon, I shall never forget you; no, not even in heaven. My eyes fill with tears of gratitude to our loving Father for ever leading me to take your sermons, and for the unspeakable blessings I have received from them these last sixteen years. My friends in New York also write me from time to time expressing their thanks that I was led to send them out to them. *The Sword and the Trowel*, too, has been a constant source of refreshment."

SPURGEON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK.—We have been recently trying to complete a set of our small almanacks, but find that we cannot get copies for the years 1857, 1860, 1862, and 1865. If any friends can oblige us with any or all of these we shall be extremely thankful to them.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—January 31st, eighteen; February 3rd, nine.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thomas W. Lister	1	0	0
Mrs. Downing	1	0	0
T. E. T.	2	0	0
R. D., Otago	2	10	0
Mr. Alfred Ashley	2	2	0
Rev. John Jackson	2	2	0
Mr. Charles Carnegie	1	0	0
Matthew xxv. 40	1	0	0
Master J. Charles Spurgeon Pratt	1	0	6
Mr. John Nuttall	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Shayer	2	10	0
Mrs. S. Carvil	0	15	0
Mr. William Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	0	10	6
A Friend	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	10	0	0
Stamps from Garve	0	5	0
An afflicted Missionary in India	0	10	0
B. S. B.	2	0	0
Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Ezra Horn	Mrs. Finch, per J. T. D.	0 1 0
Part Collections at Lyminster, per	Pastor John Wilson	0 10 0
Pastor John Collins	5 0 0	Pastor G. W. Linnekar	0 10 0
The late Mr. D. J. Leech	60 0 0	Rev. J. Barton	0 10 0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0 2 6	Collection at Carlton Chapel, South-	2 10 0
Mrs. L. Wheatley	0 14 0	ampton, per Pastor E. Osborne	2 10 0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	2 0 0	Annual Subscriptions:—	
Pastor C. L. Gordon	0 10 0	Mr. John Brewer	5 5 0
Miss E. Morrison	0 10 0	Mr. J. C. Parry	1 0 0
Dividend on share in "The Freeman"		Weekly Offerings at Mct. Tab.:	
Newspaper Company	0 5 0	January 16	...	20 8 0	
Widow Chesterman	1 0 0	" 23	...	22 13 6	
Collection at Victoria Place Chapel,		" 30	...	13 14 0	
Faisley, per Pastor J. Crouch	3 1 3	February 6	...	30 5 6	
Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0	" 13	...	36 16 3	
S. S.	0 10 0				123 17 3
A. H.	0 8 0				
Mrs. Raybould	2 0 0				
The Misses Dransfield	2 2 0				£257 9 6

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Margaret Grant	1 0 0	J. K. L. C. C. B.	2 2 0
Mr. B. Hammet	1 0 0	Collected by Miss E. and Mr. G.	
Collected by Mrs. Allan	0 18 0	Crumpton:—	
Mr. J. Lock	1 0 0	Mr. W. J. S. Scott	...	1 1 0	
R. D. Otago	2 10 0	Miss Campbell	...	0 10 0	
Mrs. Paterson	1 0 0	Friends in Alnwick	...	0 12 0	
Mrs. Ann Smith	1 0 0	Two Friends	...	0 1 0	
Mrs. Downing	1 0 0				2 4 0
Collected by Mr. C. E. French	0 10 0	Mrs. J. H. Wale	1 0 0
X. Y. Z., part profit from fowls	0 8 0	Trinity Road Church, Upper Tooting,	
H. E.	0 2 6	per Pastor G. J. Knight	5 0 0
W. A. M.	0 5 0	Mr. W. Ronald	1 10 0
Miss Clarke	1 0 0	W. P., Chicago	2 0 0
Mr. A. Pengilly	1 0 0	M. P., Liverpool	0 2 6
"The Lord's Box"	0 10 0	A. B.	0 10 0
D. H. J.	25 0 0	Mr. James Durham	0 15 0
Mr. W. Seth Smith	5 0 0	Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.	0 10 6
Mr. and Mrs. Allen	2 2 0	Mr. John McGregor	1 0 0
T. E. T.	4 0 0	Mrs. and Miss Kemp	5 0 0
Mrs. McConcehy	1 0 0	Mr. Mungo Lander	10 0 0
Free Church Sunday-school, Fort Wil-		A Helper	0 10 0
liam	0 10 0	Master J. T. Arnott and Sisters	2 5 0
Mr. J. Flather	10 0 0	Christmas Donations from the Readers	
Mr. J. W. Potter	0 5 0	of the "Christian Herald"	19 16 5
Stamps	0 2 0	Master Walter Oakley	0 3 0
J. F. C.	0 2 6	Stamps from Kintore	0 3 8
Collected by Master A. M. W. Chrystal	0 5 0	A Lover of Jesus	0 5 0
Mrs. J. Scott	1 0 0	Mr. Edward Joselyne	1 0 0
Thankoffering for Sermon, No. 1,576	0 5 0	B. S. B.	2 2 0
Mr. E. J. Crowther	1 1 0	Mr. Joseph Cubey	1 14 0
Mr. William Biggs	2 0 0	Collected by the Misses Rust	0 7 6
Matt. xxv. 40	3 0 0	M. S. A.	1 0 0
A Friend, Hertfordshire	1 0 0	J. F.	2 2 6
Miss Warmington	10 0 0	Part Collections at Lyminster, per	
Stamps	0 1 6	Pastor John Collins	5 0 0
Mrs. Whatley	0 10 0	Mr. R. K. Juniper	2 0 0
Quarterly Subscriptions, per F. R. T.—		Mr. S. Hobbs	2 2 0
Mrs. Dix	0 5 0	C. D. E.	0 2 0
Mrs. Adrian	0 5 0	The late Mr. D. J. Leech	60 0 0
Mrs. Henry Brown	0 5 0	Lizzie Docwra	0 1 0
Rev. F. Tucker (Aun. Sub.)	0 5 0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0 2 6
			1 0 0	A Friend, Glasgow	2 0 0
Mr. Charles Martin	0 5 0	Windmill-street Sunday-school, Graves-	
Miss M. D. Maclean	3 0 0	end	1 1 0
Mr. J. J. Bydwell	1 1 0	Mr. John Cooke	1 0 0
Mrs. Veale	2 2 0	Mr. W. H. Willcox	1 0 0
Mr. John Dick	5 0 0	Mr. William McClintock	1 0 0
Mr. B. Shayer	2 10 0	Mr. Daniel Keely	0 5 0
Mr. J. Barker	3 0 0	Mr. E. M. Absolon	0 10 0
Miss M. M. Dodwell	0 5 0	Mrs. Gordon	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald	1 0 0	Rev. A. Bellamy	1 1 0
Collected by M. Merritt	1 10 0	Lochee Baptist Sunday-school	1 10 0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
An aged Believer		0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Watts		0	10	0
A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"		0	5	0	Mr. E. Lister		0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Cooper		0	14	0	Mrs. Peaple		1	0	0
"In Memoriam"	500	0	0	0	E. B. F., Postal Order		1	0	0
One who loves the Orphans		0	2	6	Mrs. Charles Wood		2	10	0
D. P. L.		0	7	6	Collected by Gilbert and William Finch		0	18	1
Friends, per Mr. C. Adlem		0	2	6	Collected by W. S.		0	13	4
Per Pastor C. Spurgeon:—					Orphan Boys' and Girls' Cards (see separate list)		6	2	7
J. M. Jay, Huckney	1	1	0		Mr. W. Plummer, per Mr. Goldston ...		2	2	0
J. N., Greenwich	0	10	0		Mr. John Young		1	0	0
		1	11	0	Collected by Master Harry Everett ...		0	4	0
Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class		1	2	9	Collected by Miss Marion Everett ...		0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Priestly		1	0	0	"Lizzie," per Mr. Murrell		0	10	0
Mrs. J. Rix		0	5	0	F. Leake		0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Swanton		0	6	0	Collected by Miss Ellen Price		1	5	6
Mr. W. Kelley		0	10	0	Mr. Sherrin, per V. J. C.		1	0	0
Westmoreland-road Sunday-school (per Mr. Shepherd)	1	5	10		Mr. Wm. Ellis		3	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Way (Downs' Chapel)		2	1	0	Mr. Wadland		1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Weightman		5	0	0	"For Jesus' sake," per J. T. D.		1	0	0
Anon (Postal Order, Exeter)		0	5	0	Sale of S. O. Tracts		0	1	0
C. B., and S. D. Buck, per J. T. D. ...		2	2	0	Box at Orphanage Gates		0	8	9
Collected by Miss Walker, from Friends at New Cross		1	1	7	Collection at Green Walk Mission, per Mr. W. Olney, jun.		3	13	1
Mrs. Lane		0	2	6	Sandwich, per Bankers, February 1 ...		2	2	0
Andrew Dunn, Esq., for Teachers' Library		1	0	0					
Per Mr. W. Ross:—					<i>Annual Subscriptions:</i>				
"Ross's Mission Hall,"	10	0	0		Mr. T. S. Penny		1	1	0
Mr. W. Ross		1	1	0	Rev. E. J. Farley		5	0	0
Mr. J. Bartholomew		1	1	0	Mr. J. C. Parry		1	0	0
		12	2	0	Mrs. Layard		1	0	0
Mr. R. Gillespie, per V. J. C.		5	0	0	Mrs. E. Loverock		0	10	0
							£303	15	7

Orphan Boys' and Girls' Collecting Cards.—Boys: Ratcliffe, J., 2s; King, G. H., 6s 2d; Powell, A., 12s 7d; Sorrell, F., 1s; Oliver, T., 5s; Weston W., 9s; Brind, H., 3s; Wright, J., 7s.; Fitch, W., 7d; Stroud, W., 13s; Smith, A. J., 3s 6d; Mills, H., 1s; Madigan, W., 2s 8d; Herrman, J. E., 1s 6d. —Girls: Gould, Emma, £1 15s 7d; Appleyard, A., 11s 6d; Eagleton, H., 7s 6d; Total, £6 2s 7d.

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—A bag of Rice, Mr. Potier.
 CLOTHING, &c.—Three pairs Blankets, J. Nuttall; 4 boxes Ties, Messrs. Rix and Bridge; a quantity of Thread, Mr. Fawkner; 6 Shirts, per Mrs. Huntley.
 GENERAL.—A School Atlas, J. Nuttall; 6½ gross Penholders, 12 gross Nibs, ½ gross Pencils, 4 boxes Slate Pencils, and 1 dozen Rulers, B. P. Bilborough; 4½ dozen Slates, R. J. May; a quantity of Firewood, S. Thompson; a quantity of Haberdashery and 2 gross of Pocket Combs, T. H. Olney; A parcel of Books and Left-off Clothing, Anon.
 FOR SALE ROOM.—Three Articles, Sarah; 2 pairs of Cuffs, Miss Kate Oakley.
List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING, ETC.—Twelve Petticoats, Amy and Mary Finch; a Felt Frock and Jacket, Mrs. Waking; 22 articles of Clothing, First Bible Class, Baptist Chapel, Staincliffe, per Miss Eva Castle, 12 Ditto, and 5 Dolls, Thankoffering Miss Shearson; 12 articles of Clothing, Young Ladies, South-street Chapel, Greenwich, per Mrs. Huntley; 6 articles of Clothing, Mrs. Lamb; 11 Ditto, Mrs. Fairey; 21 Ditto, M. A. G. and M. G.; 12 Ditto, Sarah; 22 Ditto; a Parcel from the Fancy Sale, Catford Hill, Mr. Greenwood.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1881.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
W. R. Rickett, Esq., for one house, "The Limes"	1000	0	0		Mrs. E. Johnson		1	0	0
Collected by E. L. C.	0	10	2		Mr. J. Hassall		1	0	0
Mrs. Downing		1	0	0	Mr. T. T. Marks, C.E.		0	10	6
Mrs. Hunt, Romsey		0	2	6	"My Tobacco Allowance"		0	5	0
Miss S. Revell		0	1	0	Mr. Hy. Tribe		10	10	0
Collection after Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon (No. 1543), read at Magill, South Australia	4	0	0		A Lover of Jesus		0	5	0
E. A. V., A. V., E. R. V., E. J. V., and A. T., instead of sugar in tea		0	4	8	Pastor J. Kent		0	10	0
From a grateful one		10	0	0	Mrs. M. E. Bedwell		0	9	6
Mr. E. J. Goringe		3	0	0	From Forbes		0	15	0
Mr. B. Shayer		2	10	0	Mr. A. H. Scard		0	2	6
Mrs. B. Joyce		1	0	0	Taprobane		5	0	0
E. H.		1	0	0	Miss Everest		0	5	0
					"Mary and Maggie"		0	10	0
					Rev. Thos. Dury		1	0	0
					Mr. John Darlington		0	2	6
					Mrs. White		0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Wm. McClintock	1	0	0	0	
The Misses Weymouth	0	5	0		
G. A. R., Ellesmere	1	0	0		
Mrs. Gordon	0	5	0		
E. D., Birmingham	0	16	0		
An Invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6		
Miss A. Barrett	0	5	0		
							£1050 16 10

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, for Dorking ...	30	0	0
Hereford Local Committee, per Mr. J. Evans ...	10	0	0
J. B. Mead, Esq., for Deptford ...	10	0	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham ...	10	0	0
Samuel Barrow, Esq., for Horley ...	10	0	0
G. E., for Kettering District ...	5	0	0
Per Mr. T. Jones, Kettering District ...	5	0	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District ...	7	10	0
North Wilts District ...	6	5	0
Ludlow District, for 1880:—			
Two quarterly collections, Rock Lane Mission ...	1	16	6
Miss Fitzgerald (sub.) ...	2	6	6
General subscriptions ...	15	17	0
	20	0	0
South Devon Congregational Union, for			
Kingsteignton ...	7	10	0
Newbury District ...	10	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association ...	30	0	0
Ebenezer Baptist Church, Bacup ...	10	0	0
Maldon District ...	5	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle ...	10	0	0
Derby Road Chapel, Nottingham ...	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District ...	10	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association ...	17	10	0
	£223	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
T. H. ...	0	2	6
George Emery, Esq. ...	5	0	0
F. E. W. ...	0	10	0
Friends at Maldon ...	1	0	0
Mr. Rawley ...	0	1	0
D. H. J. ...	5	0	0
T. E. T. ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Layard ...	0	10	0
Mr. B. Shayer ...	2	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard ...	0	5	0
W. P., Chicago ...	1	0	0
Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Stockford ...	0	2	6
Mr. George White ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Willcox ...	1	0	0

Half-yearly Subscription:—

H. B. Frearson, Esq. ...	7	10	0
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Annual Subscriptions:—

Messrs. W. Kent and Co. ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. C. Parry ...	0	10	0
	£33	12	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
T. E. T. ...	1	0	0	Collections at Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Greenock ...	17	6	10
Mr. C. Child ...	2	10	0	Balance of collection at Sheepshed, after services by Mr. Burnham ...	2	9	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Spurgeon's "Sermon for the Weak," No. 1,561 ...	2	2	0	Annual Subscription:—			
Mr. B. Shayer ...	2	10	0	Mr. J. C. Parry ...	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard ...	0	5	0		£80	12	10
E. H. ...	1	0	0				
Mrs. M. G. B. Chapman ...	10	0	0				
The late Mr. D. J. Leech (for Mr. Burnham) ...	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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1881.
—◆—

Cuthbert of Lindisfarne.*



MILE-AND-A-HALF from the coast of Northumberland, but connected with the mainland at low tide by a narrow strip of sand, is the island of Lindisfarne, "Saint Cuthbert's Holy Isle," known to the readers of *Marmion* :—

"For with the flow and ebb its style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way ;
Twice every day the waves efface
Of staves and sandalled feet, the trace."

This island is honourable for its connection with the ancient British church. In the seventh century it was the fountain of living waters to the north of England. Aidan the gentle missionary from Iona built there an oaken church and thatched it with long grass, and from that sacred seclusion he and his band of devoted missionaries carried the gospel far and wide among the sturdy dalesman, fishermen, and miners who formed the population of Northumbria. In his seclusion at Iona, Columba's island, the "Light of the West," Aidan, with his brethren, had received the report of a missionary of another spirit who had returned with the melancholy tale that it was impossible to convert those obstinate Northumbrians. Aidan listened and said to himself, "If thy love had been offered to this people, O my Saviour, many hearts would have been touched. I will go and make thee known, thee, who breaketh not the bruised reed." "Brother," said he to the unsuccessful emissary, "you

* Cuthbert of Lindisfarne : His Life and Times. By Alfred C. Fryer. London : S. W. Partridge and Co.

have been too severe towards hearers so dull of heart. You should have given them spiritual milk to drink until they were able to receive more solid food." When he had thus spoken, Aidan was solemnly and unanimously consecrated by his brethren to the work. The good king Oswald who had requested the mission from Iona received Aidan as an angel of God, and accompanied him in his labours, standing by his side and interpreting his discourses into Saxon for the people, who crowded around and listened eagerly to the word of God.

The king, as D'Aubigné tells, "preached by his works still more than by his words. One day during Easter, as he was about to take his seat at table, he was informed that a crowd of his subjects, driven by hunger, had collected before his palace gates. Instantly he ordered the food prepared for himself to be carried out and distributed among them; and taking the silver vessels which stood before him, he broke them in pieces and commanded his servants to divide them among the poor. The beloved king was killed in battle with the fierce, idolatrous Penda at Oswestry (Oswald's tree), exclaiming as he fell—'Lord, have mercy on the souls of my poor people.'"

Aidan and his missionary band travelled incessantly preaching the gospel, and were greatly loved by the people. As soon as the villagers caught sight of one on the high road they would throng round him, begging him to teach them the word of life. Oswald's successor, Oswin, was a king of like spirit; and when, seven years after, he was assassinated by his relative, Oswy, the gentle Aidan died of sorrow at his fate.

The lamp of Christianity kindled in Aidan's cell was not extinguished when he ceased to live. During thirty-six years his successors—Finian, Colman, Tuda, and Eata maintained the struggle against Paganism: but a greater than they was even then standing on the threshold of a laborious and useful career, and unconsciously preparing to take up the work of evangelization where Aidan had laid it down.

On the night of Aidan's death, the last of August, 651, a pious shepherd tending his flocks among the wild recesses of Lammermoor had watched the sunset fade into twilight and the twilight deepen into night. Darkness let fall its curtain over the hill-side, and wearied with their toil his brother shepherds slept. He kept vigil alone, when he saw, or thought he saw, a vision pass before his eyes. A beam of dazzling radiance shone suddenly out of the black night, and in its midst appeared a throng of angels bearing, as in a globe of fire, a soul to heaven. Rousing his companions, he explained what he had seen, adding that he believed it to betoken the death of some great saint or bishop. Next morning he learned that Aidan had passed away. The shepherd's name was Cuthbert: that solemn night was the turning point in his career. He surrendered to another the care of his flocks; and, obeying what he considered the call of God, turned his steps towards Melrose Abbey to renounce the secular life and take the monastic vow.

Leaving him there in the monastery, let us glance over his early life, first remembering that this is more than two centuries before King Alfred's time, that it wants twenty years to the birth of the Venerable Bede, and that half a century has not elapsed since the Bishop of Rome got himself proclaimed Universal Bishop. Our author, whose book is

a valuable contribution to the early Church-history of Britain, derives his materials from Bede and from an anonymous monk of Lindisfarne, who both wrote a life of Cuthbert.

He was born in some rude hut on the southern skirts of the Lammormoor hills, and his childhood was passed among scenes familiarized to the world by the genius of Scott. A wholesome, generous-hearted boy he was, loving to be found where laughter was rife and frolic and sports abounded. His sunny temperament and vigorous frame fitted him to be ringleader in boyish games. He excelled his playmates in running, wrestling, and all bodily exercises, and like a true young Briton would never acknowledge himself defeated. Other qualities must have shown themselves in him to make one of his playmates exclaim, "Why do you, Cuthbert, whom God has set apart to be a priest and bishop, waste your time in idle sport?" He became, indeed, a deeply religious youth, tinged, of course, in those days with superstition. A passing traveller who cured a disease of his knee with so common-sense an application as a poultice of flour and milk was regarded as an angel sent to his relief. He knew how to pray. Some monks in a boat were driven by a sudden gale out into the open sea, where the frail craft, beyond reach of assistance, was in imminent danger. Cuthbert knelt on the shore, and, as he prayed, the tempest lulled, and the boat safely reached land. On his journey to Melrose after his vision he was overtaken by night among the moors. It was Friday, and he had fasted all day. He halted at a shepherd's hut for shelter, fed his horse with a handful of dry grass, and proceeded to his devotions. The steed meanwhile nibbling at the thatch revealed a bundle wrapped in a linen cloth, which Cuthbert found to contain bread and meat, and he made a hearty repast.

Admitted to the monastery, he zealously conformed to the rules. His robust frame, strengthened by his hardy shepherd life, enabled him to endure the monastic austerities, and he observed a stricter discipline than his fellow-monks. A primitive air prevailed within. The brethren divided their time between physical toil and mental study. They prepared their own food, and made such implements as were required for domestic or field labour. They cultivated as much land as sufficed for the necessary corn and vegetables, and reared sheep and cattle for their food. Some baked and brewed ale; others obtained fish from the river, which, with eggs and poultry, formed the staple of their diet. Guests were treated to fresh meat. Wednesdays and Fridays were fast days, and Lent was rigorously observed. The dress of the brethren was simple enough—a white tunic and a cowl; in cold weather a cloak was added. Out of doors they wore sandals. Daily service was performed in the chapel, and Sundays and saints' days were honourably distinguished by rest, the Lord's Supper, and better diet. In addition to this they were ready to set out, at the shortest notice, on long journeys, braving the perils of flood and field, of wild beasts and wilder men, to preach the word of God.

Although monastic life does not commend itself to our mind, we need not forget that the monasteries were useful in their day. The monks were the pioneers of industry and art, they professedly observed hospitality, in their rude way they practised medicine, and they diffused

a knowledge of agriculture. Some noble natures and keen intellects were nurtured among them; the main principles of their life, self-discipline and self-control, made them a power, and in that lawless age men needed to be taught that they must govern themselves. A lawless age it was. The fire-scurge of war continually swept the land, and left devastation and want behind it. Violence embrotes the nature that practises as well as that which suffers it; superstition covered the wretched people with its murky veil. The air was rife with demons; pestilence often followed in the track of battle: and to banish the one and avert the other the sign of the cross was used. Even a milk-pail must be blessed, a door unlocked or a pebble endowed with live-giving powers, by the magic sign of the cross. Amongst such people Cuthbert travelled from his monastery on missionary journeys, penetrating to the remote districts beyond the Forth, and earning a reputation for sanctity among the savage folk.

From Melrose he was removed to Ripon, the Northumbrian king having granted to Eata, the abbot of Melrose, land near the confluence of the rivers Ure and Skell, in Yorkshire, for a new monastery. The monks called it Inrhipum, a corruption of the Latin words "*in ripam*," on the river. Cuthbert was made hospitaller. It was his duty to introduce the guests to the abbot, who bestowed a kiss in token of welcome. Then, after prayers, he conducted the visitor to his cell to wash, and provided him with refreshment.

A beautiful legend tells how Cuthbert, entering one morning into the guest's chamber, found a stranger already there. He fetched water and washed the stranger's hands and feet, and, proffering refreshment, he left the apartment to procure it. On his return he found the cell empty, while the fresh fallen snow showed no trace of footsteps, but on the table were three newly-baked wheaten loaves of unusual whiteness, a miraculous thankoffering which convinced Cuthbert that he had been entertaining an angel unawares.

The stay at Ripon was of short duration, for within a year of their settlement the Columban monks were driven thence to make room for Wilfrid, a Saxon, who had been to Rome and returned as emissary from the Pope to establish among the Anglo-Saxons the Roman Easter custom. The controversy upon this question was finally settled at a conference held in the monastery of the Abbess Hilda, King Edwin's daughter, at Whitby. It was the more embittered because the question of the Easter custom was seen to be but a step towards bringing the British church to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome. Wilfrid, an acute, overbearing man, won the day, and was created Archbishop of York; while Colman, the Bishop of Lindisfarne, refused to acknowledge the authority of Rome, relinquished his position, and travelled northwards with thirty faithful monks to spend the remainder of his days in evangelizing Scotland and the north of Ireland.

The decision at Whitby marked an epoch in the English church. It was the commencement of that dependence on Rome which lasted for nearly nine centuries. It supplanted the pious monks who for a hundred years had travelled southwards from Iona to plant their simple settlements and preach the word of God, by the more domineering agents of Rome. Frugal and self-denying, by Bede's account, were

those old British monks. Whatever money was given them by the rich they distributed to the poor. They went into the villages with no other object but to preach, baptize, visit the sick, and care for souls. The religious habit was held in such esteem that wheresoever monk or cleric came he was welcomed as the servant of God.

Cuthbert, returned to Melrose, was attacked with "the yellow plague," a deadly pestilence which was ravaging the country; the monks spent a whole night in prayer for him, and he rose from his sick bed. Boisil, the aged prior, next fell sick. Cuthbert never left him. He read to him daily from the gospel of John, till, on the seventh day, the aged prior expired. Cuthbert was chosen to succeed him. Outside the monastery the epidemic furiously raged. The new prior, on foot and on horseback, traversed the district, comforting the panic-stricken people and exhorting them to trust in God. His labours in the Scottish Lowlands were very successful. He possessed a cheerful manner. Unlike Aidan, he was accompanied by no royal interpreter; but it was his native region, and he could converse with the people in their own rustic tongue. Nor were his pastoral labours confined to the hamlets around Melrose; from the coast of Berwick to the shores of Solway the face of "the apostle of the Lowlands" was familiar and his visits welcome.

Many stories are told which indicate the prayerfulness of the man. At one hamlet where he was preaching a fire broke out, which threatened to destroy the whole village. At his prayer the conflagration was arrested. Visiting the monastery at Coldingham, he spent, as was his wont, part of the night in vigil and prayer, and for this purpose went forth when the other brethren were asleep. A monk observing his departure followed him, and beheld him standing in the sea up to his neck in water chanting. Then, wading ashore, he knelt upon the sand. The legend tells that two otters stole forth from the rocks and licked his half-frozen feet to restore warmth. Such asceticism characterized the age. Columba himself spent only so much time in sleep as was occupied by his attendant in reading three chapters, and that brief slumber was taken with scant comfort, lying on the sands, where he left the impress of his ribs.

These missionary journeys exposed Cuthbert to great hardships. Setting sail at midwinter with two companions to preach the gospel to the Picts of Galloway, he landed near the river Nith. A storm prevented their putting to sea again, while deep snow-drifts blocked the country against them. The missionaries were imprisoned on the coast several days suffering from hunger and cold. Cuthbert reminded his companions how God had miraculously supported the Israelites in the wilderness. Retiring to the base of the cliff to pray, he found there some pieces of dolphin's flesh, upon which they supported themselves till the tempest ceased and they were able to launch their bark. On that spot a church was afterwards erected, and in Kirkcudbright (Kirkcuthbert) Scotland still retains a permanent memorial of the visit.

On another occasion, travelling with a lad through a lonely district, sunset overtook them on the banks of a river without shelter or food. An eagle, scared by their approach, started up, and, soaring overhead, dropped a fish at their feet, with which they appeased their hunger.

These labours in the Scottish Lowlands were terminated by Cuthbert's

removal to become Prior of Lindisfarne. Here he adopted the new rules prescribed by the conference at Whitby, and exerted himself to get them accepted within the monastery. As at Melrose, his activities were not confined within doors: he travelled over the moorlands of Northumbria teaching the people from house to house, and winning all hearts as he had done elsewhere. So the year passed quietly and uneventfully, and a new race of missionaries rose up under his guidance.

At length he chose the life of a hermit. *We know that—*

“ We need not bid for cloistered cell
 Our neighbours and our work farewell.
 The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ask—
 Room to deny ourselves, a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.”

But Cuthbert, considering that he would promote his character for sanctity, and thus further the work of evangelization, withdrew from Lindisfarne, and, bidding his brethren farewell, crossed, staff in hand, the sandy isthmus to seek a solitary abode. Near the village of Howburn is a natural grotto called St. Cuthbert's Cave, or Cuddy's Cove. Here he took up his abode, and when the snow fell and the wintry blast howled round his rock his voice might be heard reciting the liturgy, or chanting the hymns of his church.

In a year or two he removed for greater seclusion to Farne Island, one of a group of rocks a few miles from Lindisfarne, associated in modern days with the heroic deed of Grace Darling. On this savage, sea-girt, storm-swept rock he contrived to raise some barley for food. Birds devoured his first crop, and the legend tells how at his remonstrance they ceased their depredations. In lack of other society he cultivated the friendship of these birds. He rebuked them for destroying the thatch of a guest-house he had built, and they brought him a lump of lard as a peace offering, which he kept to grease his guests' shoes. He would take up the young fledgelings in his bosom, while the parent birds followed him tamely. He is said to have blessed the wild fowl of Farne and bequeathed to them his peace.

Only in stormy weather, however, was the hermit left to the society of his birds; for when the sea was calm his reputation, which filled the land, brought him visitors even from the remotest parts of Britain; and no one, says Bede, who sought him in affliction failed to find comfort. Less pleasant companions had he than either sea-birds or pilgrims. Sharing the superstition of the age, he believed that demons hovered over the island. When the wind howled round the desolate rocks, and the flying foam was hurled across the strand, when thunder pealed and lightning flashed, and the scream of the wild fowl mingled with the angry gusts, the solitary recluse might easily persuade himself that evil spirits haunted the island. Eight years he spent here—mistaken years we should call them, but that even Farne Island did not separate him wholly from his kind and cut off his opportunities of doing good. And now he was prevailed upon very reluctantly to become Bishop of Lindisfarne. The king himself rowed with his attendants to the rocky

islet, and Cuthbert was drawn from his solitude, but only on condition that at the end of two years he should be at liberty to return. At the Easter festival, in 685, Cuthbert was consecrated in the Minster of St. Peter, at York. The king granted him lands at York surrounding the Minster, and also the old city of Carlisle, with a circuit of fifteen miles round.

His episcopate of two years was chiefly occupied in travelling up and down his diocese preaching and consoling the sick. His faith in the Unseen upheld him when calamity overshadowed the land by the death of the king in battle, and by the outbreak again of the pestilence. He went fearlessly amongst the sufferers, ministering to the dying and comforting the survivors. "His discourses," says Bede, "were clear and plain, full of dignity and gentleness. He possessed the happy gift to know when to be silent and when to speak, when to command and when to reprove, when to distil the sweet balm of comfort and when to rejoice with those who rejoiced. What he taught others he himself first did. He was inflamed with the fire of divine charity, and to give counsel and help to the weak he considered equal to an act of prayer, knowing that he who said, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' said also, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

The two years he had stipulated being over, and his strength undermined by labour and by the effects of the plague which had seized him in former years, he resigned his bishopric and retreated after the holy services of the Christmas festival to his island solitude. "Tell us," said the monks, "when we may hope for your return?" "When you shall bring back my body," said he. The brethren continually visited him, till in March they found him dying. "Let peace and divine love," he said, "be ever with you. Live in unity with all Christ's servants. Be hospitable to strangers. Avoid hypocrisy and self-righteousness." Then he received the communion to strengthen him for his departure, and with eyes gazing heavenward, and hands lifted high above his head, he breathed his last. It was the 20th of March, 687.

They took the body to Lindisfarne, and reverently buried it there. The coffin had a strangely restless career, travelling almost as much as its apostolic tenant had done. To save it from the rapacity of invaders it was removed from one locality to another till, in 999, it found its final resting place in Durham Cathedral. As the titular saint of the North of England, Cuthbert's memory was venerated for centuries. To quote the words of Montalembert, "The extreme veneration with which the Saxon people surrounded the relics of St. Cuthbert made this church (Durham) the best endowed in England. The humble anchorite who had lived on his rock by the modest produce of his manual labour alone thus created the richest benefice, after Toledo, in Christendom." A cloth which Cuthbert used was woven into a banner and borne on many a battle-field. It was carried for the last time before the English army at Flodden, in 1514.

Through the dim vista of twelve centuries we look back and discern in this man lovable human qualities, a pure unspotted life, full-orbed benevolence, and unflagging zeal, which made him a pioneer of the gospel in these realms. Such lives are worthy of being quoted and imitated in all time and in every land.

C. A. DAVIS.



C. G. S. on "Taking the Bull by the horns."

THERE was a little trouble in the church, and the young minister was sad about it. He sought advice, and one who loved peace begged him to let the matter alone, and in a short time the evil would die of itself, for, as Solomon says, "Where no wood is the fire goeth out." The brother was of a fretful spirit, and could not take things quite so easily; it worried him that there should be a single weed in his garden, and he felt he would sooner plough it all up than let that weed remain. His friend begged him to do nothing in a hurry, but take counsel of his pillow, and repeat the operation for one calendar month at least. This the young pastor found it as hard to do as it would be to wait quietly while a dog has his teeth in our leg, or a red-hot coal is finding its way down the inside of our waistcoat. He thought that the church pond was foul, and he longed to stir it to see how it would smell. This young man's tastes and mine by no means agree, for I had rather run a mile any day than quarrel, and that is saying a good deal, for miles are long to legs which have the rheumatism. This energetic pastor wanted to be setting things to rights, and therefore quiet counsels were not very kindly taken. Young men will have their will, and our friend resolved to have his own way, even if he ran over everybody else.

Off he went to a hot-headed gentleman who was more of his own age, and stated the case to him. His new adviser at once told him never to give in, or consent to be put upon, and closed his oration by telling him to *take the bull by the horns at once*. This counsel was more to our friend's liking, and therefore he applauded it as wise and straight-forward, and resolved to carry it out. What came of the rash performance

we will not stop to relate in so many words, but it may be guessed from the usual result of taking bulls by their horns.

Our woodcut represents Scene I.: the brave man, regardless of consequences, boldly confronting his foe. Hurrahs and cheers from persons on the other side of the hedge! Considerable excitement in the mind of the hero, who believes himself to be infallible and invincible, Hercules and the Pope rolled into one.

Scene II. we have not drawn on the wood because it is easy of imagination: the bold man is off his feet and off the ground, rising in his own consciousness, rising into the air like Sancho Panza from the blanket. Horns are pretty sure elevators when a bull applies his wrathful strength to a transaction of the lifting order. Persons who are violently assailed often become violent assailants. It is very wrong of them, but it is a way they have.

Scene III. would be too painful for a drawing. The rising man has come down again, not in peace, but almost in pieces. He is badly gored, and will probably be crippled for the term of his natural life. He says that he will never take bulls by the horns again.

MORAL.—Avoid strife, especially in a church. If the cause cannot prosper in quietude it certainly will not in an uproar. Tares are a trouble, but the rooting of them up may make worse trouble. Courage is a virtue, but a pugilistic tendency is not. It is well to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints; but we must not wrestle with flesh and blood, nor fight the Lord's battles with the devil's weapons. "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

The lovingkindness of the Lord.

IN the first spare corner of the magazine let it stand recorded as my experience that the Lord is exceeding tender in his dealings with his afflicted. During the last six months he has tried me with sharp pains, but during that period he has kindly removed all cause for serious care as to the financial needs of my many institutions. Everything has been healthily sustained, and there have been no pitiful appeals by striking advertisement, or otherwise. I intend no censure of the plans of others, but I cannot help admiring the considerate providence of our gracious Lord that he has kept off the trial of straitened supplies from his suffering servant. "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind."

Friends have come forth from the most unexpected quarters in the time of need,—nay before the need had actually come. Every fund, except that which supplies the College, is in better condition than before my illness, and even that is hardly an exception, for the outgoing in that direction will no doubt be made good at the Annual Supper. Prayerful trust is a way which the Lord will assuredly honour. I do but feebly trust and pray, but God most richly answers; and when in hours of crushing agony both supplication and confidence seem to need an effort beyond the strength of the tortured mind, the Lord deals with me after his own gracious fashion, "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask, or even think."

C. H. SPURGEON.

“Gone Home”:

Another Trophy of Grace from the Stockwell Orphanage.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

SEATED at breakfast on the morning of Wednesday, February 2nd, a boy came to the door with the brief but significant message—“Please, sir, Phillips has gone home!” To me there was no uncertainty as to its meaning, for it announced an event for which we were fully prepared, and which we had been daily expecting. The little fellow, whose departure from our midst was thus made known, had been an inmate of the infirmary upwards of twelve months, and though the object of loving ministries, the disease, which had carried off his parents and four of their children, had taken too firm a hold of his constitution to yield to the skill of either doctors or nurses. It was a foregone conclusion with us that he would find an early grave; but everything was done to prolong life and smooth his passage to the tomb.

While he lay confined to his room, his only surviving sister was an inmate of the Brompton Hospital, from which she was removed when her case was pronounced hopeless. A kind aunt, who had been a foster parent to the little orphans, received her again to her house and did everything for her comfort her slender means allowed, and which a woman’s love could devise. It was but natural these dear little sufferers should desire to see each other once more, and so the sister was brought to the Orphanage. Those who saw her could not help remarking that, whichever “went home” first, the other would shortly follow: and so it proved. The sister was the first to go, and the departure of our little protégé was only delayed about forty-eight hours. While there is something inexpressibly sad in recording this closing chapter in the history of a family, the sadness only chastens the joy which the hope inspires that they have all “gone home.”

Is it not a precious truth—Heaven is home? If it be not *this* to us it can be nothing else.

Where heaven is we care not to speculate! It is enough for us that the abode of the Father is the home of the children, and faith is well content to ground her hope upon the assurance—“I go to prepare a place for you”; and to await the answer of the Saviour’s prayer—“Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory.” We may, therefore, dismiss all conjectures as to the locality of heaven and calmly await the summons which, when God wills, shall call us home.

One contrast between the earthly and the heavenly home is suggestive and consolatory. Home on earth is but a centre around which we gather for a few brief years, at most, and then an exodus begins. Starting along the varied radii of life’s uncertain circle, the members of a family are soon separated by the barriers of seas or oceans, and some find their dwellings in opposing hemispheres. But with the heavenly home the order is reversed, and, as years roll by, the sons of God draw nearer to the centre where the family shall be complete, and the most sacred ties cement their everlasting union. There is good cheer for Zion’s pilgrims in the marching song of the redeemed:—

My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul! how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
 “ Here in the body pent,
 Absent from thee I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.”

To English ears there is music in the very word home. It breathes a delicious melody which awakes the harmonies of the soul; but when we apply it to heaven it carries, as its sacred burden, a meaning which only eternity can interpret:—

“ I know not, oh! I know not
 What joys await us there :
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare !”

This we know: every true aspiration of the devout heart will be more than realized in the home where there is “fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore,” and where we shall be “for ever with the Lord.”

“ O sweet abode of peace and love,
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.”

The dear child, who has now “gone home,” found an asylum with us after the death of his parents. Frail as he was, he was bright and buoyant and was soon beloved by all his new-found friends. Though the Orphanage is not designed for a hospital, it must prove such to those who come to us with the germs of inherited disease latent in their constitution. And it must ever be a sacred joy to the subscribers and managers when, in the exercise of their trust, they are able to provide the shelter of a fold for these tender lambs of the flock. We never look upon these little ones without regarding the Saviour's command to Peter as intended for the disciples through all time—“Feed my lambs”; and we rejoice that we are permitted to hold and exercise the commission it implies.

When little Phillips was settled down in the infirmary a friend said to him, “Bray* once told me he thought you loved Jesus.” His reply was very sincere—“I didn't then, but I do now”; and, from the earnestness with which he spoke, there could be no doubt as to the reality of his confession. He was conscious he loved the Saviour, and he added, “I do not think I should ever have sought the Saviour, as I have, if it had not been for my illness and pains.” We may not be able to solve the deep mystery of pain, but we need not entertain a doubt as to its designed ministry.

And if it was in the school of affliction this precious child was led to find the Saviour, it was in the same school he perfected some of the lessons which suffering alone can teach. There is “a patience born of being poor,” but the virtue has a mellower flavour when the child of God is “an example of suffering affliction, and of patience.” To

* See “Sunshine in the Heart,” No. 5, Stockwell Orphanage Tracts.

recognize the divine will and to acquiesce is a higher attainment than merely to acknowledge it and to submit. "Jesus gives me this pain, doesn't he?" he said to his nurse on one occasion, and in the thought, "It's all for Jesus," he found a plea for unquestioning resignation. "Do tell Jesus all about me," was the formula by which he asked for an interest in our prayers. For Jesus to know all about him was to be assured of his loving sympathy and help.

"Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
 'Midst the conflict and the strife,
 Although sorrows past endurance
 Follow me through life!
 Home in prospect still can cheer me,
 Yes, and give me sweet repose
 While I feel his presence near me;
 For my Saviour knows!"

Nor was he satisfied with the prayers of others. As spring showers disimprison the sweet odours of the garden, so the baptism of pain to the child of God evokes the incense of prayer. What heart-communing with God is possible in the sanctuary of a sick chamber none can fully realize; and a child's capacity for holy rapture is not measured by his years. If the language of the lip cannot express the soul's experience, the countenance will speak. When Moses came down from the Mount, the glory of his face proved the impotency of human speech and superseded its vocation. It was impossible to look upon little Phillips, especially during the later period of his illness, without being conscious that his soul held the treasured secret of peace and joy. Like a spring violet in some shady nook, which, without exercising any apparent ministry, is, nevertheless, bathed in the dews of heaven, and owes its beauty to the rays of the sun, which search out its hiding place; so a child of Jesus, in the obscurity of the sick chamber, receives the anointing grace, and exhibits the virtues which speak of heaven, and, in the light of the divine countenance, reflects a beauty in anticipation of "the glory to be revealed."

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

Where there is conscious enjoyment of the love of God there will always be a desire that others should share the same fellowship. "Tell them all to love Jesus now," was the fervent message Phillips sent by his Sunday-school teacher to the children of her class in the Ragged School. Will any one read this, I wonder, as I write, to whom the message will prove as a voice from heaven? "Love Jesus now!" If you do not love him, will you write down all the reasons why you do not? It is a strange task to set you, but it may prove a very useful one, and what a new world will open up to you when you can say—

"My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
 For thee all the follies of sin I resign;
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,
 If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Such was his considerateness for others that, if the nurse remained with him longer than usual, Phillips would say to her, "I hope I'm not keeping you from anyone else." Glad as he was for her to stay and talk or read with him, he did not desire that anything should be neglected on his account. There was an absence, moreover, of that fretful disposition so commonly manifested in sickness, especially by children, and his regard for others was a beautiful trait in his character. Forgetfulness of self is a virtue which is the adorning of those who have caught the Spirit of the Master, who came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

His resignation was not a blind submission to the inevitable, but an intelligent surrender of himself to the will of God, the wisdom of which he never questioned. "I feel, if God wants me to die, I am quite willing," is an expression, from the lips of a child, which speaks volumes. No wonder he was happy! Self-will was conquered, and he could bear "all for Jesus." When he told me one day he was happy, I asked him why he felt happy, and he replied, "Because I am safe." And when I asked him how he knew he was safe, his answer was, "Because I am trusting in Jesus." The reasoning was logical, and the theology sound: there was no flaw in either. "Trustful! safe! happy!" The order is divine, and the experience blessed.

In the early stage of his illness he had a fear of dying, thinking it would be "a struggle, in a fit of suffocation, for breath."

"I couldn't bear it," he said to his nurse. Nor was he called to bear it. If he, as others have done,

"Felt a thousand deaths in fearing one!"

the fear did not last long, and as the end approached, he came to be fully assured that "dying grace" would be given in the hour of need.

The change from fear to hope was a blessed experience; the succeeding joy being a rich compensation for the previous sorrow. Like an April day, the life of the Christian often dawns in gloom and closes with a brilliant sunset, which gives a rich promise of a brighter morrow.

The usual posture of the little sufferer was to lie with one hand supporting his head on the pillow; a perfect model for an artist wishing to portray "repose." As he thus lay, he slept; and in his last slumber his soul was borne from its wasted tenement to know a happier waking in the home beyond.

"How sweet to die like this!

The soul outbreath'd as incense on the breast

Of its Redeemer, softly, silently,

Love melted in the heav'n-flood of His smile!"

A day or two later little Phillips and his sister were borne to their resting-place in Camberwell cemetery; the virgin snow, flung as a mantle to hide nature's deformity and barrenness, furnishing a chosen emblem of their cleansing from sin, and of the white robe which is their adorning now that they have "GONE HOME."

Jesus was not come.

“And it was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them.”—John vi. 17.

CHILL blows to-night the furious blast,
 And loud the sobbing ocean's ceaseless moan ;
 How long the hours ! watch after watch has passed,
 And I wait here expectant, but alone.
 Alone upon this stormy sea,
 And none to hear and succour me.

Higher the snowy-crested billows rise,
 Loud beats my heart, and I grow faint with fear,
 Bright gleams the lightning from these midnight skies.
 The Master comes not ; Jesus is not near.
 Alone upon this stormy sea,
 And none to hear and succour me.

How slowly wears away the gloomsome night:
 The ocean spray my fisher's garb has drenched.
 O for one saving beam of heaven's dear light
 Ere hope's faint spark within my soul is quenched !
 Alone upon this stormy sea,
 And none to hear and succour me.

Does he not know, upon that mountain height,
 My bark is foundering in this watery grave ?
 Or has he, in the terror of the night,
 A heart too timid to come forth and save ?
 Alone upon this stormy sea,
 And none to hear and succour me.

O God, befriend me in this awful hour,
 Some spectral form is walking on the sea ;
 Can I be left to this dark, hellish power,
 And Christ not hasten forth to rescue me ?
 Alone upon this stormy sea,
 And none to hear and succour me.

But hark ! above the trouble of the wave
 So strangely sweet the music of that cry.
 'Tis he ! I know his voice,—he comes to save !
 “ O faithless one, be not afraid ; 'tis I.”
 Nay, not alone upon this sea,
 With none to hear and succour thee.

Thrice welcome, O thou wonder-working King ;
 The winds are hushed, the ocean falls to rest !
 A radiant day of calm is ushered in,
 And thou hast stilled the tumult of my breast.
 Forgive the words I spake upon the sea,
 When none seemed near to succour me.

ALFRED BAX.

Church Missions to the Telugu People.*

WE have before us the record of the life of a scholar of Rugby and Oxford who, dying at the age of thirty-one, had, nevertheless, spent nearly seven years in mission labour amongst the Telugu people of South India, and had created among his friends at home so deep an interest in the work of preaching Christ among the heathen that his death was the occasion of the establishment of a missionary organization at Rugby School, which, by annual contributions, has raised up to the present time about £6,500, and supported a mastership in the native school at Masulipatam.

The simple earnestness and singleness of heart of this young but intrepid soldier of Christ ought to create a spirit of emulation in the breasts of youthful English Christians, within whose reach a similar glorious career is placed by the divine Master.

Henry Watson Fox was born in 1817 in the county of Durham, and entered Rugby School at the age of thirteen, while Dr. Arnold was in the height of his reputation there. Six years he spent at Rugby, during the greater part of which period he was a careful, devout Christian, influencing the other boys, as far as he could, to live for God, and profiting by Dr. Arnold's practical and stimulating sermons to the boys in the school chapel. He stood well in the school, and at the age of nineteen entered Wadham College, Oxford; where the surrounding influences were less favourable than at Rugby to an "earnest" life, and he fell too much into the prevailing waste of time, for such he bitterly called it, of boating and other recreative exercises. There was nothing in his life at Oxford that others would have regarded as inconsistent with the Christian character; but his own conscientious self-inspection dealt severe condemnation upon the comparatively indolent mode of life into which he had suffered himself to glide. It was a season of spiritual declension, from which he sought and found recovery at the hands of Christ. Having taken his degree, he was brought face to face with the choice of his life-work. He had long resolved upon the ministry, and latterly his thoughts had continually revolved the needs of the heathen world. Should he now devote himself to England, or go far hence to the heathen? This question he solemnly pondered and prayed over, and finally decided that it was his duty to go as a missionary to a foreign land. He was accepted by the Church Missionary Society, and designated to the Telugus, a people inhabiting a district of South India, above Madras, and numbering ten millions; and having married in December, 1840, he and his wife, with a Mr. Noble, from the University of Cambridge, set sail in the following March for Madras, where they arrived in the month of July, and proceeded to their destination at Masulipatam, the chief town of the Telugu nation, situated on the coast 300 miles north of Madras, and containing 80,000 mahogany-coloured Telugus. When they had made tolerable progress in the acquisition of the language, Mr. Noble assumed the charge of a native school for the upper ranks of the city, which he carried on with great

* Memoir of the Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford; Missionary to the Telugu People, South India. By the Rev. G. T. Fox, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

success, and without intermission, until his death twenty-four years after : and Mr. Fox undertook the office of preaching to the natives both in the city and surrounding country—the work, that is to say, of evangelist to a heathen nation. In carrying out this work he travelled through the dense country population from village to village, visiting the fairs, idol festivals and idol temples, conversing with persons of all castes, meeting the flippant objections of the acute and metaphysical Brahmins, preaching wherever he could the great story of Christ incarnate, crucified, and risen for man's salvation.

Thus he sowed the good seed broadcast, confident that some of it would spring up. He wielded the sword of God, and though he thought he handled it clumsily, he knew it must reach some hearts. His work roused opposition, of course, wherever he went. It was like taking a torch into the dark recesses of a pagoda ; out flew the unclean bats by hundreds ; but the torch of Christ's gospel is not to be thus quenched ; the unclean spirits shall but scorch their wings. The missionary was certain of accomplishing good. Waterton tells of the Indian who blows his poisoned arrow and strikes the prey with a trifling wound, from which the arrow falls out, and the animal runs away as if unscathed ; the hunter follows, nevertheless, sure of the effect of his poison. So—but with arrows tipped with life—the missionary pursues his blessed calling ; the smitten ones disappear from view, and who shall tell the story of those wounded to life ? It shall be told. Christ shall tell it in the world to come.

Here is the style in which Mr. Fox wrought : he is writing to a friend :—" When it pleases God to make you a minister you must be like an Oxford eight-oar at the races : up till now you have been waiting, training, and are ready to start ; but the moment you are started you must be off, straining every nerve in your work *till the end*. A minister is never off duty. It would be a good rule to count every day lost in which you have not been at least once engaged in pastoral work, conveying the knowledge of Christ to sinners, or building up his saints ; *i.e.*, either visiting people in their houses for religious conversation, cottage lectures, sermons, school, or something of the kind. I have got into such a habit, that if I do not either morning or evening get a distinct preaching of Christ to some poor souls I count the day a lost one. Be a working clergyman. Work, work, work for the salvation of souls, for the extending of Christ's kingdom. Water your own field first, then everybody else's. If your parish be in a town I hope you will soon know every alley and court in it ; if in the country, every cottage and cottager."

God gave him the encouragement of success. Several of his servants became Christians ; some of the youths also in the school were baptized, and a beautiful account is given of an Eurasian girl who, from a furious, wild creature, became an exemplary follower of Jesus. We should like to quote some instances, but our space forbids.

Rising from the perusal of such a book as this we are oppressed with the magnitude of the work to be done for the heathen world, and the paucity of men to do it. One or two missionaries to a population of ten millions ! A solitary labourer set to clear the vast jungle of heathenism ! Its wild, tropical growth overtakes and smothers him. When will

Christ's servants go out by hundreds to attack the forts of Satan? As yet only the fringe of the work is touched; how can we be surprised at the slender success, as some deem it, of missions? Thanks to infinite mercy, it is far greater than our sacrifices for the cause warrant us to expect. Very powerful are the appeals for more missionaries which fill the letters of Mr. Fox:—

“I would suggest in answer to anyone who might say, ‘I have not qualifications for a missionary life,’ that so various are the spheres of missionary life, requiring such very different kinds and degrees of talent, that if a man is not fit for any of them he is certainly not fit for any ministerial sphere in England.”

With a truly Christian disregard for the sacrifices entailed upon the missionary, he says, “I wish you could see how free from outward hardships we are; for I fear it is the dread of them which keeps so many men from coming out to us; and yet, supposing a missionary's life was one of hardship we have no right to shrink from it on that account. Our dear Lord's life was one of hardship, and we are not to be above walking in his steps.”

Again—“I was particularly interested in seeing Dr. Jeune's name among the speakers at the Church Missionary Meeting; yet when I laid down the paper it was with a sigh that he and others in similar positions are content to remain at home and talk over the subject, but will not come out here to India or China to *act* in it. The importance of men of high standing and known ability becoming missionaries will appear to you very great if you consider it in the following lights:—1. Such a step would be a noble instance of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, and would redound more to the praise of his name in England than the departure of ten men unknown or of ordinary abilities. . . . 2. The missionary cause would be brought into wider notice, and would be placed in the eyes of the young men in the universities in its rightly exalted position. . . . 3. Any one godly man of some standing in the university would doubtless carry along with him in his movement several younger members. I believe there are several not unwilling to move, but they want to be led; and who so fit to lead them in so holy a cause as the head of their college, a tutor, or a senior fellow? If we pull a large stone out of a wall it is sure to carry along with it a number of smaller ones, which would never have moved without it.” And again—“There are, doubtless, as usual, many young men hanging about Cambridge, taking private pupils, because they have nothing else to do. Some of them, doubtless, are men of God: I would that these might feel that God has a greater work for them here in the villages of Masulipatam than the getting two or three men annually through their examination. It is painful to us out here to think how many young men there are in England in search of ministerial employment, looking out for curacies and the like, all the while that there is such a demand for labourers out here and no supply of them at all.”

Such words as these may be profitably pondered by young men in all our colleges. May God make them a clarion call to some.

His wife and youngest child died in 1845, and three years after he himself, seized with dysentery, came home to die. He was just in time to close his father's eyes. He survived a few months, preaching and

speaking for missions to the last, then passed away in his mother's home on the 14th October, 1848. His death-bed was like the suburbs of heaven. His mother asked him whether he repented having given his life to missionary work? He said, "No, never! if I had to live over again I would do the same." Such men often do live over again in the lives inspired by their example; no better prayer can we breathe than that the dying words of this young missionary may in that sense have their fulfilment.

Over the Ranges on an Iron Horse.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE Southern and Western Railway of Queensland already penetrates more than 300 miles inland, and on its way to the present terminus, Roma, traverses two ranges of hills at the height of between two and three thousand feet above sea level. In the formation of such a road there were, of course, numberless difficulties, which, however, have had to yield to engineering skill and perseverance, and now the railway, with all its curves and tunnels and gradients, may be reckoned as a complete triumph. Some of the wildest and grandest scenery imaginable is to be seen on this trip. The incline is so great, in places, that progress is slow enough to allow of a protracted view, and lately many of the giant gum-trees have been cut down so that the view may be uninterrupted.

On our right tower the rocky hills, clad for the most part with various species of the gum, whose dark foliage and barkless trunks form always a striking feature in Australian forest scenery. Their great white limbs stand out in contrast to the shaggy, ever-brown foliage above them, and present an appearance which, to English eyes, is peculiar, but withal picturesque.

On the other side of the track stretches the wide, deep valley. At times a steep precipice descends from quite close to the permanent way, then this presently gives place to a gentler slope thickly timbered. Anon we pass over a trestle bridge, which seems to shiver under the heavy load, and then across a high embankment, or through a deep cutting. One minute we are turning sharply round a spur, and the next entering a short tunnel through the opposing rock. Higher and higher we climb, the glorious view extending and altering with every curve. There is a sea of tree-tops everywhere, and here and there a green billow seems to rise above sea-level, and doubtless would appear a considerable hill, but for our superior height. The distance is dim with mist, with enough of form to give wings to fancy, and one can almost imagine that a vast inland sea rolls to the edge of the forest. Only occasionally could we discover a small spot in the valley cleared and cultivated, which amongst the dense dark green looked as though one of the billows, as it rose, had left a patch of foam behind to mark the place from which it sprang. Sometimes we could catch a glimpse of a cutting, or the black mouth of a tunnel, miles ahead and far above us, and we would wonder how even our tortuous course could bring us there. Often after a long round we would appear to be but a few hundred yards from a spot passed some time before with a great gulf

yawning in between, so circular is the route. I have travelled on this line at early morn, and watched the sun rise. What beauty he poured on hill and dale, rock and tree! How he chased the mists up the steep hill-side, and bathed in light what had before been swathed in cloud and fog! How he set the magpies chattering and the bush-birds whistling! and as he climbed the sky, he turned everything to gold, till the deep green sea grew phosphorescent, and smiles played on the faces of the frowning hills. Who could help thinking of the Sun of righteousness and his healing wings? And how could one help praying, as the arrowy sunbeams triumphed over night and darkness, "Lord, send forth thy light and thy truth, until the remotest corner of a benighted world are filled with the gladdening flood." We believe that such a sunrise is but a faint emblem of the conquering gospel. Its burning shafts from the quiver of the King are not to be turned from their glorious purpose by the mists of Rationalism nor the thick darkness of infidelity and sin. O to help to shoot these shafts of light,—shafts which are not to kill, but to heal,—shafts which, like the morning rays, are red and gold, bright with the Father's glorious love, and crimson with the blood of his dear Son. Thank God, the true light will win the day, although "the darkness comprehended it not." The incarnate Word shall yet become to the fullest extent "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

But I have departed from my original purpose in speaking of this railway. I was travelling by it on September 8th, 1880, bound for Toowoomba, a township distant 100 miles from Brisbane, and situated at the top of the second range. Our train started shortly before four in the afternoon, and about six o'clock the guard met me on the platform of a station at which we waited a while, and addressing me by name, asked if I would like to see "the range." I answered "Yes," hardly knowing why he asked, and was then introduced by him to the engine-driver, and offered a ride on the locomotive. The driver and his mate seemed well pleased to have me with them, and made me as comfortable as possible. Soon the whistle sounded, the iron horse snorted, and away we went.

The rattle of the engine, and constant duties of the men, prevented much conversation; but every now and then my companions pointed out a place of interest, or offered me a sandwich and a drink of tea. It was quite a novel experience for me. The driver certainly spoke the truth when he said, "We don't get Mr. Spurgeon's son aboard our engine every day"; for I had never journeyed on one before. I, too, was a privileged party; for passengers are expected to confine themselves to the carriages. The name of Spurgeon works wonders in many circles, and especially with those who, like this engineer, have "been to the Tabernacle and heard him." The night soon set in, for there is very little twilight in these latitudes; but a crescent moon made the daylight linger, and when Diana went to rest I wished my mates "Good night, and many thanks," and retired to the saloon carriage to have a nap till we reached our destination at 10.30. I have been thinking since that the pleasure I derived from my ride on an unaccustomed steed might possibly be turned to profit for others if I wrote out some of the lessons which I myself have tried to learn.

I notice, first,—*the difference between climbing up hill and running down.* As soon as we commenced to ascend the real work began. There was extra poking, and stoking, and puffing. How the locomotive seemed to pant to be going faster, and groaning because of the load behind. At times we scarcely moved, then a sudden spurt carried us over a stiff pinch, and yard by yard we scaled the hills. "Perseverance" would have been a very good name for the engine, and "Excelsior" its motto. They should certainly be ours. Christians ought never to despair or to say "die." I understand that the word *difficult* occurs only once in the Bible, and then in the margin (Zech. viii. 6). Christian enterprise and the glorious gospel are not to be hindered by hills of difficulty. We must clamber over them, or wind round them, saying, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." Still we shall need to strive and struggle, and stoke the fire, or we shall, at least, come to a stand-still. But what a different thing it was when we had topped the range. The highest altitude was in the middle of the tunnel. The driver turned to me and said, "This is the highest point." With that he shut off the steam, and made his machine snug for its downward course. How smoothly we went, to be sure, on and on, round the corners, and through the tunnels without puffing or straining, carried on by the impetus gained in the gradual descent. One cannot help liking a season of easy travelling and little exertion; but it must be remembered that without the uphill work we could not have rushed so swiftly down. If you, dear reader, are at present climbing the hill, and struggling with a load of care, press joyfully onward, for you will turn the brow shortly, and your rest and peace will then be all the sweeter for the former toil. Thank God for the ups and downs of life. The one fits us for the other, and both for heaven. A smooth sea and a level railway would both be unbearably monotonous, and doubtless our life is all the better for its hills and vales—more picturesque and more profitable.

Note, next, with me, *the benefit of brake-power.* Going down the steep inclines the whole train would have rushed to ruin but for the brake which the guard applied. In our frequent twistings we could see a line of fire, like a comet's tail, flying from the wheels of the brake van. In our times of prosperity there is little wonder that our heavenly "Guard" needs to put on the brake. Our impetuosity and heedlessness would often plunge us into danger but for his restraining grace and timely checks. We may have been eaved from much evil by a stroke of sickness, or a loss in business, which clogged our wheels and pulled us up. Down-hill travelling may be delightful, but it is none the less dangerous. However, we are safe in the charge of an all-wise and equally powerful God, and if he sees fit to curb our pace at any time it is ours to say, "He doeth all things well."

I learned, too, *the necessity of keeping the fire up.* The stoker was always at it. The white heat and fierce flame were continually visible through the open furnace door. There was first the raking of the burning coals, and then the addition of fresh fuel. Did not everything depend upon the fire? Let that get low and we should have remained in the plains, or stuck half way up the range. The furnace and the boiler are the very heart of the machine, and from them the hot life

pours into its veins and arteries, and works its mighty limbs. Let the fire or the water fail, and the passengers might as well get out and walk. It is even so in Christian life. We cannot expect to progress in divine things unless the fire burns brightly. And what is the fire but love to Jesus? If once our affection for him flags, our service fails and growth ceases. What better poker can we use to stir this fire than a remembrance of what he has done for us? and the love which lit the fire must always form the fuel. Disturb the sleeping embers of your devotion, lest they die. Think on the shortness of time, the lack of knowledge, and the power of evil. Stir your zeal, and bestir yourselves to do doughty deeds for Jesus.

By poking the fire, and going to the well-head often for living water, you cannot fail to get the steam up. Perhaps my iron horse may help "to stir you up by putting you in remembrance." Draw hence another hint. *Be always watchful.* Only very occasionally could either of my companions turn to talk with me. Lives of many passengers, valuable goods, and precious letters demanded every caution. Can we be too careful and guarded? I trow not. Our cargo is a precious one—an immortal soul, and one careless moment may bring wreck and ruin. There is a possibility of temptation coming from most unexpected quarters and at quite unlikely times. This railway with all its twists and turns, any one of which might have concealed a danger till we were well-nigh on to it, is very like our life-way. As we cannot tell what a day may bring forth, let us watch and pray lest we "*enter into temptation.*" If Satan published a time-table and let us know when we might next expect him, we could afford to be careless in the interim; but since he goes "to and fro" irregularly we must be always ready.

One more lesson from our locomotive shall be *the advantage of having a track laid.* The darkness set in so suddenly, the peaks towered so high, and the precipices yawned so deep, what should we have done but that the way was made and the rails placed. In the darkness one could not help wondering which way the next turn would take us; there seemed to be an impenetrable barrier before us. But on we went, curving, twisting, and piercing the darkness and the hills. The engineer had but to "drive on," and look out, his course being marked for him. Is there not a parallel in our histories? Woe worth the day if we had to cut our own track, plan our course, and clear the road. Thank God that an unerring Providence has determined all. We have heard the voice which says, "Go forward," and we do not fear to obey, knowing that the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord. The long, winding course will prove the best, and we shall safely travel over dangerous places and through dark tunnels.

"Since all the downward tracks of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
And regulate our ways?"

So much for my iron horse. I must now put on the brake, and come to the terminus, hoping that my readers have been profited by the train of thought.

Memorials of a Consecrated Life.*

A SAD sacredness hangs about this volume, which, written by a loving father under the shadow of an almost overwhelming grief, enshrines the memory of a beloved son, whose career was terminated by death ere yet he had numbered thirty summers. Discarding the elaborate style of composition, of which he is so complete a master, Dr. Landels has told the story of his son's career in chastened language, none the less expressive because of its studied simplicity. The sympathy which was felt by the whole Christian church when it became known that the son of Dr. Landels had died at his post in the mission-field will be again awakened in all who read this touching narrative.

The incidental testimony of Dr. Landels to the efficacy of child nurture is of considerable weight in supporting a theory which has always found many earnest advocates. He says,—“We expect that, from the first, the child will regard God, not with terror and aversion as a taskmaster to be obeyed, or a tyrant to be dreaded, a stern avenger whose chief or only work is to punish sin, but with confiding love, as a kind father and bountiful benefactor, and that its love and confidence will grow with its advancing age and intelligence, so that, while it may not be able to recollect a time in which it did not love God, it will have the consciousness that its love grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength, and thus becomes more and more the ruling principle of life.” While professing his belief in this theory, Dr. Landels is careful to state, “We believe in inherited depravity, and that God, and not man, is the renewer of the heart.” When parental solicitude surrounds children with a healthful spiritual atmosphere, and wisely provides Christian instruction and training, the grace of God, which works through human instrumentality, will not delay to crown the work, and turn the prayer of anxiety into the psalm of thanksgiving.

It is irrational to regard conversion as only possible after years of rebellion against God. Why should not the heart of a child receive the grace of God from the earliest dawn of consciousness, and never know any other Lord than the Saviour, who said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not”? Dr. Landels, in rejecting the theory, more often tacitly assumed than openly avowed, that true piety is only possible to adults, is careful not to claim for the best Christian training an absolute guarantee of success in every instance. He is too keen an observer of men to have overlooked the power of the human will to resist even the most potent influences for good; and he is too sound a theologian to ignore the fact that a true, Christlike character is developed from within, and not moulded from without. “They have all, we believe,” writes Dr. Landels of his eight children, “given their hearts to Christ;” and no better comment need be desired for the doctrine which finds in him such an able advocate, and in his happy family such a conspicuous example.

* By William Landels, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co.

We could have wished there had been a few paragraphs embodying the doctor's ideas as to the methods of Christian nurture; for, we feel sure, many parents who read the book will be anxious to know how a family of eight children has been trained for Christ. Some day the subject may tempt his facile pen, and he may rest assured his counsel and encouragement will lead many parents to enter with new hope into their holy work,—a work too often left to be done by proxy. The demands of our educational system, and the rage for examinations, are not only fraught with peril to the physical, but also to the spiritual well-being of children, and when religious culture counts for nothing with schoolmasters, it is more than ever incumbent upon parents to foster Christian character in their own children by their own personal teaching. To find refuge in the plea that the claims of business are so exacting that too little energy remains for the systematic training of their families in the word of God is altogether criminal in those who profess to value the life to come. If Dr. Landels will tell us how he trained his children for Christ, he will secure the gratitude of thousands.

That his sons early devoted themselves to Christian work, and then entered upon a missionary career, occasions no surprise; but that one of them, who manifested so much zeal, and gave such promise of usefulness, should be stricken down so early must be regarded as a part of the Lord's ways which are "past finding out." The grief which such a loss occasioned finds its solace in the assured wisdom and goodness of him "who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will." The lessons of such a life ought not to be missed. That John Landels "died in harness and hard at it," should lead many young men to make their calling and election sure, and the story of his "consecrated life," so lovingly told, should lead many to cry—"Here am I, send me!"

V. J. C.

The Worth of Colleges.

THE great importance of the work done in our educational institutions for young ministers was never more strikingly emphasized than by the Missionary Judson, who said, as he was approaching Madison University, "If I had a thousand dollars, do you know what I would do with it?" The person asked supposed he would invest it in Foreign Missions. "I would put it into such institutions as that," he said, pointing to the college buildings. "Planting colleges, and filling them with studious young men, *is planting seed corn for the world.*"

These are our sentiments, and to this end we have laboured with all our heart, and soul, and strength to make the Pastors' College a seed-garden for the church and for the world. In all other institutions doing similar work we take the deepest interest, and shall continue to do so. Whence comes the voice which questions the usefulness of these invaluable institutions? We cannot tell. But this we know, that if it should ever be regarded it will be a dark day for the churches, and for the world. Our word to all our brethren is—Encourage and help the colleges more and more, but see to it that those you aid are seminaries for the growth of unmistakable gospel preachers.

Hospital Reform.

THE ABUSES OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM.

AN old divine has told us that they are the worst of cheats who defraud the public; but surely they are of a still lower grade who rob a hospital. The hospitals of London are the property of the poor, and the sons and daughters of indigence, according to common supposition, have long enjoyed their own without cavil or hindrance. Venerable on account of their age and capacity for alleviating human suffering, monuments of royal or private beneficence, like Guy's or St. Bartholomew's, have been deservedly regarded as models of order and impartial administration. The exception now taken to their management imputes no blame to those who manage them. Their fault lies in trying to do too much. The deceptions and meannesses practised by individuals are sins for which the hospital authorities can hardly be held responsible, and no slur will be cast on them by the following remarks.

The all important subject of the hospitals and the poor is well wrought out by Elizabeth Thomas, in the story of "Great St. Benedict's," published some little time ago by Messrs. J. F. Shaw and Co. With the story itself we shall not concern ourselves further than is necessary for the illustration of the subject. If our readers look into the book for themselves they are not likely to be disappointed. We have asked ourselves in surprise—Can these things be so? Even now we would fain hope that there must be some mistake.

Arthur Shirley, the hero of the narrative, is a noble-minded young doctor, in the east of London, who lives to benefit the poor, and after labouring night and day among the crowded lurking-places of disease, falls a martyr to his one consuming idea of hospital reform. He surrenders a lucrative appointment at St. Benedict's because he will not follow the fashion of pretending to do impossibilities, and on this account he is disappointed in marriage, his betrothed not caring to ally herself with a man of uncertain prospects. The state of things in the wards and consulting-rooms is well described. "At St. Benedict's a medical staff of ten physicians and surgeons is provided for the treatment of 5,000 in-patients a year, while a staff of the same number is considered sufficient for the treatment of 85,000 out-patients." This excess of work engenders the unsatisfactory system known among medical students as "knocking them off"; and a young surgeon on the establishment, whose conscience condemns this smart practice, may readily fall into trouble. "Knocking off" is understood by gentlemen high in the profession, for when once they become associated with hospitals there is only this one way of tiding over their difficulties. Thus Dr. —, of St. Benedict's, "has had to see and prescribe for 125 men, or for 164 women and 62 children in a morning's work. He has had, in addition, a considerable number of old cases. One day, he says, he saw and dismissed in an hour and ten minutes 120 patients, or at the rate of thirty-five seconds each. . . . By this abuse the in-patients, for whom the hospitals were alone built and intended, suffer also, . . . the in-patients cannot be kept long enough to cure their diseases, and the greater part go away simply *relieved*." The argument.

is that out-door relief would be more effectively administered by local dispensaries, for under the present system "the wards are poisoned by the breath of thousands of out-patients, suffering from infectious diseases." The reform party, which, by the way, does not number all the medical profession, are able to put their case in a strong light, and it is hardly likely that the customs of a past generation can be maintained for an indefinite time.

These things affect the hospitals and their governors; other abuses touch the honour of the well-to-do classes, and for these exposure should prove a cure. The facts, as stated by our author, are humiliating to the great English people, and we give them in her own words, lest we should be charged with misrepresentation. One doctor is made to tell another doctor as an undoubted fact "that the poor are being gradually turned out of the consulting-rooms by well-to-do persons. He knows of persons with incomes of £1,000 a-year who come to the hospitals as out-patients; and the wives and daughters of men almost as wealthy actually borrow their servants' clothes in order to apply as out-patients. This cruel state of affairs not only robs the public charity and the poor, but has caused starvation and misery to many a young doctor, as the out-patients who should rightfully call him in and pay a moderate fee for his services now go to the hospitals and get attended for nothing."

It appears that many who obtrude into the consulting-rooms seek to hide their meanness by giving false names and sham addresses. The confession of a lady, casually encountered among the waiting company, affords a yet deeper insight into this scandalous abuse:—"I have always tipped the porter, perhaps rather *well*, and have never been treated except by one of the cleverest physicians or surgeons. . . My husband became a governor for ten pounds a year, so of course he can give letters and orders to any amount." Where among human-kind shall we look for honour if not in the governor of a hospital? We hope that the case is a fiction.

The abuses exposed and deplored are entailing misery on the poor, and they are occasionally the direct cause of death. In the forced hurry of "knocking off," many mistakes are necessarily made—fatal blunders so far as the unfortunate subjects are concerned. A disorder, which might have been cured if properly treated in time, by the patient being taken into the house, is only aggravated by a student's slight examination of thirty seconds, the application of a liniment, and the drinking of a bottle-full of common-place medicine. The fate of poor little Jack of Miss Thompson's narrative, whose complaint—"caries of the cervical vertebra"—was mistaken for swelling of the glands, and who died in a week after being refused admission at Great St. Benedict's, where his life might have been saved, is sadly typical of what occurs in real life. The subject is a painful one, and the cry for reform comes from those who are not strong enough to help themselves. Why should abuses, which, with our rapidly increasing population, are becoming simply intolerable, be allowed to remain for an hour? On a subject so vital the Government should take prompt action. Certain hospitals in the Borough of Southwark will be all the better for a commission of investigation of the most searching kind.

From an Unexpected Source.

A NOTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

THE *Detroit Post* says that a circus clown in Virginia took occasion, the other day, at the close of the performance, to speak plain and very searching words, which deserve the sober attention of many more than those who heard them. In his painted face and mottled garments he said: "We have taken six hundred dollars here to-day; more money, I venture to say, than many a minister of the gospel would receive for a whole year's services. A large portion of this money was given by church members, and a large portion of this audience is made up of members of churches, I wonder what excuse they have for being here? When your preacher asks you to aid him in supporting the gospel, you are too poor to give anything; but you come here and pay your dollars to hear me talk nonsense. I am a fool because I am paid for it; I make my living by it. You profess to be wise, and yet you support me in my folly. But perhaps you say you did not come to see the circus, but the animals. If you came simply to see the animals, why did you not simply look at them and leave? Now, is not this a pretty place for Christians to be in? Do you not feel ashamed of yourselves? You ought to blush in such a place as this."

In addition to the rebuke for being at the circus, the professed Christians had a valuable hint as to their poor ministers, and it is to this that we would call attention. We are sure that the poverty now existing among Baptist pastors is not all inevitable: very much of it might be prevented by those giving who have it to give. In some instances the need only requires to be made known, and the meeting of it would be no difficulty; in many more, the matter wants forcing upon the thoughts of a few kind individuals, and they soon contrive to put an end to the misery, and make it a pleasure to do so. We glory in our brother ministers for being willing to be poor, but we are vexed with the many of their hearers who thoughtlessly allow valuable servants of God to fret and pine in actual want. Do they really know that their pastor cannot afford to eat meat? Are they aware that he cannot buy clothes for his children? Are they content to live at ease, and lay by considerable amounts, while their minister cannot get common necessaries? We wish this clown could go round and talk to those who spend more on ribbons and roses than on the cause of God.

It is a very serious fact that the blessing of God is withheld from churches because of their cruelty to God's servants. They have no prosperity, no holy joy, no increase;—how can they when those who teach them have scarcely bread to eat or raiment to put on? The people themselves are poor, and seem to grow poorer; and well they may, for God is measuring out to them their portion with their own measure. The tears of ministers' wives are stopping the blessing; the shoeless feet of pastors' children are treading down all hope of spiritual prosperity. All this while we have those among us who are professedly too poor to give anything, and yet are actually worth their thousands. In country churches we see continually by the wills of deceased persons that members of churches die worth from three to fifty thousand pounds, and yet their ministers were aided by the charitable funds of the denomination! Oh, when will men be true to Christ, and truly live for him?

After all, what comes of the saving and hoarding which is practised by so many? They starve themselves and the cause of God to amass a huge sum, and the net result is shown in our drawing below. We have seen the thing done scores of times. Poor old Baptist farmer, honest, laborious, parsimonious, toiling and moiling, scraping and saving; thinking himself quite unable to give to the Lord's work more than the merest trifle. He dies, and then his son and heir, quite the gentleman, goes to church, and goes further still, making the old man's money into golden wheels, on which to ride to destruction. Surely it can never be worth a man's while to be nipping and screwing, and denying that which is due to the cause of God, merely to make it easier for his son to ruin himself.



Look well to the singing.

"I NEVER give myself any trouble about the hymns," said a minister. "I let the organist take care of them." It is to be hoped that there are not many pastors who follow the lazy and senseless example of the minister here quoted. Singing is just as much an act of worship and praise as prayer is, and the preacher who does not select his hymns with special reference to their appropriateness to the subject of his sermon, loses at least half of their effect upon the congregation. Everything that is done in the Lord's house ought to be done as well as it is possible for it to be done, and a careless, shiftless selection of the hymns to be sung is utterly inexcusable in any pastor.

So writes the *New York Examiner and Chronicle*, and we are glad to quote the passage. The whole spirit of the service may turn upon the *reading* of a hymn, and therefore it is a matter to be done in the best style. If we cannot control the singers we can at least so choose, and so read the hymns that the people shall be helped to praise God intelligently, and the sacred worship shall not be careless and slovenly. C. H. S.

The bespattered Fringes of the Population.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN the Report read some time ago, at a meeting held on behalf of "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" in Exeter Hall, something was said about the law of heredity which affects the children of our pariah classes with awful intensity. We are all, it seems, in a peculiar manner, our parents' heirs; and many, who receive from their supposed natural protectors neither education nor worldly substance, get from them a heritage of ignorance, vice, and squalor, from the bondage of which outside friends can alone release them. There is a vast work to be done in London among boys and girls of the gutter whom no School Boards will ever reach. Literally heirs to a heritage of sin, these helpless children never had a chance in the world; they are oppressed at the outset with a grievous burden, their path is encompassed with all the snares which evil associations can put in the way of youth and inexperience. The cares of age overtake them during the years of childhood, and before they are out of their teens they are already old in crime—reckless adventurers preying on society, subjects for the gallows or the jail.

While, however, we have to do with large numbers of children who may be classed among hereditary criminals, there are myriads in a vast city like London who, in a sense, are still more unfortunate, in having fallen from a state of respectability to one of misery and want. These owe their misfortunes to many causes. We are a vast trading community, and when, as must often be the case, the parents go to the wall, the children must suffer. The working-classes are addicted to intemperance, and this vice has its host of victims; the same may be said of improvidence; while many by lapsing into crime entail vices upon their offspring of which no one can see the end. Some are thrown upon the streets by the death of their parents, others are cruelly deserted, and thus are left at a tender age to fight as best they may the unequal battle of life. It is to help these various classes of waifs and strays that Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Destitute Children have been provided; and in these homes upwards of one thousand children are now maintained.

The Boys' Home at Stepney Causeway represents the oldest branch of the Mission, and it is now its chief centre. Here are found in training no less than three hundred boys who, prior to their admission, were in one or other of the deplorable conditions indicated above. Had they not been sought by persons who devote their attention to this department of the work, the boys would never have known what it was to have a chance in the world. At midnight, or in the small hours of morning, in places likely and unlikely, they have been sought for in their hiding-places and brought forth to be placed in the highway to respectability. "They were discovered beneath arches," we are told, "in the markets, in dark corners, in empty vehicles, and in similar hiding-places." When taken in hand they were virtually introduced to a new world.

In looking through the Boys' Home it is easy to select half-a-dozen boys who are representative of as many classes. One of the more deserving sections is that of the adventurers who from distant provinces are attracted to London in the hope of mending their fortunes. Little able to calculate on the trials of the road, or to take account of the difficulties which will arise in their path on reaching the metropolis, they set out without proper clothing, without means beyond a few pence, and with no friend to welcome them at their journey's end. Picture to yourself lads of fourteen or fifteen embarking on such a mission, and then coming to grief after tramping the last weary mile on the inhospitable road. They have heard fine tales about the great city; and if in their youthful enthusiasm they exaggerate their chances of success they may surely be excused when heavy disappointment crushes their hopes. The worst part of the story is that London, which may offer no opening to such for

earning an honest livelihood, abounds in temptations of an awful kind—sins which, when once yielded to, transform the honest seeker after work into a prowling cadger, who at last prefers stealing to labouring with his hands. Let us give an example of one who was saved just in time.

The youth in question was fifteen years of age, and after bedtime on a dark and stormy night in winter, he called at the Home to relate his singular adventures, and to ask for assistance. The story which he had to tell was indeed stranger than fiction. Having walked all the way from Scotland with insufficient means to supply himself with food, he was partially famished, as well as footsore and broken down with fatigue. With not enough clothing to shield him from the weather, without a single friend in London, and without a farthing in his pocket, he had passed the two preceding nights in the streets, wandering hither and thither in despair. In the far-away north he had only one relative, who, on being applied to, confirmed the story of the boy, and the lad eagerly accepted the offer of admittance to the Home. What would have become of him had not a door of hope opened as it did when he was on the brink of despair? He seemed to be in the lowest depths of misery; but there were deeper depths still—those of vice and crime—and from these he was saved by a friend whom providence put in his way.

Anyone who feels called upon to devote his energies to the reclamation of these street waifs of London will necessarily give special attention to the lodging-houses—those sad receptacles of what may be called the sweepings of our redundant population. It is the hard lot of many boys and girls to have no better homes than these horrid dens; and they could hardly be disciplined in a more practical school of evil. The kitchen of the low lodging-house is, perhaps, the nearest approach to hell upon earth which even the world of London can supply; and to pass from youth to full-grown age amid such surroundings is for a child to naturally develop into a hardened sinner, without hope for this world or for that which is to come. Those who are best acquainted with these places are aware that they abound in the most curious characters: persons who have fallen from enviable social positions being alarmingly plentiful. What is even more alarming to the earnest philanthropist is the readiness with which these fallen stars adapt themselves to the midnight around them, until they themselves are as hidden to hope and lost to shame as the lowest of the low. It is possible to come across classical scholars, and men who have pleaded at the bar or judged from the bench; and it is horrifying to find that such wretched subjects are able to outdo in ribald obscenity their companions of lower birth. It is as if healthful plants, by being transferred to a poisonous soil, themselves become centres of impurity, charging the atmosphere with pestiferous exhalations.

Numbers of the boys and girls now in training for useful and honourable service have been directly fetched by their rescuers from houses of the worst character. To Dr. Barnardo himself the low lodging-houses are sufficiently familiar ground; for from the Mint to Bethnal-green, from Whitechapel to St. Giles's, he has visited them often enough to be well acquainted with them. It is well known that unfortunates without money to pay for a bed are allowed to use the common kitchen during the evening; but when Mr. Deputy goes the round of the company to collect his dues just before retiring time, all who have not sufficient to pay for their bed are ruthlessly dismissed to the street. Such a subject was C. D., who late one night was found asleep in a lodging in the Mint. Without money or friends, he was looking forward to a night in the streets, and while the opportunity lasted he was fortifying himself for the ordeal by a brief nap. He had called at all the Homes, but being over seventeen years of age he had not been successful at any one of them. Weary of the life he was leading, this lad soon promised well, and was three months afterwards apprenticed to the sea.

The young creatures whom society should not allow to fall into vicious courses are not always easily got hold of when required. A small minority of

them know where their hope lies, and apply direct to those who are able to render assistance, but as a rule the aim of the street arab is to elude the hand of all reformers and School Board inspectors. Experience has taught us that if we would introduce them to a better school than that of their vile associations we must patiently search for them, and patiently deal with them when they come within our influence. We have had the opportunity of observing that the readiest way of gathering arabs together is to invite them to an evening party where none save their own order will be admitted. A plentiful tea or supper on a winter night is an irresistible attraction.

For some time prior to such an entertainment we have known Dr. Barnardo himself to be abroad all through the live-long night, searching diligently in the lowest haunts for the material which he hopes to mould into useful boys and girls. It may be necessary to visit the river-side, certain notorious courts and alleys on both sides of the river, and other retreats where it is still possible for a homeless waif to "sleep out." We have seen a company thus invited muster 1,500 strong in the large hall of the Edinburgh Castle; these, having been unaccustomed to restraint, did not constitute an assembly such as a nervous person might desire to manage. It is of course quite impracticable to think of providing ordinary tables with their too fragile furniture; the food of each guest is placed in a bag, and the stout mugs are replenished from urns which might have belonged to a colony of tea-drinking giants in a favoured province of Brobdignag. After tea comes the difficult process of sorting. Deplorable cases are taken aside for further enquiry, and a good night's work is done if nearly a hundred are admitted to the institutions. Of 1,500 lads invited on one occasion to a free tea as described, about 1,300 were found to be altogether without resources, beyond the precarious pence they were able now and then to earn upon the streets. Out of this number no less than 826 had no settled home, but slept in lodging-houses when "in luck," and when it happened otherwise they walked about the streets. On further enquiry it was discovered that as many as 475 had no means to pay for their lodging on the night referred to, although only 27 (a small proportion under the circumstances) had ever been in jail. It will readily be believed that such an auditory was hardly likely to appreciate what are known as regular speeches; but at the same time they did not resent good advice. Many of them say, "Well, sir, I never had a chance." Explain to them how the coveted chance may be secured, and their ears will be opened. Young thieves will attend to what is said about leading a honest life; and others, who are not inveterate thieves, hear with eagerness how places may be found aboard ship, and in other branches of industry. If treated in a liberal, open-hearted manner, the boys will show themselves to be equally outspoken by answering any questions which may be put to them. In this manner much curious and valuable information respecting boy-life in London may be obtained.

The thieves are a class by themselves, and though a number may prefer a career of adventurous dishonesty to a course of sober industry, young fellows are often met with whose thieving came to them as a sad heritage, and never was a thing of choice. They have sufficient conscience left to despise themselves, but they still persevere in their criminal acts until every dodge is mastered, and if they have never seen the inside of a prison, the boast of their life is that they have never been "lagged." Such a character was E. F., who at fourteen years of age was a thief herding with thieves. He detested his way of life: then why did he take to it? Because when his mother died and his father married again he was driven from home to do the best he could for himself. Was it singular that such a wronged, starving, and homeless child, with no prospect of employment and with no friends, should have taken up with those who satisfied his hunger? When, in the course of his singular explorations, Dr. Barnardo came across this unfortunate youngster he wanted to be honest, but could see no way of managing it. He was anxious to obtain work; but who would employ a nimble-fingered pickpocket without a character? He

had totally lost sight of his father, which was probably a fortunate circumstance; but unless some better friend took him, he was lost for both this life and the next. That friend was happily found; and the youthful thief saw a future full of hope opening before him.

Boys who are not thieves, and who are bravely battling against tremendous odds, are very plentiful in the great wilderness of London; and if their associations were less sad, their native shrewdness, or sharp-witted way of turning to account the seasons and public occurrences, would surely excite our admiration. Thus poor little H—, who had neither hat nor boots, and whose other clothing appeared to be sufficiently scanty, was found by Dr. Barnardo (who regularly attends the race to pick up these "waifs and strays,") serenely sleeping on Epsom Downs on the night preceding the Derby Day. Though for some time previous he had been "down in luck," he seems to have forgotten both past and present trouble in the prospect of bagging something handsome on the day of the chief race. He had a mother living, but she could no more help him than he could help her—both had to fight hard to keep the wolf from the door. The poor child only needed a little help, and he soon became a credit to himself and those about him. If in such instances help is withheld, society must not complain if it has to take the consequences. We may be assured that the conflict with starvation will not be maintained beyond a certain time. If you meet with a famishing boy who for months has not slept in a proper bed, nor sat down to a proper meal, it is not likely that his honesty will hold out many months longer. At every turn he is urged by the tempter to break through his scruples and become a thief. Thousands have yielded to sin who, if they had been assisted in time, would have preferred the ways of honesty.

And yet there are many who hold themselves aloof from ways of crime until they are grown up, and until they are too old to get admitted into any ordinary refuge or home. From infancy upwards misfortune has followed them, and at eighteen or twenty years of age their opportunities in life appear to be no more promising than they were during the sad years of their blighted childhood. Without possessing either education or the knowledge of a trade, their progress has been downward and downward, until the dreaded lodging-house is their only home, and every opening, into which others can enter to earn a livelihood, is closed against them. Dr. Barnardo now proposes to open a Home for such, a home wherein they may be temporarily lodged till their character and capacity have been tested, and suitable employment can be provided.

Of objects calculated to excite our pity, none can surpass destitute children in London who have been overcome by sickness. Who shall minister to their wants if they are overlooked and passed by in their misery by the Christian philanthropist? Their condition is such that they are disabled from everything save suffering, and they need someone to stand between them and death. Let us give an example in the case of a lad who entered the Infirmary for Sick Children, situated near the Boys' Home in Stepney Causeway.

The applicant was over sixteen years of age, and he attracted notice in the first instance at a free tea given during the winter weather. Even among his outcast companions his condition appeared to be exceptionally deplorable, for his only clothing consisted of filthy rags, and he was well-nigh blind with ophthalmia. Notwithstanding this painful affection, which was occasioned by exposure and want of cleanliness, he had tramped about the country for years, vainly applying for medical relief at one workhouse after another. Declared to be incurable, the hardships he suffered almost exceeded belief. Wandering as a free ranger over the country, he did not always enjoy the luxury of sleeping with a roof over his head; but "dossed," as he would have said, beneath a hedge, or in some other available place in the open air. Taken into the infirmary, however, and subjected to careful, skilful treatment, he was, through the divine blessing, gradually transformed; and as a consequence he was soon afterwards enabled to earn a livelihood in a respectable manner.

There are other little sufferers whose trials are more affecting—victims in

whose constitutions the seeds of mortal disease are sown, and who, in spite of every care, are destined to go down to an early grave. The fact of their complaints being incurable may excite commiseration; but commiseration goes only a little way when the doors of every hospital are closed against them. Thus, one little girl who died in Christian hope at the Infirmary in Stepney Causeway, in less than six months after her admittance, was unable to obtain what she wanted in any other hospital. Because she was incurable, the doctors said she ought to go into the country—just as if a poor, dying waif who in London was hardly able to obtain sufficient to keep body and soul together could take healthful lodgings in a pleasant village. The Infirmary exactly met her case; for, provided the applicants are sick and destitute, their cases are never too bad to win attention. Surely such institutions are a necessity in every large town where the cry of suffering children is continually ascending to heaven.

All Christian missions carried on in the spirit of the Master will surely redound in blessing to individuals and to the country at large; but what work can equal in value that carried on among the fallen youthful population, if such an expression be allowable when applied to subjects who "never had a chance" of entering on a respectable career? Think of the wasted force that the thousands of boys on the London streets represent—a force that in our colonies, on the sea, in our mines, and in numberless other avocations, might be earning a competence for themselves, and be also adding to the wealth and prestige of this great nation. The case of the girls, who are worse than running to waste in the highways and byways of our overcrowded metropolis, is still more deplorable. No School Board, not even when armed with all the power of Acts of Parliament, will ever remove the social evil which these young creatures grow up to supply and increase. The remedy must consist in something more effective than a Board-school. Fallen girls need to be wholly removed from the streets, to be subjected to Christian influence, and to be educated in the school, in the kitchen, in the family circle, for useful service in life. The gain to society is greater in the case of the girls than in that of the boys; for the curse of sin reaches its climax in abandoned women. The gospel method, however, is to give attention to both boys and girls; and when a single reformatory agency, like that carried on by Dr. Barnardo, and now managed by him in conjunction with a committee, takes hold of more than ONE THOUSAND of these wastrels of the street at one time, we seem to be living in the golden age of philanthropic enterprise. Some readers may perhaps be glad of the practical information which we cannot think it right to withhold—that whereas a neglected child who grows up to a criminal life is estimated to cost the country not less than £80 per annum during the whole of its career, a boy or girl rescued from the lodging-houses or the streets and received into these "Homes" only requires the expenditure of £16 per annum for three or four years, while the raw material is being converted into the manufactured article! At 18, Stepney Causeway, London, E., Dr. Barnardo will gladly receive and acknowledge such help as this information may suggest.

Advice to simple Believers.

MELANCTHON, when he went to the conference at Spire, in 1529, made a little journey to Britten to see his mother. The good woman asked him what she must believe amidst so many disputes, and repeated to him her prayers, which contained nothing superstitious. "Go on, mother," said he, "to believe and pray as you have done, and never trouble yourself about controversies." This was the advice of a wise and good man. Many sincere Christian people who will never understand points of difference in doctrine and discipline should be advised in the same manner.—*From Bishop Horne's Aphorisms and Opinions.*

To John Ploughman.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am so glad you have had your likeness taken with your smock on and the big whip in your hand. There are ever so many portraits of you in your Sunday go-to-meeting suit; but this suits you best of all. I wish you could have got Dapper and Violet into the picture. All your friends in this part of the world are glad enough to hear the smack of your whip again. It cracks as many jokes as ever. We rejoice, too, that the sharp share is driven through the monster evil drink, and its attendant vices. "God speed the plough," we pray, when it roots up such ill weeds.

There is any quantity of snakes in these colonies, and men either avoid or kill them; but this venomous viper they cherish and fondle till "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." It puzzles me why those who know and admit the danger still risk it. "Once bit, twice shy," doesn't hold good in such cases. They see the devil's hook, and yet grab at the bait, and drink like fish. Why, the very rooks in the trees might teach them a lesson. Let them but see a gun and off they fly; indeed, conceal the weapon as you may, they spy it out somehow, and take to themselves wings, not waiting to hear the report, or give a chance; but these black birds "tarry long at the wine" and "go to seek mixed wine." They love to get within range of the Cannon Brewery or the Gunner's Arms, and are willing targets for a shower of *grape* shot any hour of the day or night. What wonder that their eyes become blood shot, and that they themselves are "brought down" shattered, and tattered, and torn.

As to public-houses (hotels they call them here), they are as thick as gum trees in the bush, and, though Australia is free from wild beasts, the Red Lion does a roaring trade. And the stuff the toppers swallow is, I hear, abominable, especially up in the bush, where folks are not expected to be over particular. If all the colonial beer and spirits were of the best quality the harm would not be quite so great; but such mess as some of it evidently is must mean "death in the pot." The best of intoxicants to my mind is bad, what must the worst be? Would to God the cursed traffic could be checked; a host of crimes would then be stayed. Red rum spelt backward reads "Murder"; gin, the dictionary says, "is a snare," and every-day facts prove it so to be. I feel sure that "the cold water cure" is the only remedy. Moderation goes half-way, and therefore fails. Thank God, there are thousands of abstainers amongst us, so we will do the best we can, God helping us, to stem the tide.

I hear readers of your second edition comparing your last furrows with your first. Of course the novelty of such Plain Talk is not so keen, but the pictures are deemed a great improvement. Old Humphrey likes pictures as well as little Harry, and these are first-raters too. You remember I did a little ploughing on boxwood once on a time, so I reckon myself a bit of a judge. Here's my opinion, if it's worth the having. Your illustrations seem just to fit the writing: they might have been drawn by your own horses, so handy are they to the plough, and the engravings might be *cuts* of your own whip.

Many a good laugh I've had over some of your quaint sayings and odd rhymes. They seem made to make one smile, and are more powerful than laughing gas. This is the beauty of the book, to my mind. I like a mixture of pleasure and profit, and of wit with wisdom. Just a drop or two of sauce with the cold mutton is a grand improvement. The meat is good enough by itself, you know; but it slips down sweeter somehow with a dash of "relish." When will people learn the absurdity of fancying that, because we have faith, we mustn't have any fun? I believe that holiness and humour can be yoked

* We cannot withhold the above letter, though it has the free and easy manner of a strictly private letter. Friends must excuse a son's partiality for his father's book.—C. H. S.

together, and pull finely, too, and I can't bring myself to believe that it is impossible to love Jesus and have a laugh occasionally into the bargain. What would you have done, dear father, but for a natural merriment, sanctified by grace? It would be dreadful hard labour to be always ploughing without whistling a tune every now and then, and having a hearty laugh when we knock off, or even during work. The plough doesn't go any better for being rusty, and the pilgrim isn't a whit fitter for heaven because he's crusty.

If I remember rightly, those two favoured evangelists from America were both cheerful, happy men; but I often think it's a good plan if I feel Moody to sing Sankey, and let solemnity and song blend together. If I should feel a bit down at any time I mean to have another look at your pictures, and if the white egg of the black hen, or the fiddle without the stick, or the cart before the horse don't liven me up—well, I must read some more. Here's a receipt for melancholy which beats half the tonics and enliveners "all to pieces."

If you're down in the dumps, or given to grumble,
 If things go awry, or all in a jumble,
 If storms should grow thicker, and thunder clouds rumble,
 And down the big drops like cats and dogs tumble,
 It's surely no good to murmur and mumble,
 Nor yet to commence to flurry and fumble,
 Accept my advice—nor think it too humble—
 (I give it to all you good gloomy folks),
 Invest in a volume of John Ploughman's jokes.

I am often asked if you are likely ever to come out here. Your horses say "neigh," and I feel obliged to return the same answer. How I wish you could though! What rejoicing there would be, and how the people would flock to welcome you! I fancy I see even the kangaroos hopping down to town to hear some of your "plain talk." Will you ever plough the South Atlantic Ocean, think you? We've got some good workers here, but we should all be the better for a look at your way of doing it, and a specimen of your straight furrow, just to guide us a bit.

You will be glad to hear we have got our new chapels up and opened. Our minister calls them tabernacles, after yours. Of course they're not quite so big. A good deal of rough ground has been broken up: now we can go in more readily for sowing and reaping a crop which is already appearing. I think of going to New Zealand shortly to turn up some ground that is new, at least to me.

I need not tell you that my thoughts often fly home. I have put my hand to a colonial plough, but, truth to tell, I constantly "look back," not from the work, but across the deep blue sea to "Home, sweet home." "Every bird loves its own nest," and this "seagull" is no exception.

Give my love to dear mother. She has a work of her own, and a right good one too; I wish all were as well employed in the field. She does her plough share, and no mistake. The Master help her in it! Brother Charles still ploughs at Greenwich, I suppose. There's plenty of ground to work upon there. God bless him. Remember me to Will Shepherd, and give Dapper and Violet an extra feed on my account.

I fear I've kept you too long reading this. It is something like stopping the plough to catch a mouse. I think it's time I gave over; so God be wi' ye, and fare thee well, dear father.

Your loving son,

Tom (the ploughboy).

Tasmania, December, 1880.



PRESENTED TO THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE BY THE LATE
MR. B. VICKERY, IN MEMORY OF HIS DECEASED WIFE.

THIS is the fountain to which reference is made in our Notes. It is a handsome and useful object. We gave this engraving in the Almanack for 1877, but we now place it in the magazine, as a permanent memorial of our old friend, who has just been taken home "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Notices of Books.

Almuth: The Messianic Enigma of the Forty-ninth Psalm. By Rev. JAMES STEVENSON BLACKWOOD, D.D., LL.D., late Vicar of Middleton Tyas, Yorkshire. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a book of unusual excellence, and is well worthy of the careful attention of reverent Hebrew scholars. The author understands the psalm to be an "enigma" concerning Christ, who would redeem the righteous from the power of the grave, whence they should be received up with the Forerunner, while the wicked should go to the home of their fathers, and never behold the light of heaven. Two translations, one "literal" and the other "verbal," are given of the entire psalm, as well as a spirited metrical version. The sections on verses 5 and 14 (A. V.) are of singular interest and force. The former of these verses is taken to be the utterance of the Redeemer, having distinct reference to Genesis iii. 15, "Thou shalt bruise his heel." Thus is it that the coming Messiah is found to exclaim, "The sin of my heels must encompass me." There appears to be good reason for considering this passage as "the key to the real teaching of the psalm"; it immediately follows the proem, and the bold vigour of the inspired song, as well as the character of this particular verse, makes us feel that the psalmist is at once plunging *in medias res* of his great enigma. The grammatical argument of Dr. Blackwood against Bishop Lowth, Delitzsch, and others, who instead of "the iniquity of my heels" would translate "the evil-doing of my supplanters," or "liars in wait," may fairly be considered conclusive: indeed, it does not seem likely that these readings would ever have been thought of but for the purpose of *finding a sense*. While not adopting all the author's views, we think he has found the true sense in this reference to the passage in Genesis, and thus the true key to this deep enigma. The book ought to be read by thousands. If Dr. Blackwood's interpretation is correct, what the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is in the Old Testament touching the great doctrine of substitution, such is the forty-ninth Psalm as to redemption from the power of the grave. It is not neces-

sary to know Hebrew to enjoy this book, though those who can read the original will, of course, find in it most instruction. Several of the renderings are not common, but almost every important difference in translation is supported by one or more good authorities.

Having said thus much, seeing that the author was commending to Christian students a new view of this remarkable passage of Scripture, we think there are places where the book might have been shortened, with advantage. For instance, surely it scarcely needed half-a-dozen pages, with quotations from the *Bucolics* and a discussion on the Latin word *meditor*, in order to justify the rendering of מְדַבֵּר by "and the utterance of my heart," rather than by "and the meditation of my heart," and this because Calvin and Perowne "think it not natural to say, 'the meditation of my heart shall speak understanding,'" an awkwardness which Dr. Blackwood's translation altogether avoids. When Lee and Gesenius render מְדַבֵּר by (1) "to murmur," "mutter"; (2) "to meditate"; (3) "to declare" one's meditations, the latter putting "to speak," "to utter sound," before "to meditate"; and when Buxtorf translates it successively by "*meditari*," "*eloqui*," "*mussitare*," and remarks "*prout ad animum vel os refertur*," it was hardly necessary to take so much pains to justify a rendering which, probably, no one would be likely to dispute. Other instances of *excessive proof* somewhat tend to take the mind from the principal matter in hand, though even in these more discursive pages the author never wearies us. Verses 16 to 19 are understood of Judas, who though "made rich" could "carry nothing away," and presently is found going "to the home of his fathers." If this appears to be a somewhat fanciful interpretation, it is the only instance in which the writer is really open to such a charge; and even here it must be remembered that it is an *enigma* which is being unfolded, that the language has a certain appropriateness to the Betrayer, and that through him the force of these four verses can be better referred to the class of which he may be considered the head.

We have one other fault to find. The title of the book appears to be unhappy. "Almuth" is the closing phrase of the forty-eighth Psalm, and is there translated "unto death," as though it were מָוֶת (Al-mâveth). While the author transfers this phrase from the close of the forty-eighth to the beginning of the forty-ninth Psalm on authority no less than that of Kennicott and Horsley, and reads it as one word, meaning "Hidden Things," on that of Houbigant, the use made of the expression is not satisfactory. Lee discusses the term as used here, and in the title to Psalm ix., as also the plural substantive form, Al-alâmooth, at the head of Psalm xlvi., and after noticing the differences of several authorities, says of the phrase, "Nothing certain is or can be known." Indeed, Dr. Blackwood himself remarks that he follows this rendering, "without laying any very great stress on the matter." When, however, he makes a disputed word occurring in a disputed place the title of his book, and thus uses it for the furtherance of his argument, most people will think that the stress laid on it is very considerable. These strictures, nevertheless, touch only minor matters, and are unimportant compared with the great theme which is here so diligently investigated and temperately argued. The volume is a devout and patient study of a very difficult and important chapter of divine truth, and deserves both a large sale and a careful examination.

Memoir of the Life and Labours of the late Septimus Sears, thirty-five years minister of the Gospel of Christ at Clifton, Bedfordshire. Houlston.

THESE pages mirror the inner life of a much-tried minister of Christ. The leading features of this good man's character seem to have been his child-like faith in God, which bore the precious fruits of patience under sore trial, and his diligence in all his work for the Master. Mr. Sears believed in the exceeding sinfulness of human nature, and in the power and glory of sovereign grace. These truths he constantly and unwaveringly preached, and he had his reward in many conversions. Though not worthy to rank among the highest forms of ministerial biography, this little

memoir is none the less a valuable record. Many a gracious soul will find comfort and direction here; while ministers whose lot it is to suffer calumny will be helped to wait, like this good man, until God brings forth their righteousness as the light, and their judgment as the noonday.

Children's Daily Bread. A Picture, Text and Verse for every Day of the Year. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a charming present for a child who has just learned, or is learning, to read. We can speak positively upon this matter, for we have proved the truth of our statement. Little four-years-old, who has received our copy, says "It is a bootiful book." We hope that many children will be supplied with this "Daily Bread," and that by learning each morning the text for the day their minds will be early stored with precious passages of Scripture, which will be of untold value to them as long as they live.

Papers on Health. By Professor KIRK, Edinburgh. Elliot Stock.

THIS seems to be a complete system of medicine and surgery, written upon a very commonsense plan; but we do not recommend it, for we have given up recommending anything to anybody—in the medical line we mean. After the countless remedies that we have received for rheumatism, *every one of them infallible*, we have become exceedingly sceptical; and even though Professor Kirk writes as an earnest Christian believer, however far we may be able to follow him in his religion, we back out when he comes to doctoring. In this case every man must judge for himself, and our full persuasion is that the less we doctor ourselves the better. Nature is the only physician.

Life through the Living One. By JAMES H. BROOKES, D.D., St. Louis. Holder and Stoughton.

WE have undesignedly overlooked this book, which is an excellent shilling's-worth. The plan of salvation is clearly stated, and stumblingblocks are prudently removed. We consider it to be one of the best books to give to enquirers.

The Story of the Years: a Text-book and Diary, with Verses by MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. James Clarke and Co.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM is a great favourite with many, and deservedly so, for many of her verses contain true poetry. This birthday-book will have its circle of admirers.

Never say "Die." By SAMUEL GILLESPIE PROUT. Third edition. Nisbet and Co.

WE would call special attention to this thoroughly soul-saving book. It is written naturally, not to say roughly; produced, as the author says, "*without any punicing.*" It is itself a real bit of pumice stone, and will be used, we believe, in cleansing many hearts.

The Standard Book of Song for Temperance Meetings and home use. National Temperance League.

THERE are no less than 293 compositions in this collection, well classified, and in every way adapted to the end in view. The musical portion of the work is executed with good taste and skill. We are glad to notice so large a proportion of Christian hymns and anthems. This is a step in the right direction; for, however important it is to promote temperance, it cannot work the regeneration of the race, nor bring about the millennium.

The Oiled Feather. A musically arranged Service. By JOHN BURNHAM, Metropolitan Tabernacle Evangelist. London: Morgan and Scott.

MR. POWER'S well-known tract will acquire a new lease of life from its adaptation as a Service of Song, and will find a new sphere for its useful ministry. If well rendered, a pleasant and a profitable evening will be secured for old and young alike by means of "The Oiled Feather."

Children at Jerusalem: a Sketch of Modern Life in Syria. By Mrs. HOLMAN HUNT. Ward and Lock.

IT is very pleasant to know how the children of Mr. Holman Hunt spent their time in Jerusalem while their father was creating his great pictures; and it is most agreeable of all for their mother to write the record. Apart

from this, we do not see any reason for the production of this book. It is very prettily bound, and will interest a considerable body of readers by its good-natured and homely descriptions of family life.

The Dominion and Glory of the Redeemer the Support and Confidence of the Church. By THOMAS HOUSTON, D.D. James Gemmell, Edinburgh.

SOUND, old-fashioned theology: sure to be profitable to believers, because it glorifies their Lord.

New Zealand: past and present. By the Rev. JAMES BULLER. Hodder and Stoughton.

A PRACTICAL book, a condensation of Mr. Buller's larger volume, showing those who purpose to emigrate that New Zealand is a most promising colony. The history of the country is briefly sketched, and the land itself is most instructively described; and almost everything that an emigrant wants to know is detailed. The book is hardly in our line; but as it is sent for review, and some of our readers may wish to begin life again in another country, we give these few words of commendatory notice.

Sea-side Thoughts, and other Reflections. By Rev. JOHN MUIR. Glasgow: Lithgow and Son, 34, Ann Street.

PLEASING essays. A foolish person who wished to make himself agreeable to Longfellow said, "Sir, every night of my life I fall asleep over one of your works." There is nothing here to sleep upon, all is bright and cheery: depth and profoundness we need not look for, but sparkle and pleasantry we shall find in abundance.

A Mother. For a Daughter. By Mrs. UMPHREY. Nisbet and Co.

THE authoress of this unpretentious little book must be a Christian of rare mental and spiritual endowments. Her aim is to help mothers to educate their daughters, in the fear of God, to the highest form of Christian womanhood. The writer has chosen the narrative form—we do not know if it would be right to say the autobiographical—and has compressed into very small compass a wealth of wise counsel and experience. It is a delightful little book.

Poems, Essays, and Sketches. By JANET HAMILTON. Memorial Volume. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

It is needless for us to praise the poems of Janet Hamilton, for they hold high rank in Scottish poesy. Southerners will read with pleasure and profit the soul-stirring verses of this heroine of humble life. Every now and then we meet with persons who have newly come across Janet Hamilton's poetry, and they feel that they have made a discovery, and straightway wonder where they can have been never to have heard of her before. The prose essays given with the poems are specially good and interesting, pleasant reading of a sort which makes you long for more. This memorial volume of a woman of consecrated genius deserves a large sale.

Pilgrim Lays for the Homeward Bound, and Words of Counsel and Comfort in Sunshine and Shade. Arranged by T. WILLIAMSON. Hatchards.

We think the title of this book somewhat unfortunate, for it gives but little idea of the splendid collection of extracts from standard authors (principally poetical) with which it is filled. The arrangement under subjects and the general exercise of judgment as to selection or rejection are excellent. The result is a gathering together of the most quotable pieces of poetry and prose upon a variety of subjects, especially useful to writers and speakers. May it have a large sale.

The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ in verse. Adapted to interest the Young. By A. MEDWIN. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS little book is a mistake. While the purpose is undoubtedly good, the execution is flat and feeble to the last degree. We could not be so cruel as to wish young people to listen to these lines.

Gospel Songs, and other Poetical Pieces. By W. T. McAUSLANE. Houlston.

MR. McAUSLANE has a poet's soul, and hence when he sings he comes near to singing poetry. There is beauty, pathos, and happy expression in his song, and underlying them all an intense spiritual earnestness. We welcome this little book.

Ecce Medicus; or, Hahnemann as a Man and a Physician, and the Lessons of his Life. The Homœopathic Publishing Company, 2, Finsbury-circus.

AN enthusiastic eulogium upon the founder of Homœopathy. We like to see the disciple ardent for his master: and we congratulate the Hahnemannian lecture upon making so lively a beginning in this fervent essay of Dr. Burnett.

Thrift Lessons. Familiar Letters. By JOHN T. WALTERS, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

MOST wise and sensible. The good man's commendation of infant baptism is most natural and proper from his point of view, and it illustrates the fact that he does not confine his teaching of thrift to mere human prudence; but yet the remarks themselves are very weak, only amounting to this, that *the Bible does not forbid the baptism of infants.* Fine argument! It does not forbid the baptism of bells, or cows, or camels, and yet no one would try to prove anything from that omission. With this exception, in which no censure is implied, we can honestly and heartily praise this most useful, common-sense book. May it be read, read everywhere. It is admirable.

Far Off. Part II. Oceania, Africa, and America described. With Anecdotes, and Two Hundred Illustrations. New Edition. By the Author of "The Peep of Day." Hatchards.

THIS is an old favourite in a new form. We have had many writers for the young; but to our mind, "The Author of the Peep of Day" has never yet been equalled, much less excelled. Why, this book makes children drink in geography as cats lap milk. Besides which, it is as good and gracious as it is simple and attractive.

Pictures for Scrap Books. Packet containing Two Hundred Choice Pictures. W. Mack, 4, Paternoster Square.

QUITE enough engravings to make a scrap book of moderate size, and all well printed. Children will find much amusement in pasting this shilling's-worth into their play books.

The Future of Palestine as a Problem of International Policy. By B. WALKER. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street. 1881.

THIS treatise covers more ground than its title would lead anyone to anticipate. In two or three pleasant letters to a personal friend Mr. Walker entertains us with a lively description of the German colony of Haifa, on the northern slope of Mount Carmel, at a short distance from the Bay of Acre, where he resided during the summer months of 1877, and made the acquaintance of "*The Society of Temple Christians*," or "*Friends of Jerusalem*," in whose religious views he seems to have been deeply interested. After this gossiping introduction he proceeds to survey the whole line of Jewish history in its secular aspects and in its Christian associations, with the intent of awakening popular interest in the present desolation and the future destiny of the Holy Land. In a tone of sincerity and sensitiveness our author reconnoitres the annals of the Hebrew nation and the archives of her priestly and prophetic revelation. Pity swells his heart, though mayhap it rather warps his judgment, when he propounds so quaint a problem of international policy and such Quixotic plans of solving it. The problem, we take it, in brief is this—How can the condition of Palestine, as a misgoverned province of the Turkish empire, be ameliorated, until the time shall come for its divinely foretold restoration to Abraham and his seed? To this definite question he scarcely pretends to have discovered a definite answer, but he gives us a few guesses, not one of which, we suppose, he expects to meet the exigence. One proposition is for some European power, in concert with other European powers, to seize it and hold it for ten years, and at the expiration of that period to call a national congress and settle what the future standing of Palestine among States shall be. Oh, Mr. Walker! will not the millennium arrive before "the united States of Europe" blend together in such happy accord and concord? Here is another solvent. Why should not Turkey, in her pecuniary distress, be persuaded to sell to the Jews this little strip of territory, say for twenty, fifty, or a hundred million pounds—it would

not be dear to the purchaser at the higher figure? Oh, Mr. Walker! We know a few gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion who prefer the crescent to the cross, but we doubt their readiness to pay such a price for a place of sepulture, pending the inheritance coming into rightful possession of their posterity. Just one other hypothesis. Let one or several of the rich and powerful Christian states themselves get possession of Palestine by purchase or otherwise, and afterwards make it over by a free gift to its proper owners. Well, Mr. Walker, that is a grand and generous proposal of yours. We presume you have some idea of political economy, so we venture to enquire if you have submitted your measure to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Dear Sir, we are persuaded you are gifted with pious patriotism, though your persuasive eloquence may fall short of your proud ambition. "Preach," if you will, "throughout Christendom a new crusade of the plough and the pruning-hook, for the obliteration from the sacred soil of every trace of the grass-destroying hoof-prints of the Moslem spoiler." We can only say that we wish success to your mission.

A Word about Work. By Mrs. W. P. LOCKHART. Jarrold and Sons.

A SENSIBLE little tract, which ought to be read and pondered by every British workman and workwoman. The chapter on "The Freedom of Work" is specially good.

Marcus Ward's Picture Library of Animals: Cows, Horses, Poultry, Rabbits. Marcus Ward and Co.

Was there ever such a book for little children before? Yes, but none to beat it. Here are coloured pictures and many which are not coloured, but full of beauty. The tales of cows and cats and geese are not silly, but such as please children and teach them good practical lessons. As for the binding and general fashion of the book, it is worthy of Marcus Ward, to whom reviewers and readers and all of us award the highest mark. It is the sort of volume which you might give to little princes or princesses of the royal family, and feel that nothing handsomer in the book line had ever come in their way.

Words of Friendly Counsel about Turning to God. By Rev. G. EVERARD, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A SCORE or more of all-alive pointed chats on gospel and temperance subjects spoken with no little force and attractiveness. Mr. Everard has no reverence for dulness, and his earnest words in colloquial form hit the gold of the target direct. Preachers with half an eye might get a speech or two for a public meeting from these papers, or a goodly number of short addresses for week-day use. Thank you, Mr. Everard; let us have some more of the same sort, and as quickly as you like.

The Story of a Dewdrop. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. With Four Coloured Illustrations. Marcus Ward and Co.

WONDERFUL! Coloured pictures of exquisite execution, and paper and printing of the most dainty order; but what it is all about this deponent sayeth not, for the good reason that he does not know. There must be something good and deep in it, for the author is a doctor of divinity, and doctors are all wise; but we are very stupid, and so, like Sambo with the riddle, we give it up. It is a very pretty book though; beautiful, silvery, and glistening just like a dew-drop: the publishers have done their work to perfection.

Our Daughters: their Lives Here and Hereafter. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

MRS. REANEY says that it has been her prayerful aim to make this volume suitable for a young girl just starting out in life, something that may help her both here and hereafter. She has succeeded admirably. No young lady can read this book in the spirit in which it is written without being greatly helped by it, both with regard to what she should be and do and what she should avoid. The authoress makes a judicious use of her own experience and observation in enforcing the lessons she desires to convey to her readers, and she gives interesting instances illustrating her arguments and appeals. Here is a specimen:—"Do you mean to tell me," said a haughty beauty, drawing herself up to her full height, 'do you mean to tell me that I, with my cultured thought and sheltered life, have to be saved

exactly in the same way as the cottagers on my father's estate, whose debased lives are known to all? No, you make foolery of religion when you throw out theories such as these.' 'Or, rather,' was the quiet reply, 'some one else turns *sin* into foolery, speaking of it as a matter of sufficiently small importance to be played with. Fools make a mock at sin.' 'It depends upon what you call sin,' was the proud beauty's next remark, spoken in a tone most scornfully severe. Again a gentle voice answered, 'God has himself settled that question. Man has nothing to do but to take his Maker's judgment upon the matter, and that is that *the thought of foolishness is sin.*' "

The Teacher's Storehouse and Treasury of Material for Working Sunday-school Teachers. Elliot Stock.

THIS is one of the best of the many serials specially designed to help our Sunday-school teachers in their work of faith and labour of love. It contains much helpful teaching and suggestive class preparation.

Lives of Ralph Erskine, Ebenezer Erskine, Donald Cargill, Richard Cameron, Hugh Miller, and Dr. Guthrie. By JEAN L. WATSON.

The Erskines: Ebenezer and Ralph. By JOHN KEE, D.D. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

GIVE us more of such books. These do real service to the age, and are not mere pick-purses for the publishers. Life under the influence of fiction is becoming more and more untruthful and frivolous: we would not forbid fiction, but we would keep it in due subordination to history and fact. A little pepper, salt, and mustard may be all very well; but if people take to regarding these condiments as the substantial part of their meal, mischief must come of it. A dinner of mustard flavoured with beef would be a singular feast, and yet many have much novel, and very little solid literature. Character built up on the dreams of novelists cannot be substantial; but minds nourished on the records of noble lives are far more likely to be made sublime. These cheap little biographies are well adapted to increase the faithful of the land, and to make them emulate the brave deeds of those who have gone before.

Heroines of the Mission Field. By Mrs. EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

THE binding of this book is novel and striking. The contents are such that we should like every Christian woman to possess the work and read it. Nobly has woman taken her share in the work of winning the world for Jesus, and much has she accomplished. Lives of Mrs. Moffat, Williams, Mullens, Judson, Ellis, and the like, cannot be too often rehearsed in the ears of our sisters. Five shillings will be well laid out in adding this work to the Congregational Library.

The Parables of our Lord. Twenty large Plates in Colours, true to Eastern Life. Marcus Ward & Co.

HERE the parables are accurately illustrated by truthful drawings of Oriental manners and customs. The colouring is in perfect consistency with the drawing; everything is eastern, and everything tends to bring before the mind's eye the parable from its Oriental side. We reckon this volume to be quite an art treasure, and worthy of the name of Marcus Ward. Although well adapted

to be a book for children, it may fitly be placed in the library among the choicest works of Biblical illustration.

The Story of Jesus for Little Children. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON. Hatchards.

BEAUTIFULLY printed and bound. The work itself is well done, but in divers places the authoress betrays her ecclesiastical parentage; as, for instance, when she says that Jesus went to the Jordan and John poured water over him. We are sorry to perceive a fault, for the book is thoroughly evangelical in its tone, and earnest in spirit.

Heroes in the Strife; or the Temperance Testimonies of some Eminent Men. By FREDERICK SHERLOCK. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN interesting series of biographies. We prophesy for it a considerable popularity. Its only mistake is including our name among the "heroes," for we are not conscious of having done aught heroic in any direction, and certainly not in that of total abstinence. To preach the gospel has been the one aim of our life, and all else has been very sub-ordinately, though sincerely, followed.

Notes.

Personal affliction has continued through the month of March, and it has been with difficulty that the weekly sermon and the monthly magazine have been prepared. Intervals of possible effort have been granted, and then all sail has been crowded on, so that we are not compelled to lie high and dry on shore, and tell our readers that there will be no sailing for the next month. O for health and strength! We are apt to think that we could do a great deal if we had these, and yet it may be a greater and a better thing to bow the head in silence and say, "It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good."

We have had many deaths at the *Tabernacle*. Eleven deceased members were reported at one church meeting. We are growing older, and our death-rate must increase, for the children must go home sooner or later. We have often wondered at the fewness of our deaths, far below the average of the life-tables, and we have noted that godliness, bringing with it temperance, peace, and purity, has a tendency to produce

long life. Among our older friends who have gone home is our aged brother Mr. B. Vickery. Although by no means a man of wealth, he was a man of great liberality, and he liked to give in his own way. He erected a fountain at the Orphanage, of which we give an engraving. Wishing to see the lamps at the Tabernacle improved, he gave all the opal glasses. We confess we like to see persons undertaking to care for some part of their accustomed place of worship. Our meeting-houses should not become gaudy, but they might be kept neat and reputable if God's servants cared a little more to have his worship conducted without slovenliness. We prefer those donors who quietly give their portion in the way which seems to them the wisest, and make no fuss about it. The good man has gone to his rest, in joyous hope of the resurrection in Christ, and we can but sorrowfully bid him "farewell."

It was as an obituary notice that we read the words "*Final Closing of Surrey Chapel.*" There is a sadness about the end of this

renowned structure. It is doomed, and must be swept away. To the last it was best known as "Rowland Hill's Chapel," and it is in connection with that man of God that its greatest glories shine; but yet under Messrs. Sherman and Newman Hall its history was no mean one, nor did its leaf wither. Translated to a fine position, and known as Christ Church, Surrey Chapel still flourishes elsewhere, and it is only its outward form that now awaits the stroke of the destroyer; yet what a shame it seems to pull down the old octagon, or round house, the centre of so much usefulness, the focus of so much reverent memory. Why would not the owners sell the freehold? Ah, there's the rub. But they would not, and so there's an end of it. When first built the chapel was in the fields, but now it is miles away from grass and corn, with two railways running close to it, causing a traffic the noise of which is enough to distract any but the regular hearers. With two sides street, and the other two sides railway, "old Surrey" is not so attractive a place of worship to strangers as to render it a very bitter regret that it should be given over to some other useful purpose. Our Primitive Methodist friends who boldly took the fag-end of the lease will, we hope, succeed better in a building of proportions more suited to their number. Of all possessions one of those most like to a white elephant is a large chapel for a small congregation. Your congregation can grow, and your chapel can grow with it, as a little snail grows, shell and all; but you cannot easily make a little congregation swell out so as to fill a huge chapel, for that is like putting a tiny snail into a big shell, and expecting him to expand according to his habitation. We do not, therefore, very much regret the removal of our earnest Methodist brethren to another building; but wish them larger success in a smaller room. Farewell, old Surrey, thou hast had a noble career. When we, too, shall come to be taken down, may there be memories about each one of us as fragrant as those which will long linger around the hallowed spot in the Blackfriars Road where thousands have been born to God.

On *Monday evening, Feb. 28*, the usual prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle partook of a highly missionary character, for on that occasion was inaugurated the effort to send out evangelists to the English-speaking people of India. Being enabled to occupy the chair, we tried to show that a great and effectual door was opened before us. Working in all things heartily with the Missionary Society, we wish to help young brethren to go out for five years, and preach the word. We say "help," for we hope they will go to places where the labourer will by degrees be welcomed and supported. There are many towns where a church could be formed and a minister supported if there were only some one to begin: we wish to begin. Mr. Gregson, long a worker for our

Lord in India, in a full and fervent speech proved the need of such an agency alike for the English, the half-castes, and the educated Hindoos, and noted the usefulness of getting preachers to India, who after five years could honourably return and spread the missionary spirit, or could remain as missionaries if they felt a call in that direction, as they probably would. Then followed Mr. H. R. Brown, who is now on his way to Darjeeling, where warm-hearted brethren are waiting to co-operate with him; and the meeting closed with a touching word from Mr. Stubbs, who has returned inviolated from Allahabad. Many of our brethren commended this new effort to the Lord in earnest, believing prayer, and now we invite our readers to join their petitions with those of our own church. O for the blessing of the Lord upon the effort. With no desire but our Master's glory do we enter on this project; it is forced upon us by his voice and his providence, and we cannot keep back.

The sailing of Mr. Henry Rylands Brown for India has been a gleam of sunlight amid the darkness of our sickness. He goes bravely hoping in the Lord, and if he can succeed in raising a church, and in finding, to a large extent, his own support, we shall feel that this work is of the Lord, and that many other brethren must be helped to follow him, as the Lord may raise them up. To keep the English-speaking people in India well supplied with the gospel is surely a grand necessity, and we shall feel our heart dance for joy if, by God's grace, we may have a humble portion in the service. As yet we have only received the small sum of £34 towards this effort, and to this we have added £50 from our own proper substance: but if this thing be of the Lord, he will send the silver and the gold. We shall far more greatly need men of the right sort. Where are they?

On *Monday evening, March 7*, the Annual Meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Ladies' Working Benevolent Society was held in the Lecture Hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and after tea addresses were delivered by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. B. W. Carr and C. F. Allison. The receipts of the Society during the past year amounted to £93 11s. 8d., and the payments to £91 17s. 2d. It would be well if this could be largely increased, for these benevolent societies are among the best of our gospel agencies, following in their operations the line pointed out by our Lord when he fed the hungry people as well as taught them. To bring our Christian sisterhood into contact with the poor is good for both parties, perhaps best of all for those whose happy portion it is to be the givers. How are we to keep any hold upon the masses of our great cities now that they seem to shun our places of worship? Surely it must largely be through the personal visitations of Christian people; and among the very poor this can only be done when

we are prepared to relieve their necessities as well as to speak to them the word of life. Friends who cannot personally be visitors might supply the funds for those who can. Send the shot if you cannot fire the gun.

On Friday evening, March 11, the Annual Meeting of the Tabernacle Sunday-school was held in the Lecture Hall, which was crowded. The meeting throughout was of a stimulating and encouraging character. In the absence through illness of his brother, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and spoke of the benefits of unity among the teachers, and also between the church and the school. He had always found Sunday-school teachers among the best members of the church; he supposed the exercise of teaching gave them an appetite for spiritual food. After some further remarks addressed to parents, asking their co-operation in the teachers' efforts, he called upon Mr. Pearce, as superintendent, to make his report. From this report it appears that there are 109 teachers, all of whom are church members, such only being admitted; 19 have joined during the year and 15 have left, in some cases owing to removal from the neighbourhood, in others from marriage. To those teachers about to marry Mr. Pearce's earnest advice was, "Don't—leave the school." There are 1,250 scholars, 254 of whom are over 15 years of age; 96 are church members, 26 having joined during the year. Prayer-meetings, services for the young, preparation class for teachers (conducted by Rev. W. K. Rowe), Young Christians' Association, Band of Hope, Dorcas Society, and Library and Periodical department were all reported to be in thorough working order, and prospering under the divine blessing. The school had participated in the special meetings held last year in celebration of the centenary of Sunday-schools, and had sent a sum of nearly £65 to the Centenary Fund for the extension of Sunday-schools. They had also raised during the year the sum of £175 for missionary objects, £20 of which had been devoted to the Colportage Association, and £20 to Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund. The general finances of the school were in a satisfactory condition. They had started the year with a balance in hand of £8 17s. 3d., which with the grant from Tabernacle of £25, a donation from T. H. Olney, Esq. of £5, and Cash from Library, £1 15s., amounted to £40 12s. 3d. The expenses had been: Printing, etc., £19 16s. 3d.; Hymn Books and Rewards, £9 19s. 1d.; Subscriptions to Sunday-school Union, £3 12s. 6d.; and Rebinding Books for Library, £9 6s. 10d., showing a deficit of £1 2s. 5d. Mr. Pearce having referred to the regret which all felt at the enforced absence of our beloved Pastor and President, concluded by exhorting all to work for the Lord with ready mind and fervent will. Rev. Dr. Clemance and Pastor W. Stott also spoke, and between the addresses selections of sacred music were rendered by the Sunday-school choir, conducted by Mr. Wigney.

COLLEGE.—Since our last notice Mr. J. L. Thompson has settled at Esher; and Mr. R. M. Harris n, who came to us from America, having completed his College course, has decided to return to that country, having received warm encouragements from leading brethren in the United States.

Mr. G. J. Knight, of Trinity Road, Tooting, is removing to Girdlington, Bradford; Mr. J. Blake from Darwen to Marlboro' Crescent, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. Z. T. Downen from Bootle to Macclesfield; and Mr. R. T. Sole from Milton Hall to Harrow-on-the-hill.

Mr. H. J. Batts has returned to his work in Port Elizabeth, S. Africa. Mr. F. A. Holzhausen, late of New Basford, has settled at Brampton, Ontario; Mr. W. Ostler, formerly of Morrisville, has settled at Woodstock, Illinois; and Mr. A. H. Stote has removed from Joliet to Sterling, Illinois.

Word and Work informs us that Brother White, at Tokio, Japan, has recently received into church fellowship six new converts.

We are greatly grieved to learn that the wife of our brother Norris, of Circular Road Chapel, Calcutta, recently died of typhoid fever. He earnestly asks for the prayers of all his brethren for himself and his motherless children.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received several pleasing testimonies to the usefulness of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Annan, to which we briefly referred last month. On February 24th they paid a flying visit to Bradford, and on the 27th recommenced at Halifax the work which was abruptly suspended in January through the prevalence of fever in the town. At first the wintry weather somewhat affected the attendance, but before many days the crowd was as great as ever. The noon prayer-meeting was larger than any held by the evangelists for a long time, and the evening services were seasons of great power. Many decided cases of conversion have been witnessed, and others are seeking the Saviour. The evangelists gratefully mention the sympathy and help they have received from Pastor J. Parker, M.A., and his church, and they regret that other ministers were not equally ready to co-operate with them. This month they go to Sheffield, where all the Congregational churches are uniting for the special services, and where consequently great blessing is expected.

A correspondent in Halifax writes:—"It is one of the master-strokes of the pastor of the Tabernacle to send out together two such brethren as these to preach, by song and speech, the unsearchable riches of Christ. He has been most happy in the choice of the men. Each of the brethren has his special sphere, and yet both would suffer by the absence of either. They work most thoroughly together, and their combined tact and power over large gatherings are extraordinary. In Halifax, as in other places

where the evangelists have been, the people have come in great numbers to hear the gospel preached by them. The largest meetings have been held in the Drill Hall, the most spacious building in the town, and this has been again and again filled. Of these brethren it may be truly said that they are 'always abounding in the work of the Lord,' bearing the message of salvation from place to place, rousing the churches from spiritual apathy, and winning many souls by their plain, simple, and earnest preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Cheering reports of Mr. Burnham's work in the villages of Yorkshire continue to reach us. He has visited *Birkby, Staincliffe, and Normanton*, and in each place many have been attracted to the meetings, and several led to the Saviour, while backsliders have been reclaimed, the people of God edified and encouraged, and many aged and suffering ones cheered in their homes by our brother's visits. One of the ministers writes:—"He is just the right man to help us poor, toiling pastors, and we are especially grateful to you for sending out such a man amongst our smaller churches."

Mr. Parker has been holding a series of very successful services in *Waterhouses and Langley Park, Durham*, where many young people have professed their faith in Christ. He has since been at *Sheerness*, and now is again at work in county Durham, where he says there is a wide field for evangelistic efforts.

ORPHANAGE.—We are very grateful to all friends at Hampstead, Salters' Hall, and Westbourne Grove Chapels, who contributed to the success of the services of song given by the boys. These services cause great pleasure, and present to our friends a method of serving the Orphanage without drawing upon their own local funds. A visit from the boys does good, excites a warm interest, and brings in a stream of help which is not diverted from any other channel.

Mr. Charlesworth has arranged for meetings at Yarmouth, March 31; Norwich, April 1, 2, and 3; Cambridge, April 4 and 5; Bury St. Edmund's, April 6; and Stowmarket, April 7. We shall be glad if all friends in these places will do what they can to make the visits of the boys remunerative.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, writes as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I am sorry to report this time that the amount received for General Subscriptions during the last few months has fallen off very seriously. After allowing for the collection in the Tabernacle, and two large donations in the first quarter of 1880, there is still £60 less received this quarter than in the corresponding three months of 1880. Now, as the General Fund is the only source from which we can supplement the amount received for districts, it is evident that we cannot continue all the 73 Colporteurs now employed unless friends

of the good work rally round us, and supply the necessary funds. This they have always done on former occasions when the need has been stated, and we trust they will do so now. Will the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* kindly help to make the next three months' receipts bring the half-year's total at least up to that of 1880?

"I could occupy more space than you can spare with interesting facts, but, as we are preparing the Annual Report, forbear for the present. Suffice it to say that our primary object is being achieved, in spreading the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that many have cause to bless God for the visits of the Colporteurs."

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans desires us to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a parcel without the donor's name and address, and another from "a woman who is a great sinner." We looked in lately at one of the working meetings of this excellent society, and were delighted to see the number of willing helpers present, and the useful parcels about to be despatched to the homes of some of our poor pastors. Donations of money, or clothes, or materials for garments for the ministers, or their wives and children, will always be gratefully received by Mrs. Evans at the Tabernacle.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A French *Pasteur* writes to tell us that a woman in the village of which he is minister has lately found the peace of God while reading a translation of our sermon, No. 227, "Compel them to come in."

One of our members has recently visited the town where she used to live, and where she commenced the distribution of our sermons, and she now sends us a very cheering account of the blessing which is resting on the labours of those who took up the work when she left. One of the visitors tells of the conversion through the sermons of a poor, sick woman, who used to feel very lonely, but who is so no longer. Another distributor mentions the case of a butcher, who at first repulsed her, but afterwards received her joyfully. He said he had been reading the sermon entitled, "The Man of One Subject," (No. 1284,) which had been greatly blessed to him. A poor woman, who had been a backslider for many years, for a long time refused the sermons, but they were put under her door, and one of them ("Beware of Unbelief," No. 1238,) was the means of reclaiming her from her sad condition. Our friend says there are many other instances of blessing which might be mentioned, and concludes her letter thus:—"I wish those who have any of these precious messengers of mercy lying idle in their cupboards would lend them themselves, or give them to those who would circulate them among those who need the glorious truth that they contain." Will some one take the hint?

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1881.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Collected by Miss Jephth	1 1 0	Miss Dean, per J. T. D.	0 5 0
J. B. C.	1 0 0	Communion Collection, by the Bridg-	
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5 0 0	water Baptist Church, per Pastor H.	
Mr. Finlayson and Friends	0 5 0	Moore	1 11 9
"Dear Granny"	0 5 0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0
Mrs A. C. Watson	2 0 0	Mr. Joseph Thomas	2 2 0
Mr. Luke Horner	0 10 0	Mrs. Griffiths	5 0 0
H. O.	3 0 0	Mr. Thomas R.	10 0 0
Mr. Jas. McLeod, Brisbane	4 0 0	H. I. J.	40 0 0
Mr. John Hughes	1 0 0	Pastor R. J. Beecliff	1 0 0
Mrs. Jane Hughes	0 10 0	Mrs. C. Robertson	1 0 0
Mr. R. Hares	2 0 0	Per Pastor G. H. Trapp:—	
Mr. J. S. Hughes	2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Case	2 8 0
The Misses Goddard	1 0 0	Mr. G. Gordon	1 0 0
Mrs. L. Morgan	1 1 0	Miss Davey	0 10 0
Mr. Sims, per Mr. Underwood ...	5 0 0	Mrs. Boyle	0 2 0
Mr. Jas. Clark, jun., per Pastor W.		Mrs. Juniper	0 2 0
Williams	10 10 0	Mrs. Breese	0 1 0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0 10 0		4 3 0
Mrs. Mulligan	0 10 0	Mr. Booth	1 0 0
Miss E. Hupfeld	2 0 0	Mr. J. H. Swift	0 10 0
Mr. J. H. B. Gapper	0 2 0	John xvii, 20, 22	7 0 0
"My boy's first week's earnings,"		Proceeds of Lecture by Pastor C. Spur-	
M. S. A.	0 5 0	geon at South Street Chapel, Green-	
A Sister, Bankhead	0 2 0	wich	11 7 6
"A Friend in Scotland"	25 0 0	Collection at Putney Baptist Chapel,	
A Postman	0 2 6	per Pastor W. Thomas	2 5 8
"Lizzie"	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at M t. Tab.:	
Students' Collecting Cards (see list)	121 17 9	February 20	30 17 10
Contributions from Almshouse Sunday-		" 27	32 2 2
school Children, per Mr. Pankhurst...	6 6 0	March 6	33 9 0
Mrs. Sarah Holroyd	1 0 0	" 13	50 8 6
Mrs. Gooch, per J. T. D.	0 10 0		146 17 6
Mr. W. Sutherland, per Messrs. Pass-			£450 1 8
more and Alabaster	0 10 0		
Collection at Upton Chapel, per Pastor			
W. Williams	12 16 8		

Students' Collecting Cards.—Messrs. J. G. Potter, 10s; F. Potter, £1 2s 6d; A. Billington, £1 7s 6d; W. W. Blockside, £1 4s; I. A. Ward, £2 10s 6d; P. Blaikie, £3; A. McCaig, £2 1s; W. Smolden, £1; J. H. Weeks, £1 8s; T. Witney, 7s 6d; W. Dore, £1 1s; G. H. Carr, £1 5s 3d; A. Cooper, 12s 6d; C. G. Croomie, 5s; J. G. Gibson, 15s; W. Higlett, 7s; F. G. Kemp, £4 18s; W. S. Mitchell, 10s; W. Richards, 12s 6d; E. G. Richards, 5s; W. T. Soper, £1 15s; E. J. Welch, £1 2s; A. Wood, £2 2s; A. Fairbrother, £5 5s; J. Gibson, £4 7s 6d; J. E. Moyle, £2 15s; W. J. Harris, £11 17s 6d; J. S. Hocker, £2; E. B. Pearson, £1 5s; R. Scott, £1 5s; T. I. Stockley, £3 4s; J. E. Walton, 15s; F. W. Auvache, £2 12s 6d; B. Brigg, £3 3s; F. Tuck, £2 10s; H. Atkinson, 4s 6d; J. Cottam, £11 15s; E. Lyer, £1 10s; F. J. Flatt, £1 10s; J. T. Frost, £2 3s; R. Glendenning, £3 3s; T. A. Judd, £1 1s; A. W. Latham, £1 2s 6d; J. C. Leigh, £12 10s; T. J. Longhurst, £1 8s; H. J. Martin, £2 16s; J. McAuslane, £1; H. Trotman, £1 18s 6d; W. H. Thomas, 7s; W. J. N. Vanstone, 5s; R. Wallace, 10s; R. Wood, £4 5s; C. Yale, 15s 6d; D. Menzies, 15s; C. J. N. Padley, £1 1s; R. M. Harrison, 14s; Charles Pearce, £1 7s; J. R. Scoones, 8s 6d; T. Whittle, £1 5s; R. Yeatman, 4s 6d.—Total, £124 17s 9d.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1881.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
E. H., Croydon	0 10 0	Mr. John Glog	5 0 0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5 0 0	Two Sisters, Lindfield	2 0 0
Mr. T. W. Rhodes	1 1 0	Mr. S. Cone	1 0 0
Mr. Finlayson and Friends	0 7 6	Mr. J. D. Denham	3 0 0
"Dear Granny"	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Walker ...	5 5 0
E. R. W.	0 5 0	Mrs. Moorley	0 10 0
Mrs. A. C. Watson	2 0 0	Mr. William Hind	0 1 0
Collected by Mary McEwan	0 11 6	A Friend, Pole Moor	0 14 0
Mr. W. C. Savage	0 2 0	Collected by Halbeath Sunday Scholars	0 3 0
Mr. G. Nowell	5 0 0	Collected by Master W. F. Hirsch ...	1 3 0
The Misses Goddard	5 0 0	Stamps	0 3 0
Mr. S. Camm	2 0 0	Mr. J. Scivwright	2 0 0

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Eythorne, Ashley, and Eastry Sunday Schools	2 8 0	Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading:—	
Mrs. Rebecca George	5 0 0	W. Moore, Esq.	5 5 0
H. O.	2 0 0	Joseph Huntley, Esq.	2 0 0
Mr. Charles C. Harris	2 10 0	J. Omer Cooper, Esq.	1 0 0
Mr. F. Thornley	0 2 6	Joseph Morris, Esq.	1 1 0
Thankoffering from J. and K. P.	2 0 0	Robert Oakshott, Esq.	0 10 0
Mrs. L. Morgan	1 1 0	Young Folks at Wedding-ton House	0 13 4
Mr. James Fisk	10 0 0	Ernie, Winnie, and May	0 10 0
Mrs. Sims, per Mr. Underwood	5 0 0	C. J. W., a penny a day	
Mr. Edward Moore	0 2 6	Thankoffering	0 5 8
Mr. J. Rennison	0 10 6	James Withers	0 5 0
Firstfruits of an increase of wages, Q.	0 5 0	Mrs. Podman	0 1 1
S. A. Silvester	0 5 0	Harriet Cooper	0 1 1
Mr. W. J. Davidson	5 5 0		11 12 2
A Lover of Jesus	0 5 0	Mrs. Hague	1 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Luff	0 10 0	Mrs. Booth and Children	1 12 0
From Kington	0 2 0	"Fines and waste-paper money"	0 10 6
Miss Brine's Bible-class	0 6 6	C., Hitchin	0 2 6
Mr. John Norris	0 5 0	A Friend, Catford Bridge	0 1 0
E. A. V., A. V., E. R. V., E. J. V., and A. T.	0 4 8	Mr. Mitchell, Montrose, N.B.	2 0 0
Free Grange Kilmarnock Female Bible-class	0 10 0	A. Eldridge	0 11 7
Mrs. Scott	0 4 0	Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	1 6 6
A Brother, Bankhead	0 2 6	Mrs. M. Gooch, per J. T. D.	0 10 0
Master Walter Oakley	0 2 0	Per Messrs. P. and A.:—	
Collected by Miss Mary Davies	1 1 8	Mr. John Harris	0 5 0
A Friend, per Mr. J. McNeill	1 0 0	An Orphan	0 2 0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0		0 7 9
Mrs. A. Dale	1 0 0	Collection at "Thanksgiving Service," Baptist Church, Cambridge, per Mr. W. Johnson	9 1 0
Mr. F. R. Bateman	0 2 6	W. Hewitt	0 4 0
M. E.	0 2 3	Little Freddie's Offering, per J. T. D.	0 7 6
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2 2 0	Mr. J. Parkinson	1 0 0
Friends at Kingswood and Wotton-under-Edge, per Mrs. Griffiths	11 0 0	Eld Lane Baptist Sunday School, Colchester	1 10 0
Mr. W. Johnson	0 2 0	Mrs. Richards	0 4 6
Collected by Miss Sarah Buxton	1 1 9	Sale of S. O. Tracts	0 3 0
A Friend in Scotland	1 0 0	Mrs. Haydon	1 0 0
S. E. W.	0 2 6	Mr. Timms, per J. T. D.	0 5 0
Mrs. Evans	2 0 0	"Threepence per week"	0 16 3
Mr. Thomas R—	5 0 0	Mr. Smith Jeeps, per R. S. L.	0 2 6
Mrs. Dobbs	0 10 0	Box at Orphanage Gates	0 12 10
H. I. J.	40 0 0	Mr. W. Smith	0 2 6
Little Hugh's Birthday Gift	0 1 0	"Lambeth," per Bankers, March 1st.	2 2 0
W. S.	1 0 0		£199 7 2
Mrs. Ellison	0 2 6		
Rev. J. S. Exell	2 2 0		
Mr. J. F. Yeats	10 0 0		
Mr. J. W. Robson	0 5 0		

List of Presents (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 10 lbs. Honey, Mr. J. Keddie; a Sack of Split Peas, "A Friend."
 CLOTHING:—50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 15 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Serpell; a Parcel of Clothing, Mr. C. Wilson; a Suit of Clothes (worn), Mr. J. Cole.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING, ETC.:—Twelve articles of Clothing, and 6 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; 36 Articles, Miss Moss; a parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Theobald; 19 articles, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

FOR SALE ROOM.—Fifteen Articles, S. A. D.; an Antimacassar, Mrs. Evans.
 FOR LIBRARY.—"Home Words Book Packet," Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.; 48 Volumes, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1881.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Mr. Jos. Alexander	0 5 0	A Christian Orphan	0 10 0
E. R. W.	0 2 6	Stamps	0 2 6
J. C. R.	0 2 6	Mr. J. Rennison	0 10 6
Mr. T. H. Elder	0 5 0	Mr. R. Lewis, for "The Liverpool House"	1 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood, for New Hall 1000	0 0 0	M. H.	5 0 0
Mr. Jas. Shield	0 5 0	Mr. S. Ormrod	0 10 0
A. B. C.	0 5 0	A Sister in Christ	0 2 6
Mrs. Walker	1 0 0		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0	Mrs. Meyer	0	2	0
Mr. Alexander Watts	0	10	6	An Invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6
Murian and Agnes	0	5	10	Mrs. Pearson	2	2	0
Part of a Thankoffering, E. F.	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Verry	2	2	0
From one who has benefited by the Sermons	0	5	0	S. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. Kitts, per Mr. Campbell	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Gooch, per J. T. D.	0	10	0
"My Tobacco allowance"	0	5	0	From a Lady's Maid	0	5	0
Mr. Jos. Hale	0	2	6	Mr. J. Woodford	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0	W. D. K.	3	16	0
Mr. Jos. Thomas	2	2	0				
S. E. W.	0	2	6				
					£1027	11	4

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Ottery St. Mary District	10	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castletown	10	0	0
Arundel District	10	0	0
Northampton Association, Bulwick's District	10	0	0
H. Trevor, Esq., for Norwich Metropolitan Tabernacle	10	0	0
Sunday- school for Harborne	5	0	0
W. R. Fox, Esq.	5	0	0
C. E. Fox, Esq.	5	0	0
For Bethnal-green District	10	0	0
A Friend for Kent	33	18	0
Wolverhampton District, per Mrs. Bell	10	0	0
Charlton-in-Otmoor, per Rev. W. Hackney	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	10	0	0
Burton-on-Trent Church, for Gresley District, per E. D.	10	0	0
	£138	18	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
P. W. A.	5	0	0
H. O.	2	0	0
Mrs. Potier	2	10	0
The Misses Goddard	2	0	0
Mrs. L. Morgan	1	1	0
Miss E. Turner	0	5	0
M. A. H., quarterly subscription, for Orpington District	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mr. Thomas R.	10	0	0
H. I. J.	20	0	0
Mr. James B. Hay, Newark	5	0	0
Mrs. Stockford	0	2	6
	£53	1	0

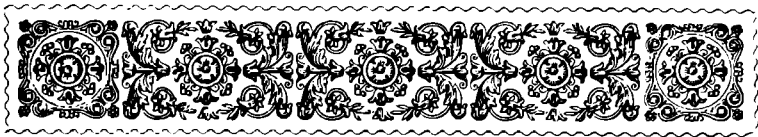
Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. James A. Menzies	0	15	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	2	6
Mrs. C. Norton	0	4	0	Mr. Thomas R.	5	0	0
Mrs. L. Morgan	1	1	0	Readers of the "Christian Herald"	15	5	1
Thankoffering from Y. M. C. A., Annan, for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's Services	30	0	0	Mr. James R. Bayley	1	0	0
"A Friend in Scotland"	10	0	0				
Mr. John Marsh	1	0	0		£64	7	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; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beula's Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1881.

Good Cheer from Past and Future Service.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And when there arose a great dissension, the chief captain, fearing lest Paul should have been pulled in pieces of them, commanded the soldiers to go down, and to take him by force from among them, and to bring him into the castle. And the night following the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome. And when it was day, certain of the Jews banded together, and bound themselves under a curse, saying that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul. And they were more than forty which had made this conspiracy.”—Acts xxiii. 10—13.



FROM the midnight whisper of the Lord to Paul we may draw forth sweet encouragement. Those of the Lord's children who have been engaged in his work and are called to suffer in it have here a special word of consolation.

Paul had been in a great tumult, and had been roughly rescued from the wrath of the people by the chief captain, who saw that otherwise he would be pulled in pieces. Paul was like the rest of us, made of flesh and blood, and therefore liable to be cast down: he had kept himself calm at first; but, still, the strong excitement of the day had no doubt operated upon his mind, and when he was lying in prison all alone, thinking upon the perils which surrounded him, he needed *good cheer*, and he received it. The bravest man may find his spirit sinking after the battle, and so perhaps it was with the apostle.

In these words let the reader note the Good Cheer that came to Paul in the dungeon. This consisted, first, in *his Master's presence*: “The Lord stood by him.” If all else forsook him, Jesus was company enough; if all despised him, Jesus' smile was patronage enough; if the good cause seemed in danger, in the presence of his Master victory was sure. The Lord who had stood *for* him at the cross, now stood *by* him in prison: the Lord, who had called to him out of heaven, who had washed him in his blood, who had commissioned him to be his servant, who had sustained him in labours and trials oft, now visited him in his solitary cell. It was a dungeon, but the Lord was there; it was dark,

but the glory of the Lord lit it up with heaven's own splendour. Better to be in a gaol with the Lord than to be in heaven without him. The harps above could make no heavenly place without Jesus; and Jesus being there, the clanking fetters and the cold pavement of the stony cell could not suggest a sorrow.

"The Lord stood by him." This shall be said of all who diligently serve God. Dear friend, if you are a worker for the Lord Jesus, depend upon it he will not desert you. If in the course of your endeavours you are brought into sadness and depression, you shall then find it sweetly true that the Lord stands by you. Did *you* ever forsake a friend who was spending his strength for you? If you have done so, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; but I think I hear you say, indignantly, "No, I have always been faithful to my faithful friend." Do not, therefore, suspect your Lord of treating you ungenerously, for he is faithful and true. All your former helpers may desert you; Sadducees, Pharisees, and scribes may all set themselves to oppose you; but with the Lord at your right hand you shall not be moved. Cheer up, desponding brother,

"God is near thee, therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul!
He'll defend thee when around thee
Billows roll."

The next comfort for Paul was the reflection that *the Lord's standing by him proved that he knew where he was, and was aware of his condition.* The Lord had not lost sight of Paul because he was shut up in the common gaol. One is reminded of the Quaker who came to see John Bunyan in prison, and said to him, "Friend, the Lord sent me to thee, and I have been seeking thee in half the prisons in England." "Nay, verily," said John, "that cannot be; for if the Lord had sent thee to me, thou wouldst have come here at once, for he knows I have been here for years." God has not a single jewel laid by and forgotten. "Thou God seest me" is a great consolation to one who delights himself in the Lord. Many and diverse are the prisons of affliction in which the Lord's servants are shut up: it may be that the reader is lying in the prison of pain, chained by the leg or by the hand, through accident or disease; or perhaps he is shut up in the narrow cell of poverty, or in the dark room of bereavement, or in the dungeon of mental depression; but the Lord knows in what ward his servant is shut up, and he will not leave him to pine away forgotten, "as a dead man out of mind."

The Lord stood by Paul despite doors and locks: he asked no warder's leave to enter, nor did he stir bolt or bar; but there he was, the companion of his humble servant. The Lord can visit his chosen when nobody else could be allowed to do so, because of contagion, or from fear of exciting the fevered brain. If we come into such a peculiar position that no friend knows our experience, none having been tempted as we are, yet the Lord Jesus can enter into our special trial and sympathize in our peculiar grief. Jesus can stand side by side with us, for he has been afflicted in all our afflictions.

What is more, that part of our circumstances which we do not know

ourselves, Jesus knows, and in these he stands by us; for Paul was not aware of the danger to which he was exposed, he did not know that certain Jews, to the number of forty, had banded together to kill him; but he who was his shield and his exceeding great reward had heard the cruel oath, and arranged to disappoint the bloodthirsty ones. Reader, the Lord knows your troubles before they come to you; he anticipates them by his tender foresight. Before Satan can draw the bow the Preserver of men will put his beloved beyond the reach of the arrow. Before the weapon is forged in the furnace, and fashioned on the anvil, he knows how to provide us with armour of proof which shall turn the edge of the sword and break the point of the spear. Let us therefore sing with holy boldness,—“In the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.” How safe we are, for Jehovah hath said, “No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.” With joy let us draw water out of these two wells of salvation: the Lord is present with us, and he knows us altogether. Putting the two thoughts together, we may hear him say to our inmost souls,—

“I, the Lord, am with thee,
 Be thou not afraid!
 I will help and strengthen,
 Be thou not dismayed!
 Yea, I will uphold thee
 With my own right hand;
 Thou art called and chosen
 In my sight to stand.
 Onward then, and fear not,
 Children of the day!
 For his word shall never,
 Never pass away.”

When the Lord Jesus came to Paul he gave him a third reason for courage. He said, “Be of good cheer, Paul: for thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem.” *There was much comfort in this assurance that his work was accepted of his Master.* We dare not look for much joy in any thing that we have done, for our poor works are all imperfect; and yet the Lord sometimes gives his servants honey in the carcasses of lions which they have themselves slain, by pouring into their souls a sweet sense of having walked in integrity before him. Before the great day of reward the Lord whispers into the ear, “Well done, good and faithful servant”; or he says openly before all men, “She hath done what she could.” Herein is good cheer; for if the Lord accepts, it is a small matter if men condemn. The Lord says to Paul, “Thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem.” The apostle had done so, but he was too humble to console himself with that fact till his Lord gave him leave to do so by acknowledging the brave deed. Perhaps, dear friend, by this little book you shall be made to remember that you have borne witness for Jesus, and that your life has not been altogether in vain. It may be that your conscience makes you more familiar with your faults than with your services, and you rather sigh than sing as you look back upon your Christian career; yet your loving Lord covers all

your failures, and commends you for what his grace has enabled you to do in the way of witness-bearing. It must be sweet to you to hear him say, "I know thy works; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name."

Be faithful to your Lord, dear reader, if you are now in prosperity; for thus you will be laying up a store of cheering memories for years to come. To look back upon a well-spent life will not cause an atom of legal boasting to an experienced believer, but it will justly create much holy rejoicing. Paul was able to rejoice that he had not run in vain, neither laboured in vain, and happy are we if we can do the same. If it be right for us to chasten our conscience on account of omissions, it must be lawful ground for thankful joy that our heart condemns us not, for then have we confidence towards God. If we fall into straitened circumstances it will be a comfort to be able to say, "When I was rich I freely used my wealth for my Lord." If we are ill it will be a satisfaction to remember that when we were in health we used our strength for Jesus. These are reflections which give light in the shade, and make music at midnight. It is not out of our own reflections that the joy arises, but out of the witness of the Holy Spirit that the Lord is not unrighteous to forget our work of faith and labour of love.

A fourth comfort remained for Paul in the words, "As thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." The Lord would have us take comfort from *the prospect of future service and usefulness*. We are not done with yet, and thrown aside as vessels in which the Lord hath no more pleasure. This is the chief point of comfort in our Lord's word to the apostle. Be of good courage, *there is more for you to do*, Paul; they cannot kill you at Jerusalem, for you must bear witness also at Rome.

Brace yourself up, O weary, working brother, for your day's work is not over yet, and your sun cannot go down till, like Joshua, you have finished your conflict with Amalek. The old saying is true, "You are immortal till your work is done." Possibly not one-half of your work is even begun, and therefore you will rise again from sickness, you will soar above depression, and you will do more for the Lord than ever. It will yet be said of you as of the church in Thyatira, "I know thy works, and the last to be more than the first." Wycliffe could not die though the malicious monks favoured him with their best wishes in that direction. "Nay," said the reformer, "I shall not die, but live, and declare all the evil deeds of the friars." The sight of rogues to be exposed roused his flickering life, and revived its flame. Disease could not carry off Melancthon because he had eminent service yet to do, side by side with Luther. I have admired the way in which the great Reformer dragged his coadjutor back to life by assuring him that the great work needed him, and he must recover. "He devoutly prayed, 'We implore thee, O Lord our God, we cast all our burdens on thee; and will cry till thou hearest us, pleading all the promises which can be found in the Holy Scriptures respecting thy hearing prayer, so that thou must indeed hear us to preserve at all future periods our entire confidence in thine own promises.' After this, he seized hold of Melancthon's hand, and said, 'Be of good courage, Philip, YOU SHALL NOT DIE.'" He prayed his friend back from the mouth of the grave, and sent him on his way

comforted with the truthful prediction that he had yet to bear more testimony for the truth. Surely there is no restorative from sickness, and no insurance for continued life, like the confidence that our task is not done, and our race is not ended.

Godly Whitefield, when smitten with a dangerous illness, rose again to renew his seraphic activities after his death had become matter of daily expectation. It is said, in connection with this event, that shortly after his recovery a poor coloured woman insisted on having an interview with him. On being admitted, she sat down upon the ground, and, looking earnestly into his face, said to him in broken language, "Massa, you just go to heaven's gate, but Jesus Christ said, Get you down; you must not come here yet, but go first and call some more poor negroes." And who would not be willing to tarry here to win more poor negroes for Jesus? Even heaven may be cheerfully postponed for such a gain.

Come, then, ailing and desponding one, there is no use in lying down in despair; for a life of usefulness is still in reserve for you. Up, Elijah, and no more ask to die; for God has further errands for his servant. Neither the lion nor the bear can kill thee, O David, for thou hast yet to fight a giant and cut off his head! Be not fearful, O Daniel, of the rage of Babylon's drunken king, for thou art yet to outlive the rage of hungry lions. Courage, O thou mistrustful spirit; thou hast only run with the footmen as yet, thou shalt yet contend with horses and prove more than a match for them, wherefore lift up the hands that hang down. "Thou *must* stand before Cæsar"; a divine decree ordains for thee greater and more trying service than as yet thou hast seen. A future awaits thee, and no power on the earth or under the earth can rob thee of it; therefore BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Looking unto Jesus.

IN every enjoyment, O Christian, look unto Jesus; receive it as proceeding from his love, and purchased by his agonies. In every tribulation look unto Jesus; mark his gracious hand managing the scourge, or mingling the bitter cup; attempering its severity; adjusting the time of its continuance; and making it productive of real good. In every infirmity and failing look unto Jesus, thy merciful High Priest, pleading his atoning blood, and making intercession for transgressors. In every prayer look unto Jesus, thy prevailing Advocate, recommending thy devotions, and "bearing the iniquity of thy holy things." In every temptation look unto Jesus, the Captain of thy salvation, who alone is able to lift up the hands which hang down, to invigorate the enfeebled knees, and make thee more than conqueror over all thy enemies. But especially when the hour of thy departure approaches, when thy flesh and thy heart fail, when all the springs of life are irreparably breaking—then look unto Jesus with a believing eye. Like expiring Stephen, behold him standing at the right hand of God, on purpose to succour his people in their last extremity. Yes, when thou art launching out into the invisible world, and all before thee is vast eternity—then, oh then, look unto Jesus, and view him as the only "way" to the everlasting mansions.—*James Hervey.*

From Rabbiniſm to Chriſtianity.*

FREDERICK THE GREAT once demanded of his chaplain a brief argument for Chriſtianity, and was answered, "The Jews, your Maſteſty." The king might have thought over the terſe reply to purpoſe. He might have reflected that in the ages which preceded the incarnation Iſrael pointed forward to Chriſt with the three fingers of prophecy, ritual, and the law; and that in the ages which have followed the incarnation, Iſrael's diſperſion, for rejecting the Meſſiah, has no leſs impreſſively witneſſed to the truth of Chriſtianity. The great river of their ſorrow may be traced back to the fountain-head in Pilate's hall, where they cried, "His blood be on us and on our children." A third ſtage of their teſtimony will be reached at their converſion. No Chriſtian can read the eleventh of Romans and be indifferent to this event. It is there predicted in plaineſt language, and its happy reſults to the world deſcribed in glowing terms. The converſion of the Jews will inaugurate the ingathering of the Gentiles; it will be life from the dead. Ezekiel and Zechariah repreſent living waters as flowing forth from Jeruſalem—that is to ſay, the goſpel effectually proclaimed by believing Iſrael. The "great mourning" before their pierced Meſſiah will iſſue in great conſecration, and in "labours more abundant" for his cauſe. Forgiven much, Iſrael will love much, and will glow with a miſſionary zeal ſuch as the world has rarely ſeen ſince the days of the typical Jewiſh convert Paul. What was Paul's hiſtory? He had ſpent his life in active hoſtility to the Meſſiah. He was arreſted by a ſight of Jeſus whom he perſecuted. He believed, mourned, was forgiven, was ſent forth to preach that faith which once he deſtroyed. Behold the hiſtory of the Jews in miniature! God haſten its final and moſt glorious ſtage! Eight millions of Jews are thinly diſperſed as ſeed over the world's ſoil: let theſe be vitaliſed by the reception of Chriſt into their hearts, and what a ſudden and beneficent growth of grace ſhall overſhadow the weary world! The precursor drops of the "ſhowers of bleſſing" that are to gladden the latter days may be already ſeen. There are more Chriſtian Jews to-day than at any period ſince apoſtolic times.

The little book before us tells the ſtory of the converſion of the ſon of a Poliſh rabbi. It is from the convert's own pen. He had been trained in rigid Rabbiniſm; to reverence the Talmud, which, ſay the Jews, is wine, more than the Bible, which is only water; to ſpit as he paſſed a Chriſtian, that is a popiſh, church; to hold the very name of Jeſus—the impoſtor, the ſource of Jewiſh woe—in bitter hatred and contempt. At the age of thirteen he was inveſted with the phylacteries and the Tallith, a white woollen ſhawl ſtriped with blue and fringed at the corners, worn over the head during prayer. "God," ſaid his father, "wears the Tallith." The rabbis prove that he prays, from Iſa. lvi. 7—"I will make them joyful in the houſe of my prayer." And theſe are the words of his prayer—"May it be my will that my compaſſion may overpower my anger, ſo that I may behave to my children with compaſſion, and not with the rigour of ſtrict juſtice." "I would challenge any honeſt Jew," adds the writer, and well he may, "to ſay whether this is

* "From Rabbiniſm to Chriſtianity: the Story of my Life and Converſion." By a Hebrew Chriſtian. London: Houghton and Co., Paternoster Row.

not dishonouring to the dignity of our God." Much interesting information is afforded in the book concerning Jewish customs. We will only mention the day of atonement. On that day the Jews bewail their forsaken state, without temple or high priest, altar or sacrifices. Yet they cling to a rag of sacrifice of their own devising. They select a white cock—a red one being already covered with sin—and wave it round their heads three times, with the words, "This be my substitute, my exchange, my atonement: this fowl shall go to death, and I to a blessed life." Then, after laying on of hands, the bird is slaughtered. This is *the only blood now shed in Israel*. The cock is selected because its name in Chaldee is identical with one of the words for man in the Hebrew—"gever." The rabbis say, "Gever has sinned, and gever must bear the penalty;" and, adroitly substituting the cock in the second clause, they assume that divine justice is satisfied. Their own Scriptures, if they would read, would discover to them God's way of peace. Man has sinned, and man, even the man Christ Jesus, has made his soul an offering for sin. (Isaiah liii. 10.)

The death of his parents led to the youth being taken into the family and office of his uncle in London. In due time a more remunerative situation was procured for him, and he married. The story of the conversion of himself and his wife is so interesting that we give it at some length. Passing one Saturday along Mile End-road he heard the closing words of an address by a Christian Jew proclaiming Jesus as the Messiah. The preacher intimated that he would continue the subject on the following Saturday. In a fury of indignation the young Jew aimed a blow at him with his umbrella, and shouted, "Yes, and I shall be here too. You are a deceiver, you believe in a deceiver; I will not soil my lips with his name, and you wish to deceive us into the belief that the Crucified One was the Messiah; but I will meet you, and so make short work of your arguments." Going home he bought a New Testament to equip himself for his task. But as he read it—with infinite surprise, for it was totally different from what he had been led to expect—the pure, glorious form of Jesus rose before his mental gaze and filled him with awe. He could scarcely refrain from exclaiming, "Oh that this Jesus were my Saviour!" Saturday came, and he dared not keep his appointment. Already he was afraid to speak against Jesus. He unbosomed himself to his wife. She laughed at him, and said, "You, who thought of stopping the mouth of every Christian, are you going to be so silly as to believe in that Crucified One yourself? I did not think you such a simpleton. Put the book in the fire." He did not burn his Testament; he read it in secret. Some time after he was accosted by a young man, who enquired why he had not kept his appointment at the Mile End-road. He parried the question with another, "Are you a Christian?" "I cannot say that I am," was the reply, "but I believe I am not far from being one. If Jesus is not the promised Messiah, who and what is he? He was no impostor, that is certain. Impostors are selfish, money-hunters, money-graspers; this was not the case with Jesus. Trace his history as given in the New Testament, follow it from his birth to the cross on which he died; see his mocking, his reproaches, his insults, and all the complicated miseries which made his sufferings the most affecting earth ever beheld, and then

ask yourself the question, 'Was this a deceiver?' Look at his calm, meek, and lowly behaviour; his open and severe treatment of hypocrites, his great and numerous miracles—is all this compatible with the intentions of a deceiver?"

"But," I remarked, "the Christians believe their Messiah to be God, while you know we Jews look for a Messiah who is to be man."

"Yes," he replied, "that is what I once believed, but since I have read the Bible for myself I am inclined to think differently. Take, for instance, Isaiah ix. 6, 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.' This is the same child whose name was to be 'Immanuel, God with us,' according to Isaiah vii. 14."

"But," said I, "that means Hezekiah."

He rejoined, "I cannot understand how Hezekiah, with all his piety, could be reverently called 'The Mighty God.' This is evidently the Messiah, who was to be *man*, for a virgin was to conceive him; and also *God*, for his names are 'Immanuel, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.' Besides," he added, "to whom does the *me* refer in Zechariah xii. 10, 'And they shall look upon *me* whom they have pierced'?"

"I was at a loss who could be meant, but when he went on to show from the connection that it could be no other than the speaker, who declared at the beginning of the verse, '*I* will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace,' and from verses one to four that this speaker was Jehovah, I was made very uneasy."

This friend soon afterwards took him to a Christian church. He was amazed on entering to find no picture or crucifix there, and still more impressed with the mass of Old Scripture testimony to the Messiah, which the preacher showed to be fulfilled in Jesus.

His father-in-law came to remonstrate with him. "You will disgrace your father in Paradise," said he, "by the black curtains being drawn before his face through your believing in that Nazarene." The son's reply must have been embarrassing. "I told him I could not call myself a believer in Jesus Christ, but I had found in reading the Old Testament what I had never discovered before, and I should like him to tell me who was represented to Adam as the seed of the woman who should bruise the serpent's head: to Abraham as the source of blessing in his posterity to all the families of the earth: to Jacob as the Shiloh to whom the gathering of the people should be: to Moses as the great prophet, like unto him, who should speak in the name of the Lord. Who was it that was to be born of a virgin? Who was it that was to open the eyes of the blind, and cause the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and the tongue of the dumb to sing? Who was it that was to be despised and rejected of men, yet the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely: a man of sorrows, yet anointed with the oil of gladness above his fellows: a worm, and no man, yet the mighty God? Who is that Son we are to kiss, and all are to be blessed that put their trust in him? And who is that Messiah who is to be cut off, but not for himself?" The old man could not answer these questions,

but the following week brought with him two others to reason with the convert; and, this being of no avail, the old man went home to die. The son-in-law was not admitted to the bedside, nor to the funeral, and his wife accused him of being the cause of her father's death. It was now, in the fulness of his trouble, that his doubts were all resolved, and with absolute rest of heart he received the Lord Jesus as his Redeemer. His wife had grown more and more cold and contemptuous towards him, and for two months he was forced to keep to himself his new joy. One evening he came home resolved to communicate to her all that was in his heart. To his surprise she received him with a smile. He told her he had become a Christian, and wished to publicly confess Jesus. She looked in his face and said, "How very strange! This evening I purposed opening my mind to you on the very same subject. After my father's death I was, as you know, in great distress. I loved him dearly. He had been a good father to me, and his loss made me indifferent to you. A month ago I found the hiding-place of your New Testament; I said to myself, 'He shall never see that again, it shall go into the fire.' As I was about to commit it to the flames I thought I would just see what rubbish there was in it; and the first words my eyes fell on were these: 'Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.' I could not credit my own eyes. I looked again. 'Yes,' I said, 'there they are, those precious words.' I was in 'trouble,' and I 'believed in God;' must I believe in Jesus too? I read the whole chapter, and felt so comforted that, instead of putting it into the fire, I replaced it where I found it. I have read it every day since, but I had no real peace till this morning, when I read Matthew xxvii. I wept bitterly over what Jesus suffered for sinners, and while I was reading and weeping I thought I heard his voice saying, '*It is all for you: I have endured all this for you.*' 'For me, Lord,' I said, 'then I will believe; help thou my unbelief.' I sobbed for joy, and felt such peace in my soul as I never experienced before." Husband and wife sat and talked, and wept together like children. The ecstasy of joy that sprang up in their hearts that night was to bear the ordeal of bitter trial, and it stood the test. His fellow-clerks clubbed together in petty persecution, and at length signed a requisition to his employer for his dismissal. He was sent adrift, with kind words, it is true, and apologies; but the three years that followed were years of bitter experience. Unable to obtain regular employment, banned by his people, forced into debt for food for wife and children, he yet held fast to his faith, nobly supported by his wife. Nor did he trust in vain. Succour came at last. By the good offices of his former employer he procured a situation, in which he rose to a higher position than the one he had lost. He had the pleasure of witnessing the conversion of the bitterest of his former fellow-clerks, and of one of the Jews who had attempted to reason him back to Judaism.

We close the book with the wish that more interest might be taken by Christian people in the Jews, and more prayer offered for the conversion of Israel. Moses wrote of Christ: but as yet, even when Moses is read, the veil is on their heart. God speed the time when that veil shall be taken away! Then, as the glory of the Lord Jesus shines in its effulgence upon them they will make the joyful transition from the darkness of Rabbiniism to the light and love of Christianity. C. A. DAVIS.

Lines

SUGGESTED BY MR. SPURGEON'S RECENT ADDRESS AT THE COLLEGE, ON
"PREACH CHRIST IN A CHRISTLY MANNER."

IT is no shallow topic. It doth draw
Sternly on him who would its pleader be :
So high it is ; so deep ; so doth it awe
And conquer us with its sweet majesty.

Who treads these heights climbs upon golden steeps.
Who digs, digs gold ; the paths are golden all.
Pure is it through and through ; its darkest deeps
Massed gold, without a drossy particle.

Oh with such theme, yielding no speck of space
Where sin or self may cower ; colossal light ;
God's sons o'ermastered ask in sore amaze
How can *they* truly tell the vision bright !

The theme itself must tutor them. "Preach Christ
In Christly manner." Learn thou at his feet
Till throb in thee the passions of his breast,
And thy heart beat with Christ's heart, beat for beat.

It needs we be as he was ; speak of him
As he spake of himself—how matchlessly !
A Christly charm to touch with beauteous beam
Eye, hand, and lip : and touching, glorify.

It needs the Royal One, who is our Head,
Be royally represented ; that the rays-
Of crown-light that illumine his brow should shed
Some coronation beauty on our ways.

With Christly courage, then, maintain the right.
With Christly patience ravel out the false.
With Christly anger turn thy kindling sight
On foul hypocrisy's thick-whited walls.

In Christly sweetness o'er the erring bend,
With words low-stooping there—Love's ministers.
Not chafing as an angel might, but pained,
And pitiful, and shedding Jesus' tears.

Christ is both theme and model. *He is all.*
Speak through us, of thyself, in thine own mode,
Great Prince. And while we into hiding fall,
Step thou in splendour forth—the Man : the God !

PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, *Stafford.*

What does the Clock say?

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

ONCE upon a time, as the story goes, there stood, in a certain English village, an old church-steeple, in which an equally ancient timepiece ticked. The stones that were not overgrown with ivy were grey with age, and the old clock's face was completely hidden beneath the mass of foliage. Fortunately a sheet of glass protected its hands; but it was quite impossible to see the dial, and no one was the wiser as to the time of day. Tradition says that this same clock used to strike; but its bell had long been unhinged and dumb. The sexton of the church was keeper of the clock, and never were "The Horse Guards" clock or "Big Ben" better attended to. The old man seemed quite attached to his charge. He was there when it was first installed with great rejoicing, as timekeeper for the village. He knew it in the balmy days of youth, when its pretty face and busy hands were visible, and when the music of its bells was *striking*. He had noticed the first symptoms of decay and decrepitude; had nursed it through many a damp and dreary season, and oiled the rust away. He had mourned the accident that cracked the bell, and the overgrowth that hid its face; but it was not within his power or province to rectify or repair; so by degrees he had calmly accepted the inevitable, and almost ceased to grieve. Often had he talked to his old friend, and listened to its replies. Who has not hearkened to voices from the clock? It often says far more than tick, tick. One quiet evening, just as the twilight deepened into night, the sexton trod the creaky belfry-stairs, and being weary with a hard day's work sat down to rest, and listened to the clock's soliloquy. As far as he could understand, it appeared to be congratulating itself on its retirement from public life, its complete seclusion and consequent uselessness. Its slow, measured tick seemed to say, "All for self—all for self—I care for no one—no one cares for me—all for self—all for self—I can't be seen—I can't be heard—nor do I want to be—all for self—all for self." So it continued for some time; all about No. 1; congratulating itself on its hermit-like and selfish existence. The gravedigger listened till the soliloquy was over, wound up his charge, and then went home, wondering why his friend had talked in such a strain.

Soon after this the good folk of the village suddenly awoke to the fact that they were without the means of obtaining the correct time. Now, the hamlet was not sufficiently important (except in the opinion of some few who had never gone beyond it) to be placed in direct telegraphic communication with Greenwich, and have a gun fired or a ball dropped by electric current; but everybody agreed that a town clock should certainly stand in the market-square. The Board soon had the matter *under* consideration, but it was by no means *over*. There were as many ways and means and schemes proposed as there were members; but eventually a sub-committee was appointed to arrange for the erection of a clock-tower. In due course the structure was completed, but it was found that nearly all the available money had been consumed, and little or none was left for the purchase of a clock. A tower without a

timepiece would be a disgrace to the community and a standing joke, so brains were puzzled once again devising as to how best to meet the (clock) case. A happy thought suddenly struck one of the committeemen about the church steeple, and the clock that he *supposed* was still within. Soon the creaky stairs groaned beneath the weight of a deputation which waited on the clock (as well as on the stairs) to ascertain if it could by any means be induced to undertake the responsible duties of the post in Market Square. The inspectors overhauled old Father Time somewhat unceremoniously, and he had to listen to scraps of conversation, from which he gathered that there was a scheme on foot to rejuvenate him, and to transport him from his quiet resting-place.

The deputation arrived at the conclusion that our old friend might be serviceable for the post of honour with some repairs and improvements. A new mainspring was absolutely necessary; but many of the wheels might still be useful, and a little gilding on face and hands would make it look quite young again. Before very long the inhabitants actually knew the time, and the ancient clock smiled on the busy marketers. In recognition of the faithful services of the old sexton he was appointed keeper of the horologe. The altered circumstances of his protégé were not altogether pleasing to him; he liked the old times best. The clock itself, despite its rise in life, was not too lifted up to speak to its old friend and benefactor. I would that people whom a kind providence promotes and prospers would draw a lesson hence, and not look down upon their humbler and less fortunate friends. The clock and keeper kept up their conversation, and had some interesting *dialogues*. I am indebted to the worthy gravedigger for a report of soliloquies which he overheard and reported to the committee.

The clock, through change of air or altered works, had become quite different in disposition. Its selfishness was left clinging, like the ivy, to the old grey stones, and its love of seclusion never descended the rickety steps of the belfry tower. Now it ticked in a livelier style, and seemed to say—"All for others—all for others—I've done enough for self—I'll live for others now."

It was speaking thus one day when in the sexton walked, and then it said to him:—

"I'm glad the folks can *see* the time,
But some are far away,
Or sick, or blind—if I could chime,
They'd *hear* the hour of day!

"The bells, I know, will give me pain,
And extra labour too;
But I have lived so long in vain,
I've double work to do.

"I'll gladly bear the din they'll make
Within my poor inside;
I'll bear it all for others' sake,
And feelings lay aside.

"Oh, let me have a merry peal
To ring out every hour,
That villagers may grateful feel
Towards the new clock tower!"

So reasonable a request as this was granted after some slight delay, and the clock soon struck or rather *tolled* the time, "all for others."

So successful had this petition been that ere long the clock began another rhyme, which ran like this:—

" 'Tis very well when sunshine plays
Upon my snow-white face,
But how can people see the time
When Sol has run his race?

" True, every month the silvery moon
Shines brightly in the heavens ;
But stormy evenings folks will be
At sixes and at sevens.

" O place a light behind my dial !
I know 'twill make me hot—
For others I desire to shine,
And self shall be forgot.

" What if the heated atmosphere
Threatens to crack my dial !
I'll warm with love and burn with zeal,
And practise self-denial.

" Some midnight pilgrims will rejoice
At my illumination,
And I myself shall brighter be
For self-renunciation."

The sexton again reported the clock's request, and this was granted too ; and soon the illuminated clock was looked upon as one of the happiest thoughts and brightest ideas of the town council. For aught I know, the clock is shining and striking still, though the poor old keeper must now be beyond the reach of time. And ere long *we* shall be there too ! Shall our remaining years be "all for self," or "all for others," or, better still, "all for Jesus" ? We are by nature selfish, living for self, and loving self. It is grace that changes us, and puts a new motive power within, so that the mainspring of our acts is love to Christ. Let us make this our motto, "All for Jesus," then "All for others" will necessarily follow. We will chime out as often as possible the cheery gospel peal of welcome to the Saviour, and ring the changes on "free grace and dying love," "those charming bells." We will strive to be so filled with the Spirit that his bright rays shall shine even from our faces. Oh to keep the bells ringing and the light burning ! How is it with thee, dear reader ? Art thou living "all for self," or "all for others" ? "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

" For the sake of those who love us ;
For the sake of God above us ;
Each and all should do their best
To make music for the rest."

Sailors Afloat and Ashore.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WISHING to learn by personal investigation something about the character of the work carried on by Christian agents for the amelioration of the lot of English and foreign sailors, we found ourselves in the celebrated locality of Ratchiff-highway on one of the most inclement mornings of the late winter. Passing along over the house-tops on the Blackwall Railway from Fenchurch-street terminus, the view to be obtained is really one of the most suggestive, if not one of the most sadly singular in the whole world. As far as the eye can reach, overhung by a haze of smoke and fog, which is relieved by a few church spires, and factory chimneys, as well as by the masts of vessels in the river, there appears a vast wilderness of dwellings and warehouses, among which a stranger, alone in London, might well feel as solitary as though he were out in the bush at the Antipodes. In general terms this is what is called "the port of London"; a wonderful region, and one which has been greatly altered in its character during the last generation by the substitution of steam for sailing vessels. By overlooking this fact readers who place too great a faith in descriptions written twenty or thirty years ago, may become misinformed; and hence, we should be chary of accepting all the things which Mr. Gough has brought together from sources old and new in his recently-issued "Light and Shadow." The East-end has wonderfully altered since the middle of the century, and especially is this the case with the sailors' quarters by the river-side.

Alighting at Shadwell, we come presently to Mercers'-street, called after the London company of that name, to which it belongs; and there is situated the well-known, but not too well-supported, Sailors' Institute of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. This building, with its conspicuous tower, may be seen from a distance, while from the tower itself on a favourable day, a great part of the broad area of London may be viewed. It was opened about twenty-five years ago by the society which dates from the year 1818, when the "Highway" was really a ruffianly and dangerous place. This compact, well-planned building has a liberally-supplied reading-room, a coffee-room, a savings' bank in connection with the Board of Trade, two lecture-halls for religious and temperance meetings, and a depôt for the sale of Bibles, hymn-books, Bethel flags, etc. There are five Thames missionaries, and also a colporteur, while about forty other stations besides the port of London are similarly supplied. The secretary and chief manager of this institution is now the Rev. E. W. Matthews, of whom we will speak more at large in another article. The society is one for which sailors have again and again, in a long course of years, found reason to be thankful. By it a great deal of good is accomplished with limited means.

Our object in visiting Shadwell was to look over the Institute, but more particularly to study the neighbourhood, to see the nature of the work upon the river, and to look into the sailors' haunts, which, under

the name of lodging-houses, thickly abound along Ratcliff-highway and its vicinity. Our pilot for this purpose was Mr. Samuel Lonsdale, the senior Thames visitor, who has been in the society's employ since 1848, having previously commenced evangelistic work among men of his own class while he was himself serving before the mast forty-two years ago. We at once became very good friends; and we are not sure that Mr. Lonsdale did not reach our ideal of a seaman's evangelist and adviser; he is stoutly built, with a broad chest and an open face, and he has been a teetotaler since the date of his conversion. He seems to possess the art of making his way among all classes of his many-tongued constituency; for if a man is encountered to whom English is unknown, Mr. Lonsdale has only to draw from his capacious pocket a printed paper which will speak to him in his own language about the wonderful works of God. He is a man of adventure also, both on sea and shore, as may presently appear.

The last thirty-two years of his life have been spent by Mr. Lonsdale hereabouts among the sailors; and as we leave the Institute to face the keen air and the falling snow he tells us of many changes which have come over the face of his wonderful district. When his services were first engaged by the committee Ratcliff was as notorious as it had been for generations. Certain dealers kept, as some do still, large stocks of wild beasts from foreign parts, such as lions, tigers, hyenas, etc., for sale; but even these poor animals were hardly so formidable as the wilder examples of human nature that abounded, men and women who, in seeking to gratify their vicious desires, did not stop at murder itself. The moral condition of the thoroughfare became at last so bad, so many daring murders of the tradespeople took place, that in 1811 a panic consequent on these tragic occurrences seized all London; a panic so acute that a shopkeeper known to Lord Macaulay, "sold 300 rattles in about ten hours." In those days neither Sailors' Society nor City Mission looked after the seamen who crowded the boarding-houses of the neighbourhood; no one seemed to care either for their bodies or their souls. Dens of infamy, too bad for description, were found on all sides; crimps, sharpers, and cheats of all sorts pursued their practices without check from the law; and when victims escaped with only the loss of the hard-earned wages of months, or even years, they were better off than others who came into port never to go out again alive.

Walking down to the river-side, where a man in a small boat is waiting, the veteran ship-visitor introduces his "third waterman," remarking by the way, "I've worn two of them out, and now *he'll* wear *me* out." As the two are much of the same age, however, Mr. Lonsdale may still possibly need to engage "a fourth" before casting anchor for the last time in the voyage of life. Beyond this, the missionary and his boatman appear to live in full sympathy with regard to the work in progress. They talked concerning the many changes which have come over the port of London since they were young. With a February north-easter blowing fresh, and the snow coming down fast, the weather can hardly be said to be favourable for taking observations; but little heeding such trifles, the good men in the boat not only talk away, but supply the very information we desire to obtain. They show us that wherever possible, dwelling-houses have been cleared away to make

room for warehouses, huge places such as were not thought of by our more reasonable predecessors of forty years ago. On this point they are very emphatic. "See that rope and sail-dealer's?" remarks our friend, pointing to a moderately-sized emporium by the water-side. "When that was built twenty years ago, it was thought to be a grand place, and now you can hardly see it." While the demand for warehouse room has grown so enormously, it is almost anomalous to find the river itself more free from ships than was the case in the times in question. Speaking of thirty years ago, Mr. Lonsdale says that the old-fashioned collier brigs were then in full work, so that what are called the upper and lower pools were often crowded, and the ships were quite accessible for meetings after working-hours. These were small vessels of two or three hundred tons apiece, which stopped a week to unload and take in ballast; and as they carried on an average from six to nine hands, there would often be as many as two thousand men ashore at one time. Think of this large number changing every week, and spending their money in Ratcliff and the neighbourhood, and it will be seen how valuable the retail trade must have been. A shop in the Highway then was equivalent to a fortune; and as for publicans, they coined money at such a rate, that if a member of their household died, a coffin was hardly considered respectable without silver plates. Now all is altered. The publicans may still retain a paying traffic, but shops are often to be let, those that remain occupied not being probably a sixth part as profitable as they were in the days of the collier brigs. This change has been effected by the modern magician called STEAM. Coals for London gas-works and for general consumption are now brought rapidly from the North in ships carrying over 1000 tons; and, discharging in a few hours, they are off again as quickly as they came without allowing their men time to enjoy the luxury of squandering their money in Ratcliff and Shadwell gin-shops and long-rooms. In some respects the change is for the better; in any case it is permanent, though all may not be pleased with it. Captain-prophets sometimes say the old times and the wooden brigs will come round again. "Yes," replies Mr. Lonsdale, with more seer-like sagacity, "when stage-waggon and mail-coaches supersede railways."

But while things have changed, Mr. Lonsdale assures us that there is still plenty of his kind of work to be done on the river. Between London Bridge and the farthest away of the various docks, there are numbers of vessels, besides hundreds of sailing barges to be visited. As he fondly surveys the broad muddy stream on which we are floating, he calls it a *fine field for work*; he assures us that none of the men are as rough as they seem; that all are open to good influences; and that not a few of the sailors he meets with are genuine Christian men. This we rejoice to think that this is really so! From olden times this shore of the Thames has been notorious for wickedness. Here for generations pirates were executed; here the scum of London found a congenial haunt so long as sailors could be preyed upon with impunity; hither even the arch-criminal, George Jeffreys, fled when fleet-footed justice pursued him at the time of the Revolution, in 1688; but notwithstanding all, good old Rowland Hill rightly interpreted the gospel when he declared that, "not even *Wapping* sinners" were too great for divine grace to

rescue; and Cowper was no less right when he said that a certain neighbourhood might contain some of the best of people, "such as one would go to Wapping and Ratcliff to make acquaintance with." Here it has often been proved that Christ's jewels can shine amid the darkness of abounding sin.

Leaving the river, we find plenty of objects worthy of observation in the curious streets and lanes which communicate with the main thoroughfare. Not the least interesting of these is the Old Gravel-lane Meeting-house, which was erected on the site of an older chapel, and opened by Dr. Watts in 1736. There are hundreds of coffins in the vaults,—the remains of pastors and celebrated attendants, whose carriages at the time of service were wont to line the street. Formerly trees ornamented the front court, until, as Mr. Benn tells us, they were cut down by order of a pastor whose studies were disturbed by the singing of the birds. Though one of the quaintest things of its kind to be met with in London, we may not linger at this sanctuary, as Mr. Lonsdale is bent on showing us the character of his work ashore.

What are called sailors' boarding-houses thickly abound in all directions; and with the exception of one very large building, where beds could be had at about common lodging-house prices, they all closely resemble each other. The first we entered was an ordinary dwelling; and in a small apartment, which might be called the parlour or common room, about half a dozen men were whiling away the morning in what sailors would call real cosy style. They were not drinking; but the by-no-means scantily-furnished room testified both to the eyes and nose that the interior had been fumigated with tobacco-smoke for years. The inmates, representing various nationalities, were quite at their ease: one bronzed and weather-beaten veteran lay at length upon a sofa, without heeding our intrusion. All seemed able to speak a little English; but while they respectfully listened to what their visitor had to say about the claims of the gospel, they were more anxious to receive tracts in the language which was most familiar to them. Our experience in this house was virtually repeated in others; in all we found the same kind of little rooms, decorated with pictures and ornaments likely to suit the sailor taste; in none did we encounter rebuff or bad language, the men were always willing to converse on religious subjects, and the publications were thankfully received. Nor did we discover that, as a rule, these houses bore a questionable character. Some landlords are better than others; but while all look after the main chance, they generally give a fair return for the sixteen shillings a week charged for board and lodging. In less than an hour, spent in visitation, we met with Germans, Swedes, Danes, Finns, Austrians, Italians, Dutch, and English. Half the sailors on English vessels are now foreigners; the population of the houses is always changing; and hence the importance of the work undertaken by the river-side visitors who represent the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

We hinted above that Mr. Lonsdale is a man of adventure, and hence he has materials for telling autobiographical sketches if he could be prevailed upon to utilize the accumulated reminiscences of more than half a lifetime. He can tell of successful evangelistic work undertaken before he ceased to be a sailor. On one occasion he was reported to

he drowned, and given up for lost, when lo! on a certain night he almost frightened his household at Whitby out of their five senses by knocking at the door. They appear at first to have supposed it was "his angel" come to confirm the evil tidings from the sea. He can also tell of strange things which have happened in the notorious haunts of Ratcliff and Shadwell, which as a sailor he never entered, but which he now frequently visits in the course of his ordinary work. In one of the "long-rooms" attached to a public-house having a music-license, he once met with a clown dressed as a woman, and wearing a hideous mask, who seemed disposed to make light of religion. Who or what this man was could not be seen; but looking at him as seriously as the occasion demanded, and speaking in a quiet, decided undertone, Mr. Lonsdale said, "Now, look here, my man, don't you make a mistake: if you go on like this *you will certainly lose your soul.*" The man, still in the way of acting, darted to the other end of the room at one bound, but when another opportunity of speaking occurred, he seemed to be more amenable to reason. What was it the gentleman had remarked about his losing his soul? He was getting his living, and did not know what else to do. Other things were said, and the man was advised to leave his folly, and to trust in God. At the moment the unknown clown seemed disposed to reform; he said he would call and talk further with his friend on religious matters; but "a convenient season" never came: he disappeared from the scenes without anyone being able to give an account of him.

To an active, Christian visitor the various docks constitute a most interesting scene of labour, the phases of character representative of the chief nationalities of the world being all worthy of study. As a rule, all the sailors value the attention paid them. Years ago, when visiting was not so common as at present, the first greeting to the tract-distributor would be, "Why didn't you come before?" but there is happily now no need for such a question. It used to be very common for English sailors to be totally destitute of the Scriptures, while they would still profess to know all about the plan of salvation. A few years ago, a friend who was in the habit of testing the quality of this knowledge nearly always received the same answer—"We pray, and never do anybody any harm," a view of religion not confined to sailors. Of course the Scotch seamen are able to tell a different story; but so far down in the scale are the Irish that the visitor already referred to remarked, "I have not yet met one who had a copy of the Scriptures with him." "But while I report this of many," he added, "I am glad to be able to state that there are a number of good, pious captains and sailors who are doing all they can to promote the cause of the Redeemer, and whose ships are indeed floating Bethels."

The general characteristics of the men serving under the principal flags of the world were also briefly given by this same witness. The Americans he found to be kind and intelligent; but while ready to converse on religion, many were of a sceptical bent, and rejected the cardinal truths of Christianity. Many Danes are Romanists, and those who are otherwise betray great indifference. Among Swedes unbelief largely prevails, but they receive attention with gratitude. The Germans are many of them intelligent readers of dangerous books. If

they are not good Protestants, the Italians are very bad Catholics ; and because they distrust the priests who have degraded religion to the lowest level, they have little love for better things at all. The most inaccessible are the Greeks, whose bigotry prevents their accepting a book or a tract ; the best, perhaps even surpassing the Scotch, are the Norwegians. "I cannot speak too highly of these men," remarks our informant ; "their sobriety and knowledge of scriptural truth are far beyond what I have met with among any other class of seamen ; large numbers of them are converted men, especially the captains and mates. On board one vessel I could name, the whole crew, with the exception of the captain, who appeared to be pious men ; and often, after they had finished their day's labour, they would go from ship to ship to tell others what the Lord had done for them."

The most unhappily situated are the lightermen, whose barges are employed week-days and Sundays in removing goods from one part of the docks to another. At all times, whether it be night or day, these men have to be at work, and one confessed that he had not enjoyed more than one Sabbath to himself in three years. Is it any wonder that they are sceptical, and uncouth, or that they complain of having to work while their employers are at church ? They are described as "a rough and careless set of men" ; but to this Mr. Lonsdale's testimony must be added, that they are not so rough as they seem, and that they are thankful for the attentions they receive from the Sailors' Society.

The bane of the neighbourhood is of course the low public-houses, which are oftentimes the property of foreign adventurers whose only object is gain. Yet even these are invaded by determined men who are willing to run risks for their fellow sinners. From time to time these visitors of the bars and long-rooms meet with curious adventures, some of which go to prove that the lowest classes are not always indifferent to the claims of the Bible. It is true that very extraordinary questions are asked, such as, "Why does God allow the rich to have so many thousands while the poor are starving?" or, "Why does he not do away with evil all at once?" but, on the whole, the ribald opposition to the Word is not what it is in Irish rookeries and English "Halls of Science." Now and then a man will for conscience' sake abandon the liquor trade altogether, and take to another business. The wife of one such approached a Christian friend with a lightsome countenance, as though a heavy weight of responsibility had gone from her mind. "I am so glad to have left that house," she said, "we can now go to a place of worship and enjoy our Sabbaths." Even in Shadwell a case like this may occur as the direct fruit of public-house visitation. "It is something to get into people's houses in such a district as this," remarked an active visitor, "to overcome prejudice, to obtain a hearing, to silence ridicule, to read and expound the sacred Scriptures, to exhort, and rebuke, and pray with the people."

Though the neighbourhood is not what it was because the seafaring population is diminishing, and because portions of it are becoming depopulated by the encroaching warehouses, it is still sufficiently crowded with the most needy of sinners, about whom respectable London knows little or nothing. Though it is here that vice assumes its lowest forms, it is also here that some of the finest examples of the heroic in Christianity

can be found. A man's—or, as seems more frequently to happen, a woman's—foes are those who sit around the family hearth. Thus a wife with an infidel husband has been known to attend public worship notwithstanding the threat of being murdered if she dared to do so. The woman referred to remained in the street all night after coming from a meeting, and she repeatedly had to stay away from the meeting because she did not like to be seen with the black eyes which her husband had given her. She persevered at all hazards, taking no account of pains and penalties, the salvation of her soul being more to her than mortal life. In a free country it is not easy to read about such things with patience; but probably not a tithe of wife-beaters get their deserts.

Very singular life-histories are brought to light by the missionaries and others who visit the closely-packed streets. In one case a woman and her two fallen daughters were greatly agitated while listening to the fifth chapter of Ephesians, and being really anxious for better things the mother was soon afterwards converted, and the youngest girl adopted a respectable mode of life. Sometimes the heavy-hearted aged widow is encountered, who having herself found the Saviour finds her sorest cross in the reckless indifference to religion of sailor sons who are far away on the sea, and still farther away from the kingdom of God. Of all places in London go to Ratcliff and Shadwell to prove the virtue of a mother's prayer. A woman aged sixty-three, the daughter of a Nonconformist minister, became a trophy of reclaiming grace after having lived a profane and drunken life for thirty years. No wonder that she was a marvel to herself and all about her; the change was from death to life, from riotous self-indulgence to quietness and self-denial. "I wonder that I am spared;" she said, "all my associates in sin are cut off, some by suicide and some by sudden death, and I am the only one left, I hope for some good purpose, that God may have mercy on me; *I believe that my mother's prayers are now being answered on my behalf.*" That occurred many years ago when Ratcliff was at its lowest state, and the woman has doubtless long since passed to the better country.

The Sailors' Institute in such a neighbourhood is a grand achievement, the good it accomplishes being quite beyond our powers of measurement. In a second article we purpose to give some facts about the old times, when men like Rowland Hill and Dr. Rippon preached for the Society in the Thames Bethel. The energetic secretary, Mr. Matthews, also tells some things concerning his sailor life and present work which the reader will like to possess in a narrative form.

Praise of the Bible.

THE Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, the support of the dying. While other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of *that* book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart, which no other topic of consolation can reach, while guilt, despair, and death vanish before its holy inspiration.—*Robert Hall.*

The Religious Revolution in France.*

WE are all familiar with the repressive measures adopted recently by the French Government towards the Educational Institutions of the Romish Church in France. It is not surprising that English adverse criticism should have been plentiful. Looking at French action from the English standpoint, we may easily find room for dissent. Liberty in England is the growth of centuries. She has become so strong as to be able to hold her own against all comers. She can afford to give ample room and verge to her enemies. She needs to take no precautionary measures. If her hands were bound with new cords she would burst them asunder as burnt flax. If the iron gates of bondage were shut upon her, she would lift them from their hinges and stride away with them to her own realm. She is the dominant power, and therefore in England we need not suppress institutions that in their spirit are opposed to liberty. We can afford to leave them pretty much to themselves. They grow in an alien soil. The air is too sharp and keen for them to come to their tropical luxuriance, and we are not likely to be overshadowed by them. And though we consider that even in this native home of freedom Romish institutions, like all others, should be subject to the supervision of the State, and be compelled to let in upon their darkness the peering glance of Liberty whenever she pleases, we can afford to leave them unsuppressed. We stand on our white cliffs, therefore, and look across the Channel at the action of our neighbours with an unfavourable eye.

But this is unjust. The state of things in France is different from that which prevails in England. The French are beginning to perceive that, with them, freedom is still immature; and, until she arrives at her strength, must be protected against her natural and implacable enemy the Romish Church. Their formula of liberty, equality, and fraternity must not be permitted to delude them into the sophism that liberty, equality, and fraternity must be accorded to Rome. These priceless possessions must be so held as to be secured. The murderess of liberty must not have liberty to accomplish her fell deed. Liberty does not mean the right to destroy liberty. The Romish Church avails herself of the national cry, and claims liberty in France, although if dominant she would not give liberty to France. She employs the watchword of the opposite camp to obtain the key of the position she assails. Liberty! cries she. But the French are awaking to the conviction that they must not give up common-sense under the magic spell of three syllables. If they would defend the fortress of freedom they must not put the key into the hands of the foe.

This determined attitude of French opinion has been the slow growth of the present century. Amongst its most powerful promoters was Edgar Quinet, a name less known than it deserves to be in England. One of the greatest French thinkers of this century, he devoted his life to the cause of liberty, and to the moral elevation of France. The

* The Religious Revolution of the Nineteenth Century. From the French of Edgar Quinet. Forming an explanation and a defence of the principle of the policy of the French Government with reference to the Roman Church in France. London: Trübner and Co. 1881.

government recognized his power, and appointed him professor at Lyons, and afterwards in the College of France. His brilliant lectures showed the general decadence and comparative ruin of Southern Europe to be the work of the Jesuits—the direct result of the counter-reformation inaugurated by Loyola. He aroused such enthusiasm on the one hand, such rage on the other, that the government compelled him to resign; and in 1851 he was one of the great champions of freedom exiled from France by the *coup d'état*. During this exile of nineteen years he wrote some of his finest works. The little work before us, "The Religious Revolution of the Nineteenth Century," is the introduction to his life of Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde, the friend of William of Orange, and one of the founders of the Dutch Republic.

Pointing out that the English Reformation preceded the English Revolution, and was at once its cause and guarantee, Quinet lays his finger on the weak point of the French Revolution. It was not preceded by a religious revolution, and it did not lay its foundation in the religion of the people. It committed the mistake of treating all religions as alike, and as alike opposed to freedom, and herein it was unjust and suicidal. All religions are not alike. There is one that proclaims itself the foe of all the rest, and glories in its incompatibility with modern freedom. Had the French Revolution recognized the freedom-loving churches, and welcomed their aid in its war against the church of despotism, it would have succeeded. But by making war on all religion it raised against itself the spirit of religion, and fell.

To secure enduring freedom in France, she must first be delivered from Rome. While France is Catholic, she cannot be permanently free. But while the Jesuit institutions are permitted to work unhindered, she will remain Catholic. Quinet holds that it is idle to expect that Romanism in France will cease of itself under the spread of education. "The real education of a people is its religion. Good or bad, vigorous or decrepit, it is religion that penetrates into the depths of the people, bringing them life or death." It is an illusion to think that this great church will disappear "at the sound of a few wise words and some excellent advice. What are all the systems laid down in books, and scattered here and there by a few hands, compared with the authority able to surround a nation on every side? While this authority is standing, your philosophical treatises, your warnings, your lessons, your pamphlets, welcomed with applause by a few in the upper crust of the nation, remain ignored by the masses, who only see, hear, and respect the church with which day and night they come in contact. It was this thought that destroyed for me all the joy of teaching in the days when I was permitted to live amidst a crowd of friends in the College of France. I never quitted this living atmosphere without saying to myself, 'Beyond these walls speech, life, is not understood. I have only to cross this threshold, and I shall enter again that opaque, tenebrous mass from which not a single echo of my words will return.'"

A baneful superstition can be rooted up only by removing the superstition itself from the eyes of the people. Men easily detach themselves from that which they no longer see. It was thus the Roman church itself destroyed Paganism. Constantine recognized in the

church a new instrument of domination, and grasped it for his own purposes. "A shipwrecked mariner could not have thrown himself with more impetuosity upon a plank in mid-ocean than the despots of the Decline and Fall seized hold of the unity of the church, hoping thereby to save their empire, breaking up in all directions. The imperial soul of the Cæsars passed into the church, and it grew old at once by many centuries." Then was promulgated the decree of extinction against paganism, "LET SUPERSTITION CEASE!" The very temples were razed to the ground. The legions *were sent against the stones*. "The old religion, until then tranquil and supreme, suddenly found itself surprised, surrounded, struck down, ruined, and utterly crushed out of existence." Such action, tempered, of course, by the modern spirit of humanity, of justice, of equity, is the action needed, according to Quinet, to overthrow the tyranny of the Romish Church in France. Her own weapons must be turned against herself. "Worn-out religions resemble those old trees that are nothing but bark. They go on vegetating and casting their shadow over the soil until the day comes that a flash of lightning, or the axe of the woodcutter, strikes them, and they fall a heap of dust."

And there is reason for accelerating this fall. The Romish Church is a poisonous upas tree, striking all under its branches with moral and political death. Very vividly our author states this fact: "As far as experience yet goes, there has been no time nor place in which the Catholic Church has been allowed to remain with unfettered hands by the cradle of Liberty, but what in a short time Liberty has been found stifled in its swaddling-clothes." And yet the modern spirit—equal rights to all—a spirit which cannot be too sincerely commended, may betray the unwary into the danger of losing their own while the inveterate robber of human rights exists in the midst of the nation. To quote again from Quinet:—"Wherever, being in authority, Catholicism meets with Liberty, it swears to destroy it, and as a matter of fact it does destroy it. In return, wherever, being in authority, Liberty meets with Catholicism, it swears to respect it. Overthrown Liberty raises Catholicism up again, craves for it quarter. Can this arrangement last for ever? Honest Brutus!" exclaims Quinet, "magnanimous dupe! are you going on for ever raising up your fallen enemy? for it is you who are always reopening the way for Antony. You wish Antony to mount the platform and make his speech, and should anyone better informed oppose it, your voice it is that cries to the crowd, 'Silence! listen to the noble Antony!' But I answer, 'Take care! Antony will ruin you, if you do not ruin Antony.'" Yes; popery will ruin liberty if liberty does not ruin popery.

In order, then, to allow liberty breathing space to grow and become powerful, Catholicism must be for a time restrained. Then, when the change is pretty well complete, it will become possible to slacken the rein, to restore the common right, and reopen the door, as in England and America, to the Catholic church without incurring too great a peril.

Our author meets the theory of those who persuade themselves that the loss of the temporal power disables the papacy from working more harm:—"There are two men in the pope, the prince and the pontiff;

whenever the prince has been driven away the pontiff has always led him back again by the hand. If the Reformers had been half-hearted, and had contented themselves with merely tearing the temporal power from the Papacy, their work would soon have come to an end. The spiritual would very quickly have got repossession of the temporal. The keys of St. Peter would in a short time have brought back the sword." Against this spiritual force of the church all the beliefs that have struggled against Rome must be enlisted. "I should appeal," says Quinet, "to every oppressed belief, every persecuted church, every temple that can show its martyr. It is not only Rousseau, Voltaire, Kant who are with us against the eternal oppressor, but also Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, Marnix, Herder, Channing, and a whole legion of minds who in their day fought the very enemy who now blocks up our road. All these great mental athletes will find a place in our ranks." "No one," he says elsewhere, "can read Marnix to the end and believe any longer in Catholic dogma. It will become for him as the site of a church that has been demolished and abandoned to the whistling and laughter of the winds; a final form of paganism exposed in all its nakedness; the scattered remains of another Diana of the Ephesians; and above these ruins, the conscience of modern humanity, courageously seeking, examining, and tracing out for itself a return to God and Liberty through the Gospel."

Quinet draws a terrible picture of what would happen if Catholicism were victorious. His closing appeal to his country is stirring, and should be influential. "What, then, ought to be done? I have told you. I repeat it, since you have not heard me. Come out of the old church, you, your wives, your children. Come out, while there is yet time, before she has herself walled up the gate. Come out by every open way, in order that you may not perish of pauperism, moral or physical. . . . I would that the nations should come out in crowds from the old church by the thousand doors which the modern religious spirit has opened up in the walls of Christendom. The way is open; it is simple, it is wide, it is multiple enough to suit itself to the liberty of everyone. Choose as you will! What do you fear? The obstacles are conquered, the way is sure, it has been proved by thousands of men and many nations before you. There is no need to wait for a prophet, a revealer. The modern ages have broken open the door and made wide the breach. It is only now a question of following in the footsteps of those who have been emancipated before you. Of what are you afraid? You have remained here the last of all. What delays you? What are you waiting for? Onward, men, advance, and come out!"

God grant that such appeals as these, wrought out by powerful reasoning, enforced by clear historical example, illumined by brilliant illustration and wit, sharpened by cutting sarcasm, driven home by soul-impelling earnestness, may not be lost upon Quinet's countrymen. Ah! and in these days of insidious popery in the Established Church there is reason for their being deeply pondered even in free Protestant England.

Calvinism.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED IN OAKES LINDLEY BAPTIST CHAPEL, BY PASTOR GEORGE DUNCAN.

“Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.”—1 Thessalonians v. 21.

THE name of John Calvin is associated with a system of theology, and not with a religious sect; no sect calls itself “Calvinists” as its only name; it is used as an adjective by a body of Welsh Methodists. They are, however, Methodists—Methodists with a Calvinistic theology.

John Wesley is not the founder of a system of theology; he accepted, for the most part, the system of James Arminius, and so all Methodists, with the single exception alluded to, are called Arminians. Wesley was the founder of a religious sect called by his name. He founded a sect, not a theology. Calvin gave his name to a theology, but not to a sect.

Calvin did not found a theology; his system was a revival, a perfecting, a defence of a system of truth largely formulated by the great Augustine, and still called by theologians “Augustinianism.” Augustine was one of the ablest and best of the Fathers, though his works were much neglected, and his theology rejected in the days of Calvin. The name then, as now, was venerated, but the teaching was displaced by the theological accretions of the centuries. Calvin read, studied, and then published the views of the great Augustine in a scientific form, in his work entitled, “The Institutes of the Christian Religion,” and from that day to this Augustinianism has been called Calvinism. Calvin recast the mighty thoughts and interpretation of Augustine, and as issued by him they were received by most of the Protestants of his day, and even now the “Thirty-nine Articles” of the State Church are Calvinistic. “The Confession of Faith” received by the Free Church, United Presbyterian Church, and State Church of Scotland is Calvinistic. The Baptists and Congregationalists everywhere for the most part profess to be Calvinistic. Thus a great proportion of the Protestant bodies are Calvinistic, though there are many exceptions among their adherents who are undoubtedly Arminian. The symbols of their faith are sound, though some have wandered from them.

It is manifestly wrong, if not wicked, for men who are not themselves Calvinists, and who evidently know little about the subject, to boldly allege that we receive the teaching of Calvin instead of the doctrines taught by our Lord Jesus Christ. Calvin was a man of colossal mind, who studied the word of God profoundly and prayerfully, and who put in a systematic form the truths taught in Scripture. His work was to place clearly before us what the Book really said and meant; and few men have ever lived who could do this work better than he. He takes the humble yet high position of an interpreter of the book, and in this he shines as a bright and beautiful light.

We believe nothing on the simple authority of Calvin; we believe no affirmation because he makes it; we accept no dogma because he constructed it; no truth because he taught it; we accept all on the authority of the Book of God, and are thankful to Calvin for aiding us in understanding it, just as we are thankful to Drs. Morison, Lightfoot,

Godet, and others. All these are helping us to grasp the doctrines of the Word; but none of them takes the place of the Word. Many Calvinists have never read a line written by Calvin; they take what is called their Calvinism where Calvin found it, where Augustine found it, namely, from the Book of God.

The position of Calvin among us is that of one who more fully than any other has explained to us the true meaning of the record of revelation. Christ alone is our Master.

It is wrong to represent us as saying that truth began with Calvin, and ought to end with him. The truth is as old as the Book; Calvin, like others before him, and like others after him, only helps us to a true explanation of the truths of the book.

The circulation of the blood did not begin with Harvey; he merely indicated a fact that had subsisted all along, and will subsist while man is in the flesh. So with Calvin. He indicated a fact in revelation which had been there all along, and will be there till the end of time. Calvin and others helped us to understand the fact; he did not create it any more than Harvey created the fact that the blood circulates.

If a physiologist were to commence a treatise by denying the circulation of the blood, we would know at once what value to attach to his writings; but we would be amazed if the man merely wrote the truism that truth did not begin with Harvey, and will not end with him. The affirmation of Harvey is true, irrespective of the person who made it. So with Calvin. His affirmation is a true doctrine of Scripture, and is no more to be disputed than the fact of the circulation of the blood. Harvey and Calvin indicated and expounded facts, the one in the sphere of nature, and the other in the sphere of revelation; but the facts were before and will be long after those who affirmed and explained them.

So of the doctrine of "gravitation." This force operated thousands upon thousands of years before Sir Isaac Newton indicated and explained it. He did not create the fact, nor can any man destroy it, and it is just as foolish to ask, Did truth begin with Newton, and why should it end with him? as to ask the same questions concerning Calvin.

So of the theory of the mechanism of the heavens, or any other great affirmation established by and associated with some great name. All these men but affirm a truth, a fact, a subsistence; they do not create it; but we owe deep gratitude to all these men, and Calvin among the rest, for their great affirmations.

Calvin establishes his affirmations by references to the great revelation, as these other men do by references to nature; and while nature confirms these, revelation equally confirms those, and all assertions that we put Calvin in the place of the Bible or of our blessed Lord and Saviour are about as true and as wise as to say that we put Harvey in the place of blood, Newton in the place of gravitation, Copernicus in the place of the mechanism of the universe, Lockyer in the place of the sun. These are all great men who have aided us conspicuously to understand the facts of the forces with which they deal; they do not take the place of the forces; we go directly to the forces, and see whether they confirm or otherwise the affirmations made.

Calvin is singled out by the msthinkers, the restless, unsettled whirling lovers of novelty, for the sake of novelty, of this age, as the

object of their bitterest hate and malicious rage. His name seems to awaken, and arouse, and call forth all that is evil in the hearts of the devotees of "vain deceit;" but all this unthinking virulence only injures themselves; it can neither hurt Calvin nor Calvinists. No doubt the reason why heretics so hate Calvin is that he has rigorously, logically, and mercilessly exposed their poor whims, which by a sad fate and irony they worship as truth. He smote and cast down their vain idols, and he has never been forgiven. Those who love God's truth, however, feel their deep indebtedness to Calvin for casting to the moles and the bats the fibreless, nerveless, boneless fancies which some persons even now persist in calling truth.

It is also wrong to hold Calvinism alone responsible for what it holds in common with all other orthodox Christians. Calvinism and Arminianism differ mainly in five points, and the former must be held responsible for the exposition and defence of these only. It is true that these colour, in a measure, the whole of the creed; but it is only a colouring, only a hue given to that which subsists independently of this tincture.

We both accept the existence of the supreme Being, a God of power, wisdom, love, who created all things. The doctrine of the Holy Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, of the fall of man, his inability to save himself, and of the full and free atonement made by Jesus Christ, and of the necessity of the Spirit's work, of the salvation of believers everywhere, of the eternal joy of the redeemed in heaven, and the everlasting misery of the impenitent in hell. We bow to the authority of the Holy Scriptures, as the revelation of God's will to man. Whatever beauty there is in all these truths, and all the blessed truths that are related to them, we share in common; and it is because we are substantially agreed in all the vital doctrines of Christianity that Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and all the sections of the Methodists can and do and will co-operate by meeting on the one religious platform, and exchanging pulpits as occasion offers. These truths belong to all of us, and all of us alike, and therefore whatever objections may be raised against them, whatever is offensive to the carnal mind, whatever in them rouses the wrath of the victims of fond delusions, belong not to Calvinism especially, but to both Calvinism and Arminianism, and each system shares the blame and helps in the defence.

The Calvinist is responsible for his five points, and the Arminian is responsible for the five dogmas which in his system take the place of these five points; this is the measure of our several responsibilities; on all these points substantially we are unitedly responsible.

Let us now consider the five points for which Calvinism is more especially responsible. They are,

I.—THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

1. *This doctrine as it affects the elect.* We read about "God's elect," "the faith of God's elect," "elect according to the foreknowledge of God," "chosen in him before the foundation of the world," "fore-ordained according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will," and many other texts to the same purport.

We affirm that these and other Scriptures teach that God has an "elect," that they were "chosen in him (that is Christ) before the foundation of the world," that they were chosen not because of foreseen good in them, for God saw no good in them that he did not design to give them; they were chosen "according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." The fact, the form, and the basis of all this are in God.

The Arminians follow us here a little way; they believe in election, and can, with us, speak joyfully of the elect, only they find the basis of the election in the foreseen repentance and faith of the sinner; we find it in the will of God. Our affirmation embraces all the passages of Scripture which they quote on the subject, besides other clear passages which cannot be explained, as we think, by their theory, and is in itself a nobler thought.

It has been said that this dogma leads to carelessness and carnal security. This objection presses both theories alike; for it little matters, as far as practical life is concerned, whether God elected me according to his purpose of grace, or elected me because at some period in my life I would repent and believe. In both cases I am elected. The objection, however, cannot obtain, because we are told to what we are elected. "Predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son," "that we should walk before him in love." "Put on as the elect of God bowels of mercy." "Having predestinated us to the adoption of sons."

The doctrine cannot lead to sin; for we are told with solemn emphasis and touching appeals that we are to be holy, "sons of God without reproof." "Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." In a word, we are to be like Christ. Election is not an end in itself, it is only one link in the great chain of forces co-operating for our supreme good, which is our complete restoration to the image of God. It is a means to an end, the end being holiness. Being elected, we are not to sin as much as we like, but live according to the will of him who has called us by his grace. The elect shall be saved; but the God who called them directs all the operations which secure the blessed result. We use all the means of our going and growing, and thus grow, and our growth in grace is the standing evidence of our being elect of God.

2. *This doctrine as it affects the unsaved.* We do not speak of the "non-elect," because neither the word nor the idea occurs in God's Book. The word is laid at our door by our opponents, but we reject it. If the book used it as freely as it uses the word "elect," then we would have to explain it; but as it is it conveys a false impression.

Arminians and Calvinists meet at this point; we both make the same affirmations; the unsaved equally affect both systems. We both recognize the fact that many are still impenitent, unsaved, aliens; we both explain it in the same way. It is the waywardness, wilfulness, wickedness of man; he will not come unto Christ; he rejects mercy and salvation.

Calvinism merely shares with other systems the responsibility of admitting and explaining the fact that many are yet in their sins. This general indifference and impenitence of man is a great mystery, considered metaphysically; but it is no mystery practically; we see with our own eyes that men prefer darkness to light.

Calvinism affirms that God has chosen some men in Christ from before the foundation of the world, and that all the stages of their moral course shall be reached by the operations of God on our behalf, and our continued use of the means of grace; and to all men generally the gospel is to be freely offered, and if they believe they shall be certainly saved.

II.—THE DOCTRINE OF HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

1. *This doctrine as it is supposed to affect man in his human relationships.* It is a fact that somehow man at a very early stage of his career shows sad and sorrowful signs of a weak moral nature; that it requires constant and severe training to put him right, and to keep him right, and that he needs but little training to go wrong, to show temper, self-will, vindictiveness, even when only a few months old, and his whole career is a source of care and anxiety to all who are related to him. His moral nature seems poisoned at its springs, no part of it is untainted; and this is true of mankind everywhere and always.

This moral problem, however, has nothing to do with Calvinism; we may take the pessimist or the optimist view of man's moral nature. The child may be as unselfish and generous as some imagine; the boy may be truthful and obedient; the man may be upright and pure in all his earthly relationships; father, son, merchant, citizen, ruler. He may be held in the highest esteem by all who know him. The world has left a record not only of wrong, and crime, and cruelty, it has also chronicled deeds of nobility and moral grandeur, showing the sublime possibilities of our nature, though it is mournful to confess that as a matter of fact the record of evil is unspeakably more voluminous than the tales of heroism, love, and goodness.

This question affects the moral philosophers, philanthropists, and civil authorities, and the several religious bodies have their varied opinions concerning it; but Calvinism makes no authoritative affirmation on the subject; and to say that we allege that man is in every sense depraved and vile, is simply to either misunderstand or to misrepresent us.

2. *This doctrine as it really affects man in his Godward relationships.* If there were no God, and no future life, no Calvinist would affirm the total depravity of man. Man would not then be totally depraved; he would still be imperfect and wayward, but a noble being, with glorious possibilities of expansion within his reach. But as there is a God, and man persists in being in a state of alienation from him, treats him as if he were not, and had no claims on man's love and service; breaks his laws, and tramples carelessly on his precepts, lives as if this were the only life, and feels annoyed when brought face to face with eternity through the appeals and arguments of the thoughtful and earnest preacher. He is surely "dead in sins." "Sold under sin." He is "carnally minded, which is death." He has a mind "which is enmity against God."

Godward the heart of man is frozen, is in a state of winter, darkness, death. In this, the higher side of his relationships, he is totally depraved; he is a wreck, a ruin, a failure. This he will remain for ever unless he is changed through the grace of God.

This state of enmity, alienation, darkness, death, can be described as total depravity, and Calvinists do not hesitate so to describe it.

Arminians come near to this very view of man's state before God, and his attitude towards God. We do not shrink from telling man the worst of it, and appeal to him to have repentance towards God; for God alone can turn our winter into summer, our darkness to light, our death to life.

III.—THE DOCTRINE OF PARTICULAR REDEMPTION.

1. *This doctrine as it affects the saved.* We affirm that Jesus died in a special manner for the sins of the elect, for the sins of the believer. In some unique sense he atoned for the sins of his people. He says, "I lay my life down for my sheep." "Thine they were, and thou gavest them me." "I pray not for the world, but for those which thou hast given me out of the world."

Paul expresses the same fact when he says of Christ, "He loved the Church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse," etc. "He died for all men," says Paul. Yes; but he adds, "especially for them that believe."

The terms descriptive of his substitutionary work seem to point to a special people; he was a surety, shepherd, ransom, husband, redeemer; in an unique sense he died for a people given him of God out of the world, and who were chosen for him before the foundation of the world, and whose salvation is certain.

We teach that there is no contingency, that Jesus *shall* see his seed; the pleasure of the Lord *shall* prosper in his hand; but all other systems leave the matter in doubt; they cannot warrant that one shall be saved, that one shall ever believe. When the atonement is made they can give no guarantee that one soul shall be saved; they could hope then, and can see now that many do believe and are saved, but with them the atonement secures the certain salvation of none; it indeed saves none, but puts all in a salvable state. We affirm, on the other hand, that there is room for no doubt; God cannot be baffled in the realization of his purpose, and the sheep for whom the good Shepherd laid down his life shall be saved with an everlasting salvation. Surely this is a noble affirmation.

2. *This doctrine as it affects mankind generally.* Calvinism has no distinctive affirmation here. We maintain that though the gospel is efficient only to the believer, it is sufficient for all, it is required by all, and we are commanded to press it on all, and it is at their own peril that they refuse it. The lost are lost, not because there is no salvation for them, but because they refuse the one salvation freely offered them in the gospel.

In a great sense Christ died for all men, and all men even now reap great benefit from his mediatorial work. We were all ruined by the Fall, and death passed on all men, for all had sinned. Christ opened up the way of access to God to all men, and has secured for us all an opportunity of being saved in a representative, as in a representative we all fell. He keeps the door of mercy still open for us, and all that we receive of good on this side of hell is through him.

He died for all men; for we read that "he is the propitiation for *our* sins" more especially, "and for the sins of the whole world." We join, therefore, with the Arminians, and seek with equal fervour, fullness,

and freeness to press the gospel on all. We offer the unsaved precisely what they offer them—no more and no less, so that we here stand at no disadvantage, whereas we can offer far more to the saved.

IV.—THE DOCTRINE OF EFFECTUAL CALLING.

1. *This doctrine as it affects the elect.* We have no contingency here either; for we read, "Moreover those whom he doth foreordain he also calleth, and those whom he calleth he also justifieth; and those whom he justifieth he also glorifieth." "Who called you to his kingdom and glory." "It pleased God who called me by his grace." "That hath called us to glory and virtue." "Who called you into the everlasting glory in Christ." There is thus a divine, irresistible, irrevocable call addressed to the heart by the grace of God.

The foreordained are as surely called as the called are justified and the justified glorified; these are the steps of the heavenly ladder—the stages of the celestial road, the notes of the glorious symphony. We affirm these with emphasis and with great joy.

2. *This doctrine as it affects the rest of mankind.* With the Arminian we address what is designated the "outward call" to every sinner, and for much the same reason. "God calls on all men everywhere to repent." His complaint is that though he calls we refuse, he stretches forth his hand and no one regardeth. Jesus calls: he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.

The Spirit calls: "to as many as the Lord our God shall call," that is, by his Spirit. The Triune Jehovah calls on all men to repent and believe the gospel. It is the immediate, pressing, blessed duty of all to believe and come to the knowledge of the truth. "This is the commandment that we have received of him, that we should believe in Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent."

We are as fervent in our appeals to the unsaved as the Arminians, just as George Whitefield was as fervent in his sermons to the unconverted as John Wesley; but over and above this we have the assurance that "God shall call his elect from the four winds of heaven." This is another noble affirmation of Calvinism.

V.—THE DOCTRINE OF FINAL PERSEVERANCE.

1. *This doctrine as it affects the believer.* We affirm that if a man be really converted to God—born again—called by grace divine, he is saved with an everlasting salvation; that God "will never leave him nor forsake him"; that nothing will ever be able to separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus; that God will perfect that which concerneth him, and will carry on the good work begun till the day of our Lord; that as surely as he is justified he will be glorified. "I will give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish, and none shall be able to pluck them from my hand."

The whole of Romans viii. is a demonstration of the glorious security of the believer.

This doctrine does not mean that being saved, no matter how evil our life may be, heaven shall be ours at last. No! it is that being saved we shall also be "sanctified," "saints," "sons of God without reproof," and our salvation will be demonstrated to others and ourselves by our

sanctification. It is a perseverance in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus. In calm and holy confidence we believe that as he lives we shall live also, and that he will come again and receive us unto himself. This doctrine has uplifted many a drooping head, inspired many a sorrow-laden heart, healed many a wound, and wiped the tears from many eyes. It is a noble, inspiring affirmation.

2. *This doctrine as it affects the warnings and exhortations of the book of God.* Our affirmation allows these their full force, and yet explains graciously and hopefully all the passages proving that the saints will persevere unto the end. How do we persevere instrumentally but by the use of means? God uses these exhortations and warnings to keep us in the way, and we use them for the same purpose.

We do not persevere in spite of means, but by the use of means, by the use of these very exhortations.

The warnings show us where we would get to but for the grace of God, show the natural tendencies of our wills, and they strike our moral imagination with terror, and we cling closer to that God who is all our salvation and all our help.

We thank God for all his appeals, exhortations, and warnings, and by the help of his Spirit we use them all as means of grace.

The gospel we offer saves, keeps, and at last presents us faultless before the throne of God in heaven.

I ask, in conclusion, how can people be so far ignorant of all this as to speak of "the dark teachings of Calvinism," when in point of fact there is nothing good, or true, or noble in any of the other systems of theology that is not embraced in this, which has the five points of gracious and glorious certainty wanting in them all.

This system has inspired the hearts and directed the will of the noblest of the sons of men, and the brightest passage in our national record was written by Calvinists, the creed of the Crusaders, Huguenots, Puritans, and Ironsides, and of the great bulk of the excellent of the earth, and if not a few waver in their allegiance to this truth it is but a temporary insurrection and revolt—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
While error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

A Cheerful View.

"HOW dismal you look!" said a Bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me, how strange to look at it in that way," said the other Bucket. "Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."—*Extract. Author's name forgotten.*

Notices of Books.

Be of Good Cheer: the Saviour's Comforting Exhortation enlarged upon.
By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

OUR publishers have on this occasion produced a really handsome book. We like the type, the form of the volume, and the binding. We hope the reader will be as pleased with the spiritual as we are with the material part of the book. This is the seventh of our little shilling series, and we believe that it is the best. We have given a chapter in this month's magazine as a specimen of the whole. The preface will let the reader see how the book was born and nourished:—

"This little work is sent forth at the close of a long illness by one who has had great need to hear the Master say, 'Be of good cheer.' It comes to the reader as a dove which has been wearily flying over leagues of cheerless ocean; but not in vain, for at length she has plucked off an olive leaf, which she brings home with her. Comfort is to be found even in this troubled world; the floods do not cover all high hills, the waters are assuaging, hope rules the hour."

The Roll Call. A Political Record of the Years 1775 to 1880. By ARTHUR C. YATES. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a portion of history with which every young person in the three kingdoms should be thoroughly familiar, for it is important in the highest degree that we should all know how our fathers struggled into the liberties which it is now our privilege to preserve. Fathers should see that their boys have this sixpenny-worth of condensed fact, and read it carefully. The record is well written, and is calculated to feed the minds and rouse the spirits of young Liberals. Conservative youth will not be pleased with the unwelcome truths here set in order; but it might do them good to see history as others see it.

Stephen Grellet. By WM. GUEST, F.G.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will do good service to the cause of the gospel if they publish a series of biographies

written in the same spirit as this life of Stephen Grellet, the French Quaker. With much spiritual edification we have studied Mr. Guest's version of this saintly man's story. It was known to us before, but we have been glad to have our memory refreshed, and our heart a second time impressed. If it were in our power we would induce every one of our readers to invest his first spare half-crown in this book, and then we would persuade him to read it through and through. Mr. Guest does well to point out that the work of conversion and sanctification is the standing proof of the gospel, and that holy lives are the best answers to infidel objections.

Baptist Principles and History: the substance of Two Sermons preached by Pastor JOHN W. ASHWORTH. Yates and Alexander.

WE do not wonder that this excellent pamphlet is in the twenty-fifth thousand. If Baptists are awake they will scatter it till it reaches ten times that number. It is a temperate, forcible, and condensed exposition of our principles, and it can scarcely fail to convince the candid. One penny will be well invested in purchasing so much instruction, and Mr. Ashworth will supply quantities for distribution at a still cheaper rate.

Offerings to Friendship and Truth. By WALTER J. MILLER. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THEY ascribe to Lord Macaulay the remark that prize sheep are good for nothing but to make tallow candles, and prize poems are good for nothing but to light them with. These are not prize poems, but lays of a more homely and sensible sort, and we therefore promise not to use them as the historian advises; but really we are weary of verse both rhymed and blank, and cannot read more than a few pages of any form of poem; we have read, however, sufficient to satisfy us. This book is neither very bad nor very good; we could have wished it had been either the one or the other. It is better than most of its kind, and contains some very commendable versification.

Sunnyside School. A Tale for the young. By LETTICE LEE. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

AN unpretentious little story-book, written for little lads and lassies of the land o' cakes, who will, we doubt not, enjoy it, and we hope profit by the useful lessons it is so well calculated to impart.

Beacon Flashes. Tales to enforce Temperance. By the Rev. JOHN THOMAS, M. V. I. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane.

THIS little book is made up of six-and-twenty very short, but striking stories, many of which the author says, "are incidents which have come under his own observation, and illustrate the terrible character of strong drink." They are well adapted to promote the cause of temperance, especially if circulated in the form of tracts, as some of them have been. Of the twenty-seven "illustrations," the less we say the better.

Thornton Hall; or, Old Questions in Young Lives. By PHEBE F. MCKEEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN this work the authoress describes the intellectual and religious discipline exercised in an American "Seminary," or what we here understand by a "finishing school," under the direction of a lady of Christian principles. English girls will here find not a little which, from its novelty, would interest and amuse them in the sayings and doings of their American cousins, as well as much to foster a desire for a useful Christian life. We must, however, add that the style of conversation of some of the characters introduced savours somewhat of slang, and need not be imitated: we have already more than enough of the home-grown article. We cannot say that we are greatly charmed with the book, or that we have felt rewarded for the effort it has cost us to get through it.

What do I Believe? or, Outlines of Practical Theology according to the Scriptures. By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is not *all* that we believe, but yet as a summary of doctrine issued by an undenominational society it is full and

clear. If readers will carefully follow Dr. Green and ask for divine light, they may not rise from perusing this little book finished theologians, but they will certainly have a comprehensive idea of the grand fundamentals of the faith. Many a Bible-class would do well to go through this handbook, carefully comparing it with the Scriptures. We are persuaded that the process would create intelligent Christians, and foster young preachers of the gospel. From this little shilling book may come, if it be rightly used, an influence which will lastingly bless the Christian church.

The Progress of Baptist Principles in the last Hundred Years. By THOMAS F. CURTIS, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THIS is a fine volume, and every Baptist should read it. Our American friends write with the buoyancy which comes of success, and secure assent. Their history has been so singularly progressive that it is like one great shout of victory. We sometimes half fear that the story smacks a little of Americanism, and is quite as big as it is true; but even with this cautious abatement it is a grand story, and well worth the telling. It would do our tremblers at home good to read these pages, and even if they were perverted to close communion it might be better than the present laxity which trifles with holy ordinances.

"Men of Light and Leading." Thomas Moore, W. C. Bryant, and Samuel Lover. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON, F.R.S.N.A. Blackie and Son, 49 and 50, Old Bailey, E.C.

These are not three persons whom we should have selected to head the list of "men of light and leading"; but those who are interested in the men will find that Mr. Symington does them justice, and makes bright, lively stories out of their lives. This will be a very popular series of lives if the quality be kept up. We are not now looking at the books from a religious point of view, for they are not of that order; but as literary productions they are commendable.

The Consecrated Life; or Thoughts on Practical Religion. By Rev. ERNEST BOYS, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

AMID much of pretentious boasting and sentimental nonsense which is talked about consecration, the Higher Life, Freedom from actual Sin, etc., it is an agreeable change to come across a strong, manly, godly utterance upon the vital truth of true consecration. Mr. Boys' book is a very able and neat digest of the several aspects of the subject, and might profitably be studied by every Christian.

In Secret: Private Prayers for a Fortnight. With occasional Prayers and Introduction. By Rev. G. EVERARD, M.A. James Nisbet.

If anyone could write prayers that would be helpful to true devotion Mr. Everard could; but after reading even these our objections to praying by form are increased rather than removed. The introduction, however, which is on the essentials to true prayer, is a capital piece of thought and exhortation, and full of stimulus to the holy exercise. If any of our readers must go upon devotional crutches, these are among the least objectionable we have seen, but the best are bad.

Instead of Many. By R. G. WALKER, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a book unusual in form, and type, and matter. Really a compendium of theology in a masterly, terse style: and with queer eccentricities in capitals and words in capitals and inverted commas; and yet, withal, full of ripe scholarship, varied reading, keen logic, and powerful argument. The index of subjects is invaluable, and we shall be much surprised if this book does not soon run into a second edition. Every student of theology should get a copy.

Theistic Problems: being Essays on the Existence of God and His Relationship to Man. By GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

LIKE the veteran Thomas Cooper, Dr. Sexton has himself tasted the Sodom apples of atheistic negation and denial, and now comes forward to warn waverers of their bitterness. His sword-

thrust at infidelity is vigorous and skilful, and he demolishes its philosophical pretensions in right worthy style. He has not the strong Saxon of Thomas Cooper, but his dialectics are even more piercing and keen, and in some cases will be more convincing. We are thankful for both these defenders of the faith, neither could easily be spared.

Heart Lessons: Addresses for Mothers' Meetings. By LOUISA CLAYTON. Religious Tract Society.

OUR friends at the Tract Society seem determined to leave no branch of Christian literature unprovided, so far as they have power to supply it. Here is an excellent volume of addresses for mothers' meetings or Dorcas gatherings; full of illustrative talk upon holy things; saturated with godliness and common sense. It were worth while to be a mother to go to the meeting and hear them *well* read. They have our warmest approval.

The Higher Criticism and the Bible: a Manual for Students. By W. B. BOYCE. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THIS is essentially a student's book. The self-dubbed "higher criticism" has taken to frittering away the force of the Bible by attacks upon its inspiration and genuineness, and Mr. Boyce has here in turn submitted the higher criticism to examination with his theological scalpel. Wherever the loose German theorizing has led to unsettlement we hope this book will prove an antidote, revealing as it does the fallacies and assumptions of this self-complacent school. The list of authorities upon the subjects treated is no unimportant part of the book's value.

Una's Crusade, and other Tales. By A. SERGEANT. National Temperance Publication Depot.

FOUR simple, earnest stories showing the evils of drink, and suggesting remedies for their removal. There is a gospel savour in them all, and this makes their value to be doubled. The demon of drink can only be exorcised by the Christ and his cross, and the Christian church is, we believe, being roused to see this. God speed every effort such as this in favour of sobriety.

The Last First. Sketches of some of the less noted Characters of Scripture History. By ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

THESE miniatures are very cleverly executed, and full of suggestion; a selection from them would make a capital series of week-evening addresses or Sunday-school lessons. Mr. Symington gives us gold in the nugget, which each can beat out for himself.

A Popular Handbook of Christian Evidences. By J. KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. Part First. Theism and Related Subjects. Sunday School Union.

DR. KENNEDY is a born champion of truth, and has done good service for it in many forms; and the present little handbook is not the least valuable of his productions to that end. Brief, simple, unpretentious as it is, to us it is beyond price as a digest of Christian evidences. If our Sunday-school teachers will only study and master it, there need be no fear as to the result in their conflict with fashionable unbelief. The Sunday School Union has placed us all under obligation by its issue.

Christianity and the Science of Religion. The Fernley Lecture for 1880. By Rev. J. S. BANKS. Wesleyan Conference Office.

It has become fashionable in certain quarters to assert that the Christian religion is only a development of man's genius. The Hibbert Lectures of Max Müller and Renan have made this theory popular and plausible, and now, in place of a Word of God, the Scriptures are turned into a human evolution. Mr. Banks, whose knowledge of the Hindoo mind gained as a missionary gives him peculiar qualifications for the task, sets himself to disprove this from the facts of the Hindoo religion. And very powerful is the result. Ninety-nine Christians out of a hundred have never been troubled on the question; but the hundredth, and Biblical students in general, will be greatly helped by this lecture. Clear logic and relentless argument make the ghostly theories to fly before our author's piercing analysis; and after the mists and fogs are dissipated, there stands the Word of God as

immovable a rock as ever. Well done! Mr. Banks.

What aileth thee? By the Author of "The Melody of the Twenty-third Psalm," &c. Nisbet and Co.

WHEN one opens this book it presents a very singular appearance from the mode of its printing, all the texts being set out in separate paragraphs and in distinct type. Begin to read, and you think that some good but rather voluble lady is speaking to you. Read on, and you are struck with the sound sense, the original thought, and the spiritual character of all that is before you; and you retract every unfavourable thought. We have had quite a feast in reviewing this singular volume; we found a sermon in it, and, what is far better, we were refreshed in heart, and were drawn away from the world into nearer communion with God. We hope the writer will never allow her pen to be idle. The title has not much to do with the contents of the book: though the authoress thinks it very appropriate, we take leave to differ from her. However, by whatever name this rose is called, its smell is sweet.

A Service of Suffering; or, Leaves from the Biography of Mrs. Croad. Compiled by J. G. WESTLAKE. W. Mack.

THE compiler of this little volume says that it contains an authentic record of "physiological and psychological phenomena unparalleled in medical and scientific annals." For many years Mrs. Croad, a Christian widow in humble circumstances, has been unable to move from her bed, and during most of the time she has been paralyzed, blind, deaf, and dumb; and yet, according to Mr. Westlake's account, she can recognize her friends by putting their handwriting or photographs to her lips, can describe pictures and colours, tell the number, age, and character of her visitors, reveal what is going on outside her own room, and understand any message that may be conveyed to her by writing upon her forehead. We rejoice in the cheerfulness and resignation of the sufferer, but for the marvellous part of the business we have no liking. Those who certify the case know best about it.

The Baptist Question Book on the International Bible Lessons, and the International Baptist Question Book. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THESE little handbooks, issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, are each prepared as expository and suggestive aids to Sunday-school teachers in preparing for their classes, the former being designed for teachers of Scripture classes, the latter for elementary teachers. There is a great tendency with teachers to rely too much upon these and kindred helps, and so to neglect the study of the word of God. It is matter for earnest enquiry whether, by the attempt to be unsectarian, Baptists and their principles are not placed too much in the background in the use of the International Lessons. The books named above are excellent specimens of lesson helps.

The School of Grace: Expository Thoughts on Titus II. 11—14. By W. H. M. H. AITKEN, M.A. London: J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster-row.

THE author is well and widely known as a mission preacher. A clergyman who can collect in the heart of the City of London at the height of business a full congregation crowded down the aisles, consisting almost exclusively of men, and that day after day for a fortnight, to hear what is called, whether sincerely or sneeringly, "*the simple gospel*,"—such a clergyman must be an evangelist of no mean order. This handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, printed in large clear type, contains the substance of a course of sermons delivered at revival services, and furnishes a fair sample of Mr. Aitken's lucid arguments, felicitous illustrations, and pungent appeals to the conscience.

The Tone and Teaching of the New Testament on Certainty in Religion. Being the Merchants' Lecture for October, 1880. By REV. EDWARD WHITE. Elliot Stock.

In these days, when nothing is surer of applause than doubt and indefiniteness with regard to religious truth, it is

refreshing to come across so powerful a set of arguments in favour of religious certitude as is found in this book. We have often had to differ from Mr. White's teaching, but we can give this book our fullest and heartiest recommendation. He shows that strong faith is not merely religious, but scientific, in view of the facts upon which it is built, and that the only folly is unbelief and uncertainty. We should like every minister and student to have a copy of this lecture, and master it completely: it would arm them for conflict with the fashionable disbelief of to-day.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and by the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL. (Judges and Ruth.) C. Kegan Paul.

THIS is not a mere addition to the number of our expository works, but to their growing completeness. We have examined *Ruth*, and like everything done by Dr. Morrison in the direction of exposition, it is first class. He who wishes to know all that has been written on *Ruth* will find a guide to it here, and something fresh and new beyond what he will discover in other works. Of the *homilies* we think very little; they ought not to have been attempted if they could not have been done better. Of nine out of ten of them we may say that if a man were so weak as to preach them, he would starve his flock, and ruin himself.

In common with all ministers, we are much indebted to C. Kegan Paul and Co. for this *Pulpit Commentary*, and our criticisms are meant in all kindness, to turn attention to weak points, that they may be strengthened in future volumes.

Hours with Working Women. Religious Tract Society.

THESE short, lively papers are admirably adapted for reading at mothers' meetings, or for lending from the library for home perusal. They comprehend the hour of hard work, disappointment, irritation, sickness, joy, prayer, and death, and upon each subject plain, wholesome, helpful, godly things are said. It is a capital attempt to teach a special class hitherto forgotten in our religious literature.

Penfold: a Story of the Flower Mission.

By RUTH LYNN. Religious Tract Society.

A TOUCHING story of how the Good Shepherd sought and found one of his wandering sheep. What a lovely form of holy service is that which brings among the poor both love and lilies, grace and roses!

Old Bristol: a Story of the Early English Baptists. By L. M. N.

Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A tale in which the principal incidents in Oliver Cromwell's life are interwoven with the history of various baptized believers in Bristol two centuries ago. The book is not only historically interesting, but it is the means of conveying a good deal of information concerning our distinctive principles, and the persecutions to which the predecessors of Mr. Gange's friends at Broadmead were subjected after England's "uncrowned king" fell on sleep. Our young people cannot read too often the story of how bravely our ancestors contended for the faith once delivered to the saints.

The Children's Kingdom: the Story of a Great Endeavour. By L. T.

MEADE. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A TALE intended to portray the changing fortunes of an Irish family. Few will care much for the book unless they belong to the Emerald Isle. May God behold and visit that land in the fulness of his grace.

Summer Days at Kirkwood. By E. H.

MILLER. Wesleyan Conference Office.

IF the boys and girls of to-day are a dull, mopish set it is not because their story books are of a sleepy sort. This little book is full of incident, written in an all-alive style, and pervaded with a healthy religious spirit all through. Mother or father could not do better than give it to Mary or Fred on his or her birthday, and even older boys and girls can get an interesting hour out of it.

Marion's Story; or, "Softly all My Years." Hodder and Stoughton.

A TOUCHING, tender story of the return of a penitent to the paths of virtue, showing, by contrast, the fearful results of a vicious life. May it be helpful in preventing many from going the crooked path, and may it convert the "woman

who was a sinner." We should not put it into every girl's hand; but wisely placed it may be of great service.

On the Doorsteps; or, Crispin's Story.

By Mrs. STANLEY LEATHES. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THIS story is written in order to help the children of the rich to look with love and interest on the children of the poor, and to do something towards making their lives happier. Anything that will help to bridge over the great gulf between the various orders of society, and teach those in more favoured positions how they may relieve the distressed around them, is always timely, and we hope Mrs. Leathes will not appeal in vain for the poor little creatures whose only play-room is "on the doorsteps," from which unfriendly voices and unkind actions often drive them away.

In the Sunlight and out of it. By

CATHARINE SHAW. J. F. Shaw & Co.

THIS story is written in the form of a year's extracts from the diary of a young girl, who at first represents herself as averse to religion, and then gradually passes through a somewhat unusual experience into the full sunlight of her Father's reconciled countenance. The recital may be of benefit to other girls who are at present walking in darkness.

Ethel Graham's Victory. By Mrs. H. B.

PAULL. Religious Tract Society.

THE evils of passionate, ungovernable temper are here set forth in story form; and the long effort to get the victory over it forms the substance of this book. It would make a capital present for girls growing up into womanhood. Mrs. Paull always writes pleasantly and devoutly.

Philip Gainsford's Profit and Loss. By

GEORGE E. SARGENT. Religious Tract Society.

THIS story is intensely interesting, and will increase the well-earned reputation of its now venerable author as a writer of books for boys. Mr. Sargent tells us in his introduction that his chief object in writing the story is to counteract the tendency of much of the biography of the day which holds up "success in life," that is, money-getting, as the principal thing. We cannot too heartily commend a book so full of gospel teaching and so well calculated to benefit boys.

Hindu Chronology and Antediluvian History. By S. R. BOSANQUET. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.

WE do not know if any of our readers have a taste for the study of "*comparative theologies*." The subject, if we may judge from the publishers' catalogues of new books, enjoys just now a large share of popular favour in literary circles. Here is a little essay which might prove a choice morsel for scholarly epicures. A dainty story to begin with may whet their appetite and help their digestion. Mr. Bosanquet picked up at a second hand bookseller's shop "*a very extraordinary book*," as he describes it; which, though sixty years old, seems to have been entirely unnoticed and unknown. It purported to supply a key to Hindu chronology, and was written in the hope of facilitating the progress of Christianity in Hindostan, by proving that the protracted numbers of all Oriental nations, when reduced to a rational scale, agree with the dates given in the Hebrew text of the Bible. This treatise, in two volumes, our friend imagines would have made a stir had it not, unfortunately, been still-born. So he attempts to disinter (we must not say revive) the theory of the anonymous author so far as it relates to the age before the Deluge. Starting with a fair capital of education and enthusiasm, these fifty-nine pages of letterpress and five chronological tables must have cost him no little time and trouble. What interest may accrue to the investing public, or what bonuses may ever come to disciples of the Shasters or the Scriptures we must confess ourselves at a loss to conjecture. Let us epitomise the hypothesis in a few propositions. The priesthood of heathendom possessed sound knowledge. This knowledge they preserved in mystery by disguising the facts of which they were cognizant in fables which they cunningly devised. Their exaggerations, however extravagant, were always elaborate and systematic. Profound, therefore, as their problems might appear, they are easy of solution to any expert who can find the key to their occult science. Sacred history commuted into enigma is capable by a like chemistry of being restored to its pristine quantity and quality. The monstrosities that shocked Sir William

Jones and other savans offer to Mr. Bosanquet's view measurable calculations, the gradients of which vary scarcely in the ratio of .05 in 100. Thus Hindu and Hebrew figures concur, upon a given supposition, in fixing the date of the Flood, and of other things beside the Flood.

The Earthen Vessel and Christian Record for 1880. Edited by CHARLES WATERS BANKS. Robert Banks.

THIS magazine represents a body of brethren of high-calvinistic sentiments, and furnishes spiritual meat month by month to many believers. It is not exactly to our taste; but why should it be? There are other people in the world besides ourselves. We feel less and less inclined to criticise where we know that there is a sincere attachment to truth. The editor, Mr. C. W. Banks, has attained to a ripe old age. He has toiled very hard for his brethren, and deserves from them abundant kindness and respect. May his last days be brightened by the presence of his Master and the gratitude of his brethren.

The Centenary of Sunday Schools, 1880. A Memorial of the Celebrations held in London, the Provinces, and the Colonies. Sunday-school Union.

A COPY of this memorial of a great event should be preserved in every Sabbath School library in the land. It is so thick a volume that the editors apologize for it; and we do not wonder, for great stoutness in men is such a subject for remark that books ought not to escape when they err in that direction. Yet there are worse sins than biblical corpulence, and we do not see how the volume could have been reduced without abstracting vital portions from it, which would have been a great pity. The volume contains nothing which is likely to set the Thames on fire; but as a record it deserves to be handed down to posterity.

The Saviour Prophet; or, Incidents in the Life of Elisha. By Rev. F. WHITFIELD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

RICH, spiritual, earnest,—in all respects good. The life of Elisha was never turned to better purpose than in these admirable discourses.

Our Sister May and Jenny's Corners.
Religious Tract Society.

Two interesting stories for children.

The Wife's Secret, and other sketches.
Widow Clarke's Home and what changed it. Religious Tract Society.

Two useful little books, suitable for newly-married women. The first tells of the unhappiness caused by a wife keeping a secret from her husband, and the second relates the experience of two women whose husbands were reclaimed from drunkenness by the care taken by their wives to make their homes comfortable.

Fynie's Flower. By BRENDA. Hatchards.

MOST of our readers would consider this story to be too churchy for their taste.

Langdon Manor. By G. E. SARGENT.
Religious Tract Society.

THE autobiography of a family Bible, which is handed down as part of an estate which changes owners several times. Its history is well told, and, like most stories, ends well.

Maude and Merry. By Mrs. M. E. BRADLEY. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A PLEASING American story of how a little girl heaped coals of fire upon the head of her playmate who was at first very unkind to her, but was afterwards completely won over by her kind and forgiving spirit.

Lizzie Sydenham, and the Wrong Turning. By Mrs. J. M. TANDY. Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.

A SIMPLE story written for the benefit of young girls of the humbler class, to warn them of the evil consequences of a love for silly finery, and of the artifices of designing flatterers of the other sex. The authoress endeavours at the same time to show that godliness alone is profitable for the life that now is. A mistress might do a worse thing than present her maid-of-all-work with this book. By the way, if Mrs. Tandy knows two or three Lizzie Sydenhams out of situations, we think we know of afflicted mistresses who would like to see a specimen or two.

The Martyr's Tree. A True Story of the Past. By Mrs. SEWELL. Jarrold and Sons.

IT is now some years since we first read "Mother's Last Words," by this authoress, but its vivid impressions have never faded from our mind. The same powerful pathos is here used to sing in verse the heroism of young William Hunter, the Brentwood martyr. We should like all our young folks to read "The Martyr's Tree." Records of heroism make heroes.

Andrew Harvey's Wife. By L. T. MEADE. W. Isbister.

THIS story shows in lurid light the dreadful consequences of the smallest want of confidence between man and wife. The little rift in the lute, which is the death-wound of all music, is graphically described. We could wish that young married people who begin to mistrust could be gently lured back to conjugal faith and whole-hearted confidence by the fire-finger of this novelette.

A Lowly Life with a Lofty Aim. By T. E. DOBBEE. Religious Tract Society.

A STORY of what may be accomplished by whole-hearted consecration to God. Excellent for the Sunday-school Library, or as a gift book.

Building Her House. By Mrs. R. A. WATSON. Wesleyan Conference Office.

WESLEYANISM has a thrilling story to tell of heroic service done by her local preachers; and this tiny book is a graphic narrative of the conversion of an ungodly man, and his subsequent persecution at the hands of his wife and neighbours for the truth's sake. May it be useful in making many valiant for truth.

Vic; the Autobiography of a Pomeranian Dog. Compiled by A. C. FRYER. Second edition. Partridge and Co.

IT would have been a wonder if this little book had not reached a second edition, for it is a capital story of a dog's life and adventures. It cannot fail to make the young folks love our canine friends.

Notes.

DURING this month we have issued a little work entitled "Be of Good Cheer," and no sooner was it out than we received the following memorandum from Edinburgh, headed, "The voice of all the colporteurs of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, sent with the general secretary's heartiest concurrence:—

"Good Cheer. By Mr. Spurgeon. 1s. First Notice.

"Thank you, Mr. Spurgeon. Every one of us colporteurs will gladly be legs to you in going from house to house to get upon the sick couch your kind and wise, 'Be of Good Cheer, from the Master himself.' We have all been much concerned about your protracted illness, and welcome the book all the more that you tell us that it is the fruit of that long illness happily now closed. We gladly give a home to your dove coming at last with her olive-leaf, and thank God on your behalf."

We accept this as a happy omen for our little book, and feel deep gratitude to the kind friends who have sent us such cheering words. They will be glad to know that health has returned, and strength is gradually coming back.

In the providence of God several choice spirits have been removed from the circle of our friends. *Lady Lush*, whom to know was to love, has fallen asleep in Jesus, amid the tears of many. Specially bitter is the grief of the poor, to whom she was a generous friend. Just before her departure she sent a message to us to the effect that "If it had been God's will to spare her to work a little longer for him, she would have been very willing, but to depart and be with Christ was far better, and she could only look forward with joy to the home she had so nearly reached." May our gracious God comfort her honoured husband and her family, and console her pastor and the church under their serious loss.

Nor can we forget *Sir Charles Reed*, from whom we received a note which was not delivered till after his death. We keep it as a mournful proof of the frailty of human life, for in it he proposes to call at Norwood, but ere he could pay the visit he was called home to our heavenly Father. He will be greatly missed from the London School Board, and from many committees where his presence was of the utmost value. In the Christian society of London his decease will make a great breach. He took the chair at the Stockwell Orphanage meeting in June, 1879, and it was a singular circumstance that our portraits appeared together in "Men of Mark" for that month.

Just as we are making up the magazine our friend, the *Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D.*, is being carried to the grave. Had it not been for a cruel east wind we should have been at the grave; indeed, we were preparing to

start when it was urged upon us that it would be a very sad thing if the funeral of one minister should be the death of another. It may serve to show coming generations how Christians, with all their differences, loved one another in the year of grace 1881 if we here print a letter which we received from this man of God some three months ago. It was never meant for the public eye, but was the genuine outflow of a loving heart. Little did we dream that the hand which penned it was so soon to be still in death.

"Tranby, Brixton Rise, S.W.,
"January, 1881.

"My dear Sir and Brother,—The papers tell us that the 10th will be a memorable day to you, and amid hosts of greeting friends my wife and I (than whom you have none truer, though our love can rarely exhibit itself but in wishful thought and prayer) would fain express our good wishes in a line.

"We trust there is good foundation for the rumour which has lately reached us of great and permanent improvement in Mrs. Spurgeon's health; and we pray that if it be the Lord's will, you may be continued to each other in happy fellowship until the 'silvern' shall have become 'golden' by the lapse of years.

"Like most of God's anointed, it seems as if you are to be made 'meet by consecrated pain.' May the Refiner sit always by the furnace! *You know* that the fire will never be kindled a whit too fiercely, nor burn a moment too long.

"There are many, whom you know not, who thank God, in these times of rebuke, for your fidelity to the old gospel, and who watch you with solicitude and prayer.

"Wishing for Mrs. Spurgeon and yourself happiness, and the blessedness which is better, the Lord's unutterable peace, long and useful lives, and the 'abundant entrance' at last,

"I am, in my wife's name and my own,

"Yours very affectionately,
"W. MORLEY PUNSHON."

We invite our readers to pray for the bereaved family, and specially for that sorrowing lady whose name is blended with that of the dear departed in the loving letter which we have ventured to print.

Our plan for sending out evangelists to India remains where it was. We hope that it will not end in mere words. Mr. Brown has reached Calcutta, but will there be no others to follow? That must now rest with the Lord's stewards, and with the men who feel called to go.

We have letters from the Cape of Good Hope. The work needs pecuniary help just now. The chapel must be paid for, and a considerable sum is needed for that purpose. Perhaps, also, two pastors are more than

the people are able to support. We should be right glad to forward speedy help: it would be money profitably laid out.

We have republished the sermon upon "Christian Baptism," delivered by Mr. Hugh Stowell Brown, at the opening of the Tabernacle. It is a very powerful plea for Believers' Baptism, and it is issued in a neat form for one penny by our publishers.

MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—Our dear wife's Report has sold so well that it has been needful to print a second edition. Many have written to say that its perusal has been a means of grace to them; they could not have said anything more cheering. The little book can still be had of our publishers for sixpence.

Her work in helping poor ministers is specially needful at this time, for the depression in the agricultural interest has rendered it very difficult for village churches to support their ministers. Small salaries have to be cut down, and many men of God are left with incomes below starvation point. Let all be doubly generous in this hour of need.

On *Tuesday, April 5*, the Annual Butchers' Festival was held at the Tabernacle, and from all we can learn it seems to have been the largest and most successful meeting of the kind that has ever been held. We are informed that there were 2,000 men present, in addition to between 300 and 400 master butchers and their wives; and that the provisions consumed on the occasion included nearly three-quarters of a ton of meat, seven and a half hundredweights of carrots, eight hundredweights of bread, more than a quarter of a ton of cake, a pailful of mustard, 40 lbs. of tea, 200 lbs. of sugar, 80 lbs. of butter, and 130 quarts of milk. Mr. Murrell, as usual, superintended the work of preparation and distribution.

The chair was occupied by W. S. Caine, Esq., M.P.; addresses were delivered by Mr. Charles Spurgeon, Mr. Henry Varley, Mr. William Olney, Dr. Barnardo, and Ned Wright; and Mr. Frisby's choir rendered good service by singing at intervals during the evening. We are sure our friend, Mr. Varley, who is the founder of this festival, must be pleased with the large attendance of the men, but he expresses his intense desire to see more fruit from it. Let us pray God to bless the addresses to the conversion of many of the butchers.

Friends in or near London who know of districts needing the gospel will oblige by letting us know. The thing to be desired is a hall or large room which we could hire, and a few true-hearted friends to form a nucleus. Our city grows faster than our churches. Except strenuous efforts are put forth London will become more and more heathen. Baptist friends would find us ready to aid them with preachers, and in

every other way within our power; but we cannot tramp over this vast metropolis and make a personal survey. Our brethren should try to raise churches near their own abodes if there are none, or if those which exist are not really gospel-loving churches.

TO ANONYMOUS DONORS.—Towards the end of January we received from "L. M. N." the first half of a £6 Bank of England Note, but no indication was given as to the object to which it was to be applied, and the second half has not yet come to hand, although the first was acknowledged as requested in the *Christian Herald*.

During the past month we have received through the International Money Order Office an order for £5 from Germany without any intimation as to the sender's wishes concerning it. Will the donor kindly say how the amount is to be appropriated?

Our best thanks are also given to a lady who has presented £110 to be allotted among our various enterprises, and to another friend who on four succeeding Sabbaths has added altogether £150 to the weekly offering for the College.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Kemp is removing from Bures, Suffolk, to Burnley, Lancashire; and Mr. W. W. Haines from Eye, Suffolk, to St. Leonard's, Sussex.

Another member of our Conference, Mr. Alexander Macfarlane, of Wooster, Ohio, U.S.A., has "gone home." He had won for himself a high position among his brethren, but ere he had completed his thirty-seventh year he was suddenly removed, another victim to this exacting age. Without meaning to censure any one, or to blame the church over which he presided, one of the ministers who officiated at the funeral exercises said, in effect, "During all these two years since he came among you he should have had only *rest*. He was given none, and there! (pointing to the noblest form among them all) you have the result!" A local paper says of him, "As a pulpit orator, he was highly gifted; and, as such, was a marked man of the times. It may be truly said that but few men of his age, in the land of his choice, could be ranked as equal to him in this particular. . . . The love and esteem of his church, and of other churches in our city, and of the citizens generally, were made manifest by the large attendance at his funeral, which took place from the church where his voice while living had so earnestly and eloquently proclaimed the glad tidings of the gospel to his fellow-men."

We are glad to hear that Mr. H. R. Brown has safely reached Calcutta, on his way to Darjeeling; and that Mr. Lyall is much better, and hopes soon to return to his work in Africa.

Mr. T. A. Carver leaves the College for Widnes, Lancashire, with our earnest prayers for his success.

Will all applicants for admission to the

Collego kindly note that we shall not be able to receive any more students *during the present year?* We greatly regret that we should have had to keep them waiting so long, but it is now clear that there will be no vacancies for months to come. Sometimes students are hastened away from us before their studies are complete, for the churches stand in need of them; but at other times it happens that there is less demand, and so the men abide longer with us: the last is the case at this present time.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received the following report of the closing services by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton at *Halifax*:—

"These evangelists brought to a close last Monday the series of services they have held in this town, having laboured here altogether about six weeks. A farewell tea was provided in the schoolroom of the Trinity-road Chapel, to which about four hundred persons sat down, and most of these had an opportunity to speak with Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Smith. After tea there was a crowded meeting in the chapel to hear farewell addresses from the brethren. Mr. Smith, according to request, gave his experience of how he was led to Christ, which was listened to with lively interest. Mr. Fullerton gave a most appropriate and earnest address on three words—'One thing I know,' 'One thing I do,' 'One thing I desire'; each of which was based on a passage of Scripture. An opportunity was given at the meeting for anyone to tell of good received during the special services. Several persons spoke. During the meeting the Rev. W. Dyson, of North Parade Baptist Chapel, and the Rev. J. Parker, M.A., of Trinity-road, spoke. Mr. Parker said that all expenses had been met by the free-will offerings of the people, and that, moreover, there would be a sum of not less than £100 to send as a thankoffering to Mr. Spurgeon's Evangelistic Fund. This elicited loud cheers, and the audience, with much heartiness, joined there and then in singing

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

The tone of the meeting was inspiring, and very encouraging throughout.

"The last preaching service conducted by the Evangelists was held on Sunday night, in the Drill Hall. This spacious room was crowded, and the service was a fit crowning of the work. The sermon was a most impressive one, Mr. Fullerton setting before the people 'Life' and 'Death,' and with much pathos entreating them to 'choose Life.' (Deut. xxx. 19.) At the close there were many enquirers, and the hearts of all Christian workers present were made to rejoice, as they had good evidence that many were being 'born again.'

"The total number of enquirers who have come forward is about two hundred; but we believe even this only represents a small proportion of the good accomplished. The churches of the town thus cannot fail to be

numerically strengthened, and many Christians have been revived.

"The idea of sending out evangelists thus is, to our mind, an excellent way of 'launching out into the deep' to let down the net for a great draught of fishes. The settled ministry is not in the least interfered with, but is materially helped, and the pastors are quietly left in their own spheres, with nothing to trouble them but an increased flock!"

The evangelists have during the past month commenced at *Sheffield* a series of services which promise to be the most successful they have ever held. The town has been divided into five districts, in each of which a fortnight is to be spent, and the closing meetings are to be held in some large central spot. The ministers have heartily welcomed our brethren, who find that their visit has been preceded by a week of prayer all over the town, which has already witnessed the earnest of a great blessing.

Mr. Burnham continues his Yorkshire campaign with many signs of the Lord's presence. In *Horsforth*, especially, his visit has produced the most blessed results. This month, from the 8th to the 13th, he is to be at *Walthamstow*; 17th to 20th, *Rusden*, *Northamptonshire*; 22nd to 27th, *Bedale* and *Masham*, *Yorkshire*; and 29th to *June 3rd*, *Salterforth* and *Earley*, *Yorkshire*.

ORPHANAGE.—Our cash list reveals the fact that the "tour in the east" made by Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan boys during the past month has been financially a success, and many kind letters and appreciative newspaper reports assure us that the institution has many faithful friends in the Eastern Counties, and especially in the city and towns just visited. To all sympathizers and helpers we tender our heartfelt thanks.

A friend from Cambridge has written to ask how much it will cost to furnish one of the new houses for the orphan girls. He proposes to undertake this work if we let him know the cost. This is a noble proposal. It comes just as this page is being completed, and we cannot answer the enquiry for the moment; but we will do so next month. Meanwhile, we thank our Cambridge friend, and hope that he has started the fashion. Will not five others compete for the other houses?

We must now beg our friends to begin preparing for a Bazaar at Christmas, to provide funds for completing the Girls' Orphanage: dining-hall, infirmary, etc. All hands to the work. This should be a grand effort of all in every place who love our Orphanage work. PARCELS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE, and not to Westwood, or the Tabernacle.

Annual Fête.—It may be well thus early to notify to all country friends that, as the President's birthday comes this year on a

Sunday, the annual fête will be held on *Wednesday, June 22nd*, when that portion of the new buildings for girls which will then be complete will be formally opened, and other interesting matters attended to.

COLPORTAGE.—The Annual Meeting of the Colportage Association is fixed for *Monday, May 16th*, at the Tabernacle, when the President, C. H. Spurgeon, will preside. Revs. R. H. Lovell, of Leytonstone, and H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., will address the

meeting, and several of the colporteurs will give an account of their labours. About twenty of the men will attend a conference preceding the meeting. Will our friends muster strongly at the annual meeting, which will certainly be one of great interest?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—March 25th, sixteen; 28th, four; 31st, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Collections at Worthing, per Pastor W. F. Stead	4	0	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	6
"One whose cup runneth over"	1	0	0
"Firstfruits of increase"	0	5	0
Collection at Waterbeach by Pastor J. F. Foster	2	15	6
Mr. John Meyrick	3	0	0
Mr. George Seivwright	1	0	0
S. B. T., Glasgow	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott, "In Memoriam"	5	0	0
Collections at Ulverston Baptist Chapel	3	7	6
Mr. W. Gourlay	21	0	0
A debtor to grace	5	0	0
Mrs. C. Priestman	0	10	0
Pastor H. H. and Mrs. Garrett	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. G. Everett	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. G. Williams	1	0	0
Collections at Salters' Hall Chapel, after Sermons by Pastor J. A. Brown	9	3	0
Miss Poate	0	10	0
Mr. E. Owen, per Mr. A. H. Baynes	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Collection at Cheltenham, per Pastor H. Wilkins	10	0	0
Collection at Keynsham, per Pastor C. A. Fellowes	2	2	0
Collection at Hemcock and Sainthill, per Pastor A. Pidgeon	0	12	6
Mr. W. H. Balne	0	10	0
Pastor H. A. Fletcher	0	5	0
Communion collection at Blackpool, per Pastor S. Pilling	1	17	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. MacFarlane	50	0	0
Mr. Alexander Stewart	0	5	0
W. T., Birmingham	0	10	0
J. C.	0	3	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0
J. and E. C.	1	0	0
Proceeds of a lecture by Mr. Jesse Dupee	1	11	6
C—	0	2	0
Collected by Pastor G. Simmons	5	5	6
Ossett Baptist Young People's Society, per Pastor J. W. Comfort	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0
Mr. J. Roberts	0	10	0
Profits of publishing Watson's "Body of Divinity"	12	13	8
Profits of publishing Coles' "Divine Sovereignty"	21	2	0
	33	15	8
<i>Annual Subscriptions.</i> —			
Mr. J. Evered	1	0	0
Mr. T. W. Whittaker	5	5	0
Mr. H. M. Watts	0	5	0
<i>Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.</i> —			
March 20	53	3	0
" 27	100	0	0
April 3	80	18	0
" 10	30	12	5
	264	13	5
	£435	12	7

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Lahee	2	10	0
A Crew of Fishermen, Campbeltown, per Mr. John Carson	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
M. C.	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Mrs. M.	0	2	6
Mr. Hinckson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Spicer	0	1	6
Mr. J. Jones	0	2	6
Miss H. Williams	0	1	0
Mrs. Spratt	0	2	6
A. S. and M. C.	0	5	0
	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Henry	0	5	0
Mr. William Williams	1	0	0
"Amicus"	0	10	0
Miss V. Acock	0	9	0
"Malvern"	0	10	0
R. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Watson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Colyer	0	5	0
Mr. John Wood	0	5	0
"Firstfruits"	1	0	0
Mr. John Woodall	0	5	0
M. L. R., Salop	0	12	0
"Firstfruits of increase"	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Walker	0	8	8

	£	s.	d.
Part Thankoffering, per Pastor A. A. Rees	5	0	0
Proceeds of Entertainment given by Orphan Boys at Heath Street Chapel, Hampstead	23	6	4
Mr. G. H. Powell	5	5	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Dr. Andrews' Children	1	1	0
Mrs. Cargill	1	1	0
Mr. Frederick Woodall	1	1	0
	31	14	4
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir at Salters' Hall Chapel	5	0	0
Donations:—			
Mr. W. Holt	4	4	0
Mr. W. Holt (ann. sub.)	1	1	0
Mr. W. List	1	0	0
Mr. Teversham	1	0	0
Miss Toley	0	10	0
	12	15	0
Proceeds of Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, at Westbourne-grove Chapel, per Mr. Gibson	16	16	0
Proceeds of Services of Song by Orphanage Choir:—			
Yarmouth	16	16	0
Norwich	25	6	5
Cambridge	22	10	0
Bury St. Edmund's	21	0	0
Stowmarket	30	7	0
	115	19	5
E. A. V., A. V., E. R. V., E. J. V., and			
A. T.	0	4	8
Mrs. M. Job	1	0	0
Collected by Miss K. Smith	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Carrie Bennett	1	17	8
Collected by Miss Gertrude Pearce	0	9	0
Mr. George Osborn	2	2	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon by a Lady	20	0	0
Mrs. Scott, "In Memoriam"	5	0	0
Richmond Street Mission Sunday School, per Mr. W. Northcroft	8	2	11
Young Men's Classes	8	0	0
Branch School, Flint Street	1	12	2
	17	15	1
Collected by Miss Farmer	2	8	3
Mr. E. Adam	1	0	0
Mr. J. E. Colvin	0	14	0
Miss Colvin's Sunday School Class	0	6	6
Mrs. C. Priestman	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	2	0	0
Mrs. J. Robins	1	0	0
Three Months' Offerings from Horley Sunday School:—			
Girls—Mr. Jennings	0	9	3½
Mrs. Jennings	0	3	0
Miss Wood	0	4	11
Boys—Mr. Nye	0	11	4
Mr. Wood	0	3	7½
Infants—Mrs. Firminger, and Messrs. Huggett and Gray	0	4	0
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class	0	16	0
Young Men's Bible-class	0	11	10
	3	4	0
Mrs. Herschell	2	2	0
Mr. R. Govett	0	10	0
Mrs. F. Dodwell	0	5	0
The Misses Heap	1	0	0
H. B.	0	5	0
Mr. F. F. Gilbert	0	10	0
Juvenile Missionary Society, Myrtle Street Chapel, Liverpool	5	0	0
S. H.	0	2	6
A. Believer	0	1	0
Mr. E. Owen, per Mr. A. H. Daynes	0	10	6
Crown Lane Baptist Sunday School	0	4	2
Collected by Miss Knowles	2	16	9

	£	s.	d.
Collection after Service of Song by Band of Hope at Crown Lane Baptist Chapel, Maldon	2	11	1
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. A. M. Barker-Harrison	1	1	0
E. S. (monthly)	0	3	6
W. H. D.	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Cunningham	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. E. V. Johnson, Cambridge	0	15	6
Part Thankoffering, per Pastor A. A. Rees	3	2	0
Mrs. Armstrong	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss Fairley	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Mayo	0	5	0
A Thankoffering from W. J.	1	0	0
Mrs. H. M. Waite	0	5	0
A grateful heart	0	6	0
Weensland Trinity Sunday-school	1	0	0
Collected in pence by Mr. J. Gwyer, "Penge"	0	5	0
"Every little helps"	0	3	3
Baptist Sunday-school, Scarskerry, Caithness	0	10	5
A Country Minister	0	3	3
Mrs. M. E. White	1	10	0
Mr. Hy. Bell	1	0	0
Mr. Robt. Gibson	10	0	0
S. and N.	10	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Branderburgh G. C., Rothiemay	1	0	0
An aged pilgrim	1	10	0
W. A. M.	0	5	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley	0	14	0
Mrs. John Mortlock	1	1	0
A Friend, per Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	1	0	0
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	23	2	6
Miss Sarson	0	5	0
Mr. W. Prior, per J. T. D.	1	5	0
"A Servant," per R. S. L.	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	1	12	6
Stamps "Tring"	0	3	0
Stamps, "E. G." Clifton	0	5	0
By Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
A Reader of "The Postman"	0	5	0
Mrs. Baines	0	4	0
M. D. L. C.	0	1	6
Collection at Battersea Park Baptist Sunday-school	2	14	0
Mr. C. Lindley	1	1	0
Mrs. Anderson, and friends	0	12	6
Miss S. Ely	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Parry	2	1	6
Collected by Mr. W. R. Franklin	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. J. J. Dalton	1	5	6
Collected by Miss E. Hardwicke	1	4	0
Collected by Miss E. Wykes	0	10	0
Miss Gibbs	0	10	0
Miss Farrer	0	10	0
Stamps	0	0	4
Collected by Miss Johnson	0	15	11
Collected by Mr. Pickering	0	12	0
Collected by Miss Price	0	14	2
Collected by Miss Descroix	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Vernon Peskott	0	16	0
Collected by Miss Fryer	1	17	6
"A Servant," Westbourne-grove	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. J. Cooper	0	5	2
Collected by Miss J. Blackmore	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn	0	2	7
Collected by Mrs. Ferrar	1	3	6
Collected by Miss Hutcheson	0	9	3
Collected by Miss L. Weekes	0	5	9
Collected by Mr. W. C. Ellis	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Price	0	6	6
"Sandwich," per Bankers, March 31	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Hunt	0	15	4
Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Rev. E. Porter, per Mrs. James					Peters, Miss F.	...	0	9	9
Withers	...	0	5	0	Kerridge, Miss	...	0	1	7
H. E. S.	...	10	10	0	Martin, Mrs.	...	0	0	6
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>					Withall, Master	...	0	1	0
Miss Humphry, per F. R. T.	...	0	5	0	Webb, T.	...	0	3	0
"Silver Wedding"	...	0	10	0	Biggs, Miss S.	...	0	2	5
Mr. W. Stiff	...	2	2	0	Hunt, Miss	...	1	0	3
<i>Collecting Books:—</i>					Betambeau, Miss A.	...	0	4	9
Chambers, Mr. A. P.	...	0	3	2	Choat, Miss	...	0	11	10
Burt, Miss C.	...	0	16	0	Passenger, Miss	...	1	4	5
Alderton, Mrs.	...	0	10	7	Webb, F.	...	0	1	5
Barrett, Mr.	...	1	2	6	Newark, Miss M.	...	0	0	11
Charles, Miss F. B.	...	0	10	6	Hubbard, Miss L.	...	0	6	5
Bonsor, Miss	...	0	8	0	Mattison, Miss M.	...	0	4	4
Whitehead, Mrs.	...	1	11	7	Pattinson, Miss E.	...	0	1	7
Trott, Miss E.	...	0	12	6	Sidery, Mrs.	...	0	3	7
Jephs, Miss	...	2	12	0	Foster, Miss C.	...	0	2	10
Saunders, Mr. W. E.	...	1	5	0	Baskett, Miss	...	0	8	9
Ely, Mr. G.	...	1	1	0	Morgan, Miss	...	0	15	0
Raybould, Mrs.	...	2	0	0	Aekland, T.	...	0	5	6
Livett, Mrs.	...	0	16	6	Fellowes, Mrs.	...	0	6	2
Miller, Mr. C.	...	1	0	0	Mackay, Miss	...	0	7	3
<i>Per Chard, Mrs. T. P.—</i>					Chard, Mr. T. P.	...	1	8	11
Evans, Mr. and Mrs.	...	0	2	6	Wheeler, Mrs.	...	0	5	4
Bennett, Mr. and Mrs.	...	0	1	1	Fern, C.	...	0	15	9
					Everett, Miss E.	...	0	4	0
		0	3	7	<i>Mothers' Meeting, Stockwell Baptist Chapel, per</i>				
Brewer, Mrs.	...	0	14	0	Miss K. Buswell	...	0	9	7
Booker, Mrs.	...	1	0	4	Hertzell, Mrs.	...	0	4	5
Paine, G.	...	0	10	0	Tyrell, Mrs.	...	0	8	8
Evans, Mrs.	...	1	13	0	Cornforth, Miss	...	0	5	7
Hornor, Mrs.	...	0	13	0	Capel, Miss F.	...	0	3	1
Monk, Mrs.	...	0	14	9	Atley, Miss	...	0	8	6
Redford, Miss	...	0	11	4	Hayter, Mrs.	...	0	7	4
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	...	0	15	0	Jones, W.	...	0	1	2
Howes, Mr. C.	...	0	2	6	Chandler, Miss	...	1	4	9
Bowles, Mrs.	...	0	18	6	Durham, Miss	...	0	3	4
Webb, Miss M. A.	...	0	10	7	Taylor, Mrs.	...	0	6	11
Stickland, Miss	...	1	12	6	Gwillim, Mrs.	...	0	4	11
Taylor, Mrs.	...	0	7	0	Page, Miss L.	...	0	7	6
Bantick, Mrs.	...	1	0	0	Frisby, Miss H.	...	0	3	9
Day, Miss	...	0	10	6	Willard, Mrs.	...	0	1	6
Crofts, Mr.	...	1	0	0	Curtis, Mrs.	...	0	8	5
Whittle, Mrs.	...	1	12	6	Wayre, Miss L.	...	0	8	4
Evans, Mr. W. J.	...	1	5	0	Hall, Miss	...	0	16	11
Wheeler, Miss	...	0	15	6	Hudson, Miss W.	...	0	6	0
Lawson, Mr. J.	...	1	2	0	Hudson, Mrs.	...	1	3	9
Perrett, Miss F.	...	1	0	0	Spencer, H.	...	0	2	8
Fairey, Miss	...	0	10	0	Cox, Miss A.	...	0	3	11
<i>Donations:—</i>					Hayes, C.	...	0	1	4
Legg, Mrs.	...	0	5	0	Perryman, H.	...	0	5	0
J. E.	...	0	10	0	Newman, Mrs.	...	0	10	0
Page, Mrs. T. C.	...	0	5	0	Hayward, Miss	...	0	5	0
Neville, Chas.	...	0	2	0	Jarvis, Mr.	...	0	6	4
B. W. C.	...	1	0	0	Grant, Mrs.	...	0	3	3
By Trustees	...	3	2	0	Bates, Miss M.	...	0	8	5
Money taken for Tea	...	1	0	6	Drew, Miss C.	...	1	1	0
					Medwin, Mrs.	...	0	4	8
		39	15	5	Ward, B. E.	...	0	7	8
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>					Bowden, Miss A.	...	0	4	1
Oxford, E.	...	0	7	5	Day, Miss H.	...	0	4	11
Butler, H.	...	0	10	11	Smith, Mrs. L. S.	...	0	10	6
Moore, A.	...	0	0	10	Mills, Mrs.	...	0	4	2
Fairhead, H.	...	0	6	7	Dennis, Miss E.	...	0	4	1
Evans, Miss	...	0	11	3	Ellmore, Mrs.	...	0	5	6
Nicholls, Mr. H. E.	...	0	3	6	Gardiner, Miss	...	0	7	10
Boot, A.	...	0	10	4	Legg, Miss E.	...	0	6	0
Messenger, Miss A.	...	0	4	7	Stopp, Miss A.	...	0	0	6
Errington, Miss	...	1	12	0	Crew, Miss	...	0	5	6
Saker, Mrs.	...	0	16	1	Moore, Miss A.	...	0	0	9
<i>"Little Walter's Last Collection"</i>					Chillingworth, Miss J.	...	0	4	7
Northcroft, Annie and May	...	0	8	6	Watkins, Miss A.	...	0	7	6
Ince, Tottie	...	0	8	1	Nicholls, Miss C.	...	0	4	4
Cook, Miss A.	...	0	11	4	Davies, Mrs.	...	0	2	2
Thomas, Miss A.	...	0	4	2	Weare, Mrs.	...	0	8	9
Kowden, Mrs.	...	0	3	6	Hubbard, W.	...	0	4	9
Haddon, Miss	...	0	5	9	Woodcock, Mrs.	...	1	8	4
Butler, Mrs.	...	0	1	5	Gladwin, Mrs.	...	1	5	6
Grant, Miss	...	1	12	8	Frisby, J.	...	0	2	0
					Wilkinson, Miss L. H.	...	0	5	4

	£	s.	d.
Perkins, Miss W. K. ...	0	7	9
Nicholson, L. ...	0	0	11
Thomson, Miss H. ...	1	5	6
Thomson, Miss F. ...	0	19	6
Ranford, Miss J. ...	0	4	4
Tompkins, Miss M. G. ...	0	5	8
Spence, Miss M. ...	0	1	1
Humphrey, Miss ...	0	4	1
Culver, Mrs. ...	0	17	11
Wilkinson, Mr. ...	0	6	6
Ellis, Mrs. ...	0	6	8
Cox, J. ...	0	3	0
Larkman, Miss B. ...	0	4	6
Pankhurst, Miss ...	0	6	4
Baker, Mrs. ...	0	11	2
Brewer, Alice and Lillie ...	0	12	3
Reading, Mr. W. H. ...	0	1	8
Ackland, Miss ...	0	15	5
Burrage, Miss ...	0	10	4
Aldridge, Miss E. ...	0	8	6
Emery, Miss ...	0	3	5
Barnden, Mrs. ...	0	9	4
Dury, Miss L. ...	0	7	6
Middleton, S. and A. ...	0	7	9
Last, T. J. ...	0	4	2
Leaton, M. ...	0	4	7
Skinner, Miss ...	0	4	10
Bennett, Miss L. ...	0	0	4
Pitt, Miss V. ...	0	4	8
Messent, H. ...	0	5	4

	£	s.	d.
Medwin, Mrs. ...	0	6	9
Furlong, Miss M. ...	0	2	11
Davey, E. S. ...	0	2	8
Tebb, Miss ...	0	6	4
Dale, Miss C. ...	0	3	3
Tuffnell, Miss F. ...	0	5	7
Burrows, Miss M. ...	0	1	1
Aytoun, Miss A. ...	0	6	6
Harris, Miss A. ...	0	4	1
Poole, Mrs. ...	0	4	3
Harris, W. ...	1	1	4
Corrick, Mrs. ...	0	0	2
Ward, A. ...	0	7	9
Wheatley, Mrs. ...	0	3	9
McNeil, Miss ...	0	1	7
Burrows, Mrs. ...	0	0	10
Tuson, Miss C. ...	0	6	10
Conpees, F. ...	0	0	9
Saintey, Miss ...	0	0	4
Hutchison, R. M. ...	0	1	7
Hutchison, R. ...	0	2	0
Pugh, Miss ...	0	9	0
Jennings, S. ...	0	2	6
Fry, Miss M. ...	0	3	2
Franklin, Mr. J. ...	0	3	2
Odd Farthings ...	0	3	2

60 15 6
£478 17 8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—360 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 420 Buns, Mr. Pringle; 200 Buns, Mr. Russell; 8 Stilton Cheeses, T. Croshier, Esq.; a Pig, Mr. Savage.

CLOTHING.—3 Jackets and 9 Vests, Mr. Ellis.

GENERAL.—2,000 Leaflets, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; 2 dozen pieces of Chamois Skin, a Friend, per Mr. W. Olney; a packet of Leaflets, an unknown Friend, per Mrs. James Withers; a set of Oriental Pictures, Miss Hubbard; a box of Spring Flowers, Miss E. Thompson; Truss, with Shawls, &c., Anon.

FOR SALE ROOM.—Seal Collar and Cuffs, and Silver Brooch, "G. G.," per Mr. J. J. Ince; sundry articles, "A. E. R."

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—6 articles of Clothing, Misses Nellie and Clara Simko; 26 ditto, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle; 24 ditto, Mrs. Shepherd; 12 ditto, S. Wheeler; parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Warmington; 6 pairs of Cuffs, 8 Pinafores, 6 Comb Bags, 1 pair Stockings, Miss Martin; parcel of Magazines, Mrs. Bissimere; 7 pairs of Socks, Mrs. Hooper.

Erratum last month.—Collection at "Thanksgiving Service," Baptist Church, Cambridge, should have been Zion Baptist Church, Cambridge.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
M. P. ...	1	0	0
Miss Luhee ...	2	10	0
Mr. P. A. Blyth ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Halliday ...	0	10	0
H. H., Aberdeen ...	1	0	0
Charlotte and Kate ...	0	10	0
The late Daisy Brown's Shillings, Dunedin ...	12	0	0
Mrs. Milne ...	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Colyer ...	0	5	0
Mr. John Wood ...	0	5	0
Sermon Readers, per Mrs. Gibson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Rogers ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Alexander ...	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Priestman ...	0	10	0
Mrs. H. H. Garrett's Bible-class for Young Women ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Hirschell ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Traunter ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. D. Link ...	5	5	0
Rev. James Williams ...	0	10	0
J. (Middlesbro') ...	0	2	6
Mr. A. H. Scard ...	0	5	0
For Christ's sake ...	1	0	0
An old Sailor, Clapham ...	3	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected for "The Reading House" by Miss Nellie Withers, Reading: -			
A Leamington Friend ...	50	0	0
Mr. Joseph Huntley ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Omer Cooper ...	0	10	0
Nellie Withers ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Whitfield ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Collier ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Pugh ...	0	5	0
R. and A. Pugh ...	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Cooper ...	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis ...	0	2	6
A. S. ...	0	2	6
J. R. M. ...	0	2	0
M. T. ...	51	7	0
A lover of Jesus ...	0	5	0
"My tobacco allowance" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. A. M. Barker-Harrison ...	1	1	0
Curter-Ince Sunday-school, per Mr. B. Marshall, Birmingham ...	0	10	6
Beatrice and Ellen ...	0	2	6
A Thankoffering from W. M. ...	0	13	0
A Thankoffering from W. M. ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
An Invalid, Clapham-park	Mr. John Yallop
Mr. J. Baskerville	...	0	2	6	"Dorton"
Readers of "The Christian,"	per	1	0
Messrs. Morgan and Scott	...	14	0				
"Little Folks"	...	0	4				
Mr. W. Ranford	...	1	0				
						£111	2
							0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Sunderland District	...	10	0
Oxfordshire Association, Stow and Aston District	...	10	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	...	10	0
Tiptree District, per Rev. H. Hagell	...	10	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	...	7	10
R. Cory, Jun., Esq., for Cardiff	...	10	0
G. H. Dean, Esq., for Sittingbourne	...	10	0
R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., for Fritham	...	10	0
Hadleigh District	...	10	0
Mr. Charlesworth's Young Ladies' Bible Class, for Perry Bar District	...	5	0
Elders' Bible Class, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for ditto	...	5	0
		10	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea District	...	10	0
South Birmingham Colportage Association, per Rev. C. Joseph	...	10	0
Cheddar District, per Mrs. R. Clark	...	5	0
Z., for ditto	...	0	5
Southern Baptist Association	...	65	0
W. R., for Riddings and Ilkeston District	...	15	0
Ringwood District	...	10	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association, Ross District	...	7	10
Bower Chalk District, per Mr. J. S. Hockey	...	6	0
Eythorne District, per Mr. S. Clarke	...	7	10
South Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	...	20	0
Hereford District, per Mr. J. Chick	...	5	0
G. E., for Kettering District	...	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Repton District, per E. D.	...	10	0
East Devon Evangelical Colportage Mission, Ottery District	...	10	0
Thaukoffering, W. M., for Ludlow District	...	2	0
		£285	15
			0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
E. B., quarterly	...	25	0
Mrs. Maw, for Tracts	...	0	7
H. M.	...	20	0
Mrs. Lush, per Mrs. H. Payne	...	0	1
M. C.	...	0	10
Misses B. and E. York	...	1	0
Mr. George Osborn	...	2	2
Given to Mr. Spurgeon by a lady	...	10	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	...	13	15
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	2
Collected by Mrs. Percy	...	0	11
Mrs. Raybould	...	1	0
George Emery, Esq.	...	5	0
Mr. C. Carter	...	1	0
Mr. Robert Gibson	...	5	0
An aged pilgrim	...	0	10
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. W. Evans	...	0	5
T. H. Olney, Esq.	...	10	0
T. E. Davis, Esq.	...	2	2
The Hon. A. M. Aitken	...	1	1
Mr. George Shepherd	...	5	0
H. E. S.	...	10	10
		£114	17
			4

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1881.

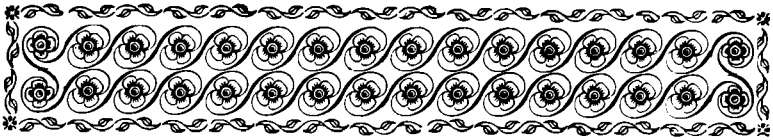
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
"One whose cup runneth over"	Proceeds of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Halifax
M. G.	...	5	0		...	100	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon by a Lady	...	10	0				
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	2				
						£117	2
							6

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write Mr. Spurgeon if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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.



SURREY CHAPEL IN THE TIME OF ROWLAND HILL,
(By permission of the Religious Tract Society)



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1881.

The Last Sunday in Surrey Chapel.

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH,
DELIVERED ON THE SABBATH BEFORE THE CHAPEL WAS
FINALLY CLOSED.

BY the services of to-day the history of this time-honoured sanctuary will be brought to a close. These doors, which have opened upwards of fifteen thousand times—thrice every Sunday—will be shut for the last time when we go our way to-night. This spot, over which angels have hovered ready, on swift wing, to bear to heaven the record of the triumphs of the cross; and to which three generations of the faithful have repaired for Christian worship and service—this spot will soon be covered with other buildings devoted either to commerce or to manufacture. Though we could have wished that reverence for the sanctuary had triumphed over the imperious demands of Cæsar, we must rejoice that the chapel has fully subserved the purpose for which it was originally designed.

But while the structure must disappear, its history will remain as a sacred heritage, and many will find example and encouragement in the record of the facts which made the name of Rowland Hill honoured, and established the fame of Surrey Chapel throughout Christendom.

Vast as are the changes which have been effected during a hundred years, the spiritual necessities of the people have not lessened. This district, which was covered with open fields a century ago, is now

crowded with houses teeming with a population numbering tens of thousands, many of whom are living without the fear of God before their eyes, and in a moral condition which ill accords with our boasted civilization. Every argument by which Rowland Hill justified his mission when he purchased this site may be urged to-day with more than its former emphasis, and the call which summoned him to a life of self-sacrificing duty may be heard above the din of the traffic which disturbs our worship,—“Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.”

Surrey Chapel was born of the great Methodist revival which asserted the liberty of Christian service. The Reformation had unsealed THE BOOK for the people, and Bible readers threw off the shackles by which priestcraft had held them in bondage; Puritanism had opened the sanctuary, and worship had regained its spirituality; Methodism was then needed to quicken into activity, and to direct powers which clerical officialism had despised, but which the great Head of the church required as ordained auxiliaries in promoting the extension of his kingdom. Divine truth, spiritual worship, and sanctified service struggled for and won their freedom, and each of these events we have named became, in turn, the Ararat of an emerging economy, and the Horeb which opened up a fuller revelation. From these, as starting points, men went forth to win greater triumphs in the name and for the kingdom of the Saviour, and our thanksgivings abound for the priceless heritage of an open Bible, liberty of worship, and the recognized priesthood of believers. From this pulpit the truth of the gospel has been proclaimed by trumpet-tongued evangelists; within these walls a pure worship has been maintained, and from the fellowship of the church assembling here holy men have gone forth to “serve the Lord Christ” in the spirit of a noble consecration.

Its first pastor was a man of no common type both as to genius and devotion. Educated for the ministry of the Established Church, he found the ecclesiastical restraints imposed upon him were calculated to impair his usefulness, so he cut himself adrift to labour within a parish whose boundaries were defined by the coast lines of the United Kingdom. With the cross for his centre, he claimed “all the world” for his sphere of service. When he erected this chapel he stipulated for six months’ freedom every year, that he might labour in the provinces. Nor did his congregation suffer during his absence, for his place was filled by the most prominent ministers of the day, who sustained the work for a month in turn. All parties profited by the change, and the unity of the evangelical brotherhood received a welcome illustration.

It never occurred to Rowland Hill that “dulness is holy, and solemn stupidity is full of grace,” hence he consecrated even his talent for humour to the service in which he was engaged. Ignorance and malice have done their best—or worst—to obscure his character by a traditional reputation; but he was no merry andrew in the pulpit, and never comported himself in any other way than that which became a Christian, a minister of the gospel, and a gentleman. He was intensely real, and loathed all affectation. Any expedient to which he resorted to compel attention or to command success was as natural to him as though he had kept to the methods enjoined by duly authorized rubrics. That he was deemed eccentric does not surprise us; but the fault was

not *his*, but *theirs* whose circles were struck from other centres than the cross, and embraced areas wider than the warrant of the word. "Sent with God's commission to the heart," he made everything subservient to this end, and consecrated all he was and all he had to the service of the Saviour.

If his preaching lacked the breadth of modern theology, it was because the narrowness of the Bible was sufficiently broad for the compass of his creed, and the dicta of inspired men of more value than the conjectures of an unsanctified philosophy. What if he did preach rambling sermons when his natural faculties were impaired by age, and his time engrossed by the cares of his office; his worst enemies never charged him with wandering from the gospel. The divine blessing rested upon his preaching as a sacred benediction, and the moral wastes around became as the very garden of the Lord. Societies still exist to attest the power of the gospel he preached, and cover with a network of sacred agencies vast areas once closed to the missionaries of the cross. The Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the London Missionary Society were amongst the products of the revival in which Rowland Hill played so conspicuous a part. For many years the annual missionary sermon was preached from this pulpit, and no more interesting or important event was considered to claim attention during the May meetings.

The Sunday-school movement, which, starting in various centres, soon covered the land, found as devoted an advocate in Rowland Hill as in the Gloucester journalist, and about a dozen schools owe their existence to the genius and self-consecration of the pastor of Surrey Chapel. During the erection of this building, he frequently gathered the children together, and interested them in the truths of the Bible, and his last appearance in public was in connection with the Sunday-school anniversary.

To say that he was "a live man," as our American neighbours designate one unusually in earnest, is only to utter a part of the truth: he was "*all alive*," and "*always alive*," and sustained and directed the organizations he wisely projected for reaching all classes of the community. Whether addressing a fashionable drawing-room audience convened by the Countess of Huntingdon, or talking to the arabs of St. George's Fields or the Mint, he never failed in the task. His versatility was only equalled by the intensity of his convictions, and his resolutions never failed for lack of the devotion necessary to give them effect.

From the time when he was a schoolboy at Eton, and gathered his schoolmates together with the hope of winning them to Christ, down to the close of his career at the age of eighty-nine, he never shrank from the duties which his office involved and to which he had received an indisputable call. His last experiences formed a fitting close to a life of unwearied toil in the service of the Saviour. "I have no rapturous joys," he said, "but peace: a good hope through grace, all through grace." And the hope he cherished, and which proved his solace and his stay to the last, passed into full fruition when the summons came: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." By his express wish his mortal remains were deposited in a

vault near this pulpit from which he proclaimed the gospel during a pastorate extending over fifty years.*

It is beside our present purpose to include the history of Surrey Chapel during the succeeding pastorates of James Sherman and Newman Hall. Suffice it to say, its prestige was well sustained by both. As the neighbourhood underwent important changes, and other centres of Christian activity and usefulness sprang into existence, original methods were modified to meet new conditions, and other expedients devised; and now not many yards from this spot there has arisen a building, through the noble zeal and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Newman Hall, by which Surrey Chapel and its institutions, being perpetuated, will transmit to a remote posterity the glorious traditions of the past. The name of the old chapel is gone, but all that made it what it was has been preserved, and our prayer is that Christ Church may be to each succeeding generation what Surrey Chapel was to our forefathers a hundred years ago.

As the new building anticipated by several years the lapse of the lease whose expiration we commemorate to-day, it was most appropriate that the lingering glories of this structure—which, despite its ugliness, is called by many who are incapable of affectation, “Dear Old Surrey”—should be committed to that denomination which finds the justification of its existence in the fact that “to the poor the gospel is preached.” Right nobly have the difficulties of the situation been faced, and if our Primitive Methodist friends must now, perforce, abandon the time-honoured sanctuary, they will go their way all the richer and stronger for the lessons they have inherited and made their own. If the good wishes expressed and cherished pass into realized facts their future will be all the brighter for their sojourn here. How true it is—

“The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways.”

Of the many lessons of the past which claim a voice at this juncture we can but single out two or three. Let us learn that no one section of the church can claim to be the exclusive brotherhood of Christ, and that no one order of church life commands a monopoly of the divine favour. Surrey Chapel was never identified with any one denomination, but maintained fraternal relations with evangelical Christians of every name. Ministers of the Established Church have dispensed the word of life from the pulpit, and Nonconformists have been amongst the preachers to whom Rowland Hill resigned his charge during the months of every year when he pursued his labour in the country. The brotherhood of Christ, as God views it, does not owe its unity to agreement in mere externals, but to the indwelling of the same Spirit. We are unified in Christ, and the more we contemplate our fellow Christians from the loftiness of his filial altitude, the more insignificant will the differences which separate us appear. If as “One family we dwell in him,” let us not refuse to own as brethren all whom the one Father in

* By a special order of the Home Secretary the coffin has been removed to Christ Church, and is placed under the Lincoln Tower.

heaven is pleased to call his children; but, remember, it is no part of our business to determine who shall be our brothers and sisters.

Let us learn to maintain in their purity the glorious doctrines of the gospel which were the solace and the stay of our forefathers. This is an age of unsettled opinions and contested principles. A reckless criticism threatens to rob us of our heritage, the rationalist hastens to endow us with scientific apparatus, and the ritualist with tawdry symbols; but, with an experience which refuses to surrender its conclusions to the conjectures of a theory, we say with the poet of the sanctuary—

“Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.”

If we bear in mind the sacred character and ministry of the gospel, and pass in review the marvels it has wrought, we shall be proof against the sophistries of reason and justify the faith we profess. If we contemplate the sanctities which have been attained, and the heroisms which have been inspired, by the gospel our fathers espoused, we shall dismiss the claim to the potency of æstheticism as an unwarrantable impertinence, and reject the conjectures of the rationalists as baneful delusions. It is in the precepts of the gospel we find the highest morality, and in its promises a joy which makes life worth living.

As an encouragement to prayer we may turn to this hallowed spot again and again. By prayer Rowland Hill derived the sustenance of his spiritual life, and cemented the bond which bound his virtues in the harmony of a noble character; by prayer he gained access to the armoury of heaven, whence he obtained the weapons for his spiritual warfare; and by prayer he united his fellow-workers into a mighty phalanx to carry the war into the enemy's camp, from which they returned bearing the unstained laurels of their victories. These walls, eloquent with a thousand memories, have re-echoed the prayers of three generations, and won the blessings which enriched the church of God on earth and set a-ringing the joy bells of heaven.

Shall the lesson be lost upon us? is a question we do well to ponder. If we are to develop a robust spiritual manhood, if we are to make our lives fruitful in blessing, we must cleave to the gospel and use the sacred art of prayer. May we never read our condemnation in the verdict—“Ye have not because ye ask not, or because ye ask amiss.” If the motto on one of the capitals by which the domed roof of this building is supported incites our worship by the imperative—“Praise ye the Lord,” on another the secret of our sanctity and of our success finds expression in the summons—“Let us pray.”

“O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us the noble work thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.”

“Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children: and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.”

The wrong place which was the right one.

ABOUT eight or nine years ago a sailor, after a long voyage, was paid off at a seaport on the west coast of England, and immediately engaged to join a ship at London belonging to the same owner. Having received his pay, a considerable sum, he took a third-class ticket for the metropolis, and departed. But, having taken too much drink, and having fallen fast asleep, he neglected to change carriages at the proper station, and was conveyed right across the country to Sunderland, on the east coast. When he reached that town he was still under the influence of liquor, and not knowing how or why he had come thither, he was questioned by the station-master, who, seeing that he was incompetent to take care of himself, and ascertaining that he had a sum of money about his person, induced him to surrender it to his keeping, and gave him in charge of a fellow-traveller who was willing to look after him. This disinterested friend conducted him to a wayfarer's boarding and lodging-house, where he slept that night. Next day the landlady, a Christian woman, seeing him in tears, asked him why he wept? "Was it for his sins, or from some worldly cause?" "Oh," said he, "missus, I have been concerned about my soul for two years, but have sinned against my conscience. Can you tell me where there is a prayer-meeting to-night?" "No," she replied, "but I can tell you where you will hear a sermon that will do you good." "Well, I'll go," said he. "Glad to hear it," rejoined the good woman, and, pointing to a portrait on the wall, said, "There is the man that will preach." The portrait was that of Pastor A. A. Rees. The sailor looked up, and fastening his eyes on the picture, exclaimed, "Why that's the very man that I heard preach in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle two years ago, and that convinced me of my sins." The landlady was astonished.

That evening an elder of the church of which the said preacher is pastor discovered a sailor, during the sermon, weeping bitterly, and at the close of the service tried to get at him, but he was gone, not, however, without being followed by two brethren who had watched his tears, and who followed him to his lodgings, where they took out their Bible, and read suitable passages about the way of salvation. On parting, one of them drew a tract from his pocket, and said, "Read that." It was a paper with several paragraphs, each beginning with the invitation, "COME UNTO ME." The sailor did not read the paragraphs, but fixed his eye on the invitation, and said he, "Why, that's just what I want! and I *will* come to him, I *do* come to him." His face was illumined with joy, the big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he walked up and down the room, rejoicing and speaking of Christ to every one who came in his way.

"Only think," said he, "that God should carry me, in spite of myself, to the wrong place, which was the right one, in order to save my soul."

Having recovered his money, like the Ethiopian eunuch, "he went on his way rejoicing." Verily—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

“Jesus for me!”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE old man was very deaf, so he sat close to the edge of the platform. During service he appeared happy and interested, so I asked him, when all was over, how he heard this time. Said he, “I got on better to-day”; and he seemed so glad that I half hoped he had heard most of the sermon. “Well, how much of it did you manage to catch?” I asked. He replied, “Only three words, but they were good ones—‘Jesus for me!’” This incident has suggested the following lines:—

A floweret bloomed in valley land,
 It drank soft dews by night,
 The summer zephyr wafted it,
 But still it pined—for light.
 It said (you could not hear, but see),
 With scent-cup drooping helplessly,
 “Sunshine for me! Sunshine for me!”

O Jesus! light of earth and heaven!
 Shine on my darkened soul;
 Rise on me, with thy healing wings
 Restore and make me whole:
 The Balm of Gilead is in *thee*,
 Go—creature aid and sympathy.
 Jesus for me! Jesus for me!

A helpless, broken, bleating lamb
 Lay in the deep ravine,
 And blood spots marked the dang’rous way
 The wanderer had been:
 It said—with every wound a plea—
 “Have pity on my misery.
 The fold for me, the fold for me.”

O Jesu! Bishop of my soul!
 I’m weary, wand’ring, cold;
 Come ’cross the hills to bear me back;
 Replace me in thy fold:
 My soul restore, my Shepherd be.
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?
 Jesus for me! Jesus for me!

A sea-bird circled round the ship,
 Then lighted on a spar;
 One tried to make it prisoner—
 It swiftly flew afar,
 And screamed, in flying, “Wings are free,
 For sea-fowls must have liberty.
 Ocean for me! Ocean for me!”

O Jesus! Blest Deliverer!
 Since thou hast burst my bands
 My faith-winged heart cannot be held
 By any sinful hands:
 If free indeed, I'll evil flee,
 Thy boundless love shall be my sca.
 Jesus for me! Jesus for me!

A spark flew upward from the fire,
 Seeking the sun's bright glow;
 The parent claimed its tiny child,
 And it rejoiced to go:
 And said in tones of sparkling glee,
 As up it sped obediently,
 "The sun for me! The sun for me!"

O Jesus! Sun of righteousness!
 May I not rise as well?
 May I not live and move in thee?
 May I not with thee dwell?
 I love, for thou hast loved me:
 The spark of love flies back to thee.
 Jesus for me! Jesus for me!

A matron hasteth back to home,
 The villagers all greet;
 They bring her tokens of their love,
 And waken music sweet;
 Yet satisfied she cannot be:
 "My lord," she says, "I long to see;
 My spouse for me, my spouse for me."

O Jesus! Husband! Once in heaven
 Nor harps nor crowns afford
 One half the joy this hope can bring—
 "For ever with the Lord."
 "Amen," say I, "so let it be,
 In time and through eternity.
 Jesus for me! Jesus for me!"

Meditation enlightens the Soul.

IN the plainest text there is a world of holiness and spirituality; and if we, in prayer and dependence upon God, sit down and study it, we shall behold much more than appears to us. It may be, at once reading or looking, we see little or nothing; as Elijah's servant went once and saw nothing, therefore he was commanded to look seven times. "What now?" says the prophet. "I see a cloud rising like a man's hand," and by-and-by the whole surface of heaven was covered with clouds, (1 Kings xviii. 44.)—*Joseph Caryl, 1602—1673.*

Inaugural Address

DELIVERED AT THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION,

BY C. H. SPURGEON, PRESIDENT, ON TUESDAY, MAY 3RD, 1881.

I NEVER needed help more than now, and never felt so utterly unfitted to give the key-note to the Conference. As you grow more numerous, more gifted, and more experienced, I feel more and more my unworthiness to stand foremost and lead your ranks. However, I will trust in God, and believe that he will, by his Holy Spirit, send a word that shall be encouraging and quickening.

Years ago an eccentric judge, known as Judge Foster, went upon circuit in extreme old age during a very hot summer, and on one of the most sultry days of that summer he addressed the grand jury at Worcester in some such terms as these,—“Gentlemen of the Jury, it is very hot, and I am very old; you know your duties very well; go and do them.” Following his example, I feel inclined to say to you,—“Gentlemen, here you are assembled, I have many infirmities to bear, and you will have great difficulty in bearing with my talk; you know your duties; go and do them.” Action is better than speech. If I speak for an hour I shall scarcely be able to say anything more practical—you know your duties, go and do them. “England expects every man to do his duty” was the rousing signal of Nelson; need I remind you that our great Lord expects every one of his servants to occupy until he comes, and so to be a good and faithful servant? Go forth and fulfil your Master’s high behest, and may God’s Spirit work in you the good pleasure of your Lord.

Those who truly serve God are made to feel more and more forcibly that “life is real, life is earnest,” if it be indeed life in Christ. In times of great pain, and weakness, and depression, it has come over me to hope that if I should again recover I should be more intense than ever; if I could be privileged to climb the pulpit stairs again, I resolved to leave out every bit of flourish from my sermons, preach nothing but present and pressing truth, and hurl it at the people with all my might; myself living at high pressure, and putting forth all the energy that my being is capable of. I suppose you, too, have felt like this when you have been laid aside. You have said to yourselves, “Playtime is over with us, we must get to work. Parade is ended, now comes the tug of war. We must not waste a single moment, but redeem the time, because the days are evil.” When we see the wonderful activity of the servants of Satan, and how much they accomplish, we may well be ashamed of ourselves that we do so little for our Redeemer, and that the little is often done so badly that it takes as long to set it right as we spent in the doing of it. Brethren, let us cease from regrets, and come to actual amendment.

A great German philosopher has asserted that life is all a dream. He says that “it is a dream composed of a dream of itself.” He believes in no actual existence, not even in his own; even *that* he conceives to be but a thought. Surely some in the ministry must be disciples of that philosophy, for they are half asleep, and their spirit

is dreamy. They speak of the eternal truth as though it were a temporary system of belief, passing away like all other visions of earth. They live for Christ in a manner which would never be thought of by a person who meant to make money, or to obtain a degree at the university. "Why," said one of a certain minister, "if I acted with my business as he does in his ministry I should be in the Gazette within three months." It is an unhappy thing that there should be men calling themselves ministers of Christ to whom it never seems to occur that they are bound to display the utmost industry and zeal. They seem to forget that they are dealing with souls that may be lost for ever or saved for ever, souls that cost the Saviour's heart's blood. They do not appear to have understood the nature of their calling, or to have grasped the Scriptural idea of an ambassador for Christ. Like drowsy wagoners, they hope to get their team safely home, though they themselves are sound asleep. I have heard of ministers who are most lively when playing croquet or cricket, or getting up an excursion, or making a bargain. It was said of one in my hearing, "What a fine minister he would have been if he had only been converted." I heard it said of a very clever man, "He would have been a great winner of souls if he had only believed in souls; but he believed in nothing." It is said of the Russian peasants that when they have done their work they will lie on the stove, or around it, and there sleep hour after hour; and there is a current opinion among them that they are only awake when they are asleep, and that their waking and working hours are nothing but a horrible dream. The moujik hopes that his dreams are facts, and that his waking sufferings are merely nightmares. May not some have fallen into the same notion with regard to the ministry? they are asleep upon realities, and awake about shadows; in earnest about trifles, yet trifling about solemnities. What God will have to say to those servants who do their own work well and *his* work badly I will not attempt to foreshadow. What shall be done to the man who displayed great capacity in his recreations, but was dull in his devotions? active out of his calling, and languid in it? The day shall declare it. Let us arouse ourselves to the sternest fidelity, labouring to win souls as much as if it all depended wholly upon ourselves, while we fall back in faith upon the glorious fact that everything rests with the eternal God.

I see before me many who are fully aroused, and are eager in seeking the lost; for I speak to some of the most earnest spirits in the Christian church—evangelists and pastors whose meat and drink it is to do the will of their Lord. But even these, who are most awake, will not differ from me when I assert that they could be yet more aroused. My brethren, when you have been at your best you might have been better. Who among us might not have had greater success if he had been ready to obtain it. When Nelson served under Admiral Hotham, and a certain number of the enemy's ships had been captured, the commander said, "We must be contented: we have done very well." But Nelson did not think so, since a number of the enemy's vessels had escaped. "Now," said he, "had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it *well done*." If we have brought many to Christ we dare not boast, for we are humbled by the reflection that more might have been done had

we been fitter instruments for God. Possibly some brother will say, "I have done all that I could do." That may be his honest opinion, for he could not have preached more frequently, or held more meetings. Perhaps it is true that he has held enough meetings, and the people have had quite enough sermons; but there might have been an improvement in the spirit of the meetings, and in the sermons too. Some ministers might do more in reality if they did less in appearance. A Bristol Quaker—and Quakers are very shrewd men—years ago stepped into an alehouse and called for a quart of beer. The beer frothed up, and the measure was not well filled. The Friend said to the landlord, "How much trade art thou doing?" "Oh," he answered, "I draw ten butts of beer a month." "Do thee know how thee might draw eleven butts?" "No, sir; I wish I did." "I will tell thee, friend; thee can do it by filling thy pots." To any brother who says, "I do not know how I can preach more gospel than I do, for I preach very often," I would reply, "You need not preach oftener, but fill the sermons fuller of gospel." The Saviour at the marriage feast said, "Fill the water-pots with water." Let us imitate the servants, of whom we read, "They filled them up to the brim." Let your discourses be full of matter, sound, gracious, and condensed. Certain speakers suffer from an awful flux of words; you can scarcely spy out the poor little straw of an idea which has been hurried down an awful Ganges or Amazon of words. Give the people plenty of thought, plenty of Scriptural, solid doctrine, and deliver it in a way which is growingly better,—every day better, every year better, that God may be more glorified and sinners may more readily learn the way of salvation.

I shall now commend to you for the perfecting of your ministry five things, which should be in you and abound. You remember the passage which says, "Salt, without prescribing how much." There is no need for limiting the quantity of any of the matters now commended to you. Here they are—*light, fire, faith, life, love*. Their number is five, you may count them on your fingers; their value is inestimable, grasp them with firm hand, and let them be carried in your hearts.

I. I commend to you most earnestly the acquisition and distribution of LIGHT. To that end we must *first get the light*. Get light even of the commonest order, for all light is good. Education upon ordinary things is valuable, and I would stir up certain loitering brethren to make advances in that direction. Many among you entered the College with no education whatever; but when you left it you had learned enough to have formed the resolution to study with all your might, and you have carried it out. I wish that all had done so. It is a great advantage to a minister to commence his public life in a small village where he can have time and quiet for steady reading: that man is wise who avails himself of the golden opportunity. We ought not only to think of what we can now do for God, but of what we may yet be able to do if we improve ourselves. No man should ever dream that his education is complete. I know that my friend Mr. Rogers, though he has passed his eightieth year, is still a student, and perhaps has more of the true student spirit about him now than ever: will any of the younger sort sit down in self-content? We shall continue to learn even in heaven, and shall still be looking deeper and deeper into

the abyss of divine love: it were ill to talk of perfect knowledge here below. If a man says, "I am fully equipped for my work, and need learn no more; I have moved here after having been three years in the last place, and I have quite a stock of sermons, so that I am under no necessity to read any more," I would say to him, "My dear friend, the Lord give you brains, for you talk like one who is deficient in that department." A brain is a very hungry thing indeed, and he who possesses it must constantly feed it by reading and thinking, or it will shrivel up or fall asleep. It is the child of the horse-leech, and it crieth evermore, "Give, give." Do not starve it. If such mind-hunger never happens to you, I suspect you have no mind of any consequence.

But, brethren, see to it that you have in a sevenfold degree light of a *higher kind*. You are to be, above all things, students of the Word of God: this, indeed, is a main point of your avocation. If we do not study Scripture, and those books that will help us to understand theology, we are but wasting time while we pursue other researches. We should judge him to be a foolish fellow who, while preparing to be a physician, spent all his time in studying astronomy. There is a connection of some kind between stars and human bones; but a man could not learn much of surgery from Arcturus or Orion. So there is a connection between every science and religion, and I would advise you to obtain much general knowledge; but universal information will be a poor substitute for a special and prayerful study of the Scriptures, and of the doctrines contained in the revelation of God. We are to study men and our own hearts; we ought to sit as disciples in the schools of providence and experience. Some ministers grow fast because the great Teacher chastens them sorely, and the chastening is sanctified; but others learn nothing by their experience, they blunder out of one ditch into another, and learn nothing by their difficulties but the art of creating fresh ones. I suggest to you all the prayer of a Puritan who, during a debate, was observed to be absorbed in writing. His friends thought he was taking notes of his opponent's speech, but when they got hold of his paper, they found nothing but these words, "More light, Lord! More light, Lord." Oh, for more light from the great Father of lights!

Let not this light be only that of knowledge, but seek for the *light of joy and cheerfulness*. There is power in a happy ministry. A lugubrious face, a mournful voice, a languor of manner,—none of these commend us to our hearers; especially do they fail to attract the young. Certain strange minds find their happiness in misery, but they are not numerous. I once had a letter from one who told me that he came to the Tabernacle, but as soon as he entered he felt it could not be the house of God because there were so many present, and "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." When he looked at me he felt sure that I was unsound, for I should not look so cheerful in the face, neither should I be so bulky in person, if I belonged to the tried people of God. Worst of all, when he looked round upon the congregation, and saw their happy countenances, he said to himself, these people know nothing about the depravity of their hearts or the inward struggles of believers. Then he informed me that he wended his way to a very small chapel where

he saw a minister who looked as if he had been in the furnace, and though there were but eight persons present, they all looked so depressed that he felt quite at home. I suppose he sat down and sang—

“My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
From everything like bliss.”

I felt glad that the good man was enabled to enjoy a little comfortable misery with his brethren. I did not feel at all envious; nor do I think that such a ministry of misery will ever draw to itself a number that no man can number. The children of light prefer the joy of the Lord, for they find it to be their strength.

Get plenty of light, brethren, and *when you have obtained it give it out*. Never fall into the notion that mere earnestness will suffice without knowledge, and that souls are to be saved simply by our being zealous. I fear that we are more deficient in heat than in light; but at the same time that kind of fire which has no light in it is of a very doubtful nature and cometh not from above. Souls are saved by truth which enters the understanding, and so reaches the conscience. How can the gospel save when it is not understood? The preacher may preach with a great deal of stamping, and hammering, and crying, and entreating, but the Lord is not in the wind, nor in the fire—the still small voice of truth is needed to enter the understanding, and thereby reach the heart. People must be taught. We must “Go, and teach all nations,” making disciples of them; and I know of no way in which you can save men without teaching on your part, and discipleship on theirs. Some preachers, though they know a great deal, do not teach much, because they use such an involved style. Recollect that you are addressing people who need to be taught like children; for, though they are grown up, the major part of our hearers, as to the things of God, are still in a state of childhood; and if they are to receive the truth it must be made very plain, and packed up so as to be carried away and laid up in the memory. Therefore, brethren, give forth much holy instruction.

Some give little instruction because of their involved style; but many fail for other reasons; mainly because they aim at something else. Talleyrand defines a metaphysician as a man who is very clever in drawing black lines upon a black ground: I should like to draw black lines upon a white ground, or else white lines on a black ground, so that they could be seen: but certain preachers are so profound that no one understands them. On the other hand, have you not heard sermons with great oratorical display about them, and nothing more? You have looked on while the angel wrought wondrously. The preacher has been like Blondin on the tight-rope, and as we have looked at him we have trembled, lest he should never reach the end of his lofty period. Yet he has balanced himself admirably, and moved along in his elevated position in a marvellous manner. When all is over your mind is unsatisfied; for these acrobatic feats of rhetoric do not feast the soul. Brethren, we must not make it our aim to be grand orators. Certain men are eloquent by nature, and it is not possible for them to

be otherwise than oratorical, any more than for nightingales to help singing sweetly: these I do not blame, but admire. It is not the duty of the nightingale to bring down its voice to the same tone as that of the sparrow. Let it sing sweetly if it can do so naturally. God deserves the best oratory, the best logic, the best metaphysics, the best of everything; but if ever rhetoric stands in the way of the instruction of the people, a curse on rhetoric; if any educational attainment or natural gift which we possess should make it less easy for the people to understand us, let it perish. May God rend away from our thought and style everything which darkens the light, even though it should be like a costly veil of rarest lace. May we use great plainness of speech that gospel light may shine out clearly.

At this time there is a great necessity for giving much light, for a *fierce attempt is being made to quench or dim the light*. Many are scattering darkness on all sides. Therefore, brethren, keep the light burning in your churches, keep the light burning in your pulpits, and hold it forth in the face of men who love darkness because it favours their aims. Teach the people all truth, and let not our distinctive opinions be concealed. There are sheep-stealers about, who come forth in the night, and run away with our people because they do not know our principles,—the principles of Nonconformists, the principles of Baptists, or even the principles of Christianity. Our hearers have got a general idea of these things, but not enough to protect them from deceivers. We are beset not only by sceptics, but by certain brethren who devour the feeble. Do not leave your children to wander out without the guardianship of holy knowledge, for there are seducers abroad who will mislead them if they can. They will begin by calling them “dear” this, and “dear” that, and end by alienating them from those who brought them to Jesus. If you lose your members, let it be in the light of day, and not through their ignorance. These kidnapers dazzle weak eyes with flashes of novelty, and turn weak heads with wonderful discoveries and marvellous doctrines, which all tend towards division and bitterness, and the exaltation of their own sect. Keep the light of truth burning, and thieves will not dare to plunder your house.

O for a church of believers in Jesus who know why they believe in him; persons who believe the Bible, and know what it contains; who believe the doctrines of grace, and know the bearings of those truths; who know where they are and what they are, and who therefore dwell in the light, and cannot be deceived by the prince of darkness. Do, dear friends—I speak specially to the younger sort among us—do let there be plenty of teaching in your ministry. I fear that sermons are too often judged by their words rather than by their sense. Let it not be so with you. Feed the people always with knowledge and understanding, and let your preaching be solid, containing food for the hungry, healing for the sick, and light for those who sit in darkness.

(To be continued.)

The Erskines.

EBENEZER ERSKINE was the first of Scottish Free-churchmen, being the leader of the Secession which separated from the National Church in 1733. The long reign of what the Scotch call Moderatism, had left the church a desert. Moderatism drains out the evangelical truth from the gospel, and leaves only high and dry morality, a soil that becomes barren enough when deprived of the life-giving streams of grace. It is a system loudly cried up to-day in England, and very ostentatiously do its advocates parade their zeal for honest and upright living, continually declaring against what they call "dogma" in favour of morality; forgetting that, deprived of the mighty motives which secure and sustain it, morality itself cannot survive. Dr. Chalmers said he preached morality till there was hardly an honest person left in his parish. These opponents of evangelical truth generally speak of doctrine or teaching by its Greek name, "dogma"; probably because it has in English a sound of barking and biting. The thing itself, however, is nothing more savage and harmful than "teaching," and this teaching, we are told, is not opposed to, but "according to godliness."

Soon after the restoration of Charles II. the Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662, by a narrow majority of five in the House of Commons, which, as is well known, had the effect of depriving the Church of England of the labours and holy influence of two thousand of its best ministers. By means of the Scottish "Act of Supremacy," passed in the preceding year, which made King Charles supreme in the Scottish church, four hundred ministers were ejected in Scotland, and their places filled by a time-serving, ignorant, and often immoral clergy. The Act was rescinded in 1690, after the Revolution, and the ejected ministers restored; but only sixty of them survived to resume their charges, and meanwhile a withering blight had fallen upon the churches which was not so easily removed. Thus Moderatism prevailed; preaching had become lifeless; the glory was departed, and the chilled and deadened churches presented a dreary spectacle of spiritual dearth.

Then arose the double controversy upon evangelical truth and ecclesiastical freedom in which Ebenezer Erskine bore a prominent part, and which issued in the "Secession."

Thomas Boston, minister of Ettrick, and afterwards author of the well-known book, "The Fourfold State," found in the cottage of a parishioner a little book which had been brought from England many years before in the knapsack of one of Oliver's old soldiers. It was called "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," and was written by one Edward Fisher, M.A., of Oxford. It gave in dialogue form the opinions of such leaders as Luther and Calvin, Hall and Hooker, on the doctrines of grace and the offer of the gospel. Its object was to clear away the barriers often raised between the sinner and Christ, and to present Christ in his fulness to the sinner. Boston read it, rejoiced in it, "as a light which the Lord had seasonably struck up to him in his darkness," and began to preach its doctrine. The book was soon republished, and created a wide impression. It attracted the attention of the Assembly, and its friends were rebuked and admonished at the bar. Ebenezer and Ralph

Erskine, who were already well known as evangelical ministers, were prominent supporters of the "marrow theology," as it was termed, and Ebenezer had drawn up the representation of its principles which the Assembly condemned.

Thus there was a small but earnest party of ministers at issue with the immense majority on a question of *truth*. To this was soon added a question of *freedom*.

At the Revolution the choice of the minister had been granted to the congregation. In 1712 lay patronage was introduced, and in 1731 it was extended and confirmed, and the Act was servilely approved by the Assembly. Ebenezer Erskine protested, claiming for Christ the Headship of his church, and for his people the liberty which is their birth-right under his rule. For this he was rebuked by the Assembly, and finally, with three other noble men—Wilson, Moncrieff, and Fisher—suspended. As Erskine travelled home to Stirling from the commission he stopped to assist at a communion service, and gave out the psalm—

"My closèd lips, O Lord, by thee,
Let them be openèd ;
Then shall thy praises by my mouth
Abroad be publishèd."

The people saw the reference, and the words found in due time their fulfilment. In December of that year, 1733, the four brethren, after solemn prayer, formed the first Associate Presbytery. The Established Church perceived its mistake, and held out the olive branch to invite them back ; but as there was no yielding in the Church on either the question of evangelical truth or of ecclesiastical freedom, the four ministers declined to return ; and in 1740 they, together with Ralph Erskine, and three other ministers who had joined them in the meantime, were formally deposed from the ministry. Were they right in maintaining this stiff, uncompromising attitude ? Most emphatically, yes. On the mere ground of expediency, the question might be thus presented : whether greater good would arise from the presence of a few additional evangelicals within the Church working under constant repression, or from a compact body outside, free to move throughout all Scotland and meet the appalling want of the gospel. But it was not a matter of mere expediency ; it was a question of principle. Was the church to be bound hand and foot by the State ? Was it to have its ministers foisted upon it without or against its will ? Was it to be compelled to give up the pure gospel which was its life ? These men nobly took their stand. They were led out by God. In the dark they felt the breath of freedom on their faces, which told them in what direction freedom lay. They walked out and left the prison behind them, and were not to be again enchained. The spring had come ; the green buds had burst forth from the soil and could not be conjured back.

The noble movement of Spener and Francke in Germany died, suffocated by Rationalism, perhaps because those men formed no free evangelical church in Germany to lead the people on. The movement of Wesley in England and that of the Secession Church of Scotland lived, because these men came out and laboured independently of the deadening influence of the Established Church as it then was. The "Secession

church" now forms part of the United Presbyterian Church, which numbers above five hundred congregations in Scotland, has sent large detachments to England, Ireland, the colonies, and the United States; and has its missions in the four quarters of the world.

The brothers came of good family; for their father, Henry Erskine, minister of Cornhill, in Northumberland, was one of the 2,000 ejected ministers in 1662. Deprived of his living, the good man passed through great hardships, but also (for was he not a child of God?) met with timely deliverances. One day there was neither meal nor money in the house, the children were crying for food, the father endeavouring to amuse them, while at the same time he was encouraging his wife to trust in God, when he was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door, and a man's voice was heard calling for some one to help him off with his load, which Mr. Erskine found to be a sack of butcher's meat and meal.

Another time, on a visit to Edinburgh, he had but three halfpence left in his pocket. He was in need of refreshment, but how to obtain it he could not tell. As he walked along in perplexity a stranger asked him if he were Mr. Henry Erskine, and produced a letter enclosing some money with a note,—“Sir, receive this from a sympathizing friend—farewell.” He never discovered his benefactor. On another occasion he was travelling penniless over some marshy ground when his staff struck against two half-crowns, which did him good service on his homeward way. So much of the father.

Ebenezer was born in 1680; his brother Ralph five years later. Ebenezer of course was first in the ministry, and when his brother came to prepare for that great work he gave him all the encouragement he could; and, truth to say, Ralph stood in great need of it, for he was borne down with a sense of his unfitness to preach the gospel, and besides was naturally bashful. He went once to the top of a hill to test his powers by preaching a sermon alone. Ebenezer followed him, and listened unobserved; and was so well satisfied that he said to his wife, “I hope our *calf* will preach yet.”

I do not know that Ebenezer himself had at that time any liberty in the exercise to boast of, for he was in the habit of committing his sermons to memory, and such difficulty had he in delivering them that unless he kept his eye fixed on a particular stone in the wall opposite he was in terror of breaking down. With a fuller comprehension, however, of God's way of grace, and of the glorious work of the sinner's Saviour, his preaching underwent a great change. “Did you ever hear Mr. Ebenezer Erskine preach?” asked Mr. Gib, of Edinburgh, of a friend; and being answered in the negative he replied, “Then, sir, you never heard the gospel in its majesty.” The elder brother excelled in strength and leading power; Ralph had more of the orator, and of a Rutherford-like fervour. A pleasant story is told of the preaching of the brothers at a sacramental gathering at West Lynton. Thousands were present, and the communion took place in the open air by the river Lyne. After the services the ministers had to cross the stream on stepping-stones to reach the manse. A countryman had been so greatly edified by Ralph's preaching that he waded through the river beside him with the water up to his knees to secure a word with him, and pulling out a

large Highland snuff-horn he put it in his hand, saying, "Take a pinch, sir, it will do you meikle good." Ralph readily complied, and was returning the horn; but the man not knowing how else to express his feelings said, "Keep it, sir, it will do me meikle good." On hearing the story at the dinner table Ebenezer said, "Ye hae blawn best, Ralph; ye've brought away the horn."

There was a good deal of poetry and music in Ralph Erskine, more music indeed than was judged quite consistent by some of his strait-laced hearers, who were scandalized by a report that he played on the violin, and they appointed a deputation of grave elders to wait on him. The minister produced his violoncello and treated the elders to a solemn psalm tune, with which they were highly gratified, and afterwards assured the people that all was well, for the minister did not play on the *wee sinfu' fiddle* they had imagined.

His "Gospel Sonnets" contain better theology than poetry; but there is a homely sense and gracious fragrance in them that made them amazingly popular. Even such a man as Andrew Fuller says, "One day I took up Ralph Erskine's 'Gospel Sonnets,' and opening upon what he entitled "*A Gospel Catechism for young Christians, or Christ all in all and our complete redemption,*" I read, and as I read I wept."

True piety and sweet poetry are blended in such verses as these,—

"Happy the company that's gone
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne:
How loud they sing upon the shore
To which they sailed in heart before!

"Death from all death has set us free,
And will our gain for ever be;
Death loosed the massy chain of woe
To let the mournful captives go.

"Death is to us a sweet repose,
The bud was op'd to show the rose;
The cage was broke to let us fly,
And build our happy nest on high."

His preaching was full of yearning for souls, and marked by quaint, attractive beauty: witness the following closing words on "Compel them to come in, that my house may be filled":—

"Our Master's house is like the New Jerusalem that hath three gates to every airt,—'*On the east three gates, on the west three gates, on the south three gates, and on the north three gates.*' And all the gates of His house are open. Where dwell you, man, woman? In Scotland or England? In the east or in the west? In the north or in the south? O come in, come in; for the gates are open to you. If you, or any of you, go away thinking that there was not a word said to you, I take all the four airts of heaven, east, west, north, and south, to witness that you are called in. . . . Oh, come in, poor sinner! Let me compel you to come in to Jesus Christ, who is ready to welcome you to his house and heart both at once. Come in now! Oh, come in believing, and if you cannot believe, come looking to the Author of faith, crying—'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' If you would fain come, and want my help, there is my hand. The Lord himself persuade you all, and *compel you to come in, that his house may be filled.*"

Ralph died before his brother. In the "Gospel Sonnets" he had written thus of the controversy of gratitude amongst redeemed sinners in heaven:—

" 'Tis I,' said one, 'bove all my race,
Am debtor chief to glorious grace';
'Nay,' said another, 'hark, I trow
I'm more obliged to grace than thou.'

" 'Stay,' said a third, 'I deepest share
In owing praise beyond compare;
The chief of sinners, you'll allow,
Must be the chief of singers now.' "

Thus when he was dying he said, "I will be for ever a debtor to free grace. Victory, victory, victory!"

The brothers were devout men. It was a serious, thoughtful age, and their sense of the power of the world to come was deepened by repeated bereavements. Ebenezer, returning from the grave of his fourth child, wrote this sweet word in his diary: "I take it kindly that the Lord comes to my family to gather lilies wherewith to garnish the upper sanctuary, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And, oh! it sometimes affords me a pleasing prospect to think I have so much *plenishin'* in heaven before me, and that when I enter I shall not only be welcomed by the general assembly of saints and angels, but that my wife and four pleasant babes will in a particular manner welcome me to those regions of glory."

When he heard of his brother's death he said, "And is Ralph gone? He has twice got the start of me. He was first in Christ, and now he is first in glory." He died two years after, in 1754. On his death-bed a friend said to him, "I hope you get now and then a *blink* to bear up your spirit under your affliction." "Oh," said he, "I know more of *words* than of *blinks*. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him. The covenant is my charter; and if it had not been for that blessed word my hope had perished from the Lord."

"The originator," says Dr. Harper, "of a great religious movement; a leader in important theological controversies; the vindicator of popular rights; the pulpit orator who thrilled the hearts of thousands; the debater who stood his ground in church courts when numbers and authority and the pride of place conspired to browbeat and overbear him; the person in whom these things were realized—and such was Ebenezer Erskine—must be admitted to have been, in point of capacity, no common man."

If the reader desire a fuller acquaintance with these men he will find much profit in reading a little book entitled "The Erskines," by John Ker, D.D., and Jean L. Wilson: published by Gemmell, Edinburgh.

C. A. DAVIS.

The enormous Gooseberry.



NOW is the season for paragraphs in the newspapers concerning gooseberries which are twice as large as possible. The wonderful information fills up a corner, and gratifies the lovers of the marvellous, besides illustrating a style of writing which is by no means rare even among religious people.

We have been surprised to hear of "a great work" in a place where many intelligent residents never heard of any "work" whatever. Accompanied by a plea for funds we have seen narratives which have been written by excellent persons in which the descriptive adjectives may have been accurate if judged by the standard of their writers, but were certainly inapplicable to the matter in hand from any ordinary person's stand-point. We thought when we read the article that a whole neighbourhood had been convulsed if not converted; but on enquiry of City-missionaries and Bible-women we found that nothing particular had happened,—at least, nothing so special as to cause excessive transports to the most hopeful.

We wish certain brethren could be taught to speak within bounds. The common slang of the day talks of things as "awful," "magnificent," "splendid," and so forth, and this seems to have been imported into religious reporting. It is mischievous, however, and tends to damage the best of causes. When Christian people find things overstated they lose confidence, and in the case of men of the world it is worse, for they use the exaggeration as material for jests. It is always better to be under the mark than over it when we are describing good works in which we have had a hand. We must not put into print those sanguine

ideas of things which our hopeful minds create in our excited brains. The cause of truth can never be aided by a deviation from truth. We may win applause at a public meeting or excite admiration in individuals by highly coloured descriptions; but the time comes for investigation, and when the colouring vanishes we are sure to be held in disrepute by those whom we deceived. The whole business of exaggeration is wrong and must never be tolerated in ourselves or encouraged in others: even the suppression of discouraging facts is a doubtful piece of policy, and policy is always impolitic in Christian work.

Brethren who are rather apt to puff, let us whisper in your ears—leave the monstrous gooseberries to the newspapers, and speak every man truth with his neighbour.

Sailors Afloat and Ashore.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

PART II.

THE last appointed secretary to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Mr. E. W. Matthews, is an officer who has already shown so much of energy and of enterprise in his situation that a few words respecting his life and experience will not be out of place. The Society which we introduced to our readers in a former article has conferred such untold benefits on seafaring men for more than sixty years that, like a good old ship, it is still capable of a good deal of service if only well manned. Times have changed, ports and districts have altered in character; but still the wants of sailors, which are those of human nature generally, remain the same. The urgent necessity which in 1818 prompted the fathers to found the society in question still in 1881 impels us to work while it is day because the night is quickly drawing on.

As a quondam sailor, Mr. Matthews looked like a man who might have a story to tell worth listening to; but while we were not disappointed in his narrative we cannot be expected to infuse into the printed page the glow of interest which characterises adventures from the sea, when told by those who took part in them.

The earliest recollections of Mr. Matthews belong to the sea; for his native place was Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, and, as he candidly tells us, he was descended from generations of smugglers. In the earlier part of the present century this picturesque coast was a centre of wholesale smuggling, which was carried on with much daring. Though far too young to remember the days we refer to, Mr. Matthews knew something of the traffic: he is well versed in the annals of his family; and many a weird story he is able to tell of dark and stormy nights, when the contraband booty was landed, or when a fight with the coast-guards ended in the discomfiture of the gang. On just such a night as smugglers love his grandfather's brother was shot dead by a government officer. As usual, a cargo of spirits had been brought from France, had been sunk in the sea, and all that remained to be done was to fish up the kegs with grappling irons, amid darkness and storm, and to bring them to land. While this work was in progress a couple of

officers were concealed among the seaweed, and the moment the man above-mentioned stepped on shore a shot was fired, and he fell dead. This tragedy had such a wholesome effect on the fallen man's brother—the present secretary's grandfather—that he abandoned the business, became a changed character, and for twenty years earned a livelihood by managing a gentleman's yacht. These were the kind of people among whom Legh Richmond lived and laboured, people who were not ashamed of a reckless calling nor aware of its iniquity. The very dogs, through being trained to the business, were almost as clever smugglers as their masters; for, detecting a coastguardman by instinct, or even scenting one in the dark, they instantly gave the signal of danger. Mr. Matthews tells of one wonderful animal in particular, which would have made an admirable frontispiece to *The British Workman* if only he had been owned by a teetotaller of a more creditable profession—a dog which displayed almost human sagacity when a haul of brandy had to be landed.

Although the dishonest traffic was on the decline when Mr. Matthews was a youth, he may be said to have been reared among smuggling associations. If he did not engage in the thing with the enthusiasm of those who had preceded him, he did not wholly escape the snare: he had listened at the fireside to tales of exciting adventure until he half believed in the romance of robbing the Government. At all events, like all the rest of his family, his ambition was to go to sea. He had been taught navigation; three of his uncles had been captains; his father, a Christian man, who died in 1860, spent a large portion of his life with the British fleet; and thus the sea presented the most eligible opening for young Matthews to a start in life. At the age of twelve he went to sea, and at fourteen, therefore, when he had recently become an orphan, he embarked on board a large pleasure yacht bound for the Mediterranean. As a boy at home he was a wild boy, no friend of farmers and gardeners; one, indeed, who was ever getting into what he calls boys' hot water; but the sea not only exercised a taming effect, a rough experience taught him to sympathise with others thrown into a similar situation. Probably his is not the only case in which a storm in the Bay of Biscay has acted like a medicine and helped to render the heart more capable of receiving tender impressions; but too often the good has vanished as it came: with the return of clear skies and gentle calm the young sailor has returned to his own world. Mr. Matthews was more fortunate; he was followed by the nightly prayers of his grandmother, who gave him his first lessons in divinity, while his widowed mother had constant access to the *King's* ear for her absent first-born. He was all along preserved from falling into vicious ways, and, through the instrumentality of a godly old seaman named William Howick, he at last experienced conversion. Himself a miracle of grace, a man changed from a wild blasphemer to a humble disciple, Howick was sure to prove a blessing to any ship's company, and his pious advice and earnest prayers are still bearing fruit. Mr. Matthews was seventeen, and as a lover of the sea he found much pleasure in visiting as a yachtsman some of the chief places of interest in the world. When at Venice his convictions of sin were so strong that he hardly felt sufficiently interested to go ashore to see the sights; but from Athens he went to Mars Hill, read Acts xvii., and held a prayer-meeting with the sailors. At Alexandria they found

that religious services were held on an old ship given for the purpose by the government; and this illustrated the extreme importance of having such Bethels in foreign ports as the British and Foreign Sailors' Society seeks to provide. If they can only be brought into the fold, sailors make the best of Christians. They go into evil courses with impetuosity; but after they are changed they are equally enthusiastic in doing good.

During this time the future secretary of the Sailors' Society was undoubtedly being prepared for his work; and while his soul had its calms and hurricanes, a final storm, in which it appeared uncertain whether doubt or faith would have the mastery, was hushed by reading the eighth chapter of Romans. So far as the perception of duty was concerned all was now clear; judging that he was called to promote the knowledge of the gospel among sailors, he made use of the opportunities which presented themselves, and before long there were several conversions on board the pleasure yacht upon which he was engaged.

It was then the custom with English steamers and yachts—a custom we believe still continued—to make the Sabbath the busiest day of the week. Breaking through this custom constituted one of the crises of Mr. Matthews' life. It so happened that in one of his voyages the yacht on which he was serving lay at Dieppe, and on a certain Sunday morning he was requested in the usual manner to go on shore for the purpose of buying a quantity of stores. He at once respectfully refused to obey, and the mate said that he should be compelled to report the case to the captain. Conscience had placed the young convert in a dilemma; for what could be more seriously trying to a man in his situation than to be discharged in the beginning of winter in a foreign port? The sequel, however, was not so trying as was anticipated—crises brought on by adherence to principle seldom are—for the captain, who was the son of a Christian father, intimated that he would not force any man to fetch in goods on the Lord's-day against his conscience. This was satisfactory, but it did not please the other men, who for a time manifested the usual sailor-like jealousy when one was exempt from the ordinary rules. At the same time, with the captain's ruling in his favour, Mr. Matthews was able to go forward with the Christian work in which he chiefly delighted. On Sundays he held little meetings on board, the result being that before they reached Gibraltar the second mate and several of the men professed to be changed characters. By the time they reached Algiers the vessel sprang a leak, and consequently she was sold, the men being discharged, and making their way home through France. Mr. Matthews proceeded to Gibraltar, and while living, by permission, in the barracks with the 78th Highlanders he preached the gospel. Admiring his activity, the English chaplain desired that he should stay; but following the lead of providence the young evangelist came to England, and finally abandoned a seafaring life. For two years his heart had not been in his ordinary work, so that at length he left the nautical for the spiritual.

During the succeeding three or four years he laboured to the best of his ability as an evangelist, and also studied theology. These evangelistic services were blest to the conversion of many, both old and young. He wanted a friend to aid and direct him, and the friend was not long ere he

appeared. While Mr. Matthews was holding services in the Isle of Wight a gentleman came forward, expressed the interest he felt in the work, but frankly told the preacher that his education was defective. Nor was this friend content with merely giving advice; he lent valuable books, and did other services that were equivalent to a new start to the inexperienced youth, who knew more about the sea than he did about theology and general literature. At first it was very uphill work, and everybody declared that he had made a mistake when he left the sea. When he was rather downhearted while conducting some services in Cumberland, where he was pastor of a church for two years, he wrote to Dr. David Thomas, who sent for his unknown correspondent's photograph, and recommended him to the tutors of the Independent Academy at Nottingham. This was another providential turning-point in an eventful life; for Mr. Matthews entered this institution, passed through its course, and in 1873 was set apart for the work of the ministry, and was then appointed to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society's station at Antwerp.

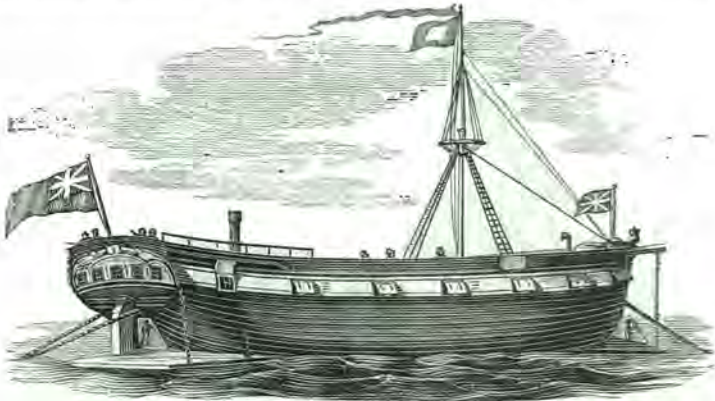
This old Belgian city is one of the greatest ports on the continent of Europe, and its growth during the last generation has been quite characteristic of the iron and steam age in which we live. The various docks cover an area of one hundred acres, and there is more than twenty-one thousand feet of quay space; but still the trade continues so fast to outgrow the accommodation provided that vessels frequently have to wait for a place where they can be either loaded or unloaded. The quaint city is the birthplace of many eminent painters, authors, and scientific men; and is famous for its sugar refineries and its unrivalled diamond cutters. The place is, therefore, in all respects one of the most important stations now occupied by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. While stationed there Mr. Matthews was eminently successful in his work; and he was mainly instrumental in erecting the Mariners' Church and Institute on the Avenue du Commerce, at a cost of £4,000, the first stone of which was laid by Mr. J. H. Tritton. A large proportion of the necessary funds was collected by him (Mr. Matthews) in Canada, in America, and in England.

Antwerp was changed for London in 1878, and our friend may now be found any day by visitors interested in the welfare of English and foreign sailors, at the Institute in Mercers'-street, Shadwell. He also preaches special sermons where a church will give a collection to the Society, or he addresses public meetings for a similar object. Nor should we omit to mention that in January, 1879, he started a capital twopenny monthly magazine, called *The Chart and Compass*, a work which will not fail to interest readers, even though they are not men of the sea.

In pointing out that the British and Foreign Sailors' Society was one of the fruits of the revival in the eighteenth century, Mr. Matthews tells us that this fact was deeply impressed upon his heart when he preached at Newburyport in the United States, the church where Whitefield is buried. Whitefield and Wesley were not only great friends of seafaring men, often preaching to them, but they themselves spent a considerable portion of their time on the Atlantic crossing to and from America. While Whitefield was picturing a shipwreck to a congregation at New

York a number of sailors, who were present, sprang from their seats, and cried, "Take to the long boat!"

While the revival was progressing through England in the last century, several earnest Christian captains were doing their utmost to make the Saviour's name better known at sea. Such was John Newton, who forsook his roving life in 1764 to become a settled minister of the gospel at Olney. No less remarkable was the experience of Captain Joss, who was born on Michaelmas-day, 1731, and after a career of storm, wrongful imprisonment, and other misadventures, became preacher at Whitefield's Tabernacle. As in the case of Bunyan, a good word from a Christian woman was blessed to his soul; and some of the Allegorist's works, purchased of a bookseller at Lynn, further opened his eyes. When he became master of a vessel, the good ship was nicknamed *The Pulpit*, on account of the captain's earnestness in preaching and prayer. He was the friend of Whitefield, and one of the most successful sailor evangelists the church has ever known. Joss even accepted the warning advice of the great preacher, and left the sea to



become a minister on shore. "Let me tell you," said Whitefield, "if you refuse to listen to the call of God, both you and your ship will soon go to the bottom." Another veteran sailor, who had served in the wars, was Samuel Medley, pastor of the Baptist Church at Liverpool. These were the men who did the pioneering work; and, unconsciously some of them were laying the foundations of the Society which has its head-quarters at Shadwell to-day.

In the early years of the present century prayer-meetings on the Thames under the superintendence of Mr. Marten, a London trader, were commenced; and in February, 1818, some friends who wished to extend the movement assembled at the King's Head Tavern, in the Poultry. Mr. Marten presided, while Dr. Rippon and other celebrities were on the platform. The first general meeting of *The Port of London Society for Promoting Religion among Merchant Seamen* was held at the London Tavern on the 18th of March. At first it was not intended to carry on operations beyond the Thames, and accordingly an old ship of war named *The Speedy* became *The Ark* of the committee

for religious services at the modest cost of £700. "The Chapel for Seamen" was registered as a place of worship. Rowland Hill, Dr. Collyer, Dr. Rippon, and others, were engaged to preach "according to the forms of their respective churches;" the last-named also giving fifty copies of his Selection of Hymns to *The Ark*. After *The Ark* was purchased a good many expensive fittings had to be procured; but when one friend gave this thing, and another something else, the thing was soon done. Conscience seems to have impelled people to come forward; for the man who looked after the inside fittings did so after passing a sleepless night occasioned by reading a stirring tract. The keeper of the new mission-station, besides being a converted man, was sufficiently versed in grammar and nautical learning to manage the ship, to keep a journal, and to conduct a meeting when required. The salary was £60 per annum; and *six* applicants came forward for the situation! With wheat at 85s. a quarter, coals at over £2 a chaldron,



and soap and candles at a shilling a pound, the money offered would certainly not go very far; but it was more than many settled pastors received. More than *six* applicants would gladly accept such a situation in our day. Indeed, more than 700 persons actually applied for the chapel-keeper's place at the Shoreditch Tabernacle, which is worth 30s. a week. *The Ark* was fitted in Limehouse Dock, and after having been towed into position amid thundering cheers, the first sermon was preached on board by Rowland Hill, on May the 4th. Though prayers were read, a supplementary petition was offered by Dr. Rippon. From time to time large congregations were attracted, and excellent collections were sometimes taken.

The success of *The Ark* soon led to the formation of the Bethel Seamen's Union, a society formed in the autumn of 1819 for promoting religious services on board of vessels while lying in the various ports of the world. This acted independently of its predecessor until the two were merged into the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in 1833.

W. H. Angas, a member of Dr. Rippon's church, at Carter-lane, "a living lighthouse," as Mr. Matthews calls him, and who was born in 1781, was one of the most successful men which the Bethel Society called into action. Though belonging to a good family and educated for the law, he chose the sea as a more honest calling. His sufferings from shipwreck, from imprisonment in Holland, and from being pressed for naval service, were indescribable; all this happened before he came of age, and his experiences read like a romance. He commanded one of his father's vessels before he was twenty; seven years later he relinquished the sea; and some time after gave up all his business in order that he might devote every energy to the welfare of sailors. He undertook service for the Baptist Missionary Society, visited the ports round the English coast, and laboured ardently and successfully among the seafaring population until carried off by the cholera of 1832, at South Shields. He gave to sailors of his own substance, but would never receive any salary for his labours. It is hardly too much to say that he was the father of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. He was satisfied with no agency that was not as broad in its sympathies as the whole world.

The Society is thus more than half a century old; it has accomplished much, but much more remains to be done in the future. The number of vessels which entered and cleared in all the ports of Great Britain in 1878 is put down at 657,419, the tonnage being 122,308,401 tons. "On board of this fleet of ships, irrespective of passengers," says a late Report of the Society, "there were four millions of men. While the foreign tonnage has somewhat declined, even in depressed times the English has increased 2,512,604 over the previous year. In this mighty London, the headquarters of our Society, there entered and cleared in the same period no less than 9,734,445 tons of shipping, or about a twelfth part of the great whole that came and left our shores." The Shipmasters' Christian Union, composed of captains pledged to forward the good cause, numbers between eight and nine hundred members; and when in port their vessels are known by the Bethel flag.

An important department of the work is represented by the libraries, which, in neatly contrived lock-up cupboards, are lent to such crews as wish for them, and are exchanged from time to time. This, at least, is an economical mode of doing good, and it ought to be extended.

The Bible and book colportage agency, sustained by the Society, is also able to give a good account of its operations, an immense quantity of the best literature being sold and otherwise distributed on shipboard by the colporteurs employed. It will interest many to know that of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon on the Sea, preached for this Society, 50,000 have been sold.*

If the reader will take a map of the world, and note the stations occupied by this Society, a tolerably correct idea of the importance of its operations will be obtained. Places like Dublin, Aberdeen, Cardiff, Swansea, Milford Haven, Southampton, Lowestoft, are mission stations, whence the missionaries go forth to visit smaller places. Abroad there are

* Mr. Matthews, through the contributions of friends, has given away *sixteen thousand*; he has four thousand waiting for friends to give them wings to fly abroad. Others can then be ordered.

Malta, Genoa, Naples, Hamburg, Antwerp, etc., from all of which good accounts are received. We are sorry that the committee have to complain that their work "does not receive the support it might reasonably expect from London, the political and commercial centre of the world. This port, to which all nations send their ships, should find a larger place in its throbbing heart for the sailors' best friend." With the view of making their own work and the needs of mariners better known, the managers, through the liberality of six gentlemen, are able to offer a prize of £100, and another of £50, for the two best essays on the material, mental, and moral well-being of our sailors. A new sailors' hymn-book is also just published. The first was the outcome of a great religious awakening among the sailors in the early part of the nineteenth century, and which culminated in the establishment of this Society. For this first Sailors' Hymn-book, James Montgomery, who, perhaps, of all hymn writers during this century, best strung and tuned David's harp, wrote the following letter, June 19th, 1821:—

"An application having been made to me, by post, to contribute a few pieces to an intended hymn-book for sailors, I send you the annexed, and shall feel myself enriched if these mites, thrown into so worthy a treasury, be accepted for the use of a class of men to whom we are so much indebted, and to whom we have paid so little for hazarding body and soul in the defence, or to promote the glory, aggrandisement, and wealth of their country."

In conclusion, we may remark that the sailor has a clear claim on our regard on account of the dangers attending his calling. In 1879 reports of 1688 wrecked vessels came to hand, involving a loss of 5,000 lives, and cargoes amounting to many millions sterling. Well may Mr. Matthews say, that, "To mothers and fathers, to families and friends, it is of the utmost moment how, when, and where their sailors die. Their spiritual sense is too keenly educated to allow them to be indifferent about the moral state of the dear ones meeting with a watery grave. A religious service by the missionary, a personal conversation, or the most ordinary act of love, becomes to the bereaved the star in the darkness. The Society's mission is nothing less than this, to teach our sailors how to live, that they may learn how to die." As illustrating the perils of the sea, Mr. Matthews gives us this passage from his own adventurous life:—"I well remember one winter in the North Sea, in a crazy old barque. I was only a sailor boy then, but the severity of the weather made an indelible impression on my mind. At night the wind freshened from the east, with blinding snow squalls. Towards the close of my watch on deck I was ordered, with another youth, who was considerably older than myself, to furl the main top-gallant sail. I feel the wind and snow getting up under my jacket, and into my very skin, even now! With benumbed hands, stiff sails, and hard frozen ropes, a midnight job of this kind took all the longer to do. As soon as I got down on the deck again, very nearly frozen, I was ordered to lay out on the jibboom, with an able seaman, to stow a jib bellying out with wind, and occasionally flapping like boards. The vessel was pitching, and the spray flying about, as it does when a ship has more canvas than she can carry, and groans and strives to be free from the crushing force of wind and wave. We eventually got this jib, not very gracefully, but as

best we could, fairly lashed to the boom. Before the last couple of turns were taken, I said to my comrade, 'I feel very queer; I can't hold on.' He said, 'Go in on deck.' I got in somehow; but when I reached the windlass on the lee side the bitter cold had done its work. I fell to the deck in a faint. A few minutes before, and I should have dropped into the foaming sea without even a cry for help. The sailor fastened his gasket, came in on the weather side, and went aft to execute other orders; but in the darkness and confusion knew nothing of what had become of me. After a time I came to, with alternate shivers and sweats! Without describing *pumping ship* all night, expecting to be ashore every minute, seeing others do so, and sending up signals of distress for help, I would simply say she was an old coffin ship, and shortly afterwards was abandoned in the Atlantic just before she foundered. This winter in the North Sea, to say nothing of other experiences, taught me enough to appreciate the sufferings of the unfortunate crew of the *Indian Chief*, which has just been lost off Margate."

We have thus given a comprehensive view of the working of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, the operations of which will certainly be valued in proportion as they are known. We hope to give a chapter of striking conversions on the sea as soon as we can collect the materials.

Weekly offerings.

GOOD crops in the garden or field do not follow a yearly subsoil ploughing, valuable as that may be. The successful cultivators bid us stir the surface often. An annual gift, though it may be large, does not bring the donor all, or even the best part, of the fruits he might derive from his giving. It is *frequent giving* that keeps the heart open and free, ready for the growth of all the graces. He was a wise missionary who declined to receive from a Karen a rupee for a whole year instead of the pice a week which the other native Christians were giving. To be sure, fifty-two pice would not make a rupee, and the treasury would be fuller if the rupee were accepted, but the donor would not be as much blessed. "Don't you know," said the missionary, "that a door hinge, if opened only once a year, soon comes to creaking? Open often, no creaking; give often, no croaking."—So says *The Toronto Christian Helper*, and it speaks wisely. The weekly offering, as it is the most scriptural mode of giving, so is it also the most beneficial to the giver. Never appear before the Lord empty even on a single Sabbath day.

Work in Bengal.

BY R. SPURGEON, BARISAU.

MISSIONARIES often wish they could give Christian friends at home a full and accurate idea of how they are constantly engaged in preaching to the heathen. Every incident is full of instruction, every conversation with idolators is peculiarly interesting. Each scene has its own special attraction, and each bazaar and market-place has some specific feature worthy of notice; every road or river which we traverse in our itinerating teems with interest. No single missionary tour has ever yet been fully and accurately described; for to attempt to do so would weary both writer and reader. All we can do is to give an incident or two when leisure permits, and leave our friends to gather from these as correct an idea of our work as their knowledge of India, gained from other sources, may enable them to form. The following is no unparalleled story. From our journal we could give some scores, if not hundreds, of similar narratives; and we believe that every itinerating missionary in India could do the same. It is but a sample of our daily work for our Master.

We arrived about midday at Backergunge, once the principal place in the district of Barisaul; as our boat put to, I had just read from the *Mahabharat* the following words: "Aurjoon was always with the gooroo, consequently he became greater than all the other disciples in everything, whether in learning, or wrestling, or heroism, or devotion. The gooroo gave equal instruction to all in the use of weapons, agility, and grace, but Aurjoon excelled them all." This reminded me of our great Gooroo and Master, Christ. He gives to all the same lessons, and sets before all the same example; but only those who always remain near him can hope to excel, "whether in learning, or wrestling, or zeal, or grace." Soon after translating this passage, Mr. Edwards and I, accompanied by a native brother, went on shore. We found the market-place empty, and the long rows of tiny thatched sheds, with bamboo supports, under which vendors sit on market-days, were now deserted. No piles of rice, baskets of vegetables or fruits, pots of date sugar, bundles of cloth, vessels of fish, long sugar canes, heaps of rush mats, or piles of earthen cooking utensils now strewed the ground. The hum and noise of hundreds of people buying and selling was unheard. The aged Brahmin, with proud step, and recognized by the poita over his shoulder, did not now walk among the crowd, receiving their homage. No, all was still as a graveyard. Shops were closed, and we began to think we should find no hearers of the gospel to-day. But we were mistaken. One of the shops had its mat front up as on market-days, supported by two smooth bamboos. We went thither, and found a number of young men and old men lazily smoking their hookahs. We entered, and observed that the shop was nearly empty of goods; but on the top of two or three kerosine oil boxes, and leaning against a bamboo, sat an image of Shoroshottee. In one hand she held the owner's quill pen, and in the other a piece of paper, with the following words written in Bengalee poetry: "What shall I do, O mother? In this trial how be saved? My lot is very hard." The shopkeeper informed us that these words were part of a hymn sung to the goddess last night. I took the paper from her fingers and with his (not her) permission put it in my pocket as a relic of the place. Shoroshottee is worshipped by all in business. She is the goddess of learning and music. Those who cannot afford an image have her picture put up in their shops. She is usually represented as playing on a stringed instrument; and it is strange that those who worship her will allow the superiority of the English in almost everything except in musical skill. She is the *Minerva* of the Hindus, and is adored as the patron of all arts and trades. She has another name which means language or speech. The ancient "*Minerva* sprang with a mighty war shout, and clad in complete armour, from the head of Zeus"; but the Hindu *Minerva*, shining white in colour, holding a harp, and with eyes like the water lily, came forth from Dhormo's mouth. Perhaps, like Prometheus, the sons of India aspire to the love of their *Minerva*, and therefore worship her image. Whether she ever had a contest

with one like Poseidon, to see who should bestow on mankind the most useful gift, I cannot tell, but the decision of the people is certainly in her favour; and whoever is fairest among the three, Lukmee, Doorga, or Shoroshottee, the latter is most worshipped in the district of Barisaul. From her they hope to receive superhuman wisdom and guidance in times of difficulty. Lukmee, as the goddess of fortune, may promise wealth, and Doorga, as the goddess of war, may assure them of deliverance; but Shoroshottee offers wisdom and learning, an every-day requisite to the merchant and mechanic. There is only one instance, though, on record of her actually bestowing this boon upon man. A fool, who was seen once trying to sever a branch from a tree while sitting upon it, afterwards became a Sanscrit poet and pundit. Shoroshottee has not flung away her harp as Minerva did her flute, for some peasant to pick it up and strike its strings. She is but an image, and is therefore "profitable for nothing." The carpenter stretcheth out his rule, and maketh it after the figure of a woman, according to the beauty of a woman, that it may remain in the house. He maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh it a carved image, and falleth down thereto. He falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, "Deliver me, for thou art my god." None considereth in his heart, neither is there knowledge or understanding to say, "Shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?"

Taking our seats on the small stools offered to us, we began to converse on idolatry, its unreasonableness and sin. We notice that in the floor of the shop large earthen vessels were buried, having their mouths level with the ground. A stone, a lump of earth, or a piece of wood was placed over each. The shop-keeper's stores are all kept in these vessels to preserve them from fire, because the building being nothing but mats, bamboos, and thatch, is ever in danger of being laid low by fire. Here was the wisdom of this world; and it led me to remark that "men try to preserve from destruction all they possess except one thing—their souls. Common sense teaches us how to save everything else; but from the fire of sin and hell men seek no real means of safety. Goods, money, honour, life, health, they never willingly destroy; but why do they not try to save their souls? Were they in earnest would they bow down to idols such as this one? Men go to this sacred place and the other; but they get no salvation. Shoroshottee cannot save you. There is only One who can; that is our Lord Jesus Christ, about whom we have come to tell you. Turn to him then. Cast this idol away. In the hands of Jesus Christ your soul will be perfectly safe." Mr. Edwards then spoke to the same effect, and our native brother then added his testimony.

Returning to our boat we crossed the river and landed at Sahibgunge, where the first thing that attracted our attention in the bazaar was a temple of Monosha, the goddess of snakes. There she stood, larger than life, with a cobra in each of her four hands and an immense one, with hood outspread, between her feet. On one side of her stood an image of Shoroshottee, and on the other an image of Lumkee. Each was plentifully adorned with glittering ornaments, and on their heads were crowns of exceeding brightness. A broad tinsel scarf hung from the right shoulder of each, reaching nearly to the ground. The temple was nothing but a thatched shed with one side open for the worshippers to see their idols through a grating of bamboos. The appearance of two sahibs soon attracted a crowd to the spot; and we began again to expose the wickedness and folly of idol worship. A good deal of discussion followed, and a Brahmin, (probably the one in charge of the temple) acknowledged that the idols were nothing. "But," said he, "they do good in this way. Their worship gives us an occasion for feeding the people." We at once replied, "This will not do, for it would be better not to spend so much for these images, but distribute that amount also among the poor. Besides, idolatry is sin. You, though a Brahmin, confess that these idols are nothing, and yet you bow before them and cause others to do the same. Your sin is therefore twofold; for you are an idolater and a deceiver. Your doom will be great indeed." Thus we tried to awaken conscience in the man, but it appeared all in vain. Brother Edwards

then addressed the people and began by saying, "You hear what this Brahmin says? He declares these idols to be nothing. Knowing this, he is deceiving you and all who worship them."

When we walked farther along the bazaar the crowd still kept with us. I stopped to ask a shopkeeper to purchase a Testament and he asked us to step inside his shop. We did so. The crowd filled the place, and blocked up the entrance too. I read Matthew's account of the birth of Jesus, and preached from the words, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus," &c. They listened with fixed attention; then, as usual, a long discussion followed. One old Brahmin confidently declared that it was no use our preaching, because they would never forsake the religion of their fathers. I replied to this by asking, whether, if his father were a thief, it would make it right for him to steal? and if his father were blind, whether he would put out his own eyes? After this I reminded him that he should not speak so confidently or so unreasonably, because as darkness flees before the rising sun, so idolatry disappears before the gospel light. "Turn your eyes to Britain where our forefathers were idolaters. Think of the Druid priests, the rampant idolatry, the awful sacrificial rites! Go to England now. Who there bows down to idols? Where are the temples? images? priests? They are gone, all gone. Thus shall it be in India. Thousands have already given up Hinduism; and your sons are doing so." Thus we were led to reply to his confident assertion that they would not give up their ancient faith. Then he replied, "But many who have become Christians have turned back again. There is one in Barisaul. They call him a 'barrister' in consequence." We laughed outright at this information. A backslider is a "barrister"! How ridiculous! The man to whom he referred is truly a barrister, and also, I trust, as truly a Christian. This will show how little the generality of Hindus really know of our holy religion.

Our hearty laugh did not scatter our hearers; for when we left the shop and went to another place in the bazaar they followed us. We found an empty box near a grass plot that was covered with boat anchors; and, mounting this, Mr. Edwards gave them an address on the greatness, justice, and goodness of God. He spoke long and earnestly. Many of the people were Mahomedans, and as they use Mussulmanee-Bengalee, they could not follow all that was said, and so, when Mr. Edwards finished, some of them cried out, "What of our religion? You have only spoken to Hindus." Mounting the box, I said, "I will speak to Mahomedans," and then spake somewhat as follows:—"First, Mahomedans always say they accept the books of Moses, David, the Prophets, and the Gospels, as well as the Koran. This is false; for they never read any but the Koran. If you really accepted the other books you would read them; but not one of you has a copy, while many have the Koran. We who are disciples of Jesus, the Messiah, do not profess to accept the Koran. If you ask why, I ask, who wrote it? and about whom is it written? It is written by Mahomed, about himself. Who accepts a man's testimony about himself? Now, Jesus did not write the Gospels. They are four in number, and all agree in their testimony to Jesus. Besides, the Koran does not agree with the other books God has given. You know this and are taught to say that they are therefore obsolete. But this is false. Moreover, Mahomed died, and did not rise again. Christ Jesus did rise again, and is now, according to your own prophet, alive in heaven. Who, then, can save? Who is the greater? According to the Koran, I also ask, who will judge us at the last day? To whom will every man give an account of the deeds done on earth, whether good or bad? Not to Mahomed, but to Jesus the Messiah. Why, not, then, believe in him now? You all acknowledge he was without stain or sin; but Mahomed was not. Jesus died as a sacrifice for us; did Mahomed? No, he did nothing for our salvation. Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Allah by him." Their interest in what was said was intense; and blank astonishment was evident on many faces as I proceeded. Not a reply was attempted, and after offering some gospels in Bengalee and Mussulmanee-Bengalee for purchase, we returned to the boat. Thus passed half a day of missionary work in Barisaul.

Notices of Books.

Boston Monday Lectures. By the Rev. JOSEPH COOK. Authorised English Edition. Biology. Transcendentalism. Orthodoxy. Conscience. Heredity. Marriage. Labour. Socialism. Hodder and Stoughton.

A MAN must bring to these volumes culture and thought, or he will not appreciate them. Mr. Cook is full to the brim with learning, and only those who share in his educational elevation will thoroughly enter into his teaching; yet there is much for ordinary folks to gather from his talk, and they need not be deterred from the attempt to read it. While carefully attempting to do nothing at Mentone we found much enjoyment in one of these volumes. Whenever the author became very profound, we shut the book for fear of exciting our weary brain, but passing over a page or two we came out upon the level again, and read on without strain. Our own deficiency in the philosophical direction, perhaps, made us all the more ready to value the great powers and singular proficiency of the Boston lecturer. So often are such attainments set in array against religion, that we were charmed in this case to find them zealously engaged in behalf of the truth. We were ready to shout as we saw the champion smiting the Philistines hip and thigh, and often did we wish that such a scholar could be found in England to silence the boasts of modern infidels and broad-school doubters. A cry has been raised by certain brethren against Mr. Cook as not altogether sound, but with this we have no sympathy. It ought to be remembered that he is an American, and therefore his modes of expression are not always those of English evangelicals. He hails from Andover, and rejoices in being a disciple of good old Dr. Park, whose orthodoxy none will question. Moreover, Mr. Cook's lectures are answers to infidels, and the tendency of fair controversy is to concede too much, or to fashion definitions with such extreme care that the thing defined is missed by the original believer though fully present in the intent of the controversialist. We cannot deny that a measure of these failings may be charged upon Mr. Cook; but his heart

and soul are with the orthodox, and he never differs essentially from Calvinistic teaching; indeed, he goes further than half the Calvinists of modern times.

When we have thoughtfully considered Mr. Cook's expressions to which objections have been taken we have found them to be generally correct from his standpoint, and such as only shallow knowledge would disallow. Startled we have been, but, believing in the man, we have paused awhile, and, after weighing all things, we have said—this is awkwardly put, but it is accurate; the exigencies of argument required this form of statement, or it would never have been made; but, though liable to misconstruction, it is certainly true.

We claim to be as anxious for the maintenance of sound doctrine as any man living, but we can never be of the spirit of those who make a man an offender for a word. When a writer solemnly declares to us both in print and by word of mouth that his views and opinions are strictly in harmony with the teachings of evangelical divines, it would be atrocious to impute to him serious departures from the faith, and on that ground to denounce and ostracise him. If anything could shake our faith in the grand old cause of evangelical doctrine, it would be the bitterness and narrowness of certain of its upholders. As to Mr. Cook, we again express our confidence in the man and his communications.

Horticultural Buildings; their Construction, Heating, Interior Fittings, &c. 123 illustrations. By F. A. FAWKES. B. T. Batsford, 52, High Holborn.

THE subject of this volume is out of our beat, but as the book has much interested us we cheerfully say that we know of no work equal to this for completeness and practical usefulness. All persons who possess such luxuries as greenhouses and conservatories will find it to their interest to hear what Mr. Fawkes has to say about them. He goes into everything in, or around, a glass house, and furnishes builders, gardeners, and amateurs with a world of information.

The New Lines and the Old; or, The Evangelical Outlook in Scotland. In some letters from a Scot at home to a Scot abroad. J. Nisbet and Co.

VERY sensible remarks upon the present crisis in the Free Church. What are our brethren at? Is it clear that there is really no misbelief in the case? Then let the matter end, and all personal animosity be dropped: but if there be indeed a clear case of grievous error, we again say, What are our brethren at? Are they about to follow the policy of inaction when the dagger is set at the heart of truth? One uncompromising stroke may save the Church from years of controversy; but the slightest yielding will work incalculable mischief. Christian love demands that error be no longer salved over as if it were nothing worse than another form of truth. If tutors of colleges are not sound in the faith they have opportunities for spreading heresy, which none but heretics would leave in their hands.

The Variorum Edition of the New Testament. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

WE regard this work as the product of much careful study and research, and it is not too much to say that anyone who will carefully master its foot-notes will be in possession of the result of the most advanced scholarship of the day. It will help the student to estimate the value of the changes made in the revised version just issued; and we are glad to have it for reference to use with the new volume.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A.; and by the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL. [1 Samuel. By Dean SMITH and Professor CHAPMAN.] Kegan, Paul, and Co.

WE have aforetime warmly commended the "Pulpit Commentary," and there is no falling off in this volume, but the reverse. It is a grand addition to our store of expositions upon a portion of Scripture which has been somewhat neglected, and to a minister it is worth its weight in silver, which is saying a good deal, for it is a bulky volume. It is very cheap at the fifteen pieces of silver which are charged for it. We cannot say that we have read through

this great volume, for it would be a huge labour for which we have not the time; but we have seen enough of it to feel great gratitude to all the learned men who have united in its production. Upon the First of Samuel we know of nothing to be compared with it: it holds the field alone, and occupies it most worthily. Ministers will find a perfect mine of sermons within this noble comment. Rich hearers who wish to be enriched should present their pastors with this mine of wealth.

Outline Missionary Series. China, by Rev. J. T. GRACEY, M.A. Madagascar, by Rev. JAMES SIBREE, F.R.G.S. Indian Zenana Missions, by Mrs. EMMA RAYMOND PITMAN. Sixpence each. John Snow and Co.

THIS is one of a series of sixpenny manuals upon the various mission fields of the world. These pamphlets are prepared by authors thoroughly conversant with their respective subjects, and they furnish an abundance of helpful information for missionary meetings and addresses. We feel it to be a privilege to introduce these outlines to our readers.

Annual Report, for 1880-81, of the Evangelization Society. 21, Surry Street, Strand.

THE Evangelization Society does its work well. In all our observation of it we have remarked the vigour, impartiality, and judiciousness of its proceedings. It is the means of carrying the gospel into many a parish where else it had been little known, and we wish it the utmost success.

The Inner Life of Christ, as Revealed in the Gospel of Matthew. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. I. "These Sayings of Mine." Fourth Thousand. Richard Clarke.

DR. PARKER writes in a style peculiarly his own, and that style is both clear and vigorous. He has something to say, and he says it well. This is a fine book, and perhaps the best its author has yet produced. We do not endorse every sentence, but we are glad to have met with such original, lively, and instructive reading. The book is published at eight shillings, but may be had for half price by preachers and teachers on application to Richard Clarke, 9, Plumtree-court, Farringdon-street.

The Bogomils of Bulgaria and Bosnia; or, the Early Protestants of the East. By L. P. BROCKETT, M.A. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THE author of this little book thinks he has fallen upon traces of early Baptist churches in Europe during the period stretching from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries. The facts stated are deeply interesting, and furnish Baptists with arguments in proof of the antiquity as well as the simplicity of our position. In these times, when immersion is being pooh-poohed as being non-essential to baptism, this book will be of service.

Plea for Mercy to Animals. By J. MACAULAY, A.M., M.D. (Editor of "Leisure Hour"). Partridge and Co.

DR. MACAULAY has written this chatty little book to help towards the better treatment of our dumb friends. The men who can delight in the sufferings of animals are ripe for any enormity: but there are many others who from thoughtlessness are guilty of cruelty, and these it is hoped will be influenced by this plea to be kind. Dr. Macaulay is an enthusiastic and earnest advocate, and we believe his word will be very successful.

Health Studies: a Course of Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association. By H. S. PATERSON, M.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

IF we had chosen the title for these Lectures it would have been "Fascinating Physiology," for we have never read such able medical advice put in such charming and lucid language. The technicalities which repel so many from the study of physiology are all but abandoned, and Dr. Paterson talks away with great simplicity—with the simplicity of masterly knowledge. Let every boy growing up into manhood have a copy: ay, and every girl growing into womanhood, too.

The Nurse's Handbook. An elementary Manual for those who visit and nurse the sick poor. By Mrs. H. SELFE LEONARD. Elliot Stock.

THOUGH it only costs a shilling this little handbook is worth its weight in gold. Its instructions are founded upon experience, and supported by common

sense. Every lady, young or old, should be familiar with this or some similar book of rules for nursing.

Wives and their Husbands. By Mrs. GEORGE GLADSTONE. Religious Tract Society.

A FIRST-RATE book to give to young girls of the working class. Very wisely do these stories show how wives can hold or lose their husbands' love.

The District Visitor's Companion: a handbook of instruction, help, and encouragement for those engaged in district visiting. Elliot Stock.

MAY be read with great advantage by all who systematically visit from house to house. Our churches need a more complete system of district visiting: the masses of the people will never be reached by any other means. Are not some of our readers called to such a work? If so, this wise little book may give them useful hints.

The Sabbath School Magazine, issued by the Glasgow Sabbath School Union. Monthly, One Penny. Glasgow: J. McCallum and Co.

A CAPITAL magazine for teachers, conducted with vigour, and stored with wholesome instruction.

Uncle John's Anecdotes of Animals and Birds. Partridge and Co.

GORGEOUSLY bound, and lavishly illustrated, this volume is an advocate for kindness whose influence will be felt by every child who is enriched by it. Uncle John will not, we hope, keep these anecdotes to himself, but pass them on to his nephew Bob, or his niece Bertha. May cruelty to animals, which seems to be innate in some children, be utterly banished by such sweet, pure, charming literature as that which this volume is a specimen.

The Hive and its Wonders. New and revised edition. Religious Tract Society.

LOVERS of nature, especially friends of bees, cannot do better than invest a shilling in this most attractive treatise. It will serve as an introduction to bee culture in many instances, while others will be amused by reading the wonderful story of the honey-makers. The more of such books the better.

Work and Prayer: the Story of Nehemiah. By ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON. Nisbet and Co.

ANOTHER book on Nehemiah: not so good as our friend Lockhart's, but still a respectable performance. The stern old governor's biography furnishes a fine groundwork for practical discoursing, and Mr. Symington has thoroughly well availed himself of it. The chapters aptly illustrate the double motto—

“To work without praying is presumption:
To pray without working is hypocrisy.”

This Life and the Life to come; or, the Present and the Future. Studies from the History of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and of Joseph. By F. M. FEARNLEY. Bagster and Sons.

HERE we have much that is original and thought-producing. The style is a little like that of C. H. M., and others of the Plymouth school, but we do not suspect the author of any kinship therewith. Seven and sixpence is a rather long price for such a work, but we have enjoyed our examination of it so much that we should not grudge the money. The lives of four great patriarchs are put to a rather novel spiritual use: Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are made to set forth this life, and Joseph to foreshadow the life to come.

The Epoch of the Mammoth, and the Apparition of Man on the Earth. By JAMES C. SOUTHALL, A.M., LL.D. Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill.

THIS is not a theological work, although it is evidently designed to serve a theological end. By the citation of numerous scientific facts it aims to refute certain scientific hypotheses that have too easily become popular in this age of pyrrhonism, and so to reconcile the results of scientific research with the received interpretation of Scripture. The Christian philosopher is not in fashion just now. He gets the cold shoulder in scientific circles. Such circles are very select, and the evidence they admit is rather exclusive. After pursuing their enquiry into the operations of nature with commendable patience, they perplex themselves with endless conjectures as to the explanation of the conflicting phenomena which they have observed. The balance of probabilities

has then to be discussed, and when the pros and cons come to be fairly poised, we are left in doubt on which side the verdict is to be entered. Of course it is of little consequence; for whether the fossil-man is to be carried back to the glacial age or not, counsel will be sure to move for a new trial before the rising of the court. Nor is there any difficulty in showing cause. The field is large, new excavations are continually being made, the aid of stronger microscopic power is persistently sought, and a keener sense of entire disinterestedness is emulated among students. Working on his own lines, Dr. Southall has produced a highly interesting volume. Assuming that pretty nearly all that can be known is known (!) he sums up the evidence, and shows that the Scriptures have not been broken. At such an assumption the savans may smile: but the bias from which they vaunt themselves to be pure betrays itself too palpably. They are never pleased with any confirmation of the ancient archives; nothing seems to delight them more than to detect a semblance of discrepancy between sacred testimony and modern discovery. For our own part we hail the light that streams upward from the dark places of the earth. Archæology, geology, and physical geography are the very sciences that God has ordained to be his witnesses, to frustrate the tokens of liars, to make diviners mad, and to confirm the word of his servants the prophets.

Boys and Girls Playing, and other Addresses to Children. By the Right Rev. JOHN CHARLES RYLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool. W. Hunt and Co.

VERY excellent we may be sure. The esteemed author cannot be otherwise than soundly evangelical and gracious; still, we fancy that he exhorts children in a manner which he would hardly use towards adults:—this, however, is a common fault with many who talk to the young. It is a great comfort to us that our friend retains his simplicity though he bears the title of “Right Reverend” and “Lord Bishop.” It must need a great deal of grace to wear such dignities and retain one's naturalness.

Turn to the Right; or, Tom's Career.
By MRS. R. M. WILBUR. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

EXCEPTING that the children in this story seem unusually precocious and old-fashioned, we have nothing but praise for it. As full of gospel as an egg is full of meat, and yet the story is told attractively. It will be sure to sell.

Baby Messengers; and other Fragments for Spare Moments, and Tales from Life for Mothers' Meetings, etc. By H. and S. STREETFIELD. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook.

If we must have story books these are the sort. Simple, unexaggerated, full of pathos and piety. Conductors of temperance meetings might often read one of these "Tales from Life" when disappointed of, or in, a speaker. It would revive a sleepy audience at once.

Cecily: a Tale of the English Reformation. By EMMA LESLIE. 66, Paternoster Row.

A CHARMINGLY entertaining and instructive book, in which the authoress has contrived with rare skill to weave into narrative form some of the most interesting events of the Reformation in our own country from the days of Edward VI. to the accession of Queen Elizabeth, together with life-like scenes of court and country manners of the period. The story will inspire a wholesome hate of the machinations of the Papacy, love for the word of God, and faith in the God of the word. It is worth a cart-load of the so-called religious novels now so plentiful.

Nobody Cares: A Story on "One of these Little Ones." By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH TIDY. Partridge and Co.

A PRETTILY-TOLD story upon the well-worn "Jessica's First Prayer" model. Simple and pious, but not strikingly original.

Ben Owen; a Lancashire Story. By JENNIE PERRETT. Second edition. S. W. Partridge and Co.

A TOUCHING tale; full of pathos and piety. It deserved to reach a second edition, and it will doubtless continue to be a favourite with the youngsters.

Swan's Nest. Religious Tract Society. A SPECIALLY good little book, being a story of Covenanting times.

Wilfred: a Story with a Happy Ending.
By A. T. Winthrop. J. F. Shaw.

A BOOK that will suit boarding-school girls with high-church predilections. It is not at all to our mind.

In the Wilds of Florida: a tale of Warfare and Hunting. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. T. Nelson and Sons.

SURELY Mr. Kingston must have been lineally descended from Defoe, for he has written after the manner of "Robinson Crusoe," and has fallen very little behind the great master. Under the spell of this book boys will sit up of nights if they are not watched, or forget their dinners by day, to wander among the wilds, and shoot pumas, and fight with the red-skins. What pictures the book is adorned with! It is a collection of works of art, for all Mr. Nelson's engravings are of the highest order.

Voices of Hope and Gladness. By RAY PALMER, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

WHEN we saw that this was a volume of poems by the author of the hymn, "My faith looks up to thee," we reckoned not merely upon poetical beauty, but spiritual quickening therein: nor have we been disappointed. These poems throb with spiritual life, and in language forceful and chaste they make their power and beauty felt. The whole get-up of the book is excellent. On rich, broad paper, with a few charming woodcuts, and all neatly bound. We hope it will command a large sale.

Bethel and Penuel. Twenty-six sermons. By CHARLES ROBINSON, D.D., of New York. R. Dickinson.

LIVELY, hearty, earnest gospel discourses. Jacob makes a fine subject under the hand of Dr. Robinson. Around the patriarch he gathers tribes of thoughts and flocks of meditations. Happy are the New York citizens who are fed upon food so substantial in essence, and yet so piquant in flavour as that contained in these sermons. Mr. Dickinson ought to sell a large edition of this book.

Messianic Prophecies: Lectures by Franz Delitzsch, Professor of Theology, Leipzig. Translated from manuscript by S. J. CURTISS, Professor of Theology, Chicago. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1880.

THIS book ought to be hailed as a boon by theological students; but, unless they have risen above the elementary standards, we fear they would be more puzzled than profited by its perusal. The aim is to review the various inspired utterances which anticipated the manifestation of Christ in the flesh as they were distributed over various periods of history. The Son of God was revealed in promise as the seed of the woman, the seed of Abraham, and the seed of David. The several oracles uttered by the mouth of saints and seers are carefully sorted, skilfully labelled, and concisely expounded in a series of brief sections. A table of contents in front supplies a panorama of the whole course that is traversed page by page; and at the close there are indices to the "proper names," "Hebrew roots," and "Scripture texts." Such copious references might surely have contented the soul of Thomas Carlyle. From two very short prefaces by the author and the translator we learn that "*the notes*" out of which the American professor constructed this interesting manual were not those of "the German professor" himself, but were borrowed from a pupil who attended his lectures. The volume is not adapted, nor was it intended, for a circulating library. Sunday-school teachers would, for the most part, find themselves confronted with enigmas rather than expositions when they came upon such words as "*Tora*," "*Mantie*," and "*charisma*," or such phrases as "*a pre-exitit document*," creatures "*solidarily concerned*," or, "*God representing himself in some phenomenal form*." We do not censure—in fact, we rather sympathise with—the use of language in the class-room in which the teacher employs the original words or idioms because he finds no precise equivalent in the vernacular. Were we preparing a course of lectures on the subject we should keep this volume open on our library table, though we should not be tempted to borrow many sentences from it. The spirit of the treatise might be quickening

to our intelligence, but the letter thereof would be killing to our patience.

The Brotherhood of Men; or, Christian Sociology. By Rev. W. UNSWORTH. Second Edition. Wesleyan Conference Office.

WE have had occasion before this to recommend Mr. Unsworth's writings; and we again welcome his book, and give it unstinted praise. He is one of the easiest of writers to read, not because he is shallow in thought, or deficient in power, but because he can simplify the severest subjects and invest them with the deepest interest. This volume on Christian Sociology is admirable; indeed, it has been a treat to study it.

Popular Recreation: the Theatre as it is; and the Ober-Ammergau Play. By Rev. C. BULLOCK, B.D. "Hand and Heart" Publishing Office.

MR. BULLOCK has done right well in smiting hip and thigh the modern theatre, which, by the confession even of the daily papers which make no pretence of being religious, is growing more and more impure. How Christian men and women, above all how Christian ministers, can defend it we cannot tell. We should like to scatter this little book broadcast by thousands, and let our rising manhood and womanhood be taught to shun these nineteenth-century lazar-houses. Well done, Mr. Bullock; more strength to your arm!

Notes of a Tour in Brittany. By S. PRIDEAUX TREGELLES, LL.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE should greatly like the opportunity of travelling through Brittany with this as a guide-book. If our readers purchase this most pleasing little volume, a tour in that region will be most likely to become a matter of urgency with them; and if they journey in the same spirit as Dr. Tregelles, it will be good for the Bretons as well as for the travellers. If ways and means do not permit the trip, this nicely illustrated volume will still give pleasure to the reader, for it describes a country which is cousin to our own Britain, and is even nearer akin to Wales and Cornwall. The Druidical stones of Carnac are alone worth the expense of a journey.

The Creed of the Gospel of St. John.
Bickers and Son, Leicester Square.

WHOEVER is the anonymous author of this essay, he need not be ashamed of affixing his name to a new edition of it; for seldom has it been our lot to read so masterly and philosophical an exposition of John's theology as is contained in its hundred pages. The teaching is clear, sound, and powerful; while the arguments showing the correspondence between the apostles John and Paul are simply invulnerable. Since John's gospel is the chief point of attack by the German school of destructive criticism, we are deeply grateful for this latest defence of it: we should like to see every theological student with a copy, and to know that he had mastered it. As for the printing and binding, they are perfect: hand-made paper, widely margined so as to leave room for notes, combined with fine clear type, making it a pleasure to read.

The Province of Law in the Fall and Recovery of Man.

Self-Sacrifice: the grandest Manifestation of the Divine, and the True Principle of Christian Life. By Rev. JOHN COOPER. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHEN a writer sets himself, not merely to reconcile different presentations of Christian truth, but to show that the deep mysteries of religion are to be explained by reason only, we are compelled to admire his courage, if we question his judgment and prospects of success. Our author evidently thinks that what has puzzled theologians for centuries is now quite settled; that he has said the final word that makes the "crooked straight and the rough places plain." For ourselves, we do not quite see that the mysteries of the Christian faith are any less mysterious after reading these metaphysical scraps; and we fear that the language is too stilted and pedantic to attract the general reader.

Our gravest complaint is, however, that the doctrine of vicarious suffering by Christ on account of man's sin is almost ignored in these volumes. In the endeavour to reconcile diverse views of the atonement, our author almost abandons the penal side of Christ's

sacrifice, and dwells exclusively upon the cross as an exhibition of divine love. We wonder whether he ever preached from such words as "It pleased the Lord to bruise him"; "He hath made him to be sin for us," etc., etc.; and if so, how has he managed to lose sight of this aspect of the Atonement in these books?

No, Mr. Cooper, you haven't cracked all the theologic nuts yet, and before men can be helped by your Self-Sacrifice Christianity they must have a substitutionary sacrifice, and a Saviour clearly proclaimed to them. Divinity students will learn little from these volumes, and experienced Christians less, and our advice is, "Don't buy them unless you wish to exercise your Christianity by a self-sacrifice."

The Domestic Circle; or, the Relations, Responsibilities, and Duties of Home Life. By the Rev. JOHN THOMSON, D.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THAT a fourth edition of this work should be called for is of itself sufficient testimony to its value. It should have a place in every household; for each member of the family will find in it a chapter devoted to himself or herself, full of wise and gracious counsel. The duties and responsibilities peculiar to each—husband, wife, father, mother, children, young men, maidens, servants, the widow and the fatherless, &c., are Scripturally set forth by an earnest pastor in plain and forcible language. The book has our hearty commendation. We do not, however, endorse the author's opinion twice expressed about the Lord's prayer "being peculiarly a family prayer, obviously intended to be offered up every day." Pædobaptist readers of the book might derive profit from examining by the aid of the word of God and a concordance the Doctor's dictum about infant baptism contained in the following sentence:—"In Scripture there are statements made and principles laid down which involve, by fair inference, the obligation of families to call upon the name of the Lord. For this we have as clear a warrant as we have for infant baptism, or for observing the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath, or for admitting females to the Lord's Supper."

Notes.

CONFERENCE.—The seventeenth *Annual Conference* of the Pastors' College Association commenced on Monday afternoon, *May 2*, when a prayer-meeting was held at the College. A large number of the ministers and students assembled for tea at Salters' Hall Chapel, Baxter Road, Islington, by invitation of Pastor A. Bax and his friends. They were a happy party, and their hosts made them even more so. In the evening the chapel was well filled for a public meeting, at which the president, C. H. Spurgeon, took the chair. Addresses were delivered by Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, and Pastors W. Pettman, Herne Bay; C. Spurgeon, Greenwich; and C. A. Davis, Bradford. It was a living meeting with real spirit in it, a happy omen for the rest of the week. Simultaneously with this gathering a prayer-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, led by the Vice-President, J. A. Spurgeon, when earnest prayers were offered for a blessing upon all the engagements of the week.

On Tuesday morning, *May 3*, about an hour and a half was spent in praise for past mercies, and prayer for future favours. The fire burned as soon as it was kindled, and within half an hour hearts began to glow, for the heavenly flame was among us. The President appropriately referred to the deaths of Pastors Charles Hill, T. Colville, and A. Macfarlane, and prayer was presented on behalf of their bereaved relatives. Letters were read from brethren still spared, but suffering; and also the communications from Australian and Canadian pastors, which will be found in the report, at the end of the present magazine. Very touching were the prayers for the sick and absent: heart-work was going on. Shortly after noon the President commenced the delivery of his inaugural address, the first part of which appears in another page. At its close, and after a brief recess, the Conference business was transacted. Amongst items of general interest the following only need be mentioned,—the names of thirty-two students who have been in the College for six months were added to the Conference roll; and certain other names, for various reasons, were removed from the list. The report of the Assurance community showed that the receipts had been £58, and the payments £65 1s. 6d.; the deficiency of £7 17s. 6d. being met by the President and the Treasurer, C. F. Allison, Esq., who was heartily thanked for his management of the fund, and requested to continue his services during the ensuing year. It was agreed that *Monday, June 20th*, in the present year, should be observed as far as possible as a DAY OF UNITED PRAYER by all the churches connected with the Conference. The President earnestly entreats the brethren to take this in hand in downright earnest.

Dinner was provided at the Tabernacle

each day under the care of Mr. Murrell and his assistants. All the commissariat arrangements of the week were most satisfactory. On Tuesday, after tea at the Orphanage, the evening was profitably spent in listening to the singing of the orphan boys, and addresses upon the Liberation question by Pastor G. Duncan, Oakes Lindley, Huddersfield; and the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. Very hearty and joyous was the spirit which prevailed at every gathering.

On Wednesday morning, *May 4*, a considerable time was devoted to prayer on behalf of evangelistic effort, in anticipation of the addresses to be delivered upon the subject, "How to win souls, and evangelize England." Pastors A. G. Brown, East London Tabernacle; C. B. Sawday, Vernon Chapel, Pentonville; H. E. Stone, Nottingham Tabernacle; and W. Y. Fullerton spoke upon the topic selected, as did also the following members of the Baptist Union Evangelistic Committee:—Mr. Wm. Olney, Revs. W. Sampson, J. T. Wigner, and W. Penfold Cope; and the Rev. H. L. Wayland, D.D., of Philadelphia. It was a morning well spent. No man could fail to be aroused to more earnest action. Much agony of heart was felt by some of the speakers as they described the sad condition of the masses, and expressed their fears that they were not even now reached in their lowest depths by any known agency. There was much good, practical talk, and we hope that something will come of it to the glory of God and the benefit of the people.

In the afternoon the subscribers and friends met for tea, after which the Annual Meeting was held under the chairmanship, first, of John Houghton, Esq., of Liverpool, and afterwards, of the Rt. Hon. W. McArthur, M.P., the Lord Mayor. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Brock. The President summarised the report for the year, and addresses were delivered by the two chairmen, George Palmer, Esq., M.P., Dr. Wayland, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and Pastors T. G. Tarn, Cambridge; J. G. Wilson, Southend; G. Simmons, New Malden; and W. Hobbs, Lower Norwood. At nine o'clock the visitors adjourned to the Tabernacle Lecture Hall, where Mr. Murrell and his co-workers had once more prepared with great taste the supper given by Mr. Spurgeon and two friends. After the collectors had passed round the tables, the President was able to announce as the total of donations and promises, £2,166, a higher amount than had ever been reached before. The doxology was sung as an expression of gratitude for this signal favour, and the large company dispersed, thankful for the share they had been permitted to take in providing for the Tabernacle "school of the prophets" for another year.

On Thursday morning, *May 5*, after a season of devotion, the Vice-President delivered an address founded upon the words, "Daily shall he be praised." (Ps. lxxii. 15.) Pastor T. Harley, John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, then read his carefully-prepared paper upon "The witness of the Old Testament to Christ," which was followed by an interesting discussion upon the position of scientific men toward the Word of God. The President announced that Mrs. Spurgeon had hoped to see the brethren, but not being well enough to do so, she had sent them a book, "In Prospect of Sunday." The following resolution was carried by acclamation, and the President requested to convey it to his afflicted wife:—"That our sincere, and tender, and hearty thanks be presented to Mrs. Spurgeon for her thoughtfulness of us, and for her wise choice of a book so likely to be useful to us."

In the afternoon a large number of friends met for tea, and afterwards the Tabernacle was nearly crowded for the annual public meeting. C. H. Spurgeon presided, and reported the progress of the College during the past twelve months. Mr. Frisby's evangelistic choir led the singing, which consisted of several fine old-fashioned tunes, and addresses were given by the Vice-President, and Pastors H. Bradford, Brixham; J. Wilson, Woolwich; and W. Hailstone, Birmingham. Mr. Bradford's story of the Lord's work among the sailors at Brixham thrilled the whole audience, many of whom, no doubt, joined in the earnest prayer offered by Pastor W. Anderson, Reading, that a similar blessing might be poured out upon other churches. At the close of the meeting the ministers and students repaired to the lecture-hall, where Mr. Murrell was again prepared to entertain them in the usual sumptuous fashion. The President being too weary to stay, the Vice-President took the chair, and, after prayer, reminded the brethren that in July next the College will have been in existence for a quarter of a century, and that as there had been a pastoral silver-wedding and a domestic silver-wedding celebration, so it had been thought well to take advantage of the absence of the President to consider the desirability of arranging for the commemoration of the College Silver Wedding. It was unanimously resolved, "That we have a memorial of our College Silver Wedding, and that the form the memorial shall take be decided upon by a committee composed of the tutors of the College, Pastors A. G. Brown, Cuff, W. Anderson, Gauge, Geo. Hill, M.A., Medhurst, and Tarn, and any others whom they think it wise to add to their number."

On Friday morning, *May 6*, after prayer by several brethren and the President's father, our venerable but youthful friend, Professor Rogers, delivered a special farrow address upon the words, "Christ also," founding his remarks upon the passage "Ye believe in God, believe also in me" (John

xiv. 1). Mr. Rogers has prepared for the press all the addresses delivered by him at our annual Conferences, and we have arranged for our publishers to issue them as soon as possible in a neat volume, which will, we hope, secure a wide circulation. After a brief interval the brethren assembled for worship, and the President preached a short sermon from the text, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you" (1 Peter v. 7). Then followed the communion, and our closing psalm sung as usual by the whole assembly standing with hands linked, in token of our holy brotherhood. At the dinner-table, our faithful Remembrancer, Pastor F. H. White, informed us that the contributions to the College funds from the ministers and students had greatly exceeded last year's amount, 185 pastors having collected or given £561 9s. 11d., to which the students had added £124 17s. 9d., whereas the total sum reported last Conference was only £516 16s. 11d. Thanks were then heartily given to all friends who had not been previously remembered, and in reply Mr. Murrell and Revs. W. Sampson and John Spurgeon spoke, the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced, and so ended what all must have felt was a time of unbounded mercy and blessing.

Mr. Spurgeon was able to be present all the week, but on Saturday he was overtaken by a rheumatic affection of the heel, which prevented his being able to stand, and so for one Sabbath he was debarred the privilege of preaching. The attack, however, passed off in a few days, and he was again upon his feet. The strain of such meetings from morning to night upon one who leads them is no small matter, and it is not wonderful that a frail body should somewhat suffer as the result.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. W. Blockside, having completed his course with us, will shortly settle at *New Brompton*, near Chatham. This district contains 24,000 inhabitants, with church and chapel accommodation for less than 3,000, and no Baptist Chapel at all. The only place that could be obtained for a preaching-room was a hall holding 120 people, and there, in spite of many inconveniences, services have been held for more than two years. A church has been formed, which numbers between 40 and 50 members. A site for a chapel has been purchased, and after paying for the land about £200 in cash and promises remains as the nucleus of a building fund. A school-room and vestries will probably be erected first, and we shall be glad to receive contributions in aid of the work. We do not know of a district which offers a more hopeful field. Will not the Lord give the word to certain of his stewards to send on the amount needed for a place of worship for this hopeful band of believers?

Mr. A. McCaig has accepted the pastorate of the church at *Streatham*. Mr. G.

Samuel is removing shortly from Penge to Aston Park, Birmingham; Mr. T. Hagen from Great Yarmouth to Coalville, Staffs; and Mr. S. Skingle from Mossley to Retford, Notts.

We have been very pleased to be able, through the kindness of a friend, to send help to Mr. Hamilton to assist him in his arduous undertaking at Cape Town. He has our entire confidence and affection, and we believe that the Lord by him has done a great work, and will do yet more. It will afford us the utmost delight to send more help to this truly missionary brother.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton continue at work in *Sheffield*. One of the ministers of the town sends us the following report of the services held up to the present time:—

“We are happy to report that the mission of our friends, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, is most manifestly growing in favour and power, and bids fair both to rouse the churches connected with the movement, and to reach large numbers outside all the religious communities.

“The evangelists came to Sheffield on the 10th April, in response to a cordial invitation from all the Independent, Baptist, and Presbyterian ministers in the town. The first fortnight was devoted to Attercliffe, a densely populated district. Here the members of the churches took up the work with great enthusiasm—early morning meetings at seven o'clock were crowded, and throughout a deep spirit of earnestness and expectancy was maintained. Already there is reason to believe that the results will fully justify the faith that has been in such vigorous exercise.

“From the 24th April to the 12th May the effort has been confined to the centre of the town. With the exception of two or three days during which our friends were absent in order that they might attend the College Conference, all the meetings have been well attended: on many occasions the largest chapel in the district, holding about twelve hundred people, has been quite full.

“The Song Services given on Saturday evenings have become great favourites. It is evident that soon none of our chapels will be large enough to hold the crowds that flock from all parts of the town.

“On Sunday, 8th inst., a meeting for men only was held in a chapel seating nearly twelve hundred: a copy of the *Postman* was promised in exchange for the ticket of admission, as an additional help in getting the place filled. However, when the time came, the stream of men from all directions dispelled all fear—the chapel was crowded—Mr. Smith's happy face and cheerful address, together with some good-tempered drilling in the singing and chorus, at once won the hearts of all, and admirably prepared the way for the direct appeals of the gospel which came after.

“At the close, when the men were asked

about another meeting in that place, voices from the pews immediately responded that they must have a larger place. On Sunday last (15th), the Albert Hall was secured. Tickets were issued for about two thousand seats for men, and about one thousand for women. Long before the time for beginning the meeting the hall was crammed, and hundreds clamoured for admission. An overflow meeting had to be improvised in a lower room, into which very quickly over three hundred men and women were packed, so that probably some three thousand five hundred were brought together to listen to the gospel at those meetings. Next Sunday we intend arranging the meeting for men only: there can be no doubt the hall will be crowded. Our friends have already gained a firm grip of the attention and of the hearts of the working men of the town.

“On Sunday evening the work was begun in a suburban district at Glossop-road Baptist Church. People began to flock to the service at 5.45. Before 6.30 the church, which is returned to seat eight hundred, by the aid of forms and extra seats, contained about one thousand two hundred: an overflow meeting in the schoolroom had to be begun, into which, however, only about two hundred and fifty could be got: we have reason to believe many must have been turned away. Nearly all the congregation remained to the prayer-meeting at the close, and the attention throughout the whole service was most impressive, while proofs of deep feeling were very often to be seen.

“There are yet four other districts of the town to be visited. We believe the movement is growing in depth as well as in breadth. Already there have been many most marked proofs of the Holy Spirit's working; but we trust these have only been as the droppings before the shower about to fall.

“The noonday prayer-meetings have been well sustained from the first. Of the special meetings for children and for women, we have not time to write. In them all the peculiarly rich adaptation of our friends to their special work has been shown; and, better than all, the Master's presence has been felt. May God's fullest blessing rest upon our town is our united prayer.”

Mr. Burnham has been prosecuting his work with his usual zeal and success, and this month, after being with us at the Conference, and holding services in Walthamstow, returns to carry on his Yorkshire campaign.

Mr. G. W. Linnecar, “the Sailor Evangelist,” asks us to say that he is willing to give three days each month to evangelistic effort in connection with our brethren's churches. He would prefer to visit seaside places. His address is—2, Myrtle Villas, Bellenden-road, Peckham, S.E. He is a rough and ready brother, well fitted, by God's blessing, to get at the hearts of sailors.

ORPHANAGE.—Just as we are making up the “Nofes” we hear that another little lad has passed away from the infirmary. We have for some time expected this, and can only regard it as a happy release.

Mr. Charlesworth and a choir of the boys have been for a brief tour in South Wales, visiting Newport, Cardiff, and Bridgend, and have had a most enthusiastic reception. They are not home at the time we write, and therefore we cannot give details of their visits.

Special Notice.—The Annual Fête will be held on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22ND, when the girls’ houses will be open for inspection, although we hardly expect that any of them will be quite complete. It would greatly cheer us to see many friends from the country. Refreshments are provided on the ground, so that they can spend a long afternoon and evening at the Orphanage. If the Lord should move some friends to be doubly generous just now, so as to finish off the building of the Girls’ Orphanage, we should indeed be rejoiced.

We have now ascertained that the cost of furnishing the four centre houses will be about £250 each, and the two end houses, which are much larger, £460 each. Samuel Barrow, Esq., who rendered us such admirable service in the building of the Girls’ Orphanage, has now placed us under further obligation by generously promising to furnish his house, “The Olives.” Mr. Rickett has also paid the noble sum of £1,000, which it was estimated that “The Limes” house, without the schoolroom above, would cost furnished; and £2,220 has been either paid or promised by the trustees for the building and furnishing of their house. Then we have the enquiry from Cambridge, to which we alluded last month, which we hope will lead to the furnishing of another house; but to make sure we must now ask for sufficient to furnish the two larger houses and one smaller one—this will certainly require £1,200. Then will follow the dining-hall, girls’ infirmary, and other buildings, towards which we have one donation of £1,000 which was reported before. This is a noble beginning, but a large sum will be needed. The Lord’s arm is not shortened, and he will surely send the whole amount required.

As soon as possible a meeting of the ladies who are likely to help the Bazaar at Christmas will be held, and in the meantime will all friends work away vigorously, so that the whole affair may be carried through with the same hearty zeal which has been displayed all along, even to this present time? If all over the country ladies will work for this Bazaar, we shall finish the Orphanage at a stroke, but it must be taken up on all hands or it will not succeed. We shall be glad to hear from ladies who would take stalls.

COLPORTEGE.—The Annual Meeting of the Colportage Association was held at the Tabernacle, in connection with the usual

prayer-meeting, on *Monday evening, May 16*. More than thirty of the colporteurs had spent the previous day in prayer and conference with the committee, and on Monday afternoon they were addressed by Mr. Spurgeon upon the requisites to success in the spiritual portion of their work. A large number of friends assembled for the public meeting, at which Mr. Spurgeon presided: addresses were given by the Revs. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., and R. H. Lowell, and several of the colporteurs related interesting incidents that had occurred in connection with their work. During 1880 the 79 colporteurs employed by the Association have sold 7,804 Bibles, 10,675 Testaments, 96,073 bound books, 9,041 packets of texts, and 272,698 magazines; and they have also visited 630,993 families, and conducted 6,745 religious services. This is one of the best of our enterprises, and deserves to receive ten times its present support. It is one of the cheapest and best ways of spreading the gospel in the dark parts of our land. What can we say to interest Christian people in it? If it does not from its own intrinsic merit win sympathy no words of ours will do it.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A friend living in *Surrey* writes as follows:—“We hold a meeting for the preaching of the Gospel in our drawing-room every Sabbath evening, as there is no place of worship here but the church, which is Ritualistic. All are made welcome at our service, but it is principally attended by the poor. We sometimes have an evangelist, or other preacher, but when we are unable to secure the services of such I read one of your sermons. Recently I selected No. 1,211, (‘The Hospital of Waiters visited with the Gospel,’) and about the middle of the sermon, as I was reading, I looked up, and caught such a beaming glance from a woman whom we knew to be under conviction of sin that I felt perfectly sure that she had found peace; and on the following Tuesday she wrote and told Mrs. — that it was so, and that it came to her at the time I noticed her looking up.”

Another friend, in *Middlesex*, writes:—“Last week I was visiting in our village among the poor, and entered the room of a poor old needlewoman, a godly soul. As she cannot get out much to the services of the church I advised her to read your sermons as a source of comfort and joy. She then told me that for the past twenty years she has earned a bare pittance with her needle, often and often finding herself on the Saturday with only three-pence to carry her on until Monday. Feeling the great blessing your sermons were to her she would lay out her store thus—1d. sermon, 1d. bread, and 1d. tea. ‘and,’ said the good woman, ‘I would not have changed places with the Queen when I got into the cream of the sermon, and I often forgot to eat my bread.’ After th:

sermons have accumulated, although a feeble soul, she has gone about distributing them so that others might share the blessing with her."

The following cheering note comes from the *United States*:—"It will refresh your heart to learn that a beloved pastor in this country (whose teaching and preaching are a striking contrast to the rapid utterances of the humanitarians and sentimentalists who abound in all our cities,) received through your ministry some years ago a very great blessing. He visited England, and planned to hear all the men of note in London. On his arrival he happened to learn that you were to speak one afternoon in the neighbourhood of his hotel. That sermon did him so much good that he followed you around, and during his six weeks in London heard no other preacher. Your vindication of God's grace, and advocacy of his sovereignty in salvation, and your clear presentation of faith and assurance so filled him, and confirmed his own views of divine truth that he returned to his own country strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. He often speaks of that visit, and I have heard him frequently thank God for your ministry. He is truly a witness to the sufficiency of the Atonement, and a noble opposer of that science falsely so-called which belittles the word of Revelation. I refer to Dr. _____, of _____, author of _____, &c. He was too modest to introduce himself."

A minister in *St. Petersburg* sends us the following:—"By your sermons, etc., you are having a part in the great work of spreading Christ's kingdom both in *St. Petersburg* and in the interior. You are well known among the priests, who seem glad to get hold of your translated sermons, and, strange to say, I know cases in which the Censor has readily given consent for your works to be translated when he has been reluctant respecting many."

Another friend in the same city, who distributes our sermons, says that he gave one recently to an old Russian pope, or priest, who called upon him one Sunday while engaged at family prayer, and tried to sell him some pork. He says that he will get all the other sermons that are translated, and give them to as many popes as he can find access to.

The Rev. Joseph Cook, the Boston Monday Lecturer, has been at the Tabernacle twice during the past month, and on the 31st of May is to be there again, when he is to deliver his last lecture in London on "Certainties in Religion." On *Sunday afternoon, May 1*, Mr. Cook preached the annual sermon at the Tabernacle under the auspices of the National Temperance League; and on *Tuesday Evening, May 10*, he delivered his popular lecture entitled, "Does death end all?" In the absence, through illness, of his brother, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon took the chair. All bear testimony to the

force of Mr. Cook's testimony to the orthodox faith. He has done good service in the United States in defence of the gospel, and he comes to us with the commendation of ministers concerning whose soundness in the faith no question can be raised. We might not endorse every expression used by Mr. Cook, but of his intense earnestness for the old-fashioned gospel we have the fullest evidence, and of his ability to defend it against philosophical sceptics we have abundant proof. From his own lips we have had the clearest testimony, not only to the gospel, but to that form of it which is known as thoroughly Calvinistic.

The style in which meetings are reported in the American press is often of the most telling kind. Often when we have been reading Transatlantic papers our feeble pen would have blushed at its own ineffectual attempts if it had not been too much covered with ink. Here is an extract from the *Examiner and Chronicle* which ought not to die: in addition to the local news it contains such rich morsels that it makes good reading for people who do not know Cleveland, or its Baptist Social Union, or the pastor who is so likely to be kidnapped if he be too publicly exhibited.

Rev. W. C. P. Rhodes also pleased every one by a thoughtful speech on "The Baptists—one in feeling, and one in work." As we were coming out we met one of his parishioners. "That was an excellent address," said one. "How does that compare with his ordinary work?" "Well," he answered, "I will tell you a little incident. When the Convention met at Dayton, some time since, our pastor preached the sermon. At the close of the service a gentleman from Cincinnati came up to one of our members, and said, 'Can he do like that every time?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, you had better not show him around much, or you will lose him.'" Here are a few of his thoughts—"The city church can well afford to send out aid to these weak country fields, for many of its future deacons are to come from among those country boys. It will only be as when the heart sends forth the blood to all parts of the body, to receive it purified back from the lungs again." "We need to stand together. A hundred churches may be working apart, each building its own monument, and they may be only like the isolated stones of a cemetery. But let them all work together, and they will be raising a temple to the great God, complete in all its parts."

Of course the chief attraction of the day was Rev. Dr. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky., that master of public address, when he feels well. We add this latter clause, because it is true of every master of public address. Beecher says "a man can't preach with a peg in his boot, whoever he is." We have heard Beecher himself when he was positively dull. We have read the same testimony concerning Webster; and Paul once put a man to sleep, so that he tumbled out of the window. Some of us can do that now. It is a dangerous experiment, however, as unfortunately we do not possess Paul's power to bring him back to life again if he gets killed.

Dr. Broadus evidently had on his old shoes, however, yesterday. Not a peg in them. He could not have done better if he had been positively barefooted. He felt well. So did all the rest of us. His theme was "An investment that

pays big dividends." That is—that was the sign in the shop window intended to call in customers, selected and hung there, not by the Doctor, but by the Committee who invited him. The real stock on hand which he dealt out was "The advantages of college education." Of course, we can give no just synopsis. The truth is, a really effective speech never can be reported. It is like

fireworks on the fifth of July—the powder all out of them. We might as well try to show our country friends what the ocean is by taking a spoonful home.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—April 25th, nineteen; 28th, fifteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mr. G. J. Dann	0	16	0	Pastor W. S. Llewellyn	1	0	0
Ashford	1	0	0	Friends at Attercliffe, per Pastor R. Ensoll	0	15	6
M. L. H.	0	10	0	Pastor R. Ensoll	0	19	6
G. G., near John o' Groat's	1	0	0	Friends at Shoreham, per Pastor C. D. Crouch	2	0	0
In weekly offering box	1	0	0	Collection at Eythorne, per Pastor G. Stanley	4	6	0
Mr. D. Bloomfield	0	5	0	Collection at North Finchley, per Pastor J. Chadwick	2	5	0
Master C. Welton	0	5	0	Collection at Bromley, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	2	6	Collection at Kent-street Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor J. W. Genders	3	16	9
Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., M.P.	10	10	0	Pastor J. Hart	1	0	0
Mr. W. M. Smith	2	2	0	Baptist Church at Smallheath, per Pastor C. Joseph	2	2	0
Mrs. Paul	0	4	0	Collection at Hanley, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	3	11	0
Mr. Spriggs, per Mr. Buckmaster	0	5	0	Per Pastor C. T. Johnson	1	0	0
Mrs. Keeley	1	1	0	Mr. J. Porter	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Edwards	5	0	0	Mr. R. Pedley	1	2	6
Mr. Thomas Aggs	1	0	0	Collection at Exeter, per Pastor E. S. Neale	3	0	0
Mr. W. L. Williams	1	1	0	Church at Talbot Tabernacle, Bayswater, per Pastor F. H. White	3	3	0
Mr. J. R. Gould	1	1	0	Collection at Maidenhead, per Pastor J. J. Irving	3	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0	Collection at Herne Bay, per Pastor W. Pettman	3	0	0
Mr. J. Burrill	1	1	0	Pastor C. Testro	0	2	0
Mr. T. Barnes	0	10	0	Pastor T. Harley and friends	2	0	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0	Collection at Southend, per Pastor J. G. Wilson	2	2	0
Mr. George Higgs	2	2	0	Collection at Chepstow, per Pastor W. L. Mayo	1	7	6
Dr. Eugene Cronin	2	2	0	Pastor W. L. Mayo	0	10	0
Mr. W. Haydon	2	2	0	A few friends at Halstead, per Pastor E. Morley	1	13	9
Mr. W. M. Cross	5	0	0	Collection at Octavius-street, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	1	15	0
Mr. T. Heynes	1	0	0	Collection at Chelsea, per Pastor W. H. J. Page	4	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0	Pastor T. G. Gathercole and friends	0	17	6
Mr. W. Herbert Peto	1	1	0	Friends at Ashford, per Pastor E. Roberts	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Crosher	1	1	0	Church at Burslem, per Pastor W. G. Coote	1	0	0
Mr. A. McArthur, M.P.	10	10	0	Pastor J. Mitchell Cox	0	10	0
Mr. George Startin	3	3	0	Collection at Stockton, per Pastor G. Wainwright	7	1	0
W. C. P.	5	0	0	Friends, per Pastor G. Wainwright	2	0	0
Mr. J. Alder	2	2	0	Collection at Deal, per Pastor N. Dobson	2	2	0
Mr. J. E. Tresidder	2	2	0	A Widow, per Pastor H. Wilkins	0	1	0
Mr. W. Harrison	10	10	0	Collection at Limpfield, per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	0	16	0
Mr. G. A. Calder	10	10	0	Friends at Calne, per Pastor F. J. Steward	0	7	6
Z., Plymouth	5	0	0	Collection at Boston, per Pastor W. Sexton	2	0	0
Mr. M. H. Hodder	1	1	0	Collection at Shefford, per Pastor J. Markham	1	16	0
Baron de Ferrieres, M.P.	1	0	0				
Mr. Henry Fisher	5	0	0				
Part Collection at Gravesend, per Pastor N. Heath	2	0	0				
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	2	2	6				
Collection at Hillsley, per Pastor N. T. Miller	0	18	0				
Collection at Circus Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor J. J. Knight	4	0	0				
Collection at Horley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Marshall	1	10	6				
Pastor Thos. Greenwood	1	1	0				
Pastor W. G. Myles	0	15	0				
Collection at Ashdon, per Pastor R. Layzell	1	0	0				
Pastor T. N. Smith	0	2	6				
Collection at Vernon Chapel, King's-cross-road, per Pastor C. B. Sawday	1	5	6				
Per Pastor G. T. Ennals:—							
Mr. Clear	0	10	0				
Mr. J. Chaplin	0	10	0				
Mr. Mavis	1	1	0				
Mrs. Dafforne	1	0	0				
Miss A. Mathew	2	0	0				
Rev. J. Green	0	5	0				
	5	6	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Walthamstow, per Pastor T. Breewood	1	9	2	Pastor E. E. Fisk	0	10	0
Pastor J. Palmer	0	10	0	Pastor Wm. Coombs	0	15	0
Collection at Great Broughton, per Pastor J. McNab	1	0	0	Pastor W. Sullivan	0	5	0
Collection at Tunbridge, per Pastor T. Hancock	5	0	0	Collection at Earls Colne, per Pastor W. E. Rice	1	0	0
Pastor W. J. Dyer and friends	1	4	0	Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	10	0
Pastor W. Gillard	0	12	0	Pastor J. T. Owers	1	1	0
Collection at Melton Mowbray, per Pastor G. D. Cox	2	10	0	Pastor J. Blake	0	10	0
Collection at Chesterfield, per Pastor W. F. Harris	2	0	0	Collection at Stroud, per Pastor F. J. Benska	5	9	0
Pastor W. H. Tubb	1	1	0	Collection at Shoreditch Tabernacle, per Pastor W. Cuff	15	0	0
Collection at Morice-square, Devonport, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	0	17	6	Collected at Public Meeting at Salters' Hall Chapel, per Pastor A. Dax	11	8	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	7	2	Mr. W. Holt (annual)	2	2	0
Friends at Barrow and Quorndon, per Pastor A. Greer	1	10	0	Mr. W. List	2	0	0
Collection at Godstone, per Pastor G. A. Webb	2	11	0	Freewill offering at Wellington-street Chapel, Luton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	5	4	0
Mr. E. J. Parker	0	10	0	Collection at Cross-street Chapel, Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	5	5	0
Mr. Heeley and family, per Pastor W. Hillier, Mus. Doc.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Par. Collection at St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, per Pastor T. G. Tarn	8	4	0	Mrs. Bowes	1	1	0
Friends at Cambridge, per Pastor T. G. Tarn:—				Rev. J. Cumming Brown	0	10	0
Mr. C. F. Foster	1	1	0	Mrs. Carpenter	0	10	0
Mr. G. E. Foster	1	1	0	Mr. Edward Trent	1	0	0
Mr. J. Nutter	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Flaxman	5	0	0
Mr. F. G. Gifford	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Mace	2	0	0
Pastor T. G. Tarn	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Marks	2	2	0
	5	4	0	Miss Goslin	1	1	0
Collection and Donation from Lake-road Chapel, Portsmouth, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst	11	8	0	Miss C. K. O. Goslin	1	1	0
Pastor E. H. and Mrs. Brown	3	3	0	Mr. J. Goslin	1	1	0
Collection at Selly Park, Birmingham, per Pastor A. H. Collins	4	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Pastor E. G. Soncs	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell	2	2	0
Pastor H. Abraham	1	0	0	Mr. W. R. Selway	2	2	0
Pastor R. Marshall	0	5	0	Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Per Pastor W. Osborne:—				Rev. F. J. Feltham	2	2	0
Mrs. Fipps	1	1	0	Mrs. Feltham, sen.	2	2	0
Miss Bradley	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	21	0	0
Mr. Hooper	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Winter	5	5	0
Mrs. Knott	0	5	0	Mr. Richard Evans	19	10	0
Mrs. Saunders	0	5	0	Mr. W. Evans	10	10	0
Miss English	0	5	0	Mrs. W. Evans	5	5	0
Mrs. Budd	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Doyle	5	0	0
	3	1	0	Mr. M. Llewellyn	5	0	0
Pastor J. T. Swift	1	1	0	Mr. T. Whitford	1	1	0
Pastor J. Bateman	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Sexton	2	2	0
Pastor Frank Smith	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hale	4	4	0
Part Collection at City-road Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor W. J. Mayers	4	10	0	Sally	0	10	0
Collection at Claremont Chapel, Shrewsbury, per Pastor W. W. Robinson	3	10	0	Mr. Masters	5	0	0
Collection at Commercial-road Chapel, Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	2	3	6	R. S.	1	1	0
Per Pastor G. West:—				Mr. Wm. Olney	5	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	0	10	0	Mr. James Benham	5	0	0
Mrs. Berwick	0	5	0	Mr. Wm. Olney, jun.	1	1	0
	0	15	0	Mr. E. Crisp	1	0	0
Church at Coggeshall-road, Braintree, per Pastor J. C. Foster	1	15	0	Mr. G. Pedley	5	0	0
Collection at Woolwich, per Pastor John Wilson	2	0	0	The Misses Dransfield	5	5	0
Friends at Cheltenham, per Pastor W. Julyan	12	6	0	Mr. W. T. Marsh	10	0	0
Collection at Batterssea-park Chapel, per Pastor T. Lardner	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun.	3	3	0
Pastor J. S. Geale	2	10	0	Mrs. Hubbard	1	1	0
Pastor J. Hullman	0	5	0	Mrs. Jenkins	3	3	0
Pastor G. Turner	1	0	0	Mr. G. S. Everett	5	5	0
Pastor J. E. Martin	1	1	0	Miss A. Everett	1	1	0
Pastor E. L. Hamilton	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Bigwood	5	0	0
Pastor W. Townsend and friends at Ludfield Highway	1	1	0	Mr. Tom R. Johnson	3	0	0
				Mr. and Miss Brown	5	0	0
				A Friend	2	0	0
				Mr. J. E. Scott	2	2	0
				Miss B. Scott	1	1	0
				Mr. T. J. Haddon	4	0	0
				Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Scott	4	0	0
				Mr. J. B. Mead	10	10	0
				Miss Mead	5	5	0
				Mr. E. J. Mead	5	5	0
				Mr. W. Stott	1	1	0
				Mr. A. Wright	1	1	0
				Mr. and Mrs. W. Murrell	5	5	0
				Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs, jun.	10	10	0
				Rev. J. A. Brown	5	0	0
				Pastor F. G. and Mrs. Marchant	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss A. Sortwell	1	1	0	Miss Duckmaster	1	1	0
B. D.	0	10	0	Mr. F. Rouse	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Alldis	4	4	0	Miss M. Nash	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cummings Air	2	2	0	Mr. Thomas Dowd	2	2	0
Mr. J. Cowdy	1	1	0	X. Y. Z., No. 2	5	5	0
Mr. Edwards	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey	5	5	0
Mr. T. Whitecal... ..	2	0	0	Miss Thorpe	1	1	0
Mr. Edwin Fox	1	0	0	Mr. F. Leete	2	2	0
Mr. G. Redman	5	0	0	Mr. Frowd	2	2	0
Mr. W. B. Fox	5	0	0	Mr. E. Burnett	2	2	0
Mrs. Cuthbert	1	1	0	Mr. S. R. Pattison	1	0	0
Mrs. Murray	1	1	0	Mrs. S. R. Pattison	1	0	0
Mr. J. B. Williams	1	0	0	H. L. W.	0	10	0
Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0	Mr. E. Ingles	1	1	0
Mr. E. Fisher	5	5	0	A. E. I.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bithray	10	10	0	W. T. W.	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thompson	1	1	0	Mr. C. Neville	5	0	0
Miss Thompson	1	1	0	Mrs. Tinniswood	2	12	6
Mr. John Winckelworth	2	2	0	Miss Darkin	0	10	6
A Friend	2	0	0	Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson	5	0	0	Mr. T. Milbourne	1	1	0
M. C.	1	1	0	G. F.	0	10	0
Mrs. Virtue	10	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Ballard	2	2	0
Mr. H. Virtue	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Altham	25	0	0
Mr. G. E. Knight	1	1	0	Mr. R. F. Pike	0	10	6
Mr. R. Collins	5	0	0	G. H. F.	0	10	0
Miss Emery	5	0	0	Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wayre	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas H. Olney	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Benson	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Happiness	2	0	0	Mr. T. J. Redgate	3	3	0
Mrs. Hill	0	10	0	F. R. T.	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	2	2	0	Mr. E. Phillips	3	3	0
Miss Nellie Withers	0	10	6	Mr. Thomas Wild	5	0	0
Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0	Mr. A. Norman	5	5	0
Mr. Vinson	1	1	0	Mrs. Rea	2	0	0
Mr. T. Wood	2	0	0	Mrs. Scott	3	3	0
Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0	Mr. J. P. Cue	5	0	0
Mr. J. C. Park	10	10	0	Mr. Isaac Rogers	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0	Mr. W. G. Beal	1	1	0
Mrs. Thorne	1	1	0	A Friend	5	0	0
Mr. J. J. Ince	2	2	0	Miss Abraham	2	0	0
Mr. G. Gayford	1	1	0	Mr. G. Hollands	3	0	0
Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	1	0	Mr. Beves	1	11	6
Mrs. Brock	1	1	0	Mr. T. Sutcliffe	3	0	0
Mrs. Parker	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Falkner	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Daintree	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Russell	5	0	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0	Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Mr. W. Mills	2	2	0	Mr. E. J. Hammer	2	2	0
Mr. R. Hayward	10	0	0	Mr. J. H. Lile	1	0	0
Mrs. Newmarch	1	1	0	A Friend	0	10	0
Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0	Mr. S. Joiner	1	1	0
Rev. W. Tyler	2	2	0	Mr. J. B. Parker	5	0	0
Mr. J. Outhwaite	2	2	0	Mrs. H. Olney	5	0	0
Mr. T. K. Bellis	3	3	0	Mr. G. H. Frean	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	5	5	0	Mr. F. Amsden	5	0	0
Mr. Cleeve Hooper	4	4	0	Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Johnson	2	2	0	Mr. R. C. Hawkey	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Alexander	1	1	0	Mr. W. Smellie, jun.	3	0	0
M. C. Davie	5	0	0	Mr. T. W. Penny	2	2	0
Marianne Davies	2	2	0	Mr. G. S. Phillips	1	1	0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	10	10	0	Mr. J. W. Sorrell	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Thomson	5	5	0	Mrs. J. W. Sorrell	0	10	6
Mrs. Samuel Thomson	2	2	0	Mrs. Rudd	0	10	0
Miss H. Thomson	1	1	0	Mr. J. J. Cook	2	2	0
Mr. J. Lobb, F.R.G.S.	2	2	0	Proceeds of Lecture by Pastor R. Chet- tleborough	1	6	6
Mr. Oxley	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	20	0	0
Mr. W. Nash	1	1	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. E. Vinson	1	1	0	Mr. W. Duncan Knight	5	5	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0	Mr. Frank Fishwick	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fowler	5	0	0	Messrs. A. Straker and Son	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Greenop	3	3	0	Mr. James Green	2	2	0
Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0	Mr. B. Venables	1	1	0
Miss Walker	2	2	0	Dr. F. R. Weymouth	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	2	2	0	Miss Steadman	10	0	0
Mr. G. Gathercole	1	1	0	Mrs. Faulconer	20	0	0
Mr. C. Tavener	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Burt	3	3	0
Mr. Joseph Passmore, jun.	2	2	0	Mr. R. Hanbury	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Passmore	2	2	0	Mr. T. Bull	1	1	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and Friend	5	0	0	R. P.	10	0	0
Mr. B. Buckmaster	2	2	0	Mr. J. Kemp-Welch	10	10	0
Mrs. B. Buckmaster	1	1	0				

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. Samuel Harris	...	2	2	0	Mrs. Krell	...	2	2	0
Mr. James Toller	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Barrett	...	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.	...	100	0	0	Miss Murrell	...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Greenwood	...	50	0	0	Miss E. Murrell	...	1	1	0
Mr. James S. Budgett	...	25	0	0	Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Pastor G.	...	1	1	0
Rev. Henry Hull	...	1	1	0	Duncan, Lindley	...	1	1	0
Dr. W. J. Van Someren	...	5	0	0	Mr. Samuel Proctor	...	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Banson	...	1	1	0	Mr. Henry Bugeas	...	1	1	0
Dr. Mackay	...	0	10	0	Rev. S. Figgis	...	5	5	0
Mr. James Duncan	...	100	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	...	100	0	0	Readers of the "Christian Herald"	...	10	1	7
Pastor C. Spurgeon	...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Seivwright	...	1	0	0
Mr. B. Heritage	...	5	5	0	Mr. C. J. A. N. Padley	...	5	0	0
Mr. John Best	...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Godber, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	...	2	10	0
Mr. William Rea	...	10	10	0	Mr. Faulkner, per Pastor J. S. Bruce	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. W. Harrald	...	1	1	0	Friends at Bury St. Edmunds, per Pastor M. Cumming	...	2	13	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	...	5	0	0	Mr. Robert Walls	...	1	0	0
Mr. H. Keen	...	3	3	0	Mr. W. H. Roberts	...	3	3	0
Mr. T. D. Galpin	...	10	0	0	Mr. A. F. Coles	...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ball	...	7	0	0	D. E. G., Wilts	...	0	4	0
Mr. W. Dunn	...	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Lewis	...	1	1	0
Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	...	10	10	0	A thankoffering unto the Lord	...	1	1	0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	...	25	0	0	A reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Wiseman	...	5	0	0	J. B. C.	...	1	0	0
"Oil for the lamp"	...	20	0	0	Mr. C. F. Davisson	...	5	0	3
Mr. S. Harwood	...	10	0	0	Mr. W. Bishop	...	0	10	0
Dr. Stevens	...	1	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. C. Woollacott, per Pastor G. Simmons	...	1	1	0	Miss Lizzie Culver	...	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	...	12	0	0	Mr. H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0
Mr. J. Houghton	...	100	0	0	Mr. Jeanneret	...	1	1	0
The Rt. Hon. W. McArthur, M.P.	...	100	0	0	E. B.	...	50	0	0
Lord Mayor	...	100	0	0	Miss Heath	...	5	0	0
Mr. Jeremiah Colman	...	50	0	0	Mr. R. Huntley	...	10	10	0
Mr. Frederick Howard	...	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Huntley	...	10	10	0
Mr. A. H. Baynes	...	5	0	0	Miss Hunt	...	2	2	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	...	50	0	0	Miss Hudson	...	2	2	0
Mr. W. Howard	...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thomas	...	5	5	0
Mr. William Izard	...	10	10	0	Mr. R. C. Morgan	...	3	3	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	...	5	0	0	Mr. W. W. Baynes	...	3	3	0
Mr. R. D. Lowy	...	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Allison	...	25	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Robertson-Aikman	...	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	...	3	3	0
Mr. John Taylor	...	5	0	0	Mr. F. Cotton	...	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	...	6	6	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Mansell	...	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	...	10	0	0	Mr. E. Burkitt	...	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs and Family	...	50	0	0	Annual Subscription:—	...	1	1	0
Mr. William Hill	...	3	3	0	Mr. Jeanneret	...	1	1	0
Mr. G. H. Dean	...	10	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:	...	32	2	3
The Misses M. A. and J. Dean	...	2	2	0	April 17	...	13	1	0
Miss Spiedt	...	1	1	0	" 24	...	30	9	10
Mr. Creasy, per Mr. Horsepool	...	1	1	0	May 1	...	32	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Rains	...	10	0	0	" 8	...	107	18	1
Miss Rains	...	1	1	0					
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	...	3	0	0					
Rev. V. J. Charlesworth	...	2	2	0					
Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Smith	...	2	2	0					
Mr. George Allen	...	1	1	0					

Erratum, May "Sword and Trowel."—The total should be £456 12s. 7d., not £435 12s. 7d.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1881.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss H. Fells	...	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Bow	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Crocker	...	2	0	0	From six happy children	...	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	...	1	0	0	W. P. S.	...	0	10	0
Mr. John Myers	...	0	5	0	B. P.	...	10	0	0
C. G.	...	1	0	0	T. A.	...	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Rust	...	0	7	0	P. B. Woolly and C. Partridge	...	0	2	6
M.	...	1	0	0	A Friend	...	1	1	0
A poor member and Sophia	...	0	1	2	Mr. W. Cooke	...	2	0	0
Mr. F. A. Fawkes	...	1	1	0	Given to Mr. Spurgeon at Exeter Hall	...	0	5	0
Miss E. S. White	...	0	10	0	Mr. Sellwood	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Brown	...	5	0	0	Mr. Spriggs, per Mr. Buckmaster	...	0	10	0
In weekly-offering box	...	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. White	...	2	4	8
Felix	...	0	1	4	Mr. W. Kelley	...	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Pastor W. L. Mayo	0	10	6
Miss Parnell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
The late Miss Eades	18	18	6
"A Local Preacher"	0	2	6
Pastor H. Wilkins	0	5	0
E. K., West Bromwich, per Pastor C. J. Clark	1	0	0
Mrs. Siaman	1	0	0
Mrs. Chaplin	1	1	0
Mrs. Grimwood, per Pastor W. Osborne	1	0	0
"Devonport"	0	4	3
"Miss I," per Pastor R. S. Latimer	1	1	0
Jane Woods, per Mr. E. A. Gibson	0	2	0
Collected by Master J. Smith	0	5	2
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. James	1	1	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Cowdy, Arthur Street Chapel Sunday School	1	1	0
Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	4	1	6
Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Burgess	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, April 29th	2	2	0
Collected by Miss Simpson	1	16	0
Dr. W. J. Van Someren	5	0	0
A. Whatley	0	5	0
Mr. J. Scivwright	1	0	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Collection among boys at Marlborough Street Board School	0	11	6
Mr. I. Atkinson	0	10	6
Budleigh Salterton Sunday-school	0	10	0
E. S.	0	3	6
William, Charles, Alfred, and Emily Jackson	0	10	2
Mr. Samuel Booth	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cooke	2	0	0
Messrs. R. and W. Bateman	5	0	0
Mr. J. Godber, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert Walls	0	10	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	1	1	0
Faith	0	3	0
A few friends, Ferryden	0	15	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	16	1
Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	10	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	1	10	0
Thankoffering for the sermons	0	5	0
J. G.	0	2	0
Collected by Mr. C. Cooper	0	11	8
Mr. G. Everett	5	5	0
Miss A. Hughes	0	10	0
Thankoffering from friends at Brixham, per Pastor H. Bradford	8	5	3
Mr. John A. Wood	2	0	0
"Willie's earnings"	1	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
W. S.	10	0	0
C 583954	10	0	0
A friend	0	3	0
A working man and friend, Dumfries	3	0	0
"An unknown friend," per Pastor A. G. Brown	5	0	0
Mr. Barr's Young Men's Class, Kilmarnock	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Spence	0	10	0
Mr. James Jackson	1	1	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Rev. R. Linton	1	1	0
Per F. R. T.:			
Mrs. Mold	0	5	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson	0	5	0
Rev. W. Mummery	0	5	0
			0 15 0
Mr. W. Tebbutt, per Pastor T. H. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. T. Hill	1	1	0
Mr. R. Howard	2	0	0
Mr. F. Fisher	1	0	0
			£166 18 4

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—Sack of Potatoes, H. Steed; a Case of Tinned Soups, G. P. Chard; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 20 Quarterons Bread, Mr. Bonner; 300 New Laid Eggs, Arthur Duggett; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a Churn of Milk, Freeth and Poocock; a Churn of Milk, H. Double.

CLOTHING.—30 Flannel Shirts and 2 pairs Socks, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Chapel, per Mrs. Pearce; 6 pairs Woolen Socks, "From an old woman, a Reader of *The Sword and the Trowel*"; 4 Shirts, Mrs. Brown; a Night-shirt, S. Lugg.

GENERAL:—20 Copies of "The Crossing Sweeper," Mr. W. Olding; a Hamper of Flowers, Mr. E. Roberts; a Hamper of Flowers, The Servants of Fellenberg College, Folkestone.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING.—Parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Lang; Parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Brown's Working Meeting, Twickenham, per Mrs. Keevil; 12 Articles of Clothing, Mrs. Bunting; 2 Parcels of Clothing, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; Parcel of Calico, "S. F. W."; 18 Articles of Clothing, Mrs. J. Brown's Bible Class; 7 Articles of Clothing, "R. B."; a grant of Woolen Shawls and Water-colour Drawings, the work of the Girl Readers of "The Girl's Own Paper," from the Editor.

GENERAL:—Parcel of Dolls, Cards, etc., Anon.; Vol. "Girls' Own Annual," Miss Parnall; 5 Dolls, Rev. J. Plumridge.

Errata, May "Sword and Trowel," page 246, Collecting Boxes.—"Mrs. Hudson, £1 3s. 0d.," should be "Mrs. Burton"; also "Mrs. Saker, 16s. 1d.," should be "Mrs. Laker."

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Burt	2	2	0	M. and B.	0	2	0
Mrs. C. Robertson	0	10	0	Mrs. G. Bull	0	2	0
Genesis xxviii. 22	0	10	0	Mr. J. Keen	2	2	0
Miss Low's Bible-class, St. Leonard's				Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
Free Church, Perth	0	12	0	"Miss I," per Pastor R. S. Latimer	1	1	0
R. P.	10	0	0	Mr. Henry Burgess	1	1	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
"In memoriam," Ethel Bertha		1	1	0	An invalid, Clapham Park	
A lover of Jesus	...	0	5	0	E. P.	0 2 6
"My tobacco allowance"	...	0	5	0	Mrs. R.	0 10 0
A poor member at Waterbeach	...	0	2	6	Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0
Mr. I. Atkinson	...	0	10	6	Mr. H. W. Westrop	5 0 0
Miss Ann Bird	...	0	10	0					
J. Middlesbro'	...	0	2	0					<u>£30 1 6</u>
Mr. W. H. Roberts	...	1	1	0					
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis	...	1	1	0					

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
North Wilts District, per Mr. W. B. Wearing	6	5	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District, per Mr. D. White	7	10	0
Islington District, per Pastor F. A. Jones	10	0	0
Halesowen District, per Mr. R. Marshall	13	0	0
Cambridgeshire Association, per Mr. J. Toller	30	0	0
Newbury District, per Mr. A. Vince	10	0	0
Kettering District, per Mr. T. Jones	5	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association, per Mr. J. V. Toone	17	10	0
Dorchester District	40	0	0
For Repton District:—			
E. R.	1	0	0
W. D.	0	2	6
S. S.	0	2	6
M. E. S.	0	2	0
H. M.	0	1	0
L. P. A.	0	2	6
	<u>1</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>6</u>
	£140	15	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
L. F. D. P.	10	0	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
R. P.	10	0	0
T. A.	0	5	0
Mr. S. Strickland	0	2	6
Mr. M. Frost	0	2	6
Mr. Salmon	0	2	6
A Friend	0	1	0
Mr. Robert Walls	1	0	0
Mr. George White	0	10	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering for mercies received,			
M. F.	1	0	0
Mrs. R.	0	10	6
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mrs. R. Hellier	0	10	6
Mr. J. Powell	1	1	0
	<u>£32</u>	<u>1</u>	<u>0</u>

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Proceeds of Services by Messrs. Smith and Fullerton, at Sion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford	6	10	3
R. P.	5	0	0
T. A.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dore	1	1	0
C 583954	12	10	0
S. S. F., Thames, N. Z.	2	10	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0
Mrs. R.	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Robert Walls	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
D. E. G., Wilts	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. McDowell	2	0	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
	<u>£38</u>	<u>6</u>	<u>9</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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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 Report of the Pastors' College.

BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

1880-81.

ON enquiring the other day for the secretary of one of our largest societies I was informed that he had gone to the sea-side for a month, in order that he might have quiet to prepare the report. I do not wonder at this if he has aforesaid written many descriptions of the same work, for every year increases the difficulty unless a man is prepared to say the same thing over and over again. Very few can, like Paganini, perform so admirably on one string that everybody is charmed with the melody. The task grows still harder when the year has been peaceful and successful. It has been truly said, "Happy is the nation which has no history," because it has been free from changes, wars, convulsions, and revolutions; but I may remark, on the other hand, unhappy is the historian who has to produce a record of a certain length concerning a period which has been innocent of striking events,—making bricks without straw is nothing to it. The Pastors' College has of late maintained the even tenor of its way, knowing little of external attack and nothing of internal strife. Regular in its work, and fixed in its purpose, its movement has been calm and strong. Hence there are no thrilling incidents, painful circumstances, or striking occurrences with which to fill my page and thrill my reader's soul. *Gratitude writ large* is about the only material at hand out of which to fashion my report. "Bless the Lord, O my soul" is my one song, and I feel as if I could repeat it a thousand times.

The College started with a definite doctrinal basis. I never affected to leave great questions as moot points to be discussed in the Hall, and believed or not believed, as might be the fashion of the hour. The creed of the College is well known, and we invite none to enter who do not accept it. The doctrines of grace, coupled with a firm belief in human responsibility, are held with intense conviction, and those who do not receive them would not find themselves at home within our walls. The Lord has sent us tutors who are lovers of sound doctrine, and zealous for the truth. No uncertain sound has been given forth at any time, and we would sooner close the house than have it so. Heresy in colleges means false doctrine throughout the churches: to defile the fountain is to pollute the streams. Hesitancy which might be tolerated in an ordinary minister would utterly disqualify a teacher of teachers. The experiment of Doddridge ought to satisfy all godly men, that colleges without dogmatic evangelical teaching are more likely

to be seminaries of Socinianism than schools of the prophets. Old Puritanic theology has been heartily accepted by those received into our College, and on leaving it they have almost with one consent remained faithful to that which they have received. The men are before the public in every part of the country, and their testimony is well known.

This Institution has now reached its twenty-fifth year, and its object, spirit, and manner of work remain the same. It was intended from the first to receive young men who had been preaching for a sufficient time to test their abilities and their call to the work of the ministry; and such young men have been forthcoming every year in growing numbers. Some bodies of Christians have to lament that their ministry is not adequately supplied: I know of one portion of the church which is sending up to heaven bitter lamentations because as the fathers depart to their rest there is scanty hope that their places will be filled; but among the Baptists the candidates for the ministry are, if possible, too plentiful. This is a new state of things, and is to be interpreted as indicating growth and zeal. Certainly the applicants are not tempted by rich livings, or even by the prospect of competent support; or, if they are, I take abundant pains to set before them the assured truth that they will find our ministry to be a warfare abounding in long marches and stern battles; but equally notable for meagre rations. Still they come, and it needs a very hard heart to repel them, and to refuse to eager brethren the drill and equipment which they covet so earnestly. If it were wise to increase the number of students, another hundred of suitable men could at once be added to those who are already under tuition.

From the commencement our main object was to help men who from lack of funds could not obtain an education for themselves. These have been supplied, not only with tuition and books, gratis, but with board and lodging, and in some cases with clothes and pocket money. Some very successful brethren needed everything, and if they had been required to pay they must have remained illiterate preachers to this day. Still, year by year the number of men who are ready to support themselves in whole or in part has increased, and, I believe, that it is increasing and will increase. As a college we have had to struggle with a repute based upon falsehood and created by jealousy; but this has not injured us to any great extent; for men come to us from America, Australia, and the Cape, and applications have frequently been made from foreign countries. German students have attended our classes during their own vacations, and members of other colleges are usually to be seen at our lectures. The Institution never deserved to be charged with giving a mere apology for an education; and if ever that reproach could have been justly cast upon us it is utterly undeserved now that the time of study has become more extended, and a fuller course of training has thus become possible. Scholarship for its own sake was never sought and never will be within the Pastors' College; but to help men to become efficient preachers has been and ever will be the sole aim of all those concerned in its management. I shall not, in order to increase our prestige, refuse poor men, or zealous young Christians whose early education has been neglected. Pride would suggest that we take "a better class of men," but experience shows that they are not better, that eminently useful men spring from all ranks,

that diamonds may be found in the rough, and that some who need most pains in the polishing reward our labour a thousandfold. My friends will still stand by me in my desire to aid the needy but pious brother, and we shall rejoice together as we continually see the ploughman, the fisherman, and the mechanic taught the way of God more perfectly, and enabled through divine grace to proclaim in the language of the people the salvation of our God.

During the past year about 120 men have been with us; but as some have come and others have gone, the average number in actual residence has averaged one hundred. Of these a few have been with us three years, and more have entered upon the third year. The rule is, that a man's usual period terminates at the end of two years, and his remaining longer depends upon the judgment formed of him. Certain men will never get beyond an English education, and to detain them from their work is to repress their ardour, without bestowing a compensatory advantage. In other cases, the longer the period of study the better. Probably the third year is to many a student more useful than the other two, and he goes forth to his life-work more thoroughly prepared. I could not lengthen the course in former days, when churches tempted the brethren away before the proper time, as they too often did. They told these raw youths that it was a pity to delay, that if they left their studies souls might be saved, and I know not what besides; and some were induced to run away, as Rowland Hill would have said, before they had pulled their boots on. If I constrained them to remain, the good deacons of the eager churches thought me a sort of harsh jailer, who locked up his prisoners, and would not give them up at the entreaty of their friends. One wrote and bade me loose the brother, for the Lord had need of him, and I would have let the young man go if I had thought that he was one of the donkeys to whom the passage referred. That a number of brethren may have entered upon their ministry prematurely was no fault of mine, but of those who tempted them to quit their classes too soon. However, there have been periods in which there is a lull in the demand of the churches for ministers, and then we have been able to retain the men for a longer season. Such a time is passing over us just now, and I do not regret it, for I am persuaded it is good to give the brethren a longer space for preparatory study.

A short time ago I was compelled to look up to God for special direction in the matter of tutors. Our honoured friend, Rev. George Rogers, grew old, and the question was how would his place be supplied. Many years ago I said of him what I could repeat with loving emphasis at this moment: "This gentleman, who has remained during all this period our principal tutor, is a man of Puritanic stamp, deeply learned, orthodox in doctrine, judicious, witty, devout, earnest, liberal in spirit, and withal juvenile in heart to an extent most remarkable in one of his years. My connection with him has been one of uninterrupted comfort and delight. The most sincere affection exists between us, we are of one mind and one heart, and what is equally important, he has in every case secured not merely the respect but the filial love of every student." The time came when, at eighty years of age, the veteran saw fit to retire, but he did it with such grace that not a jarring word or

thought arose out of it; and then the Lord heard prayer and showed how the work could still be carried on efficiently. Mr. Gracey, a most able classical tutor, became the principal; Mr. Fergusson cultivated other branches of service; and Mr. Marchant, of Hitchin, one of our own home-born men, took the juniors, and has proved himself in all respects fit for the office. Mr. Rogers comes up once a week to give a cheering word, and the other three tutors work together in happy harmony. The change has been gently made, and the train has almost imperceptibly glided from the old rail to the new: our venerable friend is missed exceedingly in many ways; but still God has wonderfully prepared others to continue Mr. Rogers' work so much in his own spirit and manner that all of us unite in praising God that the alteration which has taken place has involved so little change.

I have been very ill through the greater part of the past year, and have therefore been unable to give so much personal service to the College as I have usually done. This has been a sore trial to me; but it has been much alleviated by my beloved brother, J. A. Spurgeon, the vice-president, who has looked after everything with great care; and I have also been greatly comforted by the knowledge that the tutors are as deeply concerned about the holy service as ever I can be. It has been my joy to learn that the College was never in a better state in all respects than now, and that the men under training give promise of becoming useful preachers. I have had very little weeding work to do on my coming back to my place, and those whom I have removed were not chargeable with any fault, but their capacity was questioned by the tutors. All through the year this painful operation has to be carried on, and it always causes me much grief, but it is a necessary part of my official duty as president. Young men who come to us loaded with testimonials, are occasionally found after a while to be lacking in application, or in spiritual power; and after due admonishment and trial they have to be sent back to the place from whence they came; others are as good as gold, but their heads ache, and their health fails under hard study, or from lack of mental capacity they cannot master the subjects placed before them: these must be kindly, but firmly, set aside: but I always dread the task. This thinning-out process is done with conscientiousness under the guidance of the tutors; but this year there has been little need of it, and I have rejoiced in the fact, since frequent depression of spirit has made it undesirable to have much trying work to do. I am glad to say that very rarely have I had to deal with a case of *moral* failure. Bad young men have crept in among us, and no men are perfect; but I have great comfort in seeing the earnest and prayerful spirit which has prevailed among the brotherhood.

Foremost among our aims is the promotion of a vigorous spiritual life among those who are preparing to be under-shepherds of Christ's flock. By frequent meetings for prayer, and by other means, we labour to maintain a high tone of spirituality. I have endeavoured in my lectures and addresses to stir up the holy fire; for well I know that if the heavenly flame burns low nothing else will avail. The earnest action of the College Missionary Society has been a source of great joy to me; for above all things I desire to see many students devoting

themselves to foreign work. The Temperance Society also does a good work, and tends to keep alive among the men a burning hatred of England's direst curse.

We need the daily prayer of God's people that much grace may be with all concerned in this important business; for what can we do without the Holy Spirit? How few ever pray for students! If ministers do not come up to the desired standard, may not the members of the churches rebuke themselves for having restrained prayer on their account? When does a Christian worker more need prayer than in his early days, when his character is forming and his heart is tenderly susceptible both of good and evil influences? I would beseech all who have power with God to remember our Colleges in their intercessions. The solemn interests involved in the condition of these schools of the prophets compel me to entreat, even unto tears, that the hopeful youth of our ministry may not be forgotten in the supplications of the saints. For us also, who have the responsible duty of guiding the minds of these young men, much prayer is requested, that we may have wisdom, love, gentleness, firmness, and abounding spiritual power. It is not every man who can usefully influence students, nor can the same men have equal power at all times. The divine Spirit is needed, and He is given to them that ask for his sacred teaching.

In Great Britain 355 former students are preaching the word, some in the more prominent pulpits of the denomination and others in positions where their patience and self-denial are severely tested by the present depression in trade, and the consequent inability of rural congregations to furnish them with adequate support. The College has reason to rejoice not only in the success of her most honoured sons, but in the faithfulness and perseverance of the rank and file, whose services, although they are little noticed on earth, will receive the "well done" of the Lord.

This Institution is not alone a College, but a Home and Foreign Missionary Society. Our three Evangelists have traversed the land with great diligence, and the Lord has set his seal to their work. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith work together, and God has given them marvellous success. Mr. Burnham journeys by himself, singing and preaching with much blessing, while Mr. Parker and others are most usefully occupied in preaching the word from place to place.

It is my greatest pleasure to aid in commencing new churches. The oftener brethren can create their own spheres the more glad shall I be. It is not needful to repeat the details of former reports, but many churches have been founded through the College, and there are more to follow. I announced at the beginning of this enterprise that it was not alone for the education of ministers, but for the general spread of the gospel, and this has been adhered to, a part of the income being always expended in that direction.

A very considerable number of Pastors' College men are to be found at the Antipodes. I cannot forget that there I have a beloved son; but next to that in nearness to my heart is the fact that so many of my spiritual sons are there, prospering, and bringing glory to God. It was with no little delight that I received the following letter from some of

them. Readers must kindly excuse expressions of affection which are so natural from friends; I could not cut them out without destroying the spirit of the letter. I rejoice with all my heart in the abounding success of Mr. A. J. Clarke, who was for years the companion of Mr. J. Manton Smith as the College Evangelist, nor less in all that has been achieved by many others in the various colonies of the southern world. But here is the letter—

“Melbourne, Victoria,

“Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,

“2nd November, 1880.

“Honoured and Beloved President,

“A number of former students of the College being met together at this metropolis of the Antipodes, it was most heartily agreed that we should send you an expression of our warm love. For truly we can say that instead of distance or even time causing any abatement of love towards you personally, or towards the Institution which we may with truth style our *alma mater*, we find it intensified and hallowed.

“The meetings of the Victorian Baptist Association are now being held in this city, which has brought most of us together; but the Melbourne Exhibition has brought to us brother Harry Woods, from South Australia, and brother Harrison, from Deloraine, Tasmania. Our brother A. J. Clarke's house is the rendezvous for all the brethren, and the cheery hospitality of himself and wife prove them to be called to the episcopate. Though all the brethren, so far as we know, have had blessing this year, some of them wonderfully so; yet our brother A. J. Clarke, here at West Melbourne, has experienced a year of toil and harvesting, in which we all rejoice, and which exercises a stimulating effect upon all who hail from ‘the College.’

“When a number of us were bowing in prayer together, we felt how thoroughly you would have been with us in spirit, as we prayed that we might oppose, in the might of God, the awful world-spirit of this region, and that our souls might be kept wholly loyal to king Jesus, having no ‘fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.’

“Finally, beloved servant of God, we hail you in the name of our Triune Jehovah! No words of ours can express our personal obligation to you. But by fidelity to Christ and to truth, by manifesting that we have caught the spirit of burning love to souls which burns in your own breast, and by serving to our utmost ability, and to the last day of life, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus, we hope to show that all your care and that of the tutors and friends of the Tabernacle has not been ill-bestowed. We remain,

“Yours in the bonds of eternal love,

“WM. CHRIST. BUNNING, Geelong; WILLIAM CLARK, Ballarat; ALFRED J. CLARKE, West Melbourne; H. H. GARRETT, Brighton; HENRY MARSDEN, Kew; J. S. HARRISON, Deloraine, Tasmania; HARRY WOOD, Saddleworth, S. Australia; F. G. BUCKINGHAM, Melbourne.”

Similarly in Canada the Lord has been with those who have gone from the College. My dear brother, S. A. Dyke, of Toronto, has been a right valiant leader of the band. Singularly enough, this friend, now called

"Endowment Dyke," has been the means of succouring Woodstock College, raising for it an endowment which will make it a permanent institution, to which the Canadian churches will hopefully look for a supply of educated ministers. My brother, J. A. Spurgeon, during his visit to Canada, formed a branch of our Conference there, and from it the annexed loving epistle has lately come.

"567, York-street, London East, Ontario, Canada,
"April 6th, 1881.

"Beloved President,—We, the members of the Canadian branch of the Pastors' College Brotherhood, herewith greet you lovingly (and our brethren through you) on the occasion of your Annual Conference, which we hope may surpass even the best of bygone gatherings, in all holy joy and such spiritual refreshing as may fit all for more abundant service.

"Need we say how deeply we feel for all the sufferings by which our President is made to serve, the while we gratefully recognize 'the peaceable fruit' of those sufferings in such enriched utterances as we have lately read. We love our dear President as of yore, remembering days of prayerful tryst in which we heard him sigh and groan his longings for our course.

"During another year we have been 'kept by the power of God,' and used in service; and although we are in some cases separated even here by many dreary miles of continent, we still hold and are held to and by the old-day kinnedness; and, better still, 'the form of sound words.'

"We 'shake hands across the vast,' loved President and brethren, and wish you every joy in Conference.

"For the Canadian Brethren,

"Yours affectionately,

"JOSEPH FORTH,

"President for 1881 of the Canadian Branch of the
"Pastors' College Brotherhood."

A point of great interest, to which I hope the Lord may turn the attention of many of his servants, is that of English evangelists for India. Mr. Gregson, the well-known missionary, has urged upon me the great utility of sending out young men who should preach the gospel to those in India who understand the English language, whether British, Eurasian, or educated Hindoo. He advises that the men should be sent out for five years, and therefore be subjected to no remark should they return at the end of that period. He thinks it probable that they would acquire a language and remain abroad as missionaries; but if not, they would be missionary-advocates on their return home, and arouse among our churches fresh enthusiasm. It is believed that in many cities churches could be gathered which would support these men as their ministers, or that at least a portion of their expenses would be found on the spot. I have determined to enter upon this field as God shall help me; and Mr. H. R. Brown, who has been for years the pastor of the church at Shooter's-hill, has reached Calcutta, on his way to Darjeeling in the hill country. If the Lord shall prosper him there, I hope he will live long in that salubrious region, build up a church, and become the pioneer of a little band of evangelists. Our native tongue is sure to spread among the educated Hindoos, and hence many a heathen may

be brought to Jesus by evangelists who do not understand any of the languages of the East ; and meanwhile our countrymen, too often irreligious, may be met with by divine grace, and find Christ where the most forget him. I hope many friends will take an interest in this effort, and assist me to carry it out.

Friends have come in as they have been needed ; but apart from a legacy, now nearly consumed, the ordinary income has not been equal to the expenditure of the year. The balance at the banker's is gradually disappearing, but I do not mention this with any regret, for He who has sent us supplies hitherto will continue his bounty, and he will move his stewards to see that this work is not allowed to flag from want of the silver and the gold. With a single eye to his glory I have borne this burden hitherto, and found it light ; and I am persuaded from past experience that he will continue to keep this work going so long as it is a blessing to his church and to the world. I am greatly indebted to the generous donors at the Annual Supper, and quite as much to the smaller weekly gifts of my own beloved congregation, which in the aggregate, have made up the noble sum of £1,880. Here I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of Mr. Murrell, who looks after the weekly offering with a zealous care which has much to do with its healthy condition. I am sorry to say that a considerable legacy left to the College will in all probability be lost through the law of mortmain. This is a great disappointment ; but if one door is shut another will be opened. Friends who mean to remember the Pastors' College in their wills are requested to follow the form which we have printed in this Report. Those who become their own executors have the pleasure of making sure that their money is used as they desire, and while the intricacies of law remain—and there seems little hope of their removal—this is the safest course to follow.

Into the hands of Him who worketh all our works in us we commit the Pastors' College for another year.

Vice-President's Report.

ONCE more it is a pleasure to report continued steady work amongst all the classes. No special features of interest can be mentioned, as, now that we are working upon lines matured by past experience, the more regularly and smoothly the whole proceeds the better for future results, but the more difficult it is to make a present report which is not a mere repetition of former ones. At the same time our belief in our plans and aims is intensified by the success which attends them.

We do not believe that the Pulpit has lost its legitimate power, or that the Pastoral Office is beginning to decline in its influence. Mere officialism is dying out in the respect and confidence of the people ; but the true preacher is left with his sphere of influence widened rather than diminished ; whilst our churches were never more in need of trained leaders than they are to-day. We address ourselves, therefore, with

renewed energy to two distinct branches of preparation ; we seek to instruct as to the delivering of truth in public, and then further to train for future guidance of the church in her more quiet and private fellowship and service. In this latter department of preparation lies the secret of much power or weakness in the after life of the pastor, as distinguished from the preacher ; we have, therefore, kept ever in mind the strong necessity of our young brethren taking part in all our prayer-meetings, occasionally attending our church-meetings, constantly helping in our varied platform meetings, and watching in general all the departments of work as now existing in the huge agglomeration of services, charities, etc., which encircle the Tabernacle as the centre of their influence and the mainspring of their order and power. Our recruits are drilled in the camp itself, and amidst all the exercises of actual and successful spiritual warfare. Special lectures are given on the points of church government and procedure, so that no man need be altogether at a loss how to act in the emergencies of church discipline and care. Without being linked to a church for "apprenticeship," as some have desired, we think we secure the essential benefit of such a special training in the plan we have such unusual facilities for applying at the Pastors' College. "Nothing succeeds like success," and the "successful operations of the Tabernacle church are a magnificent school for all students to work in and acquire the methods and precedents to quote and apply in coming years." We are not anxious to train "lords over God's heritage," but we are more than a little wishful to secure for the flock shepherds well skilled in the conduct of all things affecting her health and progress. A bishop's true power is to be able to "overlook" with wisdom and discretion his portion of "the fold," so as to see that all his followers are well guided, and their necessities duly relieved, and all church affairs "done decently and in order." Despite all efforts, a growingly larger portion of the members of our churches slips away from our oversight, and we are constrained to think that more care must be given to retain as well as to gain our young converts. Alive to this imperative necessity, we are glad to be able to make a prominent feature of our College work this pastoral training of our students.

The other tutors will report as to their departments of study ; but judging from the monthly conference of the Staff, when each individual student's work for the past month is reported and discussed, the result of the year's study will be, if anything, beyond the average as to thoroughness and extent. The winter has been a trying one, and the health of our young brethren, despite our extra care and expenditure as to clothing, etc., has suffered, though happily but few have been laid aside for more than a brief space. The spiritual tone of the College is good, and the adhesion of the men to the "old doctrine" is as loyal and enthusiastic as ever. We march, but only after "the pillar of cloud and fire," bearing the old ark of a covenant which needs living men's shoulders, and not a state chariot, for its progress : men singing "The Lord of hosts is with us ; Not unto us, not unto us, but unto His name be all the praise."

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—At the return of another Anniversary it will be cheering to you and to your many friends to know that the College was never in a more vigorous condition. I use the term "vigorous" not in respect of the physical health of the brethren, for in that particular we have suffered somewhat, as you yourself have suffered much. Some of our most promising students have been laid aside for a time, much to their own and their tutors' regret. But I use the word "vigorous" in reference to the spirit and diligence with which the brethren have laboured to attain the chief end of the Institution. It is a rare thing to have to admonish any man for remissness in his duties, rarer still for neglect, and rarest of all for want of conformity in general behaviour with the ministry of the Gospel. The one or two who have been advised to reconsider their choice of a calling have not received the advice on account of defects in morals, or religion, or laboriousness, but owing to an unsuitableness of gifts for a continuous pastorate. Even these, however, as others in like case have done, may live to show that their tutors did not rate them sufficiently high.

It is a sign of that unfailing Divine favour that has from the beginning rested upon the College that for all who are ready pastorates keep continually opening up. There is no glut of seniors on the top benches who cannot find churches willing to receive them. This fact is at the present time the more noteworthy for two reasons: First, because of the general depression throughout the country which has in many instances crippled the resources of the churches. The second follows as a consequence: owing to narrowed means several settled pastors have been obliged to seek a change; and to such straitened brethren all applications from the churches have been for some time referred in preference to those still in college. To the honour of the latter it must be said that they have not only yielded assent to this arrangement, but have also most generously acquiesced in it. Nor have they suffered by the abnegation, as the result shows.

Such abnegation is but one of the many signs of the devotedness to the service of the Saviour, whatever form that service may present, which I believe animates the brethren. They do not ask where they may have the highest salaries, but where they may be most useful. It is the earnest desire of all to keep this spirit uppermost; and all true lovers of the Institution will join their prayers to those of the brethren, that the College may be kept with single eye seeking "*the things of Christ.*"

In our methods of study little alteration has been required. The chief thing sought has been to give a thorough grounding in the various subjects. Of the men at present in College, some have had a superior education before entrance, the majority have had a fair mercantile training, and the cases are few—every year becoming fewer—where men have had to begin with the mere rudiments. That the different studies are all tending in the right direction we have daily proofs in the trial sermons and in the discussions. And if, perchance, a brother's efforts

may have taken a wrong bent, there is in these open displays abundant opportunity of setting him on the true track.

In my own separate classes there has been most gratifying progress. The seniors have been working very hard at Plato and Homer, Horace and Virgil. Of the three divisions of Hebrew, the first has carefully read through thirteen chapters of Genesis, and from the first to the eighteenth Psalm. In the Greek Testament we have been critically reading the Epistles of Peter, the Epistle to the Romans, and the Acts of the Apostles. In the lectures on Theology which I have been delivering to the whole College, I have been much encouraged by the close attention with which they have been received. And as at the end of each section of the lectures examinations have followed, I have had good evidence that the subjects have been thoughtfully considered. My general plan has been to exhibit, as far as possible, every question under a Biblical light. My effort has been, instead of avoiding difficulties, to render help in overcoming them, and to show that in presence of a sceptical and denying age, we have the very best grounds for maintaining a fearless front. In these respects it is assuredly believed among us that the gospel committed to our charge is the only truth that can give real rest to the heart of the world, that it is supported by the strongest of reasons, and that it supplies the most effectual incentives to Christian life and work.

Believe me, dear Mr. President,

Yours very truly,

D. GRACEY.

The other tutors have sent us reports, but as our space is limited we will only add the following letter from our aged friend, Mr. Rogers, who in a few sentences gives a review of the whole matter.

Letter from Rev. George Rogers.

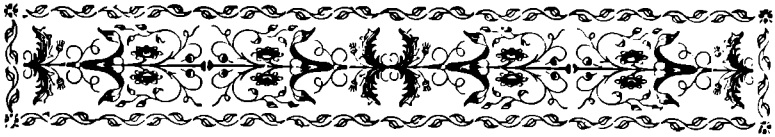
DEAR SIR,—You have requested me to send you a review of the College, as I have seen it, for the next Report. The brief notice will compel me to be brief in my reply. It is not needful that I should relate the remarkable series of providences by which, for many years, I was training myself for I knew not what; or the not less remarkable coincidences by which I was brought into connection with your College. A college indeed it could not at that time be called, nor could it have been supposed by either of us that it would ever rise to the dignity of that appellation, and much less to its present position amongst the Nonconformist Colleges of the present day. In no college has there been less of man and more of God in its origin and increase, and in the peculiarity of its constitution. All its attending circumstances and its successful results have shown that the Lord had need of it. The health and help given me for a long period in my connection with it, in declining years, and the enjoyment with which my whole work, if work it can be called, has been discharged, has been from the same wonder-working hand. The real and prayerful interest which I

have taken in your welfare and your work has not been without its encouraging and salutary influence upon me, and not the less for its being concealed by me rather than expressed. All the College surroundings have been pleasant and profitable. It might have appeared to some, and perhaps justly from their point of view, that there was one serious drawback to my qualifications for the position I was called to occupy, and I must confess that I have felt some diffidence on that account, and less entitled to the entire confidence of the community to which you belong. I cannot say that I have felt as a fish out of water, though I may have been looked upon as such by others. There may have been a good providence even in this. This also cometh from the Lord of hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. If I have been in my own element, and felt more at home than I could have been elsewhere, it is because of my thorough sympathy with the great gospel truths, for the dissemination of which, and, may we not add, preservation of which, this College has been instituted and sustained. For this purpose it was greatly needed beyond all that could have been foreseen by man, for this end it has been Divinely sanctioned and blest. The many hundreds that have gone from us have borne, and are still bearing, a faithful witness to the truth as it is in Jesus. They are not ashamed, even in the present age, of the old gospel; but still find it to be the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. It is on this account that the Pastors' College has received unusual sympathy and support; and on this account it still appeals to all who, next to their own salvation, earnestly desire the salvation of their fellow-men, and have confidence in the old gospel as absolutely needful for that end. It has the double claim upon the faithful and true, for what it does not teach and for what it does teach. It has already been blessed to the conversion of thousands; but these, we trust, will prove to be but the dew of its youth. In my occasional visits, I have been pleased to observe that its prosperity, with respect both to students and tutors, is well sustained. It is an honour to have been connected with such an institution. May everyone who shall hereafter be similarly situated feel as I do, that he receives more honour from the Institution than he can possibly confer upon it.

G. R.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which may by law
be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time
being of the Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, Surrey, and his
receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy; and this legacy, when re-
ceived by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.*



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1881.

Inaugural Address

DELIVERED AT THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE ASSOCIATION,

BY C. H. SPURGEON, PRESIDENT, ON TUESDAY, MAY 3RD, 1881.

(Continued from page 264.)



HAVE now, in the second place, to plead with you that you gather and use in your ministry much heavenly FIRE. Upon this subject you will perhaps expect me to speak guardedly; for you have seen the mischief of wild fire, and the perils of strange fire, and perhaps you are anxious to know what I think of a certain "army" which abounds in fire, and blazes away most marvellously. I shall express no opinion, except that none of the supposed evils of fire are equal to those of lukewarmness. Even fanaticism is to be preferred to indifference. I had sooner risk the dangers of a tornado of religious excitement than see the air grow stagnant with a dead formality. It is far better for people to be too hot than to be lukewarm. "I would thou wert cold or hot" is Christ's word still, and it applies to preachers as well as to others. When a man is freezingly cold in the things of Christ we know where he is; and if another is red-hot, or even at a white heat, and is thought to be too enthusiastic, we know where he is; but when a minister preaches in such a way that at the close of his sermon you say, "this is neither cold nor hot," you go away feeling that you have had enough, or even too much of it. There was nothing to excite you; you could almost wish to have been made angry rather than to have been lulled by such discouraging. A lukewarm sermon sickens every healthy mind.

Nor is this evil to be found in the pulpit alone. I should gravely question whether if an angel were to take a thermometer and go round

the dissenting churches in London he would not find a large proportion of them certainly not cold, most decidedly not hot, but somewhere else. How is it with you, dear brother? Do you say, "Well, I am not the warmest of all, but then I am not the coldest of all?" Then I have a suspicion as to your temperature; but I leave the matter to your own judgment, only remarking that I have never yet met with fire that is moderately hot. Should any of you discover such an article you will be wise to patent the article, for it might be of service in many ways. The fire with which I have been acquainted has been such that I have never given it my hand without remembering its warm embrace. Fire is incorrigible in the matter of carrying matters very far: moderation it will never learn. I am told that it is wrong to go to extremes, and upon that ground fire is certainly guilty; for it is not only intensely hot, but it has a tendency to consume and destroy without limit. When it once commenced with this city in the olden time it left little of it but ashes; there was no keeping it within bounds. May God grant us grace to go to extremes in his service. May we be filled with an unrestrainable zeal for his glory. May the Lord answer us by fire, and may that fire fall on the ministers and then upon the people. We ask for the true Pentecostal flame, and not for sparks kindled by human passion. A live coal from off the altar is our need, and nothing can supply its place; but this we must have, or our ministry will be in vain.

Brethren, we must first of all take care that we have the *fire burning in our own souls*. I am happy to know that there are very few, if any, among you that are utterly cold; for you go to be warmed into earnestness if we set about it aright. It is very hard to warm a stone. You may clothe a man in blankets until he is fairly warm, because there is life in him, but you cannot heat a stone in that fashion; life always begets a measure of warmth and the possibility of more, and as you have life there are capacities for heat. Some preachers are of such a cold nature that no known means could warm them. The attempt to find heat in some sermons reminds me of Æsop's fable of the apes and the glowworm. The apes found a glowworm shining on the bank, and straightway gathered round it to warm themselves. They placed sticks over it, and tried to make a fire, but it did not burn. It was a very pretty thing, and looked like flame, but they could not warm their cold hands with its cold light. So have I known ministers, whose light was destitute of heat, and consequently the poor sticks around them have never kindled into a flame, nor have frozen hearts been melted by their influence. It is dreadful work to listen to a sermon, and feel all the while as if you were sitting out in a snow-storm, or dwelling in a house of ice, clear but cold, orderly but killing. You have said to yourself, "That was a well divided and well planned sermon, but I cannot make out what was the matter with it;" the secret being that there was the wood, but no fire to kindle it. A great sermon without heart in it reminds one of those huge furnaces in Wales, which have been permitted to go out; they are a pitiful sight. We prefer a sermon in which there may be no vast talent, and no great depth of thought, but what there is has come fresh from the crucible, and like molten metal burns its way. I once knew a lad who when he used to go home from the smithy where he worked was roughly handled by the boys of the village, till his

master suggested to him a plan of defence, which was wonderfully efficacious. He took a rod of iron, and just before he went home he blew up the fire and made the iron hot. When the boys came round him he warned them not to touch his stick, and after one trial of the same they obeyed the admonition, and reverently kept their distance. I do not quote the example with any commendation of the actual fact, but with this moral in view—heat your sermon red hot, and it will be likely to be remembered by all who come into contact with it. Everything gives way before fire.

Energy still remains an essential, whatever else in oratory may have changed since the days of old. It is said that the oft-quoted reply of Demosthenes to the question, "What is the first thing in oratory?" was not "action," but "energy." What is the second thing? "Energy." What is the third thing? "Energy." I will not pretend to decide the classical question, but I am sure that as a matter of fact energy is the main thing in the human side of preaching. Like the priests at the altar, we can do nothing without fire. Brethren, speak because you believe the gospel of Jesus, speak because you feel its power, speak under the influence of the truth which you are delivering, speak with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and the result will not be doubtful.

Let it be carefully remembered that *our flame must be kindled from on high*. Nothing is more to be despised than a mere painted fire, the simulation of earnestness. Sooner let us have an honest death than a counterfeit life. The imitation of Baxter is detestable; but to be like Baxter is seraphic. If you would be like Whitefield, I would say *be* Whitefield. Let the fire be kindled by the Holy Ghost, and not by animal passion, the desire of honour, emulation of others, or the excitement of attending meetings. Let the terrible example of Nadab and Abihu for ever put away strange fire from our censers. Burn because you have been in solemn fellowship with the Lord our God.

Recollect also that the fire which you and I need *will consume us* if we truly possess it. "Spare yourself," may be whispered by friends; but it will not be heeded when this fire is burning. We have given ourselves up to the work of God, and we cannot go back. We desire to be whole burnt-offerings and complete sacrifices to God, and we dare not shun the altar. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." We can only produce life in others by the wear and tear of our own being. This is a natural and spiritual law,—that fruit can only come of the seed by its spending and being spent even to self-exhaustion. Why are many ministers worn and weary till heart and brain give way? They would be of little use if they did not run such a risk. All men who are eminently useful are made to feel their weakness in a supreme degree. Can the Spirit of God, even the Infinite Deity, ride in such frail chariots as these, without straining the axle and making the whole machine to quiver, as if it would be utterly dissolved beneath its sacred burden? When God visits us with soul-saving power, it is as though devouring flame came forth from heaven and made its abode in our bosoms; and where this is the case there may well be a melting away of all strength. Yet let it be so: we humbly invite

the sacred burnings. Herod was eaten of worms, being cursed of God ; but to be consumed by God for his own service is to be blessed to the full. We have a choice between these two, to be eaten up by our corruptions, or by the zeal of God's house. It needs no hesitation, the choice of every man among us is to be wholly the Lord's—ardently, passionately, vehemently the Lord's servants, let the divine fervour cost us what it may of brain, and heart, and life. Our only hope of honour, and glory, and immortality lies in the fulfilment of our dedication unto God ; as devoted things we must be consumed with fire, or rejected. For us to turn aside from our life-work, and to seek distinction elsewhere, is absolute folly ; a blight will be upon us, we shall not succeed in anything but the pursuit of God's glory through the teaching of the word. "This people have I formed for myself," saith God, "they shall show forth my praise," and if we will not do this we shall do less than nothing. For this one thing we are created, and if we miss this we shall live in vain. Good Dr. Wayland, the other day, walking in my garden, saw the swans out of the water, and he remarked that they were the true representation of persons who are out of their proper sphere, and attempt to do what they were never made for. How ungainly the swans are on land, they waddle in a ridiculous manner ; but as soon as they are in the water how gracefully they glide along ; each one is the model of a ship, the image of beauty ; every line about it is perfect. So is it with a man who is content to find in the ministry waters to swim in. As God's sent servant he is everything that is beautiful ; but as soon as he dabbles in trade, or becomes a secular lecturer, or seeks his own aggrandizement, he ceases to be admirable, he often becomes notorious, and is always awkward. Brethren, you are not meant for anything but God, therefore surrender yourselves to God, and find in him your wealth, your honour, and your all. If you do this, you shall be the head, and not the tail ; but if you start aside you shall be lightly esteemed. Let the fire of perfect consecration be heaped upon you, for so shall you glow and shine like molten silver, which brightens amid the heat. Let us not subject ourselves to the shame and eternal contempt which will be the portion of those who quit the service of their Redeemer for the bondage of self-seeking. He that saveth his life loseth it, but he that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it unto life eternal.

III. The next thing necessary to us is FAITH ; I might say the first, second, third, and last thing is FAITH. "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and if we are pleasing God, it is not by our talent, but by our faith. Just now we much need faith in the form of *fixity of belief*. We know more than we did some time ago ; at least I hope we do. I just now heard one of you say to another, "How broad you get !" Well, we do widen out ; but not as some men ; for we are not of the broad school who believe little or nothing aright because they desire to believe everything. We have cast our anchor, it has taken a firm grip ; we have ceased to drift ; we remain at rest. Some men have no creed, or, if they have, it is altered so often that it is of no use to them. It must be like the blanket of a gentleman who came from the Emerald Isle, of which he said, "See here ! Our skipper has given me a shamefully bad blanket. Just look at it : it is too long at the top and it is too short at the bottom ; it gets over my head, and yet my feet are

always cold. I cut a whole foot off the top, and I sewed it on to the bottom, but it is not altered a bit; it still comes over my eyes, and is too short to cover my feet." That is what certain "thinkers" do with their creed, they keep cutting it off at one end, and putting it on at the other, but it never gets right—it is always forming, never formed. Modern creeds are like the clothes of Italian peasants, which I have gazed upon with wondering enquiry. It would puzzle the most learned geologist to discover the primary formation of a pair of trousers which have been patched and mended with cloth of all patterns and colours from generation to generation. Such and so varied are some men's beliefs and unbeliefs; an agglomeration of philosophic rags, metaphysical tatters, theological remnants, and heretical cast-offs. Certain thinkers have reached the blessed ultimatum of believing nothing at all with anything like certainty of belief. When these cultivated persons speak of us they manifest great scorn, and affect to believe that we are natural fools. Ah, dear! People are not always what they are thought to be, and it may happen that a man sees himself as in a glass when he thinks he is looking out of window at a neighbour. It is a sign of great weakness when persons are full of contempt for others. If in any review or pamphlet a writer parades his culture, you may be sure that he has been lying fallow of late, and his affectations are the weeds which have come of it. If it came to a fair contest upon the matter of education and culture, the orthodox would be quite able to hold their own. Boasting is sorry work; but sometimes persons must be answered according to their folly, and I say boldly that in any sort of mental tournament we should not tremble to tilt with the men of "modern thought." Be it so or not, it is ours to believe. We believe that when the Lord our God gave forth a revelation he knew his own mind, and that he expressed himself in the best and wisest manner, and in terms that can be understood by those who are teachable and truthful. We therefore believe that no new revelation is needed, and that the idea of other light to come is practically unbelief in the light which now is, seeing the light of truth is one. We believe that though the Bible has been twisted and turned about by sacrilegious hands, it is still the infallible revelation of God. It is a main part of our religion humbly to accept what God has revealed. Perhaps the highest form of adoration possible on this side the veil is the bowing of our entire mental and spiritual being before the revealed mind of God; the kneeling of the understanding in that sacred presence whose glory causes angels to veil their faces. Let those who please worship science, reason, and their own clear judgments; it is ours to submit ourselves before the Lord our God, and say, "This God is our God for ever and ever: he shall be our guide even unto death."

Brethren, rally to the old standard. Fight to the death for the old gospel, for it is your life. Whatever forms of expression you may use as you advance in knowledge, ever keep the cross of Jesus Christ in the forefront, and let all the blessed truths which gather around it be heartily maintained.

We must have faith not only in the form of fixity of creed, but also in the shape of *constant dependence upon God*. If I were asked what is the sweetest frame within the whole compass of human feeling, I should

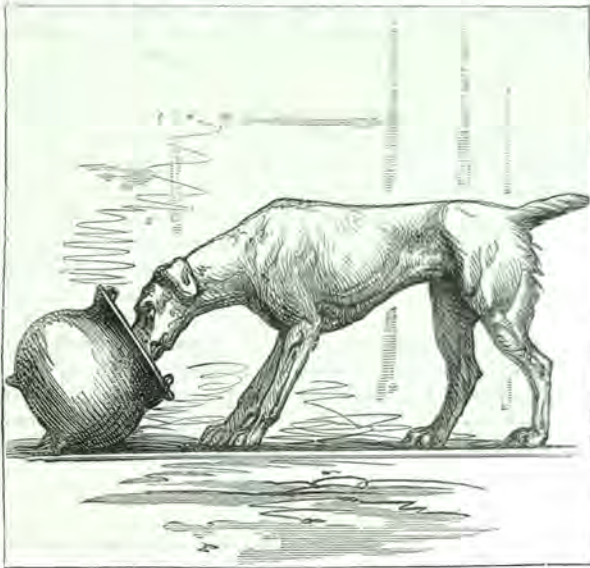
not speak of a sense of power in prayer, or abundant revelation, or rapturous joys, or conquest of evil spirits; but I should mention as the most exquisite delight of my being, a condition of conscious dependence upon God. It has been often associated with great pain and humiliation of spirit, but it is inexpressibly delightful to lie passive in the hand of love, to die into the life of Christ. It is deep joy to feel that you do not know, but your heavenly Father knows; that you cannot speak, but "we have an Advocate"; that you can scarcely lift a hand, but that he worketh all your works in you. The entire submission of our soul to our Lord, the full content of the heart with God's will and way, the sure reliance of the mind upon the heavenly presence and power,—this is the nearest approach to heaven that I know; and it is better than rapture, for one can abide in it without strain or reaction.

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing;
Only to lie at his feet."

It is not so sublime a feeling as soaring aloft on the wings of eagles; but for sweetness—deep, mysterious, indescribable—it bears the palm. It is a blessedness which can bear to be thought of, a joy which never seems to be a stolen one; for surely a poor, frail child has an unquestioned right to depend upon God, a right to be nothing in the presence of the all-supporting One. I love to preach in such a mood, not as though I was about to preach at all, but hoping that the Holy Spirit would speak in me. Thus to conduct prayer-meetings, and church-meetings, and all sorts of business, will be found to be our wisdom and our joy. We generally make our worst blunders about things that are perfectly easy, when the thing is so plain that we do not ask God to guide us, because we think our own common sense will be sufficient, and so we commit grave errors; but in the difficulties, the extreme difficulties, which we take before God, he gives young men prudence, and teaches youths knowledge and discretion. Dependence upon God is the flowing fountain of success. That true saint of God, George Müller, has always struck me when I have heard him speak as being such a simple, childlike being in his dependence upon God: but, alas, the most of us are far too great for God to use us; we can preach as well as anybody, make a sermon with anybody—and so we fail. Take care, brethren; for if we think we can do anything of ourselves all we shall get from God will be the opportunity to try. He will thus prove us, and let us see our nothingness. A certain alchemist who waited upon Leo X. declared that he had discovered how to transmute the baser metals into gold. He expected to receive a sum of money for his discovery, but Leo was no such simpleton; he merely gave him a huge purse in which to keep the gold which he would make. There was wisdom as well as sarcasm in the present. That is precisely what God does with proud men, he lets them have the opportunity to do what they boasted of being able to do. I never heard that so much as a solitary gold piece was dropped into Leo's purse, and I am sure you will never be spiritually rich by what you can do in your own strength. Be stripped, brother, and then God may be pleased to clothe you with honour, but not till then.

(To be continued.)

The Dog and Porridge Pot.



THOSE who are familiar with old Surrey Chapel must have noticed, projecting from the house at the opposite corner of the street, the gilded sign of the Dog and Porridge Pot. It is beside our purpose to trace the origin of this sign, or to account for its connection with the particular business which it indicates. We refer to it now simply because it proved an important link in the chain of circumstances which led up to the conversion of a man who was for many years a member of the church at Surrey Chapel.

During the time we held the office of assistant minister to the Rev. Newman Hall it was our joy to visit a number of the aged members, and amongst them one who, but for the Dog and Porridge Pot, might not have entered Surrey Chapel, where he found the Saviour. The story of his conversion greatly interested us at the time, and it remains a pleasant memory to this present, for it shows how mysterious are the ways of providence, and on what slender things eternal issues hang.

It appears that when he was a young man our friend lived without the fear of God before his eyes. One Sunday he was invited to spend the day with some friends in the north of London, and he and his wife started on the journey "as soon as the people were in church." They had not proceeded far before it occurred to him that he had left a bottle of liquor at home with which they were to make merry. Leaving his wife to proceed, he went back for the forgotten bottle, and placing it in his coat pocket he hurried forward to overtake her. As he was emerging from Charlotte-street into the Blackfriars-road the sun shone out, and the glittering sign at the corner seemed one mass of burnished gold.

He paused to look at it. Just then the organ in the chapel behind him pealed forth, and as he had an ear for music he turned suddenly round and instinctively entered, resolving not to go beyond the lobby, and only to stay during the singing. His resolution soon, however, gave way, for he found himself riveted to the spot, and remained during the sermon. From the moment Rowland Hill gave out his text his attention was secured, and the Spirit of God so wrought upon his conscience that he found himself weeping under conviction of sin, and praying for pardon. By the time the service had ended he found the burden of his guilt gone, and his soul in the possession of joy and peace through believing. He was thus brought into a new world as suddenly as the rays of the sun had fallen on the sign which attracted his notice, and at the close of the service he returned home to await the arrival of his wife, who, fearing an accident had befallen him, returned earlier than she had intended. How differently the remainder of the day was spent from what they had purposed may be imagined! From that moment old companions were abandoned, evil habits renounced, and the man became a member of the church, in the fellowship of which he lived for many years. His conversion was not the result of long and anxious desire, but it was none the less genuine, as his after life fully proved. How true it is—

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

And what a comment is furnished by this case upon the text—“I will bring the blind by a way that they know not.”

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

What have you done?

“I HAVE been a member of your church for thirty years,” said an elderly Christian to his pastor, “and when I was laid by with sickness only one or two came to see me. I was shamefully neglected.” “My friend,” said the pastor, “in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?” “Oh,” he replied, “it never struck me in that light. I thought only of the relation of others to me, and not of my relation to them.”

Common enough is this sort of lop-sided religion. Quarrelsome people complain that there is no love in the world now, and unsociable folks murmur that everybody is so backward to speak upon divine things. Many have a very wide eye towards the graces which they receive, but they are nearly blind when it comes to giving out—they do not see it. “It is hard to part,” they say, and so they and their gold abide together.

Seaside Notes by a Minister on Furlough.

THALASSE! Thalasse! shouted Xenophon's little army of heroes as, after innumerable perils and privations, they had made their way to the coast.

"The sea!" "The sea!" shouted the minister, his wife, and boy, as looking from the window of the railway carriage they became assured that the blue at the horizon line was water, not sky. Dissimilar as their circumstances, there was something of the same relief, the same exhilarating sense of freedom, in the modern as in the ancient cry. The weary brain, the strained nerves, the sympathetic heart, all need rest and recreation. These may be found in woodland retreat, in breezy upland, or, best of all, at least for some, by the grand old sea.

We eagerly and kindly greet it as a familiar friend. Gleaming in the morning sunshine, dyed in the rich hues of sunset, gloomy under cloudy, and intensely blue under bright skies, wavelessly smooth, freshened into ripples, or hurrying to the shore in mound-like billows, it possesses for us a fascinating interest. It suggests, as but few material objects can, ideas of abundance, of freedom, and of infinitude. Though its face retains no scar of battle, and it lends itself less easily than the land to historical reminiscence, yet it needs no vivid fancy to dot the Downs with Cæsar's galleys when, on that August afternoon, B.C. 55, he attempted, near where we now write, to force a landing, or at noon of November 29th, 1652, to hear the shock and thunder of conflict between the Dutch under Van Tromp and the English under Admiral Blake. The wild waves might babble out to the instructed ear half the history of this great maritime nation. How strangely novel a minister's first experience at the seaside is. It is difficult at once to realize the withdrawal of mental burdens, and, as the evening deepens, to believe that no service is to be taken or meeting addressed.

Walking on the beach watching the waves as they uncoil, and listening to the delightfully soft music they make, the minister's thoughts, like the limbs of the overtaxed traveller, which move even when he sleeps, go back to work, and the morbid conscience begins to question whether in a perishing world, and with the church's urgent claims, it is right and Christlike to rest at all. Paul's utterance of lofty experience comes to one at such a time with a startlingly new application: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." If we are to be content with the "state" of labour, responsibility, and even of suffering into which Providence brings us, we may well at the beginning of a holiday call a truce to subtle questions of casuistry, and say to our heart, "Learn to be content, to be silent, restful, receptive—open thyself to the unhindered influences of the great, beautiful world." We are surely most in harmony with the divine will, and best consulting the interest of that church we delight to serve, when we try for a while to shut out or forget the sound of the murmuring wheels of wonted work. He who steeps the wearied senses in kindly sleep will not fail in pity for our need and response to our prayer to hide our work in temporary and partial oblivion.

While the minister lay idly resting on the pebbly beach, he saw his little boy with spade and pail busy at work. He asked him, "Harry, what are you doing?" "Why, father," he said "gathering shells to take home to my dear little sister." And the thought came to the minister, Why may not I, too, pick up, in the shape of illustrations, a few mementoes of this seaside run? And so, at times, a jotting or two was made. Similes and illustrations are proverbially favoured with criticism. Some who can neither make nor use them are highly gifted in pulling them to pieces. I therefore somewhat shrink from putting a few of my hasty jottings into public prominence. Yet I am led to do so from the feeling that prompted the little shell-gatherer. What is in itself valueless may transport in thought, for a moment, the inland reader. Here are a few cullings:—

I was interested in noticing three kinds of sea locomotion. The little boats with difficulty pulled hither and thither by oarsmen, who sweat and finally grow weary at their work; the steamers seen far out at sea by the volumes of smoke emitted; the merchantmen spreading their sails like snowy wings, and beautifully dying out of view in the distance. Fire, wind, and human arm. How much stronger the two first than the last. When we have the fire of God we are steamers unweariedly ploughing our way through the deep. When we have the freshening gales of the Spirit our sails are filled; but, alas! when we are left to row away with merely human effort, what sorry, painful work it is.

I could not help being struck with the number of little pleasure-boats beached upon the shore. Now and again they dotted the sea for a quarter of a mile, but in an hour or two were back quietly beached again. How like many of our hearers, who are moved a little, and that little only for a while. They venture out on the sea of Christian experience as for a pleasure row.

But yonder, like true Christians, go the great ships, leaving us for strange seas, and bound for other and foreign lands.

Opposite Deal we saw small steamers anchored, and on enquiry found they were waiting on the look-out for merchant ships that needed tugging to their ports. So let the Christian be on the alert, to tug any uncertain or weary soul, first to Christ, and then to the quiet haven of the church's fellowship.

This is written on the chalk cliffs, in full view of the French coast. For such a sight two things are necessary, a clear day and a sufficient elevation. Both now combine, and between the two countries there is only the gleaming streak of silver. On the low levels of jealousy and prejudice, and when the mist of misunderstanding thickly falls, Christian denominations fail even to recognize each other's existence. But when enabled to climb the heights of Christian experience, and under the clear and sunny sky of divine approval, differences dwindle, and to the eye of love "there is one flock and one Shepherd."

Other shells are in the "pail," but fearing lest the reader should be tired, I forbear.

Not the least benefit of a minister's outing is that, for a while, it throws him into close contact with nature. It is not enough that we should become acquainted with the thoughts of the mighty dead, or be

brought into living contact with the movements of our own time. It will not even suffice to read books that photograph nature. Wordsworth makes mountain, lake, and lamb to live before the eye. Bible psalmist and prophet, with master stroke outline, and with delicate touch fill in, the sketch of starry sky, roaring seas, long rich grass, and billowing hills; but not even these can supply the place of personal and prolonged intercourse with nature. I do not wish to suggest that a holiday should be spent in the study of natural science, that flowers should be pored over, classified, and named, book in hand; that as we say, with the Laureate,

“Break! Break! Break!
On thy cold grey crag, O sea.
I would that my lips could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.”

I would not suggest that by having Hugh Miller and Lyall as our companions they should be entreated to help our “lips to utter” the thoughts stirred by the wave-worn, cold, grey crags. I am somewhat sceptical of the saw that is by many considered as certain as a demonstrated problem in mathematics, that “change of work is rest.” It is one of those half truths to which common sense instinctively assigns limits. Nor would I suggest that, note-book in hand, we should gaze on every scene consciously desiring that it should help us in our after ministry, and light up or point the truth of our sermons. While we lie, or sit, or saunter on the beach, the incidents that happen around interest and absorb. Sea and sun, ship and cloud, revolving light and gleaming star, ancient castle and modern pier, pebbly beach and chalky cliff—all mirror themselves in the sensitive soul; and in after hours of study will not fail to crystallize around and illustrate our themes. With increased bodily vigour, returning mental tone, and that spiritual sensitiveness which is engendered by quiet communion with the Master, we begin to anticipate a return to our work, and venture to reconsider the methods and motives, the tone and temper of our ministry. Is there to be any modification in our message? This is a lull in life’s battle. We may reconstruct, or modify, or with augmented force proceed upon the old lines. Which shall it be? Shall we strive after *culture* in our sermons? It is surely not unseemly to see the learned and hoary heads of the Magi bent before the “child that was born king,” and to find them offering to him the rare products of their own land. Shall we attempt to mould the movements of national life? There is something grand in the battle words of Elijah to Ahab, and in the fearless rebukes administered by John to Herod. It surely is fitting that the precepts of the inspired Statute Book should be interpreted for the guidance of the nation. Shall we seek the enrichment of experience, the upbuilding of character, the grounding and settling of the church in doctrine? We wistfully regard John as he dwells in the placid deeps of fellowship with his divine Lord. We admire Paul as he leads the saints on to “comprehend” the limitless love of God. We are half repelled, but chastened, into appreciation of the severe and almost dewless moral purity and virtue inculcated by James. As wise master builders we must see that the stones are fitly framed together, growing

into a holy temple in the Lord. We are not, however, left to surmise or guess at our duty.

Coming back to our risen Lord, we listen with eager and obedient heart to the commission, the great, unabrogated commission, the commission which has the pathos and power of being among the Master's last utterances on earth: "Preach the gospel to every creature." Here then is our message, "The gospel." We would give no contracted meaning to "the gospel." Its centre is Calvary, but its circumference includes the paradise lost of Genesis, and the paradise regained of Revelation. Its depth, its sweep, its far-off issues no finite mind can comprehend. Yet its salient and saving features stand out clear and simple to the very babe in grace. This, then, is the message of our ministry. Here, too, is an indication of the *method* of conveying the message—"Preach the gospel." It is not ours to excogitate or amend, but to *preach* the gospel.

Steeped in tenderness, ringing with confidence, believing that it will fully meet the world's need, this is our supreme business—to "*preach* the gospel." Paul stirred Europe by "*preaching* the gospel." Luther moved Germany by "*preaching* the gospel." The Erskines and Chalmers shook Scotland by "*preaching* the gospel." Edwards and Payson roused America by "*preaching* the gospel." Not to mention men of our own day, Whitefield and Wesley touched the heart of England by "*preaching* the gospel." As David said of the sword of Goliath, so does the minister returning to his work say of "*preaching* the gospel": "There is none like it; give it me." On these lines, and on these lines alone, do we wish the ministry of our entire life to move. In the great commission we have, too, the *measure* or *limit* of our ministry: "*To every creature.*" We have sometimes heard it covertly hinted that the gospel may, perhaps, do for the masses; but if we wish to reach the young men of our universities, if we would secure the wealthy, the thoughtful and cultured, we must appeal to the speaking splendours of cathedral windows; we must soften and render idealistic the mind by the cadences and mystic mazes of music; we must play upon the imagination, and draw it into the invisible by the witchery of oratory; or we must grasp and enchain the intellect by the mastery of keen argument and profound thought. We cannot entertain for a moment these suggestions or counsels, as they may be called. He who gave us the conception of beauty, and in the fair earth and spangled heavens created what may satisfy it; he who bestowed the ear and soul for music, and then granted the mellifluous voice, and the skill to unfetter the hidden harmonies of material things; he who formed the human mind, and poured the grace of oratory into favoured lips; he has said, "Preach the gospel to every creature"; whether the "creature" be cultured or uncultured, civilized or uncivilized, of patrician or plebeian birth, rich or poor, to him we must "*preach* the gospel"; and as we obey the command of him who wisely adapts the means to the end, in the bosoms of those apparently so different, the gospel will make

"Cords that were broken
To vibrate once more";

and the uplifted Christ will still draw "all men" unto him. Before

closing I cannot refrain from making an appeal on behalf of those to whom a holiday is a rare experience. Shortly after coming to the seaside, and while enjoying a beautiful walk, my wife said, "How delightful this is! There is but one drawback, that all our friends are not here." This drawback is sadly greater than any of us know. Many are bound to bed and chamber by bands of weakness and pain, and many, alas! of one's self-sacrificing and hard-working brethren are forced to foot the unpausing treadmill of toil. *The Sword and the Trowel* for July may possibly fall into the hands of generous deacons, magnanimous members, or helpful hearers in our congregations; some of them preparing for their annual outing, others sitting by the sounding sea enjoying the cool, refreshing breeze,—how quietly kind a thing it would be if they would send to their minister, for a holiday, a five or ten pound note. As he opens it on some Saturday or Monday morning, it would rustle out the echoes of the Master's own thoughtful words, "Come ye apart, and rest a while." On some winter Sunday when the skies are leaden, and the trees are bare, illustrations will come from the pulpit as gleams of summer sunshine, or the sound of autumn leaves. Pictures will be drawn in the sanctuary that will revivify fading memories; the sea will sound in the sermon, and the bracing breeze be felt in the prayer, and it may not make your enjoyment of them the less, secretly to know, that but for your help such illustrations had not been culled, nor the strength found to lend them force.

Slander.

A LADY presented herself to Philip Neri one day accusing herself of being a slanderer. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" enquired he. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance do as follows: Go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken, just killed, and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along. Your walk finished, you will return to me." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on the journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered to do. In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desiring to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said Philip, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers that you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in every direction. How can I recover them?" "Well, my child," replied he, "so it is with your words of slander: like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."—*From G. W. M'Cree's "Bows and Arrows for Thinkers and Workers."*

Our Asiatic Seaman.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

I.—MOHAMMEDANS.

OUR Asiatic seamen form an important item in our extensive mercantile service. Without foreign help our commerce with the world could never be effected. We are largely indebted to Europeans for the navigation of our ships; but the census of the port of London might be taken at any season of the year, and the number of Asiatic seamen found there would compare favourably with those from the nations of Europe. More than ten thousand of these are annually employed between London and the East, and probably a larger number are engaged in trading between foreign ports. The experience of a century has proved the Asiatic seaman to be worthy of the important position he has gained in our trade with the world.

When the commerce of our eastern empire was exclusively in the hands of John Company, the natives of India were largely employed, and as the "Merchant Seamen's Act" required two Asiatics in the place of one European, the crews of the company's vessels were always very large. Some of the oldest inhabitants in the east of London remember the time when rude huts were constructed on the adjacent common for their accommodation; but since the repeal of the charter, the Asiatic has almost disappeared from that dock, and the common has become a part of a crowded parish. On this spot, now covered with houses, dwelt a colony from the banks of the Ganges, and to all appearance a village had been transplanted from the vicinity of the great Indian river to the London suburb.

These Asiatics mostly profess to believe in the *Kalam-i-shereef*, *la parole par excellence*, as they term the Koran, to convey the exalted idea they have of the writings of the Arabian prophet. There are also many Buddhists from China and Ceylon, and also worshippers of the various incarnations of Sheva. These bring with them all the peculiarities of dress, language, and religion from the distant East. Any brother or sister in the Lord who has a knowledge of the Guzeratee, Urdu, Chinese, or Swahili, might spend leisure hours here profitably, telling these wondering strangers something of the faith to which our far-famed nation owes so much. Tamils, Iranecs, Punjabees, Pathans, Syrians, and Siameses all find employment under the British flag, and come within the reach of Christian influence in London.

That the angel Gabriel gave the *Furkhan* (another name for the Koran) piece by piece to the prophet, as was necessary, they have no doubt; and that the belligerent prophet was sent to the earth to restore the pure religion which God gave to Adam, Abraham, Moses, and to Christ, is firmly believed, and is confirmed by their accepted revelation. Any book that does not admit this is condemned as corrupted; hence the gospel and the Christian teacher are alike rejected. No book is allowed to be equal to the Koran, and no prophet is esteemed equal to Mohammed.

The dupes of this wide-spread delusion are not backward in throwing

out challenges to prove the divine origin of their faith. The old-fashioned method of doing this was at the point of the sword, and in Mohammedan countries, where the power remains, persecution is still the argument employed; but under British rule, and especially in the port of London, the proofs of the divine origin of Islam assume a more innocent form. We have, however, not yet put any of these challenges to the test, nor have we met with anyone who has done so, though we have many assurances that Mohammedan saints, Maulvies, and others, deep in the same error, have tried them to the complete triumph of the Moslem faith. Red-hot bars of iron no western saint would dare to carry in his naked hand, but we are assured that the saint of the crescent can do so with impunity. We are assured, too, that both the Koran and the Gospel have been thrown into the fire by holy hands—that the Gospel was burnt to ashes, while the Koran remained untouched by the fire. The zealous Eastern who paraded the last-mentioned proof, had a *sura* (a chapter of the Koran) in his possession, and so we proposed to put his vaunted challenge to the test; but difficulties arose. The *sura* must be without an error in transcription, and he was not quite sure that his copy was absolutely perfect: moreover, there was no one on board sufficiently holy to make the experiment successful. This last explanation was the true one, though it exposed their error, and opened the way to introduce a better faith.

Here are a few more evidences which these Orientals deem conclusive as to the divine origin of their religion; that a lambent flame is seen on the grave of every pious Moslem, seen, however, *only by the faithful*; that their Moslem saints can hold their breath for half-an-hour, and fast for a month. We were told of a notable saint of this order who lived at Agra, who said that if a Moslem had but faith, he could jump as high as the clouds, and forthwith he jumped; he went off like a rocket, only higher, right out of sight, and returned again, established a saint for ever. "Who," we asked, "would care to have a religion that makes a man jump like that? How wonderful! but how useless, and how unlike the miracles of the Son of God, which were beneficial acts and loving deeds for man's temporal and eternal good." These useless miracles are the ornaments and evidences of every false faith, whether it be corrupt Christianity or heathenism. Saints of no higher pretensions than these merit rather to be classed with mountebanks and professors of legerdemain, than with the true saints of God, who are not called upon to prove the divine origin of their faith by any sleight-of-hand, or clever conjuring tricks, but by visiting the fatherless and widow in their affliction, and keeping their garments unspotted from the world.

The Asiatic seaman unfortunately lives in the realm of de'usion and bigotry; he carries charms, mostly portions of the Koran, or some of the many names by which they invoke God; charms to drive away the fever, cure the lumbago, expel the devil, and calm storms at sea. Through the preaching of the gospel among these people not a few of these worthless charms have been given up, and the precious word of eternal life has been accepted in the place of them.

Probably London affords better opportunities to tell of a Saviour's love among Mohammedan Asiatics than even India itself. Here they are

strangers, glad to speak to anyone who can talk with them; and it frequently happens that they are in difficulties and require friendly aid, which is not so easily procurable as in their own land. Probably, too, they may expect to hear something of the Christian faith when they land on our shores. They have, however, everywhere proved a difficult class of men to interest in spiritual things. Missionaries in the East have mostly turned away from them to cultivate a more promising field, namely, the Hindoos. Lately, however, the church has turned her attention to the neglected Moslem, and the result shows that the death penalty imposed on all who desert their faith, the declaration by Mohammed of his own superior mission, and his prohibition of the Christian's gospel, are not sufficient to keep the Mohammedan away from Christ.

In London the work is nearly all sowing the seed, and there is but little reaping. Even this sowing, which is not the most encouraging part of the work, is generally mixed up with much that is secular, for we are compelled to look to the temporal benefit of those whose spiritual good we seek.

About thirty natives of the East once surrounded us clamouring for "justice," and claiming our friendship for this end. They had a high sense of English justice, and were desirous of stating to a London magistrate their grievances and complaints against their captain. As their request seemed reasonable we consented to become the medium of their appeal; but reflecting for a few minutes we enquired what flag their ship sailed under. "Wallundee," was the reply from twenty voices: by this term they meant Holland or Dutch, and casting our eye up to the mizen we saw the reply was right.

"Wallundee?" we repeated, with some hesitation, "then I fear I cannot help you, an English magistrate will not interfere, he will tell you he has no jurisdiction." Murmur and discontent were heard from all the men. None of them would accept of a gospel, or listen to the word of life. They rejected both, saying that these were of no more value to them than our ability to help them in their trouble. A few days passed, and they poured their plaint into other ears and appeared before the magistrate as they desired, but with the result we had foretold—there was no jurisdiction. We met again, but this time with a friendly greeting. They listened to the story of Calvary, and to the wonderful effects produced by that sacrifice; but as the death of Christ is denied in the Koran, the sacrifice of Christ for sin was immediately objected to.

"No, no!" was the general cry, and many pressed forward to say in different words that they wanted no Saviour, or intercessor, except Nubee Mohammed; and they avowed their intention of trusting to no other; so we again pointed to the flag and declared—"There is no jurisdiction, Mohammed is out of court and has no authority to exercise the prerogative which God has given to another. Isa (Jesus) is the only name given under heaven whereby men must be saved. To him gave all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins." This latter sentence formed the text for an interesting and unexpected address, which resulted in several accepting the prohibited "gospel," and some even made further enquiry respecting the power with which God has invested his Son to dispense pardon and remission of sin.

Such objections as those mentioned above are expected ; but generally when the opposition has subsided some enquirer after the truth will present himself. "Christ is no *Zamin* for us," replied a man with energy and sparkling eyes, and declared himself ready to defend his creed even with his knife. We had been endeavouring to show, with some success, that the death of Christ was a penalty paid for the sins of man, and we presented Christ as the Surety, or *Zamin*, of believers, dying, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, when this Mohammedan zealot stepped out from his companions to oppose a truth which had never before fallen on his ears. "Would God accept you as surety for me, or me for you? How, then, can Christ be surety for me?" We had no time to explain his difficulty, for one of our listeners had caught the correct idea and was charmed with it; he stepped to the front, and in his demonstrative way of oriental argument pushed the first speaker back, saying, "You hold your tongue, you know nothing. One sinner cannot be *Zamin* for another: the *Zamin* must be sinless. Nubee Isa (Jesus) was sinless, the Padre says. *He can*, therefore, be *Zamin* to God for whom he will." Our hero was earnest and impressive, and he illustrated his point by a parable, in which the oriental is so fruitful. "A notorious malefactor was brought before the Quazi, or native judge, and one of his confederates in crime came into court and offered to become responsible for the prisoner's good conduct in future; but the Quazi said, 'You are as bad as the prisoner, and ought to be punished as well as he. If I take anyone for surety he must be a respectable, honourable man, whom we know to be such;' so the surety was refused. But suppose the Quazi's son had offered himself for surety, then he would have been accepted immediately." So he proved his point, and we were well contented to be among the listeners.

We received a threat of being strangled *à la mode Indienne*, if our visits were repeated among them. But we had forgotten the danger till we found ourselves among them again, and they repeated their intentions. This was a somewhat noisy meeting, for they wished us to die in the Moslem faith, and for this purpose they brought us to their priest to be convinced of our error. There was a gathering of about fifty men.

"What is your objection," he enquired, "to Islam, the faith which God revealed to his prophet Mohammed by his angel Gabriel?"

"I do not think your prophet believed in it himself. How many wives does the Koran allow a Mohammedan to have?"

"Five," was the reply.

"And how many did Mohammed have?"

After some hesitation it was admitted that he had nine.

"Then, tell me," we further asked, "if your prophet unscrupulously violated this revelation, of what good is it to you?"

Hereupon such a tumult followed that the priest's vindication of his prophet's sin was lost in the noise, and half the audience melted away, being dissatisfied with the result. Now it was time to say something for Jesus; and when silence was sufficiently secured, we exalted Christ above Mohammed, and drew the evidence we needed from the Koran:—

Christ was born of a virgin.

Mohammed was born like other men.

Christ did many miracles.

Mohammed avows he did none.

Christ living ascended to heaven.

Mohammed died, and was buried, and his sepulchre is at Medina until this day.

Having cut off the plumes of the pretender with his own sword, we advanced still farther to invest the Saviour with the honour of which Mohammedanism has despoiled him. We were not strangled, but our audience had melted down to a few willing listeners, who received the "gospel," and were desirous of knowing more about it. One man followed us on shore, and earnestly entreated us to desist from leading the faithful astray. We held out to him no hope that we would heed his advice; but spoke to him of the coming glory, and the share those would have in it who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, till even he became interested in the glorious future of believers.

The doctrines and events of the gospel are so opposed to the Koran, that it is essential for its disciple to consider the gospels corrupted, for otherwise he could not accept the Koran as a revelation. The Mohammedan, therefore, when he accepts a gospel, is likely to regard it as a spurious book, and it is often refused on that ground. Nevertheless, faith comes by reading as well as by hearing, and often these fatal delusions are dispelled by the perusal of the word which before had been rejected. Nearly a whole crew refused the gospels under the influence of this error; so we tried to catch them with guile. We told them of a captain who commanded a first-class ship, manned by able seamen, and furnished with charts and compass, the newest and the best. He sailed under a sunny sky and with favouring wind, but across a dangerous sea among shoals and rocks. Yet he never heaved the lead, consulted his chart, or looked at his compass. Suddenly the ship ran on a rock, filled, and went down with all hands. "Amak! Amak! Bewakuf!" exclaimed the audience; by which they intended to say the captain had acted very foolishly. "Yes, you are right," we added; "but you are more foolish than he; for I have brought you here God's chart and compass to direct you across the dangerous sea of this turbulent life safely to the haven of eternal life, and you refuse it. If you go on the rocks, as you must do, angels and men will exclaim in your own words, 'Amak! Amak! Bewakuf!'" This was not without result, for some of them declared themselves willing to consult the compass and the chart, and accepted the gospel that they might do so.

It is strange how the unsaved man will multiply arguments against his own salvation, and as fast as he is driven out of one dangerous refuge, will fly to another. Our Asiatic seamen are sometimes constrained to acknowledge that there is no proof of the gospel ever having been corrupted except that the Koran says so, and it says so in its own interest. But then, say they, the Koran was given after the gospel, and that which comes last repeals or abrogates that which precedes it. It is not uncommon for them to illustrate this by the captain of their ship, whom they all obey; but when another captain comes, they obey him then, and pay no farther regard to the former master. This argument would serve very well if our Jehovah were to cease to be, like the

captain, and give place to another, or if he, like man, changed his mind, and repeatedly issued revelations, each one to correct the errors of its predecessor; but the Mohammedan holds the truth of the immutability of the divine character with as much tenacity as the Christian. It is not, therefore, difficult to oppose this delusion.

Among our Asiatic seamen is a class of men who deserve special attention. They are called *Topasses*; they are the scavengers of the ship, and are regarded by the oriental sailors and firemen as being so unclean that they do not permit them to partake of their food. These men mostly bear Mohammedan names, but very few of them are such; the name is too often assumed out of compliment to the Mohammedan crew. He is probably a Hindoo, or may even be a man who has sufficient Christian light to make him the outcast alike of Mohammedan and Hindoo. Some of these despised drudges, I think, are on the way to heaven: they can recite portions of Scripture, and can tell something of a Saviour's love. These feeble notes are music in the ear of the Christian worker after listening to the discordant jangle of the Koran. Toplady's sweet hymn, expressed in native idiom, once caught my ear sang by the tongue of a swarthy, half naked Topas, and it seemed on his lips to have a double meaning, as he sang—

“*Naked*, come to thee for dress;
 Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.”

Another sang a native hymn, which conveyed the idea we have heard sung by Wesleyans in the east of London:—

“My Saviour suffer'd on the tree;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 Oh, come and praise the Lord with me;
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!
 Oh, how I love the Saviour's name;
 It sets my spirit on a flame;
 All glory to the bleeding Lamb!”

Mohammedans stand amazed when they see the missionary shake the grimed hands of the man who can sing a song like that. We have seen the tear start in the eye of the Topas while he has endeavoured to assert his claim to Christianity by repeating some hymn, some portion of Scripture, or the Lord's prayer. What he must feel on meeting with a Christian after living in so much heathenism it must be difficult for us who live in favoured Britain to conceive. To be shut up to the praises of Mohammed for some months must give a Christian something of the keen appetite the Psalmist had when he said, “My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.”

“Do you seek the company of a dirty Topas?” enquired an inquisitive Moslem.

“The man is a believer in Jesus Christ, and will be a jewel in the Saviour's crown.”

"Would Jesus the Son of Mary take a man like that?" farther enquired the Moslem. "Our prophet would only associate with the good, but never with the defiled and unclean."

"Mohammed was no physician," was the answer: "Jesus was: a physician's place is among the sick. Sin is a disease that destroys the soul, and Jesus saves such."

"But he is unclean," he again urged.

"Never mind, a pail of water will wash away all the defilement of the skin; but Christ can cleanse the heart."

Then there was a division among them; for some held that the water that washed the body clean cleansed the heart also; but some feared that Satan might rule in the heart and defile it, even when the water made the outward person clean.

With such an illustration of the transforming power of the gospel as this converted Topas supplies, the grace and glory of King Jesus stand boldly contrasted with the dignity of Mohammed and all earthly potentates. He has a glory all his own, to which all the gems with which monarchs are adorned cannot add. Rajahs and chiefs crowd to do homage to the ruling potentate of the day, and the monarch's importance and glory are evident by the nobles that crowd his court. But Jesus *imparts* a glory wherever he moves; he makes princes of the royal blood from the ranks of the despised Topas, the Sudra, and the slave. He arrays them in royal robes more precious than the gems of India, and he places them even among the princes of his people.

"He's not a bit like a parson."

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

SUCH was the remarkable encomium passed by a sick man on a Christian minister by whom he had been visited. Just as sparkling little nuggets of pure gold are found imbedded in the hard and rugged quartz, so in that rough-hewn sentence there nestles the sincerest praise unmingled with the alloy of flattery which many a polished phrase contains.

Although as a matter of fact the author of this eulogium had very little sympathy with religion and its professed promoters, I scarcely think he intended so wholesale a condemnation of "the cloth" as might be inferred from his curious criticism. It is just possible that the sick man had been visited by some ecclesiastic whose parsonic importance had irritated him. No lover of religion himself, he would not be too ready to cherish a liking for a professional religionist. Used to scoff and jeer at holy things when up and well, he did not relish parsonic visits during sickness. Perhaps it seemed like taking undue advantage of him. Anything of a priestly style would, of course, go against his grain. He would readily become suspicious and determined not to swallow any pious pills, he would not hesitate to make the visitor aware that his room was preferred to his company. The Christian minister who seeks to reach such a character as this needs wisdom that

cometh from above. The door of such a heart seems closed to priests and parsons. Officialism may give as many impressive knocks as it pleases, with nothing but the echo of its own raps as response. The very sight of a white choker and a long black coat to such a man as this will, so to speak, make the snail pull in his horns and shrink into his shell, or, to use another metaphor, it lifts the drawbridge of the soul and makes it quite impregnable.

Sanctimoniousness, too, will work as much evil as starchiness. If the voice be twangy, or if the eyes roll after "dying duck" and "thunderstorm" fashion, the sick scoffer is sure to notice it and to exaggerate it too. His eyes become magnifying glasses and his ears microphones. He sees rolling eyes without number, and hears cant phrases to any amount. He hates them all, and does not love the man who owns the rotating optics and speaks with what the scorner calls "the Bible twang." Should the parson begin to talk on some subject less grave and solemn in the hope that he may find a back entrance or a side door by-and-by he is no more successful. The visit is essentially parsonic. The patient is not strong enough to scoff or argue, and therefore wishes "his reverence" gone. And "his reverence" might as well go. Well meaning he may have been, but he went about a right action in a wrong way and spoiled it all. Style, and starch, and stiffness are bad enough in the drawing room and parlour; they are worse in the pulpit; but worst of all beside a sick bed and with an unbeliever. If that scoffer is to be won for Jesus—and during illness is a hopeful time—the attempt must be made cautiously, considerably, and prayerfully.

Our non-parsonic brother visited him. Of course he was an entire stranger, for never had the invalid attended his services. The bar (not legal) was the sick man's particular shrine, and Bacchus his patron saint (?). It was a far better "spec." to his mind to spend his threepennies on beer than to put them into the collection plate. He used to chaff his neighbours as they went to meeting, and asked if they were "going to give another threepenny." Being a good-humoured fellow he would seldom do more than banter Christians about their faith; but his enmity to religion was by no means concealed by his jokes and jeers. A life of evil proclaimed aloud the deep-seated hatred in his heart to holiness and God.

What will he say to our dissenting friend, who sports no snowy choker, and whose coat and hat are neither longer in the tail nor broader in the brim than those worn by ordinary folks? He will look in vain for a priestly or professional style with this visitor, who enters in a free and homely way, shakes hands heartily yet tenderly, and storms the castle by the very first cannonade of kindness and fraternity. We are not permitted to know all that was said and done, but we learn afterwards that the sick man remarked to a friend of his, "What a nice fellow Mr. ——— is. He came to see me just now, and talked and prayed with me. I didn't want to let him go. I never knew anyone speak so kindly to me; quite brotherly he was, and *not a bit like a parson!*"

Well done, thou man of God! The common people hear thee gladly, so thou hast somewhat of thy Master's manner with thee. What though

no holy (?) hands have blessed thy head, and thou art not recognized a member of the line that comes direct from Paul and Peter, thy heart has been touched by a Saviour's pierced hand, and apostolic success is more to be desired than apostolic succession!

My readers will not be surprised to learn that this visit was not the last, and that each succeeding one was doubly welcome. They will rejoice to hear that the sick man was restored, and that, best of all, "the plague of his heart" was cured. Of course he worshipped in the plain-built tabernacle, and heard the non-parsonic preacher, and never did I see a more attentive listener, nor ever catch a face amongst the auditors more helpful and inspiring to the preacher. Of course Bacchus did not profit by this change, and his priests were greatly angered. Of course the collection-plate was the richer by considerably more than a threepenny-piece, and the quondam scoffer counted it an honour to be ridiculed for Jesus' sake.

What was it brought this man round, and turned the current of his life? "The grace and power of God," says one. Truly; nothing else could accomplish it: but what was instrumental? "The sickness," say you. Yes, in part; but the directest influence was the kindly manner and Christlike conversation of his visitor; and being "not a bit like a parson," had not a little to do with snatching the brand from the burning. O for a heart to feel for other hearts, and beat in unison with them! The channel to the souls of men is intricate indeed; we need a heavenly pilot to teach us how to steer. Above all things we must avoid a patronizing, condescending style when visiting the poor and sick. It is possible to descend without seeming to do so, and to rise again as imperceptibly. Christlike humility is quite compatible with Christian dignity. We should do gracious actions with a good grace, or the acts are spoiled. The choicest viands should be nicely served. Some give their alms as they would throw buns to the bears at the Zoo, more for the pleasure of seeing them feed than anything else. Lady Superior leaves some food and money with the poor cottagers, who, needy as they are, sadly miss the kind words which should have accompanied the gift. How much sweeter the provisions would have tasted had the bread been buttered with a smile, and the basket lined with Christian love. Thank God, there are some parsons, and parsons' wives too, who are veritable angels of mercy. Like nightingales, they fly into the solitary shades, and 'midst the gloom of woe and poverty pour out the melody of gracious words and holy deeds. But wherein lies the secret of their success? Is it so much in what they say and do and give, as in how it is said and done and given? Apples of gold are all the better for being in pictures of silver, and "a word spoken in due season, how good is it!" We should go to the poor and suffering remembering that a kind providence alone has made us to differ, earnestly desiring their spiritual welfare, and acting and speaking as humbly and naturally as possible. And when we come to pray with such, we need especial grace, lest it should be a matter of mere routine or course.

I heard of a parson lately who visited a poor man supposed to be dying. While this spiritual adviser was with the invalid, his wife intimated her intention of slipping off to the neighbouring township

to buy some candles. The evening drew on apace, indeed it was getting dark when the interview began. After a little very ordinary conversation the "clerk in holy orders" proceeded to say "Farewell," and added, as he took the wasted hand of his parishioner—"I would have prayed with you, my friend, but your wife is such a time fetching the candles, and I cannot wait." Would you believe it? His precious book of prayers was absolutely necessary; it was too dark to read, and therefore devotion was impossible! Thanks be the darkness then, and blest be the evening shade that put their veto on such absurd formality and spared the dying man the mockery of being prayed for from a book.

Heartly prayer is the only sort that can be acceptable at such a time either to the sufferer for whom it is offered, or to the Prayer Hearer to whom it is presented. "Lord, teach us how to pray," especially when we kneel beside the couch of the dying, or in the houses of the poor! As a relieving contrast to so sad a case, I cannot refrain from telling of how another colonial parson went about doing good. The story runs that he was stopped by a gentleman in blue at dead of night while in the act of carrying a great roll of blankets down the street. When challenged by the officer he simply said, "It's all right," and attempted to proceed. "No," said Robert, "you don't get over me so easy as all that"; and not until the lantern light flashed on the supposed robber's face and revealed the countenance of a well-known ecclesiastical dignitary was the watchman of the night content to let the blanket-bearer "move on."

During the day this *reverend* gentleman had found out a necessitous case, and promised covering and clothing; but, what with other calls and business, he had forgotten his morning promise; but when he himself retired to rest, and gladly wrapped himself in thick, warm coverlets (for the night was cold), he bethought him of the needy ones, and, regardless of his own comfort, hurried out into the keen night air to perform his labour of love. No wonder such a man is honoured and beloved, although, if we may judge from this incident, "he's not a bit like a parson." Cannot we "go and do likewise"? We are all priests and ministers if we are God's children; and since it appears that a professional style and clergy cut are not helpful in winning the ears and hearts of men, may not the humblest and lowliest look the more confidently for success in telling of the Saviour's love to the poor and needy?

As for those Christians who are supposed to occupy a higher position in society, the religion of Jesus has done but little for them if it does not make them remember that "the rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all."

Christ's example and teaching both tell us that the art of reaching men is to *be men*. We can do angels' work without soaring aloft on angels' wings and looking down on everybody else. We must stoop to conquer—indeed, no action done for Jesus involves a stoop. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

"Lord, for ever at thy side
 May my place, my portion be;
 Strip me of the robe of pride,
 Clothe me with humility."

Thomas Carlyle.*

BY C. A. DAVIS, BRADFORD.

THE grand, wayward genius, hard as granite, tender and plaintive as a mother's love, whose marvellous writings—graphic, lurid, and pathetic beyond any of this or almost any other century—have wielded an influence on the world of literature scarcely paralleled, and whose rugged moral teachings, unflinching hostility to sham, invincible maintenance of what is real, have been the most efficient back-bone producing agent in the realm of character in this otherwise soft age,—this glorious Lion-Man is gone from among us. But the momentum of his life will be long ere it is exhausted. He was a great Force: he imparted an intellectual and moral impetus to thousands: he made his mark on his country, and has left behind him an influence, on the whole, noble and godly, for which we may bless the Giver of every good gift.

We have just risen from the perusal of Mr. Wylie's intensely interesting and wonderfully adequate book. It is not a formal, dry biography; rather a friend that undertakes to introduce you to Carlyle, talking about him on the way, pointing out the scenes through which he moved from childhood to old age, showing you the genesis of his books, telling of his friends, and making you often the companion of Carlyle himself; yet falling into no hero-worship, but with just discrimination dividing between truth and error in the great master's teachings. It shows you his griefs—ah! what griefs were they—his sympathy with sorrowing friends, his solemn reverence towards God; and brings you at last to the old man's grave—a grave at which the thoughts of a nation stood hushed.

The age has been blessed by the career of such a man, and it does one good to trace his life and work in such a book. Mr. Wilson's is a much smaller, yet creditable, work.

The great Scottish peasant—for, learned and cultured as he was, he retained to the last the rough exterior, even when presented to the Queen or visited by an Empress in his Chelsea home—was born, as everyone now knows, December 4th, 1795, at Ecclefechan, in the south-western district of the Scottish Lowlands. His father, one of five brothers, "pitby, bitter speaking bodies, and awfu' fechtors," was a stonemason, who *did his work well*, strongminded, original, strict, who went to church as to parade duty, "for which he, in the other world, expected pay with arrears, as I trust he has received." His mother was equally remarkable, uniting to strength of brain a most winsome tenderness of heart, and teaching her son, who almost worshipped her, "less by word than by act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple version of the Christian faith." Thomas was the eldest of nine children. That most remarkable of all autobiographies, "Sartor Resartus," veiled though it be, gives us beautiful pictures of his childhood. A deep, pondering mind there was in the little being whose eyes were so wide

* Thomas Carlyle: the Man and His Books. By William Howie Wylie. London: Marshall, Japp, and Co. 1881.

Thomas Carlyle: the Iconoclast of Modern Shams. By Rev. John Wilson, M.A. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1881.

opened on the village world around him. Behold him, for instance, at supper on the orchard wall, whither he was wont to carry forth his porringer of bread and milk. "There," he says, "many a sunset have I, looking at the distant Western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation as Day dies, was still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless I was looking at the fair, illuminated letters, and had an eye for their gilding." He was about eight years old when it first struck him that the stage coach "could be other than some terrestrial moon, rising and setting by mere law of nature like the heavenly one; that it came on made highways, from far cities towards far cities; weaving them like a monstrous shuttle into closer and closer union." With amazement he began to discover that Ecclefechan "stood in the middle of a Country, of a World; that there was such a thing as History, as Biography; to which I also, one day, by hand or tongue, might contribute." "Thus at that tender age," says Mr. Wylie, "the vindicator of Cromwell and the most brilliant historian of the French Revolution got the first glimpse of the work that had been given him to do."

From the village school he was sent to the Grammar School at Annan—the "Hinterschlag Gymnasium" of *Sartor*—where education was conducted by brute force. Adam Hope was the master's inappropriate name: he knew syntax enough, "and of the human soul thus much—that it had a faculty called memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch rods." Our poor little book-worm needed no such incitement to learning, rather the reverse, for he had already been secretly studying his Latin rudiments with great industry. The bullies of the school, moreover, were cruel to the child, taking advantage of "his small personal stature"; and he wept so often under their tyranny "that he was nicknamed the Tearful, which epithet till towards his thirteenth year was not quite unmerited." At rare intervals, however, "the young soul burst forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a stormfulness under which the boldest quailed," he asserted his rights.

The most fruitful circumstance of this Annan life was the meeting with Edward Irving, and the forming of the friendship which lasted till the great preacher's death. "But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man meant." Irving was sixteen, and Carlyle two years younger when they first met, and Carlyle was soon after transferred to Edinburgh, and in company with his friend began there his college life.

This Edinburgh college course does not appear to have given him great satisfaction; but he availed himself, more than perhaps any other human being ever did or will do, of the resources of the library; and before he was nineteen had read more books probably than all the Edinburgh professors put together. His parents had destined him for the ministry, but he found himself thrust back from that course by the mental conflicts that raged within him. "The voice came to me, saying, Arise, and settle the problem of thy life! I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a minister. But now that I had gained man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door, and around me

there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, mockery, and scorn were there; and I arose and wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit. Whether I ate I know not, whether I slept I know not; I only know that when I came forth again it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach; and I have never been free from that knowledge from that hour to this, and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave."

A four years' experience of school-mastering followed his leaving college; but it gradually became clear to him that literature was his true vocation: and his first notable efforts were directed to the opening up to English readers the treasures of German literature. A review of Goethe's "Faust," a "Life of Schiller," the translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," followed rapidly upon one another, and created wide interest in England and Germany.

The ship of his life-career being now fairly launched, we have to see him joined by a worthy companion. His wife was, by all accounts, of the very best. "It would be difficult," says Mr. Wylie, "to name any other man of letters, in any land, who was so perfectly happy in his marriage." Mrs. Carlyle was richly gifted both in heart and intellect; her varied culture and refinement of nature caused her to be regarded as one of the most remarkable women of her day. Her father was Dr. John Welsh, a medical man of Haddington, in Dumfriesshire, and she was a descendant of that John Welsh, the Scotch Reformer, who married the daughter of Knox. Edward Irving, who was her tutor, used to speak of her intellect as the most powerful he had ever seen in a woman.

She brought her husband the little property of Craigenputtoch, a farm lying in a wild solitude on the shore of Loch Urr, among the granite hills of Nithedale. There is a good story of a shepherd on one of these Galloway hills who told an English tourist he would see "sax kingdoms"; and pointed out in succession Cumberland, in England; the Isle of Man, once a sovereignty in the families of Derby and Athole; the coast of Ireland; and the ground on which they were standing, part of Scotland. "Yes, that makes four," said the Englishman, "but you have two more to show me." "That's true, sir, but don't be in a hurry. Just look up aboon yer head, and that is by far the best of a' the kingdoms—that, sir, aboon is heeven. That's five; and the saxth kingdom is below yer feet, and to it I hope ye'll never gang; but that's a point on which I canna speak wi' ony certainty."

In this mountain home Carlyle spent the next seven years of his life, writing the "Essays," which constitute much of his finest work, and "Sartor Resartus," which immortal book, however, "the most creative effort of his genius," could not get into print till 1833-4, when it had to take itself to pieces and appear bit by bit in *Fraser's Magazine*. America was readier than England to recognize the genius of the book; and great was Carlyle's amazement and delight when there came to him in 1836 a copy of his great work from Boston, in book form, with a handsome cheque in payment of the right to publish "Sartor" in America. It may be added, that the first money he received for the

"French Revolution" came from America. He had got as much as £130 from that source when the work had "brought him no penny" in England.

Carlyle was now contemplating work that could not be done in solitude. The writing of the history of the "French Revolution," determined him to remove to London, that he might have the best libraries within easy reach. He took up his residence in Cheyne-row, Chelsea, the house which was his home for forty-seven years, and in which he was to die. In London he delivered four courses of lectures, of which that on "Heroes and Hero-worship" has been preserved in permanent form. One of the greatest conversationalists of his day, he was a born orator. "His talk," said one, "is an amazement and a splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes." The audiences which listened to these lectures were composed of the *élite* of the intellectual world of London.

In 1837 appeared "The French Revolution: a History:" a marvel; written with a pen of flame; sublime, weird, awful, of deep pathos; the most vivid piece of history writing ever done. It straightway sent Carlyle's name sounding through every corner of Great Britain. Sir William Hamilton got hold of the book at three in the afternoon and never laid it aside till he had finished the three volumes at four the next morning. Dickens used to read it through twice a year. John Stuart Mill said, "No work of greater genius, either historical or poetical, had been produced in this country for many years." Mr. Mill might well read it with painful as well as delighted interest, for Carlyle had lent him the first part in manuscript. He passed it on to Mrs. Taylor, the lady to whom he was afterwards married; whose servant, finding it lying about in the study, the next morning kindled the fire with it; and as Carlyle said, "up the chimney with a sparkle and a roar went the 'French Revolution;' thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did more than half a century ago." Mill was horrified; but Carlyle, though burdened and dejected with the double task, manfully set to work to rewrite it, "and in course of time the 'French Revolution,'" as he said, "got finished, as all things must sooner or later."

Of his other books we have not space in this article to speak particularly. There followed some political pamphlets; then his magnificent "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches; with Elucidations," a work which had been suggested to him many years before by his mother, who believed Cromwell to be grossly misrepresented. The vast, herculean labours which the production of this book entailed can hardly be known. He was a martyr to the "Museum Headache." He toiled through continents of State papers, contemporary pamphlets, and authorities of all kinds. He personally explored Cromwell's battle-fields. The result of the work was "to restore the image of Cromwell, freed from dust and defilement, to the admiring gaze of the English people." He raised the "Uncrowned King of England" out of his grave to be again the promoter of righteousness and freedom; and Carlyle became, through his biography of Oliver, one of the mightiest progressive forces of his age.

His "Life of John Sterling" followed next, an exquisite biography,

but disappointing to those who had rejoiced over the Calvinism of "Cromwell," because it appeared to treat lightly the highest truths of religion as "immeasurable dust whirlwinds."

"The History of Frederick the Great," which in bulk is his greatest book, and cost him incredible labour for fourteen years, is a masterly performance; but one cannot help wishing that the intense application and splendid genius displayed in it had been employed on a better subject. If instead of glorifying one of the worst characters in history, the royal highwayman who stole Silesia, and plunged Europe into that devil's dance known as the Seven Years' War, he had devoted one-third of the time and toil to a work he had contemplated, but never achieved—a Life of John Knox—the magnificent fabric reared by his literary skill and industry would have been worthily and consistently crowned. England and Scotland are the poorer for the possession of "Frederick," and the want of such a life of the Scottish Reformer as our literary giant had given of the great Puritan statesman and soldier. The "History of Frederick" was greeted in Germany with enthusiasm; but its effect in England was to weaken its author's moral influence.

It will be best *here* to chronicle some opinions of his which we can view only with regret, and so clear them out of the way, that we may afterwards close our brief paper with that in the magnificent old man which is only beautiful. Would it have been credited that Carlyle was a friend to slavery? Listen to him! "An engagement for life" (his euphemism for slavery) "is better than one from day to day." Let the negroes be consulted as to that. "I never thought," said Carlyle, "the rights of negroes worth much discussing in any form." "The man who is seventy-nine years of age" (his age at the time) "has not seventeen minutes to spare for the entire negro race." "Our beautiful black darlings are, at least, happy, with little labour except to the teeth, which surely in those excellent horse jaws of theirs will not fail." Bitter, scornful words. Quite consistently he espoused the cause of the South in the American civil war; and with all his might defended brutal Governor Eyre, returned red-handed from slaughter and outrage in a British colony; where, to suppress some negro discontent, he had slain four hundred and fifty innocent negro peasants, in cold blood, in batches of ten or twenty; had stripped naked and flogged with a new instrument of torture made of piano wire six hundred other inhabitants of Jamaica, from the matron of seventy to the boy of twelve; had caused a thousand homes to be burned and robbed by the soldiery, and had hanged without trial that noble Christian, Gordon. And what said Carlyle? This—"Penalty and clamour are not the things this governor merits from any of us, but honour and thanks, and wise *imitation* (I will further say) should similar emergencies rise, on the great scale or on the small, in whatever *we* are governing." We may account for this sorrowful moral twist by Carlyle's worship of *Force*: such work as was cut out for him by the "History of Frederick" could not bless his nature.

Very joyfully subscribe we, however, to his Titanic outburst against gin. "Be it with reason or unreason," he wrote of a certain class of Glasgow operatives, "too surely they do in verity find the time all out of joint; this world for them no home, but a dingy prison-house of reckless unthrift, rebellion, rancour, indignation against themselves and

against all men. Is it a green flowery world, with everlasting azure sky stretched over it, the work and government of a God; or a murky, simmering Tophet, of copperas-fumes, cotton-fuz, gin-riot, wrath and toil, created by a demon, governed by a demon? The sum of their wretchedness, merited or unmerited, welters, huge, dark and baleful, like a Dantean hell, visible there in the statistics of gin; gin, justly named the most authentic incarnation of the Infernal Principle in our times, too indisputably an incarnation; gin, the black throat into which wretchedness of every sort, communicating itself by calling on Delirium to help it, whirls down; abdication of the power to think or resolve, as too painful now, on the part of men whose lot of all others would require thought and resolution; liquid Madness sold at tenpence the quartern, all the products of which are and must be, like its origin, mad, miserable, ruinous, and that only!" Would that the working men who need it would weigh Carlyle's appeal—"No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser; but does not this stupid pewter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but this absurd pot of heavy-wet, this can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor; and thou pratest of thy *liberty*? Thou entire blockhead!"

And what thinks the reader of this on Darwinism? "Alluding to the development hypothesis, waxing warm, and at the same time bringing his hand down on the table with a thump like the sledge-hammer of Thor, he emphatically added, 'I have no patience whatever with these gorilla damnifications of humanity!'"

But we draw near to his great sorrow and his end. It was while he was absent in Edinburgh, delivering the address as Lord Rector of the University, that his wife was suddenly snatched from him. She, riding in her brougham in Hyde Park, saw her little favourite dog run over by a carriage. She lifted it into the carriage, and the coachman drove on. Not receiving any direction from his mistress he stopped the carriage and discovered her, as he thought, in a fit. He drove to St. George's Hospital, where it was found she was dead. We intrude not into the sacred privacy of the old man's grief. The blissful union of forty years was dissolved: henceforth he is left alone. Annually he made his lonely visit to the burial ground at Haddington, where the loved remains were laid; and (as the grave-digger has seen) knelt long in silence upon the grave; even kissed the soil. Read the simple, heart-moving inscription placed by him on the tombstone: "Here likewise now rests Jane Welsh Carlyle, spouse of Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea, London. She was born at Haddington, 14th July, 1801; only child of the above John Welsh and of Grace Welsh, Caplegill, Dumfriesshire, his wife. In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

Three years afterwards he wrote these solemn, pathetic, comforting words to his friend Erskine, of Linlathen: "So be it with us all, till we

quit this dim sojourn, now grown so lonely to us, and our change come ! 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy will be done';—what else can we say ? The other night, in my sleepless tossings about, which were growing more and more miserable, these words, that brief and grand prayer, came strangely into my mind, with an altogether new emphasis ; as if *written*, and shining for me in mild, pure splendour, on the black bosom of the night there ; when I, as it were, *read* them word by word, with a sudden check to my imperfect wanderings, with a sudden softness of composure which was much unexpected. Not for perhaps thirty or forty years had I once formally repeated that prayer ; nay, I never felt before how intensely the voice of man's soul it is ; the inmost aspiration of all that is high and pious in poor human nature ; right worthy to be recommended with an 'After this manner pray ye.'

He had a bright eye for "affairs" almost to the end. His last letter on public matters was that to *The Times*, remembered by us all, assailing the policy on the Eastern question of "our miraculous Premier," and denouncing "the unspeakable Turk." That little letter performed effective service out of all proportion to its length.

His activity was now giving way. Last summer the people of Chelsea noticed that his morning riverside walk was becoming infrequent ; that when he did appear his form was more bowed ; his step feebler. Yet he survived through the rigorous winter that followed ; till on the morning of Saturday, February 5th, 1881, he breathed his last. "Next day in Westminster Abbey Dean Stanley told his congregation of one tender expression—one plaintive yet manful thought—written but three or four years ago. 'Three nights ago, stepping out after midnight and looking up at the stars, which were clear and numerous, it struck me with a strange new kind of feeling'—'In a little while I shall have seen you also for the last time. God Almighty's own Theatre of Immensity, the Infinite made palpable and visible to me. That also will be closed, flung to in my face, and I shall never behold it any more. The thought of this eternal deprivation, even of this, though this is such a nothing in comparison, was sad and painful to me. And then a second feeling rose in me : What if Omnipotence, that has developed in me those pieties, those reverences, and infinite affections, should actually have said, 'Yes, poor mortals, such of you as have gone so far shall be permitted to go further. Hope ; despair not. God's will, God's will, not ours, be done.'"

It was a noble life. Would that it had been irradiated with a brighter faith in the Redeemer !* With some few exceptions, which have been noted, its influence was as wholesome as it was mighty. Blameless and beautiful in his domestic life, he blazed before the world with a splendour of genius which was equalled by his dogged, invincible capacity for work. You travel through his books as through the finest scenery of his native land ; where rugged sublimity and mountain grandeur give

* How heartily we unite in this sentiment. Alas, the influence of Carlyle upon many minds has been very questionable. No doubt we must attribute their vagaries rather to their own weakness than to any teaching of their master ; but had he been more assuredly a believer in Jesus his marvellous power would have more effectually wrought for righteousness, and his errors would have been avoided.

place ever and anon to startlingly sudden glimpses of the utmost loveliness in glen and heaven-reflecting loch lying at your feet. He is homely, grotesque, sublime, and delicately tender almost in a breath; and he is one of the strongest thinkers of this age. But his most impressive characteristic is his sense of infinitude and eternity. His thought took a solemnly wide sweep. You hear ever the strong waft of its wing beyond the bounds of visibility and time. The thunder of eternity was ever audible to him, and he made it audible to this age. Scotland has produced many noble men; perhaps none greater than this last great Scot—Thomas Carlyle.

It's not the Harness that makes the Horse.



HODGE may be as proud as he likes of his horse's harness and bells, but the poor creature can hardly stand. He has four groggy legs, and all his bones are visible: he is either worn out with age, or else he has been brought down with short commons. If the trappings of his harness had been left out, and the money spent on corn, it would have been a deal better. It is better that a nag have mettle in him than metal on him.

Here is a lesson for those who care to learn it. A sermon is too often like Hodge's horse. It is overdone with brasses and bells, harness and harmony, but there is no real strength in it, no life and vigour. It is fine, but not forcible. Now, it strikes everybody that the trappings of a poor old half-starved horse look like mockery. It is like adding insult to injury to adorn a living skeleton. It is just the

same with a discourse, the more finery there is about it the more ridiculous it becomes if there is not something solid and powerful to support the ornament. Quotations from the poets and extracts from the philosophers are all very well, but the people want the gospel. You cannot plough fields with ribbons and bells, you want muscle and sinew, and so there is no moving men's hearts with pretty phrases and musical nothings; what is needed is thought, truth, sound doctrine, and the Spirit of God. Young men are apt to think less of what to say than of how to say it, but our advice is,—think of both in due proportion. Set the matter before the manner: get the horse first, and get a good one, and then harness him. Give the people the grand old gospel, and plenty of it; and they will not much mind the way in which you bring it forth. A good horse should be decently harnessed, and divine truth should be fitly spoken: the mischief is that some appear to think that the harness makes the horse, and that a fine style is the main thing in a sermon. Churches and chapels would not so often be empty if ministers would take heed *what* they preach as well as how they preach. The age is practical, it calls for solid instruction, and is not to be put off with glitter and jingle. We are afraid that the Rev. Mr. Polish Veneer, who has lately settled over the highly fashionable congregation in Emperors' Avenue, will feel rather annoyed when he next puts on his gown and gloves, and takes out his morocco leather sermon-case, if an unadmiring hearer should call his attention to our woodcut. We beg to disclaim all connection with such unkind behaviour. As you love us, do nothing of the kind. C. H. S.

The Revised New Testament and the Baptists.

NOTES OF AN ADDRESS BY PASTOR G. DUNCAN, HUDDERSFIELD.

ON June 22, 1870, now nearly eleven years ago, a revision of the New Testament was commenced by a body of twenty-five able scholars, assisted by a committee of American scholars. These men devoted what was equivalent to two years' labour on this work. The revision appeared on May 17, 1881, and the subject has been discussed in our daily press and in our religious periodicals.

We Baptists are more affected by this revision than any other church; for the book is our only creed and our only standard of authority; and a revision of this is like a revision of our principles and doctrines.

We have felt this all along, hence one of the very earliest who subjected the authorized version to criticism was Leonard Busher, a Baptist scholar in the reign of James I.

Twenty years ago a committee of Baptist scholars was formed by Mr. Joseph Gurney to revise the whole Bible at his expense, and the result appeared about four years ago in our revised English Bible.

The American Baptist Union translated the New Testament some years ago, and did its duty by translating correctly the Greek verbs and prepositions that referred to baptism. John Bowes, of Dundee, did the same.

The revision now sent broadcast over the face of the earth, had a sale in one week of one million and a quarter, and the sale is going on as briskly as possible, and every denomination is canvassing the book to see what they have gained and what they have lost by this revision. We Baptists have more need to do this than others. How far have we been affected by it?

I. *The verb. Baptizo* has not been translated; we have still the Anglicized Greek word "baptize."

1. *The word has aforesaid been translated.* Dr. Gotch, who has gone thoroughly into this matter, gives us the following results of a critical enquiry:—

(1.) *Cases where the word has been transferred and not translated.* Two *Egyptian* versions of the second and third centuries. A *Latin* version of the third, and the *Vulgate*. The *French, Spanish, Italian, and English* versions of the sixteenth. These versions were influenced by the *Vulgate*. Then, besides these, we have our own revised Bible, and others, such as those of Sharpe and Alford.

(2.) *Cases where the word has not been translated dip.* The *Slavonic* versions from the ninth to the eighteenth century have "*cross*"—a daring importation of human tradition into the Word of God—giving us, not a translation of the word, but a reference to the sign of the cross made during the ceremony of baptism.

(3.) *Cases where the word has been properly translated.* All other versions, from the *Peshito* of the second to the *Gaelic* of the eighteenth century, have the verb translated into words signifying wash, plunge, dip, immerse. So that, if precedent was to rule, the Revisers had all the best precedents in their favour. If personal conviction was to rule, few or none on that committee would dare to dispute that our contention is right. Lightfoot has shown this in his work on the *Colossians*, and Sanday in his work on the *Romans*. If the law of the church was to rule, that is dip, and sprinkling only in cases of sickness. We had a right to expect either dip in the text or in the margin; the Revisers have put so much in the margin, that we were fairly entitled to this.

2. *The word is rendered dip in this very translation.*

(1.) *In some instances the word is left untranslated.* This is true of every case that refers to the Christian rite of baptism and to the baptism of John. Here the word is only transferred. Why not transfer in the same way the word signifying sprinkling? Why not say, "Have your hearts rhanitized from an evil conscience"! "The blood of rhanitizing"; "The ashes of a heifer rhanitized"; the Revisers have as much authority to do the one as the other.

(2.) *In some instances we have baptism in the text and wash in the margin.* "The teaching of baptisms" in the text, and the teaching of "washings" in the margin (*Hebrews* vi. 2). There is no need for the alternate reading, it really misleads.

3. *In some instances we have wash in the text and baptize in the margin* (*Mark* vii. 4). The Jews had two ways of washing the hands (1), by pouring—we have one word for that; (2), by plunging or dipping the hands—we have another word for that. The case here is simply—if the Pharisees had not gone out, they washed their hands before a meal; if they did go out, they immersed the whole body—they bathed. In the one case they poured water on the hands, in the other they immersed the whole body. We are told some ancient authorities read sprinkle—that is to say, a different *Greek* word was used.

(4.) *In some instances we have wash in the text and nothing in the margin.* "Divers washings" (*Heb.* ix. 10), the same rendering as the authorized version—here it should be immersion, for it does not refer to several different ways of applying water, such as pouring, sprinkling, dipping, for these have all different words in the original, but to the various dippings of the Old Testament, and there were several.

(5.) *In one instance we have sprinkle instead of dip* (*Rev.* xix. 13). We formerly read "vesture dipped in blood," now we read "He is arrayed in a garment sprinkled with blood." We are told some ancient authorities read "dipped in," and the T. R. had dip. The *Syriac, Sinaitic, and Vulgate* have sprinkle.

This seems a strong case against us, but it is not so. When the Greek original meant dip we had dip; but when the reading is altered, so also is the rendering: it is one witness less to be summoned into court, not a witness gone to the other side.

(6.) *In some instances the word is rendered dip.* "That he may dip the tip of his finger" (Luke xvi. 24). "So when he had dipped the sop" (John xiii. 26). So that when the word is translated, it is rendered wash and dip, but never sprinkle. Our ground of complaint is this, that while the Revisers had a standing rule to render the same Greek word into the same English word, they have seriously departed from the rule in this case.

The word is rendered baptism, wash, dip. It is sometimes "wash" in the texts, and "baptize" in the margin, and sometimes "baptize" in the text and "wash" in the margin. Why not give us a uniform rendering, as they have done in the other words?

We see—

(a) That modern scholarship dares not translate the word.

(b) That where the word is translated it is dip or wash. We have lost nothing, but we ought to have gained much.

II. THE PREPOSITIONS.

1. *Eis.* (1.) *This word they render before impersonal nouns "unto."* "Baptism unto repentance." "Baptism unto remission"; but even here we prefer the correct rendering "*into*." Baptized, not unto, that is at, but "*into*" the sphere of repentance. Aforetime we were hard and rocky-hearted, but now we are immersed into the sphere of repentance. So with remission of sin; before, all our sins were on us, but now we are plunged into a new sphere.

(2.) *This word is rendered "into" before personal appellations.* "*Into* the name of Father, etc," not "*in*" as in our authorized version, for the *in* may mean only, at the instance of—by the command of, or in the name of Jesus, as distinguished from John or any other name. *Into* is a much richer, fuller word; the name represents the nature known by this name—it is a symbol of it; into the godly spirit, nature, disposition, life are we plunged; we are made partakers of the divine nature symbolically.

(3.) *This word is rendered "into" before the word church.* "*Into* one body," ushered by baptism into that organization, that corporate body, the Church of Christ. Just as we wish a uniform rendering of the verb, so we wish a uniform rendering of the preposition.

2. *Apo.* This word generally means "*from*," though it often means "*out of*." We have "*out of the water*" in the case of the baptism of Jesus; but the Revisers give "*from the water*," a word that does not imply *in* the water. To this we object; for, firstly, he must have been "*in the water*," for John baptized not *at*, but "*in the Jordan*"; and secondly, he baptized, he did not *rhantize*.

Why were the Revisers so careful here, where they thought they could weaken our case? These same men, where baptism is not involved, have rendered "*apo*" "*out of*" in a large number of cases.

Here, again, the Revisers departed from their own rule.

3. *En.* This word means "*in*" in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, and yet where *Baptism* is concerned, the Revisers render it "*with*"; in nearly all other cases they render it "*in*." Why is this?

(1.) The American Revisers insist on the rendering "*in*."

(2.) Plumptre says it ought to be "*in*."

(3.) Sharpe has rendered it "*in*."

These Revisers have it "*with*," though they put "*in*" in the margin as of equal authority. Mr. Gurney's Revisers have done the same.

Why have they so flagrantly departed from their rule in the cases that refer to baptism? We have got a little nearer the mark, however, for there was no alternative reading in the old version. As in the rendering of the verb; so also in the rendering of the prepositions we have ground of complaint.

III. THE DOUBTFUL PASSAGES.

1. *Mark xvi. 9—20.* When a passage is spurious it is omitted altogether; when there is a strong doubt, as in John vii. 53; viii. 1—11, the words are bracketed; when there is some ground of suspicion, the suspected part is spaced. This course has been adopted with Mark xvi. 9—20. A doubt with

which we have been long familiar has thus been sanctioned by the Revisers. Dean Alford bracketed the words, and two of the Revisers, Drs. Westcott and Hort, who have long laboured on the Greek text, and have just published the results in a volume likely to be a standard work for many years, have also bracketed this segment of Mark's gospel.

To me Mark xvi. 9—20, is as much the word of God as any other part of the whole book. Dr. Morison has, in my opinion, demonstrated the authenticity of these words, and though it is now the fashion to call their genuineness and authenticity in question, I know no one who has answered the learned doctor's arguments. In a letter which I have just received from this great exegete he informs me that he is busy with a new edition of his Commentary on Mark, which he hopes to greatly improve, and no doubt he will have more to say on the affected paragraph.

Our position is simply this, we confirm our own belief in believers' baptism by a reference to Mark xvi. 9—20, and in controversy, if our opponents will not allow us to quote it as Scripture, we will quote it as at least very early church history—church history, that is, of the apostolic age, and history which confirms our practice of believers' baptism. It at least tells us the custom of the church during that age.

2. *Acts viii. 37.* This verse is omitted altogether, not a word of it appears; in the margin we are informed that some ancient authorities insert it in whole or in part. The text is said by critics to belong to the sixth century, that it is a fragment of a baptismal liturgy, a formula adopted by the early church.

The revision under the superintendence of Mr. Joseph Gurney brackets the text, and so does Greisbach; Dean Alford omits it altogether.

We have not quoted the text as Scripture for a long time, and its rejection does not affect our case in the least; for (1.) it does not make the Eunuch a baby; and (2.) it does not reduce his immersion in the water to a sprinkling with water. The narrative is as strongly in our favour without the verse as with it.

The rejection of this verse strengthens our historical argument; for the custom of demanding a confession of faith from the candidates for baptism must have been very prevalent, and adopted in high quarters, else no one would have dared to interpolate such a passage into the Book of God. We can well afford to transfer the text from Scripture to history; it strengthens our historical argument without weakening the scriptural one.

Reviewing the ground taken in the preceding criticism, we find that our case for believers' baptism has not been weakened by the present revision. One or two witnesses, such as Revelation xix. 13, Acts viii. 37, and possibly Mark xvi. 20, are no longer summoned into court to give scriptural evidence; but they are only so many witnesses less, not witnesses gone to the other side, they are out of court; if they do not witness for us, they do not witness against us, and we summon two of them to fortify our case historically.

And, now, my dear brethren, let us apply all this. What is our duty in reference to this matter? I think it is at least twofold.

Firstly. Let us earnestly and clearly explain the doctrine of believers' baptism. We must give the whole truth as far as we know it. Herbert Spencer says, "The highest truth the wise man sees he will fearlessly utter, knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world—knowing if he can effect the change he aims at—well: if not—well also; though not so well." We Baptists must act on that principle, and be most unlike the complacent Chinaman, who said to a zealous missionary, "Our Josh, your Josh; your Josh for you, and our Josh for us—all very good Josh." "Take rather the position of Mohammed, who said, "Though they array against me the sun on my right hand, and the moon on my left, I cannot renounce my purpose."

We have been too silent on this great theme; this is an age of compromise, coalition, combination, and to speak on baptism would mar the happy concert. "Union and unity" is the cry of the age, and it is a question with me whether

this cry has its origin in our increased and increasing brotherliness, or in an increasing indifference to the form of sound words. We know that indifference is rife in many quarters, and it becomes us to watch carefully that truth is not sacrificed on the altar of love. I fear that our villages suffer as well as our towns from the prevailing silence on this great subject. Can you local preachers not arrange among yourselves that in every village pulpit this subject shall be preached upon, say, six times a year? Our ministers could go occasionally to these places, and explain this subject to the people. Why does not our district committee of the Yorkshire Baptist Association take this matter up, and arrange for lectures to be given in all our village stations, and in our town and city pulpits also? Let our principles be periodically explained, and this can be best done by most of us in sermons or lectures.

Secondly. Let us enforce the subject of believers' baptism on our people. Whether we be few or many in any particular place, let us urge our principles on the people with all the fervour of faith. Think of Purna, the Buddhist Missionary, who determined to preach to a brutal tribe in India. Buddha sought to dissuade him by saying, "They will abuse you and speak vilely to you; what then?" Purna replied, "I will say they are good, for they do not strike me." "But if they do strike you?" responded Buddha. "I will still say good people, for they do not take the sword," replied Purna. "Suppose they do take the sword?" continued Buddha. "Then I will say good people, they do not kill me," said the fervid Purna. "But if they do kill you, what then?" urged Buddha. "I will say good people, to ease me so speedily of the burden of life," replied the irrepressible Purna. "You may go," said Buddha.

Purna was one of the right sort, he loved his fellow men, and he loved what he believed to be truth, and resolved at all hazards to make that truth known. In this spirit we must enforce our principles,—our doctrine of baptism lays the axe at the root of Romanism and Ritualism: we fight these systems with unmanacled hands; we go to tradition for no doctrine and no principles.

We, my brethren, contend in this for a great principle: it is not with us a question of much water or little water, or of adult or infant baptism; we contend for the principle that religious rites are for religious people; Christian rites for Christian people; that all scriptural ordinances must be observed by those only who are conscious of what they are doing.

This is our great contention, and the prosperity of this is the overthrow of all Popery and Puseyism and Erastianism, and the establishment of evangelical truth.

A celebrated general struck terror into the heart of a Persian king by sending him a message that he would come to him with an army of men, who loved death as much as he loved life; and we must strike terror into the heart of the indifference among us by sending into it men who love truth as much as the age loves indifference and compromise.

The man who tells for good in the final issue of things is the man with settled convictions.

Light reveals defects.

WHEN the sun's rays are let into a room clouds of dust will be seen floating in the air, which before were unseen, and various stains and spots will appear, which before were unnoticed: so it is with the spiritual and moral light of the gospel, by which, as the conscience becomes more tender, more vigilant, and better regulated, we shall be given increased insight into our own defects.—*Whately.*

Notices of Books.

Strength perfected in weakness. Memo-rials of Mary Richard. Edited by E. A. H. Partridge and Co.

THE very book to put into the hands of a suffering Christian, or indeed of any believer, to show the peerless value of the school of affliction, and the high degree to which the apt scholar in that college may attain. Mrs. Richard lay for twenty-six years in sore bodily anguish; and, under the discipline of her Lord, became one of the ripest of believers. This book consists chiefly of her rich experimental talk. Listen to her. "The heavier he lays his hand upon me, the more I find I love him; and I have had such glimpses of his great sufferings for me of late that I am getting so childish at times as to like and love my own pains because my dear Saviour was made perfect through suffering." "It is no matter to me what comes, so long as it comes through my Saviour's fingers, and all is mixed with heaven."

"I do not care," she said to a friend, "to brood over my sins and shortcomings; for I cannot find that I profit anything by it. I often think of the swan, who, when on dry land, is always gloomy and broken-hearted, for she is constantly looking down at her feet, which are black; but when she gets into water, and loses sight of her feet, she gets sprightly and spirited, and plumes her feathers, and floats gloriously. Well, I am like the swan. I like to plunge and bask in the immeasurable depth of the love of my God; and the result is that I lose sight of my manifold shortcomings."

Take but one more gem of rapturous experience. "They come and talk to me of a crown of glory—I bid them cease; of the glory of heaven—I bid them stop. I don't want crowns—I have *himself, himself!* I am going to be with himself! With the Man of Sycbar, yes; with him who condescended to be the guest of Zaccheus, yes; with the Man of the eighth of St. John, yes; with the Man who hung upon the cross; with the Man who died! Oh! to be with him before

the glories, the crowns, or the kingdom appear! It is wonderful—wonderful!" In the school of affliction the Master gives the lessons practically. The learner is carried beyond the sphere of oral explanation, and compelled to exercise himself at his task; and his proficiency becomes proportionately great.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon SPENCE and the Rev. J. S. EXELL. Numbers. By REVS. F. WHITELAW and R. WINTERBOTHAM. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

As the book of Numbers has never yet been fully expounded we all the more heartily welcome this volume. If by any good word of ours we could increase the sale of this noble series of commentaries we should count the time and space to be most profitably employed. Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. deserve to be supported abundantly in an enterprise so daringly planned and so admirably executed. Perhaps the best service we can render both to our readers and the publishers is to quote from the prospectus the following statement as to the design of these volumes, upon which the best scholars of the age are employed:—

"The aim of the *Pulpit Commentary* is to provide scholarly introductions to the sacred books; to divide the text of Scripture into paragraphs, and to supply each paragraph with such expositions as shall meet the wants of the student, and such homiletical suggestions as shall assist the preparations of the preacher.

"The *Expositions* give textual criticism, revised translation where necessary, explanation, apologetics, references to ancient customs, contemporary history, natural history, geographical research, science, and anything that tends to light up the text and make it available for practical instruction. These are followed by a comprehensive *Sermon Outline*, embracing the salient points of the preceding critical and expository section, and by brief *homilies from various contributors*, designed to show different modes of treatment, and to bring into relief different aspects under consideration."

Forms for the Burial of the Dead and for the Solemnization of Matrimony. Compiled by J. W. COMFORT. Yates and Alexander.

THOSE who need guidance in conducting weddings and funerals will find these fifty pages a handy help; but we trust that very few of our ministers would think of using a form of prayer or a fixed method of service either at a burial or a marriage.

Hours with the Bible; or, the Scriptures in the light of modern discovery and knowledge. From Moses to the Judges. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D. Part-ridge and Co.

DR. Geikie's second volume of "Hours with the Bible" is largely occupied with the plagues of Egypt, and the wanderings in the wilderness, two deeply interesting themes. We are charmed with the freshness which is thrown into the readings. We thought ourselves well posted up upon the subject; but we confess that we have learned a good deal from these pages. May this admirable work be successfully continued till all the books of the Bible have been illustrated, and the name of Geikie has been bracketed with that of Kitto in all libraries.

The Speaker's Commentary. Edited by F. C. COOK, M.A. New Testament. Vol. III. Romans to Philemon. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THIS great work now approaches conclusion, and we do it bare justice when we say it is worthy of the era which has produced the Revised New Testament and so many priceless expositions. Compared with any other modern period the present is the golden age of commentaries. No clergyman can afford to dispense with "The Speaker's Commentary," for it is the ripe fruit of the best scholarship of the church to which he belongs, and he ought to be familiar with it. The volume now before us is portly in dimensions, and it is as good as it is great. In such a mass of comments it is inevitable that we should meet with some things with which we do not agree, but this does not prevent our testifying to the great value of the work. Its price is not excessive, but we fear it will be beyond the reach of our poorer

brethren, and in this case they may comfort themselves that there are other and cheaper works which for all practical purposes are quite as valuable. If we cannot buy the newest and best tools we must make all the more use of those we have.

Notes on the Prophecies of Zechariah. By MRS. MACLACHLAN, sen. Nisbet and Co.

The authoress, who conceives that she has a mission to set every Scripture student right, in her wonted modest style prefaces these Notes by telling us that the subject of this book "has been mistaken and persistently applied to wrong people, at a wrong time, and in wrong places, by a wrong system of interpretation." All is clear enough to Mrs. Maclachlan, however, who gives us full particulars as to the restoration of God's ancient people, "their mission to convert the Gentiles," the rebuilding of great Babylon, building of the temple, "the restoration of sacrifices therein when the Messiah reigns as King of the Jews." How this agrees with the teaching of him who saith, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me," &c. (see Heb. x. 5—12 and ix. 26—28), our readers are well able to judge, and also of the value of these Notes.

Harold Glynde: a Cantata. By EDWARD FOSKETT. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

MR. FOSKETT has achieved a success in his poem, and the musical setting of his songs, by well-known composers, is all that could be desired. Dr. Stainer contributes the last piece but one in the book; but his name stands first in the list of composers on the title-page as though he were one of the responsible editors. This is somewhat misleading; but we suppose the arrangement is due to commercial considerations. The poem has sufficient merit of its own to ensure favour, and the music, though unequal, is good throughout. As the author's purpose is to illustrate, by poetry and song, the fascinating power and blighting influence of strong drink, the performance of this cantata by an effective choir and good reader will render an important service to the cause of temperance.

The Bible Text Cyclopædia: a complete classification of Scripture Texts in the form of an alphabetical list of subjects. By Rev. JAS. INGLIS. Religious Tract Society.

AFORETIME we mentioned this Text Cyclopædia with warmest approbation. There is none like it, and it is essential to every minister. Personally, we use it continually, and could not well do without it. All Bible teachers should have it, for it is a great help to have arranged under their various heads those texts of Scripture which prove or illustrate the truths of revelation.

A Translation of the Anglo-Saxon Version of St. Mark's Gospel. With Preface and Notes. By the Rev. H. C. LEONARD, M.A. James Clarke.

MR. LEONARD deserves our thanks for this most timely translation. Viewed only as a curiosity it is a little gem, but as a version which was read by our forefathers for some five hundred years, it has an interest peculiarly its own. Here is an interesting specimen:—"Johannes was in the waste washing, and preaching the washing of amends-deeds on sins' forgiveness. And to him went forth all the Judaic realm and all the Hierusalem-men, and were by him washed in Jordan's flood, naming their sins. And Johannes was clad with camel's hair, and a felt girdle was round his loins; and he ate grass-steppers and wood honey. And he preached and saith, A stronger cometh after me of whom I am not worthy that I, bowing down, should un-knit the thong of his shoes. I wash you in water; he washeth you in Holy Ghost.

"And in those days came the Saviour from Nazareth Galilee, and was washed in Jordan by Johannes. And soon out of the water he saw opened heavens and Holy Ghost as a dove coming forth, and dwelling on him. And then a voice was made from the heavens, Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I delight."

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Religious Tract Society.

THERE will never be an end to editions of the Pilgrim. Still they come. This is a very attractive form of the immortal allegory, and will only need to be seen to be desired. Great care has been taken to give a correct reprint of the

original work, and the side notes, which are side lights, have been preserved. As for the engravings, as sailors would say, they are *galore*.

The Class-leader's Treasury and Christian's Directory. By Rev. JOHN BATE. Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

A BIG book. Here the class-leader will find help in the difficult task of maintaining freshness from week to week. Of course, the papers are flavoured with Arminianism; but, nevertheless, the Calvinistic preacher might do worse than pick up hints from this thoughtful work. We give a story well worth quoting, and there are many such in the work. It is largely a record of experience and a book for the heart:—"It is said that John Wesley was once walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at the moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. 'Do you know,' asked Wesley, 'why that cow looks over that wall?' 'No,' replied the one in trouble. 'I will tell you,' said Wesley, 'because she cannot look through it; and that is the way you must do with your troubles: look over them, and above them.'"

The Christ. Seven Lectures. By ERNEST NAVILLE. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE welcome these lectures as a valuable contribution to Christian literature. The person and work of Christ are becoming increasingly prominent as shields of the truth in the hands of religious defenders. Though these lectures have not the piercing philosophy of Lacordaire, nor the felicitous eloquence of Pressensé, they are clear, convincing, and elevating. Excellent for all Bible students.

Labourers together with God. Words of Encouragement, Counsel, and Help for Sunday-school Teachers. By the Rev. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A. Elliot Stock.

A SHILLING'S-WORTH of encouragement for Sunday-school teachers. We cannot too highly commend this wise little book; but we wish the lines were not so closely set, for it has made our eyes aobe to read it.

A New Basis of Belief in Immortality.
By JOHN S. FARMER. London: E.
W. Allen, Ave Maria Lane.

THOSE sceptics of the present day who find in *modern culture* a motive for repudiating *Christian faith* are often grievously afflicted with unrest. Their thoughts are like the troubled sea. Gladly would they get into some port where their heads would cease to swim. This is the disease for which this book prescribes a remedy,—a remedy as bad as the disease. With a delicate pathos, such as we meet with in advertisements that describe the symptoms of sufferers, and prescribe patent medicines warranted to effect an immediate cure, *Spiritualism* is propounded in this treatise as a sure relief and a safe remedy for the soul sickness that is prevalent among agnostics. Modern spiritualism, we are told, was initiated by a little girl named Kate Fox in the year 1848, at Hydersville, New York. With the phenomena of automatic writing, clairvoyance, and trance-speaking, through the interposition of what they call *mediums*, we have become too well acquainted, through the impostures that have been recently practised on credulous victims. There would seem, however, to be educated people on the face of this queer world who not only themselves believe in these lying wonders, but think that the Scriptures give countenance to them. Was not young Samuel a *medium*? they will ask us. We shrink with horror from every species of sorcery. In the hands of some interpreters the Bible is made to teach anything they like to impute to it.

The Suburban Homes of London. A Residential Guide to favourite London localities, their Society, Celebrities, and Associations. Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly.

THIS book would be very useful to persons choosing a residence. Its detailed accounts of the various suburbs are hardly as full or as lively as they might be; still, they contain a good deal of what will be new and interesting to the majority of readers. Perhaps our friends will like to know that it says of our hill of Beulah, "This elevation has long been famous for its health-giving

properties; more ozone, it is officially stated, forms part of the atmosphere than enters into the composition of the Brighton air. The winds come to it kindly, from its oblique direction, and in the roughest weather the out-door venturer obtains exhilaration from exercise."

The Elements of Geography. By the Rev. B. G. JOHNS. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

ONE of a series of first-rate class books. The matter is well arranged and condensed; and, at a shilling, each of the books is marvellously cheap. We would specially call the attention of day-school teachers to these capital educational primers: they are short, but they contain all that is essential.

Frank Powderhorn. A Book for Boys. By J. SANDS. Nelson and Sons.

ADVENTURES among the Indians and Spaniards of South America and the people of Patagonia. Of course, it is all a tale; but the descriptions of Buenos Ayres, and the animals and plants which surround it, are accurate and graphic, and human life in that region is truthfully set forth. By reading this story a boy will pick up the geography of an interesting region, and never forget it. We are not tempted to emigrate to that sunny land through its entomological endowments, which seem to be surpassingly great.

"In insect life this land is rife,
With bugs the fields are swarming;
Big spiders run beneath the sun,
Whose bite is most alarming!

"We've large supplies of blist'ring flies,
In this delightful region;
Locusts and ants devour our plants,
For here their name is legion.

"Of scorpions, too, we have a few,
Black, venomous, and glistening;
I might say more upon this score
If you had time for listening.

"In spite of cats, we've lots of rats;
And when in bed and snoring,
They leave their holes in squeaking shoals,
Our rancho huts exploring."

Universal Instructor; or, Self Culture for all. Part VII. Ward and Lock.

As this work proceeds, its excellence is maintained. The illustrations are helpful and very numerous.

Lays of the Scotch Worthies, and other Poems. By J. P. WELLWOOD. Paisley: Alex. Gardner.

THE first four poems of this volume, which narrate the stories of Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, Walter Mill, and John Knox, are graphic pieces of historical narration, given with admirable poetic power. Then follows "Prince Albert's Dream, or the Christian Commune," a long poem describing a golden age of improved homes, universal education, the acquisition of freehold by payment of rent, the abolition of war, and other matters inaugurated by the Queen; much of which will probably remain a dream for some little time yet. Then that wonderful poem, "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's," is done over again into poetry; and it must be confessed with great beauty. Some miscellaneous poems close the volume. The four "Lays of the Scotch Worthies" which stand at the entrance of the book are

most to our mind. Readers who would acquaint themselves with these stirring Reformation histories might do worse than accept the medium of these forcible and nervous poems. We subjoin the closing lines of "Patrick Hamilton, the proto-martyr of the Scots."

Long ere the shadows fell that day
The martyr's dust was swept away,
The victory seemed complete;
And yet the priests did not rejoice.
But whispered pale at every noise
That sounded on the street;
The terrors of avenging wrath
Began to thicken o'er their path,
And fall around their feet.
Even Beaton's cruel eye, abashed,
Drooped for a moment down,
When one of Scotland's ancient lords
Thus chaffed him, with satiric words,
And smile concealing frown:—
"Lord Archbishop, if you have more
Fuel of heretics in store,
Burn all the rest, I counsel you,
In cellars out of public view;
That kind of smoke, as history shows,
Makes heretics where'er it blows;
One Patrick Hamilton thus dies—
But thousands from his ashes rise!"

Notes.

OUR work has lost one of its oldest, firmest, and most generous friends in the person of Mr. John Edwards, of Hilldrop Crescent, Camden Town. He was our prompter in several enterprises in chapel building, and ready with his own money to aid the work. He had the fire of youth and the stability of age. He was at times brusque in expression, but this arose from the warmth of his temperament and the zeal of his spirit. He denied himself many of the comforts of life that he might give to his Master's service. He was a strong believer, and if ever we expressed a feeling of discouragement he was sure to drive it away by his courageous assurance that in God's hands the work must succeed. If we can collect the materials we shall write a short memoir. Mr. Edwards was hardly known so well as he should have been. It would be hard to find a more true-hearted, devoted man of God. He has left a portion of his property to the Orphanage and College, but nothing can compensate us for his loss except it be the remembrance that our old friend has entered into the joy of his Lord.

The past month has been a very busy time for several of the societies which have their headquarters at the Tabernacle, for they have passed in review before the General. We can only briefly mention each meeting, but we can assure our readers that we could easily occupy many pages in recording interesting incidents in connection with each of the beneficent operations carried on by our faithful and earnest "fellow-labourers, whose names are in the Book of Life."

On *Monday evening, May 30*, the half-yearly meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presiding. Mr. Elvin, the secretary, stated that either in their own halls, or in chapels where their services were requested, the members of the Association were holding on an average forty services every Sunday, and thirty on week nights, thus conducting about three thousand six hundred and fifty meetings in a year with the direct object of evangelizing some part of London. He said that they still wanted more men and more money. They had been obliged, among other cases, to refuse to take charge of a mission-hall which had been started by a beloved brother now in Brompton Hospital, as the funds at their disposal would not warrant them in under-

taking any fresh responsibilities. Several of the members of the Association offered prayer, or gave short addresses in such an excellent manner that we could see how well fitted they were for the work to which they had given themselves. Mr. Elvin is constantly receiving testimony to the usefulness of the evangelists sent out under his direction. One of these has come under our own notice, and we reproduce part of it. After referring to a week of services which were believed to have been the means of the conversion of some twenty persons, the writer says:—

“Would that other large and influential churches, besides that at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, would organize bands of evangelists to mission our great and sin-stricken cities. Are there not churches with many hundreds of members that are doing scarcely anything in this direction for the godless crowds among whom they are located? And are there not thousands of the Lord's people in those churches with gifts and leisure who might be induced to enter upon such a mission? We believe there are numbers, not only of young converts with their warm, fresh, yearning first-love, but of Christians of matured experience, whose talents now lie buried, who are ready to throw themselves into this work, if only the organizations existed. May God stir up his church to care more for the perishing; and may he lay upon his beloved believing ones the burden of souls so greatly that they shall be led to ‘travail’ for them.”

We furnish this excellent Evangelists' Association with about £100 a-year, and it is expended in a way which produces more preaching of the gospel than by any other means. *And it is the gospel: there's the joy of it.*

On *Wednesday evening, June 8*, we had the great joy of being present, with several of our deacons and elders, at a thanksgiving meeting held in the chapel of our beloved brother, J. A. Spurgeon, at WEST CROYDON, to celebrate at the same time the pastor's forty-fourth birthday, and the extinction of the debt on the whole of the property belonging to his church. One of his generous helpers had offered £500 towards the removal of all existing liabilities, another promised £250, and from the richest to the poorest of the flock thankofferings flowed in so freely that there was literally enough and to spare. After paying off the last £1,000 due on the chapel and mission premises, there remained £550 with which to defray the cost of various improvements and extensions, which had in the meantime been ordered to be executed.

It was a happy meeting, and well it might be while so much favour shone upon pastor and people. It would be impossible for C. H. S. to say how greatly he values J. A. S. To God be praise that for the great work and service of the Tabernacle such a

brother-helper has been provided. Long may he be spared in health and strength to be a master workman in the temple of the Lord. He who has such a brother may well pray for him, and equally praise God for him.

On *Friday evening, June 10*, a large and representative meeting of the ladies and gentlemen who are likely to take part in the ORPHANAGE BAZAAR AT CHRISTMAS time was held at the College, the Pastor occupying the chair. Several friends stated that they were authorized to promise stalls on behalf of those whom they represented; and others who cannot do much for the Bazaar reported that they had begun to make weekly collections, in order that they may not be behindhand when the time comes. The editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* undertook to stir up with his sword the readers of the sermons and magazine to give him mortar for his trowel; and he hereby redeems his pledge. Many of his most faithful and constant helpers are found amongst those whom he has never seen, but to whom he speaks week by week and month by month through the printed page. They have helped him to carry on all his institutions up to the present time, and he has no fear that they will desert him now. It is not possible to tell exactly how much will be needed to complete the Girls' Orphanage, as the plans are not yet fully matured, but Mr. Charlesworth stated at the meeting that from £10,000 to £12,000 would be wanted, and we are hoping that by the beginning of next year, by the Bazaar and other means, a good portion of this sum will be in hand. All goods for the Bazaar should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. From this good hour we hope to hear daily from friends who will help us. It would be well to have immediate information as to what we may expect. Dear friends, write us at once and say that you are going in for this work with all your hearts. You know the Editor's address, and you may direct your letters to him and gladden his heart.

Our free service at the Tabernacle, on *Sunday evening, June 12th*, was to our mind the most successful of our efforts in this direction to get at those who are not in the habit of attending any place of worship. On former occasions we have feared that most of those present had only run away from their own churches and chapels for the evening, but this time a large portion evidently belonged to the class that we have been most anxious to reach. The number who did not know the tunes was joyfully great; and the general aspect of the attendants was not of the usual religious order. Oh that God would capture these outsiders, and hold them fast by his grace! Important prayer was offered about this, and

we expect answers from our God. Unusual heaviness rested on the preacher before entering the pulpit, and the deacons pleaded with God for him before he left the vestry. Utterance was graciously given, and after the service the same brethren lovingly gathered around their pastor and prayed a second time for the blessing. Surrounded by a body-guard of praying men the Lord's servant cannot fail.

On *Monday evening, June 13*, the annual meeting of the **MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY** was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, the Pastor, as usual, presiding in the enforced absence of the President, Mrs. Spurgeon; and addresses were delivered by the chairman, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. C. F. Allison and B. W. Carr. The report stated that the object of the society was to aid the families of poor ministers and colporteurs by sending them clothing, and contained the following statement and appeal from the pen of Mrs. Spurgeon:—"There is, alas! no improvement in the position of our poor country brethren, poverty and privation seem rather on the increase than otherwise, for the general depression in trade and agriculture tells upon their scanty salaries, and adds bitterly to their heavy burdens. Never were the loving gifts of this society more needed than at the present time, never did its Christ-like efforts more deserve or claim the kind and practical help of all those who love the Master's servants. We used to think, in times gone by, that the stipends of our poor pastors were at their lowest ebb; but, pitiful as they were, *they did receive them!* Now, we hear of cases where the money is owing quarter after quarter, and the poor man is driven to his wits' end—and to debt, for the necessaries of life for himself and his children. We know of some servants of God so destitute that they seldom taste meat more than once a week, and there are many families where, but for the nice and suitable clothing given by this excellent society, the children of the minister could not have appeared in the house of God, their garments were so shabby, and an utter want of means prevented any renewal of their scanty wardrobe. . . . How gratefully that help has been received Mrs. Evans will joyfully tell, how much more assistance is needed will be a sadder theme, and while we rejoice greatly in the success which God has given to this sweet womanly work, we would earnestly ask for it an increased and extended operation. If our Christian sisters all over the land were but to take to heart the deep needs of Christ's ministering servants, and help them with resolute purpose and love, they would very soon wipe away this sad blot from the page of our history, and in so doing bring down a rich reward into their own hearts, and an unexpected blessing on their lives."

During the year 48 parcels have been sent

to ministers and 7 to colporteurs, 202 children have been clothed, 1,901 ready-made garments have been given, and various miscellaneous articles, bringing up the estimated value of the grants to £262 11s. 0d. The expenditure for the year has been £75 1s. 0d., and the balance of £187 9s. 7d. has been received in clothing and materials to be made up at the meetings of the society. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London.

On *Friday evening, June 17*, the annual meeting of the **METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION**, of which Mr. Bowker is the leader, was held in the Lecture-hall, the Pastor presiding. After prayer, and an address by the chairman upon the great need of the pioneer work done by the members of the mission, Mr. Goldston, the secretary, reported the progress of the work at North Cheam, Tiptree, Willesden, Bell Green, Hatton, Little Paris-street, Teddington, Thornton Heath, and Southgate, and referred to the fact that through the agency of the mission churches had been formed and chapels built at Walthamstow and Tooting. Addresses were then delivered by the brethren who are labouring in most of the places mentioned, their earnest speeches being interspersed with selections from the song-service "Homeward bound," sung by Mr. J. Courtney and a choir of the Orphanage boys. Mr. Hayward, the treasurer, stated that the total expenditure for the year had been £195 15s. 7d., which had been exactly met by the receipts. The principal items of expense are for travelling, rent of chapels and halls, furnishing, cleaning, printing, &c., and as the preachers not only give their time, but also subscribe to the funds, and as the whole amount is spent directly in evangelistic efforts in the suburbs and country districts near London, we shall be glad to see the income grow far beyond its present limit. This also is a grandly useful and economical society. Churches have sprung up through its operations, and, if supported, it will continue to work up little places till they become important stations, or self-supporting churches. London demands the labours of all who can preach Jesus. Some will do nothing unless they can do great things, but these brethren are content to begin with a dozen, and work on with a score, and so out of this come here and there congregations of hundreds. Oh for more blessing! Blessed be God for so much!! Friends may enquire what is the distinction between this Society and the Evangelists' Association, under Mr. Elvin. We are not very clear about this; except that this Society sends the same men to fixed stations to raise churches, and the other is more of an evangelistic order, assisting churches already in existence. They are equally excellent, and might wisely be united.

Monday, June 20, was, we believe, generally observed by the churches connected with the Pastors' College Association as a day of united prayer, in accordance with the resolution passed at the last Conference. At the Tabernacle we had meetings at seven o'clock in the morning, at noon, at five in the afternoon, and at seven o'clock in the evening our usual prayer-meeting was specially devoted to earnest supplication for our whole College brotherhood. Brethren from various churches report to us that they had days of power and joy. We shall do well to have another such day before the year closes. United pleadings must prevail.

COLLEGE.—During the past month Mr. A. Billington, who has long set his heart on going to Africa, has been accepted by Mr. H. Grattan Guinness as one of a party of missionaries who will shortly start for the Congo. Mr. Jesse Gibson, who came to us from Canada, will sail early this month for St. Thomas, to take charge of the church during the pastor's absence in Europe. He hopes afterwards to settle in the dominion.

Mr. B. Brigg has accepted the pastorate at Drummond Road, Bermondsey; and Mr. F. Tuck has succeeded him at the Providence Gospel Hall, Alvey Street. Mr. C. Ingreem leaves the College to settle at Wimbledon; and Mr. L. Humby at Coseley, Staffs.

The students are now away for their summer vacation, which will end on August 8th. Mr. T. Whiteside has, at the suggestion of the Secretary of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission, removed from Athlone to Ballymena. Mr. G. W. Pope, late of Nottingham, has settled at Diss; and Mr. A. R. Morgau, late of Dolton, has gone to Fairford, Gloucester. Mr. J. C. Thompson, late of Paisley, has accepted the hearty invitation of the church at Brondesbury.

We are glad to learn from the *Missionary Herald* that Mr. and Mrs. Lyall are sufficiently restored to health to return to their work at the Cameroons, West Africa.

Mr. Kendon writes very gratefully from Jamaica, acknowledging the receipt of various sums sent to us to help him in restoring what the hurricane destroyed. He has been holding evangelistic services in different districts in his diocese, which is twenty miles square, and for five weeks took part in an average of three meetings daily. On Good Friday he baptized sixty-seven believers at Jericho in the presence of several thousands of people, and on the previous Sunday six others put on Christ at Mount Hermon; and, when he wrote, his list of enquirers on probation contained two hundred and sixty names. Mr. Head, from Mr. Guinness's College, is at present helping him, although it is not very clear how the support, which is barely sufficient for Mr. and Mrs. Kendon, can be made available for an additional worker. However, the Lord knows what is needed, and will doubtless supply it in his own time and manner.

Mr. Norris sends us word from Calcutta

that in answer to prayer the way has been made clear for him to remain at his post. He earnestly prays that we may send out evangelists to the English-speaking people of India, and this will we do if God permit. Funds are slowly but surely coming in for this object, and information of suitable centres for work is also arriving, so that if we could only get the right men, something might soon be done in this direction.

Mr. H. Rylands Brown, the pioneer of this movement, finds plenty to be done at Darjeeling, and we believe he is the man to do it.

Our son Thomas, who is now preaching in New Zealand with great acceptance, is very anxious that we should let our readers know that there has been a glorious revival at the Deloraine Tabernacle, which is one of the chapels built by his friend and ours, Mr. Gibson, of Perth, Tasmania. Mr. Harrison, who has now joined Mr. Isaac, as an evangelist, was greatly cheered during the last few weeks at Deloraine, by seeing converts every Lord's-day. Mr. Harry Wood, who has left Saddleworth on account of the excessive heat, has had the same joyous experience since he took charge of the work at Deloraine. Our son says, "Mr. Gibson will feel amply rewarded, and ready for more service and sacrifice."

EVANGELISTS.—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I have been pastor of Townhead-street Baptist Church, in Sheffield, for nearly ten years. Feeling deep interest in the work of our brethren Fullerton and Smith, now in this town, I have thought you would be pleased to receive the enclosed account of Whit-week.

"It was a week which will, I believe, be memorable in the history of the church of God in this town. Indeed, the whole work of our brethren here has been so manifestly marked by the presence and power of the Holy Spirit that Christians with one accord give God the glory. A spirit of united, fervent, and importunate prayer has been awakened for the quickening of believers and the salvation of the lost, and God has appeared to revive his work in the hearts of his people, while not a few have been truly converted to Christ. Whit-week is in Sheffield, next to Christmas, the great holiday of the year. Most of our foundries and manufactories are closed—especially in these times of trade depression—nearly, or quite, the whole week through. Our brethren, therefore, desired to make special efforts to reach the working men who would then be unemployed, and the crowds of strangers who flock during the holiday into our town. The circus, a large building, was therefore engaged for the whole week, the congregations were immense, and the exhibitions of truth, presented by our brethren in song and address, were peculiarly owned and blessed. It may interest you to have a list of the special services held from the

Saturday evening preceding Whit-Sunday until the following Thursday night, and I will mention the circus gatherings first:—

“Saturday evening—‘Song service.’

“Sunday morning, at seven o’clock, a ‘meeting for Christians,’ at which each of our brethren gave an address.

“Sunday morning at eleven o’clock, a meeting, the admission to which was by ticket, in order, as far as possible, to exclude regular attendants at the House of God.

“Sunday evening, at seven o’clock, a meeting similar to the morning one at eleven.

“On Monday evening—‘Song service.’

“On Tuesday evening—‘Song service.’

“On Wednesday and Thursday evenings the ‘preaching of the word, the singing of the gospel, and prayer.’

“In addition to the gatherings in the circus during the week, there was a crowded meeting for ‘men only,’ on Whit-Sunday afternoon, in the large ‘Albert Hall;’ and at noon on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, our brethren conducted a special service in Queen-street Chapel; and on Thursday afternoon, at three o’clock, a Bible-reading in the Presbyterian Church. The whole week was a season of peculiar power, and such services as were held, and such addresses as were given, must be made a great blessing. We, as ministers of Christ in this town, hold our brethren in highest esteem, and we shall ever lovingly remember their visit.

“I am, dear Mr. Spurgeon,

“Yours very sincerely,

“RICHARD GREEN.”

Mr. Burnham’s labours at *Rushden*, in May, were crowned with great blessing, and once again the house of his host received a large share of the soul-saving power which accompanies our brother wherever he goes. This month he returns to follow up the very remarkable work already accomplished. Continuing his Yorkshire campaign, he visited Bedale and Masham, Salterforth and Earley, Malton, Morley, and Middlesbro’. After he has finished his work at Rushden this month he is going to help our Brother Mather in open-air and tent-work at Holbeach and the surrounding villages.

We have not received any amounts lately from the places visited by the evangelists, but we are quite sure that the spiritual results of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton’s services at Sheffield will be followed by a corresponding thankoffering; and we are informed that the Committee of the Yorkshire Association are waiting until the close of Mr. Burnham’s engagements to pay over in one sum the amounts received from the churches which he has helped. Meanwhile, general subscriptions will be heartily welcomed for this work, which the Lord has so signally owned to the salvation of souls, and the edification and comfort of believers.

COLPORTEAGE.—The Secretary writes:—

“Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The Colportage Association is about to open several new districts. The friends at Vernon Chapel, King’s Cross, have promised £40 a year for a colporteur to work in that locality. This effort is, I think, to some extent the outcome of the work of the colporteur for whom our friend Pastor F. A. Jones, of Cross Street, Islington, is responsible. Also, through the kindness of Miss Hatfield, of Ryde, arrangements have been made for a third colporteur to labour in the Ventnor district, Isle of Wight. The whole island will thus be fairly worked. Will our friends pray for a blessing upon these new districts, and that we may be specially directed in the selection of suitable men? Why should not this valuable agency be extended all over the land? If Scotland maintains over two hundred colporteurs, surely England should support at least five hundred. The committee will always be glad to employ a man in a district where £40 a year can be promised. In the meantime, the General Fund is very low, and help has been received to a very limited extent during the past six months. The new districts will need more outlay from the General Fund; we therefore look prayerfully to the Lord, through his people, to supply our need.”

Friends, please note the words which we have underlined. We shall be glad of immediate help for this object.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A Christian sister in *India* writes:—“I enclose you a note which I received from a Mussulman to whom I had lent a book of your sermons, and I request your prayers on his behalf that he may have grace given him to profess Christ openly, and to come out from Mahometanism.” Here is the note, “My dear Miss ——. Your sermon-book has, indeed, converted me to Christianity. I do believe in Christ our Lord, and so long as my belief in him is firmly rooted, I do not care what I may be called in the outer world. Mr. Spurgeon appears to be an extraordinary man.”

We were very gratified when we received from Germany the following unsolicited testimony to the value of *The Treasury of David*:—“I mailed one volume of *The Treasury* to Dr. Zoekler, and requested him to give me his opinion of it. Dr. Zoekler is considered (even among German pastors) a great bookworm, and I was a little curious to see what he would say. He declared the Commentary to be ‘a museum of spiritual treasures,’ and thought the publication of it would be to most German theologians like the discovery of ancient Troy by Schliemann. My Lutheran neighbours beg me to have the work done, if not for money, still for the good it would do, and they beg for the whole work. . . . There is nothing which might benefit Germany more than the publication of this work.” We would gladly aid in the publication, but cannot see our way

to do so. Perhaps the German publisher may yet be able to bring it out, and make it pay its own costs.

A friend informs us that in *Toulon*, the great seaport and naval arsenal in the south-east of France, where there are many artisans, and multitudes of sailors, a work similar to that of Mr. McAll in Paris has been commenced by M. Massis, a Protestant pastor, assisted by his wife and a missionary. Several rooms have been opened for preaching, and converts gathered for worship and work. Recently, when both M. Massis and his helper were compulsorily absent from the service, one of the converts undertook to lead the singing and prayer, but being unable to preach, he read the French translation of our sermon, "Remember Lot's

Wife," (No. 1,491), and this was the means of the conversion of a whole family.

Another friend, who conducts services in a *Hampshire* village where a new chapel is being built, tells us that every Sunday evening for the last four years he has preached there, but being engaged in business all the week he cannot give much time to study. He says that he has, therefore, taken our sermons regularly, got all the marrow he could out of them, copied out the leading thoughts, lived in the subject all the week, and then given out to the people the honey he has gathered. He adds that God has blessed this system of working to the salvation of souls and the edification of believers, and that this way of proclaiming the truth has also interested the congregation.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. W. J. Large	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	10	0	0	
Mr. W. Ross	5	5	0	Mr. Rowland Pickworth	5	0	0	
Mrs. W. Ross	2	2	0	Mrs. Rowland Pickworth	5	0	0	
Mrs. Simpson	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hazel	5	5	0	
Mrs. T. T. Clarkson	2	0	0	Pastor J. J. Hall	0	16	0	
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5	0	0	Pastor R. T. Lewis	1	0	0	
Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0	Pastor R. T. Lewis (sale of ring)	0	4	0	
Mr. Thos. Mills	2	2	0	A friend in Scotland	25	0	0	
A Sympathiser, per Pastor W. Usher	1	0	0	Mr. Henry Tribe	5	0	0	
Mrs. Jane Dewar	1	0	0	Miss Jane Matthews	0	10	0	
Mrs. Macdougall	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0	
Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0	Mr. J. N. Crossland	0	10	0	
Mr. T. F. Fisher	3	3	0	Mr. W. Chilvers	50	0	0	
Mr. Edwin Fisher	1	10	0	Mrs. MacLean	1	0	0	
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0	From Elijah's raven	10	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	0	10	0	A friend, per Mr. Flatt	0	2	6	
Mr. R. P. Nicholson	0	6	0	Mr. W. Mills	5	0	0	
A Church Member	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. Golding	4	4	0	
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve	10	10	0	
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6	Pastor W. Hobbs	1	1	0	
Mrs. Binck	1	0	0	<i>Half-yearly Subscription:—</i>				
Mr. J. Passmore	10	0	0	Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	0	0	
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—				
Mr. A. W. Passmore	1	0	0	May 15	36	0	0	
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0	" 22	40	0	7	
Mrs. Alabaster	5	0	0	" 29	30	0	0	
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	2	0	0	June 5	23	7	11	
Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	1	0	0	" 12	45	0	0	
Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0			174	8	6
Dr. Frankerd	1	1	0					
Mr. Edward Webb	0	10	0					
Mr. Geo. Wall	5	5	0					

Received from Mrs. M. G. B. Chapman, for Indian Evangelists' Fund, £50.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. S. Rimell	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Miss Baldwin	0	2	0	A Thankoffering	2	0	0
Miss Mitchell's Bible-class, Rye	0	13	0	Mr. and Mrs. Kirby and baby	0	2	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0	Mr. Robert Ellis	1	0	0
Mr. A. M. Alexander	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Chenoweth	5	18	4
From Sherfield-on-Loddon	0	2	6	Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche	1	8	0
Mrs. E.	0	10	6	Mr. Banister	1	1	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Rev. W. Nicolson, M.A.	4	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Holttum	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Fisher	1	10	0	A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mr. D. Burgess	0	5	0	Miss E. J. Thompson	0	10	0
J. C. D.	0	2	6	Miss Martha Reeve	0	1	6
Collected by Master Walter Oakley	0	15	0	E. S.	0	3	6
Mr. William Hall	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Portobello, New Zealand	1	6	6
Mrs. Walton	2	2	0	Miss Mary McEwan	1	0	0
Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, at Bridgend... 13 16 4					Mr. C. B. Whren	0	2	6
D. H. Lloyd, Esq.	5	0	0	Mr. John Aldington	0	4	0
Mr. E. J. Morgan	0	10	6	Mr. John Meyrick	0	5	0
		19	6	10	Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman	15	0	0
Mr. James R. Joscelyne	2	0	0	Mr. J. Gwyer, sale of Poem on the Orphanage	1	1	
Box on Counter at Sellings Proceeds Service of Song by Orphanage Choir, Newport, Mon.	23	19	5	E. A. V., A. V., E. R. V., E. J. V., and A. M. C., in lieu of sugar in tea from May to Dec.	1	17	4
Mr. D. R. Evans	0	10	6	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. Henry Phillips	1	0	0	Miss M. D. Long	2	0	0
		25	9	11	Collected by Mrs. James Withers:—				
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	5	7	Mr. Martin John Sutton	2	2	0
Mrs. Drinkwater	2	5	0	Mrs. John Leach	1	0	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0	Mr. Philip Davies	0	5	0
G. M.	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Gregory	0	5	0
Rev. F. G. Masters	0	5	0	James Withers	0	5	0
Miss S. Guilford	3	3	5	Harriet Cooper	0	1	1
Mrs. E. Napier	1	0	0			3	13	1
Three Servants	0	3	0	Mr. T. Thomson	2	0	0
E. H.	0	10	0	Mr. George Bateman, per Mr. Croomer	...	0	11	0
Mrs. M. Wilson	0	10	0	Miss Lizzie Samuel's box... Given to Mr. Spurgeon at the Communion, June 12...	0	13	1
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0	Mr. W. Chivers	50	0	0
M. McL.	0	2	0	M. N. W., Berbice...	1	5	0
Mrs. McIntyre	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. George Fryer	0	17	0
Miss Aldred	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. A. M. Martin...	0	14	2
Mr. Hawthorn	1	1	0	Mr. Wm. Smith, Leicester	0	2	6
Durweston Chimers and Friends	0	12	6	Mr. Wm. Smith, Busbey...	3	0	0
Miss Clack, per Mr. R. Cocking	1	0	0	Box at Orphanage Gates...	1	7	6
Miss Whitley	0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers, May 31st	2	2	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Padley	2	13	6	Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	6	6
Infant Class Baptist Sunday-school, Chipping Norton, per Mr. Burbidge	...	1	10	6	Mrs. Dix	100	0	0
Mr. J. Spearman Oxey	0	2	6	Mrs. Bateman, per Pastor A. A. Saville	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. G. Lankester	1	1	0	Half-yearly Subscription:—				
"Threepence per week"	0	3	3	Mrs. Sarah Brown...	1	0	0
Mr. Henry Richmond	0	10	0			£290	18	6
Miss S. A. Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0					
A Friend, per Pastor J. J. Hall...	0	4	0					
A Sister in Christ	1	0	0					
Mrs. Cheney	0	10	0					

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—A quantity of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Poccock; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 5 tins Fish, Mr. T. P. Chard.

CLOTHING.—5 small suits Clothes, 4 pairs Trousers, 2 Vests, Mr. W. Smith; 12 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Tayler; 6 Night Shirts, Mrs. Tasker.

GENERAL.—1 pair Wool Slippers, Mrs. R. Oakley; a few Books, Mrs. Tayler; 19 bars Soap, 10 Brushes, Mr. T. P. Chard.

List of Presents (Girls' Division):—CLOTHING.—12 articles of Clothing, Mrs. Whitaker; Parcel of Clothing, G. P. E.; 8 Dresses, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 49 articles of Clothing, 6 Pillow Covers, and 2 Scripture Quilts, Young Ladies Working Association, Reading, per Miss Nellie Withers; 12 articles of Clothing, Mrs. Moss; 12 woollen Scarves, Mrs. Moore.

GENERAL.—12 pairs Lace Curtains, 33 yards Window Blind (for New Buildings), S Antimaccassars, Mr. S. Peach; bottle of Disinfectant, cake of Potash Soap, Mr. J. Sellers; parcel of Books, Mr. J. Hewctson.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1881.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
M. A. B. and E. P.	0	7	6	L. R.	5	0	0
Mrs. M. Cullam	2	0	0	Mr. C. F. Foster, for the furnishing of one house for girls	250	0	0
Sermon Readers, Auchencairn	1	0	0	Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
An invalid friend	0	5	0	Mr. William Matthew	3	0	0
Mrs. Walton	1	1	0	Mr. Isaac Watts	1	1	0
In memory of "Beecie," Montrose	...	1	0	0	Miss Beardsley	0	5	0
Mr. Banister	1	1	0	J. (Middlesbro')	0	2	6
First week's advance in wages	0	10	0					

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend	5	0	0	An invalid, Clapham Park	0	2	6
Mrs. Goodson	0	2	6	E. L. S.	0	10	0
L. G., postal order	0	2	6	Mrs. McMurtry	1	0	0
A Friend, per J. T. D.	0	5	0	"My tobacco allowance"	0	5	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0	Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	100	0	0
Tastor George Cobb	0	10	0	<i>Half-yearly Subscription:—</i>			
Mr. C. W. Brooks	2	2	0	Mrs. Sarah Brown	1	0	0
Mr. George Hebron	50	0	0				
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0				
Miss Wynfreda Gardiner... ..	1	0	0				
					£430	3	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
For Bethnal-green—W. R. Fox, and C. E. Fox, Esq.	10	0	0
Charlton-on-Otmoor, per Rev. W. Hackney	10	0	0
Chippenhams, per Rev. H. B. Bardwell ...	20	0	0
S. Barrow, Esq., for Horley	10	0	0
E. D. Salt, Esq., for Church Gresley ...	10	0	0
Arundel District	10	0	0
Worcester Association	40	0	0
Collection at Warmminster	1	0	0
J. Cory, Esq., for Castletown	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Bell	10	0	0
South Wilts District	15	0	0
Oxford Association—Witney	10	0	0
G. Curme, Esq., for Dorchester	2	0	6
J. Reynolds, Esq., for Stow and Aston ...	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0
	£173	0	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Collection at Annual Meeting	20	1	8
Mr. Cockerill	1	0	0
Miss Newman	5	0	0
Miss A. and E. Newman	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Olney	2	2	0
Miss Spurdens	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Dennish	0	10	0
Mr. Henderson	5	0	0
Dr. Paterson	0	10	0
Mr. S. Thompson	1	1	0
Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
Miss Frances	0	5	0
Mr. W. Wayre	1	1	0
Collected by S. Shaw	0	8	6
Mr. J. Wells	0	10	0
Mrs. Drayson	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Speight	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell	1	0	0
A friend, per Mr. W. Barclay	0	1	0
Mr. F. Renard	1	0	0
W. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. West	0	10	0
For Tracts, per Mrs. Long	0	7	6
From the North of Scotland	0	5	0
R. Everett, Esq.	1	1	0
J. Marnham, Esq.	5	0	0
Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman	10	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. W. Chilvers	20	0	0
Mrs. C. Parker	0	5	0
<i>Half-yearly Subscription:—</i>			
Mrs. S. Brown	1	0	0
	£82	15	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1881.

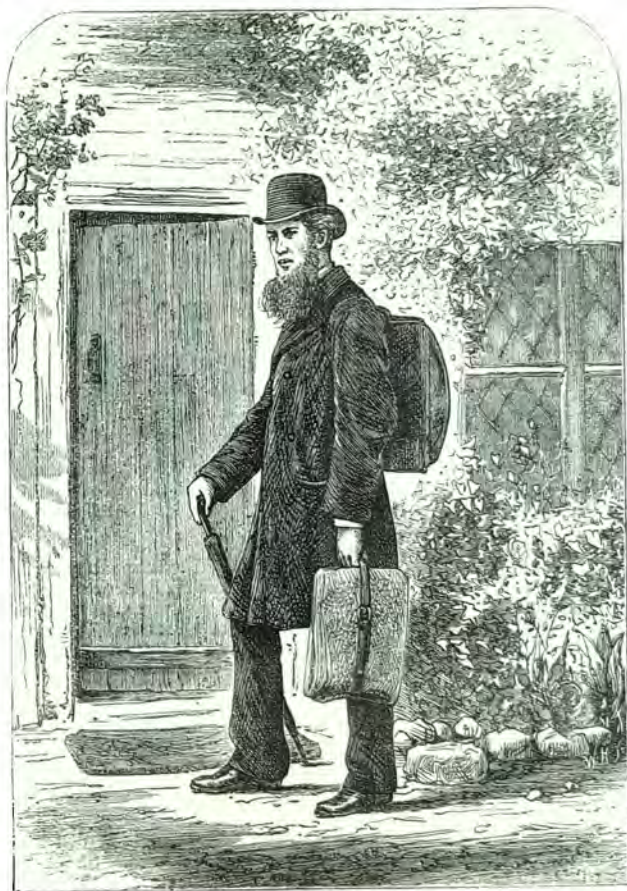
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Rushden, per Mr. Burn- ham	2	10	0	Mrs. M. G. R. Chapman	10	0	0
Mr. F. W. Lloyd	5	0	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Balance of Collection at Boundary Road, Walthamstow, per Mr. Burn- ham	0	6	0				
					£18	1	0

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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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.

Metropolitan Tabernacle
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1880.



OFFICE AND DEPÔT:
PASTORS' COLLEGE, TEMPLE STREET, ST GEORGE'S ROAD,
LONDON, S.E.

Metropolitan Tabernacle

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Treasurer.

ED. BOUSTEAD, Esq.

Hon. Sec.

MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

Committee.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.
" F. D. CARPENTER.
" G. GOLDSTON.
" G. GREGORY.
" M. LLEWELLYN.
" W. J. MILLS.
" T. MILLS.

MR. C. MURRELL.
" J. PASSMORE, Junr.
" W. PAYNE.
" S. R. PEARCE.
" C. WATERS.
" WOOLLARD.

Sec.—REV. W. CORDEN JONES.

THE object of this Association is the increased circulation of *religious and healthy literature* among all classes, in order to counteract the evil of the vicious publications which abound, and lead to much immorality, crime, and neglect of religion.

This object is carried out in a twofold manner :—

1st.—By means of Christian Colporteurs, who are paid a fixed salary, and devote all their time to the work, visiting every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and dying, and conducting meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur. This is the most important method, enabling the Colporteur to visit every part of the district regularly.

The average total cost of a Colporteur is from £75 to £80; but the Committee will appoint a man to any district for which £40 a year is subscribed, if the funds of the Association will permit.

2nd.—By means of Book Agents who canvass for orders for periodicals, and supply them month by month; these receive a liberal per centage on the sales to remunerate them for their trouble.

This second method is admirably adapted to the requirements of districts where the guaranteed subscription for a Colporteur cannot be obtained. Shopkeepers or other persons willing to become Book Agents may communicate with the Secretary.

The Association is unsectarian in its operations, "doing work for the friends of a full and free gospel anywhere and everywhere."

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank; and Post Office Orders made payable to W. C. JONES, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to REV. W. CORDEN JONES, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, London, S.E.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

FOURTEEN years have now elapsed since the formation of this Association, and the Committee desire to record their gratitude to God for enabling them to continue this work until now with almost uninterrupted progress, and followed by moral and spiritual results the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

On account of the continued trade depression of the last few years it was deemed desirable for the present to direct special attention and effort to the consolidation of the position already attained by the Association, rather than to seek its rapid extension by any extraordinary methods. 16 new districts, however, were started, and 79 occupied during the past year, but as several have from various causes been discontinued the number of Colporteurs now employed, 73, is nearly the same as reported last year.

The continued and even increased necessity for the work are abundantly confirmed both by the reports from the various districts and from the recent utterances of eminent men in various positions who are well able to judge.

In a recent sermon on "Books:" the following striking passage appears—"The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good or evil. The position of a minister of religion standing in his pulpit is a responsible position, but it does not appear so responsible a position as that of the editor and the publisher. Men die, but the literary influences they project go on for ever. I believe that God has made the printing press to be a great agent in the world's correction and evangelization, and that the great final battle of the world will be fought, not with guns and swords, but with types and presses, a gossellized and purified literature triumphing over and trampling under foot and crushing out a corrupt literature. God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press!"

To wage this warfare against pernicious literature is the work in which this and kindred Associations engage. The printing press produces the peaceful weapons and ammunition, while the Colporteur is the Christian soldier who carries them into the conflict. He fires not at random, but selecting his ground and opportunity aims at the enemy now a Bible or Testament, then an attractively illustrated periodical or interesting book, or failing to find a purchaser will present a tract with

a word in season, accompanied by silent prayer. The accompanying reports speak of many peaceful victories thus-won. The circulation of hurtful periodicals and books is immense, but the Association thankfully records that during the past year it has put into circulation a total of 396,291 books and periodicals to the gross value of £7,577 7s. 10d., while no less than 630,993 visits to families have been made by the Colporteurs, who have also conducted 6,745 religious services, besides frequently praying with the sick and dying.

The Colporteurs are frequently told that but for their visits a large number of the people upon whom they call would be entirely neglected by any of the ordinary methods or agencies employed. The Committee therefore, while thanking those friends who have helped them in the past, urgently plead for increased support in this good work. The profit upon the sales renders it an economical agency, but as in many of the districts most needing the work of the Association the sales are small, from the poverty of the people, the additional outlay can only be met by Subscriptions to the General Fund, which are very much needed, both to sustain existing efforts and to commence new ones.

The Committee again desire to express their obligations to the Religious Tract Society for liberal assistance in the supply of Books and Tracts on very advantageous terms, also to the British and Foreign Bible Society for similar favours.



REPORTS FROM SUPERINTENDENTS, &c., IN DISTRICTS.

WOLVERHAMPTON DISTRICT.—The Rev. D. W. Purdon writes: “The colporteur sticks to his work like a limpet to the rock. Patiently, perseveringly, and I believe very prayerfully he goes on, increasingly acceptable among those among whom he labours, and in every way satisfactorily to those whose eyes are interestedly on him and his work.

“I see that during the past 11 months he has sold Bibles, 94; Testaments, 140; Books over 6d., 4,011; Books under 6d., 936; Magazines, 2,721; Packets, Cards, &c., 320. Total, 8,222. And he has visited 773 families; held 78 services; and distributed 4,620 tracts.

“Now, considering the character of his sphere, and the times we have been passing through, I consider this a good 11 months’ work, which speaks for itself. I cannot say more.”

FRITHAM NEW FOREST DISTRICT.—R. W. S. Griffith, Esq., of Lyndhurst, who has had some years’ practical experience of the working of Colportage, writes:—“I can only say that we have a very active and earnest colporteur—he works hard and finds a great pleasure in his work, carrying a smiling face to all houses he visits, and finding almost without exception a cordial welcome everywhere: he has a very simple but impressive manner of stating gospel truths, and his visits are, I am sure, calculated to awaken a desire for holy things in many hearts; it has been so in several cases that I have heard of, leading through Divine grace to a decided conversion. He is doing a good work, and we all like him.

“The year, too, has been but a poor one in a very poor neighbourhood, and those who know the district best are most surprised at the fact that £80 to £100 are spent annually by the people in good literature. Magazines are in greatest request, the attractions of a good illustrated magazine for 6d. quite overcoming those of the ordinary 6d. book.

“*I am more than ever convinced of the immense practical usefulness of the Colportage work, and if I could advise anyone looking out for some branch of work for the Lord which he would aid, I would unhesitatingly say—‘Choose a district as yet unoccupied, and send your subscription to the Association, so that a colporteur might be sent to work there.’* Mr. Bellamy, the colporteur, visits 700 or 800 families every month, and takes two or three cottage services every week, and while I am writing he has gone in his donkey cart about seven miles to take a service this evening, he will hardly get back till 10 or 11 o’clock. Hoping this year may prove, by God’s blessing, a very encouraging one to all your men.”

THE WORCESTERSHIRE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, which employs four colporteurs. J. S. Hanson, Esq., Treasurer, writes:—“I hope the Association is going on prosperously; if all were as satisfied about the usefulness of the work as we are, they would soon find the means to increase the number, till the land was filled with colporteurs.” We cull the following from the Annual Report of the same Association.

“When it is remembered that our agents are Christian men, who constantly keep distinctly before them the direct personal spiritual welfare of those they visit; losing no opportunity either on roadside or in cottage, of pressing home the great need each soul has of salvation, and pointing to Christ as the only and sufficient Saviour; and that with this object in view they visit 189 villages every month, and are brought into personal contact with from 150 to 200 persons each day; we obtain some idea (though by no means exhaustive) of the almost unlimited opportunity this Society has, through its four colporteurs, of presenting the glad tidings of salvation to the tens of thousands of people who inhabit our villages.”

COATE AND LEAFIELD COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, Rev. B. Arthur, Secretary.—“In presenting the fifth report, your Committee are happy to say that the progress of the work during the past year is highly gratifying. The effects of a free and liberal circulation of tracts, with the sale of the word of God and religious books, with periodicals and works of a highly moral character, are very visible. In many cases they have supplanted the pernicious *Police News*, *The Boys of England*, and many other similar publications. Pleasing inquiry is being made by the people, and many have been induced to attend some place of public worship. The Committee have pleasure in bearing testimony to the earnest and persevering labours of their present colporteur, Mr. J. Hook. During the year the sale of books and periodicals amounted

to £103 15s. 8d. Many religious services have been held, either in the open air or in cottages, or places of divine worship. The usual visits have been made to the sick and aged, and instruction been given to the young in the Sunday School. The colporteur's journal furnishes proof that the visits, with conversations by the way-side, are productive of good."

NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATION, Secretary, Rev. W. J. Mills. Extract from Report.—"We begin with Bulwick Lodges. Here the work of the Colportage and evangelizing is still combined, and we believe that the dissemination of the word of God and pure literature during the week, and the preaching on the Sunday, must be attended with great good.

"Mr. Homsey wrote in December last:—'In the Chapel the word preached was much blessed the first summer I was here, the place was crowded—soon, however, the screw was put on, and the second summer the attendance fell off wonderfully. This past summer there was a fair attendance, and lately it has been better, the average being 24 or 26, sometimes over 30 adults in the evening, but the afternoon service is poorly attended. The seals to my ministry are some who have been born again, some quickened in the divine life, and others awakened to a sense of their need of a Saviour. And now for those upon whom the screw was put, these I visit in their own homes in my rounds; here is where the work of a colporteur lies, according to my idea, for with my pack on my back, or in my hand, I have an *excuse* (if one is needed in the 19th century) to call at all the houses in the villages; and here, I may say, eternity alone can reveal the good done by the tract given, read and blessed! God only knows of the scriptures read to the sick, of prayers offered at the bedside of the afflicted and those appointed to death, of the word spoken to the relations or attendants, of words of cheer and comfort spoken to the brethren and sisters in Christ, who are cast down, phases of whose life none but the colporteur can see! If you ask me, have you been blessed in this work? Have the results justified the outlay? I say yes, yes, yes! But there is what is called the untabulated results, opposite which we will put the Well done, good and faithful servant, and the heavenly reward.'

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION, Secretary, Rev. J. Hasler. Extracts from Report.—"The work of colportage continues to employ the greater part of the funds of the Association, and the area in which this work is carried on has not only been maintained, but extended. Another district has been formed, and is occupied, that of Andover. There are therefore now seven colporteurs engaged, who are working in the following districts—Downton, West Medene, Lymington, Poole, Salisbury, Quarley, and Andover. In some, if not all, of these districts, the universal depression in trade has had an untoward influence upon one part of the work of your agents—their sales—the amount of those sales is not so large as it otherwise would have been. In other respects, however, and to which their sales are intended to be auxiliary, the work of your colporteurs still yields results that afford increased encouragement, and also call for devout thankfulness. In the Downton district there have been four distinct cases of conversion, a mother and her daughter through reading the book entitled "Saving Faith," and two young men through reading other books. There is also good reason to believe that the reading of books and sermons supplied by the colporteur has had something to do with the change of a clergyman in the district, from decidedly Ritualistic to decidedly Evangelical views.

"Sunday newspapers have been given up in some cases, and publications such as *Sunday at Home*, *Weekly Welcome*, and the *Boy's Own Paper* purchased instead. With respect to the sale of Bibles it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that since his residence in this district the colporteur has supplied 150 vols. of *Cassell's Family Bible*. He has conducted 139 services on the Lord's Day, and he himself says that he has never seen so much good resulting from his work as he has seen this year; it has been the year of his greatest encouragement."

Other Associations employ the colporteurs with satisfaction and success, but space forbids further extracts from their reports.

Several private and unsolicited letters have been received affording valuable testimony to the value of colportage. In one we read "I have been a Christian worker in this neighbourhood for 40 years, and I fearlessly say no money has been better spent than that by your Committee in keeping the colporteur here to labour with us."

Rev. J. Richards of Winson Green wrote:—"I see the colporteur frequently, and am exceedingly gratified by his devotion to his work, he really works hard and well.

He is one of the most acceptable evangelists engaged in preaching in cottages and in the open air in this neighbourhood, the people are delighted with his singing the gospel too. He attends the Total Abstinence Meetings to sell his books, and has a table for his use, and in doing so makes himself personally acceptable to the people."

The following are extracts selected from the Colporteurs' letters, and will, it is hoped, be read with interest :—

SALE OF BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.—"My sales in Bibles and Testaments for the last quarter exceeds the sales at the two depôts of the Bible Society here for the whole of the last year. I think this comparison shows conclusively that the right way to sell the books is to take them to the homes of the people."

"During the past twelve months I have sold 239 Bibles, and 1229 Testaments. Thank God for past success, but I shall not be satisfied until I can see a portion of the Word of God in every house in my district."

"I have found out three houses entirely without the Word of God, but I did not let them remain so. One of the women said she could not afford the money for a Testament, but after I talked to her the little daughter said, 'Mother, I shall open my little bank and pay for it,' so she took it when the little child paid for it. She had been married seven years, and never had God's Word in her possession all that time."

"September.—Sold more of God's Word this month than any month since I have been in the work, thirty Bibles and over forty Testaments. God's Word must and shall prevail; it cannot return unto him void, because it is a living Word, coming from the ever living Saviour."

PREVALENCE OF EVIL LITERATURE AND ITS CURE.—"Was told of a young female (a governess) who sat in bed reading by candle-light some of the most filthy, low, vulgar, pernicious papers, so bad indeed that the woman was ashamed to tell me what they were; succeeded in supplying her with a good magazine."

"My work is still progressing favourably. Several boys at a boarding-school, who used to read bad papers, now take *Young England* and *Excelsior* from me. The mistress told me that she was very glad these papers had come out, as her boys used to be so fond of bad ones before."

"In one village which I visit there are several infidel books, and several persons have turned infidels through reading them. One is a very intelligent, quiet young man, and two were Methodist local preachers. Packets of infidel tracts are being sent into the villages; this makes me feel more than ever the pressing need of Colportage to counteract this evil work."

"I am glad to report that through a customer I have succeeded in getting a young woman to take the *Girl's Own Paper*, instead of — (a trashy paper). She was so delighted with it that she lent it to another young woman, and I expect more orders."

"The wife of a man who has three children, and only earns 9s. per week, had taken in a weekly penny paper, full of empty stories. She asked me to get a number of them bound, but I told her they were not worth it, and if she loved her children she must not encourage them to read such trash as that. Persuaded her to take in the *Sunday at Home*."

"A young man upon leaving this district has requested me to post his good books direct to him. This is a case wherein I have succeeded in substituting a religious periodical in place of a pernicious penny novel, and the subscriber expresses pleasure and profit in the change."

"My word shall not return unto me void."

CONVERSIONS THROUGH BOOKS, &c., SOLD.—The number of conversions reported by the colporteurs through the books sold is too large to print the cases in detail; the following, however, are a fair sample of others :—

"*Saving Faith*," R. T. S.—"Two persons have been led to the Saviour through reading this book—a mother and daughter. I sold the book to a Christian woman, she read it, and lent it to one of her neighbours who was ill. Through reading it she was led to trust in Jesus as her Saviour, as was her daughter, who had left service to nurse her mother." The book was then sent on to another daughter, hoping that by its perusal she may share the same blessing. The same colporteur speaks of a third case of conversion from reading the same book."

"*The Home Beyond*," HATCHARDS.—"A farmer to whom I had previously sold *The Home Beyond*, when I called again said, 'What a beautiful book that *Home Beyond* is. I read it, and sent it to a relation of mine, who was very ill, fast wasting away in consumption, and without having a hope in Christ. She read the book I had sent, and it was the means of leading her to the Saviour of the lost, and by being able to die a peaceful and happy death she testified that she had truly embraced the Saviour.'"

The following books are noticed as having been instrumental in conversion work, some more and some less:—"Alleine's Alarm," "A Saviour for You," "Better than Gold," "Baxter's Dying Thoughts," "Come to Jesus," "Child of Jesus," "Grace and Truth," "God is Love," "Home Beyond," "Light for Dark Hours," "Morning by Morning," "Pike's Persuasives," "Pardon and Peace," "Saving Faith."

GRATUITOUS TRACT DISTRIBUTION AND ITS RESULTS.—Many thousands of evangelical tracts are given away by the Association, and most of the colporteurs report that people receive them readily, and that numerous cases of conversion have resulted from their distribution. Two cases are appended:—

"I was showing my books to a gentleman one day, he had a little tract in his hand entitled 'Taken by Surprise.' I offered this to a lady who was passing by, and she accepted it. Bless the Lord, it was the means of awakening her to a sense of danger, inasmuch that she could not find rest until she found it in Jesus. She is now believing and rejoicing in his great salvation."

The Pipe Light.—"Some time ago I held an open air meeting at one of our villages during the dinner hour of the workmen, as I was not permitted to enter the mill. After speaking some time, I sold several small books, and gave away about 200 tracts. One of the men screwed the tract up and threw it away, but picked it up again, and put it into his pocket, thinking it might come in to light his pipe. At tea time, however, having nothing else to read, he resorted to the despised tract. It was headed 'Stop the Clock.' Before he had finished reading it, he trembled from head to foot, and pleaded with God for the forgiveness of his sins; from that moment, he tells me, he has felt a changed man."

Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.—As usual, many of the colporteurs have met with instances of the great usefulness of these sermons, both in the comfort and instruction of believers and in the salvation of sinners. A few reports are given:—

"About twelve months ago, a friend of mine leaving for America took a good supply of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. I also kept up correspondence, sending other sermons. Having now returned, he speaks of the blessings the sermons were to him and others while there, where the preaching is quite perfection in the flesh. One of these sermons sent was 1507-8-9, and was the means of the conversion of one woman, and of stirring up others to find perfection only in Christ Jesus."

"In soliciting orders, one woman asked me if I carried any of Mr. Spurgeon's works, and when told that I did, seemed pleased; bought several of his writings, telling me that although she had been a member of a Christian church for years, she never saw the gospel in its true light until she read one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. It was not until then that she saw Jesus to be her only Saviour and could rejoice in Him as such."

Speaking of a young woman who had been in much darkness and perplexity about spiritual things and seemed to despair of mercy, a Colporteur writes "But when I was there in January I sold her Mr. Spurgeon's 'Loving advice for anxious seekers'; when I called next month I could see by her countenance that there was a change for the better. She then told me that God in His mercy had blessed that sermon to her, that it seemed as though Mr. Spurgeon must have known of one exactly like her, for every word suited her case exactly."

Other cases occur of a similar character, and an instance is reported where the reading of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons by a Ritualistic clergyman "it is believed had something to do with his change to decidedly Evangelical views."

VISITATION FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.—"June 14 passed on to another house, where I had visited a man before, he said, I have to thank God you called to speak to me about my soul. I feel now that I am a changed man, my desire is to live to Jesus whom I have long despised. Prayed with him, leaving him trusting in Jesus."

The following is extracted from a report from our Bro. Matthews of Eversham, who was a valuable colporteur and was called to his rest beloved and respected by all who

knew him. September, 1880.—Another said, "I am very glad you ever came to my house with your visits and books, I feel now that I can fully trust in Jesus as my only Saviour. Many are sick and brought low by pain; I advise them all fully to trust in Jesus the great Healer both of body and soul, and I hope through the work done, a few are resting their all on the rock which is 'Christ in you the hope of Glory.'"

Another colporteur writes "One case of conversion I would refer to which has come under my notice. I spoke to a young servant girl about six months ago on the subject of salvation, urging very much the importance of a full and present decision for Jesus, and of not resting upon anything short of a knowledge of sin forgiven. On calling again three months afterwards, I asked her if she was still seeking or whether she had found the Saviour. She replied 'Oh! I have found peace in Him, it was on my birthday in December.' She is about to join a Christian church."

VISITATION OF THE AFFLICTED.—"A man who is dying said, 'I am so glad to see you again; do pray beside me, for I have found much happiness through your prayers. The "church parson" has been to see me, and gave me a bottle of wine and read some prayers out of a book, but, indeed, I would rather have your prayers than all he did.'"

"After paying several visits to a sick man I found him near to his end. Told him of a Saviour, but he did not seem to be able to trust his all upon Him. On going that round next time I found that he had passed away, but was pleased to hear that he had accepted the Saviour. He spoke of me and would have liked to have seen me."

AMONG THE QUARRYMEN.—"On my visit in October I went as usual amongst the working-men in the granite stone quarry, and just where I was standing I heard a bell ring loudly, and all at once I saw about sixty or seventy men running towards where I was standing.—Just what I wanted! I found that the bell signified the firing of a shot in the quarry, hence danger. Now they came around the colporteur—listened eagerly to the gospel and bought freely of my good books, nearly emptied my knapsack and nearly filled my pocket with coppers. Previous to this I was very weary because of my heavy load of books. How good of the Lord to direct me to the right place at the right time! I came away with a light heart and a light load and offered up my little prayer 'Lord, bless those good books and those few words spoken to the good of the men's precious souls.'"

PRAYER UNDER THE HEDGE.—"The old man was standing up the sunny side of the hedge on the roadside. I went to him; and on offering a tract he said, I cannot read; I then spoke to him of sin and death, of salvation, and the Lord Jesus. I appealed to him as to a dying man, beseeching him to prepare to meet the good God whom he had been living without these upwards of eighty years; he trembled as one shivering on the brink of eternity and fearing to launch away, which according to the nature of things I assured him he must soon expect to do. Down aside the hedge we both got on our knees, and with liberty of soul earnestly besought that the converting grace and power of the Holy Ghost may be poured upon him that he may be enlightened and saved. Knowing now where he lives I shall hope, if God spares him and me, ere long to see him again and to see him saved of the Lord."

PREACHING THE GOSPEL FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.—"I have much encouragement in the Colportage Work. I find some of the people very willing to hear the word of God. Some days I have had what I should term a Cottage Meeting. Where I have found four and five people in one house, I have read, prayed, and sang for about an half-hour. Passing on to another house, where I have found another group, I spent another half-hour. I have had five, some days six, little Meetings with the people; at such times the Master has been with us, and much good has been done."

VISITING IN THE HOSPITAL.—"What changes we have! Several have died just lately, whom I expect to meet on the heavenly shore. Dear W. H., whom I visited in the Hospital, has passed away, leaving his testimony behind him. Mrs. M., too, after a lingering illness, has gone to be with Jesus. Also, Mrs. S., buried this afternoon. How joyful it will be to meet these again to whom God has made me a blessing."

ADDRESSING THE COLLIERIES.—October 2nd.—"Gave a short address to a company of Colliers; was received with welcome and delight. Spoke to them about the leper going to Jesus. Told them that we had hearts diseased by sin and wicked

works, and they needed cleansing. That we could not do anything to merit our salvation, but we could plead the merits of Jesus Christ, and that he was as willing to cleanse them as when he cleansed the leper, if they opened their hearts to receive Him. They expressed gratitude for speaking to them, and thanked me very much; said I had done them good. Since then two of them have joined the Salvation Army. I believe I have been instrumental in God's hands of their salvation; they thanked me for going."

THE COLPORTEUR'S SABBATH.—"Visited about 50 homes with tracts, and spoke a few words where I could. Sunday School, 2.30, gave an address to teachers and scholars. Preached at a Lodging House at 5.30, and at Gospel Hall 6.30, and again in the Market at 8.35; then visited some sick people."

"On Sundays I always endeavour to get among the groups of men at the corners, and wait on them at closing time, coming out of the public-houses, to present them with a tract, and persuade them to observe the Sabbath; not only have I been successful with individuals, but in two cases, of which I have heard, whole families have been induced to attend regularly the means of grace on the Sabbath day. To God be the glory."

WORK IN LONDON COURTS.—"Thursday, February 17th. Weather, damp, gloomy, and uncomfortable without, and the scenes witnessed within the homes of the people were not any more inviting, for visiting many of the courts in Mount Street I came across many families living in a state of the greatest wretchedness, dirt, and squalor imaginable. The cottages are in a damp, dilapidated, and tumble-down condition. It is indeed wonderful to me how people manage to live under such circumstances. It is of course but little that I can do in the way of selling in such places. Still my reception is not bad for such a neighbourhood: having sold a copy of J. W. Kirton's interesting little temperance story entitled *Buy your own Cherries*, in one of these cottages, on my last visit, the purchaser, as I was passing down the adjoining street to-day, sent out to me for another copy—the first having evidently made some impression in that court. In another of these courts I one day read the parable of the prodigal son to two or three apparently eager listeners. In the centre of my district are the Columbia Buildings belonging to the Baroness Burdett Coutts. They contain eight blocks of tenements and are occupied by 188 families of the poorer class, which are visited consecutively by me."

MAKING SALES ON LONDON BRIDGE.—"November 30th. Coming over London Bridge with a load of books from the Tabernacle I happened to be glancing at the new number of the *Sword and Trowel* for December, I was accosted by a man (a stranger) in a cart, who asked me if I had a copy to dispose of and he would buy it; I sold him the one I had in my hand, and asked him to become a regular subscriber, to which he consented and gave me his name and address. It is thus possible to make sales in the busy crowded thoroughfare of this great city as well (though by no means as readily or frequently) as in the quiet roads and lanes of a Devonshire district."

PREACHING SERVICES BY THE COLPORTEUR.—According to their ability and opportunity many of the colporteurs are regularly engaged preaching the gospel both in the open air and as "supplies" for various denominations. Much blessing rests upon this which may be called the extra work of a colporteur. A few reports are given of this department of service:—

CONVERSION WORK.—"The preaching of the Word has been much blessed this last few months. One poor woman told me in a meeting that the Lord had made her so unhappy about her soul that she could not work. She then went down on her knees, and prayed as best she could, and the Lord had showed her the difference between believing about Christ and believing in Christ, which I had been talking about the last Sunday. She said, 'I have been trying to get Christ and heaven by doings, but now I see it is a done work, and I can say I am in Christ and Christ in me.' Two others have just been brought to know the Lord, and several drunkards have become sober men, who a little time ago would curse the name of such a man as myself."

"There are many things to encourage me. My speaking at the chapel and Sunday-school, and other places, is very acceptable. The congregations have increased, and a greater earnestness is manifested by those who love the Lord, and it has been our joy to hear the cry of the penitent sinner for mercy. One man, in good circumstances,

came to me at the close of a Sabbath evening service, and asked to be remembered in prayer. I visited him the next day, and talked and prayed with him, and I believe he is now a saved man. He is very regular at the week-night service, and it is good to hear him pray. We have three stand proposed for membership, and another was crying for mercy last Thursday night in the meeting, and I believe the Spirit of God is working upon the hearts of several others."

"In my last report I gave a description of eight villages lying east of my district. There is still a great awakening going on at —, especially among the congregation of the Baptist Chapel. Seven have been baptized and added to the little church there. I preach in this chapel one Sunday per month, and one of the above was brought to a knowledge of his state by nature, and through the goodness of God sought and found peace, and is now rejoicing in Christ, through the blessing of God on my preaching. I have had people attribute their conversion to my prayers before, but this is the first fruit of my preaching."

Besides these specially religious services, many of the colporteurs give special attention to temperance work, and some have been the means of reclaiming many drunkards.

THE COLPORTEUR AND TEMPERANCE.—"I am pleased to inform you that the book *John Ploughman's Pictures* has been the means of leading one man to give up the drink, and since that has joined the Congregationalists, and he wishes me to tell Mr. Spurgeon that he owes his conversion to God through reading that book."

"When I called there first I found they were a lot of drink-loving beings, but a moral change has been going on among them. One, on reading the book *Happy Homes and How to Make Them*, gave up smoking at once, and right glad was I to find that two of them had signed the pledge. When I called there, in December, one of them told me he spent on an average 7s. per week on liquors. Owing to the snow I could not get there in January, but when I called in February, although they were busy, and could not stop long, they told me with evident pleasure that they still kept their pledge. Will the committee help me to pray for the other, who still holds to the evil? This is manifestly moral reform caused by reading."

"Through the kind invitations of Capt. Smith I have given three temperance addresses to the soldiers at Hurst Castle, when several friends came from the neighbouring villages and the Isle of Wight, and each time the large gun-room was so crowded that several had to stand the whole of the time; many have since signed the pledge, and the Captain told me he is sure they have done a deal of good, and hoped he should see me there again. I have also held a Bible class there, at which the Captain and a great number of soldiers and several of the lighthouse men were present. Thus I am led to 'Thank God and take courage.'

"On entering a public-house I found several men drinking. I began to talk to them of the necessity of being decided for Christ. The landlady came and sat down with the men; I then tried to show them what the Saviour had done for them and how He loved them; the landlady wept like a child; it seems as if they can stand as many oaths and curses as can be put upon them, but, thank God, they cannot stand to be told of the love of Jesus without feeling uncomfortable, especially the baser sort of people. I find that the name of Jesus has a power when everything else has failed: angels and men before him fall and devils fear and fly.

"Another very interesting case was one day in going to a village. Just as I got to the village there came a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning and rain, and the first house I came to was a public house. I ran into this house for shelter, and found it full of men drinking and gambling, with much swearing. I had not been in many minutes before one asked me what I had to sell; I at once put my pack on the table and showed what I had. They soon gave over swearing, and I spoke to them and tried to sell them a book each. I sold one *John Ploughman's Talk* and another at a shilling, and a few little books, and a number left the house before I did and went home in the rain; when the rain gave over a bit I started for home without calling at any more houses. I came home with a light heart, though wet through with water."

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable on account of the number and variety of Books sold, but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1880:—

BOOKS.

<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>Bibles</td><td style="text-align: right;">7,804</td></tr> <tr><td>Testaments</td><td style="text-align: right;">10,675</td></tr> <tr><td>Child of Jesus</td><td style="text-align: right;">1,349</td></tr> <tr><td>Hymn Books, Sankey's Solos, &c.</td><td style="text-align: right;">18,014</td></tr> <tr><td>Cottage Library (selected) ...</td><td style="text-align: right;">977</td></tr> <tr><td>Mrs. Sewell's Works</td><td style="text-align: right;">1,986</td></tr> <tr><td>Spurgeon's Almanack</td><td style="text-align: right;">3,120</td></tr> <tr><td>Spurgeon's Ploughman's ditto...</td><td style="text-align: right;">6,396</td></tr> </table>	Bibles	7,804	Testaments	10,675	Child of Jesus	1,349	Hymn Books, Sankey's Solos, &c.	18,014	Cottage Library (selected) ...	977	Mrs. Sewell's Works	1,986	Spurgeon's Almanack	3,120	Spurgeon's Ploughman's ditto...	6,396	<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr><td>Spurgeon's John Ploughman's Pictures</td><td style="text-align: right;">4,017</td></tr> <tr><td>Books for the People</td><td style="text-align: right;">2,648</td></tr> <tr><td>Little Dot Series</td><td style="text-align: right;">2,521</td></tr> <tr><td>Seeds of Truth</td><td style="text-align: right;">1,195</td></tr> <tr><td>Saving Faith</td><td style="text-align: right;">1,252</td></tr> <tr><td>John Pearce</td><td style="text-align: right;">800</td></tr> <tr><td>Packets</td><td style="text-align: right;">9,041</td></tr> </table>	Spurgeon's John Ploughman's Pictures	4,017	Books for the People	2,648	Little Dot Series	2,521	Seeds of Truth	1,195	Saving Faith	1,252	John Pearce	800	Packets	9,041
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These figures give some idea of the sales made by 79 Colporteurs. In addition to this, they distributed gratuitously upwards of 794,044 Tracts, and made about 630,993 visits.

RATE OF PROGRESS.

This may be seen from the following Table:—

Date.	Colpor-teurs.	Sales.			Visits to Families.	Date.	Colpor-teurs.	Sales.			Visits to Families.	Services and Addresses
		£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.		
1866	2	} 927	18	1	114,913	1874	29	2,937	1	7	217,929	
1867	6					1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	6,745
1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165							

**LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,
OCCUPIED DURING 1880.**

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	T. Mohan	1866	Cams. Association.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Rev. A. Johnson.
Eythorne	Kent	J. Hughes	1868	Baptist Church.
Swindon	Wiltshire	G. Jenkins	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	J. Taylor	1872	Gloucester and Herefordshire Association.
Arnold	Nottinghamshire .	D. J. Watkins ...	1872	A. Higginbottom, Esq.
Riddings and Il- keston	Derbyshire... ..	Robert Hall ...	1872	Anonymous, W. R.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Mrs. R. Clark.
Dorking	Surrey... ..	C. Vidler	1873	Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Mrs. Dix and Baptist Church.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire ...	G. Boyden	1873	R. Cory, Jun., Esq.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	A. Pratt	1873	Miss Hadfield.
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. H. Kidner.
Worcester	Worcestershire ...	G. Athay	1874	} Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	W. Mathews ...	1874	
Droitwich	Worcestershire ...	T. Banks	1874	} Southern Baptist Association. T. Greenwood, Esq. Southern Baptist Association.
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	
Wellow	Hampshire	W. Hodge	1874	Oxfordshire Association.
Witney	Oxfordshire	J. Hook	1874	Congregational Church.
*Skipsea	Yorkshire	A. Amey	1875	Rev. J. Whittaker.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	Israel Moody ...	1875	Ebenezer Baptist Church.
Bacup	Lancashire... ..	T. Allen	1875	John Cory, Esq.
Castleton	Glamorganshire ...	C. Morgan	1876	Anonymous.
River and Ewell... .	Kent	G. Botwright ...	1876	Rev. C. Griffiths.
*Cinderford, &c. ...	Gloucestershire ...	R. Worgan	1876	Rev. D. W. Purdon
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	D. White, Esq.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	H. Long	1876	

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Dorchester	Dorsetshire	T. Richards	1876	Anonymous.
Powsey Vale	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	R. W. Biggs, Esq., and Local Committee.
Wincanton	Somersetshire	H. Payne	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Fritham	Hampshire	G. Comont	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington	Ditto	H. J. Beanoy	1876	Rev. T. Evans.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	Rev. J. F. Lepine.
Sittingbourne	Kent	T. Guy	1877	G. H. Dean, Esq.
Nottingham	Nottinghamshire	J. Smith	1877	Rev. J. E. Stone.
Bulwick	Northamptonshire	A. Hornsey	1877	Rev. W. J. Mills.
*Haverhill	Suffolk	J. Sharpe	1877	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Perry Bar	Warwickshire	J. Bennett	1877	Rev. D. E. Evans.
Halesowen	Ditto	Jas. Jones	1877	Mr. R. Marshall.
Smallheath	Ditto	J. Grinnell	1877	Rev. C. Joseph.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	} Southern Association.
Grateley	Wiltshire	H. J. Barringer	1877	
Salisbury	Ditto	Jas. Pearce	1877	Rev. H. B. Bardwell.
Chippenham	Ditto	W. Field	1877	Rev. H. Hagell.
Tiptree	Essex	J. B. Near	1877	R. Collins, Jun., Esq.
High Wycombe	Bucks	F. Thompson	1877	Rev. R. Rowe.
Kingsteignton	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Mr. J. S. Hockey.
Bower Chalk	Salisbury	R. Hulls	1877	Town Mission, Mr. S. W. Page.
Gt. Yarmouth	Norfolk	W. McDowell	1877	Rev. W. J. Houlgate.
Accrington	Lancashire	D. Witton	1878	Rev. G. Howe.
Newbury	Berkshire	F. Whiting	1878	Northampton Association.
*Walgrave	Northamptonshire	E. J. Heath	1878	C. F. Allison, Esq.
*Crawley	Sussex	R. Bellamy	1878	Local Committee.
Ottery St. Mary	Devonshire	W. Morris	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Messrs. Fox, Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Bothnal Green	Middlesex	S. Shaw	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
Kettering	Northampton	A. Pontingall	1879	Mr. J. Chick.
Hereford	Herefordshire	O. J. Griffiths	1879	Southern Association.
Andover	Hampshire	G. Leach	1879	Cambs Association.
Cambridge	Cambs	L. Eyres	1879	

Gresley	Derbyshire	R. Beard	1880	Anonymous.
Birchington-on-Sea	Kent	E. Gridley	1880	W. Hogbin, Esq.
Charlton-on-Otmoor	Oxfordshire ...	G. Jaques	1880	Rev. W. Hackney.
Deptford	Kent	J. B. Mead, Esq.	1880	J. B. Mead, Esq.
*Preston	Lancashire	A. Sealey	1880	Jas. Eccles, Esq.
Malmesbury ...	Wiltshire	J. Sharpe	1880	Rev. J. L. Phillips.
*Chesterfield ...	Derbyshire	J. Knowles	1880	H. Shaw, Esq.
Sunderland ...	Durham	W. Cunningham ..	1880	Mr. G. Thompson.
Pembroke Dock...	Glamorganshire...	S. Bowden	1880	Rev. R. C. Roberts.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	C. F. Allison, Esq.
Norwich	Norfolk	E. Probert	1880	H. Trevor, Esq.
Arundel	Sussex... ..	H. Hull	1880	Rev. R. Halley.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire...	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Horley	Surrey	T. Watson	1880	S. Barrow, Esq.
Islington	Middlesex	G. Kilby	1880	Rev. F. A. Jones.
Repton	Staffordshire ...	J. P. Allen... ..	1880	E. S., Anonymous.

No. of Districts occupied during 1880.—79.

* Those Districts marked with an asterisk have either been suspended or discontinued from lack of Local Subscriptions.

BOOK AGENTS :—

	DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.		DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	AGENT.
1	Braintree	Essex	F. W. Fenton ...	7	Walgrave	Northampton ...	E. J. Heath.
2	Newington	Kent	L. Thurlow... ..	8	Fawley	Hants	F. A. Pearce.
3	Histon	Cambridgeshire ...	G. Mansfield ...	9	Oxford	Oxfordshire ...	R. J. Grubb.
4	Presteign	Radnorshire ...	S. Watkins	10	Havorhill	Suffolk	J. Gowers.
5	South Brent	Devon	H. Bentley	11	Abingdon	Berks	S. H. Case.
6	Brixham	Ditto	R. Olver				

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year 1880.

Dr.							Cr.
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—							
Wages	4,329	14	4			
Expenses	...	351	10	4			
				4,680	10	8	
To Dépôt Expenses—							
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants	...	425	0	0			
Printing, Stationery, &c.	106	18	8			
Postages and Bank Charges	35	6	11			
Advertising and Travelling	11	16	1			
Cleaning, Coals, and Sundries	11	18	0			
Tracts for Distribution	13	7	6			
Annual Meeting Expenses	27	10	1			
				632	8	3	
To Surplus (carried to account of Capital)					119	16	3
				<u>£5,432</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>2</u>	
							<u>£5,432</u>
							<u>10</u>
							<u>2</u>

Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1880.

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—							
Publishers, Printers, &c.	897	11	9			
District Subscriptions (in advance)	...	140	12	4			
				1,038	4	1	
To Capital, including excess of Receipts over Ex-							
penditure from the commencement of the							
Association to 31st December, 1879	...	1,697	14	10			
Surplus (see General Account) for 1880	...	119	16	3			
				1,317	11	1	
				<u>£2,835</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>2</u>	
							<u>£2,835</u>
							<u>15</u>
							<u>2</u>
By Stock on hand—							
At Dépôt	527	19	11			
With Colporteurs	1,029	4	0			
				1,556	3	11	
By Debtors—							
Colporteurs (balances in transit)	...	333	9	2			
Book Agents...	5	7	1			
District Subscriptions (in arrear)	...	161	6	8			
				503	2	11	
By Cash—							
With Bankers	...	766	8	4			
With Secretary	...	30	0	0			
				796	8	4	
				<u>£2,855</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>2</u>	
							<u>£2,855</u>
							<u>15</u>
							<u>2</u>

Examined with vouchers and found correct, this 11th day of April, 1881.

THOMAS GREENWOOD, Hon. Accountant
29th March, 1881.

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
BENJN. WILDON CARR.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1881.

Inaugural Address.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 318.)



IT is essential that we should exhibit faith in the form of *confidence in God*. Brothers, it would be a great calamity if it could be said of any one of you, "He had an excellent moral character, and remarkable gifts; but he did not trust God." Faith is a chief necessary. "Above all, taking the shield of faith" was the apostolic injunction. Alas, some men go to the fight, but leave their shield at home. It would be dreadful to think of a sermon as all a sermon ought to be in every respect except that the preacher did not trust in the Holy Spirit to bless it to the conversion of souls; such a discourse is vain. No sermon is what it ought to be if faith be absent: as well say that a body is in health when life is extinct. It is admirable to see a man humbly conscious of weakness, and yet bravely confident in the Lord's power to work through his infirmity. We may glory at large when God is our glory. Attempting great things, we shall not overdo ourselves in the attempt, and expecting great things, we shall not be disappointed in our expectation. Nelson was asked whether a certain movement of his ships was not perilous, and he replied, "Perilous it may be, but in naval affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing is improbable." I make bold to assert that in the service of God nothing is impossible, and nothing is improbable. Go in, in the name of God; risk everything on his promise, and according to your faith shall it be done unto you.

The common policy of our churches is that of great prudence. We do not, as a rule, attempt anything beyond our strength. We measure means, and calculate possibilities with economical accuracy; then we strike off a large discount for contingencies, and a still larger as

provision for our ease, and so we accomplish little because we have no idea of doing much. I would to God we had more "pluck." I know of no fitter word: though the word may better suit the camp than the church, we will for once borrow from the barracks. Bear in mind that there is nothing like courage even in ordinary things. Sir Richard Sutton, when he was ambassador to Prussia, was taken by Frederick the Great to see his regiment of giants, every one of whom stood six feet six in his shoes. The king said to him, "Do you think any regiment in the English army could fight my men, man for man?" Sir Richard answered, "Please your majesty, I do not know whether the same number could beat your giants, but I know that half the number would try at it." Let us attempt great things, for those who believe in the name of the Lord succeed beyond all expectation. By faith the worker lives. The right noble Earl of Shaftesbury said the other afternoon of Ragged-school teachers and their work,—"It was evident to all thinking persons that we had a great danger in the ignorance of the children of the lower classes, and so the senators began to think of it, and the philosophers began to think of it, and good men of all sorts began to think of it; but while they were all engaged in thinking, a few plain, humble people opened Ragged-schools, and did it." This is the kind of faith of which we need more and more: we need so to trust in God as to put our hand to the plough in his name. It is idle to spend time in making and altering plans, and doing nothing else; the best plan for doing God's work is to do it. Brothers, if you do not believe in anybody else, believe in God without stint. Believe up to the hilt. Bury yourselves, both as to your weakness and your strength, in simple trust in God. "Oh," said one, "as to that man, there is no telling what mad thing he will start next." Let the sneer pass, though it may be as well to say, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but carry out works of truth and soberness." The end of all things will show that faith in God is sanctified common sense, without an atom of folly in it. To believe God's word is the most reasonable thing we can do, it is the plainest course that we can take, and the safest policy that we can adopt, even as to taking care of ourselves; for Jesus says, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it." Let us stake all upon the faithfulness of God, and we shall never be ashamed or confounded, world without end.

You must also have faith in God in the form of *expectancy*. Our brethren Smith and Fullerton would not have a blessing on their work if they did not expect the blessing to come; but expecting the blessing, they provide an enquiry-room, and persons to look after the converts. Shall we commence farming and provide no barn? In many a village the Lord has saved souls under the preaching of the gospel, but the minister has never said, "I shall be in the vestry on such and such an evening to see enquirers," or, "I shall stop after the sermon to talk with the anxious." He has never given the people a chance of telling what the Lord has done for them, and if he should hear that a dozen people have been convinced of sin, he would be surprised, and fear that they were hypocrites. We have not so learned Christ. We look to take fish in our nets, and to reap harvests in our fields. Is it so with

you, my brethren? Let it be more so. "Open thy mouth wide," saith the Lord, "and I will fill it." So pray and so preach that if there are no conversions you will be astonished, amazed, and broken-hearted. Look for the salvation of your hearers as much as the angel who will sound the last trump will look for the waking of the dead. Believe your own doctrine! Believe your own Saviour! Believe in the Holy Ghost who dwells in you! For thus shall you see your hearts' desire, and God shall be glorified.

IV. It is time to talk of the fourth thing, namely, LIFE. The preacher must have life; he must have *life in himself*. Are you all alive, my brother? Of course you have been quickened as a plain believer; but as a minister are you altogether alive? If there is a bone in a man's body which is not alive, it becomes the nidus of disease; for instance, a decayed tooth may cause more serious injury than most people imagine. In a living system a dead portion is out of place, and is sure sooner or later to create intense pain. It is a wise arrangement that it should be so, for decay has a tendency to spread, and mischief might be caused imperceptibly if pain did not sound the alarm bell. I hope that any part of our soul which is not truly alive may pain us till the evil is removed.

Some brethren never seem to be thoroughly alive. Their heads are alive, they are intelligent and studious; but alas! their hearts are inactive, cold, lethargic. Many preachers never spy out opportunities, for death seems to have sealed up their eyes, and their tongue also is not half quickened, so that they mumble and stumble, and all around them sleep rules the hour. I have been told that if certain preachers would only for once stamp a foot, or lift a handkerchief, or do anything out of their regular way, it would be a relief to their people. I hope none of you have become quite so mechanical; but I know that some are heavy and yet not weighty, solemn and yet not impressive. My brother, I want you to be alive from the sole of your foot to the crown of your head, alive in brain and heart, in tongue and hand, in eye and ear. The living God should be served by living men.

Labour to be *alive in all your duties*. John Bradford, the martyr, used to say, "I never go away from any part of the service of God till I feel thoroughly alive in it, and know that the Lord is with me in it." Carry out this rule conscientiously. In confessing sin, go on confessing till you feel that your tears have washed the Saviour's feet. In seeking pardon, continue to seek till the Holy Spirit bears witness to your peace with God. In preparing a sermon, wait upon the Lord until you have communion with Christ in it, until the Holy Spirit causes you to feel the power of the truth which you are to deliver. "Son of man, eat this roll." Before you attempt to give out the word to others get it into yourself. Is there not too much dead praying, and dead preaching, and dead church work of all sorts? Do you not know churches which are like the ghostly ship in the legend: the captain, the mate, and all the crew are dead men?

"The mariners all do work the ropes
As they've been wont to do;
They raise their limbs like lifeless tools—
They are a ghastly crew.

The body of my deacon's self
 Stands by me knee to knee :
 The body and I pull at one rope,
 But nothing of life have we."

This is a grim business, but I have beheld such a sight, though never have I seen a ghost. I recollect being years ago in a church which was almost defunct externally, and altogether defunct internally, and after sermon, during which I felt a terrible chill of soul, I went into the vestry, and there I saw two important persons leaning heavily against the fire-place. I said to them, "Are you the deacons of the church?" They answered, "Yes, sir." I replied, "I thought so!" I did not explain further. These pillars of the church evidently needed propping up. Sluggish ease will not do! Brethren, we must have life more abundantly, each one of us, and it must flow out into all the duties of our office: warm spiritual life must be manifest in the prayer, in the singing, in the preaching, and even in the shake of the hand and the good word after service. I delight in these Conferences because they are living assemblies; the room does not feel like a vault, nor do you salute each other like a set of living skeletons without hearts, or a company of respectable mandarins fresh from the tea-shops, who nod and bow mechanically. I cannot endure meetings where the only exhibition of life is seen in heated discussions over points of order, amendments, and movings of the previous question. One marvels at the little things over which an assembly will waste hours of precious time, contending as if the destiny of the whole world and the fate of the starry heavens depended upon the debate. How the mountain heaves, but how small a mouse is born! Brethren, may you be alive, and keep alive, and disseminate your life. We read in Plato that the Egyptian priests said concerning the Greeks, "You Greeks are always youths, there is not an old man among you." Neither, sirs, is there an old man among us at this hour; we are full of youth even unto this day, and if you want to see one whose vigour and cheerfulness prove that his grey hairs are all external, there sits the man [pointing to Mr. George Rogers]. It is a grand thing to be perpetually renewing your youth, never getting into the ruts, but making new tracks with your glowing wheels. Those who are old when they are young, are likely to be young when they are old. I like to see the liveliness of the child associated with the gravity of the father; but especially do I rejoice to see a godly man keep up the vivacity, the joy, the earnestness of his first love. It is a crime to permit our fires to burn low while experience yields us more and more abundant fuel. Be it ours to go from strength to strength, from life to more abundant life.

Be full of life at all times, and let that life *be seen in your ordinary conversation*. It is a shocking state of things when good people say, "Our minister undoes in the parlour what he has done in the pulpit; he preaches very well, but his life does not agree with his sermons." Our Lord Jesus would have us perfect even as our Father who is in heaven is perfect. Every Christian should be holy; but *we* are laid under a sevenfold obligation to it. God help us so to live that we may be safe examples to our flocks: how can we expect the divine blessing if it be not so? In such a case *life will go out of us to*

others. The man whom God uses for quickening is the man who is himself quickened. May we and our people become like those ornamental waters which we have seen while travelling in foreign parts; the water leaps up as a fountain, and descends into a basin; when that basin is full the crystal runs over the brink in a sparkling sheet and rolls into another basin, and the process is repeated again and again till the result charms the eye. At our Conference, my brethren, may the living waters flow into us, and then flow from us till thousands shall receive a blessing, and communicate it to others. "He that believeth in him, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." God fill you to the brim, and cause you to overflow. This is essential: life we must have. If among us there is a slumbering brother, who does everything in a slow way, let him wake up. If anyone among us performs his duty in a lifeless manner, as if he were paid by the pound, and would not give half an ounce over, let him also wake up. Our work requires that we serve the Lord with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind, and with all our strength. Ours is no place for half-heartedness. Go, ye dead ones, take a chaplain's place at the cemetery and bury your dead; but work among living men needs life—vigorous, intense life. A corpse among angelic choirs would not be more out of place than a lifeless man in the gospel ministry: God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

V. The last thing, but not the least important, is LOVE. Assuredly we must abound in love. It is a hard thing for some preachers to saturate and perfume their sermons with love; for their natures are hard, or cold, or coarse, or selfish. We are none of us all that we ought to be, but some are specially poverty-stricken in point of love. They do not "naturally care" for the souls of men, as Paul puts it. To all, but especially to the harder sort, we would say, be doubly earnest as to holy charity, for without this you will be no more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Love is power. The Holy Spirit for the most part works by our affection. Love men to Christ; faith accomplishes much, but love is the actual instrument by which faith works out its desires in the name of the Lord of love.

Brethren, *love your work.* You will never preach well unless you are enamoured of it: you will never do well in any particular charge unless you love the people, and I would almost say the village and the meeting-house. I would have you believe that Slocum-in-the-Marsh is a gem among villages. Think that London may be all very well as a city, but as a village Slocum bears the palm. Even your chapel, with all its plainness, should have charms for you: be of opinion that the Tabernacle is very well in its way, but that it has great deficiencies about it; that it is too big for one thing—at least, too big for you. Your meeting-house holds only three hundred and twenty; but in your judgment that is quite as large a number as one man can see after with any hope of success; at least, it involves a responsibility quite as large as you desire to bear. When a mother's love to her children leads her to believe that they are the sweetest in the parish, she takes more care in their washing and their dressing; if she thought them ugly, troublesome beings, she would neglect them; and I am sure that until we

heartily love our work, and love the people with whom we are working, we shall not accomplish much. I can truly say that I do not know anybody in all the world that I would like to change places with. "Ah," say you, "that is very likely, for you have a fine position." I am quite of that opinion; but I thought just the same of my little pastorate at Waterbeach, and it was with the utmost reluctance that I removed from the first to the second. I still retain the belief that there were people in my first congregation whose like I shall never see again, and that as a position of usefulness there are great attractions about that Cambridgeshire village. It is a rule to which I know of no exception, that to prosper in any work you must have an enthusiasm for it.

You must have also intense *love to the souls of men*, if you are to influence them for good. Nothing can compensate for the absence of this. Soul-winning must be your passion, you must be born to it; it must be the very breath of your nostrils, the only thing for which you count life worth the having. We must hunt after souls, even as the Swiss hunter pursues the chamois because the spirit of the chase has mastered him. Above all, we must feel an *intense love to God*. Our dear brother who led us in prayer this morning rightly spoke of the power which girds us when we burn with love to God. Why is it we tell children and young people, "You must *love* Jesus in order to be saved"? This is not the gospel. The gospel is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We are careful to state the matter correctly to the grown people; why give it inaccurately to the young? If we make a difference at all it will be wiser to tell the children to believe, and the old people to love: the error will be less injurious, for love is the great lack of most men. The holy grace of love needs to be more preached among us, and more felt by us. "Oh," said a woman when she was speaking of the Lord to her minister, "He has heard my prayer many a time, and I can have what I want of him, for by his grace I am very thick with him." She meant that communion had wrought sweet fellowship, and so her prayers were heard. O that we lived on familiar terms with the Well-beloved, and felt his love within our bosoms always. Love to God will help a man to persevere in service when otherwise he would have given up his work. "The love of Christ constraineth us," said one whose heart was all his Master's. I heard one say the other day that the "love of Christ ought to constrain us." This is true, but Paul did not so much speak of a duty as of a fact; he said "the love of Christ constraineth us."

Beloved brethren, if you are filled with love to your work, and love to souls, and love to God, you will gladly endure many self-denials, which else would be unbearable. The poverty of our country brethren is very trying, and ought by all means to be relieved; but we may well feel proud that so many men are forthcoming who, for the sake of preaching the gospel of Christ, are willing to leave remunerative callings and endure hardness. Other denominations might pay them better, but they spurn the golden bribe, and remain faithful to Christ and to the ordinances as they were delivered. All honour to those life-long martyrs who put up with sore privations for the sake of Christ

and his church. The devil once met a Christian man, so I have heard, and said to him, "You call yourself a servant of God. What do you do more than I do? You boast that you fast, so do I; for I neither eat nor drink. You do not commit adultery; neither do I." The fiend mentioned a long list of sins of which he is incapable, from which he could therefore claim exemption. The saint at last said to him, "I do one thing which thou never didst; I deny myself." That is the point in which the Christian comes out: he denies himself for Christ's sake: believing in Jesus, he counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, his Lord. Brethren, do not leave your charges because the stipend is small. Your poor people must be looked after by somebody. Do not despair when times are hard, for they will be better by-and-by; and meanwhile your heavenly Father knows your needs. We have heard of men who have remained in plague-stricken cities when others fled, because they could be of service to the sick. Abide, then, with your people when work fails them; be as faithful to your God as many a man has been faithful to his philanthropy. If you can anyhow manage to tide over the present distress, stick to the people. God will help you, and reward you, if you have faith in him. May the Lord confirm your confidence, and comfort you in your tribulation.

Go on, brethren, go on preaching the same gospel; but preach it with more faith, and preach it better every day. Do not draw back: your place is to the front. Qualify yourselves for larger spheres, you that are in little places; but do not neglect your studies to look after better positions. Be prepared for an opening when it comes, and rest assured that the office will come to the man who is fit for the office. We are not so cheap that we need go hawking ourselves in every market; the churches are always on the look-out for really efficient preachers. Men whose fitness for the ministry is doubtful are at a great discount nowadays; but for men of ability and usefulness there is great demand.

You cannot hide a candle under a bushel, and you cannot keep a really able man in an insignificant position. Patronage is of the smallest importance; fitness for the work, grace, ability, earnestness, and a loving disposition soon push the man into his place. God will bring his servant into his true position, if he has but faith to trust in him. I put this word at the tail-end of my address, because I know the discouragements under which you labour. Do not be afraid of hard work for Christ; a terrible reckoning awaits those who have an easy time in the ministry, but a great reward is in reserve for those who endure all things for the elect's sake. You will not regret your poverty when Christ cometh, and calleth his own servants to him. It will be a sweet thing to have died at your post, not turning aside for wealth, or running from Dan to Beersheba to obtain a better salary, but stopping where your Lord bade you hold the fort.

Brethren, consecrate yourselves to God afresh. Bring hither new cords. Bind the sacrifice again to the altar! Struggle as it may, anxious to escape the knife, fearful of the fire, yet bind it with cords, even with cords, to the horns of the altar; for until death, and in death, we are the Lord's. Entire surrender of everything to Jesus is our watchword this day. Only may the Lord accept the living sacrifice, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.



COSTERMONGERS' HALL, THE NEW PREMISES OF THE GOLDEN LANE MISSION, HOXTON OLD TOWN, LONDON.

Costermongers' Hall.

THE GOLDEN-LANE MISSION WITH A NEW FACE.

HARDLY in any sense, apart from its truly interesting Nonconformist associations, can Hoxton be said to be a remarkable neighbourhood; and what prestige the place ever possessed was originally claimed by Hackney, to which parish the hamlet aforesaid belonged. At the same time, in walking along the still antiquated High-street, we find the old thoroughfare not only quaint amid its squalid surroundings, but retaining much to remind us of former happier days when the roadway represented a semi-rural suburb, and the houses looked out upon pleasant gardens and spreading meadows. There are still here and there a few old houses which in their day must have been country residences; but, with one or two rare exceptions, their grounds have been appropriated as sites for the crowded cottages of the poor. One of these exceptions is seen in the still ample gardens of the private lunatic asylum, which seems to stand where formerly stood the once sumptuous residence of Richard de Beauvoir, a commoner whose residence, once upon a time, was "one of the sights of London" for all foreigners to visit. This was popularly known as the Old House at Hoxton; and even so recently as late in the reign of George III. "it was surrounded by a moat, spanned by drawbridges, and there were beautiful gardens, watered by streams from Canonbury fields." Perhaps a more interesting object is Hoxton Academy Chapel still standing to remind us of some choice spirits who have not passed away without leaving behind them their fragrant memories. The original institution came to an end in 1785; but, a few years later, a few earnest souls, having "caught the fire of Whitefield's ministry," while they "deplored the coldness existing in Independent churches," revived the academy at Hoxton, and Dr. Simpson, who became principal in 1791, was no less famous for piety than for his accurate acquaintance with the Hebrew Scriptures. Thus, though it may be a humble suburb, Hoxton has its memories; and the days were when Hoxton-square was the favourite retreat of many celebrated divines.

Hoxton has changed with the times until it is now one of the most crowded quarters of the metropolis, and consequently, in a religious sense, one of the most needy. On account of its need the neighbourhood has been chosen as the site of Costermongers' Hall, a building representing the Golden Lane Mission, with a new face, and with that vigour of renewed life which is characteristic of all earnest work for God. It is now pretty generally known that Golden Lane itself has virtually become extinct, that is to say, the sure progress of City improvements has swept clean away what were formerly the sad characteristics of that once remarkable locality. When Mr. Orsman first invaded the place, just twenty years ago, the surroundings were very much what they had been for generations before. The street was narrow and gloomy, and the low lodging-houses of the main thoroughfare were supplemented, in the rear, on either side, with frowning alleys, reeking with abominations, and with curious courts swarming with a

population to whom, in the main, religion, or even common morality, was unknown. Mr. W. J. Orsman went forth from the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle inspired with that fervent missionary spirit which seldom fails to ensure success. His beginning was the day of small things; but when first one, and then another, were gained over to the good cause, the nucleus of a working church was formed; and this evangelistic agency, by dint of pegging away year after year, soon made a perceptible improvement in the neighbourhood. The large room in the old mission premises became too strait for the congregations attracted on the Sabbath, and this necessitated the removal of the services to the Foresters' Hall, a few yards away, where some thousand persons have been wont to attend on Sunday evenings. Thus the work, extending through seven days of the week, continued; but at last ominous reports gained currency that Golden-lane was about to be pulled down, widened, and otherwise improved, until the "oldest inhabitant" would fail to recognize its more respectable face. The reports turned out to be strictly true; and finding the ground slipping away from beneath their feet, while the people were being expelled from their old quarters by surveyors and other iconoclasts, the band of workers held a council of war, with Mr. Orsman in the chair. As no one had any idea of discontinuing the work, there was only one question to be answered—Whither shall we go? After a brief space of silence the answer came—To Hoxton. That was the unanimous voice of the council. It was a common-sense decision—to follow the people; and having been made, the way was providentially opened to go forward. The site originally thought of was not selected, the present position having been secured through a singular train of circumstances which appeared at the time to be accidental, but which are really among the things that are ordered and sure. If this is borne in mind, gratitude as well as interest will be excited.

On Saturday evening, the 25th of June, we responded to an invitation to survey the old suburb, in which the new premises stand like a light set in a dark place; and, starting with Mr. Orsman, about seven o'clock we entered the old High-street at the Shoreditch end, soon to find ourselves in one of the very busiest markets of the London poor. We seemed to be in a broad stream of life, the volume of which was sustained by tributaries on either side—by-streets teeming with noisy children and careworn adults, whose one hard battle in the world was to make both ends meet, and to keep the wolf from the door. From this we leave the reader to infer that the quarter does not look as though it were troubled with more than an average share of the criminal element, the people filling the pathways being evidently an honest sort of folk of various orders. Taken as a whole, the market is as miscellaneous as it is extensive, while the din strikes one's ear as a genuine polyglot discord, although the traffickers are talking in only one language. If our wants are few, and our tastes frugal, this is the place to be accommodated; but if otherwise, we shall not seek long without finding what we want, and at truly reasonable rates. There are abundant stocks of live birds, whether for cages or the poultry-yard, to say nothing of four-footed animals of all kinds. Ordinary tradesmen, such as grocers, bakers, and butchers, appear in some

cases to be rather overdone than otherwise with custom, and yet the interminable row of stall-keepers outside evidently attracts the largest share of notice. The liberal glare of their lamps not only sets off to real advantage their almost nondescript wares, but flavours the street with the fumes of that coarse naphtha which a coster esteems even above electricity. This is the place, too, to learn in what degree the voice may stimulate trade—the costers using their throats too frequently ever to have time for thinking about those genteel ailments which happen to people in black coats. We have just said that the wares were nondescript; but that will not be accepted as a valid excuse for not attempting a rough kind of catalogue.

We left the caged birds and live animals at the quietest end of the street, enjoying the luxury of shop accommodation; but our friends the costers, or general dealers, who have so largely benefited by Mr. Orsman's efforts, have to be armed for all weathers and emergencies. We have at present a fine night after a wet day, and it is appalling to think of the havoc which a steady downpour would make with some of the displays set out by these poor people. Even the "green stuff" people, who offer the best and freshest of vegetables at cheapest rates, have to look well after the softer kinds of fruit; while the dealers in old iron-ware are not anxious to have their goods become more rusty than nature intended. The only traffickers who can really afford to welcome rain, save for the fact that it drives would-be customers home or into public houses, are the plant sellers, whose tempting bargains "All a growin' and a blowin'," still seem to greet us with a fish-out-of-the-water kind of smile amid the murkiest of surroundings. Passing onward, we come to ham and bacon, which, if not of Wiltshire quality, is sold at American prices. Fish, shell and otherwise, is more than abundant. We particularly notice that ladies who indulge in ices in the street are not accommodated with spoons in this locality. We cannot enumerate everything which is here to tempt the purchaser. Necessaries and luxuries for the table, furniture for the house, tools for the workshop, clothes and ornaments for the body, with a thousand-and-one other things which one might expect, or might not expect, to meet with in such a place are on every side. We are in that world of plenty and elysium of the working classes with a week's wages to spend—a Saturday-night market. The cry in all directions is to buy, and everybody seems anxious to do so.

This is the bright side of the picture; there are darker shades, because, unfortunately, hard-handed and strong-headed working people do not confine their spending to the legitimate market, they yield to temptations of another kind, which do them harm rather than good. The shops are some of them crowded, but so are also the public-houses, which are alive with customers; one of these is embellished with views illustrative of Shakespeare, painted glass, and tessellated pavement, surpassing anything we ever saw in the same department of trade. The trap to catch the fools' pence hardly needs all this childish, though costly, glitter to make it effective; but while the pence are so plentiful, Boniface is willing to throw the glitter in; for if it pays in no other way, the grandeur pleases his own cultivated eye. As a set-off to the thriving taverns we must not forget the well packed Temperance Meeting

gathered by Mr. Noble in Hoxton Hall, which we attended for a few minutes. The battle against gin, beer, and excess is never allowed to flag. God send the victory!

Such is the neighbourhood in which the new mission premises are erected, and Mr. Orsman himself thus describes the new building: "The ground floor, comprising a line of shops and a coffee palace, will produce an income of £250 per annum. The upper part of the premises will be devoted to the hall and club-rooms, and school-room. This plan commends itself to business men, as there will not only be a saving of £200 a year now paid for temporary premises, but also a balance in favour of the Mission arising from the profits of the shop rentals."

The Mission has entered on a new and auspicious era; for though Golden Lane may virtually have passed away, the poor are still left behind, and the future must not be behind the past in ministering to their needs. Readers of this magazine have already made substantial contributions to the building fund; and any others who wish to encourage Mr. Orsman in his ambition to raise £1,400 to enable him to open the premises free of debt may send their gifts to Milton House, Shacklewell, London, where the mission press will duly register an acknowledgment.

G. H. P.

Forbearance.

THE young are seldom forbearing, because they so little understand the frailties of poor human nature. Oh! if you could only witness the terrible struggles passing in the heart of that friend whose vivacity annoys you, whose fickleness provokes you, whose faults sometimes even makes you blush. Oh! if you saw the tears that are shed in secret; the vexation felt against self (perhaps on your account), you would indeed pity them. Love them! Make allowances for them! Never let them feel that you know their failings. To make anyone believe himself to be morally good is to help him, almost in spite of himself, to become so.

Forbearance is even more than forgiveness, it is excusing, putting always the best construction upon everything; above all, never showing that some proceeding has wounded us, speaking of anyone who has vexed us thus:—"She did not think, else she would have acted differently; she never meant to pain me, she loves me too much; she was perhaps unable to do otherwise, and yet suffers at the thought of having displeased me." For a wounded heart no balm is so efficacious as forbearance. *To forbear* is to forget every night the little vexations of the past day; to say every morning: "To-day I shall be braver and calmer than yesterday." Forbearance even sometimes leads us to detect in ourselves a little want of good nature, condescension, and charity. *To forbear* is not only freely to forgive, but to meet half-way, with extended hand, those who timidly ask for pardon.—*From Gold Dust: A Collection of Golden Counsels for the Sanctification of Daily Life.* By E. L. E. B.

Objections to Election—A Parable.

AN eminent minister gave, in one of his sermons, the following illustration of the divine dealings with sinners:—A clergyman sitting in his study saw some boys in his garden stealing melons. He quietly arose, and walking into his garden called them. "Boys, boys." They immediately fled with the utmost precipitation, tearing through the shrubbery and tumbling over the fences. "Boys," cried out the gentleman, "stop, do not be afraid. You may have as many melons as you want. I have more than I know what to do with." The boys, urged by the consciousness of guilt, fled with increasing speed. They did not like to trust themselves in the gentleman's hands, neither did they exactly relish the idea of receiving favours from one whose garden they were robbing. The clergyman continued to entreat them to stop, assuring them that they should not be hurt, and that they might have as many melons as they wished for. But the very sound of his voice added wings to their speed. They scampered on in every direction, with as determined an avoidance as though the gentleman was pursuing them with a horsewhip. He determined, however, that they should be convinced that he was sincere in his offers, and therefore pursued them. Two little fellows who could not climb over the fence were taken. He led them back, telling them they were welcome to melons whenever they wanted any; and, giving to each of them a couple, allowed them to go home. He sent by them a message to the other boys, that whenever they wanted any melons they were welcome to them if they would but come to him. The other boys, when they heard of the favours with which the two had been laden, were loud in the expression of their indignation. They accused the clergyman of partiality, in giving to some without giving to all; and, when reminded that they would not accept of his offers, but ran away from him as fast as they could, they replied, "What of that? He caught these two boys, and why should he have selected them instead of the rest of us? If he had only run a little faster he might have caught us. It was mean in him to show such partiality." Again they were reminded that the clergyman was ready to serve them as he did the other two he caught, and give them as many melons as they wanted if they would only go and ask him for them. Still the boys would not go near him, but accused the generous man of injustice and partiality, in doing for two that which he did not do for all.

So it is with sinners. God finds all guilty, and invites them to come to him and be forgiven, and receive the richest blessings heaven can afford. They all run from him, and the louder he calls the more they try to escape. By his grace he pursues, and some he overtakes. He loads them with favours, and sends them back to invite their fellow-sinners to return and receive the same. They all with one accord refuse to come, and yet never cease to abuse his mercy. They say, "Why does God select some and not others? Why does he overtake others who are just as bad as we, and allow us to escape? This election of some and not others is unjust and partial." And when the minister of God replies, "The invitation is extended to you; whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely," the sinner heeds it not, but goes on in his sins, still complaining of the injustice and partiality of God in saving some and not saving all.—*From Dr. Belcher's "Clergy of America."*

“ She made us all out to be Sinners.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

THE scene was in the saloon of an inter-colonial steamer bound from Sydney to Brisbane. There were but three persons on the stage; two ladies and one gentleman. The former were busy with fancy work, the latter was reading a book. Who the ladies were I never learned, but the gentleman was a particular and very personal friend of mine, his initials being T. S. We—the woolworkers and the bookworm—by some manner of means soon got into conversation. If I remember rightly, we commenced about the weather, as usual. Of course we were complete strangers; but on board a steamer, with a prospect of three days' voyage together, one is glad enough to form acquaintanceships without waiting for introductions which might never come. Moreover, I have reason to believe that I was not altogether unknown, for that mysterious whisper had already gone round the passengers which I always notice—a whisper which, though soft and low, sounds clearly enough in one pair of ears, and conveys the information that “that's young Spurgeon.”

What the drift of the first part of our converse was, after the weather was exhausted, I quite forget; but I know that before long we were speaking about dancing parties, theatre-going, and the like. On these matters we did not at all agree. I was far too straitlaced and puritanical. We did not argue long, for I contented myself with stating my belief that real Christians could not possibly find solid pleasure in mere worldly amusements. I am always loth to say much, or speak hardly in such cases. These ladies were evidently only nominal Christians, and being strangers to the new birth and higher life, how could they be expected to renounce the food that gratified their natural taste? Could I wish to deny them these few small pleasures? It was useless to denounce the things of the world to worldlings. Who would like to deprive them of such paste gems as society and fashion offer, while they are still strangers to the “Pearl of great price”? Let them have them, poor souls, till they find out their mistake. Let the gaudy trinkets please them till they get the purest gold. They will, we trust, discover some day how sweet the kernel is; then they will gladly fling away the shell.

Whether it was my remark about true Christians or not I scarce remember, but something turned our talk to the consideration of still more vital matters, and it soon transpired that one of my fair opponents had lately come from Geelong, Victoria, where she had heard a lady-evangelist preach in the Baptist Church. “How did you like her?” was, of course, my prompt enquiry. I am not sure, by the way, that it was a proper one. It were better to ask about the message than the messenger, especially when there is so much of hearing favourite preachers, and a sort of man-worship that must detract from God's glory. On the other hand, how much depends upon the preacher. *Christians* may rejoice in any trumpet if its sound be not uncertain; but we can hardly wonder that the careless are most careful about the instrument.

Moreover, the phrase has come to mean more than it really says. In

point of fact, I asked what my new-made friend's impressions were, and what she thought both of messenger and message. After a considerable amount of humming and ha-aing and explaining and paving the way, the real answer came to the front and she said, half indignantly, half carelessly, "She made us all out to be sinners!" There was little else to complain of, but this fly spoiled all the ointment. Evidently my fellow-traveller was not used to being called names from the pulpit, and being classed with the profane and profligate. It had been her happy (?) lot to listen to "Treacle" rather than to "Brimstone," and the change from the former, even to a female Brimstone (a milder dose, I presume, than the masculine), was too much for her delicate constitution. Sinners there were in the streets and slums, of course, but never in crimson-cushioned pews and holy places! So well born and bred, so efficiently christened, so duly confirmed with the bishop's hand upon her head (and his right hand, too), so regular at church, so benevolent and amiable—deary me, how was it possible she could be a sinner?

You must not think, kind reader, that I have been quoting this lady's words. She did not say all this, and perhaps it would be scarcely fair to state that she thought as much, but I am inclined to think she did. The doctrine of total depravity is distasteful to the natural heart; how can it be otherwise? It cuts with keenest edge, and gives no quarter. "Fair women and brave men" are slow to recognize a truth which condemns them despite their fairness and their bravery.

Did ever a whitewashed sepulchre desire a placard pasted on its snowy front informing passers-by that it was full of dead men's bones? What man would choose to confess his guilt, and criminate himself, did not an uneasy conscience, or the grace of God, impel him to the act? It comes far more naturally to us to cover than to confess. If coverings for sin were made of cloth, or other material, their manufacture would prove a paying business, for there is an enormous demand for such articles; but being easily made, and required to suit special cases, they are manufactured on the premises of each individual sinner. And what wonderful productions some of them are to be sure! Why, poor, short-sighted man even can perceive that they are mere excuses! What must they seem to God?

Is it not kindness, then, on the preacher's part to remove such coverings, and to reveal the sad fact of guiltiness before God? And yet seldom does the pew become enamoured of the pulpit that plainly sounds out this truth. The preacher of this stern stuff is accused of placing himself above the people as a superior being, as though he would say, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." In other words, when the cap fits the people grumble, not so much at the hat as at the hatter. Because they don't like the tune they blame the musicians. Surely this is scarcely fair. The preacher does but bear the message. Quarrel with him who sent them both, if you must rebel. Scold not the postman for bringing an unwelcome letter.

It is no joy to the speaker to tell the tale of others' faults. He would rather stroke with velvet than rub with sand-paper, did not such smooth treatment mean possible loss and ruin to his hearers. Is it not their sacred duty to out with the truth, painful as it may be? That it is the truth who can doubt with their Bibles and their eyes open. "All have gone

astray. There is none that doeth good, no not one." Surely very few pastors put this more plainly than the Word. The Bible's full-length portrait of unregenerate men makes us all out to be sinners, and no mistake. Hands, feet, head, heart, mouth, and mind are all implicated. From the crown of our head to the soles of our feet there is no health in us.

Let us remember, too, that pious pastors do not exclude themselves. If they speak much of sinners, they add, with Paul, "Of whom I am chief." Once they hesitated to admit their guilt, and the truth would be distasteful to them still but for the grace of God. They have discovered from experience that it is far better to know the worst, and to prepare for it, or provide against it, than to dream of castles in the air, and wake to perish in their ruins.

Am I not right in concluding that it is pride in most cases, as I believe it was in this, that prompts the hatred to this truth?

Pride is not always glaring and conspicuous. It rides a high horse generally, but sometimes goes on foot. The peacock does not always strut about with outspread tail, but he is a peacock all the same, and quite as proud as ever. The lofty look and high-borne head do not necessarily accompany a haughty heart; and humble as this, my friend, appeared, I am much mistaken if her complaining critique on the lady-preacher was not due to a secret distaste for the humiliating truth. 'Twas hard, indeed, to have all professions and natural possessions disallowed. Are all the fine characteristics and pleasing qualities to go for nothing? What!—is there no distinction between the moral and the vile, between the amiable and the debased? Are all equally guilty? "How can these things be?"

Pride says, in reply, "They cannot be—it's all nonsense; don't you believe it. You have never done much amiss. It stands to reason you're not so bad as some."

Then Pride puts its hand upon God's Word and keeps it shut. Next, it blinds and perverts the conscience, and soon the self-complacent sinner is comfortably bolstered up, and begins to enjoy a dangerous ease. How can we account for this cherished pride? Does it not often arise from a misconception of the real nature of sin? "Comparisons are odious" always, but never more so than when they are used in gauging morality and integrity. But if we must compare, let us take heavenly, not earthly, things as the true standard. We may be better than another sinful creature, and still be bad. All sin is equally heinous in the eyes of him with whom we have to do. We must contrast ourselves with Jesus, our lives with his. How we must hang our heads beside this upright man with whom the sun of purity was ever vertical, and cast no shadow anywhere. We get at the true state of affairs when Christ is the copy, and his fulfilment of the law challenges our broken tables, and puts us to the blush. Thus only do we perceive how great is God's mercy in blotting out transgression, and never can pardon and peace be ours till we are led to recognize our dire necessity, and our helpless condition. It was "when they had nothing to pay" that the kind creditor forgave both the debtors.

"'Tis perfect poverty alone that sets the soul at large;

While we can call one mite our own, we have no full discharge."

So long as we persist in striking our names off the black list, so long we virtually refuse to have them transferred to the "Lamb's Book of Life."

I tried to make my casual friends see this, insisting that we all by nature need a change of heart, and "must be born again." I fear, however, that I did not convince my hearers. God's Spirit must do that. The words of the lady-evangelist had taken hold, and who can tell but that even yet these, her auditors, may rejoice to be called sinners because there is a Saviour near. I found one cause for gladness in the fact that there are preachers still who do not prophesy smooth things only. "The dignity of man," and kindred subjects, are harped upon in some quarters till one is tired of the sickening theme. "It's too sweet to be wholesome." We need more "pulling down" than bolstering up. Never till unholy self-trust is demolished can we be built up in our most holy faith. Shall we, forsooth, make them all out to be *saints*? Shall we lead men and women to suppose that the bank is sure when it is really breaking? Are we right in assuring them that they are prospering and healthy when ruin and eternal death stare them in the face? What if we do not please them! Is it the preacher's place to *please*? Have we no better work to do than dose with opium till the disease is forgotten? Are we to excuse and extenuate, to tell only half the truth, or to modify and mollify it until we sugar it into falsehood? In God's name, no! We would rather err on the other side, if that were possible. The blackest colours are none too dark, the plainest language none too strong. God hates sin. O may we do the same, and all the more because of its insinuating nature. Shall we loathe the serpent less because his scales are brilliant and his eye sparkling? The more reason we should fear lest we be fascinated. Sin of any sort, and in every guise, must be confessed and forsaken.

To such as still profess they are not sinners, I would suggest the prayer that righteous Job once offered. "Make me to know my transgression and my sin."

A knowledge of sin *must* precede a knowledge of the Saviour. Knowing this, we are in duty bound to make them all out to be sinners, while at the same time we are equally emphatic upon the glorious truth that he is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe.

Be short.

A HINT for the prayer-meeting: A pastor is reported to have requested the brethren to omit the usual beginning and ending of their prayers. We have heard people ask to be forgiven for their *short-comings* when we felt a deal more grieved for their *long-comings*. Half the pretty phrases had better be left out, and the other half cut down. Length and strength in public devotion seldom go together. We never heard of any brother being blamed for being too short in prayer. We should like to hear of a prayer-meeting failing through the brevity of the petitions. Try it, brethren, and let us know if you succeed. We will keep a register of such blessed calamities.

Some Letters of Reformed Thieves.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

WHATEVER romance may have attached to thieving in days of old, the art, if art it may be called, has in our day sunk to the lowest level. To be a professional thief is to be at the bottom of the social scale, and none are better acquainted with this fact than thieves themselves. They are a proverbially reckless class, knowing nothing of peace and happiness; but being borne up by a kind of dogged desperation, and at the best hoping for a run of luck which must finally end at the felons' dock. In one sense there may be classes among them; in another sense they are of one class; for all in some way bear the mark which no disguise can conceal. There can be no aristocracy where all are below the level of common paupers. There are those who talk about thieving being hereditary, but the fact is that all sin is hereditary since the natural tendency to evil is inherited by all men. There are undoubtedly families in which the badge of thieving has descended from one generation to another; but how frequently is the disease found breaking out when and where it is least expected. As we write, the clerk of a well-known Baptist elder has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for absconding with £200, entrusted to him to place in the bank; while a police inspector has just been arrested for dealing in a similar manner with £150, with which he should have paid the wages of his men. Individuals must have drifted far away from the moorings of honesty before yielding to what look like sudden temptations; the fire suddenly catches because the material on which it feeds has undergone preparation for the match. At the same time, as this article will clearly show, there are many kinds of thieves in the world. Idleness disposes some to the practice; misfortune tempts others to seek escape from trouble by illegitimate means; but perhaps in cases such as those above-mentioned, the most frequent cause of falling away is the costliness of dissipation. Nothing so surely lures a man into difficulty and misery as the pursuit of that pleasure which is falsely so called. Let us take care that we portray vice in its true colours. No literary trash is so disastrous in its results as that which invests vice with a colour of romance it never possessed. This alone has manufactured a large number of young thieves, who, could they have known the real truth about Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, would sooner have courted death than have committed themselves to such a course.

The work of reclamation carried on by Mr. George Hatton and his assistant, Mr. Wheatley, we have already described as regards its general aspects; but there are branches of the work which will well repay some special attention—such, for example, as the letters written by reformed thieves to their benefactors after they have regained some sort of a position in life. Some short time ago we spent part of an evening at the Home in Brook-street, Holborn, in company with the two friends who superintend that institution, and we then had an opportunity of reading a number of letters, such as those referred to, and of hearing what those had to say who were well acquainted with the writers. We

even saw some of the thieves themselves, and heard from their own lips the circumstances which led to their reclamation.

The first case inviting attention has some characteristics which distinguish it from the ordinary run of examples coming under the notice of our friends at Brook-street; and it proves that there are individuals who are tempted by unaccountable motives to commit their first act of indiscretion.

L. G. is a young woman, twenty-four years of age, who for more than half her life had been engaged at a florist's in London, and who, until the time of the first false step, was not suspected by anyone of being tainted with dishonesty. On one occasion while walking about the streets during the dinner hour she was accused of picking a lady's pocket, on the evidence of two boys, and was eventually sentenced to three months' imprisonment. That such a girl should be guilty of such a crime appeared incredible, even to Mr. Wheatley; while the florist just mentioned had so little sympathy with the prosecution that he sent up to the court a certificate of fourteen years' good character. Nevertheless the theft was actually committed, and to this day we have no intelligible explanation of the affair apart from the natural tendency of the human heart to evil, which inclines it sometimes to freaks in sin as astonishing as they are eccentric. When asked why she acted as she did, L. G. at first said she was playing with another girl at taking handkerchiefs, and instead of taking that of her companion she took one from the pocket of a lady which happened to have a purse in the middle. Some colour was given to this story by the fact that L. G. gave herself up at the time to the police with the purse in her possession; but later on she attributed the error to the effects of opium. She went to prison for three months, and at the end of that term so far regained a position by the help of friends that another situation was obtained in the same trade to which she had been accustomed. How she appreciated the help of Christian friends the following letter addressed to "Dear Mr. Wheatley" will best show:—

"Excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you. I feel I must write and express my thanks as well as I can for all your kindness to me. I never should be able to thank you enough. I can only ask the Lord to reward you in such a way as he only can reward. May he bless you abundantly in your own soul, and richly bless you in your work and labour of love for him, and rejoice your heart by seeing many of those poor souls brought from darkness to light is my sincere and earnest prayer. He has, indeed, dealt very tenderly and lovingly with me. I can only wonder when I think of his great and wonderful love, and ask for grace to live humbly before him. I would have liked, if it had been his will, to have gone back to Mr. —, to live there for him, in the place where I had brought such dishonour upon his dear name, but all things are in his hands, and he doeth all things well. I do ask your prayers for me, not so much that he would even lessen the trials, if those trials are sent to draw me nearer to him, as that he will teach me himself, and give me grace to continually trust him *at all times*, both in joy and sorrow, and keep me very near to himself, for I know my own deceitful heart, and how even now, after all his love to me, it

gets occupied with other things, and I fear lest I should grieve him. Thanking you again for all you have so kindly done for me.

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee: the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace for Jesus’ sake.”

Our next example is of a more ordinary and yet of a more extraordinary character. Twenty years ago, when he first commenced work at the West End, Mr. Hatton had in his class a youth named R. H., who belonged to one of the most respectable and well-to-do families in the neighbourhood. Indeed, they were proprietors of a large business in a main thoroughfare; and being attached to the ministry of a leading minister, the father and mother being members of the church, all the young people of the household attended the Sunday-school. The old people appear to have done what came within their power to start their children in life; but there was one black sheep among them who was destined to disgrace them all. R. H. went out into business; but being addicted to bad company, to music-halls, and to drink, he became hopelessly wrecked in life at a very early age. Not having sufficient to meet the demands of his extravagance, the youthful adventurer had recourse to the common remedy of robbing his employer, and on being detected he was sentenced to eighteen months’ imprisonment. This penalty seemed only to have had a hardening effect, and soon after his release he was again committed for six months. This, likewise, exercised no reformatory influence; on the contrary, growing more reckless, he ultimately committed a crime for which he was consigned to Portland with a prospective view of seven years’ penal servitude. He served this long term; and at the end of the weary time he appeared again in London, craving help for a new start in life from his former Sunday-school teacher. The assistant-chaplain of Portland wrote as follows to Mr. Hatton:—

“At the request of R. H., I write to you, and he tells me he has informed you of his fall. I have had an opportunity of watching him narrowly for some years. He has had duties to perform which entailed considerable responsibility, and I believe he has merited much respect for the manner in which he has performed them. I think he has seen the error of his ways, and will by the help of God be kept from falling in the way he has done before. I shall be indeed glad if you will give him employment, and thus offer a helping hand to one in great need. I do not think he will disappoint you.”

During our visit to the Home in Brook-street, this man was called into the room, and from his appearance and conversation, we, in common with Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley, regarded him as an entirely changed character. The seed sown in the Sunday-school bore fruit after many days, for he was converted in prison. A second letter from the assistant-chaplain, dated March 27th in the present year, contains some further particulars:—

“I have just received a letter from R. H., who has been lately discharged from this prison, and is now in your Home. He asks me to say what I can to you on his behalf, and I am very happy to testify to his good character as a prisoner, and to express my thorough confidence in him as an earnest and consistent Christian. I know that his

example and influence have been of great benefit to many of his fellow prisoners, and believe that he left Portland in the full determination to lead a sober, righteous, and godly life. It is to me a matter of great satisfaction to know that he is now under your care, and I feel sure that if you can recommend him to any post of usefulness, he will justify your recommendation."

This man spoke freely about himself, and about his family; and while showing a penitent frame of mind, he told enough concerning his connections to remind us that there are many hidden household histories in London stranger than anything we could invent. His mother, who keeps her carriage, sometimes writes to him without an address, and with the intimation that he is not to attempt to send a reply. None of his other grand relations will risk soiling their garments by the slightest contact with one who has brought such disgrace upon their name. His penitence, his having undergone the great change, are not taken into account as they ought to be by those who desire to imitate the example of Christ. Worldly respectability when once shocked does not readily regain its equilibrium. He did not complain, however, of the treatment—harsher than the divine sanction would warrant—meted out to him. He seemed to think he had forfeited the goodwill of the world, and had nothing to grumble at. He was just the man who, from his own experience, could have given a discourse on the importance of little things, a neglect of these, according to his own confession, having in the first place contributed to his ruin.

While we were sitting in the private room at the Brook-street Home, another young man, named J. W., was introduced, who told a very different story. His family connections being low, he never had what we should call a fair start in life. He never knew his father, his uncle is at this time in prison, and his mother has never been to him the kind of protector a son would remember with affection. In days gone by she had earned good wages as a silk-spinner, the trade having been more flourishing then than now; but so weak was the bond of affection between mother and son that W. temporarily left home at seven years of age, and seven years later he did so for the last time.

In the days of his childhood, W. was, in point of fact, a street arab of the purest order; but, thanks to George Holland's ragged-school, he did not grow up altogether ignorant of the best things. The low character of the boy's mother appeared in terrible colours during the days of his scanty schooling, the days in question having been previous to those of school-boards. The woman cared little about the lad's present or future; she sent him to work, dealt out to him a good deal of ill usage, and pocketed without asking questions the pittance of fourteen pence a week which he brought home. The strange part of the story is that, while supposed to be at work he was really attending George Holland's school, the "wages" he was enabled to carry home having been supplied by a kind-hearted person whom W. still regards as his adopted mother. Had this old lady been a little better off, the probability is that W. would never have become a thief. As it is, he is thirty-one years old, and nearly a third part of his life has been passed in prison!

When we asked him how he first began to be a thief, he offered a very reasonable explanation. "My adopted mother was poor, you

see," he said in substance; "and when I saw how other boys were dressed, and had money, I wanted to be like them. Then I went about stealing oranges, and so one thing led to another." The only honest situation he ever held was at a fish-shop, and one of the most cutting rebukes ever given him was one received there for stealing a shilling. No less surprised than pained, the woman said, "I could have trusted you with my cash-box." The ice being broken, he went deeper and deeper into crime, advancing into a regular watch-stealer on the streets. He was also a so-called lucky thief, and went for four years without a conviction. Happily for himself and the public, he now forms a unit in Mr. Wheatley's constituency, and is not likely ever again to lapse into criminal ways. He allows a small weekly pension to the woman who early befriended him, and whom he still calls his mother, while his blood-relations are ready borrowers when it is known that he has any cash in his pocket. He would have gone to one of the colonies but for ties keeping him in England. In regard to religion, he is not supposed to be converted, although the gospel has been carefully explained to him. His main stumbling-block is the thought that he is too bad to be saved; a sufficiently common mistake with persons of his class, but certainly a more hopeful one than the still more usual error of those who suppose themselves to be too good to be lost.

Our next case is that of E. P., a young man of twenty-six years, whose mother occupies one of the county halls of Essex. He might, with his education, have done well in the world, but at the start he showed an unmistakable inclination to make way rapidly by illegitimate means. His first experience in prison came as the penalty of obtaining watches by false pretences. Then he set up a large laundry, and feloniously disposed of his customers' clothes, a stroke of business which would have landed the adventurer in penal servitude but for Mr. Wheatley's earnest pleadings, through which the sentence was softened down into nine months' imprisonment. Pleading with a magistrate is one thing; finding an opening for a penitent thief on his leaving prison is another: it is this last which occasions our friends at Brook-street the chief part of their anxiety. The case of E. P. will, at least, show what extraordinary events occur in the vast world of London.

After the nine months' hard labour came to an end, an American gentleman who was about to establish a newspaper in the United States was going about London looking for an assistant, and he actually called at Scotland-yard to see if the police could assist him in the search. The authorities recommended that application should be made to an aid society, and also to the Home in Brook-street, and in consequence the American had two candidates for his favours, a man who had "worked" France as well as England, as a "superior" hand, and E. P., who had been living for about six months under Mr. Wheatley's eye. The first was believed to be unreformed; but the other, though he gave no decided evidence of conversion, saw the evil of his ways as he had never done before. The American situation, a post for which his education seemed to fit him most peculiarly, was gladly accepted, the young man's mother was heartily grateful, and there is every reason to believe that he will do well. Just before sailing, on the 20th of April last, he wrote to those who had saved him, as follows:—

"I sail this afternoon, and want to write you one line before I do, and if I do not meet my well-merited deserts in the Atlantic, you shall hear again as soon as ever I get on land. Mr. A. intends leaving me at Philadelphia a few days while he goes to New York. I have one thousand and forty miles to travel to my destination. There are supposed to be fifty per cent. of English in Tennessee, and very good society, so I have great hopes this is a successful emigration. This is a beautiful line of steamers. I have so often tried to thank you, that I feel sure you know my heart is full of gratitude for all you have done for me. Will you please say to Mr. and Mrs. Prosser I had hoped to come back and say good-bye, but it is an awkward word. Still, I hope I have the good feeling I have always had towards them. And I hope God will answer their prayers for help to guide and influence the men in your dear home. Dear Mr. Wheatley, there are some men I did not say good-bye to, but I hope you will do that for me, and that all will be steady and sensible, and know your only motive is their good."

The next case is that of a lad named G. D., who was providentially saved from falling into a criminal career by a little timely assistance. Having always lived a creditable life until he was tempted to steal bread for the satisfaction of hunger, under stress of sharpest misfortune, he was never really a thief by nature. He was a baker's assistant, without either father or mother, and was twenty-one years old when, through slackness of trade, he left his situation with only ten shillings in his pocket. His letter, as a piece of autobiography, will best explain itself, and the facts will also bear striking testimony to the value of Mr. Hatton's Home.

"I return you my most grateful thanks for the many kindnesses received at your hands, for when I came out of prison I was met by your secretary, received a good breakfast, and was then received into the Mission Home. This was on the 21st March, and since that time I have been clothed, fed, and lodged at the expense of the Mission. My crime was for stealing a loaf of bread, after having walked the streets of London several nights, and been without food for two days; and seeing a barrow unattended, hunger got the better of me, I stole the loaf, and thus received one month's imprisonment for the offence. Had I not experienced this kind treatment which you bestowed on me, a poor boy, I might ere this have been once again within a prison wall, and for an offence it might have been for years instead of weeks, instead of going as I now am to fill a situation as second hand in a baker's shop, procured for me by your kind secretary. Under Divine Providence I mean to try and work out once again an honest livelihood, which you have placed within my reach, for which may the Almighty ever bless such noble endeavours given by your Mission to aid men who have fallen to regain a good character."

In the nature of things "the parish" can hardly be expected to have much sympathy with anyone in trouble beyond doing for them precisely what the law prescribes, and no more. If the family of a convict are wholly destitute, the workhouse must perforce open its inhospitable doors; but in that case a careful reckoning is made as to the day on which the offender will be again set at large, and one of the first

sights to greet his eyes on regaining the free air of the street is that of the "Union" official with the wife and children who for weeks, months, or years have been deprived of their natural protector. This all happened in the case of E. R., a man who stole rope while engaged at the docks, an offence which may include much more than the words seem to imply. His punishment was a year's hard labour, not an excessively severe penalty under the circumstances. At the prison gates on the morning of his liberation the "Union" official duly appeared with Mrs. E. R. and her progeny, whom he carefully delivered up to the penniless father, and disappeared to transact other equally congenial business. It so happened that the woman had been visited by a Christian lady during the period of distress, and through hearing from her, Mr. Wheatley had also spoken to the man in prison. When the term of imprisonment came to an end some help was given to the man in money, furniture, and food, on account of the sympathy felt for his dependents; and on the 11th of last April E. R. wrote as follows:—

"I write to thank you kindly for the things you gave us, and likewise for your kind assistance on Saturday morning, for my wife and dear children would have been without a home, and without food, on Sunday, as what money I had coming out my wife was obliged to get a few little things for our use. I have been about from place to place since five o'clock this morning, and there is no work doing until we get a change of wind, and I don't know what I shall do to support my children until then. Dear sir, could you advise me what to do until the shipping comes in? I cannot express my gratitude to you for your kindness to me in this time of trouble; and I pray to God to help me in this my trouble, and to keep me in the path of righteousness for the rest of my days."

A home was once more set up, work was procured, and on the 16th of April the discharged prisoner again took up his pen:—

"I beg you will not be offended with me asking you this help, as I shall not be able to get any work until Tuesday, but then, please God, I shall go to work, to lend me enough to pay one week's rent, and get a bit of bread for my children? I will return it, if only at a shilling a time. I would not have sent to you, but I know not what to do. I have prayed to God for help to keep me in the path of righteousness. You was sent to me, for I had no home; but for your kind help to me, for which you shall never have cause to regret doing. I wish I was nearer to you, so as to come to the meetings, but will always pray for God's help for myself and dear children."

The above is a fair sample of very many cases which are constantly occurring.

The case of J. A. is, perhaps, more striking than any example we have yet given. Though his father was a respectable engineer, and the family were otherwise respectable, the son who ought to have brought credit to his house fell into vicious courses, becoming in time a common thief. While he was thus hastening to destruction, he one day, about four years ago, looked in at Wild-street chapel, having at the time the proceeds of a recent robbery on his person. Impressed, however, by something that he heard, and having some desire to forsake evil courses, J. A. staid when the service was over to ask advice as

to getting employment. Seeming to be sincere in his professions, the penitent was taken in hand, he was set to wood-chopping, and to carrying advertisements about the streets. After this he obtained a situation in which he stopped eighteen months; meanwhile conducting himself so satisfactorily that he in some degree won back his lost character. Indeed, there it was so evident that divine grace had transformed the man's soul that a gentleman took him away from common business, so that he might be wholly engaged in the work of rescuing others, for whom Christ has died. This trophy of Messrs. Hatton and Wheatley's work is accordingly now engaged in a suburban parish in active service, concerning which he thus wrote in March, 1880:—

“Having a few minutes to spare, I now write to let you know how I am getting on. Thank God, he has given me favour in the eyes of the people, and I am received by all classes very kindly, and God has blessed, and is blessing, my feeble efforts to glorify his holy name. I often think, and look back to that night when first I beheld Christ as my sin bearer. Three years have rolled away, and more, since then, and when I think of the past, and what he has done for me, I often have to say his love to me was wonderful. I often think of you and our dear pastor, and your labours of love, and my heart's desire and prayer to God is that many more may be raised up by God to the glorious gospel of Christ. You may sometimes think that I have forgotten your many acts of kindness, but I have not. I have been to see you two or three times, but you have been out of the way; but I remember you at the throne of the heavenly grace. I have four meetings a week myself, besides a Bible-class at my own home. Last week I was at a meeting at the dear pastor's house, and it was a time of refreshing from the Lord. Now, may God bless you, is the prayer of yours in Christ,

“J. A.”

With such miracles as this to fall back upon, we hardly need any other evidences to prove the divine origin of Christianity.

We will conclude with a brief reference to a Sunday morning adventure in Covent Garden market, in which the above J. A. was concerned. Before eleven o'clock a.m. on each Sabbath the area in question is alive with buyers and sellers, and also with those whose object is to while away a leisure hour. It has been a custom with Mr. Hatton to hold short services on the ground; and on one occasion when J. A., the writer of the above letter, was giving an account of his own conversion, the singular narrative powerfully arrested the attention of a half-drunken thief named J., who had passed in prison more than a third part of the thirty-one years which composed his misspent life. Being deeply impressed, J. accompanied the preacher to a place where he was provided with a breakfast, and soon after he became as completely changed as J. A. himself. Then came the struggle of separating himself from old and profligate associates. These people had regarded J. as a sort of hero, they had shouted or cheered as the prison-van conveying him away had passed through St. Giles's, and they had listened for the “Good-bye” which had come from the interior of the gloomy vehicle. To tamely give up such a comrade was totally opposed to their principles; and so anxious were they to retain him in their midst, that the most demonstrative actually hung about the neck of the repentant thief

to hinder his entering Wild-street Chapel. Happily, all was of no avail; J. forsook his old ways, and obtaining a responsible situation in the warehouse of a wholesale stationer, he enjoys the confidence of his employers as well as the peace of God in his own soul.

These examples are given as illustrations of what may be done in the work of thief reclamation by those who are in earnest. So thoroughly does the grace of God accomplish the transformation, that pests of society are changed into useful citizens, and slaves of Satan become servants of God.

Twenty-six Years in Burmah.

THE empire of Burmah, which lies between India and Southern China, is just now brought into prominence by the frantic deeds of its mad king, Thebau, and the strained relations consequently subsisting with our Indian Government. Its extent has been considerably lessened during the last half century by conflicts with the British power in India; and although it still covers nearly two hundred thousand square miles; its population is less than four millions.

Christian missions in Burmah were commenced in 1807, under singular circumstances, by Carey and his heroic colleagues, at Serampore. Two missionaries, Messrs. Chater and Robinson, had come out from England, but were objected to by the East India Company, who disapproved of efforts to propagate Christianity in India. Mr. Chater was, therefore, sent on by the Serampore missionaries to Rangoon in Burmah, to establish a mission there; and in conjunction with Felix Carey accomplished the task before the end of the year. In due time they mastered the language, and made progress in translating the Scriptures and preparing a Burman Dictionary. Felix Carey's medical knowledge won for him a high place in the estimation of the natives; his linguistic attainments procured him the post of Government translator; and when the Rangoon Government showered honour upon him his redoubtable father thus gave vent to his feelings: "My son is shrivelled from a missionary to an ambassador."

In 1817 the mission was transferred to the American Board of Foreign Missions, and left in charge of Judson, who had three years previously fixed his residence in Rangoon, and whose immortal name will ever be associated in Christian memories with Burmah, the land for which he lived and died.

It is not of him, however, we are about to write. In 1844, six years before Judson finally left Burmah and, dying on the voyage, was laid to rest in his rough ocean bed between Burmah and Ceylon, a scarcely less notable man arrived from America to undertake the task of training up a native ministry amongst the Karens. This was Joseph Binney, whose life, admirably written by his widow, and published by the American Baptist Publication Society, would amply repay perusal by every youthful aspirant for the honours of self-sacrifice in Christ's service.

He was a man of firm purpose; prompt, decisive, self-reliant; a born disciplinarian and teacher; one of those men with whom to come into contact imparts a lifelong inspiration. Characteristic traits showed themselves in his boyhood. His father was in comfortable circumstances, but having signed his name as security for a considerable sum, on the customary assurance that there was not the slightest probability of his having to pay it, the improbable event took place, as might have been expected, and the family was plunged into poverty. Something must be done now. The eldest boy had already been sent to sea; the next, twelve years of age, was taken from school to seek employment; but Joseph was only ten years old, and so delicate that it was out of the

question to turn him to account. Not so, however, thought he. Next morning he sold his skates to a schoolfellow, and came home saying, "Here, mother dear, is a little market money; I have sold my skates." From that hour he felt himself a man. He found employment in a "clothing store," where his duty was to open the premises in winter at six o'clock, light the fire, sweep, and "go errands." Mr. Jenkins, the employer, suggested that he would not expect the pay of a larger boy; but the lad knew too well the exigencies of home. "If after trial, sir," was the answer, "I cannot do what you require, you will not want me; and if I *can*, and *do*, why should I not be paid for it just the same as if I were larger?" The master was convinced by his logic, and never had reason to regret it.

As a youth he attended the Park-street Congregational Church in Boston, and was a member of the choir, which was conducted by Lowell Mason. Under the earnest ministry of Dr. Griffin he became alarmed at his eternal prospects. For three weeks he was wholly engrossed with the question, "What must I do to be saved?" "The last of three nights," he says, "in which I feared to sleep a moment, I sat reading in the gospel of John the representation of Christ's love, and everything else was forgotten. Such love, in such a Being, for such sinners! I melted into tears, the first I had shed during the whole time, and adored the rich sovereign grace of God in providing such a Saviour for guilty men. Gradually another thought equally engrossed me—'Oh, that the heathen had this Bible! I forgot myself. I bowed down and pleaded with God to send the tidings of this love to the perishing heathen.'" Thus at the very moment of his conversion the key-note of his after life was struck. A month afterwards he became a member of Park-street church, and at the same time commenced a course of education with the design of becoming a foreign missionary. Said he, and the sentence is worthy of capital letters,—"**WHEN I WAS CONVERTED I RESOLVED NEVER TO ASK WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO, BUT WHAT THE LORD WOULD HAVE ME DO.**"

Though he was but twenty years of age he had already been two years in business for himself; but he gave up all for foreign missions, transferred the business to his father, and entered upon the necessary college studies. And now it was that his views changed upon the subject of baptism. Walking alone Bible in hand one day, the thought came home to him that he had never been "buried with Christ in baptism." He was distressed at his neglect of what seemed from the word of God so plainly the duty of all believers. The college debating club appointed him about the same time to prove the duty of Christian parents to consecrate their children to the Lord in baptism. He made such feeble fight that his opponent declared him unworthy of his steel; for he was obliged to admit "that he found nothing in the Bible for it, and hesitated to bring forward arguments that would suit Romanists as well." During the vacation he shut himself up with about twenty Pædobaptist authors to study the question through, and settle it once for all. "It was in vain. The Bible required me to be baptized"; and to that requirement he submitted.

Three years of intense application broke down his health, which was never robust; and, reluctantly compelled to relinquish the prospect of preaching Christ to the heathen, he settled down for eleven years in pastoral life, first at West Boylston, then at Southbridge, and afterwards at Savannah; in all which places he left the impress of an able and faithful ministry. A close student, and possessing a great power of analysis, he could open a subject before the people so that they saw it in every light. He covered but little ground in a single sermon, seizing rather upon one point and driving it home with all his might. But the secret of his power is revealed in words in which he refers to an illness during his first pastorate that brought him to the confines of the eternal world. "Then my ministry came up before me; I saw it all; I could say from my heart, 'I have preached the truth'; but I saw that I had done it under a mistaken view of my duty and my responsibility. I had thought it was my duty to unfold the truth, to lay it before my hearers and leave it there. It

was their business, not mine, to apply it. I saw how utterly inadequate and mistaken was this view. I was not ready to go to my account; and I made a vow that should it please God to spare my life I would bring the truth home to the hearts and consciences of men. I was spared, and the first thing I did was to burn all my sermons, and to begin anew with this distinct purpose."

During these years he awakened great interest in the monthly prayer-meetings for foreign missions; the reputation of which drew large audiences, and a collection was always made at the close. In the Savannah church he increased the yearly contribution to foreign missions from ten dollars to a thousand. A characteristic story is told which may usefully stimulate consciences giving to God's cause.

In collecting for home or foreign missions Mr. Binney was accustomed to head the list with such a sum as he thought the Lord required of him, and as he himself was willing to take from men of similar pecuniary ability. At one time a leading member put down his name under the pastor's with the same sum annexed.

"Why is this, brother C——?" said Mr. Binney. "Do you think I have given too much?"

"Oh, no! I do not judge for you, and I suppose you will not wish to judge for me."

"No: I must leave it with your own conscience; but unless you add a cipher to that sum I shall have to make a new book. You can afford to give more than ten times the sum that I can, and you will be so judged. Your example will be bad. I will make a new book, and take your name later."

Some days afterwards brother C—— came to him saying, "My wife thinks I should double that subscription for foreign missions, and I will hand you the money now."

"Wait a little, brother C——, I want a few names first; and if you are asking the Lord as well as your wife about it, I can afford to wait."

Not many days later his name stood under the pastor's with the cipher annexed, and with emotion he said, "I believe I shall pray more for the heathen now I have made a little investment in the enterprise myself."

The warm climate of Savannah improved his health; and when he had spent six weeks there, one lovely afternoon in January, 1843, such a January day as few cities but Savannah ever witness, Mrs. Binney sat at an open window of her husband's study looking for his return from some pastoral duties. When he came into view, instead of his usual elastic step he was walking slowly and abstractedly towards his home. Failing to receive the usual recognition at the window, she hastened to meet him at the door, when an open letter was put into her hand. She glanced at its contents, and then husband and wife knelt together in the study. It was an invitation from the American Board of Foreign Missions to become their agent in training up a native ministry among the Karens of Burmah. To the grief of his people he accepted the call. "You know," said he, "with what plainness I have ever preached to you the gospel. I have kept back nothing which I deemed for your good, the Bible being my guide. I have not sought your praise or pleasure, but your welfare, your piety, your usefulness. I have often and earnestly presented to you the requisition of God for self-denial, and the right use of your property; and should I now cleave to the many comforts around me, would not the mind very naturally misinterpret the act? Would not some eventually conclude it far easier to preach than to practise, and even justly say, 'It always appears his duty to take good care of himself'? Could I after that preach as I have hitherto done? Should you retain me I am confident that you would have only a Jonah, whom you would soon seek to cast into the sea." To his strong conviction of duty, and to the reasons he gave for his decision in a long and masterly paper, which he laid before the church, the members were constrained to yield, and he gave up his comfortable home, his salary of two thousand five hundred dollars, his friends, his large church,

his honourable field of labour, to go at the command of the Lord and preach Christ to the heathen. Early in his pastoral life he had married the sister of Dr. Pattison, a lady who proved a true helper in all his work, and who lived to write the history of his career.

A stormy and comfortless voyage of nearly five months brought him to Maulmain, in Burmah, on the 6th of April, 1814. "We left the boat," he says, "and went on shore, where our missionary brethren awaited our arrival. I knew Brother Judson at sight. One thing strikes me with great force on entering this heathen land; namely—the well regulated families of our missionary brethren. The children conduct themselves with the greatest propriety and refinement. Many of our ministers at home might, with profit to their families, take a lesson here. But the natives: alas! everything tells me where I am. The adults are generally more than half naked, and many of the children quite so." On the following day, the Lord's-day, they attended service at the Burmese chapel. Judson conducted the services in Burmese. "His style of preaching," says Mr. Binney, "though simple, is very forcible. Though I could not understand a word spoken, yet I entered heartily into its spirit. He was evidently contrasting the future condition of the righteous with the wicked, and I thought he must be discoursing upon the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; and so he was, as he afterwards told me. It was an affecting sight to see so many of that people eagerly listening to the words of eternal life. About eighty persons present."

Mr. Binney immediately plunged with all his ardour into the learning of the language. Some of the missionaries remonstrated, told him that in this climate of Burmah he was killing himself, and that if he was merciless to himself, he ought not to kill Mrs. Binney too. She must be allowed to take the study of the language in more leisurely style. To which Mr. Binney responded that nothing would please him better than to prevail upon his wife to take it easily, and leave him to go on by himself.

The next day, as the two were studying the language together, Dr. Judson dropped in. "Well, well," he exclaimed, "this is pleasant; it reminds me of the days when Ann and I sat together day after day with our moonshee, with no more facilities for acquiring the Burmese than you have for acquiring the Karen. Ann was able to talk with the people sooner than I, and I dare say Mrs. Binney will be talking Karen much sooner than you. Those were happy days when we were so learning the language together."

Mrs. Binney caught at the encouragement, and said, "Yes, Dr. Judson, we think so, too; but it seems to be decided that these happy days are to come to an end at once. My husband feels that he dare not permit them to go on longer. Friends are all protesting, and think I should follow on slowly as I am able."

"Yes, I understand it; if you had a very steep hill to climb, which Brother Binney did not find difficult, but which you did, he must not think of giving you his arm to help you up, but should say, 'My dear, this is a very steep hill, I fear you will not be able to reach the top in a long time, if ever; good bye, my dear!'"

All joined in a hearty laugh, and nothing more was ever said on the subject, nor was Mrs. Binney left to clamber up the rugged hill alone.

After seven months they left Maulmain for a Christian village in the jungle, to separate themselves from English communication, and acquire perforce a free use of the Karen language. The option now was, not between Karen and English, but between Karen and silence. Mrs. Binney was, as Judson predicted, the freest in this talk with the natives. She started a little school, and with the help of the children and domestics was soon speaking fluently. But Mr. Binney for some days was almost silent. He would read a chapter, give out the hymns, and lead the singing in Karen, but he left the praying and preaching to the native pastor. Dr. Judson had told him he would not be able to preach in Burman for two years, and this was only the eighth month. But

one evening Mr. Binney went into the desk and said, Let us pray. And he did pray, with a freedom and earnestness that carried all with him. After the prayer, he read part of a chapter from one of the gospels, and, as he read, explained in a simple and earnest way the word of Jesus. Mrs. Binney became alarmed, and slipped out of the chapel, lest she should witness his break down. Recovering her senses, she presently returned, and stayed to the end of the service, which lasted forty minutes. The natives gathered round delighted. There was no farther difficulty; the ice was now fairly broken; and their Burman career lay open before them.

Of that work we must endeavour to give a summary view. After one year of close application to the language, preaching, however, nearly every Lord's-day in English, he commenced his school in Maulmain. Thirteen native preachers formed his first class. These were taught arithmetic, geography, astronomy, a little natural philosophy, and anything else he found time to teach, and deemed necessary to the enlargement of their minds and to their better understanding of the character of God. The Bible was taught systematically and connectedly and gone over in a three or four years' course.

He usually rose at five o'clock, took a hasty cup of tea with dry toast, and by the ringing of a gong summoned his pupils for an hour or two of physical exercise in draining and levelling the large compound, making roads, planting hedges, trees, and flowering shrubs. These were merry times, and the shouting and laughter told how, while an unsightly jungle was being made attractive, health and cheerfulness were promoted. After breakfast all assembled to prepare their lessons in the school-room. From nine to twelve, and from one to four, he gave to teaching. Then came another hour of outdoor work, and at early lamplight an hour was spent in worship. He usually employed two hours after tea in preparation for next day, or in personal conversation with his pupils. In addition to this their wives and children had to be cared for in sickness and in health, all accounts kept, and correspondence conducted, so that his position was no insecure.

Side by side with this theological school, conducted by her husband, Mrs. Binney carried on a school for children, numbering thirty scholars. Her first scholar was a boy named Gnabpoo, who became connected with them through a buffalo adventure in the jungle. Mr. and Mrs. Binney had gone out one evening alone to have a chat together without interruption. They had walked half an hour along the river, when they perceived the huge head of a domestic buffalo emerging from the water at some distance. Its glaring eyeballs, distended nostrils, and fierce attitude, struck them with fear, when they recollected that these animals are the mortal enemies of the European race, and as much to be dreaded as tigers. They walked slowly backward, Mr. Binney calling at the top of his voice for help. The animal was gaining on them, and Mr. Binney urged his wife to run for her life, while he remained "facing the foe," when a child's voice was heard—"Stand still, teacher! Stand still, mamma!" In another instant a little figure darted past them, caught the buffalo by the string in the nose, and, turning its head about, shouted, "Now, now, run fast." From that time Gnabpoo was almost as their own child. He followed Mrs. Binney about like her shadow. He had already been impressed by her reading, in a very imperfect manner, one of Todd's "Lectures to Children," translated by Mrs. Vinton, a missionary's wife. He lived to be a rich blessing to his people as a preacher of the gospel.

So six years passed away, useful years, yet not of unmingled happiness. Difference of opinion arose between Mr. Binney and some of his brother missionaries concerning the provision that should be made for educating the native preachers; they maintaining that there should be a theological school at each station, which of course would have taken the missionary there from the work of preaching to the heathen; he considering (and, we think, rightly) that such an amount of labour and funds ought not to be spent on so small a number of converts while there was so little preaching to the heathen, but that the

teaching power should be economised and concentrated in one theological school, to which all the native preachers should resort. The Board at home, too, crippled by the scanty pecuniary support received from the churches, were continually ordering further retrenchment. Mr. Binney mournfully wrote home : " The operations of the Karen mission have been so trammelled that the work had ceased to progress ; many retrograde steps are already taken : your mission as a whole is fast sinking ; and the course now being pursued must inevitably ruin it unless God in his sovereign pleasure does for it what we have no right to anticipate."

With all these discouragements he had abundant evidence that the Lord was blessing his work, nor had he the most distant thought of leaving it till called higher. But unexpectedly the physician urged the necessity of his taking his wife home without delay ; the brethren of the mission united in the request ; and Dr. Judson, then very ill, and himself about to embark for the Isle of Bourbon, which he never reached, advised him not to wait till it was too late. There was no time for delay. The rainy season was at hand. Mr. Binney made the necessary arrangements for the carrying on of both his own theological school and his wife's normal school, and set sail for America in 1850, just six years after their landing in Burma. Judson, meanwhile, had also sailed, and been laid in his great ocean grave.

Nine years passed away in America, years busily occupied with pastoral and other work in various places. The Columbian College at Washington conferred on Mr. Binney the degree of D.D., and afterwards appointed him its president. But he was wanted in Burma. His brethren there wrote begging for his return. Influential Americans offered to send him out independently of the missionary board, and Dr. Binney finally consented to leave his delightful home in Washington and return to Burma. It was ultimately arranged, however, that he should go in connection with the Union. He went by way of Calcutta, and in that city met the great missionary of the Free Church of Scotland, Dr. Duff, who had just returned from a visit to the Burman missions. Dr. Duff had a painful surprise in store for him. " Brother Binney," said he, " I cannot tell you how my heart has been burdened for you. I know the whole history of your movement, of your work, your present sacrifice, and the motives which have led you to make it ; but it is, I fear, a vain oblation. You will not be received in Burma." Here was a melancholy prospect ! What was the cause of this change of summer into winter ? The missionaries had begged him to come ; why blow this chill blast upon him now ? The truth was the missionaries were dissatisfied with their relation to the American board ; they thought themselves looked upon rather as servants than as brethren. Dr. Binney had always striven to dispel this feeling, but it had been increased by the sending out of a " deputation " to inspect the missions during his absence in America : and now that he was coming out, not independently, as they had hoped, but in connection with the Union, a cold reception awaited him. Under these circumstances what did he do ? He settled immediately down to work ; declined to discuss the matter with the brethren, on the principle that, least said is soonest mended ; and before long he had lived down the opposition. The school was now at Kemendine, near Rangoon, to which town the headquarters of the Karen mission had been transferred from Maulmain ; and it grew beyond expectation ; and as the financial support from America was inadequate to the demands of the work, Dr. Binney devoted to it the proceeds of extra work which he undertook as pastor of an English church composed of pious military officers and merchants in Rangoon, who had been accustomed to have regular preaching by missionaries without recompense, but who were candidly told by Dr. Binney that he would preach to the poor for nothing, but neither the Bible nor reason required him to do so for rich professing Christians when he needed the money for the mission. And so he manfully went on making bricks and gathering his own straw.

He was the pioneer of education amongst the Karens. He prepared works

on systematic theology, on sermonizing, and on mental and moral philosophy in the Karen tongue, as well as other educational text-books; and during the latter part of his life at Rangoon, gave much time and labour to the establishment of the Rangoon Baptist College, for the education of Karen youth, irrespective of their future calling, deeming it as important for the welfare of the Karen nation that it should possess intelligent and prosperous business men as that it should have preachers of the gospel. Smitten down at last by paralysis, he came home in 1876, bidding, it was believed, a final farewell to his work. But with the first symptoms of recovery his heart returned to Burmah. His brethren there wrote that, if he could come back and carry his books through the press, and give one hour a day to the senior class, he would accomplish what no other man could do. The enfeebled hero offered to go back, and the Union, "inspired with the sincerest love and veneration for him," made the necessary vote for his return. He set sail in 1877 with his wife, but was destined never to see again the shores of Burmah. He died on the voyage, and, like his great friend Judson, was buried in the Indian Ocean. Very beautiful are the reflections of his widow: "The ocean does not seem hard and cruel that it has swallowed up his remains, but rather, like a great, loving friend, has opened her kind arms to receive my treasure, which she will safely keep until called upon to 'give up her dead,' when she will promptly obey the summons. We committed him tenderly to the Indian Ocean, whose waters lave the land of his adoption, and mingle with those that wash the shores of the land of his birth, and of the whole world. It is fit that he, whose sympathies and prayers and labours were for the universal brotherhood of man, should be thus buried. When I arose this morning, instead of shrinking from looking out upon a vast and dreary waste of waters, as I might have done, I looked from the window of my desolate cabin upon the grand old ocean, with a yearning tenderness and calm such as I never had felt before. There was no display at his burial. I had him suitably dressed; his noble presence commanded respect as it had in life. They covered him with the British flag, expressing regret that there was no American flag on board to add to it. After seven hours the ship's bell tolled, and all on board assembled on the deck. The first and last two verses of that beautiful hymn, 'Servant of God, well done,' were sung. Brother Harris read a few passages of Scripture from the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians and the twenty-first of Revelation, and engaged in prayer. The ship was then stopped awhile; the officers lowered the body gently down; and after a few moments' solemn pause, the ship went on her way."

Judson lies in the Indian Ocean, to the east of Ceylon; Binney to the west. The old ocean that has received their remains to her bosom is ready to convey their successors in heroism to the benighted shores that need them. Are there not many devoted youths in England and America whose spirits, touched by the influence of God, and moved by the destitution of the heathen, prompt them to emulate in self-sacrifice and consecration to Christ the heroes of the past? "I have heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."

Proper Effects of Age.

IN our Christian course, it is but too generally and too truly observed, that as we grow older we grow colder; we become more slack, remiss, and weary in well doing. The reverse ought to be the case, for the reason assigned by the apostle when stirring up his converts to vigour and zeal and alacrity: he says, "For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." In a race, the push is made at last.—From Bishop Horne's *Aphorisms and Opinions*.

Our Evangelists: Messrs. Fullerton and Smith.

THE WORK AT SHEFFIELD.

BY A VISITOR.

HAVING an opportunity of spending a day or two in Sheffield, I timed my visit so as to be present at the All-day Evangelistic Conference held by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith on Monday, July 11th, and also to attend the services on the two preceding days.

It was an unspeakable joy to me to find so many earnest Christians banded together to carry on the work, and I could not fail to notice that all the ministers were to the front, with but one or two exceptions. This is as it should be, for it is a calamity to be deplored for evangelists to labour without sympathy and co-operation, and for the people, who are gathered, to be left "as sheep without a shepherd." For ministers and representatives of existing churches to look askance at special services by well-chosen evangelists, is a policy difficult to explain, for they lose a splendid opportunity of quickening their own spiritual life, and of augmenting their local usefulness. In Sheffield the churches cannot fail to profit by the present awakening, and the converts will be saved from the temptation to hold aloof from Christian fellowship. Messrs. Fullerton and Smith have always desired and sought the earnest co-operation of their ministerial brethren, in order to consolidate their work, and to secure the pastoral oversight of those who are brought to a knowledge of the truth at their services. The spirit which they exhibit and the methods which they adopt are such as to secure for them hearty confidence and generous support. They are the auxiliaries of existing churches, and not the rivals of honoured brethren in the ministry.

On Saturday afternoon I attended the service for children in the Albert Hall, a building capable of holding at least 3,000 people. I was greatly pleased with the appearance and conduct of the children. They were evidently interested in the proceedings, and listened to the address of Mr. Smith with an attention which never flagged. The singing was most enthusiastic, and was led and sustained by Mr. Smith's silver cornet. Mr. Charlesworth, of London, also gave a brief address illustrating and enforcing the lessons touched upon by Mr. Smith.

In the evening a Song Service, entitled, "The Fold and the Flock," was given at the Circus, to an audience numbering about three thousand. Mr. Smith and Mr. Chamberlain, from London, rendered the solos, and an efficient choir gave the anthems and choruses. The addresses by Mr. Fullerton were in the racy style which he has made his own, and which gives point to his appeals, and makes the truths he advances both strike and stick. During the whole of the Sheffield campaign, Mr. Fullerton has given a Song Service every Saturday evening, when the attendance of working men can be secured. Besides drawing them from the public-house, or the streets, he is thus enabled to bring them under the sound of the gospel; for the Song Service is simply a sermon broken up, and the points illustrated and enforced by music. As an entertainment it is sufficiently attractive to be popular, and we commend the expedient to those who are anxious to reach the people.

On Sunday morning the evangelists and their friends from London were thus distributed:—Mr. Fullerton preached at the Glossop-road Baptist Chapel; Mr. Smith at the Howard-street Congregational Chapel; Mr. Charlesworth at Zion Chapel, Attercliff; and Mr. Chamberlain at Townedge-street Baptist Chapel. Of the 2,000 who turned out for the seven o'clock prayer-meeting, many were present at the services.

The afternoon meeting surpassed anything I had previously witnessed. At three o'clock the Albert Hall was crowded to the doors by men only. The sight was unique. This service was conducted by Mr. Smith and Mr. Charlesworth, who in their addresses held their audience spellbound, and moved hundreds of

them to tears. Again and again a wave of emotion passed over the entire company, and broke in ripples of joy upon the countenance. Those who took part in the service said it was a scene never to be forgotten, and we record it to the praise of our wonder-working God.

At the same hour a similar meeting was being conducted for women by Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Chamberlain, in the circus, with like results. There will be a rich harvest from the seed sowing of these special services.

The day was fitly closed by a united meeting in the circus at half-past seven o'clock. Every available inch of space was occupied in the vast building, and all who took part in the meeting seemed to have a special endowment for the occasion. Mr. Fullerton was at his best in the address, and Messrs. Smith and Chamberlain never sang with greater effect. In spite of the inconvenience caused by overcrowding on a hot July evening, all remained to the close, and about one-half kept their seats for the prayer-meeting. Here, again, we witnessed a scene which will never be effaced from the memory. After a brief address to the anxious from Mr. Charlesworth, in which he described a scene which took place at an enquiry meeting at the Tabernacle, the whole congregation bowed for prayer, the solemn stillness being broken only by the sobs of the anxious, and the utterance of the brief prayer from various parts of the building—"Lord, save me." Verily, "the power of the Lord was present to heal," and many will have to bless God through all eternity for that meeting.

When the evangelists first proposed to hold an all-day Conference in so large a building as the Albert Hall many thought them imprudent, and prophesied that failure would be the only reward of their anxiety and efforts. Such fears were only suggested to be dismissed. Accordingly, at ten o'clock, when the first meeting began, there were nearly a thousand persons present, and, as the morning wore to noon, others dropped in, and the building was filled, with the exception of the second gallery. Many gladly paid sixpence for reserved seats in the first gallery, to assist in defraying the expenses. All sections of the Christian church were represented, and a more devout audience never assembled for serious conference on "things touching the King." Mr. Fullerton presided, and opened the meeting with prayer and a brief address, enjoining the duty and importance of both lengthening the cords and strengthening the stakes. Expansion and consolidation were the demands of the hour, in view of the crying need around us. The second address was given by Mr. Charlesworth, who dwelt upon the necessity and privilege of taking the yoke of Christ, and, in fellowship with him, living the life of obedience, dependence, and consecration. Every point in the address seemed to tell with power, especially when he took a bouquet from the table and pointed out the lessons which the Saviour intended when he bade his disciples "Consider the lilies." In meek submission to the will of God, the flower lived its life of dependence upon the genial influence of sun and shower, and spent itself to make the wayside beautiful and to gladden the heart of man. The Rev. J. Clarkson, of Birmingham, was the last speaker, and urged believers to realize the threefold relationship in which we stand to Christ, as disciples, as members of his household, and as servants. The intervals were appropriately occupied with prayer and praise, as was also the last hour of the sitting. We all felt that it had been a time of divine visitation, and we went our way to luncheon with glad and grateful hearts.

At three o'clock the Hall was again well filled. Mr. C. Spurgeon, of Greenwich, spoke on Battling and Building, and gave expression to many important lessons for the direction and encouragement of workers. He was quite at home with his audience, and won golden opinions from all as a worthy son of a worthy sire. A second address was given by Mr. Clarkson, marked by quiet power, which all felt. Mr. Fullerton displayed his usual tact in the conduct of the meeting, and by the prayer and singing preserved a gracious unity throughout. We were glad to notice that the position he occupied had the hearty approval of the leading Nonconformist ministers of the town.

A third meeting assembled at seven o'clock, which for interest and power equalled, if it did not surpass, the other two. The same speakers took part, and their themes were as ably handled as they were wisely chosen. At one point of his address Mr. Charlesworth assumed the presence of a sceptic, who had come asking the question, "Has the power of Christ to save, of which we hear so much, ever been attested by competent and credible witnesses?" Turning to the platform, which was crowded with well-known ministers and townsmen, Mr. Charlesworth addressed to them the question, "Is Jesus Christ able to save?" and he received an emphatic answer, "Yes." Then, appealing to the audience, he asked the same question, and from all parts of the building there came a general response in affirmation which must have convinced any honest doubter. Mr. C. Spurgeon beautifully enforced the lessons of the text, "to preach deliverance to the captives;" and many, we trust, entered into "the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free."

It was the common remark of all with whom we conversed that the meetings have never had a parallel in the history of the town. Spiritual life has been quickened, and the people of God have been aroused to put forth aggressive efforts; many a poor wanderer has been restored, and hundreds have professed to find joy and peace in believing.

[It is a great joy to us to receive such good tidings of the Lord's doings in Sheffield by our beloved evangelists, and we are set a longing to see greater things. They are soon coming to London for several months. Will not the ministers unite with them? Will our readers join us in the prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work!"—ED.]

Notices of Books.

"THE SCHOLARSHIP OF THE DAY"—"THE BEST RESULTS OF DEVOUT ENQUIRY."

THE words prefixed occur in a prefatory note to the first of a set of *Bible-class Primers*, edited by Professor Salmond, of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, published by Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh. "This series," we are told, "is intended to provide text-books abreast of the scholarship of the day. . . . No effort shall be spared to make the Primers attractive in style, and thoroughly up to date, so that youthful learners, in their earliest studies in God's word, may have the benefit of the results of devout enquiry." The first of the series is "The Life of David," by the late Rev. Peter Thomson, M.A., of St. Fergus. We make no remark on this little work, either laudatory or otherwise, but present to the reader, especially to those who are teachers of Bible classes, a comparison, in parallel columns, of the statements in the only document from which any life of David could be compiled, on the one hand, and of the corresponding statements in "The Life of David" on the other. The italics are our own, and are supplied in order to facilitate comparison, and show what "devout enquiry" means.

1 Samuel.

Rejection of Saul.

Ch. xv. 10. Then came the word of the Lord unto Samuel, saying, It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king: for he is turned back from following me, and hath not performed my commandments. And it grieved

"The Life of David."

§ 4, p. 11. And Saul had not been many years on the throne, when the old prophet *who chose and appointed him,* *jealously watching* his behaviour, perceived that his conduct was guided more by selfish and worldly policy than

* 1 Samuel ix. 15, 16. "Now the Lord had told Samuel in his ear a day before Saul came, saying, To-morrow about this time I will send thee a man . . . and thou shalt anoint him to be captain over my people."

Samuel; and he cried unto the Lord all night.

xvi. 1. And the Lord said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing *I have rejected him*?

Anointing of David.

xvi. 7. But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because *I have refused him*: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

8. Neither hath the Lord chosen this. [See verses 9, 10.]

12. And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he.

13. And the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward.

14. But the Spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him.

Combat with Goliath.

xvii. 45. Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but *I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied . . . that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.*

49. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in the forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

David's distress at Ziklag.

xxx. 6. And David was greatly distressed, for the people spoke of stoning him, because the soul of all the people was grieved, every man for his sons and for his daughters; but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God.

2 Samuel.

xii. 1. And the Lord sent Nathan unto David.

v. 7. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel.

by strict uprightness and stern loyalty to Jehovah.

§ 4, p. 11. But the monitor within soon rejected him, and all the other six.

§ 4, p. 12. On David being sent for, however, he at once recognized him as the chosen one, and poured on him the anointing oil.

It was noted that the behaviour of David from that time gained in genius, and in power of all kinds, secular and religious—gained in all the marks of true godlike character, while Saul as conspicuously retrograded and declined.

§ 6, p. 13. Saul at first equipped him in his own heavy armour, but this only burdened and clogged his movements, and he preferred to attack the giant with his shepherd's weapons, a club and a sling. His stone, discharged with well-trained aim, sunk into the Philistine's forehead and stunned him.

§ 24, page 32. His followers were totally unmanned by this unexpected calamity, and spoke of stoning their leader to death; but *David's courage never left him.*

Nathan and David.

§ 47, p. 56. The king kept up the appearance of innocence: but the prophet Nathan, with true inspiration, saw that such concealment was but cherishing the deadly leprosy in the heart of the nation. . . . He then boldly declared that David himself was the wealthy self-seeker.

Sister Edith's Probation, and other stories. By E. CONDER GRAY. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

WE consider that the first story, though it seems to describe the faults of convent life, is calculated to lead young girls in that direction. There is nothing about it sufficiently striking or instructive to justify its publication. The second tale is good, but the third is a poor affair. Taking the book as a whole, we do not advise our readers to spend their money upon it.

Agnes and the Little Key: or, Bereaved Parents Instructed and Comforted. By her Father. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS reprint of a little American book is as unlike in plan and style to the usual run of books for mourners as could well be imagined. It is full of sparkle and surprises. Miss Marsh, in a beautifully-written preface, highly commends it to those who are feeling one of the keenest of sorrows. We doubt not that its perusal will cause many a bereaved mother to smile amid her tears, and say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." There are in one little narrative some silly things said about baby baptism by a poor couple who have lost a little one; but this we must expect so long as their betters know and teach them no better.

Owen's Hobby; or Strength in Weakness. By ELMER BURLEIGH. Nelson and Sons.

THREE competent judges of temperance literature recommended the publication of this tale, and we cordially endorse their verdict. Story-readers who begin the book will be obliged to finish it, for it grows in interest until the happy *finale* is reached. Being a temperance prize tale the mischief wrought by strong drink is faithfully depicted, and the benefits of total abstinence and true religion clearly described. We hope that some who are, perhaps unconsciously, descending the road that leads to drunkenness and eternal ruin will be induced by the reading of this book to make a halt in their downward career, to turn from their evil ways, mount old "Owen's Hobby," and ride to happiness and everlasting life.

Jubilee Hull; or, *There's no place like home*. By the Hon. Mrs. GREENE. Nelson and Sons.

A FASCINATING book, but one which we had rather *not* give to a boy. It contains quite enough boyish slang; but its main fault lies in describing a mischievous young monkey without giving him the due reward of his deeds. The hero of the story is about as bad a fellow as one could find in a day's march; but instead of having Solomon's remedy applied to him, as he richly deserved, the creature is coddled and cosseted. We feel quite disappointed that the tree of knowledge was not brought in contact with his extremities, and we cannot commend a story in which parents act so unkindly.

The Exiles of Sulzburg, and other Stories. Translated from the German of GUSTAV NIERITZ, by Mrs. L. H. KERR. Religious Tract Society.

THREE such thrilling stories are seldom found between the covers of a book of two hundred and fifty pages; they are very diverse, but each will tempt the younger readers to forget that they have lessons to prepare for school for the morrow, or to take the book upstairs and be up before the sun to learn how it fared with the Exiles, or with Frederick the Great's Tall Soldier. The book is well written, well printed and illustrated, and will become a favourite, especially with the young folk.

The Wise Man of Wittlebury: or "Charity begins at Home." By Mrs. PROSSER. Religious Tract Society.

A LIVELY little story of a selfish and self-satisfied village Solomon learning the lesson that he was a fool.

Short Sermons: for Family Reading, and other like purposes. Second Series. By the Rev. FRANCIS BOURDILLON, M.A. Hatchards.

THESE sermons are certainly plain and simple, but we cannot say that they are striking or suggestive. We have met with Mr. Bourdillon in much better form than in these discourses. He is always deeply gracious and evangelical, and our esteem for him is very great; but in these brief sermonettes he has no room for his wings, and scarcely space for that sweetness of style which is so characteristic of him.

All for Christ: Christ for all. Illustrated by the life and labours of Wm. M. Bailey. By F. W. BOURNE. Bible Christian Book Room, 26, Paternoster Row.

THE life of an eccentric and useful preacher among the Bible Christians. Some of his curious modes of action would not commend themselves to every man. Preaching, for example, on the text, "The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" he cried out, "Will the liar be able to stand? Will the swearer, the sabbath-breaker, the thief, the adulterer, the murderer be able to stand?" Then, suddenly fixing his eyes on some one in the congregation, he exclaimed, "Thomas ———, will you be able to stand?" One would scarcely decide that the very best way of accosting a man in a lonely road on a dark night is to go up to him, as Mr. Bailey did, and shout, "I am a robber. I have been on the road forty years." He added, in a lower tone, "But I only want to rob the devil of your soul. I should like to do that to-night." On another occasion he met a poor navy, very wet, heavily loaded with his tools, and roared out, "Make haste and repent; or the devil will have you for ever." The poor man stood as if thunderstruck, and Mr. Bailey moved on, with the silent prayer that the arrow might be driven home by the Spirit's power. Curious instances, these, of wayside seed-sowing; but the heart that dictated such grotesque modes of usefulness glowed with a true love of souls and of the Saviour. The book treats of one who was all alive in the work of God; and none can read it without profit.

Miller Manning; or, a Story of Cornwall Life. By MATTHEW FORESTER. Bible Christian Book Room, 26, Paternoster Row.

A LIVELY little book concerning one of those original characters, to the growth of which the soil of Cornwall appears to be specially adapted. This Miller was a Methodist local preacher, possessing in equal combination shrewd common sense and Christian zeal. Here is one of the miller's good stories. "Ah,

many years it is since I used to go to church. It was when old Hezekiah Tournouth was clerk. You can remember Hezek? Good-natured old man as ever lived. Didn't he and Parson B. like their cups? D'ee mind old Becky Noil up at the 'Rising Sun'? And how the parson would insist upon it that Becky should come to confirmation; and how he tried to put her through her catechism in his parlour in the presence of my Lord Bishop! And when he said, 'What is thy name?' she thought he was having a bit of fun, and said, 'Now, Measter, now.' Again he said, 'What is thy name?' And again Becky said, 'Now, Measter, now: so you say: when so many times, only last Saturday, you said, "*Rebecca*, fill the glass again!"' Then the bishop, seeing that the parson was confounded, said, 'Oh, I see—she's weak:' meaning that her intellect was: but Becky said, 'Yes, sure; and yer honour would be weak too if you'd had the stomach complaint so long as I have.'" Though not equal to "*Dan'l Quorm*," this is a racy book, and will furnish abundant delight and profit to its readers.

Monaco and its Gaming Tables. By JOHN POLSON. Elliot Stock.

THIS pamphlet should be widely scattered. The more the enormous evils of Monaco are exposed, the more hope we shall have of closing its all-devouring mouth. If ever upon earth there was an open door to hell it is at the gambling table of Monte Carlo. If instead of conquering Tunis the French Republic had suppressed Monaco it would have gained a far greater victory.

Lilian Mortimer. A Story of Ritualism in the Present Day. By FRANCES M. SAVILL. J. Snow and Co.

AN earnest little story, showing the insidious advances of ritualism in the Establishment, and the tactics pursued by mongrel Papists in the propagation of their errors. Wherever the leprosy of sacerdotalism is rampant may this book go, and may many be forewarned, and thus forearmed. It is capitally written.

Family Fortunes. A Domestic Story.
By EDWARD GARRETT. Nelson and Sons.

THE name of the author is in this case quite enough to assure the reader that a notable treat is before him. Old Barbie, brimming over with her proverbial talk, is a wonderful creation, and quite lively enough to save the rest of the story if it had been dull, which it certainly is not. Since people will read fiction, we rejoice that there should be such pure, fresh, inspiring narratives prepared for them. The book is good, thoroughly good, every bit of it.

The Adventures of Wouldn't-say-Wee.
By Nasr-Ed-Din Sparrow, R.A.
Edited by F. E. Tylcoat. Partridge and Co.

THIS little book is one of the sweetest pleas on behalf of birds that ever it was our pleasure to read. Miss Tylcoat has learned to translate the sparrow chirps into a delightful volume, which our young folks will read to the end. Mothers and fathers of England, do you want your children to love the sparrows? This little book which the Partridge (of Paternoster Row) has published will compel them to do so.

History of Good Dog Fanny and Tuft the Canary. With other Stories, all true. By Mrs. GASKELL. Nelson and Sons.

BEAUTIFUL type, excellent paper, and attractive stories, and all to teach our young folks kindness to dumb animals. Here is one of the stories. It seems as hard to keep dogs out of church as it is to get their masters in. "Turp was determined to go to church with us every Sunday morning. We always rowed in a boat across the river to a little church which stood nearly opposite to our house, about a mile from the bank. Turp used to hide himself under the laurel bushes on our side of the river, and when we were just pushing off the boat he would give a spring and jump right into the midst of us. Then he trotted after us to church, where we sat in a large square pew close to the pulpit. He used to lie quite still under the seat all the time during the prayers and the singing; but when our old friend the rector got up into the pulpit Turp in a

moment jumped upon the seat in our pew, and, sitting bolt upright, stared at the rector with the greatest gravity whilst he gave out his text, and seemed to listen to the sermon as if he quite knew all about it. This put the rector out very much, and he said to my father, 'I wish you could keep that dog of yours at home, for he almost makes me laugh: he stares so hard and looks so wise when I begin to preach.'

"Of course, we now took care to shut up Mr. Turp in the stables every Sunday morning. But in two or three weeks he was missed on the Saturday night. We called and whistled in vain. The men looked all about the buildings, but no Turp was to be seen, until Sunday morning, when just as we pushed off from the shore he came with his usual bounce right into the middle of the boat. My father was very cross, and vowed he should be chained up; and the next time he went to town he bought a nice light chain on purpose.

"So the next Sunday we crossed the river in peace, and walking to church sat quietly in our places in our pew. It was a very hot summer's day, and the church doors were left wide open for air. We were all knelt down in the middle of the litany when we heard something coming pitter-patter, click-clack up the aisle of the church. Then there was a terrible bounce, and Turp, with a shower of water and wet sand, lighted right in the middle of us, wetting us all over, and shaking himself dry, making a dreadful mess on the carpet and us too.

"He had broken his chain and had swam across the river, rolled himself well in the sand, and then followed us to church in good time to hear the sermon. My father seized hold of the chain and led Turp into the churchyard. Here he found the poor dog had rubbed all the skin off his neck with tugging to break his chain, so he had not the heart to whip him; and the rector being quite sorry that Turp had hurt himself so much, said we must in future let him come quietly with us, and try to keep him from jumping on the seat when he began to preach. This we did with some trouble, and Turp ever after always went to church with the rest of the family."

The English Baptists, who they are, and what they have done. Being eight Lectures, Historical and Descriptive, given by General Baptist Ministers in London during the past winter. Edited by JOHN CLIFFORD, M.A., LL.B. E. Marlborough and Co.

EIGHT lectures which ought to be read by every Baptist in the world, and distributed far and wide. The General Baptist ministers of London are not many, and it is all the more to their honour that they should have produced such a volume. Our friend, Dr. Clifford, speaks too generously of C. H. Spurgeon, otherwise we have no fault to find. If this volume does not largely promote the growth of Baptist principles the fault will lay with those who refrain from purchasing and circulating it. All the world knows that C. H. S. is not a General Baptist, but he nevertheless most heartily commends this effort of General Baptist brethren, and wishes God-speed to it.

The Chief End of Revelation. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHATEVER the author of "The Training of the Twelve" writes is certain to be worth reading. This present volume has, however, greatly disappointed us. It is a scholarly students' book, written to prove that the truth about the nature of divine revelation lies midway between those who assert that the Bible is merely a guide to conduct us to heaven, and those who see in it a revelation of things scientific, political, and social, as well as things moral and spiritual. Dr. Bruce suggests, as we believe rightly, that it is specially and peculiarly a revelation of redemption for sinful man; but he declares that revelation to be unfolded after such a gradual and deliberate fashion as to rob the earlier books of the Bible of their force and power, and indeed to reduce the value of the Old Testament generally to a very low point. Certainly, he does not see in Abraham and his faith the profound gospel truths upon which Paul insists: while his interpretation of prophecy seems to have been written mainly with a view to please that cynic of cynics, —albeit that he is a self-dubbed apostle of "sweetness and light"—Mr. Matthew Arnold, whose name is scattered all

over the pages of this volume. In his anxiety to avoid the crude literalism of some expositors, he has leaped the hedge on the other side, and has spirited and generalized away the very soul of the Old Testament. This anxiety to compromise with the fashionable unbelief of German theology is a sign of the times, and we are sorry that Dr. Bruce should lend his name and influence to it. To us it is great ability misdirected, and we feel sure it will produce just the opposite effect intended: compromises do not generally end in the conviction of doubters.

Plain Living and High Thinking; or, Practical Self-culture: Moral, Mental, and Physical. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. John Hogg, Paternoster Row.

A SPECIALLY noteworthy book from a literary point of view. We have seldom seen so much information condensed into the space. We do not always agree with the writer; but every page of his book is worth reading, for it is full of first-class writing. Young men who wish to make something of themselves should invest seven sixpences in this most valuable volume.

David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., New York. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

It is a good sign that another edition of this excellent book has been called for. It is a solid, instructive, and withal most attractive life of David, and deserves a still larger circulation.

Via, Veritas, Vita. [Anon.] Elliot Stock.

AN essay and notes. The essay is very discursive, and the collection of quotations in the appendix is of a motley character, making up a remarkable compilation. As a whole, the pamphlet is impressive and interesting. The author has a taste for the piquant, and an eye for the striking, while his object has our warmest sympathy. Had we spent eighteenpence in purchasing this paper-covered book we should not have repented the outlay, for we have found several extracts in it which are quite new to us, and the whole strain of the book is refreshing.

Little Folks. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

"LITTLE FOLKS" commenced a new volume in July, and our young friends should begin to take it. We know of nothing approaching to it for riches of engraving and healthy amusement and instruction. It is an extraordinary six-pennyworth as a monthly; the coloured frontispiece alone is worth all the money. The last volume is a treasury of delights; it makes us young again to get a peep within the covers of such books.

Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By F. GODET, D.D. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

OF all the German authors whose expositions load our shelves there is hardly one that we prefer to Godet. We always consult him with pleasure and advantage. Perhaps he is at his best upon Romans, but he is always thoughtfully evangelical, and consecrates his learning, not to the bewilderment, but to the enlightenment of his readers.

Men of Light and Leading—William Wordsworth: a Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings. Two Vols. By A. J. SYMINGTON, F.R.S.N.A. Blackie and Son.

WORDSWORTH will never find a biographer who more fully understands or more highly appreciates him. Mr. Symington reveals to us the innermost Wordsworth, and shows wherein his great strength was found; namely, in his having sympathy with the spirit which is embodied in visible things, and in his perception of the moral teaching of all things that are. It is not easy to conceive how Mr. Symington can know so much about so many people, but he

writes as one who understands his subject, and is no mere sketcher whose hurried outline is as likely to be a caricature as a portrait. These are two very attractive volumes, as to outward appearance; and we believe that our readers who have poetic tastes will thank us if we persuade them to buy them.

The Young Crossing Sweepers; or, Wee Stan and Little Llew. A Tale of Orphan Life. By Mrs. William Olding. Elliot Stock.

A GRACIOUS story, well adapted for distribution by those who seek the salvation of the young.

Deacons and Deaconesses. Address delivered at Totness before the Devon Association of Baptist Churches. Yates and Alexander. One Penny.

OUR esteemed brother has produced a most valuable paper. We are not surprised to hear that the first edition was sold at once. The subject, though of the first importance, has seldom been touched upon, and has never been better handled than by Mr. Ashworth. Every deacon should read this pennyworth of sound teaching.

The Preacher's Monthly: a Storehouse of Homiletic Help. Vol. I. Lobb and Bertram.

OUR hopes concerning this serial have been fulfilled: the first volume is as good as anything that was ever produced in this country. If the quality can be kept up to the present point we hope that Messrs. Lobb and Bertram may both live to publish the hundredth volume. Ministers would do themselves a service if they became subscribers to the monthly issue.

Notes.

WE have lately felt more than ever the burden of souls, and a strong desire for a special visitation of grace to our churches. Our heart wanted vent. Hence we begged those of our friends who could spare the time to come together an hour before the week-night services to pray for a blessing. Before the lecture on Thursday we have had some of the most real and intense prayer that we have ever known. Perhaps some

brother minister may take the hint, and see whether his people would not assemble with much enthusiasm to pray for a blessing upon their pastor and the service about to be held. Where regular prayer-meetings flag it is well to hold others, at different hours. Better get the people together at dead of night than let them fall into a dead condition.

In answer to many enquiries, we are glad

to speak of improved health. No summer holiday will be taken, for the many Sundays spent in the sick-room forbid any further absence from home. Neither can we travel far afield, for home work is so pressing. What with managing everything, preparing the weekly sermon, editing the magazine, and writing books, we are not doing badly when we fill up our weeks as we do. Here is a specimen week in which we did no more than ordinarily, but a little more than usual was visible to the common observer:—Five sermons, three prayer-meetings, chair at two public meetings, speech at a third, one communion, one College afternoon of two hours' lecturing. Some of these occupied far more time in preparation than in the actual doing of them. We are thankful to be able to work. Oh that we could accomplish far more! We need the prayers of all loving friends that God would give us more of his divine blessing. What is all that we can do without his Spirit?

With regard to the *Revised New Testament*, in answer to many enquiries we are only able to go thus far. It is a valuable addition to our versions, but it will need much revision before it will be fit for public use. To translate well, the knowledge of two languages is needed: the men of the New Testament company are strong in Greek, but weak in English. Comparing the two, in our judgment the old version is the better.

On *Monday afternoon, July 4*, between one and two hundred of the Baptist pastors, church officers, and members in the South of London accepted an invitation, issued at the suggestion of Mr. Baynes, the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, to a tea and conference at the Tabernacle. The special object of the meeting was to consider the desirability of appointing some brother or sister in each church whose duty it should be to keep the members well supplied with the latest information concerning foreign missions, to endeavour to increase the number of both large and small subscriptions, and in general to act as the connecting link between the Society and the church. Our beloved friend and senior deacon, Mr. William Olney, will represent us at the Tabernacle, and he will doubtless take every opportunity of fulfilling his office of Missionary Remembrancer. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, addresses were delivered by Mr. Baynes and the Rev. G. H. Rouse, and the following brethren took part either in the conference or the prayer-meeting which followed:—Pastors W. Alderson, W. P. Cope, W. Howieson, and J. A. Spurgeon, and Mr. W. Olney. Many churches are no doubt collecting for missions in a business-like way, but to those who are not doing so we would earnestly suggest the immediate setting apart of a brother, and perhaps a sister also, for the special work of ingathering the offerings made to this portion of the Lord's work. Very much is lost for want of baskets in

which to gather up the fragments. We are not doing all we ought to be doing for the perishing millions of heathen. Shall we always murder their souls by letting them die through our negligence? The very least thing we can do is to make arrangements for the flow of the stream of liberality in the right direction. We know a church which two years ago had only one or two subscribers to the Mission, which now by a single effort sends in some £200 of private donations, because a brother takes the pains to gather them in.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. G. Williams, having completed his College course, has joined the Evangelization Society; and Mr. F. Potter has gone for three months to Nash's-street, Frome, to endeavour to re-establish the church, which has fallen to the lowest ebb. The following brethren have removed:—Mr. J. Kitchener, from Liskeard to York-road, Leeds; Mr. R. Speed, from Milnsbridge, to Lindsay-road, Sunderland; Mr. H. Channer, from Sarratt, to Sutton-on-Trent; Mr. G. Pring, from Southbank, to Wolsingham, Durham; Mr. J. Ney, from Amersham, to Church, Lancashire; and Mr. G. Monk, from Thetford, to Bures St. Mary, Suffolk. We believe that in each case the change is one for which there are excellent reasons, and that the kingdom of Christ will be advantaged thereby.

The students of the College will re-assemble on Tuesday, August 9th. We beg for much prayer, that holiness and sound doctrine may abound, and that by all their studies the men may be made abler ministers of the New Covenant. Oh for more soul-winning preachers of the Word! We beseech our beloved friends not to forget this College work, which is fraught with eternal results to the church and the world.

EVANGELISTS.—In another part of the magazine we have given an account of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's work at Sheffield. After a month's rest they intend invading London, going around the suburbs, and closing up at the Tabernacle. Those churches which desire a visit from them should write speedily to Mr. Charlesworth, for the arrangements will soon be made. How we wish that the ministers of London would combine like those of Sheffield, and so secure a grand universal movement of the church: then might a great blessing be expected from the Lord himself.

The following letter is a specimen of what we receive from many places visited by Mr. Burnham:—

“Morley, Leeds,

“June 23, 1881.

“My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—You will be pleased to hear that the visit of Mr. Burnham to Morley has been accompanied with most blessed results.

“He has been staying at our home, as we have no one who could entertain him, and

the Lord has so graciously blessed his words that both my daughters, aged respectively twelve and fourteen, with the servant, have been led to decide for Christ, with a great many more from Mrs. Davis's Bible-class and the congregation. Our hearts are too full for utterance when we think of our own being led so early to be Christ's disciples. God bless you, dear sir, is our prayer for sending out such men.

"With very kind regards,

"I am, yours very truly,

"R. DAVIS.

"Rev. C. H. Spurgeon."

ORPHANAGE.—The Annual Fête, in celebration of the President's forty-seventh birthday, was held on *Wednesday, June 22*, and proved in every respect a great success, for which we are devoutly thankful, first to our loving Lord, and next to the thousands of faithful friends who once again came to encourage and help us in our work of caring for the widow and the fatherless. Our long columns of receipts testify to the unflagging interest in the institution, and the kind wishes that accompanied the gifts, whether presented in person or through the post, expressed the same delightful feeling. Altogether the proceeds of the day amounted to between £1,400 and £1,500, most of which, as the figures will show, was wisely given to help the general fund for maintaining both boys and girls. We are glad our subscribers did not rob Jack and Tom to help Mary and Maggie; but we should like all friends to remember that a considerable sum is still needed before the houses, which are approaching completion, can be fully furnished. The President had great pleasure in announcing that, with the help of a legacy left by the late Mr. Vickery, he would be enabled to furnish all the fittings for the school-rooms at a cost of about £300.

In the evening two large public meetings were held in the open-air, the principal one being under the presidency of Hugh Mason, Esq., M.P., who not only spoke most lovingly of the President, and enthusiastically of the Orphanage, but gave the noble donation of a hundred guineas as a practical proof of his sympathy. The other speakers were the President, and his brother J. A. Spurgeon, and son, C. Spurgeon, and the Revs. A. G. Brown, W. Cuff, Arthur Hall, Newman Hall, LL.B., Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., E. Maclean, and T. V. Tymms, most of whom rendered us a double service by speaking at both gatherings. The afternoon's proceedings were greatly enlivened by the excellent performance of the band from Dr. Barnardo's Home; and after the meetings were over the members of the South-wark Choral Society, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Courtney, discoursed sweet music to a large audience. The commissariat was, as usual, managed in first-rate style by Mr. Murrell and his little army of helpers, to all of whom we again present our heartiest thanks. The day will come

when it will be seen to be a greater honour to have had a share in blessing the fatherless than in winning victories over vanquished nations.

A Word to Collectors.—We still find some difficulty in getting in all collecting boxes and books, and therefore we very kindly remind all collectors that we shall be glad if they will at once forward the amounts they have received, whether they are large or small, and get fresh boxes and books, as the old ones are *not available after the annual meeting*, and should not be used for collecting unless they have been returned and re-issued.

How about the Bazaar? Christmas is coming, and will be here before we are ready for it unless we make the most of the sunny hours while they last. Our friends at Mansfield-street Sunday-school write that they are determined to make their stall one of the best in the Bazaar. Two generous helpers have agreed to send about £60 worth of goods from their stock, and the teachers and scholars hope to collect an equal amount. Their representative says, "There is very little difficulty in collecting articles for the Bazaar, as the work of helping the fatherless and widow commands the sympathy of all. Unsold goods will remain the property of the Orphanage."

Mr. Pearce reports that the Tabernacle Sunday-school teachers have set apart Tuesday evenings for work, and that they and their scholars will do their utmost to make the Bazaar a success. Many other helpers are, doubtless, equally in earnest, but they have not yet sent us word what they are doing.

Please pay special attention to the advertisement on the last page of the Orphanage report.

One of our "old boys" writes us from New Zealand a very cheering letter. Our readers may be glad to see what he says of the Orphanage after seven years' absence:—"I should like to know how the Orphanage is going on now. I expect there are none of the boys whom I knew so well now left there. I often think of the time when I was there too, and feel grateful to God for the way he has led me, for it was owing to the religious instruction I got there that I was led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. We have no Baptist church here yet, but steps are being taken now to form one, and I intend joining it as soon as it is formed. I am now connected with the Wesleyan church and Sunday-school, and have a class of little boys of whom I am very fond." The writer is just out of his apprenticeship to the painting and sign-writing business, and sends £1 for the institution which in his hour of need befriended him.

COLPORTAGE.—Mr. W. Cordun Jones, the General Secretary, writes:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The direct results of Colportage as an evangelizing agency are not often so forcibly illustrated as I have

seen them during the present month in the district of Maldon, Essex, where our colporteur, Mr. J. Keddie, has laboured with much blessing for about five years. Besides regularly visiting a wide district, and making a fair sale of books, &c., many open-air services have been held, and cottage-meetings conducted. A former colporteur, Mr. Pearce, opened a cottage for preaching, and I had personal conversation with some who attributed their conversion to his labours there. After Mr. Keddie took up the work, the place soon became too small, and the people had to go away for want of room. This led to their making an effort to build a mission chapel on a piece of land let to them at a peppercorn rent. By the assistance of friends, a beautiful and convenient place has been erected, and on Thursday, 7th July, I had the privilege of preaching at the opening service, when the chapel was quite full. In the evening, the mayor of Maldon presided at a meeting in a large barn, and stated that the building, which cost about £130, was practically free from debt."

This case is a confirmation of a part of the report of the Southern Association, just issued, which says:—

"There is one distinct characteristic of this colportage work upon which your committee lay especial stress, and because of which they would urge the importance of maintaining and even extending it. It is its home-mission and evangelistic character. It is not merely the selling of

literature of a healthy moral tone, or of copies of God's word; there is also the utterance by the living voice of the words of eternal life, in the visits to the homes of the people, and by the bedside of the sick and dying; there is the teaching in the Sabbath-school and in Bible-classes for adults; and there is, further, the public preaching of the gospel; for everyone of your colporteurs engages in this work, and most of them every Sabbath day. Besides these, there is the employment of other means, the influence of which is favourable to the interests of true religion. Your committee are the more concerned to emphasize this feature of colportage, because of the readiness in some quarters to regard it exclusively as a book-hawking agency, although ignoring, if not denying, its missionary and evangelistic character."

The Lancashire Association has just taken a colporteur on in the Accrington district, and we hope that other friends will avail themselves of this very efficient agency, and apply for a colporteur. The committee are still able to appoint men to a district where £40 a year is guaranteed. If any friends wish for further information the annual report can still be had on application to the Secretary. The work is prospering, but we need funds to maintain it and extend its blessings.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
June 2nd, thirteen; 27th, nineteen; 30th, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sailor's Thankoffering	M. F.	2 0 0
Miss Hagger	0 10 0	Executors of late Mr. Richard May	90 0 0
Mrs. Healy	0 10 0	Ross-shire	0 2 6
Mr. W. H. Balne	0 10 0	Collection at Portland Chapel, South-
E. P., per Mr. J. T. Dunn	0 14 0	ampton, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	5 0 0
Mr. Thomas Scouler	3 0 0	Mr. Joseph Billing	2 0 0
Mr. G. Harris	10 0 0	Mr. John Hector	1 0 0
Miss Maria Gooding	0 5 0	Widow Chesterman	1 0 0
Mr. H. B. Saxton	0 10 0	Friends at Peckham Park Road Chapel,
Miss E. Morrison	0 10 6	per Pastor H. Knee	4 5 7
Mrs. Ann Davis	0 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0 10 0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1 0 0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0
Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0 10 0	Mr. John Hosie	1 0 0
Mrs. E. Ball	1 0 0	From a Member	0 0 5
Mr. T. W. Doggett	2 0 0	Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0
Mr. W. Bourne	1 0 0	Mr. Bowler's Bible-class	13 0 0
Miss Jephth	0 2 6	Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0
Heneage-street Church, Birmingham,	Northman	5 0 0
per Pastor W. G. Hallstone	1 11 0	Annual Subscriptions:—
Per Pastor T. G. Tarn, Cambridge:—	Mr. E. Weeks	2 2 0
Mr. E. Foster	1 1 0	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2 10 0
Mr. W. E. Lilley	1 1 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—
Mr. J. Toller	1 1 0	June 19	20 0 3
Mr. J. S. Watts	1 1 0	" 26	26 0 10
Stamps	4 4 0	July 3	34 2 6
Pastor W. Jackson	1 0 0	" 10	30 6 1
Post Office Order from Porthcawl	2 0 0				120 9 8
Mr. Wm. Crawford	0 10 0				£338 8 2
Mr. W. Fowler, M.P.	59 0 0				

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Ann Gardiner	1	0	0
Mr. Thos. Scoular	1	0	0	Collected by Master John M. Eelby	0	7	6
Mr. Wm. Verry	1	12	0	Mr. J. H. Gray	1	0	0
F.	5	0	0	Rev. Alexander Beith	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. J. Walker	0	9	4	H. M. F.	0	2	6
Collected by Master Walter Oakley	0	7	6	Messrs. Waltham Brothers	5	0	0
W. D. K.	3	13	6	E. B.	47	0	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0	G. F. P.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Braik	2	0	0	A. B.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Monncry	5	0	0	Miss Lilla Doyle	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0	Mr. T. K. Bellis	2	2	0
A sincere well-wisher	0	2	6	Mr. W. Bourne	1	0	0
Mr. F. Cotton	5	0	0	Alice	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Cotton	5	0	0	Maggie	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Maria Gooding	2	11	6	Aunt Pattie	0	2	6
Mr. W. R. Deacon	1	0	0	Emily	0	2	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0	Mr. G. H. Dean	25	0	0
Miss A. Mee	0	3	6	Ada	0	10	0
Mr. F. E. Browning	0	10	0	H. L. A.	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Diaper	0	2	0	Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
Miss Hannah Fells	0	10	0	"Thankoffering for the birth of our seventh child"	7	0	0
Collected by Lilla, Bertie, and Jessie Nash	1	6	6	Mr. Henry Fisher	50	0	0
Mr. Alfred Leversha	0	1	0	Mr. Geo. Tompkins	2	2	0
Miss Spliedt	1	0	0	Mr. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James	2	0	0	Mrs. W. Higgs	50	0	0
Miss Fanny Craig	0	10	0	Mr. Carter	1	0	0
Miss Evelyn Davies	0	5	2	Mr. T. W. Doggett	3	0	0
Collected by Sergeant-Major Smith	1	11	4	West Croydon Sunday-school	5	5	0
Mrs. Walker	1	0	0	Rev. E. J. Farley	2	0	0
Mr. Robert Fergus.	5	0	0	Mr. W. T. Marsh	10	0	0
From a church member	0	5	0	Mr. T. F. Aukland	0	10	6
H. P.	1	0	0	Mr. Davis	6	0	0
Mrs. Lewis	1	1	0	Mr. Richard Evans	21	0	0
Mrs. Tuteher	1	0	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
E. S.	0	2	6	Mr. J. Williamson	2	2	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon and friends	5	0	0	Messrs. Hollings and Brock	2	2	0
Part Collection at Walworth Road Chapel	6	10	8	Mrs. Offord	0	5	0
Mr. Alfred Searle	1	0	0	Mr. L. Jackaman	3	0	0
Collected by Mr. T. C. Vickers	0	5	0	The Misses C. and E. Newman	0	2	6
Collecting boxes at Helston:-				Mary Perkins	2	2	0
Miss M. Best	0	10	0	E. F.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cunnaek	0	1	1½	Mr. R. Wilcox	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ellis	0	2	11	Collected by Mrs. Hutt, Reading:-			
Miss Heynes	0	7	2	Mr. R. Hewett	1	1	0
Miss Russell	0	1	7	Mr. Wilson	0	10	6
Mrs. Richards	0	14	7½	Mr. W. J. Gamlin	1	1	0
				Mr. R. Tompkins	1	1	0
				Mr. J. Goodacre	1	1	0
				Mr. T. E. Hewitt	0	10	6
M. S.	1	0	0	Mr. J. Bragg	0	10	6
Miss M. M. Dodwell	0	4	6	Mr. J. Craft	0	10	6
Mrs. M. Eyre	0	10	0	Mr. G. W. Colebrook	1	1	0
Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0	Mrs. G. Batley	0	10	6
Mr. Hugh Mason, M.P.	1	05	0	Mr. A. Callas	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Freeman	1	15	0	Mr. G. Blake	0	10	0
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0	Mrs. Goodacre	0	10	6
Miss E. Rudd	0	5	0	Mr. C. Julian	1	1	0
Servants at "Westwood"	0	11	6	Mr. W. Keeping	1	1	0
A Friend, Glasgow	2	0	0	Mr. E. Albury	0	10	6
Mr. Donald McKercher	2	0	0	Mr. H. Hutt	1	1	0
Mrs. Ferguson	0	2	6	Mr. R. Bracher	1	1	0
Readers of the "Christian Herald"	17	17	8	Mr. C. W. Hoffman	1	1	0
Loose Baptist Chapel Sunday Scholars	0	10	0	Mr. E. P. Collier	1	1	0
Mrs. Coutnie	0	10	0	Mr. Hookham	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Mary Maxwell							
Bayley	1	4	0	Miss Bowers	10	0	0
Mr. Wm. Hill	3	3	0	Mr. F. T. White	0	5	0
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	50	0	0
S. V.	0	10	0	Mr. B. W. Carr	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Stockwell	2	2	0	Given to Mr. Spurgeon, June 23	1	0	0
Mr. W. R. Hewitt	1	0	0	Mrs. Reed	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Evans	10	10	0	Miss Mary Pocock	1	0	0
Mr. George Jingey	10	0	0	Collected by Miss Lena Wilson	0	4	0
Mr. F. Thornley	0	2	6	Mr. W. Diaper	0	10	0
Master John W. Bell	1	10	0	Every little helps	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Ann Everett	0	10	0	"From one who loves the little ones"	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Crumpton	0	7	6	Mrs. Miles	0	0	9
Collected by Mrs. Steed	1	0	0	Mr. Brackett	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Wood	8	7	6	Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Liberty	0	10	0	"Myself," Barnsley	0	2	6
Pastor E. J. Edwards	1	1	0	"J. W." Cardiff	0	10	0
Mr. Henry Tubby	7	7	0	"A poor man"; Blackburn	1	0	0
Mrs. Mary Cooper	0	10	0	G. Gedge, Birmingham	0	2	0
Mrs. G. Pocock	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Thistle	0	6	0
G.	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Vernon Pickett	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth	6	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	6	3
Mrs. Mason	0	1	0	Collected by Mrs. J. T. Crosher	10	0	0
Mr. Alexander Pengilly	1	0	0	Collected by Miss S. E. Cockrell	2	2	0
Mr. F. Cooper	1	0	0	Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Mr. William Thomas	2	10	0	Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class	0	17	0
Pastor W. Jackson	1	0	0	H. Marsden	0	3	9
Miss M. Smyth	10	0	0	Miss Jeannie Ross	0	2	0
H. Baker	0	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Peatecott	1	0	0
Mr. James Duncan	25	0	0	"A poor woman"	0	2	0
Stamps from Wick	0	6	0	Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0
Miss E. Sargent	0	10	0	Mr. John F. Maitland	5	0	0
Mr. C. Adlem	0	2	6	Mrs. Pugh	2	0	0
Cornwall Road Baptist Sunday-school, Brixton	6	6	6	Mr. George Davidson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Wright	1	0	0	Girls' Practising School, Stockwell, per Miss Hyde	0	15	6
Mrs. E. Hayne	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers, July 2nd	2	2	0
"In loving Memory of Pattie"	0	8	0	Mr. William Angus	1	0	0
The Misses Black	5	0	0	A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Stamps from Helme Edge	0	3	6	Miss M. Harbutt	0	5	0
Mr. George Atkinson	0	1	0	An aged believer	0	5	0
Mr. Gordan	0	2	6	Mr. George Norton	5	0	0
Mrs. McGaw	0	2	6	Mr. Thomas Knight	10	0	0
Mrs. W. J. Cameron	0	2	6	An afflicted Missionary in India	0	10	0
Miss Jane Jordan	0	2	6	Rev. Thomas Curme	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. W. Smith	0	3	0	Mrs. Jenuima Wales	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Allatt	0	5	0	Mr. R. G. Ratcliff	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Marion Everett	0	11	0	A Country Minister	0	3	4
Collected by Master Harry Everett	0	11	7	Mrs. M. E. White	1	0	0
"Ms" Thankoffering	0	10	0	Miss Adcock	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. F. Kerr	1	0	5	Mr. Samuel Booth	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Walker from Friends at New Cross, per Pastor D. Honour	2	13	0	Mr. Joseph Billing	3	0	0
Collected by Miss H. Clacy	0	5	6	Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Janet Foster	1	10	0	Charles Street Chapel Sunday School, Camberwell New Road	3	6	3
Collected by Mr. E. Silvey	0	2	0	Miss Hughes, per Rev. Silas Mead	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Lowe	1	15	0	"Every little helps"	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Wain	3	1	0	H. E. S.	10	10	0
Collected by Miss L. Newell	0	4	2	Mrs. Jas. Smith	1	1	0
Collected by Miss L. Gladwell	0	3	4	W. A. M.	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Lawrence	0	7	2	Mr. A. Benest	0	11	0
Collected by Miss M. A. Spiers	0	0	8	Mrs. Lawson	0	10	0
Box at Tabernacle Office	0	6	0	Mrs. E. Mundy	1	0	0
Envelopes:—				Proceeds of Services of Song by Orphanage Choir at Cardiff	95	2	0
No. 2,984	0	2	6	Donation, Mr. David Roberts	3	18	0
No. 264	0	1	0		100	0	0
No. 2,577	0	5	0	Mary Fraser	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Shaw	1	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Collected by Miss K. Smith	0	10	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Collected in Sunday-school, Stephen- street, Lisson Grove, per Mr. W. C. James	2	15	1	Mr. J. Baker and Friends	2	0	0
Per J. T. D.:—				"Mullion"	0	10	0
Miss Summers	0	1	0	Stamps from Edinburgh	0	1	6
Mrs. Earl	2	0	0	Miss Lucas	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	15	0	0	Mr. John Hosie	0	10	0
Mr. Parr	0	2	6	T. Hill	1	0	0
	17	3	6	Annual Subscriptions: per F. R. T.—			
By Sale of S. O. Tracts	2	9	8	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mary Trennett	0	1	0	Mr. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon	0	10	0	Mrs. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mr. J. Dowding	0	1	0	Mr. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Collected by Sidney and Effie Dice	2	15	0	Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Buckmaster	2	9	0		3	10	0
Collected by Miss Hobbs	4	2	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	11	3	Mrs. Heffer	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Turner	1	0	0	Miss S. G. Hill	1	1	0
Collected by Miss M. Wade	4	0	0	"O. D."	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. S. Monk	0	5	0	Mr. Joseph Cooper	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Limebeer	0	9	7	Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mr. Wadland	2	0	0	J. K. L.	4	4	0
W. J. B.	2	10	0				

	£	s.	d.
<i>Quarterly Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mrs. J. Wilson (2 qrs.)	1 0 0
Horley Sunday-school:—			
1st class, Boys	0	10	0
2nd class, Boys	0	2	8
1st class, Girls	0	3	0
2nd class, Girls	0	1	8
3rd class, Girls	0	2	7
Infants	0	3	8
Bible Class	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall's Bible Class	0	12	0
			<hr/>
	2	0	7

<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>			
Andrews, Mr.	2	1	6
Atkins, Miss A.	0	11	3
Alder, Miss	0	5	0
Allum, Master H.	0	15	10
Atkins, Miss E.	0	10	3
Aldridge, Miss	0	3	10
Adkins, Mr.	0	2	1
Ayton, Miss E.	0	1	6
Ansell, Mr.	0	5	11
Atley, Miss	0	1	7
Baulf, Miss L.	0	11	0
Bowes, Mrs.	1	10	0
Baxter, Miss E.	0	16	5
Bamber, Miss B.	2	7	2
Bowden, Miss A. M.	0	2	3
Bowden, Miss E.	0	5	8
Blackwell, Miss	1	0	3
Brown, Miss	0	18	0
Burden, Miss	0	15	5
Bowker, Mrs.	0	8	10
Boswell, Mrs.	0	3	4
Butler, Mrs.	0	8	11
Brown, Mr. E. F.	0	5	2
Blake, Miss A.	0	5	9
Brightwell, H.	0	1	11
Barr, C. F.	0	12	5
Barr, Master J. H.	0	12	6
Burrage, Mrs.	0	9	6
Boot, Master T.	0	3	11
Burman, Miss M.	0	10	1
Burton, Mrs.	1	4	3
Brewer, Miss A. and L.	0	8	0
Buckley, G.	0	7	1
Bowser, Miss E.	0	2	3
Brook, Miss	0	2	10
Bennett, L. and F.	0	0	2
Betambeau, Miss	0	3	9
Butler, Miss	0	11	1
Boot, Miss K.	0	3	3
Bacon, Miss C.	0	9	7
Bucknall, Miss	0	9	8
Buswell, Miss	1	17	0
Briggs, Miss	0	8	6
Baker, Master F.	0	3	7
Baker, Mrs.	0	17	11
Bourne, Miss F.	0	13	4
Bates, Miss M.	0	6	11
Birley, Master J.	0	0	1
Bennington, Miss E.	1	3	2
Bailey, Miss N.	0	1	10
Burley, Miss	0	1	5
Boom, Master W.	0	9	7
Bull, Mr. E.	0	3	0
Bull, Miss C.	0	1	2
Bowld, Mr. H.	0	11	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	5	5
Bedwin, Mrs.	1	19	11
Besfer, Miss	0	9	6
Collins, Mrs., Kennington	1	15	6
Collins, Mrs., Newington	0	5	3
Corsan, Mr.	0	7	0
Cox, Master E.	0	1	4
Charlesworth, Master T.	0	9	3
Call, Mrs.	0	2	6
Corrick, Mrs.	0	10	2
Coupees, Master F.	0	4	3
Cooper, Mr. J.	0	7	3

	£	s.	d.
Cowie, Miss J.	0	8	5
Capel, Miss F.	0	3	1
Curtis, H. and C.	0	5	11
Charlesworth, Miss	0	19	4
Cockshaw, Miss, and pupils	1	11	2
Court, Miss	0	4	1
Crew, Miss H.	0	7	3
Collins, Miss F.	0	5	11
Curtis, Miss M.	0	4	4
Chisholm, W.	0	18	2
Cook, Miss	0	6	1
Chamberlain, W.	0	14	6
Chamberlain, Miss	0	16	8
Cooke, Miss	0	3	1
Charlesworth, Miss L.	0	11	1
Cook, Master E.	0	3	0
Chillingworth, Miss J.	0	9	0
Cotton, Miss M.	0	6	10
Cairns, Master H.	0	11	2
Cowen, Mrs.	1	7	5
Cobham, Master T.	0	11	7
Day, Miss H.	0	0	9
Dixon, J.	0	5	10
Davies, Mrs.	0	8	2
Dickson, Miss A.	0	12	0
Descroix, Miss A.	1	6	0
Dennis, Miss E.	0	2	10
Delacourt, Master S.	0	2	5
Davis, Miss C.	0	19	8
Dury, Miss L.	0	2	5
Drew, Miss C.	0	14	10
Dockree, Miss	0	1	9
Dibley, Miss	1	3	0
Davie, H.	0	9	5
Edwards, Master A.	0	1	6
East, Mr. W.	0	9	8
Emery, Mrs.	0	3	4
Everett, Miss	0	10	8
Eldridge, Mrs.	0	1	2
Ellmore, Mrs.	0	3	8
Evans, Miss	0	0	7
Franklin, Mr. J.	0	3	4
Franklin, Mr. W. R.	0	0	5
Fremlin, Miss B.	0	10	4
Foster, Miss A.	0	5	10
Futcher, Mrs.	0	13	4
Fairhead, Master H.	0	4	6
Finch, Masters G. and W.	1	11	3
Felder, Mrs.	0	3	5
Frisby, Miss	0	3	4
Froud, Master P.	1	4	6
Frisby, T.	0	4	3
Fairman, Mrs.	1	2	9
Field, Miss A.	0	1	6
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	4	0
Fuller, Master W.	0	2	7
Freeman, Miss E.	0	16	1
Ferrar, Mrs., and sundry small amounts	0	18	1
Gardiner, Miss E.	0	10	0
Goshing, Master T.	0	1	10
Gebbett, Master H.	0	2	8
Gubbins, Master S. J.	0	13	2
Grose, Miss	1	11	3
Gertrude, Miss	1	2	1
Green, M. A.	0	1	6
Goodwyn, Miss A.	0	11	0
Gladwin, Mrs.	1	2	2
Godbold, F. and E.	0	12	4
Gillard, Miss	0	5	5
Grant, Miss C.	0	12	3
Holiday, Mrs.	0	7	6
Hendley, Mr. J.	1	7	0
Hogbin, Mr. T. P.	1	8	1
Hillen, Mrs.	1	6	3
Hutt, Mrs.	0	15	6
Hunt, Miss	0	15	11
Hudson, Mrs.	0	12	6
Hobbs, Miss C.	0	3	6
Humphrey, Mrs.	0	18	3
Hayes, Master C.	0	1	7

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hewitt, L.	0	4	7	Nightscales, Mrs.	0	18	10
Hughes, Miss C.	0	8	6	Nicholls, Master L.	0	10	9
Hudson, Miss	1	9	2	Newth, Master	0	5	9
Hodges, Miss	0	1	5	Nicholls, Miss C.	0	4	0
Hall, Miss E.	0	7	8	Newark, Miss N.	0	2	3
Higgs, Miss F.	1	5	6	Neal, Misses E. and E.	0	0	7
Horner, Mrs.	0	2	10	Newman, Mrs.	0	12	0
Hubbard, W.	0	7	9	New, Miss A.	0	4	8
Hutchens, Miss	0	17	3	Newth, Mrs.	1	10	8
Heesom, Miss	0	6	1	Oxenford, Mrs.	0	14	11
Hardwick, Mrs.	0	12	1	Oxford, Master E.	0	2	10
Hopkins, Mrs.	3	2	0	Pankhurst, Mr. B.	0	4	0
Hoare, Master W.	0	4	6	Paddon, Miss	0	1	5
Houlgate, Miss	0	18	5	Pickering, Mr.	0	4	10
Harris, Mrs.	0	1	10	Patten, Mrs.	1	0	1
Hudson, Miss M.	0	8	9	Patterson, Mrs.	0	4	4
Herridge, Miss	0	1	7	Peters, Miss F.	0	11	6
Harris, Miss	0	3	0	Pitt, Miss B.	0	9	1
Herrmann, Mrs.	0	5	10	Poole, Mrs.	0	6	2
Hubbard, Miss L.	0	3	3	Paine, Miss C.	0	13	11
Harris, Master W.	0	3	1	Passenger, Miss	0	15	1
Hughes, Miss	0	6	5	Pankhurst, Miss F.	0	3	9
Harrald, Miss Lily	0	10	6	Prior, Miss A.	0	2	2
Hoare, Miss L.	0	4	6	Pugh, Miss	0	3	1
Harrison, Miss	0	8	8	Pitt, Miss B.	0	0	10
Haylor, Mrs.	0	7	6	Prior, Master A.	0	4	6
Hutchison, Master	0	1	9	Price, Mrs.	0	2	0
Horn, F. B.	0	5	9	Penston, Miss M.	0	19	0
Johnson, Miss	0	10	4	Perry, Mrs.	0	1	1
Jago, Master J.	0	14	5	Perryman, H.	0	9	7
Johnson, Mr. E.	1	5	6	Rough, Mrs.	0	12	8
Jones, Miss	0	13	8	Richardson, Miss	0	0	9
Jarman, Miss	1	17	6	Richardson, Mrs.	0	9	0
Jones, Master W.	0	1	9	Redd sh, Mrs.	0	2	0
Jones, Miss E.	0	6	6	Rudd, Mrs. M.	0	10	3
King, Miss E.	0	0	10	Rouse, Mrs.	0	10	6
"Katie"	0	10	0	Round, Master E.	0	9	2
Luxford, Miss F.	0	3	9	Rambott, Mrs.	0	5	6
Lineker, Miss A.	0	2	9	Ridley, Miss E.	0	6	8
Lineker, Miss M.	0	2	7	Ranford, Miss	0	3	7
Larkman, Miss B.	0	7	3	Stevens, Mrs.	1	1	6
Lightfoot, Mrs.	0	11	7	Spence, Miss M.	0	6	9
Lardner, T. and H.	0	13	0	Smith, Mrs.	0	2	0
Last, Master F.	0	1	3	Salter, Mrs.	0	15	2
Leaton, Miss M.	0	2	7	Scudder, Miss	0	7	10
Laker, Mrs.	0	11	0	Sullivan, M.	0	5	10
Lewis, Mrs.	0	5	6	Settree, Miss	0	18	4
Livett, Mrs.	0	1	10	Sharlington, Miss ...	0	18	4
Lec, Miss	0	6	11	Skinner, Miss	0	16	0
Lynes, Miss A.	0	3	1	Smith, Mrs. W. J.	0	6	6
Medwin, Mrs.	0	6	7	Smale, Mrs.	0	7	6
Martin, Miss	0	11	3	Samuel, Mrs.	0	13	6
McNeal, Master G.	0	2	9	Seward, Mrs.	0	18	11
Moore, Master A.	0	0	6	Smith, Miss F.	0	1	8
Mills, Master H.	0	14	3	Sadler, Miss	1	6	9
Mackay, Miss	0	10	0	Stead, Mrs.	0	13	5
Middleton, Mrs.	0	4	5	Simmons, G.	0	9	2
Murrell, Miss Letitia M.	3	2	4	Shrewsbury, Miss	0	6	0
Maitland, G. A.	0	3	2	Swift, Miss M.	0	5	1
Middleton, S. and A.	0	3	10	Spreadbury, Miss	0	18	10
Martin, Mrs.	0	0	10	Swain, Miss E.	0	19	2
Martin, Miss G.	0	2	4	Stevens, Miss E.	0	6	3
Mills, Mrs.	0	3	3	Spencer, Mrs.	0	12	3
Mitchell, Master A.	0	4	4	Saintey, N.	0	0	10
Morgan, Mr.	0	5	6	Squire, Mrs.	0	2	9
Maxwell, Miss	3	4	8	Suell, Miss	0	10	4
Minter, Master K.	1	1	4	Stocks, Miss ...	1	4	1
Medwin, Mrs. A.	0	3	8	Stokes, Mr. J.	0	15	4
Miles, Miss E.	0	0	10	Smith, Mr. W. H.	0	7	7
Miles, Miss A.	0	0	11	Spencer, Master E.	0	2	7
Morgan, Miss A.	0	6	0	Smith, Miss C. J.	0	10	11
Messent, H.	0	2	9	Sedcole, Master A.	0	8	2
Moore, Mrs.	0	1	2	Simpson, Miss	0	6	1
Milne, Miss A.	0	9	11	Sully, Mrs.	0	5	11
Munday, Mrs.	2	12	0	Sidery, Mrs.	0	6	6
Marshall, Miss	0	13	4	Thomas, Miss A. (box 682) ...	0	2	6
Mellor, Mrs.	0	3	1	Thomas, Miss A. (box 247) ...	0	3	8
McCombie, Mrs.	0	6	7	Toms, Miss L.	0	11	7
Morris, Mrs. A.	0	0	10	Terry, Miss ...	0	13	4
May, Miss E.	0	1	4	Taylor, Miss E.	0	6	2
Martin, Mrs.	0	5	2	Tucon, Miss C.	0	0	6

	£	s.	d.
Tarleton, Mrs.	0	5	5
Tuck, Miss K.	0	8	0
Tyrell, Mrs.	0	12	6
Underwood, Miss	0	5	10
Vince, Miss	0	8	2
Watkins, Miss A.	0	5	11
Wickstead, Master T.	0	1	10
Wigney, Miss A. R.	0	10	0
Ward, Miss	0	10	3
Wells, Miss	0	9	3
Wilcox, Master A.	1	10	0
Wilkinson, Mr.	0	11	3
Wells, Mrs.	0	16	2
Willis, Mrs.	0	17	5
Watts, Miss L.	0	1	0
Willard, Mrs.	0	0	11
Weager, Miss E.	0	4	2
Wilson, Mrs.	0	19	6
Weare, Mrs.	0	8	1
Weekes, Master W.	0	4	9
Wilson, Miss E.	0	2	6
Wilson, Miss	0	10	1
Wilkinson, Miss	1	4	6
Woolacott, J. C., sen.	0	7	3
Woolacott, J. C., jun.	0	12	0
Warren, Miss M. A.	0	12	3
Wayre, Miss L.	0	6	3
Weeks, Miss	0	4	7
Ward, B. E.	0	9	7
Wickstead, Miss B.	0	2	3
Wheatley, Mrs.	0	6	1
Wagner, Miss A.	0	3	8
Waterman, Miss	1	11	7
Woods, Mrs.	0	1	2
Withall, Master A.	0	8	8
Young, Mrs. (509, Box)	0	6	10
Young, Mrs. (252, T)	0	3	2
A Class at St. John's School, Wellington Street, Wool- wich	0	8	5
Streatham Bible Class, per Mr. A. McCaig	1	7	0
Robert St. Ragged School, New Cut, per Mr. Ever- ett	0	11	8
Collected by Miss Marshall from young women em- ployees of Messrs. Free- man and Hildyard	1	10	10
A Friend	0	1	8
Mothers' Meeting, Stock- well Baptist Chapel, per Miss Buswell	0	7	6
Odd Farthings	0	3	0
Collecting Books:—			
Abbott, Mrs.	1	10	0
Alderton, Mrs.	0	17	0
Allum, Mrs.	2	17	0
Bantick, Mrs.	1	10	0
Brook, Mrs.	2	1	6
Root, Miss E.	0	8	1
Bonser, Miss	0	10	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	15	6
Brewer, Mrs.	0	10	6
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	3	0
Baverstock, Miss	0	10	0
Charles, Miss F. B.	0	16	0
Cocksshaw, Miss J.	2	8	0
Cheyney, Miss J.	0	10	0
Conquest, Mrs.	0	10	0
Cann, Miss	1	3	0
Chambers, Mr. A. P.	0	1	0
Day, Miss	0	11	6
Durant, Miss E.	0	10	6
Dew, Mrs.	1	5	0
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Evans, Mrs. (book 107)	2	16	6
Ellis, Mrs.	10	10	0
Evans, Mrs. (book 99)	1	2	0
Ewen, Mrs.	1	19	0

172 15 8

	£	s.	d.
Evans, Mr. W. J.	1	1	0
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	5	0
Farmer, Miss E. J.	0	12	0
Frisby, Mr. E.	3	9	6
Fisher, Mrs.	0	15	0
Goslin, Mrs.	1	0	0
Hallett, Miss	1	5	0
Horner, Mrs.	1	12	3
Howes, Mr. C.	0	3	6
Hubbard, Mrs.	1	7	1
Hickenbotham, Miss	4	4	8
Healey, Mrs. (donation)	1	0	0
Jephs, Miss	1	10	0
Johnson, Master J. W.	0	13	3
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	1	1	0
Kemp, Mr.	0	3	6
Kemp, Mr. A.	0	5	6
Lawson, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Lovegrove, Miss L.	0	13	0
Lewis, Mrs.	0	15	0
Leaworthy, Miss	0	16	8
Livett, Mrs.	0	12	6
McDonald, Mrs.	2	15	0
Mann, Miss	3	2	0
Mott, Miss A.	1	4	0
Miller, Mr. C.	0	14	0
McKee, Mr. Joseph	3	5	6
Nisbet, Miss	0	14	0
Pope, Mrs.	0	16	6
Parker, Mrs.	5	0	0
Paine, Master G.	0	10	0
Priestly, Mrs.	0	8	0
Phillips, Master E.	0	3	8
Phillips, Master W.	0	4	0
Potter, Miss L.	1	2	6
Powell, Miss	1	0	0
Redford, Miss	0	4	9
Ryan, Mrs.	0	9	0
Stickland, Miss	1	1	3
Taylor, Mrs.	0	3	0
Trott, Miss E.	0	9	0
Tiddy, Mrs.	0	13	0
Thomson, Miss	0	10	0
Towell, Mrs.	0	10	0
Underwood, Mrs.	0	10	0
Wilson, Miss	2	10	0
Webb, Master E.	0	2	2
Webb, Master T.	0	2	6
Weekes, Mr.	1	2	7
Williams, Mrs.	0	12	0
Whitehead, Mrs.	1	10	2
Wilks, Mrs.	0	5	0
Webb, Miss M. A.	0	10	5
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0
Wheeler, Miss	0	13	1
White, Mr. H.	1	1	0
Young, Mrs.	2	2	0
Per Miss Cocksshaw:—			
A Friend	1	0	0
R. Cruse	0	5	0
R. Riches	0	8	0
E. & B. Mathews	0	7	0
R. Allen	0	9	0
P. Johns	0	4	0
N. Pope	0	3	0
			2 16 0
Per L. A. S.:—			
Miss Kelsey	0	5	0
Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	10	0
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. Carueley	0	1	0
Mr. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mr. T. W. Smith	0	5	0
Mrs. A. Smith	0	5	0
Annie Smith	0	5	0
L. A. S.	0	5	0
			2 6 0
			104 14 6
			£1276 6 7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division):—PROVISIONS.—30 Half-quarter Loaves, Mr. Bonner; 4 baskets Gooseberries, Messrs. J. F. Thoday, E. Few, E. Smith, and R. Osborn, Willingham; For Fête:—1 dozen boxes Chocolate Creams, 1 dozen boxes Sweets, Messrs. J. Collier and Sons; 12 dozen Mineral Waters, Messrs. Ray and Son; 1 case Hodozone, Messrs. Puckham and Co.

CLOTHING.—4 Handkerchiefs and 1 Tie, Mrs. Eyre; parcel Drapery, Mrs. Wainwright; 3 pairs Woollen Cuffs, "R. S. S. L."; a quantity of Cloth Remnants, Mr. Eden; a dozen Caps, Mr. Wilmshurst.

GENERAL:—22 Woollen Balls, Mrs. Eyre; a quantity of Sponges, Brushes, and House Flannel, Mr. Spratley; 64 Vols. for Library, The Committee of the Sunday School Union; a quantity of Magazines, Anon.

(Girls' Division):—CLOTHING, ETC.:—Dozen Articles of Clothing, R. B.; 12 yards Calico, 6 Silk Ties, and 26 Articles of Clothing, Mrs. Stiff's Bible Class; 25 Articles of Clothing, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgin; 6 yards Lace Edging, E. Ellis; 64 Vols. for Library, The Committee of the Sunday School Union.

Omitted last month, Mr. Mundy, Annual Subscription, £1 1s.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. R. Fortune	0	10	0	Mrs. Bligh	0	5	0
Kitchen stuff	0	3	0	Miss Mary Moncreiff	0	7	6
Mr. S. Hart	1	0	0	F. E. L.	1	0	0
Dr. C. R. France	5	0	0	Mrs. Clover	0	5	0
Miss M. Heath	5	0	0	"In memory of one gone before"	2	0	0
Collected for "The Reading House,"				Miss A. Whitehead	0	2	6
by Miss Nellie Withers				Annie Maria	0	10	0
Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0	Mrs. Couthie	0	10	0
Mr. M. J. Sutton	1	1	0	Miss Ann Brown	1	0	0
Mr. George Blake	1	1	0	A. S. W.	0	10	0
Mr. W. T. Palmer	1	0	0	Mr. James S. White	0	2	6
Mr. A. Sutton	1	0	0	Miss Sarah Brown	1	0	0
Miss Nellie Withers	2	5	0	Mrs. Boulter	1	0	0
By Sale of Work, N. W.	2	5	0	Mr. John S. Woodnutt	50	0	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6	Mr. William Pedley	2	6	0
Mrs. Charles Simonds	0	10	0	Mr. A. Doggett	5	0	0
Mrs. Marcus Lewis, New-				Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
bury	0	10	0	Miss Lizzie Culver	5	0	0
Mr. T. Rosling	0	10	0	Messrs. Waltham Brothers	5	0	0
Mr. Alfred Palmer	0	10	0	Mr. S. Harwood	10	10	0
Mr. R. Toomer	0	10	0	Bonham Brandon	0	2	6
Mrs. Lousley	0	5	0	C. Grant	0	10	0
Mr. C. O. Rogers	0	5	0	Miss Newman	5	0	0
Mrs. Percy	0	5	0	Mrs. Higgins	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0	Two Friends	0	2	0
Mrs. Ward	0	5	0	Mrs. Danvy	1	0	0
Mr. T. Gregory	0	5	0	Mrs. Knott	0	10	0
Mr. Hunt	0	5	0	Joan White	0	10	0
Mrs. Mackness	0	3	0	H. E. Perritt	1	0	0
Mrs. Lee	0	3	0	Mrs. Frost	1	0	0
Mr. James Leslie	0	3	0	Mrs. Charles Taylor	1	0	0
Mrs. Gibbons	0	2	6	W.	1	0	0
Mrs. Dawbarn	0	2	6	A Friend, Isle of Dogs	1	0	0
Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6	A Friend, Isle of Dogs	0	10	0
Mr. Deacon	0	2	6	Mrs. Campbell	0	10	0
E. A. V.	0	2	6	Mr. J. H. B. Gaffer	0	3	0
Mr. Fawcett	0	2	6	Mr. J. G. Wilkins	0	10	0
Mrs. Shepherd	0	2	6	Miss Louisa Duncombe	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6	Mr. Fisher	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	0	2	6	W. S.	1	0	0
Mr. Baker	0	1	3	Mr. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Mrs. Lenny	0	1	0	J. H.	0	6	6
Mrs. Collins	0	1	0	Rev. A. Macdougall	0	10	0
Mrs. Lawrence	0	1	0	Mrs. Websdale	1	0	0
Mr. Wyly	0	1	0	Mr. Heritage	0	2	6
Mr. Turner	0	1	0	An American	0	10	0
Mrs. Everett	0	1	0	Henrietta Burton	0	1	0
Mr. Hill	0	1	0	Mr. E. Hall	0	10	0
Anon.	0	1	0	Mrs. Sargeant	0	10	0
Anon.	0	0	9	Mrs. J. G. Wilkins	0	10	0
	16	10	0	Mrs. Butler	0	2	6
Mr. G. A. Calder	21	0	0	Mr. J. S. White	0	2	6
Mrs. Jarratt	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Doggett	0	5	0
C. D., per Pastor J. Dodwell	0	10	0	Susie B.	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mrs. J. Walker	1	0	0	Mrs. Arnold	2	2	0
Mr. H. B. Saxton	0	10	0	Envelopes given to Mr. Spurgeon with-			
Mr. E. Taylor	1	1	0	out donors' names:—			
A Servant Girl near Forres	0	2	0	No. 286	C	1	0
Miss E. Morrison	0	10	6	No. 2,462	0	1	0
Mr. Robert Ferguson	5	0	0	No. 1,741	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
No. 169	0	1	0
No. 566	0	1	0
No. 1,224	0	1	0
No. 1,828	0	1	0
No. 544	0	1	0
No. 567	0	1	0
No. 736	0	1	0
No. 478	0	1	0
No. 1,047	0	1	0
No. 196	0	1	0
No. 2,236	0	1	0
No. 573	0	1	0
No. 1,048	0	1	0
No. 197	0	1	6
No. 663	0	1	6
No. 1,576	0	2	0
No. 788	0	2	0
No. 539	0	2	0
No. 1,954	0	2	0
No. 543	0	2	0
No. 574	0	2	0
No. 581	0	2	0
No. 736	0	2	0
No. 760	0	2	6
No. 1,829	0	2	6
No. 1,830	0	2	6
No. 3,295	0	2	6
No. 2,236	0	2	6
No. 2,217	0	4	0
No. 1,955	0	4	6
No. 1,287	0	5	0
No. 3,256	0	5	0
No. 2,102	0	5	0
No. 576	0	10	0
No. 1,575	0	10	0
No. 1,713	0	10	6
No. 1,226	0	14	6
No. 247	1	0	0
No. 562	1	0	0
No. 629	1	0	0
No. 583	1	0	0
Nos. 978 and 1,024	3	10	0
Sums under 1s.	0	4	4
	13	10	4
Mr. C. Jenner	2	2	0
Mr. W. Monnery	5	0	0
Collected by Mr. P. L. Kitchen	0	15	0
Mrs. Bushby	0	10	0
Mr. J. B. Maple	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Mofatt	2	2	0
T. B.	1	10	0
Mr. Thos. Milward	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Marshall	0	6	0
Mr. Wm. Thomas	2	10	0
A servant	0	5	0
Mr. John Burgess	0	10	0
E. H.	1	0	0
Donations received by Treasurer, June 22nd:—			
Mr. R. Gallant	0	17	0
Miss Robbins	0	2	0
Master G. F. Palmer	0	12	0
Mrs. Waight (ann. sub.)	1	0	0
Miss K. Kerridge	0	10	0
Miss N. Kerridge	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge	2	2	0
Mrs. Healy	1	0	0
Mr. J. Slater	3	3	0
Mrs. Jenkins	3	0	0
Miss Rose	0	2	6
Sale of roses by Mrs. Howells	1	11	4
Mrs. Lanchester	0	10	0
"One penny a week" sub- scribers	1	15	0
"M. C."	5	0	0
"Herbert"	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cullingham	0	10	0
Mrs. Davies	1	0	0
Miss Hugger	0	10	0
J. B., envelope No. 1721	0	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. C. H. Frice	1	1	0
Mrs. Mansergh	0	10	0
Mrs. Russell	1	1	0
Mrs. Ellwood	3	0	0
Mrs. Thorn	1	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	10	0	0
Mrs. Cooper (Wormley)	0	5	0
Mrs. Norris	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Kelly	1	0	0
Mr. Friston	2	5	0
Mr. Tofield	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Shrewsbury	1	1	0
Mr. John Mather	1	0	0
Mr. W. P. Fisher	5	5	0
Mrs. Hawkey	2	2	0
Mr. T. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. Pullin	0	10	0
M. A. C.	0	5	0
Mrs. Julian	0	5	0
Mrs. L. Heale	0	10	0
Mrs. Holland	0	1	0
A friend	0	2	0
Miss Clark	0	10	0
Miss M. White	0	5	0
Mr. G. Buckingham	0	5	0
Susannah	0	4	0
Mr. J. Briers	1	0	0
Thankoffering, H. F.	1	0	0
Mrs. Burrill	1	0	0
Envelopes without donors' names:—			
No. 262	0	1	0
No. 2,413	0	2	0
No. 2,966	0	1	0
No. 2,808	0	1	0
No. 256	0	10	0
No. 2,393	0	1	0
No. 612	0	5	0
			62 0 10
"My tobacco allowance"	0	5	0
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	2	6
Mr. P. Calder	1	1	0
Collected for "The Reading House," by G. E., per Miss Nellie Withers:—			
Profit from "Reading Market Book- Stall"	2	6	1
Collected in box	0	3	2
W. M.	0	2	6
Mr. John Wingfield	0	2	6
Miss R. Rose	0	2	0
Darby and Joan	0	2	0
Mr. Medcalf	0	1	0
Mr. Slater	0	1	0
Mr. W. Blake	0	1	0
Mr. Weaver	0	1	0
Mrs. Cussell	0	1	0
A well-wisher	0	1	0
Sums under 1s.	0	1	9
			3 6 0
Mr. Philip Davies	50	0	0
J., Middlesbro'	0	1	0
Collection at Camden-road Baptist Chapel	40	0	0
Mrs. M. Ferguson	2	0	0
Amy	0	2	6
An invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
"Cowdenbeath"	0	5	0
Mr. A. Benest	0	5	0
M. E. B.	0	5	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	2	0	0
A. Thankoffering, W. and A. W., Plymouth	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Peatchcott	1	0	0
Half-yearly Subscription:—			
Mrs. Clark	0	5	0
			£422 6 8

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school for Harborne District	6	5	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Miss Hadfield, for Ryde	10	0	0
Northampton Baptist Association, for Bulwick	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission, per Mr. S. W. Page	7	10	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District, per Mr. D. White	7	10	0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins, jun.	15	0	0
Wilts and East Somerset Association	17	10	0
Worcester Colportage Association	40	0	0
G. E., for Kettering District	5	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	65	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, for Kings-teigton	10	0	0
Erthorne District	7	10	0
"W. R.," for Riddings and Ilkeston	7	10	0
Bower Chalk District, per Mr. J. S. Hockey	6	0	0
Sunderland District	10	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, for Pitsea	10	0	0
East Langton District, per Rev. W. E. Morris	10	0	0
Tipstree District, per Rev. H. Hagell	10	0	0
Repton District, per E. S.	10	0	0
Mr. O. J. Griffiths, for Hereford District	2	0	0
Islington District, per Rev. F. A. Jones	10	0	0
Ringwood District, per Mr. A. W. Ward	10	0	0
Mrs. Allison's Bible Class, for Orpington District	6	11	11
Mrs. Bevis, for Orpington District	1	1	8

	£	s.	d.
Ottery District	10	0	0
	£314	8	7

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Dr. S. O. Habershon	1	1	0
Mr. C. N. Johnson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Emery	5	0	0
Miss H. E. Barbier	0	1	0
Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
A Friend, per Mr. E. Joscelyno	1	0	0
Mr. and Miss Bowley	1	15	0
Mr. Arthur Long	1	1	0
A. C. A.	2	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Mr. R. Robinson	0	10	0
Mr. O. J. Griffiths	1	0	0
Mr. C. Greening	0	2	6
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0
Widow Chesterman	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Miller	0	5	0
A sinner saved by grace	0	5	0
E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Northman	5	0	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	2	0	0

Annual Subscriptions:—

Mr. Swain	0	10	0
Mr. W. Gale	0	10	0
	£57	10	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Mounsey	5	0	0
Balance of Collection at Rushden, per Mr. Burnham	1	0	0
Mrs. Dobbs	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. John Hector	1	0	0

Widow Chesterman	1	0	0
Allotted by Mr. Spurgeon for support of Mr. Burnham	52	10	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0
	£68	0	0

Received for Indian Evangelists:—"In Memoriam, Brighton," £5; and for Spanish Missions—J. A., Parramatta, £5.

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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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 REPORT
OF THE
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE
1880 - 81.

Trustees: who are also Managers.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.* J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM HIGGS, *Treasurer.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

B. WILDON CARR.

WILLIAM C. MURRELL.

HENRY SMITH.

WILLIAM MILLS.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.

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HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

J. COOPER FORSTER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

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Hon. Dentist.

W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer.

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A.

Solicitor.

THOMAS C. PAGE.

Head Master.

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary.

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE, & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

The Stockwell Orphanage for Boys & Girls.

Application for the admission of destitute Fatherless Children, between the ages of six and ten, should be addressed in writing to the Secretary, and full particulars given. As the number of candidates is largely in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form; for it would be useless to cause trouble when there is no prospect of success. If a form be granted, it must not be regarded as any indication that the application will succeed. The questions upon the form must be fully and frankly answered by the applicant, and the form returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the immediate rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Under no possible circumstances can exceptions be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

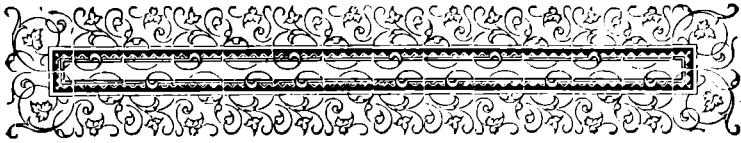
If the case is entered on the list of candidates, the Trustees appoint a visitor to make personal inquiries. Should these be satisfactory, the child will appear before the Committee in due course, and if among the most needy and deserving at the time, it will probably be recommended for admission to the Institution, as soon as there is room. Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees at any stage if it is proved by them to be less necessitous than others; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability, for the Institution is not a Hospital, or a Reformatory, or an Idiot Asylum. The election of children not being determined by subscribers' votes, the Trustees maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need always has the loudest voice with them.

Applicants are requested not to call upon the Trustees privately, as they are bound not to attend to them otherwise than officially. Cases will be considered on their own merits, and they will derive no advantage from personal solicitation. Mr. Spurgeon cannot personally see any applicants, and should not be written to. All letters on this business must be addressed to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, London, S.W.

The Institution is mainly supported by spontaneous gifts, a number of donors sending as regularly, year by year, as if they were pledged to do so. An increase to the number of subscribers would greatly cheer the President's heart. Now that girls are coming in the income needs to be doubled. *Will not the reader of this Report become a helper?* Subscriptions, large or small, will be gratefully received by C. H. SPURGEON, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. Gifts of Food, Stores, Clothes, Books, Toys, and useful articles are always welcome, and should be directed to

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH, Head Master,
The Orphanage, Stockwell, London, S.W.

NOTE.—Letters requiring an answer should contain a stamped, directed envelope.



REPORT 1880-81.



WITH profound gratitude to our heavenly Father we issue the Twelfth Report of the Stockwell Orphanage, and our gratitude will be shared, we doubt not, by all who have given of their substance towards the maintenance and development of the Institution. We, therefore, invite all our readers to "Rejoice with us," in the tokens of the divine favour which have crowned our labours during another year. "The Lord hath been mindful of us : He will bless us."

When we remember how this gracious work began by the consecrated thought of a holy woman, and then grew into an actual gift from her hand, and further developed, by the large help of others, into houses, and schools, infirmary, and dining-hall, and all manner of provision for destitute children, we feel bound to cry, "What hath God wrought!" Our God has supplied all our need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. The story of the Stockwell Orphanage will be worth telling in heaven when the angels shall learn from the church the manifold wisdom and goodness of the Lord. Incidents which could not be published on earth will be made known in the heavenly city, where every secret thing shall be revealed. How every need has been supplied before it has become a want, how guidance has been given before questions have become anxieties, how friends have been raised up in unbroken succession, and how the One Great Friend has been ever present, no single pen can ever record. To care for the fatherless has been a work of joyful faith all along, and in waiting upon God for supplies we have experienced great delight. The way of faith in God is the best possible. We could not have carried on the work by a method more pleasant, more certain, more enduring. If we had depended upon annual subscribers, we should have had to hunt them up, and pay a heavy poundage, or perhaps fail to keep up the roll ; if we had advertized continually for funds, our outlay might have brought in a scanty return: but dependence upon God has been attended with no such hazards. We have done our best as men of business to keep the Orphanage before the public, but we have desired in all things to exercise faith as servants of God. Whatever weakness we have personally to confess and deplore, there is no weakness in the

plan of faith in God. Our experience compels us to declare that he is the living God, the God that heareth prayer, the God who will never permit those who trust in him to be confounded. The business world has passed through trying times during the last few years, but the Orphanage has not been tried; men of great enterprise have failed, but the home for the fatherless has not failed, for this enterprise is in the divine hand; an eye watches over it which neither slumbers nor sleeps.

Let the people of God be encouraged by the fact of the existence and prosperity of the Stockwell Orphanage. Miracles have come to an end, but God goes on to work great wonders: the rod of Moses is laid aside, but the rod and staff of the Great Shepherd still compass us.

The son of an old Puritan rode some twenty miles to meet his father who came a similar distance to the half-way house. "Father," said the son, "I have met with a special providence, for my horse stumbled at least a dozen times, and yet it did not fall." "Ah," replied the father, "I have had a providence quite as remarkable, for my horse did not stumble once all the way." This last is the happy picture of the Orphanage for some time past, and indeed throughout its whole career: we have never had to issue mournful appeals because of exhausted resources, and in this we must see and admire the good hand of the Lord.

We now enter more fully upon a fresh stage of our existence; we shall need to double the amount of our present income, and we shall have it from the ever opened hand of the Lord our God. Friends will be moved to think of our great family, for our great Remembrancer will stir them up. The duty of each Christian to the mass of destitute orphanhood is clear enough, and if pure minds are stirred up by way of remembrance there will be no lack in the larder, no want in the wardrobe, no failing in the funds of our Orphan House.

We labour under one great difficulty: many people say, "Mr. Spurgeon will be sure to get the money, and there is no need for us to send." It is clear that if everybody talked so, our President's name would be a hindrance instead of a help. He will be the means of finding money for our Institution, for the Lord will honour his faith and hear his prayers, and be glorified in him; but there will be no thanks due to those who fabricate an excuse for themselves out of the faithfulness of God. This difficulty, however, does not distress us: we go forward believing that when we have twice our present number of children the Lord will send us double supplies; we cannot entertain the suspicion that the girls will be left without their portion, for we, being evil, care as much for our daughters as for our sons, and our heavenly Father will do the same. It is well, however, to remind our friends of this, that each helper of the Orphanage may try to interest another generous heart, and so enlarge the circle of our friends. It may be that by such means the Great Provider will supply us; for we know that when our Lord fed the multitude he first said to his disciples, "Give ye them to eat."

After having made these observations, we will allow our report to pursue the usual tenor of its way. The reader will be interested by it if he is already interested *in* it.

The growth of the Institution will be seen in the following table of figures:—

Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
1	From Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	143
2	From April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	From April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	From April, 1872, to March, 1873	21	255	15	37	218
5	From April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	From April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	From April, 1875, to March, 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	From April, 1876, to March, 1877	46	428	52	198	230
9	From April, 1877, to March, 1878	51	479	47	245	234
10	From April, 1878, to March, 1879	48	527	38	283	244
11	From April, 1879, to March, 1880	41	568	41	324	244
12	From April, 1880, to March, 1881	42	610	44	368	242

Number of Girls received—36. Left—2. In residence—34.

Total number of Children received—646. Number in residence, April, 1881—276.

Of the 44 boys who left during the year, 32 were sent to situations, 8 were returned to their friends; 3 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers, and 1 was removed by death. The story of the little boy who died forms No. 6 of the Stockwell Orphanage Tracts, price one halfpenny, or 3s. per 100, which are useful for insertion in letters.*

No difficulty is experienced in finding situations for the boys as soon as they are ready to leave the Institution, merchants and tradesmen

- * No. 1. "Love Jesus and live for heaven."
 " 2. "Apt to Teach," for Sunday School Teachers.
 " 3. "Little Dicky."
 " 4. "To those who are happily married, or hope to be."
 " 5. "Sunshine in the heart."
 " 6. "Gone Home."

** Friends would greatly help the Institution by making them widely known.

accounting it a privilege to assist us in this important branch of our undertaking. In several instances the relatives of the boys have been able to procure situations for them in their own locality, and have very properly assumed parental oversight and control.

The sanitary condition of the Orphanage has been all that we could desire. Considering that so large a proportion of the children come to us in a delicate condition, and some with the taint of hereditary disease, it is a matter for devout thankfulness that their general health is so good, and that so few deaths have occurred. Out of the entire number who have left, only one boy was unable to enter upon a situation, in consequence of an enfeebled constitution. We owe it to an ever-watchful Providence that, during the prevailing epidemic, not a single case of fever or small-pox has occurred in the Institution.

The Institution being open to ALL CLASSES of the community, the following table shows the wide range of its operations as to the *parentage* of the children, to the end of March, 1881 :—

Mechanics	153	Accountants	6
Labourers and others	110	Merchants and Commission Agents	6
Shopkeepers and Salesmen	112	Cab Proprietors and Coachmen	5
Manufacturers and Tradesmen	85	Farmers	4
Clerks	65	Postmen	4
Ministers and Missionaries	24	Surgeons and Dentists	4
Mariners and Watermen	18	Solicitors	3
Commercial Travellers	13	Journalists	2
Schoolmasters and Teachers	13	Fireman	1
Railway Employés	9	Soldier	1
Policemen	7	Gentleman	1
TOTAL	646.		

Poverty is a relative term, and it often happens that the severest pinch of it is felt by those children who, during the lifetime of the father, were in circumstances of comparative affluence. In many cases the savings of years have been exhausted during a protracted illness, and the life insurance has been eaten up before it was due to keep the wolf from the door. It will be observed that we have received a large proportion of the children of the more necessitous classes of the community without, however, excluding those of other grades.

All class distinctions are ignored in the arrangements of the Institution, and the children are dressed in a manner to avoid the monotony of a uniform badge of charity.

The following table illustrates the catholicity of the Institution as to the parentage of the children admitted to its advantages :—

Church of England	230	Roman Catholic	3
Baptist	145	Brethren	1
Congregational	72	Moravian	1
Wesleyan	68	Bible Christian	1
Presbyterian	15	Not specified	110
TOTAL	646.		

All sections of the Church are thus laid under obligation, and we record with thankfulness the fact that members of every communion

contribute to the funds of the Institution. This is as it should be, for it would be a calamity to be deplored were theological differences allowed to mar so beneficent a work as that of assisting the widow and the fatherless. Our supreme aim is not to advance the interests of a sect, but to minister to those who are consigned to the care of the Church by Him who said, "Leave thy fatherless children unto me," and we desire to realize, in all our arrangements, that we are called upon to act "in God's stead!"

Family worship is conducted twice daily, before the morning and evening meals, by the Head Master or his assistants, the service being taken occasionally by the President, or a Member of the Committee, or a visitor to the Institution who may happen to be present. The Word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and prayer offered, and the whole of the boys repeat a text selected for the day. A service is conducted for the elder boys every Wednesday evening, by Mr. W. J. Evans, when addresses are given by ministers and other friends.

On the Lord's-day morning the elder boys attend the service at the Tabernacle; a second detachment is accommodated at the Wynne Road Chapel; a third attends the Stockwell Chapel, South Lambeth; and a suitable service is conducted for the rest at the Orphanage by Messrs. Bartlett and Daniels. Mr. W. J. Evans still superintends the Sunday School in the afternoon, assisted by a staff of 25 earnest teachers, when the international lessons arranged by the Sunday School Union are studied, and Mr. C. Carpenter presides over the Evening Service. All these good friends, who labour with commendable zeal to win the children to Christ, have been connected with the Institution from its commencement. By these arrangements the members of the staff, who are with the boys all the week, find a welcome relief, while the influence of our earnest voluntary helpers is of the most salutary kind. Those boys who give evidence of a change of heart are formed into a "Young Christians' Band," and meet twice a month.

During their term of residence in the Institution all the boys are total abstainers, no alcoholic liquors being allowed except by order of the doctor, but most of them are pledged abstainers, with the approval of their friends. Band of Hope meetings are held every month, when the children receive instruction from competent speakers; and lectures are given at intervals during the winter months.

In July the whole of the children and the staff enjoyed an excursion to Erleigh Park, Reading, by permission of Mr. J. F. Hail, the railway expenses being defrayed by Mr. Martin J. Sutton, and other friends providing the necessary refreshments for the day. As "it is more blessed to give than to receive," the kind donors must have been enriched with a holy joy, for the delight of the children was beyond their power to express. All honour to the many generous friends in Reading who have so warmly espoused the cause of the Orphanage!

The operations of the Institution reveal to the managers the widespread necessity which exists. The cry of the orphan comes from every part of our beloved land, and the plea of the widow for Christian sympathy and help is restricted to no one class of the community. Faces once radiant with smiles are saddened with grief, for the dark

shadow, which death casts, falls everywhere. How true are the lines of the poet—

“There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair !”

It is a constant joy to the president and the committee that they are able to mitigate, to such a large extent, the misery and need which are brought under their notice ; and it must be an equal joy to the subscribers to know that their loving contributions furnish the sinews for this holy war.

Children are received from all parts of the United Kingdom, *no patronage* being necessary to secure their admission.

TABLE OF TOWNS AND COUNTIES

From which children have been received.

LONDON.

Balham	5	Hampstead	2	Paddington	3
Barnsbury	2	Haverstock Hill	1	Peckham	15
Battersea	6	Holborn	7	Pentonville	2
Bayswater	5	Holloway	5	Pimlico	2
Bermondsey	52	Homerton	2	Poplar	4
Bethnal Green	4	Hornsey	1	Shadwell	1
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown	4	Shoreditch	2
Borough	7	Hoxton	8	Soho	1
Bow	13	Islington	18	Southwark	17
Brixton	18	Kennington	4	Spitalfields	1
Camberwell	22	Kensington	2	Stepney	5
Camden Town	2	Kentish Town	6	Strand	2
Chelsea	6	Kilburn	6	Streatham	3
Clapham	5	Kingsland	2	Stockwell	2
Clapton	2	Lambeth	50	Stoke Newington	1
Clerkenwell	6	Lewisham	3	St. John's Wood	1
Dalston	1	Limehouse	3	St. Luke's	2
Deptford	4	Marylebone	12	St. Pancras	3
Dulwich	2	Mill End	5	Sydenham	1
Finsbury	2	Newington	10	Walworth	32
Hackney	11	New Cross	5	Wandsworth	11
Haggerston	1	Norwood	4	Westminster	8
Hammersmith	3	Notting Hill	5	Whitechapel	3
TOTAL	468	

It is worthy of note that of the children received from London, the *poorer* districts furnished the larger proportion during the earlier period of our history. The metropolis absorbed the main part of the benefit, but now that the Institution is more widely known, candidates from the country are more numerous, and they are not crowded out by Londoners. Of recent admissions about one half were *country cases*.

COUNTRY.

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	2	<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	<i>Durham</i> , Stockton ...	1
<i>Berkshire</i> , Newbury ...	1	" Chester ...	1	<i>Essex</i> , Barking ...	1
" Reading ...	7	<i>Derbyshire</i> , Belper ...	1	" Boxted ...	1
" Slough ...	1	" Derby ...	1	" Braintree ...	1
" Wargrave ...	1	<i>Devonshire</i> , Bideford	1	" Colchester ...	2
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		" Devonport	2	" Coggshall ...	1
Winslow	2	" Exeter ...	1	" Dunmow ...	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" Stoke ...	1	" Ilford ...	1
Cambridge	2	<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole ...	1	" Leyton ...	1

COUNTRY—continued.

<i>Essex</i> , Leytonstone ... 1	<i>Kent</i> , Rochester ... 1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> , Kidlington 1
„ Loughton ... 1	„ Sittingbourne 1	„ Witney... 1
„ Maldon ... 1	„ West Wickham 1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> , Uppingham 1
„ North Woolwich 2	„ Woolwich ... 3	<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Bliim 1
„ Paglesham ... 1	„ Wrotham ... 1	<i>Somersetshire</i> , Bath ... 2
„ Stratford ... 1	<i>Lancashire</i> , Ashton- under-Lyne 1	„ Taunton 2
„ Walthamstow 1	„ Bolton ... 1	<i>Staffordshire</i> , Bilston 1
„ Witham ... 2	„ Liverpool... 2	<i>Suffolk</i> , Aldborough ... 1
<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol 4	„ Morecambe 1	„ Halesworth... 1
„ Gloucester 1	<i>Lincolnshire</i> , Boston... 1	„ Ipswich ... 3
„ Nailsworth 1	<i>Middlesex</i> , Arlington 1	„ Southwold ... 1
„ Painswick 1	„ Barnet ... 1	„ Stowmarket 1
„ Stroud ... 2	„ Ealing ... 1	<i>Surrey</i> , Addlestone ... 1
<i>Hampshire</i> , Lymington 1	„ Edmonton ... 1	„ Bletchingley 1
„ Bournemouth 1	„ Finchley ... 1	„ Croydon ... 8
„ Christchurch 1	„ Hampton-Wick 1	„ East Moulsey 1
„ Romsey ... 1	„ Harrow ... 1	„ Godstone ... 1
„ Winchester 1	„ Hendon ... 1	„ Kingston ... 2
<i>Herefordshire</i> , Ledbury 1	„ Hounslow ... 1	„ Sutton ... 1
<i>Hertfordshire</i> , Berkhampstead 1	„ Whetstone ... 1	<i>Sussex</i> , Brighton ... 2
„ Redbourne ... 1	<i>Monmouthshire</i> , Blaenavon ... 1	„ Hastings ... 2
„ St. Alban's ... 1	<i>Norfolk</i> , Holt ... 1	„ Lewes ... 1
<i>Kent</i> , Charlton ... 2	<i>Northamptonshire</i> , Brackley ... 1	<i>Warwickshire</i> , Coventry 1
„ Chatham ... 2	„ Northampton 1	„ Quinton 1
„ Deal ... 1	„ Oundle ... 1	<i>Wiltshire</i> , Calne ... 1
„ Eynsford ... 1	„ Thrapstone 1	„ Chippenham 1
„ Gravesend ... 3	<i>Nottingham</i> , Retford... 1	„ Summerford 1
„ Greenwich ... 9	„ Sutton ... 1	„ Magna ... 1
„ Maidstone ... 3	<i>Oxfordshire</i> , Banbury 1	„ Swindon ... 1
„ Margate ... 4	„ Chipping Norton 1	„ Warminster 1
„ Northfleet ... 2		„ Westbury 1
„ Ramsgate ... 1		„ Leigh ... 1
		„ Wroughton 1
TOTAL		170.

It will be seen that 117 provincial towns, representing 32 counties, have participated in the benefits of the Institution by sending 170 children. Distance is a matter which has to be considered, for the coming of children from afar is a great expense, and frequently becomes a practical prohibition through the poverty of the friends. It is natural and right that orphans should be taken into institutions as near home as possible; still we, as an Institution, know no boundary, but are willing to receive orphans from any and every place so long as we have room.

<i>Wales</i> , Llanelly 1	<i>Wales</i> , Swansea 1
„ Haverfordwest 1	„ Builth 1
„ Hay 1	
TOTAL	5

<i>Scotland</i> , Dunfermline	1
<i>Ireland</i>	2

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	468
Country	170
Scotland... ..	1
Wales	5
Ireland	2

As Candidates are selected by a Committee who are pledged to accept only the most needy and deserving, children are admitted only upon full consideration of their relative need. Applicants who are unsuccessful have, at least, the satisfaction of not having been put to any trouble or expense in canvassing for subscribers' votes, and of knowing that others more necessitous have secured the advantages offered by the Institution. In some instances, when a number of Candidates have come before the Committee, poor widows have requested to be allowed to withdraw their claims in favour of others whom they themselves deemed more necessitous from what they heard in the waiting room. With only a limited number of vacancies to fill every year it is impossible to admit all who apply, but the Committee have the satisfaction that, as far as they are able to judge, none but cases of urgent necessity succeed in gaining admission.

The Educational arrangements are the same as in former years, the object being to impart a sound English education and a religious training. In addition to the ordinary subjects the children are instructed in Shorthand, Drawing, and Elementary Science, and they are examined in the two last named subjects by the examiners appointed by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington. The returns of the last examination are as follows:—

SCIENCE AND ART CLASSES.

DRAWING,

FREEHAND, GEOMETRY, AND MODEL.

Presented for Examination, March, 1880	199
Number of failures	10
			Passed 189
			189
Of these there were passed with satisfaction to the Examiners...			50
Number who obtained Certificates	115
" " Prizes and Certificates	24
			Total 189
			189

The amount granted by the Department for examination in aid of the Classes was £15 5s. 2d.

MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY.

At the first examination in May, 1880, 50 boys passed successfully, two of whom gained Queen's Prizes.

This year an additional class has been formed for the study of Physiography, and the boys give promise of more than average success in all subjects.

The amount gained by the examination is granted to the teacher for his valuable services.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION.

As our Sunday School is affiliated to the Sunday School Union, we allow the boys who desire to do so to sit for examination. Of the Candidates who were successful at the last examination, 3 gained prizes, 12 First Class Certificates, and 38 Second Class Certificates.

During the year the boys took part in the Crystal Palace Musical Festivals arranged by the Band of Hope Union and the Tonic-Solfa Association.

In order to make the character and claims of the Institution more widely known, the Head Master and the Secretary have held meetings in London and the Provinces, and the success which has crowned their efforts is of a very gratifying character. The boys who accompany them to sing and to recite furnish a powerful appeal by their appearance and conduct, and commend the Institution to which they owe so much. The local papers speak in terms of the highest praise of their services, and thus a most effective advertisement is secured without any cost to the Institution. So far as the boys are concerned these trips have an educational value, for they get to know a great deal of the products and industries of different parts of the country, besides securing the advantage of being brought into contact with Christian families where they reside during their visit.

During the year Services of Song have been held as under :—

METROPOLIS.

Acton; Bermondsey (Green Walk Mission); Camberwell (Masonic Hall, Denmark Place Chapel, and Camberwell New Road Congregational Church); Hampstead; Ross's Mission (Old Kent Road); Islington (Salter's Hall Chapel); Victoria Park (Tabernacle and Grove Road Chapel); and Westbourne Grove Chapel, Bayswater.

PROVINCES.

Cambridge, Dunstable, Exeter, Falmouth, Helston, Liskeard, Penzance, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Southend, St. Austell, Taunton, Torquay, Truro, Willingham, and Woburn.

The amount realized during the year, after defraying all expenses, is £644 10s. 2d., and our thanks are hereby tendered to all who assisted in any way to secure such a splendid result. Friends in other places, willing to assist the Orphanage by arranging for a visit from the Choir, should apply to Mr. Charlesworth. Our funds might be helped in a pleasant and efficient manner if friends would invite the choir to their localities.

The Committee record with thankfulness that there has been no lack in the funds contributed for the efficient maintenance of the Institution. Friends prefer to give donations rather than pledge themselves to send annual subscriptions, and the benevolence thus manifested is purely

spontaneous. The admirable custom of making shirts for the boys is still continued by the young ladies of an educational establishment, who send in a supply of 200 shirts every year. Their efforts are supplemented by several working Associations, but the supply is not yet equal to the demand, and we cordially invite the co-operation of others, to whom we shall be glad to send samples and patterns.

The Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach produces more than the average field of flour and potatoes, under the skilful farming of our friend, Mr. Toller. Another farmer in Kent has sent us a portion of his potato crop, and several millers have forwarded a sack of flour occasionally. Puddings and potatoes form such important articles of diet, that we shall be glad if other Christian farmers will remember our Orphan children from time to time. A good friend at Reading has dedicated a pear tree to the Orphanage, and sends either the fruit or the money realized by its sale.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the presents sent by generous friends, but they have been duly acknowledged every month in *The Sword and the Trowel*. They are all received with gratitude, and we take this opportunity of repeating our thanks. It is a cause of grief to us when friends do not receive a prompt acknowledgment of their gifts, but in almost all instances where this has occurred, the donor has failed to send *name and address with the parcel*. We are too grateful for any help, however small, to risk giving pain or offence to those who remember us, and we respectfully request to be informed of the transmission of presents *at the time*, and their receipt shall be duly acknowledged.

The work of caring for the widow and the fatherless is specially mentioned by the Holy Spirit as one of the most acceptable modes of giving outward expression to pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, and therefore the Lord's people will not question that they should help in carrying it out. Will it need much pleading? If so, we cannot use it, as we shrink from marring the willingness which is the charm of such a service. The work is carried on in dependence upon God, and as His blessing evidently rests upon it, we are confident the means will be forthcoming as the need arises. While commending the work to our heavenly Father in prayer, we deem it right to lay before the stewards of His bounty the necessities and claims of the Institution.

The year 1880 will be a memorable one in the history of the Institution, and we record with gratitude the fact that the foundation stones of the first four houses for the Girls' Orphanage were laid on the 22nd of June, when the President's birthday was celebrated. It was a joy to all present that Mrs. Spurgeon was able to lay the memorial stone of "THE SERMON HOUSE, the gift of C. H. Spurgeon and his esteemed publishers, Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster." The memorial stone of another house, the gift of Mr. W. R. Rickett, and called "The Limes, in tender memory of five beloved children," was laid by C. H. Spurgeon, who made a touching allusion to the sad event thus commemorated. Mrs. Samuel Barrow laid the memorial stone of the house called "The Olives," the amount for its erection having been given and

collected by her beloved husband. The Trustees of the Institution having subscribed the funds for the erection of a house, the Treasurer, Mr. William Higgs, laid, in their name, the memorial stone which bears the inscription, "Erected by the Trustees of the Orphanage to express their joy in this service of love." Several friends have rendered substantial help in kind. Mr. G. F. Dean and Messrs. Wills and Packham, of Sittingbourne, each sent a freight of bricks, and Mr. Arnold, of Woolwich, a quantity of flooring. The late Mr. R. May provided the slating of two houses, and Mr. G. M. Hammer has offered to furnish one of the schools with desks.

The plans of the Orphanage were drawn for six houses, but it was not deemed expedient to proceed with them all until the necessary funds were forthcoming. "H. E. S." generously gave a thousand pounds, and other amounts being subscribed, we were able to lay the memorial stones of the two remaining houses on the 4th of October. The President felt that, as the friends in Reading and Liverpool had rendered substantial help to the Institution from time to time, it was most appropriate to record the fact on the memorial stones, which were duly laid by George Palmer, Esq., M.P. for Reading, and the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool.

At the present moment the buildings of the Orphanage form a great square, enclosing a fine space for air and exercise. Visitors generally express great surprise at the beauty and openness of the whole establishment. Much remains to be done before the Institution is completely accommodated; there is needed an infirmary for the girls, and till that is built one of the houses will have to be used for that purpose, thus occupying the space which would otherwise be filled by thirty or forty children: this should be attended to at an early date. Baths and washhouses will be urgently required for the girls, and we propose to make them sufficiently commodious for the girls to do the washing for the entire community of 500 children, thus instructing them in household duties, and saving a considerable expense. We have not yet settled upon the working plans, but they must either include a place in which all our great family can worship at one time, or else a new hall in which they can assemble at meals: our moot question is whether we shall turn our present dining-hall into a chapel and build a new hall, or leave matters as they now are, and erect a new place for divine service. In either case the cost will be very considerable, and we shall again have to call for the stream of liberality to flow towards Stockwell. Two esteemed friends, husband and wife, have already given £1,000 towards the needful outlay, and we doubt not that other friends, hitherto unknown, will be called out by the great Father of the fatherless to aid us in putting the topstone to this great work. We would not spend a sixpence needlessly. No money has been wasted in lavish ornament, or in hideous ugliness. The buildings are not a workhouse or a county-jail, but a pleasant residence for those children of whom God declares himself to be the Father. The additional buildings which we contemplate are not for luxury, but for necessary uses; and as we endeavour to lay out money with judicious economy we feel sure that we shall be trusted in the future as in the past.

Are there not friends waiting to take a share in the Stockwell Orphanage Building? They cannot better commemorate personal blessings, nor can they find a more suitable memorial for departed friends. No storied urn or animated bust can half so well record the memory of beloved ones as a stone in an Orphan House. Most of the buildings are already appropriated as memorials in some form or other, and only a few more will be needed. Very soon all building operations will be complete, and those who have lost the opportunity of becoming shareholders in the Home of Mercy may regret their delay. At any rate, none who place a stone in the walls of the Stockwell Orphanage will ever lament that they did this deed of love to the little ones for whom Jesus cares. Honoured names are with us already engraven upon the stones of this great Hostelery of the All-merciful; and many others are our co-workers whose record is on high, though unknown among men. Who will be the next to join us in this happy labour?

We hope to have the houses furnished and ready for occupation in the autumn of the present year. As funds come in we shall erect the dining hall, gymnasium, and swimming-bath, and a house for the head master. When the whole of the buildings are complete, the Institution will afford accommodation for 500 children, and prove a memorial of Christian generosity and of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

As it is most important to comply with legal conditions in order to secure the validity of a legacy, we append the necessary form. Very serious risks are run by persons deviating from such form. It cannot be too clearly understood that bequests of land or houses for charitable purposes are null and void. Those are wisest who are their own executors and distribute their money in their own life-time, but if this cannot be, they should at least make their wills and see that they are properly worded.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of.....
pounds sterling, to be paid out of that part of my personal estate which
may by law be given with effect for charitable purposes, to be paid to the
Treasurer for the time being of the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
Surrey, and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy;
and this legacy, when received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the
general purposes of the Orphanage.*

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1881.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
To Donations :—			By Maintenance and Education :—		
General	3,244	5 2	Salaries and Wages	1,639	3 6
Collecting Boxes and Books	1,023	10 8	Provisions	2,926	8 10
Services of Song (less expenses)	644	10 2	Clothing	1,165	4 5
			Washing, Soap, &c.	121	17 4
			Fuel, Gas, and Water	415	3 7
Legacies	4,912	6 0	Books and School Requisites	91	15 5
Annual Subscriptions	1,985	17 1	Gardening and Sundries	17	17 0
Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs)	1,393	11 2	Medical Expenses	93	0 4
				6,470	10 5
Donations—Girls' Orphanage	11,301	17 0	Printing, Stationery, Publications, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	472	19 1
			Furniture and Repairs	639	2 1
Balance at Credit, March 31st, 1880	19,714	10 3	Poor and General Rates	144	5 3
			Tithe Rent Redemption	108	16 6
			Girls' Orphanage—New Buildings, Builder, Architect, &c., on account	7,314	14 0
				15,150	7 4
			Balance at Credit March 31st, 1881 :—		
			For New Buildings	3,987	3 0
			General Purposes	2,650	4 9
				6,637	7 9
				£21,787	15 1

Audited and found correct this 3rd day of June, 1881.

WILLIAM HIGGS,
 JAMES A. SPURGEON, } Trustees.
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THE GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, STOCKWELL.

The Houses for Girls are now complete, and some of them will be opened early in the autumn; the rest as the funds permit us to proceed. We have yet to build

AN INFIRMARY, A DINING HALL,
A LARGE BATH, AND A PLAY HALL,

AND

TO MAKE THE NECESSARY ROADS, AND TO LAY OUT THE GROUNDS.

For this additional work we require

Ten Thousand Pounds at the least;

And to give *all our friends* an opportunity of assisting to complete the work it has been decided to hold a

BAZAAR NEXT CHRISTMAS,

In the Schoolroom at

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

We shall be *glad to hear* as soon as possible what help we may expect.

USEFUL ARTICLES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, likely to find a ready sale, will be thankfully received, and should be sent addressed to

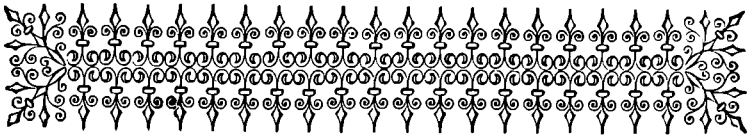
Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH,

The Orphanage,

Stockwell, London, S.W.

Friends, help us to complete this blessed work!

C. H. SPURGEON, *President.*



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

“He Told us Nothing New.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



ANY a critic praises when he intends to censure. The man who uttered this complaint had not got what he expected, but the fault was with himself, in that he did not look for what it was the preacher's duty to supply. Blame from certain quarters is the highest commendation. The fly blamed the spider for spreading a web right in its way, and thus paid an unintentional compliment to the skilful fly-catcher. The nail chided the hammer for hitting it right on the head, and indirectly praised the stroke. The fish complained that the bait completely hid the hook, and this was one to the fisherman. Now, if the fly, and the nail, and the fish, had been able to congratulate one another on escape from web, and stroke, and hook, spider and carpenter and fisherman would not have shared the joy, but would have needed to look to their laurels and try again. This case is somewhat similar. From the son of a great preacher, this fault-finder expected to receive something not only startling in delivery, but novel as to matter.

A fellow-townsmen said to him the morning after the evangelistic service, “Were you hearing young Spurgeon last night, and what did you think of him?”

“Little enough,” he answered. “*It was the same old stuff. He told us nothing new.*” The reader must imagine the shrugged shoulder and the disappointed look which accompanied this lamentation. Sorry as I may be for the poor man's disappointment, I cannot bring myself to murmur at his criticism. I gladly own the judgment just. There could be no credit to the preacher of the gospel if men who were by no means strangers to the truth exclaimed in rapturous delight, “It was all new to us; we never heard such things before!” Is it ours to be ever

"telling some new thing," tickling the ears of Athenians, and finding food for speculation and superstition? I thought "the old, old story" was our theme, and none of your new-fangled notions and startling novelties.

What this malcontent expected, I am at a loss to know. The avowed object of the preacher was to proclaim the gospel, and the promise was fulfilled. He certainly had a gospel text: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and if I remember rightly, the sermon stuck to the text, the tune was in the same key as the first note.

Had the platform been occupied by a conjuror whose programme promised a succession of "startling novelties" and "real surprises," the audience would have done right in grumbling if these were not forthcoming. An ordinary show of sleight-of-hand, simple card tricks, and the like, would not satisfy a public whose appetite had been whetted by a magniloquent advertisement. Nothing short of decapitating an obliging attendant and afterwards restoring his headpiece, or the production of live turtle doves from a magic frying-pan, could be reckoned a completion of the contract. If a lecturer or concert-company visited the township with songs or subjects said to be "entirely new," the folks might ask for their money back again (I do not say they would get it), if all they heard was on some local topic from the orator, "Nancy Lee," or "Home Sweet Home," from the songsters.

But in this particular case the speaker made no pretensions, charged no fee, made no promises. He could not be charged with "giving out that himself was some great one." He did not cause a trumpet to be sounded before him, nor did he blow his own. Passing through the town, he consented to preach the gospel as best he could, and though weary with journeying, he spoke earnestly about the way "from death unto life." No bargain was broken, no promise forgotten.

I wonder what the grumbler looked for? Surely he could never have hoped I was a purveyor of such misty, mazy doctrines concerning the creation, Christ's atonement, and future punishment, as some men teach. My very name might tell him differently; for though it does not always happen (would God it did) that sons continue in their sire's holy faith, yet hope points that way, and disappointment generally arises in cases of departure rather than in instances of adherence. Did he expect me to introduce a new Saviour to the township, or to rear some ladder to the skies such as he had dreamed of or was wishing for? If so, I thank God that he was disappointed, for I have "determined not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

Gladly I leave others to preach such sermons as one I heard of lately, in which—so says a hearer—"the most comforting truth was the fact that traces of the human race have been discovered thousands of feet beneath the earth's surface." Possibly, such a statement might be classed under the head of "some new thing"; but if the gospel is still to be had, we say "the old is better."

That "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," is the grandest news that earth can ever hear. It made even heaven rejoice, though our gain was its loss. Was it not to this glad tune that angels sang to shepherds on the Saviour's birthnight? Did not the eastern

sages hail with joy the tidings that the God-sent star proclaimed? And this same news, older in point of time, but fresh and fragrant still, is what we preach; indeed, our news is better, for we can tell not only of our Redeemer's advent, but of his finished work, his complete sacrifice, and his ceaseless intercession. We speak not of the manger only, but of the cross, the grave, the throne.

Let them call this "the same old stuff," if they will. We take the liberty of wresting their words till the title, contemptuous though it seems to be, serves as a glorious motto. Let every pulpit provide "the same old stuff"! The loaves and fishes of the gospel are better far than any of the dainty dishes the modern confectioners of the church concoct. But let it not be thought that when we glory in the old gospel we admit it is not news. Paradoxical as it may seem, we hold that the charm of the old truth is its perennial freshness. It renews its youth "like the eagle's." In some quarters, they tell us it is worn out and threadbare.

The correspondent of a New Zealand paper, when writing the other day from America, said that in that country the old-fashioned theology was "played out." This startling intelligence was followed by an insinuation, in language which I do not care to quote, that the departure of some from sound scriptural views argues a general decay and failure of our holy faith. Because some remove the ancient landmarks he would have it that all are on the eve of changing their minds, recanting their faith, and striking their colours. The wish, I presume, is father to the thought. Such writers—who, by the way, are far more at home when writing of some notable scandal or political sensation—would make us swallow their persuasion that our sires have been mistaken, and that we have shared their folly; that the faith for which martyrs blazed and heroes bled—the faith in which Christians lived trustingly, and died triumphantly—is a delusion and a lie. They would have us fling overboard the treasure that has been to us both ballast and cargo so long, and what are they going to give us instead thereof? They would load us—like the silt boats—with mud and mire, which they have dredged from their own imaginations, "primordial slime," or some such stuff!

The fact is that for those who are content to relinquish "the old, old story" there is every provision made, in order to supply the vacuum. There is a charming variety of substitutes to select from. As saith the showman, "Whichever you please, my little dears; you pays your money and you takes your choice!" Here is a peephole, with a view of "final restoration." Another presents a scene in which certain learned divines, armed with hoses, are playing jets of water on the flames of hell and putting them out (*in the picture*). Directions for looking through this hole are to the effect that you must keep one eye shut and not look out of the other; for who but the blind can fail to see unquenchable fire even in Christ's teaching? Should you wish to change your views you can be obliged with a glance through peepholes labelled, "Conditional Immortality," "Cleansing Fires," or "Annihilation." Dropping the figure, you can find some to assure you that you will die like a dog, or an ass, if such a doctrine pleases you: you can get a purgatory without going to Rome for it, and annihilation, or something very like it, from professing Christians.

Does some one remind me that these things are by no means *new*—that these views have been held in some shape or form for years? I admit it; but are they not new, after all, in comparison with the gospel of the grace of God? Who knows when "the wondrous plan" was first contrived?

The Lamb, whose blood still cleanses us, was "slain from the foundation of the world." The first gospel sermon was preached as soon as Adam fell, when God the Father promised that the woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head. All else is *new* when we talk of God's love to rebel men: and yet, old as this gospel is, its power remains as fresh and forceful as ever. "Played out," indeed! What means the scribe? We may believe it when an angel tells us so, and God admits it. Is this penny-a-liner also among the prophets?

Just now God is telling us plainly, the world over, that his arm is not shortened that it cannot save; and what is his instrument but the tale of Calvary, the old-fashioned theology? Is the "faithful saying" no longer true and "worthy of all acceptation"? Has "the truth as it is in Jesus" had its day, like the crowd of short-lived dogmas which have barked against it? Has the fringe of Jesus' garment ceased to respond with "virtue" to the touch of faith?

When Christ uplifted fails to draw, when the fount once opened for sin and all uncleanness, is "a spring shut up, a fountain sealed"; when Jesus gives up pleading, and the Spirit ceases striving; when angels have no repenting sinners to sing about, we may look for a newer and a better gospel: then we may take up another sword and wear another badge, but—

"Till then—nor is our boasting vain—
Till then we'll preach a Saviour slain.
And O may this our glory be,
The truth of Christ still makes men free."

A word to those who read this paper, not having yet accepted for themselves the Christ we speak of. Dear friends, you have a reverence for the "old story," which my critic did not possess. Possibly you have got "so near to the kingdom" as to know that—

"None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

Still you have not made Jesus yours. Have you grown gospel-hardened? Have you built your nest so long in the belfry that the bells are scarcely heard? Are the terrible knells which speak of death and judgment, and the merry chime which calls to mercy, alike unheeded? Do not ask for a new gospel,—*seek a new heart*. God himself cannot provide any other salvation than that which Christ has wrought. Is it too simple, too easy, too readily understood?

If these are the faults you find, be sure *they* cannot be altered, but *you* can and must be changed; for "except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." God give you grace enough, and humility enough, to enable you to accept the simple truth, that you may not be "ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

Peter Waldo, the Reformer of Lyons.*

THE Waldensian churches have a picturesque beauty and interest all their own. The record of their struggles, their sufferings, their fidelity, charms like the view of the romantic valleys they inhabit. From the earliest times they have held almost undimmed the lamp of truth. Every glimpse gained of them as we look down the long vista of time is honourable to their loyalty to God and the faith. In the third century they were trampled by the bloody foot of pagan persecution: in the fourth, they stood manfully forward and protested against the growing arrogance of the Bishops of Rome, and against the introduction of images into churches: in the seventh century they are seen guarding in their secluded Swiss valleys the priceless possession of an unfettered conscience from the oppression of the Romish church: in the ninth century Claude of Turin, "the Bishop of the Valleys," was their spokesman. He found the churches full of images and crosses; he cast them out and burned them. He preached the word of God, and made his wide diocese ring with warrior blasts against the thickening armies of superstition. "The bones of the saints are no more to be revered," said he, "than the bones of cattle. A piece of wood, even if it were of the true cross, is entitled to no veneration. The other apostles are equal with Peter. Prayer after death is of no use to anyone. Faith alone saves." Great opposition was roused against him, but his doctrines sank deep into men's minds.

In the twelfth century arose Peter Waldo, the rich burgess of Lyons, to grasp the standard of the pure faith and bear it to the front of the battle against error. He was not, as some have supposed, the founder of the Waldensian churches; for they had existed in those valleys in unbroken succession from the primitive times in which they were planted: but by his translation of the word of God into the language of the people, by his fervent zeal and bold preaching, and by the indomitable band of disciples trained and sent forth by him, he increased their numbers, and gave them a new and powerful impulse. An illustrious Christian hero of the first degree, he deserves to be better known; but, as our author remarks, the records which remain of him are extremely meagre, and are mostly from the pen of his foes.

Born, probably, in the city or district of Walden, in the French Alps, he settled as a merchant in Lyons about the year 1150, and became one of its wealthiest citizens. He married; his home was brightened by the presence of two daughters, and for many years he was content to grow rich in lands and merchandise, to observe the forms of the Romish Church, and to enjoy the friendship of its wealthy dignitaries.

The tragic event that led to his conversion reminds us of the similar circumstance that awakened in Luther's mind the conviction of sin. On a certain day he was sitting at a banquet of distinguished citizens when one of the guests at his side suddenly became a corpse. The solemn emotion that seized all present became a life-long force in the heart of Peter Waldo. He gazed forward in fear to the account he must himself

* Peter Waldo, the Reformer of Lyons; His Life and Labours. Based on the French of the Rev. B. Frou. By Rev. J. N. Worsfold, M.A., F.S.S. London: John F. Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.

give at the bar of God. His sins rose in remembrance before him. How shall I appease an awakened conscience? was the question that filled his soul. The Romish Church had its answer ready: "By almsgiving"; and Waldo from that day devoted part of his wealth to the relief of poverty. Every quarter of the town felt his beneficence: but his heart was not at peace: his alms-deeds could not assure him of the forgiveness of sins.

One Lord's-day evening, in 1173, he stopped in the street to listen to a minstrel singing the praises of voluntary poverty. The song fell like a spark on Waldo's susceptible mind, and he invited the minstrel to his house. He began to read the Scriptures, and found the words—"If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up thy cross and follow me." The conviction deepened within him that money was his great enemy, and that it was impossible to serve God and mammon. Seeking further light, and inflamed with the desire of mastering the whole Bible, he obtained by great perseverance a copy of the Latin Scriptures, worm-eaten and dilapidated, for which he paid its weight in gold. He read it himself, and translated and expounded it to his family, and to the crowd who daily received alms at his door, and thus the rich merchant's house became at once a house of mercy and a house of God. He presently resolved on the further step of publishing a Gallic translation of the Scriptures, and engaged two learned men for the purpose, one as translator and the other as copyist. The New Testament and Psalms were first completed, and all who desired were allowed to take copies. He also sent a copy of the finished Bible to the Pope at the Council of Lateran in 1179. Thus to Waldo belongs the honour of first giving the Scriptures to the people in the vulgar tongue, since Latin had ceased to be the universal language of literature. The Pope received it with scant gratitude; but the people, and conspicuously the Waldensian churches, welcomed the work with avidity.

Still, through all these biblical labours, in Waldo's mind rang the words—"If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast." He felt that every Christian owed entire obedience to the whole will of God; but believing that no sacrifice would be acceptable to God which defrauded those dependent on himself, he divided his property, and making over half to his wife, who saw with distraction the destination of the other half, he devoted the remainder to the service of God. When, a few months after, a severe famine visited France, he gave bread, soup, and meal to all who applied, and distributed money through the whole city. The people seeing the wealthy merchant plunging into voluntary poverty pronounced him mad. He replied that he was taking revenge upon the enemy that had usurped the place of God in his affections. It was a saying of St. Bernard, "There are some people very willing to be poor, but on condition that they want for nothing." Waldo was not of this ilk. He gave away literally all he had, till he was reduced to beg of a friend, for the love of God, to give him something to eat. His wife chagrined at his conduct, complained to the Archbishop, and seizing her husband by the flap of his coat exclaimed, "If it should be allowed to any to atone for their sins by giving alms to thee, my husband, is it not to me this privilege belongs? The Archbishop facilitated the good

woman's chances of salvation by forbidding Waldo to receive food from any other than his wife so long as he remained in the city.

Waldo voluntarily chose poverty, but he sought no monastic seclusion. The cloister he yearned for was the street, where in the free light of day he could open out his beating heart to the multitudes. His earnest preaching, and his magnificent example of leaving all for Christ, made harmonious music, and many rocky hearts were influenced by this Christian Orpheus. Converts gathered round him, including more than one ecclesiastic, and, vividly perceiving the great need of the times, he selected the most promising of them to be trained to preach the Word of God far and wide. The motto of his school was, "The Word of God before all things : all things as a means to the understanding and preaching of the Word of God." The students were required to make a copy of the New Testament each for his own use, and to commit to memory the gospels and epistles : thus equipped they travelled everywhere preaching the Word. The substance of their preaching will show how far Waldo himself had progressed in the knowledge of salvation. "It is easier," said they, quoting from St. Augustine, "to create the world, than to justify the wicked. He only pardons sin who died for us." Against priestly absolution they declared that the forgiveness of sins must come from God through Christ ; against human mediation, that Christ as Mediator between God and man suffices for all and everything ; against church authority they maintained that the Scripture is the only rule of faith ; and against saint worship that God alone must be worshipped, to the exclusion of every creature. At first their progress was comparatively unimpeded, and even the priests opened their churches to these lay preachers. But this was a state of things which could not long be permitted, and the Archbishop of Lyons presently prohibited Waldo and his followers from preaching. Waldo complied so far as to give up preaching, but continued the reading and exposition of the Word of God. The Archbishop proceeded to interdict the exposition. Then Waldo came to a stand. To the Archbishop's prohibition he opposed the divine command, "Preach the gospel to every creature," and would yield no more. The Archbishop accordingly pronounced upon him and his followers the sentence of excommunication. Waldo replied, "None can be excommunicated for a good work. None but God can excommunicate. The church can no more condemn than it can save." "This excommunication," he said to his friends, "likens us to the apostles, and shall be for us a benediction and a glory. The priests curse and pursue us ; so did the scribes and pharisees the apostles, whom they chased from the synagogue for preaching the gospel."

The great guns of the church were now turned fully upon them, and ecclesiastical thunders pealed above their heads. The Pope pronounced a perpetual anathema on the "poor men of Lyons ;" condemned all who should give them shelter ; commanded the swearing in of men in each locality to act as spies and informers against them : they were everywhere pursued like beasts of prey, and everywhere, openly and secretly, they sought to lead souls to the knowledge of the Saviour.

Waldo protested against the arrogance which assumed that the Romish Church was the mistress of the earth and its inhabitants ; but

he was no longer the rich merchant of Lyons, the man of social distinction, the idol of the people and the friend of the rulers. He might have found shelter if he would have ceased his labours; but his indomitable spirit preferred exile to unfaithfulness to God; and he and his followers, routed from Lyons, "scattered themselves in the province of Narbonne, along the banks of the Rhine, in Piedmont and Lombardy, and more particularly in the Alps," carrying everywhere their "little book," and industriously preaching the Word. Thus, persecution spread the gospel. With facile adaptation to circumstances, these missionaries pursued their labours in spite of danger. "Nothing," their enemies complained, "was more difficult than to lay hands on them. You find them under an ordinary appearance; they escape you in the dress of a traveller or pilgrim. To-day you think you see a barber or a shoemaker, to-morrow there will be a harvest-man just leaving the fields with his load of corn on his shoulder. And when the villains are got hold of they have all the appearance of a saint and faithful Christian." We take leave to add that the appearance was justified by the reality. By the roadside, in the market-place, the lonely farm, the lordly castle, sometimes to crowds, sometimes to individuals, often in the dim evening or at dead of night, they read and expounded the Word of God, and offered prayer, thanksgiving, and confession of sin, making at the close a collection for the support of the teachers and students. With their pedlars' packs they went from house to house, and, after displaying their wares, introduced the New Testament, so sweetly speaking of the Saviour therein revealed that the good woman believes she hears an angel from heaven rather than a man. Opening the little book, they would show what the disciples of Christ must be; and three words sufficed, "Look at Christ, hear his word, follow his steps." Thus the pedlar brought to thousands the Pearl of great price, and many homes were enriched with the peace and joy and the heartease which are begotten of faith.

Meanwhile Waldo was rounding off his laborious life with labours still more abundant, and drawing near to his rest. Wherever he went he was the means of a glorious awakening of spiritual life. After he left Dauphiny he withdrew to Holland, where he found many adherents. Thence he went to Picardy, where his labours "were so fruitful that when Philip Augustus wished to rid the district of Bible readers to please the Pope, he had to destroy by way of commencement the houses of three hundred gentlemen, and to burn both books and readers." Thence the indefatigable evangelist travelled to Germany and Saxony, making a lengthened stay; and finally retired to Bohemia, where he ended his days about the year 1197.

Thus the light spread in spite of the rage of Rome. Men cannot hinder the sun rising. They cannot roll a stone to the gate of the East and entomb the dawn; up the sky it comes, unconscious of their opposition. And this was the dawn of the Reformation. Many bright spears of light followed: our own Wycliffe, Huss of Bohemia, and his friend Jerome of Prague, Savonarola, John Wessel—these and others shone out upon the world, and drove the darkness before them; till at length the Sun of the Reformation appeared above the horizon, and Europe rejoiced in the blessed beams of the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

It only remains to add a word in commendation of the very readable little book from which mainly we have gathered the materials for this sketch. It is necessarily fragmentary, for Waldo never found a biographer, and his constant wanderings and the necessity under which he was laid of avoiding needless publicity, add to the difficulty of tracing his life. Enough, however, has come down to us to show him as a servant of God "chosen for the accomplishment of one of the greatest revivals of religion which has ever taken place;" and his pure life, his quenchless zeal, his courage, and incessant labours, present a noble contrast to the foul impurity, sloth, ambition, and greedy covetousness that seethed around him. C. A. DAVIS.

A Holy Life is True Force.

IF you would be useful, be careful of your life. Many a man's lips are sealed from speaking to others by the consciousness of his own inconsistencies. I do not mean to say that this is an excuse. If one has been inconsistent before the impenitent, he ought to admit it; confess it, and then speak for Jesus. The influence a truth or statement may have depends very much upon who shall utter it. I have heard a plain, hesitating, uneducated man speak, and every one listened attentively and respectfully, while his simply-uttered supplications impressed the most unconcerned. In the same meeting I have heard one speak in fine language and with great fluency, and pray with real eloquence, and every one seemed utterly indifferent, if not disrespectful. The difference was accounted for by the difference in the characters of the two men.

The first man's life was Christlike, gentle; kindness was a ruling characteristic. The other has hard, censorious, not easily pleased nor disposed to incommode himself to accommodate others.

A gentleman from England wrote that he went to some one of our cities into the morning prayer-meeting of one of the churches; that during the meeting a man spoke with little or no animation, and the address was wanting in all the elements calculated to produce an impression. Yet, to his astonishment, the entire meeting appeared to be listening with rapt attention, and it was but a little before he saw many of the people were in tears. He was so utterly surprised at the result that he was led to enquire about it at the close of the service. He was told that the man who had spoken was so remarkable for his uniform Christian consistency, and was so gentle and affectionate, that his words were always weighty, for that his life had secured him the affection of the whole church. This visitor wrote further that he went to the meeting the following morning, and was much interested in the whole service, and specially so in a gentleman's address, who spoke with such fervour and eloquence as to excite his feelings intensely, so that he found himself weeping profusely, and supposed that everybody in the meeting would be as much excited as himself; but on looking around, he found that he was the only weeper to be seen. Again he was astonished; but the solution was the fact that while his brethren did not question his being a Christian, his *life* had not compelled their homage. —From "Winning Souls," by S. B. Halliday, of Brooklyn, U.S.A.

A Sermon to Ministers and other tried Beliebers.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.”—1 Peter v. 7.

THIS season of depression in trade has brought great care to many a house and heart, especially to village pastors and their flocks. Their troubles have been heavy, and I am afraid their cares have not been light. Few have escaped the pinch of these hard times: the most prosperous have to watch the ebbing tide, and ask—How long shall these things be? The subject will be seasonable to us all.

A very good preface to any sermon is the connection; let us look at the passage before us. The verse preceding it is, “Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.” If we are truly humble we shall cast our care upon God, and by that process our joy will be exalted. We are slow to submit to the hand of God, and oftentimes our care is fretful rebellion against our heavenly Father’s will. We determine to carve for ourselves, and so we cut our fingers. I saw upon a cart only yesterday the name of a tradesman who calls himself “Universal Provider”: do we not aspire to some such office? There is a Universal Provider, and if we are humble under his hand we shall leave our matters in his hands. Oh for more humility, for then shall we have more tranquillity. Pride begets anxiety; true humility gives birth to patience.

The verse which follows our text is this—“Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.” Cast your care upon God, because you need all your powers of thought to battle with the great enemy. He hopes to devour you by care. Cast all your care upon God, for if you are worried you cannot be sober or watchful. Satan rides on the back of carnal care, and so obtains entrance into the soul. If he can distract our minds from the peace of faith by temporal cares he will get an advantage over us.

The preface allowed of expansion, but I have compressed it with stern economy of time. I must condense with equal rigour all through my discourse. We will first *expound* the text, and then *enforce* it.

I. First, let us *EXPOUND* the text—“Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you.” It is noteworthy that in the Greek the two words for “care” are different: hence the Revised Version reads, “Casting all your anxiety upon him; because he careth for you.” The care which you are to cast upon God, is wearing you out, and you are to cast it upon God because, in quite another sense, “he careth for you.” The word used in reference to God is applied to caring for the poor, and in another place to the watchfulness of a shepherd. Our anxiety and God’s care are two very different things. His care, though tender and comprehensive, causes no anxiety to him, for his great mind is more than equal to the task; but our care ferments within us and threatens the destruction of our narrow souls. You are to cast your care, which is folly, upon the Lord, for he exercises a care which is wisdom. Care to us is exhausting, but God is all-sufficient. Care to us is sinful,

but God's care of us is holy. Care distracts us from service, but the divine mind does not forget one thing while remembering another.

If our care is to be cast upon God we are hereby led to make a distinction; for there is a care which we could not dare to cast upon God, it would be blasphemy to attempt it. Anxiety to grow rich; can we impart that to God? Anxiety to be famous, to live in luxury, to avenge an injury, to magnify myself; can I ask the Most High to bear such an anxiety for me? If any of you are vexed with such care, I charge you to fling it off, for it is like the poisoned tunic of Hercules, and unless you can tear it away it will burn into your very soul. All cares of covetousness, anger, pride, ambition, and wilfulness must be cast to the winds, it would be criminal to dream of casting them upon God. Do not pray about them, except that God will redeem you from them. Let your desires be kept within a narrow circle, and your anxieties will be lessened at a stroke.

"*Casting*," says the apostle. He does not say "laying all your care upon him," but he uses a much more energetic word. You have to *cast* the load upon the Lord; the act will require effort. It is no child's-play to cast all our care upon our Lord when there are six little children, shoes worn out, cupboard empty, purse bare, and the deacons talking of reducing the scanty salary. Here is a work worthy of faith. You will have to lift with all your soul before the burden can be shifted, and the anxiety cast upon the Lord: that effort, however, will not be half so exhausting as the effort of carrying your load yourself. Oh, the burden of watching and waiting for help which never comes; depending on the help of man, who is altogether vanity. Oh, the weariness of carrying a heart-breaking anxiety, and yet standing up to preach. We have all seen statues of Atlas bearing the world on his shoulders, but we can hardly conceive of his preaching in that attitude. It would be better to make one tremendous effort and have done with it, rather than groan under a perpetual weight. If the fox is eating into our bowels, let us pluck it from our bosom and kill it at once.

Note the next words: "*Upon him*." You may tell your griefs to others to gain their sympathy, for we are bidden to bear one another's burdens; you may ask friends to help you, and so exercise your humility; but let your requests to man be ever in subordination to your waiting upon God. Some have obtained their full share of human help by much begging from their fellow Christians; but it is a nobler thing to make known your requests unto God; and somehow those who beg only of God are wondrously sustained where others fail. What a pleasant story is that in which we recount the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and tell how "this poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." Quiet, patient believers have come under my notice who have carried their cross in silence, waiting upon the Lord alone. How they endured their trial I cannot tell, save that "they endured as seeing him who is invisible"; but their necessity became known, it leaked out they knew not how, and they were helped, and helped better than they would have been if their appeal had been to man. I am condemning no appeal to our fellow believers; many are willing to help, and they cannot do so if the need is unknown; but do not place anyone in the office and throne of the great God, who alone is the Care-taker and Burden-bearer

of his people. I am afraid that sometimes in our care not to alienate this great man who does so much for the cause, or that excellent lady who takes half-a-dozen sittings in the chapel, we may grieve the Lord and lose our true Helper. Cease, then, from man; cast all your care upon God, and upon him only.

Certain courses of action are the very reverse of casting all your care upon God, and one is *indifference*. Whatever virtue there may be in stoicism, it is unknown to the true child of God. "I don't care" may be an excellent thing for an atheist, but it is not suitable for a Christian: it may sound well, and the man who utters the defiant word may think himself some great one, but it is an evil word for all that. I am afraid some brethren's "don't care" is very sinful, for they get into debt, and don't care; they break their promises and engagements, and don't care. Brethren, such men ought to care. Every man is bound to care about his life-duties, and the claims of his family. He that careth not for his own household is worse than a heathen man. Casting care upon God is the very reverse of recklessness and inconsiderateness.

It is not casting care upon God *when a man does that which is wrong in order to clear himself*; yet this is too often tried. Under pressure some men do very unjustifiable things. We ought to be slow to condemn, since we ourselves also may yet be tempted in the same way and may err in like manner; still, faith ought to be able to win every battle. He who compromises truth to avoid pecuniary loss is hewing out a broken cistern for himself. He who borrows when he knows he cannot pay, he who enters into wild speculations to increase his income, he who does aught that is ungodly in order to turn a penny is not casting his care upon God. An act of disobedience is a rejection of God's help, that we may help ourselves. He who does the right thing at all hazards practically casts his care upon the Lord. Acts are with us, but their consequences are with God: our care should be to please God, and all other care we may safely leave to him.

How, then, are we to cast all our care upon God? Two things need to be done. It is a heavy load that is to be cast upon God, and it requires the hand of prayer and the hand of faith to make the transfer. Prayer tells God what the care is, and asks God to help, while faith believes that God can and will do it. Prayer spreads the letter of trouble and grief before the Lord, and opens all its budget, and then faith cries, "I believe that God cares, and cares for me, I believe that he will bring me out of my distress, and make it promote his own glory."

When you have thus lifted your care into its true position and cast it upon God, take heed that you do not pick it up again. Many a time have I gone to God and have relieved my care by believing prayer, but I am ashamed to confess that after a little time I have found myself burdened again with those very anxieties which I thought I had given up. Is it wise to put our feet into fetters which have once been broken off? My brethren, there is a more excellent way, a way which I have tried and proved. I have at times been perplexed with difficulties; I have tried my best with them and I have utterly failed, and then I have gone with the perplexity to the throne of God, and placed the whole case in the Lord's hands, solemnly resolving never to trouble myself

about the aforesaid matters any more, whatever might happen. I was quite incapable of further action in the matter, and so I washed my hands of the whole concern, and left it with God. Some of these cares I have never seen again, they melted like hoar frost in the morning sun, and in their place I have found a blessing lying on the ground. Other troubles have remained in fact but not in effect, for I have consented to the yoke, and it has never galled my shoulder again. Brethren, let the dead bury their dead, and let us follow Jesus. Henceforth let us leave worldlings to fret and fume over the cares of this life; as for us, let our conversation be in heaven, and let us carefully abstain from carefulness, being anxious only to end anxiety by a childlike confidence in God.

II. Accept this little contribution towards an exposition, and let us now proceed to ENFORCE the text. I will give you certain *reasons*, and then *the reason* why you should cast all your care upon God.

First, *the ever blessed One commands you to do it.* We need no other reason. The precept is akin to the gospel command, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." It is a blessed privilege, and it is also a command. He who bids us cease from idolatry, also bids us cease from care. The law of Sabbath-keeping is not more divine than that of resting in the Lord. He whom we call Master and Lord bids us take no anxious thought; his bidding has all the authority of law. Say to yourself, my anxious brother, "I may roll my burden upon the Lord, for he bids me do so." If you do not trust in God you will be distinctly sinful; you are as much commanded to trust as to love.

Next, cast all your cares on God, *because you will have matters enough to think of even then.* There are sacred cares which the Lord will lay upon you, because you have cast your care upon him. When he has broken your painful yoke you will have his easy yoke to bear. There is the care to love and serve him better; the care to understand his word; the care to preach it to his people; the care to experience his fellowship; the care so to walk that you shall not vex the Holy Spirit. Such hallowed cares will always be with you, and will increase as you grow in grace. In a sense we may cast even these upon God, looking for his Holy Spirit to help us, for it is he that worketh in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure; yet not without our care and zeal doth he operate upon us, and this is one reason why you are not to allow lower ends and designs to inundate your mind. Your spirit has another vineyard to keep, another capital to put out to interest, another master to please, and it cannot afford to yield its thought to meaner pursuits. Ministers are shepherds, and must care for the sheep. "The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep"; but you have the care of churches laid upon you daily, and it is peculiarly needful that you be not occupied with carnal care.

And, next, you must cast your care upon God, *because you have God's business to do.* It is a dangerous thing for a merchant to employ a man who has a business of his own, because sooner or later the master's business will suffer, or else the man's own concern will die out. "No man that warreth," saith Paul, "entangleth himself with the affairs of this life; that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." There is sure to be a clashing of interests when a brother goes into

business, unless he does it as Paul did, that he may not be chargeable to the church; for then he attains to double honour. Paul carried his needle and thread with him wherever he went, for everybody had a tent in those days, and he was ready for work at any moment either upon small family tents, or tents to cover a great assembly. When he had finished preaching, he could turn to tent-mending, and so earn his own living, and preach the gospel freely. Paul did not make his preaching a stalking-horse to his trade, but he made his handicraft a pack-horse to his ministry, so that he could say, "These hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." That is a very different thing from a minister deserting his charge to make a larger income by some other calling. The less we have to do with other business the better, for all our care is needed by the church. Queen Elizabeth bade a notable merchant in the city of London go to the Continent on royal business. "Please your majesty," said he, "who will attend to my business while I am away?" The queen replied, "If you will go abroad, and see to my business, I will see to your business." I will be bound to say it would not suffer if such a queen took it in hand. Just so the Lord says to us, "You attend to my work, and I will take care of you and your wife and children." The Lord pledges himself to do it; bread shall be given us, our water shall be sure. The testimony of many among you will bear me out in this! I come of a line of preachers, and though some of them have had to endure straitened circumstances, yet none of them were forsaken, nor have their seed been seen begging bread. The Lord has cared for us, and we have lacked nothing.

You ought to do it not only for this reason, but because *it is such a great privilege to be able to cast your care upon God*. If I am plunged in a lawsuit, and some eminent law officer would offer to undertake it all, out of love to me, how glad I should be! I should worry no longer. I should say to all who troubled me on the matter, "You must go to your solicitor; I know nothing about the matter." Do this to your cunning enemy, the devil, who is always glad to see you anxious and fretful. Let us say to him, "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem, rebuke thee." What a file that is for the old viper to break his teeth upon! *Chosen! chosen!* And if chosen shall we not be cared for?

Let me add, that you ministers ought to cast all your care upon God, because *it will be such a good example for your hearers*. Our people learn much from our conduct, and if they see us fretting, they will be certain to do the same. You preach faith, do you not? How sad it will be for you to be convicted of unbelief! Our own words may condemn us if we are anxious. Once when I was unduly depressed, my good wife said to me, "I have a book here which I should like to read to you." It did me good to hear her read, but I felt myself rebuked by every word. I half suspected what was coming when she said, "That is your own, recollect." She had been giving the doctor some of his own medicine. What a many things you have said, my brethren, that will condemn you if you do not trust God! Is it, after all, mere talk? Did you mean what you said, and is it true? Or have you merely been repeating official dogmas in which you have no personal

confidence? Is the providence of God a myth, or a living, bright reality? "Here," said a quack in the market-place, "is a medicine that will cure coughs, colds, consumptions [the fellow coughed horribly at this point]. It is of such efficacy that it would almost restore the dead. [Here he coughed again.] Nobody need remain a sufferer—he has only to buy a box of these pills"—[here the quack's own cough prevented him from speaking]. Ah! laugh on, laugh on, brethren, only mind that nobody laughs at you for doubting while you extol faith. We must show in ourselves that faith in our God is a healing medicine, or men will not believe us; we shall make Christ himself seem to be a pretender, unless we practically prove that we have been healed by him. Let your people see in you what comes of trusting Christ; let them see what cheerfulness, what hopefulness, what buoyancy of heart come to those who trust Christ, and cast all their care upon him.

But the reason of reasons is that contained in our text—"He careth for you." After all, what a small matter it must be to God to care for us, since he provides for the commissariat of the universe; the feeding of the cattle on a thousand hills, and the wild beasts of the plains. Think of those myriads of fish, those armies of birds, those enormous multitudes of insects! What a God must he be who cares for all. Compared with the demands of all these our little wants are soon supplied. We want but little, and that little is scarce a crumb from the table of the Lord our God. Surely if God says, "I will care for you," we need not give another thought except to sing, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." It does not need two of us for this small matter, and certainly not two when one is infinite in wisdom and power. Even if we were wise the Lord would not need our help. With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, when he built the earth, and piled the mountains, and spanned the sky? Let us, therefore, stand still and see the salvation of God. The Lord thinks about us, plans for us, arranges for us, studies to make things right for us,—these are poor words with which to describe his care, for he does more than that, he loves us. That great, boundless, mighty heart loves us. This is fit matter for a heavenly song! Because he hath set his love upon us we can surely cast our care upon him. He has given us Christ, will he not give us bread? See, he has called us to be his sons, will he starve his children? See what he is preparing for you in heaven, will he not enable you to bear the burdens of this present life? We dishonour God when we suspect his tenderness and generosity. We can only magnify him by a calm faith which leans upon his word.

There, dear brothers, there is my word from the Master for you. I should like to have hammered out that little grain of gold so that you might have gilded your lives with it; but, please do it for yourselves. Now will you carry your cares away, or will you bow your heads in silent prayer, and throw them all off? Holy Spirit, the Comforter, lighten our darkness, we beseech thee.

Saturday Night in Nottingham.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

ANYONE who, from personal observation, desires to become correctly informed of the manner in which our industrial population pass their lives should study the various grades who crowd the markets and streets of the large manufacturing towns on Saturday evenings. It is then that the people can best be seen to advantage or to disadvantage, while their virtues and failings can be estimated from the standpoint of friendly impartiality. It is always difficult for a casual looker-on to tell what a man is at his work ; but his character is correctly indexed by the method he adopts of spending money which he has earned. In the case of working people a happy, well-kept house necessarily involves judicious marketing. Waste and self-indulgence abroad mean misery and want at home. This and a good deal more may be learned among the crowd during a Saturday-evening perambulation.

One of the most ancient towns in this land, and formerly possessing a castle of great strength, and situated on the edge of an extensive forest, Nottingham can boast of having a history worth the telling, but this must be relegated to professional topographers. Including the suburban parishes which were conceded by an Act passed in 1877, the borough now extends over an area of fifteen and a-half square miles, and the population is about 180,000. The busy metropolis of the lace-trade has thus doubled in size since the accession of the present Queen ; and at the time we write, everything, liable as it is to fluctuation, is in a high state of prosperity. To the tourist travelling either for pleasure or information, the town is a centre of great interest. The castle, which was burned by a mob in 1831, but which now in its restored state contains an extensive museum and picture-gallery, is a charming retreat commanding an extensive view of the Trent Valley. The Arboretum is also beautifully laid out, while the remains of the ancient forest, as seen in the medieval caves of the church cemetery, are exceedingly striking, whether or not they were ever tenanted by Robin Hood and his merry men. Another delightful characteristic of the town is the immense number of garden allotments by which it is surrounded, and which afford healthful occupation to large numbers of thriving operatives. As a rule each garden has a house constructed with more or less of taste on the part of the occupier. The more distant suburbs have charms of their own of another kind, which the inhabitants in common with visitors duly value. Then what a contrast in the way of pensive memories is seen in Newstead Abbey, the ancestral home of the Byron family, and the "gloomy alcove darkling to the sight" of Clifton Grove, where Kirk White loved to linger and meditate on things beyond the range of mortal sight.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 11th of June, in the present year, we left St. Pancras at three o'clock, and after a pleasant run of two hours and forty minutes we alighted at Nottingham, where we were privileged to meet with a trusty guide in the person of Pastor H. E. Stone, about whose life and labours we presented our readers with some

account in this magazine for 1876. At the date in question Mr. Stone had been in the town nine months, during which time he had, in God's strength, built up the church meeting in the Nottingham Tabernacle till the handful of members with whom he commenced had increased to nearly four hundred. Our friend's ministry is very earnest and full of life, so that, should health be prolonged, the work will increase on his hands, and undoubtedly the blessing will be correspondingly large.

The first thing to strike a stranger who walks through Nottingham for the first time on a Saturday evening is the market, the portable and conveniently covered stalls of which are provided by the corporation, and occupy the main portion of the five and a-half acres of the ample area. This market being as miscellaneous as it is extensive, has its long narrow avenues crowded with purchasers, the richly-furnished stalls, for the time being, only representing so many branch establishments of tradespeople in the town. As we move about among the buyers and sellers many friendly faces are recognized, some of whom already find their religious home at the Tabernacle, while others, less decided, express their determination to be present at the services on the following day. The hum of eager traffic does not prevent a good word being spoken; and altogether the scene strikes one as bearing a favourable contrast to certain markets in London, where foul language freely used amounts to a positive nuisance. In other respects the market conveys the best notion which can be obtained at one view of the requirements of a great town during the time of prosperity. Necessaries, luxuries, and curiosities abound on all sides in grand profusion, and as machine-men who can earn five guineas a week, in common with girls who take a pound or thirty shillings, do not generally save, the trade done is both brisk and satisfactory. With so much money changing hands, we know that there must be people who are growing rich, and who, maybe, are doing so a little faster than is good for them.

But pushing forward, and turning from grosser attractions, we presently find ourselves in the literary quarter of the imposing Saturday night fair, and a hasty inspection of the book-stalls will prove both suggestive and interesting. There are three large stalls presenting a rich and plentiful supply of literature, but they greatly differ in character. One belongs to an ordinary bookseller who has such an eye to choice editions that he offered us a rare copy of Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" for £1, while for a collection of Hogarth's sketches, and a companion volume, he asked £18, a reasonable price enough for such wares, but one which is, nevertheless, very suggestive as regards the channel into which easily earned wages are inclined to flow. The colporteur attached to Mr. Stone's church was also busy at his stall, and presented from our standpoint a still more pleasant picture of Saturday night activity. He is an agent of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage Association, and he bids fair to win one of the £5 prizes which this year are to be awarded to those two men who sell most, or who do best in the judgment of the committee, where local circumstances are against them. This stall is tastily arranged with tempting rows of little books ranging in price from 1d. to 3s. 6d., and which all either directly or indirectly teach the gospel. Among the penny publications is *The*

Nottingham Tabernacle Evangelist, a capital monthly, conducted by Mr. Stone, and which, in addition to articles by the pastor, as well as other matters of local interest, or directly relating to the church and its work, contains also in each number a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon. On the Saturday of our visit the colporteur transacted business to the amount of £3 7s.; on the Saturday preceding, his receipts amounted to £4, and the average monthly takings vary from £20 to £30. This is, of course, supplemented by a free distribution of tracts, the influence of which is more far-reaching than we suspect. During the week this purveyor of pure literature calls at fifty or more houses a day, in some of which are found cases of sickness, or of awakening; he thus very effectively assists the pastor. Colportage is nothing less than a revival of a method used by the Protestants in the early days of the Reformation to break the chains of popery; and the wonder is that it was not immediately resuscitated at the dawn of the revival in the reign of George II. Board-schools, by diffusing knowledge among the lower classes, are stimulating a taste for reading, and the church would be false to her colours if she allowed the corrupt press to hold undisputed possession of so promising a field.

Among a large industrial population like that of Nottingham there is more than ample room for the exercise of all the enterprise which pastors, evangelists, and colporteurs are able to put forth. While, however, the opportunities are as fine as anyone can desire, the adverse influences to be counteracted are unusually powerful. So long as the earnings of the working people go as they come, the tendency is towards extravagance in time of prosperity—a profusion which contrasts sadly with the cold grates, bare cupboards, and scant clothing of that winter of adversity, such as may at any moment afflict the fickle lace trade. The extravagance we speak of is seen in the craving for strong drink; in an inordinate love of dress on the part of the factory and warehouse girls, who greatly outnumber the men; and in a taste for exciting, corrupting amusements, which ruin body and soul as fast as any prescription the evil one can supply. There are some large establishments devoted to this special service we could have wished to see less prosperous; but, as it was, we heard of eight hundred girls and six hundred men who actually entered the portal of one of them in two hours. But even such places as these do not represent the chief resources, nor every citadel of the enemy. The bastard, and yet specious, system of Secularism, having its chief seat at Northampton, and which renders men dissatisfied with this world, while destroying all hope for the next, has learned to become actively aggressive. Anything more beggarly, senseless, or unsatisfactory, even to its most ardent professors, than this so-called Secularism could not be devised; for it undermines morality, and while dragging heavily on the week-day, is consoled by no Sabbath. Yet this sorry rival of religion is copying the aggressiveness of Christianity, having in Nottingham its tract distributors and recognized agents, besides open-air preachers, who daily, in the streets, and in the markets, seek to enlist recruits for the devil with ardour worthy of a better cause. The apostles of the cause occasionally appear on the ground to encourage their subordinates, and one of these—a small man both as regards learning and intellectual power—is the son of a Nonconformist

pastor and doctor of divinity in London. Among the ignorant crowd of young workpeople this form of scepticism finds many adherents, who accept what it proffers as a substitute for a faith which acts as a check on depraved desires. We heard of girls who, after contracting a liking for gin and rum in their tea, would take off underclothing to pawn rather than not gratify a diseased taste; and by so doing they may be acting out the principles of leaders, who teach that the chief good to be pursued is earthly gratification. The young men who lead fast lives, and scoff at what is sober and pure, may be acting on the same principle; and in addition to all, Secularism is an active persecutor of those who refuse to acknowledge its authority.

This bold, secular idea takes possession of, and holds in willing captivity, a great host of bondslaves, and accounts for very many ruined lives and blasted hopes. It is but another interpretation of that short-life-and-a-merry-one notion, which is as old as the advent of sin into the world. In walking through the streets of a town like Nottingham on a Saturday night, the crowd of deluded pleasure-hunters are found in force in their favourite haunts, where sooner or later the sweet morsel will turn to ashes in the mouth, while the mirth of crackling thorns will quickly burn itself out to give place to darkness and remorse. To convince misguided young men of these solemn truths should be the aim of all Christian professors; and it is satisfactory to know that our friends at the Nottingham Tabernacle have so far been successful in this direction. Efforts are made to get hold of the young women, and on every second Sabbath evening of the month Mr. Stone preaches a special sermon to young men, when in a usual way some two thousand persons are attracted to the Tabernacle. In addition to this the pastor takes his turn in open-air preaching on the greensward adjoining Queen's-walk, a delightful spot close to the banks of "murmuring Trent." We attended at the inaugural service on the 12th of June, when at least twelve hundred persons were present, and good results were heard of on the following day.

On the succeeding Sabbath this out-door afternoon congregation was more numerous than ever, and the signs of good following still more abundant. The word reached the heart of a drunken man, who on the next day told his wife to go to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting and pray that he might be enabled to conquer his besetting sin.

Indeed, if we wanted to arrange a series of life-histories all testifying to the grand fact, that in the case of hard-working men, especially, the gospel has the promise of this world as well as of that which is to come, we could light upon all that we wanted in the annals of the Nottingham Tabernacle for the last nine months; and on this account it seems quite fitting that the commodious premises of the Young Men's Christian Association should be under the same roof. Talk about Secularism appropriating the chief good of earth; there is nothing that so surely and largely secures the chief good of earth as the gospel when its precepts are honestly followed. A man, for example, once entered a service to hear Mr. Stone; he had been reared by a drunken uncle, and so learned to squander his all in drink until he was rarely found with five shillings in his pocket. This man was converted; he became a regular attendant; and in three months his savings amounted to £6. Another

man, who by his old way of going on hampered himself with a debt of £20, soon found himself free, and on a surer path, through the common-sense economy which he learned from the gospel. Mr. Stone's diary abounds in other striking instances. In one case a convert was the means of bringing two others into the fold, as well as of restoring his own father, who had been a backslider. While unbelief produces effects the opposite of these, and leads only to disaster in the end, we shall make no apology for preferring the old and the tried teaching of Christ and his apostles.

As we walk through one quarter of the town after another in company with the pastor, we cannot help being struck on the one hand with the magnitude of the work to be done, and on the other with the evidences of the certain success which attends well directed effort. The young men and the young women need to be sought, and when sought, a due proportion of them will leave the paths of sin to take their places in the house of the Lord. The natural tendency of young men in receipt of liberal wages, and knowing nothing about the restraints of religion, is to live fast, and in their sensual way to enjoy the pleasures of life, which in their distorted vision seems to stretch before them through a long vista of years. Something supplementary to the direct labours of the pastor and his people is needed; and though this is partially supplied in the admirably conducted Young Men's Association, there is room for more extended enterprise in so large a town. Still more urgent is the case of the girls, who outnumbering the men by eleven thousand, are exposed to great temptation. Only a small minority of these young creatures understand the blessedness of the Christian life, and quite naturally, these suffer persecution from the blinded majority who choose to walk in slippery paths. We even heard of one convert who left her godless parents to share a lodging with a girl like minded with herself. There is a Young Women's Christian Association, but it does not supply all that is required. Homes, conducted on Christian principles, such as we have in London, ought to be founded; and as these would be self-supporting, the chief thing required is a lady of tact and energy to undertake their organization. Some gifted volunteer, like Miss Weston, or Miss Macpherson, would find in Nottingham a sphere with plenty of elbow room, and with abundant promise of a grateful harvest. In those rare instances where employers have shown solicitude for the spiritual welfare of their workpeople, substantial gains have been secured. Thus, the late Mr. Adam, the founder of the extensive firm still named after him, in Stoney-street, observed the custom, which we believe is still continued, of gathering together all his *employés* for prayer every morning before commencing the business of the day. During this godly merchant's lifetime great good was accomplished, until he came to be recognized as one of the benefactors of the town. How could it be otherwise? As certainly as harvest follows seed sowing, precious fruits will not cease to come of earnest endeavours such as these. But while there is room for enterprise, there is room also for the timely help of sympathetic friends at a distance who wish well to such a cause. The Nottingham Tabernacle is burdened with a millstone of debt amounting to about £7,000; and the most ready way of stimulating enterprise is to remove this heart-depressing incubus. A year ago the debt was

£7,500, so that Mr. Stone has contrived to pay off £500 since accepting the pastorate.

We will now invite the reader's attention to some particulars, briefly stated, of what is being done in Nottingham to reclaim the most lapsed portion of the population; for in common with London, only on a smaller scale, the town has its uninviting quarters or overcrowded slums, where sin engenders want, disease, and misery. Turning down Wheelergate in company with Mr. Stone, and entering a house with a somewhat antique staircase, we ascended, and presently came to the home of Mr. Richard Messenger, a friend whose whole attention is directed to the reclamation and conversion of drunkards.

The attention of certain Christian people was first directed to this special work in the fall of 1878, and some time was spent in making experiments as regarded the best method of going about the business. It was first thought that by attending police courts and speaking a good word to men and women, while directly suffering from the effects of folly, something might be effected; but ultimately Mr. Messenger had to be left to accomplish his duties in his own way. Experience proved, what it has often proved before, that the quiet meeting, and not the hot, exciting atmosphere of a hall of justice, is the place to successfully speak with the erring about their highest interests.

Looked at from our social standpoint, the East-end, or otherwise the St. Giles's of Nottingham, is a district called Narrow-marsh, and the adjacent streets, a squalid colony lying at the foot of the great lace market in the heart of the old town. There the lowest of the population congregate; thither the police instinctively turn their eyes when on the track of a criminal who is seeking to elude the hand of justice; and there those curious dens abound—the last retreat of the undone drunkard and the spendthrift—called common lodging-houses. There appears to be registered accommodation for six hundred tramps, and others of the homeless class; and during the so-called Michaelmas goose fair especially, every house is filled to overflowing with a ribald company collected from all points of the compass. This fair has long since ceased to have any connection with geese, and is now merely a Saturnalian celebration which the corporation would do well to suppress as an out-worn and more than useless custom, directly encouraging drunkenness and its attendant crimes. Under ordinary circumstances, there is more than enough of drinking on all sides; for in the course of a walk from end to end of Narrow-marsh on a Saturday night one has encountered considerably more than a score of drunken people. Then, though wondrously alike when they come down to the lowest level, there are in reality many distinct classes found herding together, numbering from six to ten thousand, in the neighbourhood of which we are speaking. There are a good many lace workers, who with changed habits might be in a thriving condition; there are street-hawkers, navvies, coalheavers, and the usual proportion of those incurable tramps, who, if possible, are a worse nuisance in country places than they are in towns. The low lodging-houses are similar in their characteristics to those in London, tramps from Whitechapel and Westminster being quite familiar with the quality of their beds and the flavour of their viands. This, with some adjoining streets, constituted Mr. Messenger's

district ; its wants were as urgent as its condition was deplorable, but these only stimulated a man of love and energy. The people had so long and so totally neglected public worship that it was seen they would not frequent any sanctuary save those specially provided for them.

When the first meeting-room was opened, capable of accommodating a hundred persons, the rent was guaranteed by two Quaker ladies, and the preliminary gathering numbered twenty-six men and two women, all of the dirtiest and roughest class. The congregations increased until the old quarters were too strait, and at present a place capable of seating two hundred and fifty is well attended. Meetings are also held in the lodging houses, where a detective will sometimes join the throng, on the look-out for one of his criminal constituency. A ragged-school is also to be established, as well as a meeting for men and women who acknowledge themselves to be drunkards. It is encouraging to state that the police records soon testified to the success of the efforts made in the cause of reformation, the convictions for drunkenness having been thirty per cent. less in 1879 than they were in 1878. A late inspector of common lodging-houses also testified to the marked improvement observable in his department since the inauguration of this mission. Perhaps, however, the most significant testimony of all was that of a shrewd little boy who said, "What big puddings we have since daddy signed the pledge!" More than a thousand others have likewise signed since Mr. Messenger began work, and a good proportion of these are leading quiet Christian lives.

The artless confessions of some of these people constitute some of the strangest revelations of real life which this sad world supplies ; and dating their letters as they do from transformed homes, their words well up from grateful hearts. "Permit me to return you my heartfelt gratitude," wrote one woman, "for the good I have derived from your temperance work. For eight years my husband was a confirmed drunkard ; he ruined his family and was sunk to the lowest degradation, till two years ago he came under your notice, when, through your influence, he signed the pledge. He has since been living a consistent life. We are now living comfortably together, and not only trying to make restitution for the past, but I trust walking in the narrow path that leadeth unto life. I trust that many more, through God's blessing, may be brought to enjoy the blessings that I have derived from your temperance work." The husband of the author of this characteristic note called at the mission chamber in Wheelergate when he was in the lowest state of destitution. It was raining fast at the time, and being wet, ragged, dirty, and hungry, he presented as pitiful an appearance as it was possible for an outcast to present, while still able to drag about. The man said he had come to Nottingham for his eyes ; but such had been his addiction to drink that he had been separated from his wife and family for eighteen months. Still, repulsive and degraded as he was, it was a favourable symptom when the drunkard realized his condition, and said to Mr. Messenger, "If you knew me you would not look at me again." A brother-in-law who was spoken with showed little sympathy, believing his relative to be incorrigible, and long since past hope of reformation ; but in these views he was mistaken. The

drunkard's heart was touched by God's Holy Spirit; he became a changed character, he found suitable employment, and is now living with his wife in the town.

A similar case was that of a man with whom we conversed, in company with Mr. Stone and the missionary. It was exceedingly interesting only to be privileged to look upon so wonderful an example of the power of the gospel; for he had been held fast in the chains of sin and drink for more than thirty years. When first encountered, he was clad in filthy rags, and he fared like a beggar; but now he stood before us well clothed and in his right mind. Though suffering from symptoms of weakness, as the consequence of former habits, he still says that the year 1880 was the happiest of his life. At one time he never kept sixpence in his pocket; but quite lately, while addressing a meeting, he said, "My friends, though I don't earn much money, I can give any one of you change for a sovereign." The fact is that, having no one save himself to support, he is comparatively wealthy on an income of 12s. a week; and as regards the "change for a sovereign," we put that part of the story to a practical test by receiving it ourselves. In a general way, any reformed drunkard soon realizes how greatly his means exceed his wants. Another man, after abstaining from drink for a month, one day stopped Mr. Messenger in the street, and begged him to take charge of 15s., lest, otherwise, the money should wear a hole in his pocket, and so be lost.

While sitting in the missionary's reception-room, another man came in whose history supplies an illustration of the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints. Well clothed, and with all his wants supplied, he had even a more striking story to tell than his friend standing by who lives in opulence on two shillings a day. A native of Greenwich, he had in youth served as a Sunday-school teacher; he then knew the Lord Jesus Christ, and at the present moment he would have been a man of property had he never yielded to the captivity of drink. He wandered hither and thither with no one to pick him up, until one day the parable of the Prodigal Son came with force into his mind, the tide turned, and finding the help and sympathy he needed, the drunkard forsook his besetting sin to find himself restored to that enjoyment of the love of God which he had known in happier days. He said that he knew of a large number of cases of ruin similar to his own; and perhaps they are more numerous than we sometimes suspect. On the other hand, there is abundant encouragement to seek their reclamation. Some of these men were lately asked what would constitute a chief joy of heaven? and one immediately answered, "To meet us there that you have rescued."

Our two next examples are those of fallen stars, a mysteriously interesting class who can always be found in the lowest and most wretched haunts of crowded towns. The first, Mr. R—, is the son of a medical man; he was educated at the London University, and he has passed ten years in the Indian Civil Service. When he arrived in Nottingham, not very long ago, R— was in the low, utterly deplorable condition similar to others above described. He signed the teetotal pledge, and, through the kindness of a lace manufacturer in the town, a situation was procured commencing at £1 a week, and in which some

progress has since been made. Indeed, the man has gone on improving until he is now doing remarkably well, and able to write to Mr. Messenger as follows :—

“ Being now fairly reinstated in social status, entirely through your exertions, it is with extreme pleasure I write, gratefully to acknowledge the great good you have done me, and to thank you most cordially for sympathy and pecuniary assistance afforded me in time of most urgent need. Arrived in Nottingham, friendless and destitute, I was fortunately induced to attend a Sunday-evening meeting in Popham-street, where I made your acquaintance, and you cheerfully undertook to improve my then deplorable condition, and speedily succeeded in placing me once again in a respectable position. It is possible that had you not so kindly interested yourself in my case, I should ere now have drifted into a ‘squalid, intolerable wreck,’ or have sought consolation from adversity by a rush into eternity. I have personally recounted to you an application made to a charitable society (in another town) which, after harrowing up the events of my past life, and laying bare to former employers and friends the fact of my degeneration and degradation in being under the necessity of applying to anyone for help, left me, after a month’s procrastination on their part, a shamed and socially ruined man. It is, therefore, experience which dictates that the society which you so faithfully represent is THE one best calculated to afford tangible benevolence to such as may have lost ‘caste’ or position through ‘the drink,’ and, adopting abstinence principles, seek to regain a lost character.”

We knew before that so-called charity organization meant putting a man in the witness-box to undergo a process of raking and harrowing prefatory to being kicked further back than he was before. Some years ago, in London, a most deserving military officer, plunged into distress through no fault of his own, died before the process was completed, and received no relief whatever, so possible is it for un-Christian shams to assume the guise of charity.

Our other fallen star, J. E—, is an Irishman, who had served in the army, but who had enjoyed the good fortune to steer clear of any “charity organization” machinery, until Mr. Messenger found him in Narrow-marsh, in that ragged, penniless, woe-begone condition which is characteristic of his class. He belonged to a family of good position, who had given him a superior education. He was prevailed upon to give up his old habits when he left the town, and then, after six months, a letter was received from him, dated at a village in Lincolnshire, where he had found work. There he fought the battle against self, and mastered temptation. The Church of England minister of the parish had known the regiment in Madras to which J. E— belonged, and on the fifth of last November sent news to friends at Nottingham concerning his singular acquaintance. After referring to his exemplary conduct and regular attendance on public worship, and expressing surprise that so well-trained an individual should have to work as a field day labourer, the rector added : “When I called to see E— one Sunday, I found him living in a barn, a queer lodging for such a man, who from his conversation and manners might pass muster in almost any society. Altogether I have not met, except in the ranks of the army, with a more interesting man : and I

trust he may prosper and be kept in the right path. He talked to me as a man who had a clear perception of Christian truth, and knew his Bible well." J. E.—ultimately went out to Canada to take charge of a farm, and thus was enabled to regain his position.

We have many other cases of reformation in connection with this work which might be quoted, but the above will suffice. An alderman of the borough lately testified to the improvement which had taken place, and the people themselves bear similar witness. A considerable portion of the funds needed are earned by a ladies' working society.

To return to the Nottingham Tabernacle, and to the work in progress in connection with the pastorate of Mr. Stone, we may express our belief that the days to come will be abundantly fruitful. There is life in the services, and the people are in earnest; the pastor is raising and building up around him, in the Lord's strength, a working church which will continue to be a centre of blessed influence in the neighbourhood. The Tabernacle, wherein the people find a religious home, mainly owes its existence to the efforts of Mr. Samuel Peach, head of the lace firm of Messrs. Samuel Peach and Sons, and that worthy deacon entertained us for something like an hour with an extraordinary narrative relating to early discouragements and conquered difficulties. The heaviest part of the story, however, relates to the debt of about £7,000 still encumbering the building. When this is removed, the way will be cleared for the accomplishment of greater things. In the meantime, Nottingham may be congratulated on enjoying the services of so earnest a pastor; while Mr. Stone is happy in having his lot cast among an earnest, sympathetic people who know how to appreciate his character and to second his endeavours. The work is the greatest that can engage the attention of man, being no less than extending the kingdom of Christ in a populous, opulent, and beautiful town, where, under ordinary circumstances, the besetting temptation is to cling to the base things of earth, and, by mistaking the shadow for the substance, to esteem them as the chief good. Our prayer is that showers of blessings may descend; and that Nottingham may flourish by the preaching of the Word.

A Cheerful Giver.

"I WAS once attending a missionary meeting in Scotland," said a minister in making an address. "There it is the custom to take up the collection at the door as the people go out. A poor woman, in going out, dropped a sovereign into the basket. The deacon who held the basket said, 'I'm sure you cannot afford to give as much as that.' 'Oh yes, I can,' she said. 'Do take it back,' said the deacon. She replied, 'I must give it. I love to give for Jesus' sake.' Then the deacon said, 'Take it home to-night, and if, after thinking it over, you still wish to give it, you can send it in the morning.' In the morning I was sitting at breakfast with the deacon, when a little note came from this woman; but the note contained *two* sovereigns. 'You won't take them?' I said to the deacon. 'Of course I shall,' said he. 'I know that good woman well. If I send them back, she will send *four* next time.'" This was indeed "loving to give."—From the *Well Spring*.

Losing, Seeking, Finding, and Retaining Christ as a Church.

DID you ever get any good from the stories and lying tales of the old Roman Catholic Church? If I light upon a collection of thoughts from various writers, by the time I have read a sentence or two I know the particular author, and say to myself this is Arnot, Beecher, Guthrie, Spurgeon, Trench, as the case may be; and if it be my mishap to begin a Roman Catholic paragraph I half shut the book instinctively with repugnance, and cry, This is Rome. The Church of Rome has a style all its own. How often we have been obliged to listen to its tales, and how seldom we have been able even to force the stories to a profitable turn. For once we intend to take revenge on all the old lying fables by endeavouring to get something good from a Romish tale. Samson says out of the eater came meat, for in the rotten carcase of a lion he found honey. Not that the honey belonged to the carcase—that came from a foreign quarter. So if you find anything worth the having here, do not think it comes from the rotten old carcase of the Church of Rome. A man once said it would take two to rob him, one to put the money into his pocket and the other to take it out. So if you would get anything good out of the Church of Rome you must first put it in.

I am going to tell you a story, and endeavour to get some good from it. Here is the story:—The priest of a certain parish saw with dismay that the religious zeal of his parishioners was decreasing, and that his gains diminished. He determined upon a plan by which, if possible, to revive the interest of the people and increase his personal income. One night he summoned the beadle and sent him away with the large church image of Christ on the cross, telling him to set it down on a mountain side in the same parish. The next morning the priest *found out that the Christ (el Cristo) had forsaken the church*. The bells pealed forth an alarm of “fire,” the parishioners assembled from every quarter, and the priest amid lamentation and woe, begged of them to think what should be done, for Christ had forsaken the church. The women began to wring their hands, and of course this perplexed the men: one and all proposed a universal search, and set about it. The search ended in success and mutual congratulations; but the joy was not to be of long duration. The next morning the bells went at it hammer and tongs: all assembled again, for again the image had left the church in the same way as before. A second search found the precious thing on the very same spot. These scenes were repeated several times, and at last resulted in more serious consultation as to what their image could mean by thus taking himself off on his wooden legs. The priest ventured to state with great meekness the opinion, that the image wanted a new chapel built on the spot upon which it had pitched: he proposed that this should be done, and that there should be a day in the year set apart to visit it, by the whole parish, who should take it presents. This done, the image never moved any more, the interest of the parishioners was revived, and the priest was enriched by the offerings of the faithful: *quod erat faciendum*.

"Do you think any people could be so credulous, in reality, as to do this? Say it is not true, and go on."

I wish I could say so. The Chapel of Santa Pastoriza, near Corunna, was built and is carried on in a similar way. On the walls of chapels near Madrid we have read with our own eyes such stories. The large and magnificent cathedral of Saragossa has a picture of the Virgin appearing, and giving direction that the cathedral should be built in her name; and the great and far-famed cathedral of Santiago, near where we sit, was built in honour, say the Romanists, of the remains of St. James, whose body was found, by the aid of a star, in a field near the town. The town is called, in honour of the event, Santiago de Compostella, Saint James of the field star. Every year the priests of Santiago are enriched in the same way in which the hero of our story proposed to enrich himself.

But let us get something good out of this, or put some good into it. I want to speak about The Church without Christ, seeking, finding, and retaining the Lord.

1. How many churches there are, in various senses, without Christ. Are there not churches where preachers and hearers are, as a whole, unconverted? Such profess to be churches of Christ, but, alas, Christ is not in the church! In one where we attended two years, anxious to find salvation, the only discourse we remember which at all approached to the gospel was one showing how Judas might have been saved, in some way or other, if he had only repented; but we never heard how *we* might be saved. We have lively recollections of another so-called spiritual guide who was remarkably fond of such phrases as psychological "feleceetee," and to whom we might apply the description of a befogging preacher by a modern divine. He says you should just hear them give a description of heaven! According to them, "It is the efflorescence of the dynamic forces in a state of ethereal and transcendental lucubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever present 'was,' and the great 'to be,' and the everlasting 'no.'" Nobody will be surprised that this preacher, when asked by one, afterwards a student in the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, if he was born again, replied that he did not know what that meant.

There are certain churches whose members are mad defenders of doctrine,—doctrine, not propounded only, but pounded and beaten in anything but a Christian way. We have seen natural brothers, one an Arminian and the other a Hyper-Calvinist, fighting most unnaturally about Pharaoh's hard heart, when they themselves might have well trembled at Pharaoh's fate; for both seemed to have a severe attack of that spiritual malady, and not only showed great forwardness to tear each other's creeds to pieces, but each other's bodies also. When we have had to preach to a church of such people we have felt that they were as good heat conductors as marble. They took all our warmth from us, and got no warmer by it. Had Christ been there our hearts would have burned within us; but we came away shivering with cold. Christ is not in a dead, formal, doctrinal church, and we fear that to ask them to seek the Lord would be almost useless.

There is another church over which we mourn. It is the type of a class. That church was once all alive. When the minister came he

delighted to preach the gospel. He was a disinterested man, and brought others who also preached the word with their whole soul. A happy place it was, and many were the joyful converts. But a change took place. It seemed to be taken for granted at last that soul-saving work was a small matter. The church, it was said, needed building up. A certain "mystery" was talked and preached about incessantly; the phrase, "the deep things of God," was continually used; certain "Jewish remnants" were frequently discussed; and the Apocalypse, with Daniel's and Ezekiel's visions, became with the good people "so simple." They talked about the mystery till everthing got into a fog, and of the "deep things" till one felt there was no sounding them by the most intelligent; so much did they talk about the Jews that you could scarcely believe it to be a "Christian" church; and the narrow remnants were so much dealt in that you would have thought that broad cloth had disappeared from the town. They were by no means a bad set of men; but to put their conduct in the kindest way, they were so much taken up with certain little flowers on the banks of the river of life that they forgot the Saviour, who was standing there inviting them to drink themselves, and to cry "Come" to those who as yet were thirsting, and did not know where the water of life was to be found. The last I heard was the sad news that Christ had gone away, and everything was lifeless and dead.

Another kind of church there is where, in a sense, the Lord is not: yet they stick to the gospel. Many words, good words, right words, wise words, and words well put, but only words—you feel the power is gone. Moses' hands have been heavy, and Aaron and Hur did not help to hold them up, and Joshua is giving way; Elisha has not been waited upon, and the prophets of the Lord are without their Master; the disciples have gone off in the boat alone, and are tossed about anyhow; Jesus is in the mount of glory, and the disciples have not given themselves to prayer and fasting; the Pharisees clamour, upbraid, and boast, and Satan holds his own; or, mayhap, Achan has been in the camp, and Israel is troubled.

2. But do we not all feel we should like to have more of the company of the Lord than we have? Yea, is it not so, that they who have most of his presence desire more of his presence, and say, shall we not all together join in the search for Jesus?

If Romanists seek their useless image, shall not we seek our blessed Lord Jesus?

They *sought* but an *image*: we seek Christ. Here there is nothing but contrast; false gods in Scripture are called lies, because there is no truth about them. They are not commanded by truth, they represent not the truth, they are not made in truth; but Christ is the truth; and if we want to be right about everything, let us seek Jesus. The image is *dead*; Christ is the life, he is all alive and sets our souls in a glow. Their idols have mouths, but they speak not. Not so Jesus. His mouth is most sweet; grace is poured into his lips, and promises more precious than pearls are pronounced by his tongue. Idols' eyes see not their servitors, but the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous. As he had *respect* to Abel, so looketh he with loving favour upon his own. Let me see thy face, for thy countenance is comely, saith the gracious

Saviour to his beloved. They hear not with their ears, but the Lord's ears are open to his people's cry. Noses have they, but they smell not; but when Christians appeal to the sacrifice of Christ, in the nostrils of Jehovah there is a savour of rest, and heaven is full of incense. Hands have they, but they do not even handle. Jehovah makes bare *his arm*; and Christians are upheld by the right hand of his righteousness. The idol has feet, but it useth them not; but Jesus runs to welcome us, and he comes so quickly to our succour in time of trouble that it appears as if he did fly upon the wings of the wind. Since there is such a contrast between the Lord and the Romanists' old wooden god, does not their search for their image put us to shame who seek not Christ?

And how shall we seek Christ but as they did? They scattered themselves over the parish, and each one sought. Let us so seek the Lord. We have an example of the thing we mean in the case of Mary Magdalene. Early in the cold morning went she forth to seek the Master. Her soul was as dark as the morning—she was full of sorrow. The rising morning sun would dispel the natural darkness, and the Sun of righteousness would dispel hers—only He could do so. Very like David in his forty-second psalm was she. His soul had a thirst which none but God, the living God, could satisfy. The burden of the psalm all the way through is God, God, the living God, and the burden of Mary's soul is Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. And there is an individuality in the case of each seeker. David's psalm is full of "My," "My," "My," "I," "I," "I"; and Mary had waited until all had gone; and there, heart-broken, thinking of Jesus, she stands alone, nothing to break the silence but the sobs and the sighs welling up from her very soul. Home comforts, companions, nor angel visions can satisfy. Her Lord, she seeks him. "Woman, why weepest thou?"—a voice to attract attention. She turns round, lifts up her eyes, still wiping the tears away, looks at the stranger, and Jesus in a cognisant, sympathetic, affectionate tone says, "Mary!" And, oh, Mary has sought and is satisfied; and what more can we desire for any than that with Mary they may so seek and personally find the Lord.

Then, you remember, the priest's parishioners all sought together after their lost idol. The parish was up; and we commend their zeal. It reminds one of that day when all Israel assembled at Mizpah. They were all heartily sick of the old second-hand gods that could not help, and they mourned after the Lord. They poured out water before the Lord, to teach us in Scriptural phrase to pour out our hearts before him; everyone got right with his neighbour, and so old wrongs were swept away, for Samuel judged them there; they all looked to the Lamb slain, and thought of Israel's great Intercessor; and all were brought very low. On that day a great deliverance was wrought, and the day was thereby made memorable to the end of time; and wherever every member of any church unitedly seeks the Lord, never-to-be-forgotten blessing will be the consequence.

They sought with certainty. If in a parish some old stock disappears from its place, and all the people rise to seek, especially if the man that hid it is interested in the search, there is not much fear of the finding. The old piece of wood must be somewhere, and is certain to be found. So it was with them; so it shall be with us. We speak to

any and every church: "Do you rise to seek the Lord? Do you seek him more than anything under heaven? Do you seek him with the whole heart?"

"We do!"

Then you will find him. By Scripture warrant we say it, you will find the Lord: by the universal consent of all the churches, we say fearlessly, you will find the Lord as a church. God has said, "they that seek *shall* find"; "then shall ye seek me and find me when ye seek me with the whole heart." The Lord that hideth himself is interested both in the search and the finding, and you *shall* find.

3. And, oh, the finding. The Romanists had high mass said on the occasion; and altogether they had a grand to do. Ay, and your hearts shall live that seek and find the Lord. We shall have a grand to do.

"But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know."

Have Christ in the church, and your soul will be more than electrified; Christ in the singing, and your soul will sing; Christ in the preaching, and your heart will burn; Christ in the prayer-meeting, and you will have heaven upon earth. Yea, souls will be saved; with the new stones the church will really be built up, and everything will go well; for Christ found, is wealth, fellowship, liberty, prosperity. "Christ is all."

4. But, having found their image, they lost it again; and as they did, so let us take heed to retain the Lord. To detain it they built it a house. Let us keep ourselves as fit temples for the Lord to dwell in. In the wilderness murmuring, unbelief, presumption, and actual sin alienated the heart of God from his people, and will do so always. Let us beware.

"I thought the Lord was always with his people. Does he not say, 'Lo, I am with you alway'?"

Your own experience is a good test—is the Lord always with you in the same way? Is the Lord in the same way present in a worldly church as he is in a church where doctrine and practice are according to his good pleasure? Certainly not. With some individuals and churches the Lord is present to encourage and say, Well done; and with others to flog them because their works are ill done or not done at all. Let us hear what God the Lord saith: "Hear ye me . . . the Lord is with you while ye be with him; and if ye seek him he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you." Grieving the Spirit is not profitable, but unprofitable; therefore, let us keep ourselves in the love of God. Is Jesus at this moment present in special power with thy soul? Thou art a Christian, and canst point to such occasions; and oh, how precious they are, how rich you felt then, though poor; how joyful, though in sorrow; how independent of all, because all dependent on Jesus; how you were helped, though other helpers had gone, for Jesus was a present, sufficient help. Others looked up at you and saw you in fearful tempest and gloom; but the tempest was below you, which their eyes could not perceive; and you sang—

"I stand upon the mount of God
 With sunlight in my soul;
 I hear the storms in vales beneath,
 I hear the thunders roll;
 But I am calm with thee, my God,
 Beneath these cloudless skies,
 And to the height on which I stand
 Nor storm nor cloud can rise."

But have you always this experience? That's the point. We need to retain the Lord. Alas, alas, too often such a state of things is but momentary, more like the dazzling, beautiful lightning flash than the steady shining of the glorious sun. Do you think it impossible for the human frame to sustain such experience? Let us not forget that the twelve had for three years daily intercourse with the Son of God, and were heartbroken to think that their intimacy might soon come to an end. It is generally the unhealthy, feverish experience that is wearing to the body, not the healthy, peaceful presence of the Lord. It is streamlets like the winter, uncertain brook Cedron that makes great, exhausting noise; but the river which always is running, has gradually cut out its own deep course, and silently, continually, powerfully, peacefully moves along. So it is not seeking, finding, and losing the Lord alternately that we so much need, as securing abiding fellowship with Christ by setting ourselves to know and do his commandments: John xv. 10. In this way, what at the first was like those few drops trickling down the side of the Scottish mountains, shall increase and increase, till the channels of fellowship with Christ are cut deep down into the soul, peace will become like the deep, broad, mighty Clyde, bearing on its bosom consecrated service for Jesus, and we shall never admit the thought of his disappearing again.

What would a church be if composed of members each of whom had such a river of fellowship in his soul? Surely such a church would retain the Saviour; and then would be fulfilled the Scripture—there the glorious Lord would be to his people broad rivers and streams.

J. P. WIGSTONE,

Missionary at Villa Garcia, Spain.

Snow Bloom.

Where does the snow go,
 So white on the ground?
 Under May's azure
 No flake can be found.
 Look into the lily
 Some sweet summer hour;
 There blooms the snow
 In the heart of the flower.

Where does the love go,
 Frozen to grief?
 Along the heart's fibres
 Its cold thrill is brief.
 The snow-fall of sorrow
 Turns not to dust;
 It lives in white blossoms
 Of patience and trust.

From Lucy Larcom's "Wild Roses of Cape Ann."

Odds and Ends about Preaching and Hearing.

"PRAY THAT SERMON."—A young beginner at preaching, after throwing off a highly wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent gospel sermon in the pulpit, in the presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance. "I have but just one remark to make," was his reply, "and that is, to request you to pray that sermon." "What do you mean, sir?" "I mean, literally, just what I say; pray it, if you can, and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it." The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he never heard or conceived of; and the singularity of the suggestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God, undertook to make it into a prayer. But it would not pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that, for the very good reason—as he then clearly saw for the first time—that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had "Christ formed in him the hope of glory." With a renewed heart he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit; preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given such timely advice; and again solicited the benefit of his critical remarks. "I have no remarks to make," was his complacent reply, "you can pray that sermon."

"IN THE CLOSET."—Of Mr. John Shepherd, of the United States, it is recorded that he was greatly distinguished for his success in the pulpit. When on his death-bed he said to some young ministers who were present, "The secret of my success is in these three things:—'1. The studying of my sermons very frequently costs me tears.' '2. Before I preached a sermon to others I derived good from it myself.' '3. I have always gone into the pulpit as if I were immediately after to render an account to my Master.'" All who knew that devoted man would have united in expressing his secret in three words,—*"In the closet."*

"NOR BY THE DEPTH EITHER."—A young minister having preached for Doctor Emmons one day, he was anxious to get a word of applause for his labour of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and the young brother was obliged to bait the hook for him. "I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the *length* of my sermon to-day?" "No, sir, not at all; nor by the *depth* either."

SOUND SLEEPERS.—It is related of Rev. Mr. Howe, late of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, that during the period his people were discussing the subject of a new meeting-house, one day, while he was preaching, he observed his congregation to be in rather a lethargic state. He stopped in the middle of his sermon, and, casting his eyes around, remarked they were talking about erecting a new meeting-house; but he did not know that it was worth while, as the timbers looked in pretty good condition, and he was sure the sleepers were sound.

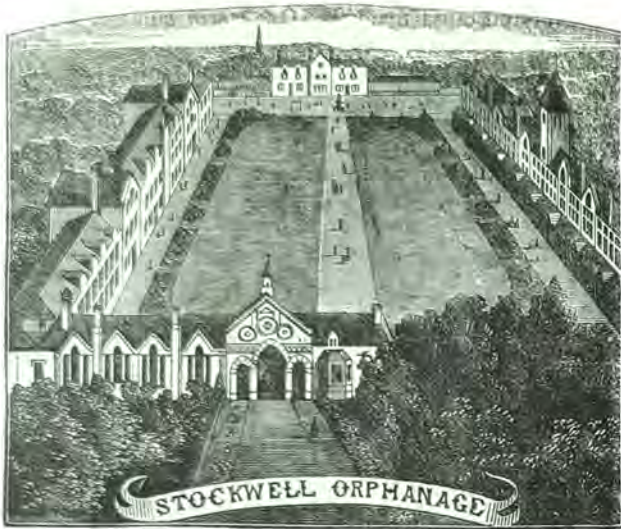
GOING OVER IT AGAIN.—A shrewd, eccentric, but withal talented

preacher, of unbounded influence among his people, once administered reproof in a very effectual manner. One warm summer afternoon, his congregation, like some other congregations, got drowsy, and not a few went off into a regular doze. The orator went on, apparently undisturbed by the apathy, and finished his discourse. He paused; the silence, as is often the case after the humdrum of a not very animated preacher, roused up the congregation: some rubbed their eyes, and all stared; for there stood the minister sermon in hand. He waited till he saw them all fairly awake, and then very calmly said, "My good friends, this sermon cost me a good deal of labour, rather more than usual; you do not seem to have paid to it quite as much attention as it deserves. I think I will go over it again;" and he was as good as his word, from text to exhortation.

"DIDN'T HE SAY BEANS?"—A minister some time since imparted instruction to his congregation by relating the following facts:—Two travellers put up for the night at a tavern. Early in the morning they absconded without reckoning with their host, also stealing from him a bag of beans. A few years after they passed that road in company again; and again they asked for lodging at the same inn. The identical landlord was yet at his post; and in the evening was overheard by them talking in one corner of the bar-room, in a suppressed voice, with one of his neighbours, about a swarm of bees. One of his dishonest guests said to the other, "Did not he say beans?" "I think he did," was the reply, and quickly they were missing. I often think, added the clergyman, about the beans. When the church member complains that the minister means him, this anecdote about the beans will pop into my mind. On a thousand other occasions I notice people whose consciences are not easy saying to each other, by various modes of communication, "Did not he say beans?" though perhaps the preacher was no nearer the subject about which they were excited than the bees were to the beans.

THE WRONG SORT OF CHARITY.—An African preacher, speaking from the words, "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" mentioned among other things that many lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying it, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning. "Many people," said he, "attend meeting, and hear the sermon; and when it is over they proceed to divide it out among the congregation; this part was for that man, that part for that woman; and such denunciations were for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so," continued the shrewd African, "*they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves.*"

HE who is privileged to lead a single soul to Christ does a work compared with which the gathering of crowds and addressing of multitudes is of small account. Let us not despise the day of small things. "You have preached twenty years, and have only made one convert," was the taunt with which a man assailed a servant of the Lord. "Have I converted *one*?" asked the minister. "Yes, there is such an one, who is really converted under your ministry." "Then here is *twenty years more for another*," said the man of God, and all eternity would endorse the wisdom of the utterance.



Our Orphanage.

THE above will bring before our reader's eye the Stockwell Orphanage as it now exists. The girls' part is not yet fully complete, but it soon will be so, and then we must take in the girls. Now, it occurs to me to let my friends know the increased need which has arisen, and will arise from the doubling of the number of children. The income must by some means be doubled. My trust is in the Lord alone, for whose sake I bear this burden. I believe that he has led me all along in the erection and carrying on of this enterprise, and I am also well assured that his own hand pointed to the present extension, and supplied the means for making it. I, therefore, rest in the providence of God alone. But the food for the children will not drop as manna from heaven, it will be sent in a way which is more beneficial, for the graces of his children will be displayed in the liberality which will supply the needs of the orphans. God will neither feed the children by angels nor by ravens, but by the loving gifts of his people. It is needful, therefore, that I tell my friends of our need, and I do hereby tell them. The Institution will need another £5,000 a-year at the least, and in rough figures we shall want £200 a week. This is a large sum, and when I think of it I am appalled if Satan suggests the question, "What if the money does not come in?" But it is nothing to the Lord of the whole earth to feed five hundred little ones. He has kept two hundred and fifty boys for these years, and he can do the like for the same number of girls. Only let not his stewards say that there is no need at Stockwell, for there is great and crying need that all my friends should enquire whether they may not wisely render me much more aid than they have done. The buildings are not all finished yet, nor the roads

made, but this will soon be accomplished, and then the Institution will be in full operation, and its requirements will be great. I have written these lines with a measure of reluctance; and I hope it is not in unbelief, but as a reasonable service, that I have thus stated the case.

C. H. SPURGEON.

A Prayer for Fair Weather.

O God, thy rod is lifted still,
 Thy sun forbears to shine:
 We bow before thy perfect will,
 And own the hand divine.

Lo! thick with corn the fruitful fields
 Have filled our hearts with joy;
 But the rich gifts thy goodness yields
 Shall yet thy wrath destroy?

What if the scoffer flaunts his shame,
 Nor will thy tokens see?
 Thy children glory in thy name,
 And hymn thy majesty.

The smallest cloud that flecks the blue,
 The soft air's lightest sigh,
 Each little drop of rain and dew,
 For us bespeak thee nigh.

Still, Lord, for us thy peace ordain,
 And listen while we pray:
 Bless our long-favoured land again,
 And turn thy wrath away.

Still in the cloud O set thy bow;
 Our years of evil end:
 Still, for thy Son's dear sake, be thou
 Our Father and our Friend!

HENRY DOWNTON.

Hopton Rectory, Thetford.

Tracts and tracks.

A CLERGYMAN relates, that he was told by another Christian minister, that he one day gave to a poor man in his congregation a tract; and, seeing him afterwards, asked him what he thought of it. "Oh, massa!" said he, "it do me soul good. I never knew before why dey call 'em tracks; but when I read that little book, it track me dis way, and it track me dat way; it track me all day, and it track me all night: when I go out in de barn, it track me dare; when I go out in de woods, it track me dare; it track me eberywhere I go; then I know why dey call 'em tracks." This poor man blundered into more truth than wiser men might have discovered.

Notices of Books.

The New Name, and other Sermons.
By Rev. DAVID DAVIES. Yates and Alexander.

WITH much pleasure we have read a sermon here and there in this volume: such are short and sweet, and have both thought and truth in them. We feel ready to say,—Many Davies have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Such a preacher is an honour to the Baptist denomination. Weston-super-Mare may count itself favoured in having the author of these discourses among its public teachers.

Letters of Rev. Samuel Rutherford.
Carefully revised and edited by the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, D.D. With a preface by the Rev. ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WELCOME! welcome! The more editions of seraphic Rutherford the better. None penetrated further into the innermost heart of holy fellowship with Jesus. Whenever we think of him we compare him to Milton's Uriel, the angel that stood in the sun itself. This is a good, cheap, and complete edition of the priceless letters.

Exposition of the Gospel of St. John.
By R. GOVETT. (Two Vols.) Bemrose and Sons, 23, Old Bailey.

MR. GOVETT, of Norwich, is known and valued by a select circle of judicious and instructed Christians, who make up for the smallness of their number by the heartiness of their esteem. We wish we could introduce this profound writer and sound teacher to those of our readers who, being instructors of others, need to be well taught themselves. In these two volumes difficulties are not shirked, but honestly grappled with; and points of difference are not concealed, but honestly stated. Although Mr. Govett would decline the name of Baptist, we venture to say for the sake of brevity that a more thorough Baptist commentary was never written. Our American brethren should make a point of getting it and reading it. Mr. Govett is not a writer of the popular school; he needs to be read with diligence, and he who can and will so read him is no mean theologian. The day will come when

the idols of the hour will perish, and the writings of such a man as R. Govett will be prized as the much fine gold. Meanwhile we heartily congratulate our brother upon being enabled to maintain so clear a testimony for the gospel of Jesus.

Critical Handbook: a Guide to the Study of the Authenticity, Canon, and Text of the Greek New Testament. By EDWARD C. MITCHELL, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

To its subsidiary title of "Guide" this book very well answers in calling attention to the things to be observed, and in doing it briefly. What the writer says of the chapter on Textual Criticism is true of the "Guide" throughout: "It does not come within the scope of this treatise to attempt an exhaustive discussion of the principles that underlie the work." It is a book of hints and tables; of the latter some will be of permanent value to the student, the former will be helpful while he is on the first form in critical study of the Greek New Testament.

Eastern Proverbs and Emblems illustrating Old Truths. By Rev. J. LONG. Trübner and Co.

THIS book contains a large number of proverbs which have not hitherto entered into our western currency, and the emblems are frequently beautiful and useful; still it is badly put together, and the matter is not always appropriate to the subject which it is intended to illustrate. Here we have all the makings of a good book; but for want of a little tact the work does not come out from the author's hand in so complete a form as it might. We feel indebted to the writer for many new symbols and sayings, and if he will use the pruning knife when bringing out a new edition his book will become a standard work.

Friendly Greetings. Illustrated Readings for the People. Religious Tract Society.

A SERIAL which deserves our warmest word. The volume at 2s. 6d. would make a beautiful present for a cottager or artisan.

The Birth-day Book of Poetical Weeks. Selected from Fifty-two different Poets, and arranged in alphabetical order. By Mrs. WILLIAM OLDING. W. Mack.

THIS makes an attractive present. We do not admire all the extracts, but the idea is a capital one, and the get up of the work is pretty.

Light and Shade. Edited by AULAY MACAULAY. Elliot Stock.

THIS magazine is the organ of Latymer Road Mission, and gives details of what appears to be a really live work.

Ruth, the Moabitess. Bible Readings on the Book of Ruth. By HENRY MOORHOUSE. Morgan and Scott.

CONTAINS many fresh and original remarks, all tending to practical usefulness; a capital sixpennyworth of commenting on a favourite book.

Retracings and Renewings; or, Gleanings from a Journal Extending over nearly Half a Century. By DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY, D.D. W. Mack.

THIS is practically the diary of one of the best clergymen in the Church of England,—a man whose fidelity to Calvinistic doctrine, and whose love to all saints are well known by all his friends. It is a fine portly volume, and its contents are full of devout ascriptions of praise, and aspirations for a closer walk with God. Those who revere Dr. Doudney will prize this record of his life.

Rise and Progress of Wesleyan Methodism in Jamaica. By HENRY BLAINE FOSTER. 66, Paternoster-row.

EXCEEDINGLY interesting to Methodist friends, but rather too barren of incident to attract the general reader. The theme is so large that it might have been made deeply interesting. If the author only intended to write a history to be preserved for reference, he has admirably succeeded; but if he wished for a popular audience, we fear that he will be disappointed.

Studies in the Gospel according to St. Matthew. By Rev. J. CYNDYLAN JONES. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

YES. These sermons will do. They are far above the average of such productions, and have a dew upon them

which sparkles and refreshes. We like everything in this worthy Welshman's book, although we cannot pronounce his name.

Christ Lifted Up. By the Rev. ROBERT GILCHRIST. Morgan and Scott.

OLD-FASHIONED divinity presented in a pleasing form. May its readers be many.

The Mosaic Era: a series of Lectures on Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. By JOHN MORRO GIBSON, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FINE book. Deep thought, suggesting lower depths. A manly work of a sort none too common in these days. Here is a specimen: "A sign was given to quiet the apprehensions of Moses and the people in relation to the three sources of discouragement in prospect of the great enterprise. First, Moses felt himself, and was reckoned by the people, so weak, that it seemed presumption to quit his shepherd life and go before Pharaoh. It was like laying down his shepherd's staff, and taking up a serpent. (The serpent was an emblem of royalty in Egypt.) And so, as a sign, Moses is told to cast down his staff, and it becomes a serpent. The sign allows that it is a dangerous work he must now take up. But when he takes it up, lo, it becomes again a rod in his hand! It will come as easy to him after all as his quiet shepherd life. It will be no fanged serpent that he has in his grasp, but 'the rod of God' (Ex. xvii. 9), harmless to himself, mighty against the foe. Next, there was the low estate of the people, a community of lepers, as it were, for so they were called in derision by the Egyptians; and, treated like lepers, they felt like lepers, too, a usual consequence of long-continued degradation. To meet this sad discouragement a second sign was given. Moses' hand becomes leprous as snow. Thus, as before, the difficulty is acknowledged. But, as before, it is triumphantly met: 'Put thy hand into thy bosom again'; and when he plucked it out it was turned again as his other flesh. God is able to make the leper clean, to change a horde of slaves into a host of heroes."

The Old Miller and his Mill. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Wesleyan Conference Office.

ALL Christian people know that Mr. Pearse can write delightful books for adults, for everybody has read his wonderful "Daniel Quorn;" but it is not everybody who knows that he is quite as charming in his writing for children. Yet here is a little book of religious stories for children, as bright, as wide awake, as interesting, as fresh as godliness can make it. None of your musty, fusty, mildewy stories told over and over again; but the Bible histories made fresh and original! The illustrations of character heading the stories, are some of them unusually clever; and, altogether, happy are the children who can buy and read this book. "Go on, Mr. Pearse, and let us have some more."

Stieve Bloom. By ELIZA KERR. Wesleyan Conference Office, and 66, Paternoster-row.

A CLEVERLY written story of two Irish orphans, designed to show how divine grace in the heart of a child is able to support its possessor under severe trial, and to win by the meekness and gentleness of Christ the hearts of the morose and ignorant to the "sweetness and light" of gospel truth. Although the book has the imprimatur of the Wesleyan Conference Office, and is very tastefully got up, we cannot give it unqualified praise; for many of the incidents are highly improbable and sensational, and we are chary of encouraging in our little folks a taste for the unhealthy excitement of novel reading which pious (?) fiction is apt to foster.

Thoughtful Joe, and how he gained his name. By RUTH LAMB. Religious Tract Society.

OF all the books we have ever reviewed we give this the first place as a book for little boys. We have had to brush the tears away while reading about the kind acts of "Thoughtful Joe." The book ought to be read by young and old. What a happy world this would be if it were full of Thoughtful Joes! John Ploughman says, "It is a packet of right down good seed, and it is a pity but what it should be sown in every-

body's garden, whether the name of the owner is Jack or Jill, Joe or Jane. It has done me real good to have a spell at it."

Jem the Stable Boy; or, Humanity to Animals. By H. E. W. S. W. Partridge and Co.

JUST what is wanted. By such books the Scripture is obeyed which says, "Open thy mouth for the dumb."

The Hidden Bible, and other Stories: Memorials of Suffering for Conscience' Sake. By FRANCES M. SAVILL. John Snow and Co.

THOROUGHLY Protestant stories: the more of such historical narratives the better. Popery is so insidious that our children need to have their minds fortified against it from the very beginning.

A Tale of the Grampians, and other Sketches. The Lost Passenger, and other Sketches. Mrs. Warley's Lodger, and other Sketches. Monica's Choice: a Story of Youthful Fidelity. Religious Tract Society.

OUR young people cannot be in want of good and entertaining reading while the Tract Society sends forth so many tales of this excellent character. They are all good.

Our Christian Classics: Readings from the best Divines, with Notes Biographical and Critical. Four vols. By JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. J. Nisbet.

TAKE it for all in all, no land can boast of such a Christian authorship as England; but many of the greatest thinkers and most eloquent writers are locked up in ponderous or costly folios, inaccessible to ordinary readers. In these volumes the late estimable and learned Dr. Hamilton has succeeded in the task he set himself, namely, to convey to persons of limited leisure a notion of the way in which the masters in our Israel discoursed on the most momentous subjects. The biographical and historical notices from the pen of the good Doctor will greatly help the reader to appreciate and enjoy these well-selected extracts from the works of the great and good men of the past. This is a new edition, and is neatly dressed.

Light and Rest; or, the Confessions of a Soul seeking and finding. A Book for Thoughtful Enquirers. Partridge and Co.

THE greatest mistake would be made if we were to judge this little book by its bulk, for its value is in inverse ratio to its size. We have read and re-read it with unusual pleasure, as being one of the most discriminative, suggestive, and stimulating of little volumes it has been our lot to see. The author has no need to hide his name on account of the book's demerits, for it is admirable. It is the best manual for enquiring and awakened souls, beset with intellectual and experimental difficulties, that we know. Every evangelist, pastor, or Christian worker may gain insight into dealing with souls from it. At first we fancied we detected the "higher life" craze; but the chapters on "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," and "Gethsemane, or the Conflict of the Two Wills," removed our fears on that score, and showed us that the piety was as robust as exalted.

Well done, Mr. Anonymous Author, may you soon have a second edition, and we a second book as good as this.

Thoughts on the Bible as a Key to History. By JOHN COURTS. F. Pitman.

WE have taken up this volume of nine hundred closely-printed pages again and again, in the hope of being able to speak favourably of its contents; for it is evidently the work of a devout and reverent student of the inspired word. We must, however, include ourselves among those critics whose opinion the author has anticipated in the following sentences of his preface: "The method of the study may be objected to by many; the cyclical idea upon which the Bible is studied may not find favour with all men; the spiritual and historical interpretations may be *very imperfect*; and the use made of [proper] names may probably appear to some as *absurd*. . . . The works of men *require to be refined* so that the dross may be separated from the pure gold; and even when the house is finished there remains *much rubbish* around the walls." To save space we have italicized a few of the words, as they so well express our own conviction in reference to the work.

Sunlight and Shadow; or, Gleanings from my Life-Work. By JOHN B. GOUGH. R. D. Dickinson.

IT is a great pity for English publishers to issue rival editions of this book, and the more so because Mr. Hodder's edition is remarkably cheap. Of course, nobody on this side of the water cares about the American author, for no one in America cares for the English author. There is as much honour among publishers on one side of the water as on the other. A law of international copyright is deeply needed for the real benefit of all concerned: even common morality would be promoted by it. Mr. Dickinson has produced a cheap edition of Mr. Gough's very amusing collection of stories, new, old, and very old. As we said when noticing the better edition by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, these tales need the teller to *speack* them, and then they run like fire in a prairie; but without the living voice they are just a little flat. Still John Gough could not be dull if he tried, and even if he were dull, he would be brighter than the most of us.

Before the Dawn. A tale of Wycliffe of Bohemia. By EMMA LESLIE. Religious Tract Society.

A CHARMINGLY told story, setting forth in graphic description the social condition of England and Bohemia in the years immediately preceding the Reformation. This great event, so slanderously libelled by ritualistic priests to-day, could not be better explained to our sons and daughters than by this story: may the tale have, as it deserves, a large and speedy sale.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. With a Life of the Author, and Bibliographical Notes by ROBERT SOUTHEY. John Hogg, Paternoster-row.

ANOTHER edition of "The Pilgrim," and a good and cheap one. We do not see so much beauty in the engravings as some are able to perceive; to us they seem to be out of date. The type is good, and the binding attractive. At 3s. 6d. this edition ought to command a speedy sale. The more the "Pilgrim's Progress" is read the better for the progress of pilgrims.

Richard T. Booth and his work. Morgan and Scott.

MR. BOOTH has become well known in this country during the past few months by his remarkably successful temperance meetings. This little book is the story from his own pen of the work he has been enabled to do in America and England. Rescued from drunkenness and led to Christ by the prayers of his wife, he has consecrated his powers to the holy war against intemperance, attacking the evil with the weapons of the gospel. He tells the story of the hundred Christian women who, on December 23, 1873, stung by the sufferings inflicted by the drink traffic, met for prayer in one of the churches in Hillsboro, New Hampshire; and then went forth to pray in the drinking saloons, inaugurating the remarkable crusade against intemperance which has sent a wave of blessing through the States. Mr. Booth's addresses have wrought vast results. Five or six thousand signatures to the pledge appear to be the usual outcome of a few nights' work wherever he has gone. London, Newmarket, Tunbridge Wells, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Peebles, Longton, Sunderland, Oldham, Cardiff, Darlington, Kidderminster, Newcastle, Ipswich, Leeds, Leicester, such is the list of towns he has visited; and in all good results have been achieved. God speed him, and all who labour like him. He pays a short visit to his home in America this summer, to return with his family to England in the autumn for a longer campaign. Temperance men in every town, look out for him, and enlist his help.

Good Soldiers, and other Addresses.
By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.
Book Society, 28, Paternoster-row.

Good, thoroughly good. Few can compare with Dr. Newton in his power with children. The addresses are illustrated in the best style of wood engraving.

Boston Monday Lectures, for 1881.
New series. London: R. D. Dickinson,
Farringdon Street.

THIS "new series" is rather feeble as a contribution to international literature.

In the absence of the name which acquired celebrity for the former volumes there is not much to challenge attention.

A Brave Life: the true record of George Robert Brown. By FANNIE FORTSAITH. Partridge and Co.

THE story of the brief life of a Bible-class scholar who, becoming clerk in a railway clearing office, was run over and killed by a passing engine. His conversion, his inward struggles, his brave witness-bearing for Christ among his fellow-workmen, are related by the teacher of the class to which he belonged before leaving home. God be praised for such teachers as this one evidently is. An excellent little book, friend, to give to the youths in your Bible-class.

Daily Prayers for the Household for a Month. By J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D. Nisbet and Co.

If we could recommend books of prayers at all we should be inclined to recommend this; but even when written by Dr. Dykes we feel they are a poor apology for the warm desires of the heart poured out in the language of sincerity. We believe it would be better, in cases where nervousness or want of practice prevented audible prayer, to have a short season of silent prayer after the reading of Scripture in the family than to use these formal productions. Crutches often perpetuate lameness, at least in things spiritual.

A cheap and carefully revised edition of Dr. Stoughton's "Ecclesiastical History." In six volumes. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS standard history, in six volumes, can be purchased for forty-five shillings. On all hands Dr. Stoughton is praised for his impartiality, a main qualification in the historian. We wish that our people were better acquainted with the heroic period of Nonconformity; they cannot obtain this knowledge in a reader or more pleasant way than by reading these invaluable volumes. Every Sunday-school library should possess a copy. Kind deacons should supply poor pastors with them. Brethren, take the hint.

Montalto. By Miss L. BATES. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A work of the same kind as the "Seven Sisters of the Valley," but without its talent, showing the sufferings of the Vaudois in Calabria. It will amply repay perusal, and suit a library for young people.

The Brides of Ardmore. By AGNES SMITH. Elliot Stock.

A story of Irish life, to show the introduction of Popery and the crushing out of primitive Christianity. It is interesting enough for thoughtful young people, and it gives a fair amount of historical information on a period too little remembered.

Juvenile Temperance Stories. Series I. and II. National Temperance Publication Depot.

We have already commended these little books, and are glad to see them again, bound up in two natty volumes, which ought to find their way into every Band of Hope and Sunday-school Library.

Plucked from the burning. A true story. By LAURA L. PRATT. National Temperance Publication Depot.

OUR friends at 337, Strand really ought not to put their books into such horrid covers. Here we have again the golden swan and silvern water, of which we have before complained. Such designs are as inappropriate and incorrect as many public-house signs that we have seen, and that is saying a good deal. The tale itself is well told; but those who are of our opinion in religious matters will not care for the "christenings" which the authoress describes.

Harold Hastings; or the Vicar's Son. By JAMES YEAMES. National Temperance Publication Depot.

ONE of Mr. Yeames' thrilling temperance tales which, if not literally true, only too faithfully depicts the misery produced by intemperance in many a home where children are unintentionally taught to love the drink which proves their ruin. The book also contains an able alliterative allegory, "Christopher Canning's Christmas," in which the author attracts attention to "the old-fashioned notion that no gains or

possessions can be blessed that are not hallowed by the separation of some portion to the glory of God and the service of his poor."

"No Place like Home." By HESBA STRETTON. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER charming little book by the authoress of "Jessica's First Prayer." We could not help weeping as we read some portions of it; but our sorrow soon gave place to a feeling of indignation as we thought of the game laws, which still disgrace our statute book. May this touching story, in some slight measure, help to remove such abominable laws.

Little Amy's Work; or the Higher Law. By Mrs. M. E. BRADLEY. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

THE principal character in this well-written tale of four hundred pages is introduced to us as "dwarfed and misshapen in body, dull in mind, peevish and contrary in spirit." Her worldly father spurned her from him because of her infirmities, but her Christian mother was unsparing in devotion to her, and prayer to God for her; and in due season she had the rich reward of seeing "Little Amy" become a ministering angel to the poor and degraded around her, and also the means of leading her proud parent as a weeping penitent to the Saviour's feet. The book would make a capital present for young people about to marry, as the authoress very forcibly describes the contrast between a home furnished on the hire system, and speedily ruined by drinking and improvident habits; and another in which everything was free from the shadow of debt from the commencement, and in which the sunshine of practical godliness shed ever-increasing joy and blessedness. Six shillings is a long price to pay for a religious novel, and we do not therefore suppose that many of our readers will telegraph to America for a copy.

Grace Thornton; or, living for others. By F. C. G. Partridge and Co.

THIS chatty story is a mixture of scientific fact and pious talk. We are afraid that it is too artificial and strained to be attractive to the young folks for whom it is designed. Well intended, but mistaken, we think.

Poems : Domestic and Miscellaneous. By JAMES GILES. W. B. Whittingham and Co., 91, Gracechurch-street.

The book is very prettily bound, but we cannot say much for the poetry within. The writer's tone and spirit are admirable, and his verses are pleasant : we have met with many worse and many better.

The Classics for the Million : being an Epitome, in English, of the Works of the principal Greek and Latin Authors. By HENRY GREY. Griffith and Farran.

AN instructive introduction to most of the great Greek and Latin authors. Before studying their works it is helpful to know something of the men and their chosen subjects, and to this Mr. Grey will help the aspiring youth. As for those who have been denied the advantage of a classical education it will be no difficult thing for them by reading this volume to get a glimpse at the intellectual treasures which are in

existence. The books strike us as being well compressed, and yet as retaining a certain sprightliness of manner rather rare in such manuals. It is a little out of our line, but we are glad to have met with it, and heartily recommend it.

Scriptural Holiness : not sinless perfection. By CHARLES GRAHAM. Morgan and Scott.

So far as we can see, this is a sound book. If this is all that the holiness people have meant, we cannot make out why there has been so much noise over the matter. To us these new revelations are nothing but the common-places of experimental divinity. With considerable skill and sagacity Mr. Graham has proved his title, and wheeled away much fanatical rubbish. Anything which will promote true holiness has all our heart; but when we hear persons boast of sinless perfection, we get out of their company as quietly and quickly as we can, making double haste if the moon happens to be near the full.

Notes.

THE special prayer-meetings before our week-evening lecture have not only been well sustained all through the past month, but have increased in number and grown in fervency, and we are already reaping the firstfruits of what will, we trust, prove a good harvest of souls. The Monday evening prayer-meetings have been seasons of unusual power: and this fact makes us quite sure that a blessing of an unusual extent is on the wing. Requests for prayer have continued to come in large numbers from almost all parts of the globe, and not a few requests for *praise* because former supplications have been answered. These have tended to keep the meetings real and earnest, for there has been actual business to do with the Lord that heareth us. Each meeting differs from every other, but all are remarkable seasons of fervent devotion. Frequently there are fifteen hundred persons present. On August 1 a missionary address was delivered by Mr. Gogon Chunder Dutt, of Bengal, and by the evangelists who had just come home; on August 8 our three newly-elected elders, Messrs. Johnson, Bantick, and Corsan were introduced to the members present, and commended to the Lord in prayer; and on August 15 the Pastor gave an address upon the words, "Ye have not because ye ask not." Have we not here the key to the non-success of churches, and the small progress of

individuals? It is a pity to be deprived of a blessing because we are too idle to ask for it.

On *Wednesday, August 10*, it was our privilege to preach an open-air sermon in connection with the opening of a new chapel at North Cheam. Some members of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION have held services in the neighbourhood for a year or two, and their labours have been so greatly blessed by God that it has been necessary to erect an iron building, which has been purchased at a greatly reduced price. About £250 will be needed to pay for this building, of which up to the present about £60 has been contributed, in addition to £50 which we have promised. We shall be grateful to any friends who feel moved to help this work, and the erection of three other chapels which are now in hand. Our suburban districts, and our growing towns, must be occupied speedily for Christ, unless they are to be left as strongholds of priestcraft or indifference. The people on the spot are frequently careless about the work, and we have to arouse them to care about their souls. Those who love the truth are at the first few and feeble, and unless helped from the outside they cannot get a building to meet in. We are at this moment treasurer for four rising places. The first is this little place at Cheam, for which we need at least £150: could not some friends

see to it that we are not burdened by this? By a little effort Tabernacle friends could clear this place. Then comes New Brompton, near Chatham, where the chapel is just commenced. Some £700 or more will be wanted before we have finished, and we only see our way to half of it. Thirdly, Gipsy Road, Lower Norwood. We have £1,000 in hand or promised, but the friends have entered upon some £4,000 expense. Mr. Hobbs, the minister, will carry it through; but meanwhile we feel anxious about it. Fourthly, the village of Hornchurch, Essex: a friend has given ground, and we have some £150 in hand, but the friends are hard pressed for a place to meet in, and want to build before winter. No one knows the many cares which come upon us in connection with the work of extending our churches in needy districts. Large sums could be advantageously used, but they do not come. Our own purse is not spared, but the work is great and the demands large, and yet not so large but that a few wealthy persons could make it easy. We sometimes sink in spirit as we see how little the souls of men are cared for by those who call themselves the Lord's. If growing London is not provided with the means of grace coming generations will blame us. As the Lord enables us our utmost shall be done. May HE provide for his own work in his own way.

On *Wednesday evening, August 17*, the eleventh annual meeting of the SPURGEON'S SERMONS TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. The chair was occupied by C. F. Allison, Esq., prayer was offered by Mr. Harrald, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Murrell, Dunn, Penstone, Perkins, and Pullen. The report, read by the honorary secretary, Mr. C. Cornell, stated that the object of the Society is to make known the way of salvation by means of the distribution of the pastor's printed sermons as loan tracts. During the past year 23,000 have been circulated in fifty-two towns and villages in the United Kingdom, making a total of 140,000 since the work was commenced. Great blessing has resulted from this method of sowing the seed. The Society's income for the year has been £81 16s. 5d., and the expenditure for sermons, covers, printing, carriage, etc., £78 0s. 10d., leaving a balance of £3 15s. 7d. in hand. All information about the work of the Society can be obtained of Mr. Cornell, 60, Hamilton-square, Borough, S.E., who will be happy to receive contributions towards the extension of its operations. To get the sermons lent round in districts which are devoid of spiritual teaching is a soul-saving work. These discourses are attended with a blessing when heard in the Tabernacle, but their beneficial influence when printed is vastly greater, as abundant facts are daily proving. As tracts, it is found that persons will read them even when they will throw aside other religious literature. Hence this Society, by

providing a stock of the sermons for friends to start loan societies with, is doing a missionary work, which supplies a weekly ministrations of the gospel to thousands.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. A. Ward settles at Clay Cross; Mr. T. Armstrong has accepted the pastorate of the Lower Baptist Church, Chesham; and Mr. J. T. Mateer has left us to continue his work in Ireland as an evangelist.

Mr. J. Stubbs, who was obliged on account of ill-health to return from India, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Brannoxtown, Ireland. Mr. W. Ewens has removed from Uley, to Liskeard; and Mr. G. H. Kemp from Alford, to Langham, Essex. Mr. A. Bird, late of Penzance, is seeking to raise a new church at Sandown, Isle of Wight. Will friends there take this notice, and rally to the standard? Mr. J. H. Dean, one of our medical missionary students, has gone to Blantyre, Central Africa.

Mr. J. Wilkins, late of Maidenhead, has settled at Charlestown; and Mr. G. H. Trapp, late of Mundesley, has safely reached the United States, where he hopes to find a suitable sphere of labour. Mr. Trapp is a worthy man: a treasure to any godly people. We are glad also to learn that Mr. Burton arrived at Melbourne in May, and that the doctor says there is no reason why he should not be permanently cured. He desires to be remembered in prayer by all his brethren. Australian papers just to hand give most cheering reports of the evangelistic services held at Geelong and West Melbourne by our brethren Harrison and Isaac. Our son Thomas has had a happy season in Dunedin, and has gone on to Auckland.

On *Tuesday, August 9th*, the students reassembled after the vacation, by kind permission of Joseph Tritton, Esq., at "Bloomfield," Upper Norwood. The proceedings of the day commenced with a short devotional service, during which the wind blew threateningly. The new students were introduced by the President, and then the brethren dispersed over the grounds. The usual outdoor amusements were heartily enjoyed, and Mr. Murrell superintended the commissariat department to everybody's satisfaction. In responding to a very cordial vote of thanks, Mr. Tritton expressed the pleasure he had felt in placing his grounds at the disposal of the brethren. May this session be rich with benediction, and the College do the best work it has ever yet accomplished.

EVANGELISTS.—We have received the following *resumé* of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's mission in Sheffield:—

The mission in Sheffield was brought to a close on July 26th. The work has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of those who commenced it. A powerful stimulus has been given to the spiritual life of the churches which took part in the movement;

large numbers of Christians belonging to various denominations have been most hearty in their co-operation and goodwill; friends have come forward at every demand, spontaneously offering to provide whatever seemed helpful to success; and hundreds of those formerly attending no place of worship have been induced to attach themselves to some congregation, many of them giving evidence that they have been won for Christ. A valuable contribution has thus been made to the solution of the important question, How can we evangelize our great towns and centres of population? Many points connected with this question have been seen in a new and clear light by those who have been privileged to watch over and take part in the work as it has progressed. It may be well to place on record some of the peculiar features of the work, as carried through in Sheffield, for the consideration or guidance of workers who may be contemplating a similar mission in other towns. (1.) The evangelists came at the unanimous invitation of all the Independent and Baptist ministers in the town; and worked throughout under the direction of a central committee, composed of representatives of the churches concerned. The ministers as a whole took part in the work, many of them identifying themselves by their presence on special occasions, and some of them throwing all their strength and influence into the movement from the first. A few who were a little disposed, at the outset, to hold the movement at arm's length, because of former experiences with evangelists, became the most demonstrative and earnest in claspings it to their hearts, when they came to know our brethren personally, and when the meetings were being held in their own neighbourhood.

(2.) The meetings were held in chapels, and every effort was made to keep the whole movement in close union with existing churches. The town at the outset was divided into six districts, on an average two weeks being given to each. The meetings were held in the largest and most convenient chapel of each district. Christian workers were, therefore, always at hand belonging to the neighbourhood where the meetings were held, to see enquirers, to follow up good impressions in the hearts of friends, and to visit at their own homes those who had been brought to spiritual concern. For special meetings it became necessary to go elsewhere. The Albert Hall was used every Sunday afternoon for a meeting of men only; the Circus became the headquarters during Whitsun-week, and the last fortnight of the Mission. The Albert Hall was the only building large enough for the all-day meeting and the united communion service. But, as a rule, the chapels were found convenient, and sufficed for the work.

(3.) There have been no collections, but boxes have been held at the doors to receive thankofferings *after every service*. Both the

evangelists have always brought this matter before the people in the most frank and independent way, and those who were able and glad to give, have been asked to do so; and as the financial result, after all expenses are paid, at the close of a mission extending over nearly four months, we expect to have the pleasure of sending up to Mr. Spurgeon, towards the maintenance of the Evangelists' Society, a balance of £300, which, indeed, by the generosity of a friend, we hope to make 300 guineas. This has been accomplished with perfect ease, without anyone being pressed. Indeed, the cheerful way in which "the common people" have given of their means has been, perhaps, the most reliable proof of the healthy and sterling nature of the work. The heap of copper after some of the largest meetings was a sight to see, and a load to carry!

(4.) As to the spiritual results of the Mission, unquestionably that which can be tabulated is in some measure always unreliable, that which cannot be shown in any statistics is the most precious. Great care has been taken to avoid setting any seal or *imprimatur*, in the name of the evangelists or the committee, on the religious experiences of those who have been impressed. The word "convert" has been as little used as possible, for fear of misunderstanding or misuse. It was resolved that the last meeting of all should be for those who had received special spiritual benefit in the services, admission to be by ticket only, for which personal application had to be made during the last two days. Every applicant was seen by one of the ministers, and briefly questioned, and the name and address was taken of each to whom a ticket was given. In this way we gained a list of more than six hundred men, women, and children from all parts of the town, who not only rejoiced to testify to the good they had received, but were so much in earnest that they were willing to take this trouble, and bear this personal test. We are well aware that some of these names may prove worthless, but against this we have to set the fact that very many who received lasting blessing were, for some reason or other, not able to comply with these conditions. Those who attended the final meeting were urged to connect themselves with some congregation at once, and were asked to fill in a form stating what place of worship each wished to attend. These papers have been conveyed to the clergymen and ministers concerned.

(5.) Much attention has been drawn to the private study of God's word. Mr. Fulerton's Bible-readings have been throughout well attended. The Berean Bible Union has gained already eight hundred and thirty members, and in several of the churches special meetings are arranged, which will practically be public or private Bible-readings.

(6.) The prolonged stay of the evangelists

in the town has been a very great advantage to the work. The first meeting was on April 10th; the last on July 26th; and the movement has gained momentum continually as it has gone round the districts in order. Our brethren came altogether unknown; now their names have become household words in the thickest parts of the population, and have been even made the occasion of good-tempered remarks in the local papers. The meetings during the last week at the Circus were crowded every night; and on the Sunday so intense and widespread was the desire to gain admittance that every inch of standing-room was packed an hour before the time announced for the beginning of the service; and an hour and a half after the doors had been closed the crowd outside reached across the street. All the Christian workers taking part in the Mission felt that the spiritual power realized in these closing meetings was far greater than in any that had gone before. The intense interest and overwhelming solemnity of the last evangelistic service will never be forgotten. We have reason to believe very many that night gave their hearts to Christ. The last public meeting was a united communion service at the Albert Hall, when nearly *two thousand* members of the various churches united to "show forth the Lord's death"; the remaining space (a top gallery holding five hundred) being filled with spectators. The whole service was singularly impressive. Mr. Fullerton's address on Cant. i. 4, "The King hath brought me into his chambers," and Mr. Smith's singing of "Rock of Ages," were especially touching, winning the hearts of all. Many striking instances of direct personal blessing might be given if time allowed. Take one as a sample of scores. A man was seen leaving the Circus one night in great haste and under deep emotion. A good brother on the watch overtook him, and asked him if he would not stay to the end of the service. "No, I've had enough, I can stand it no longer," was the answer. On further conversation our friend got a promise that the stranger would go with him to chapel the next Sunday morning if he called for him. On Sunday morning the call was made, but the man was unwashed and unshaven at the appointed time, and had made up his mind not to go. "Never mind," said our friend, "I'll wait until you are ready." He finally induced the man to go with him, and both arrived, of course, somewhat late. That man had not been to a place of worship for more than twenty years; but already he has taken a sitting, and has not missed a service. Such is the work as it has been carried on here. It will be cherished in the grateful memories of all who have taken part in it, and will remain a "savour of life unto life" in the experience of hundreds of backsliders who have been reclaimed, of careless who have been brought to conversion, and of penitents who have been led

to Christ. Those who have seen and known most of what has been accomplished join most heartily in thanking God that ever our brethren came to Sheffield, and in praying that such proofs of divine power may attend their ministrations wherever they may labour.

The cheque for £315 has since arrived.

Our brethren's arrangements for the opening of their London campaign are as follows:—Early this month they commence work at Mr. Cuff's Tabernacle, at Shore-ditch; next they go to Mr. Sawday, at Pentonville, then to Mr. Stott, at St. John's Wood, Mr. Charrington, at Mile End-road, Mr. Edgley, at Bow, and early next year they hope to visit our son at South-street, Greenwich, and then to come to us at the Tabernacle.

Mr. Burnham wishes us to say that he hopes to spend the whole of this month, as usual, among the hop-pickers. He specially asks all readers of the Magazine to look up "Brother Mayo's excellent paper on the work in *The Sword and the Trowel* of last December by way of refreshing their memories with regard to the special claims of this work on their practical sympathy and prayers." Mr. Burnham adds—"May I particularly call attention to Brother Mayo's closing appeal for the loan of a horse and van for the month? They would be well cared for and not over-worked, and would be a wonderful help to us in our open-air services in the surrounding villages. Some earnest Christian who has successfully garnered a good harvest may feel it on his heart to return his thankoffering in this practical way, and lend us his horse and van to assist in the grander spiritual harvest!"

ORPHANAGE.—Various friends, who have not gone into the country or to the sea-side, have sent us word that they are working for the Bazaar for the Girls' Orphanage. We suppose others are doing the same, and that when the summer holidays are over all our friends will set to work in real earnest. At present we have not received such assurances of help as we looked for. Friends, will you let this flag? Shall anything be allowed to drag heavily? This work for orphan girls must be a labour of love, and be accomplished to a joyous song. Suffer it not to become a burden. For the sake of the orphans' Father help us through with this.

The next *quarterly collectors' meeting* will be held at the Orphanage, on Friday, September 30, when we shall be glad to receive all collecting boxes and books. Mr. Spurgeon hopes to be present, and to do his best to make an interesting and happy meeting.

COLPORTAGE.—The work of the association is being carried on as usual, but there are no new features of special interest, excepting that arrangements are pending for the appointment of a new colporteur in a fresh district, under the superintendence of

Rev. J. E. Cracknell, of York Town, Surrey. Being holiday-time our funds come in slowly, and we need £250 to make the amount given to the General Fund equal to that of the same period in last year. As decrease in the General Fund means a contracting of the sinews of war, we trust our friends will rally to the help of the work once more, that at least the present amount of work may be continued, and if possible more new ground be broken up. The work is so good that we sigh over the indifference of so many to it. If it were a questionable experiment we should not marvel, but that its excellence should be admitted and yet that it should not be efficiently supported is a matter of lamentation to our heart. Surely the Lord will appear for his own work.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A fisherman in *Scotland* sends us the following pleasing account of his conversion:—"I remember a colporteur coming to my mother's house, and he asked me if I would buy a book. 'Yes,' says I, 'if you have got any ballads,' that is, Scotch songs. So he says to me, 'If you give me a piece of fish I will give you something that will do you more good than ballads.' I saw he desired my good, so I gave him half a cod-fish, and he gave me one of your sermons. The text was, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else.' ('Sovereignty and Salvation,' No. 60.) While reading that sermon the blessed Spirit of God enlightened my understanding, and I saw Jesus set before me as my Saviour. Blessed hour! Happy day! Jesus washed my sins away."

The Secretary of the China Inland Mission writes:—

"This morning I received from one of our missionaries in China, a letter, from which the following is an extract:

'I just want to tell you one thing, which is the principal object I had in writing you this time. In *China's Millions*, of December,

I think it is, you mentioned at one of the farewell meetings held on behalf of Messrs. Cooper, Protheroe, and Thompson, that besides Cooper there was another in China (Hunnex, I presume,) who had been led to offer himself for the work through Mr. Spurgeon's sermon, "The Divine Call for Missionaries" (No. 1,351). It was that "call" that led me to offer myself to the C. I. M.; previous to that I had thought (D.V.) of applying to the London Missionary Society; but that call gave me no rest nor peace of mind, till I had applied to the C. I. M., till I had read the *Millions* sent down for my perusal, till I had again applied, filled up the form, and gone to London. So there are three working in connection with the C. I. M. who were led to give themselves for work in China through Mr. Spurgeon's sermon."

A minister from *Tennessee* recently bore the following personal testimony:—"Nine years ago I was a wild young man, but I was converted through reading one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and I am now the minister of a large and influential church. The Lord's name be magnified."

One of our students recently received an application for baptism from a young *Swiss* lady, who gave this testimony:—"My parents were members of the Protestant Established Church in Switzerland; but though I attended the ordinances, and observed the ceremonies. I always felt that I was a hypocrite, for I never believed in them, but desired something which I could not get in the church. When I came to England I read a sermon by Mr. Spurgeon, which did me good. *John Ploughman's Talk*, though funny, was made a great blessing to me. I then bought his sermons, and read them, and I am now happy to say that I am trusting in Jesus. When I return home I shall distribute these sermons which have been so blessed to me."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
July 21st, sixteen; August 1st, twenty-one;
4th, eighteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
C. S. Gzowski	0 8 0
Mr. P. Van Alstuié	2 0 0
Mr. Meggat	1 10 0
Mrs. Watson	2 0 0
Mr. B. Wilkinson	5 0 0
Miss Spiecht	2 0 0
A Friend, Belfast	0 10 0
Mr. S. Ormrod	0 12 6
Mr. Pratt	1 0 0
Mrs. De Kavanagh	0 2 6
Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 0
Mr. A. Hall	0 5 0
A Thankoffering from the sea-side	0 10 0
W. Hill	1 1 0
Dr. Beilly	3 0 0
Miss Bailey	0 5 0

	£	s.	d.
"A Friend in Scotland"	25 0 0
Mrs. E. Raybould	2 0 0
Collected by Miss Jephth	1 5 0
Lizzie	1 0 0
A Friend	10 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1 0 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:	—		
July 17	16 14 2
" 24	34 2 4
" 31	35 6 6
Aug. 7	30 6 1
" 14	40 0 3
			156 9 4
			£217 3 4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1881.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Miss Butcher	1 1 0	Mr. W. Smith	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Isabella Gardiner	2 4 0	Mr. Fred. Frank	5 0 0
Mr. J. H. Eldridge	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Calas	0 5 0
Collected by Mr. J. Roberts	0 5 6	Miss Falconar	5 0 0
Mrs. C. Norton	0 4 0	Dr. Beilby	4 0 0
Mrs. Charlotte Williams	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0 16 0
W. H. S. M.	0 5 0	Lochee Boys' and Girls' Religious Association	1 1 0
Mr. J. J. Bydewell	1 1 0	W. M.	0 2 6
Mrs. Watson	2 0 0	Mrs. Jane Parsons	5 0 0
Collected by Miss S. Knowles	2 16 9	Mrs. Scott	0 5 0
Mr. Carus Wilson	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Keys	3 0 0
G. H.	10 0 0	E. B. P.	0 10 0
Miss A. Bamber	0 8 6	Miss Shirreff	1 0 0
M. R. B.	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Allan	0 16 1
Collected by Master O. Rossiter	1 16 0	"Deborah"	0 5 0
Mrs. P., Edinburgh	1 0 0	Mr. Edward Adam	1 0 0
A mite for the Orphanage	0 2 0	A Friend	5 0 0
Mrs. Belcher	3 0 0	W. P.	5 0 0
Mr. N. B. E. Baillie	2 0 0	A Reader of "The Sword and Trowel"	0 2 6
Collected by Miss Nunn	1 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1 0 0
Mrs. E. Hollis	1 0 0	Sandwich, per Bankers, August 2nd ...	2 2 0
Mr. J. G. Caswell	1 0 0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
Miss Spliedt	2 0 0	Per F. R. T.—	
H. E.	0 2 6	Miss King	0 5 0
Mr. W. Johnson	0 2 0	Mr. J. Benson	0 5 0
A Sermon reader	0 5 0	Master Cecil Benson	0 5 0
A Friend, Belfast	0 10 0	0 15 0	
"Lost half-note," T. A.	5 0 0	Mr. R. Morgan	2 2 0
Anonymous, per Mr. Bacon	0 3 6	Master Wm. Nottingham	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. Thomas	10 11 6	Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	50 0 0
Eizzil	0 12 0	Collected by Mrs. Briginshaw, Wokingham—	
Mrs. M. Arthur	10 0 0	Mr. James Weeks	1 1 0
Mr. A. H. Scaid	0 5 0	Mr. Henry Weeks	1 1 0
E. S.	0 3 6	Mr. Wright	0 10 0
Mr. John Cook	2 0 0	Mrs. Skerritt	1 1 0
Collected by the Misses Crumpton	0 4 6	Mr. Heelas	1 1 0
A Thankoffering from the sea-side	0 10 0	Mr. J. Heelas, jun.	1 0 0
"E. L.," Sheffield	0 2 0	Mr. Dunning	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Lawrence	0 7 7	Mrs. Clare	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Sadler	0 8 0	Mrs. Briginshaw	1 1 0
Collected by Messrs. E. F. and F. J. Barnard	0 6 4	8 0 0	
Collected at Onslow Sunday School, per Mr. R. H. Ourtis	1 15 0	Mr. James Horton	1 1 0
Mr. W. Kelley	0 5 0	Mr. R. Harding	1 1 0
Collected by T. R. Granville	0 3 3	Collected by Mrs. James Withers,	
Collected by Mr. Vince	0 12 11	Reading:—	
Collected by Mr. W. Parry	0 8 0	Mr. W. J. Palmer	3 0 0
James Hill	0 1 0	Mr. Joseph Long	1 0 0
Mr. John Yeo	2 0 0	Mr. Andrew Richardson	1 0 0
"F. W." Cardiff	0 5 0	Quarterly Subscriptions:—	
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0 3 0	James Withers	0 5 0
Mr. Lewis, Weston-super-Mare	0 10 0	Harriett Cooper	0 1 1
Mr. W. Hill	2 2 0	5 6 1	
Box at Orphanage Gates	0 12 9	£189 15 3	
The Birds of Paradise	2 0 0		
S.	1 0 0		
A lover of Jesus	0 5 0		

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division).—PROVISIONS:—64 Quarterns Bread, Mr. Bonner; a quantity of Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pockock; 23 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

CLOTHING:—245 Straw Hats for Boys, Mr. J. T. Harden and Mr. Webb, Luton; 50 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 9 Shirts, Chatham Orphan Boys' Working Mission, per Mr. Harvey; a Truss of sundry Articles of Clothing, Mr. Kemp.

(Girls' Division).—CLOTHING:—32 Straw Hats, Mr. Sale, Luton; 23 Straw Hats, 12 pairs Cotton Stockings, Mr. J. Brown; a Box of Clothing (114 Articles), Mrs. Lockhart, Liverpool; Parcel of Sundry Articles, Mrs. Ewen; Parcel of Clothing, Mr. G. H. Copp; 2 Silk Ties, Anonymous.

GENERAL:—5 Volumes for Girls' Library, Miss Marshall.

FOR BAZAAR:—A Fire Stand, Mrs. Churcher; 10 yards Tatting, Jane Dobson.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. Crocker	1	0	0		C. D. E.	0	2	0
A. P.	0	2	6		"My tobacco allowance"	0	5	0
Mrs. Welford	0	10	0		J. Middlesbro'	0	1	0
J. P., East Suffolk	0	5	0		E. B. P.	1	10	0
Mrs. S. Belsey	5	0	0		Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0		Readers of the "Christian Herald"	7	12	0
Miss E. Mitchell	0	10	0					
Mr. William Rea	5	5	0		<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. W. Matthew	2	0	0		Miss Edith Nottingham	0	2	6
Mr. W. Hill	2	2	0		Miss Hilda Nottingham	0	2	6
A lover of Jesus	0	5	0					
Mr. D. Humphrey	1	0	0					
Stamps from Dene	0	5	0					
								£29 4 0

ERRATUM.—Last month, Girls' Orphanage Building Fund, "Sale of Roses by Mrs. Howells, £1 11s. 4d.," should be—"Sale of Roses from Mrs. Alfred Major, Boxmoor, by Miss Howells."

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>					<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
North Wilts District	6	5	0		Mr. Guildford Onslow	1	0	0
Mr. S. Barrow, for Horley	10	0	0		Mr. W. Fox	5	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association	30	0	0		Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0		Mr. W. R. Fox	10	0	0
For Bethnal Green:—					Donation per T. Watson	0	2	6
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0		Mrs. Drabble, per Editor of the			
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0		"Christian Herald"	5	0	0
				10 0 0	Mr. J. H. Eldridge	0	5	0
Gloucester and Hereford Association,					Mrs. S., a Tenth	0	14	0
Ross District	7	10	0		Thankoffering for a life preserved	1	0	0
Mr. R. Cory, jun., for Cardiff	10	0	0		J. S.	5	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	10	0	0		Miss Spliedt	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Dean, for Sittingbourne	20	0	0		Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Newbury District, per Mr. A. Vince	10	0	0		Dr. Beilby	1	0	0
A Friend, for Kent	33	18	0		Mr. Geo. Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
Young Ladies' Bible Class, Metropolitan					A Friend	5	0	0
Tabernacle, for Perry Bar	1	10	0					
Friends at Accrington, per Rev. W. J.					<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>			
Houlgate	3	10	0		Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Keettering District, per Mr. T. Jones	5	0	0					
E. S., for Church Gresley District	10	0	0		<i>Half-yearly Subscription:—</i>			
				£177 13 0	Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
								£63 7 0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Thankofferings for Mr. Burnham's Services in Yorkshire, per Pastor C. A. Davis	15	0	0		Mrs. E. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1	0	0		Balance of thankofferings after services by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, at Sheffield	315	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0					
Dr. Beilby	1	0	0					£334 5 0
In memory of a departed sister	1	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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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, 1881.

Why we have not.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS : BY C. H. SPURGEON.



THE Holy Ghost, by the mouth of his servant James, has said, "*Ye have not because ye ask not.*" I would not willingly be censorious, but crying evils demand open rebuke. Do you not think that this text applies to the case of many of our churches? They have no prosperity, their numbers do not increase, and the congregations are small; and, as the main cause of it all, they have scarcely a prayer-meeting. I hear perpetually of prayer-meetings abandoned, or, what is much the same thing, blended with the weekly lecture. From various sources I gather that in many instances the meeting for prayer is so small that it is difficult to spin out the hour, and as the same few persons come from time to time, variety is out of the question: indeed, in some places the prayer-meeting only exists to reveal the nakedness of the land. Now, if there be no conversions, and no additions to such churches, what is the reason? Is it not found here—"Ye have not because ye ask not"?

A lack of interest exists in many places, so that the assembly for prayer is despised, and put down as a second-rate affair: "only a prayer-meeting." Is this a right view of the throne of grace? Will this bring blessing? In certain churches there is no union, and consequently no agreement in prayer: "their heart is divided; now shall they be found wanting;" and wanting they are in their assemblies for prayer. In such a case a feeble prayer-meeting is an effect as well as a cause of disunion, and till this is altered we may expect to see more and more of "the divisions of Reuben." Prayer is a grand cement; and lack of

prayer is like withdrawing the force of gravitation from a mass of matter, and scattering it into so many separate atoms. Some churches are feeble all round; the members are a race of invalids, a body of infirm pensioners who can hardly hobble about in the ways of godliness. They have no life, or energy, or enterprise for Christ; and do you wonder at it when their meetings for prayer are so scantily attended? In some places where there are good, praying people the prayer-meetings are badly attended, because certain long-winded brethren spoil them. I know a church which is endowed with an excellent deacon, a real godly man, but he will pray without ceasing at every meeting, and I fear he will pray the prayer-meeting down to nothing unless he is soon taken home. The other night when he had talked for full twenty minutes he intimated both to heaven and earth that all he had said was merely a preface, a drawing near as he called it, and that he was then going to begin. None of his friends were pleased to receive that information, for they had begun to cherish the hope that he would soon have done. They were all too sadly aware that now he would pray for "our own beloved country," "from the queen upon the throne to the peasant in the cottage," then for Australia and all the colonies, and then for China and India, starting off afresh with kindly expressions for the young and for the old, for the sick, for sailors, and for the Jews. As a rule, nothing was really asked for by this most estimable brother, but he uttered several pious remarks on all these subjects, and many more. It is a great pity when highly esteemed brethren fall into the notion that they must deliver themselves of long harangues: the better the men the worse the evil, for then we are forced to tolerate them. I am sorry when a good man gets the idea that praying means telling out his experience, or giving his theological opinions. I am told that our Salvation Army friends strike up a tune whenever a friend becomes long and prosy, and I have great sympathy with the practice. It removes the responsibility of stopping the man from the minister to the people, and by dividing the action among many it operates like a round robin for the screening of any one. When prayer is an earnest asking it may occasionally be lengthened to advantage; but the less of mere holy gossip the better. If prayer-meetings degenerate into gospel gossip we cannot wonder if no blessing comes. In such cases the word is true,—“Ye have not because ye ask not.”

If any believer should chance to live where the prayer-meeting is neglected, let him now resolve to revive it. Let us make a solemn league and covenant that the churches shall pray, or that it shall not be our fault if they do not. To strengthen a prayer-meeting is as good a work as to preach a sermon. I would have you vow that the prayer-meeting shall never be given up while you live. Be like the good woman who, when it was decided to close the prayer-meeting in a certain village, declared that it should not be, for she would be there if no one else was. She was true to her word, and when the next morning some one said to her rather jestingly, “Did you have a prayer-meeting last night?” “Ah, that we did,” she replied. “How many were present?” “Four,” she said. “Why,” said he, “I heard that you were there all alone.” “No,” she said, “I was the only one visible, but the Father was there, and the Son was there, and the Holy Spirit was there, and

we were agreed in prayer." Before long others took shame to themselves at the earnest perseverance of a poor old woman, and soon there was a revived prayer-meeting and a prospering church. I have heard of a negro who was found sitting out the time of service all alone when his coloured brethren had grown cold and prayerless; in his case also the rest were shamed into fresh energy. I beg you, then, to maintain this holy ordinance even if the attendance should have dwindled down to two or three. Surely a church, if it be a church of Christ at all, must feel the rebuke which would be given by your perseverance. Oh, never let us leave off praying unitedly for a blessing! Solemnly settle it in your hearts that the fire upon the altar shall never go out. As for me and my church, we will serve the Lord by maintaining this sacred exercise in full vigour; and I beseech all other believers to come to the same resolve, or, if not, there will be dreary days for the church of Christ.

But now let us apply this to ourselves as individuals. "Ye have not because ye ask not." I wonder whether there is a brother here who has been tugging, and toiling, and struggling for years after a certain thing which seems further off than ever; and does the reason of his failure lie in the fact that he has never prayed about it? Do you wonder, dear brother, that you have not when you do not ask? With one hundredth part of your present trouble you may obtain the desired boon if you seek it at the Lord's hands. I mean even as to temporal things; it is our duty to work for our daily bread, and to earn what is necessary for this life; but do recollect that everything about a Christian should be a matter of prayer, because everything about a child that ought to be the child's business is his Father's business. If a child should have a perfect father, that father would be interested to hear about the child's play as well as about the child's suffering. He would take an interest in his boy's lesson-books at school, and cheer him in reference to the little trials of his play-hours, for that which may be very little to a stranger, may be great to a father who measures things by his love to his child. Though a matter might be little to the father, considering him as a man alone, yet since it is great to the child, and the father puts himself into the child's place, his sympathy makes insignificance important. I have heard of a great king who was one day waited upon by an ambassador, who found him upon all-fours upon the floor, making himself into a horse for his little son. He said to the ambassador, "Sir, are you a father?" "Yes, your majesty, I am." "Then," said he, "I will finish my game with my boy, for you will understand me." So he went on round and round the room till the little one had enjoyed his full share of romp, and then his majesty turned to the ambassador, and said, "Now I am ready to attend to the affairs of state." I honour the king for thus showing that he was a man who had a father's heart. So our heavenly Father takes an interest in the trifles which concern his children, if they are such as ought to concern them; and therefore you need never fear to tell everything to your God. Little things are often more troublesome than great things. If a tiny splinter of wood gets into your finger, it may be more serious than a heavy blow, and even so a minor sorrow may work us grievous ill.

Take your daily troubles, wants, longings, aspirations, and

endeavours to the Lord ; for if they are such as are right and true, they should be laid at his feet. "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Do you not think that many desires of your heart and many domestic troubles may continue—the desires to be unfulfilled and the troubles to be unremoved—because they have not been made the subject of prayer ? "Ye have not because ye ask not." May not that be the case with many a merchant, student, mother, or worker ? Success in life, comfort, employment, health, friends may in some cases be found by asking, and missed by neglect of prayer.

Certainly, with regard to spiritual things, this must often be so. A brother has heard of the high joys of God's saints, and of the lofty places to which they have attained, so that they pass through life as if their feet trod lightly on the mountain tops. He sighs, "I wish I had their faith." How many times has that brother said the same ! Let me speak to him. Have you ever sought this faith of the Lord ? If you had once prayed for it, it might have been better than wishing for it a thousand times : peradventure strength of faith and elasticity of step have been denied you because you have not yet asked for them. May there not be a hundred other boons, which you have missed because you have never asked for them ? You have envied others who had them, you have picked holes in their characters in consequence, and you have complained of the Lord for withholding them, and all the while the secret of your spiritual poverty has been this fact,—“Ye have not because ye ask not.”

Sometimes you will not ask because the thing is too little, sometimes because it is too great, and oftener still because it does not occur to you to ask for it. Is there anything about which a Christian ought not to pray ? Then be sure of this, it is a matter with which he should have nothing to do. Mr. Rowland Hill, in his *Village Dialogues*, proposes the composition of a form of prayer to be offered by a young lady before going to the theatre, and another to be said when she returns from a dance. "There," cries one, "I call that mere hypocrisy. Who ever heard of praying in connection with such matters ? It is preposterous." Just so, and thus it is clear that these things are not for Christians, for they must do nothing which they cannot pray about, and it was to exhibit the incongruity of such actions that Mr. Hill wrote as he did. A beloved brother said the other night, and I heartily agree with him, that we ought not to pray anything that we could not suppose our Lord Jesus Christ praying. He allows us to ask in his name, and thus to use his authority in prayer. Now, what right has anybody to use my name in favour of that which he knows I should not approve of ? This may test your prayers. If there is anything that Jesus would not pray for, do not dream of praying for it ; but humble yourself for being guilty of a desire which would be contrary to his pure and holy mind. This rule will be an excellent guide to you, for as you may only ask for that which Jesus would endorse, so you may only seek in your daily life that which Jesus would support you in seeking. Pray over everything, and that which you dare not pray over do not touch. You are proposing a new course in business ; well, go and pray over it. Are you going to issue bills announcing "an alarming

sacrifice" of your goods? Can you pray over them? You say that you will sell off "under cost price": is it true that you hope to get a profit on all that you sell? Then how can you ask the God of truth to prosper your sales? This simple rule, if fully followed, would work a revolution in trade; and truly it should be followed by all who call themselves Christians. Even in commerce men have not because they ask not: they think cheating to be a surer way of profit than praying. Hence evil practices arise, and at length become so usual that they lose their efficacy, and everybody allows discount for them. Should not godly men in every case set their faces against dishonest customs? "Yes," says one, "but they would be great losers." That might be, and yet the Lord is able to make it up to them in a thousand ways if they tried the power of prayer. In questions of business complication, where there is a will to do right there is sure to be a way, and if you have not found out such a way I must again quote the text, "Ye have not because ye ask not."

It may be that many a spiritual thing for which you may pray without doubt has never become yours simply because you have never asked for it. Is not that a pity? What! Nothing to pay; the priceless treasure a free grant, and yet I have it not because I do not ask for it! This is such a folly as we do not see in common life. Few people miss an alms for want of asking. Our poor neighbours are generally fast enough in begging. Poor frozen-out gardeners are out in the streets pouring out their complaint long before the ponds will bear a mouse. Few need to be encouraged to apply for charity, and yet while spiritual gifts are to be had for the asking many have not because they ask not. Open your mouth wide, brother, and ask for a great deal. Begin asking in real earnest, and never let it be said that your spiritual poverty is your own fault.

If it is ever true of us, "ye have not because ye ask not," what does it mean? It means that there are needful spiritual blessings which you do not desire with all your heart. In what a wrong condition your heart must be! When a person has no appetite for wholesome food it is a sign of disease, and if you have no appetite for divine grace you must be sick in soul. Healthy children have large appetites, and God's children when they are healthy hunger and thirst after righteousness. Why is it we do not desire these precious things? Very often it is because we do not feel our need of them; and what a proud ignorance that is which does not know its need! If you were to look at yourself, brother, though you think yourself rich and increased with goods, and needing nothing, you would see that you are naked, and poor, and miserable. What a sad thing it is that you should miss priceless blessings because you fondly fancy that you already possess them! Or, perhaps, you know your need, and are anxious to be supplied, and yet you do not ask because you have no faith in God upon the matter. How long have you known the Lord? Have you known him a year? Is not this long enough to have gained confidence? There are many persons whom you would rely upon at once, and hundreds whom you could trust with untold gold after having known them for a few hours. Cannot you thus trust God? How is it that you dare to doubt him? What a sin it must be to distrust one so faithful and true!

Or else it may be that you do not doubt either God's ability or willingness to help you, but you have grown rusty in the knee; I mean out of order as to prayer. It is a very great evil when this is the case. When I have pains in my wrist, or in my foot, I have some hope of speedy recovery, but I am always despondent when the weakness is in the knee; then it is a very serious business. O brethren, well doth the Scripture say, "Confirm the feeble knees." If we are not at home in prayer everything is out of order. He who goes often to a room knows how to gain admittance, but a stranger loses himself in the passages. Familiarity with the mercy-seat is a great point in the education of a child of God; be sure that you gain it.

There are two or three matters for which I desire to ask your earnest prayers just now. Do pray for a very large blessing on the congregation here. In the early summer weeks I thought that this house was not so full as usual, and I was greatly troubled about it; but the fact was that the major part of our friends had taken their holidays early. Of late the crowds have exceeded those of past years, and we are all amazed at the attendance at the prayer-meeting and the lecture. The sickness of the minister, no doubt, tended to make the public fearful of not hearing him, and his continued health has reassured them, so that now our great building will not hold all who come. We have the people to our heart's content; do you wonder that I tremble lest the opportunity should be lost in any measure? Do pray that I may preach with power. Plead with the Holy Ghost to convert these eager thousands. Persons of all nations, ranks, ages, and religions come hither. I beseech you, agonize in prayer that they may be saved. Let it not be true, in their case, that we have not because we ask not.

Again, all through the summer weather, when friends go out into the country, and to the seaside, they generally forget to send any subscriptions for the Orphanage, College, and other enterprises. This is often a trial of my faith. I see the waters ebbing out, and at times the tops of the rocks are left bare, and I can see the weeds and the mud, and I do not enjoy the sight at all; I had rather see a good depth of sailing water for the fleet of charity. I bless God we have never come into actual debt, but I have wished that there was a little more regularity in the giving. Soon we shall have as many girls as boys in the Orphanage, and I say to myself, "I do not see any more people taking a share in the work," and the question arises, "However will you keep them?" I do not know, but God does, and there I leave it, believing that he will find the means. It is not like him to cast away any good work that is undertaken for his sake; but still I beg you to pray about it, lest it should be true that we have not because we ask not. I do not speak thus because I have any unbelieving anxiety, but because the Lord has said, "For this will I be enquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them." The College and the Colportage are as much in need of help as the Orphanage, and they are equally useful agencies: I beg you to commend them all to the Most High, for whose glory they exist. By one or by another, by the living or by the dead, by the rich or by the poor, the Lord will provide; but I beg you to join with me in my prayer for these institutions—"Give us this day our daily bread."

Greatly do I need your prayer for the work and ministry of this huge

church. What a load rests upon me! Here are about 5,500 of you, and with all the help I have I find I have enough upon me to crush me unless heaven sustains me. My brother and the elders do for me what the elders in the wilderness church did for Moses, else should I utterly faint; but the more difficult cases, and the general leadership, make up a burden which none can carry unless the Lord gives strength. I loathe to speak thus about myself, and yet I must, for there is need. Beside all this, there cometh upon me the care of many another church, and of all sorts of works for our Lord. There, you do not know all, but you may guess; if you love me, if you love my Master, I implore you pray for me. A good old man prayed before I came to London that I might always be delivered from the bleating of the sheep. I did not understand what he meant; but I know now when hour by hour all sorts of petitions, complaints, bemoanings, and hard questions come to me. The bleating of the sheep is not the most helpful sound in the world, especially when I am trying to get the food ready for the thousands here, there, and everywhere, who look for it to come to them regularly, week by week. Sometimes I become so perplexed that I sink in heart, and dream that it were better for me never to have been born than to have been called to bear all this multitude upon my heart. Especially do I feel this when I cannot help the people who come to me, and yet they look that I should do impossibilities. Moreover, it is not easy to give wise advice in such complicated affairs as those which came before me, and I hope I shall never be content without using my best judgment at all times. Frequently I can do nothing but bring the cases before God in prayer, and bear them as a burden on my heart. These burdens are apt to press very hard on a sympathizing heart, and cause a wear and tear which tell upon a man. I only say this because I want more and more the sympathy of God's people, and perhaps I may not have even this if I ask not for it.

If you put me in so difficult a position you must uphold me by your prayers. If I have been useful to you in any measure, pray for me; it is the greatest kindness you can do me. If the word as spoken by these lips has been a means of grace to your children, plead for me that others of the young may be brought to Jesus by my teaching. If you would find my ministry more profitable to your souls, pray for me still more, and let it not be said of your minister that you do not profit by his preaching, and that you have not because you ask not. Beloved, let us wrestle in prayer; for untold blessings are to be had for the asking. As a church we have been specially favoured; but we have not exhausted the possibilities of prosperity, or the resources of heavenly power. There is a future for us if we pray. Greater things than these lie behind that curtain: no hand can unveil them but the hand of prayer. The singular blessings which have rested upon us in the past call upon us to pray; the marked prosperity and unity of the present invite us to pray; and the hopes of the future encourage us to pray. Behold, the Lord says to you, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Brothers, sisters, slack not your asking; but for the love of souls multiply your petitions, and increase your importunity.



London Advancing.

THIS is a picture of the garden of our house in Nightingale-lane. It was truly quiet and rustic, but the enemy of all beautiful things was near at hand. Notice the heads of the advancing columns visible over the tops of the trees. London pushes the country further and further away. To cover scores of acres with streets is the work of a few weeks. Where do the people spring from? Assuredly they have come in armies hitherto, and still they come! They swarm like birds of the air.

As these thousands and thousands descend upon us, it would be a grand thing if we could have places of worship ready to welcome them. Whoever is first in the field secures most of them. Alas, it seems impossible for the lovers of the gospel to overtake so large a demand, and the birds as soon as they alight are captured by Ritualistic fowlers, or else they are left to wander into utter heathenism. What is to be done? What ought to be done? What shall be done? Too many rich professors are engrossed with the silly ambition to be richer still, though they have already more than they can possibly need. The paramount claims of the Lord Jesus and the needs of dying souls are forgotten, and for lack of means the cause of God and truth is crippled. O Lord, how long!

The fervent prayers of believers everywhere are entreated for London, that the Lord may give the means for erecting houses of prayer, and may also raise up powerful ministries, and give the people a willingness to hear them. Hundreds of thousands of Londoners have practically turned their backs on the Sabbath, and on all hearing of the word, and

many find a ready excuse for doing the same thing because the gospel is not preached in their neighbourhood. By means of our College we have the men at hand, and now we lack the power to form churches because we cannot provide them with meeting-places. Halls for hire are seldom to be had, and the police will not let us worship in the street: what, then, is to be done? Must we see men perish for lack of means to reach them with the gospel?

To those who have riches, and do not come to the help of the Lord's cause, we commend the word of the Lord in Haggai i. 4, “Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your cieled houses, and this house lie waste?” It is not wrong for you to enjoy the comforts and even the luxuries of life if God has given you the means to do so; but these must not be purchased at the expense of the cause of God: your giving to the Lord must bear a due proportion to your personal expenditure. To spend on self, and not upon the Lord's work, is to subject our religion to question, and our conduct to condemnation.

“Such beautiful language.”

IT is not unusual to hear persons express their estimate of a preacher in words something like these: “But he uses such beautiful language!” His “beautiful language” or “elegant diction” forms the basis of their approval or condemnation. But *what does he say?* Nobody seems to remember or tell much about that; but his “language” is “beautiful.” It is a beautiful cup, but it contains no water; the plate is beautiful, but there is little food; instead of good seed, he sows beautiful beads and buttons; but what shall the harvest be? He applies a beautiful plaster, but there is no balm of Gilead about it, and it possesses no healing power; he is a beautiful physician, but his patients die. He gives medicines in beautiful vials, but they are deadly poisons. Think of a man crying “Fire!” in the most chaste and elegant forms of expression, and so softly, too, that the slumberers sleep on, and those who are awake are persuaded that there is no danger.

In a world like this there is something beside sweetness and beauty. There are awful facts of sin and wrath and judgment which concern mankind; and we have something to do beside listening to quaint conceits, polished expressions, and smoothly-drawn sentences which have no grip on the conscience, and which allow men to sleep quietly while judgment and damnation are hastening on their track. There is sin, there is sorrow, there is danger, there is death on every hand, and shall we be lulled to rest with “beautiful language,” and neglect the warnings which God has given and the judgments which he has pronounced against sin and iniquity? Oh, better far to listen to a voice of one crying in the wilderness, that warns and wakes and rouses slumbering souls, and bids us flee from the wrath to come, ere it shall burst in thunder on an unsuspecting world.—From *The Boston Armoury*.

A Plea for Christian Effort.

BY VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

IT is impossible to visit the people who dwell under the very shadow of our sanctuaries without discovering a state of ignorance and error concerning divine things truly appalling. The journals of our City Missionaries and Bible-women reveal the most astounding facts, and plead most eloquently for a more thorough system of domiciliary visitation. Labour as he may, to the utmost stretch of human endurance, what can a solitary missionary do with the teeming denizens of six or seven hundred houses? Every dwelling in the poorer districts furnishes shelter for several families, many of whom can only see the missionary for a few minutes, not more than two or three times in a year.

If the poor of our towns and cities are to be brought under the influence of Christian character and teaching something corresponding to the Zenana Mission must be attempted on a large scale, and that not by the paid servants of a society, but by the voluntary agents of our churches, who acknowledge and seek to discharge their individual responsibility to the Lord. A city missionary or a Bible-woman has no other right to enter a house for the purpose of conveying religious instruction than that which is possessed by any earnest and intelligent Christian anxious to do good. Many members of our churches undertake no specific work of the nature we have indicated because they have not been officially appointed by a society. This is not as it should be. Why should the scanty wage voted by a society make the difference which we deplore? Can we not serve God out of love? Wherever God has placed us there is the centre of our sphere of Christian activity and usefulness, and, constrained by the love of Christ, we should labour to make our "calling and election sure," whether we receive official recognition or not. To our own Master we stand or fall.

We have not far to seek to discover those whose lives are grossly immoral, having no fear of God before their eyes. How to influence them for good is a problem difficult, but not impossible, of solution. There is, if one may so express it, a sacred gumption, only to be acquired by those who labour for the Lord and wait upon him for the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Many who shrank from the ordeal of Christian service at first, and sought, Jonah-like, some convenient Tarshish, as a coward's retreat, have become at length valiant and successful "workers together with God." Strong in the strength of the answered prayer—"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free Spirit," they have followed out the Psalmist's resolution—"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee."

We shall find also, as we go forth, many who are content to live in utter ignorance of the claims of God, and the rich provision of his grace. They have no concern about their souls, and live only for the present world. If their health and home are preserved to them, and their daily necessities are satisfied, they care for nothing more. Any craving of the higher nature, of which they may be conscious, is stifled, as soon as

felt, by the drudgery of the day or the diversion furnished by a place of amusement in the evening. The Lord's day brings to them no call to worship, and it is spent either in aimless idling at home, or in an exciting excursion to some place of pleasurable resort. "Poor pensioners on the bounties of an hour," they have neither thought nor care beyond. How to break the fatal spell which holds them enthralled is one of the difficulties the Christian worker must face and seek to overcome. To leave them to glide into eternity unwarned, argues criminal neglect on the part of those who have ample leisure and sufficient mental and spiritual endowment to make known to them the way of salvation.

Then we shall come upon a third class who, having imbibed the errors of false teaching, have little or no concern to enquire whether they are right or not. To such the *ipse dixit* of the clergyman is a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of their belief. A sacerdotal system relieves them of undue anxiety, and affords a solace by which they are lulled into a peace it would be impertinent to suspect. The absolution of a priest is regarded as the very voice of God, and the vaunted efficacy of the sacraments is accepted without a challenge. Living in the baleful light of a false hope, they die the victims of a treacherous peace, and awake, alas! to a fearful doom they cannot escape.

The following cases which, with others, came under my own notice, may be held sufficient to prove that the sacerdotal system which obtains in this country is responsible for soul-destroying delusions too readily accepted by the people.

In a street, lying off one of the main thoroughfares in the south of London, there resided a young couple whose infant was at the point of death. A messenger had been sent for the clergyman, but he was from home, so the poor distressed mother came to the minister's residence at Surrey Chapel, and begged that some one might be sent at once to her child as it could not live through the night. Late as it was, I went to the house and found on my arrival that I was only required to perform a christening. A basin of water was ready for the ceremony, and the godfather and godmother were in attendance prepared to promise that they would "renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world" on behalf of a dying infant!

After expressing a few words of sympathy with the grief-stricken parents, I asked the mother why she wished her child to be baptized? "Because," she replied, "I want him to be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

I assured her that her wish was a very proper one; but, I asked, what has the sprinkling of water to do with this? Her rejoinder, prompt and explicit, somewhat startled me—"We read it in the Bible!"

Handing to her my New Testament, I requested her to find the place, but she quickly returned it, feeling somewhat confused, and admitting her inability to do so. When I told her there was nothing of the kind in the word of God, she betrayed evident surprise, and exclaimed, "What, doesn't it say that in baptism we are made children of God and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven?" I gave her the most emphatic assurance that there was nothing in the Word of God to warrant such a doctrine, and that it could be found only in the Book of Common Prayer, which was a human production, of no divine authority.

My audience was an attentive one, and as the child lay sleeping on the lap of a neighbour, who was rendering this gratuitous service, I told the simple story of the cross, and made the way of salvation as clear to them as I could. I endeavoured to show that the sacrifice of Jesus availed for all who died in infancy, and who were incapable of actual sin, or of conscious trust in the Saviour. The lines of Southey, in an epitaph on three infants, served my purpose, and seemed to let in light and comfort to the sorrowing parents—

“They died, for Adam sinned;
They live, for Jesus died.”

After a brief prayer, in which I commended the child to the loving Saviour, whose words furnish both comfort and direction—“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,”—we rose from our knees, I bade them good night, and left without christening the baby.

On another occasion I witnessed a scene which I never recall without a shudder. Once more the clergyman was not at hand, and I responded to a call to visit “a young woman who was dying.” The designation was suggestive to my mind, for, as a member of the Midnight Meeting Movement committee, I was accustomed to the phrase. I went to the address given, a lodging-house, and, as I entered the room, the poor creature, with dishevelled hair hanging wildly about a face more fiendish than human, started in her bed and shrieked out, “Have you brought it?”

I cannot convey to the reader an adequate impression of the agony and remorse which mingled in that piercing cry, twice repeated—“Have you brought it?” It went to my heart, like the shriek of a lost soul, to whom there seemed but one ray of hope to illuminate the gloom by which she was enshrouded. She clutched that hope with the desperation with which a drowning mariner clings to a floating spar.

“Brought what, my friend?” I said, as soon as she was sufficiently composed to hear me speak. “Have you brought the sacrament?” was her rejoinder.

I saw at once her position, and the false hope upon which she was willing to be launched into eternity. Conscience was charging home the guilt of past years, remorse was gnawing at her heart, and the tremendous issues of the judgment to come, struck terror to her soul. The quickened memory of her earlier years led her to hope that she might find a refuge in priestly absolution and sacramental efficacy; hence her desire for a clergyman, and the impassioned exclamation, “Have you brought it?”

Seeing that I remained in the room, she grew somewhat composed, and the landlady seized the opportunity to tell me her story. It shall be retold in the fewest words possible: an orphan—a governess—betrayed—abandoned—friendless—dying!

As I gazed into that face, from which the fair traces of womanhood had faded away, and thought of the awful climax to a brief career of sin and shame, one line of Hood’s immortal poem leaped to my memory, and it recurs to me as I write:—

“Picture it, think of it, dissolute man!”

Ah me! one's heart comes nigh to breaking when we think that this is only one of thousands who retire from the false glare and glitter of what is called "society," to die in utter loneliness and despair,—

"And feel a thousand deaths in fearing one!"

Some there are whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron, and who, lost to all feeling of shame, or fear for the future, die—

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!"

Never did I experience a greater feeling of solemnity, nor confront a duty under circumstances more truly appalling. I could but lift my heart to the Lord, and pray to be directed.

Here I stood face to face with "a woman who was a sinner," and who in the very agonies of death sought a refuge in a soul-destroying delusion. I think I preached the gospel, if ever I did in my life, and pointed out the baseless nature of all sacramental claims and pretensions. "Jesus only," was the burden of my message, and, after a fervent prayer that she might escape from the awful thralldom of a cruel superstition, and find "peace in believing," I left her to "the pitifulness of the great mercy," of Him who said to another, when she sobbed out her grief in her agony of conviction, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more!"

The first hour of the morning had chimed as I retraced my steps, musing over the delusion of those—and they must be numbered by tens of thousands—who die the victims of a false hope sanctioned by the teaching of those who claim to be "Ambassadors for Christ," but who, alas! are nothing better than "blind leaders of the blind."

We must leave our readers to decide whether these are but the accidents of the sacerdotal system of the national church, or whether they are the logical sequence of its teaching. In either case there is a loud call for an earnest ministry to the homes of the multitudes of people who never come under the direct influence of the evangelical teaching furnished by our pulpits.

A Boy's rebuke.

IN the neighbourhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, there was once a tower called the "Tower of Repentance." What gave the tower its name we are not told, but it is said that an English baronet, walking near the castle, saw a shepherd lad lying upon the ground, reading attentively. "What are you reading, lad?" "The Bible, sir." "The Bible, indeed!" laughed the gentleman; "then you must be wiser than the parson. Can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Yes, sir, I can," replied the boy, in no way embarrassed by the mocking tone of the other; "you must go by way of yonder tower." The gentleman saw that the boy had learned right well the lesson of his book, and, being rebuked, he walked away in silence. Does the reader know anything of the Tower of Repentance? If not, let him learn.

Christ is all.

CHRIST is all and I am nothing :
 Woeful truth this used to be
 Ere I saw the fulness in him,
 And the emptiness in me.
 While I wanted to be something
 I was all, and nothing he ;
 But he showed me I was nothing,
 Less than nothing, vanity.

In thy dreadful crucifixion
 I was crucified with thee ;
 'Twas my death which thou didst suffer ;
 My own death in thine I see.
 All my wisdom, all my goodness,
 All my strength, whate'er it be,
 Yea, my very self is nailed
 By thy death unto the tree.

In myself I will not glory ;
 Naught in *self* is aught to me ;
 In the deep baptismal waters
 It was buried, Lord, with thee.
 But from death thou hast arisen,
 Risen, Lord, to live in me ;
 And from henceforth, and for ever,
 Thou my heavenly self shalt be.

By thy glorious exaltation
 I am raised to heaven in thee ;
 On the throne of glory seated,
 Thee, my Righteousness, I see.
 To my worthiness or service
 Why should I a thought accord ?
 In thy cross is all my merit,
 And I glory in the Lord.

Thou my strength, and thou my wisdom,
 My abundant life art thou ;
 Thou hast said that thou art with me,
 Thou art present with me now.
 Not by sight, and not by feeling,
 But by faith O let me live,
 Trusting thee each hour to give me
 All that boundless love can give.

May thy blood each moment cleanse me !
 And thy righteousness array ;
 That my peace, a flowing river,
 May grow deeper day by day.
 Of myself each moment emptied,
 May thy life in me abound ;
 And the life thou freely givest,
 May I give to all around.

Robert Browne and Martin Mar-Prelate.

ALTHOUGH in these days of sensational reading Nonconformist history is usually set down as a dry study, it is not found to be so when the craftsman is equal to his task; when, by the judicious sifting of old tomes and forgotten parchments, he can bring again from the grave of oblivion the lives and works of the heroes of the bygone times. The historians of other days, such as Crosby, Ivimey, and Calamy, were not writers whose books the general public cared to read, although to do them justice their literary achievements were quite as brilliant as those of Walker in his "Sufferings of the Clergy." During the last generation, however, a new school has arisen; and guided by Marsden, Stoughton, or Waddington, the acquirement of knowledge becomes a pleasure where before it was an irksome task. Last in the field, Mr. Dexter will, nevertheless, take a distinguished place as a laborious investigator of original documents. With the genius and the learning necessary for his task, he is both by birth and inclination a Nonconformist, and throughout life his taste has led him to devote a large share of attention to those who lived in the heroic age of the modern church. His work has been issued on both sides of the Atlantic—a royal octavo volume of about a thousand pages—consisting of twelve lectures and an ample bibliographical index, the former having been delivered before the students of Andover Theological Seminary between the years 1876—9. The labour involved in the production of such a work, necessitating as it did research in American, English, and European libraries, was of course enormous; and the man whose industry and enterprise led him to bear the ordeal deserves some grateful recognition. He is not simply a gleaner where others have gone before, he has searched as diligently as though he had had no predecessors, and he has accordingly come across not a few things which others had overlooked or misunderstood. The book should at least be found in all good libraries, and the pastor who receives it through his reading club should prize the privilege of reading what has been so thoroughly well prepared.

In England, as in other nations, the darkness culminated in Egyptian night just before the dawn of the Reformation; for what is bad usually grows worse and worse until it is superseded by something better. It is painful even to think of those long years of ignorance known to us as the Dark Ages, days wherein religion was frequently made a cloak for concealing wickedness both in high and low places. Reared too often by the gains of iniquity, the cathedrals were little better than the idol shrines of Mary worshippers; while the parish churches, between which and the village ale-houses the priests chiefly divided their time, might as well have been pagan temples, so far as any gospel teaching was concerned; indeed, things had come to such a pass that the people as a body were virtually the serfs of an ecclesiastical system, and their property was regarded as fair spoil by clerical adventurers. In time the bondage, of which the pope and his agents were the task-masters,

* The Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years, as seen in its Literature. By H. M. Dexter. Hodder and Stoughton.

must have become heavier than the yoke of the law in Jewish days; for, to quote Mr. Dexter's words, the church "set aside nearly one half of the year, on various pretexts, as festival time. And when it is remembered that on all these 'holy days' the people were compelled to attend church, under severe penalties, it will be seen how great was the tax thus put upon the industry of the land." Instead of faith in Christ, men were taught to earn salvation by obedience to the Church; and costly as this obedience sometimes was, it included a belief in many absurdities and lying impostures almost too gross to be mentioned. In the worst times there were a few who deplored the ignorance and profligacy of the shepherds of the flock; but no remedy was found until the Lord put forth his arm and brought on the Reformation.

Though the sixteenth century did not dawn with any exceptional promise, its second quarter did not begin without the sunrise of a gospel day being gloriously apparent. Tyndall's New Testament in English was, in one sense, the greatest boon the nation had received; and the dissemination of this book, and the many successive editions of the Bible which appeared during the next fifteen years, had the effect of sealing the doom of Romanism in England. Henry VIII. was a greater friend to religion than he intended to be, and thus unwittingly laid the basis of that Protestant structure which his successor strengthened, and which the fiery persecution of Mary's reign could not destroy. Even in this darkest period of suffering there was a Protestant congregation which worshipped in and about London, and two of its pastors, together with some of the leading members, were committed to the flames. With the accession of Elizabeth the sky brightened, but persecution did not cease. The day-dream of this queen and her advisers was uniformity; and thus her reign, though auspicious in some respects, became the birthday of Nonconformity. The Presbyterians are said to have established themselves at Wandsworth in 1572, and about eight years later the Brownists, or followers of Robert Browne, were lifting up their protest against State establishments.

Robert Browne, who may be regarded as the founder of the Congregational system of nonconformity, has been so long one of the riddles of history, that we are not sure that his character is properly understood even now. Through placing implicit reliance in the biased representations of Fuller and others of like sympathies, even Dissenting historians were, until a comparatively recent date, manifestly misled while forming their estimate of Browne's character. He was represented as a man of learning, but loose in his principles and daily life, and who, after all the stir he had made in the country, eventually conformed to an establishment which he did not believe was founded on a scriptural basis.

Mr. Dexter has made a very exhaustive examination of the authorities which are able to throw light on Browne's work and character; and he has arrived at conclusions different from the opinions of explorers in the same field who have taken their supposed facts at second-hand.

Born in the middle of the sixteenth century, Robert Browne was a native of Talethorpe in Rutlandshire. His ancestors were substantial merchants, the Reformer's great-grandfather's great-grandfather having come over from France about two centuries before. There are still at

Stamford almshouses which their charity founded, while other things attest that both at court and on the exchange they were considerable people. One of the line was allowed by royal patent to wear his hat in the presence of royalty and of all titled personages, a distinction too eccentric to be fully comprehended at the present time.

Educated at the University of Cambridge, Robert Browne became, in or about his twenty-first year, chaplain to the Duke of Norfolk, and even thus early he began to disseminate those doctrines concerning the Church and State which rendered him obnoxious to his contemporaries. He is afterwards supposed to have taught in a school in Southwark, and to have preached on Sundays to a congregation at Islington, the latter practice bringing him into dangerous contact with the persecuting ecclesiastics of the times. To escape the plague, which broke out in London and other places in 1578, Browne retired to his father's house; but soon afterwards he was found in the family of Mr. Greenham, the parish clergyman of Dry Drayton, near Cambridge, and there he distinguished himself as a theological student, but more as a preacher of righteousness to assemblies in the village and in the university town. While thus labouring he thought for himself on church matters, and his cogitations were so startlingly in unison with the New Testament that certain learned men considered that trouble would come of them if a check were not forthcoming. Browne, as a young man, was so far in advance of his time through being a simple reader of the Word that he longed to relieve the church from the thralldom of worldly-minded prelates. What made him so troublesome an innovator to easy-living Anglicans was the surprising fact that his boldness never lagged behind his convictions. A man who in the ecclesiastical world of the days of Queen Elizabeth had the courage to call a spade a spade was a veritable firebrand in the eyes of trimmers and time-servers. Fancy the man's openly speaking "of that woeful state of Cambridge whereunto those wicked prelates and doctors of divinity have brought it."

At Cambridge Browne had become acquainted with Robert Harrison, a kindred spirit, whose opinions in the main coincided with his own; and just three hundred years ago the two friends lived together in the same house, and walked together in the quiet suburbs, conversing on "the lamentable abuses, disorders, and sinnes," which were too characteristic of the times. Of course Bishop Freaque, who then thrived in the Norwich diocese, very soon scented the "corrupt and contentious doctrine," for it was sufficiently tasteful with the "vulgar sort of people" to attract a hundred of them at a time to some out-of-the-way conventicle at a private house. The bishop acted with the decision of a man who supposed he was saving the church. Unable to resist the opposition of their enemies, Browne and his followers crossed the sea to Zealand, where two years of active exile were passed. Speaking of the products of Browne and Harrison's pens, Mr. Dexter says: "These books, aside from any little local currency which they may have had, were sent over in sheets into England, where they were bound and circulated by warm sympathizers there, where they arrived at the dignity of drawing a special proclamation from the Queen; and where, before Browne trod again his natal soil, two men had been hanged for dispersing, and another nearly hanged for binding the same."

On his return from exile Browne landed in Scotland, to disseminate his views of a Scriptural reformation among a people who had already accepted from John Knox the Presbyterian way of Government; but after a good deal of travelling about the country, he sadly confessed: "I have seen all manner of wickedness to abound much more in their best places in Scotland, than in our worser places here in England." Besides passing this judgment he greatly incensed the Scotch by saying that Presbyterianism gave a thousand popes instead of one, and instead of "Bishops in name, a thousand lordly tyrants indeed." In this sentence we do not agree, but we admire the courage which dare say as much if it seemed to be so. Browne would seem to have been more than sufficiently severe in his judgments, and in this we cannot hold him up as an example. Indeed, he was rather a destroyer of evil than a builder up of good.

After this, Browne re-entered the Established Church, and spent the last forty years of his life in that communion. Hence, while he has become a riddle to impartial historians, he has also for centuries been a butt at which the one-sided and the malicious have aimed their arrows. First one and then another have added varnish of their own to Fuller's ugly picture, until Browne has been held up to odium as a cruel, licentious, and unprincipled man. One party has hated him because he is supposed never to have really given up his nonconformity; while the Dissenters have seen in him a renegade unworthy of their cause. Mr. Dexter has fairly succeeded in clearing the man's memory from these cobwebs of prejudice, and in presenting him before modern students as he really lived and acted. He infers something from the fact of Browne's having been the pupil and the protégé of Richard Greenham, one of the most godly Puritans of his time; while the testimony of the man's own writings shows that he was a Christian of deep experience. Brownism was not, as is sometimes represented, merely a difference with the Church of England on questions of discipline. Browne's "one original, urgent, controlling thought, which grew to be a burden upon his soul which he could no longer carry, was that of the laxness, the corruption, the practical ungodliness of those parish assemblies of all sorts of persons which were the only churches that the Church of England knew." This matter of the purity of the church touches the essence of Brownism and the basis of Nonconformity. The mystery which hangs over Browne's later years is, in the opinion of our historian, the mystery of an unhinged mind which sometimes lapsed into actual insanity. If this were so—if, with the help of a curate, he could just manage to look after a small parish, while he was totally disabled from taking part in the sterner conflict, we can understand why Lord Burleigh should have found for him a safe retreat where he could pass his days in peace. Unhappily, also, one can understand why malice pursued him to the last, hit him when he was down, and vilified his memory in after years.

The anonymous, and still unrecognized, writer called Martin Marprelate is one of those singular phenomena of the Elizabethan times which few have understood, and nearly all have presented in a false light. Like Junius, nearly two hundred years later, he darted suddenly

upon the world, and like him he attacked private persons with a caustic satire which was as piquant to the astonished outer world as it was inconvenient to the ecclesiastical culprits arraigned. This remarkable tract-writer was so far a founder of nonconformity that he was one of the first to teach that bishops were not necessarily either the chosen of God nor the infallible guides of fallible men. There was more than one reason why such an author should at once rise into sufficient popularity to become an object of general interest both at court and in the homes of the people. He wrote like a man who realized that he had a duty to perform; while working in secret he fearlessly braved all penalties, and, eschewing Latin, he called things by their right names in that mother tongue which all could understand.

It was about the year 1586 that the "little pilot balloon" of the Mar-prelate series appeared, as "The State of the Church of England Laid Open," in a tract of nearly seventy pages, the disputants being a bishop, a papist, a usurer, an innkeeper, and Paul the preacher. If not actually penned by Martin himself, the author was recognized as a brother on the right side; and the public had a promise of something else to follow when Paul, in answer to being threatened with imprisonment for boldness of speech, told the bishop that, "The Clincke, Gatehouse, White Lion, and the Fleet, have been your only arguments whereby you have proved your cause these many years, but you shall prevail no longer."

Before Martin actually appeared upon the scene, two books against the Puritans had been circulated in England, one in answer to Knox's "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women;" the other being a bulky quarto, by Dean Bridges, of Sarum, "A Defence of the Government established in the Church of England," etc. Martin had his eye on both of these productions when he made his debüt, his pioneer production, "printed over sea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a bouncing priest," having special reference to Dr. John Bridges, the champion of episcopacy. He begun by writing a small book in answer to a very large one; but the effect was not measured by the number of words. The bishops had never before encountered an antagonist of Martin's calibre and trenchant outspokenness; the public were naturally interested when church dignitaries were for the first time arraigned and judged according to their merit or demerit.

It has been customary to set Martin Mar-prelate down as a coarse, scurrilous libeller, with more violence than principle; but if free of speech, he was undoubtedly conscientious, and that the licence he took was no greater than fashion tolerated may be proved by the nonë too choice phraseology of the opposite side. His object was to bring before the bar of public opinion very glaring abuses; and earnest reformers of three centuries ago had no notion of going about their business in the delicate manner characteristic of ourselves. After all, the ecclesiastics were not so enraged because they were assailed with deadly thrusts as because their cause was weakest at the points where it should have been strongest. Had Martin's case been founded upon nothing better than rough epithets, he might safely have been ignored as a beater of the air. The noise he made and the dread he inspired both arose out of the existence of the ills he desired to cure.

It is quite credible that this old controversialist's caustic wit and free way of calling things by their right names may have given some hints to Junius in after days. In dealing with the bishops he regards them not as priests, but as men with all the weakness of humanity; as men, moreover, who had not turned their advantages and opportunities to very good account. Whatsoever Martin believed to be truth he said; and in some measure this constitutes his offence with critics who have not made allowances for the age, nor for the old author's honesty. Doubtless, a man was not hampered by any conventionalism, who, with all England looking on, could say, "You ass," to an Elizabethan bishop, and start the theory that Martin Bridges was "hatched in a goose nest"; but he may, nevertheless, have been terribly earnest for the truth. Though his plain words may often appear to degenerate into a licence which we cannot commend, we may remember that Martin Mar-prelate's "proud, popish, presumptuous, profane, paltry, pestilent, and pernicious" bishops were persons in no wise resembling men like Dr. Ryle of Liverpool or Dr. Tait of Canterbury. The public formed a pretty correct estimate of the character of those who were set over them; and hence we need hardly wonder that people were carried away with what Mr. Dexter calls "the easy impudence" of Martin's "free personal assaults." While blaming the coarseness of one side, the detractors of Puritanism should take into account the shortcomings of the opposite camp. Thus, "Dumb John of London," more "like a lewd swag," played upon the Sabbath, transformed his gate-keeper into a rector, and did other things as characteristic of the times as they were unworthy of an upper shepherd. The bishop does not even appear to have been decently honest in the common transactions of life.

To quote Mr. Dexter's words, this mode of arraigning the bishops, and of compelling them to answer for themselves before the bar of public opinion, "must have been tremendously effective at the time, when it is considered with whom it dealt; and one can easily imagine broad-mouthed, coarse-fibred yeomen shutting and barring the door, and making sure of no eavesdroppers under the windows, and then roaring and shaking their sides together, partly at what seemed to them the smartness of the book itself, but still more at the high fun that anybody should have spirit enough to take this old bull thus by the horns." We need not wonder that in those days of a gagged press "there was a general ferment and guffaw:" that Martin could reckon among his readers the Queen herself, the three estates of the realm, large numbers of students at the universities, and common people everywhere, nor that the accused bishops determined on revenge. The most remarkable part of the story is, that Martin was a man of peace, whom conscientious zeal impelled into war; but the conditions of peace which he demanded were far ahead of the times. He demanded, among other things, that the word should be everywhere preached by none save godly ministers; and that none should be troubled for refusing popish garments, nor for omitting objectionable passages in the Common Prayer. How wide-spread was his influence, and how justly he was feared by opponents, is shown by their not being content to merely search for his press and person. Martin's brochure of fifty-four pages

was carefully answered in a quarto volume of nearly five times that length. Even "Dumb John of London" had to apologize for his common swearing, as well as for his common habit of playing games on the Sabbath; and, meanwhile, the stage, by turning the reformer into ridicule, took the church side of the dispute.

It will not be necessary to follow this controversy which once so excited the nation; for while seven pamphlets in seven months were issued from the mysterious press, which was here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow, all are characterized by the same family likeness. We might almost say the same of the replies drawn forth; but these greatly differed from one another in power.

Mr. Dexter endeavours to remove some misapprehensions in regard to this controversy, that, for example, the work of Martin was the work of either Puritans or Jesuits; and his estimate of the quality of the reformer's writings is a high one. In this respect he differs from nearly all who have preceded him in the same field, with the exception of the venerable Charles Stovel, who, at least, showed the virtue of acquainting himself with the merits of the case by reading the original works. "Martin was not defending himself, or storming at *his* oppressors," says Mr. Dexter. "He was attacking what he firmly believed to be a grievous error and monstrous wrong. . . . A high, unselfish, noble purpose animated, and I must think justified, all; and a clean and wholesome savour, as of bitter herbs, flavours even his rudest and coarsest speech."

It has been usual to identify John Penry, the Welsh martyr, with Martin Mar-prelate; but this has been done without sufficient proof. Turning to the Fleet prisoner, and future martyr, Henry Barrowe, our historian says, "I find considerable similarity of style between Barrowe's acknowledged books and the Mar-prelate tracts, in general and in particular."

He says again: "If Barrowe were Martin, and Penry the only man then outside the Fleet who was master of the secret, we may well think that, in the midst of the sharpness of all their troubles, the two men must sometimes have broken out into a noisy and almost uproarious glee at the inherent queerness of the thought of the bishops and their bailiffs scurrying up and down the land, and of Bancroft's listening miscellaneously at English keyholes, in the frantic endeavour to identify and arrest a man whom they had already had for more than two long years behind the bars of one of their safest dungeons. . . . If Barrowe were Martin, and Penry his only ally, as the two men took the close secret to heaven with them within sixty days of each other in 1593, it is small wonder that it has been so well kept since."

If, as one historian remarks, these works represent the main controversy of Elizabeth's reign, Martin had no small share in directing the tendencies of the next century, which was the golden age of Puritanism. Happy are we that controversy need not now be carried on in such a bitter style. Unhappy shall we be if in courting courtesy we forget fidelity. It is still needful to contend earnestly for the faith.

“What about it?”

IN my rambles in the West I have come across a very devoted Christian man who is a living comment upon his profession. He is outspoken for Christ, and when I saw him the other day he was rejoicing over a commercial traveller, who attributes his conversion to “the way he wouldn’t let him alone.” Many of his customers, as well as the agents who call upon him in business, have been rebuked or encouraged by his Christian experience, which he narrates with evident pleasure to himself, and in grateful recognition of the goodness of God. He *must* talk, and he has a right to talk, for his life adds emphasis to his testimony.

The story of his conversion interested me, and is worth telling, for it shows how the Lord works through means which lead the mind onward towards the ministry which is to produce conversion. It appears that for several years he had been satisfied with his morality, and had no knowledge or no desire to know anything of the word of God and the Saviour it reveals. His chief study was poetry, and he had the knack of making selections of “gems” from standard authors, which he committed to memory and quoted to his friends. Prosperous in business and satisfied with himself, his hopes and ambitions were those of the secularist, to whom this world is all. He is the type, we fear, of a large class—must we add an *increasing* class?—whose morality is “sowing to the flesh,” of which they can only “reap corruption.” How true are the words of the poet—

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘here he lies,’
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

I said my friend was *satisfied* with himself; but this failed to yield him solace in the hour of sorrow, or support in the time of trouble. He was conscious there was a something which he did not possess, an attainment he had not reached, and the question would press for an answer, “What about it?” Again and again did this cut away his moorings and send him drifting on the ocean of speculation or doubt.

One Saturday evening a customer entered his shop, and while she was being served she turned to her little girl and said, “Have you got your father’s sermon?” and, being answered in the negative, she exclaimed, “You must go back and get it, for you know he won’t be happy without it to-morrow!”

“Well,” said my friend, “I never heard anything like that before! Do you say your husband can’t be happy without a sermon? It must be a different sermon from any I have ever seen. What is it?”

“It’s Mr. Spurgeon’s sermon,” replied the good woman; “my husband reads it every week, and he says he can get nothing like it.”

This was sufficient to deepen his curiosity; so, turning to the child, he said, “Here, bring me another, and tell the man to send me one every week.” When it was brought to him he glanced at the first page and exclaimed, “This is splendid; I never read anything like it before.” For several weeks he continued to read the sermons as they appeared, his interest increasing, and the old question coming back again and again, “What about it?” The soul and its capacities, “What about it?” Eternity and its realities, “What about it?” Salvation and its possibilities, “What about it?” Every article in his shop seemed at length

to grow vocal with the question, until existence was weighted with an intolerable burden. Business and pleasure alike failed to minister relief, and he came at length to feel all the misery of a hunted felon. "What about it?" was the terrible hue and cry which dogged his steps everywhere. Such was his condition when the sermon, "Remember Lot's Wife," came into his hands, and proved the means by which he answered the question and found "joy and peace in believing." He felt like a man released from the dungeon of despair and set at liberty in a paradise of bliss. With what joy he told the story of his discovery many remember as though it were but yesterday, and it will be some time ere I forget the intense delight and gratitude which breathed through the story which he never tires of telling, and which is a most important chapter in the evidences of Christianity. Such a change as this, indeed, speaks volumes, and magnifies the grace of God by which the question was answered—"What about it?"

V. J. C.

Pastor Archibald G. Brown's Orphans' Home.

THIS Orphanage, of which we purpose to give a brief account, was the outcome of another and more general work among the poorest of poor people in East London, to which, by way of preface, some references must be made.

Preaching to one of the largest congregations in East London, the situation of Mr. Brown is so far peculiar that he is brought into contact with a vast number of poor people who, in the time of distress, look to him for sympathy and assistance. Though what a pastor may be able to dispense of his own private means may go only a very little way, he is supposed to have access to other resources which are always available. The winter of 1879-80 was above the average, both in length and severity; and it was then, as he tells us, that the pastor was first led "to think of commencing a work in which relief for temporal needs should be combined with evangelistic effort." It was not long before the two visitors employed were brought into contact with a thousand poor families in the district of Bow alone, who were thankful to receive gifts in kind to keep the wolf from the door. In two months a sum of about £400 was received; and, having secured access to so many poor houses, a desire arose to make the work permanent. More money was given, and in a short time more than 8000 visits were paid by three agents, while relief was given 1700 times. As many as 1800 visits were made to the sick and dying when the accounts were balanced at the beginning of the present year, and many of these are regarded as brands plucked from the burning. "This work has been quite a revelation to us," adds Mr. Brown. "Being brought into almost daily contact with the poorest of neighbourhoods, we have become acquainted with a mass of misery, want, vice, and filth we had previously failed to comprehend. *None can conceive it until they try practically to deal with it.* The degrees of poverty and sorrow seem endless. When we have thought we have found the poorest and saddest possible, yet another has been discovered, revealing yet a lower deep. The abodes of hundreds—

dare not call them homes—are an abomination. Decency forbids a faithful description of their condition. This is true of many a house, which, by its outward appearance, would attract no attention, and give no hint as to its inward condition. Some of the worst neighbourhoods are comparatively new; the houses, therefore, present a tolerably good appearance outside, but are within full of all uncleanness. In most cases the shameful condition is the tenant's own fault. Drunkenness comes in, and all self-respect goes out. The condition in which many children have been found is simply loathsome, their bodies and rags being alive with vermin; the same also may be said of their parents, and the rooms they occupy. Sheer want has, in many cases, stripped the houses as well as cleared out the little furniture once in them. Our missionaries have entered homes where the bannister rails have been pulled down for firing, and then the iron stove sold for bread."

This is a dark picture of the misery occasioned by sin; but do not let us commit the mistake of supposing that all suffering comes of drunkenness and improvidence. Mr. Brown has told us of that; but his now enlarged experience tells him there is also a vast amount of genuine, clean, and heart-touching poverty—men and women who have been worsted in the battle of life, and after every endeavour to retrieve the day, hopelessly cast to the ground; men who walk from morning to night "seeking a job," until, wet through, they return to a supperless room, sleep in their drenched garments, and then lie for weary weeks, racked with rheumatic pains; women who, with the husband in the infirmary, toil at the wash-tub, or ply the needle for a wretched pittance, from dawn to midnight; widows who wage heroic battle against overwhelming trouble, and pinch themselves to give their fatherless children bread. Numbers of this deserving class are relieved with temporary supplies, they are saved from being turned into the street by relentless landlords, or, better still, their hearts are gladdened by work being found for them.

Thus far the adults were looked after and relieved; but, if possible, the children were found to be suffering more severely than their elders. A few examples from the visitors' diaries will best illustrate this part of the subject. The first relates to a backslider who had also fallen from a good position in life. The wife says that, "A short time before he died I asked him if he had anything to say to me. He replied, 'No.' I then said, 'Have you anything to say about our boy?' (referring to their son). His reply was, 'No.' I then burst into tears and said, 'I shall have nothing left when you are gone,' and he raised his hand, pointed to a Bible on a shelf by his bedside, and exclaimed, 'You will have *that*—trust in God.' He then crossed his arms over his breast and prayed: 'Do, dear Lord Jesus, take me home'—and in a few moments he passed away."

Concerning the H— family, we have this note:—

"The father died a short time ago and left a widow and eight children. On going into the house to-day, the mother was lying in her coffin; she was buried this afternoon! A family of eight are thus left without father or mother. May the Lord give us grace to look after such."

Still retaining some faith in the old proverb which speaks of cleanliness

being next to godliness, the church at the East London Tabernacle lately removed the name of Mrs. S—— from the roll, consequent on "her being so dirty in her person and home." How reasonable this discipline was will appear from the subjoined description of the woman's lodging and the state of her helpless dependents:—"There were three children in the room, all naked as they were born, and very dirty. The mother was out; but a neighbour came in, and we asked her if Mrs. S—— had any other room beside this; she said 'No.' There was a lot of dirty straw in one corner of the room, and on this the three little fellows lay. Their heads were one mass of sores. In one corner there was a heap of filth, enough to poison them. The stove is entirely gone, not one particle of iron being left."

In another street, "Mrs. T—— and her two daughters work at match-box making; furniture consists of one chair and small table, no bed, a bundle of rags to lie on. *The pay is 2½d. per 144 boxes, out of which they have to find string and paste.*" A little further afield another young widow, Mrs. K—— was found "sitting in a cold room with her two little ones, without a bit of firing. She is a silk weaver, and she is paid 7½d. per yard. At present she has not anything to do."

When such things were continually being encountered, the cry of the children became too urgent to be longer disregarded; but, nevertheless, a striking act of providence was the means of bringing the orphanage into existence in quite an unexpected way.

Just after the first hard winter's work was concluded, or in April, 1880, Mr. Brown was asked to go and see a young widow on her death-bed, and who said she could not die until she had seen him. The pastor went, as desired, to find the dying woman with her son Willie, six years old, by her side, and haunted by the dread, which seemed to prevent her from passing quietly away, that Willie would have to go to the workhouse. Turning on her bed, the mother appealed to her visitor not to allow the boy to go to a place which she probably too well knew would be a school of sin. The appeal might be an inconvenient one; but under the circumstances it could not be resisted: and Mr. Brown could only reply that, the Lord helping him, Willie never should go to the workhouse.

During two months this child was placed at a neighbour's, and then the thought occurred that it would be as well to have a Home, the cost of half a dozen children's keep not being more difficult to provide than that of one. The next step was to find a suitable house, and this proved to be a feat not easily accomplished. At all events, Mr. Brown walked the streets until he was weary and disheartened without meeting with any success. The subject pressed heavily upon his mind; he even dreamed about it at night: in a dream he imagined that he met a friend who signified that if continued to Harley-street the search would be successful. The last building but one in that street ultimately became the Orphanage, and possibly, some day, the last house of all, a semi-detached one adjoining the one occupied, may also be taken into use. The problem of furnishing was much more quickly solved; for on the subject being mentioned to friends at the East London Tabernacle the people were so ardently desirous of having fellowship in the work that in ten days all the things necessary for the house were sent in. Friends sent articles

representative of their several trades ; and many things, we believe, came from persons whose names were never disclosed. The house was not only well provided, but furnished with the best, and no debt has at any time been incurred. Since the opening, one friend has given all the bread consumed by the household ; while another, on equally easy terms, has supplied all the coals. The first year was completed on the last Sabbath of May in the present year ; and during the twelve months the sum of £750 was received. Thirteen boys are at present in the Home, and the average cost of each per annum is about £23. The aim is to educate each inmate well, so as to fit him for the best position in life he may be able to secure.

This is, in brief, the history of the rise and progress of a small institution, which in the future may grow into something more correspondent in size with the needs of the great poverty-stricken East-end of London. A neighbourhood like Bow-common seems to be the bottom of the metropolitan social filter, where are found the very dregs of society, some of the people, by short, quick, and sad stages, having made their way there from high positions in the West-end of the town. Occasionally, a man may be met who, by the very way in which he raises his hat, may proclaim himself to be a gentleman, who has outlived his own resources as well as the sympathy of his friends. Among these people there is a great work to be accomplished ; and especially are we called upon both by Christian instinct and self-interest to save the children from beggary and crime.

Manuel Matamoros.*

SPAIN, once in the foremost rank of European powers, now long sunk through the influence of priestly domination to the least influential place, has been one of the last to receive the blessing of religious liberty. The revolution of 1808, carried out by Generals Prim and Serrano, conferred that boon upon her in some degree. After the victory over Queen Isabella's forces in the valley of the Guadalquivir, General Prim said, "From this day forth there shall be liberty in our country. Every man shall be master of his own conscience, and shall profess the faith which seems best in his own eyes. You, gentlemen," turning to three religious reformers who had suffered bonds and exile for Christ's sake, "are at liberty to re-enter Spain with your Bibles under your arms, and to preach its doctrines." An era of unprecedented Christian activity quickly dawned. Bible depôts were opened in Madrid, colporteurs employed to carry the word of life into the provinces, preaching halls and schools erected in the large towns, and Christian exiles flocked back into Spain to throw themselves with loving zeal into the work of evangelizing their long-benighted country.

Material progress kept pace with the spiritual. The construction of railways and roads received a mighty impetus, and improvements began to be everywhere carried out. During the formation of a new road in

* "Manuel Matamoros, his Life and Death : a Narrative of the late Persecution of Christians in Spain." By William Greene. London : John Shaw and Co., Ivy Lane. 1881.

Madrid the old burning-place of the Inquisition was cut through, bringing to light an appalling accumulation of burnt-out fuel and human remains. A public meeting was held on the spot, and the effect on the people was immense. As they turned over bony hands transfixed by a rusty nail, ribs with the spear still protruding by which they had been pierced, the peculiar genius of Rome was revealed before their eyes with a wholesome vividness. A speaker in the Cortes said that "while there were strange *geological sections and strata*, there were also strange *theological sections and strata*, declaring the history of the past." It was well that Spain should open its eyes on this repulsive exposure of Rome's hideousness.

Two years before this revolution there died a young Spanish Christian who would gladly have lived to see it, and who, by his sufferings as well as by his labours, contributed no insignificant part towards the religious emancipation of Spain. This was Manuel Matamoros, a young officer, whose brief, ardent life of thirty-two years will be found to have left its mark on the religious history of his native land. Born in 1834 at Malaga, he was sent by his father, a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish Artillery, to the military college at Toledo. His conversion from the errors of Rome occurred at Gibraltar, in 1857. He was at the time engaged in literary pursuits that gained for him marked applause at the theatre. While walking one evening in the principal square at Gibraltar, his mind preoccupied with a poem on which he was engaged, he heard the church bells summoning to worship. Obeying an impulse of early inculcated reverence for religion, he entered the church, which he found to his astonishment was a Protestant one. The prayer of the minister, M. Ruet, exerted a mighty effect on him, and he was still further impressed by the advice given in the sermon to search the Scriptures. He procured a New Testament and read it all that night in bed, and when the morning cannon of the Rock announced the dawning of a new day, a new day had also begun to shine in his heart.

This Ruet was himself a convert from Romanism, who had suffered imprisonment for Christ's sake. The links of the story of his conversion are interesting. A lady at Rome gave a tract to one of the most eloquent preachers of the Vatican, Dr. De Sanctis: the subject of the treatise was the necessity of studying the Scriptures to ascertain the will of God and the plan of salvation. De Sanctis read it and under the Holy Spirit's guidance abjured the errors of Rome. Preaching in Turin, he is heard by the Spaniard, Ruet, and the word of God is blessed to his conversion. Ruet returns to Barcelona, suffers imprisonment for Christ's sake, and finally goes to Gibraltar, where from his lips Matamoros hears the word of life, and is destined to become a chief instrument in bringing to Spain the incalculable boon of an open Bible.

Matamoros renounced the errors of Rome, and enrolled his name in the books of the Protestant church at Gibraltar. His first enquiry was, "What wilt thou have me to do?" The pastor answered in effect, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee"; and he returned to Malaga, his native town, to preach Christ. He was not ignorant of the dangers that beset such a mission, but he had counted the cost. He entered into discussion

with his countrymen wherever he could gain their attention, and endeavoured to convince them from the Word of God. Those who were convinced he invited to join the true church of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to write a letter clearly expressing their new views. These letters were called "protests." In a short time the Evangelical believers became so numerous that the instruction of them all was a task too great for himself to overtake, and he divided the brethren into congregations, placing each company under the superintendence of one of the most active and best instructed of their number, himself preaching two or three times a week. "All the members of our churches," said he, "are in admirable contact, and know each other well. When one is ill a committee of three attend by turns at the house of the sufferer, visiting him every day, and ministering to the wants of the sick person and his family, the expenses being paid out of the general fund of the church for this purpose; so that the spirit of brotherhood is indeed a truth."

From Malaga Matamoros travelled to Seville, Granada, Barcelona, Jaen, and various towns of the province of Andalusia, in all which places, and particularly in Granada, his labours were very successful.

He had been engaged for three years quietly, but energetically, carrying on this work, when, one night, his house was entered by the police, and he was arrested and carried off to prison. After eight days he was examined before the magistrates, and gave his answers boldly and clearly, but without confessing anything but his own faith, so as not to involve others.

To the question, "Do you profess the Catholic Apostolic Roman faith?" the intrepid witness replied, "My religion is that of Jesus Christ. My rule of faith is the Word of God, which, without a word altered, curtailed, or added, is the basis of my belief; and in this I am confirmed by the last sentences of the Apocalypse, and by the many distinct charges of the apostles in their epistles. The Roman Catholic Church not being based on this principle, I do not believe her dogmas, nor obey her in practice."

Said the Judge, "Do you know what you are saying?"

"Yes. I cannot deny it. I have put my hand to the plough, and I dare not look back."

He was led away to prison, where he remained for three years during the progress of a protracted trial, lying at first in a wretched dungeon, where he suffered from disease. His lot was afterwards mitigated through the remonstrances of Sir Robert and Lady Peel, who, happening to be in Spain at the time, visited the Christian sufferer in his cell.

His own fortitude was equalled by that of his mother. On one occasion the director of the prison found her in tears by the sick bed of her son. The report had been spread that his enemies had poisoned him.

"You weeping?" he said.

"How can I help it," she replied, "when my son is sick and nigh to death?"

"If your son," replied the director, "was not as bad a son to you as he is to his mother the Church of Rome, it would be easy for him to dry your tears."

At these words the mother rose and left the prison, saying, "If

my son were to deny his Saviour Jesus Christ, I, in my turn, would deny him as my son."

The director, not a little surprised, turned to Matamoros and said, "You have a noble mother."

So far from arresting the evangelical work, his imprisonment, like Paul's, was turned to the furtherance of the gospel. From the prison he managed to conduct a large and animating correspondence with the churches he had planted. Though at first daunted and discouraged by the attack on their leaders, these bands of Christian men and women soon recovered faith, and the prisoner was solaced in his cell by the news that converts multiplied in Malaga. He preached Christ also to his fellow prisoners, and soon had converts from among them. The jailer at length, won over by his gentle conduct, gave him the choice of a prisoner to act as his servant. He selected the greatest criminal, a man imprisoned for murder; and before long had the unspeakable gratification of seeing this man a humble believer in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, even sin of the deepest dye.

Matamoros was at length sentenced to eight years penal servitude at the galleys, to be followed by an equal term of exile; but this sentence, mainly owing to the exertions of an influential deputation of Christian noblemen from England and the Continent, sent at the instance of the Evangelical Alliance, was commuted to one of exile alone.

Enfeebled by the privations he had gone through, and the fevers caused by the loathsome cell in which for a considerable part of his imprisonment he had been confined, Matamoros retired to France to carry on there for some time a training college for Spanish evangelists, afterwards inaugurating a similar institution in Lausanne, where, in 1866, he died. Calling the Spanish students around his death-bed he bade them sing some French and Spanish hymns. He said to them, "Live very near to God; yes, *very, very near*. God bless you *much*. I am going from earth to heaven by way of Golgotha. It is a beautiful journey."

The imprisonment of Matamoros for the sole crime of professing another religion than that sanctioned by the state excited much attention in England and Europe, and was the subject of debate in the House of Commons. It was a measure too flagrantly behind the age to be long tolerated even in Spain; and the excellent letters sent by Matamoros from his prison, and his exemplary demeanour while incarcerated there, created a strong reaction in his favour among the people in Spain itself. Thus the relentless persistence of Rome in her tyranny over conscience prepared the way for the movement in 1868, which at length flung that tyranny to the winds. The last thirteen years have witnessed more beneficent Christian activity in that long priest-ridden country than had been seen for centuries; and in the noble work now being carried on there our own brethren, Wigstone and Blamire, are bearing an honourable part.

The book from which we have gathered the particulars of this sketch consists mainly of the letters of Matamoros. Though compiled with small literary skill, the fervent piety it breathes makes it a refreshing record of a noteworthy episode in the great story of labour and suffering for Christ. Pray, pray for Spain!

C. A. DAVIS.

Among the Native Churches of Bengal.

BY ROBERT SPURGEON, BARISAUL.

BOTH "the Sword" and "the Trowel" are called into action in mission work. In itineracies among the heathen, the missionary is in constant "combat with sin" and idolatry. Armed with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," he fears no opponent, and is only induced to quit the field when duties of another kind call him elsewhere. Changing the Sword for the Trowel, he is as zealous in "building up a spiritual house," "for a habitation of God through the Spirit," as he was in combat with sin. In conflict or labour he is ever employed, and it is his to devote himself as readily to the one as to the other. Do the efforts put forth for the conversion of the heathen require greater consecration and zeal than the labours carried on among the thousands already gathered into the native churches? I think not. Though the missionary is not a pastor, he has much to do with the native churches. His is the work of "a master builder." Most of the pastors are appointed and paid through him; and constant reference has to be made to him when difficulties arise. Epaphras went to Rome to consult Paul in this way about the false teachers at Colosse; and for many years to come this privilege will have to be allowed the pastors of our native churches in Bengal. Frequent visits, too, have to be paid to these small communities of believers to "exhort them all, that with purpose of heart they cleave unto the Lord." Having just returned from such a visit, I venture to hope that our friends in England will be interested in a brief account of the tour.

Most of the churches connected with the Baptist Missionary Society in the district of Barisaul are situated two or three days' sail from the mission-station. That part of the district is one vast swamp during the rainy season. The thatched houses are erected on raised places, eight or ten feet high, either singly or in groups, and can only be reached by boats. Every householder has a boat; for there are no roads or bridges. The whole district is one vast rice field, dotted over with these homesteads, surrounded with trees. Our mission boats, however, can sail across the waving green, because the rice grows in two or three feet of water, and bends easily beneath us. There are thirty-one native churches situated in this swampy region, besides many small scattered communities over whom no pastor is appointed. The aggregate of church members is now 1,400, and the nominal Christians do not number less than 4,600. Surely, here has the prophecy been fulfilled: "They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the watercourses."

"Here heathen like the grass grew rank;
No Christian home graced river's bank;
But now unnumbered homes are seen,
'Like willows by the waters' green.
One willow 'mong the grass is more
Than all the grass along the shore;
Its life, its beauty, and its shade
Declare His name Who all things made."

The first Christian village we visited was Koleegram. Here our native brother Sbitol is pastor, and the church has a membership of 101. They have a large brick chapel that can seat about three hundred persons. All sit on mats except the preacher, and he has a wooden stool placed behind a rudely-made table. We were there on a Sunday, and had two services. The children were very restless, and the little ones crawled about in all directions; the women, adorned with all the jewels they could muster, had no control over them; but the men were more attentive than the rest as they were more in number. The chapel stands among a cluster of houses and trees. Our boats were drawn up nearly to the steps; and one of the boat ladders was put out, with a bamboo fixed as a railing by its side. Crowds of natives crossed and recrossed this during the day. Some came for medicines, some to examine our boats, some to

ask advice, and some to hear the harmonium that Mr. Martin and Mr. Edwards had brought with them. The Hindus were only distinguished from the Christians by their bead necklaces, which they use for a charm. After the service in the evening, the harmonium was brought out on deck, for the crowd was too great to allow them inside. The instrument is a perfect mystery to these simple folk ; and they ask all sorts of strange questions about it. Later on only those who had special matters to bring to our notice, or special requests to lay before us, remained ; and it was then that many interesting and encouraging things were told us by the pastor.

On Monday we all crossed the sea of rice in my little boat to Noykandee. The water was not deep enough yet in that direction for the large mission-boat to go there. It was a tedious journey, because we had to travel so slowly, and there was nothing on either side but rice or grass to gaze upon. In the beels there is a grass that grows wild, and only a practised eye can distinguish it from rice. We were again and again deceived when we said, " Surely this is rice ; " for it grows as tall and as plentifully as the grain itself, and covers large tracts of land. We found a very small community of believers at Noykandee. They have no chapel and no preacher ; but they long for both, and promised, while we were there, to subscribe what they can. They also fixed upon the preacher they are to have, and as he is to act as schoolmaster too, Mr. Martin is able to aid them a little with funds. There was only one family living on the mound here, but there are other Christians living around them. They crowded into the little house, where a short service was held. The singing was very hearty. Surely, if our short visit among them secures a preacher who shall instruct them in the things of God, and a teacher for the rising generation, our labour was not in vain. On our return, while my colleagues in the other boat were taking leave of Brother Shitol, a number of Hindus gathered around me in their little skiffs. I spoke of Jesus to them, and distributed tracts among them, and we then moved on in the direction of our next stopping-place.

It was Tuesday midday before we arrived at Amgram. We found the native pastor there awaiting our arrival. The chapel is a thatched one without walls. The church is a small one, numbering only forty-seven members. During the afternoon Nobo Koomar, the pastor, Mr. Edwards, and I, visited a market close by to preach. We passed some delightful scenery on the way. Trees of varied foliage, bamboos and creepers, such as India's soil alone can produce, lined the banks of the stream. Here and there natives' houses peeped through the dense jungle at us as we passed. On our appearance in the market-place, the crowds rushed upon us for books. None cared to hear, and an aged Brahmin was so opposed to us that he incited crowds of school boys to hoot us with the shout of, " Horee Bol ! " We tried hard to get a hearing, but all in vain. Even the schoolmaster could not stem the tide of opposition and insult we endured, though he used his stick freely among the boys. Brahmins were there in such numbers that they reminded us of the crowds of priests to be seen in Popish lands.

Returning to the chapel, we found Mr. Martin conducting a service, and the people all ready to greet us with the usual salaam, and shake of hands. All natives use the former salutation, and all Christians who are members of churches in this district add the latter. I do not know the reason for this. It is very unpleasant work, shaking the hands of hundreds of persons who oil their bodies all over daily. Some Baboos who had heard of our arrival came to see us, and we spent hours conversing with them about Christ. After we had retired for the night, a Brahmin who plays well on the violin came to our boat, but he was asked to come in the morning. He came and was delighted with the harmonium ; while we were as gratified to hear him and his three companions sing some of our Christian hymns. Another service was held before we left, and a number of church matters were brought forward afterwards.

Preaching as we went, we arrived at Anondopore on Friday morning. This place is on the bank of a very large river. We found the chapel and preacher's

house not nearly finished, and the poor worker was laid aside with fever. There was a terrible murder committed here a few months ago by a woman who had been often urged to leave the Christian village and live elsewhere. She killed her husband, wounded her father-in-law and her little boy, and attempted the life also of her son-in-law. She is now in prison awaiting her trial. It was a terrible blow to the small community there. We held a service in the sick pastor's house, and Mr. Martin's reference to the sad affair had, I trust, a solemnizing and salutary effect upon all. During the afternoon we preached in a market-place close by, and in the evening a number of our people came to the boat to sing. The Bengalee never wearies of music, provided he hears or sings native pieces and tunes; and nearly everyone of any education believes himself able to compose both. It was late before we retired.

When I awoke in the morning my boat was moving slowly along a narrow khal towards Rajapoor, another of our stations. Nothing could excel in beauty the overhanging luxuriant vegetation of this spot. Our masts were lowered to avoid the branches, and yet at intervals some had to be cut away for us to pass. With all the venetians up I sat gazing on the panoramic vision gliding slowly past me. Here and there were native boats moored beneath the shelter of some bamboos or other shrubs. During the morning of our arrival rain began to fall heavily, and we had to walk through much long grass and mud to the chapel. Our native brother, who is pastor here, has suffered much persecution. One who had been a member of the church joined a Hindu landholder in oppressing the Christians; and then by fair promises he persuaded many of them to leave the preacher and form a separate church. The pastor, however, stood firm, and they all gradually returned except the miscreant, who tries all he can to harass and annoy them still.

On the Saturday afternoon I preached to them from the words, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." On Sunday morning Mr. Martin took the service, and in the afternoon Mr. Edwards preached. After the latter service six candidates for baptism were examined, five of whom were accepted. Mr. Martin baptized them in the tank close to the chapel. The native pastors do not always delay baptisms till the missionary goes; for they have as much right to perform it as we have. Many of them have licenses, too, empowering them to officiate at marriages; and their church business is nearly all carried on without our aid.

When we returned to the boats the people swarmed on deck. The same curiosity prevails everywhere. Here, however, some had heard of my kerosine cooking stove, and wished very much to examine it. Kerosine oil is now sold in the most out-of-the-way places in India, and all sorts of strange stories are told about its production. Many fully believe it is made by boiling human bodies in a cauldron. It was reported that on the night the census was to be taken the Government would send large steamers to certain places to capture the well-favoured of the people for this purpose; and it was asserted that all would be in readiness for the process. I have not found any of the Christians believing such reports, but many of the Hindus and Mahometans certainly did.

Neelkomol, the pastor at Rajapoor, has charge of another small Christian community as well. As we could not go there many of the people came over to see us. Before they returned in the evening they begged us to give them some Bibles. It is not long since they were all connected with the Church Mission. They had many prayer-books, they said, but no Bible. We gave them two, and we were rejoiced to see the eagerness they manifested when they showed them to each other. The Bengalee Prayer-book is a very bad translation from the English, and full of unheard-of idioms. Of course I urged them to cast it aside once for all.

We halted at Muladdee next day. There are only half-a-dozen Christian families here, but they have a preacher and a chapel, too. Our boatmen helped to fill the little place, and I preached from the words, "Increase our faith."

Our native brother preaches to his neighbours as well as to the church. He had some interesting facts to tell us, as well as some difficult questions to ask. One of them was this:—A Mahometan became a Christian, was baptized, and then married a Christian's daughter. He has now returned to Mahometanism and married again. Could this young woman not marry again now? What ought to be done?

While there a number of women and girls came as usual to see the boats. In the large one there is a looking-glass, and they all went in to view themselves in it. One very old woman with a very wrinkled face stood gazing at herself some time after the others had turned away. They were talking away, and had quite forgotten her, when I said, "Well, old lady, how do you look?" Covering her poor old face, she said with affecting simplicity, "I don't look nice." The first sight she had ever had of herself was too much for her. During the remainder of her stay in the boat these words alone fell from her lips,—"I don't look nice," and drawing her cloth over her head she went home with a sorrowful heart, perhaps never to forget that sight in the glass.

It will be seen from the above that our native churches are formed from the lower classes of the people; that about one-fourth of the community are accredited church members; that there is life, and therefore the element of ensured progress manifesting itself; that in many things they are becoming more and more independent; and that the word and Spirit of God have worked a mighty change in this land of Bengal.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Memorials of John Legge, M.A.*

BY those who only know John Legge by these published memorials, he will be regarded as one of those choice spirits to whom the life of faith is a daily reality, and a deep experience of divine things a daily condition. In the sixty-four pages into which the story of his life is compressed, there is an actual character described transcending the ideal of most professors. Bearing an honoured name, John Legge lived and laboured to make it still more famous, and the treasured results of his ministry, contained in this volume, will widen out his influence for good to men of other generations than his own. Though his life was, doubtless, prolonged by his residence in Australia, he found an early grave, and thus closed a career which was but the foreshadowing of what his power might have been. A man of rare grasp of intellect, of splendid mental endowments and of quick spiritual intuitions, he proclaimed a pure gospel, and thus exerted a power for good difficult to estimate. His sermons abound with the choicest illustrations of truth and the most forcible appeals to heart and conscience alike. The truths he uttered were not the articles of a cold creed to which he had yielded an intellectual assent, but the results of conviction and experience which secured attention and claimed belief. As the best commendation of his sermons we insert a few of his own sentences.

"Few men fall like Satan, as lightning to the ground; most men fall like the softly-flowing brook, that trickles or flows with an easy, sure descent."

"The most durable and precious metal in the ancient arts was the Corinthian bronze, which was said to have first been caused by the fusing of all the precious metals when Corinth was burned. The most precious products of experience are got in the fire of trial."

"When the Christian draws near to God through his Saviour, he feels that the finished work of Christ has left no requirement unsatisfied; when he

* Memorials of John Legge, M.A., with Memoir by James Legge, M.A. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet-street.

betakes himself to the promises of his God, he knows that the giver of them is a faithful and true witness."

"Bare commands would not have made men right. Mathematical exhibition of virtue would not have made them holy. The stringent enforcement of law at every angle and every inch of progress, would have left them locomotive machines, crank wheels cunningly driven, skillfully-contrived chronometers, but not men. Moral science is not enough to feed the soul, and even in systematic theology, God may become rather a logical word than a Person, a definition rather than a Being."

"Nature, like the midnight sky, has her brilliant points and galaxies of light, but she has her dark spaces of fathomless blackness between, where the soul is lost and the eye baffled to detect a trace of light. But the gospel of Christ, like the midday sky, is one blaze of light to all who will lift the eye to the cross and the redeeming Christ."

"When a man is strong in the love of Christ, and is seeking to express that in his life, there is no fear of his morality. The germ of the apple never sprouts into anything but the apple; the seed of the truth of Christ never springs into aught but the strong, holy, splendid fruits of a life well pleasing unto God."

"There is such a microscopic fulness of sense in Scriptural words that even the merest outward acts of the Lord are often like the flower, leaf, or insect's wings under the lens, richly stored with traces of wisdom and love."

"We want not less teaching perhaps, but we want more doing. There is no power that grapples with dead obstructions like life. It can take up dead matter, and, like a creator, convert it to its own higher ends. There is no argument like an act—it does what it proves ought to be done."

"When a man's Christianity is purely a matter of creed and doctrine, progress ends with the catechism; but when a man's Christianity consists in following the personal leading of Christ's Spirit, then Christ's fulness is the limitless measure of his growth."

"The whole truth of what it is to be a Christian dawns on no man at once. The requirements and the incitements, the difficulties and the helps, the doubts and the dissolving of doubts, the fears and the hopes, the needed change and the transforming power, the burden and the imparted strength, all come like the flecks of dawn when the east is barred with gold and the sun is surging up into the sky."

Notices of Books.

Nature; or, the Poetry of Earth and Sea. By Madame MICHELET. With two hundred designs by GIACOMELLI. T. Nelson and Sons.

LOVER of art, here is your banquet. Do not miss it. Here wood-engraving has reached its ultimatum—at least, it seems so to us. Delighted hours may be well spent over these entrancing pages, if the eye only follows the hand of the artist, and gazes on the living scenes which he has pencilled. Giacomelli is at his best here, what would you more? As for the letter-press, it is *sui generis*. We never had the presumption to think that we could understand Monsieur Michelet, and we can only say of Madame, that she is as like her husband

as if they were twins. Here one gets a glorious thought, anon a sparkling aphorism, and if in the flashy, Victor-Hugo style one becomes lost in attempts to track the mazes of the meaning, what matters? Even the tangle is a wilderness of roses, and if you are blinded, it is with the pollen of flowers. Prose-poetry is hardly the name for these dreamy, jerky, rapt and rapturous sketches. They will amaze some, amuse others, and captivate a select company who will think they never perused such pages before. In the printing and binding, Nelson and Sons have done all that can be done, and we place their work among our art treasures with the utmost satisfaction.

Conference Addresses: being a Selection from Addresses delivered at the Annual Conferences of the Pastors' College. By the Rev. GEORGE ROGERS. With a recommendation by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster.

OUR honoured friend, the Rev. George Rogers, has given an address at each gathering of our College conference, and on each occasion he has been singularly happy in his theme and in his mode of handling it. It would have been a pity and a sin to allow these racy addresses to be forgotten: and, accordingly, we are glad to see them preserved in print. Twelve such addresses it would be very hard to find anywhere else. We firmly believe that every student and minister who heard them will be anxious at once to possess a copy, and we shall be greatly surprised if the volume does not command a host of readers. Mother wit is blended with fatherly wisdom, and the whole is sanctified by zeal for the cause of God. We cannot too heartily commend the volume to our subscribers.

In the Beginning: Remarks on Certain Modern Views of the Creation. By RICHARD HILL SANDYS, M.A. London: Pickering and Co. 1880.

A SERIES of reflections on the theories suggested by the disciples of Physical Science, and a number of racy rejoinders to the sceptics who seek shelter under its shadow.

"Positions only timidly and stealthily whispered, in this country at least, during the last century are now the familiar after-dinner flourishes of many a quiet churchman. We are caught by the dazzle of modern discoveries as pheasants at roost are by mirrors, or enticed into preserves to be there shot down by the princes of modern thought, or otherwise used up at pleasure. Yet time and the hour may show, even in these our days, that these discoveries are, as facts, in perfect accord with the positions chiefly assailed; that is, with the Mosaic account of the creation, viewed as it should be in relation to man, to whom it was given, and the singleness and exclusiveness of the human race."

Written in defence of Revelation, not by a clergyman, but by a barrister, this

volume is all the more readable, because it takes rather the form of "Remarks" than of a regular dissertation. A rich vein of satire runs through its pages, and it is plentifully studded with dainty morsels of pure literature, well served up, by one who appears to have ancient and modern classics at his finger ends, or perhaps we might better say at the tip of his tongue; but, anyhow, readily available for apt quotation. So good an every-day book we do not meet with every day.

Christianity, Science, and Infidelity: A Series of Letters vindicating the received truths of our common faith. By Dr. HILLIER. R. D. Dickinson.

TAKE it for all in all this is a book which we cannot commend too highly. Our author has given a digest of the Science of Christian Apologetics in a forceful and popular form. It is a readable book, which is saying a good deal for a treatise on such a subject. A clergyman has ordered 500 copies, and we commend him for it, for the work is worthy of the widest possible circulation. We are much mistaken if it does not take among working men. We suppose it was necessary to allude to Mr. Bradlaugh; but altogether apart from every personal reference, Dr. Hillier has fought out the most vital of all questions in a manner which is both interesting and convincing.

Illustrated Missionary News. Twopence Monthly. Elliot Stock.

ADMIRABLY illustrated, and well conducted. A specially good twopenny-worth of Missionary News. Spread it, then, and let it circulate through every town of this vast empire, till every child shall know the needs of heathen lands, and what the Lord is doing there.

Maggie's White Hands. By Mrs. J. C. WITHERS. Glasgow: Chas. Glass & Co.

A simple but well-written story showing the folly into which vanity and pride led the daughter of humble parents who wanted to assume the style and manners of the young lady at the hall. Her pride proved its own punishment, which was graciously overruled for her permanent good. Many vain and foolish girls might learn a valuable lesson by reading this little tract.

At his Feet: Daily Lessons in the Gospels for Devotional Use. By G. S. ROWE. Wesleyan Conference Office.

VERY short, simple talk in pious strain about the stories of the gospels. Rather milk for babes than meat for men, but perhaps, in some cases, therefore, the more appropriate.

Moses and Christ: being the connection of the Old and New Testaments; or, the Gospel and Kingdom of Christ in the Types. By W. GLASS. Glasgow: J. Menzies and Co.

WITH considerable literary ability, and with undoubtedly orthodox views, our author has set himself to show how the New Testament has been designedly refigured and typified by the old. While we do not pledge ourselves to all his interpretations, we accept as a whole both his central idea and his development of it. There is a facility of composition which makes these papers very readable.

Sermons to Students and thoughtful persons. By L. B. BEVAN, LL.B., D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

THIS volume of discourses, prepared mainly for students, is of considerable value. There is a fresh, breezy style of thought in them, and a manifest desire to spiritually benefit the special persons concerned. If candour and robustness would convince of the truth and claim of the gospel, conviction would here be secured. We are glad to find that Dr. Bevan, while enlarging his scope, is yet intensely true to the fundamentals of the gospel. May his influence increase. This book has our sincere welcome.

The Christian Experience: an Inquiry into its character and its contents. By D. W. FAUNCE, D.D. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

STARTING from the statement that Christian experience is a fact and phenomenon to be accounted for, a fact and phenomenon as real as any scientific or political or historical occurrence, Dr. Faunce tries to show what truths this Christian experience can testify to. He uses it to testify to its own reality, its correspondence with Scripture, and its

prophecy of a future life. The style is all alive, full of illustration, and admirably adapted for strengthening waverers and establishing doubters. It is a somewhat novel style of Christian evidences, but to our mind very legitimate and convincing.

Natural Elements of Revealed Theology. Being the David Lecture for 1881. By REV. G. MATHESON, D.D. J. Nisbet and Co.

THIS is essentially a students' book. The lecturer has set himself a serious task;—to prove that Christianity is not opposed to reason, but is its completion and climax;—to show that all the truths which natural theology taught as the answer to man's primary needs, are incorporated and absorbed into the Christian system, which transcends by including them. The arguments are forceful; the language is as simple as such a subject will allow, and the conclusions are powerful and weighty; and yet we must confess to a feeling that the enquiry was scarcely worth the labour expended on it.

The Gospel According to Satan, by STANDISH GREY, M.A., Kerby and Endean, is meant to be a popular refutation of current errors concerning the personality of Satan, doubts, procrastination, worldliness, morality, universalism, annihilation, atheism, and kindred subjects. The style is terse and vigorous; and though we cannot quite accept all the author's positions, there is a manly outspokenness throughout the volume which gives it a truly healthy tone.

"*Concerning Himself*"; or, The Witness of the Word to the Person, Offices, and Names of Christ. With Devotional Thoughts, Short Prayers, and Verses. By Mrs. E. H. RICHES. W. Mack.

Mrs. RICHES writes very sweetly, and her book will aid many a devout soul. It is rather a new idea to bind up blank pages for fugitive thoughts and choice extracts; we should have preferred more of the holy thought of the authoress, and yet perhaps it will make the book all the more acceptable as a present, and if so it is well.

Under the Pillow. Being hymn-thoughts chiefly for the sick and sorrowing. Haughton and Co.

ANY ministry to the sick and suffering has our sincerest sympathy, and this endeavour to plant under the pillow a source of comfort and joy in the form of hymns about Christ, the sympathetic High-Priest, is a very happy idea. Printed in clear, distinct type, and in paper covers, so as not to injure, it is an excellent little book of verse. May it be a well of refreshing to many a fainting sufferer.

Christian firmness of the Huguenots: and a Sketch of the History of the French Refugee Church of Canterbury. By Rev. J. A. MARTIN, Pastor. Partridge and Co. 2s. Cloth.

THE French church in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral is a most interesting relic of those times which saw the Huguenots expelled from France, and welcomed in England. It is curious to see a French Presbyterian congregation housed within the walls of the Episcopalian Cathedral, and it suggests the question whether it would be so very ruinous to our national church if now and then an English Presbyterian occupied her pulpits. Mr. Martin has put together all the materials at his disposal, and has produced an interesting little volume. The place where the French church meets is now sadly in need of restoration, and good Mr. Martin hopes to procure the means for doing it by circulating this sketch. Lovers of historical landmarks will take an interest in renovating the building, though we suppose that the number of Frenchmen in Canterbury cannot now be very great.

A Methodist Pioneer: the Life and Labours of John Smith. Including Notices of the Origin and Early History of Methodism in the North of Ireland. By the Rev. C. H. CROOKSHANK, M.A. 6s. Paternoster-row.

A VERY interesting record of the labours and sufferings of the pioneers of Methodism in the Sister Isle, among whom John Smith, once injurious and a blasphemer, occupied the foremost rank for apostolic zeal and success in soul-winning. The book is somewhat frag-

mentary, but it is full of incidents of hard toil and cruel usage suffered for Christ's sake, and much prey taken from the mighty, and many lawful captives delivered. Alas! this is all about a hundred years ago, and poor "disturbed Ireland" wants such men as John Smith, and many of them, *now*. May the Lord send them speedily.

The Jesuits: their Moral Maxims, Plots, etc. With a Dissertation on Ireland. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The Story of the Covenant, and the Services of the Covenanters, to the Reformation in Christendom. (Same author.) Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

Two earnest Protestant works, proving from history the baneful influence of Rome and her Jesuit pioneers. "*The Jesuits*" is a book which should be read and weighed by all who love the truth and the freedom which it brings. One fatal flaw has curdled a society with the highest aims into a crew with the meanest objects. By profession none among men have loftier aspirations than the Jesuits, but in reality none sink lower in the scale of truth.

The Sabbath Man's: therefore the Lord's Day. A Sermon by the Rev. T. M. PATERSON. Glasgow: C. Glass and Co.

A VERY sensible and Scriptural discourse upon a most important theme.

Seeds and Saplings: Original Outlines of Sermons and Sunday-school Addresses. Elliot Stock.

THESE outlines may be serviceable to lay preachers who are driven into a corner, but they are not very striking or suggestive; but for this reason they will be all the better adapted for the use of those likely to borrow them.

The Mother's Sabbath Month. Hymns and Meditations for a mother during her month of convalescence. Jarrold.

A WELL intentioned little book, if not particularly successful. We are afraid this "special portion" book business is being overdone: a few remarkable ones like Miss Havergal's occasion a whole host of imitators.

The One Thing; or, Invitations and Directions to Jesus. By CHARLES GLASS. Edited by R. LAIDLAW, M.B., F.R.C.S. Glasgow: Charles Glass and Co. London: Houlston and Sons.

A GOOD man's legacy to the young. The illustrations are of all sorts and sizes, in fact they are a medley of engravings; but we dare say they will be none the less pleasing to young eyes. Through every page there runs the purpose of enticing the young heart to Jesus—a purpose most earnestly, lovingly, and pleasantly pursued. It is emphatically a good book for boys and girls. The burning heart of its author warms every page; we are not wrong in using such an expression of one who has departed this life; for as no man loses any good thing by going to heaven, we may be sure that he has carried to glory all the zeal he felt while on earth. It is not a pretty book externally, but it will be of more value to the young than most of the elegant issues of the press.

Edgar Quinet; his Early Life and Writings. By RICHARD HEATH. With Portraits, Illustrations, etc. Trübner and Co.

WE hope our friends have not forgotten the article in our May number upon "The Religious Revolution in France." That was founded on Quinet's own writing, and we have been charmed to receive his life. This volume is the more interesting to us as the production of a Heath, a name of Maze Pond celebrity. Mr. Archibald Brown's grandfather was uncle to this Heath; talent has grown out of grace, and the Heaths are by no means barren. The biography itself is a valuable contribution to history, and is enriched with portraits and sketches, which greatly enhance its interest. Quinet deserves to be better known in England.

The Incarnation of God, and other Discourses. By the Rev. HENRY BACHELOR. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row.

THE primary aim of the author of these discourses is, we are informed, to prolong the influence of his ministry where he can no longer officiate in person, and a secondary aim is to extend the influence of his ministry beyond its former bounds. They presuppose a

qualification for appreciating them in the one case, which is not to be expected in the other. They who would avail themselves of the opportunity of judging the character of a ministry known to them only by reputation, are requested to suspend their judgment until other discourses have followed. "No discourse," it is acknowledged, "appears on the central truth of apostolical testimony"; and this is "not undesigned"; for the grandest truth is reserved for "a separate work." There is sufficient evidence that the apostolical central truth, and that of the author, coincide, but this renders it all the more desirable that the apostolical order both in preaching and writing should have been preserved. "I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." It would be more apostolical, too, so to combine the central theme with all other themes connected with it, that it might at all times appear. We must not, however, prejudge what is confessedly an incomplete manifestation of the truth as it is in Jesus. There is sufficient originality of thought and literary taste to render the productions of the author worthy of general perusal and of serious and deliberate consideration.

Infidelity Refuted; or, the Christian Safeguard against its Errors. By the Rev. W. PRESTON, M.A. Manchester: John Heywood and Sons, Deansgate.

EXTERNALLY this book is singularly unattractive, for the paper cover does not bear a line or word of title; but within there is much to commend. Persons in doubt as to vital truths will be helped by the clear, logical arguments here put in order; and those who seek the conversion of the sceptic will find in this treatise a powerful weapon for defence and attack. The form of question and answer spoils a book for consecutive reading, but it has its advantages when the object is controversy. If any of our readers are driven into contact with Atheists, and desire a handy book which may aid them in defending the truth, we would urge them to purchase Mr. Preston's little work.

William Morley Punshon, Preacher and Orator, 1824—1881. F. E. Longley.

Brought out to catch the demand of the hour. It contains a hasty but instructive sketch, three lectures, and some four sermons. It is not a bad shilling's worth.

John Wesley. By the Rev. R. GREEN. *The Rev. Rowland Hill: Preacher and Wit.* By E. W. BROOME. With an Introduction by the Rev JOHN STOUTON, D.D. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

THESE are numbers IV. and VII. of Cassell's Monthly Shilling Library, an enterprise to which we wish the utmost success. Here we have plenty for the money, and that plenty good. Two more interesting lives could scarcely have been selected for authors to work upon, and the writers have executed their tasks in a commendable manner. These works can be had in cloth at 2s. each, and they are well worth it.

The Gospel Pointing to the Person of Christ. By Rev. A. BONAR, D.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Stevenson.

YET another edition of this clear and sweet little book on Christ's Person as the centre and soul of the gospel record. An invaluable help for seekers after Christ, or for Christians who wish to walk in the light of his countenance.

The Voice of the Pulpit on Temperance. The Voice of Science on Temperance. Religious and Educational Aspects of Temperance. The History of Toasting. (1s. 6d. each.) National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand.

AN exceedingly useful series of temperance handbooks which ought to be in the library of every abstainer, and of all Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope. The first three contain well-selected sermons, scientific lectures, and essays and addresses by men and women whose names are familiar to many of our readers as able and earnest advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. The book, however, that we have found most interesting is the *History of Toasting*, by Dr. Richard Valpy French. We wish this little volume a very wide circulation, and hope it will be the means of lessening, if not

destroying, the far too prevalent custom of drinking toasts, at least in gatherings where Christians meet. What do some of our friends think of William Prynne's work, published in 1628, under the style of "Health's Sicknesse"? He calls it "A compendious and briefe discourse; proving the drinking and pledging of healthes to be sinfull and utterly unlawfull unto Christians," and in it he says, "So it seems the great Deuill-god Jupiter was the first inuenter, founder, and instituter of our Hellish and Heathenish Healthes, and that this drinking and quaffing of healthes had its originall and birth from Pagans, heathens, and infidels, yea, from the very Deuill himself; that it is but a worldly, carnall, prophane, nay, heathenish and deuillish custome, which savors of nothing else but Paganisme and Gentilisme; that it was but the Deuille's drinke-offering, or a part of that honour, reverence, worship, service, sacrifice, homage, and adoration which the Gentiles, witches, sorcerers, and infernall spirits gave to Belzebub, the prince of deuills, and every other deuill-gods, to whose honor, name, and memory they were first inuented and consecrated." After that who would not unite with the poet Witt, who wrote in 1767—

"E'en from my heart much health I wish,
No health I wish with drink, [wine,
Healths wish'd, not wash'd, in words, not
To be the best I think"?"

Popery and Patronage; or, Biographical Illustrations of Scotch Church History. By Rev. JABEZ MARRAT. 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS is odd! A book about rigid Calvinists by a Wesleyan, and published at the Methodist Book Room. We are glad to see it. It is time that all who love the Lord and believe in him should be able to see his grace in their fellow-believers and rejoice in it. Jerome had fallen out with Augustine, but he cried, "I cannot help loving Christ in Austin." Whatever our difference, we rejoice in the common salvation.

This is a handsome book, and it well deserves a large circulation, especially in Scotland where the names of Knox, Melville, Welsh, Henderson, Cameron, Boston, Erskine and the like will never die.

Monica's Choice. Religious Tract Society.

SPLENDID! To young people tempted by the deceitful fascinations of Ritualism and Romanism this tale may be worth its weight in pearls.

Humphrey Page and his wife Hannah, and other Stories. By Mrs. PROSSER. Religious Tract Society.

SURE to be worth its money, we said, as we saw who was the authoress. Let the reader make the investment, and if he regrets his bargain we shall be sorry for him. The design of the book is to illustrate the power of religion, to give peace and joy in the most adverse circumstances.

Kate and her Brother. Religious Tract Society.

A BOOK for girls; very simple, but good, and likely to do good, encouraging girls bereft of their parents to perseverance, and trust in God.

Little Redcap. By the Author of "Tales of Village School-boys." Religious Tract Society.

A BOOK for boys, stimulating them to do the right at any cost, and showing the certain reward of fidelity to true principle. By the force of example the lads may here learn how to become true men.

Plain Words on Temperance. Twenty-four interesting Sketches, with original Illustrations. By the Rev. CHARLES COURTENAY. Jarrold.

THE sketches are interesting, the illustrations are original, and the title is the best review we can give. This is the sort of book to give to Sam Timbers, in the hope that he will give up the habit of being "half-screwed." There's life and wit in the book, and fellows are likely to read and get good out of it.

The Fisherman's Boy; or, "All have not the same gifts." T. Nelson and Sons.

A TOUCHING little story about a boy who wanted to be a minister, but whose stammering speech prevented the fulfilment of his desire. An excellent gift book for a lad.

The Girls of Fairylee. By LETTICE LEE. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferricr.

A STORY of warning and example: showing how girls may either be a source of great sorrow and mischief, or of great joy and blessing. It is capitably written, all alive and interesting. Mothers could not do better than give it to Mary and Jane at Christmas, or on their birthday.

Kezzie's Corner. By MAY F. MCKEAN. Philadelphia American Baptist Publication Society.

A CLEVERLY written story, intended to show the folly of waiting for some single, grand opportunity of heroic service, and yet all the while neglecting the duties that lie close to hand. Faithfulness in everyday, prosaic life is shown to be true success in life. A capital gift for girls just growing up into womanhood.

Discipleship. By Mrs. PENNEFATHER. J. F. Shaw and Co.

INTO this little volume the devout authoress has managed to condense an immense amount of Scriptural teaching, and withal she has enforced it in a sweet, simple, but powerful manner. For guidance to young Christians of whatever age, we know nothing better than this, and many a minister might find in these brief papers suggestions for sermons, which would be very helpful to the people. The more of such holy, able writing the better: it makes even a reviewer's life bearable to come across such good grain amidst the winnowing. May this book have an increasing sale.

Chips. A Story of Manchester life. By SILAS K. HOCKING, F.R.H.S. F. Warne and Co.

A TOUCHING tale of two orphan lads, one of whom was driven out by his drunken foster-parents to perish in the snow, and the other rescued and set up for life by an old man who was himself a cripple. In his case, as in many others, benevolence was its own reward.

The Black Speck. A Temperance Tale. By F. W. ROBINSON. R. Wiltoughby, 27, Ivy-lane.

EXHIBITS the horrible results of drink and gambling. Satan has never run express trains to hell, because men go there faster by race-horses and wine.

The Lord that Healeth Thee. (Jehovah-Rophi). By W. E. BOARDMAN. Morgan and Scott.

THOUGH we have not been fully convinced by the arguments of this book, we have been much interested by the perusal of them. Have we still "the gifts of healing" in the church? Can diseases be removed by faith? We dare not answer in the negative, but we certainly should not consider the affirmative to be proved by Mr. Boardman. He seems to have great gifts of credulity as well as of faith, and some of his stories show that his mind is not only always child-like, but occasionally childish. This is the holiness brother: a man for whom we have the highest esteem as to his heart, but a much lower esteem as to his head. As good a man as ever lived, and as likely to be misled as any brother we know of. Such spirits as his either lead believers into greater knowledge of Christ, or into gross fanaticism; our brother has done so much of the former that he has to a large extent been preserved from the latter. We cannot pronounce a decided verdict upon the main question, though we are sure that faith can do much in the sphere of healing both minds and bodies; but we conceive that Mr. Boardman will not convince many, because side by side with really weighty reasons he has placed silly stories which tend to weaken our faith in his main argument. We are right glad to have met with the book; it has caused us much pleasure, awakened much thought, and caused, we hope, some increase of our faith.

The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature: also, Fifteen Sermons. By JOSEPH BUTLER. With a Life of the Author. By JOSEPH ANGUS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

WE should as soon think of reviewing the sun and moon as of criticizing "Butler's Analogy." Many headaches has he caused the youthful student; but in many cases they have been growing pains. The Tract Society has acted wisely in getting Dr. Angus to produce a student's edition with an analysis and indexes; no man living could do the work better, probably none so well.

Certainties of the Soul, and Speculations of Science, Scepticism, and Rationalism. Elective Affinities and Hereditary Descent. By the Rev. JOSEPH COOK. Ward and Lock.

AT eighteenpence this edition is as cheap as can be. We have commended these Lectures before, and we have no more to say; only we fear the market will be overdone with editions. Too many cooks spoil the profit.

An old Educational Reformer, Dr. Andrew Bell. By J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., Professor in the University of St. Andrew's. Wm. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

ONE of the most thoroughly *live* books we have read for a long time. Whatever we may think of the good, irascible, blackbrowed, and rather tiresome Dr. Bell, the originator of the monitorial system of education, Professor Meiklejohn, his biographer, is a perfect master of swift, sparkling, beautiful English, and no one can tire in reading his book. Dr. Bell was a Scotchman, which is, we suppose, being interpreted, a remarkable man. He presided over the Madras Asylum School, the masters of which he found in a state of chronic mutiny. No improvement he suggested could he get carried out. In a morning ride he saw some children in a native school writing with their fingers on sand; he galloped home shouting Eureka, and ordered the usher of the lowest classes to teach the alphabet on a sand-board. When the master peevishly refused, Dr. Bell thought himself of employing a boy, and lighted on a bright, intelligent, quick little lad of eight years, Johnnie Frisken, who became the head corner-stone of the world-famed "Madras system," the system of teaching by monitors. The name has died out now, and the "Bell and Lancaster Schools" are things of the past: but they contributed more powerfully than any other movement to give the impetus which has raised our National Elementary Education to its present efficiency. Dr. Bell died leaving £200,000. He endowed two chairs of education in the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's.

Board-School teachers should indulge themselves with the delight of reading this book.

Notes.

ON *Wednesday morning, September 7*, at nine o'clock, the long-afflicted wife of *J. A. Spurgeon*, our beloved brother, entered into rest. It is very singular that exactly eleven years before, on the same day of the week and month and year her brother, Captain Burgoyne, was drowned in the ironclad ship *Captain* in the Bay of Biscay. She was the daughter of General Sir John Burgoyne. She united with the church at the Metropolitan Tabernacle at the same time with her esteemed mother, and bore her witness for Christ with a courage characteristic of the family. Her attainments were great alike in languages, in music, and in general information: she was a living Concordance of the Bible, and could find any text in her own Bible at once. Her husband found in her a true helpmeet so long as strength sufficed, and to the last she did her utmost, selecting the hymns and tunes for the services up to the last Sabbath of her life. She has marked her copy of "Morning by Morning," August 29, page 242, at the passage referring to Carey's choice of an epithet:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Christ's kind arms I fall;
He is my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

She doubtless felt that this was her own condition in reference to her salvation. She died aged 44, having been married for twenty-one years. Her husband greatly feels his heavy loss, but recognizes also the great goodness of God in sustaining the patience of the sufferer and in lifting her higher in his own good time. She died in her bed, and not in her bath, as has been strangely stated in the papers. She passed away quoting the lines—

"Lift me higher! Higher!"

Another death which has touched us closely is that of *Dr. Manning*, of the Religious Tract Society. He has long been our most hearty friend and helper. His speech upon Colportage will not soon be forgotten; we published it in these pages under the heading of "The well-aimed Inkpot." His preaching during our late illness was greatly appreciated by Tabernacle friends. He was one of the most genial, lively, generous men we have met with. In him deep earnestness never soured into sternness, neither did liberality degenerate into laxity. Like his predecessor in office, *Dr. Davis*, he began life as a Baptist minister, but we rejoice to add that he remained to the close faithful to his

convictions. Those who knew him will miss his beaming face, and radiant smile, and hearty grip. We feel that we have lost a true friend, and what is more, the church has lost a valuable worker. "Be ye also ready."

The death of *President Garfield* creates among Christian people a feeling far deeper than that which arises from the decease of an ordinary ruler. He was a member of a section of the Baptist church, and the representative of that party in the United States which is the friend of the freedman. His fall is a serious blow to those in the States whose principles are on the side of righteousness. We believe that it will be overruled for the highest ends, but as it stands his murder is a great calamity. May his widow find a measure of consolation in the sympathy of all civilized nations, and comfort without measure in the tender mercy of her husband's God. England and America have been drawn together as by a common grief; may a feeling of concord thus sown in tears be reaped in joy. Some hundreds of Americans are to be found at the Tabernacle all through the summer, and thus the Pastor is drawn into close fellowship with believers on the other side of the ocean.

On *Friday evening, Sept. 9*, Charles Spurgeon, Pastor of the church at South-street, Greenwich, gave his popular lecture on "Hoarding Information; or, Lessons from Advertisements," in the Tabernacle in aid of the funds of the College. There was a large audience, who frequently applauded the good points of the lecture, which were very many. The subject was illustrated by a large number of beautifully executed dissolving views, reproducing very faithfully many of the striking advertising notices which meet us whenever we take our walks abroad. It is well thus to find thoughts on bill-stickers' hoardings, wisdom on walls, and sense in everything. The lecturer's address is 32, Devonshire-road, Greenwich.

On *Sunday evening, Sept. 11*, the Tabernacle was again thrown open to all comers, when not only was the building crowded to its utmost capacity, but we are assured that thousands were unable to enter, though anxious to gain admission. We know already that the word preached on that occasion was blessed to several persons, and we expect to hear that it was God's set time to favour many more. The sermon preached that evening is published under the title of, "Is it nothing to you?" Oh that the Holy Spirit would send a still more

abundant blessing upon the preaching of the word!

On *Friday evening, Sept. 16*, another meeting of the managers and workers for the ORPHANAGE BAZAAR was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of the Pastor, C. H. Spurgeon. Reports were presented of the efforts that are being put forth in various parts of the country to secure the success of the enterprise, and hopes were confidently expressed that as large a sum would be realized as on the occasion of the Silver Wedding Testimonial Bazaar. *Tuesday, Jan. 3, 1882*, was fixed for the opening day, and the sale will be continued during the three following days. It will require a vigorous effort to achieve success, but the object is so deserving that we hope helpers will come forward in every town. A lady friend taking it up in each congregation would help marvellously, and our Orphanage would soon be finished.

It will be seen from the acknowledgments on another page, that some friends have already begun to send contributions for the stalls, and an anonymous donor in Iquique, Peru, has forwarded £1 for the Bazaar Fund. We have also received intimations that friends are at work for us in Beverley, Halse, Hampstead, Haverfordwest, and Reading, but these we are sure do not represent a tithe, nor perhaps a hundredth part of the places from which we shall receive help for this object. It would be a great comfort to us to have just a line assuring us that our confidence is well-founded. The fogs are coming over us, and the Pastor stands in daily fear of a return of rheumatism; in which case he will have to leave this land of damps at once. It would tend to health to see the good work going on with vigour.

The Sunday-school teachers at the Orphanage have written to inform us officially that they have agreed to furnish a stall. Mr. Dunn's helpers at Richmond-street Mission Hall have promised a stall. They are meeting weekly to work, and will be glad to receive remnants or material that can be made up for sale. We have many willing workers at the Tabernacle whose needles would soon be in full action if they had materials. All contributions for this purpose should be addressed to the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and all parcels for the Bazaar should be sent to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham-road, London.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. E. Jasper leaves us to settle at Carshalton, and Mr. D. Macmillan becomes pastor of Hutton Bridge and King's Langley. Mr. R. M. Harrison, who recently returned to the United States after completing his course with us, has settled at New Durham, New Jersey; and Mr. Jesse Gibson has accepted an invitation to Plattsville, Canada.

Mr. W. Coombs has removed from King Stanley, to Princes Risborough; and Mr. W. Hollinshead, from Rattlesden to Eye.

Mr. E. H. Edwards, B.M., who has been working during the past year in connection with the London Medical Mission, has recently been appointed Resident Physician to the Hospital for Women, Soho-square, where he hopes to become still more fully qualified for the medical mission work abroad.

Mr. H. R. Brown writes more hopefully than he did a month ago about his work at Darjeeling, but it is evident that he will not be able to hold the fort for Christ there without even more heroism than was needed in leaving his church in England for the foreign mission field. Our confidence is in God that he will be upheld and prospered. Are there no others like-minded who will volunteer for work in India? We have another request for a pastor to go out, but know not where to find the man.

The missionary zeal of the students of the College has been fanned more than usual during the past month. At the Tabernacle missionary prayer-meeting on *Monday, Sept. 5*, Mr. A. Haegert gave us a most interesting account of his medical missionary labours in Santhalistan. One of the students has already applied to him for permission to return with him, and to assist him in his work. Then, on *Friday afternoon, Sept. 9*, by request of the College Missionary Association, Dr. Landels addressed the students on the claims of foreign missions, and the President, who occupied the chair, earnestly emphasized the doctor's appeals for more men for the lands that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. Again, on *Sept. 16*, Bishop McTyeire, from Tennessee, and Dr. Andrews, President of the College in Louisiana, delegates to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, delivered short addresses, and Mr. W. M. Webb, a coloured pastor from Jamaica, spoke of the need of evangelistic work in connection with the Baptist churches in that island.

We have received from the deacons and other friends forty pounds, as promised at the meeting at Mr. Tritton's, for the purchase of a new tent to be used for evangelistic services in connection with the College. The former tent was worn out in affording shelter for congregations, and in travelling to and fro. We shall be prepared with a new tabernacle in the wilderness next spring.

College Stall at the Bazaar.—We hope our brethren who have gone out from the College will be able to render much help in furnishing the College Stall at the Orphanage Bazaar. There are many from whom we cannot expect much, as in consequence of the agricultural depression they can barely live, but there are others who may be able to assist us without in any way injuring other useful objects. Brethren, do not forget that the children of some who were once of your number, have found a happy home at Stockwell, some are there now, and in all probability when the new houses are filled, some will be found there

whose fathers in days gone by were trained in the College. All parcels and communications for this stall should be addressed to the Secretary, Pastors' College, Temple-street, Newington.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have commenced their London campaign during the past month by holding services at Mr. Cuff's Tabernacle at Shoreditch. From the very first meeting great crowds have been attracted to hear our brethren preach and sing the gospel, and already many signs of spiritual blessings are apparent. On Sunday afternoons the building, which holds nearly three thousand, has been filled with *men only*, to each of whom one of our sermons was presented as they left the Tabernacle. Mr. Cuff says, "It is a splendid sight to see so many skilled mechanics together." Night after night during the week every seat has been occupied, and large numbers have remained after the services for prayer and conversation about their souls. On Wednesday afternoon, 14th ult., a service was held for *women only*, when there were between 1,500 and 1,600 present, beside babies. On Saturday night, 17th, a Song Service was held in accordance with the evangelists' usual practice; and on Sunday morning, 18th, a service for Christian workers was held at seven o'clock, in addition to the regular morning and evening services, and the meeting for *men only* in the afternoon. Mr. Cuff thus describes these gatherings: his letter was not intended for publication, and we hope he will forgive our taking the liberty; it is so warm, so fresh, so kind that it ought not to be lost.

"Shoreditch Tabernacle,

Sunday, Sept. 18, 10 a.m.

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—The 'Song Service' last night was an *unbounded success*. The place was suffocatingly full, and there were literally hundreds who strove about the doors, and then at the gates, pleading in vain to get in. Our two beloved brethren were both at their very best, and did exceedingly well, the Lord being with them. These Song Services of Mr. Charlesworth are unique in interest and power. They add vastly to the rest of the work. There is so much gospel in them, put in a novel, taking, yet proper manner. They must do good. Fancy four thousand people of all sorts moved by them on a Saturday night in a district so busy as this! Let the fact tell their power. Sceptics and Christians alike came last night. We know the people, and therefore write with certainty. Mr. Passmore and Mr. Charlesworth were here last night; and they can testify to what I tell you. In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established.

"We had a service this morning at seven o'clock. There was a very large gathering, and the two dear fellows were here in good time. They were again at their best, and it was the best service we have yet held. The Tabernacle seemed full of holy power. The

Lord was here. I hope these things will cheer your heart in the midst of all you have to try your faith and hope. It was something for you to take *me* into the College, and fit me for the ministry. It was no small matter for the Lord to move his people to give money to build this house; but now he has given to you to set in motion such a work as Fullerton and Smith are doing, not only here, but everywhere they go. I am glad they come from the dear old College. May the good Lord send more men to the College who will step out of old ruts, and be men of originality and real power!

"2.30 p.m.—A crowded house at 11, and a word of much power from Mr. Fullerton. The men are now crowding in for their service. Oh, for power! I am now stopped by a man who enters & tell me an infidel was here at 7 this morning, and so touched was he that he has just come into the Tabernacle, and vows to a friend that by God's help he will seek Christ. We are going specially to pray for him. What wonders does the old gospel achieve! I will continue by-and-by. These are scraps . . .

Afternoon service for men just now over. If it be possible the place was more crammed than last Sunday afternoon, and there was £1 13s. more in the offering. Last Sunday they gave £7. Mr. Smith preached, Mr. Fullerton read, and I prayed. What a sight! This huge place crowded with men of every class and condition! I am contented to leave all results with God, for I know he will save many through his word."

The meetings are still continuing while we write. On *Sunday, October 2*, our brethren go to Mr. Sawday's Chapel, at Pentonville.

During the whole of the past month Mr. Burnham has been working in conjunction with Messrs. Kendon, Kipling, and Mayo, among the hop-pickers in Kent. Up to the time of writing, the services appear to have been very encouraging. Readers of the magazine are familiar with the plan of operations, and therefore it is not necessary to give details here, but only to say that each night in the week a service has been held either at Staplehurst, Horsmonden, Lamberhurst, Kilndown, Marden, or Goudhurst, and that on Sundays special efforts have been made to get at the hop-pickers by visiting them in their camps, inviting them to free teas, and in all other possible ways trying to bring them under the sound of the gospel. It will prove a lasting blessing to London if her poor children shall return from the hop-gardens made into children of the living God.

This month Mr. Burnham is to visit Leighton Buzzard and Malton.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTIC CHORAL SOCIETY.—The honorary secretary, Mr. R. Bailey, asks us to inform our readers that this society recommences practice on Thursday evening, Oct. 6, at 8.30, in the College buildings. They will be

pleased to welcome any who can sing, and are capable of reading music at sight fairly. Further particulars can be obtained of the secretary, 145, Tottenham-court-road, W. *We shall need a good choir to support the efforts of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, when they commence work in the Tabernacle.*

ORPHANAGE.—A special word of thanks is due to Mr. Geo. Hammer for his generous gift of thirty-two desks to accommodate sixty-four children in school, and to Mr. Walker, of Dunfermline, for sufficient table-cloths for the entire Girls' Orphanage. Mr. James Toller, of Waterbeach, has also sent one hundred and twenty bushels of potatoes and three sacks of flour, the produce of "The Orphanage acre."

PERSONAL NOTES.—A friend in Scotland sends us the following extract from a letter received by him from a nephew in London:—"I went to hear Spurgeon last night. [Our free service, Sept. 11.] He was preaching on, 'Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.' His last head was—*What have you to do with him?* He urged us to consider and to decide either that we had or had not an interest in Christ's work; if we had an interest in it to accept it; and if not to say so at once. This led me seriously to consider what I was going to do with the salvation bought at the cost of such terrible sorrow and agony. When I had got safe to my room at night, I began to think it over. There was a Daily Text-book on the table, so I just took it up, thinking I might get some help there. The very first page I opened began with, 'I have seen his way, and will heal him.' 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' I saw at once that the One who knows all my transgressions is the Lord that healeth me, and so I was able simply to trust in him without waiting for a better state of feelings, or anything else. . . . I know you have prayed for me. God has answered your prayers; may you have the joy of continuing to see them answered in a life spent in serving him."

One of our church-members writes:—"Dear Pastor,—I have often noticed in *The Sword and the Trowel* the personal notes of good done by your printed sermons in this and other countries, and since my wife (a member with you from the time of New Park-street) and I have rejoiced over these notes very much, I feel it has been wrong of me not to send you this line before. You were preaching about nine years ago upon the subject of the man who was brought to Jesus on his bed, and let down through the roof, and I remember very distinctly how you pleaded with us that bands of four should bring unconverted relations to Jesus. The idea seized other two as well as ourselves, our then school superintendent, and a lady friend, and we pledged our word outside the Tabernacle that we would not cease to pray for our superintendent's daughter, and my wife's father, that the four of us would bring them to

Jesus whenever we came to him in prayer. We did so. Our superintendent's daughter was brought to the Lord six months afterwards, and joined the church meeting at York-road Chapel, Lambeth, lived another twelve months, and died of rapid consumption, nay, sweetly fell asleep, rejoicing in the Lord. Our father was taken ill with consumption of the bowels, and laid on a sick bed for thirteen weeks, and then passed away to be with Jesus. His testimony was in these words, the last of any import that he said: 'I know you have been deeply anxious on my account, but you need not be, for I have laid my sins on Jesus, and he has forgiven them all. I know he has done it, and they are all gone.' After this he could never bear his daughter and myself to be absent from his side for a moment, and never was he so glad as when one of us breathed a word of prayer for him. To show his sincerity he spoke to every one who came to see him, exhorting them to live differently in their lives, to attend the means of grace, and so on. You will see how much room we have to feel grateful that ever your sermon stirred us up in this way when I add that our father was at one time an infidel."

One of our workers writes:—"My Dear Pastor,—On a Sunday evening, about two years since, one of the constables told me that a great invalid was very desirous of hearing you preach. She was in a chair at the door, and was brought in by her husband and Ben. She looked the picture of health. I offered her several seats, but she chose to occupy the very back one. I could not understand her helplessness until she told me she had no particle of leg, and that for two years she had been praying to God and begging of her husband to bring her to London, that she might hear you preach. I asked how far she had come, and she replied, 'From near Colchester.' I said, 'You pray and beg for two years, and come that distance to hear a man, how far would you go to hear Jesus?' Mr. Spurgeon would not thank you to come to hear him unless through him you hoped to hear his dear Master Jesus.' I implored her to pray God that she might see Jesus. She burst into tears and replied, 'I will try, sir.' I told her husband I would see them again after the service. I did so, and oh! what a face. I saw in a moment Jesus was with her. I asked, 'Have you seen Jesus?' She said, 'Yes.' I asked what he was like. She replied, 'So glorious.' I said, 'Yes, he is glorious, and so good. He specially calls the halt, the lame, and the blind to trust him, and rejoice in his salvation.' Turning to her husband, I remarked, 'You cannot be indifferent, can you?' He said, 'I believe Jesus Christ was the Son of God, but I don't know about salvation.' We were among the last to leave the Tabernacle, and I trust we shall meet in heaven."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—August 25, sixteen; September 1, seventeen.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
ML C. S. F.	0	13	0	"A Friend," per Alton Bank	100	0	0
Circular Head, Tasmania	2	0	0	Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Cowlingo Congregational Church	0	18	0	Miss E. Brothwell	0	4	6
Children's Box	0	4	3	Mr. Philip Hooper	1	0	0
				Mr. John Moody, profits on sale of photographs of Orphanage Choir	0	8	6
Rev. J. S. Exell	2	2	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	4	0	4
A poor member	0	0	4	Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per list below	78	17	8
E. D. A.	1	0	0	Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as per list below	9	4	6
Mr. Chas. Clark	0	10	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harris	3	3	0	Mrs. Renshaw	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Geo. Anders	1	3	0	Mr. J. Wilcs	1	1	0
A few Friends, per Mr. Dacon	0	5	0				
Mrs. Collins	0	0	6				
A. P.	0	3	0				
Mr. Wm. Needham	1	0	0				
Stray coppers from Mrs. Hearnden's children	0	1	9				
					£393	5	9

Boys' Collecting Cards.—Andrews, F. J., £1 1s 2d; Atterbury, G. C., 10s; Atkins, R., 6s; Anderson, A., 3s 6d; Bush, R., £1 1s; Barnes, O., 12s; Baker, F., 5s; Bryant, B., 10s 6d; Buckingham, W., 4s 4d; Baxter, H. E., £1; Brock, H., 9s; Banyard, T., £1; Bell, H., 8s 10d; Barrett, G., 10s 9d; Buttfield, G., 9s; Bell, S., 10s 7d; Bailey, F., £1 1s; Brown, H. N., 17s 3d; Burchett, T. C., £4 6s 1d; Birch, W. H., £1 1s; Brooker, E. G., £1; Cheek, D., 10s; Crabb, A., 5s 6d; Cornford, R., 15s 6d; Childs, W. D., 3s 7d; Cornwall, J., 11s; Clayton, A., 2s 2d; Crouch, W., £1 1s; Church, F., 15s; Creasey, E., 6s; Clinker, H., 6s; Duff, E., 8s; Deacon, G., 13s; Dean, W., 6s; Davis, W., £1; Davison, A., 4s 7d; Dance, H., 4s; Davis, C., 2s 6d; Edmonds, C. H., 5s 6d; Edwards, C., 6s 7d; Eldridge, A., 11s; Fishbourne, F., 3s 3d; Foster, A., 7s. 10d; Forbes, P. L., £1; Fisher, F. G., 3s 8d; Foster, G., 6s; French, H. G., 1s 8d; Frost, A. J., 12s 4d; Fletcher, C. H., 5s; Green, S. T., 8s; Gladwin, W., 6s 3d; Gardiner, A. H., 10s; Golding, H., £1; Groves, H., 2s; Gardiner, S., 9s; Green, C., 1s 6d; Glaysher, G., 10s 6d; Hart, L., 6s; Hart, R. E., £1 1s.; Hart, R. A., 3s; Hall, C., 2s 6d; Hopcroft, A., £1 1s.; Herrmann, J., 4s 9d; Hitch, T., 4s 6d; Hunt, C., 4s; Hall, G. S. P., £1; Harris, A. V., 5s 6d; Head, J. S., £1; Hunt, G., 8s; Harré, G. F., 6s; Hallett, C., 8s 1d; Haynes, C., 3s; Hobbs, W., 1s 6d; Hughes, A., 2s 6d; Hutt, W., £1; Jones, C., 3s 6d; King, H., 7s; Kemp, G. A., 4s; Knibb, C., 6s 4d; Lloyd, A. T., 12s; Lamb, E., 10s 2d; Lewis, E., 4s 1d; Lake, W., £1 7s; Leake, E., £1; Miller, R. L., £1; Martin, A., 6d; Maxted, G. C., 2s; Messenger, J., £1; Moore, A., 5s 1d; Marendaz, F., 17s 6d; Mantkelow, E. J., 4s; Martindale, W., £1 1s; Northern, F., 10s; Nearn, J. A., £1 1s; Neale, W. J., 10s 6d; Oliver, T., 4s; Owen, A., 2s 6d; Pearcey, G. F., 1s; Pascall, J., £1; Poole, T., 7s; Poole, A., £1 7s 10d; Pearce, J., 8s; Powell, A., 5s; Parker, E. G., 9s 6d; Part, G., £1; Ratcliffe, J., 6s 2d; Rees, J., £1; Rouse, T., 6s; Ramell, J., 3s; Ruffhead, F., £1; Read, F., 4s; Reels, M., 3s 4d; Rangroft, J., 2s; Smith, E. H., 6s; Smith, Herbert, 15s 9d; Smith, P., 8s 3d; Smith, A., 2s 6d; Simmons, Y. A., 7s; Schultz, A., 4s 1d; Standley, G. T., 3s 8d; Sully, H., 4s. 2d; Smale, W., 5s; Scott, F., 3s 9d; Sayers, H., 6s; Switzer, E. T., 2s 3d; Snow, W., 4s; Strond, V., 16s 6d; Schofield, F., 3s 5d; Stickland, E., 6s 2d; Taylor, P., 4s; Thomas, C., 6s 6d; Tompkins, S., 5s; Tilly, T., £1; Thompson, E., 2s 6d; Towell, C., 7s; Topley, W., 7s 6d; Tyler, G., 3s; Usher, C., 1s 6d; Underwood, E., 10s; Vardell, H., 7s; Weller, W., 2s; Weston, W., 11s 6d; Wackrell, H., £1; Wiggins, H., 11s 6d; Williams, W., £1 1s; Webster, W., 6s 4d; Waters, H., 5s 2d; Wills, M., £1 4s 2d; Whitelock, M., 3s 2d; Ward, H. E., 15s; White, C. F., £1; Willis, W. C., 3s 4d; Willis, W., 5s 1d; Wilks, A. H., 4s 6d; Whiter, H., 4s 8d; Wills, C. W., £1; White, A., 14s 7d.—Total Boys' Cards, £78 17s 8d.

Girls' Cards.—Adams, M., 1s 9d; Adams, E., 1s 9d; Adams, N., 10s 3d; Burridge, M., A., 5s 2d; Burgess, J., 3s 1d; De Laiche, B., 4s 6d; Donnelly, G., 1s 10d; Eagle, S., 8s; Foreman, L., £1 0s 6d; Gould, L., 8s; Hart, L., 10s 5d; James, F., £1 1s; Kirby, J., 12s; Lee, E., 2s 6d; Lugsden, W., 4s; Marshall, M., 7s 5d; Moore, E., 11s 4d; Spear, S., 16s 9d; Stevens, M., 4s 6d; Willis, Ada, 6s; White, A., 7s 3d.—Total Girls' Cards, £9 4s. 6d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division).—Provisions:—12 Stones Veal, 17 Bushels Pears and Apples, and 3 Bags of Greens, Mr. Arnold; a quantity of Apples and Pears, Mr. Plummer; a Sack Flour and a Sack Potatoes, "M. H. A."; a Sack Split Peas, "S."

Clothing.—A Flannel Shirt, Miss Ash; 19 pairs Trousers, Mr. Soudy; a Boy's Vest, Mr. Sheppard; 13 Ends of Cloth, Mrs. Webster; 10 Felt Hats, Mr. Wilmshurst.

GENERAL:—Some Writing Fluid, Mr. Facey.

(Girls' Division).—Clothing:—24 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Article, Miss Sarah Sugg.

GENERAL:—5 Volumes for Library, Miss Marshall; 32 New Desks for sixty-four children, Mr. George Hammer.

FOR BAZAAR:—24 Articles, W. Barnes; 12 Articles, A Friend, per W. Barnes; 6 Articles, and a Set of Toilet Mats, Emily Grange; 16 Articles, "Harrogate"; 2 Articles, Mrs. R. Oakley; an Antimacassar, Miss Terry; an Ice Wool Shawl, Mrs. Hart; a pair of Woolen Slippers and sundry Articles, the late Miss Caffyn.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

List of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
E. S.	0	5	0	Jane and Helen	0	0	6
An Invalid, Clapham-park	0	2	6	P. A.	0	3	0

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
In memory of Alice Mead	...	1	11	6	A Friend, Corsham	...	1	0	0
G. C., Cheltenham	...	0	10	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
The Mission Box, Houston, per J. M. Lang	...	1	0	0	A Scotch Farmer	...	1	0	0
A Friend	...	0	10	0	M. A. H.	...	6	0	0
A few Baxtergate friends, Loughborough	...	1	0	0	G. T. W.	...	0	5	0
T. G., Iquique, Peru (for the Bazaar)	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Emma Stringer	...	5	0	0
A Sermon Reader	...	1	0	0	Mr. Edward Bott	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Mingins	...	1	0	0	Miss Houghton	...	5	0	0
A Mother	...	0	5	0	Strawberry Money	...	0	6	0
Miss Annie Kennedy	...	0	4	0	Friends at Henley-in-Arden, per Mrs. John Lord	...	0	10	0
J., Middlesbro'	...	0	1	0	An Invalid, Clapham Park	...	0	2	6
A Lover of Jesus	...	0	5	0	Mr. James Standing	...	1	0	0
"My tobacco allowance"	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Marshall	...	0	10	0
Miss Macluren	...	2	10	0					
An Invalid, Bradford	...	0	1	0					
Mrs. Baker	...	5	0	0					
							£37	14	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.	
Mr. J. Cory, for Castletown	...	10	0	0
Arundel District	...	10	0	0
Munchinhampton District	...	10	0	0
High Wycombe District	...	5	0	0
Wolverhampton District	...	10	0	0
Sunningdale and Ascot District	...	10	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	...	7	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	...	6	5	0
Sunderland District	...	10	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington	...	5	0	0
Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	...	10	0	0
		£93	15	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.	
Mr. John Roberts	...	0	10	0
Mr. Bowley	...	0	1	0
Miss Pringle	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Howard	...	5	0	0
T. L. W.	...	10	10	0
The Mission Box, Houston, per J. M. Lang	...	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.	
Mrs. M. Wilkinson	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Tritton	...	5	0	0
Mr. E. Hooper	...	0	10	0
H. I., Malta	...	3	0	0
Mr. Spurgeon, from Miss Durnall's Legacy	...	20	0	0
Mrs. S. Ineary	...	2	10	0
Miss A. Whately	...	0	2	0
Mr. James B. Hay	...	5	0	0
Mr. C. Ball	...	5	0	0
H. M.	...	20	0	0
Miss Challinor	...	0	10	0
L. H.	...	0	6	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	...	0	10	0

Annual Subscriptions:—

Mrs. Jenkins	...	1	0	0
Rev. W. A. Blake	...	0	10	6
Mrs. E. P. Billborough	...	1	1	0
Mr. Marshall	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. J. Thompson	...	1	0	0
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	...	2	2	0
The Misses Dransfield	...	1	1	0
		£88	18	6

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.	
Balance of Collection at Warrington, per Mr. Burnham	...	4	0	0
Balance of Collection at Hill Cliffe, per Mr. Burnham	...	0	12	0
Additional Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services in Yorkshire	...	1	0	0
M. W. H. Williams, Chefoo	...	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.	
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Allan	...	25	0	0
Mrs. Marshall	...	0	10	0
		£37	7	0

Received, with thanks, for Indian Missions, A. P. G., £5; for Baptist Missionary Society, E. S., 3s.

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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

“He had something to say, and said it.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



THE worth of a criticism depends immensely on the character and judgment of the critic. The above might be reckoned a satisfactory, if not a flattering report, provided he who uttered it was competent to judge both of the matter and delivery. It would be no compliment to remark, “He had something to say, and said it,” if that *something* were better left unsaid. He who praises mere fluency is a mere flatterer. ’Tis said that “reading makes a full man”; but if the reading is only that of trashy novels and penny horrors, would not the man be better empty? Even so, although it is an undoubted advantage to have something to say, it must be just, pure, and of good report, or the orator had almost better be tongue-tied. Let the swine trough be as full as it may, it can never be a dainty dish to set before either king or commoner.

It is well if the waterpots are full to the brim; but how much better when the Saviour’s look has made the water blush itself to wine. Christ did not say “draw out” until the change had been effected, and many a caterer at our “feasts of reason” would do well to make sure that his “something to say” is not mere water before he says it. What better way is there to ensure body and force in our speeches and addresses than to take them to the Master, and get him, when we have done our best, to turn the water into wine? Is anything worth saying unless Jesus has first smiled upon it?

Provided, then, that the subject of the discourse was excellent, what louder praises could be accorded to the speaker than this critique contains? The report signifies that the matter was good, and the utterance too. The well was full of bright, clear water; but, better still, the liquid bubbled up and overflowed. The fire in the grate looked bright and cheerful, and, best of all, it radiated its heat throughout the room, and did not simply warm the chimney, as some fires do. The flower was fresh and fair, but it was fragrant too, and the house was filled with its delicious perfume.

Speakers, public and private, may be divided into several distinct classes.

At the top of the ladder are those who have "*something to say, and say it,*" something really worth the hearing, well and pleasingly related.

A rung or two below these is the standpoint of those who have *something to say, but, for the life of them, cannot say it.* Such possess the matter, but not the mouth. Far beneath these are certain orators who literally *have nothing to say, good, bad, or indifferent, and, very wisely, do not say it.* They rise to take their seats, and appear to disappear, and everybody thinks them wise in doing so—their shortness is their sweetness. But in the lowest grade of all I class those long-winded brethren who *have nothing to say, and say it!* Anomalous as this may appear on paper, it is by no means a fabrication.

"For 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say."

Amongst the first and noblest order are persons who when visiting can talk of something beyond the weather; who when speaking after tea-fights have a sound and solid speech to deliver; who when preaching provide strong meat and wholesome fare. These are the sort of men we want on our platforms at public meetings and social gatherings. Such glorious opportunities of doing good should not be wasted. He who rises unprepared and occupies twenty minutes dispensing the essence of nothing-at-all, the same is a thief and a robber; he has stolen precious minutes from men and women who have none to spare. He is responsible for no end of undarned stockings and unsquared accounts; for these would have been attended to had not mothers and fathers come to the meeting in expectation of a profitable evening. But oh what delight it is to listen to a man who makes you feel at once that he has something to impart, and that if you go away empty from such a fountain it must be because the lid is over the mouth of your pitcher, since the stream splashes all about it.

When everything at the feast is solid and substantial he has himself to blame who goes away half-starved. Speakers who have sound matter and ready utterance are indeed highly blest. They hold their audience in double chains. Listeners lose themselves, and are wholly taken up with the theme. They have lent the orator their ears and hearts, and will not get them back again till he has done. The time is anything but wasted, the socks and ledgers will be all the better done by-and-by. This rapt attention is due partly to the interesting way in which the subject is treated. The substantial dish is nicely garnished and is well served, and even when medicine is administered, the sweet comes so soon after it that the bitter taste is hardly noticed. Some men have the knack of making a dry subject deeply interesting, and others vice versâ. A party of high-spirited youths went, long years ago, to Exeter Hall to hear J. B. Gough, and loaded their pockets with oranges, nuts, and other delicacies wherewith they thought to beguile the tedium of the evening. But there was no tedium! The boys had other fruit to taste and other nuts to crack, and, wending their way homewards, talking of the tragic incidents and humorous tales of Mr. Gough's speech, they suddenly became conscious of the pleasing fact that their pockets were still full; the fruit had remained untasted.

I venture to say that Mr. Gough never had a better proof of the power of his oratory. Only fancy, oranges, and nuts, and apples so close to hand, yet quite forgotten! O childish memory, where hast thou fled? This is not the way of boys! What a triumph! Well done J. B. G.! Would God that every lecturer had your power, and had caught your spirit! There have been both "sunlight and shadow" in your life; but I count this victory one of the brightest of the sunbeams. You had "something to say, and said it" so well, that the counter charms of eatables, usually quite irresistible to the juvenile mind, were quite eclipsed. In accord with this may be told the story of two colonial boys whose lot it was to *sit under* (peculiar expression that!) a parson whose sermons were, at least in their esteem, like the bones in Ezekiel's vision, "very dry." A gracious providence (so the youngsters thought) sent a simpler preacher to the place, but under the impression that the "dry" one was to perform that evening the younger saith to the elder, "How I wish I had some lollies for to-night" (colonials call all sweetmeats lollies). Whereupon the elder made reply, "You won't need them—no fear" (very colonial), "Mr. So-and-So is going to preach;" and the regrets were ended. A sermon that prevents the necessity of turning the sanctuary into a sweet-shop is one of the right sort. It seems to me that talking to the level—and who shall call it a low level?—of children ensures the interest of all, whereas he who shoots high may miss everybody. And why should either old or young be subjected to dull monotonous discourses, when spirited, plain-spoken addresses will convey the same truths in far more acceptable form? Let the gospel, by all means, be garnished. We will have some gravy with the joint. I would suggest, however, though I am no cook myself, that the gravy should come out of the meat; in other words, that all that is said by way of making the truth palatable be the essence of the truth itself.

I have heard of a joint of meat being removed from the table to have some gravy put to it, and coming back in such a condition as to justify a suspicion that the turning of the hot water tap, which was heard running during the joint's temporary absence, had a decided connection with the gravy (?) which flooded it on its return. It is possible for the Christian minister to do something of the kind with the simple gospel. He has a good joint; but lest it should be dry he spouts over it to such an extent as to well-nigh swamp it. "Found drowned" is the verdict on the skeleton of such a sermon.

How many, too, spoil the story by everlastingly starting from the same point, and travelling over the same rails. Now if the material must be the same—and we want "the same old stuff"—surely we may have it made up variously. We tire of the same shapes, and fashions, and folds, and pleats. I'm no more a milliner than a cook, but these three things I know, that mutton, mutton, mutton, day after day at sea, makes one relish a cut of beef on shore; that a change of fit or fashion pleases the eye as a variety of food the taste; and that a hum-drum, as-it-was-in-the-beginning-is-now-and-ever-shall-be style of preaching is as unbearable as continual mutton or unchanging mode of dress. From such turn away. No! Let the glorious gospel of the blessed God be proclaimed happily and heartily. Sydney Smith said of prosy sermons that

"They are written as if sin were to be taken out of a man like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep." We are justified in preaching soporific sermons only when we, like Paul, can bring Eutychus to life again.

Having no sympathy with those who muddle a good message, we reserve our pity for those who rank in class No. 2. They are as well-informed as the first, but how to impart they know not. The President of the Pastors' College once proposed to present just such a brother with a corkscrew; thereby indicating that the recipient had some good sparkling stuff within, which never came to light. Such men when once drawn out (rather if the cork is drawn) have astonished and delighted their audiences. As a rule, however, there is a stone over the mouth of the well, the fount is sealed. O that scent-bottle! I shall not forget it in a hurry. It had a glass stopper in its mouth which wouldn't stir. Hitting, and screwing, and heating, and greasing, all were of no avail. It was literally a *stopper*. And there was such lovely perfume within if you could only get at it! Well, we could break the *bottle's* head off; but such extreme measures are hardly to be recommended in the student's case.

A friend showed me a magnificent clock a while ago. Such a contrivance it was! It not only told the time, but the days, and the months, and the moons: it struck, and chimed, and alarmed, and I don't know what it didn't do—yes, I remember, *it didn't go!* It is all very well to keep a stylish steed, but many a horse is "a good 'un to look at" which is not "a good 'un to go," and I for one would rather have a goey one than a showy one.

There is a great river in Australia called the Murray, navigable, I think, for nearly two thousand miles, tributaries included. I stood at its mouth one day, and watched the waters as they made for the sea between the shifting sandbanks. It was a narrow estuary for such a mighty stream, and almost entirely impracticable for vessels. The river failed at the most important spot, and its trade suffers in consequence. See here a picture of the well-informed speaker whose mouth is not enlarged. There are two thousand miles of good matter in him, but there are sandbanks in his throat which choke the outflow.

This is sometimes the case with a man whose appearance leads you to expect great things. He has an ample forehead, an intelligent countenance, a manly frame. He is head and shoulders above his fellows, an eagle among the birds, a lion amid the beasts. But, alas, his tongue is not proportionate to his frame, his wings are clipped, and as with Daniel's lions, his mouth is stopped. As a small solatium to the brother who deserved the corkscrew, but who, by the way, did not get it, I compose the following ode, humbly dedicating it to him and his fraternity.

If the stopper were out, what lovely scent!
 What shouldn't we know if the clock only went?
 The horse is a beauty if he would but go.
 If the mouth were not choked how the river would flow!
 The cork once drawn; the works in motion;
 The horse at full canter; the stream free to ocean;

What perfume, what chiming, what paces, what trade!
 Brother Corkscrew, your fame and your fortune are made!
 Meanwhile, for your comfort, let me suggest,
 Of two certain evils you suffer the least,
 Far better have knowledge, though it won't come out,
 Than nothing to say, and yet to "spout"!

A branch of the society we have labelled No. 2 comprises orators whose deficiency lies in the fact that when they attempt to say anything, by a strange fatality, they manage to say something else; a parody on what they really meant. Some of these hail from the Emerald Isle, and who can blame them for being true to their colour, while others develop a taste for the verdant, and yet cannot plead their nationality as an excuse.

A message was brought to a minister which ran somewhat as follows: "Mrs. A. wants to know if you will be good enough to bury her husband. She feels sure that had he been alive he would have wished you to bury him." Poor soul, she had something to say, but either she did not say it, or the bearer perverted the message. A good deacon rose in a prayer-meeting to read a note from the pastor, whom a few days before he had seen off on a holiday, and said, "Dear friends, I had the great pleasure of seeing the last of our dear pastor on Wednesday." Everyone knew what the good man meant, but he did not say it.

I remember on one occasion asking the question, in a tone of voice, too, that boldly challenged any attempt to answer, "Which of you by taking thought can add one stature to his cubit?" This was *scarcely* what I intended. Somewhat similar was the mistake made by a man who, attempting to describe what his feelings had been when very ill, exclaimed, "I thought every moment would be my next." An early settler described to me his first visit to the diggings. He and his party were bound for a certain mining settlement. Said he, "It took me three whole weeks to go, and *we have never got there yet.*"

The fact was they were not properly equipped, so at the next attempt they made every provision. "We took a pack-horse with us," said the chronicler, "but the brute had never had a pack on his back before!" The absurdity of a pack-horse which had never carried a pack caused a hearty laugh. This having died away we learnt that in consequence of the novelty of its situation the steed reared up, fell backward on the provisions, and made a most remarkable conglomeration of the candles, and tea and sugar, and butter, and flour, and salt, etc., etc. There was no opportunity of renewing the supply, or of separating the delicacies, so our worthy diggers took a handful or two of the compound, when meal-time came, and cooked it in their "billy." Sometimes it was very salt, sometimes very sweet, sometimes indescribable. Possibly it was on this occasion that my friend first learned to mix his metaphors, and mingle his meanings. Other speakers, who have not been gold hunting, have been heard to make most remarkable jumbles of good provisions that would have been first-rate separate and distinct.

(To be continued in our next.)

Philip Doddridge.*

DR. DODDRIDGE, the saintly and scholarly man, who, as James Hamilton said, "gave the mightiest impulse to the work of rearing an educated Nonconformist ministry in England," is yet, so far as any definite presentation of his life is concerned, too much forgotten in the present day; though we cannot agree with our charming author that his memory is faded away to such an extent that people will ask, "Did he write anything besides the 'Pilgrim's Progress'?" The great tinker's work is too exclusively his own to admit of any mixing up of even its title with the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The mist which settles on the memory is not so confusing as this would amount to; and any person uncertain of Bunyan's work would be altogether ignorant of Doddridge's, and therefore is in no danger of blending them. Still, the vague conception which prevails of a man so well "worth remembering" makes Dr. Stanford's book as useful as it is delightful. In reading it we have hardly known whether to admire more the excellence of Doddridge or the beauty of Stanford. Happy is the biographer who can write of such a man; and happy is the man who is fated to be portrayed to the world by such a biographer. In the preface the writer tells us that the book, as at first written, was intended to supply all the information that could be found; but that he "gradually felt a suspicion that busy modern men could not spare time to give it attention; and he has therefore cut it down to what it is, in the hope that by so doing he may gain more readers and do more good." The result is that we have a handy little volume that can be read through at two or three sittings instead of an exhaustive, though from Dr. Stanford's pen it could never have been an exhausting biography. There is no doubt that the author was wise in passing this self-denying ordinance. The object of such a work is not to furnish all that can be told about a man, but to give an impetus to activity, to breathe fresh life into noble aspiration, to animate by the example of heroes on old battle-fields the soldiers who are waging the holy war of to-day, and for such a purpose a trumpet-blast is better than a disquisition. A book, like a sermon, is not an end, but a means to an end. It should be written with respect, not to itself, but to the object it is meant to accomplish. Stanford's life of Dr. Doddridge will never come under the criticism bestowed by Macaulay upon the stupendous mass of paper which constituted Dr. Nares' Memoirs of Lord Burleigh. "The whole book," said he, "and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface, the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book, and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. . . . Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labour, the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes on sugar plantations, is an agreeable recreation." Dr. Stanford's brief, sparkling pages are of another order.

Our author leads us pleasantly through the gallery of Doddridge's

* Philip Doddridge, D.D. By Charles Stanford, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1880.

ancestors before introducing us to the divine himself. There is old Dodo who in the reign of Edward the Confessor owned manors in Devon, and in that land of picturesque dells and declivities built his house upon a ridge, whence naturally grew the name of the place and of the family. There is Richard Doddridge, magistrate of Barnstaple in Elizabeth's reign; Sir John Doddridge, Justice of the King's Bench under Charles I., commonly called by the people "the sleeping judge," from his habit of keeping his eyes shut during a trial; though if any rogue mistook the closed eyes for slumber he always discovered his error in due time: then John Doddridge, Recorder of Barnstaple, comes into view, member of the Long Parliament, and afterwards member of Parliament under His Highness the Lord Protector, who among numerous bequests left £10 a year for ever to Harvard College in New England. Then we have the Rev. John Doddridge, grandfather of our divine, one of the noble men who on the passing of the Act of Uniformity left his home and living for conscience' sake. Of his ten children two survived him; Philip, a solicitor, steward to the Duke of Bedford; and Daniel, evidently not the genius of the family, "an oilman" in London. Daniel married the daughter of John Bauman, a Lutheran student who had fled to England from persecution in Bohemia; and to this worthy couple on June 26th, 1702, a child was born. "It was a small, red, nameless concretion of humanity, and seemed at first to be scarcely worth thinking about, for not the sign of a soul lightened on the pinched, puckered little face; but after a while, a servant, noticing a sigh, took pains with the slight rudimentary thing, and by that at length fostered it into life. The infant, who in a few days after received the name of Philip, was the twentieth child of his parents; but only one of them, and that one a girl, named Elizabeth, had survived."

"A child's life," continues Dr. Stanford vividly, "generally opens into a scene of pleasant wonders. One of the first wonders that the child Philip Doddridge saw was new St. Paul's, then in its spick and span whiteness. While he was watching the workmen on the dome beginning to build the lantern, Sir Christopher Wren was doing the like as he stood on the leads of his house at Camberwell, looking through his telescope."

Almost every one is familiar with the story of how the gentle mother in that London home gave Scripture lessons to her little son before he could read, from the blue and white pictured Dutch tiles that lined the fireplace. The pictures were crude enough, we doubt not, but the child was not old enough to be critical; the tiles were full of wisdom and wonder to him; and it was at this storied fireside he took his first degree, and began the Biblical scholarship that culminated in the "Family Expositor." The traditions of his Lutheran grandfather, too, entered into the inspirations of his childhood. There was his Bible in two volumes, a copy of Dr. Martin Luther's Bible, dated "Strasburg, 1526," bound in black leather and plated with silver: and the story of how the grandfather, driven from his Bohemian home on account of his faith, carried with him a hundred gold pieces and his Bible, which he valued above all the gold in the world, and how he once forgot the belt which contained his money, and all but lost it, but never forgot his Bible.

Philip grew up a light-hearted, popular lad, but sorrow overtook him in his youthful days. His mother and father both died while he was yet a boy at school. He became early a Christian, and was not sixteen years old when he joined the church. This solemn happiness was quickly followed by the loss of all the property his parents had left him, through the unsuccessful speculations of a good-natured, foolish man who had constituted himself his guardian, and the boy had to leave school for the house of his sister Elizabeth, whose husband, the Rev. John Nettleton, kept a school at Hampstead Heath.

The crisis of his life was now arriving; he had to fix the choice of his profession. His heart was set on being a minister, and the Duchess of Bedford, who in former years had been wont to notice him kindly as a slender, sprightly child at his uncle's house, made him now the generous offer of a university education, and a church living to follow. His conscientious Nonconformity compelled him gratefully but sadly to decline this offer; and he refused, too, an offer of introduction to the bar by one of the first conveyancers of the day, who discerned his ability. On the other hand, Dr. Calamy, then regarded as "a kind of Chief Rabbi among the Dissenters," discouraged his desire to enter the university, and advised him to turn his thoughts to something else. It was a period of distraction and perplexity to poor Philip, and also of much prayer; but it happily ended in his being received, first, into the house of the Rev. Mr. Clark, of St. Albans, and afterwards into the Kibworth Academy, conducted by the Rev. John Jennings, an Independent Minister of rare attainments and delicate culture, as a student for the ministry.

We cannot stay to peer in upon his college life, nor to see how he became Mr. Jennings's favourite student. We must hasten on to his first pastorate, for he was called to be minister of the Independent Church, at Kibworth, with an income of £35 a year, and he accepted the call in preference to others more advantageous from a financial point of view, because it allowed him leisure to prosecute his studies; and for the income, he said himself, "As provisions are cheap, I might manage to live upon £10!" Kibworth was an old-fashioned little town, which serenely dozed through the long summer days—summer was an English institution then—and with its rookery, its thatched cottages, its stacks of twisted chimneys looking over the trees, passed its existence in such quiet tranquillity, that the buzz of a blue-bottle might almost have startled the town. The meeting-house in which Doddridge opened his ministry is still, in part, standing as one of the buildings in the yard of the present Crown Inn. The rustics slowly stumbled in, sleeking down their hair, about forty of them in the morning, never more than one hundred and fifty in the evening. The young minister himself was not insensible to the charms of the society of the young ladies of the neighbourhood, and perhaps did a little tea-table courting amongst them, calling them, in the absurd fashion of the day, Clio, Camilla, Theodosia, Philomela, or Clarinda. There seemed in those days to be no foreshadowing of the intense religious life and methodical persistency of intellectual labour that afterwards made him one of the foremost men of his time; yet even then, to his contemporaries, an unusual ability must have been visible

in him to lead them to select him as the likeliest man to conduct the Academy after the death of Mr. Jennings. They evidently saw in him a king and priest who could render high and holy service before God.

Doddridge set up his Academy at Harborough, and shortly afterwards, on accepting with much hesitation the many-times-repeated call of the church at Northampton, removed it to that town. His removal to Northampton marked an era in his life. "All that was especially exalted or memorable in his ministry now began. He devoted himself to the service of the Saviour with such startled energy and intense concentration, was such a wonderful and manifold worker, and seemed to live so many lives at a time, that from this point," says his biographer, "instead of telling one consecutive story, we can only try to show what he was and what he did at the same periods in different departments."

But first, let us look in upon his home, for in the year 1730 he got married. Mercy Maris, who became his wife, was six years younger than himself. Do you wish to see her? She was rather tall, hair and eyes black, complexion with "the ardent tint which so often mantles in the cheeks of a brunette." Her education was very good for a young lady of the time: that is to say, she was not quite certain of her English, and often had to try such spellings as "pierce and peirce, believe and beleive," on the back of an old letter, to see which looked safest, before beginning her answers to Mr. Doddridge; but the two were heirs together of the grace of life, and very sweetly did they bless one another's existence until the stroke fell which dissolves all human ties.

Their housekeeping had to be done on £70 a-year, which was supplemented, however, by £16 per annum board, and £4 for teaching, from each student. But those days were different from these. The rent was £10 a year, the wages of seven servants amounted together to £20; this was in the year 1742. Mutton was 2½d. a pound; beef a fraction more, so that £70 went vastly further a century and a-half ago than it can be made to do now. Why, in those days, as Swift assures us, there were ten bishops in England whose incomes did not average six hundred a year! What more can be said?

The home was made bright with dear little children, and dark again when they were taken away. Who has not heard of little "Tetsey Doddridge," who lived just three years; who when asked why everybody loved her, answered, "Because she loved everybody;" who tried to teach the little dog his catechism, and failed, and the dog had not a word to say for himself in answer to her withering words, "*You!* Dr. Doddridge's dog, and not know who made you!" Very mournfully did the father lay her in a little grave out in the rain one October, having first written, placing his paper on her coffin lid, an incomparable discourse on the words, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thine husband? Is it well with the child?" Oth. r little ones came; Polly, and Mercy, and Philip, and Anna Cecilia; and the diminutive damsels in mob caps, and the little boy in ruffles, were the delight of his soul.

The "Academies," maintained in the last century by Nonconformists

in consequence of their exclusion from the national universities, afforded at that time of religious and intellectual apathy an education equal to the highest the country furnished. In the days of the Georges, the universities were not at their best, as teaching institutions; and although the greatest living scholars still held office there, they commonly did so "as reposing in their dignity, not as active in their trust." A satirical stanza of the time describes the forms requisite for graduation as often being those—

"Which Balaam's ass
As well as Balaam's self might pass;
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees."

Thousands of gentlemen and noblemen's sons passed the doors of the national universities to seek a more painstaking educational training in the academies. Thus, in the list of Doddridge's students we find the names of the Earl of Dunmore, Lord William Manners, Sir Henry Houghton, a son of Lord Kilkerran, a grandson of the Earl of Buchan, Professor Gilbert Robertson, Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Edinburgh, and many others who became barristers, members of Parliament, or officers in the army; and many of the noted ministers of the latter half of the last century received their training under him. The curriculum of the college was described in a long elaborate paper by Doddridge himself, of which Dr. Watts said: "The diversity of genius, the variety of studies, the several intellectual, moral, and pious accomplishments, the constant daily and hourly labours necessary to fill such a post can hardly be expected from any one person living! Yet if there be one person capable of such a post, perhaps it is the man who has so admirably described this scheme of education."

And yet the high mental standard of the college, and the rare teaching power of the principal, were not its most valuable features. Doddridge's intense spiritual life filled it with an atmosphere of purity and religion: the young men were penetrated with his own devotedness, and while, of course, most of them had already made a profession of faith before they came to him, seventy-eight did so while under his ministry.

It was in the latter years of Doddridge's life that the great evangelical revival broke out in England and America. When Whitefield and Wesley were conducting the spiritual awakening which aroused England from the long spiritual lethargy into which it had sunk since the age of the mighty Puritans, they met, as might be expected, with much coolness and suspicion from really good men, who viewed with apprehension the strong current of religious fervour that seemed to be sweeping away the old state of things existing around them. Even men like Dr. Jennings and Dr. Watts, could not at first approve of a movement so sweeping and powerful. Doddridge was the first of the Nonconformists to hold out the hand of fellowship to the great Evangelists. He saw it to be the finger of God, and he welcomed and furthered the work to the utmost of his power. And, indeed, it was entirely in the line of his own religious instincts. He himself preached with vehement earnestness. Many of us are familiar with his hymn beginning—

“ Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.”

The hymn is rather a cry than a poem. “ It was first heard on June 13th, 1739, in what is now the Unitarian chapel at Leicester, after a sermon on the text, ‘ I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved because they kept not thy word.’ The preaching must have been tremendous when such a hymn was made to match it, thrown off as his custom was when he had finished his study for the sermon, to be sung at the close. Colonel Gardiner was in the congregation, and service being over he went into the vestry, and ‘ embraced ’ the preacher, and the two men, who had never met before, never in spirit parted afterwards.”

The influence of Doddridge was far reaching, and touched all grades of society. The poor whom he befriended blessed him, and Lord Halifax said of him, “ There goes a true Christian gentleman.” His numerous correspondents were drawn from the nobility, from the high dignitaries of the English Church and the Universities, and from the scientific men of the day. With the power he possessed “ to touch so many springs of influence, he naturally did much social service outside the pale of his church work.”

His public spirit made him the property of the nation rather than of his own town, as was notably shown when the Pretender Charles Edward invaded England in 1745. “ Bonnie Prince Charlie ” at the head of his Highland troops marched southwards as far as Derby, fighting and winning on the way the battle of Prestonpans, where the English were wretchedly led by Sir John Cope, and where the noble Colonel Gardiner, who had he been in Cope’s place might have won the day, was killed. The invaders intended to march upon London, taking Northampton on the way ; but mainly by the energy of Doddridge, who offered to the government to raise 10,000 men, Northampton was so turned into an attitude of defence and defiance, that the Pretender turned back to Scotland, where a little later the frightful battle of Culloden put an end to all his hopes.

The country benefited by the public spirit of Doddridge in another way. We cannot do more than enumerate some of the benevolent institutions he brought into existence: the charity-school for the maintenance and education of twenty boys: the county infirmary of Northampton, the first of its kind and the parent of many more ; not accomplished without herculean labours on his part, but now—after a long beneficent career of 137 years, in which it has admitted without recommendation 90,000 persons upon sudden accidents, or cases that would admit of no delay—still scattering its blessings by means of an income of £8,000 a-year, and ministering every year to 1,600 in-patients and 7,000 out-patients. Then there were such indirect results as the “ Book Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor,” founded by a wealthy London merchant upon the impulse given by a burning sermon of Doddridge’s at Salters’ Hall, on the text, “ And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell ; ” and which distributed Bibles and tracts for half a century before our still more illustrious Bible and Tract Societies began their career.

He earnestly wrought for Christian missions long before the formation of our great missionary societies, and sent aid, collected in England, to Christian colonists across the Atlantic for evangelising the red men in the wigwams and hunting grounds of America, and helped in the planting of Princeton College in New Jersey as part of the same missionary work. Only four months before his death he preached a sermon on foreign missions to a gathering of ministers in Sudbury, of which he wrote to his wife, "I hope I have laid a good stone in the foundation of that scheme for the propagation of the gospel which you know I have lately had so much on my heart."

And what of his writings? He produced fifty-three works for the press during the twenty-one years of his life at Northampton! This wonderful productiveness, conjoined with his college work, his pastoral duties, his multifarious public engagements, his correspondence (and in those days when a letter cost nine-pence a letter *was* a letter), can only be accounted for by the methodical apportionment of his time. He was a miser of moments. On his "Family Expositor," a truly great work, and the pioneer of all efforts for *popularising* a critical knowledge of the Bible, he was engaged twelve years. "The Life of Colonel Gardiner" made a great stir in the world. Its pronounced teaching upon the subject of conversion created angry opposition, and also inspired on the other hand the servants of Christ, and wrought much good. Robert Hall considered his "Evidences of Christianity" in some respects superior to Paley's. "Christianity founded on Argument" was a masterly defence which might be of use again in the present day. His best known and most precious book is the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The book is not faultless, but it has had a glorious career. "Wherever our language is spoken, in nearly all the languages of Europe, and even in Eastern languages, it has been read with impression; by the power of God multitudes have been converted through it, and many of these have been the centres of other conversions." His hymns are 364 in number. "On about twenty of them the Catholic Church," says Dr. Stanford, "has so set the seal of her approval that they are found wherever Englishmen live, and there is probably not a hymn-book without them." "O happy day that fix'd my choice" has been used, at Prince Albert's suggestion, in the confirmation services of the Royal Family, and is also the confirmation hymn of the American Episcopal Church. Our favourite hymn, "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," long ascribed to Logan, but bearing date in Doddridge's manuscript, January 16th, 1736-7, several years before Logan was born, has acquired for us a new charm by its use in the services when certain great Englishmen were buried in Westminster Abbey. It was sung there at Livingstone's funeral; and we feel an electric shiver as we recollect how, on July 5th, 1879, when the mortal remains of Lord Lawrence, the great Indian administrator, were taken to their tomb there—when the procession stopped, and when the coffin, covered with sweet-scented flowers and the baron's coronet, was placed on a square space of sable cloth covering the walls of the grave—Doddridge's hymn, set to cathedral music, was beautifully chanted, and how while this was sounding, the body was slowly, slowly lowered, disappearing just at the point where the hymn finished with the words—

“ Oh spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.”

Doddridge fell ill in 1751, and the physicians sent him to Bristol, to Bath, and finally to Lisbon where, on the 26th of October, he died. His grave is in the English cemetery there. “Doddridge is gone,” said George Whitefield; “Lord Jesus, prepare me to follow after!” Spoken or unspoken, this was the prayer of many a mourner. He was emphatically a “man worth remembering,” and a man worth emulating. Never physically strong, he accomplished an amount of excellent work which few can surpass. Few men have exerted a wholesomer influence in their lifetime and left a holier influence behind them than Philip Doddridge.

C. A. DAVIS.

Calvinism. An Opponent's Tribute.

MANY will be surprised to learn that amongst the defenders of the excellent Puritan authors of the seventeenth century is to be found a noted ecclesiastic, whose career was entirely antagonistic to their practice and doctrines, we allude to Henry, the late Bishop of Exeter, who when he was simply the Rev. Dr. Philpotts, voluntarily came forth as their champion to repel a violent attack that had been made upon their memory, in the House of Commons, by the most eminent statesman of that day. Whether constrained by respect for their learning, sympathy with their sufferings, or admiration of their steadfastness and godliness, we cannot tell; but certain it is that he thus in a published “*Letter to the Right Honourable George Canning*,” London, 1825, page 106, honestly and forcibly vindicated the principles they had so ably taught:—“To the peculiar tenets of that denomination of Christians (the Calvinists) to which you appear to allude, I am very far from subscribing; but thus much I will say, that no man who knows what they really are will ever treat them with contempt.—You, sir, do not appear to have yet risen above the vulgarest prejudices on this subject, else you would have known that opinions which have commended themselves to the full and firm conviction of some of the *ablest* as well as *holiest* men, who have ever adorned our Church, are not to be thus blown down by the ‘whiff and wind’ of the smartest piece of rhetoric ever discharged in your Honourable House.”*

* The writer was created Bishop of Exeter, by the Duke of Wellington, in 1830, and died September, 1869, aged 90.

A Comfort in felt Unworthiness.

WHEN we are sick, we are often much troubled by a deep consciousness of our unworthiness. We see ourselves to be very bad—much worse than we used to think ourselves to be; and this depresses us very much. We get low about ourselves spiritually.

We have now more time to think—many things become stripped of the false colours they wore, of the excuses we made for them; we see them as they are, and ourselves as having been guilty of them; and we become very downcast.

Now, this is not to be a comfortless state. No state is to be absolutely comfortless, but that of living in impenitence and sin, and away from God. And that is not your state. So far from its being your state, nothing troubles you so much as sin, and your having been a sinner, and your being one now; and this is a state which God accounts a suitable one for giving comfort in—the more unworthy that comfort in yourself, the more likely to be comforted by God.

Rejoice, sick one, in feeling unworthy.

Thank God for feeling unworthy.

Expect blessing and comfort, as belonging to realized unworthiness.

Think, first of all, that this is the very thing God wants you to feel. Never a child has he had, but that he taught him this. He made Job say, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes" (xlii. 6). He brought Ezra to his knees to say, "O my God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God: for our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens" (Ezra ix. 6). He makes the holy Daniel say, "O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto us confusion of faces, as at this day" (Dan. ix. 7). Jacob said, "I am not worthy of the least of all thy mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast showed unto thy servant" (Gen. xxxii. 10). The prodigal son said that "he was no more worthy to be called his father's son" (Luke xv. 19). As to David, the Psalms are full of realizations of his unworthiness; and if there were no other confessions of it, the fifty-first Psalm alone would be enough.

You are of moment in the company of David, and Job, and Ezra, and Daniel, and Jeremiah, and Isaiah, and Hosea; and, indeed, all the saints of God with whom he had dealt by the Spirit. The path of realized unworthiness must be the right one for you to tread, when it was trodden by all these holy men.

Do not, then, make yourself uncomfortable because you are feeling unworthy, that is the best thing to feel—remember, it is what God wants you to feel. You are now in God's way; do not want to feel anything different to what you do, you are just right; only the farther you travel on this road the better. Surely, to be certain of being in the right way, is a great comfort in itself.

This is a feeling according to truth. Wherever there is the truth, there is health and soundness; and the thing will work out well. What you are in search of is truth as regards your soul's health and soul's affairs; and you may be sure you have it here. Do not meddle with the feeling. Do not want to twist or change it. Do not allow a

voice to say to you, "Oh! you would be ever so much more comfortable, if you could only feel yourself somewhat worthy; or, if you could do something to make yourself a little worthy." That is all a mistake. You would thus immediately get into a region of falsehood, and the lie would raise up God against you, whereas now he is for you. And the lie would begin to work out all sorts of evils, for God resisteth the proud—it is the hungry that he fills with good things; but you would then no longer be the hungry, but the rich man; and we know what happens to him. He is sent empty away. Say, "I feel and know I am unworthy, and I mean to hold fast to this feeling; I wish it to grow more and more; I wish to die in this feeling; I wish to appear before God in it; I wish to feel it throughout all eternity."

Another comfort which you are to take to yourself for this feeling of unworthiness has already been suggested by that text, "He filleth the hungry with good things, but the rich he sendeth empty away." This comfort is that, when unworthiness is felt, it gives room for blessings. God cannot pour anything good into a false measure, or into that which cannot hold it, or into that in which there is no room for it.

Now, are not you in just the right condition for mercy? You are saying, and feeling too, before God (and the whole point of the matter consists in the feeling), "Alas, I am dreadfully bad; I am a guilty creature, and a mean one, and I have nothing to offer him," and we know how God replies to such a man: "He is empty; then there is room for me, and mine—I will fill him."

Yes, there is plenty of room in you now for Christ. Christ will fill you with himself; and when the Father sees the Son in you—all the Son—his own well-beloved Son, and not a bit of your own poor fallen self, and your own poor perishing things, he will be well pleased.

And so, you may sit in your arm-chair, or lie back upon your pillow a comforted man, all unworthy in yourself, but all worthy in Christ; having exactly what God wants to see in you, so that you know he must be well pleased.

It would be miserable indeed if we had to stop at our own unworthiness; but to know that, is only just a means to an end; we have not to tarry in such a disagreeable state, we are to go on—on—on—and then to rejoice, and to feel, and to say, and to sing, "I am worthy in Christ. Yes, I myself am worthy in HIM; God looks at me in him, and counts me worthy in him; I have worthiness—plenty of worthiness—God's own worthiness—enough for the judgment—enough for heaven; all Christ's, but also all mine!"

And now, dear friend, be comforted also in the thought that you are spared, you know not how much chastisement—how much hard dealing—how much pulling down; because, sooner or later, if you are to be saved, the lesson of unworthiness must be learned. It may be that you have much yet to learn on this subject. Indeed, we may be sure that if we be the Lord's we shall be learning ever more and more our own unworthiness.

But do not be discouraged at this. There is great comfort for you here also. You should never learn anything bad about yourself, without learning something correspondingly good about Christ. You are none the worse, really, for finding out that you are worse than you

thought. It is only that some more light has come into your heart; and you see more than you did before. Things are really no worse, only you know more about them. God knows a great deal more about you than you will ever know about yourself: and he has made provision according to his knowledge.

Therefore when you find out a new thing about your bad heart, or bad life, let your first thought be, "that is provided for in Christ."

Humble yourself, the lower the better; but always with Christ before you.

Humility without Christ will make you weak; with him it will make you strong. Our own unworthiness would crush us, unless it went hand in hand with the worthiness in him.

But it may do so, if we are willing that it should do so; and so, good reader, take to yourself that comfort which your most gracious God and kind Father has provided for you, and, in that, be at peace.—*P. B. Power, in "The Sick Man's Comfort Book."*

Roll the Pumpkin.

THAT excellent American minister, Mr. Samuel Haynes, happening one day to pass by the open door of a room where his daughters and some young friends were assembled, thought, from what he overheard, that they were making too free with the characters of their neighbours; and after their visitors had departed, he gave his children a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. They answered, "But, father, what shall we talk about? We must talk of something!" "If you can do nothing else," replied he, "get a pumpkin and roll it about; that will at least be innocent diversion." A short time afterwards, an association of ministers met at his house, and during the evening some discussions, on points of doctrine, were earnest, and their voices were so loud as to indicate the danger of losing the Christian temper; when his eldest daughter, overhearing them, procured a pumpkin, and entering the room, gave it to her father, and said, "There, father, roll it about, roll it about." Mr. Haynes was obliged to explain to his brethren; and good humour was instantly restored.

The Lord's Converts and man's.

ON one occasion an Irish evangelist was brought up for creating a disturbance. "How many did you convert?" said the magistrate. "Just two," was the reply. "Were these all?" "Yes, sir, all I converted, and they were soon as wicked as ever; but the Lord, he converted many more." Possibly such easy conversions, unattended with much or any conviction of sin, and resting on the acceptance of a mere formula, may have not a little to do with the shallow, easy-going Christianity which is more or less common in these days.—*From "Via, Veritas, Vita."*

Our Asiatic Seamen.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

II.—CHINESE OPIUM HOUSES.

THE extent to which Asiatic seamen were employed in the flourishing days of the Honourable East India Company attracted the attention of Government, and several Acts were passed to regulate the mode of shipment, to secure their return to the East, and to settle other items of mutual interest to the Asiatic sailor and his employer. Rules and regulations were also published by the Governor-General of India, and the governor of Fort William made rules for masters trading under these Acts. These form the code of the present day, regulating the shipment and discharge of Asiatic seamen. These regulations, however, referred only to English vessels, and to natives of the East India Company's territories. Foreign ships, and Asiatics not belonging to our Indian possessions, were not influenced by these "Acts," "rules," and "regulations." Arabs, Chinese, and others were cast with impunity on the London populace, and even the penalties imposed by these rules and regulations for any violation of them, even in reference to natives of India, were so seldom enforced as to be but little heeded. When the missionary to the Asiatics of London commenced his work, there were not less than two hundred of these destitute strangers in the metropolis. Some of these were to be found in our prisons and workhouses; others, suffering from some form of chest disease, had found a temporary asylum in our hospitals, but the far greater number of them were to be met with wandering through our crowded streets, begging for the Christian's *bakshish* in their unknown tongue.

These ruined Asiatics formed a little colony in the East of London, each nationality securing its own quarters; for Malays, Chinese, Arabs, and Hindostanees on shore fraternize as little as the Jew and the Samaritan.

A Scotch medical gentleman, who had returned from long service in South India, visited, with the missionary, this heathen colony in the East of London. It was a summer evening, when our open roads were hot with the retiring sun, and the *gullies* where these orientals flourish were almost unbearable. The long evenings gave ample time for the adventurers of all nations to saunter to their haunts bearing with them the spoils of the day. The locality visited was peculiar for houses of two rooms, some few only, with dilapidated walls, aspiring to the perilous height of three rooms, one above the other. Into one of these two-roomed haunts the missionary and his friend entered. The lower room was once a shop, and the shop-front still remained, but not much of the original glass, the absence of which was supplied by wood and paper, almost excluding the light. Fortunately some of the higher paper panes were allowed to remain broken, and to these the room was chiefly indebted for the little ventilation it enjoyed; chiefly, for the door which opened into the room provisionally fitted very badly. Probably the sallow, meagre-looking residents owed their lingering existence to these circumstances. This oriental retreat measured nine feet by ten; here eight celestials were expected to repose, some of whom were attempting

the difficult task, rendered still more difficult to an English mind by the novel construction of the accommodation supplied. Three boards, supported by deal quartering, occupied the length of the room ; these were so arranged as to receive the shoulders, haunches, and feet. The board that received the feet was so placed as to compel their being drawn up, and to prevent their egress beyond the authorized line of demarcation. These men could relate some painful experiences of disappointed hopes and frustrated expectations ; but all of them could trace their ruin to the influence of the insidious opium pipe and the bewitching gambler's table. Segui, a young man about eighteen years old, was born of Chinese parents, at Penang, and finding he could hold conversation with his Christian visitors in the Malay, he endeavoured to awaken their sympathy in the hope of finding some way of escape from his slavery. "*Saya man pigi Kafrada negri syia punia lekin tida bolih,*" but he was stopped by Afook, the owner of this den, who wished to tell the man's history himself, and though he rightly interpreted his words, it was in an opposite sense than that intended by the speaker. "Yes, he would wish to go home to his country, poor fellow, but he cannot." Afook, however, did not receive the credit for his pretended sympathy for his victim which he intended it should produce. It was not known at that time that Afook himself was the chief obstacle in the way of Segui's emancipation ; but it was subsequently known that Segui had on three occasions engaged himself as cook at good wages to proceed to China, but Afook, by false representations, had secured his dismissal, being unwilling to lose him.

"But where can this ladder lead to ; there is a room above, entered through that trap-door ; shall we ascend ?"

The suggestion was accepted, and through the hole in the ceiling the explorers passed into this upper room. This was evidently sleeping room, opium smoking room, and kitchen ; for all the accommodation necessary to all these operations were compressed into the transactions of this busy room, and the one pot that stood on the hob was available alike for cooking food and opium. Probably, for opium smokers, this combination may have a peculiar advantage. In this room eight others found accommodation, and considering they had rags and straw to lie on, a luxury denied to their fellow countrymen in the lower room, they might esteem themselves respectably accommodated.

"But why this distinction ?"

Afook, in broken language, informed his unwelcome visitors that this was part of his necessary discipline. These Chinese, enjoying Afook's first-class accommodation, had been successful in the day's campaign ; but with the unfortunates below it had been otherwise ; and he endeavoured to justify his treatment by calling them *Lampai* and *Malus*, so mixing up Chinese and Malay to make his visitors believe they were lazy.

"Be of good cheer, Segui," said one of the visitors, as he passed out ; "ask God to help you, and be sure he will."

"Will he ? Will he ? When ? When ?" cried he, and the echo of the Chinese appeal lingered in their ears as they emerged into the sultry court to pursue their investigations.

"Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled, is poor comfort under

these circumstances," said our Scotch friend, in a surprised voice adding, after a pause, "The many deaths which occur in this locality are fully accounted for after visiting such a house," and then followed another pause,—“And so near our Mission centres, and the great city, the pride and boast of nations," he again continued.

They were about to step into another haunt, when the familiar form of one of our street guardians was seen in the gaslight, advancing.

"Policeman," he called, with energy, for his blood was hot with indignation, "come with us, and take notes of what you see."

A three-roomed house was entered this time, with rooms of the same dimensions as the last, but the ceilings so low they could be easily reached with the hand. Our northern friend, leading the way, informed the constable that he was a medical man, and had come to inspect the premises. Here thirty-three lodgers were found, some of them from India. One was apparently dying; his caste being tattooed on his forehead made him conspicuous; but all of them were dragging out a wretched existence under similar circumstances to those already described. It is sad to say that this house was kept by a European who lived on the misery of these sallow phantoms. He begged earnestly for respite, and promised reformation in every desirable way. But his promises came too late, for ere another sun had set the owner of the house had fled, to avoid the impending penalty. His lodgers were scattered, and in a short time the house was cleansed and relet; but, alas! only to be occupied by another adventurer in the same line of business.

A short time after this visit it was reported to the missionary that a dead Asiatic had been carried from this neighbourhood to the work-house. Desiring to know who he was, the missionary sought him, and was pleased to find the report of his death was premature. He was soon introduced to the sufferer, who was calmly lying with his eyes closed, his black curly hair covering his forehead. The visitor gently raised the hair from his face, when the familiar caste mark on his forehead was visible. It was the Hindoo who was last seen in the Chinese haunt.

Stooping to his ear, he whispered in the Hindu tongue, "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" He opened his eyes and looked wildly at first, as though he was endeavouring to recognize a face he had seen somewhere else. Then gradually the look of anxiety passed away, and was succeeded by a smile, which seemed to speak in the affirmative.

"So you have heard of Jesus, the sinner's friend," repeated the visitor.

"Yes," he said, sighing, "I have heard of the name of Jesus in India, but never in England till to-day." The effort seemed too much for him; but evidently he had not said all he intended to say. "I came to England to hear more about him. What a while you have been: why did you not come before? You are almost too late now: I shall die: no one will know it; but you will know it; write my name down, then you will remember poor Vera Gramuttoo."

His strength was exhausted, he had uttered nearly his last words, but the brightening hopes of a better land, and a view of the King in his beauty, seemed to soothe his last moments, for he occasionally opened

his eyes and smiled, which seemed to say, "I can listen, if I cannot speak; tell me more; let me pass away under the spell of the precious name." And it was nearly so, for within an hour of this visit the spirit took its flight. His remains were deposited in their last resting place—an unknown grave—by strange hands, but we give him a memorial in these pages; the last, we trust, of whom it can be said, "He came to England to seek the Saviour, but fell among thieves."

Few of these Chinese haunts can boast a long career. The vile traffic and dishonest transactions generally bring down terrible and speedy judgment on them; but, unhappily, like the heads of the fabled Hydra, as soon as one is cut off others spring up in its place. While we write there are seven opium smoking rooms, with all the other accommodation that a heathen appetite can require, in London. In one of these houses a Chinese lost £20 while he was asleep, or rather insensible. The Chinese had no doubt who took his money, though he failed to prove it; so on the next voyage he brought his shipmates to administer justice in their own way. Thirteen men with iron screw-nuts tied up in handkerchiefs assailed the thief, who narrowly escaped with his life, which he owed to the interference of as many policemen.

The missionary was summoned in haste to the hospital to see a dying Chinese. He thought he knew the face, but the pallor of the countenance, and the altered surroundings prevented recognition till the wounded man spoke.

"Ah, Singsang," he said to the missionary, "Afook is wounded with a knife, and is dying; Sequi did it, but it served me right. He got a ship to leave, and I stopped him; I have stopped him four times," he added; "I went to the captain and told him Sequi was a useless man: he met me coming away from the ship."

"Then shall I say it was your fault, and that you do not wish Sequi to be punished?"

"No," he replied with a heathenish satisfaction, "if he kill me him be killed too," and he attempted a smile.

"But think," urged the visitor, "you are dying, would you not like your last act to be one of justice at least? Do you hope God will forgive you, and you refuse even justice to a man you have wronged so much?"

"That no China fashion," he said in a decided tone, and the missionary was hurried away as the patient was unfit for farther conversation. "Often reproved, suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy," he said as he left in search of Sequi.

Afook died in his sin, and Sequi was tried for the capital offence.

"You told me God would be sure to help me, how can he do it now?" enquired Sequi.

These it will be remembered were the last words uttered by the missionary on leaving that filthy haunt on the evening of his visit with his Scotch friend. The Chinese had remembered his words, and now under these perilous circumstances asks for a proof of that declaration.

"So he has helped you. He has made me a witness on your trial on your behalf; so praise him and hope for the best, for he has spared your life."

Sequi was acquitted by the jury on every charge; but the judge

ordered him to be indicted at the ensuing sessions for cutting and wounding, and only the doctor was bound over to appear: but the presiding judge at the second trial was not satisfied with the depositions being attested only at the last trial, he required them to be sworn to in his presence; and as the witnesses were not there to do so, the judge ordered the prisoner to be discharged.

"Now, Sequi, tell me, has not God helped you right well?" But the Chinese was too much astonished at the result to reply, and even his Christian friend was compelled to acknowledge that God had done more for his heathen protégé than he had presumed to ask.

"I cannot reward you for all you have done for me," said Sequi, the day before he left England, with a determination never to return to it again.

"He has rewarded me well in giving me your life, and now I want you to give your heart to him; for he who has saved your life has an eternal salvation for body and soul." And as we spoke of Jesus the Chinese drew out a small picture on a roller, and offered it to us as a memorial of the past.

This was a singular picture. A child sitting on a nondescript animal with something of a dragon's mouth and tail. It was fastened to a pillar by a chain, which was attached to its tongue. The right hand of the child was raised, holding a casket, and the sun shone in meridian power above his head. Sequi's account of this singular picture is as follows: "In a remote period in Chinese history a wonderful animal was the terror of China. Such another savage, cruel beast was never seen in China. It devoured or destroyed every living being it saw. Such was the havoc caused by this rapacious animal that China feared destruction, and in distress the people prayed the Great Spirit to send them help and to save them from annihilation. Heaven in answer to their cry sent down a child as their deliverer; but when the great enemy saw the child he flew at it and swallowed it. They thought their only hope was lost; but to their surprise the animal could not retain the child, but cast him up again alive. The picture represents the issue of the conflict; the animal chained to the pillar, and the child in the attitude of triumph, seated on the national enemy."

This so well illustrates the incarnation of Christ, who came to destroy the works of the devil, that Sequi at once adopted it as its true meaning. His attention was called to such passages as,—“The devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour”: “For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil.” When Sequi called his Christian friend's attention to the sun shining above the head of the child as a sign of the divine approval, the divine approbation of the work completed by Christ, the great conqueror, was established by a reference to the word, “This is my beloved Son, hear ye him”: “The God of our fathers hath glorified his Son Jesus, and given him a name which is above every name.” Even the apparent destruction of the child when he was swallowed and cast forth again, found an explanation in the death and resurrection of the Captain of our salvation.

(To be continued.)

La Grande Ligne, Canada.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE.

IN the year 1867 an Imperial Measure was passed by the British Legislature called the North American Act, by which a number of provinces, then united in one confederation, were henceforth to be called the Dominion of Canada. The territory thus dealt with is in area almost equal to the surface of Europe, or, in other words, it stretches over 1,500,000 square miles, the coast on one side being washed by the Atlantic, and on the other by the Pacific Ocean. The entire population of the provinces is at present about 4,000,000, in addition to which there are 85,000 Indians in the older districts, who are for the most part civilized. The constitution of this vast and rapidly rising colony, which promises to become one of the chief sources of food supply in the world, is similar to that of England. The Senate, corresponding to our House of Lords, has its members chosen for life, and with that is the House of Commons, elected after the manner of the mother country.

The more thickly peopled districts of Upper Canada, ceded to this country in 1763, retain abundant traces of their French colonization; and it is among these people, who are still blindly attached to the Church of Rome, that missionary operations are chiefly carried on. In the old times, when the rule passed from France to England, the Anglican communion naturally supposed at the outset, that the population were in general to be considered "good church people"; but meeting with opposition, several concessions were reluctantly made, and King's College, Toronto, was not suffered to stand alone as the Colonial University. If the Episcopalians had their King's College at Toronto, the Presbyterians did not rest until they set up a Queen's College at Kingston; while one section of loyal Methodists founded Victoria College at Cobourg, and another division provided Albert College, Bellville, (all of which are universities). The Church of Rome was equally active; but this communion may be left out of the category, although in Quebec, where the main body of the people are Romanists, the priests have nearly everything in their own hands, including the education of the young. Regarding with pity this benighted population, Madame Feller and M. Roussy established the Grande Ligne Mission in 1835; and in spite of furious opposition at the commencement, and denunciation more or less violent continued to the present day, the preachers of Grande Ligne have not continued their testimony without seeing fruit come of their labours. We lately received a visit from Mr. H. F. Griffin—the deputation newly appointed by the colonial committee to visit Great Britain—and that friend placed at our disposal some information respecting the work in progress which readers at home may like to see.

The Grande Ligne Mission is commonly supposed to have been originated by Madame Feller, whose maiden name was Odin, and who was born in the mountainous region which encompasses Lake Lemán in Switzerland. The original pioneer, however, was Pasteur Olivier, who left his charge at Lausanne, in 1834, to carry on missionary work among the North American Indians, but changed his plan, and remained in Montreal when the deplorable condition of the Romish French population

in that city was before him. This missionary spirit appears to have been awakened by the preaching of the Haldanes, and M. and Madame Feller were among the first converts of the Swiss cantons. Soon afterwards, the latter lost by death both husband and child; and it was while subdued by this chastisement, that she listened to M. Olivier's call to devote her energies to Canada. In company with a young evangelist, M. Louis Roussy, she settled in the colony in 1835. Madame Feller died in 1868; Pasteur Roussy, who was never married, continued his labours until last year, when he also went to rest. There also died about the same time another of the original pioneers, who remained in the field during forty-one years, Mademoiselle Sophie Jonte.

Both M. Olivier and M. Roussy had learned to endure hardness for the gospel's sake amid their native mountains, the former having been persecuted by the academy of Lausanne on account of his evangelical teaching; while the other had served a very wholesome apprenticeship to colportage before he crossed the Atlantic. What kind of sphere these pioneers entered upon was described in 1834 by Madame Olivier in a letter. When referring to Montreal she remarked:—"We are in a city of 30,000 souls, which presents a singular contrast to Swiss eyes, but which is, nevertheless, a civilized place, and in many parts very beautiful. But if you take a nearer view of it—if you listen to the talk of that part of the population which is the field that my husband intends to endeavour to cultivate, you would understand that men who are only naturally ignorant differ much from those people whose ignorance is matured by the priests, and which binds them as with a tight cord. They seem to me to be sadly hardened, very sensual, and their ignorance is of the most repulsive kind. They are addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, which brutalize men much more than wine. If I look at this work irrespectively of divine grace, I exclaim, 'It is impossible'; but faith replies, 'With God all things are possible,' and enables us to wait in peace for the day of his power." On account of the climate not suiting their health, M. and Madame Olivier returned to Switzerland, leaving those to conduct the mission whom they had prevailed on to settle in Canada. Fifty years ago it was supposed that there was not one Protestant among the French population.

When Madame Feller settled at Grande Ligne in 1836, the gospel had already been preached there with some acceptance by M. Roussy; and one woman to whom his ministrations had proved a source of joy, had secretly read the Bible for twenty-eight years, while to please a Romish husband, she had professed to live as "a good Catholic." Previous endeavours to establish an evangelical centre at Montreal and St. John's had seemed to fail in face of the violent opposition encountered; for the priests had gone so far as to attempt to burn one house where preaching was going on; and the preacher was fired at with a musket and beaten with the sticks of an infuriated mob.

Grande Ligne, as a chief station, was chosen on account of its offering exceptional advantages. "In going to Grande Ligne twice a week I soon saw that this was my place," wrote Madame Feller. "Several families had already abandoned popery, and the adults, as well as the children, needed a school. One difficulty was the want of a place of residence; there was not a single house where I could be lodged. The

family in whose house preaching had been regularly held offered me a garret, which I divided into two apartments, that it might serve for a bed-room and a school-room." Eleven out of the twelve scholars first gathered in the school were grandchildren of the woman who had read the Bible for nearly thirty years in secret—a fine testimony in itself to the power of the unadulterated Word.

When numbers increased, and the garret became too strait for the missionaries, the work was continued in a barn. Then, chiefly through the liberality of friends in Montreal and elsewhere, a better home was erected, until in 1838 the foundations of the Mission House were laid, the whole being completed soon after at a cost of ten thousand dollars.

The most trying passage in the experience of the evangelists occurred about this time in connection with the insurrection of 1837-8, when a handful of political enthusiasts supposed the colony would be able and willing to cast off the British rule. Speaking of this outbreak, Pasteur Theodore Talfleur, in a pamphlet locally published in 1866, says: "A mob assembled around the house of Madame Feller at night, and with frightful yells and imprecations ordered the missionaries to leave the country, threatening to set fire to their dwelling and to murder them if they should refuse to comply. In the same manner they went to the houses of all who had renounced popery, and commanded them to abandon either their new religion or their country under pain of fire or sword." These riots interrupted the progress of the work for a time, but afterwards the mission was resumed as before.

Besides the various mission stations maintained in various parts of the Province of Quebec, the oldest station at Grande Ligne includes the two educational institutes for the education of young persons in arts and sciences, but more especially in the Protestant faith as taught in the Scriptures. The report for this year says: "We have thus far received more than one hundred and sixty applications, seventy-one of whom have been admitted since the opening in October last; sixty-four remain with us—thirty-two boys and thirty-two girls—ten being outsiders; they come from thirty different localities. . . . All the pupils give a portion of their time each day to manual work, and the girls receive special instructions in needle-work, etc. But the study of the Word of God is the one we most strongly urge upon our dear youth." These institutes might be more vigorously maintained if the committee were less straitened for funds. The education is not in any case quite gratuitous, each pupil paying for the training as much as circumstances will allow. The object is to prepare the students for teachers in elementary schools, as well as for evangelistic and colportage work. While the children of Roman Catholics are received, others belonging to isolated Protestant families are glad to avail themselves of its privileges. Such occasionally return to their homes and districts as dispensers of the truth they have themselves received.

The good effect of an agency like this cannot be altogether measured by the numbers who come forward to renounce the Pope and confess Christ. Every station is a lighthouse in the surrounding darkness, to warn of danger, and to make plain the road of safety. There are, of course, direct conversions to encourage the evangelists, but hardly less encouraging is the undermining work in progress. Perhaps the best

proof of all of the genuine results achieved is the fact that several of the stations have been efficiently served by former bitter enemies, while even priests themselves have been found renouncing their errors.

Thus the pasteur of the original Baptist Church in Quebec was M. Normandeau, a former priest, and the congregation was originally gathered by a valiant Grande Ligne Colporteur, who on invading the city for the first time was almost beaten to death in the streets. Two young men, MM. Cyr and Lafleur, after coming forth from the darkness of Romanism, were trained for missionary work by a quondam priest, and afterwards studied theology under the great historian Merle d'Aubigné. At one station we find the schoolmistress of the village and also a trustee of the church both yielding to the claims of the gospel. M. Chiniquy was likewise a priest who seceded from Romanism, but instead of remaining in Canada he removed to Illinois. Among all the remarkable conversions, however, not one was more striking than that of Dr. Cote, a former member of the Canadian Parliament, a leader in the rising of 1837-8, a physician of note and a champion of unbelief. "Being a deist, as most educated French men are, and having no hope beyond this world, Dr. Cote was a prey to great internal anguish," remarks M. Lafleur. "His chequered life appeared to him suspended on a few threads, whose frailty filled him with apprehension. Death was to him the king of terrors. Disgusted with the superstitious worship of the Romish Church, his heart yearned for something that he did not know. His mental sufferings became intolerable, and convinced him that his system of philosophy deceived him. He resolved to read the Bible, of which he was very ignorant, though he had referred to it at times to find weapons against the priests." After a season of great unrest this man found peace, and although a price had been put upon his head, he was allowed to return to Canada unmolested. He henceforth, until his death in 1850, served at several Grande Ligne stations, both as an eloquent preacher and a Christian physician.

In point of fact, this Grande Ligne mission seems to bring home to us the truth that a severe conflict is going on in the Dominion between gospel light and Romish darkness, and as Canada is a great colony of the greatest empire in the world, the work of redemption does not belong to the colonial churches any more than it does to us at home. It is a mission for all to join in with honour and satisfaction. If Canada is to rise, her people must have the gospel, or the curse of Antichrist, which is blighting Ireland to-day, will keep her back while others are taking the prize. With a free press, an open Bible, and a system of national education, the priests will not be able to hold their own if we are faithful to our duty.

As intimated above, Mr. H. F. Griffin, formerly a pastor in the Dominion, whose address is 60, Queen Victoria Street, London, is now travelling through England and Scotland as a deputation from the Canadian Committee. We cordially commend the traveller as well as the cause for which he pleads, to the kindly notice of every kind and earnest reader. Very little about Grande Ligne is known to the churches in this country, and a memoir of Madame Feller, published in 1876, has been for some time out of print.

City Missionaries Six Hundred Years Ago.*

JUST six hundred and seventy-three years have come and gone since the young Francis Bernadone knelt in a little church of Assisi, seeking in penitent humility the revelation of the Divine will. Suddenly his attention was caught by the word of the gospel: "As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his meat." "Here is what I have sought," he cried; hurriedly leaving the church, he threw aside his shoes and staff, his leathern girdle and empty purse, retaining only a rough gown bound with a rope—the ordinary dress of the poorest labourers of that time. Such was the foundation of the Franciscan Order.

It was in the very heart of Italy, in the bustling mountain-town of Assisi, that Francis was born in 1182. The son of a wealthy merchant, he had grown up the brilliant leader of the young men of his borough, fond of magnificence and pleasure, foremost among the gay singers of Provençal ballads. But, at the age of twenty-five, he was seized with an illness, from which he arose with a new sense of the seriousness of life. He would no longer waste his time in idle vanities, but would throw himself into some great and high enterprise. A pretender to the Sicilian throne was about to march to the south. Francis, thinking his vocation was to knightly fame, joined the army; but on the way his sickness returned, and with it came the conviction that such was not his appointed career. He returned to Assisi, and long months of uncertainty and mental tumult followed. But gradually his path became clearer. His mind was more and more possessed by the thought of the life and death of Our Lord, his generous heart was touched by the generosity of Christ, and with literal simplicity he desired to follow the blessed steps of his most holy life. But now instead of the admiring glances of his fellow-citizens, he was met by jeers and hootings, and his own father became his worst enemy. It was at this time, when Francis had determined to devote himself entirely to God's service, but knew not as yet the form that devotion was to take, that what he conceived to be the message of the gospel came to him in the church. As disciples gathered round him, the idea slowly formed of creating a society of men who should carry out to the letter the instructions given to the first teachers of the word, who should preach and employ themselves in deeds of mercy, but should be pledged to absolute poverty, and wholly dependent on the offerings of the people. Like his Great Example, when a small company had joined him, he sent them forth by twos. "Go," said our sweet father to his children, "we are told by an almost contemporary biographer, 'proclaim peace to men, preach repentance for the remission of sins. Be patient in tribulation, watchful in prayer, strong in labour, moderate in speech, grave in conversation, thankful for benefits.' And to each as he took leave of him, he said, 'Cast thy care upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.'"

We need not now stop to narrate the history of the Order, how the sanction and patronage of the rulers of the church were obtained, how in the lifetime of its founder it became a vast organization reaching to all parts of the then known world. We must content ourselves with looking at some characteristics of their work, and especially their mission in England. The system of the Brethren, (*"Fratres Minores,"* i.e. Lesser Brethren, corrupted to *Friars*) was in entire contrast to that of the monastic orders. Men were not to be shut up, to work

* This chapter of history is at once most interesting and suggestive. It concerns an order of Romish friars, but we hope that the most thorough Protestant will not disdain to learn from it. The very name of monk or friar has become an offence among men: it will do us good to see from what a fine ideal they descended to the mire. Let us take heed that we do not decay as they did. We are very grateful to Mr. Ashley for this masterly paper.—C. H. S.

out their salvation in selfish seclusion from the world; but with the effort after personal union with God, was to be joined exertion for the good of their neighbours; they were not to be confined to the cloister, but were to go out into the world. Religion had come to be regarded as the trade of a wealthy corporation, which appropriated to itself the name of Church; the words of the Bible were seldom heard, save as the means by which bishops justified their encroachments, and ecclesiastical courts their fees. The work of Francis has been well described as "to strip Christianity of the regal robes in which popes and prelates had invested it, to preach it as the gospel of the poor and oppressed. He caught the poorest in their poverty, the subtle in their subtlety, sending among them preachers as ill-clad and as ill-fed, but as deep thinkers as themselves." When the order had become corrupt, the rule of absolute poverty and mendicancy was the excuse for the existence of a crew of idle beggars, but it seemed wise for the time, and for the immediate purpose Francis saw in it the only means of reaching the neglected classes, who hated and despised the wealthy clergy.

Preaching had fallen almost entirely into disuse, or, at any rate, such preaching as was still to be heard was useless. It is difficult to see how the sermons of the ordinary clergy, bred in the study of the law of the Roman Empire and of the Church, could have been intelligible to the people. The Franciscans saw that their preaching must be simple if it was to reach plain men; so a new style of pulpit oratory arose, founded on spiritual *experience*, full of earnest appeal, rough wit, and illustrative story. By the clergy these innovations were regarded with horror. These zealots, they cried, were magnifying preaching, and by their dependence upon almsgiving, and their mingling with the lower classes, were destroying the dignity of the clerical office. Complaints not unlike these have been heard in times nearer our own.

With such an audience as the Franciscan had to address, a display of systematic theology would have been without result; but he could touch them to tears and repentance by the burning narration of our Lord's sufferings. The lively imagination of Francis had enabled him to realise in a vivid manner the earthly life of Jesus: throughout he strove to copy that example. His biographers, it is true, tell us occasionally of his devotion to certain saints; but in his own words and actions there is nothing but love of God and of his Christ; no lesser object of worship attracts him. He himself sings—

"Love of Christ has wrought
Such strength I cannot tire;
He dwells in soul and thought,
Love sets my heart on fire."

The same characteristic is seen in his followers, and the more they have caught their founder's spirit the more clearly does it show itself. Personal affection for the Saviour is the key-note of the "Life of Christ," by Bonaventura, that spiritual teacher who in his boyhood had seen Francis himself, and who thirty years afterwards became general of the order. He is ever seeking to bring before the mental eye of his reader the incidents in the life of our Lord, and to show their inner meaning. Continually we come across the expressions: "picture to yourself," "consider," and the like. In his preface he says:—

"In the holy life of Jesus, not merely free from the minutest blemish, but even divinely perfect, you will find such materials as are nowhere else supplied toward arming the heart against the vanities of the world, against tribulations, temptations, and every kind of vice. Frequent and habitual meditations on his life are ever the readiest means of leading the soul, as it were, into such a kind of familiarity with him, and of possessing it with such a confidence and love of him, as will insensibly cause it to hold all else cheap, and will, moreover, fortify it with the knowledge both of what it should do and of what it should avoid. . . . If you are desirous of reaping fruit from this work, you must make yourself as completely present at everything here related to have been said or

done by our Lord Jesus, as if you heard it with your own ears and saw it with your own eyes."

In another place he writes :—

"Let us die to ourselves, let us enter into the mysteries, let us impose silence upon our anxieties, our lusts, and the phantoms of the senses, and let us go with the crucified Christ from this world to the Father."

But it was not only against spiritual ignorance that the Franciscans had to strive. The subtle Manichaean heresy, which taught that all matter was essentially evil, was creeping into Western Europe through the increased connection with the East in the Crusades. How could the existing ecclesiastical system meet this evil; a system which demanded celibacy in its priests, and so inevitably degraded marriage and the domestic life, which ascribed peculiar sanctity to the monastic discipline, and so put the everyday work of men almost outside the pale of grace? The whole church-theory, which drew a hard and fast line between the spiritual and secular, went to strengthen the heretics in their error. The Franciscans were indeed bound to celibacy, but they strove to meet the Manichaean tendencies by insisting on the Humanity of the Son of God, and upon the actual incidents of his sojourn among men. They actively encouraged family joys, so that Chaucer, writing two hundred years later, when the friars had degenerated, tells us of one who

"Hade i-made many a faire marriage
Of yonge women at his owne cost."

But in their endeavour to meet one error, they fell into another. What could seem more natural, in order to display the dignity of woman and the beauty of maternity, than to lay stress on the purity of the Virgin Mary, and her sympathy with her divine Son? Yet from the exaggeration of this apparently harmless method of teaching sprang the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception.

Francis, like all modern reformers, saw that he could not care for the souls of men and entirely neglect their bodies; some attempt must be made to grapple with the physical evils of the times. The great scourge of the world was leprosy—a disease regarded as incurable, against which society had no remedy but to drive the stricken one out of its way, who was forbidden to enter a town, deprived of all civil rights, unable to enter a church, and so practically excommunicated. Mankind did its best to shut its eyes to his existence. But Francis was an enthusiast, and had entire trust in the divine protection. He saw that nothing could be done save by personally caring for and attending on the leprous. He tells us :—

"When I was in the bondage of sin, it was bitter to me and loathsome to see and look upon persons infected with leprosy, but the blessed Lord brought me among them and I did mingle with them, and as I departed from them, what before seemed bitter and loathsome was turned into great sweetness and comfort."

Attendance upon the leprous became the condition for entrance into the order. His biographer says :—

"Francis, as a wise architect, sought from the beginning of his conversion to found himself on the poverty and humility of the Son of God as upon a firm rock. He therefore desired the Brethren to abide in the hospital for lepers, and serve them, to lay there the foundations of humility. For whoever desired admittance into his order, noble or ignoble, was bidden to serve lepers and abide in their houses."

One cannot refrain from quoting from the same source a touching story concerning Francis :—

"There was in a certain place a leper so impatient, froward, and impious, that everyone thought he was possessed by an evil spirit. He abused all that served him with terrible oaths and imprecations, often proceeding to blows. What was still more fearful, he uttered the direst blasphemy against Christ and his mother and the angels. The Brethren endured his ill usage patiently, but

they could not endure his blasphemy, lest they should become partakers in his crime; and therefore they resolved to abandon him to his fate, having first taken counsel with Francis. So Brother Francis visited the leper, and upon entering said to him: 'The Lord give thee peace, brother.' 'What peace,' exclaimed the leper, 'can I have, who am wholly diseased?' 'Pains that torment the body,' replied Francis, 'turn to the salvation of the soul if they are borne patiently.' 'But how can I endure patiently,' rejoined the leper, 'since my pains are without intermission night and day? Besides, my sufferings are increased by the vexation I endure from those you have appointed to wait upon me. There is not one of them that serves me as he ought.' Francis perceived that the man was troubled with a malignant spirit, and went away and prayed to God for him. Then returning he said, 'Since others do not satisfy you, let me try.' 'You may if you like, but what can you do more than others?' 'I am ready to do whatever you please,' replied Francis. 'Then wash me,' replied the leper, 'because I cannot endure myself, the stink of my wounds is intolerable.' Then Francis bade water to be warmed with sweet herbs, and stripping the leper began to wash him with his own hands, whilst a Brother standing by poured water upon him."

The danger which attended the Franciscan, in carrying out his Founder's directions, was much greater, it is to be observed, than that to which the watchers on fever patients are in our days exposed; but the mediæval philanthropist ran the risk not only of bodily suffering or death, but of the loss of all his rights as a citizen and a Christian. If leprosy is now something we can only faintly imagine, our gratitude must be largely due to the self-devotion of the Brethren.

Yet, with his enthusiasm Francis combined an unusual degree of reasonableness. This mystic devotee was no gloomy ascetic. He bade his followers observe only the ordinary fast of the Church, and to take food and sleep sufficient to maintain the body in health. His disciples were to be of cheerful demeanour. "Why," said he to a Brother one day, "do you wear that sad and gloomy countenance because of your sins? It is enough that your sorrows should be known between you and your God. Pray for his mercy to spare you, and to restore that cheerfulness to your soul which you have lost by your own demerits."

This much of some general characteristics of the Order; it is time that we turn to its work in England. On September 11th, 1224, two years before the death of Francis, the Brethren first landed at Dover. The little band consisted of Agnellus of Pisa, chosen by their founder to be the first superintendent of the English mission, three English clerks, and five laymen, all probably Italians. Near Dover they begged entertainment at a certain baron's castle. He received them, but upon leaving them for the night locked the door of the chamber. Next morning they found themselves fastened in, but waited patiently till later in the day they were brought out to be examined by the barons of the neighbourhood. The brethren calmly stated the object with which they had come, whereupon "one of the magistrates" cried out that they were spies and robbers. But a Brother, offering with a smile the rope from around his waist, replied, "If you take us for robbers, here is a halter to hang us withal"; upon which, we are told, the questioners saw that men who so readily offered themselves to death could have no sinister object, and they were allowed to proceed on their way.

They were indeed sorely needed in England. The state of the church was deplorable. Its rulers, the bishops, were mostly employed as royal ministers, judges, and ambassadors, and their spiritual duties were abandoned to foreign bishops "in partibus." Office in the administration was almost the only stepping-stone to bishoprics, and it was by the study of law alone that great offices could be obtained. Thus the more ambitious of the younger clergy naturally devoted themselves to English and Roman law. In the same way, a large body of the inferior clergy gave themselves to the study of the Canon law, *i. e.*, the Decrees

of Councils and Popes: for the ecclesiastical courts, of which the most active was the archdeacon's, had jurisdiction over many of the most important acts of everyday life, e.g., marriage settlements, dowries, wills, and certain kinds of contracts, and a general supervision of morality, enforced by penance and excommunication. Around these courts had sprung up a swarm of summoners, apparitors, and the like, who did all the spying and dirty work. Only by ready knowledge of the canon law could these little offices, which were eagerly coveted, be obtained. Hence a great number of the clergy were living wholly secular lives, and at the universities legal studies had supplanted theology. Moreover, many Italian priests, ignorant of the language and often non-resident, had been thrust by papal influence into the best benefices; and the king, leagued in amicable alliance with the Pontiff to rob the church, heaped hundreds of livings on worthless favourites. Of the monastic orders, the Benedictines were now scarcely more than great landowners, the Cistercians than wealthy graziers and wool merchants. It was, in addition, part of the system of the monasteries, to get into their own hands by hook or by crook as many benefices as possible, from which they took the greater part of the tithes, appointing half-starved vicars to the discharge of the pastoral office. To complete the picture we must note that many of the country parsons had fallen into shameless corruption. Grosstête of Lincoln, the model bishop of his age, was forced by formal constitutions to forbid gambling, drinking bouts, non-residence, the sale of the sacraments, usury, and the bearing of arms, on the part of the clergy of his diocese. So both in the upper and lower clergy, in the monks and country parsons, all the tendencies were toward secularity: spirituality was dying out.

While the pastors were thus neglecting their flocks, the need for their energy was becoming more pressing. The population was rapidly increasing, and for that increase there was no room in the rigid system of the manor, while the forest laws prevented the increase of cultivable land. Hence there was a constant flow of surplus population to the towns, and from this arose much of the social distress of the times. In the Middle Ages most towns were built on somewhat rising ground. On this higher ground stood the Guildhall and the houses of the respectable citizens who were bound closely together in trade-guilds. But beyond these, in the suburbs, down to and beyond the town ditch, was a seething, half-starved population, partially sheltered by huts of wood and mud, a population continually added to by this influx of rustics to the town to seek their fortunes, and of runaway serfs seeking that freedom which a residence of a year and a day within a town gave them. The guilds were practically close corporations, into which these day-labourers of the suburbs could not hope to enter. In the town proper were parish churches, guild chapels and chaplains, and a system of mutual help. But for those outside the guilds, there was no aid, spiritual or physical; they were left to die of starvation, or by the plague or leprosy, whichever entered the suburbs first, and wrought there the greatest devastation.

It was to these districts that the Franciscans first came. From Dover they proceeded to London, Oxford, York, Warwick, Bristol, Lynn, and were soon spread over the whole country. In all the places just mentioned, they built their houses in the suburbs, near the town walls. As they were bound to absolute poverty, so Francis had directed that they should not build sumptuous dwellings, but should live under the same circumstances as those they came to raise:—

“When the brethren go to any city, and find some one who is ready to give them so much land as is sufficient for a building, a garden, and the like, they must above all things be cautious not to grasp at more than is necessary, always having regard to holy poverty, and that good example which they are bound to exhibit. They shall make a deep ditch all round the land, and a good fence instead of a wall, as an emblem of their poverty. Then they shall build *poor cottages of mud and wood*, and some few cells for the friars to pray in and labour in, for the eschewing of idleness. They shall have *small churches and not large*

ones, either for preaching or any other pretence. And if ever prelates or clerks, religious or secular men, visit the brethren, their poor houses, cells and churches shall prove to them the best sermons, and they shall be more edified by these things than by words."

The chief house of the order in England was near the shambles of Newgate, in a spot appropriately called "Stynkyng Lane," near the City gate. In Oxford they settled in the swampy ground between the walls and the Thames. Everywhere their houses were humble, squat, and low-roofed. Preaching, and tending the sick and leprous were, as above sketched, their chief work. As Mr. Brewer, the chief English authority on their history, tells us: "The Franciscan is the *missionary of the town*; he has nothing whatever to do with the country. He belongs to the rising community of the town. If he departs from the primitive institution of his founder, it is so because he is raised with the population among whom his lot is cast. Still, he is the poor missionary preaching to the poor, dependent entirely on their sympathies, never a land-owner."

The success of the Brethren in England was great and rapid. Before thirty years had passed, more than a thousand members were enrolled in the Order, and they had settlements in forty-nine different places. Such of the churchmen as could discern the evils of the time gave them eager welcome. Bishop Grosstete writes that such was the devotion and humility with which the people ran to them to hear the word of life, to confess their sin, and to be instructed as to their future conduct, such the improvement the clergy had gained by imitating them, that one could justly say, "They that dwell in the shadow of death, unto them is light sprung up." One story may be quoted out of many, showing how their apostolic lives gradually overcame prejudice. Let us listen to the simple words of the old chronicler, and notice, in passing, that it illustrates what has been above remarked concerning the growth of Mariolatry:—

"Another instance occurred not far from Oxford, in the new settlement of the Brethren there. There was a knight who hated their mode of life, and had used them bitterly, blackening their good name whenever an opportunity offered. It happened on Christmas-day, that he who ruled over the Brethren, assembled them to sow the saving seed of the Lord in the land. As two of them were going into a neighbouring wood, picking their way along the rugged path over the mud and rigid snow, whilst the blood lay in the track of their naked feet without their perceiving it, the junior said to the elder, 'Father, shall I sing and lighten our journey?' And on leave being given, he thundered forth a 'Hail, Queen of mercy.' It so chanced that the knight, by no means in good humour with them, was following the same road without their knowledge. Now, when the hymn was concluded, he who had been the consoler said, with a sort of self-congratulation to his companion, 'Brother, was not that antiphonal well sung?' Whereupon the knight, breaking in upon their talk, 'Yes, by the Lord, it was, and may the Lord bless and prosper you, who, like the apostles, are patient in necessities and rejoice in tribulation.' And at this word, he slipped from his horse, and asked pardon on his knees for the harsh judgments he had passed upon them."

As the preaching of the Franciscans was attended with success, it was necessary that their converts should be bound together in some kind of organization, and that means should be devised for nourishing that spiritual life which had begun within them. This difficulty had been felt early in the ministry of Francis. Public opinion limited his thoughts, as it limits those of the vast majority of men; and the public opinion of the thirteenth century regarded the life of the cloister as the only way of perfection. But all men could not enter the convent or the monastery, the work of the world must be carried on; and Francis was at least clear-sighted enough to see this. "We have wives," said men, touched by his stirring words, "who will not let us go. Tell us how we can keep the path of health." "Remain at home," he replied, "and live

there in the fear of God and the practice of Christian virtues. I will find for you a way of serving God without leaving the condition to which God has called you." Hence arose the Third Order, a religious society into which men and women could enter without quitting the world. They took no vow, but simply promised to keep the commandments of God, and in particular to restore unjust gains, to be reconciled to their enemies, to wear simple and plain dress, to have frugal houses and furniture, to avoid balls and theatres, and not to bear arms except in defence of their country or the church. In the foundation of this society, later critics have discerned many motives of policy; but there can be no doubt among those who have realized the character of Francis, that his single-hearted purpose was to enable simple men and women to live a godly life in the midst of their everyday cares and toils. Besides, as has been well observed, it is the first reappearance in the church of the democratic element, since western Christendom had settled down under the hierarchical system. There is once more a Christian people as distinguished from the simple sheep to be fed, and souls to be ruled. The humblest member of the Third Order was understood to have a definite position in the church; men could no longer think that the "ecclesia" contained only ecclesiastics.

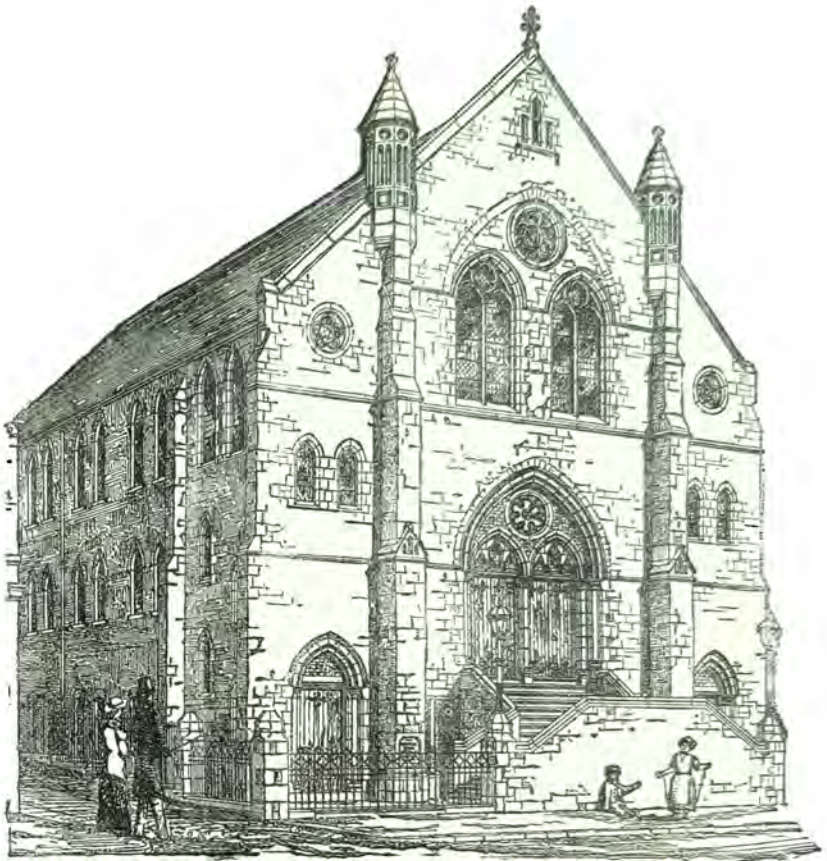
It is unnecessary here to sketch the history of the Order's rapid decline. Some causes of corruption are on the surface. Celibacy and mendicancy, when no longer borne up by constant devotion, were the easy steps to immorality and idleness. But we need not, for two reasons, dwell upon this. In the first place, the Protestant reader has a sufficiently correct notion from the pages of Foxe, and from other sources, of what they became long before the Reformation very wisely swept them away. Secondly, it may be more profitable sometimes to remember the excellencies of their early years, and to meditate upon many points of likeness to modern efforts to evangelize the masses, which their history suggests. The matter is well summed up by the words of the late Sir James Stephen, by no means a very favourable critic of Francis or the Franciscans:—

"So reiterated and so just have been the assaults on the Mendicant Friars, that we forget that till the days of Luther, the church had never seen so great a reform as theirs. During two centuries, Francis and his spiritual descendants, chiefly, if not exclusively, directed the two great engines of the Christian warfare, the mission and the pulpit. Nothing in the histories of Wesley or Whitefield can be compared with the enthusiasm which everywhere welcomed them, or with the immediate and visible results of their labours. In an age of oligarchical tyranny they were the protectors of the weak, in an age of ignorance the instructors of mankind, and in an age of profligacy the stern vindicators of the holiness of the sacerdotal character, and the virtues of domestic life. While other religious societies withdrew from the world, they entered, studied, and traversed it. They were followed by the wretched, the illiterate, the obscure, but not by them only. In every part of Europe, the rich, the powerful, and learned were found among their proselytes. And even when by the natural descent of corruption, the Order had fallen into well-deserved contumely, 'still the mission and the pulpit and the tradition of its founder arrested its decay.'"

W. J. ASHLEY.

Ministers to teach as well as to study.

THE divine, who spends all his time in study and contemplation on objects even so sublime and glorious, while his people are left uninstructed, acts the same part as the eagle would do, that should sit all day staring at the sun while her young ones were starving in the nest.—*From Bishop Horne's Aphorisms and Opinions.*



Gypsy Road Chapel, Norwood.

THE Gypsy Road Baptist Chapel, Norwood, is the outcome of the work commenced in 1873, by Mr. R. P. Javan, now of New Basford, near Nottingham, but who was then a student of the Pastors' College. The services were at first held in a small Mission-room in Hamilton Road, and afterwards at the Paxton School-room, in the same road, where the congregation still meets, pending the completion of the new chapel now being erected in the Gypsy Road. Mr. Javan remained till June, 1878, and was succeeded in January, 1879, by Mr. Edwin H. Ellis, another student of the Pastors' College, who continued till June, 1880, during which period a church was formed of sixteen members. This number was trebled during the first year of the church's existence. After Mr. Ellis accepted the Pastorate of Wellington Road Chapel, Shacklewell, Mr. R. M. Harrison, who has recently settled at New Durham, New Jersey, conducted the services for four months with much success, preventing any loss of members from the church or congregation. On November, 7, 1880, Mr. Walter Hobbs accepted the unanimous invitation of the church, and entered upon his new sphere with the heartiest commendation of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and

with good wishes from all the neighbouring ministers and residents, to whom Mr. Hobbs had greatly endeared himself by his untiring energy and faithful labours for five years in Norwood New Town, where he had commenced to work shortly after his admission to the Pastors' College.

The church at Hamilton Road was at this time entering upon the struggle to provide a larger and more commodious chapel than their present building, which is at the end of a narrow pathway, and not observable from the road; and Mr. Hobbs took a heavy burden upon his shoulders in accepting the pastorate. He has, however, been greatly blessed in seeing the church prosper, and the Building Fund steadily increasing. There are now one hundred and ten members in the church, and overflowing congregations every Sunday evening.

The Foundation-stone of the new chapel was laid by Horace Marshall, Esq., C.C., F.R.G.S., on September 27. It is being erected by Messrs. Smith and Sons, of South Norwood, from the design and under the personal direction and superintendence of the architect, Mr. Hampden W. Pratt, of 3, Furnival's Inn, Holborn. The school is calculated to accommodate about five hundred scholars in Sunday-school classes, and five hundred and fifty people in public meeting, while the Chapel, including galleries, will accommodate seven hundred and forty persons. The total cost will be £4,000, of which about £1,400 have been received or promised up to the present time. There is practically no Baptist Church between Penge and Chatsworth Road, Lower Norwood, a distance of about four miles, so we are not encroaching upon the territory of our neighbours, and this new Chapel is urgently required for the ever-increasing population of this district. Mr. Spurgeon is the Treasurer of the Building Fund, and contributions may be sent either direct to him, or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. F. Harding, Hall Cottage, Clive Road, West Dulwich.*

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1882. Price One Penny. *John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1882.* Price One Penny. Passmore and Alabaster.

IN our own judgment these almanacks are rather better than those of last year. The book almanack has always been a great favourite if we may judge from the number sold. John Ploughman's Sheet is very popular, but it ought to be much more freely scattered. Will our readers oblige us by sticking up copies wherever working-men meet together? John covets a place in every cottage, workshop, stable, harness-room, kitchen, cabmen's shelter, and coffee-house. Those who buy this sheet one year are sure to become regular annual subscribers. The publishers can adapt this sheet for local circulation in all places where a certain number can be taken.

Life and Sermons of Daniel Smart. E. Wilmshurst, Warwick Buildings.

WE have always heard of Mr. Daniel Smart as a faithful preacher of the gospel, pleading for holiness in the life as the consequence of grace in the heart. As the minister of the Huntingtonian congregation in Cranbrook, Mr. Smart is not only thoroughly Calvinistic, but may be classed with the "Standard" school of deep-experience preachers, and yet there is about his sermons such a tenderness towards sinners as we seldom see in brethren of that order. There are many shrewd as well as gracious remarks in the unpretentious life, and the sermons are such as simple-hearted believers will feed upon with a relish. Plain spoken discourses they are; just the sort for country people. While they are full of cheering words for the afflicted, they deal out heavy blows for loose Antinomians.

* As this church is in our immediate neighbourhood we take a special interest in it, and shall be glad of help towards its erection. The artist has made the place look like a ruin, but it will never, we trust, be anything of the kind.—C. H. S.

The New Testament. American revised edition. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1420, Chestnut Street.

It was most fitting that our American brethren should bring out an edition of the revised version with the commendations suggested by the American Committee incorporated in the text. For the most part these corrections are of much value, and if our English revisers had not been timid they would have adopted them. It will strike most observers that in omitting them our own revisers have used more caution than courage, and by no means improved their work. The more we read our own revision, the more we feel its great value, and at the same time the deeper is our conviction that our old form of the New Testament will not be superseded for many a day, and certainly not by the present attempt at revision, admirable though it be.

The Sick Man's Comfort Book. By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is a choice word of comfort,—exactly what it professes to be. We wish we could put a copy under every sick man's pillow. We have placed a short chapter in this month's magazine with the view of pressing it upon the notice of our readers.

Messiah the Prince; or, The Mediatorial Dominion of Jesus Christ. By WILLIAM SYMINGTON, D.D., with a Memoir of the Author. T. Nelson and Sons.

THIS great work is most handsomely brought out by the Messrs. Nelson. The memoir is, we suppose, all that could be written, but it is short and sweet. As to the treatise itself, wherein it teaches the supremacy of Christ over all nations, and the duty of nations to serve him, we are heartily agreed with the learned author; but as to whether nations as nations are to set up religious establishments is quite another question, and we suspect that we should have to cross swords with Dr. Symington on that point. The proposition that the State has

nothing to do with religion we deny, and at the same moment we deny the other proposition—that it is the duty of the State to patronize and endow religion. The function of civil government is best discharged under a sense of subordination to the law of Christ, and this sense of subordination should also suggest to the civil governor the limit of his jurisdiction, and prevent his putting forth the hand of Uzzah to steady the ark of the Lord. A ruler may be all the more religious because, as a ruler, he lets religion alone: his awe of God may be best exhibited by non-intrusion into a work which the Lord has entrusted to his own church, but which he never committed to the care of princes, presidents, or parliaments.

The Brethren; their worship and the Word of God at open variance. By ROBERT H. CARSON. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a capital pamphlet for distribution where Plymouths are working after their manner. All other Christians have some feeling of respect for each other; but these do not acknowledge any but themselves, and yet they talk of the one church and of Christian love. The exclusive brethren have no ecclesiastical connection with other believers in Christ, and refuse officially to acknowledge or reply to any communications from them; at least, such is our personal experience. You might as well expect Cardinal Manning to acknowledge the ministerial standing of a Methodist local preacher as hope to have any church dealing with an assembly of brethren. Their spirit, as a body, is the reverse of that of our Lord Jesus. We speak advisedly, and mean all that we say. Dr. Carson handles them as they ought to be handled, that is to say, vigorously and with plain speech, but not with reviling. Their ecclesiastical history becomes more and more sorrowful, for it is a reproduction of the divisions and contentions which other bodies have had to deplore, and yet they are the accusers and the judges of us all. May the Lord give them a better mind. When once they are known their power to proselytize is gone; but such is their subtlety that they need searching out by some such light as Dr. Carson casts upon them.

Half-hearted Churchmen: a Correspondence in "Church Bells" with various writers. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. "Home Words" Publishing Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. BULLOCK confounds his adversaries by the exhibition of Christian charity, which is a rare grace among those who call him a half-hearted churchman. If he were not very deeply a churchman he would long ago have been with dissenters. He is far more a Christian than an Episcopalian, and in this we could wish that his opponents would copy him; he does honour to himself and pours confusion upon them by simply writing in the spirit of his Lord and Master. In fifty years time it will be difficult to make men believe that it was necessary seriously to advocate the views here set forth by Mr. Bullock: the brutish intolerance of those who denounce all communions but that of the Episcopal body will by that time be universally hooted at. This collection of letters will be exceedingly interesting to all who are concerned in the Non-conformist struggle: they reveal the difficulties of a good man in the Establishment and show how the grace of God expels the bigotry of sect.

The Life of Francis Murphy, Gospel Temperance Advocate, and Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army in America. "Christian Herald," 2, Ivy Lane.

SIXPENNYWORTH of information about a good man who is doing a thoroughly good work. The gospel is the glory of the Blue Ribbon Army, and no one takes more delight in it than Francis Murphy. To our great joy we saw Messrs. Murphy and Noble in our College lecture hall the other day, and we gripped their hands with peculiar satisfaction, as true servants of the Lord. Total abstinence is never in their case put before the gospel or in the stead of it, but it is used as an assistant to raise those from the ditch of drunkenness who have fallen therein.

In Bible Lands. By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. T. Nelson and Sons.

A BOOK of travel in the Holy Land written for the young. A capital idea, carried out by an author who, above all

other men, is suited for the work. He has produced a child's book which those of older growth will love to read. The engravings are excellent, for they are of the usual quality of Nelson and Sons' work; and the letter-press is as instructive as the most learned works, but happily denuded of the hard words which so often deface them. A book of books for the family library.

Reminiscences of Congregationalism Fifty Years Ago. Prepared for the Jubilee Meeting of 1881. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

If all those who have had large dealings with men and things would imitate Dr. Stoughton by leaving behind them their own reminiscences, history would become easy work. Our good friend has seen fifty good years, and the story which he has to tell is worthy of a royal listener; as to how well he tells it our readers need not to be informed. Where lives there a better ecclesiastical historian than John Stoughton? A shilling could hardly be better spent than in buying this tractate of about 100 pages.

Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament. By A. ROBERTS, D.D. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

EVERY student of the Bible who can afford half-a-crown should get this most useful and entertaining volume. It contains the sort of reading which has the most charm for us, for it deals with the Scriptures themselves and their meaning in a most pleasant manner. Reading this "Companion," the alterations of the Revised Version become vastly more intelligible; for one sees the why and the wherefore for each of them. Sitting down to these pages with the two versions before us we forget all the worries of life, and beguile the hour in a manner which leaves substantial profit behind. Even if the reader should be innocent of Greek, Dr. Roberts will give him abundant instruction; but if he has a thorough acquaintance with the sacred tongue he will not find the work superfluous. We take the utmost pleasure in commending the little book to all Christian people, especially to those who are teachers of others.

Worthies of the World. A series of original Biographical Sketches. 13 parts, 6d. each. Ward and Lock.

THESE thirteen parts will make a noble volume of biographies. Part 12 contains C. H. Spurgeon, Victor Hugo, Homer, and John Bright—a rather singular quartette. Our life will never be quite accurately sketched till we take it in hand on our own account, but in this instance it is exceedingly well done, and the reader will not wonder that it is so, if he recognizes the initials G. H. P. at the end of the article. Of the whole series we are bound to speak in the highest terms. Ward, Lock, and Co. were fortunate in fixing upon the idea, and they have carried it out in a masterly manner. A better sixpenny-worth than one of these parts it would be hard to meet with in the realm of books.

Monaco, and its Gaming Tables. By JOHN POLSON. Elliot Stock.

ANOTHER bomb-shell for the gambling Hall of Monte-Carlo. It will be destroyed at last, but a public opinion has first to be formed. Families with sons who are young had better keep clear of Nice and Mentone till these seductive tables are over-turned, for the place is attractive, and the play enchants, and men are ruined before they know it. The passion for gambling is not the only one to which Monaco appeals. Satan's seat is on that charming headland.

Friendly Chats with Young Men and Maidens. By H. O. MACKEY. Sunday School Union.

RIGHT glad are we to see Pastor H. O. Mackey, of Southampton, producing a book. Our friend and brother was once a student of the Pastors' College, and he is now in many ways an honour to his Alma Mater. These "friendly chats" are instructive and inspiring, and have all the freshness and naturalness of a young man's words to young men. The Sunday School Union people have done well to adopt the little work as one of their own. Whatever meritorious publications they may issue, Mr. Mackey's book will not dishonour them; it is full of grace and common sense. Let young men and maidens read it, and attend to its admonitions.

Moses or Christ? Being the Argument of the Epistle to the Galatians. By R. GOVETT. Norwich: Fletcher and Son.

VIRTUALLY a commentary upon the Galatians, written in that deeply spiritual vein which is characteristic of Mr. Govett. He has given the heart of the controversy between Paul and the Judaizers in his title — "Moses or Christ?" This is to many poor bewildered minds still the question. Happy are they who are free from the law by union to the Law-fulfiller.

Poets, Painters, and Players. By GEORGE WILSON M'CREE. National Temperance Depot, 337, Strand.

THERE is more of interesting reading in this sixpenny pamphlet than will be commonly found in a six shilling volume. We scarcely remember learning so many facts in so short a time as that which we spent in perusing Mr. M'Cree's hundred pages. Specially were we touched by the story of Turner. To be so great a painter, and so small a man morally and spiritually is a most unhappy combination. Hartley Coleridge again, drunk in a ditch! Oh! drink, those whom thou hast not slain thou hast wounded, and thou hast not spared the most gifted of mankind.

We would suggest that a copy of this fascinating book should be given to every young man of ability. He will read it, he *must* read it, and he will see how genius itself may become a curse if it be enslaved by the drink-demon. How happy are they who have clean escaped from the ensnaring vice. How earnestly should they employ every hopeful means by which the slaves of this tyrant may be rescued from his chains. Such writing as Mr. M'Cree's acts as a hammer to dash the fetters to pieces.

The portion devoted to players is a sad revelation, and we are glad to see it close with Pollok's lines:—

"The theatre was, from the very first,
The favourite haunt of sin, though honest
men—

Some very honest, wise, and worthy men—
Maintain'd it might be turn'd to good account:

And so, perhaps, it might, but never was;—
From first to last it was an evil place."

Holy-Days and Holidays; or, Memoirs of the Calendar for Young People. By J. R. S. CLIFFORD. 66, Paternoster-row.

ALTHOUGH most of these holy-days and holidays are the offspring of sheer superstition, yet we may as well know the ways and follies of our neighbours, and this book sets them forth in a pleasant manner. It is clear that our forefathers in the days of "merrie England" went very earnestly into the work of making fools of themselves.

Plutarch's Lives; containing the most interesting of the incidents in the lives of celebrated Greeks and Romans. Arranged for the use of everyday readers. Whittaker and Co.

WE fear that Plutarch is not read by our younger generation as he deserves to be. The Puritans were wont to adorn and enrich their sermons with the incidents of antiquity stored up in Plutarch's Lives, and to this day there is no better storehouse of classic anecdote and illustration. For a shilling each this and several other first-class books are issued by Messrs. Whittaker, who deserve to be encouraged by all reading men.

Papal Infallibility and Supremacy, Tried by Ecclesiastical History, Scripture, and Reason. By A. E. GAYER, Esq., Q.C., LL.D. Partridge and Co.

THE point is well discussed. Few of our readers will think the Pope's claims worth a thought as far as they are concerned; but they may find it convenient to have weapons near at hand for the demolition of this hideous imposture. In these days it is needful to fight over again questions which we thought were settled for ever. Up rises Protection again, and old giant Pope is abroad; we should not be surprised to see giant Pagan also revive. It is well that when the need arises, the man is sure to be forthcoming. Mr. Gayer has done his work very well, and his book ought to be placed in all libraries of reference.

A Book about Criminals. By MRS. MEREDITH. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berners Street, 1881.

THROUGH a strangely unprepossessing preliminary chapter of crude theories

concerning "heredity," "penetrability," "unalterable state," "brain disease," "instability," and other matters more or less incomprehensibly treated, we come upon a readable and even interesting collection of narratives concerning criminals who have come within the influence of the Nine Elms Mission. A noble and extremely difficult work is being done by that agency, and some of the incidents here related illustrate too clearly the inveterate and all but incurable *deceit* which characterises many of the criminal class. On the other hand, there are encouraging instances of reclamation. Christians should read the book to enlighten their minds as to the terrible needs of human nature.

The Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh, Pioneer of Anglo-American Colonization. By CHARLES K. TRUE, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.

SIR WALTER was one of the most brilliant ornaments of a brilliant age, and his story is here excellently and briefly told. His universal genius made him shine in every position. A brilliant courtier, a daring adventurer, an assiduous investigator in scientific discovery, the redoubtable annihilator of the navies of Spain, the munificent colonizer spending for his country £40,000 out of his own fortune in endeavours to plant colonies across the Atlantic, a foremost literary genius in England's most splendid literary age, he was, in its fullest sense, the representative of the accomplished English gentleman. He contrived to live through the dangers of the court of the great, penurious, capricious Queen Elizabeth, and was unjustly beheaded in the reign of her poor, drivelling successor, James I. Read the story in this well-written and well-printed little book.

The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England: an Historical and Speculative Exposition. By Rev. JOSEPH MILLER, B.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE suppose that these exhaustive expositions of the church's articles are both attractive and valuable to students for priest's orders; but for ourselves they are far too discursive and uninteresting. The best thing about them is their pronounced evangelical tone.

Freedom of the Will. By the Rev. W. TAYLOR. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

THE author has succeeded, we think, in establishing the fact of the self-determining power of the will by showing the unreasonableness of any other conclusion respecting it. He has been less successful in its application to religious doctrines and duties. His philosophy is better than his theology. His avowed object has been to show that the distinctive doctrines of Calvinism are opposed to the freedom of the will. The apparent difficulty of reconciling the decrees of God with the free agency of man is removed by the assertion that human volitions are independent of divine decrees; and all questions respecting natural and moral ability to repent and believe the gospel are silenced by the denial of any distinction between them. How the delivering up of Christ by the Jews to be crucified could be by the determinate counsel as well as the foreknowledge of God, we are not informed; nor how prophecies, depending upon the free agency of thousands and in different ages, could have been fulfilled. The influence of the Spirit of God is admitted in conversion, but in no other way than by external inducement, such as is not more powerful in those who comply with it than in those who reject it. Our author affirms that there is no natural or moral inability to sin either on earth or in heaven. We remain content with the assurance that he who made the human will knows how to influence it, without destroying its freedom or interfering with the consciousness of its freedom; how to make it willing in the day of his power here, and how to secure its voluntary and yet eternal enjoyment of him hereafter.

A History of Christian Doctrines. By the late Dr. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor of Theology at Basel. Translated from the last German edition, with an Introduction by E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. (Two vols.) Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS is not exactly a new work, although there is the charm of novelty about Messrs. Clark's edition, which forms one of a fresh series in their foreign theological library. More than forty years ago the original treatise was published in the

German language. On both sides of the Atlantic it has been rendered several times into the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Here, however, we get a fresh translation, in clearer and more flowing style, of the author's latest edition, as he revised and re-edited it shortly before his decease. To metaphysical thinkers these substantial volumes need no commendation; but the imprimatur of Dr. Plumptre will doubtless enhance their value amongst a select circle of scholars. Still there is a large and intelligent constituency outside the universities to whom these subtle enquiries and expressions are very repulsive. *They believe in God; they believe also in Christ;* but from theologies and Christologies they turn aside, and not without good reason; for if you once begin to give ear to them, there will follow in their wake an endless variety of cosmologies, angelologies, demonologies, anthropologies, soteriologies, eschatologies, and the like, all owing their origin to what Dr. Hagenbach defines as *Apologetico-dogmatic prolegomena*. Pastors and teachers who aim at the perfecting of the saints, the work of the ministry, and the building up of the body of Christ, generally prefer to get their cisterns replenished higher up the river, above the bridges, and nearer the springs. By the industry and skill of the accomplished Professor in collecting, classifying, and cataloguing the diverging theories and the distracting heresies that have tantalized the church since the Patristic age, that is to say, from the times of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Origen, and the Ante-Nicene fathers down to the present time, we are supplied with a cyclopedia which may sometimes prove useful for reference.

Gospel Types and Shadows of the Old Testament. By the Rev. W. ODOM. Nisbet and Co.

VERY good indeed. The man who could not get fifty-two sermons out of these types must be a poor preacher. Paper cover, 6d.; cloth, 1s. This expenditure will break no one. We do not see anything new, but the old explanations are not to be improved, and it is most helpful to have them arranged and condensed as they are here. We commend the investment to those who have few books and little time.

John's Apocalypse: Literally Translated and Spiritually Interpreted. By H. BROWN, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

AN ingenious little volume. The text is translated with bold literalism, preserving the Greek idiom at the expense of our vernacular. For our own part, we should think it rather perilous to follow the lead of any private personal enterprise in promoting a new version of Scripture. We can only afford space for a short specimen. Rev. xi. 7, 8: "And when they shall have ended their witnessing, the wildbeast, the one coming-up from-out-of the abyss shall cause-to-be war along-with them, and shall-conquer them and shall-kill them. And their fallen-body is upon the broad-way of a city, the great one, whichever is-being-called spiritually Sodom and Egypt, where also their Lord was crucified." From the interpretation we cull the following extract:—"The spiritual name of Sodom is given to the unfaithful Israel by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the apostle Paul. Isaiah i. 10: Hear the word of Jehovah, ye rulers of Sodom, give ear to the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. Jeremiah xxiii. 14, . . . And they have been to Me . . . as Sodom and . . . as Gomorrah. Romans ix. 29, And, according-as Isaiah has-said before, If Lord of Sabaoth did not purposely leave to us a seed, then we-were-become as Sodom, and then we were likened as Gomorrah." Advantageous as it may be for teachers to know a little of the ancient languages, it must be equally desirable that they should have some acquaintance with our modern dialects, that the church may receive edifying. A translator should be master of two languages, but Mr. Browne appears to hold to one and despise the other.

John Blackie, the Bridgeton Colporteur. A Memoir. By his son, Rev. JOHN BLACKIE. Edinburgh: Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland.

AN interesting narrative of the life and work of a plain, common-sense, quaint, vigorous man who laboured with much success amongst the poor of Glasgow. Christian Colportage wrought great things in the dawn of evangelical light after the dark ages, and its

revival in our day is already conferring great benefit on our land. Those who contemplate the employment of a Colporteur in their neighbourhood should read this book; as also should those who require to be prompted to such a good work.

The Happiness of full Consecration: being brief Memorials of Emmeline Duncan. S. W. Partridge.

A SWEET little story of a most devoted life, showing how much may be achieved by whole-hearted godliness. Miss Duncan's was a choice spirit, and this is a worthy miniature of her character and work.

The Doctrines of Annihilation and Universalism viewed in the light of Reason, Analogy, and Revelation: with Critical Notes and a Review of "Salvator Mundi." By Rev. T. WOOD. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THIS is a second edition of a work which we favourably reviewed some two years ago. It is now furnished with additional notes on "Salvator Mundi." It is a good antidote to the pernicious assumptions of the Universalist school and therefore it deserves a large sale; but we are sick of the whole controversy. It is a remarkable thing to note the limited range of heresy, and how it is obliged to dish up its old, old fragments, and palm them off as novelties labelled "Modern Thought." Mr. Wood does excellent service to the cause of truth.

The Latest of Questions Answered in the Earliest of Books: Five Sermons preached in Octagon Chapel, Bath, by Rev. W. ANDERSON, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THESE sermons were preached with the view of showing that the questions of Creation, Man's Nature, the Origin of Evil, etc., etc., are best explained in the Book of Genesis. We judge them to have been fairly successful, but we are much afraid that the persons they were intended to convince will never read them; or, if they do, will not be persuaded of their own folly. Unbelief is largely moral, and only the Spirit of God can change the heart. Still, the sermons have our word of commendation.

The Tract Magazine and Christian Miscellany. Vol. 12. New Series. Religious Tract Society.

An old-fashioned magazine, but thoroughly good. Ministers and teachers would find many illustrations in it. Mothers' meetings would be enlivened by its being read aloud.

The Child's Companion and Juvenile Instructor. Religious Tract Society.

WHAT more can be done with this magazine? Is it not at length absolutely perfect? We are pleased to notice the prominence given in this volume for 1881 to kindness to animals. These are truly the child's companions, and too often their little masters are great tyrants to them. This magazine will help to their better treatment. The volume is a delight. How happy ought children to be for whom such pleasant pages are provided!

The Boy's Own Annual. The Girl's Own Annual. "Leisure Hour" Office, 56, Paternoster Row.

THESE publications mark an era in the history of juvenile periodical literature. They are intended to forestall the sensational tales which our youths have been all too ready to read—tales which have insinuated the poison of vice, and suggested evil which had else been unknown. These volumes are striking, amusing, exciting, and yet pure as the snow from heaven; nay more their tendency is to exalt and ennoble, by cheerfully presenting choice examples and prompting the desire to imitate them. We know that some raise objections to any reading which is not altogether religious, but with such we have scant sympathy. If our young folks cannot yet digest our strong meat, are we to leave them to be poisoned till their digestion has been strengthened? No. We would mix the saving truth even with books of games and tales of mirth, and thus take the young by holy guile. Our families owe the Tract Society a debt of gratitude. It would be an act well pleasing to God if some of our readers would introduce these papers to boys and girls of the lower order who are now feasting on impure and questionable literature. The better sort will naturally prefer these

papers; but there is a class who need to be educated up to them, and it would be a worthy deed to attempt their education.

Outlines of the Life of Christ. By EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The Life of our Lord, with Compared References. By FRANCIS SANGSTER. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Words of Christ, Collated from the Four Gospels. By T. B. London: James Nisbet and Co.

HELPS to study and hints to students, how to enlarge the sphere of their knowledge and to cultivate exactness are welcome in every branch of instruction. In our classical schools the modern system is to use small books. When we were young we had a Simpson's Euclid, but we are afraid few of our fellows got half through the first six books. "Our boys" are favoured with a copy of the first book at the cost of a few pence, and they will not be supplied with the advanced lessons till they have mastered the rudiments. This is an improvement; and we are heartily glad to see that our renowned publishers, with the Religious Tract Society in the van, are moving onward with Biblical literature in the same direction. Outlines and handbooks prepare the way for bodies of divinity, and are aids to those who cannot yet reach to greater things.

Grace and Glory. Sermons for the life that now is and that which is to come. By A. J. GORDON, Pastor of Clarendon Street Church, Boston. Boston: Howard Gannett, Tremont Temple.

SERMONS which will make their mark. Here we have power without sensationalism, a rather unusual thing in American preachers whose sermons cross the Atlantic. Calm thought, living and earnest, is here expressed in forcible language, pruned of all redundancy. The doctrine is that of the orthodox Baptist, evangelical and practical. We are bound to hear much more of Mr. Gordon, and we shall be surprised if these discourses are not reprinted by an English house.

The Christian's Plea against Modern Unbelief. A handbook of Christian Evidence. By R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B., Professor of Systematic Theology, New College. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE argument, the author, and the auspices under which this treatise is brought out, all combine to bespeak for it a favourable consideration. As a manual, prepared at the request of "The Christian Evidence Society," it deals mainly with the outworks of the church's citadel. In discussing first principles—such as the existence of God, the possibility of revelation, the credibility of miracles, the fulfilment of prophecy, or the canon of Scripture—with professed sceptics and positive opponents of the gospel, those who plead for truth are often awkwardly apologetic. Too much deference is shown to the doubter, and if he has an academical degree, it is supposed to impart authority to his dogged disbelief. Mr. Redford has acquitted himself well in furnishing the Christian advocate with a systematic view, on the one hand, of the various phases of infidelity, skilfully focussed; and, on the other hand, of the facts, historic or rational, which bear witness to those truths that cannot be shaken, however much they may be assailed. But what about those individuals whose proclivities are in a greater or lesser degree atheistic? Have we an essay here that is likely to reclaim them? Our author imagines that *simple theism* may become an *adytum* to the inner sanctuary of more select evidences. "Like travellers passing through various regions, (of desert land and cloudy atmosphere!) and being variously affected on the way; having reached the end of the journey, the retrospect is an unbroken and restful assurance." We are not so sanguine. Such pilgrims to the promised land have never crossed our path. We have never witnessed any real converting power till we could get people within those lines that he scrupulously avoids. To his idea it is not only permissible, but helpful to separate the *theism* of Christianity from the doctrines of the Christian faith; and the *authority* of Scripture from the interpretation of its contents; in a word, by reasoning,

to break down their *negations* without instructing them in any *positives* in lieu thereof. This is a curious experiment; but let a lady, who had studied more philosophy, ancient and modern, than the most of us, relate her experience in better words than we can aspire to:—

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good
At once; (good aims not always make good books;
Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils
In digging vineyards even) books that prove
God's being so definitely, that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line,
Made atheist by suggestion."

For other reasons than Mrs. Barrett Browning would assign, we are convinced that the cold logic of Christian evidences is a poor specific that has seldom or never proved a cure for unbelief. That department of polite literature called Natural Religion leads nowhere and profiteth nothing, so far as we could ever ascertain. It fills the air with volatile sentiment, and expresses itself in lackadaisical phrases about "the benevolence of the Creator," "the beauty of his works," or "the traces of design that are scattered through the universe." Simple theism is a paltry subterfuge. What these poor souls need is saving faith. Why should we dally with their prejudices? The first postulate is this: "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." The second postulate is, "He that believeth in God must accept Christ as a mediator." And the third postulate is, "He that accepteth the one mediator between God and men must receive the atonement." Or otherwise, should the honest sceptic be persuaded to acknowledge a deity, he cannot possibly rejoice in God or sing praises unto the Lord with the spirit and the understanding. For a Christian minister to plead with an infidel to become a *theist* sounds preposterous to us. If it is only an initiative, yet it is such an initiative as one might use in attempting gradually to reform criminals by intreating burglars not to carry fire-arms. The ministry of the Holy Spirit knows no half measures.

The Philosophy of Prayer, with other essays. By H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A MISCELLANEOUS collection of papers on various subjects, the first of which

does not cover a fifth part of the little volume. They are all more or less interesting; but the one which is entitled "The Mission of Apollon" deserves special mention.

Notes.

C. H. SPURGEON purposes to leave England for the South of France after the first week in November. The supplies for the Tabernacle Pulpit on Lord's-days will probably be as follows:—

Nov. 13, Mr. R. H. Lovell; Nov. 20, Mr. D. L. Moody; Nov. 27 (morning), Mr. A. G. Brown; evening, Mr. W. Y. Fulleton; Dec. 4 (morning), Mr. C. Spurgeon; evening, Mr. J. A. Spurgeon; Dec. 11, Mr. R. H. Lovell; Dec. 18 (morning), Mr. J. Jackson Wray; evening, Mr. W. Y. Fulleton.

Friends from a distance had better not attempt to get in when Mr. Moody preaches, as there is sure to be a dense crowd, and the ordinary congregation will be first admitted, so that the place will be full. We hope that on some future occasion both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey will conduct a series of services at the Tabernacle; at any rate, the building will be at their disposal.

Friends who take an interest in our work will greatly ease our mind if they will send in specially abundant help for all the institutions while we are away. We once had watchful friends who promptly sent in generous aid whenever they saw that the pastor was ill, for they thought it would be ministering to his health if they kept every work in going order. Some of these friends still survive, and the Lord is preparing more, for his work must not falter.

Let the BAZAAR preparations go on actively during our absence. Will not every member of the church, every sermon-reader, and every magazine-subscriber send in something? It is for orphan girls that the buildings are needed. The poor little ones plead for themselves. Once let their faces be seen, and their wants will be the best argument for generosity. We have hitherto seen the bountiful hand of the Lord stretched out in the hour of our need, and we feel confident that he will not fail us now.

We commend to the kindly notice of all wealthy believers the case of our country ministers. The depression in the farming interest is depriving our village churches of the power to support their pastors. Our Baptist causes must many of them die out unless timely help is given. We are daily receiving appeals for the means of buying bread to eat and raiment to put on. A fund of £5,000 to meet this emergency would save many a village church. Men who were

getting only £80 a-year cannot now expect half that amount, and they cry out in utter dismay, "What shall we do?" They are anxious to stay with their people, but how can they keep body and soul together, and find bare bread for their children? Where the deacons are farmers the best subscribers are crippled, and so the sources of supply are cut off. Should not the Lord's stewards in the towns think of this condition of affairs, and come to the rescue? The system which makes each church independent and self-governing has many excellences, but we are not so enamoured of it as to be blind to its defects. Something must be done speedily to aid the smaller churches, or they will die of their independency. All funds at present in existence are strained to their utmost; now is the time for a special effort to meet a difficulty, which we hope will not occur again should next year be favourable to agriculture.

On Friday evening, Sept. 23, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. There was a large and enthusiastic muster of the workers and friends of the Association, and the proceedings throughout were of the most encouraging description. We beg our readers to observe the vast amount of work done by this Society. Mr. Elvin presented the report, from which we learn that, during the year, the following services have been held:—On Sundays, at the stations belonging to the Association, 603; at other mission stations, 728; in the open-air, 131; in connection with special services, 63; children's services and supplies, 376; on week-nights, in various chapels and halls, 1,508; in the open-air, 76; or a total of 3,485 meetings at which the gospel has been preached in some part of London. As the evangelists usually adopt the Scriptural plan of going two by two, the number of addresses given is still larger, amounting to no less than 4,948. To accomplish this work 124 brethren and sisters have been more or less occupied as opportunities presented themselves. The cost of carrying on this effort has been exactly £200, a very small sum when we think how much has been accomplished by this agency towards the actual evangelization of this vast city. The addresses actually cost under 10d. each. We have been glad to meet rather more than half the expenses by sums left to our discretion, the

churches visited have contributed £53 ls. 6d., donations from various friends, collections, tea-meetings, etc., have realized about £43, leaving a balance of £2 10s. 6d. in hand with which to commence the work of another year. As fresh openings are constantly occurring, it is necessary that the funds should increase in like proportion, and the Society will also be glad of more voluntary preachers of the right sort. The honorary secretary is Mr. G. E. Elvin, 30, Surrey-square, Walworth, S.E.

On *Monday evening, Oct. 17*, the annual meeting of the LADIES' MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon referred to the satisfactory state of the Society's funds, the total receipts for the year having exceeded £110, and the balance to be handed over to the new Treasurer being about £25. Boxes of linen had been lent to 232 poor women, and relief administered in each instance. The Chairman stated that Mrs. Pike desired to resign her office as Treasurer on account of her advancing age, and her inability to attend. Thanks are due to her for long and hearty service. Mrs. J. T. Olney has consented to take her place. Mr. J. M. Smith sang and spoke, Mr. W. Olney pleaded for the employment of an additional visitor to the poor women assisted by the Society, and the Pastor promised £20 towards her support. Mrs. Graney, the Bible-woman already employed, described some of the scenes she had witnessed while visiting, and the meeting was closed with prayer. It was stated by one who knew that the poor mothers of London are often obliged to wash and attend to housework within a few hours of their confinement, having frequently no nurse, and no help of any kind. All hearts were saddened by the stories told, and all felt that nurses are as much needed as evangelists. *Wanted*, holy, patient, self-denying women who would give themselves to such work! We do not mean this as an advertisement for a paid nurse, but as an application for voluntary workers.

The first hour of the prayer-meeting the same evening was specially on behalf of Sunday-school work. Reports of some of the twenty-eight schools directly or indirectly connected with the Tabernacle church were presented by the superintendents or managers, and prayer was offered by several of the teachers and other friends. Great blessing has been experienced, but there is a general outcry for *more teachers*. In the more populous parts of London children abound, but teachers are few. The richer classes live out of town, and the poor are left to workers from among themselves. Schools are suffering sadly from this cause. However, the Lord will appear in this thing also.

The afterpart of the meeting was devoted to taking farewell of Mr. J. G. Potter, of the Pastors' College, who has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work in India. He is going in the first instance to

Calcutta, and hopes ultimately to be stationed with our friend Mr. R. Spurgeon, in Bengal. Earnest prayer was offered for him by the whole church. His missionary ardour and his steady perseverance lead us to expect great things of him.

Every Thursday evening the friends at the Tabernacle meet for an hour's prayer before the Pastor preaches. The benefit of this season of supplication is felt all round. It is a fine preparation both for hearing and preaching.

COLLEGE.—Mr. G. J. Dann has accepted an invitation from the church at James' Grove, Peckham, and several of the students will in all probability leave us for pastorates.

Mr. C. J. Padley has started for Australia, where he hopes to find a suitable sphere. We commend him to the kindness of friends at the Antipodes.

Mr. H. Winsor, late of Beeston Hill, Leeds, has become pastor of the newly-formed church at South Stockton.

We greatly fear that another member of our Conference has been called suddenly home. A telegram in the papers announces a railway accident near Melbourne, and states that "the Rev. Mr. Garrett and others were killed." As our brother H. H. Garrett lived at Brighton, near Melbourne, it seems probable that his career has terminated thus painfully, though we hope it is not so.

In Memoriam.—On Tuesday, Sept. 27, the beloved wife of our venerable friend and father in Christ, Professor Rogers, passed away, after a happy married life of fifty-eight years, and, as the husband says, at the close of "a long illness endured with much patience and even cheerfulness." Our dear friend is comforted and sustained.

Did our friends observe that we have published Mr. Rogers' Conference Addresses at half-a-crown the volume? These are addresses indeed, full of holy wisdom and rare wit. If there is any difficulty about getting the book, a note to Mr. Thomas, Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, enclosing two-and-sixpence, will secure the volume, postage free. It will hardly be necessary to mention this matter twice to the members of the College Conference, but other ministers will find their money well laid out if they make the purchase.

College Stall at the Bazaar.—We have received from Pastor C. Bloy, Aslacton, a parcel of goods for sale; from Mr. Padley, a valuable patchwork quilt; from Mr. Armstrong, Warrambeen, Australia, a box of goods; and from brethren at Melton Mowbray, Shoreham (Sussex), Waterbeach, and Wingrave, promises of help for the College Stall. This branch of the Orphanage Bazaar is sure to be fruitful. Surely no minister trained in the College will be one penny the poorer for mentioning this matter to his friends, and procuring a little help for the orphan girls. Some who did not help on a former occasion will, we trust, come

forward this time. Children of ministers who were once students are now in the Orphanage; had their fathers foreseen this fact with what an interest would they have looked towards Stockwell! One who prayed at the founding of the Institution remarked that perhaps his children might one day be there. He was well and hearty then, and yet among our boys we have numbered two of his sons. It is a mercy to have such an institution for the boys: now for the girls.

EVANGELISTS.—Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been at Vernon Chapel, Pentonville, during the greater part of the past month. Our brother Sawday, himself an evangelist of the very first rank, thus writes of their visit, up to the time of making up the "Notes":—

"Vernon Chapel,
"King's Cross Road, W.C.,
"October 18, 1881.

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—How can I thank you, as I want to, for sending brethren Smith and Fullerton to labour in this neighbourhood? They have been here now just over a fortnight, and the work of God is progressing gloriously.

"Though our chapel is in a most unfavourable place for reaching the masses, we have had splendid audiences from the very first. A great many who seldom, or never, attend a religious service are now with us night after night. Such gatherings, both for numbers and interest, I have never been privileged to see in this house before, all these eighteen years. The cornet is a great attraction, so is Mr. Smith's singing, so is the preaching of both our dear brethren. The people go away, and make others long to come, by telling them of the attractive services. Brother Fullerton's preaching is weighty, rousing, and clear. Surely the gospel cannot be put more lovingly and simply than by these two evangelists.

"The children come in crowds to hear Mr. Smith on Saturday afternoons. The men's meeting on Sunday afternoons, too, is a marvel both for numbers and interest. On Sunday nights Mr. Chamberlain kindly comes over from the Tabernacle, and sings at Vernon. We have a capital audience, although so many of our people are away with brethren Smith and Fullerton at St. Mary's Hall, Agricultural Hall, which, although it is much larger than the chapel, is crowded to excess long before the time for commencing the service. As for the results, they are most varied and cheering. The old, old story, as told by our brethren, has done our own people a world of good, and they have been greatly blessed in preparing for the visit. They have distributed about thirty thousand invitations from house to house, and as many more in the streets, and in factories, etc. They have prayed much, and prayer is being answered, for souls have been saved, I believe, in every meeting. We are busy until a late hour every night leading the anxious to Christ. Some who have

heard me for sixteen years are saved at last. I cannot give special cases now, but there is great joy here at Vernon over prodigals returning home. We hope for larger ingatherings this week and next, and after our brethren are gone.

"I am afraid I shall be presumptuous if I add my testimony as to the fitness of Messrs. Smith and Fullerton for the work of evangelization. They are grand fellows, they work splendidly together, and the hand of the Lord is mightily with them. These are red-letter days at Vernon. How one wishes our churches could all be visited by such men! For just twenty years' unceasing kindness, I remain, dear sir,

"Yours gratefully,

"C. B. SAWDAY."

Early this month the evangelists are to go to Mr. Stott's chapel, St. John's Wood, and on Monday, Nov. 21, the day after Mr. Moody preaches for us, they are to commence at the Tabernacle a series of services which will probably last three weeks or a month. Let all our friends in the south of London come forward, and use their utmost endeavours to make these services a powerful means of grace; and let friends far and near implore a blessing upon the meetings. Members of the church, while your Pastor is away, be doubly active. Bring strangers to the meetings, and watch for their souls. Oh, that the Spirit of God may send us a great addition to the church of such as are saved! Our dear brother and co-pastor will feel much encouraged if all our workers will put their shoulders to the wheel in this good work.

Mr. Burnham reports that he spent a very enjoyable time among the hop-pickers. He asks us to unite with him in praising God for answering prayer, and sending fine weather for the open-air meetings. During the month that the services were held in the hop-gardens, there was much rain day after day, and yet he and his co-workers were only prevented from holding their meetings on two evenings.

On returning from Kent, our brother went to *Leighton Buzzard*. The pastor of the church there thus writes of the blessing resulting from his visit:—

"My dear sir,—You will be glad to hear of the very successful series of services conducted here by Mr. Burnham during the past week. The services had been preceded by special prayer, and the spirit and tone of those preparatory meetings led us to expect a great blessing: nor have we been disappointed. A feeling of interest was generally awakened from the first, and manifest signs of the divine presence were given. As the services proceeded the number of enquirers increased, and the divine blessing was so manifest and abundant that our brother was induced to prolong his stay with us. Last evening, a meeting was held for praise and testimony; that those who had been brought to the Saviour might have

the opportunity to tell of the blessing they had received, and that those who were still seeking might be encouraged. This was a most cheering and heart-stirring gathering. A goodly number of friends assembled; most of whom had been either led to Christ, or deeply impressed by the services; and, as testimony after testimony was given, it was found that a longing for fuller consecration to Christ had been awakened in the hearts of some of our church-members; while in one case, at least, a backslider had been restored. One special feature of the work here has been the holding of meetings in the afternoon for the study of the Scriptures. I must not forget to mention that Mr. Burnham has been greatly aided in his work here by our Brethren Walker, of Houghton Regis, Feltham, of Winslow, and Tomkins, of Ridgmount.

Our hearts have been greatly cheered. There are many, especially among the young folk, who will have reason to bless God throughout eternity that the steps of our Brother Burnham were directed to Leighton. Souls have been saved, many have been led to seek the Saviour, backsliders have been restored, and the spiritual life of believers has been revived, and, while we rejoice over the results which are already apparent, we are confident that some good has been done of which the fruits are yet to be made manifest.

"Yours very truly,
"GEORGE DURELL."

Mr. Burnham's engagements for this month are, November 1 to 7, Watton, Norfolk; 8 to 13, Southwell, Notts; 21 to 27, Mirfield, Yorks; and 28 to December 4, Birkley, Yorks. He asks us to say that he is fully engaged until the Conference, so that those who desire his services must fix some date after May, 1882.

ORPHANAGE. On Friday evening, September 30, the quarterly collectors' meeting was held at the Orphanage. After tea, the boys' dining-hall was quite crowded by an interested audience, who listened with apparent delight to "John Ploughman's" description of the "Pictures" in his last new book. Mr. Catlin, of the Cow-cross Mission, who has obtained permission to reproduce the pictures for dissolving-view slides, exhibited them by the oxy-hydrogen lime-light. Two of the little girls recited in first-rate style, the boys and girls sang a few of their favourite pieces, and a pleasant evening was happily closed by the presentation of the prizes awarded to the children by the Committee of Council on Education, Science and Art Department. The collectors brought in about £120, in addition to which friends, who could not be present, sent about £30 before or after the meeting. To all our helpers we again say, "God bless you for what you have done, but please do not forget that our family will soon be nearly double its present size, and therefore will want twice as much support." We suffer

greatly from the remark, "Oh, Mr. Spurgeon can get plenty of money!" Alas! we should get none if all were as miserly as those who make this an excuse for refusing to help the orphans. How are we to get money except as the Lord moves his people to give? We are not surrounded by an army of rich folks who have nothing to do with their wealth. Far otherwise. Our funds come from helpers who are many of them generous to the full extent of their means. The Lord will always supply the needs of the poor orphans, and the students; but when people see a man bearing such a load of responsibility it is bad enough to refuse to help, and worse still coolly to say, "Oh, he'll manage it! He has plenty of friends."

Orphanage Bazaar.—The advertisement at the end of the magazine will show all our friends that we have had several additional promises of stalls since last month. The task is first to load them up, and then to unload them when the sale comes on. The time is drawing near. Dear Mrs. Dilatory, do look alive!

Mr. Bartlett reports that friends in Africa, America, Japan, and Jamaica are working for his stall. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. have promised to send some books for sale; and in addition to the places mentioned under the head of "College," we have received promises of parcels from Blaenavon, Coalbrookdale, Gnosall, Lakenheath, Kennington Park, and Reigate. *We should be specially delighted if some American friends would take up this work at once. There is very little time: but among the hundreds of thousands of our sermon-readers in the States surely something might be done.*

SONG SERVICES.—These may be made a special means of grace. Let a choir of believers take either of Mr. Charlesworth's Song Services, and sing them through with pious feeling, and good must be the result. The seven "Services" are to be had of our publishers at 3d each, or in one volume, paper covers, 1s.; cloth, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.; words of entire series, one penny. Mr. Burnham has also brought out, at 4d., a capital "Service," entitled "The Waldensian Exiles." Of course, if these are used as a mere concert for amusement, no good will come of them, but sung as unto the Lord, experience proves their value.

COLPORTAGE.—The General Secretary writes—"The only note of importance this month is that some friends, anxious for the extension of the work, have made us some liberal offers, which, however, are conditional upon friends in the districts raising £40 a year. Thus, a gentleman, who will not allow his name to traipse, promises £50 if ten new districts are started in six months, while another offers to assist very generously to support a travelling agent, if a suitable man can be obtained, to visit districts and give information concerning the

work, and secure subscriptions towards supporting additional colporteurs.

"We are thankful for that wherunto we have attained, but for some time past have remained nearly stationary as to aggressive movements. We have 70 districts occupied, but what are these compared with the large number which need the work? Being unsectarian in its nature and operations, all Christians may unite in supporting a colporteur, and as the Association always helps the districts beyond the £40 subscribed by paying all expenses incurred beyond that sum, it is an economical form of Home Mission work which should be more widely adopted. It utilizes the press, the pulpit, and personal appeal, to make known the gospel. We shall be glad to receive new applications for the appointment of colporteurs to districts where £40 a year can be raised. Subscriptions to our general fund are also always needed."

Mr. D. M. Logan, who for a while attended some of the College classes, sends us the following interesting note concerning—

Colportage in the Australian Colonies.—
"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—A year ago to-day, I was in London, the centre of civilization, of usefulness, and of religious effort. To-day I am in an out-of-the-way place in New South Wales, Australia, far from church or chapel, store, telegraph-office, or railway line. I live, with my family, amongst rocky hills, and can only be reached by rugged and difficult tracks. We see but few travellers, for we are some distance from a main road, and yet in this remote situation we have been visited by a colporteur! Indefatigable man! he wasn't to be stopped by rocky creeks, nasty sidings, or up-hill roads. He had a mission to fulfil. He carried God's word and good books to dispose of, he had to speak of the love of God, and to tell of Jesus the Saviour, and the power of the Holy Spirit, and he was undeterred by any difficulty, and found his way here as he does to many other such wild retreats. We were astonished to see the colporteur's waggon approaching. We were delighted to see it well filled with a goodly stock neatly arranged in covered trays, so packed as to stand all the jolting and rough treatment of long and tedious journeys. We gave him a hearty reception, and bought some of his books. We purchased some copies of our old friend, 'The British Workman,' in one of which I found a sketch of the Bible-carriage in the Mile End-road. It was very correctly drawn, and reminded me of old times, for I had had the privilege of selling Testaments, and preaching from it to the crowds that passed by on that great thoroughfare. When I tell you that the colporteur sold me a volume of 'The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit,' and 'Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth,' by Arnot, you may guess I was truly delighted, for I had lost every book that I possessed by being shipwrecked on my voyage to this

colony. We spent a profitable evening with him, and he left next day cheered and refreshed, I believe, as we also were by his visit. He is one of several missionary colporteurs connected with the New South Wales Bush Mission, which is doing a good work in the interior of this large and lovely Island-Continent.

"D. M. LOGAN.

"Moura, Bumbury,
"viâ Molongo, N.S.W.
"22nd July, 1881."

Mr. Logan himself holds a service every Sunday for the men on his farm, and gives them a "Reading" on Monday evenings from "John Ploughman's Pictures," and other "sound, improving, healthy, and amusing" literature. As he took his place almost in its natural condition, and now has about 4,500 sheep, beside cattle, to care for, he employs many labourers, and is glad to do all he can for their spiritual as well as temporal welfare.

PERSONAL NOTES.—A friend writes:—

"I was last week attending the meetings of the Hants Congregational Union at Bournemouth, when a deacon of a neighbouring church related the following cheering story:—'About seven years since a poor woman had saved up a few pounds of money, and was going into the town of Christchurch to purchase some things. By some means she lost her purse, which contained a £5 note, £1 in gold, and some 1s. in silver. She was much distressed at her loss, and had some hand-bills circulated offering a reward for the restoration of her property. A person found the purse, and appropriated the whole of its contents, and nothing has been heard of the affair until a fortnight since, when a gentleman went to the printer of the handbill, and asked if he could remember the incident. On looking over his file he saw the bill, and the whole of the circumstances came to his mind. The gentleman then said, 'You must ask me no questions, but the purse will be restored.' A few days afterwards the identical purse, with the amount of money lost, and £3 for interest, was sent to the rightful owner. *The cause which brought this about was reading Spurgeon's Sermons.*"

A brother in the Lord, who is also a colonel in the army, told us the other day that although he had Christian parents, and many religious privileges, he never knew the way of salvation until he read our sermon entitled, "The Way of Salvation," (No. 209.) in the little book form. He has since distributed hundreds of them to others. This is a hint to sowers as to what kind of seed they should sow.

During the past month we received an interesting letter from a German Baptist Colporteur, in which he says that he has sold many of our books, which have been a blessing to him, and to many who have bought them. He also mentions that the Empress of Germany has bought from him "Dew

Pearls," and "Gold Beams," i.e., "Morning by Morning" and "Evening by Evening," and "John Ploughman's Talk," in the German translation.

Just after making up the "Notes" for last month's magazine we received the following touching letters:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon, — The enclosed letter, which I write verbatim, and the cheque for £10, are from my dear boy, who appears to be on the eve of departure to a better world. He has been greatly interested in making up all his little money matters to send you the proceeds. As you will suppose, he has been for some time taking an interest in your work for Christ, and one of the greatest enjoyments of his life was the hearing you preach one Sunday last spring. He has read your sermons, &c., for a long time, and distributed them among our poor neighbours. His life has been one of much suffering, chiefly from asthma; but now consumption is carrying him off, and he is lying in the most peaceful, tranquil state, waiting the Master's call.

"If you will kindly acknowledge his letter yourself I should be so much obliged, as I know he is hoping for that pleasure.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours very truly,
"_____,"

"Sept. 19th, 1881.

"My dear Mr. Spurgeon,—I am very ill indeed, and my days are few, so I thought I should like to send you my little savings before I go, for you to use in what way you

think best for Christ's work. I should very much like a few lines from you, with a few words of comfort to cheer me at the last. I am rejoiced to tell you that I know Christ has forgiven my sins, and I am longing to depart and be with him.

"I cannot say that I have ever felt overwhelmed with sin. I have always been an invalid, and my feeling is that Christ sought me out, and has been gently leading me along a quiet path out of the way of many of the sins and temptations of youth; therefore, all thanks be to him, I can claim no merit. He has so hedged in my way, that I have been kept from the desire after worldly things, and my heart is full of gratitude to him for all the way he has led me, and I bless him for the life of sickness which I feel now has been my safeguard.

"With my best love to you and Mrs. Spurgeon,

"I am, yours affectionately,
"_____,"

We divided the amount as requested, and wrote by return of post to thank the suffering donor, but before he could receive our reply he had entered into the presence of his Lord, and heard from his loving lips the gracious words, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—
Sept. 22, ten; Sept. 29, twenty-three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Darby
Mr. and Mrs. Penny
Mr. Geo. White
Mr. Thos. E.
Mr. Harry Blott
Mr. and Mrs. Speight
M., Lanarkshire
An anonymous donation, U. S. A.
Mr. Robert Hughes
Mr. and Mrs. Hale
Miss McClellan
Mrs. Cunningham
Mr. A. H. Seard
A sermon-reader
Stamps per Mrs. Spurgeon
Miss E. Rooke
Mr. J. Bruckie
Mrs. Gardiner

	£	s.	d.
M. A. N.
Annette
Mr. Chas. Wood
Proceeds of Lecture on "Hoarding Information," delivered at Tabernacle by Pastor C. Spurgeon
Mr. Balne
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Fitzgerald
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
September 18
" 25
October 2
" 9
			141 17 1
			£306 0 1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. John Louson, Montreal
Mr. and Mrs. Luff

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Hill
Mr. John Begg

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
P. L.	0	10	0	G. S. H., Leith	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Thorpe... ..	1	0	0	Miss Porter	0	10	0
Miss Way	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel.	2	13	6
Mr. James Salmond	0	10	0	J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Durby	5	0	0	Sale of S. O. Tracts	0	1	6
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston .	0	9	0	Sandwich, per Bankers, Sept. 30th	2	2	0
A Sermon-reader	0	2	0	Executors of the late Mr. John Ed-			
Mr. and Mrs. Penny	2	0	0	wards	450	0	0
Collected by Miss Beatrice Fisher ...	0	14	6	B. W., Leamington	1	0	0
A Friend, Glasgow... ..	2	0	0	Stamps from Meltham	0	7	0
Mr. Geo. White	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
W. S.	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Robinson	0	2	6
Hannah Jones	0	2	6	Mr. C. Hunting	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker	0	14	0	A lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Miss E. Field	1	1	0	Stamps from Wolstanton	0	2	0
Mr. W. Robertson... ..	0	5	0	Mrs. Evan Davies	50	0	0
Mr. Thos. R—	5	0	0	Lothair and Dougall	2	0	0
Mr. Harry Blott	5	0	0	Miss E. Rooke	0	10	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0	Mr. Jas. Houston	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Hughes	1	0	0	Thankoffering	0	5	0
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0	6	0	J. McK.	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Ward	2	0	0	The Widow's Mite... ..	1	0	0
A widow, per Mrs. H. Ward	3	0	0	Mr. Joseph Cubey	1	0	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	10	0	A Sermon-reader	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Padley... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. Gardiner	2	0	0
Mr. Thos. Milward	5	0	0	"Every little helps"	0	5	0
Mr. James Hamilton	0	5	0	Miss Vickerman, per W. G.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Butler	0	2	0	Miss Annie Macdonald, per W. G. ...	0	5	0
Miss M. M. Dodwell	0	5	0	A City of Glasgow Bank Shareholder...	20	0	0
Aberdeen	0	2	6	Mr. G. Barrett	0	10	6
Miss Lena Wilson... ..	0	4	0	An aged believer	0	5	0
Collected by Eddie... ..	1	0	0	Professor Simpson... ..	10	0	0
P. O. O. from Bootle	5	0	0	Miss H. Fells	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0	9	0	M. A. N.	1	0	0
Mrs. Dodwell	0	6	0	Annette	0	5	0
Mrs. Winsor's box	0	10	0	A class of girls, Congregational Sun-			
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0	day-school, Stowmarket	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0	10	0	A country minister	0	3	6
Collected by the Misses Rust	0	10	0	W. A. M.	0	5	0
An agricultural labourer... ..	0	10	0	D. Wallis	0	2	6
Part collection at Hanover Chapel,				Mr. John Lamont, per Mr. Murrell ...	2	0	0
Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley	7	10	0	Mr. W. Ranford	1	0	0
Somersetshire	20	0	0				
Mrs. Thirza Jones	2	0	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood ...	3	4	9	Miss Watts	5	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hearnden	0	3	3	Mr. W. Park	1	1	0
Mrs. Bright... ..	0	10	0	The Baroness de Rothschild	2	2	0
A poor widow	0	0	6	Mrs. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Leytonstone Congregational Sunday-				Collecting Books:—			
school children, per Rev. R. H.				Alderton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Lovell	2	10	0	Bonser, Miss	0	7	0
Miss M. Fitz-Gerald (Needlework) ...	0	5	0	Barrett, H.	1	3	6
H. P.	0	10	0	Brewer, Mrs.	0	7	0
Mr. Daniel Keely	0	5	0	Brook, Mrs.... ..	0	7	0
Miss G., Sydney	1	0	0	Brayne, Miss	0	10	0
Nellie, Freda, and F. Hibberd	1	0	0	Bowles, Mrs.	1	2	3
Auckland	1	0	0	Burrill, Miss E. L.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Alexander	0	5	0	Bantick, Mr.	1	0	0
Collected by Master W. F. Hinsche ...	0	16	5	Crumpton, Miss	0	9	6
Postal Order, Exeter	0	2	6	Christie, Miss A.	0	9	0
Mr. T. Merry	2	0	0	Cooper, Mr. J.	1	2	6
First earnings	0	11	0	Day, Miss	0	16	6
Mrs. Burr	0	1	0	Ellis, Mrs.	2	14	0
Mr. G. Lawrence	1	1	0	Ely, Mr. G.	1	0	0
Collected by F. Evans	0	11	0	Evans, Mrs.	1	3	6
Collected by Miss E. Ridley	0	0	6	Evans, Mrs.... ..	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Waugh	1	0	0	Fisher, Mrs.... ..	0	10	6
Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone ...	0	13	0	Gibson, Mrs.	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Booker	1	0	0	Horner, Mrs.	0	16	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	15	0	Howes, Mr. C.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Wade	1	10	0	Jephs, Miss	1	2	0
Westmoreland-road Sunday-school	1	18	4	Johnson, Miss C.	0	12	6
A friend at Weymouth	0	2	6	Kerridge, Miss	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. Hill	0	4	1	Livett, Mrs.... ..	0	13	6
Collected by Master N. G. Bridgman...	0	8	0	Leworthy, Miss	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Fairey	0	15	0	Mackrill, Mrs.	1	10	0
Collected by Miss A. Wynne	0	5	2	Mann, Miss	0	15	0
Collected by G. Willetts	0	2	1	Merritt, Miss	0	12	9
An Invalid, Bradford	0	1	6	McDonald, Mrs.	1	0	0
Mr. Nuttal	1	0	0	Parry, Mr. W.	0	10	6
Mr. F. Gamman	1	0	0	Powell, Miss	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Page, Miss M.	0	8	0	Davis, Miss C.	0	8	0
Paine, G.	0	10	0	Drake, Miss... ..	0	10	10
Porter, Miss... ..	0	13	0	Dale, Miss C.	0	4	4
Prion, Mrs.	1	10	0	Everett, Miss E.	0	2	4
Prebble, Mrs.	1	0	0	Ellis, Mrs.	1	19	2
Philcox, Mr. S. H.	1	3	0	Emery, Mrs.	0	3	8
Ryan, Mrs.	0	3	0	Evans, Miss... ..	0	0	10
Smith, Miss... ..	5	10	0	"Emma"	0	2	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	5	0	0	Erridge, Miss E.	0	16	9
Turner, Mrs.	1	0	0	East, Mr. W.	0	5	6
Trott, Miss E.	0	8	0	Evans, F. H.	0	2	9
Whitehead, Mrs.	1	7	9	Ellmore, Miss	0	2	4
Webb, F.	0	8	1	Fellowes, Mrs.	0	5	10
White, Mr. H.	1	10	0	Furlong, Miss M.	0	0	3
Wells, Miss... ..	0	10	0	Fielder, Mrs.	0	2	9
Willis, Mrs.	1	5	0	Fairhead, H.	0	3	8
Donations:—				Frisby, Miss	0	4	0
Mann, Mr. C.	0	12	4	Franklin, Mr. J.	0	3	11
Raybould, Mrs.	1	0	0	Frisby, T.	0	9	6
A Friend	0	2	6	Ferrar, Mrs... ..	0	13	0
Legg, Mrs.	0	10	0	Fern, Master C.	0	13	0
Page, Miss L.	0	5	0	Grant, Miss C.	0	7	4
Tea tickets and small amounts	2	1	6	Gray, A.	0	8	1
			58 0 8	Goodwyn, Miss A.	0	5	8
Collecting Boxes:—				Griggs, Miss A.	0	4	0
Ackland, Miss	0	5	4	Goggs, Misses	0	6	6
Ackland, Mr.	0	2	8	Gubbins, S.	0	6	11
Aldridge, Miss E. B.	0	7	4	Hobbs, Miss C.	0	6	7
Boswell, Mrs.	0	4	0	Herrmann, Mr.	0	1	8
Burnham, Miss	0	4	7	Hollobone, Mr. F.	0	5	0
Bennett, L. and F.	0	0	10	Hutchinson, R. N.	0	2	6
Butler, Mrs.	0	11	2	Hoeyes, Master C.	0	2	7
Burley, Miss B.	0	1	6	Hunt, Miss J.	0	17	4
Burton, Mrs.	1	7	6	Hughes, C.	0	5	1
Brightwell, Master	0	1	4	Hoare, J.	0	8	1
Bates, Miss M.	0	3	5	Hutchinson, Miss	0	0	11
Baskett, Miss N.	0	5	6	Harbison, Miss K.	0	3	9
Buswell, Mrs.	0	16	2	Heesom, Miss	0	3	6
Bellingham, Miss	0	2	10	Hoare, W.	0	2	7
Badenoch, Miss	0	11	7	Hubbard, W.	0	2	4
Brewer, Alice and Lilly	0	4	5	Harris, W.	0	2	9
Bowser, Miss E.	0	5	5	Hudson, Miss	0	8	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	5	0	Heesom, Miss F.	0	16	1
Baker, Miss M.	0	1	11	Hughes, Mrs.	0	18	3
Baker, Mrs.	0	16	3	Hawgood, Miss	1	12	10
Boltwood, Miss A.	0	9	7	Howlitt, Miss A.	0	16	6
Brown, Miss	0	8	0	Harris, Miss	0	2	11
Brook, Mrs.	0	4	2	Humphrey, Mrs.	0	7	9
Beale, Miss	0	4	4	Hudson, Mrs.	0	3	8
Culver, Mrs.	0	16	3	Hertzell, Mrs.	0	3	3
Chambers, Sidney	0	0	10	Hunt, Miss	0	9	4
Chandler, Miss	2	9	0	Ince, Miss T.	0	10	1
Cox, Miss	0	3	1	James, Mrs.	0	8	1
Cook, Master E.	0	3	10	Jones, Master W.	0	4	5
Cobham, Master E.	0	15	1	Jarvis, Mrs.	0	2	6
Cook, Miss F.	0	1	6	Knight, Mr. G. H.	1	13	6
Cox, Master J.	0	3	3	Larkman, Miss B.	0	5	5
Capel, Miss F.	0	3	1	Lardner, T. and H.	0	7	2
Crew, Miss	0	8	3	Lewis, Mrs.	0	17	4
Cotton, Miss M.	0	5	1	Luxford, Miss	0	2	7
Chambers, G.	0	4	1	Laker, Mrs.	0	9	6
Cox, E.	0	8	2	Lightfoot, Mrs.	0	7	9
Clark, Miss C.	0	0	9	Lines, Miss A.	0	3	3
Chard, Mr. T. P.	0	6	10	Livett, Miss	0	0	5
Cornforth, Miss	0	4	7	Legg, Miss E.	0	6	10
Coupees, Master F.	0	6	3	Lee, Miss A.	0	3	0
Chamberlain, Master W.	0	10	9	Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	7
Chamberlain, Miss L.	0	10	5	Messenger, Miss A.	0	1	3
Choate, Miss	0	9	0	Medwin, Mrs.	0	4	10
Chillingworth, Miss J.	0	14	9	Martin, Miss G.	0	3	0
Collins, Miss F.	0	7	11	Matthews, Miss	0	4	6
Choate, Miss	0	0	7	Messent, Master	0	7	0
Charlesworth, Miss L.	0	2	0	Middleton, Miss	0	8	0
Descroix, Miss	1	0	0	Mills, Mr. R.	0	2	9
Dickson, Miss A.	0	3	7	Monk, Mrs. B.	0	7	9
Davies, Mrs.	0	5	2	McNeal, Misses E. and L.	0	3	0
Davey, E. S.	0	3	4	Mullison, Mrs.	0	3	0
Drew, Miss C.	0	11	6	McNeal, G.	0	1	2
Davey, Miss M.	0	6	10	May, Miss E.	0	3	1
Dennis, Miss E.	0	1	11	Newman, Mrs.	0	10	5
Day, Miss H.	0	2	6	Northcroft, Mrs.	0	8	9

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Newbatt, Miss A.	...	0	4	8	Sargent, Mr. R.	...	0	5	4
Nicholls, L.	...	0	6	3	Tyrell, Mrs.	...	0	7	9
Nicholls, Miss C.	...	0	8	1	Thomson, Miss F.	...	0	1	9
Nightscales, Mr.	...	0	8	10	Tuffnell, Miss F.	...	0	5	4
Pain, Miss C.	...	0	8	9	Thomas, Miss A.	...	0	4	1
Pitt, Miss V.	...	0	8	6	Taylor, Miss H.	...	0	7	2
Price, Miss F.	...	0	8	11	Thomas, Miss	...	0	5	0
Perryman, H.	...	0	8	7	Tebb, Miss F.	...	0	2	9
Poole, Mrs.	...	0	6	8	Thomson, Miss H.	...	0	7	1
Pugs, Miss A.	...	0	0	3	Underwood, Miss	...	0	1	8
Powell, G.	...	0	6	3	Verò, Miss	...	0	5	11
Powell, Eva	...	0	5	10	Vears, Mrs.	...	0	10	4
Peters, Miss F.	...	0	9	11	Weeks, Miss L.	...	0	4	0
Prebble, Mrs.	...	0	13	8	Wheatley, Mrs.	...	0	8	10
Passenger, Miss	...	0	15	9	Withall, Master	...	0	1	1
Round, Miss	...	0	6	3	Wilkes, Mrs.	...	0	0	5
Reddish	...	0	1	2	Wilkinson, Mr.	...	0	5	4
Rudd, Mrs. M.	...	0	0	7	Wells, Miss	...	0	6	3
Redford, Miss	...	0	3	8	Wickstead, Miss B.	...	0	1	9
Ranford, Master W.	...	0	10	1	Watkins, Miss A.	...	0	4	9
Ranford, Miss S.	...	0	4	3	Wickstead, Master	...	0	1	3
Rose, F.	...	0	2	7	Ward, Master B. E.	...	0	4	5
Rose, G.	...	0	3	7	Warren, Miss	...	0	7	1
Smith, James	...	0	4	4	Waite, Miss J.	...	0	1	5
Skinner, Miss	...	0	4	0	Woodcock, Mr.	...	0	12	6
Spencer, H.	...	0	1	1	Waite, Miss A.	...	0	1	2
Spence, Miss M.	...	0	5	8	Farthings and Halfpence	...	0	3	1
Stocks, Mrs.	...	0	14	6					
Smith, Mrs.	...	0	4	5					
Strachan, Miss A.	...	0	4	0					
Swift, Miss M.	...	0	8	8					

64 11 9

£845 16 7

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth (Boys' Division).—PROVISIONS:—5 bags Beans and a quantity of Cauliflowers, Messrs. C. and A. Parker; 32 sacks Potatoes, 3 sacks Flour—"produce of the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach"—Mr. J. Toller; a quantity of Apples, Mr. Mills; a hamper of Apples, Mr. E. J. Gorringe; 29 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; a case of Apples, Mr. E. Newman; 3 Pigs, Mr. F. B. Thomas; 130 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a quantity of Milk, Mr. H. Doble; a quantity of Apples, Mrs. J. Doulton; 2 bushels Apples, Mrs. Rains.

CLOTHING.—Making and trimming 6 Suits, Mr. Ellis, Maidenhead; 3 pieces Material for Table Cloths, Mr. R. E. Walker; a quantity of Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.

GENERAL:—3 Copies each Psalms and Gospels, Miss S. Revell.

(Girls' Division).—CLOTHING:—a parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Spooner; a parcel of Clothing, Anonymous; 1 Pinafore, a Friend at Collectors' Meeting.

GENERAL:—3 Dolls, Mrs. Hale; 12 Comb-bags, Mrs. Hart; a quantity of Cloth, Messrs. H. Fisher and Co.

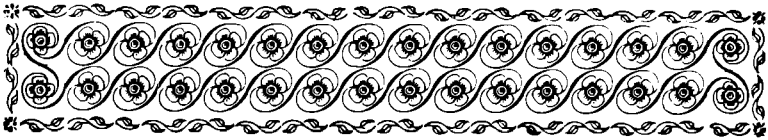
FOR BAZAAR:—1½ yards Blue Serge, "Thankoffering for Mercies received"; Canvas for wool work, 1 pair Slippers, and an Urn Stand, Mrs. Burgess; a box of useful Articles, S. J. W.; 3 Articles, Caroline P.; 4 Articles, M. E. Gorringe; 3 Articles, Miss Card; 9 Articles, Mrs. Osborn; 6 pieces of Embroidery, a Well-wisher; 5 Handkerchiefs, Miss Hinton; 6 Articles, Mr. G. Phillips; 1 small Dress, Mr. Cartben; 6 Articles, S. H. D.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1881.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Misses A. and I. Smith	...	6	0	0	Mr. Arthur Sutton	...	1	1	0
W. D. K.	...	2	6	0	Miss Nellie Withers	...	3	3	0
A Thankoffering	...	0	2	6	Mrs. John Leach	...	1	0	0
A Servant	...	1	0	0	Mr. E. G. Oakshott	...	0	10	0
Mr. Harry Blott	...	5	0	0	Collecting Box, Sarah Sadler	...	0	5	6
Mrs. Birrell	...	1	0	0	Mr. C. B. Bartlett, Derby	...	0	5	0
Mr. F. H. Phillput	...	5	0	0	Mr. W. Beer, Southampton	...	0	5	0
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Wilson	...	0	5	0
Elsie and Ada, Penzance	...	2	10	0	Mr. E. Hill	...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Mayfield	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Collier	...	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Hamilton	...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Deane	...	0	2	6
In memory of Jeanie	...	0	5	0	Mr. Watford, Folkestone	...	0	2	6
Dr. Barrett	...	2	2	0	Mrs. J. Davis	...	0	2	6
Mrs. Bligh	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Cox	...	0	2	6
Collected for "The Reading House," by Miss Nellie Withers:—					Mr. Stainford	...	0	2	6
Mr. R. J. Grubb, Oxford	...	1	1	0	Mr. J. Breach, Yattendon	...	0	2	6
Mr. S. J. Collier	...	1	1	0	Mrs. Richardson	...	0	2	6
Mrs. James Withers	...	1	1	0	Mr. James Holmes	...	0	2	0
Mr. H. H. Fuller	...	1	1	0					

12 9 0



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1881.

“He had something to say, and said it.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

(Concluded from page 545.)

COME we now to the third party, *who have nothing to say, and do not say it.* This class is largely composed of persons who, by reason of rank and office, celebrity of name, or kindness of nature, are oftentimes exalted to “the chair,” or other honourable, honorary, and, in their case, onerous positions. Poor mortals; they must at least make an apology for not making a speech, and even on this theme they have nothing to say. Easier were it for the Israelites to make bricks without straw than for such to make speeches without matter. I have heard of “Songs without words,” but there are no such speeches. What is the unhappy man to do? “Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out,” and where no matter is, there is much the matter. (The second proverb is *not* Solomon’s.) Right readily will we respect a chairman who, finding himself in such a fix, practises his profession, and takes the chair and stays in it. He is better in the seat than on his feet. He does well to hold *his* peace rather than destroy other people’s. Silence is golden in such a case. His actions will speak louder than his words, especially if he gives a noble contribution to the society in whose interests they have met. Let us be content with a donation, if we cannot get an oration. Allow the good man to do what he is fittest for. I once asked a little fellow who was ferrying me across a Tasmanian river if he went to school. “Yes, sometimes,” he answered. “Can you read?” said I. “Not much.” “Can you write?” “Very little.” “Do you do arithmetic?” “Hardly

any." "Well, what can you do?" I asked. With a broad grin on his face, he replied, "*I can row*," and he set to work with his well-worn paddles, and pulled over in next to no time. Certainly, it was rowing I wanted from him just then, and I was glad enough to let him do what he could.

There is more wisdom in Class 3 than at first sight appears. They do not attempt impossibilities. Knowing they are not gifted in the oral department, they retire from the business. It is all very well, they believe, to try, try, try again, provided you are not trying your audience too. Like the wise men from the East, these sagacious chairmen present their gifts, and then depart into their own province,—in their case a comfortable chair.

But with Lot 4 we have no patience; they are a *bad lot*: these are they *who have nothing to say, and do say it at great length*. They carry nothing on board, yet, nineteen to the dozen, on they go like a runaway engine I read of lately, which got away unmanned from the cleaning shed, and "after travelling about twenty miles dashed into a parliamentary train at sixty miles an hour." That is the worst of it; saying nothing does great damage; it misspends time, racks listeners' brains, and wrecks their tempers.

A young man hoping for an opportunity to go to college, to study for the ministry, was asked if he had done any preaching yet, and how he had succeeded. "Yes," he answered, "I have spoken many times, and have got on much better than I expected to; at one place I spoke for three-quarters of an hour; *they were obliged to stop me*." This he said by way of self-recommendation. He "said it" with a vengeance, but I expect the whole amounted in round numbers to "9 with the tail off." Another long-winded brother, who had managed to get Rev. attached to his name, addressed a country congregation at great length, and asked afterwards of a fellow-labourer if he was not rather long. "Oh, no," was the answer. By the way, the tone of voice was a little peculiar; it was not very definite. Had he asked *me*, the reply would have been far more decided. "Well," said he of the long wind, "I was obliged to go on, *I couldn't tire them!*" Would that I had been seated in front of him instead of on the platform, for he would then have seen a face as long (almost) as his sermon and quite as sleepy. "Couldn't tire them," indeed! And is this the aim of preaching? If so, our brother need not be discouraged. His labour was not so much in vain as he imagined. One pair of eyes at least grew heavy, and one back got dreadfully weary. How little we know of the real results of our efforts! All the fruit does not appear. Cheer up, Brother Longwind! Take heart! You *did* tire one, though you knew it not. Your "little say" was not so ineffective as you fancied. Having cheered you, suffer a word of exhortation. Join the Early Closing Association as soon as possible, and "Be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn." (I am indebted to Southey for the latter half of this exhortation.)

In this class, though perhaps not quite so low in the scale, I would place those speakers whose proclivity for long words rather than long speeches is largely developed. I cannot affirm that they say nothing, yet to the uneducated their language is as unintelligible as nothing—

possibly rather more so. Many a congregation might say of the church whence it is just emerging what Israel said of Egypt: "Where I heard a language that I understood not."

Praying for newly-made converts the preacher said—"O Lord, we beseech thee, suffer no spurious opiates to lull them to quiescence." He spoke of the children's parents as their "paternal and maternal progenitors." He said "ebulliate" when he only meant "to bubble up," and "contiguous" when "near" would have done as well; and he thanked the Lord, in view of an epidemic that was spreading, "that no fatality had eventuated" to those present. Surely the church which cherishes such a pastorate should provide dictionaries in the pews; or it would be better still if an individual previously posted up in the jaw-breakers for the day should hold up the explanation on a board just below the pulpit as the precentor does the names of the tunes in some Presbyterian sanctuaries.

One more section of this numerous family is distinguished by the fact that its members, who like their relatives are blessed with good pairs of internal bellows, though they have "something to say" find it impossible to avoid saying the same thing over and over again. They have a favourite theme, or a pet illustration, to which they return like the needle to its pole. One minister I know never makes a speech without quoting certain lines from Montgomery. Friend R—— could not speak two minutes without going inside the pearly gates, and losing himself, and dazzling others, amidst the glory of the golden pavements. In private it is just the same. Mrs. What's-her-name always tells of her narrow escapes, and you may venture to assert that Mr. Who-is-it, even though he has chatted half an hour already, will ere long revert to the fact that he once suffered from the quinsy. Such vain repetitions give rise to expressions we have often heard, such as—"Why can't he tell us something fresh?" "That story thrilled me the *first* time I heard it." "I wonder he does not get tired of *telling* it."

Some, when they have very little to say, invariably introduce a dream which conveniently occurred "a night or two ago." Said a little girl to her mother on returning from Sunday-school, "Why is Mr. A—— always dreaming?" "What do you mean, my child?" said the astonished parent. "Well, mother, he never gives an address but what he tells us of some strange dream or other, and I wondered why." Far be it from me to condemn the introduction of a vision of the night if it can be profitably used; but to get into the habit of providing too much of "such stuff as dreams are made of," is neither well nor wise. Look out, my visionary friend, or you will have the precocious juveniles heralding your approach to the school-house with the salutation that greeted Joseph, "Behold, this dreamer cometh."

Surely the gospel minister need never be without "something to say." If he be, indeed, "the Lord's messenger," then "the Lord's message" will be in his mouth; and to those who are, like Moses, "slow of speech," there is not only the assurance, "Certainly I will be with thee," but the particular promise, "I will be with *thy* mouth." With such gracious help, none need tremble to speak for Jesus.

A lady once said to me, "Oh, but if I try to talk to people about their souls, I only make a donkey of myself." Dear reader, if you have a

similar failing, I will quote for your encouragement the fact that the Master once said of an ass, "The Lord hath need of him;" so that if your judgment be correct, you will not be the first donkey Christ has used.

If you love the Saviour, you certainly have "something to say." Be not backward in saying it. Tell how great things the Lord hath done for you, and hath had compassion on you. Every little lantern helps to remove the gloom, and your feeble witness will not be in vain.

"Nor let the meanest think his light too dim;
In this dark world the Lord hath need of him."

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak. Ambassadors of the Cross! make this your prayer:

"Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose."

Recognition of the saints on earth.

THE Toronto *Christian Helper* says:—"A clergyman after preaching on the 'Recognition of friends in heaven,' was accosted by a hearer, who said: 'I like that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time.'"

Very good, and sadly true. In some country churches there is too much gossip, but in town congregations the fault runs the other way. The members too often drop into little cliques of acquaintance, and know nobody out of their set. This is a wretched substitute for the fellowship of the saints. Love is not very fervent where mutual knowledge is purposely declined. It seems odd that brothers and sisters should barely know each other's names. It is not very clear that we shall recognize those in heaven whom we decline to recognize on earth.

Praise by Proxy.

DR. HASTINGS, of Boston, in speaking of religious joy, and of singing as being the natural expression of that joy, remarked that some congregations had so little of it that they had to hire people to do their singing. "Why," says he, "I would as soon think of hiring a man to eat my breakfast." It occurs to us also that as we should never think of buying a machine to eat for us so we should not dream of setting up an organ to perform our praises. The more simple and natural the exercise of praise is made to be the better for all concerned in it. For personal mercies we are anxious to render personal song, and we are afflicted by any processes, however artistic, which thrust us away from the immediate contact of our hearts with our Lord Jesus. Hired praises and mechanical praises will never content the redeemed of the Lord.

The Excellence of our English Bible.*

JOHN SELDEN, a learned lawyer, and one of the greatest men of his age, who died in 1654, wrote: "The English translation of the Bible is the best in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation of the Bishops' Bible, as well as King James's. The translators in King James's time took an excellent way. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue; and they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, he read on. There is no book so translated as the Bible for the purpose."

2. **DR. DODDRIDGE**, a learned expositor of the New Testament, and president of a college for the education of Dissenting ministers of the Independent denomination, who died in 1751, writes: "On a diligent comparison of our translation with the original, we find that of the New Testament, and I might add of the Old, in the main faithful and judicious."

3. **DR. JOHN TAYLOR**, the learned author of the "Hebrew and English Concordance," who died in 1761. He says: "You may rest fully satisfied that our *English translation* is in itself by far the most excellent book in our language, so it is a pure and plentiful fountain of divine knowledge, giving a true, clear, and full account of the divine dispensations, and of the gospel of our salvation; inasmuch that whoever studies the Bible—the ENGLISH BIBLE—is sure of gaining that knowledge and faith which, if duly applied to the heart and conversation, will infallibly guide him to eternal life."

4. **DR. JOHN GILL** was a Baptist minister of extraordinary learning, who died in 1771. He says: "Bless God, therefore, and be thankful that God has, in his providence, raised up such men to translate the Bible into the mother tongue of every nation, and particularly ours; and that he still continues to raise up such who are able to defend the translation made against erroneous persons and enemies of the truth."

5. **DR. A. GEDDES**, a learned Roman Catholic priest, who published a new translation of the Scriptures, and died in 1802, says: "The highest eulogiums have been made on the translation of James the First, both by our own writers and by foreigners. And indeed, if accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text be supposed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this of all versions must in general be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point, seems to have been weighed with the nicest exactitude, and expressed either in the text or margin with the greatest precision. It was well remarked by Robertson, above a hundred years ago, that it may serve for a lexicon of the Hebrew language as well as for a translation."

6. **DR. JAMES BEATTIE**, a learned professor of the Church of Scotland, and who died in 1803, says: "It is a striking beauty in our English Bible, that though the language is always elegant and nervous,

* From "The Friendly Companion," a very interesting pennyworth of sound literature, which deserves to be better known. Published by John Gadsby, 18, Bouverie Street.—C. II. S.

and for the most part very harmonious, the words are all plain and common—no affectation of learned terms, or of Greek or Latin etymology.”

7. MR. THOMAS SCOTT, a learned minister of the Church of England, and the most eminent commentator on the Scriptures of any in that communion, died in 1821; he says: “It may be asked, How can unlearned persons know our translations may be depended on, as in general faithful and correct? Let the inquirer remember, that Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents, Baptists and Pædobaptists, Calvinists and Arminians, persons who maintain eager controversies with each other in various ways, all appeal to the same version, and in no matter of consequence object to it. This demonstrates that the translation, on the whole, is just. The same consideration proves the impossibility of the primitive Christians corrupting the Sacred Records.”

8. DR. ADAM CLARKE, a Methodist preacher, and one of the most learned men of the age, who died in 1832, says: “Those who have compared most of the European translations with the original have not scrupled to say that the English translation of the Bible, made under the direction of King James the First, is the most accurate and faithful on the whole. Nor is this its only praise: the translators have seized the very spirit and soul of the original, and expressed this almost everywhere with pathos and energy. Besides, our translators have not only made a standard translation, but they have made their translation the standard of our language: the English tongue in their day was not equal to such a work; but God enabled them to stand as upon Mount Sinai, and *crane* up their country’s language to the dignity of the original; so that, after the lapse of two hundred years, the English Bible is, with very few exceptions, the standard of the purity and excellence of the English tongue.”

9. DR. MOSES STUART, regarded as the most eminent orientalist in America, says: “Ours is, on the whole, a most noble production for the time in which it was made. The divines of that day were very different Hebrew scholars from what most of their successors have been in England or Scotland. With the exception of Lowth’s classic work upon Isaiah, no other effort at translating, among the English divines, will compare, either in respect of taste, judgment, or sound understanding of the Hebrew, with the authorized version.”

10. DR. ALEXANDER MCCAUL, professor of Hebrew, published a work in 1857, entitled “Reasons for Holding Fast the Authorized English Version of the Bible,” in which he says: “It is an admitted fact that our authorized version is, as a whole, correct and faithful. Even learned Jews, whilst putting forth new translations, testify to its excellence, as Dr. Benisch, “Fully admitting the great merits of the English version.” Dr. Kalisch, “Everybody willingly acknowledges the excellencies of the authorized English version.” The editor of “The Paragraph Bible” makes similar admissions, also Dr. Conquest, who says: “During the past 200 years it has undergone more rigid scrutiny than any other book in the world.” “No one has ever yet detected a single error in reference to those great and vital truths in which all Christians agree.”

The late MR. G. ABRAHAMS, converted Jew, and minister of City-road Chapel, who was a learned Hebraist, acknowledged the faithfulness of our English Bible.

Here we have the testimony of Jews, Freethinkers, Arians, Romanists, Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Churchmen, and laymen to the accuracy and truthfulness of our English translation of the Bible, and to which we may add the acknowledgment of the Holy Spirit of God in applying it to the hearts and consciences of believers.

Home in Sunshine and Shadow.

IF domestic happiness be the only mortal bliss which has survived the Fall, those, surely, enjoy it to the full whose home is a Bethel where all the members dwell in God, and love is lord of all. Home is the centre and the sphere of the affections, and not a mere contrivance of the architect and the upholsterer; it is a sanctuary rather than a shelter, a temple and not a mere tenement. A residence is not of necessity a home; love must be the basis and the bond of family union, and out of this union the home must grow. In the rudest huts of the Western settler, the affections of the inmates may consecrate every log, and raise the hovel to the glory of a home, while in the luxurious mansion of a West-End square mutual hatred or mistrust may degrade the palace to the level of a prison.

"Are you not surprised," demands the sainted James Hamilton, "how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace." Ah! there's the secret of a home which prolongs the memory of Eden and heralds the day of Paradise regained. The Lord is there!

We have gained much, doubtless, by our ecclesiastical buildings, which we are wont to call "the house of God," but where is the warrant or the wisdom of localizing God by consecrated walls, when he claims the renewed heart for his temple? Important as it is to assemble for worship with the children of God, we must never overlook or underrate the fact that the abode of his people is the sanctuary of God. That the early Christians realized this is evident from the frequent reference to "the church in the house." A Christian home, rightly constituted and administered, should compel the grateful exclamation, "This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Home, viewed thus, is not a selfish retreat from the battle or business of life, it is a hospice from which the inmates sally forth to the rescue or the succour of the homeless wanderer. The ministry of home should operate over a wider range than its own circle of relationship. Afar it should cast its beams like the cheering rays of a lighthouse which are seen many a mile by the mariner when he is tossed on the billows.

When home is regarded as bearing *the Royal Arms*, how loyally shall we try to make it a fit lodging for King Jesus! When we view it as a temple, with what care will its members guard against the entrance of everything which will defile it! There will be a religious atmosphere, if we may so express it, pervading kitchen and parlour and bed-chamber. Peace will there wait on piety, happiness will encircle it, and

in after days those who emigrate from it will look back upon it, even as pilgrims looked back upon Jerusalem, with loving awe.

Not to own the home-spell is to violate the truest instincts of our humanity and to resist the loving purpose of a Father's heart, and yet how many there are who play truant from home and yield an easy compliance to the more than doubtful attractions of the club or the public-house. It is to be feared that the expedients promoted of late, with the best of intentions, to keep the working classes from the public-house may prove in the end to be even more potent rivals to home. A man's best club is his own family. The multiplication of meetings, even of a



HOME IN SUNSHINE.

religious kind, may have the same effect, and we are afraid of anything which keeps a man habitually from home. "Set thy house in order," is a precept to be obeyed literally and at once.

Young has wisely said—

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home."

Can the reader look upon the happy group in our first picture, and not be touched with a feeling of admiring gratitude that husband, wife, and children can find such solace and delight at home? The

husband is a true *houseband*, and the wife evidently secures the strength and beauty of the social fabric by proving herself to be the *west* of the home. How happy the children seem. How happy the father, too, as he looks into the face of the youngest-born, and hears the mingled Babel of the rest. A husband as willing to be pleased at home, and as anxious to please as in a neighbour's house; and a wife as intent in making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, cannot fail to make home happy. Look on the well-drawn picture, and wish that it were everywhere and always so; but, alas, we must look on another picture.



HOME IN SHADOW.

Claiming a poet's licence, Longfellow has sung with all the pathos of a plaintive minor—

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.”

The hyperbole comes so near to the expression of literal fact, that we do not care to challenge its strict accuracy. From the moment sin entered and blighted this fair world, the pathway of life has conducted pilgrims through “the Valley of the Shadow of Death.” Few, indeed, are the hearts which have not been rent by the pangs of a bitter

bereavement, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find the person who, at some period or another, has not suffered an irretrievable loss.

“The air is full of farewells of the dying
And mournings for the dead.”

The echoes of Rachel's lamentations will never be silenced so long as women are mothers and little mounds in the cemetery cover the offspring of their love. To everyone there are moments when the emotion of the heart demands an expression which it cannot provide.

“O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!”

It is some mitigation of the grief we experience when the character and deeds of the departed leave no room for regret, and there is the inspiration of a sacred joy in the conviction that the loved one is “at home with the Lord.”

Heaven becomes more real to those who can localize the dwelling-place of the departed; and so their hearts are drawn to the home beyond. Such a bond with the spirit-world has its value, and is a part of our Father's grand design. “The Lord is good, and doeth good.” A true faith does not doubt the fact, though its utterance may be choked with grief.

The changes which are wrought in happy families by the removal of the father are terrible to think upon. When the bread-winner is taken away none can fully sympathize with the struggling widow except those who have passed through the like experience. Compassion may do much, but it always indulges a larger hope than it can fulfil. It may brush away a falling tear, but it cannot quench the sorrow of the heart; it may silence for awhile the language of grief, but it cannot quell the inward moaning; it may provide for a physical necessity, but it leaves unsatisfied the deep craving of the soul. Thank God, there is One who has undertaken to be THE COMFORTER, and well does he fulfil his office.

If sympathy cannot do all it would, it should not stop short of attempting everything which comes within its range. The sight of sorrow should call forth all that is best and noblest in Christian character, and this is one of its ordained ministries. True religion has no grander environment than the benevolence which “visits the widow and fatherless in their affliction.” Piety has no richer adorning than the beneficence which translates the impulse of the heart into the language of a generous deed. Good advice only aggravates the misery it would mitigate unless it tenders help as the token of its own sincerity. “Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ,” is a precept by which the duties of believers are defined and enforced, and of all the burdens which press upon the human heart, perhaps none weigh with such crushing effect as those which fall upon the widow and the fatherless.

When the head and hand which provided for daily needs is gone, and she is left with a family of little ones demanding all her care, and taxing all her energies, what can a poor lone widow do to keep her home together? In giving her husband a decent funeral, and in

providing a little mourning for herself and children, the scanty savings of years will be exhausted, and the possible earnings of the future will often be anticipated by a loan. It is unwise, but is it unnatural? Who can blame in the presence of so deep a grief? The outlook from father's empty chair is dismal indeed to the poor, sickly woman, around whom many little ones are crying for bread. She has scarce leisure to weep, for her babes are sickening from lack of proper nourishment. Few are able, either physically or mentally, to cope with the difficulties of the situation, and many a woman will succumb to the demoralizing effects of poverty, unless something be done to lighten her burden and to set her hands free for honest industry. To assist such without defiling them with the taint of pauperism is a painfully difficult and yet graciously pleasant task. No better help can be afforded than to find a Christian home and training for some of the children, and thus render it easier for her to provide for the rest by such labour as women can undertake. How glad a thing it would be if such labour were more abundant and better paid.

In the Stockwell Orphanage no less than 617 fatherless children have found shelter and support, and their widowed mothers have been helped over an otherwise insuperable barrier. They can work for the remainder now that some are taken. The extension of the Institution to accommodate 250 fatherless girls, in addition to the 250 boys already on its foundation, lends a weighty emphasis to the appeal for their support, and furnishes the coveted opportunity of making many more widows' hearts glad. It is Christmas, and the season for charitable action; let not this Orphanage be forgotten when the portion for the poor is divided by the generous hand.

Put more Christ into the Sermons.

MINISTERS should study, most of all, to preach Christ. The most successful preachers have always been pre-eminently preachers of Christ. This is reasonable, because Christ is, above everything else in the universe, what all men most need. There comes a period in the history of every man when he realizes this fact. A clergyman was one day visiting a dying man. He read a chapter to him about heaven, and then sang two verses of the hymn commencing,

“There is a land of pure delight,”

when he was interrupted by the sick man, with the request that he would sing the hymn beginning with,

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

He who knows Christ, knows everything else. It is Christ, and not heaven, the dying need. He who receives Christ gets heaven. He who has no Christ would be miserable in paradise. The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin. It is the preacher's great and chief duty to preach that truth in every sermon. He is to make known, in every possible manner, the great and the only remedy found for man's sin. If we fail, as preachers, in this one particular, no matter in how many others we succeed, our ministry will be a miserable failure.—*The Preacher and Homiletic Monthly.*

Our Asiatic Seamen.

BY J. SALTER, MISSIONARY TO THE ASIATICS OF LONDON.

(*Concluded from page 561.*)

THE record of our Chinese seamen in London, whether afloat or ashore, is inseparable from gambling and opium smoking. The changes which disturb this heathen monotony on shore occur only when the gambler at the table and the smoker at his pipe are disquieted by the angry tumult which robbery and revenge create. Such has been the success with which our Christian nation has forced the worship of this modern Moloch on an unwilling people; a great wrong, which seems likely, even before the day of accounts shall come, to inflict a terrible penalty on us. The plague thus introduced into the Chinese empire is not limited by the Chinese seas; for the evil is transplanted into the soil of London, and some of the denizens of our own great city are already infected by the plague spot. The grim spectres of those whom we have watched withering away under the spell of the foul demon still rise with ghastly visages before us.

Here is Machoo, a confirmed opium smoker; during the last year he had not been seen many yards away from his lamp and pipe. His long hair hung in confusion on his shoulders, and half obscured his wrinkled face. His waning strength and skeleton limbs told how insidiously but surely the enemy was doing his fatal work. The room in which he had chosen to close his lingering life was below the level of a blind court, where indeed he had spent several years of his existence. There was a chair dangerous and difficult to sit upon. There were some rags in one corner, but the original colour of them was past identification: this was his resting-place. These effects, with the opium pot, pipe, and lamp, completed the inventory of his chattels. There he lay, curled up on his rags, sucking at a pipe which was but little short of three inches in circumference, an extraordinary mouthful, even for a few minutes; but it was his companion for days, and his life was melting away under its influence. No appetite had he for anything but the pipe; he was just a living skeleton, for whom even the pipe became a ponderous weight. He had often been cautioned of his treacherous enemy, and told of the Sinners' Friend; but as weakness increased, and his end drew near, he became irritable, and would reply in the language of the unclean spirit in the synagogue of Capernaum, "Let us alone," the cry of the sinner everywhere when disturbed in the sins he does not mean to forsake. This, however, was what his friend did not intend to do while his life lingered. But the unclean spirit held possession till the last, and only escaped from the body with the emerging spirit of the opium smoker.

Apo was another victim, whose history might be told in almost the same words; but the guardians of the parish stepped in and rescued his skin and bones before his spirit quitted them, so that a veil was thus cast over his last hours.

These men were, however, of limited influence, their operations being confined to one or two rooms. Many who remain are more potent for

evil : some of them occupy two houses, and all of these houses, unfortunately, are well attended.

“Come on Sunday,” said Archee to the missionary, who had put the gospel in such a way as to attract his admiration and lead him to desire to obtain for the preacher a better audience. “Come on Sunday, and my house will be full.” But the Lord’s-day in this house is the pandemonium of the Chinese, when native demons are let loose, and vice runs riot, and yet amidst this discord and desecration, the voice of love and mercy has often sounded. Sometimes the smoking-room has been so crowded with men and so full of smoke, that the preacher has had to take his stand on the top stair and talk to the partly invisible shadows of men in the obscurity. But the opium smoke does not allow of long sermons, and the speaker is not sorry when he quits his audience and again breathes the pure air of the east of London! Yet we will linger with Archee a little longer. He has a joss-house upstairs, at which devout Chinese can burn incense for the dead and the living, but especially for the former. It should, however, be remembered that there are other joss-houses for Chinese devotees elsewhere in London. They are erections made gaudy with tinsel, and large Chinese characters, with lamps burning in front of the shrine. They generally have the name of the idol gaudily displayed in the recess of the shrine. But Archee had a “true” likeness of a veritable god to be adored. According to Archee, this wonderful being was a king, and lived in days of yore, a time of joy, when the real and imaginary were confounded, a favourable period for all deified heroes. This king, whom they call *Chang yee kwan sing tu*, lived and reigned in this impenetrable period, and after doing wonders, died and went to heaven, where he receives the homage of these latter-day opium-smokers. His power to grant prosperity to the living and the dead is undoubted by his worshippers, and his goodwill is secured by the burning of chaw sticks before his image. Archee is sensible of the interest the missionary has taken in his spiritual welfare, and, wishing to return the favour on equal terms, he offered to burn any number of chaw sticks free of charge, for the present prosperity of the missionary, and for his ancestors, for as many generations back as he would name, an opportunity not often to be met with in London, but which was, nevertheless, declined.

It does not seem that Archee believed much in the merits of chaw sticks, for on inquiry it did not appear that he wasted any on himself; he reserved them all for those who would pay for them.

There exists an imaginary connection between the adoration paid to this idol and the gambling table. The prosperity secured at the shrine is tested with dice and cards, not always, however, with a satisfactory result. Awang, another Chinese, had taken £22 for five months’ hard work and peril at sea. He ensured a successful career on shore at this shrine for £2 10s., and a smaller amount he devoted to the prosperity of his departed ancestors. Thus fortified, he essayed his success at cards and dice to the extent of five pounds, but he finally lost all. He then sought consolation with the opium pipe, and finally fell asleep or passed into fairyland, where he was beguiled by pleasing but illusory dreams, but woke up in the morning to discover that he had been robbed of all his remaining money. Awang was not the only one here writhing

under a keen sense of wrong, and the smouldering discontent broke out in a sudden storm, in which terrible blows were given, the gambling tables broken, and the joss-house, with his imperial highness sitting in state to receive the homage of worshippers, was smashed and mingled with the general wreck. This proved a seasonable opportunity for the missionary to speak of the fallacy of this heathen worship, and the sinfulness of all that was done in connection with it. He was pleased to hope that this seasonable admonition had a salutary effect on his hearer; but, alas, the result only lasted so long as he was suffering from his bruises. With his recovery from his injuries his good impressions and resolves passed away. Another joss-house was constructed, and the gambling room became as riotous as ever with the excitement of other speculative adventurers.

Only one of these houses has had a long existence; its occupier claims the following honour:—

CHONG WAO GAU,
THE ORIGINAL OPIUM SMOKING HOUSE.
Established 1853.

His long and uninterrupted course is due to the influence of the gospel. A city missionary has been at work in this depraved locality for many years. The neighbourhood was selected for mission work because it was considered one of the darkest spots in London. The wife of Chong was attracted to the mission-room, and there is reason to believe that her mind and heart were opened to receive the Saviour; and that, though she still lives in the darkest spot in London, she is on her way to the land of light. The wife's influence has kept the dice, the cards, the joss-house, and all the other evils usually in connection with opium smoking out of the house. No robbery or fraud is known to have been committed here, but some acts of kindness to distressed Chinese are remembered. Here the large wall paper of the prodigal son in Chinese, one of Mr. Smithies' issues, is posted on the wall in a conspicuous place, where the opium-smoker may lie and read of his own ruin and recovery. Chong is also a tract distributor, for he receives tracts from the missionary and circulates them among his smokers. It may be imagined that a house thus divided against itself cannot flourish; indeed, the Chinese do not patronize this house as formerly, and Chong's living is very precarious. Still, he is determined, "by God's help," to keep the abominations which make other houses so profitable out of his.

Would anyone suppose these opium-smoking rooms have any marketable value? And yet, with all the precariousness of their existence, they command their value, according to the stock-in-trade and business done. Ah-Hee gave £20, and he showed us his inventory—pipes, tables, mattress, goodwill, and all the other paraphernalia that constitute the opium-smoking trade. Ah-Hee had spent some years on board "The Morning Star," a missionary ship that cruised in the South Seas. The captain was a godly man, he had prayer on board his ship every day, and he spoke to Ah-Hee about the Saviour, and the glorified state that the Chinese might gain through the cleansing of the precious blood. His heart was won by the prospect of the coming glory, and

the loving Saviour who had promised it to his loved ones. At parting the captain prayed with the Chinese, and his last words were, "Farewell, Ah-Hee; shall I meet you in the glory?" It was a bad day for the Chinese when he left "The Morning Star." He again mingled with his fellow-countrymen; at first he felt a reserve, for his conscience did not approve; but he was descending the inclined plane. By degrees he lost sight of the promised land and the glory which is to follow. Years passed away, and at last he turned up in London the master of an opium-smoking house, for which he thought it worth while to part with his hard earnings to the amount of £20. He had learned to read English on board "The Morning Star," though he had not brought his Bible with him to London; but he sat and heard the missionary read till the fire began to burn again. He tried hard to justify his novel position. He had honourably bought the trade, and he thought he had a right to make the *best* of it. "No, not so," was our reply; "no man has a right to sin whatever he may have paid for it. Besides, you are making the *worst* of it."

"What shall I do?" he said, as though he were desirous of escaping from the difficulty.

"Give it up."

"Give it up?" he echoed, "at the worst I can sell it again."

"Sell a curse! Whoever heard of such a thing? You ought to esteem it a blessing to escape from the fire before you are consumed by it. Do not expect to be paid for escaping from the danger."

You who know what it is to have the Holy Spirit interfere with an unholy and wicked course of life will know what a terrible battle field he makes of the heart and the conscience, especially when he brings his artillery to bear on the strongholds of sin. You who have been gloriously conquered in a battle like this will not be astonished to read that when his Christian friend last attempted to pay Ah-Hee a visit he found the house desolate, and on the closed door was written, "GONE."

Unwound Clocks.

IN the hotel were a number of clocks, one at least for each room, but as they each told a different story, they were never depended on, and if you did believe them, you were sure to be deceived. The fact was that all these timepieces were out of order, or had not been wound up. Nothing could be learned from them: they were ornamental apologies for clocks, and nothing more. Even so the example of professing Christians is of small service to the world if the real life and power of godliness is absent. Religion when it ceases to be useful, and is only set up for decorative purposes, is an utterly vain thing. If we are not wound up by the divine hand we cannot *go*, and if we are not going we are useless, we contradict each other, and we teach the world nothing worth its knowing. It is a great pity when, for lack of the inward, the outward becomes a total failure. When force has departed from the mainspring, the face and hands of mere profession are a wretched mockery.

Memories of Prince Edward Island.

BY PASTOR W. B. HAYNES, STAFFORD.

A WINTER trip to Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, is something to be afterwards remembered. The present writer being young, untravelled, and without the guile that comes of much roaming, cheerfully undertook it some years ago, and, with the reader's permission, will here record his impressions. We were, of course, be it remembered, most impressible. It was our first absence from "the old country." As things presented themselves to our fresh, unsophisticated nature, they shall be here faithfully related. Be it understood, then, that a letter had been received at the Pastors' College from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island; that this letter had been placed in the writer's hands, and that he had obediently accepted from the President the commission to go. "The brother will come to Halifax, Nova Scotia; thence by rail to Amherst; then fifty miles by sledging to Cape Tormentine on Northumberland Straits; thence across the Straits to Cape Traverse, Prince Edward Island, nine miles, by ice-boat; and another twenty miles by sledge-riding will make Charlottetown." Such were our directions. They looked well, even romantic, especially the ice-boat. We seemed to see that ice-boat flashing across the nine miles of smooth ice like a streak of lightning, ourself comfortably cushioned, or, at least, doing well inside the boat, and enjoying the motion. Well, we crossed the Atlantic. Let no one question us as to the voyage itself. We were much occupied. We were not making sermons, nor composing poetry upon the sea. It swelled on every side with what majesty! The steel-blue masses heaved about the ship like huge mailed monsters angrily rising to resent our intrusion. How those mountains of wave seemed to be holding us in their power, bearing on us, yet scorning to crush so weak a thing. However, as we have said, such thoughts did not occur to us very plentifully at the time. We were too busy; mostly, keeping our place in the berth, or imbibing gruel and castor oil, and getting to the ship's side in time enough—much too busy to regard the sea in any other light than that of a tyrannical monster. But the entrance into Halifax harbour! The wizard of the frozen north had transformed our vessel into a veritable *voyageur* from fairyland. From deck to topmost point the ship was hung in snow and crystals. Intense as was the cold, and exhausted as we were from fasting and incessant sickness, we looked on entranced. Every rope and spar shot back diamond rays in the morning light. How comparatively poor and dingy had been our setting forth. In such array of pure and flashing splendour shall the child of God bear into the haven of Paradise, the snowy spirit purified from every earth stain, and glowing spotless in God's light.

Halifax afforded us the true Canadian welcome: extreme cold, streets piled with snow on either side, tinkling sledges dashing to and fro between. Here we met with the esteemed editor of *The Christian Messenger*, Mr. Selden, who kindly forwarded us on our way. A hundred miles of railway through Nova Scotia, and then at Aulac our first experience of sledge-riding began. It was now that we

commenced to understand the profound depths of meaning hidden under the simple directions of the letter from Charlottetown. We were fifteen hours sledging the fifty miles to Cape Tormentine, for our sledges were following the track of a great snow storm, and in the course of that bitterly cold night, as we toiled, climbed, and floundered along, or waited a half hour in the still night while a luggage-sledge, which had stuck in the snow somewhere, came up, or sorrowfully extricated our head from a snow-bank into which we had, without any due and proper notice, been pitched, we somewhat marvelled that this should be the way to our first pasture. But we had not gained it at the end of that fifty miles, though Cape Tormentine was reached. Studying our letter of direction, it appeared that the next thing down on the programme was ice-boat across the Straits of Northumberland. Here was romance. Nine miles of ice-boat! Our fancy, after warming and getting comfortable at the stove, might have drawn heavily on the picturesque but for the fact that there lay the identical boats bottom upwards, not far from our post-house, looking very rough and commonplace on the beach. They were, in fact, ordinary eight-oar boats, double keeled, so as to stand upright in the snow, and protected against sharp-cornered ice-blocks by an armour of tin. We were not, however, to see them in progress for three days. A mist hung over the Straits, another snow-storm was brewing: to attempt the passage under those circumstances would be courting death. The writer will never forget those three days spent at "Tom Allen's," the only house of entertainment convenient for travellers at the Cape. He can unhesitatingly aver that he never before and never since heard language anywhere approaching the filthy and horrifyingly blasphemous utterances which there saluted his ears from the very hour of his arrival. Allen, the proprietor, is—or was, six years ago—notorious in this respect throughout Prince Edward Island. But what we wish to call the reader's attention to is the fact that, down to the youngest child—and there was a large family, blasphemy was the common everyday language of the household. It made one's blood curdle to hear a pretty lisping child defy God and curse itself with a profanity the more shocking by contrast with the innocence of the baby speaker. Parental influence is a great and solemn trust. Some of God's most illustrious servants have traced much of their success under God to its faithful exercise. But abused it is terrible. What ruin may it work, and what wrath heap up for faithless parents against the dread day of vengeance. Cape Tormentine proved a true place of torment. Whether since Prince Edward Island passed under the Dominion of Canada the Government has interfered and provided better arrangements for transmission of the mails, and by consequence for the accommodation of travellers, the writer is not aware. If this has not been done, it is much to be hoped in the interests of good morals, apart from other considerations, that the day of reform is not far distant.

At length it became practicable to attempt the Straits. We thought, rough as those ice boats looked, that we might manage to stow ourself comfortably in one of them. There would be the more room that the other travellers were few, and that our boxes, filled with precious books, must, alas! be left to await spring weather. We were not put to much

trouble in finding an easy corner. The boats had got to go over the Straits, and we had got to put our student-head through one of the side straps suspended to the boats and do our part of the pulling! Snow two feet deep, jagged mounds, and scattered masses of ice everywhere, as far as the eye could see, like the ruins of an ancient metropolis. Huge three-cornered slabs of ice breast high, edges sword-sharp, upon one of which only a swift and dexterous spring saved us from being impaled. Hard ice under the layer of snow, mostly; but here and there breaks of mere snow and slush, over which the boats were rushed with much plunging and splashing; bits of ice darting away under the foot, suggesting to one the question whether it might be a mile to sea-bottom. One of the boatmen went down, with a loud cry, as far as his armpits, but dragged himself up by the boatside. We thought of the Pastors' College, the President, and of a few friends we had left behind us in England, and we still hoped to see, one day, our first pastorate. This nine miles of ice-boat travelling occupied seven hours. We had taken nothing but half-a-monthful of biscuit the whole day, and reached Cape Traverse wet, hungry, and exhausted. But we were on the island at last. More delay, more sledge-riding (which, after the ice-boat, was simply luxurious, and temporary lodgment in a snowbank a joke), and then, close upon three weeks from the day of departure, on a Sunday evening, Charlottetown, the chief city of Prince Edward Island, and our longed-for goal, came into view.

Let not the reader, however, suppose that this Canadian island is cut off from the world, and always thus difficult of approach. While few—chiefly sea-captains, or persons forced by necessity—attempt to enter or leave the island during the winter months, as soon as the ice breaks sufficiently a good steamer plies regularly betwixt Nova Scotia and the island, and it is again, until the next winter's ice forms, a part of the big busy world.

We have dwelt thus at length upon the way we reached our first pastorate, for we rather pride ourself upon the experience, as being out of the common, and in its way unique, in Pastors' College annals. We propose now to add a few other memories connected with our stay there. It is not, of course, pretended within the brief limits of an article like this to give even an outline history of Prince Edward Island Baptists. Like those of the sister provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, they are the growth of the present century, and last born of the three. The consecrated labours of Edward Manning, Harris Harding, and their coadjutors at the close of the last and commencement of the present century, in the two larger provinces, could not fail eventually to exert an influence across the Straits. The first Baptist Association of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was formed in 1800. As the work appeared in Prince Edward Island, and churches were formed, they were received into this association. But in 1867 the Island Baptists felt strong enough to withdraw, and have since possessed an association of their own.

Of the one hundred thousand inhabitants of this island a very large proportion is Roman Catholic. In Charlottetown, the capital, possessing a population of about ten thousand, Catholics and Protestants are almost evenly balanced; the latter, however, turning the scale. There

being a large Scottish element, Presbyterianism is strong, while, strangely enough, the Wesleyans have on this comparatively small island, adorning its capital, one of the finest buildings they possess in the whole of the three provinces. Of the entire population the Baptists number about sixteen hundred members. They form eighteen churches distributed throughout the island. The progress of our denominational principles here has of late years been marked and rapid. The first indoor baptistery known to the place was constructed at Charlottetown, during the writer's ministry, in 1874. Hitherto all baptisms had been conducted on the strictly Scriptural plan, "in the river." And although the celebration of the ordinance within the chapel has many evident advantages, we must still confess to a keen liking for the old custom. Unsuitable weather is an objection which will at once occur; but the Prince Edward Island Baptist takes small note of weather when duty calls him to follow his Lord. And in this there is, undoubtedly, one of the reasons for the progress of our principles there. English Christians who "linger shivering on the brink" of Christ's ordinance, and are fain some of them to turn to some other churches, where the pool is bridged for the convenience of such fearful ones, or who remain without the church, worshipping for years with the general congregation, are put to shame by the cheerful obedience of these brethren and sisters of that ice-locked coast. We had the pleasure while upon the island of participating with the Rev. D. McDonald, then missionary for the Nova Scotia Home Missionary Union, and now the beloved pastor of the church at Charlottetown, in a celebration well illustrating this. As the result of his labours at a country station, some half-dozen had turned to the Lord. It was the depth of winter, but, nothing daunted, the friends themselves cut a baptistery out of ice eighteen inches thick, shaping it symmetrically, and with steps planted at the shore end for going "down into the water." There the candidates—females nearly all—were baptized. This baptistery was preserved for further use during winter, and continued till the breath of spring dissolved it. Another reason for the spread of Baptist principles on this island is the vigorous denominational spirit which actuated the brotherhood. Pædobaptist equanimity is grievously disturbed from time to time by the onslaughts of Baptist champions. The present pastor of the Charlottetown church is the author of a book of two hundred pages, entitled "Bible Baptism," which is a review of a small book in defence of the Pædobaptist cause, which itself sprang out of previous controversies. There can be no doubt that in this way our denominational principles have been brought thoroughly to the front in the island capital, and it is well that it is so. Baptists, of all men, have least cause to fear discussion. The history of the Baptists of Nova Scotia and her sister provinces is the history of holy conviction, founded on Bible study, and triumphing over prejudices and against opposition, which nothing but the sword of the Spirit itself could have struck down. But what is this but the Baptist story everywhere? Falsehood may die out, but truth is invincible; and above all things, she loves the light. The more she is bathed in the searching rays of investigation and discussion the better is she content, and the greater is her manifest beauty and glory.

But we have grown too formal, and have been almost writing book-wise. Will the reader indulge us in a little pleasant abandonment to memory and her pictures? What multiplying scenes crowd on and pass away before the steady gaze of thought. There is the chapel, a light wooden structure, not many yards from the sea, and capable of holding some 400 persons. They have a larger and better building now, the second brick Baptist chapel erected on the island. A few years ago all the denominational buildings, like almost all the houses, were of wood. But there is the old chapel. As we look it becomes peopled with faces which, though we see them on earth nevermore, we shall look for in heaven. There are some amongst them that lighted for the first time with Christ's love while we watched and waited, and we then knew a young pastor's keenest rapture. One pale young face looks up at us now as we write, and we can hear for the thousandth time the calm, sweet, confident words, "I have found him." God bless thee, young heart, and mayst thou find him more and more until thou shalt lie in consummated bliss at his dear feet.

In that chapel we made our first attempt at baptizing. We borrowed a Campbellite Doctor's baptizing trousers, and entered the water in them, forgetting the Doctor's corpulent habit, and with much ado prevented our slim form from floating to the surface. It is past now, and we can smile at the consternation of that night. In that chapel we *lifted up Christ*. Those Sabbaths are past for aye, and now the old congregation worships within other walls, but we recall with thankful heart the fact that that old wooden structure resounded to no empty modern speculations, but to "the name that is above every name," so that there would sometimes steal upon us as we spake, setting aglow the Sabbath morn—

"The young dawn of heaven below."

The town, too, with its broad, straight streets all at right angles, and their boarded sideways, and the smell of the sea everywhere, lies stretched before us. Another turn of thought and we are snugly ensconced by the side of one of our deacons, and behind his pony, on our way to a small country station, attached at that time to the Charlottetown cause. Ah, that pony! Does he still survive? It was his delight in snowy weather, when we were on our way to preaching and steeped in meditation, to pitch us abruptly into the roadside snow and go cheerily on to meeting. It was his especial delight to serve us so on the return journey. He would then trot comfortably into town, and we, coming behind snow besmeared with the spilled rugs, would find him patiently awaiting us at the house door. Such were some of our experiences of evangelical sledging and our deacon's pony. On such excursions into the country, however, a hospitable welcome always awaited the preacher at some farm-house, and Canadian welcome counterbalanced Canadian cold. Among our very pleasant memories is the esteem in which we found the beloved President of the Pastors' College held on the Island. There we found our *Sword and Trowel*, just as though we were at home. Immediately on our arrival we learned that Mr. Spurgeon had been supplying, through the lips of an excellent deacon, the Charlottetown pulpit in the absence of a pastor. The

Christian Visitor, a friendly rival of the other denominational paper already mentioned, frequently treats its readers to recent sermons from the Tabernacle Pulpit. Thus we felt that, despite ocean, sledges, and ice-boats, we were still not so far away, since we were not out of the region where the beloved Pastor of the Tabernacle exercises his consecrated ministry.

But we must bring these "Memories" to a conclusion. Our venerable brother, whose letter first introduced Prince Edward Island in any special way to our attention—he is now in heaven—said of his adopted home, "Our Island is famed for its beauty and fertility, and is a real North American Paradise." We should scarcely describe it so enthusiastically, and yet with great expenditure of toil and care it has come to look very beautiful. The aged fathers of the present generation, yet surviving, reveal the secret. They tell of almost incredible hardships encountered in desperate conflict with the virgin soil. Without means in many cases, and with few implements of husbandry, the emigrants found around them land rich and good, but encumbered with forest growth. Trees had to be felled, deep-reaching gnarled roots to be stubbed up, and the ground prepared for the reception of the seed. When from the imperfectly wrought land a scanty harvest was at length gathered no market could be obtained for the fruits. For many years prices were ruinously low. The long, hard winter fearfully diminished the scanty stores of farms, and they struggled on season after season. Gradually the land was subdued, and families grew up to reap in later times the reward of those years of suffering. Now each season the island is covered with extensive oat and potato crops, arraying it in the true beauty of fertility. The crops of 1879 were the best that the island had ever produced. Over a million bushels of potatoes and two millions of oats lay on hand that year waiting for the markets. Thus, literally has the wilderness become a garden, and the desert been made to blossom as the rose; and as we draw this brief article to a close, we cannot lay down our pen without expressing the fervent hope that this may come to pass far more fully in the nobler spiritual sphere. The gospel Fathers have laboured and are passed away, though one or two yet remain in the Master's service who can speak of the earlier days. May the work begun by them in the midst of difficulties attain its crown and perfect triumph. God grant that, through the faithful ministry of the Word, and the consecrated lives of its professors, Prince Edward Island may speedily become, what will be better than a North American Paradise, viz., for true charity, godliness, and devotion to Christ, manifest from the Premier down to the humblest islander, as the GARDEN OF THE LORD.

Harpoons on Board.

A SAILOR just off a whaling expedition asked where he would hear good preaching. On his return from church his friend said to him, "You do not seem to have liked the sermon?" "Not much; it was like a ship leaving for the whale fishing—everything ship-shape, and anchors, cordage, sails all right—but there were no harpoons on board." —From "*Via, Veritas, Vita.*"

James Mursell Phillippo.*

IT is but two years since Mr. Phillippo passed to his rest, closing a missionary career in Jamaica as remarkable for its length as for its vigour, fruitfulness, and eventfulness. For fifty-five years, from 1824 to 1879, he held steadily to his work in the same country, and died nobly at his post in his eighty-first year. The work he accomplished was remarkable: 15 stations were founded, 9 chapels built, 17 day-schools established, affording education to 5,000 children, and 7 freehold villages planted by him; and his incessant and earnest labours resulted in the baptism with his own hands of nearly 6,000 persons. Such was the fruitfulness of his career: and when it is remembered that this mission life of his extended through the period of the emancipation of the slaves, and that he resided in Jamaica during the hard administration of the notorious Governor Eyre, it will be evident that his career must have been as eventful as it was useful.

The story of such a life was worth telling, and Dr. Underhill, as might be expected, relates it well. We wish every Christian young man could read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the book, and then reproduce either at home or in some foreign land the spirit of vigorous, long-sustained activity for God exhibited by this veteran missionary.

There is no room in England, no, nor in the rest of the world, for an indolent Christian. A saint is rightly a servant. Every lover of Christ should be a labourer for Christ. Master and Lord we call him; but Christ is not charmed by verbose profession which has no certificate of deeds behind it. "Not everyone that *saieth* . . . but he that *doeth*" is the Saviour's rule of approbation. There is a way, known in asylums for the deaf and dumb, of speaking with the hands: no speech can be more eloquent in the department of Christian profession. We have, all of us, two hands and one tongue: less of talk and more of work would be good for ourselves, for the churches, and for the world. Is not Africa calling for help? Do not China and Japan cry out loudly for more labourers? Let the warm promptings of love to God and man felt within the hearts of our young men thrust them out into the wide harvest-field of the world.

James Phillippo was born at East Dereham in Norfolk, in 1798, of parents who were adherents of the Established Church. Having passed through the village schools, he was employed in the service, first, of his father, a builder, and afterwards of his grandfather. A reckless, irreligious youth, he cared more for the tea-garden, the bowling-green, theatre, club feast, and country wake than for better employments; and the most prominent part he took with regard to religion was to join his wild companions in disturbing the Methodists in their worship and deriding them in the streets. But a visit now and then on a dark evening to the Independent Chapel created in his mind solemn impressions of sin and of a judgment to come, which serious thoughts were

* Life of James Mursell Phillippo, Missionary in Jamaica. By E. B. Underhill, LL.D. London: Yates and Alexander, 21, Castle Street, Holborn, E.C. 1881.

confirmed by sundry notable escapes from death by drowning and severe falls; and at length he found, through the preaching at the Baptist Chapel, salvation through the Lord Jesus. "I felt," he says, "like Christian when he lost his burden at the sight of the cross. I thought I was in a new world, surrounded by new objects and possessed of new senses. It was heaven to me to please God, and to be fashioned into his likeness." A year afterwards he was baptized and joined the church. He gave his leisure hours to the diligent study of the word of God, and to the improvement of his mind: the desire arose within him for usefulness among the far-off nations lying in darkness and in the shadow of death. He eagerly read any missionary publications he could lay hold of, and devoted his spare time to the acquisition of such handicrafts as he thought would be useful in a missionary's career. Medicine, brickmaking, housebuilding, cabinet work, the wheelwright's art, agriculture, and the manufacture of articles of food and clothing, all in turn, and as it proved very usefully, attracted his attention.

Meanwhile he preached Christ in the surrounding villages, and at length, with an introduction from the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, presented himself to the Baptist Missionary Society, and was accepted for mission service.

In the academy of the Rev. W. Gray, of Chipping Norton, he formed with James Mursell, afterwards of Leicester, a life-long friendship, which the two young students in the glow of youthful feeling sealed by the adoption of one another's names, thenceforth calling themselves James Mursell Phillippo and James Phillippo Mursell.

From Chipping Norton he was removed to Horton Academy, Bradford, to complete his studies under Dr. Steadman, and in the autumn of 1823 was solemnly set apart in Westgate Chapel, Bradford, for missionary service in Jamaica. Dr. Acworth, one of the ministers who took part in that dedication service fifty-eight years ago, still survives at Scarborough in a tranquil old age. Soon after the dedication service Mr. Phillippo was married to Miss Cecil, a lady whose acquaintance he had formed at Chipping Norton, and who proved to be a true helper, almost to the close of his long life; and the couple set sail for Jamaica in October, 1823.

Arrived at Spanish Town, his work was thwarted for more than a year by the determined hostility of the planters, who interposed every obstacle to his entrance on his labours. The authorities refused to accept his credentials because they wanted the *seals* of those who had signed them. Four or five months had to elapse for their return to England for this purpose, and when again presented, duly signed and sealed by the leading ministers of the denomination in England, the credentials were again contemptuously rejected because they lacked the seal and signature of the Lord Mayor of London! More months must elapse, and meanwhile, though ill, Mr. Phillippo was forcibly enrolled in the militia. At length, however, the Lord Mayor's seal and signature were obtained and presented; and the license, which could no longer be refused, was granted, to the extreme vexation of his antagonists.

Once fairly launched upon his work his success was wonderful. The immense negro congregations continually necessitated the enlargement

of old chapels and the building of new, and the number of converts was very great. We quote the description of a baptismal scene:—

“I was called to administer the ordinance to eighty-nine more. These were baptized in the Rio Cobre, which rises in the interior of the country, and after dashing through a wilderness of nature, adding perfection to scenery the most romantic, assumes a milder aspect as it washes the eastern boundaries of the town. The morning was far from being favourable. Torrents of rain had fallen during the night, accompanied by such thunder and lightning as made me decide on postponing the administration to a future day. Several times after the hour of midnight I looked anxiously through the window for a star. Nothing, however, was discoverable but the appalling gloom and wild confusion of a tempest-driven sky—nothing but what forbade the least hope of relieving the anxious minds of candidates that morning. Under this impression I laid me down. Scarcely had I done so when I was aroused and told that the candidates, and hundreds of spectators, were waiting at the river side. It was now five o'clock, and the rain was still falling, though moderately. Brother Flood and myself immediately hastened to the spot, and after the usual introduction to this solemn rite, I baptized the number mentioned in the presence of a large assembly who witnessed the impressive scene with such a degree of interest as to remain in the most peaceful and solemn manner notwithstanding the falling of the rain, and the clouds of exhalation which arose around them. The place we selected for the purpose was not only convenient, but magnificent, and enchanting in a high degree. At the water's edge I found myself surrounded by an apparently boundless amphitheatre of wood; trees and shrubs of every diversity of form, tint, and perfume met the eye in every direction. A little above us the river divided itself into two streams, having between them a wooded island, to which the candidates and others passed over on a rude bridge constructed for the occasion. Directly opposite was a plain where the candidates were arranged, and where booths were erected for their accommodation. Many of the spectators stood in two parallel lines on each side the stream beneath the trees, while the beautiful scenery all around us, the distant mountains shrouded in mist and occasionally illuminated by the lightning that played on their summit in ten thousand brilliant coruscations, the thunder reverberating from peak to peak, added to the screeches and the liquid melody of the birds, as though hailing the appearance of a tranquil sky, could not fail to inspire the mind with delight and awe.”

Mr. Phillippo took a prominent part in negro emancipation: he seems to have been looked up to by the slaves themselves as their champion, and this circumstance procured for him the cordial hatred of the planters. The battle-field of the controversy, which raged with great violence in Jamaica, extended to England, where it was fought, first, throughout the country in meetings held by Knibb, Burchell, Phillippo, and others, for the formation of public opinion, and then, by such ever-memorable men as Buxton, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Macaulay in the House of Commons. The home government at length passed a measure for the abolition of slavery, and the substitution of a system of apprenticeship for seven years, in which the

emancipated slave might be prepared for the full enjoyment of liberty ; awarding at the same time to the planters twenty millions as a compensation for their claims. This sum was probably equal to the entire value of their estates. Lord Palmerston said, "It is a splendid instance of generosity and justice, unexampled in the history of the world. People are sometimes greatly generous at the expense of others ; but it is not often that men are found to pay so high a price for the luxury of doing a noble action."

This was in 1834. The seven years' apprenticeship thus inaugurated broke down through the barbarity of the planters. During two years 60,000 apprentices received a quarter of a million lashes and 50,000 other punishments by the treadmill, the chain gang, and other legalized modes of torture. The treatment of the apprentices was so inhuman that in 1838, three years before the time, the English Government made the slaves unconditionally free. The 1st of August of that memorable year dawned amidst intense excitement. Thousands of the negroes had thronged the chapels and mission premises, all night engaged in services of prayer and praise, and when the sound of the clock striking six was heard, one universal shout burst forth, "Freedom's come ! Our wives and our children are free ! Glory to God for this blessed day !" Processions with flags, banners, and bands of music, paraded the streets, and assembled before the "King's House" to hear a speech from the governor, the excellent Sir Lionel Smith. The scenes of exultation were prolonged by the enthusiastic multitudes through the whole week, and, to the credit of the emancipated negroes, be it said, that week of excitement was unstained by a single act of intemperance or violence.

One important outcome of this movement should be mentioned here—the formation of freehold villages for the negroes. The planters, deprived of their slaves by the magnificent purchase of the English Government, strove to obtain labour for almost nothing. A standard of a day's labour, and its value, had been gradually formed during slavery, and the apprentices naturally expected their wages to be reckoned accordingly ; but the planters were unwilling to pay such wages. If the miserable remuneration they offered was refused, the cottages of the labourers were pulled down, and their growing crops destroyed. Great numbers were thus driven homeless into the bush for shelter. Foreseeing these difficulties, Mr. Phillippo, and other missionaries, assisted by wealthy English gentlemen, began to purchase land for the settlement of the labouring classes. The first estate was of fifty acres in the mountains above Spanish Town, a position unrivalled for beauty and salubrity. The first building erected was a chapel and school-house ; the land, being divided into one hundred and fifty freehold lots, was rapidly bought up by the apprentices of the neighbourhood, and the township soon contained two hundred families. Other townships followed, and in 1842 these settlements, founded by Mr. Phillippo, contained a population of over three thousand persons. "It is difficult," he says, "to ascertain the number of similar settlements which sprang up within five or six years of emancipation."

Lord Stanley stated in the House of Commons, in 1840, that in one parish alone there had been acquired by the enfranchised peasantry

7,340 freeholds, consisting of houses and lands of various extent. A hundred thousand acres of land must have passed into the hands of the people in that short space of time, and every one will recognize that an immense good was thus conferred upon them.

We must pass over in silence the sad period of the disturbances at Morant Bay, in 1865, so ruthlessly quelled by Governor Eyre, who, though recalled and disgraced, never received his due meed of condemnation in this country for the bloodthirsty deeds of that dark time. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Phillippo and his fellow missionaries, though calumniated by Mr. Eyre in his despatches to the Home Government, passed blamelessly through the ordeal, their honour unstained, their integrity untouched, and their Christian character undimmed.

We hasten through varied scenes of patient toil, difficulty, and anxiety, cheered and enlightened by times of refreshing, to the celebration of the jubilee of the aged missionary in 1873. For a few weeks Mr. Phillippo had been seriously ill, the result of being thrown from his horse down a precipice in the mountains; not the first accident of the kind which had befallen him during his numerous journeys among beetling rocks and unfrequented paths. On his recovery, an inspiring spectacle awaited him. He looked out from his cottage door upon a large platform decorated with flags and cocoa-nut branches; on two tents provided for the accommodation of the assemblage; on processions of children carrying flags and banners; upon throngs of loving friends come from long distances to greet their aged pastor and his now venerable wife; upon groups of fellow missionaries and influential residents of Spanish Town, among whom he had passed so many years of labour, anxiety, and suffering: he had to listen to long and loving addresses from the negro churches, and to respond with deep emotion amid the flowing tears of many who from earliest infancy had been blessed by his ministry, and were his own children in the faith of Christ. When in the course of his address he referred to the great day of Emancipation, he was interrupted by ringing cheers, and the singing of "God save the Queen!" The fine old man closed his speech with these words:—"Having outlived my friends in my native land, having been permitted to see my children, and my children's children, growing up around me, and having formed friendships here which nothing but death can sever, I purpose, should Providence permit, to pass the evening of my days among you, and to find a grave in Spanish Town, where my ashes may repose in peace." Such a scene, in which the veteran servant of Christ is permitted to see, gathered before his eyes, some outward and visible sign of the success of his work, must be to the faithful, exhausted, yet ardent spirit like a foretaste of the "Recompense of the Reward."

The following year his wife died, in the eighty-second year of her age and the fifty-first of her married and missionary life. He himself survived for five years more, still carrying on, faithful to the end, his pastoral labour; and so great was his energy that, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, he made a final visit to England to secure and take back with him to Jamaica a pastor for the churches he must soon be compelled to leave. The failure of this undertaking, through the immediate return to England of the minister whom he had secured, was

a source of great trouble to his weary heart, which was at length removed by the arrival in Jamaica of the Rev. C. B. Berry, of the Pastors' College, from Cullingworth, in Yorkshire, as his successor.

At last, in 1879, he was seized with a fever, which ended his days. “My Jesus,” said he, “my Saviour, my friend. Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” And so, in the eighty-first year of his age, he passed away from his honourable toil to his everlasting rest.

We cannot more fitly close this brief record of a noble life than in his own words in a publication, entitled, “The Voice of Jubilee.” “O Lord Jesus! Lover of souls, Director of spirits, Conqueror of hearts, choose thine own instruments, select thine own sacrifices, open to some understandings the glory of this work, touch some hearts with the invisible constraints of thy dying love. Let him that is feeble be as David—let souls be so bound to this work that they may resolve to engage in it.” To this prayer let all fervently say, Amen.

C. A. DAVIS.

“All Glory.”

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

A LITTLE girl, about twelve years of age, who lives in Tasmania, was walking by the river with my friend “H—.” He had been the means of her conversion, so they were mutually interested in one another, and often walked and talked and sang together. I quite forget what the hymn was, but it had a lively chorus with “Glory, glory,” often repeated. The happy child seemed glad to get the more solemn verses over, and then to shout the chorus “full steam ahead”; and she said to Mr. H., “I wish there was a hymn *all glory*.” I think this was a very pretty expression, deserving better lines than mine. It is “an apple of gold” which ought to have a “silver basket.” You will see what I have made of the original words. I submit it to your inspection with the request that it may not come beneath the searching gaze of that dear rhyme-hating Editor of ours, unless you can hope he will receive it graciously.—*Extract from Son Tom's letter to his Mother, dated “Auckland, August 24, 1881.”*

“ALL GLORY.”

The stream rushed o'er its stony bed,
 The bush-birds whistled overhead :
 Along the river bank they strayed—
 A preacher and a little maid.
 She had not found the Saviour long,
 Her happy heart seemed full of song,
 So birds and brook and she and he
 Their voices raised unitedly,
 And poured upon the echoing wood,
 Sweet praise to God—all wise—all good.
 Uprose the hymn! And who shall say
 Which songsters sang the sweetest lay,
 The brook, or birds, or hearts aflame
 With love to Jesus' precious name?

Methinks, as Nature's voice outvies
 The choicest music Art supplies,
 So Songs of Glory and of Grace
 Deserve and gain still higher place;
 E'en though they come from childish lips,
 They brooks and birds alike eclipse.

The hymn was mournful now and then,
 The tune subdued a while—but when
 The happy chorus came again,
 Burst forth once more the joyful strain,
 And "Glory, glory, glory," rang
 As maid and man their loudest sang,
 While brook and birds, as though they knew,
 Sang louder as the voices grew,—
 An extra splash or shriller note
 From dashing rill and warbling throat.

At least the lassie *fancied* so,
 (How could the birds and brooklet know ?)
 To her young heart the loud refrain
 Was sweeter than the sadder strain :
 No words too glad, no key too high
 For making known her ecstasy.
 "I like the chorus best," said she,
 "Would that it might *all glory* be."
 And then with all her might and main
 She'd sing the Glories o'er again.

Ah, maiden! many more than you
 Have wished the minor notes were few,
 And mourned because the gold of joy
 Is never free from base alloy ;
 The ointment spoiled by a fly!—
 The fairest flowers so apt to die!—
 Sunshine and shadow side by side!—
 O for an ever-flowing tide!
 But earth will never give us this;
 Heaven only offers perfect bliss.

Poor sin-stained world! search where you may
 Its glories tarnish and decay.
 This fleeting time! The best it gives
 Is dying even while it lives!
 Its thorn-stemmed rose, its fading light,—
 Each day the herald of a night—
 Spots in its sun, its clouded sky,
 And discord 'midst its harmony,
 All say, with voices loud and clear,
 "Alas! There's no *all glory* here!"

Bright, glorious heaven! Look where you will,
 Joy floods the vale and crowns the hill.
 No tears, no sea, no sin, no sighs,
 No night, no death, no curse, no cries!
 Its songs all sweet, its robes all white,
 The Lamb its Temple and its Light!
 Its gold undimmed, its skies aye fair:
 Thank God! 'Twill be *all glory* there!

Influence of a Good Book.

THE Rev. Dr. Hill, of Virginia, some time since, made the following statement at a public meeting of a Tract Society:—

I lost my sainted mother when I was a youth, but not before the instruction I received from her beloved lips had made a deep impression upon my mind; an impression which I carried with me into a College (Hampden Sidney), where there was not then one pious student. There I often reflected, when surrounded by young men who scoffed at religion, upon the instruction of my mother, and my conscience was frequently sore distressed. I had no Bible, and dreaded getting one, lest it should be found in my possession. At last I could stand it no longer, and therefore requested a particular friend, a youth whose parents lived near, and who often went home, to ask his pious and excellent mother to send me some religious books. She sent me *Alleine's Alarm*, an old black book, which looked as if it might have been handled by successive generations for one hundred years. When I got it, I locked my room and lay upon my bed reading it, when a student knocked at my door; and although I gave him no answer, dreading to be found reading such a book, he continued to knock and beat the door, until I had to open it. He came in, and seeing the book lying on the bed, he seized it, and examining its title, he said,—“Why Hill, do you read such books?” I hesitated, but God enabled me to be decided, and tell him boldly, but with much emotion, “Yes, I do.” The young man replied with much agitation, “Oh, Hill, you may obtain religion, but I never can. I came here a professor of religion; but through fear I dissembled it, and have been carried along with the wicked, until I fear that there is no hope for me.” He told me that there were two others, who he believed were somewhat serious. We agreed to take up the subject of religion in earnest, and seek it together. We invited the other two, and held a prayer-meeting in my room on the next Saturday afternoon. And oh! what a prayer-meeting! We tried to pray, but such prayer I never heard the like of. We knew not how to pray, but tried to do it. It was the first prayer-meeting that I ever heard of. We tried to sing, but it was in a suppressed manner, for we feared the other students. But they found us out, and gathered round the door, and made such a noise, that some of the officers had to disperse them. And so serious was the disturbance, that the President, the late excellent Rev. Dr. John B. Smith, had to investigate the matter at prayers that evening, in the prayers' hall. When he demanded the reason of the riot, a ringleader in wickedness got up and stated, that

it was occasioned by three or four of the boys holding *prayer-meeting*, and they were determined to have no such doings there. The good President heard the statement with deep emotion, and looking at the youths charged with the sin of praying, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Oh, is there such a state of things in this College? Then God has come near to us. My dear young friends, you *shall* be protected. You shall hold your next meeting in my parlour, and I will be one of your number." Sure enough, we had our next meeting in his parlour, and half the college was there; and there began the glorious revival of religion, which pervaded the college, and spread into the country around. Many of those students became ministers of the gospel. The youth who had brought me *Alleine's Alarm* from his mother was my friend, the Rev. C. Stitt, preaching in this state. And he who interrupted me in reading the work, my venerable and worthy friend, the Rev. Dr. H——, is now President of a College in the West.—*From Dr. Belcher's "Clergy of America."*

Notices of Books.

John Ploughman's Talk. By C. H. SPURGEON. 310th Thousand. Stiff covers, 1s.; Cloth, gilt edges, 2s.

THE sale of our book has amazed its author. It has been said that it is not original, but only a number of proverbs strung together: this is strictly true, and no one is more ready to own it than John Ploughman, but why did not some one else carry out the idea of putting proverbs together? Anyone can make an egg stand on its end when once he has seen it done. Our book is simplicity itself, and quite devoid of genius, and yet here it is, in a new edition, selling still after 300,000 have gone forth. We thought it time to improve the shape of the book and throw in a few engravings, and now we hope that John Ploughman will take a new lease and run on to half a million. Its strength lies in the wholesome proverbs which are floating about everywhere, but have here been diligently collected, and congenially dove-tailed so as to make up lively, continuous reading, intended to convey good morals to the myriads of working men who will never read that which is dull and dreary, however profound may be the instruction contained therein.

The Cottager and Artisan Yearly Volume is another Tract Society success. We would like to see a copy in the hand of every cottager and artisan in the dominions of our good Queen.

"*Hymns for Daily Use.*" In packets of Twelve. Post free 1s. 2d. And

"*Leaflets.*" In assorted packets of One Hundred. Post free, 1s. 1d.
By GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. 14, Regent-street, Leamington.

If Miss Taylor had never written anything save that tender, heart-melting hymn,

"Oh! to be nothing, nothing,"

she would deserve the thanks of all who love to sit at the Lord's feet; but we find that her pen is a busy one, and these "Hymns" and "Leaflets" give pleasing token of its consecrated industry.

Gladly we give a word of warm praise to this lady's efforts; her verses are true "heart-breathings," and so are sure to find an echo in many a loving, listening heart. Moreover, they have about them the "smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed," and we were quite prepared to hear that he has been pleased to use them to his glory. We shall rejoice if our good word furthers the sale of these devout versicles, for we understand that the profits are all devoted to the support of an excellent Home for Young Women, under Miss Taylor's charge, which is doing a great and good work among shopwomen and dress-makers in Leamington.

Voices from Calvary. By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

A TREASURE. Abounding in beautiful thoughts, forcefully and sweetly expressed. "Voices from Calvary," varying in tone from the deep notes of unutterable woe to the shout of glorious triumph, are calculated to speak conviction to the sinner, consolation to the saint, and confirmation to the wavering. We have read these pages with delight, and even now their echoes linger in our soul, waking sweeter music than could Apollo's lute.

Protestant Papers for the People. Nos. 1 to 36, in three packets, one shilling each. S. W. Partridge and Co.

ON the whole these papers deserve our highest commendation. They ought to be scattered by thousands wherever the Church of Rome is trying to ensnare the people; but those who distribute them will have to make a judicious selection; for some of these "Protestant papers" are only suitable for an Orange lodge-meeting or a Plymouth Brethren's Scripture-dissecting-room. For instance, we do not at all believe that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act was so abominable a measure as the authors of these papers represent, and it is certainly news to us that "the blessed King Charles I." lost his wicked head because of his opposition to Popery. Others of these penny pamphlets are, in our humble opinion, far too mystical to be of much use to "the common people," although, doubtless, students of prophecy will be thankful to read in such a handy form a full, true, and particular explanation of the seals, trumpets, and vials of the Apocalypse, the great Antichrist, the Millennium, and sundry other small matters, which appear to the compilers of these tractates as simple as A B C. Towards the close of the last paper of the series the clergy and laity who have prepared them address the following "Words to our Nonconformist friends":—"Let them look over the history of England for these three centuries, and learn to regard the Church of England, not only as their ancestral church, but as she has ever been, in spite of some eclipses, the breakwater against the

assaults of Popery, and the defender of our civil and religious liberties." We have already shown in this magazine that instead of the Church of England being the bulwark of Protestantism, it is often a stepping-stone to Popery; and as for its being our "ancestral church," all we have to say is that, as far as we Baptists are concerned, *our* church, founded by Christ and his apostles, was in existence for fifteen hundred years before the Church of England was established by the royal will and authority of bluff King Hal. Notwithstanding the defects we have pointed out, we welcome these papers, and trust that they are an indication that the Reformation party in the national church does not intend to let the Romanizing school carry all before it. It is scarcely necessary to say that we are one with the Evangelical party in working for the overthrow of Popery, and we may add, that if we had their full and unfettered co-operation the consummation we both desire would be more speedily realized.

Memorials of Charles Pettit McIlwaine, D.D., D.C.L., late Bishop of Ohio.
Edited by the Rev. WILLIAM CARUS, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THIS reads like a continuation of the Chronicles of the Clapham sect. Here we come upon Charles Simeon in his old age, and others of that godly company, who in years gone by preached evangelical doctrine with holy earnestness. For the rest, the bishop was familiar with the Sumners, and Dr. Tait, and all the other worthies of the Church of England, and he duly records his visits to them. Beyond this and his journeys across the Atlantic, and over the Continent, there is nothing remarkable in the good man's life. Episcopal friends will read the memoir with pleasure, but it will not interest the general public, or take a place among the great biographies which enrich our libraries.

We once called upon the bishop when he was in London, and we have a pleasing remembrance of his dignified courtesy and fatherly wisdom. Happy lives do not make interesting memoirs, and this was one. Mr. Stock should, we think, have given us a portrait of the good man to make the memorial as complete as it can be.

Babylonian Cups; or, Behind the Scenes.

By a Special Commissioner. E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane.

WE do not wonder that the world has demanded another and cheaper edition of this terrible book. Those who want to see the secret Bacchanalian side of London life have it here limned by a masterly hand. You can get drink at any hour of the day or night in London. Those who thirst for the poison-cup laugh at all Acts of Parliament and police regulations. Our legislators ought each one to read this through, and either mend matters, or know the reason why.

Foreshadowings. A poem in four cantos. By CHARLES ROOM. Elliot Stock.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman, who is evidently a zealous supporter of religious and philanthropic societies, and an ardent *Liberal* in politics, falls into a dream of the future triumphs of Christianity, in which a millennial age of peace transforms this earth into a paradise. In the opening stanzas faint pictures of the personal advent of Christ to our world, and the resurrection of the just, spring up before the fancy, but quickly fade and give place to other pictures more distinctly drawn, in which the resurrection of principles, rather than of persons, is imagined. Missionary societies succeed in rooting out every species of idolatry and superstition. The influence of the gospel is universally diffused from the poles to the equator. *Freedom of commerce prevails among all nations.* The principle of arbitration leads to the disbanding of armies. Confidence in the common justice of governments diffuses capital in every kind of *foreign* enterprise. Human life is prolonged. Diseases are extirpated by sanitary science. Want is almost unknown, or when felt it is speedily relieved. The Jews, charmed with such a change of manners and of laws, unlearn their prejudice and acknowledge Jesus the Incarnate Word. The renovated earth then affords a most enchanting spectacle, over which the lights of religion blaze like constellations. Anon, the dream changes, as dreams are wont to change. The thousand years expire. Satan is let loose. Scientific objections are recoined. *Free trade is repealed, and restrictive laws are enacted.* Armies are mustered iron-clads are

constructed for hostile invasions. Craftsmen are to soldiers turned, and rustic swains to gallant tars. The rage of Satan, the end of all things, the Saviour's appearing, the general conflagration, the gathering of the saints, the convoking of the dead before the great white throne, and the final awards of bliss or woe then pass in rapid succession on the panorama. Such an essay will doubtless please many people, though as a poem it is rather didactic, and as an interpretation of prophecy it is very materialistic.

God's Everlasting Yea. Fifteen Mission Addresses. By the Rev. W. H. M. H. AITKEN, M.A. London: J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

Heaven: its hopes, its inhabitants, &c. Six Discourses. By D. L. MOODY. London: Morgan and Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

MR. AITKEN's fame as a mission-preacher has spread far and wide in this country, and Mr. Moody's success as an evangelist has resounded on both sides of the Atlantic. They have been alike honoured of God in turning many to righteousness. Gospel ministers who go everywhere and gather crowds of hearers at any hour of the day, on any day in the week, advertise themselves by their unwearied diligence, so that we need not say anything, but simply wish them God-speed. And as for these little volumes, the seal of acceptance having been set on the sermons they contain before they were issued from the press, we suppose the Christian public will only need to be informed that they are now on sale.

Garden Graith; or, Talks among my Flowers. By SARAH F. SMILEY, London: Hodder and Stoughton.

"GRAITH" means the *furniture* of a room, the *goods* of a house, and so, we presume, the *stock* of a garden—trees, plants, weeds, or what else. From the first line to the last this little book is a thing of beauty. To anyone, especially to any lady endowed with a love of nature, who has a cultivated mind, a refined taste, and a spiritual perception, this *talk among the flowers* will be a rare treat.

The Herald of Mercy: a Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes. Morgan and Scott.

FULL of good tidings. Here we have no word written for mere amusement, but all for conversion and edification. For a shilling the little volume is cheap, and wherever it goes it must do good. The cover is striking and appropriate.

“*The Fireside*” *Christmas Number*; Jim’s Psalm, and other Good Cheer. Price 6d. “Home Words” Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.

THESE ought to have a very wide circulation. They are up to Christmas mark in interest, and they are spiritually good too.

The Quiver, published by Messrs. Cassell, delights thousands of families and is deservedly a favourite. *Excelsior*, by the Sunday School Union, is a magazine quite by itself, and we should be sorry to miss it. It has superior claims, and the more it is known the more it will be appreciated.

Worthies of the World; a Series of Historical and Critical Sketches of Great and Eminent Men. Ward and Lock.

WE have already commended this work in numbers, and now we would only add that for 7s. 6d. this noble volume is specially cheap. What a Christmas present!

Faithful and True. Be of Good Cheer. The Beauty of Holiness. Good Wishes for Christmas and the New Year, etc. Packets of Illuminated Texts. Religious Tract Society.

HERE we have text-cards and illuminated texts from 6d. per packet up to 6s. Last year we thought the Society had reached the highest point of beauty, and we think so still. It suffices to say that the cards are at least as good as last year. Could they be better? The illuminations entitled “Faithful and True” are fairy-like, and it is wonderful how they can be produced for the money.

Sunbeams. Packet of 12 Illuminated Texts. Book Society.

VERY fair; we cannot say more.

Scripture Texts, Birthday, and Christian Greeting Cards (in packets). B. Ollendorff: 53, Jewin Street.

TASTES differ, but we judge that these cards, which vary in price according to their size, are as good as any in the market, and better and cheaper than most. Some of the designs are specially attractive.

Winter Pictures by Poet and Artist. With numerous engravings by Edward Whymper. Religious Tract Society.

A CHARMING Christmas book containing most of the poetry of winter, together with first-class engravings. We observe one winter’s landscape with all the trees in full foliage, but we do not question its accuracy; for we remember a day last year in which the snow covered the trees while yet the leaves remained, and many a huge bough was in consequence broken off. The seasons are now so mixed that snow in harvest and sun-stroke at Christmas would by no means be incredible.

Mr. Whymper has here displayed his great powers as an engraver; and this combined work of the poet and artist ought to be one of the favourites of the season.

Good Cookery. A Culinary Catechism for the Use of Schools and Young Persons. By Mrs. L. D. BROWN. F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick-lane.

A GOOD practical idea, but our cooks find many faults with the details. Having small skill in such matters, we thought we would look at the directions for boiling an egg, for that feat of cookery we can manage. The index referred us to page 161, where we found no mention of eggs at all,—really in so small a book the index might be accurate. We hunted, till at last we found a direction to boil an egg *four minutes*, and of this we have only to say that it may be right for some eggs, but others will be hard if they are in the water a single second beyond three minutes and a-half. However, this is a smart little culinary catechism, and many a girl will learn the elements of cookery from it.

Notes.

THE Editor writes—I have reached the Grand Hotel, Mentone, and find great comfort in the warmth of the air, the brilliance of the light, and the dryness of everything. If rheumatism does not depart in such balmy weather it must indeed be hard to dislodge. Coming here with bad lumbago pains, I found them gone in a night. Friends who are not tied to the land of fog and frost could not do better than try the hospitality of mine host, M. Georgi, who has for years laid himself out to make me comfortable. At *Hôtel de la Paix* he was an admirable landlord, and he has not changed his manners in taking a new hotel. I hope friends will not write me many letters, but if they do write, let them address *Grand Hotel*.

At Portsmouth, Oct. 26, the vast audience had a remarkable escape from an imminent peril. One of the papers seems to wonder that Mr. Spurgeon was nervous! Who could avoid it amid that dense throng, in a frail building, with constant interruptions? The horror of great darkness which passed over the preacher's soul, few can understand but those who have once seen a multitude flying in panic, and people trodden to death in the crush. We should be able to preach abroad far oftener if we could secure moderate audiences, in places full to safety, but not crowded to murder-point. However, the occasion ended well; and to God be praise! The efforts of all friends at Portsmouth to entertain the Baptist Union were most praiseworthy.

For an opportunity of preaching, Southampton, on Oct. 27, bears the palm; for there we had order and quiet throughout, and we trust the divine presence was there. It was a singular sight to see at these services men of all grades and creeds, and even more remarkable to observe with what kindness they received the preacher of the Word. Surely there is some softening process at work, some coming together of divergent creeds, some candour towards long-despised truth. In the house of Canon Wülfert, in concert with Lord Radstock and other friends, we had much friendly discussion, but far more spiritual communion both in conversation and prayer. The life of God in the souls of believers triumphs over even important differences of ceremonial and doctrine. In honestly dealing with each other in the spirit of love to Christ we shall, by the Holy Ghost's guidance, find the way to mutual edification and enlightenment, and so to real unity. If congresses, and conferences, and meetings, by bringing Christians together, shall continue to increase their knowledge of each other, and their common regard for one another, they will do more towards the unity of Christendom than all the plans and societies which have this for their design, but know not how to compass it.

Altogether, Southampton friends deserve

the highest commendation,—we were delighted to find three of our College men at Southampton and two at Portsmouth, all favoured with the divine blessing, and heartily working together to give entertainment to the denomination which met in such force in the two towns. Others of our own men were to the front, holding their own among the best of their brethren. We are greatly rejoiced when we see a man raised up in the ranks of the church to serve the Lord valiantly, and there is just a drop of special zest to our joy when it happens to be one of the sons of the Pastors' College.

On *Friday evening, Oct. 21*, the eleventh annual meeting of the GREEN WALK MISSION, conducted by Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, when there was a large attendance of the workers and friends of the Mission. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided. Mr. Bennett read the report, which commenced with a grateful reference to the spirit of prayer which had prevailed among the workers, and a recognition of the Lord's loving care of them at the time when the tempest blew down the tent in August last. It then proceeded to specify the various special and ordinary means which had been used for the purpose of bringing the people of Bermondsey to the feet of Jesus. These include Sunday and Thursday evening services; five prayer-meetings during the week; magic-lantern lectures illustrating the Scriptures; five open-air services weekly; a Tract Society, for the distribution of the Pastor's sermons by twenty-one friends, who go from house to house on Sunday afternoons; a Sunday-school, with an average attendance in the afternoon of 386 scholars and 25 teachers, more of whom, especially for the girls' classes, are greatly needed; an infant class of about 150 children; a Mothers' Meeting, on Wednesday afternoons; a Dorcas Society; Song-services; missionary meetings, and other agencies which could not be mentioned in the "short report." The spiritual results seen since the last annual meeting have been most cheering, over fifty persons having testified to Mr. Olney that they have been led to the Saviour, and many of them having united with the churches at the Tabernacle, Greenwich, Pentonville, and Rye-lane.

It was a good meeting, and greatly cheered the Pastor's heart as he saw with what vigour the various branches of Tabernacle work are being carried on. Here was a work large enough for a separate church, and yet only one of many boughs of the old tree.

On *Tuesday evening, Oct. 25*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in the Lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor J. A. Spurgeon. Mr. Woods, the secretary, read the report, which stated that the

Pastor's sermons had been lent from house to house in 103 districts, and that thus the gospel had been taken weekly to about 4,000 families. Several instances of blessing resulting from the reading of the sermons were mentioned, and Mr. Woods said that 22 cases of conversion had been recorded, although only 46 of the 103 distributors had furnished him with reports. The Sick Fund, started last year for the purpose of giving relief to the suffering poor in the districts visited, has been the means of bringing a double blessing to many a home; while the Maternal Society and Mothers' Meeting, which have also become necessary adjuncts of the Tract work, have each comforted and helped many poor women both temporally and spiritually. The report closed with a reference to the Mission, which some of the members of the society have started in Bermondsey for the preaching of the gospel, and which has been already instrumental in the conversion of many souls. Mr. Harrald, the treasurer, in presenting the balance-sheets of the various branches of the work, said that when he was appointed to his present office, eighteen months ago, there was only 3s. 8d. in hand, but now there was a balance of £21 19s 5d. in hand on the Tract account, after paying £30 12s. for sermons and covers during the past year. The proceedings throughout were of a most enthusiastic character, and all who were present must have felt that they had come into contact with Christian workers who were all alive, and seeking by every means within their reach to bring others to the Saviour. This is another hive of Tabernacle bees, and we bless the Lord that they work together without using their stings, and the result brings glory to God and benefit to all concerned. When will all churches be alive, and work, not by some stereotyped rule, but just as the free Spirit prompts one and another to engage in this service or that? Our army forms itself into regiments by a natural process, and these attack the enemy with weapons of all kinds, advancing to the war from all points of the compass.

On *Friday evening, Nov. 4*, the Annual Meeting of the PASTORS' COLLEGE was held. Several hundreds of friends had previously taken tea together in the Lecture-hall and School-room. The meeting commenced with singing by the Orphanage boys, who, together with a detachment of little girls from the "Hawthorns," sang at intervals. Mr. Spurgeon, first, as President of the College, made a statement with regard to the progress of that Institution, especially calling attention to the fact that since the Conference in May last twenty-one students had become pastors, fourteen of whom had gone to churches raised by brethren from the College, and four or five to places where other men had not succeeded. Next, as Pastor of the Tabernacle church, he bade his friends "good-bye" for a few weeks; and then, in the character of "John Ploughman," proceeded to give a reading, with

running comments, upon his "Picturea," the views of which were again exhibited by Mr. Catlin. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon expressed the wish of all present, and many who were absent, that his brother might be greatly benefited by his holiday; and Messrs. R. Wood and Longhurst, two of the students, thanked the President and supporters of the College for enabling them to enjoy its advantages. It was a fine, hearty meeting, and went to supply fresh proof that the College lives in the hearts of the brotherhood at the Tabernacle; nay, it went further than that, for kind friends were present from a distance who never neglect an opportunity of showing their deep love to one who never fails to be touched with such tokens of undeserved affection. God bless all our host in town or country, in England, Scotland, Ireland, the Continent, America, and all the world over!

COLLEGE.—During the past month the following students have accepted pastorates in the places mentioned:—Mr. E. Ashton, Gorsley, near Ross; Mr. M. Baskerville, Caxton, Cambs.; and Mr. W. J. Juniper, Histon, Cambs. Mr. H. J. Weeks has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work on the Congo. Mr. A. G. Everett is seeking to raise the churches at Appleby, Leicestershire, and has met with marked success: another of our brethren is trying to do a similar work at Midhurst, Sussex: Mr. H. J. Martin is commencing a new cause at Bracknell, Berks; and two of the students are supplying at the iron chapel erected as a mission-station by our brother, J. A. Spurgeon's church at West Croydon.

Mr. W. Goacher, late of Hatherleigh, has gone to Milton, Oxon.: Mr. C. A. Ingram is removing from Roade to Upton-on-Severn: and Mr. W. Mummery from Eynsford to Chatham Road, Wandsworth Common. Mr. G. H. Trapp, who recently went to America, has settled at West Chester, Pennsylvania.

Mr. R. Maplesden has resigned the pastorate of the Madras Baptist Church, and accepted an appointment from the American Baptist Missionary Union for mission work among the Teloogeois.

Our fears concerning our late student, Mr. H. H. Garrett, of Brighton, Australia, proved only too well-founded. He was killed in a railway accident, and leaves a widow and two children to mourn his loss. The colonial papers to hand speak very highly of our brother and his work.

EVANGELISTS.—During the first half of November Messrs. Smith and Fullerton have been working at Mr. Stott's chapel, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood. The Pastor thus writes of "the work of grace," as he rightly terms it:—

"Dear Sir,—Our honoured brethren, Smith and Fullerton, commenced their labours at St. John's Wood with great expectations of blessing. The week of preaching

had been preceded by a week of prayer, in which the neighbouring ministers of all denominations heartily joined; and the attendance was remarkably good.

"So Sunday, October the 30th, dawned upon us with sunshine upon the earth, and still brighter sunshine in the soul; yea, many saints prophesied a day of power from on high. Ten thousand small bills announcing the services on one side, and a letter from Mr. Spurgeon on the other, were circulated in the district. These won for our brethren a cordial welcome on all sides. The morning congregation was about as usual, the evening witnessed a crowded house, and on both occasions the word was with power, and much assurance; and in at least three cases it proved the power of God unto salvation. On no evening in the week did God leave us without a seal upon the ministry of both song and sermon, yet were the assemblies of people below our expectations; but prayer was offered daily, and the first service of song, given on Saturday night, was a decided success, and a time of refreshing to all.

"On Sunday, November 6th, the people at Abbey Road Chapel, not unaccustomed to see gladdening sights in God's work, yet had never seen anything so surprising before. In the morning the chapel was well filled, yea crowded; and Brother Fullerton evinced both freedom and freshness. In the afternoon fifteen hundred Sunday-scholars, from six schools, were just held in silken cords of delight by an address from Brother Smith, who is not only a master of music and song, but also in the art of addressing children. The chapel was almost full long before 6.30, and still the people pressed in at every door until aisles, pulpit-stairs, and choir-gallery were packed, and for very safety we had to lock the gates. Once more the singer and the preacher were up to their work; the latter with power and skill wielding the two-edged sword of the truth right and left, unfalteringly and without pause, until women wept and strong men seemed spell-bound, and beyond a doubt the slain of the Lord were many; but as the Lord's supper followed the sermon, the full result could not be known.

"We have reason to believe that, while the audiences are by no means so large as were drawn together at Shoreditch, the locality being totally different, nevertheless, a great, deep, and genuine work is being done. The people are in real earnest, and little knots of Christians are meeting daily for social prayer in private dwellings. Bible-readings, conducted by the Pastor at three o'clock, are well attended; and each day from 7.30 till 8 p.m. the time is passed in almost agonizing prayer under the chapel, specially by those who have relations unsaved. One principal feature of this visitation of grace is that several houses of business in the West End are feeling its effects, and among our young men conversions are taking place daily. The congregations are increasing every night,

and both the evangelists and the Christian workers with them are ready to sing—

'Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
And the Lord will shortly pour
All the fulness of his love.'

"Hoping to communicate a few more notes about these services after the brethren have left us, I remain,

"Yours in the best of bonds,
"Wm. STROTT."

The Evangelists commence their campaign at the Tabernacle just as these "Notes" are being printed, so that we must reserve all particulars of their services for our next month's number.

Friends who read carefully what one of our deacons calls the leading articles in the magazine, *i. e.*, the lists of contributions, will notice that Mr. Cuff's good people have sent us £100 for the Evangelists' Fund, as a thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at the Shoreditch Tabernacle.

Mr. Burnham continues to peg away with his usual success. Nov. 29 to Dec. 5, he is to be at Birkby, and Dec. 6 to 12 at Staincliffe.

ORPHANAGE. — *Christmas Festivities.* — Will all our readers kindly remember the Orphans' Christmas treat? The President hopes to be back in time to join the merry party at Stockwell; but whether he is present or not, the boys and girls will try to keep Christmas in the good old-fashioned way, and to do this they will need the help of friends both far and near. Nothing will make a Christmas dinner go down more pleasantly than the reflection that a portion has been sent to the orphans. All sorts of toys for girls and boys, with all good cheer to the young so dear, apples and cakes, and pears, such as seldom fall to their shares, so that once in a way they may hold holiday, and enjoy themselves to the highest degree. Presents in kind should be sent to the Orphanage, and contributions to C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E. Though far away across the sea, his hands will reach to Norwood, and receive all that comes.

We trust the Bazaar preparations are going on grandly in our absence, and that the first week in the new year will see the united efforts of a multitude of lovers of orphans crowned with surprising success. We have signed the first contract for the additional buildings.

Will all friends please note that parcels for the Bazaar should be sent either to the stall-keepers or to the Orphanage, and not to "Westwood"? We are constantly having to pay extra carriage through the neglect of this notice.

Contributions for the *College Stall* have been received or promised from Aylesbury, Balham, Belfast, Brighton, Bury St. Edmund's, Chepstow, Forres, Halstead,

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. P.	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	4	0	0
F. G. B.	0	2	6	Miss Haddfield	10	0	0
Messrs. Wills and Packham	5	0	0	Collection in a Scotch West Highland			
Mr. and Mrs. Sangster	1	1	0	Poor-house	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse	1	1	0	Mrs. Goslin	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Kingerlee	6	6	0	Mr. John A. Hart	1	0	0
Per Mr. Geo. Kingerlee—				Mr. Frederick Howard	2	2	0
Mr. Vyle	0	2	6	Mr. F. How	2	2	0
Mrs. Bryan	0	2	0	Mr. W. Rooksby	0	10	0
Mr. C. Cole	0	2	6	Mr. A. J. Gasking	1	10	0
Mr. W. J. French	0	1	0	Mrs. Evan Davies	20	0	0
				P. H.	0	2	6
Communion collections by Church in				"Avarice mortified"	2	10	0
Plum Tree House	0	15	0	Mrs. Ann Dale	1	0	0
Horley Sunday-school, per Pastor B.				T. A.	0	10	0
Marshall—				Mr. Samuel Watson	0	10	0
First Class Girls	0	3	7	Collected by Miss Jane Galloway	1	13	6
Second Class Girls	0	1	6	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	1	0	0
Third Class Girls	0	2	5	A Northern Friend	0	3	0
Infants	0	3	7	"A Friend"	5	0	0
First Class Boys	0	8	0	Mr. J. Leeson	1	0	0
Second and Third Class				Per Pastor H. O.			
Boys	0	1	8	Mackey:—			
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-				Part Collection after Ser-			
Class	0	14	6	mon in Southampton			
				Skating-rink by C. H.			
Mr. Thos. Cammack	1	15	3	Spurgeon	30	13	6
Mr. John Green	5	0	0	Mrs. Turner	1	0	0
Harvest Thankoffering from Baptist							
Church, Newton, Craven Arms	1	0	0				
Executor of late Miss Margaret Eyre	19	19	0	Mrs. E. Hurrell	31	13	6
Mr. Lumsden, per Mr. Mitchell	1	0	0	A Reader, Stoneykirk, a tenth part	0	5	0
Mrs. Claridge, per Mr. Croome	1	1	0	A. A. A., Aberdeen	0	5	3
Collected by Miss Johnston's little				J. L., Taunton	0	10	0
nephew	1	2	7	Thankoffering from a Farmer	0	5	0
Mr. K. Purser	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Jesson:—			
Mr. S. W. Smith	1	1	0	Mrs. Nunnerly	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Foster	1	0	0	Mr. W. Stanyon	0	10	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. J. E. Pickard	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Knapp	10	0	0	Mr. Rupert Carryer	0	10	0
Clackmannanshire	0	10	0	The Misses Bennett	0	5	0
Collected by Miss S. Turner	0	7	0	Mrs. Eames	0	5	0
W. E. T.	5	0	0	Miss Eames	0	5	0
A Widow, Birmingham	0	0	6	Miss Raynes	0	2	6
Mr. John Emm, per Mr. Hockey	0	2	0	A Friend	0	1	6
Mrs. Whately	0	10	0	Miss C. Jesson	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0				
Mrs. Mitchell	1	0	0	Produce of walnut-tree, per Mr. R. B.			
Rev. Chas. Miller	0	5	0	Belcher	0	5	0
Messrs. Gardiner and Co.	1	0	0	Mr. T. C. Clark	0	16	0
Mr. J. Pentlow	1	0	0	Mr. Jas. Mackenzie	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Stopford	3	0	0	Mr. H. Young	2	0	0
Mrs. Colthup	0	10	0	A Cabinan's Threepenny-pieces	0	16	0
E. H., Brighton	0	5	0	Mr. J. Woollard	0	5	0
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0	Harriett Marsden	0	3	0
A Friend, per Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0	Collected by Miss B. Charles	0	14	0
Miss S. Smith	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Taylor	0	6	9
Richmond Chapel Sunday-school,				M. E. Owen	0	2	6
Liverpool	1	0	11	Collected at Nottingham Tabernacle			
Mr. Wm. Thomas	2	10	0	Sunday-school	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6	A Thankoffering for health restored	0	5	0
Mr. Edwin Davis	1	10	0	Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Mr. W. C. Little	2	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Richards	0	8	9
Mr. Thos. Martin	1	0	0	Hobbs' earnings	0	8	0
A young couple	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0	8	6
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0	10	0	Part proceeds of performance of Can-			
Rev. Dr. Cowdy	1	0	0	tata by Lambeth Auxiliary Sunday-			
Stamps from Huddersfield	0	3	6	school Union, per Mr. Rowe	6	2	6
Scotch notes from Glasgow	2	0	0	Ralph Erskine Hart's first earnings	0	10	0
Rev. C. B. and Mrs. Lewis	2	2	0	Mr. A. W. Foster	25	0	0
Collected by Miss Spurdens	2	1	3	Collected by Louisa Brown	0	5	0
Mr. J. Fenwick Allen	5	0	0	Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0	Mrs. Allberry	0	2	6
A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0	Mr. John Seivwright	3	0	0
Mr. Wm. Higgs, jun.	4	0	0	Mrs. Cowan	1	1	0
Mr. Hewat	2	7	2	Box at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr.			
				Murrell	2	8	7

	£	s.	d.
Mr. S. Ball, at Gothard's, per Mr. Murrell	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Hutchens	0	8	7
Collected by Master W. Oakley	0	8	6

	£	s.	d.
Miss Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Mr. J. Charlier	0	10	0
Mr. Gibson	0	5	0
Mr. Underwood	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	2	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£288	13	7

Annual Subscriptions:—

Per F. R. T.			
Mr. Chas. Tidmarsh	0	5	0
Mrs. Chas. Tidmarsh	0	5	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charleworth, to Nov. 14th (Boys' Division).—PROVISIONS:—Three barrels of Potatoes, Harvest Thankoffering from five friends at Westbury Leigh, per Mr. J. T. Hazzard; a quantity of Apples, Mr. T. Reynolds; a barrel of Apples, Mr. T. Milburn; 120 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; a barrel of Apples, Mr. P. Martin; a quantity of Vegetables, Mr. J. Walker; 9 small Cheeses, Messrs. Tuxford and Nephews; a quantity of Bath Chaps, Mr. H. S. Case; 16 bags of Potatoes, Mr. T. Merry; a barrel of Apples, Mr. H. Foulger.

CLOTHING:—Sixteen pairs of Stockings, 5 pairs of Socks, Miss Allen; 6 Flannel Shirts, Miss A. Davies; 12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 2 Flannel Shirts, E. B. Quarry; parcel of Clothing, Mrs. Colman.

GENERAL:—Two Gold Rings (for sale), Mr. J. H. Parker; a quantity of Chamois Leather, Mr. Jas. McCree; 6 pairs of Blankets, Mr. W. Pook.

(Girls' Division).—CLOTHING:—Twelve articles of Clothing, Girls' Bible Class, per Mrs. Woollard; 78 articles of Clothing, Young Ladies' Working Association, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 Skirts, Miss Strickland; 7 articles of Clothing, Mrs. G. Lamb; a small parcel of Clothing, J. Hansen.

GENERAL:—Twenty-five dozen Tea Spoons, 104 Plated Forks (stamped), Mr. Wheeler, Birmingham. FON BAZAAR:—2 Pinafores, Mrs. Nash; 41 Articles, Mrs. Belcher; a pair Crewel Antimaccassars, from "A Sermon-reader"; 39 Articles, Mrs. Krell; 7 Articles, Miss M. Phillips; 3 pairs Socks, A. C. L.; 9 Articles from "Two Servants"; 12 Articles, Miss S. Brown; 4 Netted Caps, 10 yards Print, "Reader of the 'Sword and Trowel'"; 1 Knitted Petticoat, Mrs. Marshall; 1 Dozen pairs Knitted Shoes; a few Articles, Mrs. John; a parcel Woollen Shawls, Miss E. Chapman; 25 Articles, Mrs. Barratt; 2 dozen pieces Baby Linen, Miss Abbay; 9 Articles, Mrs. Walker; 82 Articles, Miss A. Desroix; 10 Articles, Miss Fleming; 1 Music Stool Cover, Miss E. Salmon; a Small Parcel, Mrs. Sherrin; a Marble Turnpiece (£7 7s.), Mr. R. Collins, jun.; an Audiphone and a Box of various Articles, Mr. Crowther; 16 Articles, Mrs. Colman.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1881.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hart	0	2	6	Collection at Foxcote Baptist Chapel,			
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—				per Pastor T. Jones	0	12	0
Mr. T. Goslin	0	2	6	E. J.	2	0	0
Mr. G. Foyle	0	1	0	L. N.	0	2	6
Miss Giles	0	1	0	Mr. William Howard	1	0	0
Mr. Coe	0	2	6	Mr. William Thomas	2	10	0
Mr. W. F. Masters	2	2	0	Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Mr. John Jones	0	2	0	Executors of the late Mrs. M. B. Clift	19	19	0
Mr. Jay	0	2	0	Mr. George R. Smith	1	1	0
Miss Arkill (quarterly)	0	5	0	A Cardiff Office	0	10	0
A. W.	0	1	0	A Thankoffering from M. S., per Miss			
A. S., and M. C.	0	5	0	L. Higgs	10	0	0
	<hr/>			Mr. Henry Bartlett	1	0	0
	3	4	0	Mr. Spriggs	0	5	0
Mr. George Kinglerlee	5	5	0	A Friend, Ashby-de-la-Zouch	1	0	0
Mr. W. Salmund and Brother	10	0	0	Mrs. Poate	4	0	0
Mr. J. MacFarlan	5	0	0	J. W.	0	2	6
Scotch Note from Edinburgh	1	0	0	T. D. W.	0	2	6
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	5	0	0	J. W., junior	0	2	6
Mr. Robert Foster	1	0	0	N. M.	0	10	0
Miss Fanny Haynes	2	0	0	J., Middlesbro'	0	1	0
Mrs. Mary Woodman	1	0	0	Miss S. Offord	0	10	0
Mrs. J. H. Elder	0	5	0	Mrs. Palmer	5	0	0
G. W. P.	2	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Friends at Park Chapel, Brentford, per				A Widow's Mite	0	1	0
Pastor A. F. Brown	25	0	0	Mrs. S., Glasgow	0	5	0
Miss Throver	0	5	0	A Lover of Jesus	0	5	0
Helen	1	0	0	Mr. James Toovey	0	2	6
M. J. S.	0	5	0	Mr. J. T. Souday	25	0	0
G. L. S.	0	5	0	Mr. George Camps, per Pastor J.			
Miss Whitfield	5	0	0	Foster	0	10	0
Mrs. Curdrey	5	0	0	Chadlington Baptist Church, per Pas-			
Mr. W. J. Lock	1	0	0	tor G. B. Richardson	1	0	0
Mrs. Horn	20	0	0	Mr. John Turner	0	10	0
Mrs. Miller	0	10	0	Mr. John How	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0	North Shields	0	2	0
M. H.	100	0	0	Mr. W. Rooksby	0	10	0
B. E.	10	0	0	A Christian Brother, per Miss Agnes			
M. F.	0	10	0	Myles	0	10	0
An aged Believer	100	0	0				

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mrs. H. Kennedy		1 0 0	Mrs. Russell, per Mrs.		
Miss Way		20 0 0	Sangster	1 0 0	
"A Friend"		5 0 0	Mrs. Colthup	0 10 0	
Mr. George Jinger		10 0 0	Miss E. J. Milligan	1 0 0	
A Reader, Stony Kirk, a tenth part		0 5 0	Miss M. Scott	0 5 0	
My tobacco allowance		0 5 0	A Sermon-reader	1 0 0	
An Invalid, Clapham Park		0 2 6	Mr. T. W. Fawcner	0 5 0	
Stamps		0 3 0	Rev. W. L. Lang	1 0 0	
Stamps		0 3 0	Rev. W. Stokes	1 1 0	
Mrs. James Battershill		5 0 0	Mrs. E. Cracknell	2 2 0	
For Bazaar:—			Mrs. Jones, Newport, Mon.	1 0 0	
Mrs. Ward (articles sold)	1 0 0		Mrs. M. J. Pringle	1 0 0	
Mr. S. Moorgate	1 0 0		Mrs. E. Moorley	1 0 0	
An old Sermon Reader	0 5 0		A poor Sermon-reader	0 2 6	
Mr. J. Freshwater	3 0 0		Miss S. Bligh	0 5 0	
Mr. E. Morris	1 0 0		Mr. W. J. Francis	0 2 0	
Mrs. Mitchell	0 10 0				
Miss Helen W. Copp	2 0 0				
Mrs. E. Davis	1 0 0				
					21 7 6
					£450 18 0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1881.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—		£ s. d.	Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—		£ s. d.
Worcester Colportage Association		40 0 0	Mr. G. Emery		5 0 0
Islington District, per Rev. F. A. Jones		10 0 0	Executor of the late Miss Margaret		
G. E., for Kettering District		5 0 0	Eyre	19 19 0	
Ludlow District, per Mr. J. Evans		20 0 0	Mr. S. W. Smith	1 1 0	
Tipstree District		10 0 0	P. H.	1 0 0	
Wilts and E. Somerset Association		17 10 0	Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0	
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District		7 10 0	Readers of the "Christian Herald"	9 10 2	
Grosvenor Square District, per Rev.			Miss Turnbull	0 10 0	
George Brooks	10 0 0		Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0	
E. S., for Burton-on-Trent District	10 0 0		Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0	
For Bethnal Green District:—			Mr. William Higgs, Jun.	10 0 0	
Mr. C. E. Fox	5 0 0		Mrs. H. Keevil	4 0 0	
Mr. W. E. Fox	5 0 0		Mr. E. Johnson	5 0 0	
		10 0 0	Mr. W. Rooksby	0 10 0	
North Wilts District		6 5 0	Mrs. Evan Davies	10 0 0	
East Langton District		10 0 0	T. A.	0 5 0	
Kettering, per Mr. Jones		5 0 0			
Manorbier District, per Rev. J.			Annual Subscriptions:—		
Thomas		10 0 0	Mrs. Tucker	0 10 0	
		£171 5 0	Mr. Woollard	1 1 0	
					£69 16 2

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1881.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Thankofferings after Services by Mr.			Mr. J. Pentelow		1 0 0
Burnham at Leighton Buzzard	4 10 0		Mr. A. H. Scard		0 5 0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	1 0 0		T. A.		0 5 0
Thankofferings for Messrs. Smith and					
Fullerton's Services at Shoreditch					£107 0 0
Tabernacle	100 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. All parcels should be addressed to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood. 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.