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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.

1885.

“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 . . . builded. And he that sounded the trumpet . . .”

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P R E F A C E.

WHATEVER implements have been thrown out of use by modern inventions, there is still need for *the Sword and the Trowel*. Though "everything is done by steam, and men are killed by powder," the soldier still girds on his sword; and, despite the fact that Japan is teaching us to erect houses of paper, the builder still grasps the trowel.

These are not "piping days of peace," if viewed morally, theologically, or spiritually. When this journal commenced its career, the Romanizers were the most conspicuous army of Israel's adversaries. We *hear* comparatively little of them now; but this is no sign of their retreat, or decline. The fact is, that they have so carried all before them, that what was formerly thought to be utterly unbearable in the direction of Popery, is now treated as a freak of fashion, or an established custom. Let no man dream that the Jesuits have ceased their craft, or that Rome has been converted to an alliance with the gospel. Not yet has the lion learned to lie down with the lamb. We may expect to hear more from that quarter; and there is need for increased anxiety now that most of the watchdogs of the flock appear to be more careful to protect their own rations than to guard the sheepfold.

For the moment, the main battle is with Rationalism. We see comparatively little of overt atheism, deism, or honest infidelity; but we are surrounded by men who subscribe our creeds and hate them, employ our terms and attach false meanings to them, and even use our pulpits as places of vantage from which to assail the vital verities of our faith. The latest fashion of this unbelief is Universalism. Again we hear the serpent hiss, "Ye shall not surely die." Men, poor creatures! have gone a little aside, but they will, in due course, all come right again, and therefore let us make things pleasant all round! For what reason we need a gospel, or a preacher, or a Saviour, it were not easy to say, since the broad road is now said to wind about a little, and in the long run lead to the same happy home as the strait and narrow way. This deadly evil had its day in America, and it blighted every church it touched; the same result will follow in our own land if the disease should ever be widely spread. It is transparent folly to talk of missionary zeal or evangelical fervour where this delusion reigns: the very life of godliness faints in its malarious presence.

Fault is found with us by certain parties for using the sword too freely, but the censure is altogether undeserved. We have borne much and borne long in reference to certain "false brethren"; and we are afraid we shall fall into the sin of crying "peace, peace," where there is no peace. We find it more needful to strive against a love of quiet than against its opposite. To contend earnestly for the faith once for

all delivered to the saints is the pressing duty of the hour. Stern work is cut out for the champions of the faith, and it cannot be long before the battle is set in array.

“ Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing ;
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk clash, and helmet ring.”

The immunerable heresies which now fill the air call for a day of decision. Still the trimmers talk of union, but the answer of fierce Jehu to Jezebel leaps to our lips. Peace with deadly error is falsehood to souls, and treason to God. The times may commend us for complacency, but the living God will only reward us for faithfulness. It were better to die a lone Elijah than to live delicately among the thousands of Baal's priests. The sword cannot yet rest and be quiet, for the adversaries of the Lord are multiplied.

The trowel is a gentler tool, and more to our liking. “ There is music in the continual clicks of the trowels striking the bricks ”; and those clicks must be heard evermore, till the house of the Lord shall be all upbuilt. For edification, the preaching of the word is the fairest means, and side by side with this must be used all means whereby the truth of the gospel may be made known among the sons of men. To this our magazine is a great aid ; for it not only teaches good doctrine, but it is the organ of the *College* wherein men are instructed for the faithful ministry of the Word ; the *Orphanage*, which feeds and trains a great host of orphan children ; the *Evangelists' Society*, by which special revival work is done ; the *Colportage Association*, by which good books are scattered all over the land ; and *Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund*, which feeds the minds of those men by whom the churches are fed, namely the poor ministers of our Lord Jesus.

This monthly Magazine endeavours to stir up its readers to all such service as may tend to the sure building of the walls of Zion ; and it has not laboured in vain. To God be the glory of its success.

This is the twenty-first volume, so that the Magazine has run out a good lease ; but it has no thought of ending its career ; on the contrary, its bow is renewed in its hand. As the year closes, new prospects of usefulness cheer the editor ; for *another field of usefulness offers itself to him*, of which he may perhaps be able to speak in the opening numbers of next year's issue. The years past have teemed with blessing—therefore gratitude ; the present is full of dangers—therefore prayer and watchfulness ; but the future is held like a golden ball in the hand of the Great King—wherefore adoring praise. Traversing the valley which lies between the towering mountains of brass, we press forward towards the pearl country and the age of gold, and we are sure of heart that none of all the giants and harpies that infest these lowlands can prevent a single trustful traveller from coming to the region which he desires. The sprinkled blood has marked each believer out as one of the Lord's anointed, whom devils may not touch, nor demons harm. Wherefore, marching to heaven's own music, we press through labour and battle towards the rest which remaineth, where SWORD AND TROWEL shall give place to harp and palm.

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THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JANUARY, 1885.

Jesus asleep on a Pillow.

A SERMONETTE BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.”—Mark iv. 38, 39.



OUR Lord took his disciples with him into the ship to teach them a practical lesson. It is one thing to talk to people about our oneness with them, and about how they should exercise faith in time of danger, and about their real safety in apparent peril; but it is another, and a far better thing, to go into the ship with them, to let them feel all the terror of the storm, and then to arise, and rebuke the wind, and say unto the sea, “Peace, be still.” Our Lord gave his disciples a kind of Kindergarten lesson, an acted sermon, in which the truth was set forth visibly before them. Such living teaching produced a wonderful effect upon their lives. May we also be instructed by it.

In our text there are two great calms; the first is *the calm of the Saviour’s heart*, and the second is *the calm which he created with a word upon the storm-tossed sea*.

WITHIN THE LORD THERE WAS A GREAT CALM, and that is why there was soon a great calm around him; for what is in God comes out of God: since there was a calm in Christ for himself there was afterwards a calm for others.

What a wonderful inner calm it was! “He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow.”

He had *perfect confidence in God* that all was well. The waves might roar, the winds might rage, but he was not at all disquieted by their fury. He knew that the waters were in the hollow of his Father's hand, and that every wind was but the breath of his Father's mouth; and so he was not troubled; nay, he had not even a careful thought, he was as much at ease as on a sunny day. His mind and heart were free from every kind of care, for amid the gathering tempest he deliberately laid himself down, and slept like a weary child. He went to the hinder part of the ship, most out of the dash of the spray; he took a pillow, and put it under his head, and with fixed intent disposed himself to slumber. It was his own act and deed to go to sleep in the storm; he had nothing for which to keep awake, so pure and perfect was his confidence in the great Father. What an example this is to us! We have not half the confidence in God that we ought to have, not even the best of us. The Lord deserves our unbounded belief, our unquestioning confidence, our undisturbed reliance. Oh, that we rendered it to him as the Saviour did!

There was also mixed with his faith in the Father *a sweet confidence in his own Sonship*. He did not doubt that he was the Son of the Highest. I may not question God's power to deliver, but I may sometimes question my right to expect deliverance; and if so, my comfort vanishes. Our Lord had no doubts of this kind: he had long before heard that word, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"; he had so lived and walked with God that the witness within him was continuous, and so he had no question about the Father's love to him as his own Son. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," his Father keeping watch over him—what could a child do better than go to sleep in such a happy position? And so he does. You and I, too, want a fuller assurance of our sonship if we would have greater peace with God. The devil knows that, and therefore he will come to us with his insinuating suggestion, "If thou be the son of God." If we have the Spirit of adoption in us, we shall put the accuser to rout at once, by opposing the witness within to his question from without. Then shall we be filled with a great calm, because we have confidence in our Father, and assurance of our sonship.

Then *he had a sweet way*—this blessed Lord of ours—*of leaving all with God*. He takes no watch, he makes no fret; but he goes to sleep. Whatever comes, he has left all in the hands of the great Care-taker; and what more is needful? If a watchman were set to guard my house, I should be foolish if I also sat up for fear of thieves. Why have a watchman if I cannot trust him to watch? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord;" but when thou hast done so, leave it with the Lord, and do not try to carry it thyself. That is to make a mock of God; to have the name of God, but not the reality of God. Lay down every care, even as Jesus did when he went calmly to the hinder part of the ship, and quietly took a pillow, and went to sleep.

But I think I hear some one say, "I could do that if mine were solely care about myself." Yes, perhaps you could; and yet you cannot cast upon God your burden of care about your children. But your Lord trusted the Father with those dear to him. Do you not think that Christ's disciples were as precious to him as our children are to us?

If that ship had been wrecked, what would have become of Peter? What would have become of "that disciple whom Jesus loved"? Our Lord regarded with intense affection those whom he had chosen and called, and who had been with him in his temptation, yet he was quite content to leave them all in the care of his Father, and go to sleep.

You answer, "Yes, but there is a still wider circle of people watching to see what will happen to me, and to the cause of Christ with which I am connected. I am obliged to care, whether I will or no." Is your case, then, more trying than your Lord's? Do you forget that "there were also with him many other little ships"? When the storm was tossing his barque, their little ships were even more in jeopardy; and he cared for them all. He was Lord High Admiral of the Lake of Gennesaret that night. The other ships were a fleet under his convoy, and his great heart went out to them all. Yet he went to sleep, because he had left in his Father's care even the solitudes of his charity and sympathy. We, my brethren, who are much weaker than he, shall find strength in doing the same.

Having left everything with his Father, *our Lord did the very wisest thing possible.* He did just what the hour demanded. "Why," say you, "he went to sleep!" That was the best thing Jesus could do; and sometimes it is the best thing we can do. Christ was weary and worn, and when a man is exhausted it is his duty to go to sleep if he can. The Saviour must be up again in the morning, preaching and working miracles, and if he does not sleep he will not be fit for his holy duty; it is incumbent upon him to keep himself in trim for his service. Knowing that the time to sleep has come, the Lord sleeps, and does well in sleeping. Often, when we have been fretting and worrying, we should have glorified God far more had we literally gone to sleep. To glorify God by sleep is not so difficult as some might think; at least, to our Lord it was natural. Here you are worried, sad, wearied; the doctor prescribes for you; his medicine does you no good; but oh! if you enter into full peace with God, and go to sleep, you will wake up infinitely more refreshed than by any drug. The sleep which the Lord giveth to his beloved is balm indeed. Seek it as Jesus sought it. Go to bed, brother, and you will better imitate your Lord than by putting yourself into ill humour, and worrying other people.

There is a spiritual sleep in which we ought to imitate Jesus. How often I have worried my poor brain about my great church; until I have come to my senses, and then I have said to myself, "How foolish you are! Can you not depend upon God? Is it not far more his cause than yours?" Then I have taken my load in prayer, and left it with the Lord: I have said, "in God's name this matter shall never worry me again," and I have left my urgent care with him, and ended it for ever. I have so deliberately given up many a trying case into the Lord's care that when any of my friends have said to me, "What about so and so?" I have simply answered, "I do not know, and I am no longer careful to know. The Lord will interpose in some way or other, but I will trouble no more about it." No mischief has ever come through any matter which I have left in the divine keeping. The staying of my hand has been wisdom. "Stand still, and see the salvation of God," is God's own precept. Here let us follow Jesus. Having a

child's confidence in the great Father, he retires to the stern of the ship, selects a pillow, deliberately lies down upon it, and goes to sleep; and though the ship is filling with water, and rolls and pitches, he sleeps on. Nothing can break the peace of his tranquil soul. Every sailor on board reels to and fro, and staggers like a drunken man, and is at his wit's end; but Jesus is neither at his wit's end, nor does he stagger, for he rests in perfect innocence, and undisturbed confidence. His heart is happy in God, and therefore doth he remain in repose. Oh, for grace to copy him!

But here notice, dear friends, the difference between the Master and his disciples; for while he was in a great calm, they were in a great storm. Here see their failure. They were just as we are, and we are often just as they were.

They gave way to fear. They were sore afraid that the ship would sink, and that they would all perish. In thus yielding to fear *they forgot the solid reasons for courage which lay near at hand*; for in truth they were safe enough. Christ is on board that vessel, and if the ship goes down he will sink with them. The heathen mariner took courage during a storm from the fact that Cæsar was on board the ship that was tossed by stormy winds; and should not the disciples feel secure with Jesus on board? Fear not, ye carry Jesus and his cause! Jesus had come to do a work, and his disciples might have known that he could not perish with that work unaccomplished. Could they not trust him? They had seen him multiply the loaves and fishes, and cast out devils, and heal all manner of sicknesses; could they not trust him to still the storm? Unreasonable unbelief! Faith in God is true prudence, but to doubt God is irrational. The height of absurdity is to question omnipotent love.

And now *the disciples were so unwise as to do the Master a very ill turn.* He was sadly weary, and sorely needed sleep; but they hastened to him, and aroused him in a somewhat rough and irreverent manner. They were slow to do so, but their fear urged them; and therefore they awoke him, uttering ungenerous and unloving words: "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Shame on the lips that asked so harsh a question! Did they not upon reflection greatly blame themselves? He had given them no cause for such hard speeches; and moreover, it was unseemly in them to call him "Master," and then to ask him, "Carest thou not that we perish?" Is he to be accused of such hard-heartedness as to let his faithful disciples perish when he has power to deliver them? Alas, we, too, have been guilty of like offences! I think I have known some of Christ's disciples who have appeared to doubt the wisdom or the love of their Lord. They did not quite say that he was mistaken, but they said that he moved in a mysterious way; they did not quite complain that he was unkind to them, but they whispered that they could not reconcile his dealings with his infinite love. Alas, Jesus has endured much from our unbelief! May this picture help us to see our spots, and may the infinite love of our dear Master remove them!

I have spoken to you of the Master's calm and of the disciples' failure; now let us think of THE GREAT CALM WHICH HE CREATED. "There was a great calm."

His voice produced it. They say that if oil be poured upon the waters they will become smooth, and I suppose there is *some* truth in the statement; but there is all truth in this, that if God speaks, the storm subsides into a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. It only needs our Lord Jesus to speak in the heart of any one of us, and immediately the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, will possess us. No matter how drear your despondency, nor how drear your despair, the Lord can at once create a great calm of confidence. What a door of hope this opens to any who are in trouble! If I could speak a poor man rich, and a sick one well, I am sure I would do so at once; but Jesus is infinitely better than I am, and therefore I know that he will speak peace to the tried and troubled heart.

Note, too, that *this calm came at once.* "Jesus arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." As soon as Jesus spake all was quiet. I have met with a very large number of persons in trouble of mind, and I have seen a few who have slowly come out into light and liberty; but more frequently deliverance has come suddenly. The iron gate has opened of its own accord, and the prisoner has stepped into immediate freedom. "The snare is broken, and we are escaped." What a joy it is to know that rest is so near even when the tempest rages most furiously!

Note, also, that *the Saviour coupled this repose with faith*, for he said to the disciples as soon as the calm came, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Faith and the calm go together. If thou believest, thou shalt rest; if thou wilt but cast thyself upon thy God, surrendering absolutely to his will, thou shalt have mercy, and joy, and light. Even if we have no faith, the Lord will sometimes give us the blessing that we need, for he delights to do more for us than we have any right to expect of him; but usually the rule of his kingdom is, "According to your faith be it unto you."

This great calm is very delightful, and concerning this I desire to bear my personal testimony. I speak from my own knowledge when I say that it passeth all understanding. I was sitting the other night, meditating on God's mercy and love, when suddenly I found in my own heart a most delightful sense of perfect peace. I had come to Beulah-land, where the sun shines without a cloud. "There was a great calm." I felt as mariners might do who have been tossed about in broken water, and all on a sudden, they cannot tell why, the ocean becomes as unruffled as a mirror, and the sea-birds come and sit in happy circles upon the water. I felt perfectly content, yea, undividedly happy. Not a wave of trouble broke upon the shore of my heart, and even far out to sea in the deeps of my being all was still. I knew no ungratified wish, no unsatisfied desire. I could not discover a reason for uneasiness, or a motive for fear. There was nothing approaching to fanaticism in my feelings, nothing even of excitement: my soul was waiting upon God, and delighting herself alone in him. Oh, the blessedness of this rest in the Lord! What an Elysium it is! I must be allowed to say a little upon this purple island in the sea of my life: it was none other than a fragment of heaven. We often talk about our great spiritual storms, why should we not speak of our great calms? If ever

we get into trouble, what a noise we make of it; why should we not sing of our deliverances?

Let us survey our mercies. Every sin that we have ever committed is forgiven. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The power of sin within us is broken; it "shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law but under grace." Satan is a vanquished enemy; the world is overcome by our Lord Jesus, and death is abolished by him. All providence works for our good. Eternity has no threat for us, it bears within its mysteries nothing but immortality and glory. Nothing can harm us. The Lord is our shield, and our exceeding great reward. Wherefore, then, should we fear? The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. To the believer, peace is no presumption: he is warranted in enjoying "perfect peace,"—a quiet which is deep, and founded on truth, which encompasses all things, and is not broken by any of the ten thousand disturbing causes which otherwise might prevent our rest. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee." Oh, to get into that calm, and remain in it till we come to that world where there is no sea!

A calm like to that which ruled within our Saviour, should we be happy enough to attain to it, will give us in our measure the power to make outside matters calm. He that hath peace can make peace. We cannot work miracles, and yet the works which Jesus did shall we do also. Sleeping his sleep, we shall awake in his rested energy, and treat the winds and waves as things subject to the power of faith, and therefore to be commanded into quiet. We shall speak so as to console others: our calm shall work marvels in the little ships whereof others are captains. We, too, shall say, "Peace! Be still." Our confidence shall prove contagious, and the timid shall grow brave: our tender love shall spread itself, and the contentious shall cool down to patience. Only the matter must begin within ourselves. We cannot create a calm till we are in a calm. It is easier to rule the elements than to govern the unruliness of our wayward nature. When grace has made us masters of our fears, so that we can take a pillow and fall asleep amid the hurricane, the fury of the tempest is over: he giveth peace and safety when he giveth his beloved sleep.

"It's only Father."

IT is related of three little children, that during a thunderstorm they were asked each to choose a favourite text. One selected "The Lord of glory thundereth," and being asked her reason, said, "I once heard a great noise when I thought I was all alone in the house; and I was so frightened, I screamed, and father's voice called out, '*Don't be afraid, little Maggie, it's only father.*' And now when it thunders very loud, it always seems as if I heard God say, '*Don't be afraid, little Maggie, it's only Father;*' and I don't feel a bit frightened."—*From "Nettie's Mission," quoted by Newman Hall.*

The Three Telegrams.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

BEING announced to preach on the evening of a certain day towards the close of 1878 at an up-country township in Queensland, I retired, after a long journey, into a room where I might collect some thoughts, and seek divine help. It was understood that for a brief while the preacher was to be left quite alone, that he might rest and prepare. Not a little to my surprise, however, some one sought admission soon after I had got under weigh. My "Come in" brought my kind hostess into the room with ample apologies for the intrusion. "A telegram has just arrived," she said, "which I fancied might be important, and require an answer." She little knew how important it really was, or what answering it involved. The message was written on an inter-colonial telegraph form, but it had come from the ends of the earth to Melbourne, and thence was forwarded to me.

It was, indeed, a missive from my father, and was as sad as it was short. Its only words were—

"MOTHER WORSE—RETURN."

Silently I folded the paper up, and having committed this matter also to the hands of a faithful Creator, I finished, as I was able, my preparation for the meeting. Well do I remember that much interest and sympathy were enlisted from the crowd by a statement of the case, and the preacher was helped to rise above the circumstances, while concern for the souls of his hearers surmounted for the while anxiety about his loved one's welfare and his own recall. The earliest train next morning arrived in Brisbane just too late for the steamer to Sydney and Melbourne, and I was obliged to wait another week. Of course, every engagement was immediately cancelled; carefully laid plans were disregarded; New Zealand and other places of interest had to remain unvisited, and I was homeward bound as speedily as possible. My beloved father had given me the very best reason for a quick return, and love would wing my footsteps towards her whose sickness, for aught I knew, might have been unto death.

But had no reason been supplied; supposing even that my own heart had been unfeeling to the sad news given, I was in duty bound to turn my face and steps towards Britain. Father had said, "Return!"

"Mine not to question why;
Mine but to answer, 'Aye!'"

What were my engagements and expectations? They must be fulfilled and realized at some later date, or not at all. What mattered it that friends would be disappointed, or even that the Lord's work might seem to suffer. A son with but a spark of filial reverence would feel as I did, and hasten home obediently to the parental summons.

And is not this the message of Jehovah to wanderers in sin? "Return! Return!" He gives the best of reasons; urges our own good and his glory; but if the mandate stood alone, what better course could we pursue than that of hearty compliance? Associations, friend-

ships, engagements must all go for nothing—what are they but the riotous living and swine-feeding of the prodigal?—when the good Father telegraphs “Return!”

The gospel message is indeed a summons and a command. It urges, and pleads, and entreats at times; but “*God commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*” “This is his *commandment*, that ye believe on Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.” So may the word of power come to some reader’s heart.

“Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee;
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery;
Return! Return!”

Not many months ago it fell to my lot to be the sender of a cable-gram, my father this time being the receiver. Being on the King’s business, it contained references to certain church matters, but amongst many other words were these:

“I AM COMING HOME.”

Great was my joy in penning such a message; nor less was the delight of those to whom it came. Eyes which for years had longed to look on the faces of loved ones far away, now brightened with expectation, and hearts long severed beat high with blest anticipation.

Oh that each to whom the great Father has said “Return!” would from his heart reply,

“I am coming home.”

Such a message would imply obedience, penitence, and confidence. Let your heart say within you, “I will arise, and go unto my Father,” and the loving heart of God will read the secret resolve of your soul, “I am coming home,” and immediately the forgotten Lord will remember your sins against you no more, and hasten to receive the prodigal. Sing the old hymn, with a new refrain to each line:—

“Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
But ‘I am coming home,’
Prone to leave the God I love,
But ‘I am coming home,’
Here’s my heart, oh, take, and seal it,
For ‘I am coming home,’
Seal it for thy courts above,
For ‘I am coming home.’”

Only a few days after my message left the Antipodes I was in happy possession of an answer from dear Old England. This, too, had reference to church affairs; but the first word was the best and sweetest.

“Mother,” and “Home,” are not to be equalled for sweetness, unless another word includes them both as this one did,

“WELCOME!”

How I did bless my dear father for inserting that sweet morsel! He had to pay extra for it, and I would have known without it that I would be welcomed; but it would have been a

thousand pities to have left it out. It made assurance doubly sure. I told the friends in Auckland that when *en voyage* I felt miserable and home-sick (perhaps sea-sick), I would turn to that message with great delight. As a matter of fact, I could not lay my hand on the paper during the journey, but that mattered little, for my heart rejoiced in the fact, and however ill I might have been, the sweet assurance was one of the things that could not be brought up, for it was deep within. Who could have persuaded me to fancy that there would be no father's smile, no mother's kiss, no open door for me on arrival? I knew full well that if spared to meet, we would begin to make merry immediately. *And it was so!*

Just as certain am I that if any sinner heartily sends word, "I am coming home," the heavenly answer waits at the door—"Welcome! Welcome!"

Welcome to the wounds of Jesus, the source of all our health. Welcome to his heart of love, by which our own love is kindled. Welcome to the water of life, and to the heavenly bread (enough and to spare). Welcome to all the Father has. Behold, he saith to each one of us, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine." "Come, and welcome, sinner, come."

"Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Welcome waits you from above,
Welcome warm with boundless love."

What Good comes of it ?

MR. LEWIS C. TODD, who was once a Universalist editor and preacher, and subsequently a Methodist, in a work of his published after his change, says :—

"I became a preacher of universal salvation, and was ordained as such in Fairfield, Herkimer County, New York, some eight years ago. I believed the doctrine true, and thought that, in proportion as it was propagated, mankind would become good and happy. I preached in different parts, far and near, and itinerated over an extensive region of country, suffering the excesses of heat and cold, the pitiless peltings of stormy skies and the discomfort of muddy roads. No danger or effort did I consider too great; for I believe, for a number of years, I should often have rejoiced in the martyr's privilege of attesting my faith. Some years since, however, I occasionally reflected that although the doctrine had spread much further than I had anticipated, it did not seem to produce the effect I had expected. This gradually cooled my ardour and diminished my zeal, so that, for some years, I cared but little whether I preached or not. In this state of mind, believing Universalism to be the true sense of the Bible, when rightly construed, and being unable to see any considerable good resulting from the system, I was much inclined to doubt Divine revelation. I could not go entirely into infidelity, nor yet feel much confidence in revelation. I was in doubt.

"I had seen the blessed influences of the doctrine spread out upon

paper, but I could not see them anywhere else! No! God knows I am honest in this assertion. I do not wish to abuse the denomination, but it is true I could not for my life see any good resulting to society from the sentiment. This conviction rolled in upon my mind with tremendous effect. Alas! thought I, have I been spending my labour for that which satisfieth not? Are all my efforts useless, and only tending to make looser the restraints of religion and virtue?

"I know individuals among Universalists of the most amiable disposition and character, persons who would honour any profession; but I do not think that their doctrine ever made them so. I candidly aver, in the fear of God, that I do not believe the doctrine ever made a single soul any better than he otherwise would have been, while it has been the means of removing necessary restraints, and giving latitude to thousands whose propensities and passions needed restraint. Through this license they have indulged in criminal pursuits, and gone to perdition. When I learn of a single drunkard, or gambler, or debauchee, or knave, being reformed in consequence of the Universalist doctrine, I shall think better of its influence than I do now; for it is my solemn opinion that such an instance never occurred. I would solemnly hold up this truth to all the friends of the doctrine, and make it speak out in thunder to their consciences, and then ask them if they will still teach this doctrine to their children."—*Millennial Harbinger*.

"I am personally acquainted," says the editor of the forenamed periodical, "with some four or five Universalist preachers, who have joined the Church of Christ of which I am a member, who all say that Mr. Todd speaks their experience, or who all concur with him in opinion."

As Universalism is appearing in England, and is even to be found in Baptist pulpits, it is well to have a good look at the intruder, and also to hear something of its past history. We do not hesitate to say that it is a blight and a blast to all vital godliness; and however guardedly it may be preached, it ought to be dragged to light, and made to appear in its true colours. It is true that sinners are threatened with some temporary punishment, but they are told that in the end they will be restored. No doctrine can be more immoral or unscriptural.—C. H. S.

The Broken Arm and the Sinner's Salvation.

TO those of us who believe in predestinating love, it is most pleasant to observe the hand of the Lord in providence working with the Spirit of God in grace, to secure the salvation of the chosen. These providences are frequently of the most striking order, and impress the mind with a sense of the manifest working presence of the Lord, till we cry, like Jacob, "Surely God was in this place."

Such incidents are the more valuable when they are not discovered by those who are watching for them, but force themselves upon the attention of persons engaged in active pursuits. That which we are about to quote occurred, not so much in connection with the preaching of

the gospel, as with a temperance address ; and although Mr. Whittaker, the speaker, never failed in his teetotal work to give due prominence to the Word of-life, yet he was not looking for a conversion to Christ, as a preacher might do, but was engaged in his more strictly temperance advocacy. The man to whom he was made useful, was not only turned from drunkenness, but from other forms of the power of Satan, so that he became a preacher of the gospel which aforesaid he had despised. But by what a singular means was this brought about ! Wheel within wheel could be seen here, and all the wheels were full of eyes. Simple as simplicity itself were the means made use of, but yet how special the adaptation : the more we study, the more we admire and wonder ! The event occurred nearly fifty years ago, in the early days of Teetotalism, when to be an abstainer meant ridicule of the bitterest kind. Here is Mr. Whittaker's story, which will be found at page 110 of his deeply interesting autobiography, entitled "*Life's Battles in Temperance Armour*," which we noticed among our December reviews. We suppose that Mr. Whittaker himself is a Wesleyan Methodist, and this circumstance only shows how striking the incident must have seemed to his own mind. He does not, perhaps, draw our conclusions ; but, like us, he sees and admires the hand of the Lord.

"Saturday was not a good night for the meeting at Cockermonth, and the bellman did his work so badly, and got drunk while going round the town, that the announcement was defective, and the meeting small. We had two or three warm friends in Cockermonth, and they would not let me go round the town with my rattle. They insisted on my resting and getting ready for the meeting, for I was very weak and tired. I had had a most trying week, and had somewhat neglected myself. The meeting was held in the Wesleyan Chapel. The Wesleyan minister had a very friendly feeling towards the movement, and that was very refreshing, and some of the officials were well-disposed. A circumstance happened here which I think I must relate. In my drinking days I had injured my left arm with wrestling and fighting ; the shoulder had been so repeatedly dislocated that I was maimed for life, and in my speeches I was accustomed to refer to that as one evidence of the mischief in my own person through drink. This was occasionally the cause of rude interruption ; so on leaving Keswick I determined never again to mention it in public, for it was certainly no credit to me. The Cockermonth meeting was the first one after that resolve. During my speech—I must, I suppose, have been somewhat excited—I dislocated my shoulder. That was terrible ; I felt it was gone, and I was in great pain, but kept my counsel ; but my voice failed, and I broke down, and had no alternative but to make known what had happened. Of course there was great sympathy, and a rush for the doctor.

"There was a gentleman living there at the time famous as a limb-setter ; he was unequalled in the district as a medical man in that department, but he was nearly always drunk, and all but constantly in the public-house. They found him there then. He came into the chapel drunk, and in his shirt-sleeves, and handled me most skilfully, and soon put matters right. Well, everybody was delighted, and I finished my speech.

"Mr. Rigg, the uncle of the Rev. Dr. Rigg, of the Wesleyan Training School, Westminster, gave him half-a-crown for the job, and he stayed

out the meeting, and signed the pledge, and kept it to his dying day. He soon got a large practice, and attained a most respectable position. He joined the Wesleyan Society, and I believe for some years held a creditable position as a most useful local preacher.

“There are two or three points about this event which have frequently begotten undetermined thoughts in my mind. Was it a coincidence? Was it a providence? That was the first meeting at which I spoke after resolving that I would never again in public refer to the subject of my infirmity in that particular, and yet in the midst of my address I was laid prostrate by it, and compelled to make known what had happened, and to seek help. Such a thing never happened before; it has never happened since. Had it not happened, the doctor who came to my relief would never have known me. Our coming together was the means of his salvation. I am not going to dogmatize; these are the facts. I have my own opinion about them; my readers will form theirs.”

A Slight Anachronism.

“YE can ask this gentleman,” said Tibbie, “what ye was askin’ yer faither last Sabbath, about Samuel’s coat, whether it had pockets in’t, an’ lappels on them or no’. His faither could not tell him, sir: a’ that he said was, that if it was really his mother that made it, there’s nae sayin’ what a woman tailor would do, for women-folk are very keen o’ squirly-wirlies, baith about their ain claes an’ their bairns’s. I said to him, said I, Jamie, you may be sure that she pat pockets in’t, an’ if she only gaed yince a year to see him, the pockets werena toom when she took the coat to her laddie. But it wadna be sweeties, or ginge-bread, or trash o’ that kind that she wad pit in them, for that wad baith hae dirtied the claes, an’ maybe putten his stamrack out o’ order. Depend on’t, Jamie, says I to him, says I, it wad be books, an the best o’ books. I’m almost sure that in the tae pouch there wad be a copy o’ the New Testament, an’ in the tither a wee copy o’ that grand book Miss Stewart gied us, they ca’ the Pulgrum’s Progress.” The visitors were tickled a good deal with Tibbie’s chronological mistake, but as in other respects her ideas were motherly and good, Mr. McNab only said, “Samuel’s mother certainly could not have done better than put good books into her son’s pockets; but there were no printed books in those days.”—From “*More Bits from Blinkbonny.*”

Lovers of Jesus.

THEY that love Christ, love to *think* of him, love to *hear* of him, and love to *read* of him. They love to *speak* of him, for him, to him. They love his *presence*, his *yoke*, his *name*. His will is their law, his dishonour is their affliction, his cause is their care, his people are their companions, his day is their delight, his Word is their guide, his glory is their end. They had rather ten thousand times suffer for Christ than that he should suffer by them.—*Mason.*

Work, for the Day is coming !

A CORRECTIVE FOR THE HYMN, " WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING."

WORK, for the day is coming,
 Day in the Word foretold,
 When, 'mid the scenes triumphant
 Longed for by saints of old,
 He, who on earth a stranger
 Traversed its paths of pain,
 Jesus, the Prince, the Saviour,
 Comes evermore to reign.

Work, for the day is coming !
 Darkness will soon be gone ;
 Then, o'er the night of weeping,
 Day without end shall dawn.
 Day without end shall dawn.
 What now we sow in sadness
 Then we shall reap in joy ;
 Hope will be changed to gladness,
 Praise be our best employ.

Work, for the day is coming,
 Made for the saints of light.
 Off with the garments dreary,
 On with the armour bright.
 Soon will the strife be ended,
 Finished our toils below ;
 Not to the dark are we tending,
 But to the day we go.

Work, for the Lord is coming !
 Children of light are we.
 From Jesus' bright appearing
 The powers of darkness flee.
 Out of the mist, at his bidding,
 Souls, like the dew, are born :
 O'er all the East now are spreading
 Tints of the rosy morn.

Work, then, the day is coming !
 No time for sighing now.
 Harps for the hands that were drooping,
 Wreaths for the victor's brow.
 Now morning light is breaking,
 Day dawns in every land,
 Night shades beset us no longer,
 Jesus, our Lord, is at hand.

BASIL MANLY.

The Congo Mission.*

A HISTORY of the newest, and in some respects most interesting, of the enterprises of the Baptist Missionary Society, from the pen of its respected Treasurer, is a welcome addition to Baptist libraries. The preparation of this little work has been the occupation of Mr. Tritton during his recent illness. It breathes his devout and cultured spirit, and is enriched by engravings of scenes of the mission, and by a map of Equatorial Africa from Congo on the west coast to Zanzibar on the east, showing the great basin of the Congo, and the region of the vast lakes, Tanganyika and Victoria, where the river takes its rise. The exhilarating purpose kept in view in this mission, as our readers are aware, is that our missionaries, advancing from the west along the waterway of the Congo, shall meet the men of the London Missionary Society who are advancing from the east; and it will be a high day in the history of missions when the two hands greet one another in Central Africa, each at the end of their line of light. A shining zone of mission-stations will then exist, stretching right across the "Dark Continent," and the Congo will be the highway of the gospel, a River of Life for Africa. The lonely death of Livingstone at Ulala, and the bringing over of his remains to England for burial in Westminster Abbey, profoundly moved the minds of Christian people on behalf of Africa. Mr. Stanley's book, narrating his wonderful journey "across the Dark Continent," fanned the rising flame, and showed to discerning minds that the carrying of the gospel into Interior Africa was a practicable achievement. Then came the ludicrous and romantic, but suggestive incident, of the royal salute fired at Uganda in honour of the name of Jesus, by command of the king, Mtesa. The leaders of the Baptist Missionary Society found their thoughts strongly led to the spiritual needs of Central Africa, and they waited for an opportunity of endeavouring to meet that need; when, in the spring of 1877, Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, offered them £1,000 if they would commence a mission in the Congo Country. This offer was supplemented by £500 from Mr. Wathen, of Bristol.

Here, then, was the signal to "go forward." Messrs. Comber and Grenfell, two of our missionaries at the Cameroons—men who have since proved their splendid qualities, and whose names will be imperishably connected with the evangelization of Africa—immediately undertook the pioneer work. Without waiting for full instructions from home they took ship to the mouth of the Congo, proceeded seventy miles up the river in a Dutch trading-vessel to Mboma, travelled thence to Noki, on the borders of the Congo kingdom, and having sent a letter to the king telling him of their projected visit, returned with valuable information to the Cameroons. In June, 1878, furnished with instructions and stores, they set out again, and with two native preachers and ten helpers, reached San Salvador, the capital of Congo, and were favourably received by Dom Pedro, the king.

The Congo country, the reader must bear in mind, is not a designa-

* "Baptist Missionary Society: Rise and Progress of the Work on the Congo River." By the Treasurer. Published and sold for the benefit of the Mission. The Baptist Missionary Society, 19, Castle Street, Holborn, and Alexander and Shephard, London.

tion given to the whole vast basin through which the great river flows from its source to the sea, but is the name of the comparatively small territory at the coast on the south bank of the river. It is an old and partially civilized kingdom, and in former times was instructed to some extent in the externals of Christianity by Roman Catholic missionaries from Portugal. The Portuguese discovered the country four hundred years ago, and gave the name of San Salvador (Holy Saviour) to the chief town. They imposed a nominal Christianity on the king and his subjects, and allowed him to rule under their auspices. "The sword, the cannon, the slave-whip, and the torture, the strong hand of power and the lust of gain, were the influences that marked their path." For a hundred years the Roman Catholic mission had been abandoned, but no sooner did our missionaries arrive than it was resumed, with the escort of a Portuguese gun-boat; and by the liberal distribution of threats and gifts the Roman Catholics endeavoured to induce the king to expel the English missionaries, but with little success, for the Portuguese name is hated in Congo. The king assumed an apparent coldness, but at heart remained friendly to our men.

Comber and Grenfell, then, had reached San Salvador; and after an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate in a north-easterly direction to the river Congo above the falls, which impede its navigation from the sea—in which expedition they were well received by the King of Makuta—they returned through San Salvador to the Cameroons, and Mr. Comber came to England to confer with the committee and secure helpers.

In April, 1879, he returned to San Salvador, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had just been married, and by Messrs. Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley. There, in August, the brave wife died; and after her burial the heroic husband pushed on to Makuta in company with Mr. Hartland, with the view, as before, of reaching the river above the falls; but the tribes were hostile, and the attempt was again unsuccessful. After three months spent in teaching at San Salvador, Comber and Hartland made a fresh attempt in a new direction, to be again repulsed; but hearing on their return more favourable news of the disposition of the king and people of Makuta, they determined once more to try the Makuta road, which is the most direct to Stanley Pool. Their carriers were afraid to accompany them, and they had with them only Mr. Comber's boy, Cam. As soon as they reached Makuta they were surrounded by an infuriated people, brandishing knives and shouting, "Fetch the guns: kill the white men." The missionaries appeared in vain; they expressed their readiness to go back, but the natives made a rush, and no course was left them but to fly. Mr. Comber was shot in the back with a slug, and fell, but was able to rise and continue his flight. The chase continued for five miles. At length night befriended the fugitives, and passing through several towns on tiptoe, for fear of waking the people, they reached a friendly place, where Hartland engaged a few men to carry his wounded colleague in a hammock to San Salvador. There, thanks to Mr. Crudgington's skill, the slug was extracted, and Mr. Comber recovered, but not without a severe attack of fever.

In January, 1881, Comber and Hartland, with invincible courage, made another attempt by the Makuta road, while Crudgington and Bentley attempted the task on the north bank of the Congo. The Makuta party were deserted by their Krooboys, and had to return; but

the other party, crossing the river at Vivi, accomplished a march of twenty-one days, and on February the 10th, Crudgington, emerging upon an open space, sighted a wide stretch of water, like a streak of cloud in the horizon, and exclaimed, "There's Stanley Pool!"

The extensive sheet of water known as Stanley Pool is an expansion of the river at a point three hundred miles above the coast, and is twenty-four miles long, and of about equal width. It divides the Upper from the Lower Congo. Below it the river flows towards the sea in rapids and torrents through a gorge, and is unnavigable for many miles; but above it there is a clear stretch of one thousand miles before you come to Stanley Falls, which are on the equator, in the very centre of Africa. This gives to Stanley Pool its immense importance. Had it been the purpose of our missionaries to evangelise merely the races on the Lower Congo the Pool would have been their terminus: but as their aim is the conversion of the tribes in the interior, it becomes the starting-point.

The two missionaries, after a variety of thrilling incidents, and a narrow escape from being slaughtered by the savages at Nshasha, were hospitably entertained by Mr. Stanley, who merits the warmest acknowledgments for his unvarying courtesy and helpfulness. He gave them valuable information and counsel, and on their return conveyed them on board his steamer along the navigable reach of the Lower Congo from Manyanga to Isangila. Crudgington was now despatched by his colleagues to England for conference. The committee approved the plans of the missionaries; a steel boat, *The Plymouth*, so named as the gift of a friend in that town, was constructed to ply on the navigable reach of the Lower Congo just mentioned; and it was resolved to send out six more men, one of whom, Mr. Dixon, accompanied Mr. Crudgington on his return.

Meanwhile Comber, Bentley, and Hartland established the necessary stations on the north bank of the river, which, however, were presently transferred to the south bank on account of a road Mr. Stanley was constructing there; and Comber, reaching Stanley Pool, secured a plot of ground from Mr. Stanley for a Baptist mission-station at Leopoldville, at the south-west point of the Pool, which received the name of Arthington.

At this juncture Mr. Arthington wrote to the society that he believed the time was come "to place a steamer on the Congo river, where we can sail north-eastward into the heart of Africa for many hundreds of miles uninterruptedly, and bring the glad tidings of the everlasting gospel to thousands of human beings who are now ignorant of the way of life and immortality." For this purpose he presented £1,000 (which he soon afterwards increased to £2,000), and added £3,000 more to be invested for the maintenance of the steamer "until Christ and his salvation shall be known all along the Congo, from Stanley Pool to the first cataract of the Equatorial Cataracts of the Congo, beyond the mouths of the Aruwimi and Mburu rivers."

Mr. Grenfell was recalled to England to bring his practical knowledge to bear upon the construction of the steamer; and the vessel—the *Peace*—when complete, was sent off in 700 packages. These were carried on men's heads along the road to Stanley Pool, and there the steamer was successfully reconstructed and launched.

Thus the first stage of the work was completed, and the second stage entered upon.

But it is time we looked at the shadows which overcast the scene. To the first six—Comber, Grenfell, Mrs. Comber, Crudgington, Hartland, and Bentley—have been added from time to time other thirteen: Dixon, Weeks, Butcher, Hughes, Moolenaar, Doke, Sidney Comber, Ross, Whitley, Hartley, Darling, Cruikshank, and Mrs. Crudgington. Of these, Weeks, Moolenaar, and Hartley were from the Pastors' College. But our band on the Congo is not nineteen strong. No less than five missionaries' graves already consecrate the mission. Mrs. Comber, as we have seen, was the first to die, and that in three months from her arrival. "We were working hard," said her husband, "at the site and foundation of our stone house, 'preparing a place' for her; but the Saviour's 'place' was ready first, and she, with her brave, tender nature, her simple trustful faith, her ready obedience to the call of duty, and, I know, trusting alone in the salvation wrought for her by the Saviour, was ready too." Then Doke, who had watched the construction of the *Peace* and went out to assist in its reconstruction, died three weeks after landing at Underhill, the station nearest to the sea, and accessible by ocean vessels. Then Hartland, one of the seniors, was struck down by dysentery. "After four years' preparation," said he, "and just as I am about to enter upon mission-work proper, it seems strange for me to realise that my work is done; but HE knows best." But the momentary grief at being torn away from Africa gave place to the attraction of the Master's glorified presence. He cried out, "Let me go, friends! Don't hold me back! Let me go! I must go! I want to go to him! 'Simply to thy cross I cling.' Let me go!" Next, Butcher died at Manyanga. Finally Hartley, who had gone out with two mechanics, to take the place of Doke, and who made undue haste with his party to reach the Pool, was struck down with fever, and, with the mechanics, died also at Manyanga. "Oh! the preciousness of our lives now," said Mr. Comber; "we who are left, how careful should we be! And oh! with what fervent earnestness must all our dear friends in England commend us to our gracious Father in prayer, and the Congo Mission, for which we would any of us live or die with glad readiness!" The December "Herald" informs us of another loss in the death of Mr. Mims, the engineer who went out to assist in the working of the *Peace*.

Other three of the band were forced home by sickness—Dixon, Ross, and Whitley; the first of these, unable to return to Africa, intends to serve the Master in the North China Mission.

The time occupied in the prosecution of this pioneer work was not unfruitful in direct result. The missionaries carried on preaching and the education of boys, and efficiently maintained the work of the original station at San Salvador. The king attended the services, and they had "the pick of Congo, the finest boys and men" on their side. "If trusting in Jesus, and trying to keep his commandments, is to be a Christian, some in San Salvador," says Mr. Comber, "and two or three of my boys on the river here, are, I think, Christians."

Calls for gospel preaching began to pour in from the native towns around. Tuka, twenty miles to the south-east of San Salvador; Mbangu, on the Zombo mountains; Nkungu, five miles to the south-west; Ma-

dimba, Moila, Zombo, all eagerly asked for the gospel, and itinerant evangelistic work was done by the missionaries for many miles round San Salvador. Hundreds more of "the towns among the trees" hunger for the bread of life.

At all the river-stations also—Underhill, Baynesville, Wathen, Arthington—school work and evangelistic work were carried on. Opposition is met with only where Portuguese cruelty and extortion have exasperated the native mind; patient, changeless kindness wins its way invariably, and Stanley's action in this respect has favoured the work of our missionaries wherever his influence extends.

During the present year Mr. Grenfell has made a voyage of 400 miles as far as the equator. He rested at the stations of the International Association, which is under the presidency of the King of the Belgians. He found the way open, the conditions favourable, and the natives ready to welcome the missionaries. The site of the first station beyond the Pool, "Liverpool station," is fixed at Lukolela, two hundred miles up the river. £21,000 has been thus far expended on the mission. Its prosecution will draw heavily upon the treasury; and as the missionaries go forward along the river, planting additional stations, £10,000 a-year will be required to carry out the noble enterprise. *Will Christ call for this money in vain?* At the close of his voyage, Mr. Grenfell wrote thus—"How much this part of Africa stands in need of help I cannot tell you; words seem utterly inadequate. I cannot tell you a tithe of the woes that have come under my notice, and have made my heart bleed as I journeyed along; cruelty, sin, and slavery seem to be as mill-stones round the neck of these poor people, dragging them down into a sea of sorrows. Never have I felt more sympathy than now I feel for these poor brethren of ours, and never have I prayed more earnestly than now I pray, that God will speedily make manifest to them that light which is the light of life, even Jesus Christ our living Lord."

This letter has drawn from that princely giver, Mr. Arthington, an additional sum of £2,000; and the committee, trusting in God for both money and men, have resolved on establishing ten stations, with two missionaries each, on the Congo, as centres of evangelization along its great navigable channel of 1,000 miles. This glorious mission deserves the most enthusiastic support. It appeals for itself, and it would be a burning shame if the appeal should not meet with an eager and adequate response.

D.

All the Lord's.

A MISSIONARY of the China Inland Mission says, "There is one gentleman, down in the southern part of my province, a man of wealth among the Chinese, a man of landed property, but one who considers the whole of his time and influence and means must, as a matter of course, be at the feet of the Lord Jesus. We never told him that. He said, 'Why, the Lord has redeemed me; he shed his blood, he spared nothing in working out my redemption; therefore I consider that granary of mine, full of rice, is for the use of the brothers and sisters if they need it.'"—*China's Millions*, 1884.

The Bitter Cry of London.



EVEN for the horrible condition of our wretched City there is a remedy. To those who are thoroughly acquainted with the present condition of the miserable classes of the metropolis, it may seem incredible that London is certainly on the mend, and was once, for its size, in a more deplorable condition than it is to-day. Things are unutterably bad, but they are not untinged with hope. One might be led to infer, from the commotion made, that the London Congregational Union had come upon some new discovery; whereas the details published are such old truths, that our wonder is that the Independents have so long been content to neglect that pioneer work in the slums which has been so greatly needed. The fact is patent to all who know anything upon

the subject, that the Baptists have originated and carried on the principal and the most successful of those home-mission agencies which, as counteractives of the spread of evil, have been the salt of the great City. We have only to look east, west, north, or south to find examples. To raise an outcry of distress may be of service, if thereby new interest be attracted, and additional aid secured; but nothing short of arduous effort in the future can make atonement for lack of service in the past.

We would avoid false impressions engendered by sensationalism. There are earnest souls abroad whose philanthropic instinct has not been tempered by experience, and these are led, by what they see around them, to suppose that everything is now at its worst; whereas, if they were more familiar with the past, they would know that London has seen darker days than these. Such were the early days of the City Mission and the Ragged-school crusade—times when ignorance abounded to such a degree that London might truly have been likened to a volcano which was ready at any moment to burst into conflagration.

As Lord Shaftesbury said a short time ago, we are suffering from the omissions and neglects of our forefathers; but the large-hearted Earl is himself an evidence that we have done something to repair the gigantic evil. Oh, that it had been more! Squalor there must be in any four-million-peopled city; but the worst things of our day are not quite so hideous as the savage heathenism which Cranfield and the earlier pioneers were compelled to encounter in making a beginning.

Though the persevering efforts which have been made have produced an effect on London that is apparent to all who look at the subject in a right light, the abounding evils are still of a kind to occasion anxious concern in the hearts of the best friends of the poor. Poor London is in a sufficiently sickly state to need skilful treatment; but those who deal in remedies must understand the disease, or their labour will be more than thrown away. In the account of his labours in the East for 1883, Mr. A. G. Brown asks us to remember that "in regard to the depressed

classes, there has been too much lumping them, and prescribing for them as a mass," whereas the truth is that there are several classes, each of which, being distinct from the others, requires treatment suitable to its needs. Mr. Brown also touches upon another truth, the significance of which ought not to be overlooked—drunkenness is the failing of only a class; *it is not characteristic of the whole*: so that fully half, and probably a still larger proportion, "suffer a cruel wrong," as Mr. Brown honestly declares, "when the whole problem is glibly described as the result of drink." How common this representation is, our readers are well aware; for it has been reiterated through the press, in the pulpit, and on the platform, until the authors themselves may probably believe in the truth of what they affirm. A similar error is made in regard to the causes of crime. A well-known judge recently said on the bench that drink was the cause of three-fourths of the crime committed in these islands; while, at the same time, even a son of the Queen was found fathering the dangerous notion that drink was the only real enemy which England had cause to fear, as if the evil one had only one arrow in his quiver; or as if the cause of reform could be served by magnifying the evil wrought by one particular kind of vice, and overlooking the havoc wrought by others equally deadly, such as unbelief and licentiousness. According to Mr. Howard Vincent, of the Criminal Investigation Department, only about a fifth part of the crime committed in London is traceable to drink; and such representations will, on comparing notes, be found to agree in the main with the opinions of Mr. A. G. Brown. Others bear similar testimony. If the public would know the whole truth about this great problem, they must listen to the utterances of men who retain sufficient self-possession to enable them to take a correct impression of the situation. Sanguine enthusiasts who are captivated by one idea are not trustworthy witnesses. Drunkenness is indeed a giant evil; but to suppose that this one enemy includes all other evils, is to go beside the mark altogether.

What, then, is this great problem which is perplexing the philanthropic portion of the public? It is not a drink question simply; nor is it concerned with an overcrowded labour-market alone; it is, as Mr. Brown reminds us, a many-sided problem which must be attacked from many sides if we would gain the victory—"The temperance advocate, the wages student, the municipal reformer, the sanitary inspector, the gospel missionary, must work in harmony." It is admitted that the gospel is the one sovereign cure for all the sin and misery which afflict the capital; "the people are wrong, as well as their houses and circumstances, and nothing can put them right but Christ in the heart." At the same time, the dreadful effects of squalid surroundings have to be taken into account. In large measure, people are what their circumstances make them; and one-room life in narrow, crowded streets, or still more fœtid courts, would soon drive self-respect and energy out of the hearts of most of us. There is an immense class, who, as Mr. Brown affirms, cannot pay for more than one room, and can only raise that amount of rent with extreme difficulty. These people, in the main, are described as sober; as to industry, they labour incessantly; but their poverty-stricken condition is chiefly the result of fierce competition in an overcrowded labour-market. Under the condition of things now existing,

the weakest necessarily go to the wall; and, of course, the weakest in this case too often mean the widow and her children.

"If only the poor could deal directly with the manufacturers, much of the pressure would be removed," remarks Mr. Brown. "The exigencies of business-life, however, seem to demand a series of middle-men, each one of whom must get the work done at a lower figure than he is paid for it, in order to obtain a margin of profit. The work is thus let and sublet until the margin left for the last is of starvation breadth." Under such conditions, the poor creatures lose hope; things pertaining to their temporal or eternal interest cease to have any interest for them; and what is worse, thousands of children are growing up in an atmosphere morally and physically poisoned, which will deaden every sense which enables the human being to distinguish between right and wrong. It is an immense subject, which teetotal advocates and education boards will never be able to grapple with alone, much as they can do. The people want better homes; and if they could have fair wages for their toil—money which now goes to the sweaters and middle-men—they would find no difficulty in meeting the increased expenditure. It is true that the labour-market is overcrowded; but this can be relieved by a system of emigration such as a few philanthropists like Miss Macpherson and Dr. Barnardo have organized. We have seen it intimated that the bitter cry of the London poor can be hushed in Canada; and we believe that this is the true solution of the difficulty. The labour-market is as overcrowded in London as it is ill-supplied in the Dominion; and it is distressing to think that people may fruitlessly seek work at a shilling a day in the mother country while their services elsewhere would be eagerly sought and liberally rewarded.

There is, however, another side to this question which has received too little attention: the squalid and the ignorant are not the only subjects in London who suffer from straitened means. During the last winter the truth has come out, in a manner as curious as it is convincing, that in comparatively genteel neighbourhoods, where the streets are clean, and the houses show a respectable front, there are frequently found abject destitution and despair, such as people usually associate only with what they are pleased to call "the lapsed." Poor clerks, who, through no fault of their own, lose their situations; the unfortunate professional man whose health fails him; and others who find circumstances against them, pass through times of suffering as distressing as anything experienced by their ragged contemporaries. What could be disclosed under this head would astonish the easy-going world. The facts are more difficult to discover than they would be in the slums, because the sufferers are not accessible, like the very poor, whose rooms may be entered at any hour without knocking. The respectable starve hide themselves from observation, and keep their anguish to themselves.

Those who desire to render assistance to the poor at this season will find plenty of opportunities if they seek them, and if information is required, application should be made at centres where the tried and experienced friends of the poor can be found. Mr. Orsman, Mr. Hatton, Mr. A. G. Brown, Dr. Barnardo, and others will always be glad to enlighten those who desire to know more about existing need.

G. H. P.

Itinerating in the Bush, Victoria.

BY PASTOR W. C. BUNNING, WEST MELBOURNE.

IN 1875, after a visit to the wool-sheds in the Quambatook district, I appealed to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* of February 1876, in these words:—"Pray that the church, especially the Baptist church, may be moved to send evangelists to itinerate in these 'regions beyond,' carrying the word of life to the utmost borders, and all along the river Murray." I am sure readers of this magazine have prayed, for I have just witnessed the splendid answer to their prayers and ours. God has moved the Baptists of Victoria to send evangelists to that region, and now six or seven earnest men of God are carrying the word of life to three of the newly-settled districts, and are reaching more than three thousand of a scattered agricultural population, now fast settling on the virgin lands of the northern part of our fair colony. I must here utter a word of hearty praise for the enthusiasm, liberality, and genuine devotion with which the leaders of our denomination here have taken up this noble enterprize; and as they have sown, so God is now permitting them to reap. The earnest work, personal visiting of the mission fields and the missionaries, and unflagging zeal of the pastor of the mother church of our metropolis, Rev. Samuel Chapman, and his officers, are a joy to think of. Nor is the Collins Street church alone in their zealous interest and effort, the whole denomination is with them.

At the request of the committee of the Baptist Home Mission, I visited two of the districts, those of Kerang and Boort, with which I was already somewhat familiar. The great Goulburn Valley district, where we have three earnest men labouring, I hope to visit some day. But I purpose as briefly as I can to give you the result of my observation in the country lying around Kerang and Boort. Into the brief space of sixteen days twenty-two meetings were crowded, including *eight tea meetings!* Is it not a wonder that we survive? In that time we visited sixteen preaching stations, and had the privilege of putting the gospel before more than one thousand six hundred persons (preaching to some of them twice), and going over about three hundred and fifty miles by the horses and buggies of the missionaries. In all our journeys over rough roads, crossing through creeks, passing over rivers, we were carried by the good hand of our God without a single mishap. Hallelujah!

On the 27th of August I left Melbourne by the early morning train for Sandhurst, going thence over a new line to Pyramid Hill, one hundred and sixty miles from town, where I arrived at four in the afternoon. On getting out I saw our superintendent of the district, Rev. F. J. Wilkin, holding his horses, which, accustomed to the quiet of the forest and the plain, were scared at the unusual hissing and screaming of the engine. We were soon *en route* to a Baptist farmhouse four miles off, where we had tea and delightful fellowship with some Wesleyan evangelists working among the railway navvies in that neighbourhood. Then eight miles to the State school at Macorna. Here I found horses tethered in all directions to the wire fences enclosing neighbouring selections,

and in the bright moonlight could discern people coming in all directions, though not a house was in sight. Here I could but notice that encouraging feature which marked all the services we held,—the hushed silence and the apparent hunger of most of the people for the word of God. We got an opportunity of speaking personally with dozens of souls. Next day we went to Tragowel, where a tea meeting was to be held. This also was in a State school. Here I must mention first, the profound impression made on my mind of the value of the educational system of Victoria, which has dotted the wilderness all over with these wooden school-buildings, thus placing education within the reach of most of the selectors' children; and secondly, the kindness of the boards of advice which have granted permission to our missionaries to use no fewer than thirteen of these State schools for preaching stations, Sunday-schools, and Bible-classes on week evenings. But for those buildings no fit place for assembling could be found; for the people are mostly too poor to build, and too scattered to find so central a place as the school affords. I am almost afraid to speak of the countenance and assistance which the school teachers, both male and female, gave us, seeing that one has just been fined five pounds by the Minister of Education, for conducting a Sunday service in a school at the request of the people assembled, because the appointed preacher, from some cause, failed to come. This is surely pushing the secular principle to an absurd and irritating extreme. Yet I cannot help testifying to my sense of grateful indebtedness for the valuable aid and the kindly welcome so many of the teachers gave us. To describe one of these bush tea-meetings is to describe all; so I will sketch this first one at Tragowel. The great pot is slung between two uprights, and the water is boiling for tea. Family waggons and carts are arriving, containing not only the eaters but the provisions, prepared with all the glory of abundant eggs, cream, and butter in the scattered and humble homesteads of the selectors. Girls and lads come dashing up on horseback. These girls are splendid equestriennes. After a sumptuous and abundant tea, whilst the tables are cleared and removed, and the room prepared for the meeting, the young people engage in games of all sorts. Sometimes the fun was quite boisterous; but I neither saw nor heard what was objectionable. Indeed, I felt more glad than I can say to miss that profuse slang and blasphemy which pollutes the ear and fills the streets here in Melbourne. In the city even lads earn high wages, temptation abounds, home comfort and attraction are, alas! unknown in thousands of cases; consequently the street corners, the hotel parlour, the low theatre gallery, and all that ilk never want numerous patronage. As one result, old young men abound. Drink, smoke, and immorality are committing fearful havoc. But there in the bush, where money is scarce, work is hard, food is plain, and many forms of temptation are absent, I was struck with the fine physique, with the better demeanour, and with the purer language which obtain. I could not help feeling, if these young men and women are won for Christ, and elevated by good literature, they will come to the front and carry all before them in the colony. The city larrakin and the effete fast young men and women will surely go to the wall. On such considerations as these, I was penetrated with a conviction of the value of the work being done by our missionaries in

preaching, teaching, and colportage. But now we go in to the tea-meeting. A bush choir has got up some of the inevitable Sankey's hymns. (What a fine thing it is to have a world-wide hymn-book!) A review of the work done for the year is given, and then, in as forceful and winsome a way as we can, Brothers Wilkin, Palmer, Pitman (a young man newly from Frome, Somerset), and I, put forth timely truth for heart and life. To crowd into the place most of those who wished to hear, the men had to stand the whole time; many listened about the doors and windows. But the interest never flagged, and no sign of weariness was shown until the last speech was made, and the last hymn was sung. These tea-meetings do several things. They associate religion and the missionaries' work with the largest and cheeriest social gathering the people have; they bring the people together at a time when the prospects of harvest, and plans for irrigation, &c., &c., afford topics of keen interest to all, and they afford an opportunity for all who are able to help the mission to do so by taking tickets, by providing tables, or by directly contributing money. Three successive bad years, through drought, when the people saw the crops and the cattle perish for water, and when many went twenty-five miles to get a barrel or two of very questionable liquid for home and absolute necessity, have greatly impoverished them; but last year was better, and this year has some promise of giving a return for outlay in toil and money, so that the people will be able to make up their arrears. They have proved that when they have the means they gladly give to support the mission.

Next day we drove twenty-five miles due north to the Murray River saw-mills. No part of the work the Home Mission is doing is more Christlike, or more needed, than this. Let me explain. The Murray divides Victoria from New South Wales. For miles on both sides of the river at different parts of its course there are forests of red-gum trees (*eucalyptus resinifera*). On account of its wonderful toughness and durability, this timber is very valuable. It will stand in water or damp soil for many years without being at all affected with rot. For railway sleepers, piles for bridges, posts for gates, supports for wooden houses it is unequalled. These forests are under the surveillance of foresters appointed by the Government, who see that the young timber is not destroyed, and that the duty is paid on each monarch of the woods that is felled. At different points along the Murray, individuals or companies have established red-gum saw-mills. Being far away from towns and from lines of traffic (save the river, which is navigable for twelve hundred miles), the employés at the mills, and their wives and families, were left to practical heathenism. Of course, our mission can only reach three or four of these mills at present. I think it was our pioneer missionary, Rev. George Slade, who first carried the gospel to the mills on the Gunbower Island, and across the river to the mills on the New South Wales side. I cannot forget my first impression when we drove up to the bank of the broad swift river. Giant gums fringed its margin, and stood thickly far back as the eye could reach. White cockatoos, and all sorts of coloured parrots, flashed their gay plumage in the afternoon sun, and the villages along the bank, built entirely of the bright red wood, together with great piles of the

sawn timber, were reflected in the smooth water. The Victorian Government forester, Mr. Kennedy, gave us a hearty welcome, and, after a general refresher, we crossed the river in a boat, and found our way to the long shed which had been cleared for the tea-meeting, and which was now festooned with evergreens and forest flowers and blossoms. The tables were well-spread, and eighty or more persons were ready for tea. We sang to the people, amused them with readings from "John Ploughman" and Carleton's "Farm Ballads," and finished with gospel addresses. They had a good, hearty choir of their own, led by a boundary rider, a real honest servant of the Lord, who, with accordion and voice, aided most vigorously. The next night (Saturday) at another mill, two miles off, we held a gospel temperance meeting. Many came up from the mill where we were last night, and God enabled us to lay hold of several souls, besides securing quite a number of temperance pledges, and affixing "the blue." Thank God, some decided out-and-out for Christ, and many were found to be stricken and anxious.

Next morning (Sunday) we had to ride twelve miles before eleven o'clock to Cohuna, where I was delighted to find the people had built a neat, commodious wooden chapel, and fenced in the land, which had been generously given by a small, struggling farmer. The place was full, and as Brother Wilkin said, "Heaven came down our souls to greet." The genuine and hearty piety of many of the Cohuna people made it seem quite an oasis in our extended bush wanderings. That afternoon we drove ten miles, and preached at Koondrook, a saw-mill township on the Murray, and then sixteen more miles to the evening service at Kerang, where the head-quarters of the mission are for this district. The evening service, in the Mechanics' Institute, was a time of power, and some were decided for Christ and eternity.

I had now reached a part of the country over which I had travelled in 1877 with my dear friend, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. The contrast for the better in the extent of cultivation, in the progress of the people, and especially in the increase of the means of grace through all that region would rejoice my young brother as it rejoiced me. It was indeed surprising to find great tracts of country, which were then the home of the dingo, the emu, and the kangaroo, now under cultivation, dotted with little homesteads, and with water-tanks and irrigating drains dug for many miles. The hope of this country, agriculturally speaking, lies in conservation of water and irrigation. Only now do the people and the Government seem awaking to the fact that those vast plains of rich red soil can alone be made fertile by artificial irrigation. The Wimmera is intersected by rivers which rise annually through the melting of snows on the Australian Alps; the network of creeks is filled by these rising rivers, from which the water can be lifted by force pumps on to the land, and then, through drains and laterals, distribute itself by gravitation mainly, as the country for many miles is as flat as a croquet lawn. Many are already attending to irrigation, and I hope in a few years to see, by this means, the desert rejoicing and blossoming as the rose.

Nothing astonished me more than to find we were to hold a tea-meeting at Budgerum. This is the name given to one of the great paddocks of the Quambatook "run," where Mr. Gideon Rutherford,

the tried and hearty friend of the President's son, Thomas, and a "vera brither" to me, used to lie out at nights to try to shoot the wild dingo dogs, which made such cruel havoc with his flocks. Yet here was the State school, and nearly one hundred people to a tea-meeting, small farms all about, and not a few of the friends of Jesus to encourage our Home Mission work. It seemed a startling coincidence when I heard that Mr. Rutherford, who has left the district for some years, and has gone to reside in New Zealand, was actually on the "run." I was disappointed, however, to find he had left the night before for Melbourne, where we afterwards met. Oh, what joy was it to find some who had been brought to Christ when, in company with Thomas Spurgeon, we visited this district years ago, standing firm in the faith, and working to bring others into the liberty of the gospel! It was in a farmer's kitchen at Oak Vale, also on Quambatook, on a Saturday night, where several of the family had been so blessed, that I preached, and had the joy of leading yet another soul, a visitor, to the peace-speaking blood.

But I fear that my narrative may become prolix and tiresome, so I hasten to a close. In company with our dear, earnest missionary, who lives at Boort, Charles Palmer, I visited Barraport, Boort, North Mysia, Minmindie, Ferniehurst, &c., and with one exception spoke to crowded audiences, and was again rewarded with some coming out on the Lord's side. I heard that requests to come and preach the glad tidings to scattered groups of people all about were pouring in upon our men, but they are unable to comply, as they already seem to live in the saddle or buggy, going about from place to place. The journeying of itself, in the fierce heat of summer, is very exhausting work. If ever there was a cry for more men and more money, it is from these regions, where a fine yeoman and peasant population is settling so fast on these new lands.

Soon after returning to my church at West Melbourne, which had so kindly released me for that work in the bush, I heard that numerous applicants for baptism were coming forward in both the districts visited, and that a public immersion in Lake Boort of a number of believers, on a Lord's-day afternoon, before a crowd of spectators, had taken place. The joyful news has also come from Kerang, which once was called a "Whiskey Sodom," that as the fruit of evangelistic services by our agents there, quite a large band of young men have come to Jesus. No wonder brother Wilkin writes, "We are in the seventh heaven; help us to shout Hallelujah!" You will, I know, help to swell that shout on your side of the globe, as we are helping to do so here. I do also most gratefully record that God is giving us just now a blessed harvest of souls at West Melbourne, more than fifty persons being now before the church. O ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, I again put in a plea that ye will not fail to mention my dear adopted land, Victoria, in all your approaches to the Throne!

B 524.—A Thief gone to Paradise.

ON the morning of September the 26th, 1884, there appeared a letter in a London daily newspaper written by an ex-convict—B 524—in which the writer related a part of his life-experience in a style so different from that usually adopted by the criminal class, that many who hastily perused the narrative while dispatching rolls and coffee, doubtless regarded it as quite a phenomenal production. The letter was so artlessly put together, moreover, expressing in simple but suitable language precisely what B 524 wanted to say, that incredulous souls, who had heard rumours about Paris and Hong Kong despatches being concocted in Fleet Street, may well be excused if they put the article down to the credit of some sensational *flaneur*. The public had just heard the audacious statements of burglar Wright, the assassin of Hoxton; but here was a witness who said that there was another side to the question, and who professed to speak about prison life, and prison officials, with the authority of one who had actually tasted of the bitterness of penal servitude. The letter was perfectly genuine, and, more than this, it was written under circumstances so exceptional, as would have added fresh interest to the confessions made had they been known to the readers. At the time of writing, B 524 was on a bed of sickness, and about seven weeks later he died. Until laid low, he was the trusted servant of a firm of printers in an extensive way of business, and who little suspected his antecedents. The general particulars of his life, and how he was reached in his last days by the grace of God, were withheld from the daily paper; but now that the poor adventurer has passed away, at the age of 35, leaving a disconsolate widow and several children, there is no longer any necessity for silence. Even apart from all this, there was great credit due to the man for the endeavour he made to expose the unreasonableness of the libels on the authorities uttered by burglar Wright. His modesty prompted him to suppress merely personal matters while defending the prison authorities. Given with ampler details, the story has not only an interest of its own, but it illustrates the admirable working of an agency like that of Mr. Hatton's, which, under all the conditions of life, seeks to attract criminals from the error of their ways, and does not do so in vain.

Born in the middle of the century, B 524 was the child of respectable parents, and his mother, who still lives, is believed to be a sincere Christian woman. When conversing about her son having gone wrong by yielding to temptation at the outset of life, she is not able to account for the calamity; but probably others more deeply versed in the tendencies of human nature, would more readily detect the original flaws in his character. At all events, we think that we can see in his turning aside from religion, the one cause of all subsequent discomfiture. He was of more than average intelligence, and thus was fond of reading; but he seemed to delight in reading books for the express purpose of exercising his critical faculty. This alone is a dangerous disposition, especially if it leads a person to treat Christian works of recognized value as though they were things merely to be sported with; and in the case of B 524, it seemed to open the path to uncompro-

missing unbelief. While still only a youth, he became an infidel; and having fallen so far, the descent from bad to worse is in any case easy, because without Christian principle there is no check on the heart and passions. Having forsaken the ways of truth, he next turned into paths of dishonesty, and then soon found that life's prospects were blighted through his being sent into penal servitude for five years. He was now able to think upon the folly which had landed him, as it were, in earthly perdition; and though unable to directly retrace his steps, he determined to do the best that he could under the circumstances. He was taken from the sessions with a number of other convicts; and when, on one occasion, the governor of the prison asked any who would like to learn a trade to stand forward, B 524 thought, "Now is my chance," and accordingly at once volunteered to learn the business of a compositor. At that time this particular industry had hardly been introduced into the gaol; indeed, our friend was privileged to make one among the first six who volunteered. He harboured none of those vindictive feelings against society which are characteristic of miscreants like burglar Wright; he realized that he had sinned, that he was being justly punished, and that those in whose charge he was placed were moved by the truest compassion when they offered him an opportunity to rise again to respectability. He thought that if he had been taught a trade he would not have fallen; but he now determined to enter into the new enterprise with all ardour. "I went for it heart and soul," he remarks. "The instructing warder seeing that I meant work, did all in his power to assist me, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his kindness, and patience, and instruction. When I started to learn, there were only six or eight of us in a small room, and the trade was an experiment; when I left there were sixty men, and a large plant and machinery, and altogether a complete success. After two years at Brixton, we were removed to Millbank—there was not a workshop in Brixton large enough for us—and there I completed my time, and when discharged had a fair knowledge of my trade." This shows how successfully industrial arts have been introduced into the prisons of late years.

On leaving the prison with a ticket-of-leave, after some years' confinement, B 524 was able to take a situation in a printing-office; but thinking that he was hardly competent to keep pace with the best London workmen, he preferred the country, where he soon found a congenial opening. The authorities had not turned him penniless upon the world, for he left the prison with a capital of £6, a sufficient outfit of clothes, besides a Bible and Prayer-book. What he looked forward to with the most apprehension was the duty he would have to observe of reporting to the police; but his fears were groundless, the police not only having orders not to mention to employers any man's antecedents who tries to retrieve the past, but being liable to severe punishment if they do so. On the second day that he sought work in a provincial town, an opening was found at 30s. a week. He prospered there until he was able to do better in another town; but, all along, the authorities, under whose supervision he was obliged to live, acted as his truest friends. "This is how I was 'hunted,'" he writes. "The chief constable of the town I was leaving gave me an open letter, strongly recommending me

to the chief of where I was going. He also gave me a letter to his brother, a clergyman in the same town—he has since been made a bishop—and when I arrived I met with every kindness, the chief even advising me as to the best part of the town to get a house. As before, I was referred to one particular detective, who was requested to keep my secret, and, as before, I had not to go to the station, but used to meet him by appointment, and not a soul but he and I ever knew our business.”

He had now a good home, his wife and children had come down from London; and he continued to advance, for he had regained his character. The possession of a “good character” was felt to be such a novelty, that B 524 was naturally proud of the position he held, and felt disposed to rise even higher in the social scale. One of the largest printing firms in London advertised for an overseer, he made an application, was installed into the office, and though he fulfilled the duties for two years, we believe that his employers never suspected that their trusted servant was an ex-convict. He left the country town with the best wishes of the chief constable, and in London was congratulated on the past, and encouraged for the future, by the chief inspector at Scotland Yard.

While thus prospering in the metropolis, he still retained his love of reading; but at this stage he had not parted with those infidel notions which would seem to have been the secret cause of his turning aside from the path of rectitude. It was at this time, however, that symptoms of consumption, which had threatened his life in prison, reappeared, and instead of attending to his daily work, he was obliged to lie in bed. On hearing of this affliction, the chief metropolitan police inspector at once sent a messenger with money for his immediate wants, and also communicated with Mr. Hatton and his secretary, Mr. Wheatley, who took care that the sufferer wanted for nothing so long as he lived.

His new friends did something more than supply temporal needs, however: they communicated the gospel to the sinking man, and though he had hitherto been so content with infidel notions that he had actually hated anything pertaining to the religion of Christ, the grace of God touched the hard heart, and he received the truth in the spirit of a little child. Mr. Wheatley became the instrument of effecting this change, one of Mr. Moody's books, “The Way to God,” having also been of service. “These cold, wet days make me feel bad,” the sufferer wrote to the secretary on the 10th of October. “Mr. Hatton and his sister came to see me; the lady brought me such a lovely bouquet, and some grapes, and we had quite a nice talk, and she prayed with me. Mr. Hatton was also very kind, and gave my wife five shillings. I did not know there were such people in the world, nor did I ever have the gospel of Christ placed before me in the same light that you and our dear friend have placed it in; and I am satisfied that there are many in the same sad plight.”

The peace which now took possession of his heart and soul was astonishing even to those who, in the course of their work among the fallen class, had met with similar experiences. “I am satisfied with those theses and antitheses,” he said: “‘All have sinned and come short,’ &c.; ‘If any man sin we have,’ &c. ‘The soul that sinneth it

shall die ;' 'He that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live.' He declared that he could not express in words what he meant, but added, "'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' Aye, and such a sight ; but I think my sight is weak ; as yet I can only look a little, and then, as it were, shut my eyes and think !"

The conversations which took place at the dying man's bedside continually testified to the wonderful change which had been effected. He was as weak as a man could possibly be and live ; he had pain ; coughing would interrupt his utterance ; he could not read more than a little at a time, but yet all was well. "I've fought against God all my life, and he has saved me like this," he once remarked. "What a deliverance !" It was a case of a blind man's arguing against the shining of the sun. "I tell you what," he added, "argument is no good ; an unbelieving man don't know what you're talking about. He thinks of things just as he sees them, and don't understand what it's all about. I never did. I didn't understand these things ; but when God touched me I had to yield, whether or no. I could not help myself. Then when I yielded he put life in me, and I began to understand." What grand anomalies are encountered in the kingdom of grace ! Here was a man with one foot already in the grave who confessed that he had only just begun to live ; he had prided himself in days of vigour on possessing a strong and discerning mind, but now that his physical strength was undermined by disease, he found himself beginning to understand.

His knowledge of general everyday life also led him to say that there were thousands who read the papers, and who knew plenty about the world, who were, notwithstanding, ignorant of the fact of God's great love. They knew that there was something called religion, but they did not know it was for them, nor that Christ died for sinners. "I've been like a great cake of wax," he added ; "not all the knowledge and argument in the world could make it run through a hole ; but light a candle, and how soon it runs. Logic could not break me, but the love of God melted me right away." Such had been his life, thus he became changed, and so he passed away.

Some of the above facts we learned from Mr. Wheatley himself at the branch station of the St. Giles's Mission, 10, Brook Street, Holborn, an old-fashioned London house ; and, according to one tradition, the same in which the despairing genius, Thomas Chatterton, committed suicide on August the 24th, 1770. We learned that this house, like so many others of its class, is coming down, and thus another old landmark, which for several years has been associated with a very profitable branch of philanthropic work, will pass away. At present a surprising business in thief-reclamation is here carried on, for a very large proportion of the prisoners discharged from the prisons of the country come under the notice of those who conduct the mission. There are two thousand four hundred men discharged from penal servitude every year ; one thousand two hundred of these find their way to London, two-thirds of whom apply to Mr. Hatton for assistance.

The ever present difficulty in the case of these men is, how and where shall employment be found for them ? This perplexity is especially pressing in times like the present, when trade is dull, and the labour market over-stocked. Mr. Wheatley has a notion that it would

answer the purpose to establish a working station at King's Cross. All required would be a yard with suitable buildings, the object being to purchase the materials of old houses, clean the bricks, and convert the rough wood into fuel. Barrows would also be lent to those who needed them for trading purposes in the streets; and coals laid in direct from the pits would be dealt out at a cheap rate. It is calculated that this would give permanent employment to about a hundred men, which would prove a wonderful relief to our friends who are superintending the work. Ever since it was commenced, about seven years ago, this business of criminal reclamation has gone on extending, until at present it can hardly be set down as second to any other work of the same kind in the country. B 524 is a case with some exceptional features of interest; but he is still a sample of a large number of others who have been lifted up, and who have been made partakers of similar spiritual blessings.

G. H. P.

A Letter upon the Doctrine of Everlasting Punishment.

MR. EDITOR,—I think I have read during the last forty or fifty years nearly all that has been written on the subject of "everlasting punishment," insomuch that I am almost sick of the subject, and am inclined to turn away in disgust from the fierce—I had almost said ferocious—onslaughts which have been made of late on this subject by impulsive and flippant writers, some of whom evidently know not what they say nor whereof they affirm.

Now, before I leave the world—and at my advanced age the time of my departure cannot be far distant—I would enter my protest against all the calumnious attacks which have been made, both from the pulpit and the press, against this *revealed truth*.

It may, perhaps, be said that I beg the question when I call it a *revealed truth*; but a revealed truth it undoubtedly *is*, unless the Greek phrase "*κόλασιν αιώνιον*" has been wrongly translated in the Authorised Version of the New Testament, and also in the Revised Version. If the translators have made a mistake in their translation, then by all means let us have a *re-revised* translation by more competent scholars, that so we may know what our Lord really did say touching the destiny of the wicked.

Now, I am not aware that any of the fraternity of scribes who have scribbled, and frantically declared their detestation of this revealed truth, have been able or have even attempted to disprove the correctness of the translation of *κόλασιν αιώνιον*, "eternal punishment," as given in the Revised Version; and yet with this tacit admission of the correctness of the translation, they have had the audacity, the wickedness, I may say, to deny and to denounce the truth so explicitly taught by our Lord. In Matt. xxv. 46, he distinctly says, "These"—the wicked—"shall go away into eternal punishment." "No, no," say the modern scribes, "it's a lie, it's a lie; there will be no such thing as eternal punishment meted out to the wicked; God is too merciful a Being to do that." And thus—unwittingly, it may be—denying the eternity of punishment, they make Christ a liar. To me it is a marvel that surpasses my comprehension that men professing faith in Christ and love to Christ should spurn with bitter scorn the very words that came forth out of his lips.

The silly, childish notion that God is too merciful to punish is contradicted by every page of history. Too merciful to punish! What, and was there no such thing as a deluge in the time of Noah? Were there no such things as the

plagues of Egypt, and the destruction of Pharaoh and his army in the Red Sea in the time of Moses? No such thing as the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah in the time of Abraham and Lot? Did not three and twenty thousand perish in the wilderness in one day? Was not Nebuchadnezzar hurled from his throne, and driven among the beasts of the field? Did not Herod perish, and that suddenly and awfully under the fierce anger of God? And did not God punish with instantaneous death the two liars, Ananias and his wife? God, instead of being too merciful to punish, is, in fact, too merciful *not* to punish. A greater calamity there could not be in this our world, nor in any other world of rational and intelligent beings, than to let sin go unpunished. Away, then, with the foolish, childish idea that God is too merciful to punish, when all history, Biblical and profane, testifies to the fact that God has again and again "Come out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the world for their iniquity."

The objection felt by some to punishment as inflicted by God on the workers of iniquity rests on a false assumption. It is assumed that, because it is written "God is love," that therefore he is nothing more—that love is the only moral element in the divine nature, whereas there are a number of texts in the sacred volume which tell us "God is just," "God is righteous," "God is faithful, and will by no means clear the guilty." Love, however strong and unquenchable in the heart of man or God, does not destroy the great principles of justice and equity in those who are the rulers of this world, nor can it in the great Ruler of the universe. It is true that our sovereign Queen Victoria is *love*: she has a loving heart, which manifests itself in various ways. It is equally true that she is righteous and just in the administration of national affairs, inasmuch that she will not suffer law-breakers to go unpunished, but demands that for every crime they commit they be punished by imprisonment, penal servitude, or the forfeiture of life on the gallows. Let the *judicial* character of God be but recognised as it ought to be, and it will be seen at once that the fact that "God is love," is in perfect keeping with his *judicial* displeasure, and his revealed determination to "render to every man according to his deeds."

Some writers with more zeal than wisdom have undertaken to interpret "eternal punishment" as preached by our Lord to mean "eternal agony in a material fire kindled by the wrath of God"—an interpretation so repugnant to common sense as to need no serious refutation. Common sense tells us that material fire cannot act upon a pure disembodied spirit, nor upon a *spiritual* body with which the dead will be raised. The metaphors employed to set forth the punishment of the wicked, are metaphors which, whatever they may mean, fitly represent the stinging accusations of a guilty conscience, painful to be borne, and in some cases too painful to be endured. Anithophel and Judas both committed suicide; they could no longer endure the terrible accusations of their guilty consciences, and in their agony they preferred a violent death to a prolonged life. Thus, in this life there are cases in which the worm that dies not *bites*, and the fire that is not quenched *burns* in the souls of men who have been guilty of gross dereliction of duty or of flagrant iniquity; and if in this life we see the worm and the fire of a guilty conscience tormenting the soul, it is but reasonable to suppose that in the life to come there will be the same suffering, unless in this, "the accepted time and the day of salvation," there be the application to the conscience of the gospel remedy, "the precious blood of Christ," which purifies the conscience, and cleanses from all sin.

But, say some, whatever may be the punishment of the wicked, we cannot and will not believe it will be eternal, and that because *we* judge it to be altogether disproportionate to the sins committed during the short span of man's earthly existence. You judge it to be disproportionate!! And pray who made thee, O man, a judge of the demerit of sin? God, and God only, knows the just penalty due to sin, and we may rest assured that as "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne," "he will judge the world in equity," and render to every man according to his deeds, *i. e.*, according to the number and wickedness of the deeds done in the body.

It must not be supposed that the eternity of punishment involves the same amount and degree of punishment in all cases. There is a sore punishment, and there is a *sorer* punishment; there is a damnation, and there is a *greater* damnation; there are the few stripes, and there are the many stripes to be inflicted on transgressors. Our Lord distinctly taught that punishment will be more tolerable in some cases than in others. Convicts may be sent to the same prison, and for the same length of time; but it does not follow that therefore their punishment is the same. In all our convict establishments a heavier punishment is meted out to some than to others, according to their several degrees of criminality and guilt. Superficial thinkers and writers on this subject, with no power of discrimination, have jumped to the conclusion that "eternal punishment" must be equal punishment to all alike, whereas the difference in degree may be as great as that of one man receiving one stripe and another forty stripes save one.

But, we are asked, "Is not 'eternal punishment' a very awful doctrine?" Yes, we say, it is indeed truly awful, inexpressibly awful. "Why then," say they, "believe it and preach it?" Our answer is, simply and solely because Jesus Christ believed it, and preached it. Had he not believed it, and preached it, we would never have made it an article of our faith, nor a tenet of our ministry; but as disciples of the Lord Jesus, sitting at his feet to learn of him, we are bound to believe *all* that he taught, however awful the truths may be. However opposed to our poor finite views, we believe all that he said touching the doom and destiny of the wicked.

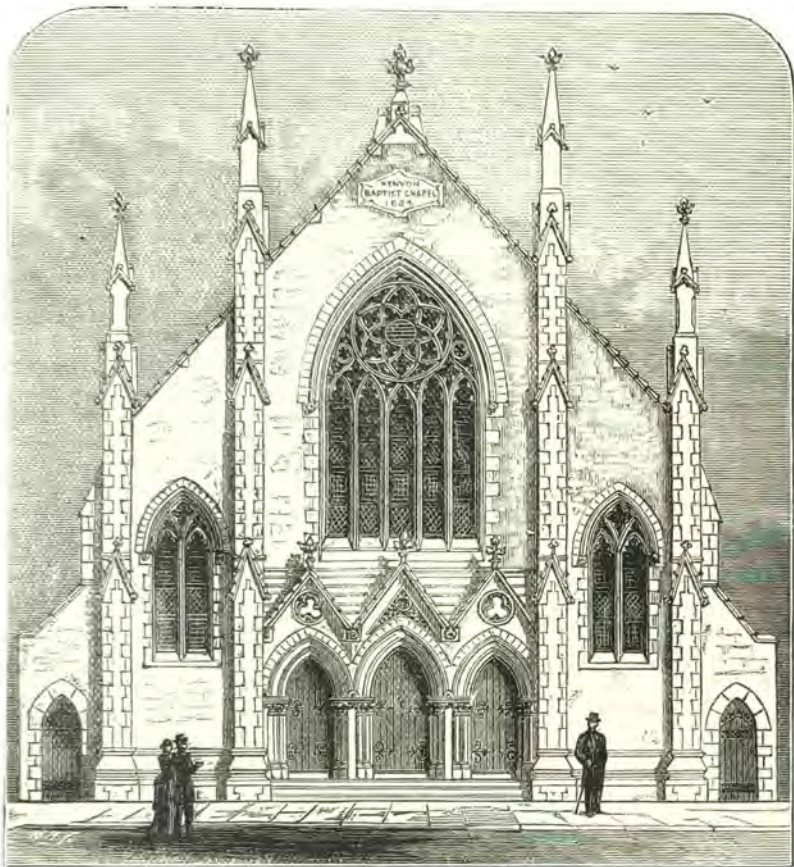
As we know not in what the eternity of punishment will consist, nor what are the great ends and purposes to be accomplished thereby in God's great empire of worlds upon worlds, it is not for man to doubt it, and to denounce it as a "damnable heresy," when Christ so plainly taught it, and caused it to be left on record in the pages of inspiration. We ought humbly and meekly to receive it as a truth which came from the lips of the Great Teacher, the great *Infallible*, who is his own interpreter in the case of all dark sayings and all dark providences, and who will in due time make plain all that is now mysterious and perplexing.

Ramsgate.

D. PLEDGE.

Prayer in Affliction.

"**L**ORD, in trouble have they visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them" (Isaiah xxvi. 16). "They poured out their still prayer." The Hebrew word *Lachus* signifieth properly a soft or low kind of muttering which can hardly be heard. The prophet hereby would intimate to us that in their great troubles and deep distresses they sighed or groaned unto God, and prayed in a still and silent manner. Saints never visit God more with their prayers than when he visits them most with his rod. Saints never pray at other times with that seriousness, that spiritualness, that heavenliness, that humbleness, that brokenness, that fervency, that frequency, which they manifest when they are under the mighty hand of God. . . . Oh, what a spirit of prayer was upon Jonah when he was in the whale's belly; and upon Daniel when he was among the lions; and upon David in his wilderness-state; and upon the thief when he was on the cross; and upon Jehoshaphat, when Moab and Ammon and others came against him to battle; and upon Hezekiah, when Sennacherib had invaded Judah; and upon Jacob, when his brother Esau came to meet him with four hundred cut-throats at his heels!—*Thomas Brooks*.



Kenyon Chapel, Solon Rd., Bedford Rd., Clapham.

DURING the last few weeks the chapel pictured above has been dedicated to the Lord, and publicly used for his worship. This beautiful house of prayer has been built and given to the service of God by the family of our late well-beloved deacon, Mr. William Higgs, in memory of that honoured servant of Christ. In the rear there is a large school-room, and every accommodation for week-night services, and Sabbath schools. The building itself is exceedingly beautiful and simple, and in every way adapted for its purposes. The opening ceremonials were to have commenced with a sermon by C. H. S., but in his absence, through severe illness, the Co-pastor most efficiently occupied his brother's place. The Public meeting, under the chairmanship of Dr. Todd, President of the London Baptist Association, the sermons on Sunday by Thomas Spurgeon, and all the other services, passed off well. Mr. Douglas, M.A., late of Ilfracombe, who is the minister, will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. He is a lover of the orthodox faith, and those who love it will love him. It is a great joy to us to welcome this esteemed brother to London, in the full belief that the Lord has a work for him to do. Those whose bounty has built this place are steadfast adherents of the old gospel, as their father was before them; and their prayer is also ours, that Jesus may be glorified, souls saved, and the truth maintained within those walls even till the day of his appearing.

Notices of Books.

The Sword and the Trowel. Volume XX. Passmore and Alabaster.

WE will not commend ourselves: we need not do so to our own readers. We little thought when we commenced this serial that we should attain to Volume XX.; much less did we foresee all the good work which would grow out of the magazine, and be fostered by it. *The Sword and the Trowel* is our chronicle, and in some sense our autobiography. We are frequently told by our subscribers that they find the earlier volumes very fresh reading; and therefore we recommend all our friends to preserve our issues as they appear, for they are not worse than their predecessors. The volume, nicely bound, is not dear at 5s., and should be purchased while there are yet copies to be had. Those who have complete sets from the beginning are fortunate; for those who have tried to purchase the back volumes have rarely succeeded in getting them all.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit. Volume XXX. Passmore and Alabaster.

THIRTY yearly volumes of sermons! One thousand eight hundred and fifteen discourses published week by week in unbroken succession! Think of that. A friend writes us, "The freshness of the good old-fashioned gospel is a standing miracle! Fancy one of the modern school dilating three times every week in the Tabernacle for thirty years on Positivism or Rationalism! How long would he keep a congregation together? And yet the good old story, *told by a man who has felt it himself*, interests, and cheers, and attracts, and saves souls." Yes, it is even so, and none shall stop us of this glorying. Not our power, but the power of the truth is seen in the production of these thirty volumes, and in the continued flocking of such vast numbers to hear the discourses contained in them. The cost of the volume is seven shillings.

Whitaker's Almanack for 1885. J. Whitaker, 12, Warwick Lane.

THIS seems to us the best of the general almanacks. It comprehends information most various and ample. Nothing seems

to be left out which one can desire to know. It is almost too much for a shilling.

The Baptist Almanack and Congregational Hand-book for 1885. Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

THIS is an exceedingly useful almanack for Baptists. Great pains have been taken to get it up, and the publisher deserves the support of the denomination.

The Home Friend: a magazine for young women. Volume for 1884. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

A QUIET little magazine which we have never before seen. For the woman's side of the family it is quite a little treasure.

Adventures in Field, Flood, and Forest. Illustrated. Blackie and Son.

ALL alive. Not a dull page. Excitement carried to its highest pitch. We are not sure that too much of this thing is good for boys, or for any one else.

Methodist Worthies. Characteristic Sketches of Methodist Preachers of the several Denominations, with Historical Sketch of each Connexion. By G. J. STEVENSON, M.A. T. C. Jack, 45, Ludgate Hill.

TWO handsome volumes, crowded with information. Mr. Stevenson is a born biographer, and, as in this case he has had personal acquaintance with his subject, we here see him in great force. The reader will learn the meaning of the various divisions of Methodism; and the causes, bad or good, from which they sprang: upon this matter we judge our author to be singularly well-informed and thoroughly impartial. The sketches of the first Wesleyans are sufficiently well done; but we value most the lives of later worthies with whom Mr. Stevenson was personally acquainted. We consider this work to be an extremely useful addition to our library. All persons who wish to be posted up in the ecclesiastical history of one of the most useful of the churches should procure this excellent work. Every Methodist, Conference, Primitive, New Connection, or whatever he may be, will have the volumes as a matter of course.

Stories of the Sea in Former Days.
Illustrated. Blackie and Son.

HEARTRENDING stories of shipwrecked mariners, starving crews on barren islands, and wretches upon rafts. The greatness of human endurance is thus terribly illustrated.

Johnsoniana: Life, Opinions, and Table-Talk of Dr. Johnson. Arranged and collected by R. W. MONTAGU. Alfred Boot and Son, 13, Paternoster Row.

A VERY good shillingsworth of scraps about Dr. Johnson. He is viewed from all sides, and something is said upon him in every part of his character. We do not see the particular use of keeping a centenary of the great dictionary-maker; but as people will fall into the fashion, this *brochure* will suffice to refresh one's memory, or even to form the basis of a lecture.

More Bits from Blinkbonny. A Tale of Scottish Village Life between 1831 and 1841. By JOHN STRATHESK. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is a worthy sequel to the former "Bits from Blinkbonny." Rare, racy stuff we have here. Never say the Scotchman has no fun in him; for a deep, quiet, thoughtful mirth he beats us all. We like this book, and would aid its circulation; it does good to scatter such innocent pleasantries. One should know a little of the Northern Doric to appreciate these pages as they deserve to be.

Punchi Nona: a Story of Female Education and Village Life in Ceylon.
By the Rev. S. LANGDON. T. Woolmer.

FACTS which occurred in connection with the Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon are here deftly twisted into a story, even as many rushes are made into one basket. It will please the children, and help to train them up in that way of helping missions in which we all desire to see them go.

Graham McCall's Victory: a tale of the Covenanters. By GRACE STEBBING. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A COVENANTING story, very harrowing to the feelings. It is a fine, stout, handsome volume; but we have read it with scant pleasure; in fact we should never

have gone through it had it not been a part of our editorial task. When a man is set to taste all that comes into the larder, he must not consult his own peculiar liking; but just give his verdict—wholesome or tainted. We are bound to say that the book is sound, and soul-stirring; kindling in the soul a *haté* of tyranny, and an admiration for the martyrs for the faith.

Little Ted. Christie's Gift. The Boy Martyr. Manly and Brave. J. F. Shaw and Co.

THESE tales, in pretty bindings, at nine-pence each, are marvels of cheapness. We have not been struck by the authorship; indeed, it seems rather poor; but there is plenty for money, plenty to look at, at any rate.

Monte Carlo and Public Opinion.

Edited by a visitor to the Riviera. With Illustrations. Rivingtons. No denunciation of the gambling-hell of Monte Carlo can be too severe. The Committee for the suppression of that infamous den have done well to issue this volume, in which the case is stated very plainly, but by no means bitterly.

We know of a surety that the tables of Monaco are the source of numerous suicides, countless crimes, and measureless misery. How France can tolerate such a cancer within its own body it is hard to say; the horrible thing ought to be cut out remorselessly, and at once!

Zoological Photographs; being short and interesting chapters on Natural History. By JOSEPH HASSEL, A.K.C., London. With numerous illustrations. Sunday School Union.

FULL of interest. It leads the young to admire the works of God. The chapters are out of the common way, dealing with crustacea, worms, and insects. We infinitely prefer this entertaining work to novels and tales. Children reading it will learn something, and have their appetites whetted for more knowledge. Fiction is a sort of mental alcohol, stimulating for a time, but weakening in the end; but works of natural history are as refreshing water from a flowing well. Better spend half-a-crown upon this work than the same amount on pages which make each individual hair stand on end like to the quills of a fretful porcupine.

The Welcome. Volume for 1884. Partridge and Co.

WHEN it seemed that religious magazine literature had touched high-water mark, and could make no further advance, up came *The Welcome*, and by just a little overleaped all its predecessors,—in size, beauty, and ability. It has kept the lead which it gained so suddenly, and it still remains second to none. The annual volume is a work of art, fit for the table of a monarch, yet cheap enough to be within the reach of the multitude. To this volume we give a hearty WELCOME!

The Fireside. The Day of Days. Home Words for Heart and Hearth. Volumes for 1884. "Home Words" Office, 7, Paternoster Square.

"THE FIRESIDE" is a wonderful annual, containing a little of everything, and everything good. Mr. Bullock is a caterer of the highest order. In all his periodicals a little more original matter would be an improvement; but yet scissors and paste in his hands accomplish marvels. The two smaller magazines are twins: good, cheap, popular. The Church of England is enriched by the possession of such a literary worker as our esteemed friend Mr. Bullock, to whom we wish long life and rich success.

Sunshine. Volume for 1884. G. Stone-man, 67, Paternoster Row.

DR. WHITTEMORE here presents a cheery volume as the result of putting everything into "Sunshine" for twelve months. We don't think his production is the best in the market, but it is good in its own way.

Early Days. Volume for 1884. 2, Castle Street, City Road.

Most prettily got up, and good throughout. Our Wesleyan friends are up to the mark in their literature.

Our Own Magazine. Volume for 1884. The Children's Special Service Mission; 48, Paternoster Row.

THE Children's Special Service Mission renders most valuable service, and we are right glad to mark its extensive record of holy work among the children in all parts of the world. We wish

divine success both to this work and to the Children's Scripture Union. The volume of the society's magazine is sumptuously bound, and will make a handsome present. The monthly circulation is now more than 50,000, and this alone is sufficient evidence that the periodical possesses sterling qualities.

Old Jonathan. Volume for 1884. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

THIS gracious monthly paper holds on its way with vigour, and its yearly volume will make a valued gift-book.

The Mothers' Friend. Volume for 1884. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS annual volume is most tasteful externally. The magazine itself is thoroughly good and useful.

The Quiver. Vol. XIX. Cassell and Co.

WHEN we say that "The Quiver" is as full of good things as ever, we have said a great deal, for this magazine took a high stand from the first, and it has never deteriorated. We like, above all things, the practical Christianity of "The Quiver."

Our Darlings. The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories. Edited by T. J. BARNARDO, F.R.G.S. J. F. Shaw and Co.

VERY wonderful. Dr. Barnardo is a man of boundless resources, and equal to anything in the literary direction. What is there he cannot do? For lavish wealth of engraving and striking beauty of execution, *Our Darlings* must take a chief place among juvenile magazines. The volume is a miraculous three-shillings-worth. It must soon be sold out.

Intellectual Principles; or, Elements of Mental Science. By J. H. GODWIN. James Clarke and Co.

FEW writers have the ability to illuminate technical and abstruse subjects so as to make them popular and attractive to the general reader. We suppose that we must not expect this in one who treats of metaphysics and logic; and yet we could wish Professor Godwin had a streak of this power. As it is, his book will be of use mainly to students of the hard-headed order. "Nuts to crack" would make a very good additional title to the volume.

By Still Waters: a Story for Quiet Hours. By EDWARD GARRETT. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Co.

As a story, highly improbable: that, however, is of small consequence, for the most of the book is a vapid talk against creeds, and an empty argument for religion without doctrine. Fine words and pretty sentiments: the usual cant of the new theology.

The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE. Blackie and Son.

SINCE Robinson began his cruise he has never put to sea in more gallant style than this. What a witching book this is! Doubtless it makes many a boy lie awake, and pine for the sea, and for man Friday; and too often this leads to restlessness at home, and a hungering to be "aboard o' the Arethusa!" Will our readers believe it? We have been seduced into reading this story again, and we have been astonished at the truly religious and deeply spiritual character of the narrative, so far as Crusoe's sojourn in the island is concerned. His conversion is fine. We can well believe that many a rough seafaring man has been helped by it into peace with God.

Alda's Leap, and other Stories. By the Hon. Mrs. GREEN. T. Nelson and Sons.

PROTESTANTISM in its conflict with Romish persecution is the burden of the three thrilling stories here told, and told with unusually graphic power. The authoress has that unerring first touch that paints the picture in a few vivid strokes, and makes it live before your eyes. We should like these narratives to be scattered broadcast, so that our young folks may learn the untamable fierceness and malignity of the Mistress of the Seven Hills, and be preserved from any trifling or compromise with her. A knowledge of her cruel past is the best antidote to Rome's poison of to-day. "Well done, Mrs. Green, and may your book be well read!"

A Backward Glance on Childhood's Scenes. By C. F. WEST. Nisbet and Co. 1s. 6d.

As pure, natural, and sparkling as a newly-fallen flake of snow. We should

not have advised the publication of it, for it is a trembling child of genius, and heavy literary criticism would crush it; but since it is already abroad, we cannot help hoping and believing that it has a measure of quiet interest all its own, which will secure it life and attention. The booklet is sweetly good. A child's brief story is here told in her own artless words. A sort of rhythm, a kind of delicious jangle of wood-music, rings through the artless narrative.

Beke's First Corner, and How She Turned It. By J. M. CONKLIN. J. F. Shaw and Co.

If our girls will have fiction, they cannot do better than buy this. The principles of faith in Jesus, life for God, and devotion to his service, are all here, and yet not in prosy and moralizing style. They steal into the heart as a perfume, and are there before we are aware. Would make a good Christmas or New Year's present to girls budding into women. We unstintingly recommend it.

Alice's Pupil. By L. McCLINTOCK. Nisbet and Co.

A TOUCHING, tender story of a dishonest lad won to integrity by the patient efforts of a gracious Sunday-school teacher. It cannot but do good, and stir in the hearts of those who read it renewed attachment to the service of the Saviour. Admirably written; the interest is sustained to the very last sentence. It has our warmest commendation.

Scarlet Anemones. By L. T. MEADE. *The two Sisters.* By the same author. Hodder & Stoughton.

THESE pretty shilling books are, we suppose, both intended for the young. The first is suitable, for it exhibits the evils of falsehood; but the second is quite unsuitable for the young, unless we include under that head young women of marriageable years. It treats of a good girl who imagines that her younger sister is enamoured of the gentleman who is her own choice, and therefore she hides away to prevent her sister's being disappointed. It turns out to be a mistake, and we think the book is a mistake, too.

The Gospel and the Child. By A. S. LAMB. Nisbet and Co.

WITH the aim of this book we are in deepest sympathy: the author laments, as we do, the tendency to teach to children a way of salvation by legal doings and the performance of so-called good works, whilst adults are urged to trust in the merits of Jesus' sacrifice. He has pointed out a very common error, even amongst evangelical Christians. And yet, valuable as his matter is, we are afraid that his involved style and fearfully long sentences will ruin the influence of his book, and prevent its being read except by reviewers. If some kind, intimate friend could be induced to go, hatchet in hand, through the forest of his verbiage, and cut away relentlessly all the wild undergrowth and entanglement of words, there might be some hope of ordinary Christians reading the book. It is a thousand pities that writers should give us sentences and paragraphs sometimes of one hundred and seventy words, in the midst of which you have to take breath, and hunt for the nominative. The more obscure and involved a bad book is, the more we rejoice; but when we see an author who has a good subject, and a high aim in view, commit such literary suicide, it saddens us. Mr. Lamb may yet render most valuable service if he will only adopt a less involved and more transparent style of composition.

From the "Beginning" to the "Glory."
By Lady BEAUJOLIS DENT. James Nisbet and Co.

THIS title has been given to Scripture lessons for Bible-classes, and senior classes in Sunday-schools. They are, however, of an unusually high order; and are no less adapted to teachers than to the taught. Ministers of the gospel may derive much help and profit from them. They are original, evangelical, devout, faithful in their appeals, and abounding in Scripture quotations in confirmation of their sentiments and design. The present volume is almost entirely confined to the Books of Genesis and Exodus for textual themes, but shows with surprising ingenuity the mutual relations between these and all other parts of the sacred volume. That the New Testament was in the mind of

the Spirit when he inspired the Old, and the Old was in his mind when he inspired the New, are fully recognized and displayed. We have new discoveries of the New Testament in the Old. Such words and phrases as, "in the beginning;" "the Spirit or breath of God upon the waters;" "light," "the sun, moon, and stars;" "let us make man in our image," are instinct with new spiritual life. We commend the work highly, not only for what it is in itself, but for the example it gives of a method of interpretation by which the New Testament is shown to be in the Old as well as the Old in the New.

The Book of Offices for Nonconformist Churches. Hodder and Stoughton.

"THE Conformity of Nonconformists" would, we think, have been a better title. Here are forms of services, with hymns, prayers, and addresses for the administration of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and for the conducting of covenant services, marriages, and burials. They are chiefly taken from the Common Prayer Book, and are brought as much as possible in sentiment and order into conformity with it. Why not complete the design with liturgies and prayers for the regular services of the sanctuary, and notices where ready-made sermons may be obtained for a very reasonable consideration? There is no more reason why any one religious service should be in a borrowed form than another. An apostle, indeed, has said, "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing"; but that he referred to baptisms, and communions, and weddings, and funerals, is not very clear. If there are ministers who are unable to conduct such services without a printed form, they should leave the work to those who can. These "Sacramental Services," as they are called, will come into general use when ministers of Nonconformist Churches have no minds or souls of their own; but we hope not till then.

Wounded in the House of his Friends.
By F. M. Nisbet & Co.

CONTAINS excellent spiritual admonitions, likely to be useful to the undecided and unbelieving.

Thoughts for Sunrise. Illuminated by L. M. W. Nelson and Sons.

AN exquisite gem, worthy of a more enduring setting. Thirty-one texts, charmingly illuminated, and linked with a suitable hymn or poem: the whole united in a paper cover with a ribbon. It is the frailty of this cover which troubles us. Apples of gold should not be placed upon dishes of half-baked pottery. However, the precious things deserve our reverent commendation; and we hereby give it. What a dainty morsel for one shilling only! In the direction of cards for the New Year this booklet must take a high place.

The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum. 1885. Hodder and Stoughton.

SUCH a pocket-book as this must be useful to a minister. Too many of our brethren fail in punctuality, and in the exact keeping of appointments; and to such a note-book is essential. In this case detail has been studied even down to Baptisms; there are places for the name of the child, and the address of the parents. This ought to make our Pædobaptist brethren buy it at once: but we have no such curiosities of Ritualism to record.

Out of Egypt. Bible Readings on the Book of Exodus. By G. F. PENTECOST, D.D. Morgan & Scott.

In the Volume of the Book; or the Profit and Pleasure of Bible Study. Same author and publishers.

Life, Warfare, and Victory. By D. W. WHITTLE. Same publishers.

DR. PENTECOST and Major Whittle were lieutenants to Mr. Moody when on his evangelistic tour in England, sometimes accompanying him to conduct overflow gatherings, and at other times following up his work by a series of meetings for Bible study. The three volumes here named are the results of those meetings put into permanent form for the benefit of those who heard the addresses and wished to preserve them. Each in its own sphere is excellent, our own taste inclining very strongly in favour of the book on Bible Study.

We do not endorse all that Dr. Pentecost says, but even where we differ from him we honour his transparent sincerity.

The more of such books the better for our common Christianity. Honour to God and blessing to souls must result from them.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and by the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. I. Chronicles. Exposition and Homiletics by Rev. Professor P. C. BARKER, M.A., LL.B. Kegan Paul and Co.

ANOTHER precious instalment of this vast work. "The Pulpit Commentary" is one of the preacher's best friends, and we hope the projectors of it will continue to issue it till the whole Bible has been turned to homiletical account. Upon the Chronicles we have absolutely nothing, and this volume will be, therefore, doubly welcome. So far as we can judge, the work is well done. It will be clear to every student that a vast mass of sermon material is here placed before him, much of it of the best quality. We do not know where else the preacher could look for the same aid. Fifteen shillings will buy this noble volume: not a bad present from a deacon to his minister.

Daily Comfort: being meditations in the words of the Bible for every day in the year. Compiled by K. R. CROWTHER. Morning. Evening. Glasgow: D. Bryce and Son.

PASSAGES of Scripture amalgamated into brief portions for every-day reading. We cannot think that they will attract many readers. The Word of God is always precious, but we cannot be sure that texts arranged by the skill of men make up the Word of God: the combination may, or may not, be a divine utterance. We judge that readers would be more profited by feeding upon the Bible itself than by swallowing these little Biblical mince-pies.

White as Snow. By Lady HOPE, of Carriden. Religious Tract Society.

TEXTS in which whiteness is alluded to, printed in borders of white flowers. The designs are repeated too often; we are not overcome by their charms. When this thing is done at all, it should be better done.

The Pocket Dictionary of 1,000 Christian Names, with their meanings explained and arranged. John Hogg.

A NEAT little book of reference. Those who wish to understand their own names, or to make a wise selection for the yet anonymous little stranger, will here find the help they need. The result of great research is here compressed into small space.

The Adviser: a Book for Young People. Volume for 1884. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

If any mother is looking for a New Year's present for her children, we should advise her to buy "The Adviser," and the boys and girls will say, "Thank you for your good advice, Sir." This excellent little magazine is a wise adviser upon temperance, thrift, kindness to animals, and other kindred subjects.

The National Temperance Congress at Liverpool, June, 1884. National Temperance Publication Depot.

THIS neat volume, of about two hundred and fifty pages, contains a summary of the proceedings at the Congress convened last summer, at Liverpool, by the National Temperance League. In the preface we are told that "the programme of the Congress was so arranged that no subject bearing on the temperance question could be omitted from discussion. Hence the present volume . . . indicates the high-water mark to which the Temperance cause had attained at the time the Congress took place." We hope the subject of *Gospel* Temperance occupied a more prominent position at the Congress than this report would lead us to imagine, and we should have liked to have seen fuller accounts of the sermons and addresses delivered in the two hundred churches, chapels, mission-halls, and Sunday-schools, on the Sundays before and after the Congress. If we are to slay the Goliath of Intemperance we must go forth against him, not clad in Saul's armour, but in the name of the Lord of hosts.

The Birthday Book of Art and Artists. Compiled and edited by ESTELLE DAVENPORT ADAMS. John Hogg.

QUITE a dictionary of dates as to the birthdays of eminent artists; for, besides those whose names are allotted to the

days of the year, there is a supplementary list. The quotations are well made. The book itself is a work of art. Its price is 4s 6d.

Fortunate Men: how they made Money and won Renown. John Hogg.

NOR a very large book for the money, half-a-crown, but an exceedingly wise one. Much that is here said concerning business habits, in reference to money-making, will apply equally to nobler pursuits. We need in the service of our Lord even more of industry, perseverance, tact, etc., than would suffice to make a tradesman into a millionaire. There are passages among these selections which are worthy to be inscribed in brass in every place of business. Hard and selfish, no doubt, many a proverbial maxim may be; but the Christian will know how to put in the salt, kill the evil flavour, and season the whole compound. Of worldly wisdom we have here huge nuggets, and in the mingled mass much of pure gold may be seen. Every young man may read this book with profit; and the Christian man can get a double benefit if he makes his own additions and emendations as he peruses the page. Here are two or three specimen scraps:—

"*Hurry and Dispatch.* No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is labouring eternally, but to no purpose; in constant motion, without getting on a jot; talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees nothing; and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those he burns his fingers.—*Colton.*"

"*Pull yourself together.* Many a man has missed being a great man by splitting himself into two middling ones."

"*A Hint to a good many People.* When Washington's secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, 'Then you must get another watch, or I another secretary.'"

"*Witty and True.* It was wittily said by Lord Chesterfield of the old Duke of Newcastle—'His grace loses an hour in the morning, and is looking for it all the rest of the day.'"

Notes.

FRIENDS wishing to do us and our work a very great service should try to increase the number of subscribers to *The Sword and the Trowel*. We should feel deeply obliged if our friends would make a point of mentioning the magazine to others: a good word will cost little, and it may effect much.

During our extreme weakness we have been kept from all anxiety as to funds for the Lord's work by the continual thoughtfulness of friends. The Lord reward those many loving hands which have ministered to the demands of orphans, students, and evangelists. Surely we are favoured above most others of our Master's servants by living in the hearts of so many gracious persons. Our gratitude is deep and inexpressible.

Compelled to go away for a while, for the doctor says we shall not rally until a change is taken, we commit all our Tabernacle work to the Lord. Our frequent illnesses are very trying to the Church and its progress; but if all at home will pray and watch and work, as they have often done before, there will be less falling off than there might otherwise have been. If some lovers of the Lord at the Tabernacle would personally keep up the weekly offering for the College at its right pitch, which is £36 5s. each week, it would prevent a load accumulating, which is afterwards difficult of removal. The amount is published week by week, and this will be a guide to those who mean to keep it going in a healthy manner. If others would be sure to be at the Prayer Meetings, and if each one would take a double interest in something, the Pastor would feel more easy during his enforced absence. Is it not the Lord's cause? Should not his people take a holy delight in keeping everything fully up to the mark? The brethren who fill the pulpit will need prayer and sympathy. Let them have it without stint, and may the Lord bless them beyond measure.

We have in the course of many years received many most extraordinary prescriptions for our painful malady; but we think the last is the most remarkable. A Christian brother recommends us to keep a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons, in our room; and he feels sure that we shall derive great benefit. He tells us that in the South of Germany they call turtle-doves "gout-pigeons." This is very amusing. We cannot see any connection between those loving creatures and the pains of rheumatism, unless it be that the noise of the birds would drive away the little remnant of sleep which remains to the sufferer, and so hasten the period which will end his anguish. We are grateful to our German friend, but his

doves bring us no olive leaves. Upon enquiry, we find that in some parts of Southern Germany this superstition did at one time prevail, but we hope it is dying out. We recommend keeping doves in the house metaphorically, as a cure for many a plague in the family. May the voice of the turtle be heard in our land.

We regret that last month, in noticing Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner's Cards, we stated that Sir Noel Paton was among the contributing artists. It appears that the designs referred to were executed by Mr. Frederick Noel Paton, one of the sons of the eminent artist.

Friends may be glad to know that the last of *The Clue of the Maze* has gone to the binders, so that a new edition will be required before long. We trust many a doubter has been strengthened thereby. We have had several instances of good from the tiny book brought under our notice by friends.

On *Wednesday evening, November 26*, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon delivered a lecture, in the Tabernacle, on "**TEMPERANCE WORK IN NEW ZEALAND.**" It was entitled "Bits o' Blue," and consisted of a number of short pieces, historical, poetical, and allegorical, one of which was published in last month's magazine. There was a large muster of temperance and other friends of the lecturer, who was perfectly at home with his subject, and his audience. A number of the children from the Stockwell Orphanage sang very sweetly several Band of Hope melodies, and joined in the chorus of Mr. Chamberlain's solo, "A little bow of blue." The collection in aid of the Auckland Tabernacle Fund, after payment of expenses, realized £20 19s.

On *Tuesday evening, December 9*, the ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE was held in the Tabernacle, and additional interest was given to the gathering from the fact that it was the last opportunity Pastor Thomas Spurgeon had of addressing his friends before leaving England. A large number assembled in the school-room to partake of the tea provided by the generosity of the ladies of the church and congregation, to all of whom, together with Mr. Murrell, who undertook all the arrangements, on behalf of the College, we present our heartiest thanks. By the time announced for the commencement of the proceedings in the Tabernacle, many more had arrived, and, considering that all paid for admission, the attendance was very satisfactory. The President of the College, although still exceedingly weak, was able to

preside, and to present a cheering report of the progress of the work since the last meeting. Addresses were also delivered by the Vice-President, J. A. Spurgeon; Professor Gracey; two of the students who are still in the College, Messrs. A. Graham and J. F. Shearer; two students who were about to sail for New Zealand and Tasmania, Messrs. H. H. Driver and J. R. Cooper; and Mr. Thomas Spurgeon. Before the last-named speaker was called upon, his uncle, in a singularly appropriate and touching manner, referred to the esteem in which he was held by all present, and many others who were unable to be there, and spoke of the regret which all felt at being obliged to part with one whom they so fervently loved, and whose labours had been so manifestly blessed by the Lord. In the course of his farewell address, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon expressed his gratitude to all who had contributed to the building fund of his new Tabernacle, for which there had been received, either before or since his return home, more than £2,500, in addition to the valuable communion service which had been presented by friends at the Tabernacle.

On the following Thursday the home farewells had to be said, and all bore the ordeal as well as could have been expected. Pastor Charles Spurgeon travelled with his brother to Plymouth, and accompanied him to the ship. Before these lines can come before our readers, we trust that our son and his companions will be far on their way towards their various spheres of labour. His coming home and return may serve to bring these distant colonies more vividly before our minds. Here young empires are trying their callow wings. Where now may be a few settlers and their sheep, there will soon be cities with thousands of men. Present influences upon these colonies will abide, and manifest themselves for ages; and it is true economy to send our best men to nations yet impressible. Painful partings may well be borne when results for the present and the future are so evident.

We have received the following from Mr. Baldwin, who has commenced a mission in Morocco:—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon—You will remember that I had the joy of being with you at your Monday evening prayer-meeting, at the Tabernacle, a few weeks ago, when *en route* from the United States to this place. It was then my happy privilege to speak to your large audience concerning the missionary work on which I, with my wife and oldest daughter, was about to enter here in Morocco—a work designed to reach the Berbers, the aborigines of this part of Africa. The memory of the prayer you poured forth for me and my family on that occasion (which brought with it a then present blessing), and of the interest and responsiveness manifested by the audience, will be a life-long inspiration and stimulus to me. From my heart I thank you, my beloved and honoured brother. And now I write, in

response to your suggestion, to let you hear from me. I desire especially to ask you if you will tell your people of my safe arrival here, and ask them to thank God therefor, and to fail not to continue their prayers for me, almost the only missionary in this dark land."

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—Mrs. Evans desires us to acknowledge, with best thanks, the receipt of a parcel marked "Old stock and ladies' jackets," which are very acceptable at this season. Other parcels, of like nature, will be equally welcome.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. J. Aubrey, at Aldershot; Mr. A. C. Chambers, at Loose, near Maidstone; and Mr. N. J. S. Naish, at Shelford, Cambs.

Mr. J. P. Wigstone, who has been in England for some months, is returning to Spain.

Mr. T. A. Carver, who some time since left Widnes, Lancashire, has become pastor of the church at East Street, Walworth; and Mr. T. E. Rawlings, late of Boxmoor, has gone to the Tabernacle, South Shields. Mr. W. Ewens has removed from Liskeard to Combe Martin and Kentisbury, N. Devon; Mr. W. W. Robinson, from Shrewsbury to Astwood Bank, Redditch; Mr. J. A. Ward, from Clay Cross to Smethwick, Birmingham; and Mr. J. B. Warren, from Colnbrook, to Shouldham Street, Bryanston Square, W.

The students are now away for their vacation, from which they will return towards the end of this month. We think it well to inform all applicants for admission to the College that it is not likely that we shall be able to receive any additional students before the autumn session, and we have already many more candidates than can be admitted even then.

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton & Smith* have completed their three months' mission in Ireland. Considering the exceptional difficulties with which they have had to contend, the work has been greatly blessed. About half the time was spent in Belfast, and so much interest was awakened in the services that hall after hall was crowded, and many of the hearers believed. In Ballymena, it required a few days' consideration before the good folk could decide whether the Evangelists were to be welcomed or not; but before they left the town, many had been won for Christ, from all classes of society. In Londonderry also, our brethren had many tokens for good, although there was less enthusiasm than is usually evoked in their meetings. There was a good spirit of enquiry, and many were pointed to the Saviour. This month arrangements had been made for visiting Bristol, but these have been altered; and the list of engagements is now as follows:—January 11 and onwards, Weston-super-Mare; February 1

and onwards, Exeter and district; March, Folkestone; April, Southampton; May, Huddersfield.

Pastor G. D. Cox sends a cheering account of *Mr. Burnham's* services at Melton Mowbray. He has had very pleasing testimonies to the usefulness of our brother's visit to church-members, backsliders, and outsiders. Mr. Burnham has since conducted his third mission at Watton, Norfolk; and this month he is to be at Humberstone-road Union Chapel, near Leicester; Mansfield Congregational Chapel; and Ashton-under-Lyne Baptist Chapel.

Mr. Russell was in Sunderland for the greater part of November, a lady friend, who is interested in the church there, having generously defrayed the expenses of the special services, which appear to have been productive of great good. During December, Mr. Russell has been holding meetings at Shooters'-hill Road Chapel, Blackheath, and this month he goes to Tunbridge Wells and Taunton.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker finished their year with successful missions at Margate and Ramsgate. Pastor G. Rouse Lowden writes with much thankfulness of their visit to Hanwell; and Pastor J. Drew gives an exceedingly interesting report of the services at Margate. In addition to two meetings daily in the chapel, the large "Hall by the Sea," lent by Mr. Sanger, free of cost, was crowded on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and many received the message spoken or sung by the Evangelists. The Ramsgate services in the Amphitheatre have been equally attractive and useful.

ORPHANAGE.—We are pleased to be able to announce that a generous friend has given £15 for the two engravings presented to us for the Orphanage. We are truly grateful to both donor and purchaser.

In our contribution list this month there is an acknowledgment of £4, "Proceeds of Home Bazaar." A friend and his wife, together with their little son and daughter, during their leisure time, made a number of useful articles, needlework, carpentry, &c. They then set apart a counter in their shop for the display of their work, and wrote to several of their customers, asking them to purchase the goods for the sake of the orphans. As the result, 150 articles were sold, realizing the amount above stated, in addition to about ten shillings, with which our kind helpers have procured material which they have commenced to make up for another "Home Bazaar" this year. Right heartily do we thank the busy workers, and all who bought their work, and we trust their good example may be followed by others.

Another item in the list of contributions must be mentioned. One of our College brethren tells us that the wife of one of his deacons, who had been restored to health after a serious illness, desired to have a thanksgiving service in her own house. She therefore prepared tea for as many friends as chose to go, on condition that each should contribute something to the Orphanage funds. In this way two guineas were raised, and in addition a most profitable evening was spent. We are informed that this "free tea, with a collection afterwards on behalf of the Orphanage," is to be an annual institution; and our brother, who sends the report of the proceedings, suggests that other pastors may find in their churches members who are able and willing to assist us in a similar manner. We are exceedingly thankful to him, to the good deaconess, and to all who partook of her kind hospitality, and thus helped to feed our fatherless family. There really seems to be no end to the ingenious inventions of our generous friends who take an interest in the orphans at Stockwell.

Mr. Charlesworth and his choir have continued their triumphant progress from town to town, everywhere winning friends for the institution, and bringing in a considerable amount towards its funds. We have been quite astonished at the large sums realized in places where local claims must be very heavy; and we trust that, in every case, "the Father of the fatherless" will abundantly repay all that has been given to those who are bereft of their earthly parent, and so are specially the objects of the Divine pity and regard. When the noble contribution of £78 2s. 6d. arrived from Leeds, the President was so ill that he could only write a word or two of thanks, but he felt obliged to send to Brother George Hill, M.A., the commendatory message, "LEEDS LEADS." Since then, however, "the first student," Pastor W. Medhurst, has sent up £100, which has been collected by his friends, or given at the meeting at Lake Road Chapel, Landport. Many sons have done gloriously, but Brother Medhurst has excelled them all, notwithstanding many afflictions and hoary trials. It is impossible to express the gratitude that we feel to all who have helped to swell the long list of love which is published in the present magazine, and which we are happy to know will be "continued in our next." May the Lord graciously reward every contributor and every collector both "now and in that day."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—November 13, fourteen; December 1, thirteen; December 4, ten.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 15th, 1884.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. C. H. Price	1 0 0	Mr. T. North	1 1 0
E. M. C.	0 5 0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5 0 0
A poor blind sister in Christ	0 4 0	Mr. R. Mac Farlane	30 0 0
Mr. David Robie	0 7 0	Miss Bloom	2 0 0
Mr. Robert Miller	5 0 0	Dr. van Someren	5 0 0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	1 0 0	Mr. John Ball	2 0 0
Mr. John Hector (1885)	2 0 0	Mrs. C. Robertson	0 10 0
Baptist Church, Ogden, per Pastor		Rev. Thos. King	20 0 0
W. S. Llewellyn	2 10 0	J. C., Ipswich	0 5 0
Mrs. C. Norton	0 3 6	G. Y.	5 0 0
Miss Grose	0 10 0	D. A. J.	2 0 0
Miss H. A. Grose	0 10 0	Mr. W. Howard	1 1 0
Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth, per		Mrs. Belough	0 1 0
Pastor E. Henderson	4 0 0	Mr. Thos. Scouler	3 0 0
Pastor R. J. Beechiff (monthly)	0 2 6	Pastor W. Williams	1 1 0
Mrs. Lines	1 0 0	Miss Rintoul	0 10 0
Mr. Henry Bell	5 0 0	Mr. W. R. Finlayson	0 2 6
Mr. E. Harris, jun.	1 1 0	A sermon-reader, Harroll	0 15 0
Mr. B. Tice	1 0 0	A former student	5 0 0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 0	Mr. A. Armstrong	5 0 0
Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0	Annual Subscription:—	
Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers,		Mrs. Townsend	1 1 0
Reading:—		Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:	
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1 1 0	November 16	9 0 0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1 1 0	" 23	30 7 4
Mr. A. Richardson	1 0 0	" 30	29 4 8
Mr. R. Oakshott	0 10 0	December 7	30 1 5
Mrs. J. Leach	0 10 0	" 14	33 12 0
Mrs. Jas Withers, Profit on			132 5 5
Sale of Books	0 15 0		£255 10 11
Mrs. Hislop	1 0 0		

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 15th, 1884.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
E. C.	0 5 0	Huddersfield	20 0 0
E. J. T.	0 5 0	Sheffield	50 0 0
Miss Gross	0 2 0	Brighton	17 11 9
Mr. Thomas Souter	0 2 6	Gosport	39 5 1
A friend	0 5 0	Lymington	27 3 0
A lover of Jesus (less 4d. paid for		Salisbury	20 6 0
stamp and registration)	0 9 8	West Coves	14 12 6
K., Glasgow	0 5 0	Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth,	
A poor blind sister in Christ	0 6 0	per Pastor T. W. Medhurst:—	
Collection after harvest thanksgiving		Collection	28 16 11
service at Newton	1 0 0	Programmes sold	4 2 0
Miss Kyth	0 1 0	Collecting Boxes	
Mr. Jas. Beane	1 0 0	and donations	70 2 5
L. K. D.	1 2 6		101 1 4
Mr. C. C. Harris	2 10 0	Less Expenses	1 1 4
Mr. Egerton Burnett	3 3 0		100 0 0
Mrs. Clarke, per Pastor J. N. Rootham	10 0 0	Mr. W. R. Deacon	5 0 0
Mr. Robert Miller	5 0 0	K. J.	10 0 0
Miss M. M. Fergusson	0 9 0	Mr. John Mee	0 4 0
Mrs. Thos. Cousins	2 0 0	Mr. R. Robinson, per Mr. H. Gilmore	0 10 0
A friend, for sparing mercies, Novem-		Proceeds of circulating library at	
ber 17th	0 5 0	Hawick	3 0 0
Stamps from Taunton	0 1 0	Mrs. Sandison	5 0 0
Mrs. Gross and friends at Rushden, per		Miss A. Whatley	0 10 0
Pastor W. A. Davis	2 2 0	Mrs. A. Mackenzie	1 0 0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Or-		Mrs. Gray	0 10 0
phanage Choir:—		Mr. Arthur Bass	0 5 0
Barnsley	13 8 0	Mrs. M. McKenzie	0 10 0
Scarborough	24 17 7	Mr. Robert Fergus	5 0 0
Bradford	24 3 9	Miss L. C. Greenlees	0 5 0
Hull	26 5 0	Westbourne Grove Chapel Young	
Leeds	78 2 6	Men's Bible-Class	2 13 0
Ilkfax	5 10 6	Mr. and Mrs. T. Glover	5 0 0
York	17 2 2	Part Collection at Hanover Chapel,	
Bournemouth	33 0 6	Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley,	
Drummond Road Sunday School, Ber-		B.A.	8 10 0
mondsey	8 9 0	Miss Gamson	0 3 0
Newport, Isle of Wight	23 11 1	Mrs. C. Norton and friend	0 9 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Wm. Norton	0	10	0	Part legacy of the late Mrs. Wight	2	0	0
W. C. Petham	0	2	0	Executors of the late Mrs. A. Hunt	9	0	0
Mrs. E. Scott	0	10	6	Mrs. M. Hargreaves	0	5	0
D., for engravings	15	0	0	B. A. Williams and friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Worth	0	2	6	Mrs. Hannah Thomas	3	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Veale	2	2	0	Mater	0	5	0
Half of first earnings	2	0	0	A primula's bloom	0	10	0
Every little helps	0	5	0	Mr. W. Maxton	5	0	0
Eusebia	10	0	0	J. W. N., Sedbergh	2	0	0
Mr. G. S. Stowe	10	0	0	Mrs. Gailey, per Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0
Captain Thomas Robertson	10	0	0	Miss Stedman's scholars	0	13	10
Mrs. Cunningham	1	1	0	Mr. S. Johnston	0	5	0
A. H.	0	5	0	Mrs. Irwin	0	5	0
G. T. G., Bow	0	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. M. G. H.	1	0	0
A Dorset friend	0	10	0	J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. McParlane and friends, Omagh	0	15	0	Mr. Thomas Scouler	1	0	0
F. G. B., Clelmsford	0	2	6	A friend	0	5	0
Donation at the annual Missionary meeting, U. P. Church, Stromness	1	0	0	Mrs. Hutchison	1	0	0
A Christian friend, Lockerbie	0	5	0	Friends at Ramsden Bellhouse, per Mr. A. Watts	0	10	6
M. B.	1	1	0	Mr. T. Rose and family	0	10	0
Miss Newbold	0	2	6	Miss Kate Johnston	1	0	0
M. A. R.	0	2	6	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
A widow's mite	0	2	0	The savings of two girls near Lochec	0	10	0
Z. Y. Q.	1	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. John Hopper	1	0	0	Mr. A. Armstrong	5	0	0
Mr. J. B. Hay	10	0	0	Miss Elizabeth Heap	1	0	0
Mr. H. Young	2	0	0	Miss Harriet Heap	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harris, jun.	1	1	0	Miss Annie Heap	0	10	0
A reader of the Sermons and "The Sword and the Trowel"	3	0	0	Miss Jackson	0	10	6
A little one	0	5	0	Mr. James A. Watson	0	2	0
A servant girl near Forres	0	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. B. Gregory	2	10	0
Mrs. Kerr and friends	1	0	0	Miss Janet Wood	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0	E. R. Close	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pentelow	2	0	0	Baptist Chapel, N. Finchley, per Pastor J. Chadwick	1	8	6
Master and Miss Thomas	0	8	10	Collected by Mrs. Whitehead	0	6	0
Mrs. M. S. Duly	0	5	0	A bachelor, Bath (postal order)	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading, for the Reading House				Mrs. Tullis	1	0	0
Mr. W. Moore	2	2	0	A friend, per Miss Cockshaw, per J. T. D.	4	0	0
Mrs. J. O. Cooper	1	1	0	Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Messrs. Heelas and Co.	1	1	0	Mr. W. Kelley	0	10	0
Mr. James Boorne	1	0	0	Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	15	7
Mr. Philip Davies	1	0	0	Sixpence per week, Lewes	1	6	0
Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6	Collected by Mr. W. Homewood	0	7	2
Mr. W. Poulton	0	10	0	Miss S. A. Hunt, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Mrs. Hammond	0	10	0	Mr. E. J. Brown	0	13	2
Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0	Collected by Misses Norah and Millie Sandes	1	6	0
Mrs. Warrick	0	10	0	Sale of cloth	0	5	11
Mr. H. Oakshott	0	10	0	Mr. E. H. Bethell	0	10	0
Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	10	0	Registered envelope, Cirencester	0	5	0
Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0	Collected by Miss M. A. Jones	0	6	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0	Mr. James Grose	2	2	0
Mrs. E. Ward	0	5	0	Boxes at Tabernacle Gates, per Mr. Murrell	3	1	3
Mr. James Withers	0	5	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6	Per F. R. T.:—			
H. Cooper	0	1	1	Mrs. Adrian	0	5	0
Proceeds of "Home Bazaar"	10	18	1	Mr. Airey	0	5	0
Mr. Wm. Dunn	4	0	0	Mr. J. Charlier	0	5	0
Scotch note from Inverness	0	1	0				0 15 0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0	Mr. John Hector (1885)	2	0	0
W. W., Carluke	1	0	0	Mr. A. Falconer, per Mr. G. Walker	2	0	0
Mr. George White	0	10	0	Mrs. Townsend	2	2	0
In memory of Mrs. Hooley	2	2	0	Mrs. William Barry	1	1	0
Miss Higham, per Pastor W. Cuff	2	0	0	Mr. William Paine	2	2	0
Mr. C. E. Tidswell	0	10	0	Mr. A. F. Gardiner	1	0	0
W. H. D.	1	0	0	Mrs. Cowan	1	1	0
Dr. van Someren	10	0	0	Mrs. Wainwright	1	1	0
Mr. John Roberts	0	10	0	Mrs. Seaton	0	10	6
Birds from Paradise	1	5	0	Mrs. Cunningham	1	1	0
M. C. S. F.	1	0	0	Sandwich, per Bankers, November	2	2	0
An anonymous gift	5	0	0	Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mrs. C. Robertson	1	0	0	Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Belsey	5	0	0	Miss H. Fells (two quarters)	1	0	0
J. C., Irvine	0	2	6	Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Rev. Thomas King	5	0	0	Mr. J. B. Kelleway	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Thorpe	1	0	0	Mr. W. F. Masters	0	10	6
Mrs. E. Barrat	0	10	6				
Mr. and Mrs. Woodcock	0	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Newbury District	10	0	0	Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0
Bethnal Green:—				Mr. A. Armstrong... ..	5	0	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	5	0	0	Mr. Geo. White	0	10	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	5	0	0	Dr. van Someren	3	0	0
	10	0	0	Widow's mite, per Mr. S. Cornock	1	0	0
Wilt and East Somerset Association...	30	0	0	Miss Janet Wood	0	5	0
Coldbrookdale and Ironbridge District	7	10	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. Thos. R.—, for Sellindge...	10	0	0	Mrs. S. Matthews	2	0	0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for three Dis-				Mrs. Evans	0	5	0
tricts	30	0	0	Miss Frances	0	5	0
Hadleigh District	10	0	0	Mr. John Hector (for 1885)	2	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association,				Mr. Andrew Dunn... ..	1	1	0
Accrington District	10	0	0	Mr. Hellier	0	10	8
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0	Mrs. Hellier	0	10	8
M. A. H., for Orpington	5	0	0	Mrs. B. P. Bilborough	1	1	0
	£185	0	0	Messrs. Cassell and Co.	2	2	0
				Mr. E. Brayne	0	10	8
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>				Mr. Llewellyn, 1830 and 1884	2	2	0
	£	s.	d.	Mr. J. J. Cook	1	1	0
Mr. Jas. Hall	10	0	0	Mr. F. Thompson	1	0	0
L. K. D.	0	10	0	Mr. J. Buswell	1	1	0
Mrs. Salmon... ..	0	2	6	Mr. G. Gregory	1	1	0
Daphne, Strawberry, Dot, and Prim-				Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0
rose... ..	10	0	0	E. B. (quarterly)	25	0	0
Mr. C. W. Goodhart	3	0	0	Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Mr. E. Harris, jun.	1	1	0				
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0				£79 6 0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 15th, 1884.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A London housemaid	0	10	0	Mrs. H. Dalgliesh	5	0	0
Mr. John Hector (1885)	2	0	0	Mr. R. Mac Farlane	20	0	0
A Thankoffering	5	0	0	Dr. van Someren	1	0	0
Miss Spliedt	2	0	0	Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and			
Mrs. Allen, for Mr. Russell's services				Fullerton's services at Hawick ...	4	10	0
at Sunderland	5	0	0	C. H. S., from legacy, D. M. S. ...	223	8	10
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	6	<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>			
Mr. A. Armstrong... ..	5	0	0	Mrs. Townsend	1	1	0
Thankofferings for Mr. Burnham's ser-							£278 17 4
vices at Melton Mowbray	3	0	0				
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0				
Mr. J. Pentelow	1	0	0				

AUCKLAND TABERNACLE FUND.—A member, 2s 6d; Mr. Wm. Smith, £5 5s; J. F., per Miss Goldston, £1 1s; Mr. J. Hector, £5; Mr. J. Johnman, 2s 6d; Rev. J. T. Wigner, £1 1s; Rev. I. Levinsohn, £1 1s; Mrs. Sandison, £5; a few bricks, 10s; an old member, £1; S. Reed, per V. J. C., 10s; Mr. J. Tritton, £5; Mr. G. T. Mac Kenzie, 2s 6d; E. H. T., 10s; Mrs. Payne, £1; Mrs. C. Norton, 2s; Miss Wyburn, £1 1s; E. P. W. S., 10s; Mrs. Turner, £2; N. M., Clapham, 5s; Miss Welton, 5s; Mrs. King, £1 1s; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, £5; Alick's sisters, £1 1s; Mrs. Lines, 10s; M. B., £1 1s; M. A. R., 2s 6d; Sir W. McArthur, M.P., £10; Mr. Reid, per Mr. Driver, 10s; Mr. F. Thompson, £1; Mrs. Mills, £3 10s; Miss Wade, £5; several friends, 17s; Miss Turner, 2s 6d; Mr. E. Harris, jun., £2 2s; Mr. Napier, £1; Mr. J. Pentelow, £1; Mrs. J. C. Smith, £1 1s; Miss Higham, £1; a lady friend, 10s; collected by E. Underwood, £1 6s; Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills, £3 3s; Mrs. Lewis, 10s; Miss Blomfield, 10s; Mrs. Earl, £2; Mr. Lyon, £1; a little one, 5s; Mrs. Horne, 10s; Miss M. Heath, £1 1s; the Misses A. and E. Newman, £2; Mr. Henry Thomas, £1 1s; Mrs. Moffatt, 10s 6d; H. and C. Lizard, 5s; several friends at Farewell Meeting, £3 15s; Miss Spliedt, 10s; D. A. J., £1; Mrs. H. Thomas, £2; a sermon reader, Harrold, 2s 6d; a servant, 2s; collected by Mr. W. C. Murrell (including E. B., £50; Mr. R. Evans, £10; Mr. W. Evans, £5), £100.

Proceeds of Pastor T. Spurgeon's Lecture at Presbyterian Church, Upper Norwood, £7 5s 6d; Temperance Lecture at Metropolitan Tabernacle, £20 19s; Sermons at Kenyon Chapel, Solom-road, Clapham (including £10 note, and £25 from an old friend), £75; additional amount from Lecture at Brighton, £1 5s 6d; profits on the sale of Photographs, £22 5s.

Received towards cost of Communion Service:—S. Gager, 2s 6d; M. Axten, 2s; Mrs. Bowes, 5s 6d; Mrs. Dunn, 5s; Mrs. Bantick, 10s 6d; given to Mr. T. Spurgeon at Farewell Meeting, £4 2s; Mrs. Catley, 2s 6d; collected by Mr. W. C. Murrell, £26 11s 7d.

Total received for Auckland Tabernacle Building Fund, to December 15th, 1884 (exclusive of contributions for Communion Service), **£2,537 14s. 9d.**

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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

The Disruption.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



SURELY we shall not greatly err if we take it for granted that every Scotch body knows all about the DISRUPTION which produced the Free Church. But we are afraid that our half-enlightened countrymen south of the Tweed have, as a rule, a very dim and hazy idea of that great transaction: they know that certain ministers came out of one Presbyterian Church, and set up another; but what it was all about they do not pretend to understand. Indeed, we fear that the whole story of the various kirks is woefully unknown in England; and we even fear that there is a general notion abroad that the different Presbyterian Churches are as like as peas in the same pod, and would all become one if it were not for the hair-splitting tendencies of the Scottish mind. A few of us know better; but this only makes us the more aware of the want of information among our brethren.

Truth to tell, there was never a braver deed in history than the secession of a number of godly ministers from the Established Church of Scotland on May 18th, 1843. Remember that these men left their churches and their manses, and renounced therewith their incomes, and had nothing to look forward to but what providence and the voluntary principle should afford them. To many of them it meant the loss of all things, and to all a time of trial and struggle to which they had not been accustomed. We need not mention the immediate cause of their secession, for a great principle lay at the back of all, and this was the real ground of quarrel. Should the State rule the Church, or should

Christ's Church be under the sole Headship of her Lord? We think that if the State gives a Church its pecuniary support, and lends it prestige, it may well claim governing power in return; and hence we repudiate altogether the purse of the State because we cannot endure the idea of its interference in spiritual things. Our worthy brethren in Scotland were well content to take Government grants, but they were not willing to yield to Government decrees: nay, they were so determined not to let Cæsar intrude into the kingdom of Christ that, when they were pushed to a decision, they threw back Cæsar's penny rather than let him put his iron heel upon the liberties of Christ's people. They had not learned so much as the Nonconformists of England had long spelled out; but whereunto they had attained they were faithful,—so faithful as to deserve honour from all lovers of self-denying integrity. In our own country it would seem that the very idea of freedom has died out of the servants of the State Church; but in Scotland it was never so, there were always protesters against all State interference even among those who pleaded for State endowment. At different times there had been secessions upon this matter; but that of 1843 was more wide-spread and notable than any which had gone before, hence it is called *the Disruption*; for no other movement had so affected the old kirk, or produced such permanent results.

The Moderates, or dead-and-alive men in the Church, did not believe in the sincerity of their evangelical brethren in uttering threats of separation: they declared with a smile that it was a mere tiff, a gale which would soon subside. That great prophet, Dr. John Cumming, with his usual skill in prognostication said, "I venture to assert that less than one hundred will cover the whole secession. But I am not satisfied that any will secede." He measured the corn of other men with his own bushel: his courtly soul knew how to behave in the presence of the powers that be. Another equally sagacious person wrote oracularly, "Mark my words; not forty of them will go out." Little did the Moderates know the power of divine grace, and the loyalty of the true servants of King Jesus, or perhaps they would not have pushed matters so far. At last, matters came to a dead-lock; the State would not yield, and the godly Church could not, and something must happen.

The day arrived, the Assembly met, Dr. Welsh, the retiring Moderator, or chairman, offered prayer, and then rose, and with great firmness and dignity addressed the house. The Queen's Commissioner occupied the throne, and great must have been his surprise at what he saw and heard. Dr. Welsh spoke as follows:—"Fathers and Brethren, according to the usual form of procedure, this is the time for making up the roll, but in consequence of certain proceedings affecting our rights and privileges—proceedings which have been sanctioned by Her Majesty's Government, and by the Legislature of the country; and more especially in respect that there has been an infringement on the liberties of our Constitution, so that we could not now constitute this Court without a violation of the terms of the Union between Church and State in this land, as now authoritatively declared—I must protest against our proceeding further. The reasons that have led me to come to this conclusion are fully set forth in the document which I hold in my

hand, and which, with permission of the House, I shall now proceed to read."

Then followed the memorable Protest, in which, after briefly stating the sacred principles for which the Church had contended, the encroachments by which her spiritual powers had been overthrown, and the impossibility of constituting the Assembly under such Erastian conditions, it was declared :

"We protest that, in the circumstances in which we are placed, it is and shall be lawful for us, and such other Commissioners chosen to the Assembly, appointed to have been this day holden, as may concur with us, to withdraw to a separate place of meeting, for the purpose of taking steps, along with all who adhere to us—maintaining with us the Confession of Faith and Standards of the Church of Scotland as heretofore understood—for separating in an orderly way from the Establishment, and thereupon adopting such measures as may be competent to us, in humble dependence on God's grace and the aid of the Holy Spirit, for the advancement of his glory, the extension of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and the administration of the affairs of Christ's house according to his Holy Word; and we now withdraw accordingly, humbly and solemnly acknowledging the hand of the Lord in the things which have come upon us because of our manifold sins, and the sins of this Church and nation; but, at the same time, with an assured conviction that we are not responsible for any consequences that may follow from this, our enforced separation from an Establishment which we loved and prized, through interference with conscience, the dishonour done to Christ's crown, and the rejection of his sole and supreme authority as King in his Church."

"With these closing words, the Moderator laid the Protest on the table—lifted his hat—turned to the Commissioner, who had risen—and bowed respectfully to the representative of Royalty, an act which seemed to many as if the true old Church of Scotland were then and there bidding farewell to the State which had turned a deaf ear to her appeals. Leaving the chair, Dr. Welsh moved toward the door, and Dr. Chalmers, who all the time had been close to his side, was seen eagerly following, along with Dr. Gordon, Dr. M'Farlan, Dr. Macdonald, and the other occupants of the bench in front.

"At the sight of the movement, a loud cheer—but only for a moment—burst from the gallery. At once it was hushed, for the solemnity and sympathy were too deep for such a mode of expression, and silence again fell over the house, as all were eagerly gazing at the seats to the left of the chair. It was a sight never to be forgotten, as man after man rose, without hurry or confusion, and bench after bench was left empty, and the vacant space grew wider as ministers and elders poured out in long procession.

"Outside in the street, the great mass of spectators had long been waiting in anxious anticipation, and when at last the cry rose, 'They come! they come!' and when Dr. Welsh, Dr. Chalmers, and Dr. Gordon appeared in sight, the sensation, as they came forth, went like an electric shock through the vast multitude, and the long, deep shout which rang along the street told that the deed had been done. No arrangement had been made for a procession, for the strong wish of the ministers was to



THE PROCESSION ON THE 18TH OF MAY.

avoid all display. But there was no choice. On either hand the crowd drew back, opening out a lane wide enough to allow of three, or at most four, walking abreast; and so in steady ranks the procession moved on its way, while all around they were met with expressions of the deepest emotion.

"The writer of this book was not a member of Assembly, but in that part of the House allotted to ministers not members he was in a favourable position, where all that went on could be fully seen. After the movement had been made, he remained for some time, side by side with Dr. Horatius Bonar, to witness the departure of friends, and especially to note the effect on the Moderate party who remained behind. At first, Dr. Cook and his friends were all complacency, but as the full extent of the Disruption began to disclose itself, there came an expression of perplexity, which in not a few instances seemed to deepen into bewilderment and dismay.

"On leaving the church and falling into the line of procession, it was evident that amidst the crowd the first sensation was over, though tears were seen in many eyes, and other signs of emotion could be observed. But what showed most strikingly the magnitude of the movement was the view from that point in George Street where you look down the long vista toward Tanfield, and where one unbroken column was seen, stretching, amidst numerous spectators, all the way till lost in the distance.

"Of the procession Mr. Dunlop says: 'True and great dignity and moral power impressed awe, which spoke in the silent language of respectful observance; and every now and then, as some more venerable father, or some tried champion of the cause, passed down, might be seen a head uncovered and bent in quiet reverence.' This struck Mr. Duncan, of Kirkpatrick-Durham, as 'the deepest touch of all, showing that earnest solemnity and the spirit of prayer had its place in the gazing throng.' 'There were hats raised from venerable heads, and words such as these dropped into the ears of the passing ministers: "The Lord be with you!" "God guide you!" "May he strengthen you and bear you through!"'

"Here and there, as the child or wife of some outgoing minister caught sight of a husband or father's form, accomplishing an act which was to leave his family homeless and unprovided, warm tear-drops formed, which, as if half-ashamed of them, the hand of faith was in haste to wipe away.

"And sometimes, under the impulse of the moment, there were yet more demonstrative expressions of feeling. As Dr. Landsborough moved in the procession, 'an aged minister was a little ahead of him. On a sudden the crowd broke, and a young lady sprang forward and caught the hand of the venerable servant of God, raised it up, kissed it, and then allowing it to drop, fell back into the crowd; while the old man seemed so much occupied with his own thoughts as scarcely to have noticed what had been done.'

"Nor were such feelings confined to those who were out on the street. Elsewhere in the city, Lord Jeffrey was sitting reading in his quiet room, when one burst in upon him, saying, 'Well, what do you think of it? More than four hundred of them are actually out!' The book was

flung aside, and, springing to his feet, Lord Jeffrey exclaimed, 'I am proud of my country. There is not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done.'

The reader will observe that we have borrowed much of our article, and we have done so on purpose to introduce the book from which we have quoted a lengthened passage, and also obtained our engraving,—viz, "The Annals of the Disruption." By the Rev. Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace, 132, Princes Street; or London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. It has done our heart good to read this story of a brave deed. We are sure it would be for the health of many in this degenerate age to study this record of what was done some forty years ago. When a boy, we remember the enthusiasm of the Independent Congregation with which our family was connected. The collection made when the Scotch minister preached for the Free Church exceeded anything on record. Certain of the Disruption men have been among our choicest friends, and we like to think of all they did and suffered for the truth's sake. God bless the Free Church, and keep it faithful! A perusal of this record may help in that direction, and therefore we are glad to bring it before our readers, many of whom dwell in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." The volume is of goodly size, and contains countless anecdotes and memorials, and yet the price is only five shillings. Every Scotchman should read it, because he knows the great influence which the event had upon his country's spiritual life, and every Englishman should read it because he ought to know what his northern brethren have done.

These men only began the war upon the day when they left all for Christ. How much they suffered, and how bravely they triumphed we may try to tell next month. Meanwhile, many of our subscribers will be eager to get the book for themselves.

"You believe it, but don't preach it."

AFTER Mr. Haynes was dismissed from his charge, in Rutland, Vermont, which he had held more than twenty years, he was employed about two years as a stated supply to the Congregational Church at Manchester. In this town was a Universalist society, which was supplied with only occasional preaching; but, as in most other cases, its adherents were very fond of discussing their sentiments with other denominations. One of these took frequent occasion to dispute with Mr. Haynes; and though he *generally*, not to say *always*, came off second best, he seemed determined to renew the controversy on every convenient occasion.

At the close of one of these interviews, apparently under the full conviction of his own inferiority, he said, "Mr. Haynes, you are a learned man, and I cannot argue with you; but I expect one of our ministers here before long, and I intend to bring him to see you; he will be able to defend our doctrine." Mr. Haynes replied, "Oh, well, bring him along; I shall be pleased to talk with him!"

Some weeks afterwards the Universalist minister arrived, and the parishioner embraced the first leisure hour to take him up to the village

to see Mr. Haynes. On their way they were met by one of the brethren of their own faith, who, after learning whither they were bound, advised them to turn back; "for," said he, "he is an old fox, and you can't get to the windward of him." They, however, persisted in their purpose, and soon arrived at the parsonage.

Mr. Haynes was called from the study to receive the visitors without knowing or receiving the least intimation who they were. As he entered the room, the parishioner, after exchanging compliments, said, "Mr. Haynes, this is Mr. —, my minister, whom I promised to bring to see you." "How d' do, how d' do?" said Mr. Haynes, taking the minister familiarly by the hand; "well, you are the man, then, who preaches that men may swear, and lie, and get drunk, and commit adultery, and all other abominations; and yet go to heaven after all,—ain't you?" "No, no," said the Universalist minister, "I don't preach any such thing." "Well," said Father Haynes, "*you believe so, don't you?*"

This was a blow that completely annihilated all desire for theological discussion, and well nigh took away the power of utterance from both the minister and layman. After a few remarks on the state of the weather, and the pleasant situation of the village, the minister said to his attendant, "Is it not time for us to be going?" and both withdrew, apparently satisfied to dispense with all further intercourse.—*Arvine.*

Earthly things unsatisfactory.

I HAVE read a story of a man whom Chrysostom did feign to be in prison. "Oh," saith he, "if I had but liberty, I would desire no more!" He had it; and then cried, "if I had enough for necessity, I would desire no more." He had it; and then cried, "had I a little for variety, I would desire no more." He had it; and then cried, "had I any office, were it the meanest, I would desire no more." He had it; and cried again, "had I but a magistracy, though over one town only, I would desire no more." He had it; and cried again, "were I a prince, I would desire no more." He had it; and then sighed, "were I but a king, I would desire no more." He had it; and then cried, "were I but an emperor, I would desire no more." He had it; and then exclaimed, "were I but emperor of the whole world, I would then desire no more." He had it; and then he sat down with Alexander, and wept that there were no more worlds for him to possess. Now did any man come to enjoy what he is said to desire, it would be but a very mean portion compared with God. We may truly say of all the honours, riches, greatness, grandeur, and glory of this world, compared with God, as Gideon sometime said of the vintage of Abiezer, "Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?" So the very gleanings, yea, the smallest gatherings of God, are far better, and more excellent and transcendent, more satisfying, more delighting, more quieting, and more contenting, than all earthly portions are, or can be.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Billy Durrant.*

THE work of the early Methodist preachers in the benighted villages of England was as greatly needed as it was spiritually successful. The rustic beauty of the quiet hamlets formed too often a striking contrast to the degraded condition of the inhabitants. The ale-house and the card-table created idle habits, and fostered low passions; and the young men lived a life of drunkenness and brutality under the very shadow of the square church-tower, and within the sound of the pleasant church-bells. When this dense ignorance and ungodliness were broken in upon by earnest, if but half-educated, preachers, the effect was often very great. The preacher was like a red-hot bolt shot out of heaven. He dealt equally in the law and the gospel: he alternated the terrors of the Judgment-day with the allurements of the Cross; and villagers, whose depraved and animal life had never before been interrupted by any knowledge of the gospel, listened with amazement and conviction. It was preaching of this kind that led to the conversion of Billy Durrant, the story of whose life, in a lively and readable little book, lies before us. He was born in 1808, the son of a Norfolk labourer. His youth was spent in the abandoned style too common in those days. At the age of nineteen he left home and went to sea from the port of Lynn, in a stout brig called the *Lively Nelly*, where he spent fourteen months, and was five times swept overboard and narrowly escaped drowning. "The master and men of the *Lively Nelly*, though quiet and good tempered enough when sober, were very bad men when under the influence of strong drink; indeed, they were devils incarnate. At that time they were certainly, from the captain to the cabin-boy, the worst set of blasphemers," said Billy, "I ever heard, with one exception, namely, Denis Bowles, who was a member of the Wesleyan Society; and if I had been ruled by him I should have been a very different youth."

Leaving the sea, he returned to his native village, to follow agricultural pursuits, and live the life of a sot. The ale-house was his favourite place. For two years not a Saturday night passed that he was not in a state of intoxication. A drunkard, a Sabbath-breaker, a swearer, a dishonest man, a cheat, he spent his substance with other idle and dissolute fellows in riotous living. One Christmas-time, he was returning on his wagon, in a drunken state, from the White Horse, at Holme, when he fell from the shafts all along the wheel rut, and the wheels passed over him. He sustained fearful injuries, and for two months his sufferings were beyond description. But he took to reading the Bible, and that spring proved to be the time of his conversion. "About the middle of April, James Pole, a mighty man of God, came and took his stand under the trees off the Frogmarket Street, and began to warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. He certainly was such a preacher as I had never heard before." This was the style of the preaching; the young man supported by a

* A Memoir of Billy Durrant, Local Preacher, Bookseller, and Poet. By Richard S. Blair. London: Ralph Fenwick, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, and Bible Christian Book Room, Paternoster Row.

friend, and leaning on his stick the while, and listening :—" Your nature is so polluted and defiled by sin, there is no hope for you unless you come to Jesus. Sinner, delay no longer ; you may not have another day to live. If you die in your sins, with the rich man you will lift up your eyes in hell. What would you then give for an opportunity like this ? It will then be too late. Devils will shriek in your ears—too late ! Damned rebels will hiss in your ears—too late ! There will be no reprieve, no hope, not an offer of mercy, not a ray of light ; no, not so much as a drop of water will reach you there. Sinner, flee to Christ ! While your case may be bad, it is not hopeless yet. In the name of Jesus I offer you salvation, but this may be the last offer you may have ; before another sun may rise you may be locked in the arms of death."

Billy listened and trembled. He was struck with conviction, and not long after, at a love-feast, yielded his heart to God. He soon became a local preacher himself, and like others of his class went through many hardships in the prosecution of the work, spurred on by love to Christ and to the souls of men. " I helped," he says, " to mission Docking, now the head of a circuit. When we first went there a few of the ' baser sort ' discommoded us greatly ; but in God's name we hoisted our banner, and did not fear them, though at times they drowned our voices with the noise they made. At first we were much put to it for a place to preach in. I stood by the well, and proclaimed liberty to the captive, and offered salvation to lost sinners through Christ. Sometimes I went to the green, and told the people of Jesus and his love. We then got Mr. Cook's shoeing-shop, but it was not big enough ; but we were glad even of that as a makeshift. It was cold there in the winter-time, especially when the rain and snow came drifting in among the people ; but they stood it like bricks, and we had souls converted at nearly every meeting."

Not very luxurions were his preaching journeys on some occasions. Here is his own description of a journey to Heacham :—

" I shall never forget going to Heacham in the winter of 1837, in a snow-storm. It began to snow in the forenoon, and by twelve o'clock there were three or four inches of snow. My wife said, ' Stay at home, they will not expect you in such weather.' I said, ' I must go,' and go I did. When I got as far as Ringstead the wind began to blow in puffs, and kept increasing in strength till it quite roared and blew a mighty gale, so that the snow began to fill the road, and before I got to Heacham it was more than knee-deep. I went to the chapel and preached, and as the weather was worse rather than better I entreated the friends to let me go home. I got a cup of tea and started at once, and when I got to the Longdrove, at a quarter-past four, it was quite fall, as high as the hedges, so I had to get into the field, and the wind so blew the snow in my face that I had many times to turn round to get my breath. Sometimes I sank into the snow up to my knees and stuck fast, and at other times I stumbled and fell. Indeed, I thought I should certainly be lost in the snow. I got home to Thornham at a quarter-past nine. I had been nearly five hours going six miles. I was quite numb with cold ; my clothes seemed like a sheet of ice, and icicles hung from my hair and whiskers down as low as my breast."

The following good story illustrates the superstition which sometimes reigns in the minds of the "educated gentlemen" placed in the parishes of England. "In the year 1859, in November, Mrs. Durrant was confined of a son. Now, all our children were baptized by our own preachers but this one. The morning after its birth it showed signs of going to the glory world above. Mr. Blake was our circuit superintendent at the time, and we did not know where to find him. Neither did we know where to find our second preacher; and, as it was very evident the child would die, in the emergency we sent for the rector of the parish, as we would like to see our dear baby receive the rite of baptism in some form or other. I must say, to the rector's credit, he came immediately. He sent for me out of the garden, where I was digging potatoes, to witness the naming of the child. When he entered the house, he thanked God he had come in time to save the child; then he went through the ceremony of sprinkling and naming it. After he had done this he asked if he might go and speak to Mrs. Durrant. I said, 'Go and welcome, sir.' My wife afterwards said to me he read to her a very nice prayer, and talked to her very nicely. When he came downstairs his eye flew from one table to another, and then round the room; he seemed quite in a flurry. He said to me, 'What have you done with the water?' Not knowing the harm which in his estimation I had done, I said innocently enough, 'I threw the water out, and set the basin in the cupboard.' He said, 'Oh, dear me! what have you done? What have you done? What have you done?' I said, 'I did not think I was doing any harm by emptying the basin'; but he repeated, 'What have you done? What have you done? Come with me,' he said, 'and show me where you put the water.' I went out with him, and showed him a knoll of grass, and said, 'That is where I put the water, sir.' He went to the little hillock of grass, and fell to jumping and capering upon it round and round ten or a dozen times, stamping it down with his feet; and when he had done he turned to me and said, 'I do not think any great harm is done, as nothing can drink it up now.' I said, 'No, sir.' I felt quite amused with his proceedings. I should have told him that while he was upstairs, talking with my wife, I emptied the water into the hand-basin, and washed my hands in the consecrated water, but I did not think of it at the time, but he knew it afterwards. If water after such consecration is holy, and purifies from sin, surely I can lift up holy hands. I think there is scarcely another man alive that has washed his hands in holy water; but tell me about the river of the water of life, which cleanses the heart, purifies the soul, and makes meet for heaven. Away with such popish stuff; it is a disgrace to learned gentlemen of the nineteenth century to believe such balderdash as that a little water out of our well, when the priest consecrates it, is cleansing. Oh, what popish blarney! The Lord sweep such superstitious nonsense out of the world!"

Very good, Master Billy! but if the rector was up to the neck in superstition, you yourself were knee-deep. Why all this fuss and flurry to have the dying baby christened? Your misplacement of one of Christ's ordinances will make the child no safer than the Lord's own redeeming love has made it, bless his name!

Billy found in church rectories specimens of narrowness and bigotry as well as instances of superstition.

“I had occasion,” he says, “to go and see the rector of — about writing me a letter to the Lynn post-office. While he was sealing it he said to me, ‘You are just the man I wanted to speak to about two or three things. What do you call yourself?’ I replied, ‘A book-seller.’ He said, ‘I do not mean that, I mean in a religious point of view.’ I answered, ‘A Primitive Methodist.’ He asked, ‘Where were you christened?’ I said, ‘In Thornham church, sir.’ ‘Tell me,’ he said, ‘who christened you?’ ‘The Rev. Charles Hare.’ He remarked, ‘Then you are a Churchman and not a Dissenter.’ I said, ‘But I am a Primitive Methodist.’ ‘No, you are a Churchman to all intents and purposes, though you will not own it,’ he replied; ‘and I shall put you down as a Churchman in my report.’ I said, ‘You can put me down what you like, but it will not make me a Churchman, for I am a Primitive Methodist, and one I mean to remain.’ When he found he could not gain me over to his point, he said, ‘There is another thing I want to speak to you about, and that is, you have preaching in your cottage, which is decidedly wrong in so small a parish, and more especially so as you preach at the same time as I have service in the church, which is diametrically wrong.’ I said, ‘Sir, I do not make the plan, and therefore I have no control over it, and I do not see that it makes any difference to your congregation.’ He said, ‘I am the true Vicar of God, and ordained by the Bishop, and I have charge of the souls of all the people in this parish; therefore no one else has any right to preach in this parish but me.’ I said, ‘We think otherwise, sir, but I will make an agreement with you: if you will get all the people in this parish to come to your church, I will shut my door.’ He said, ‘I cannot do that.’ I said, ‘Then I cannot shut my door against the servants of Christ.’ His reverence then asked, ‘Where were your children christened?’ I said, ‘In the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund’s, by Primitive Methodist ministers.’ He said, ‘They are not authorized to baptize children. It is a question with me if they were to die, as to whether they would go right.’ I said, ‘Sir, do you mean to tell me that if my two children were to die they would go to hell because they were not christened by a Church of England minister?’ He said, ‘I did not say that.’ I told him he might as well have said it as say what he did. He still contended that ‘the ministers of the Church of England were the only ministers who had the right to baptize children, as they were the only ministers that were of the apostolic succession.’ I told him that neither he nor any other minister could trace an unbroken line from the Apostles to the present Bishops of the Church of England. He said, ‘If the line cannot be traced, nevertheless the line exists.’ I said, ‘Sir, the line you speak of has been broken into fractions again and again. If you want to claim apostolic succession you must trace it back through the Church of Rome, for there is where your church sprang from.’ ‘Oh, dear no!’ he said. ‘Well, sir,’ I asked, ‘Who were the first ministers of the Reformed Church of England but the Roman Catholic priests that came out of the Church of Rome because of her abominations, her vile and superstitious practices; also because of the licentiousness of the priesthood of that apostate church?’ He finished by saying, ‘Well, I did not think you were so well-informed. As for Mrs. Durrant, I went to talk to her on these subjects, but where I said one word she

said twenty. I could do nothing with her; I thought you would be more reasonable, but I find you are as hard to move as she was.' I said, 'Sir, I claim the right of opinion as well as any other Englishman,' and so we parted."

When Billy was about sixty years of age he paid his first visit to London. His son took him to "Mr. Spurgeon's Chapel." "He led me up into the gallery, quite in front of the pulpit. I could see Mr. Spurgeon," he says, "but could not hear one word distinctly." The old man had grown very deaf. "My son told me there were seven thousand people present. I could compare the people to nothing but a wall of faces, tier above tier, right up to the top of the chapel. It was I think the most wonderful sight I ever saw in a chapel. Mr. Spurgeon seemed to be a very useful man."

In his old age, for he lived to be nearly seventy-four, he settled in London. He was a bright old Christian, and his fund of humour, and racy stories of early mission-work in Norfolk, used to hold his aged fellow-Christians spell-bound for hours. He was very deaf, and could not catch the number of the hymns given out in chapel; and so, "whatever the people are singing," said he, "whether long, common, short, or peculiar metre, I always sing common metre to

'My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.'

The gospel which can change the dissolute village-pest into such a brave Christian and ripe saint, enriching his manhood with usefulness, and gilding his age with hope, is a glorious possession, and the Methodists of all sorts have done much to diffuse the knowledge of this gospel in the rural districts of England. D.

Concealed Danger.

"THE *Dougal*, an old line of battle ship, which has been lying in Portsmouth Harbour since her return from a cruise on the China station, in 1871, has been recently docked for the purpose of alterations, so as to fit her for taking the place of the *Vernon*, torpedo and depot ship. During an examination of her interior, one of the workmen came across a live shell in a disused corner of the ship. The projectile must have lain where it was found for over fourteen years."

This was a startling discovery; but had no examination of the interior been required, the missile would not even now have been found. How forcibly the story illustrates the need we have for careful and frequent search into our own hearts! Possibly the projectile had been placed in the "disused corner of the ship" by an enemy; or, on the other hand, it may have been concealed ready to hurl at the foe. Anyhow, it was a dangerous thing to have stowed away, for at any moment it might have exploded, and destroyed the vessel. Self-examination is ever beneficial, and often leads to the startling discovery of some most dangerous evil that lay long concealed in the disused corners of the heart. That we may be fitted to take our right place in God's service, and go forth to our work with his approval, let a thorough examination be made, and let all evil be removed.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Christmas in the Canal.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

HARDLY one of my readers stops to ask, "What canal?" Scotland has its lovely Caledonian; England its many waterways, more useful than ornamental; Holland its network of canals; and America its long silver threads, connecting its inland seas; but the Suez Canal belongs to all the world, and is, therefore, *par excellence*, THE CANAL. The flags of all nations float above its narrow waters, which, for more than ninety miles, pierce the desert, and form the connecting-link between the eastern and western, and, in some senses, between the northern and southern hemispheres. Notwithstanding many defects, from one of which we have ourselves had to suffer, this canal remains the most complete triumph of engineering skill, and will do so until, perhaps, the Panama wrests the palm. It was the lot of those who sailed in the ss. *Liguria* from Plymouth, on Dec. 12, 1884, to find their good ship at the northern entrance of the canal on the twenty-third morning of the same month.

From Gibraltar to Naples the Mediterranean had been as blue as the unclouded sky above it, and almost as calm as if no storm had ruffled it since the Euroclydon of apostolic date. But, between Spartivento and Damietta, there were gusts and squalls sufficient to remind us that, in winter-time, the great inland sea is not always smiling, for soon its blue surface was transformed into green waving fields, across which the white sea-horses galloped in mad chase. It was, therefore, not a little to the comfort of some delicately-constructed interiors that the *Liguria's* bows ploughed the placid waters of the canal. To such the Port Said lighthouse was an angel of light, beckoning to peace and rest, and the dirty town itself a very paradise in comparison with the purgatory of the tossed and tumbled sea. Of course, everybody was for the shore directly the morning meal had been negotiated.

The process of coaling an ocean-going steamer is one of those things which people would rather not endure. It is as objectionable as it is essential. The barges were alongside as soon as the ship was safely moored, and almost immediately up and down the sloping planks proceeded the endless chain of "coalies," black as night, carrying six or seven hundred tons of coal on board in baskets in a few hours. Meanwhile, we were pleasuring, as far as it was possible, ashore, glad at any rate to miss the black dust which, in spite of all precautions, penetrates every crack and cranny. Only a few days previously we had meandered about the crowded streets of Naples, and visited its palaces, churches, and museums. There we were strangers, and did not look long for any one to take us in; English sheep they reckoned us, and straightway did their uttermost to fleece us. At Port Said we looked in vain for palaces, and pictures, and curios; but the takers-in and fleecers were there in shoals. We would gladly have looked again on regal splendours, Michael Angelo's sculptures, and Pompeian relics, and just as gladly have dispensed with the perpetual merchants and mendicants; but we were doomed to miss the marvellous, and to be badgered by beggars. They quarrelled as to whose boat we should be rowed ashore in, and what the fare should be.

Once landed, another gang besieged us, trying to palm off old dates on us as new, sealing-wax as Red Sea coral, Brummagem ware as Oriental manufacture, and Italian olive as wood from Jerusalem. All their attempts to force pipes and cigarettes on us ended in smoke, we cared not a fig for the fruiterers, and were compelled to turn our backs on the applicants for "Backsheesh," for their name was "Legion." If we sat down in La Place de la Fontaine, we were immediately accosted by vendors of all sorts, and by shoeblack boys, who were quite prepared to cause our boots to shine after the most approved London style. Seated or promenading, we were the butts of every mercantile and mendicant shaft, the only wonder being that we ran the gauntlet so successfully with so many blood-suckers thirsting on every side.

In one dirty street (they were all alike in that particular) we came across an infant-school, with all the youngsters swaying to and fro as they muttered the sacred sentences from the Koran, apparently oblivious of the fact that any quantity of flies had pitched their tents in and about their half-blinded eyes. The old pedagogue himself smoked the inevitable cigarette, and flourished the equally essential cane (not a sugar-cane). It was very evident that he accepted his most responsible post in the spirit of entire resignation, and performed his duties in a very take-it-for-granted fashion. Thence we wandered to a Greek school, where a company of tidy girls were busy at fancy-work, the familiar click of a sewing-machine (presumably a silent one) resounding from a distant corner. Next door, a batch of boys pored over their books with wonderful diligence when the Dominie was looking, and, much like British boys, exercised themselves in artistic practices, by drawing on desks and walls, when the magisterial eyes were turned away. This was, however, a pleasing contrast to the native academy, which was remarkable specially for flies and filth.

In an old, ramshackle mosque, we beheld a venerable Mahomedan reverently bowing and scraping before an invisible presence, and soon after visited a substantial building, in course of erection, for the same religionists, proving all too plainly that the crescent has not yet yielded to the all-conquering Cross. We made unsuccessful enquiries for the English missionary who labours here, and could not but feel for him, located as he is in so unpromising a field of service. The Living Spirit can turn the wilderness into a garden, and make the desert blossom as the rose. May this be his encouragement, and the help of all such lone labourers in every quarter of the globe!

Port Said is entirely the outgrowth of the great work of M. de Lesseps. Its mixed population lives on the traffic of the canal, coaling the vessels outward and homeward-bound, and fleecing the visitors who wander on land for a few hours. The town is so hot, sandy, and filthy that it can be interesting to Christians simply as its streets afford slight pictures of Eastern life and customs. There the maidens carry their pitchers from the well as Rebekah did, and the married women veil their faces with a hideous black covering below the eyes. There the bottles are of skin, and the robes loose and flowing. One would almost fancy that Bass's ale was the one thing for which Englishmen lived, for at every turn we were pestered to turn in and taste it. Even pointing to our Blue Ribbons did not rid us of the

plague, for the persistent parties immediately turned their tune to "Leemonade! leemonade!" I could wish that all our passengers had contented themselves with "leemonade." As it was, many of them staggered on board half-seas-over. I was pleased to find that those who brought bottles of spirits with them to the ship were relieved of their burden as soon as they arrived on deck. The rule of the company is, very properly, against these private importations of strong drink. In these cases the drink was of the vilest and fieriest sort—"chain lightning," I think they called it, and it was a wise precaution that stationed a lightning-conductor at the top of the gangway, in the shape of an official, who conveyed the dangerous fluid into the canal. Would God the contents of every brandy-bottle were mixed with the same proportion of water!

It was no small comfort to be on board our floating residence again, and under weigh by two o'clock. Then began the squirting, and splashing, and "squeezegeeing," which alone could rid our awnings, and seats, and decks of the grime and grit which came originally from some Welsh coal-pit. Smoothly we glided down the strange track through the desert, until night prevented further progress. And what a night it was—clear, and cold, and crisp, with the brightest of stars, and the most silvery of moons above us, and the stillest of waters round us! Yet to some sleep was impossible, and for a strange reason. They who, at first, could get no rest because of the many noises, and the incessant thud of the machinery, now slept not because the screw had stopped, and silence reigned supreme. Such is the force of use and habitude.

Soon after daybreak we were again moving on, hoping to make good progress toward the port of Suez. But, by breakfast-time we were warped to the bank once more, to wait, as it afterwards appeared, till almost the same time next morning. Hour after hour we had to gaze at the sandy banks beside us, at vessels in a similar predicament before and behind us, or (as a great variety) at the Arab fishing-craft which ventured alongside, or the puffing launches, which pressed on where our bulk forbade us. We were thus delayed because a steamer had run athwart the canal at an awkward curve lower down, and effectually blocked the way. Probably more than a couple of dozen steamers, many of them flying, as we did, the Royal Mail flag, were hindered by the misadventure of a much smaller and less-important vessel. So do the backslidings and misbehaviour of the meanest members often retard the progress of nobler spirits, and throw the whole church out of working order from Port Said to Suez. Slow coaches in the road, loungers on the side-walk, and whatever may be the plural of a "stick-in-the-mud" in a canal, are abominable nuisances to all whose motto is "Drive on," "Now then, do it," or "Full steam ahead." Some of our passengers, during the monotonous 24th, made an excursion ashore. Several of them were Scotch folk, and doubtless Sandy felt at home on that sandy waste (as he does everywhere). Others of them were Irish, their own green isle seeming, I expect, the more emerald to their mind's eye contrasted with the wilderness. Britishers, of course, rejoiced to set their feet on another nation's shore, for "'tis their nature too."

Meanwhile, great preparations were being made on the quarter-deck for evening festivities of no mean order. All the flags in the locker were

pressed into the service for decorative purposes, together with such green boughs and shrubs as the desert afforded. The ball-room was curtained all round with canvas, brilliantly illuminated with lamps, and festooned with flags. The *Liguria* banner beautified one end of the *salon*, while on either side of it were the flags of the Pacific and Orient Steam Navigation Companies. P. S. N. C. has been interpreted by the officials to mean "Passengers Should Never Complain," but there are some of us to whom it plainly spells "Poor Sinners Need Christ." However correct the first translation may or may not be, the second rendering remains on sea or land unalterably true. How great the mercy which supplies exactly what poor sinners need by Jesus, and then with him also freely gives us all things!

The dance commenced at 8 p.m.,—but not for us! Very kindly, the captain had enquired if we objected to the passengers thus enjoying themselves. "No, indeed," was our answer: "why should we?" They were wearied with the monotony of the day, and grieving over absence from loved ones: let them dance their cares away by all means, and in their "close-bosomed whirlings" forget their sorrows. Who could deny them their only comfort? For ourselves, however, the giddy mazes of the dance had no attraction. How strange our taste! We actually preferred to retire to our cabin (four of us), and spend an hour reading "The Treasury of David," and praying for our kith and kin, as we are wont to do every evening. Verily, there is no accounting for taste! Give me an exercise of faith and prayer, rather than the exertion of tripping it on the light fantastic toe; and the refreshment of communion with one another, and with God, before the sweets and beverages of the refreshment stall. *Ballets* and *buffets* may please the worldling; devotion and communion delight the Christian. The 81st Psalm seemed particularly appropriate to the occasion, especially the trenchant remarks of the commentator respecting Christmas and other man-appointed feasts. We were, however, a good deal interrupted by the noise o'er-head; and having spent our profitable hour, we turned judiciously from grave to gay, and enjoyed the next in merriment and laughter, as tale succeeded tale, and fun and frolic whiled the time away; for Christians can have their pleasure as well as others, only, thank God, it is after a godly sort, and does not leave a headache for next morning. The gaieties above closed at the reasonable hour of 11.30, and then began another calm, cold night. So ended Christmas-eve.

The first word I remember in the morning was from one steward requesting another to ask the chief cook for the key of the ice-chest. By this time the genial sun had peeped over the sandy banks, and mirrored the stately ship in the tranquil water. But to *hear* of ice helped to make it feel like an English Christmas, and this was about all the aid we had! So lovely a morning I have seldom seen. Even Australia and New Zealand could scarcely rival it.

Reaching deck, one of my companions informed me that a mail had arrived for me, and a minute after I was in possession of a packet which had been entrusted to my cabin-mate by loved ones in England. Christmas cards and greetings were never so precious as on this occasion. Yet no proof was needed that I was not forgotten, for not one of all my kindred would fail to lift a prayer to God for the best

welfare of myself and those with whom I sail. Breakfast was unusually glorious, with fowls, and ducks, and turkeys dressed in Christmas suits of various styles of garnishing ; and greetings came from almost every passenger, while happy children romped above us with the presents "Santa Claus" had placed in their hung-up stockings. Ere this it had occurred to me to have a chat with readers of "The Sword and the Trowel," so I spent my Christmas-day sitting in the sun, till it got too warm, and then taking the shady side of the ship, and chatting with my absent friends. Past Ismailia, and through the Bitter Lakes, we gently glided, the Anglican party on board celebrating the "festive season" with a service in the saloon, and the Nonconformists as grateful as they for the man Christ Jesus, though not celebrating his supposed birthday with intonations and other human inventions.

Who could help wondering all day long what the dear ones in England were "up to" ? Off flew one set of thoughts towards Albion's white cliffs, and "Westwood," and the Stockwell Orphanage ; while another took a still longer flight across the southern seas, and visited the Auckland Christmas picnic, and wished our fellow-workers joy. Christmas to me is much the same as other times, and had I had a chance of "holding forth" during the morning service, the first portion of my sermon would have shown how improbable it is that Jesus was born on Dec. 25 ; the middle would have pointed out, even if so, how inappropriately the event is celebrated ; yet I could hardly have concluded without urging a constant recognition of the glad fact that the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and a never-ceasing gratitude for all the blessings which flow from the Incarnation. And now the sun dips down, and leaves us nearing Suez. Our uneventful, yet novel, Christmas-day is virtually closed. In the hollow of HIS hand we rest. His own dear Son our only Saviour, ourselves his people, himself our Shepherd King.

So near to where the scenes we love to think and talk of were enacted, hard by Jerusalem, and the Red Sea, and the land of bondage, we join again to pray for the coming of our Saviour's kingdom, and the welfare of his universal church. His birth, his life, his death, his resurrection, seem all the more real to us within the latitudes in which he journeyed, and we are "at home" in Egypt, as in England, when he draws nigh to make our Christmas truly happy.

Happier still will our fellowship and intercourse be when canals and steamers are things of the past, as also the separations that they cause ; when, indeed, there shall be—

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.

An unreasonable Complaint.

UNGODLY men sometimes complain of Christians for appearing miserable when they have themselves made them so. Pharaoh exacted a full tale of bricks from the children of Israel, took away the straw with which the bricks were to be made, and then, when they did not come up to his cruel standard, he cried out, "Ye are idle, ye are idle." Ungodly men imitate Pharaoh to the life. Let us look at some of them in family life. They demand more of Christians than they ought to expect from human beings; and when, after cruel experiences, their victims have not come up to the highest possible mark, they accuse them of shortcomings. Watching them to find out their weaknesses, wounding them with malicious skill, twisting their words, twitting them with trifles unworthy of notice, and in general treating them like dogs, they make them feel sad, and then they turn round upon them, and call them melancholy creatures. When King John pulled out the Jews' teeth, did he afterwards punish them for having sore gums?

When a profligate young man complains that his godly mother is so cast down; has he any right to find fault? When he is the main cause of her sorrow, can he upbraid her? When a husband ridicules his wife for following the ways of God; ought he to blame her for being pensive? When a child has hard usage from a father because it is thoughtful and serious; should the father turn round, and call the child moody and sulky? Yet so it is in thousands of cases, and we invite our reader to consider whether it may not be so in his own, if he is ready to complain of the gloom of his Christian relatives.

Well may saints sorrow when they see how sinners transgress! If our worldly friends would have us merry, let them be holy. Nothing would give us more delight than their repentance. No music and dancing has such true merriment in it as that which is made over returning prodigals. If we could see all our relatives going to heaven, we should ourselves enjoy a heaven here below. Till that is the case, they must not blame us if our hearts are heavy with the foresight of the ruin which awaits them: as we love them, we must lament for them, knowing that their day is coming.

About three hundred years after the time of the apostles, Caius Marius Victorius, an old pagan, was converted from his impiety, and brought over to the Christian faith; and when the people of God heard this, there was a wonderful rejoicing, and shouting, and leaping for gladness, and psalms were sung in every church, while the people joyously said one to another, "Caius Marius Victorius is become a Christian! Caius Marius Victorius is become a Christian!" Dear reader, it may be that you are an old offender. What joy would be made among the best of people by your conversion! Some of your dearest friends would be ready to dance with delight; and hundreds, who know what a hardened rebel you have been, would sing and shout for joy of heart, "*Old — has become a Christian!*" Oh, that you might be led to cause this happiness on earth; and there is this at the back of it,—the holy mirth would reach to the highest heaven!

The New Theology.

ATTITUDE OF THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION.

Read before the Wisconsin Baptist Ministerial Union by Rev. D. READ, LL.D., and published by their unanimous request.

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WHEN Eugenio Kincaid went to the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, he carried his wardrobe and his library in a big bandanna handkerchief. He told some students whom he met that he had come to study theology. They asked him what books he had brought to study theology in, and he answered, "The Bible." An unsophisticated country lad, he thought the Bible the great text-book of theology, because it, and it alone, was inspired of God, and "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." And to this day I think it is safe to say that Kincaid's view of studying theology is the one held by the majority of our ministers and church members. While we have now a large number of theological graduates in our ministry, the majority of our ministers are not graduates, and the minority, who have been through the courses taught in our theological seminaries, by reason of the early habits of their minds and the practice of their teachers, still regard the Bible as the only standard of theology, and its language as the best expression of theological dogmas.

Most of our ministers and intelligent members have probably read the theological standards of the world's great teachers, but in their preaching and discussions it is very seldom that any of these works or of the famous symbols of faith are referred to as possessing the slightest authority. No question of faith or practice among us could be settled without a "thus saith the Lord"; nobody ever thinks of attempting to settle such questions by anything else than a "thus saith the Lord."

There is, in our denomination, no established human "Confession of Faith"; from the very nature of the case there can be none. Each one of all our churches is independent, and hence there is no recognized person or body to establish or enforce a creed. The only bond of fellowship which unites our churches and constitutes us a denomination, is our common understanding of the Bible, resulting from personal study, and a common personal experience of the grace and love of God in our hearts. Our union is not organic, but vital—not so much the result of law, or authority, human or divine, as of the working within us of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Realizing thus our fellowship and equality one with another, through our common relationship to Christ, our Head, we cannot consent to accept our system of faith or rule of practice from any other source than Christ himself. Our so-called "Articles of Faith" are only the briefest summaries of what we regard as the teachings of the Bible on the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; and in a majority of cases a subscription to these articles is not required of persons seeking admission to our churches.

That which is chiefly insisted on as a condition of membership is the

evidence of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and the acceptance of those radical doctrines of Christianity which are symbolized by the two ordinances of Christ, viz., baptism and the Lord's Supper, and a spirit of obedience to the authority of Jesus Christ.

As a matter of fact we have in the ordinances of the gospel an epitome of the essential doctrines of the Bible, viz., the inspiration and supreme authority of the Scriptures, on whose teaching alone these ordinances are accepted and obeyed; the divine authority of Jesus Christ; the fact of the Trinity; the death of Christ for our sins; the confession of depravity and sin; and the work of the Holy Spirit, by which the sinner dies and is made alive with Christ; the fact of Christ's resurrection, and consequently of the resurrection of all mankind; and finally, the fact of Christ's second coming to judge the world in righteousness, for in the Lord's Supper we show forth the Lord's death till he come. By this word, "till he come," eternity is linked with time, and the authority of Christ as the Supreme Ruler is seen to span all the intervening ages.

With these great fundamental truths wrought into the heart by the Holy Spirit, and put upon him in baptism, and constantly held up before him by the Lord's Supper, a Baptist is safely anchored, and is in little danger of being drifted away by the adverse currents, or driven about by every wind of doctrine.

The foregoing statements suggest the reason of the fact that there is to-day, and always has been in our denomination, greater unanimity of faith and practice, and a warmer fellowship, than in any other large body of Christian people, while at the same time there is greater freedom of faith and independence of doctrine. We are made and kept a denomination by the Bible. Not by councils, nor assemblies, nor conferences, nor seminaries, nor by great men, but by the Bible do we exist and flourish. By the truth of the Bible, and the living Christ of the Bible, have we kept together through ages of persecution. By the Bible, and the living presence of the Christ of the Bible, are we winning the marvellous triumphs of our missions—triumphs not exceeded by those of the apostles and early churches.

Why, then, should we desire any new theology? Or why should we desire any reconstruction of the old theology?

It has been found in the past that the Bible terms which relate to the facts of natural science are in the language of appearances, and are consequently adjustable to all new discoveries; hence no advancement that can ever be made will require any change or hesitation in the use of Bible terms relating to natural phenomena.

The Bible expressions of religious truth, many of them, contain an infinite depth of meaning, which, upon prayerful study, will yield a fuller and more satisfying sense; as the ocean yields up more of its secrets and its treasures, as our sounding apparatus becomes more perfect. If new light shall break forth from the Word, we shall be ready and glad to receive it and walk in it. But the danger is that many will mistake the prismatic colours of their own hearts for the pure, white light of the sun.

All revealed truth is in the Word, as all light is in the sun. To this nothing can be added; from this nothing can be taken away; but we

may hope for ever-increasing means of making the power of the Word available for the purposes of life and salvation.

It is now conceded that the great forces which produce storms, cyclones, and convulsions on our globe are stored up in the sun, and flow down upon us through space.

So, also, it is beginning to be recognized as a fact, that the great moral forces which convulse the nations and effect reforms, and lift the people up to a higher plane of civilization, are stored up in the Bible, and stream down from the heights of Zion. The abolition of serfdom, of slavery, of tyranny, of woman's subjection, of the union of Church and State, and largely of the horrors of war,—these great results have been wrought by the Bible; not by gaining any new light from it, but by bringing the old errors and abuses and crimes up into the old light of the eternal Word.

By our principles we stand with the council held at Jerusalem in the first century, free from all Jewish ceremonial laws, from priestcraft, from bondage to the letter, from the world and from sin; free because made free by Christ. Holding as we do, and as we always have done, that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and that the churches are to be spiritual bodies, made up of converted members, and that religion is the soul's voluntary love and service to Christ, and that each church is independent, and to be governed only by the Scriptures as interpreted and applied by themselves—our denomination possesses a polity which adapts it to all nations and all times, and to the ever-advancing spirit of liberty which characterizes our age, and which we believe must finally dominate the world, in the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. In view of these principles as they have been illustrated in the history of our denomination, we cannot conceive of any changes or revolutions in society, or among the nations, which shall require any change in our doctrines, or polity, or spirit. Our doctrines are universal, our polity is universal, our spirit is universal, our aim is universal, our life is universal, and therefore our triumph will be universal. Our principles, our polity, our mission, our success are all contained in our charter as epitomized by our risen Lord himself, when he said, "Go, make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." So long as we remain true to our mission, Christ will be true to his promise, and while he is with us we cannot fail.

In accordance with the foregoing statements we are constrained to say that the attitude of our denomination towards the new theology may be summed up in these propositions: 1st. That *it is unnecessary*. We need not gild fine gold, nor perfume the rose. The Bible, as God gave it, is perfectly adapted to all purposes for which it was designed. The atonement which Christ offered is complete. "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." "His blood cleanseth from all sin." Justification in Jesus is full and free; so that there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. There is no need of a future probation. First, because the provisions of this present one are ample; there is light enough for all who are

willing to walk in it; and second, there is no reason to believe that those who fail of salvation in this world would secure it in another if they had the opportunity. It is said that Sir Charles Bell offered a reward of a thousand pounds to any one who would suggest any obvious improvement in the structure of the human arm, and no one ever wanted to claim the reward. So, if we should offer a reward to any one who would suggest any obvious improvement to the doctrines of the Bible, we should have no fear of being compelled to pay the reward.

In such a case we should require that the judges should be themselves spiritual persons, who had had an experimental knowledge of these doctrines, and had been enlightened by the Holy Spirit. To the natural man these spiritual truths are foolishness; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned, but he that is spiritual judgeth all things.

I apprehend that those who feel the need of a new theology, or of a restatement of the old, cherish the hope that by these means the Christian scheme may be made acceptable and pleasing to men. But in this they will be disappointed. The carnal mind is at enmity against God. To the natural man the gospel is foolishness. To the Jews the cross is a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. Christ's preaching was not acceptable to men, but gave great offence, as also did that of the despised apostles. And from the very nature of the gospel, it must always be offensive to the ungodly and unconverted masses. The offence of the cross will never cease. The late Dr. Francis Wayland said (see "Principles and Practices of Baptist Churches," p. 47): "An audience is always composed of the friends and enemies of God. If a minister deliver his message in such a way as to please both parties, he must talk of glittering generalities that mean nothing, or the trumpet must give an uncertain sound, so that no one can prepare himself for the battle." He continues: "But it will be said, 'Are we to drive away all but the children of God?' I reply, Is there no Holy Ghost? There is never an empty house when the Spirit of God is present. You could not keep men away from a church where souls were asking what they should do to be saved, and where converts were uttering the new-born praises of the King of Zion.

Manifestly, therefore, the cross of Christ and the Holy Spirit are the best, and indeed, the only reliance of Baptist churches. Having these, we have no need nor wish for a new theology.

2. The new theology is *unfounded—unproven*. Confident assertions, human authority, learned phrases, the arrogant assumptions of science, and the self-assertions of the spirit of the age, do not constitute proof. We do not under-estimate scholarship, nor science, nor philosophy, but we do say with entire confidence that all these, apart from a truly spiritual condition of the heart, are altogether inadequate to a correct interpretation of the Scriptures.

An eye, which by its very nature and construction is colour-blind, can never by any expedient of training become a good judge of the beauties of nature and of art. So the carnal mind can never judge correctly of spiritual truth. Other denominations have generally had

more learning and a higher grade of scholarship than our own, but we have had a better and fuller conception of revealed truth than they.

In an age of great learning, no one of the dominant English church had such a deep spiritual insight of the Bible as John Bunyan. And the same may be said of the Baptist churches of that day. To-day we behold the marvellous spectacle of the most learned divines of all the great Pædobaptist bodies bearing testimony to the fact that the Baptists have always been right in their understanding of the New Testament teachings concerning baptism, and the nature of the church as made up of converted members, and the simplicity of its construction. They say, as the late Dean Stanley did, that while we are Biblical they themselves have wisely discarded and changed some of these things. Even Roman Catholics* declare that we are more in harmony with the Bible than themselves or any other denomination.

In the early ages, our churches and ministers, accepting the Bible as God's plain revelation to plain people, planted themselves on the most obvious meaning of the text, as they saw that meaning in the light of the Holy Spirit, and of a new heart, loving the truth and desiring to obey it; and behold now, with all the light of modern scholarship, other denominations are coming to our positions, and conforming to our practices!

We have only to stand still with Christ, and all the churches of Christendom will come nearer to us as they come nearer to Christ, who is both theirs and ours.

We should, therefore, advise our young ministers to spend more time in gaining a thorough knowledge of the old Bible, which is proved, and has stood the test of ages, and less in studying the vagaries of the new theology. If at last any new truth should be established, fully proven, it will then be time to accept it. Meanwhile, it is our manifest duty to strive earnestly to save the lost, by the preaching of the cross, which has been demonstrated to be the power of God unto salvation.

3. The new theology is *unfruitful*, and, therefore, only cumpers the ground. The logic of its principles and its history show that it tends to relax and paralyze evangelical and missionary enterprises. Consider: If I cannot be sure that what is written in the Bible is from God, why should I make any sacrifice to obey it? If those who fail of gaining eternal life in this world are to have another opportunity in the world to come, why should Judson languish for years in chains amid the horrors of Oung Pen La? And why did Mrs. Comstock give up her children that she might be more free to do Christian work among the heathen? And why should any missionary, or any church, make sacrifices to send the gospel to the heathen in this world?

If sin be more the misfortune of the race than the guilt of the individual, and if there is such a solidarity of the race that Christ's divine life has been shot through the race, and so charged it with the redemptive forces that its elevation and salvation are secured by a process of its own evolution, why the need of personal sacrifice and of direct evangelical effort?

It has been often urged, as an inconsistency of orthodox Christians, that their efforts to spread the gospel, and secure the salvation of

* See "Doctrinal Catechism," by Rev. S. Keenan, New York, 1851.

sinner, are by no means commensurate with the stress and awful urgency of the case, if they believe those who die in sin are doomed to an eternal hell. While we confess the inconsistency, we reply that, according to the incontrovertible logic of those who make this charge, the doctrine of future eternal punishment is, of all others, best calculated to produce the intensest forms of missionary effort, and to call forth the greatest personal sacrifices. If hell is an eternal reality, and if all who die out of Christ are exposed to its terrors, then no labours can be too incessant, and no sacrifices too great to save them. The scourging and stonings of Paul, the imprisonment of Judson, the martyr-death of Ann H. Judson, and of George D. Boardman, and the joyful self-immolation of thousands of other missionaries, all are justifiable and glorious.

Yea, more; then even Gethsemane and Calvary are demanded and justified! The sinner's utter ruin, and God's infinite love in providing for the salvation of those who were lost, together constitute the highest and strongest motives for evangelical and missionary zeal. The facts of history confirm our logic. Universalists and Unitarians have never organized and sustained missions; nor have they ever grown by converts from the heathens abroad, or the vicious classes at home; but they have drawn their members chiefly from those persons whose consciences and fears have been aroused by orthodox preaching, and have sought some relief and hope by membership in bodies bearing Christian names, and having some forms of godliness. Heterodox societies are the parasites of the orthodox churches. And I think it will be found that, just in proportion as any evangelical minister verges towards the Universalists and Unitarians in adopting the new theology, in that proportion his zeal for revivals and missions will decrease. We predict that the new theology will never produce evangelists, missionaries, and martyrs.

But, on the other hand, the orthodox churches, holding the old theology, have been and are to-day foremost in their evangelical and missionary zeal. The great revivals in England and in America during the eighteenth century, which did so much to check the rising tide of infidelity and immorality, were, under God, the fruits of the old theology. Modern missions to the heathen were inaugurated by the English Baptists holding the old theology, and they have been adopted by all evangelical churches. The old theology is a very fruitful tree. It is a marvellous fact that the converts from heathendom, won by American Baptist missionaries, and members of churches now in their care, outnumber those now in the churches under the care of all other American Protestant denominations combined! With less than one-seventh of the number of missionaries, and one-sixth the annual expenditure of money, we nevertheless have more converts than all other denominations combined. With such marvellous manifestations of God's favour, and such manifest adaptation of our theology and our methods to the needs of men in all nations, it would be the height of folly, yea, a crime to adopt the new theology. It looks very much as if this new theology were but a modern Delilah, sent by the Philistines to Samson in the height of his power and the flush of his victory, to extort the secret of his strength by the blandishment of a feigned love, and so betray him to sin and death.

“Treasures of Darkness.”

“And I will give thee the treasures of darkness.”—Isaiah xlv. 3.

IN the language of Scripture, darkness is so invariably synonymous with sin and sorrow, and light so constantly symbolical of all that is good and glad, that such an expression as the above at once arrests attention, and invites closer consideration. Just as the seemingly rare and curious object will for that very reason be subjected to the naturalist's more careful scrutiny, so a phrase like this offers itself to the notice of every interested reader. It is not within our purpose to seek the special significance of the words as addressed to King Cyrus; but rather, detaching the expression from the connection in which it stands, to enquire whether the “darkness” which has surrounded the Christian church during the whole period of its history has not yielded some “treasures” of knowledge or experience which otherwise might have been neglected or forgotten.

It is, perhaps, well to bear in mind at the outset that, in the natural world, darkness is no consequence of sin. In that glorious beginning, when God looked upon all that he had made, and called it “good,” the world had its morning *and* its evening; the bright, glad day-time, *with* the sweet and solemn night. For did not he, the Great Creator, who himself rested on the seventh day, see that birds, flowers, and men could not go on unceasingly, but that some pause was needful? Would not the earth soon have grown a-weary, had it not been for the calm hushing-time, when God with solemn lullaby soothes his little ones to rest? Was not the hour wanted when quiet should fall on all created things? And is there not something akin to this in the great spiritual world? May there not be pauses even in heaven itself, when praise and service are for a while suspended, and the infinite mysteries of the Unsearchable God hush into silence the voices of the redeemed? Heaven's eventide of rest, if it may so be termed, is found in the unuttered adoration which expresses the consciousness that there are wonders of the Godhead which cannot be revealed. Saints and angels alike love to gaze into these mysteries; but, after all, the knowledge that the depths into which they search are indeed unfathomable, forms the “treasure” they so fondly prize. But as this darkness is rather to be thought upon than described in poor, weak words, and should perhaps more properly be called excessive light, let us leave it, and turn to that actual gloom which is verily of evil, looking even there for “treasures” worth our keeping.

In looking back upon the history of *sin* since the time when Adam and Eve, by eclipsing with their own hands the light of God's favour, brought death upon the race, we see how he, in his infinite mercy, made use of the darkness, and even caused it to contribute to the glory of his name. Having fertilized the barren soil of lost humanity with the life-blood of his Son, and dropped into it the living seeds of love and mercy, peace and pardon, he has caused to spring from dark places of iniquity revelations of himself such as angels had not dreamed of. Though sin has been “exceeding sinful,” and the wanderer has strayed to the very brink of hell, there is a treasure of darkness even

there ; for "he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." The rays of the Sun of Righteousness can pierce the deepest gloom, and cause it all to disappear.

To some souls the hour of *conflict* has been exceedingly troublous. Long labouring under a conviction of sin, battle after battle has raged within them, and despair has triumphed while hope has been vanquished. But the end of the long campaign has come at last, and an almost unlooked-for victory has been crowned with the promotion which is always theirs who have stood in the thickest of the fight. The leaders in God's spiritual Israel have at such times acquired a steadfastness and strength of trust unknown to those who have known nothing of the fray. Experience is a casket filled with "treasures of darkness."

But what of the still darker hours, when, after walking in the light for many days, the hitherto glad, trusting Christian has suddenly encountered the wild storm of *temptation*, when a blackness of darkness that might be felt has gathered round and blasted every joy, when, longing and sighing for quietude and rest, the poor soul has been hurried from one fear to another until it has been well-nigh overwhelmed? Can such a gloom as this yet yield its treasures? It is hard, indeed, to find them; but we may depend upon it that even here there are the "hidden riches of secret places," which, if not discovered now, shall not be wanting in the great hereafter. Despondency and even despair have had to yield up secrets of divine power which have proved treasures of darkness.

The night of *bereavement* has discovered many a priceless gem, and the sky of sorrow has been studded with many stars. All those who have passed through it will know that this is so, and that Christian love and sympathy never shine so brightly as at such a time. Has it not often been, in individual life and in church life too, that the "going to the Father" of some dear one has been the dawning of a Pentecostal hour for those left behind?

But perhaps no darkness has yielded more "treasures" than that of *persecution*. As we read the annals of the church in martyr times we feel that there was a reality in Christian life then, and we are constrained to question, "What truth is there that we could die for now?" In those days, when the wild floods of cruelty swept fiercely on, they deposited many regal diamonds on the banks of time: their terrible energy washed out and washed up the precious jewels. At the story of brave words and patient suffering our hearts are touched and stirred; but who shall give the record of inward struggle and heart-anguish, when to men and women sorely tried there *would* come the questionings as to whether they were in the right path after all? Who shall tell the anguish of saints tortured terribly when the tempter whispered that God himself had forsaken them, and the suggestion too readily found an echo in their own hearts? Surely the blessings so lightly esteemed to-day would be more highly valued if the price they cost were called to mind! Would men play with the great doctrines of the Gospel if they remembered the means by which God has so often preserved them? Where are the patience and fidelity, the faith and the holy courage that flourished in the dark days of martyrdom? Where is the earnest searching of the Word, each man for himself, when, believing

himself to be answerable to God only, to him alone man went for a knowledge of his will? The full persuasion of each in his own mind must lie at the foundation of all true union, and the faith lazily borrowed from one's fellow, to save the trouble of a search, is likely when danger comes to prove no faith at all. As, then, the Bible has been most prized when most it has been attacked, so let it still be a cherished treasure now that the night of persecution has passed away.

There still remains for notice that darkest of all hours, that night of *divine vengeance*, when the Prince of Darkness put forth all his power to quench the Light of life. All know how utterly the enemy failed when contending with our Redeemer, but who can tell the awful depths into which HE went, who himself came forth from the black night our choicest Treasure, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely? What gifts he brought, what blessings new and costly, for a poor, lost world! Truly, out of the darkness of Gethsemane came many treasures to be prized through all eternity when the darkness shall be over, and we shall be glad for ever in the riches of his light.

W. D.

The Proof of Son-ship.

A FATHER, lying upon his death-bed, called to him three children whom he had kept about him, and told them that only one of them was his real son, and that the other two were only brought up by him. Therefore to his own son he gave all his goods; but which of those three was his son, he would not in any wise declare. When he was dead, every one pleaded his birth-right; and the matter being brought to trial, the judge, for the making (if possible) a true discovery, took this course:—He caused the corpse of the father to be set up against a tree, and commanded the three sons to take bows and arrows, to shoot at their father, to see who could come nearest to his heart. The first and second did shoot, and hit him; but the third was very much displeased with them both; and, through the natural affection of a child to a father, threw away his bow and arrows, and would not shoot at all. This being done, the judge gave this sentence, viz., That the two first that shot (at their supposed father's heart) were no sons; but that the third son that would not shoot at all, and that was very much displeased with those that did shoot, was the true son, and that he should have the goods. Oh, sirs, every bitter word, and every oath, and every heavy curse, and every superstitious custom, and every snare that is laid for the righteous, and every yoke that is laid upon the people of God, and every affront that by debauched persons is given to God, is an arrow shot at the heart of God. What true-bred sons, what ingenuous sons can see such arrows every hour in the day shot at the heart of God? What true-born sons can hear of such arrows that are shot a thousand times in a day at the heart of God; and not grieve and mourn, and not be afflicted, troubled, displeased, and astonished? It is horrible to see and hear of men, made in the image of God, turned into such incarnate devils, as thus to deal with God!—*Thomas Brooks.*

The Story of Jerry.

JERRY'S countenance was plainness to the fullest extent. "Never mind," said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the ladies. My face is my ægis." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception, inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of feature and physiognomy, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her. Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just been performed, the vehicle upset, threw out the bride, but, what was worst of all, broke a limb of the bridegroom. It was especially *mal-à-propos* to break a leg upon such an occasion, and Jerry had as much reason to pine at the accident as any one similarly situated could have; but he bore it with his usual good nature. "Ah," said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honeymoon, in answer to an expression of regret, endearment, and sympathy, which had escaped his young wife, "'tis all for the best, Susy. I desired a little indoor life. Besides, but for this accident, business would not have allowed me so much of your company. So, ha! ha! upon my word, I look upon it as far from one of the most unfortunate events of my life. I do indeed!"

Susan's first child was unfortunately born blind. "Not so very unfortunate, after all," said Jerry. "It might have been worse. Let us thank an omniscient Providence that the dear little fellow is not club-footed. Surgery may perhaps remedy his sight; and if it can't—why—why, after all, the faculty of seeing is so often abused, so often a curse to its possessor. It changed Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!"

Such is Jeremiah's philosophy; and for all trials, great or small, he makes it applicable. His wife broke a pitcher, a costly one. "Dear me! what a pity!" said she, provoked at her own carelessness. "Not a whit," responded Jerry. "I *never* liked that pitcher—such an awkward handle. I'll get another." His chimneys were contrary. There are few who can keep their patience in smoky rooms. Jeremiah, however, after fully ascertaining that with his house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol the virtues of the smoke; and it was not until after he had sold his bacon-making residence, and purchased an abode more conducive to comfort, that he would allow that smoke was *not* an indispensable necessary to civilized life.

His little blind boy withered and died, like a sunless rose, ere he could lisp "Father." Susan had been a second time a mother; but her love for her first-born burned brightest, for to the pure flame of maternal love was added interest for the darkness which covered her child like a continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the heart of his father. Sad indeed, then, was the ceremony with which the little sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all become blind alike—that all may see. They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of the sightless one no longer greeted their foot-fall; all seemed cheerless and desolate to Susan, and, sitting down, she hid her face in her hands and wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandonment, like that of his wife. He opened the Bible given to him

by his mother on her death-bed, and drawing his chair near to Susan, read aloud that beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children to be brought unto him, "*for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" When he had concluded he closed the book, and, clasping the hand of his wife affectionately within his own; "Susan," said he, and his voice sounded like gentle music in her ears, "let us not murmur. God is just—is merciful. If *he* had lived, it would only have been to grope through the world. *Now* he is in heaven, where, to all, all is light. Let us deserve to meet him there."

Only a few years afterwards, Jeremiah was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested in the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling in the pound. Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change his style of living altogether, and, with his wife and four children, take to "short commons," his spirits did not desert him. Said Jerry, "Never mind!"—two words which he never failed to throw at the teeth of every mishap he encountered. "Never mind! I like variety. I am tired of riding in a carriage; I once broke my leg in one. Walking is an exercise that I need very much. Come, come, this is not so bad an affair after all. It will test the value of my friends. Besides, now I *can* earn the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say I am glad this accident has happened; I can indeed!"—*From E. Paxton Hood's "World of Proverb and Parable."* A Volume full of wise and witty things.

Devonian Local Preachers.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN MEN.

AMONG our village-workers in Devonshire, our local preachers deserve special mention. They are the backbone of our churches; sturdy, faithful, and loyal to the cause of Christ; and constantly occupied, like their Master, in going about doing good, and preaching the gospel of the Kingdom. Many of our outlying stations could not be maintained without the assistance of these earnest helpers of the pastor. These brethren are indeed worthy of our sympathy and prayers. They are not deterred from their work either by the heat of summer, or the cold of winter. They read their marching-orders on the "plan," and a local preacher would not consider himself worthy of his title unless he kept all his appointments, no matter how great the distance or how bad the weather. The other day, a local brother said that he had been looking over his old "plans," and found that for ten years he had walked on the average ten miles, and preached two or three sermons every Sunday. What an amount of foot and mouth work is represented by these figures! "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!" Surely these words have a special application to the army of godly men who gladly leave their homes upon the Sabbath morning, after a hard week's work, to walk many a weary mile over moor and hill-side, to tell, out of a full heart, "the old, old story, of Jesus and his love." A neighbour of ours, a real good brother, who loves the Master, and delights in his service, had walked out on one occasion fifteen miles from his home, and had preached three

times. On his homeward journey, he sat down to rest a minute upon the fourth mile-stone, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, exclaimed, "Bless the dear Lord, *only* eleven miles left!"

At a meeting held recently in our region, the chairman related the following incident. He said, "My father was a strict Churchman, but was converted under the preaching of a Bible Christian local preacher. He had heard of these 'Methodys,' and when a popular local brother came into his neighbourhood, he went to hear him. The preacher in due time gave out his text, and soon waxed eloquent upon his subject. As he warmed to his work, the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead, but he mopped it up with his handkerchief, and then went on full-steam-ahead. At length, his preaching was with such demonstration and power, that he pulled off his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and dealt with 'thirdly and lastly' in splendid style. "Well," said the speaker, "my father was by this means convinced that the preacher possessed power to which he was a stranger; he was led to enquire what that power was; he discovered that it was the constraining love of Christ; and ere long he was himself filled with the same power. You see, my father had often seen preachers '*preaching by the day*,' but he had never seen one '*preaching by the job*' before."

Our locals, like their pastors, occasionally have very singular adventures. A brother, well known to the writer, was returning late one night from a preaching service; it was dark and dreary, and he was hurrying along as fast as he could towards his home, when suddenly, a man leaped down from the hedge, and clasped him in his arms. Our friend struggled to get free, being, of course, somewhat alarmed, and at length succeeded in releasing himself from the unexpected and unwelcome embrace of his unknown companion. During the struggle, the man, who was much the worse for the liquor he had been drinking, kept crying out, "Be you the parson? Be you the Baptist parson?" Our good brother replied, "No, I'm not; I'm John H——." "Oh!" exclaimed the bewildered worshipper of Bacchus, "I'm drunk, and my wife won't let me in till I've signed the pledge, so I'm looking for Mr. H——." Pastor H—— congratulates himself that he was busy in another direction that night. He is always glad to help a poor drunkard who wants to give up the drink, but he has no wish to have such a wretched individual clinging round his neck upon a dark night in a lonely road. Such experiences are not good for the nerves of preachers who are not as strong as Samson, or as great as Goliath.

Sometimes our local brethren get very hard treatment in return for their voluntary services. One friend, after walking a long distance, conducted the Sunday morning service, and then waited in expectation of an invitation to dine with one of the members; but they all passed out, and left the preacher with no prospect of dinner. When he had seen the last of the congregation leave the premises, he started for a walk, in order to try the effect of fresh air upon an empty stomach; but he did not find it very satisfying. After a while, he came to a cottage, where he resolved to see if anything was to be had. The inmate was an old woman, living in poverty. She heard his tale, and then said, "Do'e come in and sit down." She set before him some *very weak tea* and some *very dry bread*, and as she did so, exclaimed, "There, if you'm a gude

man, you'll be thankful; and, if you'm a bad man, it's better than ye deserve." The hungry brother, to prove that he was a "gude" man, tried to be thankful, and no doubt succeeded as well as might be expected under the circumstances.

Some of our "locals" deserve to be ranked among the eccentric preachers who have adopted extraordinary means of reaching those whom they wanted to help. In a certain village in our district, there lived a notorious sinner, who had been often prayed for, warned, and earnestly entreated to give his heart to the Lord; but all efforts had been in vain. A local preacher, who was very anxious about him, resolved to preach to him in an unusual manner; so, at the witching hour of midnight, he quietly took his position under the man's bedroom window, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Fire! fire! fire!" Very soon the casement was flung open, and out peered the white face of the startled sinner, who cried in alarm, "Where? where? where?" "Why," thundered the local preacher, "its hell-fire, and you'm just on the borders of it, sure enough." The bow was drawn at a venture; but, guided by the Holy Spirit, the arrow stuck fast in the sinner's heart; it brought him to his knees, and he then and there sought and found the Saviour.

The pastor of three or four village churches, who has a good list of "locals" for his quarterly "plan," is fortunate indeed. They are generally amongst the best workers, and the best givers; and, having had some practice in preaching, they know what it means to have "a good time," or "a heavy time," and can thus fully sympathize with their pastor in his varying experiences. Let our united prayer be "God bless our local preachers, and send us more of them;" and every village pastor will answer, and say, "Amen."

"Christ has made a Man of Me!"

A CONFESSION AND A CONTRAST.

THOSE hard-working men who till our fields, build our houses, make our railways, and do a thousand other things which contribute to the wealth and greatness of England, are such valuable subjects of the Queen that we may be excused for regretting that they are not more often the builders of their own fortunes, and the friends of that gospel which can best ensure their elevation in the world. The human heart is more prone to evil than to good; but there is still a remedy, and working-people need not be lower down in the world than Providence ordains. I suppose the ambition of every boy with a healthy mind in a healthy body is to be "made a man of" by having a good start in life; but as everybody may not know what I mean by true manliness, I will tell a little story from real life such as all may understand.

About twenty years ago, the pastor of an important London church wished to see how the poor lived in their crowded dwellings; and, accordingly, he asked a City Missionary to lead him through a poor district. Meeting at the place and time appointed, the two soon found themselves exploring the nooks and corners of a squalid lane, where the people lived in single rooms instead of separate houses, and were too closely packed together for health and morality. Going up one of the partially dark, and otherwise uninviting staircases, they presently came to a room which was the home of the man who is the subject of my narrative.

The man whom the gentleman saw sitting before him had been a sceptic, but he was now a Christian. Suffering from paralysis, he was able to do

but very little at his trade, which was that of a tailor. Judging of him as he appeared to be, and according to the common ideas of people of the world, this man ought to have been wretched; and yet so far was this from being the case, that the visitors were struck with the tailor's beaming countenance. "I am bappy, blessed be God," he said, in reply to their salutation; "God had been at me for two years before I was subdued by his grace." "Tell me what you were," said the minister, interested in so strange a confession. "I was such a wicked fellow," answered the other; "I cannot tell you how wicked I was." Some further conversation passed, and the minister desired to know how the great change had been brought about. In words as simple as they were forcible, the afflicted convert replied, "*God has done it for me; and*

CHRIST HAS MADE A MAN OF ME!"

A confession like this deserves to be well thought about by all who have not the poor paralytic's faith.

This simple and uneducated man was more interested in religion than in anything else. It had become everything to him, for he owed everything to it. In speaking of the humanity of Christ, he said, "It is of no use to put reason to it, it is above reason; it is of no use to put science to it, it is above science; it is of no use to put history to it, it is beyond all history; it is God-like."

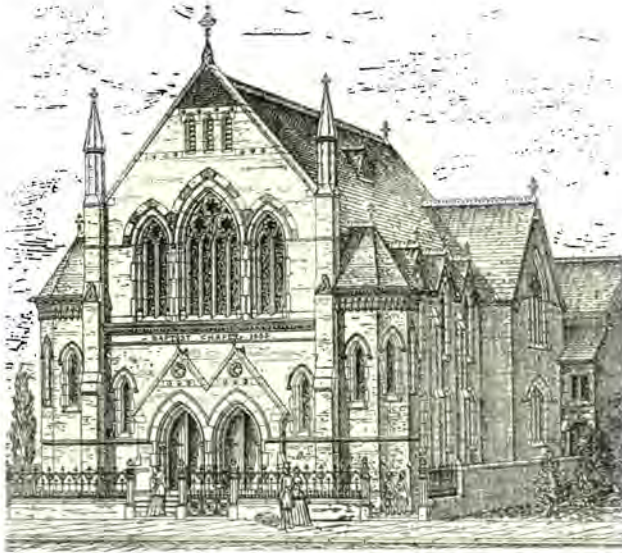
Prosperity in this world alone will not make a *man* of any one, in the sense intended; our hopes must reach beyond the things of time. If we were to gain the whole world, and nothing else, we should, in point of fact, be less successful in life than the paralytic tailor, because when laid low by death we should lose our all. Strive to be a *man*, and remember that the humblest peasant whom God *makes a man of* has hopes which will live for ever. He has reached the true standard of manhood, and no one approximates thereto who only lives for passing animal enjoyment.

This leads me to say, that working-people live in a world where they have many enemies as well as friends; and the first are rather more to be avoided, than the last, because, like the serpent in paradise, they profess to be well-wishers to those whom they tempt into dangerous paths. No man or woman can have foes more deadly than pretended friends; and such are they who would draw you aside from accepting the old well-tryed gospel for the sake of a counterfeit which the weakest test will prove to be worthless. It is well known that in London, and other large manufacturing towns, hard-working people are invited to attend halls of science instead of going to the public worship of God; and I am sorry to say that the only freedom which is there offered them is an invitation to surrender heaven-bought liberty for the bondage of Secularism. Shall the gospel be banished from the work-shop by men whose only God is earthly gain, and whose only good is the pleasure associated with time and sense? Let working-people answer this question in a manner worthy of themselves.

In the story of the paralytic tailor I showed what Christianity can do for a man; have you ever taken note of what unbelief can do for him? Another little history will make this also clear.

Some years ago, a man and his wife were found living in a wretched broken-down house in a low part of London; and although the husband was down with illness, his only bed was a little straw, with a coarse dirty wrapper for a covering, and a brick for a pillow. An old chair and a saucepan appeared to be the only other furniture on the premises, while the wife in attendance was subject to fits, which made her for the time more like a wild animal than a woman. Though reduced to so wretched a condition, this man was really gifted and educated; and in days of health and strength he had worked with his pen for an infidel publisher. What, then, was the cause of his downfall? It so happened that the sufferer answered this question himself; for, casting his dull, leaden-looking eyes around the room after a visitor had entered, he remarked,

"THIS IS THE WRECK OF INFIDELITY!"



New Brompton Baptist Chapel.

OUR readers may remember that, in November, 1878, our students commenced preaching in the growing region of New Brompton, which is an outgrowth of Chatham. One of them—Mr. Blocksidge—settled down to the field of labour which it presented, and worked at it with heart and soul. In a short time a church of 45 members had been gathered, and arrangements were made to build a chapel-school to seat 250 persons. Cost of site and building made up £794; and this has been all paid. For this progress there is great reason to bless God, and abundant ground for taking courage, and proceeding to greater things. Many of the Lord's stewards in the neighbourhood have given again and again to this object, and the people themselves have plodded away with the heartiest perseverance; and they have had the joy of seeing everything advance steadily, while they have never had to pay a single penny for interest, for they have had no debt.

Now comes the tug of war. Such a church deserves all the help that we can win for it, and it needs no less. These friends will want, speaking roughly, some £3,000 wherewith to build the chapel, to hold between 600 and 700 persons: the present chapel-school will remain in the rear, and form the nucleus of the future school accommodation. In the region around there are more than 20,000 people, with this as the only meeting-house for Baptists. What is proposed to be done is less than is needful, though it is all that is possible with the present available strength. A strong, self-supporting interest will be the sure result, under the Divine blessing, if the chapel can be built upon the same lines as the church has moved upon hitherto—namely, the avoidance of anything like a burdensome debt. The artisans, tradesmen, and work-people, who make up the present church, show, by their hearty co-operation in holy service, what a power there is in the gospel of the grace of God. If we had a large fortune, or our ship would come home, we should like to take a leading part in this enterprise; as it is, we shall do our share; and we are glad to state that more than £400 have been promised towards the £3,000. Contributions can be sent to Pastor W. W. Blocksidge, 26, Green Street, New Brompton, Kent, or to C. H. Spurgeon, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London.

Notices of Books.

The Postman. Volume for 1884. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s.

Not the last postman, but the last issue of "The Postman" under its former title. It will henceforth appear under the name of "The Home Evangel." What's in a name? Nothing, in either of these two. Who first gave this delightful paper the name of "Postman" we do not know, or we should have a knock at him. The second title is not English, and rather hard to be understood by the multitude, and therefore we do not fall in love with it. Apart from names, we venture to say that in the whole range of penny gospel papers there is not one which can compare with this Post-Evangel,—we mean, this Evangelical Postman. The volume is full of life and fire. Mr. Fullerton is a wonderful editor, and deserves success. We hope the circulation of "The Home Evangel" will more and more increase, for it is fitted to arouse the sleepy, to decide the hesitating, to cheer the down-hearted, and to strengthen the feeble. Now that the paper is no longer supposed to be the organ of St. Martin's-le-Grand, we hope that it will load down all the mail-carts of the land.

Stray Leaves from my Life Story. By J. MANTON SMITH. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s. 6d.

Our readers all know our evangelist, J. Manton Smith, one of the sunniest of Christian workers, with great capacity for hard work, and an intense delight in using it. It has come into his heart to write stories of his own life; and no wonder, for the man is full of stories, and seems born to tell his old ones, and to make more. That Cricksea Ferry bit is about as odd a narrative as will ever be likely to come under the observation of a student within fifty miles of London; it has so old-world a flavour about it that we wonder whether we are in Holland, or in the British Isles. Mr. Smith is always merry; indeed, we had better say "jolly," for that is the more classical word. He is earnest up to the eyes, and he is tenderness itself; but from quite unexpected corners of his nature humour wells up, and floods the rest of his being; hence in this life-story there

is no lack of fun, albeit that the spirit and object are deeply serious. We recommend the publishers to print a large edition, for these "Stray Leaves" are sure to be blown about by every wind, and so they will circulate in every quarter.

The Preacher's Analyst. Edited by the Rev. J. J. S. BRID, B.A. Vol. VIII. Elliot Stock.

ONE of the numbers of this periodical contains a most amusing denunciation of that dreadfully bitter bigot, C. H. Spurgeon. We were charmed to see him castigated for his well-known uncharitableness. It also did us good to see how the editor of the "Analyst" could rave and foam at the mouth, and yet in a few pages more could be quite kind, and good, and rational. We like this editor's remarks upon C. H. S. better than anything else in the volume; indeed, they have helped us to value other portions of his work, and have induced us to give him as good a word as we honestly can, out of mere revenge, and as a fresh proof of our malicious bigotry. A man who can boil over as our Analyst has done, and all about nothing, must have something in him. The imaginative faculty must be in full activity, and that is something in these monotonous days. He is evidently painstaking to the last degree, and gives his readers the very best he can procure for them; and this he does instead of borrowing or stealing from well-known authors. About the year's issue of his magazine there are evidences of growth, and prophecies of excellence, which allow us to hope for better things than we have as yet seen.

The Missionary Herald of the Baptist Missionary Society. Alexander and Shephard.

No Society possesses a better monthly record than our own. It is thoroughly well edited and illustrated. The numbers are usually worth far more than the price asked for them; certainly this is abundantly true of the January part, with its Congo map. May the Lord deepen the interest of all our churches in missions, until there shall be no further need to stir them up! That time is *not yet*.

Certain *Annuals* remain to be noticed, some of which came late. *The Christian Treasury: Johnstone and Hunter*.—Always instructive; but would bear improving in the direction of liveliness.—*Herald of Mercy: Morgan and Scott*.—One shilling in boards. Very well illustrated, and striking. *The Methodist Family: 61, Paternoster Row*.—Well edited, and superior in quality as to matter; the engravings might be better, and should be.—*The Church: Elliot Stock*.—Ranks high among penny magazines. Makes a valuable yearly volume.—*The Baptist Messenger: Elliot Stock*.—Abides the same, and holds its own circle of interested readers: its yearly volume is full of teaching.—*The Teachers' Storehouse: Elliot Stock*.—Much prized by truly studious teachers, and wisely so.—*After Work: Elliot Stock*.—This gathering up of all sorts of information, narratives, etc., fulfils its title in being just the thing for the hour when labour is done.—*The Messenger for the Children: 18, Paternoster Row*.—This is a neat book for 1s. 6d. Prepared for English Presbyterian children, it is equally worthy of a place in any Christian household. We have been much pleased with it.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE change in the editorship of "The Expositor" proves that there are publishers with consciences. Dr. Cox is an extremely able editor, but no amount of ability on the part of a writer can make him less dangerous if his views are unsound. This was the opinion of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and they acted accordingly. Publishers are not justified in employing editors who teach unscriptural doctrine, merely because they make a magazine pay. Each man is bound to circulate the truth as far as he knows it, and he is equally bound not to spread what he believes to be error. In this case Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton followed their consciences, but offered Dr. Cox fair terms; and yet certain of the thin-skinned "liberals" lift up against them the shriek of "persecution." We are not in the least surprised at this, for no true idea of mental liberty ever enters the brain of the advanced school.

Superciliously they reckon that they do us honour by allowing us the privilege of being snubbed. Know ye not that the orthodox fools are bound to let their enlightened opponents say whatever they please, and to thank them and pay them for saying it? The orthodox have, in fact, no right but that of being exterminated. The men of advanced views have a right to take their pulpits, edit their periodicals, and in general play all the tricks they please; and if this be in the least objected to, the protester is a persecutor! Bah!

We wish "The Expositor" in its third series unbounded success. If its quality is maintained, and the speck of rotten is kept out, we shall be greatly delighted.

Faithful Men; or, Memorials of Bristol Baptist College, and some of its most Distinguished Alumni. By STEPHEN ALBERT SWAINE. Alexander and Shephard.

FULL of interest for ministers who hail from Bristol College, and, indeed, for all Baptists. Mr. Swaine has an eye for incidents, and a skilful hand for weaving them into his story. He has many of the fine qualities which make up an able historian, and, added to this, an enthusiasm for his subject which causes him to write in a living style. All who delight in "faithful men," will do well to procure this memorial of a host of them. It will surprise many to find how much of interest may be attached to a Baptist Institution; for in the Christian world there are enough of religious "mashers" who look with scorn upon anything which is not of the State Church. May Mr. Swaine in his future career find congenial subjects, and treat them as successfully as he has dealt with the old college at Bristol! The price of this handsome volume is 7s. 6d.

Good News for Children: God's Love to the Little Ones. By the Rev. JOHN COLWELL. T. Woolmer.

SWEET talk for the little ones, well lit up with simple stories and lively descriptions. This will do real good, and we can ask God's own blessing upon it, which is more than we can say of half the religious novelettes. Mr. Colwell has a special gift in the direction of chatting with the children.

A Primer of Bible Geography. By C. R. CONDER, R.E. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

EXCELLENTLY adapted to Bible-classes and superior Sunday-school classes, and indeed to all who desire more than an ordinary acquaintance with the Bible. After a general view of the whole compass of Bible-lands, particular descriptions are given of separate parts as they occur in the several books of Scripture. This is an excellent idea, and of great practical use. There is also a copious index at the close, by which the Primer becomes the easiest book of reference in relation to Bible topography that has hitherto appeared. It is also a well authenticated compendium of the latest surveys, being the result of ten years' personal superintendence of an exploring expedition for that purpose. There is scarcely a spot of earth mentioned in the Old or New Testament that is not here described, as far as it can now be correctly known.

Daily Thoughts for School-Boys. By the Rev. ARTHUR SEWELL, M.A. Leamington: W. H. Smith.

WE do not believe that one school-boy in ten thousand would care to read these "Daily Thoughts." They are good enough, but unfitted for their supposed purpose.

Expository Sermons and Outlines on the Old Testament. Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

A VOLUME of sermons by different authors, however eminent they may be, seldom sustains the same interest and profit as when they proceed from one and the same heart and mind. Even when, as in the present instance, they are upon similar and consecutive themes, they are seldom found to be in close and natural accordance with each other. There is an agreement in these discourses, both in sentiment and design, beyond, perhaps, what might have been expected from the known character and celebrity of the authors. The one object has been to explain the principal historical characters and events of the Old Testament, with the moral and spiritual instructions to be derived from them. As expository sermons on the Old Testament, they apply to its

patriarchs, prophets, and kings, almost to the entire exclusion of its priesthood and its shadows of good things to come. These, we suppose, must have been reserved for a future series.

A Year's Ministry. First and Second Series. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. "Christian Commonwealth" Office, 73, Ludgate Hill.

IT is a rich providence which has led our friend Dr. Maclaren to publish his sermons weekly. Tens of thousands will welcome his fine forceful utterances, so full of grace and truth. He is a man of no ordinary stature,—eloquent, thoughtful, masterly, and for this reason, and because of the divine life which is in him, he does not pander to the age, but abides by the gospel of all ages. Every minister should secure these two volumes; we know of no other sermons to which we would more heartily commend our younger brethren. No Baptist needs that we praise Maclaren, of Manchester; he lives in all our hearts.

The Pastor's Diary and Clerical Record for 1885. Non-denominational. Edinburgh: James Gemmill.

THIS pocket-book is the production of two ministers in Nova Scotia. It will need to be greatly improved before it will rival those that we have already commended, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, and the Sunday School Union. "Anti-Baptist" would be a more correct description of the "Church Rites" section than "Non-denominational." Still, imperfect as it is, many brethren whom we know would be all the better pastors if they kept such a record of engagements, and then kept the engagements.

The Man with the Knapsack; or, The Miller of Burnham Lee. By J. JACKSON WRAY. Nisbet & Co.

A LIVELY, gracious story of a musical miller, and a pious pedlar of books who led him to the Saviour. Just a shilling's worth of arguments for colportage. Let Christian people read it, and then help us in our long and arduous struggle to keep colporteurs going in England. One of these days the churches will wake up to a sense of their duty on this point, and the sooner the better.

The Shorter Catechism, with Proofs, Analyses, and Illustrative Anecdotes, &c. By the Rev. ROBERT STEEL, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

THIS is an admirable explanation and illustration of the Assembly's Catechism, and we are sorry to say a word against it. Of course, the Catechism teaches infant baptism, and it was the duty of our author to say all that he could on behalf of the ceremony; but we appeal to Presbyterians all over the world, and ask without fear, do you believe the following verses which are here quoted?—

“Sprinkle, sprinkle now,
Blessed Saviour thou!
From thy white hands sweetest water
On this little baby daughter;
On her fair young brow
Sprinkle, sprinkle thou!
Not by works of right
Sin-stained souls come white;
Not till thou from pit abysmal
Raise them, and with wave baptismal
Wash them clean and bright,
Sin-stained souls come white.”

We are sorry that lines so calculated to mislead should appear in so good a manual. We fear that the tradition of infant sprinkling has a distinct tendency to foster sacramentarian views of an almost Popish character. If such views creep out when there are Baptist police about, where would our friends go if we had become extinct? Oh, that the ordinances of man would die out before the command of the Lord!

To the Light through the Cross: Expositions of the Fifty-third Chapter of Isaiah, and of other Scriptures bearing on the Sufferings of Christ and the Glory that should follow. By CLEMENT CLEMENCE, D.D. R. D. Dickinson.

THESE expository chapters, which are the careful harvesting of the thoughts of a devout theologian, and the mementoes of the ministry of an earnest and successful preacher, cannot fail to interest and instruct the thoughtful reader. The subject under treatment is touched with a reverent hand, and every page bears unmistakable traces of profound conviction. Truths which some of his Congregational brethren have surrendered, the author re-states in forceful language, and thus supplies a heartfelt

answer to the question, “What think ye of Christ?” which, we trust, will establish in the faith some of his brethren who have felt the disturbing influence of modern criticism.

Who are the Baptists? By JOHN S. GEALE, Minister of Queen Square Baptist Chapel, Brighton. Robinson and Son, 38, Duke Street, Brighton.

MR. GEALE has done well to answer the baptismal question for the enquiring people around him. His reply is suited to the persons for whom it was intended; and it will, we trust, open the eyes of those who are candid enough to read with attention. Our friend is a man of remarkable parts, and would soon be well known if his chapel were not so hidden in a corner. Visitors to Brighton need not go far for the gospel while Mr. Geale is to be found in the very centre of the town.

The Preacher's Homiletical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah. Vol. 1. R. D. Dickinson.

WE cannot award “The Homiletical Commentary” a place anywhere near “The Pulpit Commentary”; it is at best a moderate performance. This volume is one of the best of the series. Mr. Bertram has a genius for the kind of work of which this book is made up. He selects and condenses with remarkable discretion, having an eye, not to filling his page, but to really helping the preacher. Isaiah needs far more exhaustive treatment than this from some one whose plan would allow of four or five volumes. Mr. Bertram has put as much as possible into his narrower space. There is so little upon Isaiah that we shall expect very soon to hear that no copy of this Commentary remains at the publisher's.

Old Testament Characters. By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE. Hodder and Stoughton.

BRIGHT instructive chapters upon notable characters of the Old Testament. Dr. Geikie has a genius for turning to account Oriental customs, ancient history, and every form of Biblical lore. All his works are as silver, enriching those who possess them, if they know how to use them. This volume is uniform with his “Hours with the Bible.”

Balaam's Parables, and their Bearing on the Second Coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. By Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

WE were very pleased with this little book until we reached the last chapter. The author occupies about seventy pages with a natural and spiritual exposition of the parables of Balaam; and then, without any apparent reason, tacks on twenty pages upon the second coming of Christ and the events connected therewith. Our readers will be able to judge to what school Mr. Whitfield belongs when we inform them that, among "the social signs that the Lord is at hand," he mentions the spread of lawlessness, as manifested in "the strikes of workmen," "the clamour for woman suffrage," "the cry for the abolition of the House of Lords," and "the Liberation Society's schemes for uprooting every vestige of the National Church of the country, under the specious plea of religion!" It seems to us that in the last part of his book the good man has imitated Balaam when he tried to drive his ass where the Lord did not mean him to go.

The Royal Cupbearer; or, Lessons from the Book of Nehemiah. By the Rev. THOMAS ROWSON. Elliot Stock.

VERY good indeed. Thirteen discourses are drawn from the life of Nehemiah, and in these we have the full history of this stern governor. The illustrations show wide reading on the part of the preacher, and also a practical acquaintance with the people to whom he has ministered, such as could only come from personal visitation. We are struck with the aptness with which he uses passing events and topics of talk, and makes them fit in with his exposition. Nehemiah has of late been a favourite book for preachers, but there is room for this set of sermons.

The Story of Joseph read in the Light of the Son of Man. A Popular Exposition. By ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

A VERY useful life of Joseph for general reading. A preacher might find a series of subjects in these condensed paragraphs.

Apostolic Life, as Revealed in the Acts of the Apostles. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Richard Clarke, 3, Plumtree Court, Farringdon Street.

THESE three goodly volumes exhibit the minister of the City Temple at his best. He is a man of genius, and whenever he speaks he has something to say, and says it in his own striking manner. Of fresh thought upon "The Acts of the Apostles" we have here a vast treasury. Though that most interesting part of Holy Writ has had more than its due proportion of expositors, yet Dr. Parker is no repeater of old remarks, nor is he a superfluous commentator. His track is his own, and the jewels which he lets fall in his progress are from his own caskets: this will give a permanent value to his works, when the productions of copyists will be forgotten.

Thoughts on Baptism. By Bishop RYLE. Hunt and Co.

THE Baptists in Liverpool are causing the bishop some anxiety, and hence the appearance of this feeble booklet. We so much admire him when viewed from the stand-point of the gospel that we are sorry to see him figure as a Pædo-baptist, for there we must withstand him for the truth's sake. His treatise is certainly the poorest defence of Pædo-baptism which has yet appeared, poor as most of these have been. The bishop's zeal has outrun his discretion, and his publication can only injure the tradition he seeks to defend. Such works as these always help our denomination by the frivolity of their arguments in favour of infant baptism. *Thoughts on Sickness* (same author and publishers) is a wise and helpful work. Good Mr. Ryle is thoroughly at home in this kind of practical teaching. The work deserves a wide circulation.

A Reply to Bishop Ryle's Tract on Baptism. By M. D. TODD. Liverpool: James Woollard, Castle Street.

CONCISE, courteous, crushing. With a few well-delivered blows, Mr. Todd lays the bishop at his feet. Every one of the Liverpool journals admits this. The pamphlet costs but one penny, though it is quite a repository of facts and arguments.

David MacLagan, F.R.S.E. By Rev. N. L. WALKER. Nelson and Sons.

THE motto on the title-page of this tastefully got-up volume—"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord"—literally applies to a man like David MacLagan, who, while earnest in his calling, displayed a fine Christian spirit. He was a Free Churchman; and in Edinburgh and London successively he encountered many eminent men, and he was himself both a man of taste and a philanthropist; so that the narrative throughout is full of interest. Young men, and business men generally, will be the better for perusing such a book.

Jeanne D'Arc, the Patriot Martyr; and other Narratives of Female Heroism in Peace and War. Illustrated. Blackie.

MAINLY in their own language, the heroines here described tell the story of their courageous deeds. There is too much of the battle-field to suit our taste, and we could have wished that more of the saints of peace had been immortalized here. Grace Darling's crown of glory seems somewhat tarnished by being mingled with Joan of Arc's in a common setting; and Ida Lewis is scarcely among "her own" when she is numbered with Flora Macdonald. Still, the stories are well related, and admirably brief, all mere padding being conscientiously avoided.

Hard Battles for Life and Usefulness: an Autobiographic Record. By the Rev. J. INCHES HILLOCKS. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

LIFE has been a struggle to Mr. Hillocks from the very commencement, but he is unconquered and unconquerable. He has no overwhelming achievements to record, but he has plodded and suffered. In poverty, he endured and hoped; in physical suffering, he bore up, and looked forward; and now, as years increase, he believes, and expects. As a champion for the oppressed poor, he has done his best for reform and benevolence. His autobiography strikes us as being here and there a little grandiloquent in style, but that is a mere matter of opinion. Here is the story of a brother who begins as a little Dundee weaver toiling for bread; by-and-by

he weaves another web, his whole nature acting as the loom; and then with his home-spun he covers many a brother's nakedness, and arrays himself in the garments of charity.

In Memoriam: James Baldwin Brown, B.A. Edited by ELIZABETH BALDWIN BROWN. James Clarke & Co.

THERE is not much to relate in the life of this eminent Independent minister; but the few remarkable incidents are lovingly interwoven with highly appreciative remarks. Mr. Baldwin Brown is regarded with honour by many for having "driven Calvinism out of the Congregational Union": we hope the charge is not *actually* true, though we are afraid that in spirit and intent it was so. He was a man whom we admired for his personal character, though we deplored his unsound and unsettling teachings. He is newly gone from us, and we do not care to be critical at a funeral; nor if we were so inclined should we criticize *him*, though we should repudiate his teachings. His divergences from orthodoxy, although very serious, are so far outdone by certain of his brethren who have gone beyond their former leaders, that he does not seem to stand out so prominently peculiar as once he did. He commanded the esteem of many who differed widely from him. We only mourn that such a man should have rejected and assailed those sacred truths which are to us sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.

Coligny: the Earlier Life of the Great Huguenot. By EUGENE BERSIER, D.D. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD HOLMDEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE sincerely trust that M. Bersier will speedily give us the second half of this important life. This first portion is well-written, and therefore it is all the more unsatisfying, whetting the appetite of the reader for that which is yet to come. The great Protestant Admiral is here rather introduced than portrayed: we see the beginnings of things, and wonder whereunto they will grow; but the end is not yet. Still, this is a standard work, necessary to every library which aims at completeness in the section set apart for biography.

The Christ of History. By JOHN YOUNG, L.L.D. T. F. Unwin.

WE occasionally meet with a little book which demands a larger notice than our limited space will allow: this is one of the kind. Here we have a small volume that has reached its seventh edition, and well deserves to be even yet more widely known.

The wilful distrust of "Christian evidences" so much cultivated in society at the present time, makes extraordinary demands on those who witness for the truth among the partisans of "modern thought." Science is the pretext of these doubters; it may serve their purpose well, but it is no more than a pretext. With truly scientific men we have deep sympathy. We hail every discovery that their patient labour can register; but we tremble for the souls of the simpletons who never study for themselves, but eagerly imbibe the last new error,—people without occupation or education, mere loafers about the precincts of the schools of learning, *quidnuncs* who constantly quote the floating rumours of the hour: these are ever in peril, and are even eager to place themselves in jeopardy, like flies which seek the candle. Our serious men do not grudge years to ascertain a fact; and after that they will occupy months to elaborate a theory. They know right well that their theories explode by the dozen before they can venture to place them in the list of probabilities. Very different is the course of action adopted by the boastful race to whom we now allude. Your silly men make a fresh discovery every morning. Their itching ears are always waiting to be tickled, and their lips are watering to report a startling novelty. How painfully familiar we have become with the sneer of those who say of this evidence, or of that argument—"it is old and threadbare," as if the antiquity of the one, and the currency of the other from generation to generation, should not rather tend to dispel suspicion, and excite reverence! Our author surveys the position from what he seems to imagine a fresh, and yet by his own admission, a low stand-point. The authenticity (we do not say the inspiration) of the documents which we are content to label as "*the four gospels*" is allowed by our adversaries. Scientific

criticism has reached this conclusion. This is a good starting-post. Now let us coldly ask—If the account the Evangelists give of the life that Jesus of Nazareth led is not a faithful record of facts, who among all the sons of men could have imagined it? The words he spake,—if he never uttered them, by whom were they invented? Pity that the authors of so peerless a romance should perish without praise! How came this life and this doctrine to be extant among us? Let us know their author, that we may do homage to his unrivalled genius. Let those who deny the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ do homage to the humanity of the four historical worthies, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, for their construction of an ideal man, and for a life of him ineffably superior in its dramatic prose to any poetry that was ever composed. There stands "*The Christ of History.*" Has not his life dissolved itself into your daily thoughts, and, wittingly or unwittingly, into your hourly conversation? It has laid hold of you, even while you have refused to lay hold of it. Your speech bewrayeth you at every turn. One thing is clear to every publisher: the social philosophers of the day quote our Saviour's proverbs without acknowledgment. Our blessed hope is their dark problem. Nor can they account for "*The Christ of History*" without that faith which is its legitimate logical outcome.

Again we recommend Dr. Young's standard work to any reader who has not yet seen it.

The Beauty of the King. Daily Food for the King's household. J. E. Hawkins, 17, Paternoster Row.

IN different bindings, according to which the price is regulated. A suggestive selection of texts concerning "the King" and his dominion. A series of sermons or addresses might grow out of these texts.

My Friends. An Autograph Album. J. E. Hawkins, 17, Paternoster Row.

QUITE a novelty in albums,—as the name is inlaid in a little landscape, or scene. It would be wise to give more variety, for one does not care for the same drawing five times over. Price 2s.

The Prayer that Teaches to Pray. By the Rev. MARCUS DONS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANYTHING by a man of mark upon this theme is worth having. If this author cannot bathe us in spirituality, he can, at least, point to the sealed springs; and in this case he does so most helpfully, and we thank him.

About Jesus. One Hundred Poems. By WILLIAM LUFF. Partridge.

MR. LUFF is not one of those poets who act upon us as wasps or blue-bottle flies; his versification is good, and there is original and gracious thought in his poems. He does not aim at great things, but sweetly sings as his heart suggests to him, with no design but his Master's glory. Those of whom we can say this are beyond our criticism: let them sing on till they join in the eternal anthems.

Thirty thousand Thoughts; being Extracts covering a comprehensive circle of religious and allied topics. Vol. III. Kegan Paul and Co.

THE arrangement of this gigantic pile continues to puzzle us. The subjects do not appear to have any logical sequence, or to be placed in any justifiable order in reference to each other. Upon certain topics the extracts given are well placed, so as to produce a complete view of the subject in hand; and in this respect this vast cyclopædia is superior to almost every other we could name. We hope, as the huge work goes on, to understand it more fully, and like it better; but as far as it has proceeded we have not taken to it, though we were prepared to give it a special welcome. The pieces quoted are, in our judgment, frequently commonplace and jejune, and by no means such as a preacher could use. The price for each volume—16s.—is very moderate, but few of our pastors would feel pleased with the result if they were to lay out that amount on one tome of such a library. Books of one-tenth the size, more wisely compiled, would be worth ten times as much. It does not appear to us that upon its own merits this compilation will command a remunerative sale; and we are truly sorry for it, for the design is excellent, and it has been resolutely carried out.

The Reality of Faith. By NEWMAN SMYTH. T. Fisher Unwin.

MORE of the new and advanced theology! In it there is no "reality" and no "faith." We have too much already of this article home-grown, and there was no need to go to America for more of the rubbish. This volume will suit the modern school of doubt, for it is pretentious, and talks a good deal about faith, and yet has nothing in it, and above all nothing for faith to rest upon. Here are some 300 pages of sublime balderdash, and there was no earthly reason why the author should not have made them 3,000. You have nothing to do but muddle your brain, and set your tongue going, and the result is unbounded nothing in big words.

Love Revealed. Meditations on the parting words of Jesus with his Disciples in John xiii. to xvii. By GEORGE BOWEN. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

HERE is a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow. Much have we been edified by Mr. Bowen's "Daily Meditations," and here is another work worthy of its predecessor. The subject is of the choicest, and the handling is of the wisest, and therefore the result is rich beyond compare. Our author's missionary life in Madras has not dimmed the lustre of his love to Jesus, but, on the contrary, has bound him all the more closely to the Cross. Five shillings invested in this volume will load the purchaser's spiritual table for many days to come.

Notes on Ingersoll, the American Atheist.

By Rev. L. A. LAMBERT, Roman Catholic Priest. Nicholson and Sons, 20, Warwick Square.

IF Ingersoll's abominable talk is doing mischief in any region, this is an excellent antidote. Father Lambert comes to close quarters with the infidel, and hugs him to death with arguments from which there is no escape. Though the combatant in this case is a Catholic priest, we are glad that the champion of atheism has found his match. Not that this will silence the creature; he is bound to talk on long after he has been answered, and to boast of victory when he has sustained complete defeat. The "Notes" cost only sixpence.

Loveday's History: a Tale of Many Changes. By LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY. J. F. Shaw and Co.

A PORTLY volume, arrayed in scarlet and gold. It deals with the days of Harry VIII., the short light of Edward VI., and the terrible glare of blood-red Mary. The gospel is well wrought into the fabric, and the tale is true to the fashions and customs of the period.

Wind and Wave fulfilling His Word. A Story of the Siege of Leyden, 1574. By HARRIETTE E. BURCH. The Religious Tract Society.

WE select this story for honourable mention and hearty commendation. It is Motley's history of the Dutch Republic prepared story-fashion. Its principles are genuinely Protestant, and thoroughly spiritual. We do not wonder that the inhabitants of the Low Countries felt a bitter hatred to the Spaniards, and that the mention of the name of Alva always elicited a curse; but we do bless God that the yoke was broken, and Holland became a stronghold of religious liberty.

Buxyip Land. By G. MANVILLE FENN. Blackie and Son.

EXCITING adventures in New Guinea. Fiction of the most energetic order for boys; well thought out. Not quite in our line; but a handsome, well-written book.

The Children's Pastime, Pictures and Stories. By LISBETH G. SEGUIN. Hodder and Stoughton.

PLENTY of pictures to amuse the children. The letter-press is written for the sake of the engravings, and, therefore, it is not very remarkable.

Other Lives than Ours. Fables in Prose. By Mrs. STANLEY LEATHES. With Illustrations by M. IRWIN. J. F. Shaw and Co.

LIKELY to create in young bosoms tenderness towards animals. The simple stories do, in reality, teach great truths; but if these should not be spied out by little eyes, it will still be something that they learn to love better all manner of living things. The book is handsome within and without.

The Sefton Boys. Little Pollie. Out of the Shadow. Lost on the Moor. J. F. Shaw and Co.

FOUR attractively-bound books. These belong to a series which Shaw and Co. sell at a shilling each. We have no idea how it is done, but certainly such cheap stories are a great boon for young England. These are just the books for a juvenile library.

Little Folks. A Magazine for the Young. Cassell and Co.

As usual, up to the highest point of excellence. We know of nothing in the English language which can be placed before "Little Folks." It keeps always in the front rank.

The National Temperance Mirror. Volume for 1884. 337, Strand.

QUITE a handsome volume, fit for any gentleman's drawing-room. Many people would be improved if they took a good look into this "Mirror," especially if what they saw induced them to forsake the glass in which the serpent lies concealed.

Evans' Temperance Annual, 1885. 337, Strand.

THIS little sixpennyworth seems scarcely up to the mark of previous years, but even now it is cheap at the price. "Old Ebony's" lecture on "Water" might be delivered with great effect at Band of Hope and Temperance meetings.

The Water-drinkers of the Bible. By J. W. KIRTON, LL.D. 337, Strand.

WE cannot say that we are pleased with this book. The Bible contains so much, both directly and indirectly, in commendation of the principle of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, that there is no need to twist or strain other passages, as we think Dr. Kirton has sometimes done. The literary portion of the work is as unsatisfactory as the theological, and we wonder that the author of "Buy Your Own Cherries" should have allowed so many mistakes to remain. However, we hope this little volume, notwithstanding its defects, will convince many who read it that the Bible says more than they were aware in favour of water-drinking, and in praise of water-drinkers.

The Children's Own Paper. Edited by Uncle GILBERT. Manchester and Salford Boys' Refuge. Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill.

A FINE volume of a publication which we have never seen before. The cause of the suffering animal world is here pleaded most powerfully and winsomely. There is sad need still to teach the elements of humanity, and we are right glad that there are Uncle Gilberts who drop into the service with right good

will. The volume for the year is most handsomely got up. *The Christian Worker*, a similar serial, deserves our praise.

Hints on Health to the Overworked.
By Dr. STEWART. J. Heywood, 11, Paternoster Buildings. Price 3d.

BELONGS rather to a medical reviewer than to our department; but contains many useful suggestions.

Notes.

JUST on the eve of his anticipated departure for Mentone, the Editor was again smitten down with painful sickness, which detained him at home two or three weeks longer than he had intended to remain. The frequent return of his trying malady clearly indicated to himself and all his friends the need of prolonged rest, if he wished to avoid a complete breakdown; and, therefore, on *Monday evening, January 12*, a special church-meeting was held at the Tabernacle, at which an unusually large number of members attended, and it was unanimously resolved that the following letter, signed by the officers on behalf of the whole church, should be forwarded to the absent Pastor:—

"Dear Pastor,—We have heard, with profound grief, that you have been unable to go out on your proposed visit to Mentone in consequence of severe and painful illness during the past week.

"Our poignant sympathy is rather increased than lessened by the reflection that this season of affliction has not been borrowed from your time of service in the church, but from the period of recreation to which you have a perfect right, as well as a hearty welcome.

"While devoutly recognising the hand of the Lord in this, and in all other dispositions of his providence, we feel that it cannot be irreverent to seek some clear interpretation of the will of our heavenly Father. Can we be mistaken in supposing that the lesson to us all, and to yourself, is transparent? Your arduous labours and your incessant anxieties so far exceed the average strength of your constitution, that there is an imperative demand for you to take longer and more frequent occasions of retirement; and to take them, not when you have used up the last ounce of your strength, but when you are in unimpaired vigour.

"Under present circumstances, we earnestly entreat you to consecrate at least three months to entire relaxation from the duties of your sacred office; and, if it seems good to you, let the appointment of supplies for your pulpit be left to the co-pastor and the deacons, subject always to

their accepting any suggestion of yours, and their communicating to you every arrangement of theirs, as is their habitual wont.

"And accept herewith our assurance, as a church, that we will all unite in a strong determination to support the good work of the Tabernacle by constant attendance, both on Sundays and week evenings, and by offering our full contributions to the support of the various institutions of the church.

"With sincere affection, and unceasing prayers for your recovery,

"We are, dear Pastor,

To this kindly sympathy of our beloved people we can only yield a grateful acceptance. The approach of the Collage Conference now renders three months' rest impossible, but we will rest all that we can if we can recover strength enough to travel out of this perpetual fog. Yet the absence from our own sphere of labour is a great trial of heart. No one knows what interests are affected by the Pastor's absence from such a church. It is our heart's prayer that the prosperity of the church at the Tabernacle may be one among many standing proofs of the power of the gospel; and hence we shrink from the grave experiments involved in frequent protracted absences. Our finances for home purposes suffer, and this is no small addition to our care; but this could soon be remedied if the Lord moved one or two of his servants to relieve all pressure. It is in spiritual matters, as to attendance, conversions, and holy growth, that we are most apt to suffer. For this we know of no help but increased prayer. If all who love us in the Lord will give us a fragment of special prayer each day, all will be well; and we shall go to our rest with a light heart, and return as a giant refreshed.

It has been said that the usefulness of a pastor is best proved by his apparent uselessness: if he has so conducted matters that things go on well without him because the brethren are up to the mark, then he has done his work well. Here, then, is an op-

portunity for the Tabernacle church to give us a letter of commendation, or the reverse. Now shall it be seen whether this is the Lord's work, or no.

The preachers at the Tabernacle during the past month have been as follow:—January 4, morning, C. H. Spurgeon; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 8, F. H. White; 11, W. Y. Fullerton; 15, Hugh Price Hughes, M.A.; 18, C. Spurgeon; 22, W. Williams; 25, J. Guinness Rogers, B.A.

The arrangements for February, as far as they are settled, are—February 1, morning, J. T. Wigner; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 5, C. B. Sawday; 8, J. Jackson Wray; 12, W. Williams; 15, morning, A. G. Brown; evening, C. Spurgeon.

The *Ninth Annual Report* of MRS. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND AND ITS WORK is now ready, and can be obtained, for sixpence, through any bookseller in town or country; or post free, for seven stamps, from Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Those who have been privileged to read the proof-sheets declare that this report is not, either in literary ability or in sustained interest, a whit behind those which have preceded it; and higher praise than this could scarcely be awarded. We hope the perusal of the little book will largely help the work to which Mrs. Spurgeon has devoted so much of her time and strength during the past nine years.

On the last Sabbath in 1884, collections were made at the Tabernacle in aid of the WEEKLY OFFERING FOR THE COLLEGE. A large amount was needed to bring the contributions up to £1,884, so as to make the total number of pounds correspond with the date of the year; but on the Monday evening, when the collections were counted, it was found that the required sum was raised all but a comparatively small portion; and before long, by the generosity of the deacons, and other friends assembled at the prayer-meeting, the balance was subscribed. We are deeply grateful to all who continue to help us in this important part of our work, and specially to our dear friend and deacon, Mr. Murrell, who has for so many years taken the weekly offering under his charge, and annually brought the account to such a satisfactory termination. We cannot conceive of a better investment of the Lord's money than that of giving it for the education of preachers of the gospel. It is a great delight to us when others of our Master's stewards agree with us in this belief, and put it into practice by sending subscriptions for the College funds. In these days of erroneous teaching, there is a growing need of earnest, faithful ministers of Christ, who will not shun to declare all the counsel of God; and it is the constant aim of both President and tutors that only such men should be sent forth from the Pastors' College "school of the prophets."

The *Watch-Night Service* at the Tabernacle on *New Year's Eve* was conducted by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith, who had, earlier in the evening, held an evangelistic meeting at Kenyon Chapel, Solon Road, Clapham. Very few seats were vacant in our great house of prayer, and the large congregation was interested and impressed by Mr. Smith's singing, and Mr. Fullerton's address. It was a bright and happy way of crossing over the border line between the old year and the new, and we trust that to some it was the time of passing from the kingdom of darkness into the realm of light in the Lord. We heartily thank our brethren for taking the place which the Pastor would gladly have occupied if his strength had permitted.

On the *Evening of New Year's day*, a special service was held at the Tabernacle, as it was expected to be the last week-night assembly to be addressed by the Pastor before he started for Mentone. The building was again all but full in every part, a circumstance which was all the more remarkable from the fact that large numbers of those present had been at the watch-meeting. Suitable hymns were printed for the occasion, and the children from the Orphanage were present, and assisted in the singing. The sermon was founded upon the words in Rev. xxi. 5, "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." It has been published under the title of "Sermon for New Year's day," and commences Vol. xxxi. of *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. We shall be very glad if all readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* will do their best to extend the circulation both of the magazine and the sermons. At the close of the service, the large congregation remained to witness the baptism of fourteen believers upon profession of their faith in Christ.

The closing weeks of the old year have been signalized by an unusual number of deaths among the members of the church at the Tabernacle. One after another our friends have been called away in rapid succession, as though it had been the angels' reaping-time. Amongst many others, the eldest son of our deacon, Mr. Murrell, has gone to his rest. Bereavement is again the portion of the family of the late Mr. Higgs, whose daughter was young Mr. Murrell's wife. May comfort come as plenteously as the trial!

On *Monday evening, Jan. 5*, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon invited the local ministers connected with the South London branch of the Evangelical Alliance to meet him for tea and conference at the Tabernacle, previous to the public gathering for prayer. Church of England, Wesleyan, Congregational, Primitive Methodist, and Baptist ministers and brethren spoke or prayed. Pastor J. A.

Spurgeon delivered an address upon the words, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain"; and additional interest was given to the meeting by the presence of seven young men, who were going out under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. One of these was Mr. C. T. Studd, B.A., captain of the Cambridge eleven, who related the story of his conversion through Mr. Moody's preaching, and of his reasons for giving himself to mission-work in China. Altogether, a most profitable evening was spent, and earnest supplications ascended for the recovery of the suffering Pastor who was unable to be present, or to begin his journey to the sunny south.

On the same evening, at the annual business meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION, held at 319, Kennington Road, Mr. G. Goldston was elected president, in the place of our late esteemed elder, W. Bowker; and Messrs. Buswell, F. Thompson, and Newton were invited to become vice-presidents. This mission is doing an exceedingly useful work in various districts around London, but its operations are sadly hampered by want of funds. There are many places where mission-stations are needed, but the committee dare not undertake fresh responsibilities while their treasurer's balance is so often on the wrong side. We find all the funds that we are able, and the members give their time, and also help financially; but what is wanted is a permanent increase in the income of the mission. Contributions will be gratefully received by Mr. G. Goldston, 2, Stockwell Road, Clapham, or the treasurer, Mr. R. Hayward, 319, Kennington Road, S.E.

Mr. Elvin, the energetic secretary of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION, states that the past quarter has been a fairly good one with him and his fellow-workers; but he is anxious that the churches of London should utilize the Association more than they have done. He has a good staff of preachers and singers, who are ready to go to any part of the metropolis to publish the glad tidings of salvation. These brethren and sisters gladly devote their time and talents to this blessed service, without reward except that which they experience when their labours result in the conversion of sinners, and the arousing to a more earnest life those who have been slothful and lethargic. All communications concerning the work, and contributions towards its support, should be sent to Mr. G. E. Elvin, 30, Surrey Square, S.E.

The turn of the year finds the Lord's work prospering in HADDON HALL. Friends who helped to raise this building will be glad to hear that their money is yielding good interest in the happy results of the mission-work. On Christmas Eve 230 joints

of meat were distributed to the members of Mrs. Olney's Mothers' meeting. This meat was the gift of Mr. W. Archer, of the Metropolitan Meat Market, who has for several years past generously fed the poor at Christmas time in this way, and of Messrs. W. Masters, F. Potter, and J. Buswell. The joints were "garnished" with packages of plums, currants, flour, and potatoes. By these means over 1,000 persons were provided with good Christmas dinners. In addition to this distribution, over £10 was given away in money gifts, after most careful investigation into each case receiving relief. On Boxing-night a large audience gathered to listen to readings from "John Ploughman," and to see his "Pictures," as shown in dissolving-views. The last Sunday night in the old year was a time of blessing, especially to those who sought and found the Saviour. The Tuesday following, Dec. 30th, over 150 persons met for prayer; and many testified to God's gracious dealings with them during the year 1884. On the last evening in the old year, Mr. Walter Amsden, of Falcon Street, provided 700 of the Haddon Hall Sunday-school children with dissolving-views, toys, buns, and apples. At the Watch-night service a congregation of 300 to 400 assembled, and a solemn feeling prevailed. In the evening of New Year's-day Mr. Charlesworth delivered an address, and afterwards baptized six candidates for church-fellowship. Haddon Hall and Green Walk Mission motto for 1885 is, "They go from strength to strength." Will our readers pray that the Lord will continue his blessing to this work?

Pastor J. Douglas, M.A., sends a cheering account of the work up to the present time in KENYON CHAPEL. The congregations are increasing, various departments of Christian work are being organized, and, best of all, the Lord has set his seal to the truth preached by the conversion of some who have listened to it.

Pastor W. Cuff, of the SHOREDITCH TABERNACLE, wishes us to let our readers know what progress he is making towards the removal of the debt from the building in which he and his people worship and work for the Lord. Last October he started to get £1,000, and without issuing a circular, or asking any one but his own church and congregation, in three months that amount was raised. Our ever-generous friends, Messrs. W., C. E., and W. R. Fox, each gave £100, and the London Baptist Association Chapel Debt Relief Fund furnished £156. In his letter to us, Mr. Cuff says, "I am indeed very grateful. I start at once to get another £1,000 this year. With some outside help, I can soon clear off the debt." We wish the utmost success to this effort, and shall be thankful to hear that our earnest brother has freed the Shoreditch Tabernacle from the incubus of debt.

Mr. Cuff's mention of the LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION CHAPEL DEBT RELIEF FUND reminds us that his church is by no means the only one that has been helped to rid itself of the burden of debt. We will not mention any one's name, for fear we should grieve those who do good by stealth; but we cannot do wrong by stating that during the past year 33 churches have raised £9,987 0s. 9d. towards the reduction of their chapel-debts, to which this Fund has added £2,012 19s. 3d., making a total reduction of debt during 1884 of £12,000. In the three years that the Fund has been in existence, the churches helped by it have raised £30,789 4s. 3d., grants of £5,754 11s. 3d. have been made to them, and the debts have been reduced by £36,543 15s. 6d.—truly, a wonderful result; for which we bless the Lord.

COLLEGE.—A meeting of the London ministers connected with the College was held on *Tuesday evening, December 30*, to make preliminary arrangements for this year's Conference. The President presided, and a very pleasant and profitable evening was spent in prayer and praise, and conversation upon the Lord's work. The date for the Conference was arranged, but since that time Mr. Spurgeon's ill-health has rendered it necessary to make an alteration. The Conference will not commence until *May 4, the week after the Baptist Union meetings*. Will friends kindly make a note of this?

Mr. E. S. Cole has accepted the pastorate of the church at Maldon, Essex. Mr. C. S. Medhurst, having completed his special studies with a view to missionary work in China, is about to sail for that country, in company with Mr. J. R. Watson, who has qualified himself for medical missionary work. Both our brethren go out under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society. Mr. G. J. Dann reports his safe arrival at Allahabad. Mr. H. B. Brown has been making another evangelistic tour in the Doars, of which he gave us an account in the magazine a few months ago. Mr. E. G. Ince, who has been for some years in Australia, has returned to England, in the hope of finding work for the Lord.

The following brethren have removed:—Mr. E. T. Carter, from Barking, to Abertillery, Mon.; Mr. D. C. Chapman, from Grautham, to Billingham; Mr. F. J. Feltham, from Sandown, to Wellington-street, Luton; Mr. E. George, from Faringdon, to Newbury; Mr. J. Scilley, from Coleraine, to Orpington, Kent; and Mr. W. H. Smith, from Ledbury, to Minchinhampton. Mr. H. Kidner, late of Minchinhampton, has been appointed Secretary to the Managers of *Our Own Gazette*, the organ of the Young Women's Christian Association.

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* spent two evenings at the close of 1884 at Kenyon Chapel; they also conducted the Watch-night service at the

Tabernacle; and Mr. Fullerton occupied the absent Pastor's place on January 11th. On the same day Mr. Smith commenced a mission at Weston-super-Mare, where Mr. Fullerton joined him on the Monday. The meetings appear to have been exceedingly well attended, and productive of the best results. This month our brethren are to visit Exeter, and St. Helen's; next month they go to Folkestone; and from March 28 to April 19 they are to be at Southampton.

Mr. Burnham completed last year and began the present one at Humberstone Road Union Church, Leicester. The Pastor writes:—"His services were of an interesting character, and thoroughly appreciated. It was most refreshing in these days to hear the old, old gospel, on the old, old lines. The churches are greatly indebted to you for sending forth men to do the work your Evangelists are engaged in." Mr. Burnham has since been at Mansfield, and this month is to hold meetings at Ashton-under-Lyne, and Rendham, Suffolk, and the district around.

Mr. Russell's services at Shooters' Hill Road Chapel were owned of God to the conversion of both adults and children. The Woolwich male choir rendered efficient help in the singing. Mr. Russell has during the past month visited Tunbridge Wells, Crowborough, and Taunton; and during the greater part of February is to be at Holyhead.

ORPHANAGE.—*Christmas Day, 1884*, will be marked with a very bright red letter in the calendar of the Stockwell Orphanage, for not only was the President able to be present, a privilege which he had not enjoyed since 1881, but, to the great delight of everybody connected with the institution, Mrs. Spurgeon was well enough to accompany him. The proceedings commenced with a service at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, at which a number of the orphans sang, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Newmau Hall, LL.B., and a collection, amounting to £15 9s., was made in aid of the funds of the Orphanage. We heartily thank Mr. Hall, and all who helped in any way. Before the boys and girls commenced their dinner, they expressed their gratitude for all the good things provided for them by giving loud cheers for the President and Mrs. Spurgeon, the Trustees, Mr. Charlesworth, and all the donors who had contributed to the general account, or the special funds for the Christmas festivities. The volume of sound was so great, that the President remarked that, if all who had been remembered did not hear the cheers, it was not the fault of the children. When the young folk had done full justice to the roast beef and plum pudding, they appropriated the bonbons, new shillings, boxes of figs, Christmas cards, &c., presented by various friends, and departed from the dining-hall, as happy as they could wish to be. Next followed the dinner

for the staff, "old boys," and other invited guests, at which the President most cordially thanked Mr. Charlesworth and all the Trustees, matrons, officers, and teachers for the excellent manner in which they had carried on the work through another year; and in return, two of the present inmates, and two who had left the institution, spoke of the gratitude of all who had found a home at Stockwell Orphanage when bereft of their earthly parents. Other kind speeches were delivered, the usual presentations were made, and the engagements of the day concluded with an amusing and interesting entertainment for the children. The boys and girls were more than once reminded that they were indebted to the favour of God for all the mercies they received, and to the Lord they were bidden to express their thanks, as also to the numerous friends through whom the blessings came to them. Our long lists of contributions and presents testify to the widespread interest taken in the orphans. One generous lady, whose own children are fatherless, provided a present for every boy and girl in the institution. God bless her!

On *New Year's Eve*, the mothers and other relatives of the orphans were invited to tea, and to spend a pleasant evening with the inmates. A large and happy company assembled; and, as a practical proof of their appreciation of the kindness shown to their children, they brought in over £100, which they had collected as a New Year's offering in aid of the funds of the institution. The President was again present, and it was a great joy to him to meet the grateful friends of the boys and girls who are being cared for in the Orphanage.

On the occasion of the coming of age of H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES, a telegram of congratulation was sent to Sandringham from the boys and girls of the Orphanage, and the same day the young prince telegraphed to Mr. Charlesworth the following reply:—"Prince Albert Victor thanks the four hundred and thirty fatherless boys and girls in Mr. Spurgeon's Orphan Homes for their congratulations on the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday. He would fain hope that, by the blessing of God, their future may be as full of happiness as they are kind enough to wish his to be."

One of our ever-generous friends writes:—"I have the very greatest pleasure in enclosing my annual cheque for the Orphanage,—this year £40, as now I have two little ones, and so I think I ought to provide for two orphans." This may be a hint to others whom the Lord has blessed, not only with children, but with the means to support their own and others who have lost their parents. £20 a year will maintain either a boy or girl in our Orphanage at Stockwell.

When the orphan choir was at Portsmouth, a gentleman sent to Mr. Charles-

worth a box containing eighty-eight threepenny pieces for the Orphanage, and expressed the hope that others would copy his example. When it was mentioned in the meeting at Deal, it was hinted that Sunday collections would not suffer if sixpences were substituted, and the threepenny pieces set aside for the funds of the Orphanage. Mr. Charlesworth stated that friends chose their own methods of helping the Orphanage; one gentleman, now deceased, always contributing on Mr. Spurgeon's birthday as many sovereigns as the number of the President's years. The chairman, Dr. Payne, the vicar of Deal, having saved a number of fourpenny pieces, was prompt in taking the hint, and at once forwarded fifty-one of those small silver coins in anticipation of Mr. Spurgeon's next birthday. Several young friends have also sent us threepenny pieces, which they have saved for the Orphanage; and a generous helper brought us £5 for the College, the result of the accumulation of similar useful coins. If all our contributors follow these good examples, a very welcome addition will be made to the funds, for which we shall feel exceedingly grateful.

Special Notice.—On *Thursday morning, Feb. 26*, Dr. Parker has kindly promised to make a collection at his noon-day service in the City Temple, in aid of the funds of the Stockwell Orphanage. A number of our boys and girls will be present to assist in the singing. We are very grateful to Dr. Parker and his friends for this renewed token of their sympathy with us in the work of helping the fatherless and the widow.

COLPORTAGE.—The Secretary reports that all is going well. The number of colporteurs (75) is larger than for several years; and sales have been surprising, taking into account the badness of trade. The Committee are quite ready to start other districts where £10 a year can be guaranteed. In many cases this is already done by an individual, a church, or a local committee composed of members of various churches. Subscriptions to the general fund are much needed to supplement the sum guaranteed by the friends in the districts. All information will be gladly sent by W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—It usually happens, when the Editor is laid aside, that letters come from all parts of the world with cheering tidings of the usefulness of his printed sermons. In this respect, his recent seasons of suffering have been no exception to the rule; and the following instances may be taken as specimens of many more which cannot be published for want of room:—

"A sermon-reader," in *Bedfordshire*, writes that when he has read the sermons he gives them away; and he knows of one

that was the means of the conversion of a woman, who afterwards sent it to her son, to whom also it was savingly blessed.

Our friends in the North will be delighted with this epistle, "in their own tongue":—"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Perhaps the following incident might interest you. Shortly ago, I met an old woman, a typical Scotch-woman. Her speech and dress both indicated this. I said to her, 'Are you on the Lord's side?' She replied, 'Yes, man, I am that; twenty years sin'. It wis through Maister Spurgeon.' 'Through what sermon was it?' 'Oh, weel! I read a lot o' his sermons, but there wis one that I read, that said he wid rather a' his sermons and publications wur burned than that folk should be hinnered frae reading God's Word; and so I jist began at the first chapter o' Matho', and read richt on tull I cam' tae the second chapter o' the Acts, whaur Peter cam' doon frae the upper room, and preached the sermon when three thousand believed, and were baptized; and whenever I saw it, I could jist a jumped intal the water at ance. And I'm a Baptist, ye ken,' and somewhat triumphantly she added, 'for I got it dune in the toon.' Though not a Baptist, I thought that the old woman's story might interest you; and I have recorded it as

nearly word for word as I can remember it."

Preaching in the East London Tabernacle, a sermon in aid of The Seamen's Christian Friend Society, our good friend, Pastor A. G. Brown, related the following incident:—"There came to me here one day a grand-looking fellow. I had not to ask whether he did business on the water, for the sea-breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said, 'Where did you find the Lord?' In a moment he answered, 'Latitude 25, longitude 54.' I confess that rather puzzled me. I had heard of people finding Jesus Christ in these galleries, and down these aisles, and in all sorts of places, but here was something quite different. 'Latitude 25, longitude 54!' What do you mean?' He said, 'I was sitting on deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it, I saw the truth, and I received Jesus in my heart. I jumped up off the coil of ropes, saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not know on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude.'"

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle — Thursday, January 1st, 1855, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from, December 15th, 1884, to January 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Jeanneret	1	0	0	0	0
W. H. Willis	15	0	0	0	0
Mr. J. W. Pewtress	9	0	0	0	0
Mrs. Pole	1	1	0	0	0
Mr. J. Thornton	1	0	0	0	0
Mrs. Arnold	1	1	0	0	0
Collection at Zion Jubilee Chapel, Bradford, per Pastor C. A. Davis	12	13	2		
A. J.	0	10	0		
Miss Jephth	1	1	0		
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0		
Mrs. Jas. Smith	1	1	0		
Part collection at Deal, per Pastor N. Dobson	4	10	0		
Mrs. Searle	1	0	0		
A reader of the Almanack	0	2	6		
A friend in Bristol	1	0	0		
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morgan	1	1	0		
Mrs. S. Hatcher	0	5	0		
Miss Woods	1	0	0		
Mr. J. J. Burnett	10	0	0		
Mr. John Currie	1	0	0		
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0		
Mrs. F. Hudson	2	2	0		
Mr. Porter Willis	100	0	0		
"Adelphi" (quarterly)	1	10	0		
Mr. Spriggs	0	10	0		
Per J. T. D., Mr. Robert Hunt	1	1	0		
Per J. T. D., Mr. Pain	1	0	0		
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	14	15	0		
Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0		
Mr. W. H. Roberts	2	2	0		
Mr. R. Trickett	1	1	0		
Mr. J. Martin	1	0	0		
Mr. G. A. Green, threepenny-pieces	5	0	0		
Pastor W. McKinney	1	0	0		
Mr. R. Purser	0	10	6		
H. D.	5	0	0		
Mr. Arthur Clark	2	10	0		
Mr. John Storey	1	0	0		
"Friends"	0	15	0		
Mrs. Eleanor Richardson	1	0	0		
J. P.	0	2	6		
Mr. Robert Meikle	2	0	0		
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6		
Z. A.	10	0	0		
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0		
Mr. Robt. Ryman	5	0	0		
Miss Haggart	0	10	0		
Mr. C. W. Roberts	5	0	0		
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0		
Mr. A. H. Seward	0	5	0		
Collected at Almshouses Sunday-school	6	10	0		
Mr. J. Wilson (quarterly)	2	3	6		
Old John	10	0	0		
Mr. Thomas R	5	0	0		
Mr. R. Wilkinson	5	0	0		
A friend, Leamington, per Pastor S. T. Williams	0	10	0		
Annual Subscriptions:—							
Mr. John Barrie	1	0	0		
E. A. H.	0	10	0		
Mr. J. Brewer	5	5	0		
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—							
December 21	161	0	0		
" 29	78	11	2		
January 4	21	3	3		
" 11	20	0	0		
			283	14	5		
			£550	17	1		

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1884, to January 15th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A friend, per Miss Maxfield	1	0	0	Mrs. Jamieson	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Heley	1	1	0	Mr. W. G. Askey	0	5	0
Mrs. James Smith	1	1	0	Mr. Henry Hill	1	1	0
Mrs. Nelson	1	0	0	A friend	0	1	0
S. and N.	10	0	0	Mr. Thomas Weir and friends	1	0	0
First instalment of the late Miss Parker's Legacy	1	16	0	G. C.	0	6	0
Mr. G. Russell	2	0	0	Mr. George Heaton	0	5	0
Mrs. Searle	1	0	0	Margaret and Jessie Gardner	0	6	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6	Mr. Edwin Davis	1	0	0
T. L. W.	21	0	0	Mr. P. T. Adams	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arres	1	0	0	Stamps from Exeter	0	5	0
Mr. J. Walker, proceeds of a drill of potatoes	0	9	0	A. B. C. D. E.	0	10	0
A friend	0	1	0	Mrs. M. A. Downing	2	0	0
A reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," E. L.	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Small	0	10	0
Stamps from Buckhurst Hill	0	2	6	Mrs. Lowe and daughters	2	0	0
A. C. D.	0	9	0	Miss Ramage	0	2	6
E. J. T. J. S.	0	2	6	Collected by Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Richards, Helston	0	13	0	Mr. A. Hobbs	1	0	0
Eight girls, Sutton-in-Craven	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Welman	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morgan	2	2	0	Mr. T. Trotman	0	10	0
Mrs. Dunn	0	5	0	G. L. W.	0	10	6
Mrs. Winsor's box	0	10	6	Miss Woodgate's School	0	10	0
Two friends, I. S. A. R.	3	0	0	Young Men's Bible-class, Emmanuel Church, Brighton	0	16	9
Mrs. Arnold's box	2	10	0	Mrs. E. M. Tutt	1	0	0
M. W., and E. Spurrier's box	0	12	0	Christmas offering from Sittingbourne Baptist Sunday-school	2	9	2
Mrs. E. Kellie and friends	0	19	6	A servant's presents from visitors	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Hatcher	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wallace	1	0	0
Stamps	0	2	0	Mrs. A. Mathewson	1	0	0
Postal order from Putney	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0
T. A. H. P. W.	5	0	0	Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Balls	0	10	0
Mrs. Milligan	2	0	0	Mr. A. Hobson	1	1	0
Miss Pearce	1	1	0	Mrs. E. Wilkes	0	2	0
Miss Ellen Pearce	1	1	0	Alice Jane Mallet	0	10	0
Mrs. Pole	1	1	0	Mr. Smith Nutter	2	0	0
Miss England	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Holdsworth	0	5	0
R. S.	0	5	0	The widow's mite	0	5	0
B. W.	0	5	0	A thankoffering, M. E. Jones	0	5	0
S. W.	0	5	0	Miss Parsons	0	2	0
Mr. James Humphrey	0	2	0	Collected by A. J. Bailey	0	12	6
Mrs. Bucknell, Cardiff, per C. H. S.	2	0	0	E. L. S.	0	10	0
Mr. H. Eustace	1	0	0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	1	1	0
Mr. William Carter	0	10	0	A friend, Norfolk	0	7	6
Miss E. A. Fysh	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Collin	2	0	0
Mrs. Cave	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Maggie Weir	0	10	0
Mrs. Arnold	2	2	0	Mrs. Phillips, per Mr. Everett	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Charles Wood	2	10	0	S. M.	0	10	0
Mrs. Collin	1	0	0	An old acquaintance	0	10	0
I. W.	0	10	0	A friend, L.	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Munday's box	3	12	6	L. P., Southend	0	1	6
Mr. G. Nowell	5	0	0	A widow's mite	0	5	0
Mrs. Hickman	0	10	0	For charity	0	4	0
Mr. John Marshall	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Dunn	1	5	0
J.N.O., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	7	6	Mrs. S. Shaw	1	0	0
Postal order from Newport, Isle of Wight	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Cocks	0	10	0
A widow's child	0	1	6	Mrs. A. Kelly	1	0	0
Stamps from Finbore	0	1	0	Mrs. Keddie's box	0	12	6
Rev. D. Bruce Payne, D.D. (four-penny pieces)	0	17	0	Pastor J. H. and Mrs. Barnard	0	10	0
A friend, H. M.	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. Smith	0	10	0
Mr. Robert Burgess	0	10	0	Mrs. Harrison	0	15	0
Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0	An aged friend, per Miss Harrison	0	2	6
Joey Woods	0	16	9	Mr. J. Near	0	2	6
Florrie Woods	0	18	3	The Misses Allen	0	2	6
Louie Woods	0	18	6	Collected by Mr. A. Jungling	1	10	0
Gertie Woods	0	12	9	B. M. H.	0	5	0
Marion Helen Bett	0	18	6	Mrs. Grace Buik	2	0	0
				Messrs. Hine Brothers	1	1	0
				Female Bible-class, the Tabernacle, Henley-on-Thames	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
A sermon-reader, Edinburgh ...	1	0	0
Mr. John Lewis ...	1	1	0
In Memoriam ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Macgregor ...	1	0	0
Mr. D. Macpherson ...	0	12	6
Mr. J. Martin ...	2	0	0
Collected at Christmas breakfast-table by young friends at Hampstead ...	0	10	6
Mr. A. McCay ...	2	0	0
Miss Macara and Miss Simpson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Scott ...	0	5	0
C. W. ...	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Froggatt and Children ...	1	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walter ...	10	0	0
Mr. R. Pursur ...	1	1	0
J. B., Dumbartonshire ...	1	0	0
P. O. O. from Ynyshir ...	1	0	0
A friend ...	0	4	0
Mr. R. Cory... ..	100	0	0
Mr. C. W. Smith ...	1	0	0
Mr. A. McLean ...	0	1	0
Mr. H. J. White ...	0	10	6
A widow's mite ...	0	5	0
Mr. M. Pask ...	1	0	0
Collection at Sabbath morning fellow- ship meeting, at U. P. Church, Stone- haven ...	0	10	0
Mr. W. McEwing ...	2	0	0
Mr. H. P. West ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Hooper ...	0	10	0
Miss B. Harrison ...	0	10	0
Miss Gracie Amery ...	0	5	0
Children attending Mission-hall Sunday- school, Lockerbie ...	0	12	0
A thankoffering from three ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Wm. Ross ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Isaac ...	0	7	6
Miss E. Ellis ...	0	6	0
A friend, per Mr. G. Greenwood ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Annan ...	1	0	0
A few friends in Walkerburn, per Miss Livingston ...	0	6	0
H. D. ...	10	0	0
L. K. D. ...	1	2	6
Mrs. Hassell ...	1	1	0
Mr. S. Shillito, per Mrs. Oldfield ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. R. Hooper ...	1	0	0
Messrs. Henry Head and Co., per Mr. O. Friston ...	1	1	0
Miss Lena Wilson... ..	0	5	6
Blairingone Sabbath-school Children ...	0	16	0
Mr. J. K. Philip ...	1	1	0
Mrs. W.'s mite ...	0	2	6
H. J. R. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Emily Wallis... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Stephenson ...	0	1	6
Alpha ...	0	0	8
A working-man, T.N., and T.W. ...	0	4	0
Mr. Adam Kerr, per Mr. Thos. Weir ...	0	6	0
Half fines for not rising at 7 a.m. ...	0	1	6
Mrs. M. J. Galloway ...	0	10	0
Offerings from the Congregation of Marlyn's Chapel, near Guildford.....	5	5	0
"Friends" ...	0	15	0
Mr. W. Mathewson ...	60	0	0
In memory of dear Caroline ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Graham's Bible-class, Belfast ...	3	1	0
Mrs. Mauder, Mrs. Ford, and a friend ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Brown ...	1	0	0
Ebenezer ...	2	1	0
Mr. John K. Clarkson ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Chamberlin ...	2	2	0
Mr. Arthur Thornton ...	0	5	0
Mr. Richard Lees ...	0	6	0
A friend ...	0	4	0
M.H., M.C., and K.H. ...	0	4	0
Poor Ned ...	0	5	0
A Dorset friend ...	0	2	6
Mr. Geo. Moore ...	0	2	6
A New Year's offering ...	0	5	0
H. E. ...	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Thos. Hall ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Fergusson ...	0	2	6
Sunday-school, Ottley, near Ipswich ...	1	6	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Perrett ...	2	2	0
Mr. Geo. Cooper ...	2	0	0
Mr. Edward Martell ...	2	0	0
Mrs. E. S. White ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Fergusson ...	3	0	0
S. Miffin ...	1	0	0
A well-wisher ...	0	10	0
First Free Church Sunday-school, Blairgowrie ...	0	10	0
Mr. R. P. Froste ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Orr ...	2	0	0
J. M. G., Aberdeen ...	0	5	0
Miss Maggie Johnstone ...	0	2	6
Pastor and Mrs. C. H. Marsack Day ...	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Wallace... ..	0	5	0
A mite ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Lock ...	1	0	0
A sister in Jesus, Govan... ..	0	1	0
From a friend ...	0	4	6
A lover of Jesus ...	0	10	0
A. D. ...	0	10	0
J. M. N., per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Part proceeds of Christmas Tree, per Pastor John Field, Ecton ...	5	5	0
Mrs. S. Ineary ...	5	0	0
Collection at Watch Night Service, Penge Tabernacle ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. James A. Spurgeon, Croydon :-			
O. B. ...	10	0	0
Mr. J. S. Barnes, Col- chester ...	5	0	0
W. J. G. ...	3	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Trotter, Beckenham ...	2	0	0
C. H. G. ...	1	1	0
Mr. G. F. Merritt ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon ...	1	1	0
			22 7 0
Mr. A. Cowan ...	1	0	0
Mr. B. Inlach ...	1	0	0
Miss Katie Harvey ...	0	5	6
Mr. James Gray ...	0	5	0
Friend in Lockerbie ...	0	4	0
Miss E. Snell ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Swabey ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilkinson ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Sellers ...	0	10	0
Miss Eliza J. Anderson ...	1	0	0
Mr. R. H. Love ...	1	1	0
Miss A. Green and friend ...	0	4	0
Mr. W. G. Newbery ...	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott ...	5	0	0
Mrs. H. Barnes ...	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Mitchell... ..	0	10	0
Mr. John Rossiter ...	0	11	0
Per Pastor W. Giddings :- Baptist Church, Long Preston ...	0	10	0
Miss Kidd... ..	0	3	0
			0 13 0
Mr. Robert Ryman ...	7	0	0
Bertie Dennish ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Ranford ...	2	0	0
Mr. Spriggs ...	0	10	0
A. C. ...	0	10	0
Mr. T. Vickery ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Jeanneret ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Barrow ...	0	3	2
Mr. E. A. Ventris, for collecting-box... ..	0	1	0
Executor of the late Miss Isabella Mac- donald ...	1	0	0
Sale of S. O. Tracts ...	0	1	0
Collected by Miss J. Gresham ...	0	12	0
Mr. A. Astc... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. Walker's box ...	2	19	10
Miss Edwards' Sunday-school Class, Denmark Place Chapel, Cumberwell	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Prior	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. McArthur	0	11	0
Walter Oakley	0	1	6
Collected by Miss E. Moase	0	7	9
J. M.	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Sewell	1	0	0
Collected by Tibbie Bertram	0	1	6
Mr. J. Lunn	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Lily Harrauld... ..	1	11	0
Mr. John O'Gram	0	10	0
Mrs. Millar	0	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. Fowler	0	5	0
Postmark, London, E.C.	0	0	2
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ..	0	14	8
Collected by Miss Horsfall	1	0	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Stickland	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Naraway	0	4	1
A friend, a New Year's gift	0	5	0
A friend, per Mrs. Willis... ..	1	0	0
Collected by Pastor G. D. Cox	0	8	6
Mr. H. Chalk, per Mrs. Evans	1	1	0
Rad.	0	5	0
X. Y. Z.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Forbes	0	2	6
Mr. Young	0	0	6
Mr. Paxton	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. J. T. Mumford	0	5	0
Mrs. Tinger... ..	0	2	0
Per J. T. D. :-			
M. R. Hunt	1	1	0
Mr. T. Atkinson	1	10	0
Mr. Pain	1	0	0
	3	11	0
A Thankoffering, postal order, Gresham House, E.C.	0	10	0
Mr. John Norkett	1	0	0
Collection at Christ Church (Rev. Newman Hall's) Christmas morning service	15	9	0
Collected by — Box 357	0	10	3
Free Church Sabbath-school, Fortwilliam, N.B., per Mr. Miller	0	7	6
A friend, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	0	5	0
Ebury Mission Sunday Evening School, per Mr. Northcroft	1	11	6
A lady, per Mr. G. R. Searle	100	0	0
Alice's money-box	0	6	9
A well-wisher, E. M.	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0
Three fatherless little ones, and their aunts, Brixham	0	8	2
Miss I. H. Morgan	0	2	6
Mr. T. Steer... ..	1	4	1
Miss J. Vowles	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Badden	3	0	0
Mr. S. H. Coles	0	10	0
Mr. K. Jones	1	0	0
In memoriam, Bath	3	0	0
E. J. T. J. S.	0	2	6
Mr. J. Lundie	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Mr. H. Denby	2	0	0
Mrs. James Sinclair	0	10	6
Profit on social tea at Broughton Baptist Chapel	0	6	6
Mr. W. Eley	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Alexander	0	7	0
Mrs. Millward's Bible-class, Salters' Hall Chapel	0	10	0
Mr. J. Scott... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. M. Chillingworth	0	10	0
Miss Bowyer	0	10	0
Mr. C. W. Roberts	10	0	0
Mr. W. Casson	1	0	0
Mr. T. Dick	3	0	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Stamps from Weston-super-Mare	0	2	6
Mr. J. Crocker	2	10	0

	£	s.	d.
R. P., Edinburgh	1	0	0
Collace Saucher, S. S. M. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Joyce	1	15	0
Collected by Mr. C. Adlam:-			
P. L.	1	0	0
P. M.	0	10	0
P. S.	0	10	0
P. S.	0	3	6
B. S.	1	0	0
G. E.	0	12	0
G. W.	0	2	0
Church of England	0	5	0
A. C., and Durweston Ringers	0	5	0
	4	7	6
Miss E. Eno (three-penny pieces)	0	5	0
Mr. George Elder, per Mrs. Jeffrey	2	0	0
Collected at the Lord's table at Norfolk Street Chapel, Peckham	1	5	3
Mr. T. P. Munyard	5	0	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6
Miss J. Page	0	2	6
Mr. Charles Rogers	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Cooper	0	5	0
A reader of "John Ploughman's Almanack"	0	2	0
Postal order from Ventnor	0	10	0
S. S. Kehlme	0	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Barouche	1	10	0
Mr. C. Martin	0	5	0
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Fraserburgh, per Pastor W. Richards	1	18	6
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	4	4	0
Half the contents of Helen, Sybil, Margie, and Jeanie's box, opened on New Year's day	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Cookle... ..	6	10	6
Mrs. A. Gravestock	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Nunn	4	4	0
Mr. W. Haig Miller	3	3	0
Mrs. M. E. White... ..	1	10	0
Mr. George Fox	0	5	0
Mr. Charles Hawkes, and his son Robert Murray	0	6	0
Mr. John E. Adams	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas R.—... ..	5	0	0
W. A. M.	0	6	0
Mr. A. McLeod and Mr. D. B. Wright	0	3	0
Mr. A. W. Auden	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Mrs. George... ..	5	0	0
Miss M. Pentelow	1	0	0
A Folkestone working-man	0	5	0
Aggie... ..	0	10	0
X.C.	0	2	6
A country minister	0	3	0
A working-man, Liverpool	0	4	0
Miss J. R. Moore	1	0	0
Mr. T. Fleetwood... ..	1	0	0
Mr. W. Irving	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	2	2	6
A well wisher, Corsham	1	0	0
A thank-offering from Wellington	0	10	0
Miss Hagger	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Mott	0	14	0
Mr. A. McLeod, per Messrs. P. and A. Proceeds of meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir :-			
Ashford	10	7	9
Hastings	40	7	6
Worthing	10	6	0
Sittingbourne	25	6	1
Deal	31	3	0
Dover... ..	17	17	7
Elm Grove Chapel, Southsea	11	6	6
Leas Expenses... ..	1	1	4
	10	5	2
Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth: Expenses above charged in error, January "Sword and Trowel"	1	1	4

	£	s.	d.
Chatham	21	4	7
Margate	6	6	5
Folkstone, per Pastor R. F. Jeffrey, tickets, &c. ...	9	7	6
Donations—			
Lord Gilbert Kennedy ...	1	0	0
Mr. H. H. Iverson ...	2	2	0
Mr. C. Iverson ...	1	1	0
Mr. S. C. Weston ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Walker ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Stace ...	0	10	0
Mr. Geo. Pope ...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Moore ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Rogers... ..	0	10	0
	16	15	6
Less local Expenses ...	5	12	0
	11	3	6
Sale of Programmes	0	13	1
<i>Christmas Festival:—</i>			
Jane Matthews	0	2	6
T. H. C.	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Barlow	1	10	0
Mr. Wm. McNorton	0	8	0
Mr. W. Colthup	0	10	0
Mrs. W. Colthup	0	10	0
Mr. John Wood	0	10	0
M. L. F.	0	10	0
Sarah... ..	0	1	0
Mrs. Arnold... ..	1	1	0
A. B.	0	1	0
Mrs. L. Bush	0	10	0
Mrs. Alfred Jackson	0	2	6
A. E. L.	0	5	0
A poor widow, Reading ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Farmer	0	2	6
Miss A. E. Hockett	0	1	6
H. E. S.	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Elgar	1	0	0
Collected by Nellie Caffyn	2	2	0
A Methodist Circuit-steward	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Ashe ...	2	12	3
Mr. W. Turnell	0	10	0
Mr. E. Wales	0	2	6
M. G.	1	1	0
E. B. L.	0	5	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	0	2	6
Collected by Miss M. Best,			
Helston:—			
Miss Collins... ..	0	10	0
Mr. Winkworth	0	1	0
Miss Lamport	0	5	0
The Misses Best	0	5	0
Miss M. Best	0	5	0
	1	6	0
Mrs. Vinson... ..	0	10	0
K. M.	0	5	0
E. J. Slade	0	10	0
A servant	0	3	0
The Misses Rowland	0	5	0
Mr. W. Smith	0	2	6
Collected by Mr. G. Lawrence	12	12	0
Miss Annie Cumpsteys ...	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bew... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. W. H. Carter	0	10	0
Messrs. Maynard and Son	0	10	0
Mrs. L. H. Edwards	0	10	0
Mr. James Lang	0	5	0
E. S., Camberwell	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
The Misses Milly and Norah Sandes	0	5	6
Mr. J. Fear	0	5	0
Mrs. Appleton	1	0	0
Mr. Stratton, per Mr. Edwards	0	10	0
Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6
Mr. W. Pritchard	0	5	0
Mr. C. R. Stevens, per Mrs. James Withers ...	0	10	8
Mrs. E. Leaske	0	5	0
Mr. W. Swain	2	2	0
Mr. H. Tubby	1	0	0
Mrs. Parker... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Sydenham	0	10	0
Mrs. B. Fox... ..	0	5	0
Collected at Bures, by			
Master Percy Monk ...	1	1	0
Mrs. I. K.	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Sewell	0	5	0
Mrs. Butler	0	5	0
Mrs. Bowes	0	7	6
Mrs. Buswell	1	0	0
Mr. W. Penkinner	0	5	0
Miss S. Laver	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Ballard	1	10	11
Mr. J. Everett	1	0	0
Mr. Clover's Bible-class ...	0	10	0
Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	5	0
Mr. James Struthers	8	0	0
C. H.	0	10	0
Mrs. Wm. Hardy	0	5	0
Little Gilbert's pennies ...	0	7	6
Hardway	0	10	0
A working-lad	0	5	0
W. A. M.	0	8	6
	62	1	2
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, as per list ...	61	2	10
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, as per list ...	41	9	5
	102	12	3
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Miss Burls	1	0	0
Mr. H. Stevenson	0	10	6
Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	5	0
Mr. H. Greenwood Brown, per Rev. T. Greenwood	1	1	0
Mr. W. J. Dennis	1	1	0
Mr. John Mortlock	1	1	0
Mrs. Poulton	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
Mrs. Davies	5	0	0
A friend	1	0	0
E. A. H.	0	10	0
Per F. R. T.:—			
A. A. T.	0	15	0
Mr. H. Keen	0	10	0
"In remembrance"	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0
F. R. T.	0	5	0
	2	0	0
Mr. J. Wiles	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox, for the support of two orphans for a year ...	40	0	0
Mr. W. I. Davidson	5	5	0
Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
	£1146	14	9

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (New Year).—Andrews, F., 5s 3d; Angell, A., 5s; Arnold, G. W., 3s 6d; Bright, T., 3s; Banyard, H., 5s 7d; Banyard, S., 6s 7d; Barson, E. I., 9s 2d; Britton, G., 3s 9d; Barnes, O., 4s 9d; Birch, W., 5s; Bristow, J., £1; Barrett, George, 3s 1d; Bowles, J., 5s; Barrett, J., 3s 6d; Bailey, A., 1s 6d; Barnard, D. J., £1 1s 4d; Barrett, F., 2s; Betts, Alfred, 7s 4d; Bandle, J. S., 15s 11d; Bell, H., 5s; Barter, A. S., £1 1s 6d; Bridges, C., 10s; Berry, G., 3s 2d; Bush, R., 7s 6d; Cleaverly, J., 2s; Cartland, S., 3s 1d; Chamberlain, W., 8s; Crubb, A., 3s 6d; Carwithen, A. W., 5s; Cozens, B., 3s; Clayton, H. T., 5s 4d; Chandler, C. H., 4s 6d; Cockell, H. G., £2 6s 6d; Cann, John; 11s 3d; Callam, F., 2s; Cassell, 5s; Deacon, G., 10s; Davis, W. H., 3s 1d; Davis, A. H., 7s 4d; Deane, W., 4s; Docwra, W., 12s 6d; Davis, C., 5s; Duff, E., 6s 11d; Dimond, W., 6s; Edwards, G., £1;

Edgley, W. I., 6s 9d; Evans, Ivor, £1 1s; Farr, E., 2s; Foster, A., 6s 6d; Fitch, E., 5s 6d; Fairclough, R., 6s 6d; Fieldwick, S., 5s 4d; Ford, W., 15s; Friendship, H., 13s; Goding, H., £1 2s 9d; Gosling, E. J., 6s; Game, John, 8s; Gammon, A., 12s; Garvan, V., 2s 6d; Hatcher, J., 6s 6d; Hamlet, A., £1 10s; Hewitt, L., 1s 9d; Hill, C., 5s; Hobbs, H., 6s 3d; Horan, E., 6s; Hammond, E. G., 2s 2d; Hunt, C., 3s; Hughes, R., 6s 1d; Hill, G. C., 18s 6d; Hinchley, John, 5s 7d; Hockley, W., 1s 6d; Imeson, C., 7s 2d; Ingram, W., £1; Jones, Charles, 4s 4d; Jackson, P., 6s; Jones, T., 6s; Jennings, A., 5s 6d; Kibble, G., 5s; Kemp, G., 5s 2d; Ling, W., 8s 4d; Lloyd, A., 18s; Lister, V., 5s; Lennox, P. W., 5s; Lowne, J., 3s; Lewis, R., 11s; Mannel, W., £1 1s; Metcalf, T., £1; Macted, G., 2s; Mead, H. E., 5s; Martin, A., 3s 7d; Miller, R. L., 7s 6d; Mitchell, W., 13s 1d; Miller, C., 4s; Moppett, J., 4s 6d; Moore, A., 2s 8d; Norton, R., £1; Norrey, E., 5s; Pascall, J. H., £3 4s 6d; Perry, G., 7s 3d; Pritchard, G. C., 3s 2d; Peachey, A., 11s; Pearce, J., 7s; Pitney, F., £1; Read, F., 3s; Rathmell, H., 10s; Rees, B., £1; Sparkes, B., £1 6s; Smith, H., 6s; Sorrell, F., 6s 3d; Smith, E., 10s 6d; Stickland, 3s 6d; Steed, S., 4s 7d; Smith, P., 10s; Sully, A., 4s; Smale, Wm., 10s 8d; Small, A. V., 7s; Symonds, Y., 1s 6d; Sutherland, J. S., 6s 6d; Talbot, E., 6s 1d; Tressider, W., 7s; Taylor, F. J. K., 5s 3d; Taylor, G., £1; Valler, A., 7s; Warner, G., 7s; Wratten, E., 10s; Wardell, T., 10s 6d; Walker, A., 10s; Wilks, A., 4s 6d; Weller, W., 3s; White, John, 3s 1d; Walter, P. W., 5s 6d; Westbrook, H., 13s 7d; Wurd, A. E., 3s; Ward, R., £1; Wills, F. G., £1 0s 3d; Wallis, F. G., 4s.—Total, £61 2s 10d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (New Year).—Andrew, E., 6s; Ayling, E., 2s 4d; Bullock, L., 9s 6d; Blackwell, K., 6s; Barlow, M., 10s; Birkett, F., 11s; Botham, L., 7s; Burrows, F., 5s 3d; Bates, M., 5s 6d; Buckland, A., 5s; Bettam, L., 4s; Broadhouse, N., 4s; Birtwistle, 2s 6d; Bridgman, A., 9s 1d; Bartlett, C., 6d; Bishop, L., 1s 6d; Bloomfield, L., 4s 2d; Beck, M., 2s 6d; Cooper, Kate, 7s 7d; Cox, E., 9s 7d; Conyard, E., 6s 6d; Chamberlain, M., 9s; Casey, A. M., 1s; Cousins, L., 12s; Cooper, F., 7s 1d; Chapman, R., 12 6d; Dance, F., 13s; Donelly, G., 15s; De Laiche, B., 5s; Epps, Fanny, 6s; Eagle, S., 7s 6d; Francis, J., 1s 6d; Fairbank, A., 5s 6d; Foreman, L., 10s 2d; Goldsmith, E., 6s 6d; Gilmour, C. L., 4s; Gray, M., 5s; Gould, E., £1 5s; Glover, E., 5s; Howell, L., 6s 2d; Hill, A., 6s; Howell, R., 6s 6d; Hart, E., 6s 9d; Ingle, F., 11s 6d; Jessop, K., 9s; Kemp, A. M., £1 1s 6d; Knowles, L., 1s; Kingaby, A., 6s; Ladbroke, J., 9s; Long, M., 5s; Lugsden, W., 4s; Maycock, W., 5s 6d; Mash, L., 3s 1d; Moore, E. E., 9s; Marshall, M., 6s 4d; Males, S., 7s 2d; Nutt, C., 12s; Nash, M., 4s 5d; Newton, A., 5s 6d; Orridge, A., 15s; Oakey, J., 5s 2d; Pope, A., 12s; Peepal, G., 11s; Pentecost, E., 10s; Paul, M., 1s; Pickering, M., 3s 6d; Runnack, A., £1; Rampling, S., 3s 7d; Rushman, H., 8s 3d; Richardson, R., 6s 10d; Richmond, B., 6s; Shipway, E., 16s; Scott, L., 11s; Stone, E., 3s 4d; Smith, A., £1 13s 9d; Smith, L., £1 2s 3d; Sharpe, H., 2s; Salt, E., 8s 5d; Spear, C. A., 4s; Staines, C. R., 5s 6d; Simons, C., 6s 8d; Sharland, A., 3s 7d; Smith, H., 2s 6d; Shorter, E., 14s 6d; Stevens, M., 4s. 8d; Spender, K., 17s; Somerscales, E. E., 15s 9d; Thorpe, E., 8s 6d; Tilley, G., £1; Trill, H., 14s 1d; Tollworthy, E., 15s; Thompson, L., 3s 7d; Thomas, N., £1; Temple, E., 10s; Vogt, D., 4s 6d; Valler, C., 2s 6d; White, H., 2s; Willis, A., 10s; Willison, D., 6s; Wood, J., 13s; Winder, C. B., 6s; Wellington, M., 2s; Webley, E., 3s 6d; Williams, N., 9s 10d.—Total, £41 8s 6d.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from December 15th, 1884, to January 15th, 1885.—PROVISIONS: 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 3 bags Turnips, Mr. H. Foulger; 550 Oranges, and 1 peck Chestnuts, Mr. E. Newman; 3 boxes Raisins, 56 lbs. Currants, 42 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs. Peel, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. Daintree; 1 case Currants, Mr. H. Lafone; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. E. Saunders; 1 case Oranges, Mr. J. D. Doulton; 3 casks Broken Biscuits, Messrs. Hundley and Palmer; 1 box Oranges, Mrs. Krell; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. J. Stiff; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. H. Collins; 2 Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 Cake and Sweets, Miss Morris; 130 lbs. Cake, Messrs. Peck, Frenan and Co; 5 cwt. Jam, Messrs. Chivers and Sons; 1 Hare from Mildenhall, Suffolk; 3 bags Brussel Sprouts, Mr. Vinson, Orpington; 245 boxes Figs, for Boys, Mr. W. Harrison, 180 boxes Figs, for Girls, A Friend, per Mr. W. Harrison; 1 sack Flour, 2 sacks Turnips, Mr. W. Medcalf; a quantity of Dates, and 3 pieces of Bacon, Mr. Wormald; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. J. Norkett; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 6 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1 Pig, Mr. G. T. Phillips.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—26 Flannel Shirts, 4 Unbleached Calico Night Shirts, Mrs. Davis; 13 pairs Stockings, Miss Morris; a quantity of Ties, Messrs. Hix and Bridge; 16 overcoats, 11 Jackets, 11 Knickers, 5 Vests, Mr. J. S. Smith; 12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 4 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Ellis; 20 Woolen Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 39 Garments, Mrs. R. Lane; 6 Shirts, 120 yards Black Cloth, Messrs. Hollingrake and Clegg.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—6 Articles, Miss Edwards; 34 Articles, Mrs. B. Collier; 110 Articles, Young Ladies' Working Meeting, West Croydon, per Miss Chandler; 3 Garments, Miss L. Bigg; 15 Girls Hats, 12 Caps, Mr. J. S. Smith; 8 Articles, A Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel"; 17 Garments, Miss Raitt; 12 Hand-made Scarves, Miss K. Buswell; 44 Articles, Mrs. Huxley; 1 Garment, "S. A. R."; 29 Garments, Mrs. H. J. E. Brake; 82 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Garments, Miss Hite, per Mr. George Bass; 26 Articles, Mrs. D. Morgan; 9 Articles, "E. L. Y."; 2 Jackets, Mrs. Carpenter; 7 Pinafors, Mrs. W. Holmes; 15 Garments, per Miss Higgs; 29 Garments, the Cheam Baptist Working Meeting, per Mrs. S. Cox; 9 Garments, "S. H. L."; 11 worn Garments, 3 New, Miss Emma Webb; 4 Garments, Miss Harper; 4 Garments, Mrs. Lovell.

GENERAL:—50 Fancy Articles, Miss Descroix; 2 Fancy Articles, Miss M. Holmes; 1 Packet Christmas Cards, Miss Edwards; 1 Scrapbook and Sandry Articles, The Misses M. and R. Jeffreys; a quantity of Pictures, Mrs. Roberts; 1 Doll, Miss L. Bigg; 7 Fancy Articles, Miss Raitt; 2 dozen Handkerchiefs, Mrs. Ayer; 1 box Toys for Christmas Tree, Mrs. W. Poulton, per Mrs. J. Withers; a quantity of pieces of Cloth, Mr. Cotton; 6 dozen Dessert Spoons, Mr. A. Rushworth; 6 Scrap Books, Mrs. Ellis; 425 New Shillings, Orphans' Christmas present, Mr. J. Duncan; 1 box Toys, Mr. Newman; 3 pairs Hose, 2 boxes Toys, 1 packet Cards, Miss J. Robertson; 650 Coins, stamped with Scripture Texts, Miss Dawson; 1 set Mats, Mrs. Lovell; 26 Dusters, Mrs. Davies; 6 Dusters, Mrs. H. J. E. Brake; £1 is towards expense of portable Bell Table, Mr. S. Harris, Portsmouth, a Concertina, from a boy of seven years; nearly 500 Articles and Decorations for Christmas Trees, Mrs. Garrett.

BARBATA, January "Sword and Trowel."—Omitted from List of Presents:—29 Shirts for Boys, 45 yards Dress Material, 7½ lbs Sweets, Mrs. G. Thompson, per Miss Lottie Grove. "A quantity of Vegetables," Mr. Gwyer, should be, 4½ cwt. Potatoes, 1 cwt. Onions; 63 Articles, Miss E. M. Lott, should be Mrs. Lott.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1884, to January 15th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
T. L. W.	5	5	0	Mr. Thomas R—	5	0	0
Alice	19	8	6				
W. S.	10	0	0				
					£39	13	6

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1884, to January 15th, 1885.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>					£	s.	d.
E. S., for Repton and Church Gresley	20	0	0	Mr. J. C. Smallbone	0	10	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0	Mrs. Bainbridge	5	0	0
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0	Mr. R. P. Dayton	1	0	0
Winchester District	10	0	0	Mr. Everett	1	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0	Mr. James Kerr	0	2	6
Oxfordshire Association:—Stow and Aston District	10	0	0	Sermon-reader, Glasgow	0	10	0
Cheddar District	6	5	0	L. K. D.	0	10	0
Miss Haddfield, for Ryde, Cowes, and Sandown	30	0	0	Miss E. J. Bowley	1	10	0
Aylesbury District	10	0	0	M. B. ...	1	1	0
Haddenham, Bucks., District	10	0	0	A Friend, Sutton-in-Craven	0	5	0
Bower Chalk District:—				Mr. W. Perry	0	6	0
Mr. Thomas R—, per Secretary for 1885	5	0	0	Z. A. ...	20	0	0
Mr. Kelley	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0
Mr. Hardiman	1	0	0	Mrs. Macdougall	2	0	0
Mr. Aldridge	1	0	0	Mr. Wm. Moir	2	0	0
Mr. Martin	0	10	0	W. and E. H., Exeter	0	7	0
	9	10	0	Mrs. G. Wyman	0	15	0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0	Miss S. J. Hannam	1	0	0
				Mr. Wm. Casson	0	10	0
	£145	15	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
				Mr. P. Lamont	0	10	0
				Mr. Thomas R—	5	0	0
				Mr. J. B. Mead	10	0	0
				<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
				E. A. H.	0	10	0
				Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	1	1	0
				Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton	2	2	0
				Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
				Mr. Hy. Tubby	1	0	0
					£66	16	6

<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
	£	s.	d.
Faith, hope, and love	0	10	0
Mr. Thomas Land	0	10	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 15th, 1884, to January 15th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Bainbridge	5	0	0	Mr. W. Casson	0	10	0
Mr. Ewan MacDonald, per Mrs. Armstrong	2	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. F. Patterson	1	0	0	Collection after Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Kenyon Chapel, Solon Road, Clapham	1	10	0
Messrs. R. and W. Mills	1	0	0	Mr. Thomas R—	5	0	0
Mr. G. L. Brown	1	1	0	Thankoffering from Humberstone Road Union Church, Leicester	2	10	8
Mr. Albert Hill	1	1	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mrs. B., for Mr. Burnham's support	50	0	0	Mr. Hy. Tubby	1	0	0
Z. A., for Mr. Burnham's support	50	0	0	E. A. H.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Blott	5	0	0				
Mr. J. B. Mead	5	0	0				
X.C.	0	2	6				
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at Shooters' Hill Road Chapel	1	10	0				
					£134	0	2

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1884.

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.				£	s.	d.
To Weekly Offerings at Tabernacle	1,884	0	0	By Salaries	1,636	19	5
„ Donations	3,792	4	1	„ Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance...	2,928	1	9
„ Collections by Students	519	2	5	„ Clothing	46	13	9
„ Annual Meeting	80	2	6	„ Lighting, cleaning, and warming	160	11	3
„ Interest on Deposit Account	40	11	3	„ Books, Printing, Stationery, Bookbinding, Advertising, and	265	7	10
							Office disbursements	87	16	8
							„ Books to Students on leaving	673	16	9
							„ Preaching Stations,—Home Missions and New Chapels	377	9	0
							„ Annual Conference,—Hire of Material, Labour, and Decorations	77	19	7
							„ Furniture, Fittings, and Scientific Apparatus	6,244	16	0
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1884	6,356	0	3	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1884	2,294	6	1
				2,183	1	10					£8,539	2	1
				£8,539	2	1					£8,539	2	1

Examined and found correct, January 24, 1885.

JAS. A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. PASSMORE, } *Finance Committee.*

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

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1884.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.		PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Donations			672	14	By Salaries of the four Evangelists, and help to two others	976	6	8
„ Contributions by Churches visited			193	13	„ Allowance for Travelling Expenses	100	0	0
„ Legacy			223	8				
			1,689	16				1,076
„ Balance in hand, 1st January, 1884			291	1	„ Balance in hand, 31st December, 1884			304
			£1,380	17				£1,380
								17

JAS. A. SPURGEON,
W. C. MURRELL,
J. PASSMORE, } *Finance Committee.*

Audited and found correct, January 24, 1885. { W. P. OLNEY,
B. WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

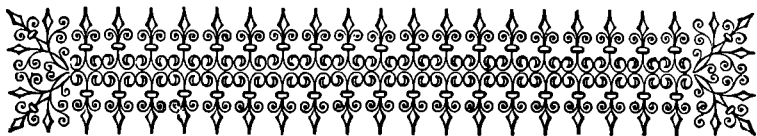
Account for the Year 1884.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.		PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1884			15	15	By Loans to Churches:—			200
„ Repayments of Loans			1,434	4	Cross Street, Islington			0
					Grantham			0
			£1,449	19				900
					Balance in hand, December 31st, 1884			1,149
								19
								8

Loans outstanding, December 31st, 1884
 3,993 | 0 | 6 || Cash Balance in hand | 1,149 | 19 | 8 |
| Total amount of Fund | £5,083 | 0 | 2 |

Audited and found correct, January 24, 1885. { W. P. OLNEY,
B. WILDON CARR,
WILLIAM PAYNE, } *Auditors.*

THOMAS H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MARCH, 1885.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund Report for 1884.



HE teaching of the Holy Ghost is the main qualification of a Christian minister. Apart from this inward illumination, a man knows nothing aright, either for himself or others. Yet the Holy Spirit usually works by means, and among these the gospel preacher finds reading to hold a leading place. "Give attention to reading," is sound apostolic advice. Read first the Scriptures of God, and then such books as are inspired by the Word, or cast light upon it. While we are in the study, we may look for a visitation from him who is given to lead us into all truth. In the diligent use of reading and meditation we expect to be able to say with Eliezer, "I, being in the way, the Lord led me."

Virgin soil is sometimes so rich that the farmer can produce successive crops without needing to put anything upon the soil, and there may be brains so fruitful that they yield fresh thought in abundance, without reading; but in this old country most lands need fertilizing, and most minds need enriching with instruction. Those writers who never read will never be read, and those preachers who never hear the still small voice of their books will not be heard, bawl they never so lustily. Reading makes the full man, and it is the full man who alone can overflow for the profit of others. For the most of us, continual, regular, close reading is needful if we would be efficient teachers. *But how can we read if we have no books?*

Itinerant preachers in the far-west, who are more familiar with a horse and saddle-bags than with a manse and pulpit, and are by their

continual journeyings thrown into new scenes, and among fresh people, find in their surroundings that which answers to the pages of new volumes. Their lonely rides and strange adventures are to them a literature, and they can, therefore, manage to be original and vigorous without consulting great writers. Men, too, who live in primitive villages in our own land, and, like Robert Robinson, plough and sow, and reap and mow, and are all the while in vigorous health, may find in their occupation all that others can discover on their book-shelves. But amid the routine of a limited circle of acquaintance, dwelling in the dreary street of a town, and bound down by the conventionalities of the period, a man finds it hard to strike out something fresh, and give the same people an interesting discourse three or four times a week. *What can a poor preacher do who has no books?* Is he to make loaves without flour, and catch fish without net or line? Some of us, who have every appliance and advantage, find our task no light one; but take these away, and, alas! master, what shall we do?

Poverty is a grievous trial to one who is called upon to be prominent. He might be content in a corner, but if you robe him in a thread-bare garment, it is a shame to place him on a rostrum, where all may see his condition. His wife and his children might wear their scanty apparel with patience if you did not make them the observed of all observers. But when poverty displays itself in a man's sermons, it is more grievous to him than when it is seen in his clothes. If the good man cannot explain his text for want of an exposition, nor work out an argument because he is unaware of the facts of history, nor venture upon an illustration because he has no work which would enable him to give it correctly, it is humiliating to him to the last degree. He bitterly feels the want of money, but the want of books so conquers him that it is with him as it was with Joseph, when the iron entered into his soul. He is conscious of the power to do better work, if he could but procure tools; and he frets and chafes because he is virtually expected to cultivate a field without a plough, build a wall without a trowel, and defeat an enemy without weapons.

No preacher ought to be kept short of books; as well deprive a workman of his tools. These men are to produce fresh, interesting, living, stimulating thought: the task is in itself no easy one; in the name of common-sense supply them with every known help for the cultivation of their minds. If we are to endure two addresses from them every Sunday, let us be merciful to ourselves by giving the good men something to think about, that they may not bore us with inane repetitions, nor send us to sleep with dull platitudes. Spiritual people desire that their Sabbaths should be profitably spent; and if they are thoughtful and instructed persons, they will feel that it is important that their religious teacher should come to the pulpit with a well-stored mind. In the age of miracles, an apostle was anxious to obtain his books and his parchments; and now that miracles have ceased, such helps have become even more important to the gospel minister. It is idle to look for exposition from a brother who is not only ignorant of the original tongues, but is unread in those admirable comments which have cost men a lifetime to prepare. In every other department of his work the minister needs such stimulus, guidance, and information as

only books can give him. It is an absolute necessity for continuous, instructive ministry among the same people that a man should study, and *how can he study if he has nothing to read?*

The more manifest sorrow of scantiness of bread arouses sympathy in all minds; but lack of mental food does not affect many with pity. Perhaps a pastor's wife, who knows the use which her own husband finds for his library, is one of the most likely persons to enter in sympathy into this common but bitter experience. Mrs. Spurgeon felt that the need was urgent, and she began to meet it; the work grew upon her hands, and her hands grew to the work so that she could not quit it, but must advance with it.

Through nine long years Mrs. Spurgeon has plodded on, hearing from poor preachers, answering their letters, and sending them parcels of books, until the number of those who have been helped by her exceeds *twelve thousand*. Many of these have had two, or three grants, as years have passed on, and it may therefore be imagined how much of correspondence and book-keeping has fallen to the lot of an invalid. If imagination should not convey a just idea, it may be well to add that this enterprise has kept her hands full from morning till night, and has at times taxed her powers beyond the due limit.

May the good Lord send his Spirit with the books given, and make them to be a testimony to the gospel of grace, a comfort to the servants of the Lord, and a means of revival to the churches among which they labour. Going as the books do to every part of the church of Christ, and even to those who are of doubtful orthodoxy, we do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice that a great door and effectual is thus opened, and none can tell what may come of it. It may be that the truth may influence the preacher, and through him may spread to his congregation. In these dark days every candle is precious, and the more we can light the better. To put sound doctrine in the way of ministers is to cast salt into the fountain, and should the Lord use it to the healing of the spring the streams will be sweet. At any rate, daily prayer goes up that this may be the case, and the Lord lives to hear and answer the believing petitions of his servants.

We have heard of generals who could more readily fight a battle than write the despatch which described it; and we know many a Christian worker who could toil on for a year with less trouble than it would cost him to produce a report of his mission. It is especially so with the persevering manager of the Book Fund: she delights in her holy service for the Lord's ministers, but the Annual Report is her daily burden, the perpetual task of the whole year. Yet when one reads these pleasant pages, nothing suggests the idea of toilsome production: surely flowers so lovely and abundant must have sprung spontaneously from the sod. As when one sees a dell in spring-time azure as the skies with blue-bells, no picture of a labourer with a spade intrudes itself; so when we are charmed with the happy sentences of this delightful Annual, no notion of an aching head and a wearied mind crosses our imagination. We do but mention the fact because we see behind the curtain, and know that the pleasure given to her readers costs the writer dear. Personally, we could even wish for her sake that the Report could be henceforth dispensed with; but this must not be,

at least we hope it will not be, till ministers no more need donations of books; for pure minds need stirring up, and putting in remembrance, and there is no better way of doing it than by such appeals as these.

Our readers can procure this tasteful book for sixpence of our publishers, and therefore there is no need to say more. Even should they be unable to aid the enterprise, they will be all the better for knowing about it; and at least they will find the water standing in their eyes as they read of the needs of certain of the Lord's ministers, and mark the gratitude with which a little help is received. We will make two quotations which may suffice to give to any of our new friends a taste of the whole. Our older helpers have read nine such reports, and will be glad to know that it is proposed that these should all be made into a volume, and issued in a permanent form. They ought not to pass into forgetfulness, for they are adapted to be not only passing clouds, which drop an annual shower, but fixed fountains, ever refreshing weary travellers. We have extracted, first—

THE PASTOR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The room is small, and very poorly furnished, a tiny fire burns in the grate, for it is mid-winter; but beyond this, there is an absence of all the suitable surroundings of a minister's study, and you can count the *books* upon your fingers. The pastor sits there with bowed head, and weary body, after a day of heavy work, and, shall I tell it? of very scanty sustenance. A deep sense of responsibility is upon him, and he feels the weight of souls on his heart; but, in addition to this, he has special cares just now which press upon him heavily, troubles of church and building matters, questions as to ways and means, fightings without and fears within, which vex and grieve him sorely. He tries to cast his burden upon the Lord, and put the cares in the background, for he has to seek and plead for a text for to-morrow morning's service; but the troubles seem to roll in upon him like the waves of the sea; and though, one after another, precious promises and glorious truths present themselves as he turns the sacred page, he can fix on no text which brings him deliverance, or comes to his heart with the power of the Spirit, as *the word* which shall first satisfy his own soul, and then refresh and bless his people.

Weary and faint,—*he is very, very poor*,—and almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of the way, he turns to the fire with his open Bible on his knee, and sighs. Oh! such a sigh! Will the angels hear it, I wonder, and come and minister to him, as they used to do to their sorrowful Lord? Perhaps so; but his heavenly Father has also prepared an earthly solace, and the answer to his cry is even now at the door. The bell rings, and a large parcel is left "For the Pastor," and is taken at once to his room. In a moment he feels that relief has come, he knows the superscription, and divines the contents; in his joy he almost caresses the package; then, with trembling fingers, he cuts the string, and spreads the treasures out before the Lord. Yes, literally "before the Lord," for now you see him kneeling by the side of the open parcel, thanking and blessing God for such opportune mercy, for such streams in the desert, such blossoming roses in the wilderness. While prayer and praise mingle on his lips, his hand rests upon a small book of Mr. Geo. Müller's; this he takes up and opens, and the first words which meet his eye, standing out in bold relief, shining as it were with heaven's own light, are these:—

"OPEN THY MOUTH WIDE, AND I WILL FILL IT."

This is what he needs, this is God's message, this is "the word with power," and the command is obeyed, and the promise is fulfilled in that first rapturous moment of enlightenment. He has broken down completely now, the tears are running down his cheeks, but they are rills from the fountains of joy, not of

sorrow, and will refresh and heal his spirit. The Lord himself has spoken to him, an angel has strengthened him, and after a season of adoring communion, he rises from his knees, strong to labour or to suffer, as his gracious Master wills. That Saturday night will never be forgotten by him, so well-timed was the mercy to relieve his misery; so precious was the light which shone in upon his darkness.

If we could have gone with him to the house of God on the Sabbath morning following, we should have seen that the blessing so graciously given was resting on him still; nay, more, that it was so abundant in the plenitude of its life-giving power, that it overflowed from his heart into the souls of his people; for saints and sinners alike wept, some over sin, some over recovered joy, and both over the goodness and grace of God in the face of Jesus Christ. God's message to one heart repeated itself to many, and there was rejoicing in heaven and earth that day!

One other passage we cannot withhold—

THE LARK'S NEST.

But, *apropos* of sky-larks' songs, I must tell you, dear reader, what happened the other day, and how beautifully a sweet singer's confidence was rewarded, when fearlessly leaving her earthly treasures in our Father's keeping (Matt. vi. 26), she mounted upward to pay her full debt of daily orisons at "Heaven's Gate." You may find, perhaps, some "linked sweetness" between the little story and our present subject, or even, failing that desired end, may not be displeased with me for introducing the homely incident to your notice.

We were making a tour of the garden and pastures, admiring the beauty of the young year's fresh life,—noting with tender interest all the charming details of newly-awakened responsibility in every living thing—marking the sweet, impatient growth of leaves still ruffled and creased from their recent unfoldings, and rejoicing in the whispered promise of golden days to come which trembled on every scented breath of the perfumed air.

Down in the Dale field we came across a sky-lark's nest, built in the long grass, a lovely little soft-lined cup of cosiness, with three pretty brown eggs in it. The sweet songstress had flown up at the approach of human footsteps, and thus revealed the secret place of her wee home to inquisitive but kindly eyes. We looked with profound admiration on her happy work, and then quietly retraced our steps, having loving sympathy for the poor little fluttering heart which might perchance fear the despoiling of its treasures. A day or two afterwards the visit was repeated; but imagine our consternation when, on opening the gate of the field, we saw that the cows had been let into that pasture! How would the great clumsy sweet-breath'd creatures treat the little home in the grass? Would it not be crushed and trampled by their unheeding feet? We had placed an upright stick near the nest to show its position, and very doubtfully we made our way across the field, fearing to find ruin and desolation where we had left peace and prosperity.

When we reached the spot, our surprise and delight were great to find the home intact, and the wee birds safely hatched, for *though the cows had munched the grass close down to the ground all round the nest, not a hoof had touched the little inmates.* So, there they were, three cunning mites, with stubby bodies, and big downy heads, cowering close together in instinctive fear of the human presence which overshadowed them. The cows grazed quietly by, and overhead the pretty mother trilled forth her delicious carol in the morning sunshine, pouring out her heart's gratitude and gladness in libations of song! And there, till the little birds were feathered and flown, the cows were every day pastured, yet never a hurt came to the wee nest in the grass! Who watched over the mother in her peril as she sat upon the eggs, and guarded the nestlings in their hourly danger when the slight protection of her tender body was removed? Who shielded the tiny birds from the tread of the great beasts' feet?

Did Daphne know that the nursery on the ground-floor must be cared for and respected? Or did Strawberry's mother-instinct tell her that little living hearts beat as truly in that wool-lined cup as in the sweet hay-crib where her own darling was lying? I cannot tell—the matter is too deep for me; but the lark knew all about it, and it may be that, could our ears have been opened to understand the language of her hymn of praise, as she rose higher and higher in the calm blue sky, we might have caught here and there amidst the joyous notes, some such words as these:—

Not one,
 Not one of them,
 Is forgotten
 In the sight of God.*
 Not one,
 Not one of them,
 Shall fall to the ground
 Without your Father.†
 FEAR YE NOT THEREFORE.
 Are not ye
 Of much more value
 Than they?

Did she not do well thus to sing and trust? Oh, sighing and doubting reader, cast away your fears, and follow her fair example; you shall not only joyfully leave your earthly cares with your heavenly Father, but you shall get nearer to God's throne than you have ever been before!

A Strong Tower.

“THE name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe” (Prov. xviii. 10). Sometimes by “the name of the Lord” we are to understand God himself; but most commonly God's attributes are called his name, because by them he is known, as a man is by his name; and here by the “name of the Lord,” we are to understand the power of the Lord. God himself is a strong tower, and the power of God is a strong tower; yea, it is a tower as high as heaven, and as strong as strength itself; it is a tower so deep, no pioneer can undermine it; so thick, no cannon can pierce it; so high, no ladder can scale it; so strong, that no enemy can assault it, or ever be able to stand before it; and so well furnished and provided for all purposes and intents, that all the powers of darkness can never distress it, or in the least straiten it. Now to this impregnable and inexpugnable tower the righteous in all their distresses and dangers run. All creatures run to their refuge when they are hunted or pursued; and so do righteous souls to theirs. But what doth the righteous man gain by running to his strong tower? Why, he gains safety; “he is safe,” saith the text; or rather, according to the Hebrew, *exaltatur*, “he is exalted”: he is set aloft, he is a soul out of gun-shot, he is a soul out of all hazard and danger, he is safe in the everlasting arms, he is safe in his strong tower of defence; he can easily overlook all hazards; yea, he can look upon the greatest dangers with a holy neglect.—*Thomas Brooks.*

* Luke xii. 6. (R. V.)

† Matthew x. 29.

The Disruption.

SECOND PAPER, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

LAST month we saw the birth of the Free Church of Scotland in the marching out of the brave protesting ministers. Immediately, these brethren held their first assembly, and banded themselves together to maintain the crown-rights of King Jesus. They acted with decision and promptitude, defying the consequences which they plainly foresaw. It was not to be all marching through sympathetic crowds, and carrying resolutions by enthusiastic assemblies: they were in for real war, and they found it to be no child's play.

The seceding ministers were, of course, giving up their salaries by the act and deed which constituted them the Free Church. This, to men with wives and children, was no small matter; and to those who were much advanced in life it must have caused a double pang. Voluntarily renouncing a sure income, they went forth trusting in a voluntary principle which as yet they had never seen in exercise. Their people, so far from having been educated in giving, had been under the blighting influence of the State-pay system, and therefore no very cheering prospect presented itself to those who were in future to depend upon the free-will offerings of their congregations. In some cases they could not even be sure that they would have congregations at all, for their parishioners might elect to remain in the old kirk. All turned out well: the people followed their brave pastors, and aroused themselves to a noble effort of liberality; but this might have been otherwise, and therefore many a Disruption minister had to march forth with his brethren facing the probability of absolute poverty. Consciences nowadays are made of softer material, and of a stuff which will stretch indefinitely, and therefore we can scarcely hope to meet with many who could suffer the loss of all things for Christ's sake; but it does us good to think that, within our lifetime, there have been faithful men upon the earth, who were counted worthy to suffer for Christ's name's sake.

Quitting the manse was the first actual trial of the minister. It was his house, the home of his family, the place of his study; in many cases, his life-long abode. The garden and the glebe must be left also, and the good man and his good wife must go forth. But whither? There was the rub. In many villages no house was vacant, nor even a part of a house; in many others, cottages and hovels were the best shelters that could be produced; and, worst of all, in a large number of instances the great landlords forbade their tenants sheltering these men of God. Eviction was threatened if the Free Church minister was harboured. Thus the minister was obliged to live miles away from his flock, and to trudge the weary distance as often as he preached or visited. Doubtless many died through cold and exposure, and others were injured for life through the suffering caused by the narrow, damp, and windy dwellings with which they were obliged to content themselves. Take two instances as narrated in the admirable volume before us.*

Dr. Guthrie thus described the lodging of Mr. Baird, of Cockburns-

* "Annals of the Disruption: with Extracts from the Narratives of Ministers who left the Scottish Establishment in 1843." By the Rev. Thomas Brown, F.R.S.E. Macniven and Wallace, 132, Princes Street, Edinburgh. Price five shillings.

path :—" I went out last winter, and found him in a mean cottage, consisting of two rooms—a but and a ben—with a cellar-like closet below, and a garret above. Night came on, and I asked where I was to sleep. He showed me a closet. The walls were damp, no fire could be put in it. I looked horrified at the place, but there was no better. 'Now,' said I, 'Mr. Baird, where are you to sleep?' 'Come,' said he, 'and I will show you.' So he climbed a sort of trap-stair, and got up to the garret, and there was the minister's study, with a chair, a table, and a flock-bed. A few inches above were the slates of the roof, without any covering, and as white with hoar frost within as they were white with snow without. When he came down the next morning, after a sleepless night, I asked him how he had been, and he told me that he had never closed an eye from the cold. His very breath on the blankets was frozen as hard as the ice outside. I say that man lies in a martyr's grave."

Mr. Campbell, the minister of Berriedale, in Caithness, relates his experience : " We suffered much hardship as a congregation. We could not get sites for our church and manse for eleven years. . . . The teacher and myself lived in a most miserable place. The people did not dare to receive us into their houses. The teacher, therefore, put a temporary roof upon the ruin of an old cottage. In that miserable place we lived for seven years. . . . If there was heavy rain during the night, there was a pool of water before my bed to welcome my rising in the morning. If there was high wind, the ashes were blown up in my face. The wind had free course under the foundation, the house having been built upon a heap of stones. It was so damp and cold that I had to wear my great-coat at the fire-side. I felt by degrees that my life was in danger. My feet began to swell much from the dampness of the place. . . . I walked about a great deal to prevent my getting worse, if possible."

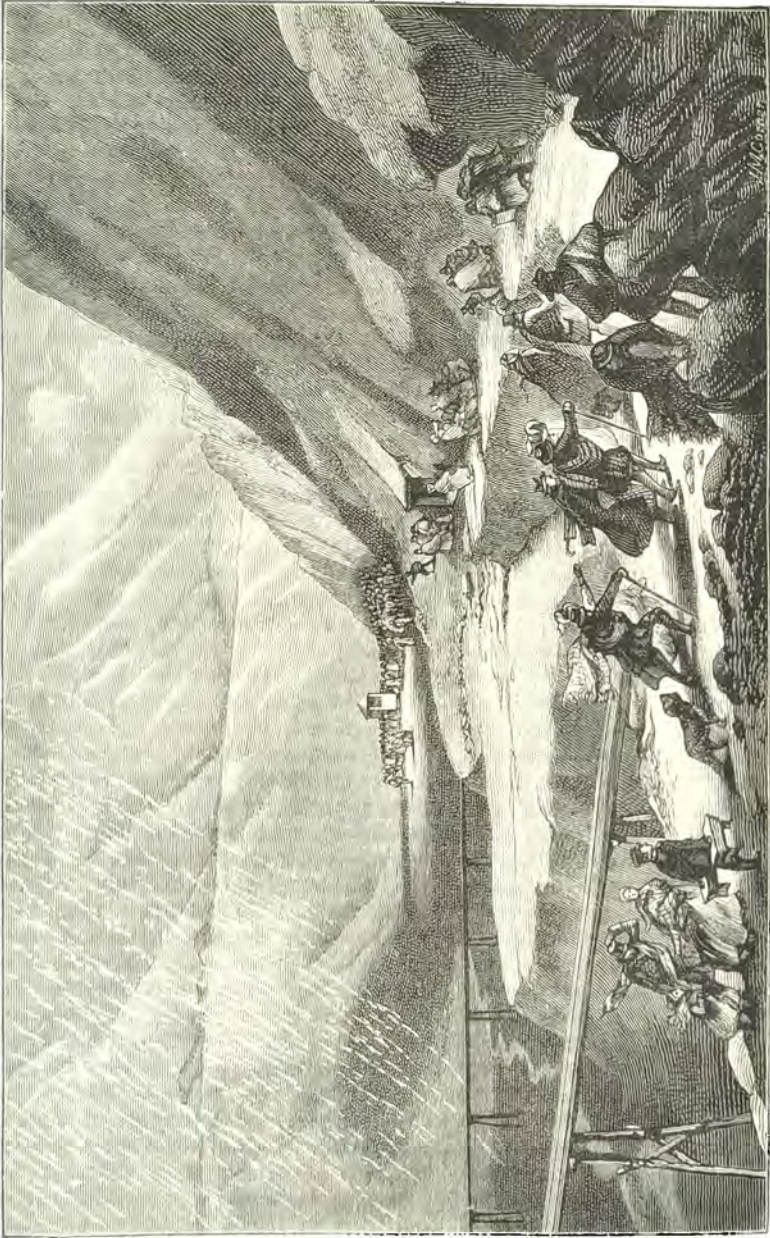
It would be painful to quote more of the numerous instances recorded by the chronicler. It was unavoidable that, upon a sudden turn-out from their manses, the ministers should be put to considerable inconvenience. Houses are not built in a day; neither do they stand empty, waiting for Disruption ministers. But, in many cases, the owners of the land were tyrannical and cruel; they thought to drive away the Free Church minister by refusing him a lodging, or a plot of land whereon to build one. It is over now, and therefore let the cruelty be forgotten; but the patience, which bore that offence so bravely for Christ's sake, deserves to be had in remembrance from generation to generation.

The congregations were necessarily called upon to share with their ministers. The parish church was no longer theirs; the nominees of the State usurped the place of their pastor. In many instances they turned out in a body. At a pew-letting, not a single seat was taken except those which belonged to the old folk in the aisles, and these were taken in the sense of being taken up and carried away. But where could they meet? A barn was a very luxurious provision; a stable, a shed, a ruined house, would each one suffice for a season; tents were erected, and wooden buildings hurried up. One of the Established party enquired of a Free Churchman, "How are ye getting on with your wooden kirks?" When the laugh caused by the question had

subsided, he had this for his answer, "Oh, very well; but how are *you* getting on with your wooden *ministers*?" When edifices sprang up in a night or two, and the whole of the work was done free of charge, as was the case in some instances, one could not expect any very elegant structure to be the result. But what mattered? The gospel was preached, the people crowded to hear it, and the Lord himself was in the midst of the throng.

In many instances there were no halls, or barns, or even hovels to be had, and the people must needs meet in the open-air. In summer-time this is pleasant enough, when it does not rain; but in Scotland, we should feel pretty safe in guessing, concerning any particular day, that there would be a mist, so like to rain, that no English person would be able to see the difference between it and a shower. But then the winter came on,—and it is winter in those northern regions; and it is hard to stand in the open, and hear the gospel when the preacher is frost-bitten, and you yourself are stiff with cold. Of course, the great lords and the little lairds in numerous cases refused sites for building churches. When sites could be procured, the erection of the church was hindered by the refusal of the great ones of the earth to sell either stone, lime, sand, or timber for a Dissenting meeting-house. This drove the people to all manner of shifts: they took to the road-side, to the sea-shore, to woods, and to hill-sides. Very picturesque were such assemblies; but when the rain descended in torrents, and the snow fell, and covered every one, it must have been not only unpleasant, but injurious to health. Think of a congregation wet to the skin, and a minister so benumbed that, at the close of the service, he could not get off the stone on which he was standing till he was helped down! To be driven from their position by the rising tide, or to have the preacher's voice drowned by the roaring wind, was no uncommon experience.

A specially good instance of the stern unconquerable temper of our Scotch brethren occurred at Wanlockhead, where the Duke of Buccleuch reigned supreme, and would have none of your Free Churches. Petitions for a site were met with refusals, or were even left unanswered. "Up among these wild hills, 1,500 feet above the sea, the wind even in summer blows chill and keen, while in winter," as one of the witnesses states, "it has occasionally been found impossible for a human being to stand for an hour exposed in the open air. The plan, therefore, was a simple one: deny the people ground on which to build; let the minister get no site for a manse; and that terrible climate will do the rest. The people must go back to the pews they had left, and the Free Church would be driven from the glen. If men reasoned thus, they should have known their countrymen better. Two miles beyond the head of the valley in which the village stands, lies the Pass of Enterkin, with its memories of the time when the shepherds of these hills rose for the rescue of their covenanting brethren, and met and overthrew the dragoons of Claverhouse. Not far off, over the mountains, was the battle-field of Airs Moss, where Cameron laid down his life; and under the thatched roofs of Wanlockhead there still lived a race of humble, intelligent, God-fearing men, ready, if called on, to let the world see that the national manhood of Scotland, and the earnest spiritual life of former generations, were not yet dead."



OPEN-AIR WORSHIP AT WANLOCKHEAD.

“The conducting of Sabbath services was the great difficulty. Sometimes the congregation met on the bare hill-side, sometimes in one of the valleys, changing the locality, so as to escape, as far as possible, the fury of the blast, though no change could free them from the cold, benumbing wind, and the frequent showers of rain and snow. Mr. Graham Spiers tells of a day when he was present, in the beginning of March, 1846. Dr. Candlish preached in the small ravine near the village. ‘The wooden erection, which served for a pulpit, was placed in the bottom of the hollow, and the people sat, most of them, on stones upon the side of the hill, and some of them round the minister on chairs which they had brought. It was a very wet and boisterous day. The service lasted about an hour and three-quarters. I was quite wet through; and I suppose every other person must have been the same.’ During the following month, Dr. Guthrie was in Dumfries, on his celebrated manse-building tour, and went to show his sympathy. He was struck with the appearance of the place—a very high, stormy, inhospitable locality. Describing the service, he said, ‘I preached on the open hill, down in a sort of hollow, and the people were ranged on the side of the mountain. It was a swampy place, and I wished to have some protection between my feet and the wet ground. I saw some fine planks of wood lying close by, and I wondered why the people did not take them, and use them. In place of that, they went to a house, and brought an old door. After service, they said that the planks belonged to the Duke of Buccleuch, and they would not touch them, in case any offence should be taken. The people were standing on the wet grass, and there were showers lashing on occasionally during service—what they call hill-showers—and they were exposed to the storm and rain.’”

Five years this kind of thing was endured, but deliverance came for the sixth winter. A people who can persevere in this fashion are more than a match for dukes. Such trials were abundant in the western isles, where petty proprietors ruled with iron rod, as it would seem they are apt enough to do now. The cry of the crofters this day rises to heaven. Something may be *said* on both sides of the question; but it would be better if somewhat were *done* for the peasantry who are left so abjectly at the will of their masters. The people seldom struggle unsuccessfully: the apparently weak turn out in the long run to be stronger than the strong. In the Free Church struggle, the mighty ones were in due time bowed as rushes bow before the wind. A nation moved by deep religious conviction is not to be controlled by the wealthy and the worldly: it makes light of sacrifice and suffering, and holds on its course victoriously.

We need not further tell how the Lord poured on his people the spirit of liberality; how manses and churches were built; and how that grand Sustentation Fund was instituted, by which the most obscure minister of the Free Church is provided for in comfort. God bless the church whose early history was so heroic.

We again commend to our readers the work from which our illustration is taken. We are anxious that the book should be extensively read, that a firm spirit of adherence to truth and principle may be revived in our land.

Daniel Cooper and the Rescue Society.*

THE Rescue Society has been for thirty-one years doing quietly and effectually its Christ-like work, and has in that time rescued twelve thousand two hundred and eighteen young women and girls from a life of sin and misery, or from a position of danger, receiving them into its ten homes, and restoring nearly ten thousand of them to service or to their friends. This society was commenced by Daniel Cooper, a clerk in Messrs. Hitchcock and Williams' drapery establishment, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and is an example of the wide-reaching power for good latent in an earnest Christian man. He came from the Staffordshire pottery district. His father was an earthenware manufacturer of Stoke, and his mother was grand-daughter of Isaac Greatbach, the friend and helper of Wedgwood. At the age of seventeen Daniel came to London, and soon had his Christian principles put to the test. He was ordered to write "glass with care" upon a case of goods which did not contain glass. He refused, and lost his situation. "More fool he!" some shallow folk would say; but if they were wiser they would apply the verdict to the short-sighted firm that discharged a servant for the very conscientiousness that made him of peculiar value to them. He was received into the firm of Hitchcock, Williams, and Co., where he grew in the esteem of his employers, who found him as capable as he was conscientious.

The work which became the mission of his life began in an incidental way. Mr. Cooper and his wife took compassion on a destitute young woman discharged from a fever hospital, but too weak as yet to take a situation. They provided her with food and clothing, and in a few weeks she found employment in a Christian family. Other cases of distress were brought to his notice, and he became known as one ready to sympathise with the wretched. Lieut. Blackmore, who had commenced a reformatory movement in the West of London, and found his work crowding upon him, engaged Mr. Cooper as his secretary and visitor; and in this new position he was for some time quietly employed in rescuing the perishing. This work opened up to his view the terrible needs of the outcast in London. He saw that as fast as the fallen were reclaimed their ranks were filled up again. A vast manufactory of criminals was at work. Children were as distinctly brought up to addict themselves to crime as were the heathen to worship idols; and he formed the idea of a society for "the Rescue of Young Women and Children" to grapple with the gigantic evil. Lieut. Blackmore did not feel called upon to carry out his secretary's plan, and they separated in a loving spirit, each wishing the other prosperity in his special work. Here, then, was a man of twenty-five, without resources, standing face to face with the dark social evil of the midnight streets, and hearing within his soul a call from God to wrestle with it. What was the evil? Eighty thousand depraved women haunted the streets and dens of vice, many of them led astray from virtue, in the first instance, by men for whom no epithet of contempt, or disgust, or execration can be

* "A Brief Memoir of Daniel Cooper; with Some Account of his Life-work." By J. M. Weylland, with Introduction by George Williams, Esq. Morgan and Scott.

too strong, and who ought to be held up to public scorn, and hissed from society. But they call themselves gentlemen! Many, on the other hand, were got hold of as children, and brought up to the dark life by hateful and vile women, who held them in a hellish bondage, and made a living out of them.

Mr. Cooper's plan was to rescue the young, and to train them in "family homes" for service or some useful employment; separating in different "homes" the more confirmed in guilt from the others, and treating all with Christian kindness and common-sense discipline. All were to have plain abundant food, and constant occupation in house-work, needle-work, or laundry-work. The matrons were to be regarded as mothers. Family worship was to be held every day, and a cheerful home-spirit to prevail.

Mr. Cooper was not left without help. The society was formed in 1852. That true nobleman, Lord Shaftesbury, became president; Mr. Samuel Gurney, treasurer; and Captain Trotter, Mr. Gard, and others gave assistance. In the first year 43 erring ones were rescued and placed under the care of City missionaries; others were restored to their friends; and £257 3s. 2d. was contributed to the work. In the second year the funds increased fourfold; two "family homes" were established, and more than 200 girls and women rescued: an encouraging beginning of the Christlike effort that was to lift up 8,450 fallen ones from ruin during Mr. Cooper's lifetime.

Mr. Cooper already found it necessary to open *preventive homes* for girls who had not fallen, but were in special danger through bad companions or evil surroundings. In thirty years nearly 4,000 girls have been received into these homes, and saved from probable ruin. The first of these cases may serve as a specimen. About two o'clock, one Sunday morning, a City missionary was giving the call to repentance in one of the worst dens in London, when a vagabond entered, leading by the hand a pretty little girl eleven years of age. He had found her crying in the streets. The child was well dressed, and of a sweet countenance; her long flaxen curls hung over her shoulders, and her answers were given in a modest pleasant way. Her father kept a shop. Her mother had died a few months ago. Her new mother treated her so badly that she had run away. The missionary took the child home, and in the morning called upon the father, a drink-sodden, brutish man, who stated without shame that he had not married the girl's mother, and that she had no claim upon him. Upon this a bold, abusive woman came into the shop, and said that while she lived there she would not put up with the girl's nonsense. They quieted down, and the missionary left the child with them, to find her, however, a week after, huddled up with several other homeless boys and girls in a disused shed. The father was again visited, and was abusive. The missionary accordingly consulted Mr. Cooper, who received the child into the "home" at Wandsworth. After two years she became a nursemaid, then obtained a higher situation, and in ten years from her rescue was married to a clerk, and called to say good-bye, as her husband was to take charge of the country branch of the firm.

Another department of the work was the Female Servants' Home Society, which had been established in 1836, and possessed two homes;

but in 1857 it was in difficulties, and in danger of being broken up. Mr. Cooper knew by experience the need of such homes for the safety of friendless young women in London while out of employment, and he took up the work, keeping it distinct from the rescue work. It immediately increased in resources, two additional homes were opened, and during the twenty-seven years of his management gave temporary residence to 32,259 young women. An annual meeting was held every June, and varying prizes given to those who had kept their places one, five, nine, or fifteen years.

A female orphan home, also, which had been opened by his friend, Mr. Stevenson, was, upon Mr. Stevenson's death, taken up and carried on by Mr. Cooper. It is situated at Hampton, and the work it involved, with its fifty-six inmates, would have altogether occupied some men; but he pressed it all into the service of his useful life.

His health was never robust. His wife died in 1865, leaving him with six children under twelve years of age, one of whom was removed by fever six months after. The tender care of his children—three sons and two daughters—all of whom were converted in their youth, was a great comfort to him in his own declining health. In 1883 he was recommended by the physician to take a voyage. He sailed to New Zealand, where his eldest son was settled, and there, at the age of fifty-six, on November 19th, 1883, he quietly and peacefully passed upward to his reward.

We cannot close this short notice of a life of noble Christian benevolence more fitly than in the words of a letter addressed to his son by Mr. Spurgeon: "May you and all the family be comforted concerning your father, about whose glorious reward you can have no doubt! How he will be missed on earth! How he will be welcomed in heaven! May his mantle rest upon you!"

The Rescue Society still carries on its work under its new secretary, Mr. Thorpe, and needs increased funds.

Showers and Waterfalls.

IT rained very heavily for two days, and we were unable to leave the Hotel. But there came a pause in the downpour, and we ventured out. We had seen the river-beds before, but now for the first time we saw them filled with rushing torrents. The mountains, too, were the same as ever; but they had an added glory,—they were adorned with waterfalls. One cascade we saw, which rivalled that Swiss waterfall which Byron compared to the tail of the white horse of the Apocalypse. Many a time in our sojourn at Mentone had we passed that spot, but never before had we seen it thus beautified. Then we learned within our heart that the heavy sorrows of to-day are preparing for us the joys of to-morrow. Showers of grief will create cascades of rejoicing. "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—C. H. S.

The Light of God's Countenance.

FROM THOMAS LYE.

OUTWARD enjoyments are indeed sweet ; but my God, the Author of them, is infinitely more sweet. They have all, even the most delicate of them, a tang and smack of the cask and channel through which they come. A single God is infinitely more sweet than the enjoyment of all created good things that come from him. Though, indeed, I can smile when my corn and wine and oil increase ; and bear a part with my valleys when they stand so thick with corn that they even laugh and sing ; alas ! this, without the enjoyment of a God, is but a mere *risus Sardonicus*, or as the leaping of the head after the soul is gone. True, indeed, these are some of God's love-tokens ; but what are these to his person and presence ? These, indeed, are rich cabinets ; but, oh ! the light of his countenance, that, that is the jewel ! (Ps. iv. 6). In having these, I can say, with Esau, "I have much" ; but, give me him, I can exult, and, triumphing, say with Jacob, "I have all" (Gen. xxxiii. 9, 11). These are some of his left-hand favours, some of his bottles of milk and gifts, a fit portion for Ishmael and the sons of Keturah ; but it is an Isaac's inheritance, waters of the upper fountains, which my soul thirsts after ; those right-hand blessings, his presence, his soul-ravishing presence, in which there is "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore" (Ps. xvi. 11). These may serve for my comfortable passage ; but nothing but himself can content and satisfy for my all-sufficient portion (Ps. lxxiii. 26) ; according to that in Ps. xxxvi. 8. He alone can fill up all the gaping chinks and chasms of my soul. He is my "sun and shield" (Ps. lxxxiv. 11), my "root and branch" (Isa. xi. 10), my "foundation and cornerstone" (Is. xxviii. 16), my "sword and shield" (Deut. xxxiii. 29). He only can answer all my desires, all my necessities. "My God and my all." Thus faith fixes its eye on God, and sees all in him.

To feed on Christ for Ourselves.

DR. BONAR, in his "Memoir of M'Cheyne," says of him :—"He seems invariably to have applied for his personal benefit what he gave out to his people. We have already noticed how he used to feed on the Word, not in order to prepare himself for the people, but for personal edification. To do so was a fundamental rule with him ; and all pastors will feel that, if they are to prosper in their own souls, they must so use the Word—sternly refusing to admit the idea of feeding others until satiated themselves. And for similar ends, it is needful that we let the truth we hear preached sink down into our own souls. We, as well as our people, must drink in the falling showers. Mr. M'Cheyne did so. It is common to find him speaking thus :—"July 31, Sabbath Afternoon,—on Judas betraying Christ ; much more tenderness than ever I felt before. Oh, that I might abide in the bosom of him who washed Judas' feet, and dipped his hand in the same dish with him, and warned him, and grieved over him—that I might catch the infection of his love, of his tenderness, so wonderful, so unfathomable !"

Concerning Tinkers and Soldiers.

BY G. H. PIKE.

IT has often happened that soldiers have been tinkers; and that tinkers, travelling about the country, have shown by their military bearing, that in former days they were in the army. I do not think a soldier's life is one to be desired, and were I free to choose I certainly should not wish to be a tinker. At the same time, both tinkers and soldiers have been able to tell us a good deal which is worth listening to; from which, indeed, a great many lessons may be learned for our own profit. Many very good men have been tinkers, moreover, and the same may be said of soldiers.

Some years ago I drank tea with a small company of about half-a-dozen men, all attendants at a London night-school, and among them was a working-man who, after fighting in several battles in the Crimea, became reduced to very low depths of poverty. Discharged from the army, he scarcely knew what next to do to earn an honest penny, and he was not of the sort who are content to earn a dishonest one. It so happened that when affairs had come to their worst he was walking along a crowded London street in a very disconsolate mood, when some words of Scripture about seeking first the kingdom of God came into his mind with such force that, for the moment, it seemed as though a voice actually spoke from above. From that time anxiety ceased, and trusting in God while pursuing a course of steady industry, he not only prospered, but saved some hundreds of pounds. This was the more to be commended because the old soldier was not a man of superior ability, and his education had been no more than other poor boys received who were expected to earn their own livelihood in the fields after they were twelve years of age. Nor was he a mean, grasping man; for he gave to the cause of God, and his ear was never closed to a tale of distress. The secret of his prosperity, if secret it was, merely consisted in his taking care of what he had, and keeping away from the public-house. One reason why such a case is so seldom met with is because public-houses so thickly stud the country.* These are the grand enemies of thrift and progress.

Everybody who has read the life of John Bunyan will remember that he was a soldier and a tinker before he was an author. What he was before he was converted to God he has himself told the world; but many are of opinion that Bunyan has been misunderstood by those who think him to have been an utter reprobate, unfit for respectable society. There is some reason for supposing that his father was a hard-working tinker, who for that age gave his son a tolerably good schooling; and young John dreamed and talked so much about religion before he was twenty years of age, that the subject must often have been talked about at the family fire-side. That age was a very earnest one; people served either God or the world with all their might, and hence their spiritual condition was not hard to make out.

John Bunyan is a very valuable example for our present purpose, because, notwithstanding his celebrity, he was really a working-man

* For a full account of this see Vol. XIII. (1877), page 313.

throughout the whole of his busy life. While people all over the country were charmed with his books, he and his family were content to live in a poor cottage at Bedford, no better than the home of many a farmer's labourer in the present day.

Passing over the early portion of his life, we shall be struck with his thorough conscientiousness, his unflinching trust in God, and his ceaseless industry. His life disproves the foolish theory that men with great talents have no need to work. The fact is, they often have to work harder than others, the ability to work being, in the majority of instances, of all their talents the one which makes them differ from others. Notwithstanding his princely mind, which enabled him to write a book which has been more widely read than any other uninspired work, Bunyan never shrank from any kind of honest labour. Brought up to no better employment than that of mending pots and kettles, he never complained of not being born a gentleman; on the contrary, when that employment failed him through being imprisoned for conscience sake, he at once adopted the hardly more genteel handicraft of tagging leather laces. Thus our duty begins and ends with making the most of the means and the opportunities which God places in our way; and when this is done, when an evenly-balanced, contented mind is kept up, we make progress with certainty, and often do so in a manner as unexpected as it is pleasant. Being a thorough Englishman, Bunyan's courage had something to do with his success. He did his duty in spite of everybody and everything that rose up to oppose him, without for a moment stopping to reckon what the penalties might be. Though poor when he began life, and poor when he died, at the age of sixty, he was one of the most successful men that ever lived. Do not think of mere money-getting as success; but rather weigh well the question of the Lord himself on this point—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

More than seventy years ago there died at Blymhill, Staffordshire, a day-labourer named John Brotherton, who could tell of some remarkable things which happened to him during his younger days, when he served as a soldier. He and his three brothers were men of such uncommon strength that it was supposed at the time that their like could not have been found in the country. As for John, he was the strongest of the three, and every one who saw him was struck with his appearance, which was that of a hero. When Brotherton was a young man, the open wickedness daily witnessed in the British army was far more glaring than at present; but this brave fellow set his comrades a better example. He carried with him into foreign lands, and on to hard-fought battle-fields, a sense of the importance of religion: his manners were gentle, and his general conduct was without offence. At that time soldiers were commonly regarded as men of loose morals and drunken habits; and one needed to have a good deal of courage to lead a different kind of life. This courage, a far higher kind of thing than the simple bravery which leads a man to face danger, Brotherton possessed; and from the time that he left his humble cottage to engage in foreign service, he made a small Bible the companion of his wanderings. This treasure he commonly placed near his breast, between his waistcoat and the folds of his coat, and on one memorable day,

when he and his companions came to close quarters with the enemy, the volume which cheered his heart while far from home, was also the providential means of saving his life. A sharp bayonet-thrust he received would have ended his life had not the cover and leaves resisted its force. This was talked about as a providential interposition for long afterwards.

A little history like this ought to encourage all persons in lowly life, who are obliged to mix with bad companions, to set a good example at all times and in all places. It is never impossible to do this in the strength of God; and so long as his favour can be enjoyed, the laugh of the wicked ought not to be taken into account. In the darkest day we shall not be sad if the Lord comforts us; nor shall we be weak if enabled to lay hold of divine strength. It may be exceedingly hard to bear up in the face of those things which are against us; but with God on our side we shall come off more than conquerors, even though the whole world should conspire against us.

To give another story,—about the middle of the last century there used to travel about in the neighbourhood of Leeds, a hale old tinker named Robert Oglebie, who was also able to tell of the many adventures he had met with as a soldier during his young days. For many years he lived in a very frugal manner, chiefly taking milk, bread, butter, cheese, and pudding. Blessed with a good constitution, accustomed to pass most of his time in the open-air, and not abusing the good things of life, he did not go without his reward. At nearly ninety years of age, when other men would have been passing their last days in sorrow and natural weakness, Oglebie was able to go his long Yorkshire rounds as usual, and to earn his simple livelihood in an honest manner. In 1763, when he was in his hundred and ninth year, he complained more of the hardness of the times, consequent on the war then going on, than of want of strength.

Though this veteran served his country under five successive monarchs for forty-eight years as a soldier, he entered the army in the first instance quite against his own will. Born in 1654, he was at a proper age apprenticed to a copper-smith at York; and after serving through the old-fashioned term of seven years, he worked as a journeyman. Being abroad one day, in the reign of King James II., he was forcibly taken possession of by a press-gang, and was thus made to enter the army. He fought in many battles on the Continent. Marrying at the age of twenty-two, Oglebie lived with his wife nearly eighty years, while their family consisted of twelve sons and thirteen daughters. This man's father lived to be even older than his son; but I have not been able to discover when Robert departed this life.

There can be no manner of doubt that large numbers of the more humble class of people inherit from their parents in strong constitutions what is really of greater money value than many a rich man's broad acres, who, with all his wealth, wants health. What we have to complain of, however, is that through carelessness, thoughtlessness, or sinful self-indulgence, hard-working folks sometimes trifle with priceless treasures given by God. Immorality, drunkenness, spending in riotous company the hours of night which ought to be passed at home, are enough in themselves to undermine and ruin the health, without which

life will at last become a burden. It is wise to take care of boons which, once lost, can never be regained.

Providence has so ordered things in this life, that no position which a man can occupy honourably seems to be without its special advantages. Even a tinker is no exception to this general rule. He follows a useful and necessary calling; a good appetite is enjoyed through being much in the open-air, and sleep comes to him without wooing. A Scotchman named John Stewart, who travelled about Perthshire until the early part of the present century, actually earned his livelihood as a tinker until he was one hundred and eleven years old; and when he died at last, his end was not hastened by want, but rather by what at Christmas-tide are called "the festivities of the season." Think of a man taking all the care possible of himself until he was of a patriarchal age, and then stumbling into the grave through one act of indiscretion!

A contemporary of the above, and in some respects a more remarkable character, was George Gibbs, a soldier who was born on May-day; 1700, and died at Glasgow, November 11th, 1803. He was thus an infant in the closing days of the seventeenth century, lived through the eighteenth, and even retained his strength till nearly the end of the third year of the nineteenth century. This man had been in more than twenty battles; and he stood within a few feet of the pious Colonel Gardiner when the Colonel was struck down by a Highlander at the Battle of Preston-Pans in 1745—the last attempt of Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender, to regain the throne of England for his family. Six feet two inches in height, Gibbs was about as upright at the last as he had been in youth, and his mental powers were well preserved. This veteran soldier also retained till the last his independence, by refusing on any conditions to enter the parish poor-house. There have been those who have looked forward to the work-house as a sort of right; but while there is not necessarily any dishonour attached to accepting such relief when all other resources fail, we most of all respect those who make an effort to preserve their own home. Is it not often the case that those who have wandered most, are in the last years of life the most fond of their own fire-side? So with the Christian pilgrim, weather-beaten as well as worn with toil and conflict, how will he rejoice when he enters his home above!

Each of the above little life-histories has something in it to instruct and to stimulate those who are willing to learn from the experience of others. The first example shows what marvels may be accomplished by thrift or economy even in a cottage; in John Bunyan we see the power of simple faith, and the worth of a sanctified genius; Brotherton reminds us of the value of the Bible when we are far from home, and long for sympathy and guidance; Oglebie attained to an extreme old age on simple fare, while another, through breaking the rule he had in that respect long adhered to, dropped into the grave. Thus the lives of all abound with warning or encouragement to those who will hear. A tinker may teach a life-lesson; a Christian soldier can tell us that the hardest victory to win is the victory over ourselves. In any case, a man who follows the most humble calling may be a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, and a private in the army may be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

Last Days of a Young Football Player.*

"TOM Brown's School-days" gave an impetus to the game of football, which has brought it into rivalry on equal terms with cricket. Its popularity just now exceeds that of the older and more scientific game, but cricket will probably maintain its supremacy, in the long run, as the finest of English out-door games. It affords sufficient physical exercise, and there is more of gentlemanliness in it than in the other. Cricket develops a man; football, too often, a powerful animal. No doubt it toughens muscle, and promotes a kind of brute courage; but at the expense sometimes of qualities that can ill be spared from a human being. When the violence of the scrimmage becomes ruthless, and extinguishes considerateness of the limbs and lives of others, the balance in its favour becomes questionable. There is neither rhyme nor reason in a man butting at another with all his force, like a goat, with the result of driving in his own neck, and becoming a paralytic for life. Still, football can be honourably played, and is a good game enough if recklessness be not allowed to rule the field.

We have been reading a little book, a wonderfully attractive book, about the last days of a spirited, energetic young fellow of seventeen, who received a fatal injury at football. It is written by his mother, a minister's wife, who, without a word of complaint against the game, tells, as only a mother could tell, simply and minutely, the sad, bright story of the months of suffering which the boy endured with the irreversible certainty of death in view almost from the first. In November, 1882, he was hurt; in the following August they carried him to his grave. The injury was not at first supposed to be serious. He came home with a humorous account of a scramble over the ball in the play-ground. He had fallen with his knee on a stone, and a lot of fellows had tumbled pell-mell on the top of him; and, "*Oh, the pain,*" said he, "I really thought I was killed—killed at football at last, as you have so often prophesied about me! Oh, it was dreadful, mamma! If you had only seen me go hopping around!" In another moment he was off to speak to a young companion, who passed the window; and during the winter, though he had severe pains in the leg, they little thought he had got his death-blow. In the spring the doctor had to be called in, and at the end of June he was fairly confined to bed. The end of the thigh-bone had been injured; the pain was intense; cancer had set in. The mother said to the doctor, "Tell me this one thing at least, is this to cost Willie his leg or his life?" After a little hesitation, he said, "The latter." "How long is it likely to take to run its course?" "Well, a year; some are longer, and some shorter, but the average is a year." Sir James Simpson was consulted. He pronounced amputation useless, as the mischief extended to the lungs.

Oh, terrible blow! Willie dying, and dying of cancer! For hours the mother could not go back to her boy. She could not shed a tear. Her one concern was how to help him down the dark valley. She resolved not to tell him it was cancer, but to keep the terrible secret in

* "A Bright Sunset; or, Recollections of the Last Days of a Young Football Player," with introductory note, by J. H. Wilson, D.D., Barclay Church, Edinburgh. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d.

her heart. As she gradually spoke to him of the Redeemer, she discovered, to her inexpressible relief, that he had long been secretly trusting him. "You remember," he said to his father, "the verse you gave us when we were all ill with fever: 'Into thine hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me.' I gave myself to Jesus then, and many times since, but I was often led away again. But for some time past he has kept me from being led away. I cannot help trusting him."

The end came sooner than the doctor had indicated; but the boy bore his agony with unvarying patience, and maintained a bright, grateful, loving spirit toward them all to the last. One Sabbath evening his father read to him the end of the second part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." When he came to read about the post bringing the message to Mr. Honest, to be ready to present himself before the Lord, at his Father's house, against that day seven nights, Willie interrupted him, and exclaimed: "Papa, I think I have got that message. Do *you* think I'll be here longer than that?" "Well my boy, I do not think you will." "I am very glad," was the reply.

His mother was impressed with the deep, perfect peace he enjoyed. She said one day that week, "You seem always to be at rest. Have you never any doubts and fears?" "No, I can't say I have: I feel quite at rest." Half-an-hour later, he turned anxiously to her, and said, "Mamma, can there be any *mistake* in thinking I am his?" They went over the grounds of his trust and confidence together, and were alike satisfied. Presently the father came in, and to him the subject was referred. "Well, Willie," he said, "is there any mistake about this, that in yourself you are a lost and helpless sinner?" "No, there can be no mistake about that." "Then can there be any mistake about this, that Jesus 'came to seek and save the lost,' and that 'this Man receiveth sinners'?" "No, papa, there can be no mistake about that." "Then can there be any mistake about this, that you are giving yourself now to him, as a lost and helpless sinner, and leaving yourself to him to save you?" "No, papa, I *know* I am doing that." "Then, is there any mistake about this, that he has said that those who do that 'shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of his hand'?" "I see," said Willie, "it's just trusting it all to Jesus."

His heart was full of care for his brothers, sisters, and consins, and he sought every opportunity of speaking to them lovingly of Christ. He had a number of books and text-books bought, and wrote inscriptions in them, to be given to them as presents after he was gone. He seemed to feel this to be a sacred task. His mother handed him his father's Bible, saying, "Write something nice there for dear papa." "Oh, I'm afraid I'll spoil it, my hand is so weak." "No fear of that; your papa will often have to bury his sorrow in his heart, and go forth to comfort others." The boy took the book, and wrote:—"Dear father, God has said: 'I am he that comforteth you! As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee! Blessed be God! who comforteth us!' 2 Cor. i. 3-5. He is a dear, kind Lord.—W. E. R., Aug. 2, 1883." His mother handed him her hymn-book. "What shall I write?" said he. "Oh, a nice text!" He smiled, and looking

roughly at her, said, "I think it will have to be, 'Little mother, keep yourself from idols.'" "What he did write on my hymn-book," says the mother, "I found to be: 'To my darling mother: a memento of happy days, both past and yet to come.'" This was only three days before he died; the "yet to come" meant in heaven. His grand-mamma said to him the following day, "Willie, isn't it nice to think that even at the eleventh hour Jesus will welcome and save, as he did the thief on the cross?" Willie turned to her, and said, "Grand-mamma, I'm very glad I did not leave it to the eleventh hour. If I had, I could not have come to Jesus at all; I have been so distressed with this pain. Oh, dear gran'ma, I hope you'll get easier through; I hope you'll not have to suffer so much pain."

The evening before he died they heard him speaking in a low, far-away voice to the Saviour,—“I am very tired; take me to thyself. I have been wearying for thee, Lord. . . . Bless dear father and mother, comfort them when I am away; and restore their strength that they may do thy work here; help them to care for all these little ones, and teach them about thee. Help them to bring them all to thee. . . . To-morrow is my first communion with thee, Jesus.” On the Sabbath morning he was lying with his eyes closed, when he suddenly said in a bright, eager way, “I think I see him coming now! Yes, the thing I have long looked for is come at last! It's growing bright now.” Most of the family stayed with him that day. It was a solemn day of waiting for the coming of the Bridegroom. He was himself listening for the heavenly summons, and wished them to read the “tokens” to him again from the “Pilgrim's Progress.” As midnight approached, his father knelt at his side, speaking precious words of life into his ear till the very end. There are no words like the words of God to meet the needs of the dying hour. Then the father smoothed back his hair, saying, “My own boy . . . Jesus' own boy!” His dying lips echoed the words, “Yes, 'Jesus' own boy!’” He sighed, his eyes opened widely, with a strange unearthly brightness, and his spirit passed away.

It was an early sunset, and a gloriously bright one. The simple trust in Jesus that made him, through those solemn weeks, go fearlessly on to death, is the best possession of manhood. Oh, that all our frank, vigorous youths knew this! Do you want to show to any spirited young friend of yours the manliness and loveliness of religion? Give him this gem of a book, and pray that God may bless the gift. D.

Not needed, or not wanted.

MR. W—, a believer in the Broad School, preaching at the village of M—, where a large congregation had come out to hear something new, endeavoured to convince his hearers that there is no punishment after death. At the close of his sermon, he informed the people that, if they wished, he would preach there again in four weeks: when Mr. C—, a respectable merchant, rose, and said, “Sir, if your doctrine is true, we do not need you: and if it is false, we do not want you.”

Half-hours with the Midland Railway Workmen.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN MEN.

DERBY is known as the great depôt of the Midland Railway. About ten thousand men are engaged in the works, offices, and station, and almost every third man in the town belongs to the Midland. There are different departments—the locomotive, carriage, signal, and others. At these, breakfast-hour, or rather half-hour services are held. They are arranged for by an all-denominational committee of the men, and conducted by the Evangelical clergy and ministers residing in or visiting the town. Connected with the locomotive department are three mess-rooms—a smokers', accommodating some 700; a non-smokers', about 500; and a religious, from 300 to 400. In this room services have been held for many years. The writer recently took part in the twenty-sixth anniversary. At the carriage department a religious mess-room was erected last year fitted with platform, desk, harmonium, &c., and is occupied by about seven hundred men. At 8.15 the "bull" goes, as we call it, and its roaring sound is heard for miles around. It is the signal for breakfast, and the men run from their workshops like boys leaving school. The speaker is expected to be in his place upon the platform by this time, and is scanned by the eye of nearly every man who enters. If he happens to have been late at meetings, or study, on the previous evening, and too late in rising for breakfast, the flavour of some seven hundred breakfasts reminds him of "an aching void" within; but he must be satisfied with the smell, as hungry children, who stand outside and watch the operations within a cookshop. It takes some five minutes for all to be seated, then grace is sung, the men commence their meal, and the preacher feeds them with the living bread. We are sometimes told "it is of no use to give a tract to a hungry person," but here we try to satisfy body and soul together, though the hunger of the former is often felt more keenly than that which is of far more importance.

What shall be the subject of address? Some of the men are earnest Christians, connected with various churches; others are avowed atheists, believers in Mr. Bradlaugh. The majority are indifferent to Christ and his claims, and take no decided stand on one side or the other; but all have human hearts, and hearts that can be touched, and touched responsively, if the speaker only knows how. He has asked the Divine Spirit to direct him. He cannot be long, for only twenty minutes are allowed. He must not be dull or they will talk to one another, perhaps rise almost in a body and leave him to his prosings. He must speak right down to them, and straight at them, if they are to hear and live. A neat little essay read to them is not very acceptable. It must be simple, earnest, brotherly talk. They do not want the assumptions of a priest, but the brotherly sympathy of a man.

Having read a few verses, the familiar words are announced, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The speaker says:—"If these words were uttered by Christ for the first time this morning, and with special reference to the men now present, they could not be more appropriate. 'Ye that labour'—all of

you do that; 'are heavy-laden'—that is a constant experience; 'I will give you rest'—a blessing every one needs. If when you go to the doctor he looks straight at you, and describes the very symptoms of your disease, then confidence is inspired in him, and especially if he says with a tone of certainty, 'I can cure you.' This is just what we have here. Christ stands by our life and says, 'You labour, you are heavy-laden, I will give you rest;' and so probes the deepest wound of our life, touches the key-note of our nature, and by his tone of confidence in himself, inspires us with confidence in him.

L. HERE IS A LABOURER SPEAKING TO LABOURERS.

Life has many burdens. Labour itself is one to the sickly and weak. Care about the home, and about the future, often oppresses us. Sin unforgiven, darkening the past and future, presses heavily. These and many other burdens make us weary. Christ saw the oxen ploughing in the yoke, and bearing a burden as well. They were doubly oppressed. So many are until life not only has burdens, but is itself one. They wonder if it is worth living, and only endure the sad present because they fear a sadder future.

Christ can sympathize with all such. He is a Labourer speaking to labourers; a heavy-laden Man speaking to heavy-laden men.

Jesus Christ knows what work is. Like many of you, he worked at the carpenter's bench, blistered his hands, perhaps, when first he used the saw and plane. He knew what it was to wipe the sweat-drops from his brow. In after life he worked harder still, walked weary miles, preached to the multitude, healed the sick, comforted the sorrowing, and no work is harder than that to the man of compassionate heart. After his day's toil he spent the night in prayer. He had not a home of peace and brightness, as many of us have. Hard as we think our lot sometimes, his was harder still. Do we work? So did he. Do we suffer? So did he. Are we poor? So was he. Have we sorrows? So had he. All the sorrows of mankind met in him. He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. Christ is nearer to you than you think—a Friend, Sympathiser, Brother, a Labourer speaking to labourers.

II. HERE IS ONE WHO POSSESSED REST PROMISING REST.

It would be no use for you to say this to one another, nor for me to say it to you. If the wisest and best man on earth said it, we should at once think of his egotism, ignorance, or blasphemy; but it does not sound strange from the lips of Christ. Rest was the very thing that characterized his every utterance and act. His words fell like healing balm on fevered spirits. He created an atmosphere of peace wherever he went. At Bethany, in the presence of sorrow and death, he spoke loving words of sympathy. At Gethsemane, under the shadow of the cruel cross, he was still restful, for he said, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' In the judgment-hall, falsely and basely accused, the same restful spirit was manifest. So there is nothing incompatible between work and rest. There was not in Christ's life, and need not be in yours. If you are looking for rest in idleness, you are mistaken; it is not

there. Life is never so much a burden as when there is nothing to do.

‘O ye who find it hard to toil,
And sweat the long day through ;
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.’

Nor is rest found in pleasure, could you drink at every fount ; nor in wealth, could you possess the world ; nor in the grave, unless Christ has previously given it to you. Rest is nowhere found but at the cross of Christ ; in trusting him as your Redeemer, then learning from him as your Teacher, and following him as your Leader, “Rest” comes. You will not find it anywhere outside yourselves. You want rest *within*—‘Rest unto your souls.’ Only Christ can give that ! Working-men, you are many of you misunderstanding Christ. You are looking elsewhere for satisfaction, and neglecting Christ your Saviour and Friend. Come to him ! As your children come to you when you return from your day’s toil, so do you come to Christ—simply, trustfully, lovingly, and you will prove his promise true, ‘I will give you rest.’”

It is now twenty minutes to nine, and time to give up speaking. A short prayer is offered, we sing the hymn beginning—“I heard the voice of Jesus say, ‘Come unto me, and rest,’” and the men go back to their work, surely better men, and better workmen, too, for the half-hour’s service.

Keep the Roads clear.

AFTER every heavy rain, the soil, or the stones, are apt to slip down from the hill-sides upon the mountain-roads around Mentone ; and therefore the *cantonniers*, or road-menders, are watchful and active at such times. A carriage might soon be upset, or the traffic be long delayed, if the busy workers did not clear the way. As it is, they are kept very busy, hurrying from point to point to keep the road passable. The ministers of our God have much the same work to do. The King’s highway to glory is being constantly injured by the arch-enemy, and by a thousand evil influences. Fresh heresies fall on the road, like rocks tumbling from the hill-side ; false theories block the passage, like trees lying across the way ; and doubts, and fears, and despondencies pour over the road, like eruptions of mud which choke the thoroughfare. The servants of the Lord must not delay, but with the tools of the promises, and the energy of sympathy, they must remove the stones, and trees, and mire, that the ransomed of the Lord may not be hindered. This must be their constant service, but especially in days like these, when peculiar agencies are striving to block the way of truth that men may not enter into the kingdom of heaven. We can each one do a little of this work, and so obey the scriptural injunction, “Gather out the stones.”

C. H. S.

The Flower-Girls of London.

ANY keen observer of the manners and customs of the poor in London would soon discover that, even in dingy and secluded by-ways, there lingers among the people a love of shrubs and flowers which surroundings unfavourable to their growth cannot altogether repress. In many smoke-begrimed and squalid districts window-gardening is persevered in with no small success; large numbers of the better classes among the hard-working population finding a recreation in looking after birds and tiny horticultural beds, which is no less wholesome than pleasant. This love of nature's most beautiful products is in itself a healthful symptom, and frequently develops characteristics in an artisan which we cannot fail to admire. "I believe," said one who had closely studied the ways of working-men and their wives, "that the bunch of violets, on which a poor woman or her husband has expended a penny, rarely ornaments an unswept hearth." Birds and flowers are charming companions, which tend to refine the taste and cheer the spirits, though they cannot renew the heart. This love of flowers was not so manifest in the more uncivilized days of generations ago; for it is said that there was a time when the weavers of Spitalfields were the only botanists to be found among the industrial orders of the metropolis. A writer of thirty years ago says:—"I have seen fuchsias gladdening the weaver's eyes by being placed near his loom, their crimson pendants swinging backwards and forwards to the motion of the treadles, while his small back garden has been many-coloured with dahlias. These weavers, too, were at one time highly successful as growers of tulips." Perhaps such a workman inherited a taste for the beautiful from ancestors who came from sunny France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Those who have had to do with London during late years, cannot fail to have noticed the development of the trade in cut flowers which has constantly been in progress. In the middle of the century it does not appear that there was a single stand for the sale of these cheap luxuries within the boundaries of the City; but passengers who now pass the Royal Exchange are aware what a bright and fragrant spectacle is made up by the girls who in the season there deal in wall-flowers, violets, roses, &c., which are the glory of the garden, and serve to gladden the heart of the world's metropolis. These poor street-vendors have taught the classes above them to love the companionship of flowers while engaged at their daily callings. Probably moss-roses are the favourites; but primroses are also in high favour, because they remind people that spring has once more come round.

Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. J. A. Groom began to devote his spare time to Christian work among the poor of London; and as his station was in the vicinity of Farringdon Market, he had an opportunity of observing the ways of many classes who carry on an early and late traffic in the streets. Attention was particularly attracted, in the first instance, to the water-cress sellers—the most poverty-stricken of itinerant traders—whose forlorn condition cannot fail to excite the pity of all who know them. Their working capital will frequently not exceed sixpence, and it is necessary for them to be out in the dark, cold hours

of early morning. Insufficiently fed and clothed, their lot is one of extreme hardship, while their squalid homes are as miserable as poverty and ignorance can make them. Though these poor creatures are sometimes mere children—the offspring of the lowest caste—others are old and feeble, and they constitute, as it were, a class by themselves. They are Pariahs among those whom an uneducated eye would recognize as belonging to the same order. They are alone, uncared for, and unpitied, unless the hand of a Christian friend can reach them to ameliorate their almost hopeless lot.

The ordinary flower-girls are supposed to be higher in the social scale, but there are several grades even of these; the best and most prosperous being those whom the City authorities allow to occupy places in front of the Royal Exchange; while the worst—or those who are most exposed to temptation—are found at the West-end late at night associating with immoral characters, or haunting the entrances to theatres and music-halls. Though occasionally a pleasing exception may be encountered, they have generally a sad life-story to tell, and one such as not only demands sympathy, but counsel and assistance. Many are in a worse position than actual orphans, for they have left their horrible homes to escape the harsh treatment of those who should have been their protectors, to battle with the world on their own account. Some are youthful widows with children to provide for, and others can tell of having been forsaken by worthless husbands, whom they cannot now find. A few seem to have chosen the flower-business on account of the false liberty which such an occupation enables them to enjoy; and at the bottom of the scale are poor creatures who, though still comparatively young, have been so long exposed to cold, wet, and temptation that they are too feeble to do anything else. That there need not be vice, however, even in such a hazardous business as flower-selling in the streets, is shown by many encouraging exceptions—young women who have made the best of inauspicious surroundings, pure, honest, industrious creatures, who are a blessing to their own household, and an example to all who know them.

The flower-market is at Covent Garden; and in order that no possible advantage may be lost, the flower-girl has to be there by four, five, or six o'clock a.m., according to the season. Her policy is to wait until florists and others have made their purchases, especially in winter, when the supply is short, and prices run high; but, of course, she is frequently doomed to disappointment through inability to buy at all with the slender capital at her command. It is a sad spectacle indeed, when a large number of these young girls are thus found waiting and watching with anxiety which we cannot by any means properly estimate. If they seek shelter at all it must be within the precincts of the public-house, exposed to all kinds of evil influences. "What shall be done under such circumstances as these?" might be asked almost in despair if we did not know that Mr. Groom has been enabled actually to do much for them in many ways, until he and his agents are regarded as the best friends in the world, to whom the girls can appeal on all occasions without fear of asking help in vain.

A missionary is always in attendance at the market in the early morning, and the plan has been adopted of paying for a breakfast at a

coffee-house for a number of the more needy of the girls, a Bible-reading with suitable remarks being given during the progress of the repast. By this means, religious instruction is given, and an acquaintance with the girls' dispositions and home surroundings is also obtained; and this is always turned to the best account. They are visited in their so-called homes—frequently dark, bare, and dirty rooms in St. Giles's, whence hope and all that is attractive seem long since to have fled; but in spite of all that is discouraging, the gospel has entered such homes, and many cases have occurred of reformation and conversion through the grace of God.

But while this was found to be all very good so far as it went, the truth soon became apparent that if benefit was to be conferred, such as would pay best in the long run, the girls would have to be taken altogether from the streets while young. Until 1879, efforts were made to benefit the girls in the ordinary course of Christian work, but it was then thought desirable to organize the Flower-Girl Brigade. Mrs. Brown, a well-known lady, had shown much interest in the work, subscribing a considerable sum to the funds; but when she died, leaving a large fortune, her companion, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, took the cause in hand by furnishing all the money that was needed, amounting for the time to over £2,000 a year. It seemed as though the Baroness had taken the poor flower-girls of London under special protection, her munificence branching out into many unexpected directions, until in 1882 the supplies were suddenly and completely stopped, because it was thought that the public, who ought to support such an enterprise, would not give while one rich woman was known to be the patron. It is to the public, therefore, that Mr. Groom and his poor constituency have now to look for such funds as are necessary.

When the Brigade was commenced, about six years ago, fifty girls and ten women were taken into its service; and in the first instance they were employed at selling natural flowers in the streets, the bunching, etc., having been accomplished in the mission school-room at Clerkenwell. Even while the summer weather continued, the results were not always what could be desired, but when winter set in the little organization broke down. There were few, if any, flowers to sell; and even if trade had been more promising it did not seem right for girls who had scarcely emerged from childhood to be sent through the streets in mid-winter. Various experiments were made, and just at the right time the happy thought occurred that something might be done in the way of artificial flower-making. This was tried, and at once proved successful, and for some five years the work has continued. The girls were many of them very quick at learning, and in consequence of finding a ready sale for their work, the traffic in natural flowers in the street was wholly relinquished so far as they were concerned. On one occasion a beautiful bouquet of their own manufacture was sent to court, and the Queen sent back a donation of £20.

The Flower-Girl Brigade, as at present constituted, thus teaches the art of self-help, withdraws its youthful constituents from dangerous associations, and fully equips them for a respectable station. The rule is to take them off the streets at thirteen years of age, or earlier, and to give them three, four, or five shillings a week during the two

years which are devoted to learning the art. Of course, their capacities greatly vary, a few manifesting a genius for the manufacture, while others manipulate the materials with such clumsy fingers as to show that they will never conquer the preliminary difficulties. These are sent into other openings as opportunities occur; but those who develop into flower-makers are in a position to earn twelve or fifteen shillings a week, a very fair income for persons of their station.

This mission to the poor little flower-girls is only one branch of Mr. Groom's labours. Having a business to look after, he has only his leisure hours to devote to the work; but as experience has abundantly proved that volunteers of this class do the most effective service, that fact need not in any case be regretted. His Mission-hall holds two hundred persons at a service; but as this space is insufficient for the Sabbath evening congregation, which suffices to fill Foresters' Hall, the Sabbath evening meetings are held in that building. There are five hundred children in the Sabbath-school, and other departments of holy service are carried on with similar energy. During seven months in the year, Sunday morning addresses are given on Clerkenwell Green, a celebrated spot where infidels, social and political Radicals, and many other enthusiasts choose to air their notions. Lively scenes are witnessed, but as the gospel is preached, there is always a chance of the word reaching the hearts of stray wanderers.

In regard to the flower-girls, between three and four hundred have already been taught the business, which has given them a respectable start in life, and nearly forty are now in course of training. Should any friend wish to know more about this enterprise, Mr. J. A. Groom, 8, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, will supply all information.

G. H. P.

Better Closed than Open.

DURING the present ruinous season at Mentone, the visitors are so few that certain of the hotels have shut up altogether, finding it to be less of a loss to keep closed doors than to incur heavy expenses for a scanty number of guests. It must be hard to be driven to such a course, but yet there may be wisdom in it. If you cannot do a thing well, so as to make it worth doing, it may be better to let it alone. We thought so the other day when *Mr. Shutterit* was preaching. He has never gathered a congregation, but he has scattered several. He conducts his ministerial business on an expensive scale as to his own get-up, and personal effort; but the result comes to very little; indeed, there is really nothing in it. We could recommend him to shut up altogether, but he would not follow our advice. There would be less damage to the church of God if it lost *him* than there now is from the loss of those whom he drives away. No mortal power can shut *him* up, and he will be indignant upon hearing the proposal; but yet it is clear to many who wish him well that it would be a gain all round if he were to put up the shutters voluntarily. So may it be.

C. H. S.

Bush-Work in Queensland.

BY MR. WILLIAM HIGLETT, OF TOOWOOMBA. LATE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

A USEFUL branch of Christian enterprise is the publication of sermons by eminent preachers in the Australian weekly papers. In the remote districts, the contents of these newspapers often constitute the whole reading-matter of the settlers; and the advertised sermons are often their only opportunity for religious instruction. Several years ago, one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, thus published, was blessed to the conversion of Mrs. V——, of Yandilla. She afterwards joined the Baptist Church in Toowoomba, but removed to Chinchilla before the writer became pastor of the church. This incident will serve to introduce the record of a Sunday spent in the bush, which may be of interest to the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*.

Our plans for October 12th were suddenly upset; and having made every arrangement to be absent from Toowoomba on that day, we resolved to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." Dispatching a telegram to Mrs. V——, and not waiting for a reply, we left for the interior by noon train on Friday. Toowoomba is situated 2,000 feet above the sea level, on the summit of the great dividing range, "the Andes" of Queensland. Proceeding inland, we drop about 500 feet in ten or twelve miles, and then enter upon the table-land of the interior. Vast plains, unbroken by a single tree, stretch out their level surfaces on either hand, their limits being obscured by a mirage which seldom disappears. Rain is just now badly wanted, but there is nevertheless a striking contrast from last year. The effects of that terrible drought are still seen in the hundreds of carcasses lying close to the railway fence, whose bleaching bones represent the tens of thousands of sheep and cattle which then perished. The journey becomes monotonous; for after many miles the only change is from plains to timbered country, through which we steam on, with occasional stoppages, mile after mile, hour after hour, in a course as straight as an arrow, and as level as the surface of a pond. We are heartily glad when, at 5.30, we alight at Chinchilla, leaving the train to continue a similar journey for another hundred miles.

Around us we see about a dozen houses, which constitute the township, and we feel the need for the extension of our Blue Ribbon work as we observe that there are no less than three "hotels." Mrs. V—— makes us welcome to the best fare and accommodation a bush-house can offer, her husband being away in charge of a mob of cattle. We learn that there are seventeen families in the locality, more than half of whom are Roman Catholics. About once a month they have a visit from the priest. The truly spiritual nature of his mission may be inferred from the fact that recently a woman told him that owing to the drought she had no money that month, to which he replied, "Well, could not you have borrowed £1 to bring me, and have paid it back when you were able?" There was certainly no ambiguity in such a remark. Chinchilla has also been favoured with occasional visits by the Church of England clergyman from Dalby. So greatly were his services

appreciated, that he finished with a congregation of only three persons ; and now for many months no Protestant service has been held. On Friday night we gathered about a dozen into Mrs. V——'s house, conducted a homely sort of service, and arranged for Sunday's meetings. Next day, after a call or two in the neighbourhood, we proceeded to the camp at Dawson's Crossing, to invite the railway gang to the services. The men had just left for their Saturday afternoon's fishing, and we only saw their wives and some of the children. Mrs. K—— was brought up a Baptist, but for want of other opportunity was now practically an Episcopalian. Mrs. B——, on learning that I was a Protestant minister, at once expressed her delight that now she would be able to have her baby christened. I expressed my readiness to do anything for which she could find a warrant in Scripture, but that I knew she would not there find any command to christen infants, nor any instance of it. We talked about the matter for some time ; but after all, I fear she was disappointed at my refusal. The ganger's residence made more pretensions to comfort than the other three. It could boast a wooden floor, and some paper on the slab walls—at least in the front rooms—while an iron roof took the place of sheets of bark. The colonial expression for the others is "bark humpies." None of these families had been many years in the Colony—some were more truly "new chums" than myself.

We had arranged to hold our Sunday services in the Court-house, which is the only available building. It is a wooden structure, and if seated, would be capable of holding 60 or 70 persons. The police-officer is obliged to serve all applicants alike, but being a Roman Catholic, he, of course, was not present. At 11 o'clock we had a meeting for the children, who have been entirely neglected hitherto. Sixteen came, and we spent a pleasant, and I hope also, a profitable time. My hostess had several guests at dinner, who had come in from a distance. One of these, a young German woman, educated in Queensland, and speaking excellent English, wanted her baby christened. "I knew you were a Baptist," said she, "but I thought you might do it to oblige." After some conversation, she enquired if we did not have some ceremony of blessing our children. I replied in the negative, but added that I would willingly pray for a blessing on any child. Thereupon she requested that I would do so, for "it would be some comfort at least, if anything happened to him, to know that he had been prayed for by a minister." I acceded to her request ; not without reminding her, however, that the salvation of the child depended upon the merits of the Saviour's work, and not upon my prayers, any more than upon christening.

We had a motley gathering at 3 o'clock. Lutherans, Wesleyans, Episcopalian, Presbyterians, Baptists, and one Plymouth Brother, who was a sister—37 in all, of whom about one-half were children. We preached from Acts xiii. 38, 39, and endeavoured to make the way of salvation plain to the dullest mind. The attention was good, and, in one or two cases at least, we hope a lasting impression was made. We ended the day by an evening service in Mrs. V——'s, to which about a dozen came—the far-off settlers having gone home, and the children being in bed.

On Monday morning we visited Mrs. R——, who is one of the three or four converted persons in the township. She was brought to the truth five years ago, through some of our Baptist friends in Toowoomba, though she never joined the Baptists. Passing on to the school, we found about twenty-eight children present, and from Mrs. L——, the mistress, received another application for christening. Her two youngest children were (in the language of Watson) still “sucking pagans.” Her husband is a Presbyterian, and she had great difficulty in getting their first child christened, as he declared his conviction that “they were just as good without it.” With his verdict, of course, we fully concurred. Soon after 11 o'clock we were again in the train, arriving at Toowoomba at 4 p.m.

We have only sketched one bush visit, as space is valuable. Otherwise we might tell of a journey of fifty-six miles to visit a sick man ; and how we returned next day, rejoicing to know that, whereas we found him in a state of nature, we left him in a state of grace ; and how, a fortnight afterwards, he passed into a state of glory, testifying to the last of God's power to save even at the eleventh hour.

Pray for us. We are the vanguard of the Baptists towards the interior, and yet are but 100 miles from the coast. Westward, for over 2,000 miles, extends the vast “never, never” country, without any Baptist church, and but few ministers of any denomination. True, the population grows “small by degrees and beautifully less”; but their spiritual destitution is even greater than that of the spot we have mentioned.

Taking out Guilt.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

A LITTLE while ago, an elder of the church at the Tabernacle, speaking of a brother who had been recently called to occupy an important post, said,

“He can take the gill out of a great many people.”

The expression was somewhat singular, but it was understood by those to whom it was spoken ; and it conveyed to them a clear idea of the estimation in which the speaker held the earnest worker, whose praise he was thus sounding forth.

As the sentence fell upon our ears, it assumed a slightly different form from that above written. We mentally inserted another letter in one word, and thus altered the worthy elder's testimony into

“He can take the GUILT out of a great many people.”

Happy is the man of whom this can be said, even though it must be with this qualification, that he can only be the instrument which the Lord himself will use for the purpose of taking the guilt out of a great many people ! Our reason, however, for calling attention to the remark was that it conveyed to us a most accurate description of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. “HE can take the guilt out of a great many people.”

For, HE *has taken the guilt out of a great many.* In the Paradise in

which he dwells with his redeemed, he is surrounded by myriads of holy, happy beings, who once were as full of guilt as the most degraded men and women upon the face of the globe, but now "they are without fault before the throne of God."

"I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death."

Nor is theirs the only testimony we can bring to the power of Christ to take away guilt. Upon this sin-cursed earth, at this moment, there are millions of men and women and children who will give confirmatory evidence to this blessed truth, that Christ can take away guilt, for he has taken away theirs. There was a time when, like criminals before their judge, they could only bow their heads in sorrow and shame, and say, "Guilty, my Lord"; but that sad season has gone for ever, they are now "forgiven," "washed," "sanctified," "justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

The proofs that we have had of the power and love of Christ convince us that HE *can take the guilt out of a great many more people*. As the elder spoke well of his brother, so ought we to publish the fame of our Elder Brother, who is "mighty to save." Each believer in Jesus may feel quite safe in using Charles Wesley's argument—

"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me."

No force less than that of Omnipotent grace could have taken the guilt out of such sinners as we were; and that stupendous miracle of mercy having been wrought, we look for similar marvels in the case of other guilty ones. Who can be so presumptuous as to doubt either Christ's power or willingness to save?

"Whoever receiveth the Crucified One,
Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have;
For he is abundantly able to save.
My brother, the Master is calling for thee;
His grace and his mercy are wondrously free;
His blood as a ransom for sinners he gave,
And he is abundantly able to save."

Seen of James.

"He was seen of James."—1 Corinthians xv. 7.

"**W**AS seen of James"; brief sentence, brief interview probably, but how precious in itself, and how permanent in its effects! I like to think of it for Jesus' sake. Does it seem as though he had forgotten his brethren, his "kinsmen according to the flesh"? He had not forgotten them, though they may have thought so. On the cross he remembered his mother, seeking for her a home—not with *them* indeed, as not being disciples. So, at the resurrection, bethinking him of each that needed his appearing, he turned his thoughts homeward, and showed himself unto James.—*J. B. Figgis, in "Emmanuel."*

Notices of Books.

The World of Proverb and Parable.

With Illustrations from History, Biography, and the Anecdotal Table-Talk of all Ages. By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS huge volume contains a flowing flood of stories, and a world of information as to the sources where more of the same sort may be found. Paxton Hood is the chief doctor of the science of Storyology; and some of his chapters reveal a reading which knows no limit either of age or language. He who purchases this mountain of proverbs and parables will have a mine of wealth for his money; and he will feel grateful to the omnivorous reader, who alone of all mortal men could have produced such a book. We are in justice forced to add that we have made gallant attempts to read this book through, but have found it heavy work, too heavy for us to persevere in it for the present. It is a wonderful book; but, somehow, it drags when read continuously. The author does not take pains enough with his materials when he has collected them—a fault very common with great readers. He is energetic and successful in his ransacking of the world of literature, but in making up a mosaic with his many gems he seems to us to be in too great a hurry. Frequently we meet with sentences which either have no meaning, or we are too dull to discover it. At times the writer shows us what he can do, for he wields the pen of a master; but he too often relapses into a hasty, we had almost said a slipshod, style. After having said so much as to the style, we, with unabated heartiness, commend this voluminous work to those of our readers who want striking things, and know how to use them. Here they will find a treasury which they will not soon exhaust,—a store of things new and old, serving all sorts of uses for many a day to come. Such a cyclopædia of things most rich and rare will be most prized by those whose reading is not for mere pleasure, but for personal profit, and for assistance in their work; such persons will return to these pages again and again, as we hope to do, and each time they will marvel more and more at the

breadth and length of its author's reading. We have known and esteemed Mr. Hood for many a year, and we can truly say that still our wonder grows that one small head can carry all he knows; not that his head is small compared with other people's, for it is the very reverse, but small contrasted with the vast heaps of literature which are piled up within it. We have made bold to find fault, because the man is worth finding fault with. His books are so extremely good that one wants them to be a little better.

This Year. Anniversary Addresses for the Young. By the Rev. DAVID MAC EWAN, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

A PLEASING book by our friend, Dr. Mac Ewan, of the Presbyterian Church, Clapham. It is suitable to give to young people on a birthday, or at the New Year. The spirit is earnest, and the design is to win the heart at once for Jesus. At a shilling, this is a good book for distribution.

The Lord Mayor: a tale of London in 1384. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Shaw and Co.

WITHIN the covers of this volume, striking with its emblazonment of the City arms, we find sound doctrine and spiritual experience very distinctly set forth in a story of five hundred years ago. We know more of Master Wycliffe, and his preachers, and the Lollards, than we did before; and we rise from the story spiritually refreshed. We are afraid that the lovers of novels will count this narrative slow and *triste*. Perhaps it is a little so, even to us who appreciate it only because of its truthful description of the times, and its earnest declaration of gospel truth. The authoress has taken great pains with her history and archæology, and she has well mastered Wycliffe's writings, hence her tale is good, substantial, instructive reading. Christian people should encourage such literature. At five shillings the handsome volume is cheap. It would be found suitable for book societies, and superior lending libraries, as well as for private reading. It is one of the best historical tales which has of late been issued from the press.

Wounded in the House of his Friends.

By F. M. Second Edition. Nisbet and Co.

THIS deeply spiritual treatise we have read for ourselves, in our retirement, with such extreme pleasure that we have also read it to a circle of friends. It is never wise to measure books by their size: full often a great book is a great evil, while a little book may be a casket of pearls. Here we have few pages, but they are as full of heavenly matter as the golden pot was full of manna. To the preacher, sermons are suggested by the apt quotations of texts, and by the few words which accompany them. To the devout person, who has no thought of public ministry, the main attraction will be the sweet simplicity, the heart-felt experience, and the holy tone of the writer. To us the authoress has ministered both rebuke and refreshment, and we are grateful to her. Chiefly have we joyed in that fulness of Christ, and of his supreme love, which characterizes each chapter: we have felt the tears in our eyes as we have drawn nearer and yet nearer to him whom all his brethren adore from their inmost hearts. This is not a book for everybody, nor even for all Christians; but for those who dwell in the inner circle, and know the marrow and fatness of secret spiritual meat, this will be as "butter in a lordly dish." Get it, for it only costs a shilling.

Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles.

A book of Proverbs and Parables for Young Folk. By Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. James Clarke and Co.

It is rather too late in the day for us to review this wise and witty book, which has reached its thirtieth thousand, and deserves to see ten times that number of copies of itself. More of the velvet of gentleness and love, and the world would be infinitely happier than it now is. We know many a happy blind man and woman: Amos has brought before us quite a group of smiling faces from which the eyes were gone, but not the light. Blind Amos is a character so finely drawn by Mr. Hood, and so consistently described throughout, that we know him, and have seen him. His talk reminds us of John Ploughman, only he keeps to his velvet, and John keeps to his corduroy; however, John likes velvet as much as Amos does when it does not

mean plush but Christliness. Having been both amused and edified by reading this book, we specially commend it to our readers. We think the price is half-a-crown. It is a book for children, but as it is not in the least childish, our older friends will get on with it.

The Nation's Vice: the Claims of Temperance on the Christian Church.

By the late R. B. GRINDROD, M.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son. Hodder and Stoughton.

As the title-page of this exceedingly able treatise reminds us, Dr. Grindrod's voice can no longer be heard upon the claims of temperance on the Christian church, but in this volume, "he being dead, yet speaketh," and speaketh to good purpose. We should like every minister and every member of all our churches to read this book, for the abstainers would find in it a complete set of armour for their battle against strong drink, while "moderate drinkers" would be assailed at every point with arguments and appeals which would be irresistible to many of them. There is nothing unkind, untrue, or unjust in the whole volume. The spirit in which it is written is admirable, while the ability of the author is all that could be desired. We can only regret that he was not spared to see the spread of those principles of Gospel Temperance which he desired all Christians to adopt and advocate. When shall our nation be released from the iron grip of the vice of intemperance? The answer to this question depends largely upon the attitude assumed by the church of Christ.

At the Sign of the Blue Boar. By EMMA LESLIE. Religious Tract Society.

A good story of the reign of Charles II. It is full of interest. Such facts in history as the Restoration of the King, the Plague, and the Great Fire of 1666, are put before the reader in the most attractive manner. A sound religious tone runs through the entire volume. The title is a little misleading, for alas! we are accustomed to take the "sign of the Blue Boar" for the name of some public-house, and one might think it was a story on temperance principles, or the reverse. Signs signified more sober things in the Puritan days than now they do when King Alcohol holds sway.

India: its Condition, Religion, and Missions. By Rev. JAMES BRADBURY. John Snow and Co.

WE do not know a more instructive book upon India for our young people. It is so clearly written that the information is readily received and retained. Nothing can more effectually maintain the flame of missionary enthusiasm than the spread of knowledge with regard to the heathen, and none are more fitted to impart that knowledge than men who have lived and laboured amid the evils of idolatry. Mr. Bradbury has had thirty-four years' experience, and therefore he writes with the fulness of acquaintance, and the confidence of protracted observation. Sunday-school teachers should have this book on their shelves.

Samoa a Hundred Years Ago and Long Before: together with Notes on the Cults and Customs of Twenty-three other Islands in the Pacific. By GEORGE TURNER, LL.D., of the London Missionary Society. With a preface by E. B. TYLOR, F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

The book on Samoa and the neighbouring islands of the Pacific, the product of a veteran missionary, who knows what he is writing about. It presents a picture of these islands before the changes wrought by missions and civilization had set in. Here you have the strange and interesting primitive religious beliefs of the islanders; their manner of living, their clothing, amusements, marriage ceremonies, and funeral arrangements; their houses, manufactures, government, and wars; with an appendix giving one hundred and thirty-two words in fifty-nine Polynesian dialects. The work is of the highest scientific value, and will be no less interesting to readers whose sympathies are with Christian missions.

Memoir of Mrs. Stewart Sandeman, of Boasheid and Springland. By her DAUGHTER. Nisbet and Co.

MRS. SANDEMAN'S name is well known to all leaders of evangelistic work in Scotland. From the days of William Burns and Robert McCheyne, the days of revival at Kilsyth, and Dundee, and

Perth, on to the great spiritual movement of 1859, her house was a centre of evangelical life and blessing. She was the niece of Lady Nairne, who wrote the "Land of the Leal," and was herself a born poetess. Many will find rich enjoyment and profit in this admirable biography of a wonderfully gifted woman, and rare Christian.

The Spitalfields Genius. The Story of William Allen, F.R.S., F.L.S., F.R.H.S., etc. Retold by J. FAYLE, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE charmingly-told story of William Allen, the Quaker, chemist, philanthropist; friend of Clarkson and Wilberforce, of the Iron Duke, of Her Majesty's father, and of the Russian Emperor; promoter of prison reform, of British schools, of anti-slavery, of cottage farming, of all else benevolent and Christian. Whoever would be pleasantly led through the story of a noble and beautiful life, in which, from beginning to end, quiet and unobtrusive as it was, there was hardly an unemployed minute, should read this story. Mr. Allen held communication on philanthropic matters with nearly all the civilised world; hence his biography is deeply interesting. Mr. Fayle's pages are full of air, and light, and freshness.

John Knox. By W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A PORTRAIT sketch by a master's hand. There is not room enough on the canvas for a full-length picture, but yet the sketch gives a complete idea of the greatest of Scotchmen. Those passages in which Knox makes the chief figure in the scene with Mary Queen of Scots are among the most instructive and interesting. Let truth be told, and we see no reason to blame Knox for his harshness, but rather to complain of Mary for her insolence. When queens grow ill-mannered it is less endurable than brusqueness in subjects. Mary played the vixen as best her furious feebleness permitted her, and Knox acted like a calm father with a peevish, passionate child. Oh, that Scotland had a year or two of such a man as this god-like hero! He had true faith, and was no trimmer. A half-crown will be wisely spent in the purchase of this biography.

Aidan, the Apostle of the North. By ALFRED C. FRYER, Ph.D., M.A. Partridge and Co.

THOSE who read with delight this author's admirable work, "Cuthbert of Lindisfarne," will take up "Aidan" with interest; but we are bound to say they will not find in it much that is new. The pith of it was given in the second chapter of the former work, and there is in this volume a surprising amount of the former, word for word.

The Church's Peace. By Rev. M. B. COWELL, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A SHORT, sweet, simple sermon on the life and character of one who seems to have been a sweet, simple saint. Of interest mainly, if not exclusively, to the survivors of the lady here remembered.

Our Blue Jackets: Miss Weston's Life and Work among our Sailors. By SOPHIA G. WINTZ. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE subject of this book has become widely known as the sailors' friend: and this simple, unadorned story of her work on behalf of temperance and religion is her best memorial and plea for help in her work. English sailors are peculiarly approachable by Christian ladies, and good can be effected by such where the ordinary missionary or evangelist would fail. We should be glad to know that this record has secured her increased sympathy and help in her devoted labours.

The Life of John Calvin. Illustrated. W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street.

CALVIN drawn by a strong Calvinist. The good man has been so often painted by his enemies that it is but meet that he should sometimes be sketched by a friend. The work is well illustrated, and is clearly written. We do not believe that Calvinism is dead, but on the contrary we believe that its essential spirit permeates all Evangelical Christendom. Wherein it is out of fashion for a while, it matters not; for, as the wheel of public opinion revolves, it will probably be again in the ascendant within another twenty years. This is of small consequence; it is far more to the point that the doctrine is true, and

can never be crushed out while Holy Scripture remains.

In the Light: brief Memorials of Elizabeth Phæbe Seeley. By her SISTER. Published for the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission, by Seeley and Co.

THE exquisitely-written story of a beautiful life. Miss Seeley filled for some years the post of secretary, in Syria, of the British Syrian Schools, founded in 1860, by Mrs. Bower Thompson, which in 1879 numbered three thousand pupils, including Christians, Jews, Moslems, and Druses. She died there of fever, in October, 1881, at the age of thirty-seven. To unusual intellectual ability and clear-headedness, she joined a sweet temper, never outwardly ruffled, a gay spirit which went lightly from one task to another, and a sympathising heart. Her poems and short essays illustrating Scripture from Eastern life, given in this book, are of great value. The reader has a treat in store.

The Bond of Union: the Organ of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association. Vol. I. Partridge and Co.

It gives us great pleasure to see our denominational temperance work carried on so vigorously. Great good must come of the labours and visits of the secretaries; and the monthly paper cannot be without its influence. We trust that all ministers of Christ will fight the demon of our country with all their might; and in so doing we think they will be driven to total abstinence. Whatever a man's views to begin with, he is not long in personal contact with the evils of drink before he resolves to be quit of the vile thing, root and branch. A fellow who feels an octopus embracing him does not stipulate that a few of its arms and suckers should remain, but he tugs and tears, right and left, to be rid of every particle of the loathsome thing. After all, once free from it, no one desires to return; and the rest and refreshment which come of being free from alcohol far exceed any which its presence can bestow. Some of us, who have been on the teetotal spree for years, would be sorry enough to be forced to the terrible self-denial of habitual imbibing.

The Story of the Life of Jesus, Told in Words Easy to Read and Understand.

By the Author of "The Story of the Bible." Hodder and Stoughton.

A NOTEWORTHY book for the children. The forty or more engravings are fresh and true designs, fitly representing Oriental costumes and scenery. We have so often seen the regular conventional drawing, that it did us good to set our eyes upon these original sketches. The binding is attractive, and the form and type of the book are all we can desire. The language is suitable for children, and it tells the wondrous story so that it may be understood of the little ones. It can be bought for seven sixpences, and it is a specially good bargain. After all, we like the Evangelists themselves better than any of these "lives" whether for children or adults. There is a fashion just now for "Lives of Christ," and we are glad that they are as good as they are.

The Light of the World: Lessons from the Life of Our Lord for Children.

By the Rev. RICHARD NEWTON. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

QUITE a big book from Dr. Newton, and an extremely good one, full of life and love, and crowded with anecdotes and illustrations. It will be of more use to teachers than children, for there is so much of it that few children will be able to get it. We do not say there is too much, or that six shillings is too high a price, but we feel sure that its circulation among boys and girls will be limited by its size and price; and therefore we hope parents and teachers will get it, and use it as a treasure-house from which they can bring forth things new and old. For the children's sake it ought to be produced in two or more handy volumes. We need not praise Dr. Newton. He is the preacher to the young. He has some excellent competitors, but we must reserve for him the chief seat. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's book, which we have noticed above, though externally like this, is quite a different thing. Dr. Newton discourses upon our Lord's life with remarks and stories of his own; but the other book is simply the gospel narrative in different language.

Sonnets on the Parables of our Lord: with a new classification, and a new nomenclature. By HENRY C. LEONARD, M.A. James Clarke and Co.

A highly artistic effort to give a simple rendering of our Lord's parables. This form of composition puts a severe restraint on the author. Here are thirty-one *sonnets*. In each instance, therefore, the short poem must contain neither more nor less than fourteen lines; and the rhyme-sounds, of which only five are admissible, are bound to correspond in all. Under such conditions, we think that to tell the story clearly, and bring out a moral sharply in almost every instance, is decidedly clever.

Alike and Perfect; or God's Three Revelations. By Rev. CHARLES ASHLEY WILLIAMS. Jas. Nisbet and Co.

PITY if our pages did not sometimes pave the way for the circulation of Transatlantic literature among our subscribers! Sabbath after Sabbath, in successive seasons, brethren from the other side of the broad stream give us a kindly greeting in our much-loved sanctuary. Let our friends partake with us in the pleasure of such fellowship by perusing the work of this worthy Presbyterian minister. Personally he is introduced by our good friend, Dr. Monro Gibson, who tells us he was a member of the same synod with himself during his pastorate at Chicago; and he testifies to the high esteem in which he was held, the important positions he filled, and the solid work he did. As for his book, it could invite no higher credential than Dr. Cairns, of Edinburgh, has freely accorded it. "I have read (he says) the whole of the manuscript with great attention, and with a pleasure which increased to the end. Though the idea is far from new of the harmony between God's works in creation and providence, and in the region of his Word, the subject is started and pursued with so much freshness of thought, and variety of illustration, as to make the impression of novelty." Internal evidence offers flattering proof that Mr. Williams (an American by birth, though as might be conjectured of Anglo-Welsh ancestry) has studied English and European authors to advantage, and returned the borrowed capital with liberal interest.

Bible Class Primers. Outlines of Early Church History. By Rev. H. W. SMITH, D.D. *The Life of the Apostle Peter.* By PROFESSOR SALMOND. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

BOTH these small handbooks sustain the high standard of this useful series with which the Messrs. Clark have enriched the religious world. The primers are not to be judged by their bulk, but by their quality. They are refined gold.

The Gospel Alphabet: a novelty for the young. With notes for 26 Bible-Readings and Hymns. Shaw.

THIS is an admirable idea: the printing of a large capital letter of some verse of Scripture, and then a hymn, and notes for Bible-readings on the subject at the back of the card. Our fear is that it is scarcely simple enough for children, and yet too childish for experienced Christians. We shall be glad, however, to know that Mr. Hurditch's endeavour to provide solid scriptural instruction for the young is well-appreciated, and that these alphabets have a ready sale.

The Black-Board in the Sunday School: A Plea for its Adoption by Teachers and Superintendents. By BENJAMIN CLARKE. With Specimen Lessons. Sunday School Union.

No doubt there are teachers who would do better with the black-board than without it. Such should make themselves adepts in its use, and this book may help them. We are, however, of opinion, that a person who is fully prepared with his lesson, and has the gift of teaching, will get on quite as well without this assistance as with it. Some of the lessons here given are such poor things with the black-board that they lead us to question whether the wood has not entered into the teaching. Many children of our acquaintance would simply laugh if they saw such absurd things drawn in black and white. The fact is, if much is made of the black-board, the teacher will give chalk and water instead of milk, his instruction will be black and blank, and the children will be bored.

The Preachers' Monthly. Edited by the Rev. W. HOPE DAVISON. C. H. Davison, 84, Hatton Garden.

A good volume of this most useful

periodical. The amount of care and labour involved in the production of such a serial few can properly estimate. Unless the sale should be large, the toil must be undertaken for the mere love of it; but, in any case, the possessor of such volumes as the eight which now make up "The Preachers' Monthly" is profited by the labour so faithfully expended upon them. This is the same "Preachers' Monthly" which was formerly issued by Mr. Lobb.

Egypt and Babylon, from Scripture and Profane Sources. By the Rev. CANON RAWLINSON, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

A STANDARD work. The two great rival empires of Egypt and Babylon are rightly associated in one historical volume, and their records and monuments are used for the illustration of Holy Scripture. This is a deeply-learned work, and teems with striking points. Such literature is frequently issued at a prohibitory price, at which we need not wonder, for the time and ability spent thereon can never be repaid; but in this instance the price is more moderate—nine shillings. It should be purchased by every Book Society, and be enshrined in every library in a place of honour.

The Work of the Holy Ghost in the Present Dispensation. By Rev. JOHN HAWKER, M.A. Elliot Stock.

Emblems of the Holy Spirit. By F. E. MARSH. John F. Shaw and Co.

THESE small volumes are of good savour. The one comprises a series of tracts, variously entitled, "The Spirit of Life," "The Spirit of Burning," "The Spirit of Adoption," &c. And valuable tracts they are; in fact, we should have thought that a book of nearly two hundred pages, each part of which has been so carefully studied, and so happily expressed, was worthy of a table of contents at the beginning, if not of an index at the close. The other volume is a reprint of several articles contributed to "Footsteps of Truth," a periodical edited by C. Russell Hurditch. The matter is adapted to be instructive to young disciples, and the manner in which each of these seven emblems is treated may render it peculiarly helpful to local-preachers, and conductors of Bible-classes.

The Biblical Treasury of Expositions and Illustrations: for the Use of Sunday-school Teachers and Bible Students. Vol. II. Exodus to Deuteronomy. Sunday School Union.

WE are pleased to see that the Sunday School Union continues the re-issue of these admirable illustrations of Scripture. This is the second volume of the Old Testament. We hope that no teacher will remain without this treasury.

Life and Holiness. By WILLIAM WOODS SMYTH. Elliot Stock.

WHILE the fundamental doctrines of the gospel are believed by all true Christians, it is not to be expected that they should have the same position and proportion in the faith and experience of all. These doctrines are clearly stated in this book, but with unusual disproportion to each other. Holiness is in this author's work set forth in a manner disproportionate to faith; the love of God in the gift of his Son to the love of Christ in giving himself for us; the righteousness of sanctification to the righteousness of justification; the working out of our own salvation to the working of God in us to will and to do of his good pleasure. This renders the work confused, and less conducive to direct and special profit than it otherwise would have been. The book is the result of much thoughtfulness, but it should have been more logically arranged, and more clearly expressed. Many suggestions may be gleaned from it; but it requires to be more attractive both in sentiment and in composition to accomplish its pious design.

Full Salvation. Its Doctrine and Duties. By PHOEBE PALMER. F. E. Longley.

A BOOK of scraps by a female apostle of the "Perfect Holiness" school. Whilst there is much lower life among Christians that we lament, the higher life spoken of here seems so near akin to self-righteousness and spiritual pride that we look on it with fear and suspicion. The holiest men and women we have known have mourned their imperfections, whilst some of those who have spoken in raptures about their full consecration have hardly attained to common morality.

The appeal in this book seems always to be to Mr. Wesley, or some other human teacher, instead of "to the law and to the testimony" of God. David and Paul would not have recognized these modern paragons as saints after their order: and yet, who knows? these older saints may not have been so very inferior—eh?

Sermons, Fragments of Sermons, and Letters. By WILLIAM GADSBY, of Manchester. J. Gadsby, 17, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

SOME years ago we gave our readers an outline of the life of Mr. William Gadsby, the famous Calvinistic Baptist minister of Manchester, and we are sure they must have been interested in the fine old man. Though shrinking from certain of his extreme opinions, we venerate Gadsby's memory, and wish that there were many like him. His son, Mr. John Gadsby, has collected a volume of his father's sermons, letters, etc., which we are right happy to meet with; for anything about Gadsby has an interest to us. Those who admire the old-fashioned, savoury talk, which was the staple of the discourses of our High-Calvinistic brethren of the past generation, will be glad to get this book. To us it is a curiosity, and a refreshment. In cloth the book costs three shillings.

Illustrations of Fulfilled Prophecy. By J. R. GREGORY. T. Woolmer.

WHAT Dr. Keith has done for students and scholars, Mr. Gregory has done in his own way, and upon his own lines, for the general reader. There are no mightier proofs of the divinity of the Bible than its literal predictions of the present state of many nations. This is here shown by many striking illustrations.

By a style clear as crystal, and by giving the results rather than the processes of research, the author interests his reader, leaving him with a deep sense of the truth and power of the Scriptures. Illustrations in pictures accompany the illustrations in words, and the little volume is altogether most acceptable. Put it on the shelves, Mr. Librarian, and there will be no fear of the boys and girls leaving it unread.

The Feast of Sacrifice; or, The Origin and Teaching of the Lord's Supper.
Church of England Book Society,
Adam Street, Strand.

THIS is an excellent manual upon the subject to which it closely adheres. It is put forth under the patronage of the Bishop of Ripon, who has honoured himself by accepting its dedication. It could not have been known to have any connection with the Church of England, if the Anglican service had not been inserted. It rises above all discussions upon the ritualistic observance of the Lord's Supper, and proceeds throughout upon the high level of its evangelical meaning, and its experimental and practical design. It plainly shows that no one, without a thorough belief in the atoning death of Christ, can enter into the meaning, and much less into the spirit of the ordinance; and we wonder that any should continue it, and yet reject its most obvious design. Its spiritual benefit, we are here taught, does not come from itself, but from the help it gives to the exercise of faith in the realities brought to remembrance by its symbols. While the Supper is highly exalted, it is not exalted above measure. It is candidly acknowledged, "that there may be an inward feeding on Christ, without the external attendance on the Lord's Supper; and that there may also be an outward attendance on that ordinance without the inward participation of his body and blood." We strongly recommend this treatise to all who desire to increase their profit at the Communion; and to those especially who are prevented from enjoying its privileges by needless doubts and fears.

Divine Ideas, and Mission of the Church.

By ROBERT ALLAM. Edinburgh:
James Gemmell.

It is difficult, on account of the author's peculiarity of language and ideas, to comprehend very clearly his principles and designs. He is evidently dissatisfied with the present condition of the Christian church, which he speaks of as formal, worldly, and destitute of spiritual vitality. He is grateful for what Christianity has done to raise mankind to a higher level; but considers it to be almost nothing in comparison with what it might have done, if the church had been faithful to its mission. The

only remedy for this is for the church to return to the plans and proceedings of the Apostolic age. "Let this modern spiritually stagnant churchism," he says, "be looked upon in the light of the New Testament." So say we. Let churches go back to their first simplicity and purity, and their ministers to Apostolic faithfulness, self-denial, and zeal, and there will be a return of the same demonstration of the Spirit and of power. If the author has more gloomy views of the present, he has the same bright hopes with us of the future: he trusts that the church in due time will rise from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments, and be as a bride adorned for her husband. Amen.

Sick-Room Meditations and Studies. By the Rev. JOSEPH CROSS, D.D., LL.D.
James Nisbet & Co.

THIS is not a book specially for a sick-room, but from a sick-room. The thoughts are too healthy, too vigorous, too bright and cheerful, to be associated with any painful infirmity of body or mind. The principal subjects are God, Christ, and the Christian. The principal facts in relation to each of these are presented in their proper order, accompanied with original illustrations and reflections. The arrangement of the book into chapters and paragraphs is such as to render it more suitable for periodical than continuous reading: it is, moreover, sufficiently concise and suggestive for this purpose. It is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness.

Apples and Oranges: Talks with Children on Fruits. By Mrs. DYSON.
Religious Tract Society.

ON a former occasion we were highly delighted with Mrs. Dyson's "Children's Flowers," and we are, therefore, glad to meet with her upon a kindred subject. All kinds of fruits are here made into themes for instruction, and talked about in language suited to the capacity of children. Very few of our readers of ripe years could read this juvenile book without learning much that was unknown to them before. Personally, we feel that we have been to a Kindergarten while reading this beautiful work, and if we do not know more than we did it is our own fault.

What I Saw in India. By HENRY STANLEY NEWMAN. Partridge and Co.

WE are gladdened with the hope that our people will become thoroughly familiar with India and its people. Several popular works have been issued lately which make us see our Hindoo fellow-subjects with our own eyes. Let

us hope that we shall come to love them better, to pray more for them, and to labour more zealously for their conversion. This is a handsome volume, profusely illustrated, and well written: quite a drawing-room book for 4s. It comes from the Orphans' Press, Leominster, and is a credit to that institution.

Notes.

Most heartily do we acknowledge the goodness of God, and the kindness of friends, in the constant incoming of subscriptions for the various works. This is a potent ministry to a mind o'erwearied, though we hope *not* diseased. These enterprises were not of our devising; we did not rashly enter upon one of them; we have never derived a penny from them; they came to us by way of a providence, which made them an unavoidable duty; therefore, we feel sure that the Lord will support us in carrying them forward, and we feel the rest of faith. This makes it all the sweeter when we see loving friends moved in the hour of our weakness to make a special point of sending in their aid.

Resting in Mentone, bathing in the sunlight, the invalid finds his pain gone, and his strength returning. The weather at this time—the middle of the month, when we write—is all that heart can wish, or that mortals may expect on this round globe. There has been no cholera here, nor anything like it; yet visitors are few, for the scare has kept them away. Opportunities for services, &c., are rather scanty, but this is all the better for our hope of rest. Friends coming out at once might get a couple of months of splendid weather, and find themselves entertained at the hotels and *pensions* at cheaper rates than ever, for guests are precious objects to the innkeeper just now.

On *Wednesday evening, February 11th*, the ANNUAL CHURCH-MEETING was held at the Tabernacle. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and the interest of the gathering was well sustained. The absent Pastor was lovingly remembered in prayer, and the members were thankful to receive a letter from him, telling of returning health and strength. The balance-sheets of the various accounts were presented and adopted, and the usual business of the Annual Meeting happily transacted; and a special minute was passed recording the goodness of the Lord to the church and its Pastor during the year in which he has attained his Jubilee. The statistics of membership presented were as follow:—Increase—by baptism, 310; profession, 48; letter, 67; restoration, 1; total,

426; Decrease—by dismission to other churches, 178; non-attendance, 111; emigration, 14; other causes, 5; deaths, 60; total, 368: leaving a net increase of 58, and the present number on the books 5,399. It was also reported that there were connected with the church 36 mission-stations, Sunday and Ragged-schools, &c., furnishing sittings for 3,720 persons, and comprising 507 teachers and 7,268 scholars.

Special Evangelistic Services are now being held at the Tabernacle. Every week evening from February 23rd to March 11th (except Tuesday, March 3rd,) meetings will be held for various classes of persons, to be addressed by suitable speakers. We shall be glad if all friends will do what they can to bring many to each service, and seek to win them all for Christ.

The preachers, on Sundays, at the Tabernacle this month will be:—March 1st, morning, A. G. Brown; evening, J. A. Spurgeon; 8th, E. G. Gange; 15th, Mark Guy Pearse; 22nd, R. H. Lovell; 29th, C. Spurgeon.

Our son Charles, of Greenwich, will lecture at the Tabernacle on *March 3rd*, upon "Street Characters and Cries." He has with great diligence and skill prepared a fine collection of dissolving-views, *taken from life*, illustrating the poverty of our toilers. We have seen the pictures, and can most heartily commend our friends to go and hear the lecturer, and see the pictures for themselves.

There was much consternation in London when the news of the fall of Khartoum was published, but the depression which fell on Englishmen abroad was even more severe. We felt that we were out of the world, two days behind our countrymen in information, and not sure of anything. The ill news came as a rumour. Many doggedly refused to believe it—"those French papers are so full of false reports"; others felt sure that it was so, though they scarcely knew what authority to quote. We were in suspense, and suspense is a painful addition to anxiety. When the worst was known, each one felt as if he had undergone a per-

sonal bereavement. Every one looked on his fellow, and asked, "What next?" Some thought of vengeance, others of a gentler mould knew not what to say. What have we to do in the Soudan? Being there, what is to be done? Might not a withdrawal from it involve a sea of bloodshed greater than that which seems imminent if we remain? Who knows what is best in so perplexing a case? The evil lay in our first interference, and the sooner we quit the place the better if honourable engagements permit. Peace is our duty; how can it be reached, and made enduring? Our comfort is that "the Lord reigneth." England has suffered adversity before now, and has risen above it all, and she will again. Out of the dark events of history the brightest light has arisen; and it may be that in this instance the hopes of Africa may arise out of the catastrophes of the Soudan. So may it be!

A gentleman writes from New Zealand, begging our influence in finding him a wife, preferably a widow. He says that they need "ship-loads of widows" out there. We do not feel that we can enter into the match-trade; but, incidentally, it did occur to us to be a miserable circumstance that thousands of good women should be starving in this country while in many of the colonies their price would literally be "above rubies." In the present distress, we dare not keep back even an amusing incident, if it may put people in mind of one of the few real remedies for London's ills. Emigration would be a great aid at this time, and some who cannot be useful at home must nerve themselves to go abroad.

It is astonishing how slowly the first principles of a moral education are learned by certain minds. A Baptist church in Wales actually proposes to hold a lottery for the payment of its debt, and tries to sell its tickets by the plea that it is for the cause of God. These people, no doubt, think they are doing a good thing, and in all probability they have never realized the demoralizing influence of such forms of gambling. Happily the law of the land is more vigorous against these evils than it used to be, and raffles and lotteries lay the parties open to prosecution. We mention the subject, not to censure those who have ignorantly erred, but for the warning of others.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. W. H. Broad, at Cotton-street, Poplar; Mr. J. O'Neill Campbell, at Sussex-street, Brighton; Mr. H. Milledge, at Gamlingay; and Mr. J. S. Poulton, at Winslow, Bucks. Mr. G. H. Harris has also become pastor at Dartford, although he will continue at College until Midsummer.

The church at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, has asked us to receive contributions towards the building fund of the chapel they hope

to erect. This we have agreed to, and shall be glad if friends will send us something to treasure. A site has been purchased for £500, and as the hired hall, in which services have been held, must soon be vacated, a portion at least of the building must be proceeded with at once. The structure to seat 250 persons will cost £800; so that, unless substantial help can be sent from England, the young church will be burdened with a heavy debt which will hinder its progress for years to come. Mr. Peach, late of Rugby, is one of the worthiest men who has gone forth from our College, and we would greatly welcome aid for this work. He writes very pleasingly, and we would plead for him.

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* mission at Weston-super-Mare was very greatly blessed in the conversion of souls, and the edification of believers. Nearly all the Nonconformist ministers and churches united in the services, and all have been benefited by our brethren's visit. A local newspaper, after referring to Mr. Smith's children's services, Mrs. Fullerton's meetings for women, the afternoon Bible-readings, and the Saturday night song-services, says:—"But the strength of the mission was in the Evangelistic services. All appeared to feel that Messrs. Fullerton and Smith were God's special messengers to Weston, and they were richly baptised with power from on high for this work. Mr. Smith's genial appearance, rare gift of song, and touching addresses, melted the people, and opened their hearts for the gospel. Mr. Fullerton's sermons were full of Scripture truth, and were urged home upon the souls of his hearers with apt illustrations, pathos, and directness of appeal of a remarkable character. The Spirit of God was poured out at once, and the services were a great success from the beginning. Night by night the meetings grew in interest, awakening a wide-spread popular sympathy, and religious concern. The spiritual life of the churches has been greatly quickened, and all classes of the community have been touched. Nearly three hundred persons of all ages went into the enquiry-meetings, professing an earnest desire for a true conversion to God." Our brethren have since visited Exeter and Biddeford; and this month they are to be at St. Helens and Folkestone. Our two brethren are supported by our funds, which depend mainly upon the local thankofferings. These have been small of late, and therefore our exchequer requires the attention of those who are friends to Evangelistic effort.

The Pastor of the Mansfield Congregational Church sends us a resolution of thanks for *Mr. Burnham's* services, passed unanimously by the church, and also says, "I should like to add how grateful I am personally for his visit. It did me good in several ways, and I think pastors as well as churches ought to thank you for directing

and sustaining such a truly helpful agency. Mr. Burnham cheers and aids, instead of disparaging and depressing the minister; and I feel strong regard for him. As an immediate result of his efforts, we proposed twelve candidates at the last church meeting, eleven of these being young people of our schools. The deacons, workers, and myself have all received stimulus and benefit." Mr. Burnham's work at Ashton-under-Lyne was somewhat hindered by the extremely wet weather, which prevented many from attending the services; but it was rich in spiritual results. Our brother Wainwright gave noble assistance at the meetings. Mr. Burnham has since been in Suffolk, at Rendham and neighbourhood, and this month he is engaged at Barrow-in-Furness, and Dalton-in-Furness. It is a constant joy to us to have this quiet useful labourer upon our staff: we only wish we could see him better in health. The efforts of true Evangelists are of the most exhausting character, and Mr. Burnham is naturally of a feeble frame; nevertheless, the Lord sustains him, and in many a place his gentle word in the house where he is lodged has been attended with saving power.

Mr. Russell's mission at Taunton was greatly owned of the Lord in conversions. He is now conducting services at Holyhead.

Messrs. Maceer and Parker's services at Milnsbridge were crowned with remarkable blessing, the number of professing converts being very large. The Evangelists attribute much of their success to the spirit of prayer which was poured out so copiously upon certain members of the church that they continued all night pleading for power to accompany the word. At New Barnet, believers were strengthened and refreshed by the mission, several souls were brought into immediate liberty, and others were impressed by the truth preached and sung. Our brethren have been at Luton and Gosport during February, and this month they are to visit Ashford, Godalming, and Newport, Mon. Requests for their services should be sent to 104, Crofton Road, Camberwell, S.E.

ORPHANAGE.—A friend in Cape Colony, in sending us £4, explains how the amount has been raised. He is in a very lonely district, with a number of soldiers, for whom he has held services in his own house. He and his wife have rejoiced in the conversion of several of the men, and others have been morally improved. As they generally read our sermons at the Sunday morning service, our friend proposed that a New Year's gift should be sent for the Orphanage, and his suggestion was liberally responded to.

Our good friend, Mr. E. Williams, of Knighton, who lends our sermons every week to over 300 families, sends us £2 11s., which has been given to him for the Orphanage by various readers of the sermons.

Since our cash-lists were made up, we have received £11 9s. 4d. from the young

people forming the "Waste-Not Society," Immanuel Church, Clapham, this being what they judged to be the Orphanage portion of their second half-year's contributions for various charitable objects.

Mr. Charlesworth has arranged to hold meetings in aid of the Orphanage as follow: March 2, Guildford; 5, Tunbridge Wells; 11 and 12, Oxford; 13, Witney; 16, Tewkesbury; 17, Evesham; 18, Stratford-on-Avon; 19, Banbury; and other places are expecting a visit from the choir, but the dates are not fixed in time to be inserted here. Other towns could be included in tours if friends would ask in time. Write to Mr. Charlesworth.

COLPORTAGE.—We now number 75 men, all engaged in a brave effort to spread the gospel, and good literature, by taking it to the homes of the people regularly. This is an enterprise which has been rewarded by much success in the past, and is full of hope for the future. Thousands of homes are now brightened by valued books and magazines, where once either there was but little read, or what was read was only of a questionable nature. Many, too, have professed conversion through the Colporteurs' labours.

Will our readers try to picture this band of Home Missionaries, scattered all over England, and in some parts of Wales, each in his own district, starting every morning, on a round of visits to villages and families extending for many miles. With a suitable selection of Bibles, and attractive magazines and books, and breathing a prayer to the "Master" for his blessing, they shoulder their packs manfully, and trudge along their oft-times weary path. Now a word to fellow-travellers, with a suitable tract, and then to those engaged in daily toil. Here, a magazine or book sold, and there a few verses read from God's Word, and prayer offered in the sick-room, while often on returning, the day will be closed by an address in the cottage-meeting, or in the open air. Sometimes repulsed, but usually welcomed, they constantly seek by personal appeal to win the attention of the careless to the things of God, and often with success. So good a work, persistently pursued day by day, claims the earnest prayers and liberal support of earnest Christians everywhere, and cannot but result in a large blessing to the districts occupied. More of these useful labourers are much needed, and only £40 a year is required from a district to support one. This is one of the cheapest agencies known: surely our 75 will soon become 100.

Mr. S. W. Page, local superintendent of Great Yarmouth District, writes this month: "With increased sales, results of conversion follow, in not a few instances on the district. Work widens, and gains favour with the masses, and the results for the past year are legion." All enquiries will be gladly attended to, and remittances acknowledged by W.

Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The following extracts will enable our friends to see how the printed sermons continue to be made useful. Perhaps the perusal of these paragraphs may suggest to others plans of circulating the sermons in places where they are at present unknown :—

“A poor negro” writes from *British Guiana* :—“For many years I have been a reader of your convincing sermons, and I am now very happy to confess that they have been instrumental in the hands of the Holy Ghost in bringing me to the Saviour. Being convinced that I am not mine own, I desire to give myself up entirely to God, to be trained as a missionary.”

A friend in *Ireland*, who has long been a reader of our sermons, says that he has been in the habit of dropping them about the roads, in the hope that Roman Catholics, who would refuse them if they were offered to them, might pick them up, and read them on the quiet. He thinks that in other places the same practice might be very useful.

One of our former students, writing from *Scotland*, mentions a good woman who lends the sermons to her neighbours, and who knows of several cases of conversion which have resulted from the circulation of them. Amongst others, she gave particulars of an old woman in a nobleman's family, and a poor widow belonging to the Established Church, both of whom were believed to have received the truth through reading the sermons.

One of our Colporteurs tells us of a young man, in *London*, with whom he long pleaded

in vain. Finding that he had been to sea, our friend gave him our sermon on “The Sea! The Sea! The Wide and Open Sea!” It was made the instrument of his conversion. Having gone out to *New South Wales*, he has lately sent home for a pound's worth of sermons for distribution in “the bush.”

Another of our Colporteurs, labouring in a *country district*, sends us £1, which had been given to him by a poor widow, living in one room, and very ill. She said she must give this amount, for the Lord's work, in gratitude for the food for her soul that she gets every week from the sermons. A similar sum, with an almost identical message, has since come from another Colporteur.

A donor in *the South of England* writes :—“I should so like to give you a few words of cheer, by telling you how the Lord has owned and blessed your sermons, in comforting many sorrowing ones, and establishing, strengthening, and building up in the faith many more. In this large and scattered district, out of the range of all visitors, the Lord put it in my heart to distribute your sermons. They are always favourably received—in many cases with great joy. Some aged people look forward to another sermon as their greatest pleasure. One dear suffering Christian, confined many years to her room, in a godless house, told me how she prayed that the Spirit of God would descend on her neighbours. On leaving her, I saw another aged woman, who, till lately, was without God, and without Christ in the world. Now she is rejoicing in the Lord, and to use her own words—‘Tis the Spirit of God and Spurgeon's sermons that have made the difference.’ She lives in a little hut, with a godless husband; and has no other means of grace except your sermons.”

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Pastor J. Dodwell	0	2	6	Mr. T. S. Penny	1	1	0
J. S.	0	10	0	Collection at Baptist Church, Romsay,			
“From Reading,” per Mr. J. O. Stalberg	4	0	0	per Pastor James Smith	2	0	0
Cottage Green Baptist Church, per Pas-				Mrs. S. Inceary	5	0	0
tor J. A. Brown	2	2	0	Contribution from Baptist Church,			
Pastor John Green	0	5	0	Faversham, per Pastor A. Slack ...	1	1	0
Mr. H. Ormond	3	0	0	Part Collection at Upton Chapel, per			
Mr. W. Ewing	1	0	0	Pastor W. Williams	7	10	6
The late Mr. Bowker's Bible-class ...	15	1	0	Mrs. Raybould	2	0	0
Dr. W. MacGill	1	1	0	Mr. Cyrus Blanford	1	0	0
Mrs. Mulligan	0	10	0	From an afflicted missionary in India...	1	0	0
Part Collection at Gresham Chapel,				Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry... ..	0	10	0
Brixton, per Pastor J. T. Swift	1	10	0	Mrs. Jane Allan	0	1	3
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0	“Another aged one,” per Mr. S. Cornock	0	6	6
Dear Grannie	0	5	0	“Jehovah Tsidkenu”	0	15	0
Collection at Victoria-place Chapel,				Mr. George Seivwright	5	0	0
Paisley, per Pastor J. Crouch	5	12	0	Miss Keating	1	0	0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0	2	6	Mr. R. Wilkinson	1	0	0
Madeley Friends	0	7	6	Mrs. Wilson, per H. L. W.	5	0	0
Collection at Baptist Church, Fraser-				“Scotland”	25	0	0
burgh, per Pastor W. Richards	3	0	0	G. G., near John o'Groats	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. Joseph Russell	10	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :— Jan. 18 24 2 10 " 25 20 0 0 Feb. 1 22 15 0 " 8 10 10 10				
Mrs. Macintyre	2	10	0					
Mr. C. Burt	5	0	0					
Mr. Thomas R.	5	0	0					
Matthew xxv. 40	1	1	0					
A thankoffering from Alice Brewer	0	2	6					
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0					
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Lymington, per Pastor J. Collins	2	12	0					
J. B. C.	1	0	0					
								77 8 8
							£208 13 11	

ERRATUM.—In last month's magazine, £5 from Mrs. S. Imeary, entered in Orphanage list, should have been in that of the College.

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
In memory of Bertie Giles	0	5	0	Dear Grannie	0	10	0
Miss E. Stowger	0	5	0	E. and R. Ward	0	10	0
From little Willie	0	5	0	A friend	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	11	1	A friend, Reading	0	2	6
Mr. A. G. Wng	2	0	0	Widow Smith	0	3	4
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0	Mrs. S. E. Webb	0	5	0
J. S.	0	5	0	Mrs. Godfrey's Class	0	10	0
Per L. A. S. :—				Collected by Miss H. A. Pratt	0	13	7
Mr. J. Jex	1	10	0	Mr. H. Burridge	0	5	0
Mrs. Kelsey	0	10	0	"The Rookery" children's box	1	19	9
Mrs. Starkey	0	10	0	A. B.	5	0	0
Miss Kelsey	0	5	0	Beaully Sabbath-school	1	0	0
	2	15	0	Miss L. Haward	0	5	0
Mr. W. R. Selwood	1	0	0	Achateny	1	0	0
Dunfermline Boys' and Girls' Religious Society, per Mr. G. Morris	1	17	8	Collected by Mrs. Bartholomew	4	10	0
Proceeds Orphanage Choir Meeting at Highbury Hill Chapel, per Mr. S. Mansell	10	0	0	Mr. A. Knott	1	0	0
Box at Orphanage Gate	0	7	6	Stamps	0	1	9
Mrs. Stepton	0	10	0	J. N. O., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	14	0	Mr. D. Archibald	0	5	0
Horley Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor B. Marshall :—				Collected by Mrs. James Withers, Reading, for "The Reading House" :—			
Mr. Jennings' Bible-class	0	5	5	Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0
Mr. Wood's Class	0	0	11	Mr. J. O. Cooper	0	10	0
Mrs. Jennings' Class	0	2	2	Mr. Jos. Huntley	2	0	0
Infants' Class	0	1	8	Mr. R. Oakshott	0	10	0
Mrs. Huggett	0	2	5	For Boys' division :—			
Mrs. Sargeant	0	1	2	Mr. D. Heelas	1	0	0
Miss Shedwick	0	1	6	Mr. J. O. Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. Marshall's Bible-class	0	12	3	Mr. Jos. Huntley	2	0	0
	1	7	6				
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0	Mrs. L. B.	8	0	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	6	0	0	M. E. R.	0	2	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald," "A. B."	0	5	0	Mrs. B. Johnstone	1	0	0
Mrs. Shields	0	10	0	Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	7	6	Collection in Zion Chapel Sunday-school, Eastry	0	14	0
A friend, per Pastor E. Richards	0	10	0	James S., Spencer, and Maude Blyth	1	10	0
Mr. T. Leaf, per Pastor W. Sexton	0	2	6	Pastor S. H. Akhurst's Bible-class	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ewing	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	2	0	0
Mr. F. Thornley	0	2	6	Mrs. Jane Allan	0	10	0
Miss Blant and Sunday-scholars at Shobnall	0	14	0	Another aged one, per Mr. S. Cornock	0	1	3
A few friends in Irvine	1	13	6	Mrs. Loverock	0	10	0
Mr. D. Norrie	0	15	0	Mrs. Lavinia Fiddin	0	5	0
A nite for the orphans	0	5	0	Mr. J. Cook	2	0	0
A. M.	0	2	0	Employes of Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co., Pengo	0	5	0
Mr. A. F. Rogers	1	1	0	Miss Lamb's Young Women's Bible-class	0	10	0
B. C. Porder	0	11	0	"Jehovah Tsidkenu"	0	0	0
Thankoffering	0	10	0	From a well-wisher	0	3	0
Mr. John How	4	4	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	4	0
Dr. W. MacGill	1	1	0	A thankoffering for special mercies, from Peshore	0	5	0
Mr. J. M. Jay	2	2	0	Mr. James Smart	0	10	0
Part Collection at Gresham Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor J. T. Swift	1	10	0	Mr. Isaac Vinall	1	1	0
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0	Mr. William Beckett	5	0	0
				Mr. William Graham	1	0	0
				Mr. A. Whatley	0	10	0
				Mr. R. C. Drake	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. William Walker	1	1	0
Mr. H. Ward	0	6	0
Mrs. Mowbray	1	0	0
Miss Keating	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel George Toby	4	0	0
The Misses Dixon	0	6	10
Stamps from Redhill, J. T.	0	1	0
J. W.	1	0	0
Miss A. Benham	0	10	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
Soldiers at St. John's, per Captain Howard Sprigg	4	0	0
Mr. George Virgo	2	0	0
E. M.	0	4	0
A. M. T.	0	10	0
H. J. R.	0	5	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Miss Jarman	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	12	1
Mrs. E. Turner	0	2	6
"Fatney Heath"	0	10	0
M. S. A.	2	10	0
J. and M. Wilkinson	3	0	0
Mrs. Risdon's Bible-class, George-street Baptist Chapel, Plymouth	1	0	0
Mr. E. Joscelyne	2	2	0
J. B. Abernethy	0	10	0
Mr. William Church, jun.	0	5	0
Mrs. E. E. Gowing	4	0	0
J. T. C., Melton, per Mr. Burnham	0	10	0
Mrs. Dennatt	0	10	0
Mrs. Macintyre	2	10	0
Messrs. H. Pringle and Co.	3	10	0
Mrs. Pringle	1	10	0
Mrs. E. Shaw	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Edward Williams, Knighton:—			
Mr. Edward Williams	1	1	0
Mr. Butler	0	2	6
Mr. John Edwards	0	1	0
Mrs. John Langford	0	2	0
Mr. James Rocke	0	5	0
Mrs. Fishwick	0	5	0
Mr. William Meredith	0	2	6
Mr. Helkes	0	2	6
Mrs. William Morris	0	1	0
Mrs. John Evans	0	1	0
Mr. W. O. Banks	0	2	6
Mr. John Brown	0	5	0
	2	11	0
Mrs. Jordan	1	0	0
Ernest Arthur Paul	0	2	6
Matthew xxv. 40	2	2	0
J. K. L.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hallett	0	5	0
E. A. Fyak	0	1	0
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0
Mr. S. Thompson	1	0	0
Misses M. and J. Murray	2	0	0
A thankoffering from Alice Brewer	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Gilbert	5	0	0
"Dietetic Reformer"	1	0	0
From a member	0	0	5
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	10	0
Mr. G. Fryer	0	10	0
Nidry Sabbath-school	0	15	0
Mr. William Biggs	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Lochee Baptist Sunday-school	1	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Haddon, Truro	0	15	0
From Harry, Fanny, and Young Jodge	0	5	0
Mr. Hackley	0	5	0
Anstruther Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Black	1	0	0
Camberwell Green Post-office, "Till called for," J. H. R.	0	10	0
Miss J. Hogratt	0	2	8
Executors of the late Mrs. Rebecca Grimwood	90	0	0
Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Austin	1	4	7
Mr. T. P. Alder	0	10	0
Mr. H. G. Gilbert	1	1	0
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	2	2	0
Dorton	3	3	0
Mrs. Raybold	1	0	0
Mr. Wandland	1	0	0
Mr. William Vinson, Orpington	5	0	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):—			
Phillips, R.	0	5	6
Martindale, W.	0	2	6
Bishop, H.	0	4	0
Waters, H.	0	10	6
Brooker, E. G.	1	0	0
Jarvis, B.	0	3	0
Willis, W. C.	0	2	0
Ashenurst, J.	0	15	0
Vardill, W. H.	0	6	0
Stokes, G.	0	5	0
	3	13	0

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards:—			
Williams, A.	1	1	10
Adams, N.	0	10	0
Martin, A.	0	2	0
Buck, B. L.	0	1	8
Fenn, A.	0	3	6
Breakpear, A.	0	3	0
Haydon, E.	0	15	0
Mollwraith, B.	0	2	6
	2	19	6

Annual Subscriptions:—			
Rev. Dr. Beith	1	0	0
Mrs. Barrett	0	5	0
Per F. R. T.:			
Mrs. G. Dix	0	5	0
Mr. Probin	0	5	0
Mrs. Probin	0	5	0
In Memoriam, E. P.	0	5	0
Mrs. Bakewell	0	5	0
In remembrance, T. L.	0	5	0
Mr. Pewtress	0	5	0
Mr. T. R. Johnson	0	10	0
Mrs. Henry Brown	0	10	0

Mrs. J. W. Fidge	2	15	0	
Mr. J. Plumbridge	1	0	0	
Sandwich, per Bankers, Jan. 31	2	2	0	
Mr. T. S. Penny	2	2	0	
Quarterly Subscription:—				
Mr. Thomas Milward	6	10	0	
	£	325	10	0

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlernorth, from January 18th to February 14th, 1885.—Provisions: 1 Christmas Pudding, and 1 Cake, Mrs. R. Dodwell; ½ chest of Tea, 1 cwt. Moist Sugar, Mr. S. Gillespie; 12 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Hogbin; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 28lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 case Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 103 Rabbits, Mr. Samuel Barrow; 34lbs. Bacon, 6lbs. Cocoa, Mr. Wormald; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Watts; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward.

Boys' CLOTHING:—7 Garments, Mrs. S. Risdon; 6 Sailors' Suits, 1 Jacket, 3 Ties, 10 Collars, 3 Hats, Messrs. J. and H. G. Ince; 12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Crosher; 4 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Goodman; 67 Articles, for Boys, Mrs. E. Brown.

Girls' CLOTHING:—12 Flannel Petticoats, Miss E. J. Burton; 0 Wraps, 16 pairs Stockings, Miss Fouracre; 1 pair Socks, 1 pair Cuffs, Miss Kirtley; 13 Garments, Miss Blyth; 12 Garments, Mrs. S. R. Wilkins; 134 Articles, Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. James Stiff; 9 Garments, Mrs. E. L. Yerbury; 14 Flannel Petticoats, Mrs. Collier; 12 Knitted Scarves, 3 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. and

Miss Pratt; 8 Articles, The Misses Duke; 14 Articles, Miss Poole; 27 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 18 Jackets and Ulsters, Mr. J. Falkner; 28 Worn Garments, Mr. Jas. Owers, jun.; 37 Garments, Mrs. S. Risdon; 37 Garments, 21 Scarves, Arthur Street Bible-class, per Miss Crane; 6 Garments, Mrs. Crosher; 61 Garments, Mrs. E. Brown; 3 Articles, Mrs. J. White; 12 articles, for No. 6 House, Mrs. Moss.

GENERAL:—1 cwt. Illustrated Papers, Mr. W. J. Smith; 2 Scrap Books, Miss Poole; 50 yards Flints, and 22 loads Burrs, Messrs. Wills and Packham; 2 Antimacassars, A. A. B.; 2 Boxes Toys, Mr. Jas. Owers, jun.; 1 Doll, Mrs. S. Risdon; 7 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Crosher; 7 Dolls for No. 1 House, from a Friend; Boxes of Flowers for Christmas decoration received from the following Drapers:—Messrs. Cotton, Artens, Quin and Hookey, Bon Marché, Akerman and Pomeroy, Barrett, Edwards, Amery, Williams, and Fancourt; and a quantity of Books, Halifax.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Elliot	10	0	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th, to February 14th, 1885.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Worcester Colportage Association ...	40	0	0
Calne district	20	0	0
Ludlow, per Mr. Jas. Evans:—			
Rock Lane Mission	2	10	0
Brimfields Cross	1	0	0
Mr. Lang. A yoke	0	2	6
Subscriptions	9	0	0
	12	12	6
Per Miss Fitzgerald:—			
Mrs. E. G. Fitzgerald	1	0	0
Miss E. Fitzgerald... ..	0	5	0
Miss Sheppard	0	2	6
	14	0	0
Cambs. Association	30	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	10	0	0
Mr. T. Greenwood, for Brentford	40	0	0
Kettering district, per Mrs. Meadows	5	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Mr. Thos. Tasker, for Clatford district	40	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritham	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Meysayhampton district... ..	10	0	0
	£236	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. Ormond	2	0	0
Mrs. Horton, per Mr. J. Smith... ..	1	0	0
Stamps from Aberdeen	0	2	0
Mr. J. McElkinny	0	5	0
Mrs. J. Ardill	0	10	0
Mrs. Dix	5	0	0
Mr. J. Carrington	0	10	6
Mrs. Hassall	1	0	0
Mr. H. B. Frearson	7	10	0
Mr. Raybould	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
Mrs. Jane Allan	0	10	0
Mr. D. Heelas, per Mrs. Jas. Withers... ..	1	0	0
Mr. A. Whatley	0	2	0
Miss Keating	5	0	0
Mr. W. Mainwaring	0	10	0
S. S.	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. R—	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mr. W. Angus	1	0	0
Stamps from Perth	0	1	0
Stamps from Stroud	0	0	8
J. S.	0	2	6
	£93	8	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
P. M.	20	0	0
Mr. J. Hassall	1	0	0
Mrs. Wilson, thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Mansfield	4	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Parry	0	10	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Ashton-under-Lyne	3	7	6
	£29	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 to 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," Baulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

APRIL, 1885.

Jesus the Great Object of Astonishment.

A COMMUNION ADDRESS AT MENTONE. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high. As many were astonished at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men: So shall he sprinkle many nations; the kings shall shut their mouths at him: for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider."—Isaiah lii. 13—15.



OUR Lord Jesus Christ bore from of old the name of "WONDERFUL," and the word seems all too poor to set forth his marvellous person and character. He says of himself, in the language of the prophet,—“Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders.” He is a fountain of astonishment to all who know him, and the more they know him the more are they “astonied” at him. It is an astonishing thing that there should have been a Christ at all: the Incarnation is the miracle of miracles; that he who is the Infinite should become an infant, that he who made the worlds should be wrapt in swaddling-bands, remains a fact out of which, as from a hive, new wonders continually fly forth. In his complex nature he is so mysterious, and yet so manifest, that doubtless all the angels of heaven were and are astonished at him. Oh, Son of God, and Son of man, when thou, the Word, wert made flesh, and dwelt among us, and thy saints beheld thy glory, it was but natural that many should be astonished at thee.

He was a marvel from the very first.

Now, our text seems to say that our Lord was, first, *a great wonder in his griefs*; and, secondly, that he was *a great wonder in his glory*.

HE WAS A GREAT WONDER IN HIS GRIEFS. "As many were astonished at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men."

His visage was marred: no doubt his countenance bore the signs of a matchless grief. There were ploughings on his brow as well as upon his back; suffering and brokenness of spirit, and agony of heart, had told upon that lovely face, till its beauty, though never to be destroyed, was "so" marred that never was any other so spoiled with sorrow. But it was not his face only, his whole form was marred more than the sons of men. The contour of his bodily manhood showed marks of singular assaults of sorrow, such as had never bowed another form so low. I do not know whether his gait was stooping, or whether his knees tottered, and his walk was feeble; but there was evidently a something about him which gave him the appearance of premature age, since to the Jews he looked older than he was, for when he was little more than thirty they said unto him, "Thou art not yet fifty years old." I cannot conceive that he was deformed or ungainly; but despite his natural dignity, his worn and emaciated appearance marked him out as "the Man of Sorrows," and to the carnal eye his whole natural and spiritual form had in it nothing which evoked admiration; even as the prophet saith, "When we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." The marring was not of that lovely face alone, but of the whole fabric of his manhood, so that many were astonished at him.

Our astonishment, when in contemplation we behold our suffering Lord, will arise from the consideration of what his natural beauty must have been, enshrined as he was from the first within a perfect body. Conceived without sin, and so born of a pure virgin without taint of hereditary sin, I doubt not that he was the flower and glory of manhood as to his form, and from his early youth he must have been a joy to his mother's eye. Great masters of the olden time expended all their skill upon the holy child Jesus, but it is not for the colours of earth to depict the Lord from heaven. That "holy thing" which was born of Mary was "seen of angels," and it charmed their eyes. Must such loveliness be marred? His every look was pure, his every thought was holy, and therefore the expression of his face must have been heavenly, and yet it must be marred. Poverty must mark it; hunger, and thirst, and weariness must plough it; heart-griefs must seam and scar it; spittle must distain it; tears must scald it; smiting must bruise it; death must make it pale and bloodless.

"How doth that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!"

The second astonishment to us must be that he could be so marred who had nothing in his character to mar his countenance. Sin is a sad disfigurement to faces which in early childhood were surpassingly attractive. Passion, if it be indulged in, soon sets a seal of deformity upon the countenance. Men that plunge into vice bear upon their features the traces of their hearts' volcanic fires. We most of us know some withered beings, whose beauty has been burned up by the fierce fires of excess, till they are a horror to look upon, as if the mark of

Cain were set upon them. Every sin makes its line on a fair face. But there was no sin in the blessed Jesus, no evil thought to mar his natural perfectness. No redness of eyes ever came to him by tarrying long at the wine; no unhallowed anger ever flushed his cheek; no covetousness gave to his eye a wolfish glance; no selfish care lent to his features a sharp and anxious cast. Such an unselfish, holy life as his ought to have rendered him, if it had been possible, more beautiful every day. Indulging such benevolence, abiding in such communion with God, surely the face of Christ must, in the natural order of things, have more and more astonished all sympathetic observers with its transcendent charms. But sorrow came to engrave her name where sin had never made a stroke, and she did her work so effectually that his visage was more marred than that of any man, although the God of mercy knows there have been other visages that have been worn with pain and anguish past all recognition. I need not repeat even one of the many stories of human woe: that of our Lord surpasses all.

Remember that the face of our Well-beloved, as well as all his form, must have been an accurate index of his soul. Physiognomy is a science with much truth in it when it deals with men of truth. Men weaned from simplicity know how to control their countenances; the crafty will appear to be honest, the hardened will seem to sympathize with the distressed, the revengeful will mimic good-will. There are some who continually use their countenance as they do their speech, to conceal their feelings; and it is almost a point of politeness with them never to show themselves, but always to go masked among their fellows.

But the Christ had learned no such arts: he was so sincere, so transparent, so child-like and true, that whatever stirred within him was apparent to those about him, so far as they were capable of understanding his great soul. We read of him that he was "moved with compassion." The Greek word means that he experienced a wonderful emotion of his whole nature, he was thrilled with it, and his disciples saw how deeply he felt for the people, who were as sheep without a shepherd. Though he did not commit himself to men, he did not conceal himself, but wore his heart upon his sleeve, and all could see what he was, and knew that he was full of grace and truth. We are, therefore, not surprised, when we devoutly consider our Lord's character, that his visage and form should indicate the inward agonies of his tender spirit; it could not be that his face should be untrue to his heart. The ploughers made deep furrows upon his soul as well as upon his back, and his heart was rent with inward convulsions, which could not but affect his whole appearance. Those eyes saw what those around him could not see; those shoulders bore a constant burden which others could not know; and therefore countenance and form betrayed the fact. Oh, dear, dear Saviour, when we think of thee, and of thy majesty and purity, we are again astonished that woes should come upon thee so grievously as to mar thy visage and thy form!

Now think, dear friends, what were the causes of this marring. It was not old age that had wrinkled his brow, for he was still in the prime of life, neither was it a personal sickness which had caused decay; much less was it any congenital weakness and disease, which at length betrayed itself, for in his flesh there was no possibility of impurity,

which would in death have led to corruption. It was occasioned, first, by his constant sympathy with the suffering. There was a heavy wear and tear occasioned by the extraordinary compassion of his soul. In three years it had told upon him most manifestly, till his visage was marred more than that of any other man. To him there was a kind of sucking up into himself of all the suffering of those whom he blessed. He always bore upon him the burden of mortal woe. We read of Christ healing all that were sick, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Yes, he took those infirmities and sicknesses in some mystical way into himself, just as I have heard of certain trees, which scatter health, because they themselves imbibe the miasma, and draw up into themselves those noxious vapours which otherwise would poison mankind. Thus, without being themselves polluted, they disinfect the atmosphere around them. This our Saviour did, but the cost was great to him. You can imagine, living as he did in the midst of one vast hospital, how constantly he must have seen sights that grieved and pained him. Moreover, with a nature so pure and loving, he must have been daily tortured with the sin, and hypocrisy, and oppression which so abounded in his day. In a certain sense he was always laying down his life for men, for he was spent in their service, tortured by their sin, and oppressed with their scrow. The more we look into that marred visage, the more shall we be astonished at the anguish which it indicated.

Do not wonder that he was more marred than any man, for he was more sensitive than other men. No part of him was callous, he had no seared conscience, no blunted sensibility, no drugged and deadened nerve. His manhood was in its glory, in the perfection in which Adam was when God made him in his own image, and therefore he was ill housed in such a fallen world. We read of Christ that he was "grieved for the hardness of their hearts," "he marvelled because of their unbelief," "he sighed deeply in his spirit," "he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled." This, however, was only the beginning of the marring.

His deepest griefs and most grievous marring came of *his substitutionary work*, while bearing the penalty of our sin. One word recalls much of his woe: it is, "Gethsemane." Betrayed by Judas, his trusted friend, that the scripture might be fulfilled, "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me"; deserted even by John, for all the disciples forsook him and fled; not one of all the loved ones with him: he was left alone. He had washed their feet, but they could not watch with him one hour; and in that garden he wrestled with our deadly foe, till his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground, and as Hart puts it, he

"Bore all Incarnate God could bear,

With strength enough, but none to spare."

I do verily believe that verse to be true. Herein you see what marred his countenance, and his form, even while in life. The whole of his manhood felt that dreadful shock, when he and the prince of darkness, in awful duel, fought it out amidst the gloom of the olives on that cold midnight when our redemption began to be fully accomplished.

The whole of his passion marred his countenance and his form with its unknown sufferings. I restrain myself, lest this meditation should grow too painful. They bound him, they scourged him, they mocked him, they plucked off the hair from his face, they spat upon him, and at last they nailed him to the tree, and there he hung. His physical pain alone must have been very great, but all the while there was within his soul an inward torment which added immeasurably to his sufferings. His God forsook him. "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" is a voice enough to rend the rocks, and assuredly it makes us all astonished when in the returning light we look upon his visage, and are sure that never face of any man was so marred before, and never form of any son of man so grievously disfigured. Weeping and wondering, astonished and adoring, we leave the griefs of our own dear Lord, and with loving interest turn to the brighter portion of his unrivalled story.

"Behold your King! Though the moonlight steals
 Through the silvery sprays of the olive-tree,
 No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals,
 In the solemn shade of Gethsemane.
 Only a form of prostrate grief,
 Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf!
 Oh, think of his sorrow, that we may know
 The depth of love in the depth of woe!
 Behold your King, with his sorrow crowned,
 Alone, alone in the valley is he!
 The shadows of death are gathering round,
 And the cross must follow Gethsemane.
 Darker and darker the gloom must fall,
 Filled is the cup, he must drink it all!
 Oh, think of his sorrow, that we may know
 His wondrous love in his wondrous woe!"

II. There is AN EQUAL ASTONISHMENT IN HIS GLORIES. I doubt not, if we could see him now, as he appeared to John in Patmos, we should feel that we must do exactly as the beloved disciple did, for he deliberately wrote, "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." His astonishment was so great that he could not endure the sight. He had doubtless longed often to behold that glorified face and form, but the privilege was too much for him. While we are encumbered with these frail bodies, it is not fit for us to behold our Lord, for we should die with excess of delight if we were suddenly to behold that vision of splendour. Oh, for those glorious days when we shall lie for ever at his feet, and see our exalted Lord!

"Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high." Observe the three words, "exalted and extolled, and be very high"; language pants for expression. Our Lord is now *exalted* in being lifted up from the grave, lifted up above all angels, and principalities, and powers. The Man Christ Jesus is the nearest to the eternal throne, ay, the Lamb is before the throne. "And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain." He is in his own state and person exalted, and then by the praise rendered him he is *extolled*, for he is worshipped and adored by the whole universe. All praise goes up before him now, so that men extol him, while

“ God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name, which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.” Deep were his sorrows, but as high are his joys. It is said that around many of the lochs in Scotland the mountains are as high as the water is deep; and so our Lord’s glories are as immeasurable as were his woes. What a meditation is furnished by these two-fold and incalculable heights and depths! Our text says that he shall “*be very high.*” It cannot tell us how high. It is inconceivable how great and glorious in all respects the Lord Jesus Christ is at this moment. Oh, that he may be very high in our esteem! He is not yet exalted and extolled in any of our hearts as he deserves to be. I would we loved him a thousand times as much as we do, but our whole heart goeth after him, does it not? Would we not die for him? Would we not set him on a throne as high as seven heavens, and then think that we had not done enough for him, who is now our all in all, and more than all.

You notice what is said, concerning the Christ, as the most astonishing thing of all, “*So shall he sprinkle many nations.*” Now is it the glory of our risen Lord, at this moment, that his precious blood is to save many nations. Before the throne men of all nations shall sing, “Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood.” Not the English nation alone shall be purified by his atoning blood, but many nations shall he sprinkle with his reconciling blood, even as Israel of old was sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice. We read in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, at the twenty-second verse, of “having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience,” and this is effected by that precious blood by which we have been once purged so effectually that we have no more consciousness of sins, but enter into perfect peace. The blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer, sprinkling the unclean, sanctified to the purifying of the flesh, and much more doth the blood of Christ purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God. The sprinkling of the blood was meant also to confirm the covenant: thus Moses “sprinkled both the book and all the people, saying, this is the blood of the testament which God hath enjoined unto you.” Our Lord himself said, “This is my blood of the new covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.” But is it not a wonderful thing that he should die as a malefactor on the tree, amid scorn and ridicule, and yet that he is this day bringing nations into covenant with God? Once so despised, and now so mighty! God has given him “for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles.” Many nations shall by him be joined in covenant with the God of the whole earth. Do not fall into the erroneous idea that this world is like a great ship-wrecked vessel, soon to go to pieces on an iron-bound coast; but rather let us expect the conversion of the world to the Lord Jesus. As a reward for the travail of his soul, he shall cause many nations to “exult with joy,” for so some read the passage; the peoples of the earth shall not only be astonished at his griefs, but they shall admire his glories, adore his perfections, and be filled with an amazement of joy at his coming and kingdom. I

can conceive nothing in the future too great and glorious to result from the passion and death of our divine Lord.

Listen to this, "*Kings shall shut their mouths at him.*" They shall see such a King as they themselves have never been; they speak freely to their brother-kings, but they shall not dare to speak to him, and as for speaking against him, that will be altogether out of the question.

"*For that which had not been told them shall they see.*" Kings are often out of the reach of the gospel, they do not hear it, it is not told to them. They would despise the lowly preacher, and little gatherings of believers meeting together for worship; they would only listen to stately discourses, which do not touch the heart and conscience. The great ones of the earth are usually the least likely to know the things of God, for while the poor have the gospel preached unto them, princes are more likely to hear soft flatteries and fair speeches. The time shall come, however, when Cæsar shall bow before a real Emperor, and monarchs shall behold the Prince of the kings of the earth. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." They shall see his majesty, of which they had not been told.

"*That which they had not heard shall they consider.*" They shall be obliged, even on their thrones, to think about the kingdom of the King of kings, and they shall retire to their closets to confess their sins, and to put on sackcloth and ashes, and to give heed to the words of wisdom. "Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth." To-day the humble listen to Christ, but by-and-by the mightiest of the mighty shall turn all their thoughts towards him. He shall gather sheaves of sceptres beneath his arm, and crowns shall be strewn at his feet; and "he shall reign for ever and ever," and "of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." If we were astonished at the marring of his face, we shall be much more astonished at the magnificence of his glory. Upon his throne none shall question his supremacy, none shall doubt his loveliness; but his enemies shall weep and wail because of him whom they pierced; while he shall be admired in all them that believe. Adorable Lord, we long for thy glorious appearing! We beseech thee, tarry not!

Traced to the Source.

THE Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Edinburgh, relates:—"One day I asked the children in our infant-school, 'Who gives you the bread you get for your dinner?' Almost every voice answered, 'My mother.' 'But who gave it to your mother?' 'The baker.' 'And who gave it to the baker?' 'The miller.' 'And who gave it to the miller?' 'The farmer.' 'And who gave it to the farmer?' 'The ground.' And only when I asked, 'Who gave it to the ground?' did I get the answer, 'It was God.'" How many children of a larger growth, like these infants, attribute their blessings to any second cause rather than to the gift of their Father!—*Newman Hall, on "The Lord's Prayer: a Practical Meditation,"* 1883.

Edward Nangle, the Apostle of Achill.*

AND where is Achill? A good many people would be unable to answer this question off-hand, notwithstanding the interest now taken in Ireland, and notwithstanding the recent proposal to connect Achill by a bridge with the mainland. It is an island fronting the Atlantic, off the western coast of Mayo, about eighteen miles long and ten broad, low and level towards the mainland, but rising sea-wards, till old Slievemore, Croagh Patrick, and Croghan rear their vast breastworks more than 2,000 feet above the ocean; and as you toil upward through the cold clouds that sweep round the grim brows of the mountains, lo! you reach the edge of a tremendous precipice, to look down which turns the head dizzy; and through the rent opened in the veil of cloud at your feet by the wind, you observe at an awful depth below you the great ocean slowly heaving against the cliffs, its azure-tinted billows changing instantly into snow white foam along the line of rocks. This is on a calm day: in a storm the scene would be terrifically grand, but it would not be possible to stand there. In front of you there is no land nearer than America. Blacksod Bay is on the right, and on the left and behind you the beautiful Clew Bay, with its 365 rocky or wooded islets, carries the vision onward to the undulating and mountainous outline of Western Ireland.

Fifty years ago the scanty population of this island was sunk in ignorance as gross and dark as might be found anywhere within the British isles. The people were dependent for religious instruction on the Roman Catholic priesthood, and were not overburdened with it. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, the poor folk believed, were three Catholics who were put into the fire by Henry VIII. because they would not turn Protestants. They placed implicit trust in "gospels" and "scapulars," which were charms blessed by the priests, and worn on their persons. The priests received fees for reciting "offices" over their diseased pigs or cows, and for saying "masses" along the sea-shore to secure them drift-weed, or shoals of herrings. They were the abject slaves of the priests, and their manhood was paralyzed by degrading superstitions.

On this remote, dark, priest-ridden island Mr. Nangle first set foot in 1831. He had travelled thither with supplies of food for famine-stricken Connaught; for the failure of the potato crop was causing everywhere in that region fearful distress. In the course of his expedition he landed on the swampy lowlands of Achill; his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the abject superstition in which the people lived, and he returned to confer with friends, and establish the Achill Mission.

Mr. Nangle was an Irish clergyman of good family, who had already, by the ardour of his parochial labours, so seriously injured his health as to be forced for a time to relinquish all active duty. As he gradually recovered he had acted as secretary to one or two Church societies in Dublin; but now the mission of his life opened up before him, and he entered on a career which was to transform a desert into a fruitful field. He resolved to plant a Protestant missionary settlement in Achill, and for this purpose leased a small allotment on the island at Dugort, and

* Edward Nangle, the Apostle of Achill: a Memoir and a History. By the Rev. Henry Seddall, LL.D. London: Hatchards, Piccadilly.

amidst discouragement and opposition reclaimed it, enclosed a farm, erected two small houses, and engaged a school-master and a Scripture-reader. The accommodation was very limited; the inconvenience to which all had to submit was very great. Food was scanty, and hard to be procured. Newport, the nearest market-town, was twenty-five miles distant, and over nine of these miles there was no road. A lady who visited the settlement gave to a friend an amusing idea of the absence of luxury about the place. "I am writing with my window open to allow an escape for the smoke. Two of the rooms have been converted into a printing-office. Joyce and Gardner, Scripture-readers, have no other home. Lendrum, his wife and six children, are all domiciled in the same house. I asked the other morning if two sorrowful-looking sheep which I saw at the door had been in the garden all night? I was answered, "No, ma'am, they were in Mr. Baylee's parlour." "Where is the old grey mare kept?" "In Mr. Baylee's parlour." "And the pet eagle?" "In Mr. Baylee's parlour." "Where is the Sunday-school held?" "In Mr. Baylee's parlour." "And the church?" "In Mr. Baylee's parlour."

Mr. Nangle took up his abode in this place, and began a course of Scripture instruction in schools, and incessant teaching of God's Word in public and private, which was to be continued by himself or by those whom he superintended for nearly half a century, in the face of the most strenuous and unscrupulous opposition from the priests and dignitaries of the Romish church.

In a very short time he had established schools in the villages of Dugort, Slievemore, Cashel, and Keel, which were attended by 420 children; and gathered congregations regularly to hear the gospel. He and his helpers travelled laboriously through the island, a work of no little difficulty in those times of bad roads or none, and read the Word of God in the homes of the people wherever they could get a hearing. As need arose, an orphan institution was established for the education of destitute children of Protestants and Catholics alike, and a training-school for boys, which has produced many excellent Irish school-masters. For the enlightenment of the islanders he started, moreover, and printed, a monthly paper, the "Achill Missionary Herald and Western Witness," which still exists under another title. Its purpose was "to bear a faithful and uncompromising testimony against the superstition and idolatry of the Church of Rome, and to proclaim the glorious truths of the gospel, and the progress of the Redeemer's spiritual kingdom." He showed extraordinary enterprise and ingenuity in the editing, writing, and printing of this paper, the power of which was by no means confined to his own little island. Not content with evangelizing Achill, the mission extended its labours to Clare island, and its aggressive spirit roused the bitter hostility of the Roman Catholic dignitaries. The popish archbishop, attended by thirteen priests, visited Clare for the purpose, as he expressed it, of protecting the islanders from being misled by the "venomous fanatics." One of the priests delivered a harangue, in which he said that persons who brought cholera into a district were beaten from the borders with sticks and stones; and that the Protestant missionaries from Achill carried with them in their religion a far more deadly plague, and ought to be driven from the

island. The unsuspecting school-master and Scripture-reader were speedily assailed with stones and sticks, and narrowly escaped with their lives to the mountains, whence they reached the coast, and got away in a coast-guard vessel.

Mr. Nangle had his bright as well as dark days, and one of his gladdest was when Bishop Plunket came to Achill and, in the presence of an immense congregation, confirmed 400 persons, 372 of them being converts from the Church of Rome. The Scripture instruction in the schools fell on good ground, and was intelligently applied by the sharp young scholars. A priest, we are told, met one of these boys on a country road, and, patting the little fellow on the head, asked him, "Are you a Catholic or a Protestant?" "I am a Protestant," replied the boy. "A Protestant! why, my child, you have not a Protestant face." "That may be, sir, but I have a *Protestant heart*." "Why do you go to school?" "To learn to read and write." "What more are you taught?" "We are taught," said the boy, "not to worship as God what is made by the hands of man; for the Scripture says, 'They be no gods that are made with hands!'" "I do not want your texts," said the priest; "did you ever see God?" "No, sir, 'God is a Spirit.' 'No man hath seen God at any time; the Only-begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.'" "I say again, I want none of your texts." "Well, sir," said the boy, "'if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost.'" The priest was on his way to the village of Cashel, and was carrying his bag. The boy with native politeness offered to carry it for him, but the priest refused. When the little fellow was afterwards asked why he was so anxious to carry the bag, he replied that "he would *learn* the gentleman a great deal of the truth if he had him as far as Cashel."

When Mr. Nangle went there in 1831, there was not a Protestant in Achill except at the coast-guard station. When, in 1854, he left the island for the parish of Skreen, there were five places of Protestant worship; 1,500 children in constant attendance at the Scriptural schools, and all learning the English language as well as their own vernacular; and the colony had its church, schools, hospital, orphanage, dispensary, post-office, and printing-office; while a process of evangelization went on throughout the whole island.

The veteran clergyman spent many useful years at Skreen, keeping all the while a warm place in his heart for Achill, and spending there in active labour three months in every year, till age and infirmity dictated his resignation of parish duty, and he went back to his island-home to minister to the poor people as far as his strength permitted, until within two years of his death. He died in September, 1883, at the age of eighty-four; and his biographer aptly selects as descriptive of his apostolic life, the words of Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

It only remains to add that the book from which this sketch is derived is an able and energetic history of the Achill mission, forcible and graphic throughout, and uncompromising in its grasp of Scripture truth, and in its opposition to Rome. We hope this *taste* will whet the appetites of many for the book itself, and we promise them a banquet of wholesome and savoury fare.

Menton from the Garden of the Hôtel d'Italie.



BELIEVING that our ever-faithful friends would like to gaze upon a view which often charms our eyes, we requested our engraver to reproduce at his very best a photograph taken hard by a favourite haunt of ours. The quaint old town is, as it were, set in a frame of olives; and looks most attractive in that fashion. Close at hand is the room where our Sabbath-worship is held. Alas, the wood-block cannot reflect that lovely light which makes each object so clear, so bright; neither can any words enable the reader to judge of the glory which gilds all things when the sun rules the hour. If we may but bottle up a few of the sunbeams for the pages of our magazine, and acquire a supply of bodily health for future labour, we shall be devoutly grateful. What is the value of rest unless it enables us to serve our Master better? Will loving helpers pray that our enforced retirement may be thus sanctified to noble ends?—C. H. S.

“Use Plain Anglo-Saxon.”

SAID Dr. Wilson, wisely, to the graduating class at Alleghany Theological Seminary: “Young gentlemen, study Hebrew roots, pore over Greek verbs, read Latin, and if you have time and desire, translate ancient hieroglyphics; but I charge you, when you go into the pulpit to preach the gospel, to use plain Anglo-Saxon.”

Well said, Dr. Wilson; but it is hard to get these young fellows to heed such advice. They talk any language except their mother-tongue. Hear how they roll out Latinized sentences, which nobody ever ought to repeat, stuffed with words which it ought to be unlawful for a man to utter! We have known young whipper-snappers, who could not have said “Boo” to a goose, but, no doubt, they had the potentiality of sustaining a fraternal dialogue with an anserine biped. Oh, that some vivisector would cut the Latin bone out of the roots of certain preachers’ tongues! The teachers of the young ladies’ seminary, and the editor of “The Academician Monthly,” and *Mr. Sourkrout*, the critic, might miss the grandeur of the preacher’s talk; but common-sense folk would know what he meant, which is more than they do now.

We shrewdly guess that big words are often used to hide the nakedness of the land; the man has nothing to say, and so he puts it into a jargon which to foolish persons sounds as if there must be something in it. If Jesus Christ were here, he would speak so that his words could be understood by the common people. Preacher! Go thou, and do likewise.—C. H. S.

Attractiveness of Wycliff’s Itinerant Preachers.

ATTRACTED them,—but how? Not by music and pageant,—they had very hard words for those who came to church for such things. They told them in the plainest terms that they were not wanted. Not by elegant diction and beautiful language,—they carefully eschewed everything approaching to it. Those enticing words of man’s wisdom, so diligently cultivated in this nineteenth century, the poor priests of the fourteenth cast behind them, as wanderers from the opposite camp. Where was the use of gilding refined gold, and painting the lily? They had the grand truth: why should they conceal it by strewing gew-gaws over it? They had the virgin honey: why should they present it in vessels of painted porcelain, so that men would stop to admire the jar, and would not taste the contents? The attractions that they offered were twofold: and they did the work, as those twin attractions always do, and as no other will ever do. They held up Jesus Christ before the multitude, and they did it with hearts on fire with a great passionate yearning for the souls of men, which ran from heart to heart with an electric thrill. The power of the Holy Ghost was with these men; and no attractions which do not include that heavenly magnet will ever draw the steeled hearts of sinful men.—From “*The Lord Mayor: a Tale of London in 1384.*” By Emily Sarah Holl.

Egypt and the Pharaohs.*

THE political troubles of Egypt, as well as recent discoveries in that country, have awakened an interest such as is sure to be gratified by Mr. Berkley's attractive volume. He has industriously collected his materials; he writes in hearty sympathy with the subject; and his quaint portrayals of life in the land of the Pharaohs, thousands of years ago, all tend to add zest to the reader's enjoyment.

The grand old Nile itself is typical of the history of the country through which it flows, its source having been for ages hidden among the unknown and formerly inaccessible lakes and mountains of Africa. History, indeed, tells us that the earliest king of Egypt was called Mena; but whether this hero is real or mythical, he bears "a name that seems to twinkle faintly from beyond the abyss of long past ages like a far-off star on the horizon from beyond the wide waste of waters." Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid, comes on the scene centuries later, and yet he is supposed by some to have flourished more than 3,000 years before the birth of Christ.

Prior to the time of Mena, all is mythical; and some of the remains of cities are so ancient as to have their origin hidden in pre-historic times. "The twin cities Thinis-Abydos, were, as far as we know, the most ancient in the land." It is said, "Thinis was the cradle of the Egyptian monarchy; the first Egyptian dynasties were Thinite, and Mena went from thence to found his new capital." ON, the City of the Sun, in the vicinity of Memphis, has boundary foundations which, according to Mr. Poole, may yet be traced, enclosing an irregular square of about half a mile in the measure of each of its sides. ON was a great seat of learning in the palmy days of the Pharaohs. "Hither came the young men of Egypt," adds Mr. Berkley—"who shall say how many thousand years ago?—to learn all that the priests could teach at this, the most ancient university of the world."

"So far as we can gather, the teaching of an Egyptian university would comprise a knowledge of the sacred books, besides general teaching in morality. The study of the language itself must have been a somewhat arduous undertaking even for a native-born Egyptian, and to write the hieroglyphic characters required considerable skill, and even art. Many branches of science must have been pursued—medicine, law, geometry, astronomy, and chemistry, whilst in mechanics a quite marvellous proficiency was attained. Music, too, was highly prized, and carefully taught, and it is not unlikely that architects, and sculptors also, received their training in these schools."

Medicine was studied with some enthusiasm, for a Pharaoh himself, in the person of Mena, was a physician; women appear to have enjoyed equal privileges with men, and were even eligible for the throne. It also seems to be a singular fact that the Necropolis of Memphis was called the Land of Life. What a name for a vast cemetery!

The early times, before the rise of other powerful nations, appear to have been the halcyon days of old Egypt. "Fearing no rivals at home,

* The Pharaohs and their People: Scenes of Old Egyptian Life and History. By E. Berkley. With numerous Illustrations. London: Seely and Co. 1881. Price 6s.

and almost entirely free from enemies abroad, these powerful monarchs devoted their thoughts and care to the building of temples and of those gigantic funeral piles that have immortalized their names." Long ages after their death, the builders of the Pyramids had their memories honoured in the temples by the officiating priests.

The following is a picture of the Pyramid builders :

"It is certain that the Pyramids could not have been erected without a very considerable amount of scientific knowledge, whilst as records of engineering skill they are simply marvellous. Immense blocks were brought from a distance of five hundred miles up the river, were polished like glass, and fitted into their places with such exactness that the joints could hardly be detected. 'Nothing can be more wonderful,' says Fergusson, 'than the extraordinary amount of knowledge and perfect precision of execution displayed in the construction of the interior chambers and galleries; nothing more perfect mechanically has ever been executed since.' A curious calculation has been made that the stone used in the construction of Khufu's Pyramid would make a wall of six feet high, and half a yard broad, that would reach across the Atlantic from Liverpool to Newfoundland. In the tombs which cluster around the Royal Pyramids have been discovered records and relics of deeper and more human interest than the Pyramids themselves."

One of the most celebrated of the Pharaohs was Amenemhat I. of the twelfth dynasty, who reconsolidated the empire under one rule, laid the foundations of the temple at Thebes, the grand ruins of which still remain, and left a long message to his successor which has survived until the present hour. It is alleged that in those days the rise of the Nile was twenty feet higher than at present; and consequently a much greater area of land was cultivated. Amenemhat III. was the contriver of Lake Moeris, an artificial reservoir thirty miles in circumference, which was used in ancient times for the storage of the Nile water, that there might be no lack in drier seasons. He also constructed that architectural wonder of the ancient world called the Labyrinth, a building having twelve courts, and 3,000 chambers, 1,500 of which were below ground. It is stated that fragments of this pile were dug up in the year 1844, and on these the name of the builder could still be deciphered. The luxuriant fertility of the country in those distant days appears to have surpassed anything with which we are acquainted.

The following gives some notion of every-day life in Ancient Egypt :

"Sublimity and mystery were the ideas expressed in . . . Egyptian temples with their vast halls and shrouded recesses. Comparatively little thought and care were expended on private residences, which were simple and unpretending. The poor were content if they had shelter from the heat and a place of storage for their goods. In the construction of the houses belonging to the richer classes, the leading idea was still protection from the heat, so that the windows were small, and had wooden shutters. The walls inside were decorated with paintings, and even the outside was gaily tinted by this colour-loving people, who coloured everything that would admit of it. On the flat roofs of the houses much time was spent, as also in the beautiful gardens watered by small canals in the absence of rain, and adorned with fish-ponds, and abundance of flowers. . . . The house was generally built round, a

court-yard planted with trees and refreshed by a fountain. In the country, the farm-yards and sheds were at some distance from the dwelling-house; the cattle were tied up at feeding time to rings placed in rows, and were often fed by the hand. Around the country houses were orchards of fig-trees, together with sycamore, peach, pomegranate, date, olive, and almond trees, besides others of names and kinds



TEMPLE AND GARDEN IN ANCIENT TIMES.

From "The Pharaohs and their People."

unknown." It was a strangely mysterious scene could we but see it: for in whatever direction he looked, the stranger saw something symbolic which was hard to understand. The grandeur of the public buildings was indeed a contrast to the grovelling superstition inculcated by the priesthood. What must it have been to have stood alone,

as it were, like Joseph and Moses, amid such heathen magnificence? How marvellous and distinguishing was the grace which kept them amid such associations!

Jacob and his train had been welcomed by one of the Hyksos kings, an alien line, which in time gave place to a native dynasty "which 'knew not Joseph,' and had the utmost aversion for aught that was connected with the rulers he had served." These rulers, who were more thoroughly Egyptian than the Pharaoh Jacob and Joseph lived under, became the oppressors of the Hebrews; and the hardship inflicted was no doubt in unison with the popular sentiment. It is thought that, if the exploration of the historical sites of the Delta were carried on with energy, some facts illustrative of the life of the Israelites in the Land of Bondage might be recovered. A fund is being subscribed for this purpose.

We have not space to give the chequered story of the decline and fall of the Egyptian empire under the later dynasties. The land was conquered by the Persians, and eventually became a Roman province just before the birth of Christ.

During the last generation many secrets of the old world of a remote antiquity have been brought to light, and doubtless many more will be revealed. Egypt was probably the first country to set up a settled government, and it is there that some of the richest discoveries of ancient history have been made, even in recent years. The study of antiquity, when the taste has been acquired, is a fascinating one, and it is pre-eminently profitable to the Christian, because from time to time the truth of Scripture has been confirmed by long-hidden stones, written slabs, and coins. In order to assist students whose leisure and means are limited, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has recently issued six small handbooks—"Ancient History from the Monuments"; and these have become exceedingly popular as works which present succinctly, and in a readable form, all that is at present really known about the ancient empires. "Egypt" is by Dr. Birch; "Assyria," and "Babylonia," by the late George Smith; "Persia," by W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., who also has written the one on the "Greek Cities and Islands"; while "Sinai" is by H. S. Palmer. It is necessary in these days of advanced knowledge on the one hand, and of carping criticism on the other, for the earnest believer to be acquainted with subjects like these, and now that first-class aids are so accessible ignorance will be inexcusable.

Prudent Dealing with the Disorderly.

THOSE who are disorderly in sermon-time may be the very persons for whose conversion we are praying and preaching. It is, therefore, desirable to keep them on good terms with ourselves. One day, a young man, who was very fussy during the sermon was reduced to quiet by the following remark: "The other day, I publicly rebuked a hearer for inattention. Judge of my mortification when I learned that the disturber of the peace was an idiot."—*From Hervey's "Manual of Revivals."*

A War-Song.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORTH to the battle rides our King,
 He climbs his conquering car ;
 He fits his arrows to the string,
 And hurls his bolts afar.

Convictions pierce the stoutest hearts,
 They smart, they bleed, they die ;
 Slain by Immanuel's well-aimed darts,
 In helpless heaps they lie.

Behold, he bares his two-edged sword,
 And deals almighty blows ;
 His all-revealing, killing Word
 'Twixt joints and marrow goes.

Who can resist him in the fight ?
 He cuts through coats of mail.
 Before the terror of his might
 The hearts of rebels fail.

Aton, arrayed in robes of grace,
 He rides the trampled plain,
 With pity beaming in his face,
 And mercy in his train.

Mighty to save he now appears,
 Mighty to raise the dead,
 Mighty to staunch the bleeding wound,
 And lift the fallen head.

Victor alike in love and arms,
 Myriads around him bend ;
 Each captive owns his matchless charms,
 Each foe becomes his friend.

They crown him on the battle-field,
 They press to kiss his feet ;
 Their hands, their hearts, their all they yield :
 His conquest is complete.

None love him more than those he slew ;
 His love their hate has slain ;
 Henceforth their souls are all on fire
 To spread his gentle reign.

Self-support in Bassein.*

CHRISTIAN missions are conducted on two opposite principles: the one, followed in the majority of missions, is that of depending upon Christian countries for pecuniary support; the other is that of self-help.

In the first case, not only is the missionary himself supported (and rightly so) by the Society which has sent him out, but his native helpers receive their salaries from him, to the detriment of their own independence, and to the injury of their influence with the native people, before whom they are placed in a false light.

In the other case, the missionary, it is true, is supported from home sources, although he devotes all his time to the native churches, and to the heathen; and this course is necessary; for no missionary could consent to receive out of the poverty of the native churches the money required to maintain him in the comparatively expensive mode of life needful to preserve his health in a foreign climate; but all native preachers, pastors, teachers, and missionaries are supported by the contributions of the converts themselves, in the belief that God does not call to exclusively religious labour in any land a larger proportion of the church than can be maintained from local sources.

On this latter, and immeasurably superior, system the Bassein Karen mission has been conducted. The American workers have been supported by Americans, the Karen workers by Karens, and the result has been that it has a larger number of churches, a larger number of native helpers, a larger number of members, makes larger contributions for Christian work, and shows a freer spirit of independence than can be paralleled by any mission of the same age conducted on the opposite principle. The Maulmain Karen mission, for example, is worked on the subsidizing principle. The Maulmain church had a missionary for its pastor, and twelve or fourteen native preachers on mission pay. It numbered more than one hundred members. In thirteen years it made no numerical progress. The missionaries received in one year, in addition to their own allowances, only £440 from America for their native assistants; and they wrote that the mission had ceased to progress, that many retrograde steps were already taken, that it was fast sinking, that the course pursued must inevitably ruin it; while the Bassein mission, more extensive and difficult, and more recently commenced, numbered at that very time 40 churches, received but one-seventh of the amount for native agency, and yet, owing to the principle of self-support, was in a flourishing condition.

Messrs. Abbott and Beecher, the missionaries to the Bassein Karens, were powerful advocates of native self-help. Their experience of the baneful effects of the opposite system induced them to call it the "patronage system," the "hireling system." It engendered a mercenary spirit in the native preachers, and freed the native churches from a sense of responsibility, pauperising them, and making them in their own

* "Self-support, illustrated in the History of the Bassein Karen Mission, from 1840 to 1880." By C. H. Carpenter. Boston: Rand, Avery, and Co., The Franklin Press. 1883.

eyes weak, and unable to strike out in enterprise for Christ. Subsidy enervated the churches : self-help, on the other hand, invigorated them. We wish that every promoter of missions could trace for himself the proof of this statement in the admirable history of the Bassein mission by Mr. Carpenter. In a narrative of intense and romantic interest, it presents a distinct view of one of the best missions of the century, carried on by Christian heroes, who shortened their lives by devotion to the cause they loved so well. The adoption gradually and wisely of the principle of self-help in all our missions would, we are persuaded, inaugurate a new era of progress throughout the world.

Bassein is a district as large as Wales, on the sea-coast of southern Burmah, at the mouths of the Irrawaddy, having a population of four hundred thousand. Its rich lowlands form the finest rice-district in the world. Its principal town, Bassein, on the Bassein river, eighty miles from the mouth, contains thirty thousand inhabitants, and can be reached by the largest vessels without difficulty. In 1835-6, flying visits were paid to the district by missionaries who distributed Burmese tracts ; but it was not till 1837 that E. L. Abbott, the spiritual father of the Bassein Karen Baptists, set foot in the region. He had come to Maulmain in the previous year, at the age of 26 ; and after weathering an almost fatal attack of jungle-fever, and acquiring the Karen language, he resolved to visit Bassein. He travelled by boat up the Irrawaddy, landing at every village to preach the gospel, and finding almost everywhere tokens of a remarkable work of the Holy Spirit among the people. The tracts and the gospel tidings carried by native Christians had caused a wide-spread awakening, and he found in several places converts of more than a year's standing waiting for baptism. Leaving the river, a three days' tramp through the wilderness brought him well within the district of Bassein, to the village of an old and wicked chief, whose people were as wild as mountain deer. He arrived on December 23rd. The scene of the following day, when he preached the word of God to company after company, all day long, and far into the night, shall be told in his own words. "Dec. 24, Sabbath. By ten o'clock this morning, seventy or eighty had assembled for worship. Very good attention was given, and some appeared to be pricked in their heart. At one o'clock the assembly dispersed, and another company of about the same number came. These listened till sunset. After these had left, other companies came flocking in from distant villages, many of whom had travelled all day without eating, fearing that they should not arrive in time to see me. We had commenced singing a hymn, the people still flocking in, when the cry was heard, 'The house is falling.' The people hastened out, spread a mat on the ground in the open field, upon which I sat, and themselves gathered round, and sat upon the ground. A few old men sat near, who would question when they did not understand. All around was the darkness and stillness of night. Not a cloud obscured the heavens, which were spread out over our heads as a beautifully bespangled curtain. In one hand I held a dimly-burning taper ; in the other, the Word of God. The firmament on high showed God's handiwork in the creation of the world : the Bible in my hand taught the wonderful story of its redemption by Jesus Christ. Midnight had long passed away ere the

assembly dispersed, and then they withdrew reluctantly." On the following morning the missionary was obliged to return to Rangoon, but he left a young native Christian to teach the people to read, and to exhort them to take heed to the things which they had heard.

The work thus begun rapidly spread, and notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the Burman authorities, who at that time held the Karen race in subjection, and who treated any communication with the white man, or any enquiry after his religion, as an act of rebellion, little companies continually came to Mr. Abbott for instruction; and wherever he travelled through the Karen district of Rangoon he found converts pleading to be baptized. He held many affecting midnight meetings, baptizing companies of earnest converts by moonlight, and administering the Lord's Supper to them in the still night by river-side or lake-shore. In the following summer some Christians arrived from Bassein, bringing a letter from Shway Weing, the young chief of the village which Mr. Abbott had visited, who had become a Christian, and had already learned to read and write his own language. The letter begged importunately for books and instruction, and Mr. Abbott immediately began school with fourteen pupils. Not many days after, Shway Weing himself arrived with nine more, and joined the school. He told Mr. Abbott that his house had for weeks been thronged with visitors from distant villages, who came to enquire concerning the new religion. They would stay a few days, learn to read a little, get a book, and return to tell their neighbours what they had heard. He wanted a thousand books, one for each of those who worshipped God, and had learned to read. "When I first saw him in December last," said Mr. Abbott, "he was a most ungovernable, wicked, and reckless heathen. He is now a praying, humble, consistent Christian." At his own ardent request the young chief was baptized, and returned to his native wilds to become one of the ablest and most earnest of labourers for Christ among the Karens. A period of bitter persecution followed. Karen Christians, Shway Weing among the number, were seized and thrown into the Burman prisons, where they were half suspended by the hands and feet, their hips alone resting on the ground, and their bodies left a prey to mosquitoes. They were beaten and tortured, and only released on payment of large sums by their friends. Bravely they endured these sufferings without resentment, and prayed for their tormentors while they were in the act of beating them.

In 1840 Mr. Abbott felt it was his duty to take up his residence among these Bassein Karens, and, with his wife, removed to Sandoway, a small town in the Bassein district. In this place, notwithstanding the hindrances arising from dysentery, jungle-fever, cholera, and the rains, he carried on a school for young men, which was crowded with pupils; dismissing them to their homes while disease was prevalent, and receiving them back again when danger was past. From this centre he made long preaching journeys into the jungle, or along the coast, and dispatched on similar errands the ablest of the native Christians, whom he trained to become preachers. To these he at first made a small payment, diminishing it year by year, as the churches assumed that duty themselves. In one of his missionary journeys, occupying thirty-one days, he baptized two hundred and seventy-five persons.

He had already baptized four hundred Karen converts, and the number of nominal Christians was estimated at four thousand.

The glorious expansion of the work made necessary a new departure—the ordination of native pastors. Mr. Abbott saw no need for Karens to come ten or fifteen days' journey to be baptized by him. Why should they not ordain as their own pastors the men under whose preaching they were converted, and under whose guidance they were to live? Why not allow these pastors to baptize them at their own homes? With great caution, and after full examination, he ordained Myat Kyau, and afterwards Tway Po. These two men, and many others afterwards ordained, lived lives of great devotion and usefulness, though some dishonoured their profession, and had to be withdrawn from. Mr. Abbott thus described the first two. "Myat Kyau is terribly severe in his denunciations of the wicked. Of an indomitable will, he pursues his own course, irrespective of friends or foes, and is liable to make enemies. Tway Po is the mild and lovely John, and has not an enemy in the world. Both are excellent men in their way, and I have never regretted that I ordained them."

In response to earnest calls from Christians in the region that he had visited in 1837, he resolved to send Myat Kyau thither on a long preaching expedition. "I took Myat Kyau away into the jungle," he says, "and sat down with him on a large stone, and gave him my last words of advice. He will probably be absent several months, and a great number will apply for baptism. I have confidence in his discretion and judgment; he has received the best instruction I am capable of giving him, reiterated and enforced. . . . I shall follow him with my unceasing anxieties and prayers." This was in December: great must have been his joy to receive, in the following April, this letter from Myat Kyau:—"Great is the grace of the Eternal God! Thus, by the great love of our Lord Jesus Christ, more than one thousand five hundred and fifty have joined themselves to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I, Myat Kyau, and Ong Sah, we two went forth, God opened our way, and we went in peace and joy." With this thrilling news of one thousand five hundred and fifty baptisms in cruel Burmah, by a native pastor, no wonder that Mr. Abbott was convinced that to educate a native ministry must be the most important department of the Karen mission. The number baptized in the following year was one thousand two hundred; and the missionary exerted himself beyond his strength, as indeed he had been doing all along, to meet the demands for gospel preaching, and to educate his preachers.

A heavy blow now fell upon him. His wife died. She had accompanied him on one of his jungle tours to nurse him, fearing that in his weak state he would die in the jungle; but she herself was attacked with the fever, and, after four days' illness, passed away. He returned to his lonely home far gone in consumption, and was ordered to take a voyage to America, as the only chance of life. There he and the venerable Dr. Judson, who was in America at the same time, addressed meetings with thrilling power; and after an impatient period of waiting he was permitted to return to his beloved Karens, in 1847, to labour among them for five more years. At the close of 1852 his health

broke utterly down, and he was forced to take his farewell. His faithful band of Karen ministers, who loved and revered him as few have been revered and loved, gathered round to hear his last words. Here they are, as still heard on the lips of children's children in the land of his imperishable labours: "The kingdom of Christ is here in Bassein; you must care for it, and labour for it faithfully. Do not rely too much on the white teachers. Rely on God. If his kingdom prospers, it will prosper through your efforts. If it is destroyed, it will be at your hands." To all of them he said, "He that cannot make an increase, let him not diminish." One of the native Christians who was present says: "We pitied the teacher very much. There was nothing left of him but skin and bones. He could not walk. As he left us he said, 'If I do not die, I will come back again; but I am very sick. As the Lord wills.'" He reached America, where, in extreme weakness, he lingered for two years, and passed away in December, 1854, at the age of forty-five. His work was worthily carried on by Mr. Beecher, who was associated with him in his later years, and when Mr. Beecher died, in 1866, it was taken up by other faithful men. The work continues to prosper. Mr. Abbott left forty-four churches, with about four thousand members, and forty-eight native preachers. In 1879 there were ninety-two Bassein Karen churches, having thirty-one ordained pastors, and ninety-nine unordained pastors and preachers, with nearly eight thousand members, and nearly two thousand pupils in the schools; and the churches contributed close upon £7,000 for religious and educational purposes. A noble mission! We hope many missions will emulate the example of "Self-support in Bassein." D.

Child Piety.

BY ONE OF OUR OWN MEN.

HOW strange that there should be some Christians who look with grave suspicion upon child-converts! Surely they have never read the words of Jesus, "*These little ones which believe in me*" (Matt. xviii. 6). As though it were impossible for little ones to believe! Is there not room enough in the heart of a little one for the Holy Spirit to dwell? Certainly there is (Luke i. 17).

Never, till the day of death, will my memory cease to retain part of a speech, delivered by a brother belonging to the high Calvinistic school, at a New Year's tea-meeting. My heart had not long been given to Christ, and being all on fire with "first love," I expected to hear words of cheer and encouragement, especially as some young people, with myself, had lately been baptized, though I had not joined the church. Clearing his throat twice, he began in measured sentences, and with a voice as solemn and sepulchral as it is possible to imagine, by saying, "I do not view with any amount of joy the incoming of so many young people to the church. *Boys and girls* should be held over for a time, until they are of an age to understand the deep things of God. I have not much of an opinion of any Christian who has not bowed his head in the dust, and with a broken heart cried 'Unclean! Unclean!' And I very much question the conversion of many, when I hear that they have never been held over the mouth of hell, and heard the groans of the

damned." This good (?) deacon was anything but a help to the "babes in Christ."

My father having been called to his eternal rest, I yielded to the solicitations of my mother, to take his place by her side at the Lord's table, not, however, before she had consulted the minister. Is it at all surprising that the aforesaid brother (whom I afterwards learned had been suspended some years previously through sad misconduct) objected to my sitting beside my mother at the sacrament, and soon after, I received a letter from the pastor saying that the matter had been brought before a church-meeting, and it was agreed that I should be requested to discontinue my custom. This harsh, narrow, bigoted, unkind spirit is rapidly dying out, yet it is well to enforce the truth again and again that Jesus is still saying, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

How delightful it is to observe the grace of God as manifested in the hearts and lives of little children! There is a genuineness about them that disarms criticism, and a heavenly beauty that adds a charm to their childish innocence.

F——, one of our Sunday-school children, is only seven years of age, but there are numberless instances in her little life that confirm us in the opinion that she is trusting and loving the Saviour. It is a pleasure to hear her *pray*—PRAY—not *say prayers*. A sad accident happened in F——'s home to a little boy, whose mother was once the servant there, but now, suddenly left a widow, and wishing to go out to service again, her late mistress, the mother of F——, though partially an invalid, and having six children of her own, offered to take this baby boy for six months. He was just able to toddle to the door, to watch the other children start for school, and whilst with one hand he laid hold of the post, a gust of wind blew to the door, and smashed one of his fingers. As it hung only by a little piece of skin, the doctor wanted to dis sever it from the hand, but at the request of the mistress he bound it up, saying, "If it is not done now, it will have to be done when I come again. The child will never have a nail again on that finger." This was a great trouble to the good friends, and no one felt it more than little F——, who, on kneeling down at night, prayed, "Please, dear Jesus, make the little smashed finger better; and make it so well that Emma (the mother) won't know it; and *please make the nail grow again*." To the surprise of the doctor and all who saw it, the finger gradually healed, the nail grew again, and nothing now remains but the deep scars.

H—— is a little boy in our school, the youngest son of a godly, widowed mother. When in the infant-class, he was intently listening to the teacher one afternoon as he was explaining the hymn, commencing—

"Around the throne of God in heaven."

Upon coming to the verses—

"What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair;
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there?"

“Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean ;”

he left his seat, and ran up to the teacher, with gleaming eyes that looked straight into his face, and catching hold of his hands, joyously exclaimed, “I know, teacher, what that means. Doesn't it mean—

“‘There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains' ?”

The little lad had evidently seen the connection between *heavenly whiteness* and the *fountain opened for sin and uncleanness* which thousands of grown-up people fail to observe.

Up an alley, in one of the lowest parts of the town, live an old couple, both very much afflicted. The old man sits in an easy chair, suffering constant and excruciating pain from a cancer in the face, which is rapidly bringing him to the grave. The old lady is partially paralyzed in hands and feet. Lying in a common wicker perambulator is a grand-child, who is wheeled up from her home, a mile or more away, by her mother, for the old people to mind whilst she goes out into the fields to work. The child is four years old, but oh, what an object! She can neither stand nor sit, and her poor little emaciated body is in a fearful condition. The only part of the child that seems to grow is her head, and this is quite the size of a woman's. Poor little dear, how she smiles when you go in, and how delighted with the few sweets brought for her, and how happy she looks when hearing of Jesus and his love! One is moved to tears when, at the request of Granny, she sings in her little lisping way,

“There is a happy land,
Far, far away.”

A few months ago she became insensible during the journey home, probably through the cold seizing her. When the mother got her indoors, she did her best to bring her back to consciousness, and presently succeeded, when the dear little deformed creature, a lamb certainly of the Good Shepherd's fold, said in a tiny, weak voice, “What did you wake me for, mother? I was sleeping with Jesus, and he was just coming to take me home.”

Many a jewel is to be found in most unlooked-for places; and in courts and alleys where some respectable, genteel, fastidious folk would shudder to go, Jesus is found dwelling with his “poor and afflicted people.”

F. E. B.

The Stingless Bee.

A LITTLE girl, giving her experience for membership, said, “I was converted the day the bee stung my mother.” When asked what she meant by that, she replied: “When the bee stung my mother, I cried and ran away, afraid he would sting me. She called me back, and said, ‘Don't be afraid; he can't sting you now; he has left his sting in my hand.’ Then she told me that sin could not sting me either, if I believed in Jesus, for sin had left its sting in Jesus.”—*The Boston “Watchword.”*

Phases of Life in St. Giles's.

YEARS ago the well known "Old Catholic," Dr. Dollinger, gave certain lectures at Munich on religion, and in reference to England, he said, that one of the evils afflicting the country was the indifference of people in large centres of population regarding their spiritual interests. He said plainly, "The church finds itself impotent respecting this paganism of millions of human beings, which is constantly and widely spreading, and all isolated attempts and endeavours hitherto made have proved utterly insufficient." Some time afterwards, the rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, as the parish is still with seeming show of irony called, commented on the German reformer's statement, and gave evidence respecting his own parish. He knew how true the allegations were in the main, but not until he had conferred with a friend, who was accustomed to go in and out among the people, did he realize in their full force the significance of all the facts which investigation brought to light. "After very carefully sifting cases," remarked the rector, "even going into the history of particular individuals, we arrived at the sad conclusion that ninety per cent. of our adult population never attended any place of worship whatever." In the case of St. Giles's, this means that the main body of the people give no manner of heed whatever to their best interests. Such wholesale ignoring of God in a Christian country is not only wonderful, it is certainly fraught with social and political peril which no thoughtful observers are likely to overestimate. Facts and figures tell us with striking force that volunteers like Mr. Hatton and his associates are doing far more than conferring benefit on one locality. The good fruits arising from their labours extend far beyond the confines of St. Giles's; and while they rescue with one hand they prevent terrible evils on the other.

Had it not been for earnest counteractive work, carried on simultaneously in all directions, what national evils might we not have had to endure! Sin and ignorance, when allowed to reign unchecked, curse the souls of individuals, but they also extend their mischief by poisoning the very life-blood of the nation. Were illustrations needed to prove the correctness of this view, the machinations of Nihilists in Russia, the threats of the Anarchists of the Commune, the dynamite attempts of Fenians, and the cold-blooded atrocities of the French revolution would supply more than enough.

St. Giles's seems to be a neighbourhood whither myriads of persons have drifted who have been worsted in the battle of life. There they can at least hide their heads, and be free from the questionings of an inquisitive world. It matters little either to himself or his associates whether a man has a character or not in St. Giles's, for there those who are simply ruined, or have otherwise been disappointed in their expectations, are perforce brought into contact with the lawless tribes in general, and especially with numbers of abandoned women of the worst class.

Speaking of the neighbourhood in 1873, a writer in *The Times* used words which at the present time would not need to be greatly modified: "There are upwards of seventy streets, courts, and alleys in the district that either have no thoroughfare, or are approached under a covered

way; and proper ventilation under such circumstances is impossible. There are many houses of a lower class occupied by costermongers, match, flower, and fruit sellers, who make St. Giles's their headquarters for a large section of London. Irish labourers probably form half the population of St. Giles's South. Below these are the tramps, wife-deserters, beggars, pickpockets, and women of bad repute, who occupy the common lodging-houses. Marriage in this district has almost ceased to be regarded as necessary. The majority in certain streets and courts are unmarried, and live altogether in sin. Whole families are born from these connections, and grow up and form similar connections themselves without any fear or shame."

St. Giles's is the favoured region of lodging-houses; there they thrive as they thrive nowhere else, unless, indeed, Westminster and White-chapel may be given as exceptions. Some of the large kitchens may contain one or two hundred persons; and, however cold it may be without, the thermometer within, in front of a huge coke fire which is found burning at one end of the room, will register more than the heat of a hot summer's day. With some exceptions the company will be found to be lively, and even gay; the cares of life apparently sitting lightly on the shoulders of those who have already lost all that is to be lost in the world, or who, it may be, have never enjoyed a better lot.

Very many classes are represented in the kitchens; for, in addition to the lowest specimens of lodging-house *habitués*, there are sure to be a proportion of those fallen stars who by many mysterious means find their way to the outer darkness of social degradation. Many nationalities are represented, but all wear the same uniform of rags and dirt. At first sight all may seem to occupy the same dead level of uniformity; but here, as elsewhere in this strange world, many striking contrasts are found; the barbarous ignorance which belongs to the cellar and the gutter often keep company with a classic culture which bespeaks a costly university education in happier days. This is no exaggeration by any means; for visitors of lodging-houses know full well that such characters startle the curious observer almost at every turn. When the late Dean Stanley visited a West-end lodging-house kitchen some years ago, accompanied by his wife, to expound 1 Cor. xiii., he saw something of this kind of thing on his own account. When a passing reference to Chancer was made, one old scholar among the motley throng cried out, "I read him forty years ago." Another, and a younger adventurer, who had written and published a six-shilling volume, made quotations from the original Greek of the New Testament, besides offering critical remarks upon them, which showed that his scholarship was on a par with that of the Dean himself.

These kitchens, which in St. Giles's are frequently damp and dark underground cellars, are receptacles for the dregs of society. Mr. Hatton assures us that in them are found hundreds of persons whose education has been of the best and most expensive kind, and who have come down from eminent social positions through the wilful indulgence of vicious appetites. Can any be reclaimed from such society? Shall the philanthropic Christian visitor hold back in despair? Mr. Hatton and his devoted band answer, "No," since nothing is too hard for the Lord. The deplorable surroundings in which they are found

only make gospel conquests among such people the more remarkable. Again and again has the Spirit of God asserted his omnipotent power in the kitchen of a St. Giles's lodging-house. How true is it that now, as of old, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."

Benighted as the place is, it is rendered still more dark by the priest-craft which substitutes the religion of the pope for that of Christ—that paganized Christianity which sufficiently shows its parentage by its utter powerlessness to raise the lowly out of the mire. A very large proportion of the inhabitants are Irish, and thus having never learned any better way, they are the slaves of the priests, who take care to hold them in captivity. Before now Mr. Hatton has given offence by the references he has made to this plague as an obstacle in the way of success; but any evangelical teacher who would attempt to patch up a compromise with idolatry and superstition would be unworthy of his position. Peace with Rome means treason to Christ and truth.

The experiences of all true godly missionaries in this district testify to the manner in which Romanism seeks to thwart their efforts. "My child," said a priest to a woman who was ill, and whom he mistook for one of his own people, "I have come to prepare you for death." Resenting the intrusion as an unwelcome one, the woman assured this representative of the pope that a friend had told her of Christ, and apart from him she needed no priest. "If you die under the teaching of this man you will be lost for ever," was the reply; and that affirmation sufficiently revealed what kind of spirit the intruder was of. They go about warning people that they must be prepared for death by a priest—man thus assuming the place of Christ. People are warned not to see Protestant visitors; and in place of the living bread they are furnished with some bauble called "the Sacred Heart of Jesus." One who was perhaps more demonstrative than some of his brethren, became quite enraged with a City missionary for presuming to visit those that he called *his* people, proving the value of his own teaching by threatening to exclude a sick man from the kingdom of heaven if he continued to receive heretics. To such depths of impiety and degradation can genuine heresy reduce its blinded subjects. If modern civilization has put down the institution itself, the spirit of the Inquisition is not yet exorcised.

Mr. Hatton's Mission seeks to reach all classes and all ages, and not a few here find the Saviour in their last days. One encouraging feature is, that the blessing seems, as it were, to be contagious; when one member of a family obtains benefit others frequently follow. Thus, we hear of a woman who accepted the offer of salvation at the gospel service while her drunken husband was in prison. After coming out of gaol, the man himself became a changed character, and a married daughter was likewise conquered by the grace of God. These are not merely converted, but they are eager to take a share in the work for others. One of the house-to-house visitors, and a member of the church, is a convert won at an open-air service.

How precious is a case like this! "A young woman came one evening to our hall from a low lodging-house, completely destitute; had

almost been driven to vice. Her mother and father were dead, and she had no friends. She sought the Saviour. Taken in hand by a Christian brother and sister, she is now in a good situation, going on well."

A scarcely less remarkable conquest not long ago was that of a lad from one of the low dens of the district who seven years ago left the home of godly parents in the country. He had been supposed to be dead, and great was the joy when it was discovered that he was not only alive but was a returned prodigal. "I am sure I shall never know how to return you thanks on behalf of him," wrote the grateful mother, "but I keep taking it to the foot of the cross, and I ask the Lord still to bless and help you in your great work." As regards this representative adventurer, "He is now in a good situation and doing well," Mr. Hatton assures us, "and is himself engaged in rescuing others."

There is, of course, much need of Sabbath-school work in such a region; and the letters which scholars, or those who formerly were such, write to their teachers, show how the children value the help and kindness which are held out to them. "I think I am more comfortable here than at home, although it is a very hard place," writes one who is in a situation; "I had to leave home because they knocked me about so much that I thought I was better away from them than with them." Another has found out that God answers prayer, and she is cheered when she thinks of that fact. Another who went to the Antipodes encountered plenty of adventure in great waters, and sent home a characteristic description of how he was nearly drowned off the Cape of Good Hope, but he prayed to God while in the sea, and a boat came to the rescue just in time.

St. Giles's is thus a strange place, having many phases of life; and although it may seem hard to make any permanent good impression on such a neighbourhood, the gratitude of those who receive benefit is always one of the best incentives to perseverance. In 1872 a City missionary in the Bloomsbury district, and also his wife, were laid aside by smallpox, and the husband died after four years of service, although hardly more than a young man. "All his relatives and friends were afraid to come near to him," says an account given at the time; "but as one fruit of his four years' labour in that district, there was a man to whose soul his visits had been made a blessing, and that poor man, on hearing of his condition, at once volunteered his services as a testimony of gratitude for the good he had received; and night and day he watched over the dying-bed of the missionary. The missionary was insensible throughout his illness, but in his most raving moments, when knowing nothing of what he was saying, he was continually exhorting sinners to trust their souls in the hands of the Saviour, evidencing thereby most unmistakably what was throughout uppermost in his mind and desires."

Some heroism is required to carry on a work like this, and the service deserves general recognition on the part of the public. The general testimony is, that even St. Giles's has improved during the last quarter of a century in a greater degree than the original pioneers could have hoped for at the outset of their work; and while congratulating ourselves on this fact we may ask, How would it have fared with London if districts so uncivilized at the beginning had shown a recession from

bad to worse? That it is not so, or that the very opposite is true, is owing, through the Lord's favour, to the persistent efforts of those who have pressed the gospel upon the acceptance of even the degraded and the outcast. With such results before us, should not more ample means be forthcoming in the future to serve as the sinews of war? Since he started his enterprise, Mr. Hatton and his helpers have become two bands; and while one detachment carries on the war against evil in St. Giles's, the other gives attention to the reclamation of criminals, and does so with a success which astonishes all who are acquainted with the work.

Crying out for God.

“**M**Y heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God” (Ps. lxxxiv. 2). The word that is here rendered *crieth*, is from *ranan*, that signifies to shout shrilly, or cry out, as soldiers do at the beginning of a battle, when they cry out, “Fall on! fall on! fall on”; or when they cry out after a victory, “Victory, victory, victory, victory!” The Hebrew word denotes a strong cry, or to cry as a child when it is sadly hungry, for now every whit of the child cries, hands cry, and face cries, and feet cry: “My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times” (Ps. cxix. 21). As the stone will still be rolling downhill towards its rest, though it break itself into a thousand pieces; so a soul that hath God for his portion, cannot rest till he comes to God, till he comes to his centre.—*Thomas Brooks*.

Beware of the Cavern of Modern Thought.

“**A** SHEPHERD boy, of small experience, was one day leading his little flock near the entrance of a mountain cavern. He had been told that precious stones had often been discovered in such places. He was, therefore, tempted to leave his charge, and turn aside to explore the dark recesses of the cavern. He began to crawl in, but as he proceeded his face took on a veil of cobwebs, and his hands mittens of mud. He had not gone far when he saw two gems of a ruby glow lying near each other. He put forth his eager fingers to seize them, when a serpent bit him. In pain and fear he crawled quickly back to the light of day, and ran home to the chief shepherd to obtain some remedy for the bite. The good man, who was also his elder brother, sucked the poison from the wound, and applied to it a healing balm. Never afterwards did that shepherd covet the treasures which may lie concealed behind mountain rocks.”

We quote this from Hervey's “Manuals of Revivals,” published in New York, by Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls. How earnestly would we warn our younger preachers of this cavern, and the cobwebs, and the gems! Better continue to feed Christ's sheep with wholesome gospel doctrine than begin to creep into dark caves, where nothing is to be gained which can be of use to the flock. If any are already bitten of the serpent, we pray that they may have grace to hasten to the Chief Shepherd. Alas, the poison often works a madness, which hurries the wounded one further and further from his Lord!—C. H. S.

A Congregation of Frogs.

A MEDITATION AT MENTONE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

OH, those frogs! They began at set of sun, and they will continue their croaking till the morning breaks, and breaks up their concert. It is a mastering noise, which can be heard above every other. To what can we compare it? A great factory, with all its machinery going, and every wheel crying out for oil; a vast shambles, with pigs perpetually being killed;—these are two feeble images of the noise which the froggies make while enjoying the damps of the night, and wooing their beloveds. It never actually ceases, though there are brief intervals when they are not quite doing their very utmost. They grate, and bark, and snarl, and whirl, and twirl,—*grenouilling* is the word which we coin from their French title. It is a very hearty concert of sounds which have never been even so much as tinged with music such as human ears could enjoy. We hope the frogs like it: we do not; but we wish them all in Egypt, or any other place where they could advantageously plague the enemy.

Have we never met with human frogs? “Croakers” is the word. There is a Croakers’ Club in Paris, composed of English and Americans, and it has just held its third anniversary banquet: we hope they ate frogs, for then there will be a few less in the world. These clubbists are merely nominal croakers. Are there any earnest croakers?

Yes, there are excellent Christian people about, whose main conversation is a condemnation of the church of God. Everything is wrong. We are all in Babylon,—a faithless, God-forsaken company. Evangelistic labour of the most earnest kind is, according to them, an effort of the flesh, a carnal excitement. Faithful preaching is of small value, if it is not in an iron-room or a gospel-hall. The truest saints that live are called “mistaken brethren.” The church is so worldly, so dead, so—whatever you like to think that is abominable. We hear no acknowledgment of God’s work among his chosen, no rejoicing in the holy lives and heroic deeds of faithful men and women. One would think that Christianity had produced a huge lie, and that all the religion of the day was sheer pretence, except, of course, that which is patronized by those nameless brethren who are *so* unsectarian and *so* Scriptural; or some other little clique, whose chief occupation is to split away from everybody else first, and from one another speedily after!

Frogs have their uses, and in the grand chorus of nature their croakings, no doubt, take up a necessary part. Croak on, dearly beloved froggies; but if you ever should be suddenly removed by some rapture, secret or visible, I know one pair of eyes that will never weep over your disappearance. Neither will some of us lament if the everlasting “scissors-to-grind” of fault-finders should suddenly cease. Surely there is some grace still upon earth, a measure of truth, a drop or two of sincerity. The age is bad enough, no doubt; but it has saving features. A few flowers bloom even upon the dunghill of the nineteenth century. Assuredly perpetually carping and criticizing will not do much towards the bettering of affairs; a little encouragement of the sincere might even prove more effectual than the unmingled condemnation of the faulty.

We cannot get the frog-music out of our ears. How many must there be of the creatures? There might be a hundred, or a thousand, if we judged by their noise, and one would be quite enough to tell us all they have to say. What must it be to dwell in a Church of Croakers? One of these creatures has depressed us with his accusing of the brethren, and robbed us of a night's sleep; what would a hundred do? When scores of spiteful critics meet, and each one adds to the common discord, what must it be to be there? "There, there. But what must it be to be there?"—as the tune puts it. We do not know, but as we put out the light, and get into bed, our last reflection is that the sound will cease in the morning, and may that morning come as soon as possible!

A Word in Season to Nonconformists.*

FIRST PAPER.

EVERY wise general counts his forces, surveys the probable field of conflict, and learns as far as he can the strength of the army opposing him, ere he enters on the decisive campaign. To neglect this would be fatal to success, nay, it would be to court defeat.

The advocates of religious equality, the modern representatives of the men who, in years gone by, suffered for conscience sake loss of personal liberty, social position, and in many cases even their lives, can see that the struggle for complete religious freedom is drawing very near; and like wise men they have begun to survey the approaching battle-field, to count the serried ranks of vested interests that will be arrayed against them, and then, to reckon up the forces of truth, the irresistible allies of Christian principle, and the mighty weapons with which the New Testament furnishes them in the conflict that is coming. The result is full of promise, of confident assurance of victory, and before long, too. With an immensely-increased electorate, with two millions of newly-enfranchised voters, drawn mainly from the class which has felt the galling tyranny of "the church" and "the hall," the Liberation Society, in view of a speedy general election, has rendered a splendid and timely service to all who are jealous for the crown rights of the Saviour, by its recent publication of the handbook entitled "The Case for Disestablishment."

It is a lamentable fact that the greater part of our Nonconformists have little, if any, idea of the reasons for their Nonconformity, or of the sturdy principles which led their fathers to dissent from the Erastian Establishment because it was a standing insult to the headship of Jesus Christ over his church; nor have they known by experience the persecutions which that Establishment wrought upon all that dared to differ from it, when it had the power, and how slowly and reluctantly it has yielded to the removal of injustices and tyrannies which it could no longer continue, but which it still feebly clutched with the death-grip of despair. There would be less toying and coquetting with this brazen mistress of the State, by our younger folk especially, if they would but read the story of her past doings, and learn how unchanged she is in spirit, though her opportunities for disporting herself are now limited. The story of her past and present history, as told in these pages, is as fascinating as any romance could be, and will make astonishment to be felt that such deeds could be performed in the name of religion, and above all, in the name of the religion of the Holy Jesus.

Let it be distinctly understood that, not as a section of the Church of Christ differing from ourselves in modes of worship, and in ecclesiastical arrangement, do we venture to criticize and expose the action of the Episcopalian Church,

* "The Case for Disestablishment." A Handbook of Facts and Arguments in support of the Claim for Religious Equality. Liberation Society.

but as a State Establishment, supposed to represent all Englishmen, an Establishment which makes all, directly or indirectly, to contribute to its support, however widely they may differ from, or even loathe its teachings. As this Establishment is imagined by many to represent the national religion, we are in some degree implicated in it, and, therefore, we take leave to pass it under review. We carefully distinguish between the Church and the Establishment. The Church, in which are many men of holy life and devoted zeal, will live long after the State Establishment has passed into the limbo of forgotten tyrannies. Not as a spiritual body, but as the machine of the State, we contend against her, and brand her present position of exclusive privilege as an injustice to all Non-conformists, and a standing insult to the Saviour.

Among the commonest pleas in favour of the Establishment has been the idea that, being independent of the people for support, she enjoys greater liberty than any section of Christians whose ministers are dependent on their congregations. The writer of the book before us shows from the confessions of Church clergymen and high dignitaries how utterly false such a plea is. For instance, in the election of bishops, the Dean and Chapter are called together on a date appointed by the Sovereign, and then shall be sent "a letter missive containing the name of the person whom they shall elect and choose: and they shall, with all speed and celerity, in due form, elect and choose the same person . . . and no other." So solemn was this mockery of a pretended choice, that in Edward the Sixth's time an Act was passed abolishing it, but it was afterwards restored to its original form. Wondrous liberty this, when the bishop so chosen may be the nominee of an outrageously immoral Prime Minister, and yet the Dean and Chapter must submit! So completely is this Church the scullion of the State, that even the very seats of the bishops, on the benches in the House of Lords, are fixed for them; and "my Lord of Winchester" must not take the place of "my Lord of London," under penalty of breaking the law! It has often been supposed that the Convocation of the Clergy was a proof of some liberty of self-government, but we are reminded that "Convocation cannot meet *except by license from the Crown*: cannot so much as discuss the amendment of canons but by royal permission; and whatever its decisions may be, *they have no weight or authority until sanctioned by the Crown or by Parliament.*" There is no preacher in any communion outside the pale of the Establishment who is so entirely enslaved as the clergyman who holds her orders. He is the bond-slave, hand and foot, of rigid laws and rubrics fixed for him by the State; there is no community with less power to regulate its own affairs than the mass of units which calls itself the National Church. And yet, like the poor lunatic with his wisps of straw, who thinks himself a king, it prates of its liberty!

When driven from this defence, the clerical champions will assert that, at any rate, they have been the helpers of the people, and it were worth while to retain them if only for this. Our author has made enquiry as to the facts which bear upon this question. And what is the result? Lord Macaulay, a Churchman, says—"The Church of England continued to be for more than a hundred and fifty years the servile handmaid of monarchy, *the steady enemy of public liberty.* The divine right of kings, and the duty of passively obeying all their commands, were her favourite tenets. She held these firmly through times of oppression, persecution, and licentiousness: while law was trampled down: while judgment was perverted: while the people were eaten up as though they were bread." The Established Church opposed the Reform Bill of 1832, and by the votes of the bishops succeeded in defeating it for a time. The Church supported the corn-laws, which made the bread of the poor to be sold at famine prices, so that Mr. Cobden wrote of them, "The Church clergy are almost to a man guilty of causing the present distress, by upholding the corn-laws, *they having themselves an interest in the high price of bread.*" In 1868, they united with the brewers and publicans to oppose the party of progress and reform; and in 1880, so general was their influence on the side of opposing popular rights as

to justify the statement, "The Established Church is the great electioneering agency of the Tory party."

Their political failure to help the people is as nothing, however, compared with their failure to meet the national religious needs. Says a rural dean, in *The Church Times*, "I know parishes by the score where there are thousands lapsing into heathenism, and the lazy and inefficient parson is absolutely powerless to reach them. No one can do it for him, *unless he be a Nonconformist*, because of the stronghold afforded to freehold rights by the parochial system." Dr. Ryle, the present Bishop of Liverpool, wrote: "It is nonsense to deny that there are scores of large parishes, in almost every diocese in England, where the parochial clergyman does little or nothing besides a cold, formal round of Sunday services. The bulk of the people never come near the church at all. The few who do worship anywhere take refuge in the chapels of Methodists, Baptists, and Independents, if not in more questionable places of worship. The parish church is comparatively deserted. People in such places live and die with an abiding impression that the Church of England is a rotten, useless institution, and bequeath to their families a legacy of prejudice against the Church which lasts for ever. Will any one pretend to tell me that there are not hundreds of large English parishes in this condition? I defy him to do so. I am writing down things that are only too true, and it is in vain to pretend to conceal them." Far be it from us to deny the great improvement which has taken place in this respect; but, for all that, enough of failure remains to prevent the Establishment from urging any rightful claim to the exclusive favour of the State on account of her superlative usefulness.

From a careful survey of the newspaper census of attendance at places of worship, which was taken some three years ago, the statements of the spiritual deficiencies of the Establishment are more than corroborated; and it is plainly seen that, to the essential injustice of any religious body being established by law, is added the guilt of this being done to the Church which is in a clear minority as to attendants at its services. Thus does the author show that the pleas that an Establishment favours the liberty of the clergy, and makes them the helpers of the people, are falsified in every particular, and are the resort of men conscious that theirs is a losing cause. H. O. M.

"Night and Sunday."

"NEVER mind; it all brings night, and Sunday." So said a working-man, who was employed under circumstances which inspired neither repose nor devotion. He knew that he must toil till the shadows lengthened before rest would reward his diligence; and that he must bear with uncongenial society till Sunday crowned the week, and brought him within the circle of his dearest fellowship. The reflection that toil and trial would bring night and Sunday was worthy of a bishop in lawn, though uttered by a mechanic in fustian.

The faculty which enables us to look ahead is a divine endowment; the disposition to use it aright is of grace. Men of the world may live circumscribed by the limits of the hour, or by the sphere of their calling; but not so the child of God. To him the present is the standpoint from which he may contemplate the pleasurable issues of a toilsome or a desolate lot. His hope creates a future, which experience will overtake, and memory conserve. With those three springs to draw from, the waters of comfort will not fail him in the season of drought.

"The ungodly are not so." With them experience is embittered by memory, or overshadowed by dark forebodings. Night brings no relief to a guilty conscience.

"The careful Betty the pillow boats,
And airs the blankets, and smoothes the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking;
But vainly Betty performs her part,
If a ruffled head and a rumped heart,
As well as the couch, want making."

"There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves;
 Where other people would make preserves
 He turns his fruit into pickles.
 Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
 At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,
 He lies—like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way
 Tormenting itself with its prickles."

Sunday has no refreshment for the spirit which refuses the rest that remaineth to the people of God. The day, spent in idleness at home, or in the aimless walk abroad; devoted to industrious diversion in the garden, or to the costly enjoyment of the alluring excursion; yields no satisfaction to the heart, and no true enjoyment to the mind. "It is a weariness," and must ever be so; and often proves, moreover, a fatal step in a downward career. Sabbath desecration is indulged at a present sacrifice difficult to estimate, and is fraught with the gravest perils to character and destiny impossible to avert. The day of rest is a beneficent provision given and guarded by a special providence; but while its observance is crowned with a welcome recompense, its neglect is followed by a bitter retribution. The devil has no more abject dupes than those who, vaunting their freedom, are the slaves of degrading habits, or the victims of delusions which cost them their truest independence. It is a sad reflection that so many seem to make an effort to miss the blessing which the Lord's-day presses upon their acceptance, and doom themselves to the unrelieved drudgery which has nothing to offer beyond "the bread that perisheth." That this folly will not fail of its reward is a certainty beyond question; the boon will become a bane, and the olive branch will be succeeded by the avenging sword. A world without a Sabbath is a homestead without a garden, a summer without flowers, a sky without sun or stars, and a desert without an oasis.

"Welcome the day—the day of holy peace—
 The Lord's own day, to man's Creator owed,
 And man's Redeemer; for the soul's increase
 In sanctity, and sweet repose bestowed;
 Type of the rest when sin and care shall cease,
 The rest remaining for the loved of God."

It is, indeed, a dreary monotony to toil without the prospect of repose, or the hope of a restful Sabbath.

Is there not something akin to ecstasy in the joy with which a Christian sings as his evening lullaby—

"When night has quenched the sun's last ray,
 And boding shadows round me creep;
 Secure, as in the blaze of day,
 I'll lay me down in peace and sleep?"

And is not the very bliss of heaven anticipated when the duties and the delights of the Lord's day are ushered in with the opening hymn—

"Another six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blessed?"

To the weary sons of toil, and to the saddened children of sorrow, we would say, "In your patience possess ye your souls," for toil and trial have each an ordained ministry, and what is more, they bring

"NIGHT AND SUNDAY."

V. J. C.

Notices of Books.

Life's Pleasure Garden; or, the Conditions of a Happy Life. By W. HAIG MILLER. Religious Tract Society.

THIS book ought to have been reviewed long ago; but on a former visit to Mentone we took with us the same author's "Culture of Pleasure," and found such abounding pleasure in reading it, that we saved up this somewhat similar work to be our feast among the olives on the present occasion. Mr. Haig Miller always writes with quiet gracefulness, and his pages are always pleasant reading. He has opened the treasuries of history and biography, and has taken therefrom stories and incidents, which he has arranged into exquisite mosaics. These mosaics always set forth worthy objects: the author's design is ever the same—to dispel "the mirage of life," and to point men to the real garden of pleasure which blooms around the Saviour's feet. The present work is not equal either in size or in quality to "The Culture of Pleasure," which is such a book that no man could write two of the kind; but it is good, and calculated to do good. Placed in the hand of youth, it will charm the reader into a thinker; and by God's grace lead the thinker to become a believer, and so a dweller in "Life's Pleasure Garden."

Lives, Great and Simple. By Mrs. G. W. TOOLEY. Kent and Co., 23, Paternoster Row.

Mrs. TOOLEY writes exceedingly well, and she has the faculty of setting forth the more striking parts of a memoir, and leaving out the commonplace portions. Her selection of characters is a varied one, beginning as it does with Gordon, closing with Edward Irving, and including such people as Henry Irving and Anthony Trollope along with Lord Wolseley and Henry M. Stanley. Our authoress gives a condensation of twenty lives, and she presents them to us in lively readable language. Her style is so good that one would hardly notice that she has any style; and this, to our mind, is the perfection of the art of composition. To many this book at three shillings and sixpence will be quite a little library, and it will enable them

at small cost of money and time to know who is who, and what such an one has done or attempted. We wish full restoration to health to our esteemed brother, Mr. Tooley, who has been obliged to relinquish the pastorate at Dumfries, and we congratulate him upon having a wife who can so cleverly wield her pen.

Andrew Marvel and his Friends. A story of the Siege of Hull. By MARIE HALL. Hodder and Stoughton.

A WELL-TOLD story, with a tinge of sadness, which serves to sustain a thrilling interest. We do not wonder that it is in the fourth edition, for it is one of the most fascinating specimens of historic fiction. Mrs. Marie Hall might well write a chronicle of the civil wars, or become the historian of the town of Hull, so accurate is she in her statements. She has the art of imparting life to all that she touches,—life, not of the sensational order, but of the real practical kind. Above all, her matter is pure and gracious, ever on the side of truth, right, liberty, and holiness. Such works as hers are a blessing to the age in which she lives. Five shillings is all too little for so good a book; it is fiction, and we are not enamoured of that class of reading, but we make exceptions, and this one is made, not out of leniency, but as a matter of sheer justice.

The Life of Christ. By Rev. JAMES STALKER, M.A. New edition. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

WE have risen from the re-perusal of Mr. Stalker's "Life of Christ" with far greater satisfaction than we ever felt with Beecher or Farrar; there is less of it, and yet far more in it. To set the portrait of the Saviour in a surrounding of flowers is one thing, to throw all one's strength into the likeness itself is another. Although only intended for a hand-book, and therefore brought out at 1s. 6d., the work is so thorough that we rejoice to possess it in the form now before us. This edition is printed in good type, well leaded-out, at the cost of 3s. 6d. As one grows older, the larger letter, if not absolutely needful, is certainly more agreeable to the eye.

Boons and Blessings. Stories and Sketches to illustrate the advantages of Temperance. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. 337, Strand.

A NEW edition of a well-known and highly-valued Temperance work. In this volume artists, engravers, and publishers have united with the gifted authoress in producing a truly beautiful book, which must help onward the cause of sobriety and truth. We cannot see why Bacchus should have the best of the artist's skill, any more than the devil should have the best of our music.

Kirton's Temperance Tales for the People. 337, Strand.

A DOZEN of Dr. Kirton's illustrated temperance stories, which have already attained so wide a circulation that they need no commendation. They can be obtained separately at one penny each, or bound in cloth for 1s. 6d. The volume would make a useful present for any working-man who has not become altogether the slave of drink; and all working-men, or women, who do not work as they ought, might be profited by reading its plain practical precepts.

A Bird's-Eye View of English Literature from the Seventh Century to the Present Time. By HENRY GREY. Griffith and Farran.

WE are glad of any manual which gives a condensed history of English literature; but this is rather too brief, for, in consequence, it omits all mention of the great divines of the Puritan period. To us these are no inconsiderable feature even in literature, while in religion they are in the forefront. With this abatement, we repeat our commendation of this "Bird's-Eye View."

Christians and Politics, or, the Duty of Christians in relation to Politics, with special reference to Household Suffrage and County Franchise. By JOHN SCRUTTON. Fenwick, 6, Sutton Street, Commercial Road, E. One Shilling.

JUST so. The Lord will not excuse us if we sleep the sleep of the righteous and let the devil and his followers make our laws. If we accept the privileges of the State, we must in all justice attend to the duties which arise out of them. Mr. Scrutton, in this treatise, stirs up Christian men to take their proper share

in the management of the common-wealth, and we think his utterances are wise and timely.

Self-Help for Women: A Guide to Business. By a WOMAN OF BUSINESS. John Hogg.

FOR one shilling and sixpence young women who wish to commence in business can here obtain a mine of information. We do not know enough of all these occupations to be able to speak of the value of the advice, but as far as we can judge, it seems to be sound and good. It is a down-right practical book, and would put many a notion into an energetic woman's brain.

Plodding on; or the Jog-trot to Fame and Fortune. By HENRY CURWEN. John Hogg.

YES, Peabody, and Kitto, and Chambers, and the others, are good instances of plodding on, and their life-stories are briefly and pleasantly told by Mr. Henry Curwen. We do not, however, very much like the volume. The sketch of Abraham Lincoln is a piece of reading which will do no young man any good. No doubt his life-story is very impartially told, but we do not see that it is worth the telling, especially to our English youth, whose circumstances are so different that an attempt to imitate Lincoln would be impossible.

What shall we Name it? A Dictionary of Baptismal Names for Children. James Clarke and Co.

PARENTS who are hard up for names can here be supplied with a range of 2,000. We scarcely think that any "Sword and Trowel" reader can have a home so populous that he is forced to cry over a newly-welcomed stranger,—“Whutshall we name it?”—but if such should be the case, he can be relieved from his embarrassment by the expenditure of sixpence.

Free England; or, Old Stories of the English Parliament; dedicated to English Boys. By H. E. B. Jarrold and Sons.

IT is meet that our youth should know how Englishmen came to be the free men that they are. This is a good *resumé* of struggles for human rights, and every boy and young man should read it. It is cheap at 1s. 6d.

Tom Tit, his Sayings and Doings. By ISMAT THORN. Shaw.

THE story of a rampagious little boy, who has so much that is lovable about him that no one actually knocks his head off, and yet at times everybody is tempted to make the attempt. We believe there are such children, and they are more amusing to read about than to live with; but we are not clear that this particular Tom Tit deserved that so much good paper, and wood-engraving, and binding should have been spent upon him.

The Children of China: written for the Children of England. By their old friend, the author of "The Children of India." Hodder and Stoughton.

A GLORIOUS, gorgeous volume. A celestial book in children's eyes, and all about the celestials. We scarcely remember reading a work which contained so much real information. The style is most simple, but it makes good reading for the older folk. It is a charming work, a literary luxury, and yet it only costs five shillings. We suggest to teachers that this is a capital theme for a lecture—"The Children of China," and here is the matter ready to the lecturer's hands. Some of the engravings made into coloured diagrams would greatly aid in winning attention. Try it, friend of the Missionary Society.

On the Shore. Translated from the French of Madame DE WITT. By Mrs. H. N. GOODHART. Sunday School Union.

A RARE book for children: alive with fun, frisk, and frolic, and yet withal, full of instruction. The etchings used as head and tail-pieces are most spirited, and the whole thing goes with a swing. Looking at this book took the aches and pains out of our creaky limbs for a while, and we began to think that a reviewer's life would be bearable if more of such books were published. The Sunday School Union never did better for the young than now.

Magna Charta Stories. Edited by ARTHUR GILMAN, A.M. Blackie.

A WELL-ILLUSTRATED and well-written record of world-famous struggles for freedom in former times. The editor

intends this work for youthful readers, and the style and language are suitable for those whom he addresses. Brave stories of Marathon and Magna Charta, Hannibal and Alfred, cannot be too often rehearsed in the ears of the youth of the British race. We are nothing if we are not free.

Story after Story. Cheerful Sundays. Hodder and Stoughton.

Two capital books, crammed full of pretty pictures and wise words. No Sunday or week-day will be dull to the youngsters if they have either of these works to amuse and edify them. "Variety is charming," and there is something good in these pages upon almost everything. We feel sure that boys and girls alike will like these books.

Birds of the Bible. Chats with the Children about Bible Birds. By JAMES BOWKER, F.R.G.S.I. Morgan and Scott.

WE delight in books of this character. Scripture and nature are set side by side, and the young are made to see the one illustrated by the other. Fine type makes these pages pleasant to the eye of the old, and simple language adapts it to the taste of the young. Try again, Mr. Bowker. Though nicely bound, this work costs only 2s.

The Oakhurst Chronicles: a Tale of the times of Wesley. By ANNIE E. KEELING. T. Woolmer.

ONE of the best ways to increase a religion is to persecute its followers; and this story is written to show how the stubborn faithfulness of the early Methodists was tested, and how grandly it sustained the trial. The style is clear and attractive, and no better story could be given to our young women to lead them to prefer the fear of the Lord to the fashion of the world.

Ursula Vivian, the Sister Mother. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS story is exceedingly well told, and it has a moral equally praiseworthy. It shows how an only sister upon the death of her mother took the mother's place, and filled it with credit to herself and comfort to others. It is a fine lesson for any daughter similarly placed.

The Congregational Psalmist. Compressed Score Edition. Edited by HENRY ALLON, D.D., and JOHN HENRY GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS portable edition contains six hundred and forty-nine separate compositions, and is well printed. For congregational purposes, this book still holds its own, and, now that one hundred and fifty tunes have been added, providing for recent hymns of peculiar metres, it will continue to do so. Some day the demand will be for a hymn and tune-book combined, and congregations will be content with fewer hymns. The Presbyterians are ahead of us in this respect, and the gain is in favour of congregational singing. Every hymn has its appropriate tune, with which the people soon become familiar, and do not leave the service of praise to the choir. It is of little use urging the exhortation, "Let all the people praise thee," till every worshipper is made to acknowledge his responsibility, and resolves to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

The Gospel Male Chorus Book. By JAMES McGRANAHAN.

The Christian Choir. By IRA D. SANKEY. Morgan and Scott.

THESE books have met with general favour since their introduction in connection with the late mission of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. They are now issued in the tonic sol-fa notation; and will, doubtless, become more widely known. The compositions are not all good alike, but many of them are sure to retain their popularity for some time to come. Our own writers of psalmody would do well to turn their attention to this style of music, and give us something as good, or a little better, and thoroughly English.

The Sunday School Hymn Book, with Tunes. Sunday School Union.

THIS is an old friend in a new dress, with some fresh buttons. The book lacks symmetry, as the editors have had some difficulty in keeping the hymn and tune to the same page. In some instances the type is so small, that the teachers who are approaching middle life will have to take to their spectacles;

in other cases the type is all that could be desired. We notice several faults which may be removed from future editions. Names of well-known tunes are altered, and new names are given to familiar compositions. As the editors appear to have been anxious to give every tune a name, and to acknowledge its authorship, we are at a loss to conjecture why they have omitted the composer's name from No. 142, and the well-known title from No. 410. A false key-signature is added to part of tune No. 187, and the slurs are omitted from the fourth bar in the chorus of No. 482. Several instances of false emphasis occur—notably in No. 462, and some of the tunes are beyond the capacity of our ordinary scholars at present. For the most part the tunes are well selected, and where this is not the case we suppose the editors' judgment has been overruled.

Wee Davie. By NORMAN McLEOD. Abridged and Musically Illustrated as a Service of Song, by WILLIAM MOODIE. Glasgow: Bayley and Ferguson, 54, Queen-street.

Little Dot. A Musical Service. Compiled by JAMES TIPTON. Weekes and Co.

The Musical Emigrants. A Children's Entertainment. By TALBOT ERLE and J. F. SIMPSON. Weekes and Co.

THESE Song-Services, as far as we can judge, are neither better nor worse than others of the same class. "The Musical Emigrants" is an original compilation, but "Wee Davie" and "Little Dot" are well-known stories.

Carlowrie; or, among Lothian Folk. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Co.

THIS is a pretty tale of Scottish Life in the Lowlands. It is intended to portray character among lairds and land-cultivators who cherish on the soil they dearly love the piety of the old Covenanters. The central figure is a lovely girl, and the serious subject is a love affair; but there are incidents enough to produce endless gossip. The talk is very canny; and the book is embellished with six fair pictures. Best of all, Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy.

The Law of the Ten Words. By J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume, complete of itself, belongs to the "Household Library of Exposition," of which we have already spoken in commendatory terms. Several good volumes by good authors have preceded, and several more are to succeed it. "The Law of the Ten Words" is a thrilling title. 'Tis true to the letter. Of all that is Mosaic, the Decalogue has suffered least through lapse of time. It passed almost unaltered into the permanent literature of the New Testament Church. Pastors, to whatever guild of our commonwealth they belong, if wise and prudent, go voluntarily through certain courses of study for the benefit of themselves and of those committed to their charge, and they do well when they take the Ten Commands as one of their chosen subjects. What shall we say of Dr. Dykes in comparison with other divines? As a sacred jurist, he has looked up his subject wisely and well; and as a devout orator, he sets before us the holiest of ancient traditions, and the most conscientious of modern convictions. Doubtless those ten words delivered at Sinai are lasting as time. Die off as we all must, they will endure from generation to generation, the summary of natural as well as of moral law. He who created us knows what is good for our constitution, and his precepts are the wisest and kindest advice, aiming at man's good.

Bible Helps for Busy Men. By ALGERNON C. P. COOTE. James E. Hawkins, 17, Paternoster Row.

CONTAINS a considerable number of text-arrangements, which will be sure either to suggest single discourses or a series of sermons. This is far from taking high rank among *helps*, but still it is likely to be of use to over-worked brethren, and this is what it aims to be.

The Students' Commentary on the Holy Bible. Founded on "The Speaker's Commentary." New Testament. Vol. I. The Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. John Murray.

WE are glad to see this useful work approaching completion. To those who cannot get "The Speaker's Commentary," this abridgement ought to be

of great service. It is a pity that the text was not printed in smaller type, or even omitted, so that lengthier notes might have been inserted: they are so good that there ought to have been more of them. This volume would have been of more use to students if the Revised Version had not been so copiously quoted. The introductions to the various books by the Archbishop of York, Canon Westcott, and Dr. Jacobson, are very valuable.

Foursquare; or, the City of our King. James Nisbet and Co.

A SERIES of short poems to the number of sixteen, the first of which supplies the little volume with its title. We wish that this method of finding a title would be abandoned: it is foolish and misleading. The book might have been called "Threnody," or "Babylon," or "St. Matthias." The author is anonymous. His prefatory sonnet may be taken as a sample of skilful adaptation to the graceful forms of the divine art. The subject is "Daybreak."

O King of Love, O Royal Shepherd, chanting
Within Thy bower of the palm tree's shade
Thy song of love,—"Tis I, be not afraid!" —
Low on the thirsty plain Thy sheep are pining,
Like wounded hunted harts all help awaiting;
To Thee they cry, yet not for sheltering glade
Nor water-brooks is their petition made;
Hear Thou and help, their one request but granting,
"Amen, so come, LORD JESUS," still they cry;
Not for Thy gifts but for Thyself they sigh;
As low on barren plain they fainting lie,
Yet not for ruddy fruits of Paradise,
But all for Thee they lift their hungry eyes,
And watch yon first streak on the purple skies.

Here the sentiment is sweet; and the cadences show that the writer, if not a native of Parnassus, is acquainted with the Muses.

Studies in St. John. By the Rev. J. CYNDYLAN JONES. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE would repeat our former commendations. The present volume bears a family likeness to its predecessors, which all take respectable rank among useful and acceptable expository preaching, of which the more the better. Mr. "Kindling" Jones (is that the right pronunciation?) says a great many very good things all through his book, and says them well. He studies his theme till he is familiar with it, and then he puts it plainly and forcibly before his hearers; for this let his name be honoured, even if it cannot be pronounced.

A Philosophical Treatise on Perpetual Peace. By IMMANUEL KANT. Translated from the German. Hodder and Stoughton. Peace Society.

A little pamphlet of less than ninety pages, written ninety years ago, by the greatest philosopher of his time. Let us recall the occasion. The French Revolution had wrought its ravages. There had then been four years of war between France and Germany. The prospects of peace were contingent on the Congress of Bâle. Between the aged philosopher, Immanuel Kant, and the astute politicians of those days, there was not a grain of sympathy. His mind was bent on permanent peace with honour. In the preliminaries there must be no secret reservation of topics that may lead to a future war. This is clearly stated in his first article. The peace to be proclaimed ought to be based on a surer foundation than such a mere armistice or temporary respite of hostility as the shifting diplomacy of statesmen might find it convenient to devise. Hence this essay, hastily-written no doubt, but not the less leisurely thought out—the ripe fruit of pure conviction, which had taken many years to mature. Like instances are often to be found in the annals of literature, and in the lives of sages.

In the author's style there is a grim humour. His treatise was drawn up in the form of a protocol. The title itself was satirical. "Zum ewigen frieden." "*To the EVERLASTING peace.*" This was the inscription, as he himself tells us, placed by a Dutch landlord upon the sign-board of his inn, underneath the picture of a churchyard! This humour will secure readers.

History is always repeating itself. Just now the republication of this work, once well-known, though not of late to be procured in our English tongue, is alike timely and refreshing. The bluster of the daily press calls for some brighter counsels to counteract its baneful influence. No good can ever come of these endless national jealousies. "Arma virumque cano" is a song we have repeated too often. Chivalry, 'tis true, through all the centuries has secured her champions their niches in the Temple of Fame; but the chivalry of peace is

nobler far than the chivalry of war: the heroism that would protect and save life is better than the heroism that would imperil and destroy it. Let the Peace Society continue to put forth such pamphlets as this, in the interest of pure goodness and moral greatness, and its protests will yet fall upon worthy ears.

The Modern Philosophers; or, the Descent of Man, Mind, and Body. By PSYCHOSIS. T. Fisher Unwin.

WE have here three or four poetic treatises upon the discoveries, real or supposed, of modern science. Dr. Darwin's theory of evolution is cautiously approved, and strenuously exonerated from supposed atheistic tendencies. The materialism of Professor Bain, who has discovered a hundred millions of musical strings in the human brain without a soul to play upon them, and concludes, therefore, that they think and reason for themselves, is treated as a fair subject for poetical satire. Then comes the learned labour of Herbert Spencer to supersede all former systems of religion and morality by a uniform and perfect system of his own; and this falls under the same severe censure, pronounced in rhyme.

The poetry is perhaps as elevated and flowing as the technical phraseology of its subjects will allow. The author's position in relation to science, though evidently in close friendship with it, may be gathered from these few comprehensive words: "With the domain of faith science has nothing whatever to do. 'Spiritual things are spiritually discerned,' and ought not to be disturbed by those who are of the earth earthly, and whose researches are, at the most, but shadowy and speculative." The evil influences of the age, which it is the author's design by reasoning in rhyme in some measure to counteract, are thus pathetically denounced:—"Cases have come under my own notice where some of the youth of England, children of eminent theologians, going to Germany to finish their education, have had their faith in God utterly destroyed, and have brought back indelible impressions of scepticism, bringing sorrow to their parents, which has only been got rid of in the grave."

Harry's Catechism. Nelson and Sons. BATING a very indefinite sort of chapter on Baptism, this is a successful endeavour to set forth the life and teachings of the Saviour to children. The day of Catechisms is fast fading away, yet we are not sure that our religion is any the sturdier for it. A thorough grounding in Scripture truth is one of the wants of the church to-day, and we gladly hail the smallest attempt to supply it.

The Parochial Missing Link; or, the Need of Parochial Missions. By Rev. H. DENING. W. Hunt and Co.

As good a manual on missions, for its size, as we have seen. The method of our Episcopalian friends is necessarily different from ours; but when each of us is in earnest about winning souls, we grow nearer to one another, and lose sight of our points of difference.

Texts and Thoughts for Seamen. Paisley: J. and R. Parlane.

THAT this little book is in its second edition is a proof that it is valued, and probably by the class whom it is specially intended to serve. It is bright, illustrative, and full of piety: and will help to cheer the dull hours of Jack's life, and speak to him of the Lord High Admiral of the seas. Such a little volume has our warm recommendation, and best wishes for increased circulation.

Beyond the Shadow; or, the Resurrection of Life. By JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Ph.D. James Clarke and Co.

If by "beyond the shadow" is meant beyond even the shadow of Scripture truth, this title is most appropriate. The subjects to which it principally refers are the resurrection, the second advent of Christ, and the day of judgment. Upon these its sentiments are so peculiar, and the criticisms and reasonings upon which they are founded are so remote from the correct rules of Scripture interpretation, that it becomes a serious reflection upon the degeneracy of the present age to suppose them to be capable of general belief. The resurrection is now, the second advent is now, the day of judgment is now. There are no fixed seasons in which they occur, but they are always and simultaneously going on. The resurrection

has no reference to the body, but to the soul only, which clothes itself with another body; although the very word in the original of the New Testament literally signifies standing up again, and the resurrection of Christ, to which that of his people will be conformed, was of the same body; and every figurative resurrection implies a real one. In the words of the writer, "The Resurrection is *as if* 'the natural body' had been raised and redeemed, but not because of any such thing." This *as if* forms an important part of the whole reasoning. The resurrection of others at the time of Christ's resurrection, and their appearing to many, were *as if* they had risen and appeared; and the reply of Christ to the penitent thief meant that he would be as happy immediately after death *as if* he were with him in Paradise. Yet when Peter speaks of a preaching to spirits in prison, our author treats this not as an *if*, but as an assured reality. So much for fairness!

It is not needful, however, to be much concerned with the particular sentiments of our author, since we know the degree of influence which the teaching of inspiration has in his esteem. "The facts," he says, "which a prophet (like Paul) reports to us are one thing; his views of them, or opinions about them, are another. We accept the former, we do not always accept the latter." Again, "Nothing depends upon what he *thought*. Paul's personal opinions about the facts of which he testified bind no man's judgment." Again, "It is demonstrable to any one who traces the history of Jewish thought upon the doctrine of the Messiah's coming, that the Apostles' minds were dominated by an established belief which unfitted them for truly *interpreting*, as distinct from *reporting*, our Lord's prophecies of his coming." If these avowals had been made, as we think they should have been, at the commencement of the volume, they would have saved many readers the trouble of proceeding further. The question before them would have been whether they would accept the Apostles' opinions upon the facts they were inspired to record, or would prefer those of Dr. James Morris Whiton. The election would need no deliberation.

Notes.

REST in Mentone has done wonders for the body worn with pain, and almost as much for the mind wearied with labour. If nothing unforeseen should occur, we hope to be in our own pulpit on the second Sabbath of April. How glad some will be the occasion if health is continued and established, and if it be the commencement of a long stretch of unbroken testimony for the Lord! Will not loving brethren breathe a prayer that it may be so?

One great object of care before us, on our arrival, will be *the College Conference*, which begins *May 4*, and lasts through the week. This is a gathering of the ministers who have been educated in the Pastors' College, and it is often a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It is a burning desire with us that this year may be a specially devout and spiritual season. We are pleading with God for the heavenly fire. May it come upon every minister, and prepare him for a period of consecrated service, outdoing anything which has gone before! The times are dark, false doctrine abounds, and a doubting spirit is in the air. Oh, for a Pentecostal visitation, which shall be the Lord's answer by fire to the appeals of his people! Will friends far away remember this assembly in their intercessions? Who can tell what the Lord has in store for us?

May 6 will be *the Annual College Supper*; and we trust that the guests will come up in their usual force, and replenish the exchequer of the College as they have done for so many years. Everybody complains that business is bad; but when it is so, and one might expect a falling-off of funds for charitable and religious objects, we observe in our own case that the Lord provides for the need of his own work, and no lack occurs. May the days brighten, and may the costly wars which now threaten us be averted, or at least shortened beyond our hopes!

A kindly reviewer speaks of our March number as vivacious and good, "notwithstanding the absence of the Editor." The fact is, that the Editor is never absent from the Magazine; but personally reads every line of each number. Friends now and then write, blaming some supposed subordinate, if their tastes are not pleased; but the Editor hides behind nobody, friends must please blame *him*, for he is personally responsible. Our writers are able men, and are quite able to fight their own battles, should battles occur; but the Editor never wishes it to be imagined that he merely puts his name on the cover of the Magazine, and leaves it to be produced by other people. No; it is our continual endeavour to make this serial as good as we can make it, and we would do better, if we could. Notwithstanding illness, or absence from home, we have never been obliged to delegate our duties to anyone else; on the contrary, we

have given all the more time to this work when we have been debarred from other labours.

MY SERMON-NOTES.—Our first half-crown volume of outline sermons has met with a very cordial reception, the first edition of 5,000 being very nearly cleared out, though only so lately presented to the public. Taking this as a token for good, we shall soon issue the second portion, which contains our notes of sermons from Ecclesiastes to Malachi. Brethren whose time is much occupied with business cares, who nevertheless delight to preach the word of God, will find these *Notes* to be a great assistance. With that view we have prepared them, and to that end we trust that God will bless them. They are not sufficiently *in extenso* to suit the idler, and yet we trust there is enough of them to aid the embarrassed worker. The preparation of this volume has enabled us to while away the evenings and the occasional wet and cloudy days of our rustication at Mentone. As its fragmentary nature allowed us to take it up and lay it down at will, it was just the sort of occupation to afford us happy recreation. To have nothing to do is bondage: but such congenial employment as this has aided us in being perfectly at ease. On or before the first of *May*, we hope our publishers will have this part of *My Sermon-Notes* ready for the public. Those who have not yet obtained the first volume will, we hope, get it at once.

Our neighbour, MR. WILLIAMS, of Upton, is about to celebrate the Centenary of the church now worshipping in Upton Chapel. We wish the utmost success to him, and to the ancient church now under his care. Our brother is one of the most acceptable of the preachers who supply our place at the Tabernacle, and his church is a happy brotherhood, ever increasing, ever working, ever united. As a sister church so near to our own, it is a standing proof, in its great prosperity, that there is nothing like the gospel of Jesus for the conversion of sinners, and the upbuilding of saints. Mr. Williams is issuing a volume of his sermons as a memorial, and we hope to say more about it next month.

We have been very grateful for the cheering tidings which we have received from several of our friends concerning the SPECIAL SERVICES held at the Tabernacle at the close of February, and the beginning of March. The numbers attending the meetings have been very encouraging, the Spirit of the Lord has rested upon preachers and speakers, and many are believed to have been brought to the Saviour as the result of the gatherings. The Sunday services, up to the date of writing, have been conducted by Pastors W. P. Lockhart, Newman Hall, LL.B.,

W. Brock, and E. G. Gange, all of whom entered heartily into the spirit of the meetings, and assisted in bringing home to the hearers the truth as it is in Jesus. Our former students, Pastors T. Lardner, E. H. Ellis, A. Bax, B. Brigg, W. Cuff, and C. B. Sawday, have assisted the officers of the church and other home-workers on week-nights; and other helpers have been Pastor W. Stott; Mr. J. B. Myers, of the Baptist Missionary Society; and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Delhi. Nothing has cheered us more than Mr. Wm. Olney's report of the attendance and spirit of the prayer-meetings. Our power with men will largely depend upon our power with God, and in proportion as the church continues, with one accord, in prayer and supplication, after the apostolic example, may we expect to receive a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

It is pleasant to hear from one of the deacons that nothing short of the long absence of the Pastor could so clearly have proved the solidity of the work at the Tabernacle. It is not the mushroom growth of excitement, neither does it depend upon the life of one man. The preachers have been astonished at the Sabbath congregations, and the week-night meetings have been such as can seldom be seen elsewhere. May the Lord's work at Newington Butts long remain as a token of the vitality and energy which still dwells in the old, old Gospel!

On *Tuesday evening, March 3*, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, of Greenwich, lectured at the Tabernacle on "Street Characters and Cries." Our esteemed friend, George Williams, Esq., occupied the chair; and notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, there was a large audience. Our friends assure us that the dissolving-views are of a high order, and that the lecture is full of interest. One who was present has sent us the following lively notes:—"I need scarcely say that the lecturer's talk was replete with gracious teaching, nor that it was enlivened by a sparkling stream of mother (and father) wit, which ran through it all. I would give you an outline of the lecture, but I have respect to the brevity of *Sword and Trowel* Notes. The following are a few of the characters who had been interviewed by the lecturer in his visits to the haunts and homes of the poor, and who had willingly lent their countenance to his lecture by allowing themselves to be photographed while plying their various avocations. We will begin with the sweep, whose early 'street-cry' does not *suit* everybody; later on comes the muffin-man, with his unmuffled bell. But perhaps we had better classify our humble friends. Well, then, *the elements*, fire, air, earth, and water, were represented: the bare-footed gamin, with his cigar-lights; the street musician, blowing a popular air; the crossing-sweeper; and the milkman. *The three kingdoms* also were there: the cats'-meat-man and the

wild-rabbit seller; the costers, with vegetables or flowers, all a-blowin' and a-growin'; the coal-man, with his 'ere ye are, a shillin' a hundred, best coal.' *Music*: from the piano-organ-grinders and the blind fiddler and niggers. *Refreshments*: vendors of 'ot pies and water-cress, baked potatoes and shrimps, ginger-bread and herrings, &c., &c. *Mechanics*: the scissors-grinder with his wheel; and the chairmender. Boys of the shoe-black brigade—"cheers for the good Earl and Rob Roy"—and news-boys. Then cabmen, 'busmen, railway-men, and last, but not least, the fire-brigade, engine, horses, and all. *Open-air Preachers*' very naturally and appropriately were included in 'Street Characters and Cries'; it is to be hoped that they will never disappear from London life till every man, and woman, and child is found habitually in a place of worship. We could very well dispense with the drums and brass music, which now destroy the peace of our Sabbaths; but the more of the trumpet of the gospel the better. Altogether, it is a lecture at once amusing and soul-stirring."

The first anniversary of the opening of HADDON HALL, Bermondsey, has been celebrated during the past month. On Sunday evening, March 1, Samuel Smith, Esq., M.P. for Liverpool, preached to a crowded congregation, with much power and acceptance. On the following Wednesday evening, about four hundred persons were present at the annual tea-meeting, after which Samuel Barrow, Esq., presided over an enthusiastic public meeting, which was addressed by Pastors C. Spurgeon and J. Benson; Messrs. E. Bithray, T. H. Olney, and W. Olney, sen.; and several of the workers of the Mission. It was reported that thirty-eight believers had been baptized during the year, and that nearly two hundred usually attended the monthly communion services. The collection, together with the contributions of the chairman and a few generous friends, more than covered the amount of the deficit on the general expenses account for the year; and thus this admirable work is completely self-supporting. Mr. Wm. Olney, jun., the President of this Mission, is a notable example of a man immersed in business, who yet does the work of an evangelist, and fulfils the duties of pastor and leader to a large community of working-people. Oh, that there were many more such!

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Colo, late of Salcombe, has accepted the pastorate at Cotton End, Bedford; Mr. J. Hutchison, late of Romney Street, Westminster, has gone to Warwick; Mr. J. Palmer has removed from Chesterton to Haddenham; Mr. W. Hotherington, from Ramsey to Redhill; and Mr. J. G. Williams, who has been employed by the Evangelization Society, has become pastor at Radcliffe Street, Nottingham.

Mr. F. A. Holzhausen has removed from

Brampton to Arnprior, Ontario, where he has found a congenial sphere of labour among the German population, and their English-speaking neighbours. Mr. G. C. Williams has left Cape Town, and gone to Canada; Mr. F. Potter, of Thaxted, Essex, is leaving shortly for Nova Scotia; and Mr. W. J. Cother, who has laboured most perseveringly for many years in St. Helena, is proceeding to the United States in the hope of finding a field of usefulness. We commend all these brethren to the care of the churches, and trust they will, amid new friends, preach the old gospel with much acceptance, and that the Lord will make every one of them to be a winner of many souls.

Mr. J. S. Harrison, who has been engaged in evangelistic work in Australia for some years, is on his way to England, where he hopes to be similarly occupied. Letters for him should be addressed to the Tabernacle. Our brother has been most successful as an evangelist both at home and abroad, and we trust there are yet other fields white unto the harvest, where he may put in his sickle, and reap for the Lord.

Another of our young fellow-soldiers has gone to join the brave spirits who have laid down their lives for poor benighted Africa. First, we lost Lyall; then Hartley; and now Sidney A. Comber, who was doubly equipped for the work of a medical missionary, has finished his short season of labour on the River Congo, and gone to be with the Lord whom he loved with all his heart. He was one of the sweetest and brightest of spirits; and a man of firm purpose and persevering mind, whose one and only thought in life was mission-work. We feel that this is a personal bereavement to us. All these years we have watched over this brother only to see him go to Africa and die: yet it must be right. We doubt not that the Lord Jesus has many disciples who will, like this brother, follow him even to the death. Africa is to be saved, and the church will not hesitate to give her best blood for the doing of it; but we cannot refrain from deep sorrow that so soon our beloved ones should fall,—almost before they have begun work in their chosen field of labour.

Mr. J. F. Shearer and his congregation, being no longer able to meet in the East End Conference Hall, have removed to the Globe Road Tabernacle, which they have agreed to buy for £2,250. Mr. Shearer has drawn together a large number of people by his earnest ministry, and he deserves the help of all the Lord's stewards in his efforts to evangelize one of the poorest districts of the East of London. Here is a place of worship ready for occupation, and a working church, under the care of a faithful and successful preacher of the gospel; what is wanted is the money to pay for the building, in which their much-needed evangelical and philanthropic work can be carried on without the hindrance and burden of

a heavy debt. We commend their appeal very heartily. The treasurer is Mr. Gordon Prynne, 9, Western Villas, Boleyn Road, Upton, Essex. Oh, that some wealthy brother would personally provide all that is required for this house of mercy, so much needed by the poor and crowded population around it! It would be a deed worthy of a man of God.

EVANGELISTS.—The committee who arranged for the visit of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* to Weston-super-Mare, in forwarding a thank-offering of £50, sent us a letter, signed by two Wesleyan ministers, one Congregational, one Bible Christian, and one Baptist, in which they say:—"The services were, from first to last, a great success. The gracious influence of the Spirit came down upon us; for three weeks the awakening went on increasing, and we had the joy of seeing 265 persons in the enquiry-room. Young people well trained in pious homes, and some of the greatest sinners in the town, were brought to religious decision. Moreover, the piety of the churches has been quickened, and the spirit of unity and brotherly kindness among the Nonconformists has been greatly promoted. All classes of the community have intensely appreciated the devotion, high qualifications, and Christian enthusiasm of Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. They have endeared themselves very much to us all; and we pray that God may still continue to own and bless their labours in a similar manner."

For the last week in February, and the first week in March, our brethren were at St. Helen's, Lancashire, where a remarkable blessing rested upon their work; and during the rest of the month they have been at Folkestone. They are now labouring at Southampton with our Brother Mackey. We beg our brethren of all denominations to rally to their help. Southampton is highly favoured in many respects, but there are numbers not yet reached by the Word.

Mr. Burnham greatly enjoyed his visit to Rendham, Suffolk, where many of the people had to drive in from long distances to the services. Quite a goodly number came out on the Lord's side. *Mr. Burnham* hopes to return for a week of open-air work in June. He has since been at Barrow-in-Furness, and Dalton-in-Furness; and this month is to visit Romsey, West Bournemouth, and Wickham Market.

Pastor L. Palmer writes concerning *Mr. Russell's* services at Taunton:—"This is the best mission we have ever had. I pity the church, and the pastor too, who are not revived by a visit from Brother Russell. We shall eagerly anticipate the second visit which he has promised to pay. His style is clear, forcible, and pathetic. He begins by defining the precise meaning of the text, and then forces it home by striking facts and telling illustrations. Sinai is not hidden by Calvary, but the law as well as the gospel is allowed to take its proper place. Ever-

lasting punishment for those who finally reject Christ is preached in the most loving and Christ-like spirit."

During the past month Mr. Russell has visited Holyhead. We have received the following glowing account of the meetings:—"The church here has seen many ups and downs, but for the past three years we have been praying, and looking, and working for the blessing; and now it has come. Ere the first week of Mr. Russell's services closed, signs of a deep awakening were visible all around. Throughout the second week the school-room and chapel were densely crowded. Many families have to thank God that Mr. Russell ever came to Holyhead. He won the affection of every one by his genial, warm-hearted, Christian love. His earnestness, and strong desire to point sinners to Christ, were worthy of yourself, and that is the highest commendation I can give any man. It was nothing but meet that the church, whose foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Spurgeon, and which is designated by the ever-to-be-remembered name of New Park Street, should receive a new and mighty impetus for good from the hands of God, through the instrumentality of a society of which Mr. Spurgeon is the centre and support."

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have had successful services at Ashford, Kent. They have since visited Godalming, and this month are to be at Newport, Monmouthshire, and Blaenavon.

Our friends must pardon our saying that our Evangelists need to be supported in their work like all other workers, and that the funds for this purpose are not very plentifully supplied. We should be sorry to slacken our endeavours in this rich field of holy service, but having no personal wealth we can only spend what the Lord's stewards send us. Both this work and the College are needed in these evil days more than ever. Please remember them.

ORPHANAGE.—We are heartily thankful to Dr. Parker for his kindness in again preaching and making a collection at the City Temple on behalf of the Stockwell Orphanage. The amount realised was £53, a right noble amount! The heartiness with which this deed of kindly help is done makes it worth a thousand times more than the mere money, useful as that is. No brother could be more cordial, no father more tender, than Dr. Parker towards his sick fellow-servant. Owing to frequent illness, we have seldom been able to afford him aid when he has desired it, and this has rendered his services to our institutions the more manifestly spontaneous and disinterested. We regret our own failure to make a worthy return, but we rejoice in the large-heartedness which has not misinterpreted our inability; and we are all the more deeply grateful for the fraternal sympathy and help so spontaneously given.

The friends at Guildford have amazed us

by their abounding liberality. We have received £54 7s. net from the meeting held there by the orphans, and donations connected therewith. Thank you heartily, generous brethren all! Our heart is encouraged, and we praise God for this deed of love to our orphan family. We feel indebted to everybody in Guildford: Mayor, ministers, hosts, donors, secretaries, ladies, and all,—not excepting the local newspapers.

Mr. Charlesworth has arranged to visit the following places with his choir, and to hold meetings on behalf of the Orphanage:—April 2, Edith Grove, Fulham; 6, West Cowes; 7, Ventnor; 8, Shanklin; 9, Sandown; 10, Ryde; 11, 13, Gosport; 14, Portsmouth; 15, Romsey; 22, Brompton; 23, Brentford; 28 to May 4, Huddersfield and Barnsley. Will not our friends and helpers rally to these centres?

We are proceeding at the Orphanage to complete the Institution by building a Bakery and Laundry. A part of this, it is expected, will be opened on the day of the Annual Fête in June.

COLPORTAGE.—The following new districts have been commenced since December, 1884:—Borstall, near Rochester; Bristol; and Epping. Arrangements are also nearly completed for others at Upper Clatford, near Andover, and James Street, St. Luke's, London. This desirable extension, of course, involves additional outlay by the Colportage Association, beyond the sums guaranteed in the districts, and contributions to the general fund are much needed to supplement local subscriptions. Further information will be gladly afforded by the Secretary, W. Cordan Jones, Temple Street, Southwark, London, S.E.

How much has H. B. gladdened us by a donation of £100! Our heart is grateful to God and the donor.

PERSONAL NOTE.—One of our former students writes:—"Very heartily do I thank you for another year of sermons, which have been a weekly Monday feast to me. Praying for you on Sunday mornings has often been very helpful to me, for when I have not found it in my heart to pray for myself and my work, you, with your large church, college, colportage, orphanage, &c., have been warmly commended to God, and then, when once the communication has been opened with heaven, I have been able to plead for the Lord's work here. Most deeply do I sympathize with you in your oft-repeated attacks of illness, but judging from the sermons that immediately follow, though the chastening has not seemed joyous but grievous, it has yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. When you are laid by, your readers have the opportunity of hearing your Thursday evening sermons, and that is a rare treat, as it was during my happy days at college."

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1885.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Pastor G. W. Linneear	0 8 0	Contribution from Christ Church, Birmingham, per Pastor G. Samuel ..	6 3 3
Pastor G. Hearson	2 2 0	Mrs. C. Priestman	1 0 0
Collection at Cross Street Baptist Chapel, per Pastor F. A. Jones ...	7 10 10	Mr. Mead	1 1 0
Collection at Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington, per Pastor A. Bax ...	4 8 7	Mrs. Mead	1 1 0
Mr. John T. G. Dodd	1 0 0	Mrs. E. Vernet	2 10 0
Pastor E. J. Beechiff (monthly) ...	0 2 6	Communion collection, Baptist Chapel, Bridgwater, per Pastor H. Moore ...	0 17 1
Friends at Peckham Park Road Chapel, per Pastor T. Harley	3 12 6	Collection at James' Grove Baptist Chapel, per Rev. J. E. Bennett ...	3 18 0
"A Friend," East Ross	0 5 0	Pastor W. J. Styles	5 0 0
Contributions from Zion Chapel, Bacup, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	2 2 0	Collection at special prayer-meeting at Mr. Newman's, March 11	1 14 6
Mrs. Griffiths	5 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-	
Mr. Walter Martin	2 0 0	Feb. 15	30 0 0
Mr. James McNab	2 1 0	" 22	23 19 1
Readers of "The Christian Herald" ...	26 16 11	March 1	26 0 0
Mr. John Wood	2 10 0	" 8	30 17 10
Mrs. A. Baker	5 0 0		
Mr. J. H. Smith	5 0 0		
Mrs. E. Johnson	1 0 0		
Mr. David McLaren	5 0 0		
Mr. James Young	1 0 0		
			110 16 11
			£211 1 1

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1885.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. J. C. Smith	0 6 0	Sale of ring, G. T. E.	0 5 0
Miss J. Grieve	0 10 0	Young Women's Bible-class, Sydenham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. C. Foster	1 1 0
Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	2 2 6	Mr. J. Alabaster	5 0 0
A thank-offering, E. S. B.	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. Crowhurst	5 0 0
Miss E. Grant	0 5 0	G. and M., "a happy reminiscence" ...	10 0 0
Mr. W. Burnett's box	0 12 2	Collected by Miss Gresham	0 7 6
Mrs. W. Burnett's box	0 11 0	Collected by Mr. J. T. Croshor	13 8 10
A widow's thank-offering	0 2 6	Per Pastor C. Ingreth, Proceeds Enter- tainment "John Ploughman's Pic- tures"	4 1 3
	1 5 8	Collected by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon, for "The Heading House" :-	
Waste-not Society, Emmanuel Church, Clapham, per Mr. A. Wilson	11 9 4	Mr. James Pelton	5 0 0
Horse Shoe Wharf Mission, per Mr. W. Ross	10 10 0	Mr. F. S. King	2 2 0
Mr. C. Fowle	1 1 0	Mr. George Jenkins	2 0 0
Mr. F. W. Smithson	0 10 0	Mr. T. R. Edridge	1 1 0
Northumberland	0 5 0		
Young Women's Bible-class at the Or- phanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0 11 6	Collected by Miss E. Hill	0 10 0
The Leathersellers' Company, per Mr. W. A. Hepburn	10 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Parson	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Anne Bunting ...	1 0 2	Sandwich, per Bankers, Feb. 28th ...	2 2 0
Mr. D. Smith	4 4 0	Mr. John Arce-Mather	1 15 0
Mr. H. Hoare	0 5 0	Mr. Henry S. Cowper	0 5 0
Mr. G. A. Swain	0 5 0	Mr. T. Wicks	0 2 0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0 3 0	"Annette"	0 7 6
Collected by Master Walter Oakley ...	0 6 6	From Tring	0 5 0
Baptist Sunday-school and friends, Tewkesbury, per Mr. W. J. Gardner	0 12 0	X.	5 0 0
Mr. T. Ashworth, per Pastor W. S. Llewellyn	0 5 0	Mrs. Tompkins	1 0 0
Mr. A. Sinclair	1 0 0	Mr. Thomas D. Adams	1 0 0
Sale of S. O. Tracts, per Pastor W. Gillard	0 1 6	Miss S. Guilford	2 2 0
Collected by Mr. A. V. Small	0 9 4	Collected by Mrs. Griffiths	13 1 6
Miss Chandler	2 0 0	Miss Roberts	1 0 0
Schofield, F. (orphan boy's card) ...	0 10 0	Mr. R. M. Perry	0 2 6
Proceeds of service at City Temple (Dr. Parker's), Thursday, Feb. 28th ...	53 0 0	Mr. M. Romedonne	1 10 0
Gorebridge U. P. Sabbath-school, per Rev. T. Forsyth	1 0 0	Twelve sweets, halfpennies from Sam A thank-offering from Ely	0 10 0
Per J. T. D., a widow, per Mrs. Ward	5 0 0	Mrs. C. Salom, Cheltenham	0 5 0
Mr. Harding, for Young Women's Bible-class, Battersea-park Baptist Church	0 10 0	Mrs. A. Dixon	0 15 0
		Mr. George F. Jobbins	5 0 0
		A lover of children	0 2 6
		Mrs. E. Miller	1 0 0
		Mr. Thomas Hoghton	9 10 0
		Mr. Alexander Molloy	0 10 0
		Mr. J. H. Mills	0 5 0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. A. Baker	5	0	0
Abingdon	0	2	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
M. B.	1	1	0
The scholars of the Old Baptist Chapel			
Sunday-school, Guildford	2	15	5
Mr. F. Pickett's collecting-box	1	9	7
Mr. G. Walker's collecting-box	0	7	0
Mr. Robert Allan	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Allan	0	4	0
Stamps from Aberdeen	0	5	0
Miss M.	1	10	0
Mr. William Ronald	0	2	6
S. H.	0	2	6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	0
Stamps from Stanley, Perthshire	5	0	0
Mr. J. H. Smith	0	2	6
Mrs. R. Taylor	0	1	0
Stamps from Greenock	1	0	0
Miss Helen Hector	0	3	9
Collected by Mrs. J. Withers, for "The Reading House" :—			
Mr. William Moore	5	5	0
Mr. Joseph Morris	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Cooper	0	10	0
Mrs. G. W. Palmer	0	10	0
Mrs. Collier	0	5	0
Mrs. Whitfield	0	5	0
Mr. James Withers	0	5	0
Mrs. G. Ward	0	2	6
H. Cooper	0	1	1
Mrs. Beer, Southampton	0	5	0
Robie and Russell Jackson	0	3	9
	8	13	4
Sunday-school children, Eyeaham	2	8	3
Mrs. James Hogg	0	10	0
Mr. David McLaren	5	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. West	1	0	0
Mr. John Hooper	2	0	0
Mr. J. Allan	0	1	0
W. and Mrs. S. Glasgow	0	5	0
"In memory of loved ones"	1	0	0
R. K., Chesterfield	1	0	11
Mrs. Coles' collecting-book	1	9	6
Lizzie, Arthur, Walter, and Georgie			
Bunco	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
"Larard"	0	10	0
L. K. D.	1	2	6
A poor widow	0	5	0
Mr. J. Handy	5	0	0
"Amica," per F. R. T.	0	5	0
A widow's mite	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Priestman	1	0	0
From a friend	0	5	0
Mr. W. Champness	2	0	0
Mr. D. McIntyre	1	0	0
G. H. T.	2	0	0
Mrs. Emily Hubb	1	0	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Milligan	1	0	0
Mr. John Mead	2	2	0
Mrs. Mead	2	2	0
Mr. Smithers, per Mr. F. Cockrell	1	1	0
J.N.O., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	5	0
The widow's mite	0	10	0
H. J. R.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Perry	0	5	0
A few crumbs	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T. S. Child	100	0	0
First-fruits	10	0	0
Mr. Dickson, per Pastor T. Hancock	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir :—			
Bishopsgate-street Chapel, sale of programmes	1	6	8
Barry-road, Dulwich, Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Dartnall	3	18	0
Sale of programmes	0	8	8
	4	6	8
Brentford, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	20	0	0
Sale of programmes	0	15	1
	20	15	1
York-road, Lambeth (Dr. Davies') :—			
Taken at the doors	0	15	10
Sale of programmes	0	7	10
	1	3	8
Camberwell New-road Congregational Chapel, per Rev. W. Tubb	4	4	0
Sale of programmes	0	15	10
	4	19	10
Chelsea, sale of programmes	0	12	6
Earlsfield, sale of programmes	0	5	8
Borough-road Baptist Chapel Temperance Society	1	1	0
Tunbridge Wells, per Mr. G. Finch	28	8	8
Guildford, per Mr. E. T. Lunn :—			
Sale of tickets	24	19	3
Received at doors	21	4	2
Sale of programmes	2	3	10
Donations :—			
Captain Campbell	1	1	0
Mr. G. J. Jacobs	1	1	0
A friend to the cause	1	1	0
Two friends (Godalming)	1	0	0
A friend (St. Catherine's)	0	10	6
Colonel Sandwith	0	10	0
A friend (Woking)	0	10	0
Mrs. B.	0	5	0
Master Colebrook	0	2	0
Mr. Finlayson	0	1	0
Collected from various friends at evening meeting	4	14	0
	62	3	6
Less local expenses	7	10	0
	54	4	6
Guildford, Mrs. Mason	0	10	0
Mr. Butler, sen.	0	2	6
	0	12	6
Early Closing Association, for services of Handbell Ringers	2	2	0
	119	18	0
	£498	1	10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from February 16th to March 14th, 1885.—PROVISIONS :—5 sacks of Flour, W. B. P.; 5 boxes Sultanas, Mr. S. Bayly; 28 lbs. Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow; 220 Pork Lies, 220 Jam Tarts, Mr. J. T. Crosher.

Boys' CLOTHING.—2 pairs Stockings from two fellow-servants; 10 Flannel Shirts, the Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road, Brixton, per Mrs. Pearce; 8 Shirts, Arthur-street Bible-class, per Miss Crane.

Girls' CLOTHING.—12 pairs Wool Cuffs, Miss E. Batty; 51 garments, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 6 Ulsters, 11 pairs Girls' Stockings, Mrs. Pyne; 7 articles, the Ladies' Working Association, Wynne-road, Brixton, per Mrs. Pearce; 10 articles, Mrs. A. Brown; 12 articles (for No. 6 House), Mrs. Moss; 33 articles, Mrs. S. Durrant; 4 articles, Miss Descroix; 12 articles, Arthur-street Bible-class, per Miss Crane.

GENERAL.—30 Comb Bags, Miss Descroix; 40 yards Flints, Messrs. Wills and Packham.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1855.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—		£ s. d.	Halesowen District for 1854:—		£ s. d.
Miss J. M. Henderson	...	0 10 0	Mr. Danks	...	0 15 0
M. C. S. F.	...	1 0 0	Mr. T. Adams	...	1 1 0
Mrs. A. Dixon	...	0 15 0	Mr. H. C. Adams	...	0 10 6
Mr. John Wood	...	2 10 0	Mr. Henson	...	0 5 0
Mrs. A. Baker	...	2 10 0	Mr. S. A. Daniell	...	1 1 0
Mr. Worth	...	0 2 6	Mr. C. T. Shaw	...	0 10 6
Miss York	...	0 10 0	Mr. W. H. Avery	...	1 1 0
Miss E. York	...	0 10 0	Mr. T. Millington	...	1 1 0
Mr. J. H. Smith	...	5 0 0	Mr. W. Middlemore	...	1 1 0
Mr. H. Fifield	...	0 2 6	Mr. J. Plagen	...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Baker	...	1 0 0	Mr. F. T. Leep	...	1 1 0
Mr. S. J. Clarke	...	1 1 0	Mr. F. Rayner	...	0 10 0
Mr. J. Allan	...	0 1 0	Miss Whitehouse	...	0 10 6
L. K. D.	...	0 10 0	Mr. J. Hawkes	...	0 10 6
March 10th	...	0 5 0	Mr. W. Wright	...	0 10 0
Mrs. E. J. Milligan	...	1 0 0	Rev. Oldfield	...	0 2 6
Mr. Samuel Long	...	5 0 0	Halesowen Chapel	...	10 0 0
Mr. John Mead	...	1 1 0	Mr. Philip	...	9 5 0
Mrs. Mead	...	1 1 0			
Miss M. Bryson	...	0 5 0			
H. B.	...	160 0 0			
		£124 14 0			
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			Less account for printing		
		£ s. d.			21 5 6
Newbury District	...	10 0 0			0 5 6
Mr. Thos. B., for Sellindge	...	10 0 0	Hadleigh District	...	10 0 0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale District	...	7 10 0	Mr. T. S. Child, for Thornbury	...	10 0 0
A friend for Kent	...	33 18 0	Oxfordshire Association, Witney District	...	20 0 0
Wolverhampton District	...	18 0 0	E. S., for Repton and Church Gresley	...	20 0 0
Miss M. Hadfield, for Hyde, Cowes, and Sandown	...	30 0 0	Great Totham District	...	10 0 0
Northern Association, Crosby Garrett District	...	10 0 0	Nottingham Tabernacle	...	10 0 0
Southern Association	...	50 0 0	Norfolk Association:—		
Bower Chalk District, per Mr. Butler	...	1 0 0	Tittlehead	...	10 0 0
Minchinhampton, per Mr. P. C. Evans	...	7 10 0	Neatishead	...	10 0 0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville	...	10 0 0			20 0 0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	...	10 0 0	Bethnal Green District:—		
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrkyber	...	30 0 0	Mr. C. E. Fox	...	5 0 0
			Mr. W. R. Fox	...	5 0 0
					10 0 0
			Devon Congregational Union, Kingsteignton District	...	10 0 0
			M. A. H., for Orpington	...	5 0 0
					£373 18 0

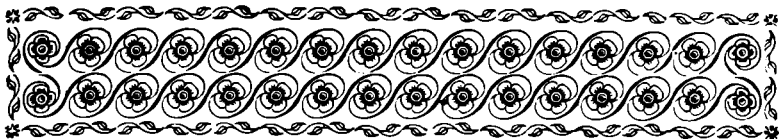
Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from February 16th to March 14th, 1855.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at Taunton	...	2 0 0	Mr. Samuel Long	...	5 0 0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Weston-super-Mare	...	50 0 0	A friend	...	0 10 0
Mrs. A. Baker	...	2 10 0	Mrs. E. Vernet	...	2 10 0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at Bideford	...	3 3 0	Mr. M. H. Sutton	...	5 0 0
Mrs. C. Paige	...	1 0 0	Thankoffering for Mr. Russell's services at Holyhead	...	1 0 0
"Ilka little helps"	...	1 0 0	Mr. Robert Williams, Mona House, Holyhead, per Mr. F. Russell	...	0 10 0
Mr. Francis Pool	...	1 0 0			
Mr. R. E. Williams	...	1 0 0			
					£76 3 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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

MAY, 1885.

Sunlight for Cloudy Days.

A SERMON PREACHED AT MENTONE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

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



It is not everybody who would like to apply to himself the first part of the text. Perhaps we most of us accept it because it happens to be scriptural language, and yet we might not spontaneously say of ourselves, “I am poor and needy.” Some would even wish us to believe the very opposite; for, if I read their hearts aright, they say, “I am not poor, nor needy.” They have enough of this world’s goods, and as for spiritual matters, they are strong and self-reliant. All this cometh of vainglory, and in the long run will end in vanity, and vexation of spirit; for if a man can do without God, it is certain that God can do without him, and the day will come when God *will* do without him, according to his word, “I will ease me of mine adversaries.” He who has tried throughout life to do without God will inherit remorse for ever and ever. It is well to begin, continue, and end in this life with God’s favour, that we may enjoy it world without end. I therefore trust that none among you would wish to say, “I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing”; for that would be tantamount to a proud resolve to do without God, and it must end in your eternal ruin.

There are some who cry, “I am poor and needy, woe is me that I should be so; but the Lord does not think of me. I have looked up to heaven, but no eye of pity looks down upon me in the depth of my misery.” Many a wretched mind, many a bereaved spirit, many a downcast heart, has cried, “The Lord hath forgotten me: he counts the number of the stars, and calleth them by their names; but, as for me, I am too little, too insignificant, too obscure; I cannot believe that God thinks upon me.” Dear friend, I hope you will be converted from this unbelief. I pray that you may not only be able to join in one half

of my text by saying, "I am poor and needy," but that you may humbly unite in the second declaration, "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Despite your insignificance and unworthiness, you may yet learn that the Lord has thoughts of love towards you, and is causing all things to work together for your external, internal, and eternal good.

Do not let it surprise you that one of old should say, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me;" for God has often thought of poor and needy persons. Look at Joseph when he was in prison, and the iron entered into his soul: his character was gone, and he was reproached, and even punished unjustly, yet we read that the Lord was with Joseph, and in due time he brought him out, and set him on the throne of Egypt. So Ruth, the Moabitess, came penniless to Israel's land, and she went to glean among the sheaves as a poor and needy peasant woman; but the Lord was thinking upon her, and so provided for her that she rose to honourable estate, and her name is written among the progenitors of our Lord Jesus. To give you a more modern instance,—the apostles were poor fishermen, with their little boats, and well-worn nets, upon the lake of Galilee; yet the Lord looked upon them, unlearned and ignorant men as they were, and made them to be the pioneers of his kingdom. Never mind how poor and needy you are, you may yet be heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus Christ.

"Alas!" say you, "my trouble is not a poverty of gold and silver, but I am poor as to anything like goodness in the sight of God. I feel so guilty, and so far from being what I ought to be." Yet the Lord has thought oftentimes of such people as you are. Look at the blessed Master sitting on the well at Sychar, talking with that wanton woman, who had had five husbands, and he whom she then had was not her husband: she was a woman whom none would honour, but the blessed Saviour thought upon her. Remember, too, the thief dying upon the cross, hard by the Redeemer, with all his sins red upon him, for he had been a robber, and probably a murderer, too. His prayer, "Lord, remember me," touched the heart of Jesus, and "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise" was the gracious response. The Lord thought on him; and yet there was never one more poor and needy than he. There, too, was Saul of Tarsus, the persecutor, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the church of God; but the Merciful One in heaven, who saw his sin, thought on him with love, and said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Poverty of all merit, and need of all grace, do not prevent the Lord from thinking upon men. Is not this fact as clear as the sun in the heavens? However spiritually poor you may be, you may yet partake of the riches of his grace, and so become rich in faith: indeed, none but consciously needy ones ever obtain the privilege of saying, "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

I was troubled, when I was seeking the Lord, with the notion that I was so utterly insignificant that the Lord would never notice *me*. There is no reason for such a fear, since the Lord has thought upon very obscure people. Think of the Syro-Phœnician woman's daughter. What was her name? Do you know what sort of a girl she was? Can you tell her after-history? She is quite unknown to fame, yet the Lord thought upon her and healed her. That little daughter of Jairus, a child of twelve years of age, what could she do? Did she become a

distinguished woman? What life-work did she perform? She makes no figure in history, yet the Lord thought upon her, and even restored her from the dead. The widow's son, who was being carried out of the city of Nain, what did he achieve? What post of honour did he occupy? What lofty path did he pursue? We know nothing of him except that the Lord thought upon him. The most of the persons whom the Lord Jesus thought upon in the days of his flesh were unknown to fame; and, for my part, I judge that the happiest persons are those who pass through life unknown of men, but known of God. During the French Revolution, a man of great influence escaped the guillotine, and when asked how it was, he replied, "I made myself of no reputation, and kept silence." Those who are content to follow the cool sequestered vale of life are often happier than those who climb the high places of the earth. Do not, therefore, think that your being in the background is any hindrance to the Lord's thinking upon you. He cares nothing about the blare of trumpets, or the blaze of fame; but the Lord looks upon the meek and lowly, and finds out the men that are of a broken heart and of a contrite spirit, and that tremble at his word, and with these he deigns to dwell. May we be found among them!

At this time my desire is to do four things, upon each of which I would speak briefly. By the words of the text I desire, first, *to help your faith* to remember that if you are poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon you. Then I long *to enlarge your hope*; thirdly, *to inflame your love*; and fourthly, *to direct your life*. May God the Holy Ghost perform all these things for us!

First, let me **HELP YOUR FAITH**. You say to yourself, "I cannot understand how God should think of me." Why not? "Because I am so little." Let me ask you if there is anything in the world which is not little to God. You say, "There is the world itself;" and I answer, that the earth which we think so large, is no more to God than a single grain of dust. The solar system, and all the other systems that make up the creation of God, are as nothing to the infinite Jehovah. So great is the universe that the most elevated conception of the most enlarged mind has never compassed more than a fragment of it; yet God is infinitely beyond the inconceivable whole of created existence! A man must always be really greater than his own works, and certainly God must be infinitely greater than all that he has ever made. Now, if you think it difficult that God should think upon the little, *what else should God think upon?* You reply that you expect him to think of the great ones of the earth. Alas! the most of them think very little of him; the Lord has had the least worthy treatment from those who are ranked as rich and honourable. When we reach heaven, we shall find few kings and princes, few of the learned and lauded; "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith;" so saith the inspired apostle.

Again, if it should seem to you difficult for God to think upon the poor and needy, I invite you to answer the question, "*Who need God's thoughts most?*" On the field of battle, after the fight, if a surgeon should be there to attend to the wounded, where will he go first? Of course, he will go to those whose gaping wounds have almost opened for

them the gates of death, and the slightly wounded he will leave till he has more leisure. The Lord will not look upon us according to our deservings; for, if he did, he would destroy us; but he will look upon us in proportion to our necessities. Our urgent needs move his mercy, and he will go first to those who require him most. Do you need his grace more than anyone else? Then he will hasten at once to you. If I see a physician's carriage hurrying down the street, I feel morally certain that he is not driving to my door, for I am not dangerously ill; but if I know of one who has fallen in a fit, or has been badly injured by an accident, I conclude that he is going to him. When the angel of mercy is made to fly very swiftly, be you sure that he is speeding to one who is in urgent need of grace.

Remember, too, that *God has always dealt with men from that point of view*. When God made his *election* of men, or ever the earth was, he chose them as fallen and undeserving, that he might lift them up, to the praise of the glory of his grace. His choice of men was never guided by anything good that he saw in them; as saith the apostle Paul: "For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth." The decree still stands, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion upon whom I will have compassion." The Lord of grace asks in his sovereignty, "Shall I not do as I will with my own?" God views men as all guilty, and finding them guilty, he yet chooses unto himself a people in whom his grace shall be resplendent. Therefore do not conclude that he will pass you by because you are poor and needy.

Moreover, the *redemption* of Christ obviously views us as fallen and guilty. Did he lay down his life to redeem those who were not captives? Did he pour out his blood to cleanse those who were already clean? If we had not needed a great salvation, would the Darling of heaven have stooped to the death of the cross that we might be saved? They who think that sinners cannot be saved, or that men can be saved by any other means than by true faith in Jesus, make a superfluity of the death of Christ, and this is a blasphemy atrocious to the last degree. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save"—*the righteous?*—oh no, but "to save sinners, even the chief." Stagger not at the grace of God to your own hurt, but say, "Though I be spiritually poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

Furthermore, the *gift of God the Holy Spirit* proves that God regards us as poor and needy. If we were strong, and full of all spiritual forces, we should not have needed the Spirit of God to quicken and regenerate us, and we should not have needed that Spirit to abide in us as our Teacher and Helper. Why, brethren, you cannot even pray without the Spirit of God: the Spirit is given to help your infirmity in prayer, because that infirmity most surely exists. The gift of the Spirit of God to men is a proof that God looks upon them as being poor and needy in spiritual things. Now, if you feel that you cannot pray, that you cannot repent, that you cannot believe, that you cannot do anything that is good, in your own strength, fret not about it, but

fly to the Strong for strength. Say, "I am poor and needy; but the gift of the Holy Spirit is an evidence that the Lord thinketh upon me."

Let me further say, to help your faith, that though you say you are very poor and needy spiritually, you are not alone in this, for *so are all God's saints*, and the brighter the saints the more they feel their own poverty and need. Certain boasters talk "exceeding proudly" about their religious attainments; but the more they glory, the more vain is their glory. True saints are humble. In a company where certain people were displaying their spiritual attainments, it was noticed that one devout person remained silent, and a talkative man turned to him, and asked, "Have you no sanctification?" He replied, "I never had any to boast of, and I hope I never shall have." The more high in grace, the more low in self-esteem. Ask the man who has the most holiness what he thinks of himself, and he will be the first to lament that he has not yet reached the point which he desires. We are like those old-fashioned wine glasses which had no foot to them, so that they could not stand upon the table, but must be held in the hand. When Jesus has us in his hand, we can be filled with the water of life; but out of his hand we cannot hold a drop, nor even stand. We are nothing at all without our All-in-all. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," said one. "Without me ye can do nothing," is the true word of Christ to every branch of the living Vine. Now, if all God's saints say that they are nobodies, do not you despair because you are a nobody; if they all confess that they can do nothing without Christ, do not you despond because you also can do nothing without him.

Do you reply, "I wish I had a greater sense of spiritual riches"? If you had more faith in Christ, it would be well; but to have any confidence in your own experience would do you mischief.

Let me here relate a story, which may cheer those who feel themselves to be so guilty that the Lord will not think upon them. Upon those who feel their guilt the Lord looketh: a Saviour is on the look-out for sinners quite as much as sinners are on the look-out for a Saviour. I have heard that a great English prince on one occasion went to visit a famous king of Spain. The prince was taken down to the galleys, to see the men who were chained to the oars, and doomed to be slaves for life. The king of Spain promised, in honour of the prince's visit, that he would set free any one of these men that the prince might choose. So the prince went to one prisoner and said, "My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you in this plight, how came you here?" "Ah! sire," he answered, "false witnesses gave evidence against me; I am suffering wrongfully." "Indeed!" said the prince, and passed on to the next man. "My poor fellow, I am sorry to see you here, how did it happen?" "Sire, I certainly did wrong, but not to any great extent. I ought not to be here." "Indeed!" said the prince, and he went on to others who told him similar tales. At last he came to one prisoner, who said, "Sire, I am often thankful that I am here; for I am sorry to own that if I had received my due I should have been executed. I am certainly guilty of all that was laid to my charge, and my severest punishment is just." The prince replied wittily to him, "It is a pity that such a guilty wretch as you are should be chained among these innocent men, and therefore I will set you free." You smile, and well you may. How

you will smile if Jesus does the same for you! Assuredly this is the manner of him: he passes by those who think highly of themselves, and looks upon those who are self-condemned, and plead guilty before God. He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. When we have nothing to pay, he frankly forgives the debt. He thinketh upon the poor and needy.

I ask you to look at the text again, by way of ENLARGEMENT OF YOUR HOPE. "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." It is a great thing that God should think upon us. Is it certainly true that the great heart of God is thinking upon me, an inconsiderable atom of existence? What then? It is enough to make the bells of our hearts ring for joy. Let us listen again to the silver note of the text, "The Lord thinketh upon me." The Lord thinks as much of one of his people as if there were nobody else for him to think upon. Poor needy one, the Lord thinks upon you as intensely as if you were the only being now existing. The Lord is able to concentrate his whole mind upon any one point without dividing that mind; he has such an infinite capacity that each one of us may be the centre of God's thoughts, and yet he will not be forgetting any other beloved one. God is a being whose centre is everywhere, but his circumference is nowhere. "The Lord thinketh upon me." Is it not beautiful to notice how God thought of the first man whom he placed on this earth? He did not make man till he had prepared everything for his happiness. The Lord would not rest until he had finished his work, until he had lighted up the heavens, and created all manner of comforts and conveniences for his child. Not till he had even prepared the birds to sing to him, and the flowers to breathe their perfume upon him, did God create man. Why did God rest on the seventh day? Because he had thought of all that man wanted, and had made all things good for him. Our Lord Jesus never rested till he had finished the work that his Father gave him to do, which work was all for us: and the great providence of God will never rest till all the chosen of God are brought safely home to heaven. Thus you see how God thinks upon us.

Remember also that God's thoughts are not dumb thoughts, they break out into words, and this precious Bible contains the expression of those thoughts of love. This priceless Book is a love-letter from our Father who is in heaven. Read each line as if it were freshly written, and it will make you say, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me, and here are his thoughts."

Nor does the Lord rest in words. I have heard of a waiter who said to a guest, "I hope you will remember me, sir;" "Yes," replied the other, "I shall never forget your bad behaviour." It would be well for us if our fellow-men would not think of us when we have done them wrong; but God's thoughts of us are ever kind and forgiving. His thoughts are practical, and produce deeds of kindness; he thinks to give and forgive; to save and succour; to cheer and cherish. The Lord is thinking what he will give you, what he will make of you, and what mansion in heaven he will appoint for you. If he has thought upon you, he always will think upon you, for the Lord never changes. Our

God, in whom we trust, is not fickle ; he is not thoughtful of us to-day and forgetful of us to-morrow. If you should live to be as old as Methuselah, the promises of God will never wear out ; and if all the troubles that ever fell upon humanity should pounce upon you, God's strength will be put forth to sustain you, and to bear you to a triumphant close.

Oh, the joy of knowing that God thinketh upon us ! It is better to have God thinking upon us than to have all the kings of earth and all the angels of heaven thinking upon us.

Thirdly, and very briefly, let this INFLAME YOUR LOVE. "I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Dear friends, think much of God, since he thinks much of you. Let your hearts go out towards *him* on whose heart your name is written. It ought to be impossible for a Christian to wander among these olive-groves without saying, "Beneath such trees as these my Saviour sweat great drops of blood." We ought not to sit on the beach without thinking, "The Lord has cast my sins into the depths of the sea." As the palm-tree lifts itself to heaven, without an earthward branch, so send all your thoughts upward. As the vine, though sharply pruned, yieldeth its cluster, so bear fruit unto your Lord. Upon yonder sea the apostle of the Gentiles was tossed and wrecked for love of Jesus : yield to that same Lord your whole hearts as you think upon his thoughts of you. Everything about this place should make us think of our Lord, for in many respects it is the counterpart of "thy land, O Immanuel !" This day God is thinking upon you, this day think upon God. Christ in heaven is preparing heaven for us, let us be preparing a place on earth for him. I have often wondered what is meant by our Lord's preparing a place for us, since heaven is prepared for us from before the foundation of the world. I suppose heaven was not fully fit for us till Jesus went there ; and the very going there of our Well-beloved has prepared heaven for redeemed men and women to live in it in his own sweet society. Jesus is watching in heaven for the time when we shall come home, and he is praying for that home-coming,—“Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.”

Do you not receive frequent tokens that the Lord Jesus is thinking upon you? Special mercies in answer to prayer, sweet visits of love ; do not these cheer your heart? Our sacred joys, which come from Jesus, are like those boxes of flowers that we send to our friends who are freezing in the cold at this time in England. They know that we remember them as they look upon every rose-bud, and violet, and anemone, that comes to them through the post. Our heavenly Father sends us many such tokens of his loving remembrance while we are hearing the gospel, or enjoying the Lord's Supper, or occupied in our private prayers and meditations. "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God, how great is the sum of them !"

To close, let me use this text to DIRECT YOUR CONDUCT. "I am poor and needy ; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." The whole of what I say shall go into this one thought,—if God thinks upon you, leave off all anxious and carking care about yourself. I do not suppose there

is any place in the world that has more care and anxiety in it than this little town, which nestles beneath the mountains, and suns itself by the sea.

Many of you come here with dear ones who are pining away before your eyes, or you are alarmed about your own health. Do not trouble yourselves unduly; for if you do so, you cannot remove sickness thereby, but you may even increase it. If I could do any good by worrying, I would worry away to my heart's content; but as it is useless, I find it best to let it alone. They tell me that if a man were to fall into the sea, he would float if he would remain quiet, but because he struggles he sinks. I am sure it is so when we are in affliction. Fretfulness results in weakening us, in hiding from us wise methods of relief, and, in general, in doubling our pains. It is folly to kick against the pricks: it is wisdom to kiss the rod. Trust more, and fear less. If you have trusted your soul with Christ, can you not trust him with everything else? Can you not trust him with your sick child, or your sick husband, with your wealth, with your business, with your life? "Oh," says one, "I hardly like to do that. It is almost presumption to take our minor cares to the great Lord." But in so doing you will prove the truthfulness of your faith! I heard of a man who was walking along the high road, with a pack on his back: he was growing weary, and was, therefore, glad when a gentleman came along in a chaise, and asked him to take a seat with him. The gentleman noticed that he kept his pack strapped to his shoulders, and so he said, "Why do you not put your pack down?" "Why, sir," said the traveller, "I did not venture to intrude. It was very kind of you to take *me* up, and I could not expect you to carry my pack as well." "Why," said his friend, "do you not see that whether your pack is on your back, or off your back, I have to carry it?" My hearer, it is so with your trouble: whether you care, or do not care, it is the Lord who must care for you. "But my daily trouble seems too mean a thing to bring before the Lord in prayer." Then I fear you forget my text, or fail to see the spirit which dictated it: God thinks upon the poor and needy, and all the concerns of the poor and needy are, like themselves, poor affairs. Why do you weary yourself with care when God cares for you? If I were afraid of burglars, and kept a watchman to guard my house at night, I certainly should not sit up all night myself. The Lord is your keeper, why are you fearful? It is infinitely better that you should be able to say, "The Lord thinketh upon me," than that you should have all power, and wisdom, and wealth, in your own hands. I charge you, then, to rest in the Lord, and fret no longer.

First trust your Lord with your souls, and then trust him with everything else. First surrender yourself to his love, to be saved by his infinite compassion, and then bring all your burdens, and cares, and troubles, and lay them down at his dear feet, and go and live a happy, joyful life, saying, as I will say, and close—

"All that remains for me,
Is but to love and sing;
And wait until the angels come,
To bear me to my King."

Personal Influence.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the influence of one's personality are to be noted on every side. A pioneer Sunday-school missionary was canvassing a thinly-settled neighbourhood in the West, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday-school in the log school-house of the settlement. Going through a clearing, he met a little boy whom he had not seen before, and, greeting him pleasantly, he asked him to take a seat by him, on a fallen tree-trunk. As they sat there, the missionary gave the boy a little picture-card, and told him of his plans for a Sunday-school, and of the meeting called for that evening, for the starting of the school. "We are going to have a nice school," he said; "and we want all the boys to be in it. You'll come and join us to-night,—won't you?" "No," was the abrupt and emphatic reply.

The missionary was not a man to be easily discouraged; so he took out a picture-paper from his pocket, and, putting his arm tenderly around the little fellow, he showed the paper, and explained its pictures; adding, that pictures like that would be given to the scholars of the new Sunday-school, and that attractive books would be lent to them. "You'll come and get some of those papers and books,—won't you?" he said confidently. But again an emphatic "No" was the boy's only answer. That did seem a little discouraging; but the missionary tried once more. He thought he would try the power of music on the boy. He sang several verses of "I have a Father in the Promised Land;" and then he looked down at the little fellow, and said heartily, "There, we're going to have such singing as that in the Sunday-school! Won't you come and hear it, and learn to sing for yourself?" "No" was, for the third time, the resolute reply.

Then the missionary *was* discouraged. He had found one inaccessible boy; so he rose from his place on the log to go his way, leaving the boy sitting there. "Say!" called out the boy, as the missionary moved off, "Are *you* goin' to be there?" "Yes, I expect to be there to-night," answered the missionary. "Then, I'll come," responded the boy; and the boy was there when the school was started.

Ah! there was the power of unconscious personal influence. The truth that a Sunday-school was to be started was in itself of no weight with that boy. All the efforts of that missionary to influence the boy, by kind words, by earnest invitations, by the exhibit of cards and papers, and by the charms of music, were ineffective. The boy knew little about those things, and he cared less. But he had a human heart, and that heart was touched and swayed by the personal interest in himself on the part of the man whose arm had been put around him tenderly, and who had been at the pains to sing to him. He wanted to be near that man. If that man was to be in the school-house, the boy wanted to be there also. If it had been a grog-shop to which that man were going, the boy would have been ready to follow him there. And so personal influence is influencing boys and girls, and men and women, *for* the right or *against* it, to the Sunday-school or to the drinking-saloon.—*From "Teaching and Teachers," by H. Clay Trumbull, D.D.*

The Centenary of Upton Chapel.

THE centenary of Upton Chapel, Lambeth Road, which came off at the latter end of March, was not the least noteworthy celebration of the kind which has been held; for though other churches may be able to boast of a longer or more striking history, the congregation of which the pious James Upton was the pastor for forty-eight years has many fragrant memories. During the eight years' pastorate of our esteemed brother, and late student, Mr. W. Williams, the church has attained to a full tide of prosperity, so that the centenary festival has been a fitting expression of the people's gratitude for past blessings and present mercies.

When we look back a hundred years, a brief space in the history of a nation, we are at once struck with the fact that the century has been one of unparalleled commotion and advancement. In 1785 the American war had just closed, and the French Revolution and other conflicts, gigantic and disastrous, were looming in the future. The necessaries of life were advancing in price, taxes were becoming a crushing burden; and in spite of wide-spread corruption and prevailing ignorance, Parliament was amusing itself by rejecting for the third time Mr. Pitt's Reform Bill for the abolition of rotten boroughs. In London the cause of religion was affected by the depression of the times; but yet there were happily many faithful labourers for Christ whose names are still remembered and honoured, and whose meeting-houses were centres of gospel life and teaching.

The church which now meets in Upton Chapel was formed in the spring of 1785 by twelve devout men and women, who had been associated with a congregation in St. Luke's, of which Thomas Powell was the pastor. Two of the number having been excluded, the others, because they disapproved of that procedure, withdrew, and the seceders then signed a covenant and met for worship at a room in Church Street, Blackfriars Road, but which was then called Green Walk, on account of its rural surroundings. The infant enterprise needed a pastor; and the friends were providentially guided in making the best possible choice. At that time, or just a century ago, the members of the church at Waltham Abbey included a young tradesman of the name of James Upton, who could have told a singular story of difficulties overcome, and of snares escaped through divine grace, had his modesty not restrained him from entering into details. In a letter to a friend, written in old age, Mr. Upton says concerning himself: "His parents were neither affluent, nor remarkably poor; they were very respectable in point of character, and very generally esteemed, but at that time strangers to the power of real religion on their own souls. They occasionally attended Lady Huntingdon's chapel."

From this it would appear that Mr. Upton's parents were what would have been called in the reign of George III. good-living people; but who, nevertheless, were only careful to do the best they could for their family in a worldly sense. James was the youngest son, as he himself informs us, and it is then added that "he left his father's house when about thirteen

years of age to reside in the family of a magistrate, who was a very profane, dissolute man. In this family the youth gave early proofs of the deep depravity of the human heart, and fell into those sinful practices which have often filled him with shame and confusion before the Lord. But God, who is rich in mercy, and who preserves his chosen in Jesus Christ before they are called, and in a marvellous manner directs their steps, removed this thoughtless, ignorant, depraved youth, nearly fifty miles from his former connexions and wicked companions, to reside with a family who feared the Lord and attended on the gospel of Christ."

Where the dissolute magistrate was located does not appear, but the last reference is no doubt to Waltham Abbey, whither Mr. Upton had come from Tunbridge Wells, his native place, where soon afterwards he was baptized, and became united with the church. The letter further says that, "Being very young he was much beloved, and, perhaps, too kindly treated by his pastor and Christian friends," and then it goes on to speak of "a sore temptation suited to his age and inclination," probably a love affair, which befel him about this time. "The archers have sorely grieved him and hated him," he wrote, quoting the words of Jacob in reference to Joseph, besides applying to himself the words of Psalm xciv. 17, 18.

When, in 1781, he began to preach, he was still a tradesman, who "had never learned a lesson of English grammar at school in his life"; but having been a member of the church for three years, and having expounded occasionally for half that period, he was requested to continue the practice once a month, on "the Monday before the full moon." When his elder brother also came to Waltham, many friends wished him to "go to church," lest he should "change his religion"; but as James had already learned to appreciate the ministry of Mr. Davis, at the Baptist chapel, the two attended together with the happiest results. It was on the occasion that James occupied the pulpit, in the absence of his pastor, that the deacons of Green Walk heard him preach, and having tested the young brother's gifts to their satisfaction, they invited him to settle in London.

The ordination took place on June 27th, 1786, the service lasting six hours—"A solemn, good, and pleasant opportunity."

Those were not the days when Nonconformists could boast of conveniently-situated, airy, and commodious chapels. Speaking of the original meeting-house, at Green Walk, Mr. Upton, in a letter to his son, written in 1826, remarked, "It was about ten feet narrower at the further end from the street. The pulpit was there; and large vestries behind the pulpit. The side galleries came so near the minister, that when it was filled, the place was extremely hot and unpleasant for any person in the pulpit. My health was at that time frequently much interrupted and injured by violent perspiration, so that many efforts were made to enlarge the place, or procure one more convenient." Adjoining premises were purchased in 1800, when the chapel was enlarged at a cost of over £2,000, which was for the most part collected by Mr. Upton himself. The church of twelve members, which originally invited him, had increased to 400 at the time of his death. The Sunday-school was founded in 1816, and a new building for the

accommodation of 300 children was opened in 1818; and in 1824 the almshouses for sheltering ten aged members of the church were also provided.

James Upton died in September, 1834, and Mr. Pritchard, as well as Dr. Collyer, spoke at the grave, making suitable references to the manifold works and unspotted Christian character of the deceased. "Few men ever equalled him; perhaps none ever excelled him in patient, persevering labour as a minister of Jesus Christ," said his successor in the pastorate. He might, with propriety, have selected the whole of that verse for his funeral text, of which his sense of obligation to divine mercy led him to choose only the first clause: "By the grace of God I am what I am; and his grace, which was bestowed upon me, was not in vain; but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

The pastorate of the church has since been successively held by Joseph Davis, 1834-41; George Cole, 1842-48; John Bigwood, 1848-50, under whose ministry the church became open in communion; John Branch (a great friend of the London City Mission) 1851-56; William Barker, now of Hastings, 1856-63; George D. Evans, now of Bristol, 1863-67; J. D. Williams, 1868-71; John Roberts, 1872-76; William Williams, 1877.

In 1862 the site of the old sanctuary, in Church Street, was required by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, and hence the present Upton Chapel was erected on a leasehold site, and named after the first pastor.

Mr. W. Williams, the present pastor, may be congratulated on his making a figure in a noble succession, and on his having through the Lord's blessing on his efforts achieved a success which is not surpassed in importance by the work of Mr. Upton himself. The son of a farmer who formerly cultivated a farm in the vicinity of Chester, he is at the present time about thirty-three years of age, and he has the satisfaction of belonging to a stock which for generations past has been mainly made up of Christian people. Some of his earliest impressions of truth were received in the Sunday-school; and from the days of childhood he felt a desire to preach the gospel. He was converted early; he entered with ardour on Sabbath-school work; and at last commenced preaching by supplying the pulpit of a mission-station in the neighbourhood of his home. After an approving notice of his preaching had appeared in a Chester newspaper, engagements increased in number, and friends recommended that he should apply for admission to Bala College, an institution belonging to the Welsh Methodists. An insurmountable obstacle in the way of this procedure, however, was the fact that Mr. Williams had changed his views on the subject of baptism. He therefore applied to the President of the Pastors' College instead, and was accepted as a student when he was twenty years of age, in 1872. In the following year the death of his father and other matters necessitated Mr. Williams's return to Chester for some months; but he afterwards completed the prescribed course of study, and eventually settled in his first pastorate at Clay Cross, Derbyshire. Mr. Williams laboured in this interesting sphere for three years, beginning in August, 1874, and left the church more than three times larger than he

found it. A site was also secured for a new chapel; but in consequence of trade depression the work of building was deferred.

On his removal to Upton Chapel, in 1877, Mr. Williams at once found that he had been providentially directed. Though the membership was low, the pews nearly empty, and the chapel by common consent in the wrong place, a revival of prosperity at once set in, and the congregation is now more numerous than it has ever been before in the history of the church. In 1880 a gallery was removed, and alterations made which gave accommodation to something like a hundred additional worshippers; and the cost of £250 was at once subscribed. About two years later extra rooms were erected for the convenience of the societies working in connection with the church; and at the same time one of the deacons presented the people with an organ. These improvements entailed an outlay of £2,600; but all had been paid at the date of the celebration of the centenary. At the date of Mr. Williams's acceptance of the pastorate there were 189 members; but since 1877 there have been 534 additions, 344 of which have been by baptism. The church now numbers 527 members.

The celebration of the Centenary on March 22nd, 23rd, and 25th, was a memorable occasion. Mr. Williams himself preached on the Lord's-day, and on the following evening, at the public meeting, the chair was occupied by Mr. James Stiff, deacon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, whose son is senior deacon at Upton Chapel. Having come to London in 1826, the chairman spoke as a veteran who had known all the pastors of the church; he had frequently heard the first pastor preach; and he remembered that Rowland Hill used to say, "I have a complaint to make against Mr. Upton, for he runs away with my chickens, and turns them into ducks."

Those who wish for a memento of this interesting occasion, will be glad to purchase the volume* which Mr. Williams has just issued. The book, which does great credit to all who have shared in its production, should be possessed by all who are interested in the progress of the Baptist denomination in London. It contains admirable examples of the teaching, which, through the divine blessing, has contributed to a revival of prosperity; the book is handsomely produced, while the portraits of the first pastor and his last successor both recall the past and excite gratitude for the present. The countenance of Mr. Upton is a striking picture of a primitive pastor of the olden time, and one which photography has very successfully reproduced.

Why not Expect a Revival in Summer-time?

SOME revivalists attempt no new work in the summer-time. It can be shown, however, that from the days of Jonah until now, there have been mighty works of grace in very warm weather.—*From Hervey's "Manual of Revivals."*

* Upton Chapel Sermons. A Centenary Memorial. By W. Williams. With a Preface by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. And a Brief History of the Church since its Formation in 1735. With three Photographs. London: Passmore and Alabaster. Price 6s.

Common Lodging-Houses, and those who frequent them.

ALL Christian visitors among the poor in London necessarily devote a considerable portion of time to the common lodging-houses; and in looking through the reports given from time to time, by a veteran in the service, like Mr. George Hatton, whose chosen parish of St. Giles is a notorious lodging-house district, many curious revelations are made, and more are plainly suggested. These places demand attention, because, in the aggregate, they contain a large migratory population of persons who, apart from visitation, would never hear the gospel, nor listen to anything which would encourage them to rise from their lost condition. Thus it happens that the agents of the St. Giles's Mission are found seven days a week in the kitchens of the lodging-houses; and though their success may vary, they at least enjoy the advantage of never wanting a congregation. Religious services are held and all are invited to listen; and afterwards the inmates are spoken to individually concerning past mistakes and things which affect their best interests.

A missionary who was accustomed to this service, and who was assisted by members of the congregation at Bloomsbury Chapel, thus described a Sunday-night meeting in the vicinity of Drury Lane:—

“About nine o'clock, in company with four Christian friends, I entered the kitchen. There were about thirty women and half-a-dozen men in the room. I told them I had come, according to my promise, to hold a meeting with them, and I asked them to be orderly, and to give attention to what would be spoken; to this they assented. We then sang together the evening hymn, part of Luke xv. was read, and some remarks were made upon the parable of the Prodigal Son, especially illustrating the willingness of our Father in heaven to receive repentant prodigals, however far they may have wandered from him by sin and wicked works. The effect was marvellous, the greatest decorum prevailed, and tears flowed from the eyes of nearly all present.” They were affected for the time, some remarking how pleasant the meeting had been, while others asked when the service would be repeated. The hope may always be entertained that even under such conditions some good impression is made.

Too frequently it is almost impossible for such abandoned persons to rise in the social scale; but through the mercy of God in Christ their souls may be saved. They usually receive religious papers with great eagerness, and these may win them even where a sermon fails.

A conversion in a lodging-house may be of far-reaching consequences; no mortal can tell when or where the good will end, if, indeed, it will ever end at all. Mr. Hatton and his band have found it so, and their experience corresponds with that of others who have shown similar enterprise in the Lord's service. So far as we can judge, there is no limit to possibilities in this direction. “According to your faith be it unto you.”

To illustrate this by a striking example which is not generally known. About sixty years ago, when Thomas Cranfield, with a devoted boldness, which few thought of imitating, dared even to invade common lodging-

nouses as they then existed, his labours resulted in the conversion of a man in one of the kitchens, who eventually became landlord of that very house in which their meeting occurred. The result was that at a time when such houses represented one of the chief dangers, as well as abominations, of London, this particular establishment presented a cheerful contrast to other places of its kind. The man's wife was also a Christian. Between them they preserved good order, and kept the rooms clean. In addition they instituted a Sunday service, and appear to have taken care that the men were properly supplied with Bibles and hymn-books. "All were clean, and during the service the utmost attention was paid," remarked a visitor in 1842, who was struck with the order and cleanliness which were the direct result of the religion of these lodging-house keepers. Such was one blessing which arose from Cranfield's labours, the effects of which are doubtless living still in the descendants of those whom he influenced.

When lodging-houses were at their worst, forty years ago, enormous profits are said to have been made by their proprietors. A quondam journeyman carpenter was mentioned in a report of 1845,—a man who arrived in London with only 5s., but who realized £10,000 by this occupation. A family, holding a large number of houses, was said to have accumulated something like £100,000. These people were also put down as "the owners of most of the bad houses in St. Giles's." We must certainly have improved since those remarkable times; for then the receivers of stolen goods swarmed in St. Giles's. Those who affirm that St. Giles's has improved do not speak without reason.

Being so migratory, the lodgers are difficult to keep in view; but this makes it doubly important that those who are always coming in or going away should receive lasting benefit.

Reference has been so often made to the varied characteristics of the common lodging-houses of London, that some readers might be disposed to think there was nothing fresh to be said about them; but, in point of fact, these places are, as it were, a social kaleidoscope which is ever presenting something new, either in colour or form, to those who are interested in raising the fallen and the miserable. Not the least favourable symptom of the active Christian aggression of this age is seen in the invasion of such places as these, and the reclaiming of their frequenters. Some of the most distinguished men have conducted religious services in lodging-house kitchens, and they have frequently come into contact with curious phases of low life not elsewhere to be seen; although regular visitors alone are capable of sounding such strange depths of social misery and sin, and of telling us all about them. "In the visitation of the lodging-houses I sometimes get some very tough work," once wrote a visitor in the Mint Street district. "In these places I find that extremes meet. I have, in the majority of those visited, found unbounded ignorance of everything but the art of deception. A number of persons use the lodging-house as a hiding-place from their friends, to keep their shame from being exposed. I have met with university men, officers of the army, and a medical man, once having a good practice in the West of England. These men invariably have something which denotes that they are specimens of fallen grandeur, and, as a rule, they profess to be infidels."

The fallen stars, to whom reference is here made, are sufficiently numerous to excite the curiosity of enquirers who desire to know whence so plentiful a supply of unhappy beings could come. If it be really true that the majority are unbelievers, they probably assume to be such in sheer desperation, and not through any kind of honest conviction. Let us give two or three samples of adventurers who, through their own folly, find themselves defeated in the battle of life.

The first we will mention was found among a large and noisy company in a lodging-house of Deptford, on a certain Sabbath in winter, some years ago. The scene was not only animated but characteristic of the day on which even such an assembly might possibly feel that they had more leisure on their hands than at ordinary times. Ironing, shoe-mending, cooking, were all being attended to; but one respectable-looking man, who had the appearance of a clerk, was discovered to be weighed down by a more than ordinary trouble. He had had nothing to eat for two days; and the threepence for the payment of his lodging on the preceding night was obtained by selling one of the last articles of trifling value which he possessed. According to his own confession, this man, until a few weeks before, had been in receipt of an income of between three and four pounds a week; but at length drink effected his ruin, and, once severed from his employers, all other openings which promised to yield a livelihood appeared to be closed. He wept copiously over his desolate condition; and while acknowledging that he had friends occupying good positions in a northern town, he declined to allow any intimation of his fall to be sent to them, because the news would be sure to break their hearts. Worse than solitude is the situation of such a man among the vulgar crowd of the lodging-house kitchen. He was seriously admonished; but before another opportunity of meeting came round he had gone away—he disappeared in the vortex of London life as so many under similar circumstances are continually doing.

Many curious revelations have been made in the Mint, once one of the ancient "sanctuaries" of old London; and, as such, a general harbour for rogues and the worst of characters. Probably, not many persons now living remember what the Mint was when at its worst. "There is no place like this in the suburbs of London, no spot that looks so murderous, so melancholy, and so miserable," remarks one writer, whose sketch was written forty years ago. "Many of these houses, besides being old are very large and lofty. . . . There is a smell of past ages about their ancient courts like that which arises from decay—a murky closeness—as if the old winds which blew through them in the time of the Civil Wars had become stagnant, and all old things had fallen and died just as they were blown together, and left to perish." Within the precincts of the Mint persons were wont not only to hide from justice, or to live in squalid seclusion safe from their hungry creditors, but they would severely punish any representatives of the law who ventured to lay hands upon a fugitive. Of course time has brought many changes, but the lodging-houses are still there; and as all acquainted with their swarming life can testify, they hide away the subject of many an extraordinary life-history.

What are called "furnished rooms" in lodging-house districts, are frequently only another phase of lodging-house life, but they are not accessible to the police for purposes of inspection. It was in one of these apartments that a city missionary came across a fine classical scholar, who was known in the district as the "Captain."

This strange adventurer was a clergyman's son, whose craving for drink was so unconquerable, that although he had an annuity sufficient to maintain himself respectably he spent it as fast as he received it, borrowed from all who would lend to him, and slunk away with his wife to the "furnished room" where he was found. The captain's sustenance consisted of rum and milk, and so long as his craving for the stimulant could be gratified he would stoop to the practice of any meanness. When first visited, the captain did not at all appreciate the kind attentions of the visitor; he jumped from his bed, pointed suggestively to the door, and desired the intruder to leave. A visitor who would beat a final retreat on account of a first repulse like this would never succeed in mission work in London: the Christian friend who was at first rejected, persevered until he was heartily welcomed. The time was short, for as a complete wreck, the captain was fast hastening to his end. No one who looked upon him could fail to see the marks of breeding and of culture which base indulgence and the low associations of life in the slums had defaced. At first he disparaged religion and was more disposed to speak about his knowledge of languages, &c., than of his soul's immortal interests. At length, his attention was gained on behalf of better things, and he acknowledged the truth of what he had formerly rejected. The third chapter of John and the fifty-first Psalm are the most powerful messages to persons of this kind, and they were so in this case. The humble missionary was the only Christian friend that visited the captain; and he did not speak and plead in vain.

Some of these fallen stars are only caught sight of once; that is to say, a man may be encountered among the crowd who are eagerly cooking their herrings, steaks, and rashers at the great coke fire of the lodging-house kitchen, and then, after telling his story, he may be lost sight of for ever. A missionary in the Mint tells of a remarkable instance of this kind which once happened to himself. When he entered the kitchen on a certain evening he noticed that there was something like a squabble among those who were preparing their savoury repast at the fire; and one man whose bacon was in imminent risk of being overdone was observed to have on one finger a brilliant diamond ring—a sufficient indication that the wearer had at one time moved in a very different station. In the course of conversation the truth came out that the man was a Cantab and a Master of Arts, who had started in life with the idea of studying for the law. Happening to be "crossed in love," as the phrase is, the disappointment preyed on the mind of the unhappy swain, and instead of bearing up manfully in affliction, and seeking guidance of God, he yielded to the seductions of drink, which hastened him to ruin. Friends who were able to help were not backward; but bad habits tightened their hold upon the fallen one, and he went on his own way. It was in all respects a strange story, as the narrator went on to tell of the sufferings and the shifts to which he was reduced. A

sparkling contrast to his poverty was the diamond ring on the speaker's finger, and the question was naturally asked, "Why not part with the jewel and start afresh?" This touched the man in a tender place, he grew excited, and declared that although the ring would at any time realise £50, he would only part with that and his life together. "That reminds me, sir, of what I was; you see me as I am." The ornament was certainly a dangerous appendage for a man to carry about with him in the slums; but it was not more strange than the man's habit of repeating in their originals such texts as the missionary quoted for his benefit. He was earnestly admonished to repent and turn over a new leaf, but with what effect who shall say, for he does not seem ever to have been seen again. Amid such associations, the diamond would certainly be a source of danger; for a frequenter of the lodging-house once remarked, "We dare not lay a thing down for a moment, or it would be gone; if we possess knife or fork it is only safe in our pockets."

Remarkable cases occur of persons being lifted up from this degradation to become thoroughly transformed characters, and no less wonders to themselves than they are to other people. One old fellow, who had gone to great lengths in sin, became a godly man; and after starting in life afresh as a cab-driver, both he and the woman he married, who was like-minded with himself, became active Christian workers.

The young who have fallen from good social positions, and who early in life have sowed the seeds of physical decay, from which there is no means of recovery, are among the saddest, and at the same time, if the paradox may be allowed, the most joyous of conquests. On one occasion, when a tea was given to the lodging-house men of Westminster, a youth was among the guests whose connections were respectable, but he himself had come down so low that he could not raise sufficient to pay for a bed. He had fallen a victim to the misnamed "pleasures" of the town; but now he repented, yielded his heart to God, and became so earnest that several with whom he came in contact traced their conversion to his instrumentality. He soon after died in peace, a veritable brand plucked from the burning, but one who had gone too far for his physical strength to be renewed.

The common lodging-houses would seem to be on the increase, which in itself is not a desirable symptom. So far as visitors are concerned, the houses greatly vary in character; for while, as a rule, the landlords do not resent visitation, some will offer violent opposition if their prejudices happen to tend towards Roman Catholicism. Hence, for the same reason, those which are chiefly patronised by Irish are the least pleasant, or the most dangerous to enter. Still, even in this direction, all things tend towards improvement; for as a visitor once said who had been acquainted with the lodging-houses, as they existed before the passing of Lord Shaftesbury's Act for their reformation, those of to-day are palaces in comparison with those of the past.

The folly of giving indiscriminately to beggars in the streets has often been exposed; but only those who have been behind the scenes in the common lodging-houses can have any correct notion of the true nature of the impudent impostors who prey upon a credulous

and charitable public. Years ago a City missionary stationed at the East End lived in a veritable beggar-land, among a vagrant class who did not want work, and to whom the mimicry of misery and suffering was a kind of capital. "There used to pour forth daily to all parts of London in every conceivable guise," he wrote in his diary, "arms in slings; legs doubled up; faces bandaged; widows' weeds; feigned loss of sight, speech, or hearing; pretended epilepsy, ague, &c. Some with scarcely sufficient rags to cover them, and others with an attire of seedy grandeur and a suavity of manner to assume fallen greatness. . . . At night all disguises were thrown off, and they would be as jolly as the monks of Windsor." Those who have seen these adventurous gentry return from "work" know full well with what contemptuous levity they have disposed of the food given, as the donors supposed, to starving subjects. Nothing commoner than the best chops or the finest cuts of rump steaks would ever be acceptable to them for an evening repast, their ordinary beverages being ardent spirits and strong ale. They dine late, and fare quite as sumptuously as many who are waited upon by servants in livery in fashionable dining-rooms. When will a well-meaning public put an end to this iniquity by withholding money from beggars in the streets?

The lodging-houses in different parts of London have various characteristics; and we believe that tramps who have been accustomed to "doss" at the West-end have declined to sleep in the East; but nevertheless, to ordinary observers, there is a saddening uniformity about these places, which makes us sincerely regret their tendency to multiply. They show human nature in one of its worst phases; and the last stage of many a wasted life. They are no credit to our civilization, but so long as they exist, we may be thankful that the gospel not only enters their dark precincts, but actually raises not a few from the mire of sin to occupy places at their Father's table. Many who in these retreats have come across their erring relatives have realized, as others could not possibly do, the force of the words, "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost, and is found."

So far as St Giles's is concerned, and especially when we rejoice over such a work as Mr. George Hatton and his helpers have been enabled to accomplish, it ought to be remembered that one of the pioneer evangelists of the district sacrificed his very life in the Lord's service. In a Report of the Irish Schools and Free Dispensary of St. Giles, for 1838, this reference is made to Mr. Bullen: "With clear and distinct views of gospel truth, were combined in this able and amiable city missionary, a rare benevolence, a sober zeal, and an unwearied activity in visiting the poor from house to house. Much opposition to the truth, and many personal insults could not quench his ardour, or drive him from his post. In leaving a sick room he fell down stairs, and injured his head. Before recovering from the effects of this injury, the spotted fever, caught in the district, terminated his valuable life and indefatigable labours."

Thus, one soweth and another reapeth; and it is our joy to enter into the labours of those who went before.

G. H. P.

Faith for Souls and Silver.

WHEN in London in November last, *en route* from the United States, to labour in Morocco, among the Berber peoples (of whose need of the gospel I had the privilege of speaking to the great audience at the Metropolitan Tabernacle), I sat, one evening, on the platform of one of London's many gospel halls,—one built by the royal generosity of one of England's lords. The evening in question was the occasion of the annual meeting of a most successful London Mission, which makes nightly use of many halls, opera-houses, and such places throughout the great metropolis. Many things that night impressed me, but none so much as the whispered remark made to me by an eminent London worker, one of the speakers of the evening, and who occupied the chair next to mine. As the annual report was being read, it was evident the Mission had been greatly owned of God for the salvation of souls. Yet it was equally apparent that the devoted brother, on whom the chief responsibility of the Mission rested, was in constant need of funds. The whispered remark was, that while some in the Lord's work had great *faith for souls*, others greatly needed *faith for funds*. It quickly entered my mind, and like the sharp barbed needles that grow on a species of grass in this country, which cannot be dislodged, but work deeper and deeper in, it not only struck but stuck. It holds material for meditation for all of us who are engaged in the Lord's work.

Have we faith for souls? Do they, under our ministry, flock to Christ like doves to their windows? What a rich reason for thanksgiving! At the same time, are we in perplexity and unbelieving apprehension because of money needed by us, either personally, or for the Lord's work? This ought not to be.

Or, on the other hand, have we faith for funds, so that we dare trust, and not be afraid; and yet have we only a slender hold on God for souls, and find our words falling like spent shot? Neither ought this to be. Let us grow a faith like that of Paul, the apostle; which counted unhesitatingly on God for multitudes of souls as trophies of the triumphal gospel; and which as well looked up to the living Father, in the unwavering confidence of a little child, for the supply of all his need. Lord, for evermore upon our hearts engrave that word, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us *all things*?" (Rom. viii. 32.)

I again, as heretofore, in *The Sword and the Trowel*, do most earnestly entreat the prayers of its many readers. Ask for myself and co-workers (for the Lord has already given us co-workers) here, in the deep darkness of Morocco, the faith for both souls and silver. God has given us the faith in measure; but we wish it much more abundantly.

E. F. BALDWIN, Hope House, Tangier.

We heartily commend this good brother and his work to our readers. May the Lord be with him while he occupies his advanced post in the dark empire of Morocco.—C. H. S.

Joseph Livesey.*

THE veteran abstainer, who died last September, at Preston, at the age of ninety, lived a life of incessant and manifold activity, which will surprise those persons who knew him only as the patriarch of teetotalers. His life was a fine example of self-help; and his achievements for the good of his town and country were such as any good man might look back upon with gratification and thankfulness to God. His early life was spent in much privation. In a damp cellar in the village of Walton, near Preston, three hand-loomes were worked by two men and a youth. The walls shone with percolating moisture, and occasionally the cellar was inundated by the rising of the Ribble. The boy sat in the corner, with his back close to the wet wall, and an open copy of Lindley Murray's Grammar on the breast-beam of the loom before him. This was Joseph Livesey, and the two men were his uncle and grandfather. His parents had died of consumption when he was seven years old, and his grandfather was the only one who could take charge of the destitute little orphan. Times were bad, and the grandfather failed in business, and was obliged to sell all to pay his liabilities. It was a day-and-night struggle for the plodding, earnest boy. "Anxious," he says, "for information, and having no companions from whom I could learn anything, I longed for books, but had no means with which to procure them. At that period there were no National Schools, no Sunday-schools, no Mechanics' Institutes, no penny publications, no cheap newspapers, no free libraries, no penny postage, no Temperance Societies, no tea-parties, no Young Men's Christian Associations, no steamboats, no railways, no gas—no anything, in fact, that distinguishes the present time in favour of the improvement and enjoyment of the masses. Most of the articles of necessity for a poor man's home, during the war with France, were nearly double their present price, and all felt the pressure of the times."

When he was about sixteen he became acquainted with a Christian family of the name of Portlock. They were Baptists, and he went with them to the Baptist chapel. In 1811 he was baptized, with Charles Portlock. His relatives did not approve of this act, but he had the conviction that he was doing the will of God, and it was a time of deep enjoyment to him. Keenly did he look forward to the Sundays when he would march off in his clogs to Preston, to attend the prayer-meetings in the vestry.

At the age of twenty-one he married Miss Jenny Williams, an amiable, religious girl, who made him an admirable wife. Though he had no fortune *with* her, he had a fortune *in* her. At the time he decided to ask her to become his wife he had never seen her! But having formed a high opinion of her on hearsay, he got introduced to her family, and went to the prayer-meeting they attended in Manchester. There he was invited to speak; and in after years Mrs. Livesey often confessed that it was owing to the favourable impression produced while he was speaking that she consented to his proposal. He had come

* "Joseph Livesey: the Story of his Life." Edited by James Weston. S. W. Partridge and Co.

into possession of a legacy of £30, and with this he rented a cottage at £7 a year, and furnished it. This little cottage, under the young wife's cleanly and orderly management, became as comfortable as any palace. In his spare time Livesey made the garden a place of delight for them to walk in. To the last he loved his garden.

But weaving was bad, and in the pressure of work and anxiety Livesey's health failed. The doctor advised him to live better. He was to take some malt liquor, with some bread and cheese in the middle of the forenoon. This prescription was the making of Livesey's prosperity. He bought some cheese at 7d. or 8d. per pound, and heard some one say that at Lancaster cheese-fair prices had gone down to fifty shillings the hundredweight. He immediately put his self-taught arithmetic into use, and calculated that this meant less than 5½d. per pound. He borrowed money, purchased a whole cheese, and sold it to his neighbours for 5½d. a pound, and at the close of the operation found he had made a profit of eighteenpence. He repeated the process, and soon was selling three hundredweight a day: and so it went on increasing till it became the largest business of the kind in North Lancashire.

In the early part of the century, the Corn Laws were the cause of terrible suffering to the people. A duty of about 24s. per quarter was placed upon foreign corn, to keep up the price of wheat at home, in order to enable the farmer to pay high rents to the landlords. In 1812, wheat was 122s. 8d. per quarter. Importation was prohibited when the price fell below 80s. The harvest of 1816 was one of the worst ever known in England, both for quantity and quality. No loaves could be baked, the wheat being unsound, and the flour could only be used by being made into cakes. Mobbing and rioting took place all over the country, and the people were kept down by military force.

Constant meetings for protest against the Corn Laws were held. At Peter's fields, Manchester, from sixty thousand to one hundred thousand persons assembled, and were charged by two regiments of cavalry with drawn swords. Eleven were killed, and six hundred wounded; and the chairman was sentenced to imprisonment for two and a-half years. The Free Trade Hall now occupies the site of this massacre.

Into this agitation Livesey entered with heart and soul. He assisted in organization and distribution of relief; he conducted a paper called, "The Moral Reformer," ten years before the Anti-Corn-Law League got to work: and afterwards helped it on by publishing "The Struggle," which reached a circulation of fifteen thousand a week, and "The Alarm." He constantly wrote, spoke, and agitated on behalf of repeal, and stood with Cobden and Bright in their noble campaign against the selfish legislation, which was a curse to the country.

As an author, he was almost incessantly active all his life. Preston has reason to be proud of him as a citizen. He was vestryman, guardian, improvement commissioner, and town councillor. Many of the improvements in the town, and notably the beautiful walks by the side of the Ribble, were effected by him. He erected no less than eight drinking-fountains in different parts of the town. He visited the poorest parts, distributed chaff-beds to the destitute in hard winters,

and efficiently organized relief in hard times, notably during the cotton famine. At that time he worked for more than three years without intermission. The committee, of which he was the life and soul, expended £131,000, and issued 5,141,418 relief-tickets. It was a gigantic undertaking, and was so managed as to secure the praise of visitors from all parts of the world. Soon after his marriage, he started a Sunday-school for adults, and carried it on for seven years at his own expense. He commenced the Mechanics' Institute at Preston. In 1866, the Preston Bank suspended payment, and all chance of its resuscitation was deemed hopeless. Livesey saw the misery and ruin that would ensue to many families, and though he himself had only five shares in it, persuaded the shareholders that it could be saved. They elected him chairman. He gave himself up entirely to the work for weeks, and finally brought matters through, so that every creditor was paid in full, and the bank re-established on a surer footing. No wonder that he was regarded as "Preston's noblest citizen."

But it was in Temperance reform that he achieved his national fame. Up to 1832 the temperance crusade was against spirits: malt liquors were allowed in moderation. Livesey engaged in the work, but found, by experience, that there would be no safety for the converts unless the pledge was one of total abstinence from all alcoholic liquor; and, in spite of strong opposition, he resolved to move in the matter. On Thursday, August 23rd, 1832, John King was passing his shop in Church Street; he called him in, and they two signed a pledge of total abstinence. On the following Saturday week, September 1st, a special meeting of the society was called to discuss the proposed innovation, and after warm debate five others joined the first two in the new pledge, and they became an enthusiastic band of workers. They had a teetotal car built, and travelled in it, from village to village, and from town to town, holding meetings. Preston was divided into twenty-eight districts, each under a captain, with visitors under him, to persuade the druukards to sign the pledge, and to "nurse" the converts until they were strong enough to go alone. Dicky Turner, a drunken fish-hawker and plasterer, was one of these converts. He came into a temperance-meeting drunk, and before he left he signed the pledge. He was a quaint, humorous speaker, and originated the word "teetotal" during one of his speeches, Livesey crying out, amid great cheering, "That shall be the name."

The labours which Livesey and his companions undertook in almost all the great towns of Lancashire, in their crusade against druukeness, were Herculean. They went to London, and inaugurated the "total abstinence" movement there, amid much opposition from the orthodox temperance folk. But Livesey felt he had the truth on his side, and nothing would daunt him. He lived to see his view triumphant. *Total abstinence from intoxicants is the only safe course for a drunkard, and is the course which a view of the havoc wrought on others by drink should dictate to every Christian.*

Livesey's wife died in 1869, at the age of seventy-three: he himself survived till September 2nd, 1884, when, at the age of 90, he passed peacefully to rest, in the presence of his sons and other members of the family. Ten thousand people in the streets of Preston uncovered their

heads as his remains were carried to the grave. He had spent his energetic life in labour for the poor, and for the lost ; and he left a wide-spread blessing behind him. The reformation he lived for is progressing to-day more rapidly than ever. May the time soon come when every Christian minister, every Christian teacher, every Christian man and woman, shall throw the whole force of example upon the side of abstinence from the drink, which is the greatest curse of our country!

D.

"A Burdensome Stone."

THE wildest legends of the mediæval times usually contain within them an incrustation of fable, a precious germ of truth. Here is one which strikes us. A certain noble lady of Assisi had quitted her father's house by stealth, and had become a Franciscan. Her little sister Agnes, ten or eleven years of age, filled with love to her sister, and burning with religious fervour, followed her into her seclusion. Naturally enough, the parents could not endure that a second child should be lost to their home. They gathered together a company of armed men, attacked the sisters' retreat with rude violence, and tore the child away despite her tears and entreaties. As she would not accompany them of her own will, they began to drag her away by main force. Friends were helpless even to attempt a rescue ; but the story tells us that she suddenly became heavy as lead in the arms of her captors, so that they could not carry her further, and were obliged to let her lie upon the ground. Despite their united efforts, she seemed to have become immovable, and they were compelled to leave her in the wood. When they were all gone, the child joyfully arose, and returned to her sister, never to be separated again.

Strip the whole story of its unnaturalness, and its superstitious wonders, and you see what God does for his children when sin would make them its prey. At first the world would fain drag the young convert back to his former ways and pleasures. It comes with the rude force of persecution or temptation, and attempts to make a captive of one who has fled from it. When the young convert is utterly unwilling to be seduced from his consecration to his Lord, it is not long before he becomes "as a burdensome stone" to those who would bear him away. There is a weight of character, a solidity of grace, a sobriety of thought, and possibly a strangeness of manner about him, which is too much for them. He is not good company: even as a target for their jests he is a failure. They do not understand the reason, but they quit their hopeless work. Henceforth they admit the reality of the religion which at first they ridiculed as a temporary fancy. Right gladly delivered from the further solicitations of the worldly, the convert returns to his brethren, and rejoices in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free.—C. H. S.

Faith Looking into the Barrel of Meal.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

“NO contributions for the work have come to Westwood for the last three weeks.” Since about £400 per week is needed for all our institutions, this was not an encouraging piece of news when it came to me at Mentone. Yet my heart was not in the least cast down thereby, for it is stayed upon God. There is no doubt that while I am away for rest the contributions to the various works are almost suspended, and this makes it somewhat of a trial to take a holiday, even when it is needed ; but it will never do for faith to depend upon longitude and latitude, or the particular country in which a man happens to be. If these institutions are of God, he will support them. He has done so in a remarkable way for many years, and he is the same to-day as he has been. If our trust for these labours of love is really upon the Lord, he is just as able to supply their needs when Spurgeon is at Mentone as when he is in London. Therefore, faith ought not to be affected one way or the other by a circumstance which is not vital to her confidence.

Mr. Gough tells a story of an old woman, which is much to the point. A horse ran away with a wagon in which she was seated, and she was in great danger, but she was rescued. She was asked how she felt when the horses ran away. “Well,” said she, “I hardly know how I felt. You see, at first I trusted in Providence ; but when the harness broke I gave up all hope.” Just so, we are all apt to rely upon God while the leather holds together : we trust him as long as the money comes in.

“Yes,” says one, “it is easy to trust in the Lord when we have cash in hand.” That is precisely the opposite of my belief: for where there is substance for sight to rest upon, where is the room for faith ? No ; *faith* is not easy when all goes well. It is more possible to trust when the outward means fail us ; then indeed we *must* trust, for no other course is open to us. To the strong believer it is even easier to trust when all visible helps are gone than at any other time, just as it is better to swim in deep waters than where one is entangled with the weeds of the river-bed. The less there is for sight the more is there for faith. So that I do not look upon a time of depression as an ill time for faith. It is the hour of her trial, it is true, but it is also the period of her victory, and her consequent strengthening.

The evil one whispers, “Suppose no funds should come in, what would become of the orphans, the students, the evangelists, the colporteurs, &c.?” But he does not dare to do more than whisper, for after my long experience of the divine goodness, even the devil has not the face to press the suggestion home. “THE LORD WILL PROVIDE” is so plain and positive a promise that I am enabled to say, “Get thee behind me, Satan.”

As a contrast to this diabolical insinuation, I can remember when I communed with my own heart in some such fashion as this. What memorable days those were when I trusted in the Lord in times of great straits, and he sent me large sums in the most extraordinary manner. I am grateful that there has been a long period of peace and plenty

since those glorious, trying days; but still, those were seasons to be remembered, for the Lord was very near me, distinctly answering my prayers, and working salvation for his servant in the midst of the earth. Then I went from trial to trial, as when a giant steps from Alp to Alp; or rather, the Lord bare me as on eagle's wings, and made me to wonder at the greatness of his goodness. Now I journey by way of the plain, and I delight to be led in the green pastures; yet I cannot forget when he did make me to ride on the high places of the earth. Will he try me again, and again make me to see his arm made bare? Even so; thus let it be if it seemeth good in his sight.

I now remember that soliloquy, and I think it possible that it may be a prophecy of ebb-tides, and waning moons. If so, I will count it all joy, and triumph in the wonders of the right hand of the Most High. Then the Lord will be seen. He will not suffer his servant's faith or his own promise to fail. He will astonish our heart with fresh proofs of his presence and his faithfulness.

So far as I know my own heart, I undertook the conduct of these works with no desire but the glory of God. I have no personal ends to serve; certainly I have nothing to gain of a pecuniary kind, but much of heavy responsibility to bear. It was no choice of mine to involve myself in so much service; but each work was forced upon me, as I believed, directly by the God of providence. For the carrying out of these enterprises the best of friends and helpers have been raised up, and all have worked together in a manner so harmonious that it is a sort of miracle of concord. The means have been forthcoming in sufficient abundance until now, and that without issuing appeals in the newspapers, such as we see every day at this time. Other establishments have had to run into debt, but we have never owed any man anything. Yet we have no pledged subscribers, and we know not where to look for any regular amounts. Surely, as the birds of heaven are fed, so are these institutions; and as the lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, and yet excel Solomon in all his glory, so do we rejoice in faith, and enjoy a plenty which others know not.

Thus, in the name of God I set up my banner. It strikes me forcibly that, while I am writing these lines, and breathing a prayer over them, the Lord is at work with certain of his stewards, moving them to help me to support my students, whom I seek to train for preaching the sure word of the kingdom; and to feed the orphans, who gather in their hundreds at the table at Stockwell. In any case, I hereby use the one means which I judge to be allowed me: I inform the Lord's people that there is need of their aid, and I plead with the Lord himself. He will supply all my needs, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus. "*In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.*"

P.S.—A fortnight after writing the above lines I read them in print, and added these words—*The Lord has met my faith already, and is doing so day by day.* BLESSED BE HIS NAME!

Outward Bound.

BY HARRY H. DRIVER.

"A GOOD companion is half the journey." Travelling by steamer for six weeks is bad enough at best; but if loneliness be added to other ills it is worse than ever. It often happens that the society aboard is the least agreeable part of the voyage to a lover of the Lord; for the majority of the passengers find their pleasure in drinking, and card-playing. But if one has a congenial companion, the joys of the journey are enhanced and its miseries mitigated; the distressing tedium is beguiled, and the wearisome monotony broken. Two are certainly better than one, in this case. I reckoned myself highly favoured, therefore, when it fell to my lot to share a cabin in the *Liguria* with the President's honoured son, Thomas Spurgeon, returning, like a warrior enriched with spoil, or a bee laden with honey, to the scene of his ministry for Christ. I had learned to admire and love him long before I was privileged to enjoy so intimately his sweet society. His kindly aid had been in great measure the means of my admission to College, and I had ample reason to praise the Lord for directing his way to Auckland. This made me all the more pleased to accompany him on his return, after a brief holiday at home, to the land of his adoption. God grant that his influence for good there may be wider and deeper than ever! His home-friends, I am sure, will heartily echo the wish. Those who listened to his glowing utterances with such delight, will now plead that his testimony to the truth of God, beneath the Southern Cross, may be abundantly blessed. If driven by the surliness of the English climate to seek sunnier regions, it must gladden those who lament most his absence to know that he bears the everlasting gospel with him, and in fair lands, far remote from home, proclaims the same glorious truths as his father.

We sped along from Plymouth to Melbourne with little happening day by day worthy of note. The Bay of Biscay, where we feared the roughest weather, was surprisingly smooth. At Cape St. Vincent the first news of our progress was flashed along the wires to London. Our journey across the blue and tideless Mediterranean was the most varied and interesting part of the whole trip. We glided noiselessly along the Canal, where our Christmas was spent, as my able companion has already told you. The longest unbroken part of the voyage lay between Suez and Adelaide. Little to arouse interest occurred as we ploughed the trackless deep, yet every mile of the way was marked by mercy. Fair skies were arched above us, calm seas rippled and sparkled around us, and cool breezes fanned us even in the hottest latitudes. The God, in whose spacious palm the ocean lies, and who curbs the wild and wanton winds, guided our course. Prayers rising from loving hearts on either side the globe warded off all likely ill, and won for us all needed good. Answered prayers should now be turned into adoring praises. Thoughtful intercession should be exchanged for cheerful thanksgiving. If we have one alabastron of ointment of greater perfume than all the rest, let it be broken over his feet, whose gracious care has shielded us so long.

Forty days from Plymouth brought us to Adelaide, our first Australian port of call, and right glad were we to get ashore. After being, like our Lord, "forty days in the wilderness" (though ours, unlike his, was a waste of waters), we were rejoiced to find that, as in his case, angels came and ministered unto us. Some of these succourers were in the form of friends whose heartiness and kindness were worthy of all praise, some in the form of letters laden with longed-for news. We had only a few hours ashore, but we compressed into them the experience of many an ordinary week. Our appetite for tidings of the work in Auckland had been sharpened by our long and enforced fast, and we devoured with great avidity the lengthy letters that came to greet the returning pastor. There was much to surprise, much to please us. Best of all, the

cause was prospering, and the people eager to welcome back their youthful preacher.

Two days later we landed at Melbourne, having finished the first and longest stage of our journey. We were lovingly welcomed by Pastor John Downing, one of "our men," who is "holding the fort" at Williamstown, one of the ports of this Southern London. Next evening we held our first prayer-meeting ashore, at Pastor W. C. Bunning's, whose work at West Melbourne is thriving and flourishing under the Master's smile. It was a memorable season of blended prayer and praise, and put our hearts in tune for sacred service on the approaching Sabbath. After six unhappy Sabbaths afloat, it was a treat to have a Sabbath ashore. The sanctuary seemed doubly dear because we had been denied its privileges so long. Pastor Spurgeon preached in the morning at West Melbourne, and in the evening at Collins' Street to large audiences, which were glad to hear his familiar voice once more. His fame in this great city is well established, and many faithful friends gathered to hear "the gospel of the grace of God," so eloquently uttered by his lips.

The day following we crossed Bass's Straits for the fair and fertile island of Tasmania, where we saw Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, who had travelled with us, safely settled in their new sphere. Passing through the Rip, where the waters seethe, and swirl, and eddy, in a most wonderful fashion, we entered the open sea to be tossed about most distressingly in a small steamer. Our equanimity was greatly disturbed, and we suffered more from *mal de mer* during this short trip than during all the rest of our way. After winding some forty miles up the river Tamar, admiring the scenery on either bank, we reached Launceston, where many loyal friends hailed us, and whence we soon started for Native Point, the lovely home of W. Gibson, Esq. It is the princely liberality of this good friend and his family which has aided our cause so grandly in this new land. His noble generosity has erected three large tabernacles, each of which "dear son Tom" has had the honour of opening; has built school-rooms and manses, has defrayed the travelling expenses of several pastors, and aided in their support, and has not yet reached its limits. Mr. Gibson is ever scheming fresh outlets for his consecrated wealth, and designing houses of prayer for growing townships. May the Lord richly repay him for his generous help! His munificence has given the Baptists of Tasmania a splendid opportunity of gaining a firm foothold here, and of doing valiant service for Jesus. If wise, they will not miss this flood-tide which promises to bear them on to fortune. It were a thousand pities if such a chance should slip away unimproved. Such liberal aid ought to fire the energies of all, and lead to united activity. So warm is Mr. Gibson's admiration for the President and his son that all the men now in the field have been selected from those disciplined at the Pastors' College. May they have grace to maintain the reputation of their *alma mater*, and exercise a ministry of ever-widening usefulness in this land! Its future, with all its grand and varied resources, depends much on the pastors who at present occupy its pulpits. We trust they will mould its destinies ably and wisely. May they arouse the colonists from their appalling apathy as to religion, and diffuse those principles of righteousness which alone can ennoble any people! God speed them in their task!

Our stay amid the beauties of Native Point was exceedingly pleasant. The garden all ablaze with flowers of richest hue, the orchard attractive with its abundance of fruit, the ample river flowing in front of the house, the magnificent ranges of blue mountains encircling the whole scene in the dim distance, were enough to delight visitors far more fastidious than ourselves. It was to us no surprise that weary ministers should be glad to retire to this healthful retreat, and enjoy the hospitality of its generous occupants. Yet none are ever more heartily welcomed than Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who is regarded, by the Baptists, as Bishop of Tasmania. This visit, we said, was like an archiepiscopal confirmation of the churches; and though there was less of ceremony there was more of heartiness than often attends a bishop's advent. It was but

a passing call; yet seeds of truth were freely scattered and entrusted to the care of the great Husbandman.

The first church visited was that at Deloraine, where Pastor Harry Wood has laboured for the last few months with great acceptance and success. The notice of our coming was only scanty, but the diligent pastor had advertised it well by bills, headed "Look here!" "Spread this news!" and thus a capital congregation was gathered in the beautiful tabernacle. The weather was superb, the loveliest of fleecy clouds had flecked the sky, and the brightest rays of a summer sun had been poured upon the scene during the day, while the evening was clear, calm, and cool. "Son Tom's" sermon on Matthew v. 20, "Except your righteousness," &c., was listened to with most rapt attention and evident relish by country folk who had hung upon his lips before. May many be led by his telling words to abandon all self-righteousness, and wrap their guilty souls in the robe of unsullied purity woven by the skilful hands of our Lord Jesus! We regret that Brother Wood is leaving this lovely township, for the people rally heartily round him, and his work is crowned with blessing. Yet he feels that his energies are cramped in so narrow a sphere, and therefore he has accepted an invitation to Woolloomooloo, near Sydney, where his abilities will find wider scope. This flock in the wilderness will then be shepherdless—the Lord keep them united, and quickly send a pastor selected by himself!

Sunday, February 1st, was spent in holy activities. In the morning Pastor Spurgeon preached at Perth, the scene of Brother Cooper's future ministry. His theme was aptly chosen and ably handled. From Proverbs xi. 30, he showed that he was wise who sought to win souls, and that he must be wise who would succeed in that heavenly enterprise; nor did he fail to direct his skill towards winning some himself for the Master. The word was fitly spoken and highly valued. It was peculiarly appropriate to the pastor just entering on his new work, and to the many labourers for Christ with whom this little church is blessed. In the evening a visit was paid to the Launceston Tabernacle, which was opened by Mr. Spurgeon on his way to England. It was thronged in every part, and many were unable to find room. The preacher expounded the two facts and the two acts of the 2 Cor. v. 21 with his wonted clearness and effectiveness. We rejoice to learn of the steady progress of the work here under the cultured ministry of Pastor Bird. The church is gradually growing, believers are edified, sinners are saved, and the pastor is full of hope for the future. We are assured that he is the right man to occupy this prominent position, and if his work is not attended by the fevered excitement that some enkindle, it will stand the test of time, and prove to be faithfully done. Thoughtful believers, who wish to be taught more thoroughly in the things of God, delight in our brother's ministry, while it is so saturated with the gospel that the unsaved find it reaches their hearts. None relished "son Tom's" utterances of Sunday evening with keener zest than the pastor himself; and this indicated his yearning desire for the conversion of his hearers.

The greatest event of our visit was the recognition service of Mr. J. R. Cooper as pastor, at Perth. He and his young bride had already been happily ensconced in the snug and cosy manse hard by the sanctuary, and the keynote of his ministry had been struck on Sunday evening, in his sermon on 1 Cor. i. 22—25; but it was well that pastor and people should meet in a social manner to make each other's acquaintance. And what a meeting it was! Friends came from far to share the joy, and the little chapel was densely packed. On the platform were no fewer than six Pastors' College men—a number such as rarely meets together on a colonial platform, and enough to ensure a lively meeting. Mr. Gibson, jun., presided admirably, and having, in few words, introduced the pastor-elect, Mr. Cooper told of his conversion, his call to the ministry, and of the divine leadings that had induced him to come to Perth. We then referred to the Lord's command to Moses respecting Joshua, "encourage him," and urged the church to encourage its new pastor. He

might, like Moses' successor, have the Spirit resting on him, and be brave, experienced, and faithful, yet to lead such a host, to fight such enemies, and to possess such a land, he would need all the aid of his people. Brother Bird, Mr. Cooper's nearest neighbour, at present, assured him of the warmth and sincerity of the church's welcome. Brother Wood regarded the pastor as happy in getting such a church, and the church happy in getting such a pastor. Brother Harrison (who shortly sets off for the home-land) urged the need of a baptism of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Thomas Spurgeon crowned a meeting full of enthusiasm by a fervid address, based on a pithy saying of Arnot's, that "every family should be a little church, and every church should be a large family." A heartier meeting is seldom held, even at the Tabernacle, where the fire burns with so ruddy a glow; and it was hearty only because the self-same Spirit that animates the workers at Newington deigned to exert his precious power at Perth as well. To God be all the praise that Brother Cooper has begun his work under the happiest of auspices. Success attend him!

Earth's purest joys are of brief duration, and the time came all too soon for us to quit the glories of Native Point, and travel further. Before we parted, however, we had a delightful season of prayer in the home. A gracious Providence had drawn us, by unseen cords, from the ends of the earth, and as we united in pleading for blessing on ourselves and the church of God everywhere,

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

It soothed the sorrow of separation from valued friends to unclasp hands in the Lord's presence while commending each other to his loving care. The memory of that joyful meeting will long cheer and refresh us. It was a drink of the brook by the way.

The railway that took us from Launceston, on the north, to Hobart, on the south of the island, would have startled "new chums." How it twisted, and curled, and curvetted! What sharp bends and long sweeps it took in winding its way through the heart of a mountainous country! In the whole distance of 120 miles we passed through but one tunnel; and the engineer of this wonderful line has never yet forgiven himself for not avoiding that also. Here and there we passed tiny townships, the *embryos*, perchance, of future cities. Here and there were russet fields of ripened grain, ready for the reaper. Here and there were plots of cultivated land, rescued from the shaggy forest, while all around them was rough and untamed. *En route* we passed Lake Tiberias, a reedy marsh. We crossed the Jordan, a slender stream, and called at Jerusalem, a young but growing settlement. At length, after a jolt of six hours, we reached Hobart, the capital of Tasmania, and were welcomed by our good host, Dr. Benjafield, and Pastor M'Cullough. This faithful brother, after a successful pastorate at Longford, began a new cause in this city of 30,000 souls, and has worked it up with praiseworthy perseverance. For the past year the hardy infant church has met in a wooden structure—whose strength and beauty may be guessed from the fact that it was run up in four days. City wits dubbed it a "shedifice;" we would rather call it a "soul-trap," for many have there been caught for Jesus. Yet no one weeps because the rude building is now being dismantled, and that a substantial stone school-room is to be occupied in its stead. With these vastly augmented facilities for service we wish the pastor "good luck in the name of the Lord." Mr. Gibson, jun., has generously paid for the splendid site, which cost £850, and is helping also the building fund. It is hoped that a Tabernacle, to seat 1,000, and to cost several thousand pounds, will also soon adorn the site. Pastor Spurgeon addressed large audiences in the Town Hall, on Sunday, February 8th,—in the morning from Acts ii. 47: "And the Lord added to the church daily," and in the evening from Matthew xxii. 42: "What think ye of Christ?" Next evening a hearty prayer-meeting was held in the parlour of Dr. Benjafield's home, when Mr. Spurgeon urged each believer to aim at soul-winning, and the whole church to be enterprising

in the formation of mission-stations. These are much needed in new colonies where a few people are scattered over a wide area. The newly-formed Baptist Union here has done well to engage a colporteur to visit the lonely dwellers in the bush, and Mr. Lake, who arrived lately, seems likely to do much good. Would that the land were blessed with many such as he! It is due from the churches in the centres of population to send the Word of life to the most isolated inhabitants of the country. We are glad that an effort to do this is being made.

The evening before we resumed our journey to Auckland, Mr. Spurgeon exhibited John Ploughman's Pictures, in aid of the Hobart Tabernacle building fund. The first attempt to do this had proved a vexatious failure, for the gas leaked away, and the audience had to disperse. They bore the disappointment, however, with surprising good-humour, and came in greater numbers next evening. The views were only dimly seen then, owing to defective apparatus and inexperienced management, but the racy readings were well rendered and much appreciated. Loud and long was the applause when John himself appeared on the screen, or his good wife, or the Tabernacle. "Son Tom" entertained and edified the Hobartonianians, and deepened, if that were possible, their interest in his father, and the various agencies that cluster round the church over which he presides. The mishaps that annoyed the lecturer only drew forth their sympathies more fully. They admire his abilities, and love him for his loyalty to Christ.

We steam away from this beautiful city to-night, and hope to reach Auckland on the 23rd. A meeting to welcome the returning pastor, and to bid a farewell to Mr. Rice, his *locum tenens*, has been arranged for that date. We look backward with gratitude, forward with hopefulness. So far, so good. We thank God and take courage. Hitherto his mercy has guided and guarded us. He will not fail us now, but bring us safely to the haven where we would be. *Au revoir.*

Our readers will be glad to know that "Son Tom" received a very hearty welcome at Auckland, and recommences his work there under the happiest auspices. We hope that Mr. Driver will be seized upon by some colonial church, and used of the Lord for his glory. It is no small pleasure to see our distant colonies welcoming our College men so heartily.—Ed.

Dashing against the Light.

"IT is said that a hundred thousand birds fly against the lights of the light-houses along the Atlantic coast of the United States, and are killed annually." So says a slip cut from this morning's newspaper. We need not be afraid in these excited times that captious cavillers will put out our hope. The dark wild birds of the ocean keep coming forth from the mysterious caverns; they seem to hate the glitter of the lenses. They continue to dash themselves upon the thick panes of glass in the windows. But they usually end by beating their wings to pieces on the unyielding crystal till they fall dead in the surf rolling below. Not a ray of brightness has been dimmed, not one ship in the offing has been lured into peril. All that we have to do is to keep the lamps trimmed in the Lord's lantern.—From "*Sermons on Neglected Texts*," by Charles S. Robinson, D.D.

A Word in Season to Nonconformists.*

SECOND PAPER.

IN a former paper we have seen how our author shows that the pleas for the Establishment, on the ground of the liberty she possesses, and the help she affords to the people, are, if not false, yet mistaken, and belied by her past and present doings. But these by no means exhaust the arguments by which it is hoped to bolster up a condemned institution. The ardent admirer of the Establishment, oftener swayed by his sentiment than by logic, when compelled to confess the failure of the so-called National Church to meet the religious needs of the people, will fly for refuge to the statement that, even if all that is asserted be true, still there is no injustice done to other religious bodies. Again and again we have heard it asserted with triumphant air, that her property is her own, and her revenue the outcome of private gift; that no one is taxed for her support, and that her adherents alone have the right, therefore, to complain. But what do honest Churchmen and ecclesiastics who know say? Dr. Hatch, of Oxford, writing in "The Contemporary Review" for September, 1883, on "The Origin of Tithes," says, "Whatever points of uncertainty may still exist as to the history of their enactment, the purposes to which they were to be devoted are so clearly stated as to be beyond question. Not once or twice only, and not within a narrow area of either time or place, but repeatedly, for several centuries, and in almost all decrees, or exhortations, in which tithes are mentioned, the rule was laid down, that, like all other offerings to the Church, they were to be used for the benefit, not only of the clergy, but of the poor. . . . Whatever the basis of division that was adopted, the share of the poor was never omitted, and it was always equal to that of the clergy. The more, however, that the divine right of tithes came to be insisted on, the more did the clergy come to regard them, not as trust-funds to be administered for the benefit of their flocks, but as *private professional income*; and in our own country, at any rate, *the State has been compelled to supply the place of this original poor fund by independent and often onerous taxation.*" This language, from such an authority, is unmistakable; the whole nation irrespective of belief, or no belief, is compelled by law to make up the deficiency which is caused because the clergy have embezzled the funds which originally belonged to the poor!! The truth is, "the great bulk of the Church property was obtained directly from the State. The tithe system was created by the State; and a large proportion of the other resources of the Establishment has been appropriated to its use directly by the action of the State." Hence the State has always dictated the conditions on which the property has been held, and regulated and controlled its administration. No free church that was supported by the spontaneous gifts of its members would brook interference such as this; but the pauper sect, dubbed the Church of England, which is sustained by the compulsory taxation of the other sects, submits to it, because it is the only way by which it can secure its existence, viz., by injustice to all other religionists. The effect upon the rank and file of Episcopalianism is very disastrous. The Nemesis of injustice to others is spiritual injury to ourselves. The clergy being supported by State pay makes the people altogether indifferent to liberality. On this latter point, Dr. Ryle said, "When I know what Nonconformists are doing, and when I see the wealth of the Church of England, I cannot but think how little is given by Churchmen for religious objects, and the cause of Christ."

Springing out of this, too, and lamented by many of the devoutest souls in her ranks, is the shameful scandals of the sale of livings, and the terrible lying and perjury which the clergy commit in connection therewith. Will it be believed that the gospel of Christ can be helped by the sight of the presentation to a benefice being advertised for sale, and being sold across the counter, or in the auction-room? A few years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to

* "The Case for Disestablishment." A Handbook of Facts and Arguments in Support of the Claim for Religious Equality. Liberation Society.

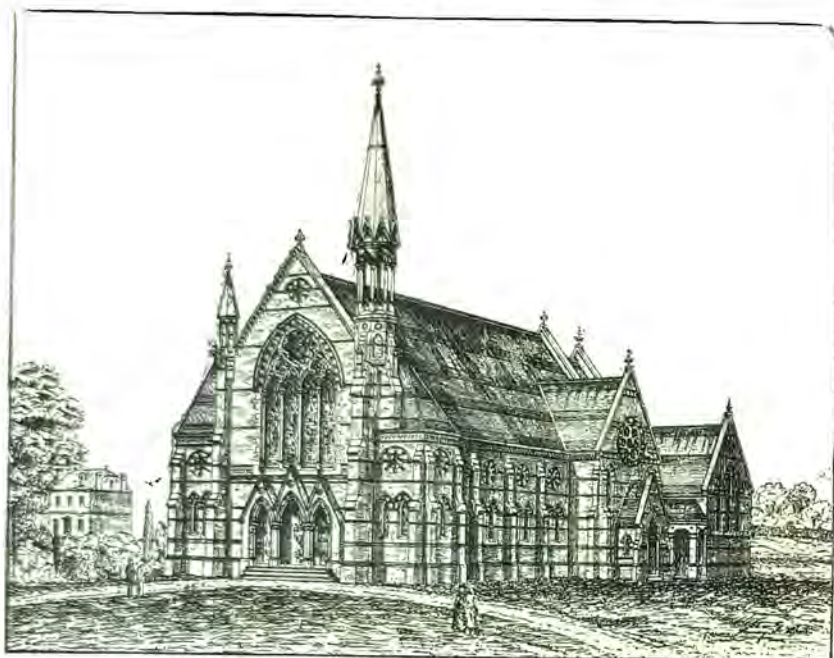
inquire into the sale of livings. The Blue-book holding the evidence obtained is now printed. One of the principal agents in these commercial transactions gave evidence that "Three-fourths of the patrons with whom I have come in contact, and among them clergymen of the highest standing, do not recognise any moral crime in an infraction of the law of simony, and the consequence is that they freely and unhesitatingly sell and purchase livings *without regarding it as any sin!*" Pressed by the Bishop of Peterborough, who enquired, "These moral clergymen, who first of all ask you to break the law, then take an oath that they have not broken the law?" he answered, "Yes;" whereupon the bishop replied, "So that every one of these clergymen of high standing and of high moral character, *has been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.*" But this, outrageous as it is, is not the worst of the enormities springing from the system. The same Bishop of Peterborough gave evidence to show that a man, having once purchased a living, could compel the bishop to institute him, however unfit he might be for the discharge of his duties. He said, "The first case I had to deal with was that of a paralytic, in my judgment incapable of performing the duties of the parish. The second was a man who, some years previously, had been a notorious drunkard, who was instituted to a parish within four miles of the scene of his previous drunkenness, which made him notorious, and created a great scandal. The last case was that of a man who was obliged to resign his chaplaincy to a gaol because he dare not face the accusation of having been guilty of unnatural vice. That man was presented to a living by his father-in-law, who was a solicitor. He came into my study, and I told him that I was morally certain of the facts—and he did not venture to deny them. I told him that I would endure anything rather than institute him. Happily for me, the man was respectably married, and feared to bring shame upon his family, and would not face a public trial, and he went away. *But I was told that I could not legally have prevented his receiving institution.*" As we read these testimonies out of the mouth of episcopal dignitaries, we sicken with disgust, and wonder what has come to the religion of Jesus Christ, when a Nero, or a Judas Iscariot, or any man adrip with vice and known enormity, can become a minister in the Establishment, only he can muster money enough to buy a living. Could infidelity desire a stronger ally than this?

It is the fruit of the Church's connection with the State, not the accidents, but the logical results of it, that make us long for the time when the Church shall be free from the scandals and withering effects of the Establishment. In losing the patronage of the State she will gain her spiritual liberty; she will be cast, not upon the whims and tastes of statesmen, but upon the unchanging power of God. She will remove from the fair name of Jesus the foulest stain that has ever disfigured it, and once for all make it manifest that he is Head over all things to the Church. Take away the State support and prestige, and you will remove the attraction to the hireling, and to the Romanist in disguise, who will then go "to their own place." You will remove the remaining injustice that makes fraternity with all other sections of the true Church so difficult, and answer the prayer of the Master, "That they all may be one."

It is to this end we must work, for this we must pray; in the strength of this we must insist upon those who represent us in the Senate having an opinion upon this question. As Nonconformists, we have stood by long enough, and been quiet that we might not hinder the nation's work. But inaction any longer would be treason to our Lord, upon whose name dishonour comes daily through this State alliance. "The King's business requireth haste," and from every true servant of Christ there must go up the cry,—The things that are Cæsar's shall be rendered to Cæsar, *but the things that are God's to God alone.*

Let those who have influence read and study the capital hand-book of facts and arguments which we mention in the footnote, and also introduce it to others; and when the question comes to the front at the polling-booths, let us be consistent, and insist on our representatives being sound and right on this question.

H. O. M.



New Baptist Chapel for Carshalton and Wallington, Surrey.

IN the delightful suburb of Carshalton the Tabernacle Country Mission commenced working for the Lord in the open-air several years ago. Our brethren are ever ready to begin missions, and hand them over to others when they grow to a respectable size. This is true self-denial. Next a room was taken, and when the congregation more than filled it, the Public Hall was rented. The growth was steady, and under the pastorate of Mr. Jasper, the church has become one hundred strong. The need of a building of their own meets them at every turn. Now comes the tug of war. A suitable piece of ground has been taken, and some £3,000 will now be needed wherewith to erect a chapel worthy of such a neighbourhood. No doubt the Croydon church, under Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, will gladly lend considerable aid; but the work to be done will need large help from all lovers of the gospel.

We take a deep interest in this church, for it is the direct fruit of work done both by our earnest lay evangelists and by our students. It is a fruitful scion of the old stock, and is planted in a region where, by the divine blessing, it must prosper. It is to the last degree important that these growing suburbs, soon to be great towns, should at once be occupied by gospel churches.

Dr. Williams's Library.

AMONG the public libraries of London, that founded by the late Dr. Daniel Williams is specially intended for Nonconformist pastors; and as arrangements are now made by which ministers may take books to their own homes, we think that one section of our readers will thank us for bringing the institution before their notice. No London minister should be short of literature while such a treasure-house is near.

First, a word about Dr. Williams himself, who from very humble beginnings at his birthplace, Wrexham, in Denbighshire, rose to be a leader among the Nonconformists, as well as their benefactor. Of his family connections and early youth little or nothing appears to be known beyond the fact that he was enabled to pursue his studies until he was nineteen years of age, when he became recognized as a preacher among the English Presbyterians. This was three years after the Restoration, and abortly after the ejection of the two thousand Bartholomew confessors of 1662. The prospect was so dark in England that Mr. Williams, some years later, turned his face towards Ireland, where he became chaplain to the Countess of Meath, and pastor of a church in Dublin. There he married his first wife, who, being of an honourable family, possessed an ample fortune. Leaving Ireland on account of the troubles which overshadowed that country on the eve of the Revolution, Dr. Williams settled in London; and by his advice and action he greatly aided the national movement which resulted in the final banishment of King James, and a change of government. He now became pastor of a congregation at Hand Alley, Bishopsgate; and while there he also took his turn with Richard Baxter and others in preaching the Merchants' Lecture at Pinners' Hall, until the theological disputes occasioned by the publication of Dr. Crisp's works wrought a division among the preachers.

Speaking of Dr. Williams's preaching, Wilson, a very trustworthy authority, assures us that his sermons "were admirably adapted to answer the great end of preaching, usefulness to the souls of men." The historian of the London churches then adds: "He preached for many years on a Christmas-day to a vast concourse of young people, and was the instrument of good to many. In the exercise of his ministry he studied to approve himself faithful, and was a strenuous asserter of the grace of God. He seldom closed a sermon without a particular address to the conscience. The same love to his Master's interest which inspired him with so much zeal in his ministerial work, made him a warm encourager of the sons of the prophets, and he was a candid as well as a faithful friend to younger ministers."

A philanthropist by instinct, Dr. Williams devoted his property to a large number of charitable objects; but the most cherished of his aims in this direction was to found a library in London for the use of successive generations of Nonconformist ministers. He not only bequeathed his own collection, but gave nearly £600 for the books of Dr. Bates, and these, with the additions since made, now number at least thirty thousand volumes, besides one thousand manuscripts. The original building erected for the reception of the books was opened in Redcross Street in 1729; but this having been removed about twenty years ago by the constructors of the Metropolitan Railway, the new library will be found in Grafton Street, a few yards from Gower Street Station. With the exception of the month of August, and a week at Christmas and Whitsuntide, the institution is open from Monday to Friday, inclusive, throughout the year to all comers who are properly introduced to the Librarian.

Among the manuscripts are found a number of letters penned by Richard Baxter, and the original minutes of the Westminster Assembly. In a greater degree than is desirable, the heterodox schools of theology are represented in Dr. Williams's library; but the reader who has judgment to direct his choice will there find one of the richest collections of sound divinity in the country.

Notices of Books.

My Sermon-Notes. A selection from outlines of discourses delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle by C. H. SPURGEON. From Ecclesiastes to Malachi. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price 2s. 6d.

THE second half-crown volume of "My Sermon-Notes" is now ready. Friends who have not already purchased the former part may possibly prefer to have the two portions in one book at 5s. There are 129 outlines in all, and in the judgment of many reviewers these are so full and extensive that they can be fashioned into many discourses. For our occasional preachers, and for brethren whose libraries are scanty, these sermon-frameworks have been published, and we earnestly pray that they may find them helpful.

The Mysteries of God: a Series of Expositions of Holy Scripture. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

IN this volume Mr. Gosse deals chiefly with the deep things of God, and opens "dark sayings of old." Those who know his large acquaintance with nature, and his profound reverence for the Word of the Lord, will be glad to read his gracious protests against the modern notion that Science is to sit upon the judgment-seat, and call Revelation to her bar. Mr. Gosse is severely unyielding upon this point, and this is the only attitude which a loyal servant of our God can rightly take up.

We are always instructed by what Mr. Gosse has to say, whether we accept his opinions or not. In this case we feel free to differ in many instances, and to appreciate his book none the less. Being heartily at one with him on the plain truths of the Word, we are the more free to say that we do not believe in that view of "the Rapture" which he seems to hold, neither do we think that Melchizedek was literally an appearance of the Son of God, nor do we see much in his expectation of the planets being colonized by mankind. His theory of Geology, which would account for the existence of fossils, is exceedingly ingenious, but we do not think that it is

more than *that*: it has too much the appearance of a fallacy ever to pass current as truth. That it has not been disproved is by no means remarkable, for it occurs to many minds that it is too improbable to need disproving. Still, for our part, we mean to ponder it in our heart, for we know well that many a great truth has at its first appearance been judged to be an absurdity.

Taking the book altogether, we place it among the luxuries of sacred literature. It does not neglect the bread and water of life, but it specially serves out "nuts and almonds," and portions of strong meat. To those whose spiritual senses are in good order, here is a spiritual dessert, as well as a hearty meal. Our author himself gives an outline of his work. "Though the following Expositions cannot be considered as properly consecutive, yet there is a sort of chain which runs through the whole, beginning with the purpose of God in past Eternity, and proceeding to the things promised by him in Eternity to come. The intermediate portions are occupied with the creation, apostasy, and penal death of man, the plan and execution of Redemption; the voluntary humiliation, substitution, and suffering of the Son of God; his Resurrection, and its results; his headship over all Creation; his purgation of his Bride; his priestly presentation of her; and his reception of her to the Eternal Glory."

A System of Christian Doctrine. By Dr. J. A. DORNER, Professor of Theology, Berlin. Translated by Rev. ALFRED CAVE, B.A., Professor of Philosophy, &c., Hackney College; and Rev. J. S. BANKS, Professor of Theology, Wesleyan College, Leeds. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE cannot fail to admire the enterprise of the publishers in the issue of their "Foreign Theological Library." They cater for the book-shelves of the few who can appreciate untiring research, sound scholarship, and judicial discrimination in a department of *letters* which too often lacks the peculiar charm of pure literature; "that blending of the

ornate and the useful which elevates didactic prose to the region of high art." The translators in the present instance have executed a heavy task with so much skill, penetration, and conscientiousness, that they may well share any gratitude due to the author himself for his exhaustive study. They appear to have equally divided their toil, mutually agreed on the plan they should pursue in the choice of representative words, and jointly shared in the responsibility of revision. Of this work, as it now lies before us, complete in four volumes, we feel safe in affirming that it is a masterpiece of theological science, though we should be sorry to endorse all the sentiments and opinions it contains.

It would be hardly fair to dismiss with a few lines of passing remark a treatise of so much brain-power; yet we find it difficult to afford space for an ample digest of so comprehensive a body of divinity. Dr. Dorner was a man of no ordinary calibre; and here, as those better acquainted than ourselves with his earlier essays tell us, we have the ripe fruit of his long and thoughtful life. To our advanced students, we might fairly say that this is a standard contribution to the highest class of mental training. It supplies some singular exercises for men whose wits are smart. The three qualities which we consider requisite for any sound theological essay, designed to circulate widely, are these: solidity, simplicity, and sweetness. The first is the raw material. When supplied with that, as a manufacturer imports cotton in the raw, if you cannot work it up into a good washable fabric, you are worthless to it, or else it is worthless to you. Thought, as we have intimated already, is Dr. Dorner's speciality. Of the language in which it is expressed he is utterly careless. His style is always involved, and never enlivened by imagery. In this respect he was unlike to Jeremy Bentham on Political Economy, or W. E. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, on Budget nights in Parliament. They could, either of them, light up dreary statistics with captivating eloquence. Perhaps his thoughts were so far from being current that he had to coin words to

express them. His criticism is keen, even to intensity. Ideas are analysed, dissected, and their separate parts, or petals, placed, as it were, under a microscope for minute examination. You might open these books as you would enter a museum of natural history. The sections look like cases in which a gradual development is notified. To classify and label them is a remarkable proof of ingenuity. This obviously demands a nomenclature all its own, by no means attractive at the outset to a student, although his eye and his ear will presently grow familiar with the exotic appellatives.

Professor Cave's preface to the first volume is peculiarly interesting. His *resumé* amounts in a certain degree to a review. That volume, however, is a mere fraction of the entire work, which comprises about seventeen hundred and fifty pages of closely-printed matter. Mr. Cave's overture prepares us to listen to Dr. Dorner's oratorio. From the philosophy of Hegel and Kant, supposed at one time by certain cynics to threaten Christianity with annihilation, there springs up a vigorous reaction. Of this elastic movement Schleiermacher may be accepted as the acknowledged leader. Fierce has been the conflict between Neology and Theology among the borderers of the Rhine. Dogma was assailed with the utmost virulence, and it has been defended in turn with valiant prowess. Best known among us, perhaps, of the orthodox school in the Fatherland, are Tholuck, Hagenbach, and Ebrard, with Dr. Dorner conspicuous in the van. Little doubt can linger in the mind of the candid on which side the victory lies. Strange stake! What verdict? Shall it be *status quo ante bellum*? or in plain English, as if nothing had happened? Oh, no! Our chapter of Christian evidences has been enriched by spoils captured from our invaders. The cleverness of the foe has helped us to clearer views of the fundamental principles of our faith. If we rightly remember, it is Canon Westcott who says that "the ancients were giants in Divinity, but children in criticism."

To ourselves the least satisfactory part is to be found in Volume IV., where the sacraments are treated of; because Dr. Dorner accepts the theory

of development—like Neander, and others. A review is not a meet place for refutation. We are pleased with this examination of first principles, since it so nobly defends our Protestant creed : and we are positively certain that there is much fervent heartiness underlying our author's habit of frigid thoughtfulness.

Laws of Christ for Common Life.

By R. W. DALE, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

CHRISTIAN ethics have a strong claim on the devout and intelligent study of all persons who would acquit themselves wisely and well in every relation of life. The doctrines which the gospel emphatically teaches must never be divorced from the duties it strenuously enforces. Could any one of our universities afford to appoint a professor for each theological department, we can well imagine that the "Chair for Casuistry" would be adjudged *nem. con.* to the esteemed author of "Week-day Sermons." His sound and seasonable appeals to the consciences of the men of this generation, jostled about as they are under new and ever-varying conditions of life, can hardly be over-estimated. These papers have most of them appeared before in some of our religious periodicals. So much the better for the book. It is like a gold chain, on every link of which there is the "Hall-mark." Let no one say, "We all know what is right and wrong." If you think so, you deceive yourself; and you need teaching. In this branch of the profession Dr. Dale is a "SPECIALIST." This may sound like measured commendation. As such we mean it. Far be it from us to pick a quarrel with a pastor who may be accounted the pride of Birmingham. By his leave, however, we should like to pose him with a question. Pray, sir, what do you mean by a passage that nestles in the middle of your essay on "the moral principles of Christ generally"? Here it is. "A man may believe in the Nicene Creed, and in the Creed attributed to Athanasius, or in the Confession of Augsburg, or the Confession of the Westminster divines; but if he does not believe in the Sermon on the Mount—believe in it seriously,

as containing the laws which must govern his own life—he has denied the faith, and is in revolt against Christ." Now, any ordinary reader will perceive that the apposition is not apparent on the surface. You might as well say that you prefer Jotham's parable in the book of Judges to Calvin's Institutes. To our idea, there is a vicious irrelevancy in such paragraphs. A keen critic would spot in a moment the inferences that underlie the comparison. Does our author wish to discredit the choicest standards of orthodoxy? Can it be that he revolts against all creeds; amongst them the ancient Catholic creeds, which sound Protestants, with one assent, were willing to accept? We ourselves are jealous of those ancient landmarks. Let us make allowance for a scribe who is sectarian to such a high degree. In the manual he published last year for the benefit of his own denomination, he says, "it is obviously inconsistent with the principles of Congregationalism that any central authority should impose a creed either on the ministers or the members of Congregational churches." Reverting then to the parlance of our nursery, we presume they are all at sixes and sevens. As a matter of fact, we are, perhaps, not particularly wrong in our conjecture. What can you expect if you lack any element of cohesion? Another enquiry appears to us equally pertinent. Why put forward an early discourse of our blessed Redeemer before he had set forth the full purpose of Redemption—or ever he had said, "The Good Shepherd lays down his life for the sheep"—as if the Sermon on the Mount is to be accounted a complete body of divinity? Peradventure Dr. Dale himself may take to heart our very friendly criticism.

Teaching and Teachers; or, the Sunday-school Teacher's teaching-work, and the other work of the Sunday-school Teacher. By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

HEREIN a teacher delivers a lesson to teachers in much the same manner as if they were all boys and girls. He repeats, and emphasises, and illustrates without stint, till the reader feels that he must himself be a little lad, whom some dear, good gentleman is instructing as

to how to teach when he grows into a man. Get over this feeling, and you will feel pleased with Dr. Trumbull's talk; for it is sound, good, practical, and wise. He tells some memorable stories, and in many other ways he helps teachers. This book is so good that every Sunday-school library should contain a copy. It is thoroughly American in tone and style; indeed, the book is, we suppose, American in its actual production, and is simply adapted for our market by its title-page: it is none the worse for that, but in some respects all the fresher. We suggest that Sabbath-school teachers would do a very sensible thing if they were to form classes for the reading of this book aloud. It would bring a thing or two before them which would greatly benefit themselves and their scholars.

The Preacher's Homiletical Commentary. Book of Leviticus. By Rev. W. HARVEY JELLIE. R. D. Dickinson, 89, Farringdon-street.

WE are much mistaken if this does not prove to be one of the best volumes of this series. Some previous issues have been but poorly executed by their commentators; but Mr. Jellie, with the valuable assistance of Mr. Frederick W. Brown, has produced something worth having. Leviticus is a good portion of Scripture for the homiletical expositor, and it has been taken up by many thoughtful writers; and, therefore, Mr. Jellie has had many advantages in his work. He has proved himself equal to his task, so far as any uninspired man can be equal to the exposition of a divine revelation. We place the volume on our shelves with much thankfulness, wishing the publisher a large and rapid sale.

The Messages to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. By Rev. ANDREW TAIT, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a handsome volume. It would be a valuable acquisition to the library of any Christian minister. Of few books on the Apocalypse, or on any part of it, would we venture to speak thus. As our author is not of a speculative turn of mind, his treatise is a safe investment. He seems to have only two prejudices, and they are mild, both of them. One is against

peculiar theories; the other is in favour of popular conceptions. From the field of unfulfilled prophecy he retreats: at least, he prefers not to identify himself with any school of expositors. His historical allusion to the situation and circumstances of the seven cities of Asia Minor, to which the Epistles relate, is graceful and genial, but at the same time it is simple and sparse, as the parsley with which our cooks garnish the dishes at luncheon or supper. He has himself realized the seriousness of his subject as he selected it for special study. There are *words of Jesus*, uttered on the eve of his passion; there are other *words of Jesus*, spoken after his resurrection. Not to either of those, but to the *words of Jesus*, when he has taken his seat on the right hand of the Father, our author asks our attention. Because these are the *last words* that our blessed Lord means to address to churches and communicants gathered in his name, till he comes again, he listens spell-bound to every syllable. With a combination of ripe scholarship and rich spiritual-mindedness, he analyses every sentence, weighs every word, and scrutinizes every symbol.

The Life of Saint Paul. By Rev. JAMES STALKER, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

WE are pleased to see an edition of this handbook in large type; it is a book not only for the Bible Class, but for the library. All that we said in praise of Mr. Stalker's "Life of Christ" we repeat in reference to this Life of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Of course it does not supplant the fuller works which have preceded it, but it is in its own sphere surpassingly excellent. *Conybeare and Howson* bear the palm; every Christian man should be familiar with their masterly production; *Lewin* has points of interest all his own. *Farrar* is clever, but terribly faulty. But these are all beyond the reach of the multitude; and withal, they are bulky, and require leisure for perusal. Mr. Stalker gives a masterly miniature and thousands will see more of Paul in it than in the life-sized portraits. We trust Mr. Stalker will be encouraged to proceed with other Biblical biographies.

First Principles of Faith. By MARSHALL RANDELS. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a metaphysical treatise of about three hundred pages. The author addresses himself to the conceptions and arguments involved in the defence of "Christian Theism." Those who are acquainted with the various kinds of evidence relied upon as proofs by different thinkers, will doubtless appreciate the order he observes in marshalling them, and the clearness of his style in expressing them. A book of this kind may be very refreshing without any particular claim to originality. "Natural Theology," he begins by observing, "is rich in the variety, as well as in the strength of its supports."

"Pantheism and Atheism," he elsewhere remarks, "are alike incapable of proof. They can never be more than assumption." After patient investigation, he feels warranted in affirming that "Atheistic Materialism is condemned on its own appeal to science and reason." In a closing chapter on "The relation of natural to revealed religion," he rises to the platform of an evangelist. Here are a few of his words: "Such is the simplicity and surpassing value of the revelation of the Son of God, that millions of ordinary people, like 'the Dairyman's Daughter,' have attained to a divine blessedness, to which Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, and others of loftiest intellect and aspiration, left to nature alone, were strangers." Just so. To us it always seems that there is a short path to sweet fields of light, and there are dreary roads to a wild desert of endless desolation. Thus, Cowper sings—

"The frenzy of the brain may be redressed
By medicine well applied, but without
grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure."

Apocalyptic Interpretation. By Rev. JAMES KELLY, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's Church, Liverpool. Elliot Stock. Price 2s.

A Catechism on the Second Advent. By Rev. J. LDRISYN JONES. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THESE are two small books. The former

is the reprint of a pamphlet first published nearly forty years ago. Mr. Kelly was and is still known as a distinguished "Futurist," who threw down the gauntlet to the late Rev. E. B. Elliot and the late Dr. John Cumming, both champions in their day of the "Historic" school of exposition. There is another Mr. Kelly, whose Christian name is "William," better known perhaps to the present generation. He is also a "Futurist," but whether precisely to the same degree we can hardly say. More than half the little volume before us consists of an appendix, made up of "a series of letters by the author in reply to a review of the first edition of his pamphlet in the 'Quarterly Journal of Prophecy.'" Mr. James Kelly is mighty in the Scriptures.

The other of these works is dedicated to Captain the Hon. R. Moreton, whom the writer esteems as the admirable supervisor of "the Second Advent Conferences at Mildmay Park Hall." It gives a concise and clear account of the views put forth by the extreme "Literalists." They are for the most part spiritually-minded people. Any novice, who wishes to attend these meetings, would do well to devote an evening or two beforehand to the careful perusal of this catechism. The protracted session of devout men and women, every one with an open Bible in hand, is a fine spectacle. But be not deceived! There is no assembly of saints where Satan comes not also among them. Is it prophecy you wish to study? Of the speakers that entertain you a goodly number may be seers, but some will be soothsayers. Of such beware!

Through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.
By Rev. JOHN KERR CAMPBELL.
Partridge and Co.

A WORTHY brother takes a trip to Egypt and Palestine with Mr. Gaze, and upon his return he enlarges his notes, and gives his friends the opportunity of reading them. We cannot say that he adds much to the general store of information; but he will instruct and interest his own circle, and this is well.

Romanism. An Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. By Rev. R. C. JENKINS, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.

If it be specially needful at the present time to direct public attention to the creed of the Roman Church, which all are imperatively required to believe who belong to its communion, it could not, we think, have been more ably and effectively done than by the author of this volume. As the creed of Pius IV. is that in which the faith of the Church of Rome is considered to be best expressed, it is both historically and internally investigated. Its origin is traced to the Council of Trent, from which, after being revised by Pope Pius, it passed into general use. The several articles of which it consists are here considered in due order. The work before us is an exposure of ecclesiasticism in its highest degree, and in its worst form, by an ecclesiastic of a Church that is an offshoot of the original stem. It is not likely to be much needed by the Church of Rome; but if it should in any degree counteract the tendency to imitate it, which is so violent among certain who call themselves Protestants, it will have its reward.

The Divine Origin of Christianity, indicated by its Historical Effects. By RICHARD I. STORRS, D.D., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have here a course of lectures unusually instructive, ranging over the whole history of mankind, yet concentrated in one particular and unique design, and well worthy of a more extensive notice than we are able to give. The design has been, by comparing the civilizing, intellectual, social, moral, and religious effects of Christianity with all that had resulted from philosophy, and other attempts to benefit the human race, to show that a religion so obscure in its origin, so opposed to universal sentiments and habits, and so opposed by them, so gentle in its spirit, and so simple in its means of aggression, could not possibly have produced such effects if it had not been genuine and divine. For this task a vast amount of mental culture and literary research was required, but not more than the

well-known author has displayed. If the question be asked, "Is this the religion that should come, or do we look for another?"—the reply here given is: "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." The historical effects attending Christianity are evidences of its divine origin. This is the burden of the author's theme, "I have been standing," he says, "outside the religion, rather than within it." We have no statement, therefore, of Christianity itself, or of the internal evidences of the inspired record on its behalf, or of its experimental effects upon the hearts and lives of individuals. The chief merit, we should suppose, of holding these in abeyance, throughout a long discussion of the things that accompany salvation, must be that of self-control. Copious notes have been added in an appendix to explain historical allusions, and to verify references to the opinions of others. These show the immense care and labour that have been expended to render the volume as correct and trustworthy as possible.

Two Aspects of the Sabbath: its Origin and its Spirit. By SENEX. Bible Christian Book Room.

AN earnest plea for the hallowing of the first day of the week. Our aged writer examines the arguments which the Sabbath desecrators use, and shows how untrue to experience they are. If he does not convince opponents, he may strengthen waverers.

Seeking after God in Science and Religion. By Rev. C. J. WHITMORE. Nisbet and Co.

THESE are addresses of no mean order. They come from a mind of no ordinary type, and must have taxed the attention even of those to whom they gave delight. Science, history, and religion have been ransacked as witnesses to the truth and beauty of the gospel system, and the result is a very striking and able set of papers. They deserve to be scattered wherever the Sirocco of doubt has begun to send forth its withering breath.

Lays of Lowly Service, and other Verses.

By GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. Morgan and Scott.

THE author of "Oh, to be Nothing!" and "For Jesus' Sake," needs no letters of commendation from us; but possibly a word of further introduction may be of service both to the poetess and our readers. Miss Georgiana Taylor has a gracious spirit, but it is encased in a feeble body; and perhaps for this very reason she sings touchingly in the key of sympathy. Her subject is her Lord and his love: however she may commence her strain, she will not end it till she has magnified "the Perfect Master." She writes for Jesus' sake, and feels it a joy to be nothing that HE may be all in all. There are some thirty sweet pieces in this two-shilling volume, and many of them rise to such true poetic expression that we do not wonder at Miss Havergal strongly advising their publication. We earnestly hope that there are more to follow. We are not apt to go into transports over much of the rhyme which reaches us, but all criticism is disarmed in the presence of verses which are perfumed with so sweet a savour of Christ.

Hymns and Choruses for Church Missions, with Music. Marshall Brothers.

COMPILED by the Committee of the Church Army, this book has neither value nor interest for anyone not connected with that organization.

Children's Hosannas. A very choice and original selection of anniversary music. Compiled by JOHN BURNHAM. Nicholson & Sons, Warwick Square.

CHILDREN'S festivals and anniversaries are increasingly well provided for; and their sweet, clear voices cannot be better employed. Here is another capital collection made by our friend Mr. Burnham. 56 pages of music, embracing 39 pieces, in both notations, for 6d., or in cloth, 9d.; dirt cheap.

The "River Singers." Arranged as a Service of Song, in staff and sol-fa notations. By JOHN BURNHAM. Nicholson & Sons, Warwick Square. Fourpence.

THE "River Singers" is the title of a touching narrative of a little East-end

girl, who was led to Jesus through listening to the singing of Sunday-schoolers on an excursion steamer. Mr. Burnham has converted it into an attractive service of song. It would be difficult to arrange a more pleasant afternoon service for a Sunday-school anniversary.

Royal Gems and Wayside Chimes for the Months of the Year. By the late FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. "Home Words" Publishing Office.

A TINY little book, made up of the scrappy fragments of this sweet songster. The only fault to be found with it is its brevity. It is a taste only for each month, of song and prose: but it is a taste full of honeyed sweetness.

Fighting the Good Fight; or, the Successful Influence of Well-doing. A Tale. By H. F. E. Nelson and Co.

A CHEERY, breezy, manly book for boys: just the thing to inspire and sustain sterling integrity and honour in a lad leaving home for the first time, and going into life's conflict. Piety without pietism, godliness without goodness, sweet but not sugary. It ought to sell well, for it reads well, and must do good.

"*You're Me, and I'm You.*" A Small Talk with very dear Small People. By S. G. PROUT. Nisbet and Co.

MR. PROUT knows how to talk graciously to adults, and yet never to relapse into prosy dulness; but his task in this book is much more difficult, as he seeks to make the little fidgetty materialists in our nurseries listen to chat about religious truths. He has, however, succeeded admirably, and his little book will be the very thing for mothers to read aloud to their little ones, without fear of their being tired. Sunday-school teachers might do worse than read this book in order to catch the bright, sparkling style.

Stories from the Bible. By HARRIET POWER. Church of England Book Society.

BIBLE stories done into easy language for little children. Neither better nor worse than fifty others that we have seen. Will do for mother or nurse to read on Sundays to the youngsters, where the Bible story itself is not juvenile enough.

Memoirs of James Begg, D.D. By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. Vol. I. James Gemmell, Edinburgh.

THE fear of death will be all the more difficult to overcome if one has the further dread of falling into the hands of a friendly biographer. Dr. Smith has, so far, done his work well; but when he has finished another volume, his friend, Dr. Begg, will be properly interred, with a stone at his head and another at his foot. One living volume might have kept our old friend in long remembrance; but the two will bury him entirely. We can remember some other good men who have, in the same manner, been hidden away beneath their own "remains"; and for our own part, much as we dislike cremation, we would sooner have all our letters and papers burned than leave them to be heaped up as a sort of tumulus about our grave.

The autobiography with which this work begins, is full of anecdote and story, and it would be well to publish it separately. It was our happiness to know most of the fighting men of the Free Church, grand old Covenanters, all of them. Dr. Begg was a born polemic. He shone in church courts and in controversies. We have had many a hearty crack with him, and we found continents of common ground to walk upon. He was a Protestant to the backbone; and we thought him a little of a Pope, too. He hindered greatly the union of the Free Church with the United Presbyterians, and we doubt not that he did it conscientiously; but he lived to lament that his own Free Church was not quite as free from heresy as he had once prided himself upon its being. He loved the old faith, and therefore we loved him. He was a rugged bit of rock. He might possibly have been all the better if he had not been quite so rugged; but we are sure that many who opposed him would have been the better if they had possessed a little of his grit. Oh, that Scotland had more men of the old stamp! We trust that there are many such in hiding. Let them come out.

The memoirs are good, but too cumbersome. We commend them, but shudder at their mountainous size. See what it is to be a great man!

Invisibles, Realities. Demonstrated in the Holy Life and Triumphant Death of John Janeway, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. By JAMES JANEWAY, M.A. Seeley and Co.

A REPRINT of a little book written in 1672, giving an account of a singularly devout and promising young scholar, whose excessive labours in meditation and prayer, perhaps, shortened his days. He died at the age of 23. He was in the habit in the evening of walking into the field, or into the empty church, to meditate. The biographer once hid himself, that he might witness his intercourse with God. "And, oh, what a spectacle did I see! Methought I saw one talking with God; methought I saw a spiritual merchant in an heavenly exchange, driving a rich trade for the treasures of the other world. Oh, with what a lovely countenance did he walk up and down, his lips going, his body oft reaching up, as if he would have taken his flight into heaven!" The preface is from the pen of Richard Baxter. He says, "Reader, learn from this history to keep such communion with God, and to find such employment with thy heart by meditation, as thy strength and opportunity, and other duties will allow thee; I urge thee to no more."

Disruption Memories; being the personal narrative of a lay voluntary. Edinburgh: James Gemmell.

THOSE friends who could not afford to buy the larger work on the Disruption will find a great deal of information in this capital shillingsworth. It is written by "a candid friend" of the Free Church, and, therefore, is not altogether laudatory; but so far as we can judge it is fair and friendly. We like the chatty style of these pages: they are the notes of an actual observer, and are written in a vivacious original style. Side-lights are here shown, which would have been lost had it not been for the keen eyes of an outsider, who is considerably in advance of an ordinary member of the Free Kirk. It is very possible that those who see everything from the inside of the church may not agree with his remarks and reflections; but even they will peruse his "memories" with interest.

The Remote Antiquity of Man not Proven: Primæval Man not a Savage.
By B. C. Y. Elliot Stock.

GEOLOGY, be it remembered, is a modern science. That particular wisdom which is proverbially with the ancients has not bequeathed us many "wise saws" on this subject. Fragmentary references, 'tis true, may be found in the pages of Herodotus, Aristotle, and Strabo. Still, when we seek for "modern instances," we meet with the more familiar names of William Smith, Hutton, and Charles Lyell. To the present century we owe the application of inductive reasoning, which prefers facts to hypotheses, for some little clue to the changes that have occurred in the realm of nature, organic and inorganic. The interest of all our Christian communities was aroused by an alleged discrepancy between modern discovery and the Mosaic narrative of the Deluge. This is the department that engages the attention of our author.

His purpose is to show that the testimony of the soil is by no means at variance with the documents of early Scripture. By a patient investigation of the phenomena that offer the most reliable evidence within his reach, he has demolished various theories too hastily formed by those who discredit the revelation we so dearly love. Evidence on such a subject is of course accumulative. Dr. Chalmers in his day contributed his quota to the study: and the older men among us will remember that a third edition of his work made the first and second editions a drug in the book-market. Apart from argument, the bare assumption of the philosophers is not attractive. The true dignity of our mortal race is best declared by those who know on the one hand its total depravity, and trust on the other hand in the promise of redemption. The sage reflection that our first father was a savage would not contribute to our zeal for tracing our ancestry.

Notes.

BACK to work again with much pleasure. Rest has been spent in recruiting lost strength, and in rising to the common level below which the physical and mental man had descended. Upon other occasions stores have been gathered for future use: on this occasion they have been consumed at once in needful repairs; so that all we can say is that the inner man is somewhat renewed, and another campaign is commenced under hopeful auspices. In a letter from a friend the following passage occurs; it is too true and too good to be lost:—"Have you ever noticed how the mind, during a period of rest, quite *unconsciously* lays up a store of new ideas, like an electric jar getting charged from the atmosphere? I am fond of extemporizing on the piano or organ. At first, ideas come in any number. But doing so daily for, say a week, one has to *hunt* for them, and when they come they are the old ones a little disguised. But if I stop for a few days, and do not even think of music, and *then* sit down, I find a large store of new ideas—whence I do not know—all ready, waiting. I wonder if it is so with sermons. You ought to know, if any one does; for a sermon printed weekly for thirty years must be a great strain on the productive power of a man's mind if he does not merely repeat himself. I suppose the key to it is Luther's motto, *laborare et orare*: though many good men leave out the first, which is a great mistake."

Friends are cautioned against pamphlets

which profess to be prefaced by Mr. Spurgeon. C. H. Spurgeon has written no preface for any pamphlet whatever, and especially he has never written a line in commendation of heresies old or new in reference to the immortality of the soul. It is a sign of great poverty in the wares offered for sale when they cannot find a market without being colourably marked with the name of one who has no connection with them. This is the second time that opinions involving the non-eternity of human destiny have been imputed to Mr. Spurgeon without the slightest justification. He has an utter abhorrence of the entire list of modern theories; for not one of the mixed multitude of hypotheses appears to him to have any support in the Word of God. Be that as it may, it is a scandalous thing to attempt to spread views of any kind by pretending that they are sanctioned by one who all the while detests them.

A number of friends seem to have been afflicted by our piece upon the "Froggies." We can assure the most of them that we never thought of *them* while writing the article, and do not even now see how they can apply it to themselves. They are the best judges, however, of their own faults, and we do not wish to deprive them of any benefit which might accrue to them from appropriating so gentle a rebuke. Certain brethren who have favoured us with bitter replies have thereby only proved how accurately we sketched them. That they can

croak is proved to a demonstration by the ferocious diatribes with which they have relieved their souls and amused us.

Friends who write lamenting the fraternization of ministers and others with those who deny our Lord's Godhead have our hearty sympathy in their regrets. But what is to be done? Is not this an outward and visible sign that the doctrine of these persons is already gone off from the gospel? Birds of a feather flock together, and those who hold similar opinions will gravitate towards one another. It is right to cooperate with all sorts of people for benevolent and civil purposes; but to unite in religion with those who make our Lord into a mere man is treason to his kingdom.

We rejoice with Dr. Cuyler in his celebration of his silver wedding with his church. His cheery, telling pieces are known wherever the English language is read, but we most of all value the good brother because he can truthfully speak as follows:—"My only object in introducing these personalities at all is just to tell my younger brethren how good it feels to have preached the precious gospel of Jesus Christ for forty years; and preached it, too, without any 'ifs,' or 'buts,' or mental reservations. No malaria of modern doubt has ever invaded this study, or set teeth to chattering in yonder sanctuary. It is a blessed thing to get the gospel-grip with a solid 'I know whom I have believed' under your very soul. Young brethren, never waste one moment in defending your Bible. God will take care of his Word if you only take care to preach it, and urge your people to practise it."

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—On *Tuesday evening, March 31*, the teachers held their annual *soirée*, when over one hundred were present. The special event of the evening was the presentation of testimonials to both of the superintendents by Mr. Thomas H. Olney, on behalf of the teachers. To Mr. S. R. Pearce, who for more than seven years has ably performed the duties of Chief Superintendent, the token of the teachers' love and esteem consisted of thirty volumes of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, specially bound, and each volume containing an inscription bearing the autograph of the author. The books, together with a silver-plated cake-basket for Mrs. Pearce, were handed over amid the hearty applause of the teachers, and the gifts were suitably acknowledged.

To Mr. J. W. Goodwyn, who for over twenty-one years has continually laboured in the School, first as teacher, and afterwards as Assistant Superintendent, the expression of affectionate regard from the teachers consisted of a massive marble-timepiece, with a suitable inscription, and a handsome leather arm-chair, together with

C. H. Spurgeon's "Interpreter," bound in morocco, for Mrs. Goodwyn. This presentation was also made amid hearty cheering, and was responded to in a feeling manner by Mr. Goodwyn. A letter from Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was read, expressing his warm interest in the meeting, and regretting that his stay at Mentone caused him to be absent.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Phillips has settled at Redruth, Cornwall; Mr. I. O. Stalberg at Faringdon, Berks.; Mr. J. H. Robinson at Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire; and Mr. S. Needham at Grafton-street, Northampton. Mr. C. H. Thomas, who has been for more than five years Secretary at the Tabernacle, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Waterloo-ville, Hants. Upon these brethren we would invoke the plentiful blessing of our covenant God.

In response to the request of the church at Jamestown, St. Helena, we are sending out Mr. F. R. Bateman, who has been for twelve months pastor at Clarence-road, Southend-on-Sea. He undertakes with a brave heart this exceedingly discouraging mission. The population of St. Helena is melting away, but we trust our brethren there will keep up their courage, and, abiding in sacred unity, look up to God for his aid.

Mr. W. E. Rice, who occupied our son's place while he was away from Auckland, has accepted the invitation of the church in North Adelaide, South Australia. We prophesy for him a very useful pastorate. Mr. M. Morris has removed from Melbourne to Kapunda, S. Australia; and Mr. Harry Wood, from Deloraine, Tasmania, to Woolloomooloo, near Sydney. Mr. J. Glover, formerly of Combe Martin, North Devon, has promised to minister to the church at Fortescue-street, Brisbane, at least for a season.

We ask the earnest prayers of all our friends on behalf of the Conference, to be held in the week commencing May 4th. We long for a season of unusual blessing, and this we shall have if the Lord's believing children are moved to unite with us in pleading for it. We also need funds for the carrying on of the work of the College, and for these we look to the Lord and his stewards. May the Supper be a time of great liberality!

EVANGELISTS.—The following letter, signed by two Baptist ministers, two Congregationalists, one Wesleyan, one Primitive Methodist, and one United Methodist Free Church, refers to *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at St. Helens:—

"In answer to many prayers, God has graciously poured out his Spirit, and the result has been that many believers have been quickened, and led into a deeper experience of the joy and power of Christ's salvation, that backsliders have been re-

stored, that the wavering have been brought to decision, and that the careless have been arrested, and turned from the error of their ways. One marked feature of the mission has been that the work of impression and preparation, which has been going on in many hearts for some time, has now been brought to the point of definite surrender. Another feature has been, that so many young persons have given their hearts to Christ. We believe that, by God's blessing, the work will still go on widening and deepening. Our brethren who have conducted the mission have won a warm place for themselves in all our hearts; and wherever they may go we shall follow them with our earnest prayers. We magnify not them, but the grace of God in them; and, at the same time, we gladly and gratefully acknowledge the share which you have had in their training and subsequent success. We rejoice in the existence of the Association which has sent them forth, and of which you are at the head; and, as a token of our appreciation and sympathy, we herewith beg your acceptance of a thankoffering of £50. Allow us also to express our thankful recognition of all the many services which you have been empowered by our blessed Master to render, and in which such multitudes have participated."

The reports of the services at Folkestone and Southampton have been equally cheering, and in each place large numbers have gathered to hear the word, and many have professed to receive it. We have been specially grateful to receive from Folkestone £50 as a thankoffering for the Society of Evangelists, and also £10 for the College funds. Our brethren are now at Huddersfield, where they will labour until the College Conference, returning to conclude their mission at the close of the meetings in London.

Mr. Burnham reminds us that he has completed a seven years' apprenticeship as one of our College Evangelists. The pastor of a church recently visited bears the following gratifying testimony to the usefulness of his work:—"His services here were much appreciated, and numerously attended. Believers have been quickened, several led to decision for Christ, and a general spirit of religious earnestness awakened, for which I am truly thankful. Mr. Burnham's singing is very attractive, and he is so bright, natural, and happy in his work, that I am sure he will do good wherever he goes. He works, too, in thorough sympathy with the pastor. I have been twenty-five years in the Congregational ministry, and have had a pretty large share in special work, but I have never felt more satisfaction than I do with our recent services."

Mr. Russell's services at Regent Street Chapel, Lambeth, were largely attended, and greatly blessed. Pastor T. C. Page writes:—

"Of our brother we cannot speak too highly. He has won the affections of all

friends. God has very evidently chosen and fitted him for this great work. The addresses were equally suited to the more intelligent and ignorant, and instruction was blended with the simplicities of the gospel. The topics of discourse were fully illustrated by ungarished facts, told with great power. The appeals were forcible with stirring energy, and each evening's results showed that the Holy Spirit was working in the hearts of sinners. We also had the kind help of Brethren Chamberlain, Ross, Phillips, and Graham, whose sweet songs and gracious words have in no small degree contributed to the success of these meetings."

Mr. Russell has visited Wolsingham (Durham), and Hull during the past month, and in each place there have been signs following the preaching of the word.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker's mission at Newport was owned to the conversion of many who heard them. Services were held in seven chapels, and on Sundays, and during the last week, in the circus, where between 2,000 and 3,000 met for worship. During the past three weeks our brethren have been at Blaenavon, where Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists have united in arranging for the services, at which many have received the truth preached or sung.

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly gathering of the collectors took place on March 24th, and the occasion was one of considerable interest to our friends. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided. The children sang several of their pieces, and the boys played a selection on their hand-bells. Mr. Verne, who has taken a great interest in the work, gave a most interesting musical sketch, and two young friends from the neighbourhood contributed to the enjoyment of all present by their skilful violin duets. It was a thorough "Evening at Home" with the orphans, and the arrangements were all carried out with enthusiasm. We shall be glad to welcome a larger number of friends at these quarterly meetings if they will join the ranks of our collectors. As our expenditure increases, it will be necessary for our helpers to do all they can to keep up the income. If many help, no one will be overburdened; and the President will be spared any undue anxiety. The total amount brought in by the collectors, or sent by post, was a little over £100, for which we beg to thank all our generous helpers. Collecting-boxes or books may be had at any time by application to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

We shall be glad if all our collectors and other friends will note that the *Annual Fête* will (p.v.) be held on *Thursday, June 18*, the day before the President's birthday. Country friends, who are coming to London for the Handel Festival, may be able to start a little earlier, and spend with us at Stockwell the day before the concerts com-

mence. We shall endeavour to arrange as attractive a programme as on former occasions, full particulars of which will be duly announced, but we mention the matter now in order that all who desire to be present may keep the date free from other engagements.

In anticipation of this meeting, we desire to lay before our subscribers the following statement concerning the GIRLS' ORPHANAGE BUILDING FUND. It will be remembered that in the last annual balance-sheet there was this entry—Reserved for laundry and bakehouse, £2,000. We have only recently commenced the erection of these needful buildings, but meanwhile the expenditure for the completion and furnishing of the various houses and offices has swallowed up all except about £500 of the amount set aside. Rather more than £3,000 will be required, the approximate cost of the different items being as follows:—Building laundry, £1,800; machinery, £600; building bakery, £396; oven, £56; furnishing the last of the girls' houses, £250. One reason for publishing these particulars is that we hope some generous donors may be moved to give one or other of these sums in gratitude for the Lord's goodness to them. In any case, whether by large or small donations, we have no doubt that the money will come; the shadow of debt has never been allowed to rest upon any of our institutions, and we do not believe that it ever will.

The fourth Annual Report of the Reading Young Ladies' Working Party, of which our esteemed friend, Mrs. James Withers, is the honorary secretary, has just come to hand. From it we learn that, during the year 1884, two parcels, containing 335 articles, have been despatched to "The Reading House" at the Orphanage. We are very grateful to every one of the kind workers and givers.

During this month Mr. Charlesworth and his choir are to visit the following places:—Barnsley, May 4; Sheffield, 11, 12; Attercliffe, 13; Retford, 14; Grimsby, 16—18; Nottingham, 19, 20. Our singers and ringers have brought in £1,600 in the course of twelve months by their meetings in London and the country.

COLPORTAGE.—The annual meeting of the Association will (D.V.) be held in the Tabernacle, on *Monday evening, May 18*, when several of the colporteurs will be present, and give an account of the work in which they are engaged.

A writer in *The Bucks Evangelist*, dealing with the question of "Our Villages, and how they are to be evangelized," says concerning colportage:—"I think that the results of a year's work will compare with any other kind of effort in the way of fruit, and that very many people will have come under the sound of the gospel, in some way or another, who could not be reached in any other manner, such as those who live in

lonely and out-of-the-way cottages, farm-houses, &c., and who never, by any means, get a book or tract given them to read, unless the colporteur calls upon them in his rounds from month to month. In looking over the journal of one of our colporteurs and missionaries, I have been greatly struck with the vast amount of work done during the past year, and of the amount of seed sown in some of the most out-of-the-way places, and also of the many souls who have been saved through the efforts thus put forth; also with what eagerness the people who have received good through former visits look forward to the day when the colporteur is again expected in their neighbourhood, to give them a cheering word and gospel tract, in addition to the weekly or monthly Christian papers they take in as the result of having had the matter put before them by the colporteur. It is a most common remark made by many of the people, 'I never thought there was such a lot of nice papers as you bring round, and so cheap—all this for a penny,' or a halfpenny, as the case may be. Now, when we think of the efforts that are made even in the *villages* of our land to circulate the most vile publications, that are doing an enormous amount of evil among our young people, surely it is time that we, as Christians, should be up and doing, and seek to scatter broadcast the truth as it is in Jesus. Only lately, in one of our small villages in Bucks, a number of little *infidel* books, that had been purposely scattered the night before, were picked up in the streets. This is only a specimen of how earnest are the workers of the evil one. It was only on Sunday last I heard of a young man of great gifts, who for many years was a teacher in a large day-school, also a teacher in a Sunday-school, and who, a few years ago, was looked upon as an earnest Christian worker, leader of prayer-meetings, &c. Now he is going from place to place giving lectures on infidelity, and writing books of the same character, and may be one of the number referred to in *The Christian*, of February 12th, who are going far and wide in their evil work; one gentleman having known one hundred and forty-three towns and places visited by the followers of Bradlaugh. Our colporteurs spend eight or nine hours a day all the year round in this blessed work, visiting every house, or nearly so, in about fourteen villages each, and holding meetings most nights in the week; reading and praying with all sick people, pointing one and all to the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have two colporteurs thus at work, and we long to put several more in the field; and as all this can be done at a cost of from £40 to £50 a year for each worker, surely more of it ought to be done. I know that there is no other work in the world done at such a small cost having such results. Each colporteur works from a centre, taking from ten to fifteen villages each,

helping in Sunday-school work, Band of Hope meetings, and getting many drunkards to sign the temperance pledge, and to attend gospel meetings afterwards. In addition to the above work, two or three gospel meetings are held by the colporteur every Lord's-day. Thus we have many thousands of tracts given away; hundreds of Bibles and Testaments, thousands of Christian books, and thousands of religious magazines sold; and many thousands of people spoken to about their souls, read and prayed with, and asked to attend some place where the gospel is preached."

All this goes to substantiate our opinion that there is no form of service so suitable for the villages, so adapted to the times, or so urgently needed, as that of colportage. Oh, that we could increase our forces, and make of our colporteurs a great host, "as the host of God"! If that may not be, we have at least eased our conscience by calling the attention of the Lord's people to the work.

PERSONAL NOTES.—The editor of the American edition of *The Christian Herald*, writes:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—You will be pleased to learn that we are continually receiving accounts of conversions which have resulted from God's blessing on your sermons. Scarcely a week passes in which we do not hear of one or more. Sometimes it is in the forests of the far West, where there is no church, and where your sermon is read on a Sunday morning; sometimes it is in a mining camp, or by a coloured preacher in the South, who reads your sermon in the morning, and preaches one of his own at night. You will remember that I sent you a remarkable message from

one convert some time ago. There is another very extraordinary case, of which I am now trying to get the exact facts, and will send them to you."

A brother sends a donation to the Orphanage, which he has earned in a way which does good all round. May the Lord accept his zealous efforts to spread the truth as it is in Jesus! He writes as follows:—

"For *one year* I have been selling your sermons in this village, and they have been most heartily received, and the enclosed (10s.) is the profits I have made by selling 13 weekly. I have long felt desirous of helping you, but, with a large little family, have been unable. For years I have read your weekly sermons, and I like each succeeding one better than those which went before. I seldom read much else besides *THE BOOK*, and your publications, and try to *push* them wherever I can. I have been frequently called a *Spurgeonite*, but this does not provoke me. I do so love your old-fashioned gospel sermons, and used to write them out (not quite *verbatim*) for a Sunday exercise. Among the purchasers are Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and a dear *Calvinist*. I only wish, dear Sir, I could send you £10; but I was thinking, are there not many young men who could do the same thing, and without straining their energies? Your publishers send 13 sermons weekly for 10s. 6d. per quarter, and if *eighty* were to volunteer, the required amount for a colporteur—£40—would be forthcoming."

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
March 19th, eighteen; March 26th, twelve;
April 9th, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. T. Thomas, per Messrs. P. and A.	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Sims	...	5	0
Mr. Daniel White	5	0	0	Mr. B. I. Greenwood	...	10	0
Mr. Freeman—a thankoffering on attaining his hundredth year—per Mr. A. Hall	0	5	0	Mr. Alfred Darby	...	5	0
Collection at Soham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor C. Gomm	2	0	0	Mr. John Cameron	...	12	0
Pastor C. Hewitt	0	4	0	Mrs. J. Wilkinson	...	1	0
A Friend, per J. T. M.	3	0	0	C. S. F.	...	0	5
Per Rev. R. T. Lewis:—				Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliff	...	1	0
Mr. W. Knighton	0	10	0	A constant sermon-reader	...	0	5
Mr. John Eaton	0	2	6	Mrs. McKenzie	...	0	10
A Friend	0	2	6	Mr. W. Rainbow	...	0	5
	0	15	0	Mr. W. Joseph Thomas	...	2	2
Collection at Bovingdon, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	11	0	Mr. T. M. Whittaker	...	5	5
Pastor Thomas Hagen, Coalville—proceeds of lecture	0	16	0	Pastor R. J. Becliff (monthly)	...	0	2
Contributions from Baptist Churches at Henyock and Sainthill, per Pastor A. Pidgeon	0	18	6	Mr. James Alabaster	...	10	0
Mrs. Seivwright	0	2	0	"Adelphi" (quarterly subscription)	...	1	10
				Pastor T. I. Stockley	...	1	0
				Pastor A. A. Saville's Bible-class, Baptist Church, Carlisle	...	1	10
				Mr. Spriggs	...	0	5
				Part collection at Kent-st. Chapel, Portsea, per Pastor J. W. Genders	...	1	4
				Mrs. M. Murray	...	2	0

£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Collection at King-street Chapel, Old-	Mr. James Barlow ..	1 1 0
ham, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton ...	Mr. F. J. Chapman ...	1 1 0
Collection at East Dereham Baptist	Rev. J. P. Chown ...	2 2 0
Chapel, per Pastor G. H. Komp ...	The Misses Dransfield	1 1 0
Mr. Charles A. Cook ...	Part collection at King's Road Chapel,	
Mrs. C. Lewis ...	Reading, per Pastor W. Anderson ...	5 11 0
Mr. Henry Tribe ...	Annual Subscription:—	
Mrs. Jennings ...	Mr. H. M. Watts ...	0 10 0
Mr. Robt. Gibson ...	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.—	
Mr. C. W. Smith ...	March 15 ...	29 18 3
Mr. J. Wilson ...	" 22 ...	20 7 6
Mr. Gideon Rutherford ...	" 29 ...	10 0 0
G. O. N. ...	April 5 ...	50 11 7
Mr. A. H. Seard ...	" 12 ...	100 0 0
Mr. J. Seiwright ...		210 18 4
Part collection at Carshalton, per		£395 2 5
Pastor J. E. Jasper ...		
Mr. Marcus Martin ...		

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1885.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss M. Watson ...	Part proceeds, Oxford, per	
The Birds from Paradise ...	Mr. W. S. Carver ...	12 6 0
Mrs. J. Davis, per Mrs. J. Withers ...	Messrs. Higgs and Hill, for	
Collected by Mrs. Mumpress ...	services of Bell-ringers... ..	2 2 0
K. Glasgow ...	Eresham ...	26 10 0
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	Sandown, Isle of Wight ...	13 16 3
A housekeeper's beer-money ...	Rye Lane, Peckham, Baptist	
Sale of S. O. Tracts ...	Church, sale of pro-	
Collected by Mrs. Tebbutt ...	grammes	1 5 8
Children of Eld Lane Sunday-school,	Acton Baptist Church,	
Colchester, per Mr. H. Letch ...	per Mr. Everitt... ..	17 0 0
Pastor J. H. Barnard ...		139 8 7
Collected by Miss E. Hinton ...	Cottagers at Seaford ...	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Booker (Bible-class,	Mr. A. Wilson ...	1 0 0
Sidcup)	Two widows, and Sabbath-school	
Employés of Messrs. Marshall and	children	0 8 0
Sons, per Mr. J. Morgan ...	Mr. Geo. Heaton, jun. ...	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Welford ...	J. B. C. ...	1 0 0
Collected by Miss M. Holmes ...	Mr. Geo. Shorthouse ...	0 2 0
Collected by Miss Bennett ...	Denis Ebsworth ...	0 2 6
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Oxenbridge	Mr. Thos. Burns ...	0 5 0
Collected by Miss S. J. Johnson ...	Mrs. Jno. Lord's collecting-box	0 12 0
Collected by Mr. J. Garratt ...	Postal Order from Norwich ...	1 0 0
Collected by Master J. G. Hurst	Mr. W. Turnbull ...	2 0 0
Collected by Miss Girdlestone ...	Miss Thorpe's collecting-book ...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Cressall ...	Mr. E. Mitchell ...	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Plummer ...	Mrs. E. Sims ...	5 0 0
Collected by Mr. Wm. Sherlock ...	Mrs. C. Smither ...	2 0 0
Collected by Mr. H. Harrod ...	Miss E. Annie Sims ...	0 3 0
Miss Josie Arnold's Box ...	Mrs. Black ...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss J. Pearce ...	Mr. Thomas Black ...	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Holmes ...	Mr. B. I. Greenwood ...	10 0 0
Collected by Miss J. Alder ...	Mrs. M. Walker, contents of box	0 5 1
Collected by Miss E. Lock ...	Miss Ethel A. Earl, collecting-box ...	0 6 0
Collected by Mrs. Spender ...	Mr. James Simpson, collecting-box ...	0 7 0
Collected by Mrs. Wardell ...	Mabel, Maggie, and George Evans	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Day ...	" In memoriam," Ethel Bertha	1 1 0
A. Z., A friend ...	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0 10 0
Postal Orders, "Walworth" ...	Mr. Ed. Potter, collecting-book ...	0 10 0
Collected by Master W. Oakley ...	Collected by Miss Hamden ...	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Good ...	Mrs. Martin ...	0 5 0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and	Miss P. Wooltorton, collecting-box ...	3 5 0
Orphanage Choir:—	Miss S. Gulpin, collecting-book... ..	0 10 0
Tewkesbury, per Mr. H.	S. C.	1 10 0
Spurrier	Collected by Mr. H. Spice:—	
Witney, per Rev. G. W.	Mr. Pelling and friends ...	0 4 6
Brownjohn	Mrs. H. Spice	0 3 0
Strafford-on-Avon, per Mr.	Messrs. T. and J. Cowell... ..	0 2 0
T. Edwards		0 9 6
Donation, Mr. T. B. Potts	Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliff	2 0 0
Bunbury, per Mr. W. Cubitt	Girls' Class, Regent Street Baptist	
Donations:—	Sunday School, Belfast ...	0 10 0
Mr. E. Wall... ..	Mrs. W. H. Carter	0 10 0
Anon., per V. J. C. ...	Alfred Scales, collecting-box ...	1 0 0

	£	s	d.		£	s	d.
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	0	0	Mrs. Hagne	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. Wm. Yeatman:—				H. I. R.	0	5	0
Miss M. Horsnell	0	2	6	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Miss S. Horsnell	0	5	0	Mr. J. U. Murray	5	0	0
Miss Horsnell	0	10	6	Mr. G. F. White	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Horsnell	1	2	6	G. O. N.	1	0	0
Mrs. Shoobridge	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0	10	0
Mr. Bnery	0	3	0	Miss Stearman's Class, St. Simon's and			
Mrs. Marsden	0	3	0	St. Jude's Sunday School, Norwich...	0	14	6
Small sums found	0	1	3	Mrs. Norris, per Mr. Gill	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	14	7
Mrs. Bishop	0	5	0	H. E. S.	10	10	0
Mrs. Watkins	0	5	0	Miss Jessie Clark	0	5	0
Mr. Charville	0	5	0	John and Alexander Bissett	0	5	0
Mr. Allmond	0	5	0	Mr. C. Sharpley	0	5	0
Miss Mercer	0	2	0	Miss Mary Bowen	1	0	0
Mr. Mercer	0	4	6	A grateful grandmother	0	10	0
Miss Barclay	0	12	0	Mr. J. Seivwright	4	0	0
Mrs. Greenham	0	5	0	"Food Reformer"	0	10	0
Mrs. Elphick	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. Norris (including			
Mrs. Wylie	0	5	6	£2 2s., annual subscription, from Mr.			
Mrs. Yeatman	0	10	0	G. Stevenson)	5	1	9
Mr. Waddy	0	2	0	Mrs. H. P. Waters	5	0	0
Mrs. Horton	0	10	0	Miss Dixon, per J. T. D.	0	5	0
Miss Horton	0	10	0	"Proceeds, Service of Song, "John			
Mr. Adams	0	2	6	Ploughman," given by the Masters			
Miss Cruikshank	0	5	0	and Boys of Bethany House School,			
Mr. Townley	0	3	0	Goudhurst, per Rev. J. J. Kendon ...	10	3	5
Miss Yeatman	0	4	9	Mrs. Humphrey	1	0	0
			8 0 0	Stamps, "Anonymous"	0	5	0
Young Men's Bible Class, Emmanuel				Collected by Miss Derrick	0	8	8
Church, Brighton	0	13	9	Collected by Mr. E. N. Edmund ...	1	0	0
Mrs. McIntyre	1	0	0	A Friend	0	1	0
Miss Maggie Shearer	0	10	0	Lynnton Road Baptist Sunday School,			
Anon.	0	10	0	Bermondsey, per Mr. A. T. Black-			
Mr. Richard Lewis, for "The Liver-				man	0	10	6
pool House"	1	0	0	Postal Order, Charmouth	0	5	0
From a miner's wife	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Wm. Rogers ...	1	8	6
From Congleton	0	5	0	Bermondsey Auxiliary Sunday School			
Pastor W. H. Rose, Cottenham	0	5	0	Union, per Mr. G. W. Bartlett ...	0	10	6
S. S. mission-box at Bogmoor, Bellie...	0	8	6	Collected by Mr. Knight	0	5	3
Mr. Wm Smith	1	0	0	Miss E. Wykes	0	10	0
Mr. Joseph Thomas	2	2	0	Mr. Smith, per Mr. H. Spurrier ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Wm. Morgan	2	10	0	Mr. Spriges	0	10	0
Young Women's Bible Class at the				Mr. Wadland	1	0	0
Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	1	7	0	Rev. Charles Bullock	1	1	0
Collected by Miss Dora Sutherland ...	0	8	6				
Collected by Mrs. Furness	0	18	6	<i>Quarterly Subscriptions:—</i>			
W. Chitlock and Sullivan	0	0	4	Miss Ellis	0	5	0
Mr. W. Maxton	5	0	0	Miss M. A. Harriman	0	5	0
Mrs. Raybould	1	1	0	Mr. Ranford	2	0	0
Mrs. Dunn	0	5	0				
Collected by Mrs. Butler	0	5	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
A smoking flask	0	2	6	Mr. C. R. White	1	1	0
Ashford	1	0	0	Mrs. H. M. Watts	0	10	0
A. B.	0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	2	2	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6				
Mr. Daniel Miller	0	10	0	Received at the Collectors' Meeting,			
A. L. A.	0	1	0	March 24th:—			
C. S.	1	5	0	Collecting Boxes:—			
Mr. Edward E. Wright	1	5	0	Ansell, H.	0	8	9
Collected by Miss Lena Wilson ...	0	3	6	Bartlett, Miss M.	0	3	0
"Eusebia"	5	0	0	Butler, Miss E.	0	3	0
From Chesterfield	0	2	6	Burcher, Miss N.	0	7	3
Collected by Mrs. McKenzie	0	5	0	Butler, Mrs.	0	18	5
W. A. M.	0	6	0	Bowering, Miss	0	4	3
Collected by Mr. A. Bamford	1	0	0	Bartlett, Miss	0	5	9
T. B.	0	5	0	Bowden, Miss A.	0	5	0
Miss Jessie H. Morgan	0	2	6	Burton, Mrs. W.	1	8	7
Mrs. Frost	0	10	0	Brake, Mrs.	0	7	10
Crawley Sunday School	0	7	9	Breeson, Master	0	1	2
Mrs. Williams	0	10	6	Brice, Miss	0	2	1
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0	Barton, Mr. J.	0	4	3
Mr. Henry Tribe	5	0	0	Beale, Miss	0	3	7
G. M. R.	1	0	0	Buswell, Mrs.	1	11	8
Mr. Kout. Gibson	10	0	0	Bloxam, Miss L.	0	1	7
Mrs. Cook	0	1	0	Barnes, Mr.	0	18	6
Collection at Mentone, after sermon by				Battam, Miss	0	9	9
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	12	0	0	Bruin, Miss	0	14	9
Mr. E. Booth	1	0	0	Brewer, Miss A. and L.	0	11	7
				Bailey, Master	0	4	9
				Bull, Mrs. (Bible Class)	0	3	7
				Charles, Miss Rose	0	5	8

	£	s.	d.
Culver, Mrs.	0	17	3
Chapman, Miss H.	0	9	9
Chard, Mr. T. P.	2	4	6
Chapman, Mrs.	0	8	7
Clark, Mr.	0	5	11
Cowen, Mrs.	0	12	5
Crane, Master Wm.	0	3	6
Conquest, Mrs.	0	6	11
Cook, Miss M. A.	0	9	6
Carter, Miss M.	0	4	6
Dobenharn, Master	0	1	7
Davis, Mrs.	0	19	3
Dale, Misses S. and E.	0	4	3
Davis, Miss	0	12	8
Ellerington, Mrs.	0	5	3
Euridge, Master W.	0	2	3
Ferguson, Miss A.	0	10	7
Frisby, J. T.	0	8	5
Frisby, Misses F. and A.	0	16	9
Foster, Miss Janet.	0	13	0
Fern, Master C.	0	15	9
Franklin, Mr. W. B.	0	1	8
Fellowes, Mrs.	0	6	9
Fitness, Master A.	0	0	7
Fitness, Master E.	0	0	3
Fitness, Miss M.	0	1	0
Franklin, Mr. J.	0	9	6
Garrett, Elsie and Charley	0	10	7
Gibbs, Miss J. G.	0	9	4
Garrett, Mrs. (Bible Class)	0	8	7
Gillett, Mrs.	0	11	8
Gray, Mrs.	0	18	6
Hewson, Master A.	0	3	9
Howlett, Miss A.	0	6	0
Humphrey, Miss	0	5	0
Hubbard, Master W.	0	11	5
Hertzell, Mrs.	0	3	3
Hewson, Miss M.	0	3	4
Harbert, Miss	0	13	6
Hardy, Master	0	6	8
Hall, Miss L.	1	2	10
Ivimey, Miss (Mothers' Meeting, Met. Tab.)	0	8	3
Jones, Miss E. E.	2	5	0
Jackman, Mrs.	0	3	2
Knight, Mr. G. H.	1	19	6
Lambert, Miss	0	1	2
Larkman, Miss	0	5	0
Luxford, Miss Elizabeth.	0	8	9
Lovegrove, Mr.	0	2	5
Langton, Miss	0	3	1
Lambourne, Mrs.	0	2	6
McNeil, E. and W.	0	2	3
Moore, Miss A.	0	8	9
Mallison, Mrs.	0	2	9
Merritt, Mrs.	1	1	10
Martin, Mrs.	0	1	5
Mills, W. R.	0	4	8
Mills, F. C.	0	1	9
Medland, Miss	1	5	3
Miles, Miss	0	1	0
Nash, Mrs. A.	0	2	1
Oliver, Miss E.	0	13	1
Offer, Mrs.	0	4	6
Offer, Miss E.	0	0	7
Pitt, Miss V.	0	8	2
Pike, Miss	0	8	0
Fawsey, Miss A. E.	0	2	8
Parkins, Winifred.	0	2	11
Parker, Master F.	0	2	5
Peters, Miss F. W.	0	14	10
Pearce, Miss Cissy ...	0	8	9

	£	s.	d.
Pearce, J. and L.	0	14	10
Priestly, Master	0	1	5
Palmer, Mrs.	0	4	6
Patten, Mrs.	0	7	3
Priestly, Miss	0	0	6
Revell, Miss	0	2	1
Reading, Mrs.	0	4	4
Rawlinson, Master	0	2	1
Rawlinson, N. and F.	0	0	10
Ransom, Master	0	3	8
Scudder, Mrs.	0	10	6
Smith, Miss	0	1	2
Smith, Mrs.	0	5	0
Stevenson, Mrs.	0	11	1
Sullivan, Miss	0	5	0
Sanders, Miss S.	0	4	2
Soper, Mrs.	0	3	5
Swain, Mrs.	0	5	6
Syrett, Master	0	1	11
Skipper, Miss L.	0	1	8
Thomas, Mrs.	0	4	6
Unwin, Mrs.	0	6	6
Unwin, Ernest	0	3	3
Vero, Miss Maud	3	2	3
Wheeler, Miss E. M.	0	3	8
Watkins, Miss A.	0	10	5
Walter, Miss C.	0	2	6
Watkins, Mrs.	0	9	2
Willatt, Mrs.	0	2	2
Walter, Mrs. B.	1	10	9
Wand, Miss F.	0	2	2
White Miss E.	0	1	7
Weller, Miss F. E.	0	4	6
E. Gregory ("lucky money") found in Tab. boxes	0	18	2
Odd farthings and halfpence	0	5	1
Collecting Books:—			
Bonser, Miss	0	7	3
Baker, Mr.	0	12	6
Bowden, Miss	0	7	6
Brewer, Mrs.	1	4	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	10	0
Bowles, Mrs.	0	12	6
Brown, Miss	0	15	6
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	0	6
Cunningham, Mrs.	0	17	6
Charles, Miss F. B.	2	13	3
Ewen, Mrs.	0	19	0
Fryer, Miss	1	2	0
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	7	6
Gosling, Mrs.	1	10	0
Hoare, Mrs.	2	13	6
Jephs, Miss	0	10	0
Livett, Mrs. R.	0	15	0
Leworthy, Miss	1	7	0
Lawson, Mrs.	5	16	0
Mead, Miss	0	15	0
Miller, Mr. C.	0	9	0
Porter, Miss	0	4	0
Powell, Mr.	0	4	0
Ryan, Mrs.	4	5	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	0	3	7
Watkins, Mrs.	0	5	0
Wells, Miss	1	5	0
Willis, Mrs.	1	9	0
Sale of tea tickets			
			34 17 7
			£437 16 10

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from March 15th to April 14th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 sack Oatmeal, A friend; 240 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 1 box Apples and 2 jars of Jam, from Tewkesbury; 5 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medall; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. C. Goddard; 2 sacks Vegetables, from Earley; a quantity of Buns, Mr. Pringle.

Boys' CLOTHING.—A few Articles, Mrs. Browns; 16 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe; 12 Shirts, Mrs. Angel; 5 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Aaron Brown; some worn Garments, "Anon."

GIRLS' CLOTHING.—6 Aprons, Mrs. Mannington; 56 garments, the Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 30 garments, Mrs. Bartholomew and friends; 1 garment, a little girl's first work for the Orphanage; 42 garments, the Chocan Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. S. Cox; 22 cast-off garments, 4 Romnants, Miss Wormald; 19 Pinafores, Mrs. Aaron Brown; 12 articles, Mrs. J. Moss; 14 articles, the Misses Glazebrook and pupils; 19 garments, Mrs. E. G.; 12 yards Dress Material, a Dorset Friend; 22 garments, Mrs. Collier.

GENERAL.—1 Box of Flowers; 9 Books, Mr. A. R. Caldwell; a quantity of Picture Cards, from Chesterfield; 1 Adams' "Illustrated Panorama of History," and 1 Hand-painted Text, Mrs. Dudson, Mentone, per C. H. S.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Joseph Thomas
	2	2	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1885.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thornbury District	"The Lord's cows"
Wolfs and East Somerset Association	33	0	0	Mr. John Cameron	3 0 0
Dorling District	10	0	0	Mrs. S. Parmenter	0 5 0
Mitcham District	10	0	0	Mr. Price	1 0 0
Nottingham Tabernacle	23	0	0	"Scotland"	5 0 0
Friends at Maldon	20	0	0	Mr. W. Worth	0 2 6
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0	Per Mr. Shaw:—			
Aylesbury and Haddenham	20	0	0	Miss Mills	...	0	2 6
Essex Congregational Union	10	0	0	Two friends	...	0	5 0
Fairford District, per Capt. Milbourne	10	0	0				0 7 6
Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association	40	0	0	Mr. Henry Tribe	5 0 0
Mr. W. Johnson, for Willingham	20	0	0	Mr. Robert Gibson	10 0 0
Ross District, per Miss Ball	10	0	0	G. O. N.	1 0 0
	£226	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0
				H. E. S.	10 10 0
				"The Lord's cows"	5 0 0
				Annual Subscriptions:—			
				Mr. J. Powell	1 1 0
				Mr. A. W. Penrose	5 0 0
				Mr. Spriggs	0 5 0
				Mr. H. M. Watts	0 5 0
				Quarterly Subscription:—			
				E. B.	25 0 0
							£92 11 0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
R. W., Glasgow
"A cheerful giver"
Reader of "The Sword and the Trowel," Harrogate
Sale of Bible carriage
	3	0	0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Rendham	"Scotlanl"...
From a sermon-reader	4	0	0	M. J.	5 0 0
Mr. J. B. Godwin	1	0	0	Mr. Robert Gibson	10 0 0
Mr. Thomas Fulcher	5	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0
Mr. E. Mitchell	0	13	0	Mr. James Baxter	1 0 0
Mr. John Cameron	1	0	0				£92 18 0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton's services at St. Helens	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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JUNE, 1885.

The Unction of the Holy One.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE TWENTY-FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE,

BY PASTOR E. G. GANGE, OF BROADMEAD CHAPEL, BRISTOL.

WE are assembled here to-day as a company of preachers. We have devoted our lives to the glorious task of preaching the everlasting gospel. What we need most, in order to prosecute that work successfully, is "the Unction of the Holy One." This paper is not designed to be controversial, or rhetorical; but just a little bit of loving pleading, heart with heart, man with man, stirring each other up to "covet earnestly the best gifts," one of which is unquestionably "the Unction of the Holy One."

All that one has to say on this subject will cluster around these three points: *Uction,—What it is; What it does; How it is to be obtained.*

I. UNCTION,—WHAT IT IS! As a sculptor brings the life-like statue out of a marble block, by chipping off the pieces he does not want, so, possibly, we may understand what unction really is by learning what it is not. *Natural ability is not unction.* We believe that a minister should be a gifted man. The church should send her ablest sons to her pulpits. That a young man is very devout is no proof that he is called to be a preacher. College committees often err in receiving raw material, out of which ministers cannot be made, except by special miracle. Some of us believe that the cause of Christ would make greater progress

if many ministers (gracious souls, without doubt, but destitute of anything like talent, unable to attract outsiders or edify believers) would go back to their original callings, and make room for abler men.

Culture is not unction. You and I believe in education, and wish we possessed more of it. Time was when an illiterate man who knew his Bible thoroughly, possessed burning zeal and a fluent tongue, could attract a congregation, and minister acceptably. Those days have passed away. Board schools illuminate the land. Little children are severe critics. An unlucky "h" going astray, or the use of a plural verb for a singular, may cause a man to lose the respect of his hearers, and when respect has gone his influence for good has ceased. We ought, by constant self-culture, to keep our armour bright and our weapons keen, so as to use our powers to the utmost particle for Christ.

Careful preparation is not unction. A minister whose heart is in his work will always be on the alert; everything he reads in books, observes in nature, hears in sick rooms or at the dying couch, will furnish him with materials for his work. In addition to this he will spend much time every week in preparing his sermons for the coming Sunday. Personally, I believe it is utterly impossible to over-estimate the importance of thorough preparation. If the barrister, pleading for the life of his client, sits up whole nights, mastering the details of his brief, arranging his arguments, and preparing his appeals to the jury, surely the man who pleads for souls cannot do his work too conscientiously. Tea-meetings, committees, platform work, may be declined; but *this* must be done. As an artist lingers over his picture, and after it appears finished, still puts an additional touch here and there, so our sermons are always capable of improvement. More meditation and prayer will put more force and pathos into them.

But it is time we turned from the *negative* to the *positive* side of the subject. It is singular that this word "unction," which has obtained such a prominent place in our religious vernacular, and is so frequently employed in pulpits and prayer-meetings, is only once mentioned in the whole Bible.

Doubtless it is taken from the Jewish custom of anointing with oil the High Priest at the time of his consecration. The oil was poured on his head, and "ran down upon the beard, and went down to the skirts of his garments." Thus, "the Uction of the Holy One" is the anointing of our hearts and work with the grace of the Holy Ghost.

In this sense the prophet applies the word to our Saviour. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath *anointed* me to preach good tidings unto the meek." In like manner, Peter says, "God *anointed* Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the devil, for God was with him."

These passages give an insight into the meaning of the word. Admitted that the phrase is often used in a canting and objectionable sense, still the word has a beauty and a significance all its own. It means that the preacher's heart is charged with a divine power, that his spirit is saturated with the influence of the Holy Spirit, that the man and his message are permeated by a supernatural force. When this is the case the divine voice speaks through human lips; an unseen hand

presses home the truth upon the conscience of the hearers, the preacher's face is often lit up with an ethereal glow, the reflection of a heavenly flame within; an electric current passes through the assembly, and the unanimous exclamation is, "Master, it is good for us to be here!"

This subtle influence is not easily defined or analyzed, but its presence is instinctively recognized by the people of God. You have heard two preachers on the same day, the one possessed unmistakable talent and culture, and his sermon bore traces of elaborate preparation, but it was cold, dry, hard, and powerless; the other man laid hold of your heart-strings, led you away to Calvary, and as he sweetly discoursed on the love of God, and told the story of a crucified and exalted Redeemer, you felt yourselves melted by a power not of earth. Sirs, that was "the Unction of the Holy One."

May we not appeal to our own experience on this matter? Have you not known times when your heart has grown cold, you have lost touch of the eternal, and the sermon thus prepared, no matter how thoughtful, logical, anecdotal, has fallen flat, and proved an ignominious failure; whereas at other times, when the "Angel of the covenant" has spread his wings and brooded over you in the study, when throughout the work of preparation you have taken and kept hold of the Saviour's hand, and ejaculated incessantly, "Lord, help me!" that sermon has made tears of joy to flow down the cheeks of saints, and has brought conviction to the hearts of sinners. Your deacons have thanked you with choked utterance, and you have said, "What hath God wrought?" Sirs, that is "the Unction of the Holy One."

II. UNCTION,—WHAT IT DOES!

One can only hint at a few of the most palpable effects. *It will give us joy in preaching.* Ah, me! How few ministers seem to know anything of the "joy of service." They do their work faithfully and regularly, but not gladly. To them the ministry is an awful burden, the work of preparation terrible drudgery, and the Sabbaths come round all too swiftly. Brethren, these things ought not so to be. Of course, allowance must be made for temperament; also for the brother who labours in the midst of many discouragements: still, let us remember that "The joy of the Lord is our strength." If the surgeon is happy while mixing the potion which he believes will alleviate pain, how joyful we ought to be in preparing messages which will bring life to men. If the fireman dashes with alacrity into the burning house, and is delighted at the prospect of rescuing precious lives, so should we be at the prospect of saving souls. Let "the Unction of the Holy One" rest upon us, and we shall hail each returning Sabbath with rapture, and shall be "glad when they say unto us, let us go up to the house of the Lord." Instead of looking about to see who is present, and who is absent, we shall enjoy each part of the service. The hymns will be chariots of fire, bearing our spirits heavenward; the prayer will not be a laboured effort, but a veritable pouring out of the heart unto God, lifting the souls of the people up to the throne; and the sermon will give delight to the preacher and bring joy to every heart, and the people will exclaim,

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"

It will give courage in preaching. The minister of the gospel must not be a timid man. Objectionable as it is to meet a brother who has too much assurance, yet that does not hinder one's usefulness so effectually as too much timidity. Verily, a little impudence is a good thing. Whenever a man enters the pulpit, a momentary duel takes place between him and the congregation. Let him be afraid of his hearers, and he will flounder all the way through. Let him rise above "the fear of man," and he will sway the multitude at will. Any man may well be afraid who enters the pulpit without God at his back. Then if he see in the congregation a man wearing a white cravat, his nervous apprehension will declare that man to be a learned D.D., and a merciless critic, while possibly he is only a waiter from a neighbouring hotel. But let a man take God with him, as his helper and ally, and he will say, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" Unction gives boldness. The presence of God ennobles the smallest congregation and annihilates the largest. The man who can gaze upon the sun will not be dazzled by the glare of a candle. The man who has just been closetted with the King of kings will not be "afraid of man, whose breath is in his nostrils."

It will give freshness in preaching. Most of us (very properly) have a horror of repeating ourselves. It may be a convenience to us that our hearers have short memories. Only strong and striking utterances are long remembered; possibly the majority of our sermons are not of that type. Some men, in order to preserve freshness and variety, read the sceptical articles in the "Contemporary," "Fortnightly," and other reviews; and retail these vagaries to their people on the Sunday. This is sowing tares, not wheat: this is suggesting doubt rather than confirming faith. You cannot exhaust the gospel; it is like the kaleidoscope, each time it is touched or turned it gives a beautiful and new combination of truth. For twenty years I have been permitted to preach. For more than sixteen years in one pulpit. Every Sunday, as I have taken my stand beneath the cross, that cross has displayed to me fresh loveliness and wonder. Preaching grows easier as the years roll by. The love of Christ is boundless as the ocean. Some men say the gospel is played out, a kind of extinct volcano; strange, that greater crowds than ever flock to hear it, and still the cry is, "Tell me the old, old story." Some say that the gospel is a fraud. Well, if it be, it is the most blessed delusion ever palmed off upon men, and for my part I would rather be duped by Jesus Christ than enlightened by Matthew Arnold, Frederick Harrison, or Herbert Spencer. If it is a dream, don't awaken me; let me slumber; let me dream on. It is a delicious dream of salvation from sin, a resurrection angel at the grave's mouth, and a blissful immortality through the Redeemer's cross. Let the Spirit of Christ dwell in us, and we shall shake off the deadly paralysis of doubt, and preaching with the accent of conviction, our sermons will be as fresh and varied as yonder lovely spring flowers, all wet and glistening in the morning dew.

It will give success in preaching. We all want to be successful ministers of the New Testament, but there are different kinds of success. One brother thinks only of big congregations and large additions, but some brethren labour in the midst of a population so sparse that it would

be impossible to attract a crowd, consequently conversions cannot be so numerous. He is likely to catch most fish who lowers his net in large lakes, where finny creatures swarm. Some of us pray constantly to be made "winners of souls." We know no purer joy than when hearing from the lips of a convert that he or she was won to Christ through our labours; still we do not consider that sermon wasted which dries an orphan's tears, comforts the widow in her woe, or heartens some dispirited warrior in the conflict. For true success in a spiritual work we need the grace, the power, the unction of the Spirit of God. Talent may build the altar, eloquence may place fuel thereon, scholarship may bring the bullock, unbelief may throw on cold water, but nothing less than the Spirit of God can bring down the living fire which shall consume the sacrifice, and constrain doubters to exclaim, "The Lord, he is the God."

III. UNCTION,—HOW IS IT TO BE OBTAINED? After the woman of Samaria had heard our Lord discoursing so sweetly of the wonderful water of life, she simply said, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." So as we hear of "the Unction of the Holy One," and discover that it bestows the qualification we most desiderate, and gives the blessing we most crave, naturally the question arises, how is this unction to be obtained?

That question can be answered in a single sentence, *by living with God*. Living with God: of course this includes *prayer*. That a minister must be a man of prayer, goes without saying. To be a preacher of the gospel, and cut the wires that stretch from the study to the throne,—to labour on without help from God must be awful. Show me the man who prepares and preaches sermons, and yet lives a prayerless life, and that man has discovered a depth of woe not included in Dante's "Inferno." We have to pray for texts, then to pray sermons out of those texts, then to pray those sermons into the hearts of our hearers. Praying is to preaching what powder is to the cannon ball. It is by secret waiting upon God that our mental faculties heart-strings, spiritual emotions, are quickened and baptized with heavenly power; and, going to our pulpits, we take with us that "Other One," without whose presence the most gifted preacher becomes "as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal." Thank God this mightiest of all forces, this most essential qualification, is within the reach of the poorest and humblest. We may not all possess the same gifts, nor equal scholarship; but here we stand upon a level platform. The mercy-seat is free to all of us. God will help each servant who asks him for help; but he who restrains prayer, starves his own ministry, cuts the throat of his own usefulness, and commits a gigantic crime.

It also includes *fellowship*. This is a more delightful exercise than even prayer itself. Your child wanting something comes to you and asks: that is prayer. Sometimes your child, not wanting anything except to be near you climbs your knee, puts her arm around your neck, and calls you "Father, dear:" that is fellowship. Oh! it is sweet to go to God in prayer, staggering under a heavy burden, or helplessly toiling at some task, and to cry, "Lord, help me"; but it is sweeter, when no specific want presses, but constrained by tender love you go to God saying, "Father, I have not come to crave any favour, but

just let me sit at thy feet and feel thy love." The man who sits there very often will not want you to explain to him the value of the Unction of the Holy One.

Living with God. When John Bright stands up to address an audience the eloquence of his life is mightier than the rhythm of his words. Men think not only of the speech he is delivering, but of a life spent in the people's cause.

My friend and neighbour, George Müller, is no orator; he speaks with a foreign accent and in hesitating tones, but you think of his magnificent life-work—five orphanages, 2,500 fatherless and motherless children fed, clothed, and trained in answer to his prayers.

So we want the unction to be on us, and on our work: we need the man and his message anointed from on high. Let us, like Enoch, "walk with God," begin each day with sweet thoughts of him, take every joy and every sorrow to his footstool, and thus living, moving, and having our being in an atmosphere of God, the study will become to us a Bethel; and Bible truths will flash out from the sacred page with a light and beauty all their own. Prayer will bring stores of heavenly grace to our souls. In our intercourse with others at deacons' meetings, church meetings, wedding feasts, and death chambers, there will be a mysterious something about us that shall make men "take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, and have learned of him." Though not ourselves the "Rose of Sharon," we shall have dwelt so near it that its fragrance will pervade our whole being. Thus, our *characters* will buttress our *creed*. Our *life* will accentuate our *sermons*. What *we are out of the pulpit* will give an added force to what *we say in the pulpit*. Then, when Sunday morning comes, we shall not want to take our two poor sermons like two drooping, withered plants from a hothouse, and place them under a dripping well, hoping by a few words of hurried prayer to bring down the blessing of the Most High, but we ourselves, living hard by that dripping well, our souls like Gideon's fleece, saturated with the influences of God's dear love, the sermons wrung out of them will be all wet and glistening with heavenly dew. Then the Sabbaths will be to us and our people "a delight." The Lord will make us "joyful in his house of prayer." In our case, as in Stephen's, there will be the "Angel face" on man, and a Saviour thus uplifted will be perfectly irresistible. Weary men and penitent women will come, and, throwing their arms around his cross, will declare the Lord Jesus to be "The chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." Brethren, this matchless power, is placed at our disposal, is offered "without money and without price," is to be had for asking. Then let us cry—

"Mighty Spirit, dwell in me,
I myself would mighty be;
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man would fail."

Thus fortified we shall enter into the spirit of the poet who wrote—

"Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part,
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

“He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

“Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

“Workman of God ! Oh ! lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

“For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.”

“Will he Never have Done?”

A CERTAIN laborious lecturer wrought so hard at his subject as to illustrate negatively that which was said of the lilies of the field, “they toil not, neither do they spin.” One of his hearers turned to a brother sufferer, and exclaimed, *sotto voce*, “Dear me ! How wonderful ! How philosophical ! Will he never have done ?” It was an amusing utterance—a conglomerate of admiration and weariness. We think we have heard the like at missionary meetings, and at other gatherings, where long-winded orators have fallen in love with their own voices, and have been unable to stop themselves. A clock is a fine piece of furniture for an assembly-room, and if it were always connected with an alarm to run down at a fitting time what a blessing it might prove !

When a brother has all the virtues but brevity, might he not, by a little more study, add that also to his attainments ? True, we cannot add a cubit to our stature, but we might take one off from our disquisitions. The other night a chairman remarked that, however tall the speakers might be, he meant to cut them short. It sounded cruel, but it meant mercy. Very wisely does an American writer say, “There is a mighty difference between preaching the everlasting gospel, and preaching the gospel everlastingly.” There is no end to the truth, but there should be an end to the sermon, or else it will answer no end but that of wearying the hearer. A friend, who occasionally visits the Continent, always prefers the passage from Dover to Calais, for a reason which we commend to the notice of certain prosy speakers—it is short. If you speak well, you *will not* be long ; if you speak ill, you *ought not* to be so. We commend to the verbose brother the counsel of a costermonger to an open-air preacher : it was rather rude, but peculiarly sensible—“I say, old fellow, CUT IT SHORT.” We must try to practise our own precept.—C. H. S.

The Fruitful Fig-tree.

BEFORE a leaf appears, the fig-tree putteth forth her little green figs. She seems so anxious to be fruitful, that all else may wait till she has essayed to produce her sweetness. Should it not be so with all the fig-trees which "a certain Man" hath planted in his vineyard? Should not our chief care be to bring forth fruit unto him, so that when he cometh and hungereth for the first ripe figs he may not turn away disappointed? Let us see to this with all our hearts.

Leaves we must have in due season; we must confess our Lord, and become verdant with a fair avowal of his name; but our very first production should look towards that fruitage of good works to his glory, for which we have been planted by the Lord. Fruit unto the Lord must be our main thought, and not leafage towards man. Love to Jesus, repentance of the sin which wounded him, communion with his heart of tenderness, praise to his adorable person,—these should primarily occupy us in our spring-time, and indicate the first flowing of the secret sap. These may be unsatisfactory to ourselves, but they will be pleasing to him who joyously noted in the Holy Song, "The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs": he does not despise their greenness, for he looks beyond the present, and foresees their coming maturity. It is ill for a young convert to be chiefly caring to stand well among those around him; there is, then, a danger of that state of "nothing but leaves," which is so terrible to think upon. Jesus looks for fruit, and our consideration should be to let *him* see what he looks for, and then the rest will follow in due season. It is to be feared that many who examine young converts for church-fellowship are too anxious to see the leaves, which indicate a further development, and they too little appreciate the "green figs." They are not of the same mind with the eastern vine-dresser, who is quite content with those little knobs of fig which stand out upon bare branches upon the fig-trees in early spring: I mean that if our elder brethren see contrition, they also require a correct expression of it; if they discover faith, they demand also a clear doctrinal statement; and if they perceive love, they ask also for an experience of its joys and griefs. Be moderate, dear elder brother, be glad that the green figs are there, for life will clothe itself with leaves in due season. Remember that the order of grace is not that of the apple-tree, but of the fig; fruit first, green and immature, it is true, but still fruit, and then the leaves further on.

Again, we say, let the new beginner never trouble himself about the second, and really secondary matter, till the first is secured. Obey the Lord first, in that grand word, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you"; do what he bids you do, as unto himself, without thought of man; consecrate yourself thoroughly, live in him believingly, cling to him lovingly; and then let the light which he gives you shine before men. HE is ever to be your Master and Lord, and his opinion of you is to be your main thought, and it is well to begin as you mean to go on. You shall furnish others with a leafy shade before long, but *now* supply HIM with figs, for he is an hungered for the gracious tokens of your all-absorbing love to him!

C. H. S.

Native Christians in India.

NATIVE Christians in India form so large and varied a community, that right views of them can be obtained only by those who consider the component parts of that community.

In Southern India there are thousands calling themselves Syrian Christians, or Christians of St. Thomas. Either the Apostle Thomas, or some of his spiritual children, went to India and founded a Christian Church. The descendants of these first converts have clung to Christianity, and have kept up their connexion with their fellow Christians in Western Asia. They have made great progress through their intercourse with European missionaries.

In Southern India and Ceylon there is a large body of native Christians, the descendants of the many baptized by Xavier and his companions. Everyone who has read the life of Xavier knows how widely he opened the door of the church; with what facility he "made Christians." Many relapsed speedily into heathenism; but a large number remained steadfast, and their descendants are reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Protestant opinion of these native Christians, however, is very unfavourable. Even the Abbé Dubois condemned them as a scandal to the Christian name.

In Travancore and Tinnevely, in the far south, there are large native churches in connection with the Propagation, Church, and London Missionary Societies, composed of Shanars, a people outside the Hindu pale, and greatly despised by them. When whole villages come over to the profession of Christianity, we generally find a few who may be regarded as true believers, while the many simply assent to the action of their neighbours, and are little changed except in name.

Among the non-Aryan tribes, the Kols and Santhals, occupying the hills and forests of Central and Eastern India, a great work has been done during the last thirty years. Thousands have been brought into the fold of the Christian church. In habits, character, and condition these tribes resemble our rude Teutonic ancestors. The first converts were the direct fruit of mission labour; their number increased; inspired by zeal, they told their countrymen the treasure they had found, and called on them to share it with them. Many accepted their message. The work spread from village to village till it extended to parts of the country never visited by a missionary. The Rev. Wm. Jones made his way through a wild country to the border of the Kol region, and came to a hamlet where the people were startled by the appearance of a European, having never seen one before. Though from difference of language their intercourse was limited, they understood each other sufficiently to discover, to their mutual delight, that they had a common faith.

In Bengal there are two large native Christian communities, one in Krishnagurh, in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, and the other in Backergunge, connected with the Baptists. In both cases the conversion of individuals has led to numbers avowing themselves as followers of Christ. Where conversion is thus collective rather than individual, there may be in some a high degree of spiritual life, but the majority simply go with the stream.

In the great Presidency cities—Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras—the native churches connected with Protestant Missions are comparatively small, and the members differ more widely in social position, mental culture, and spiritual character than in any other native churches in India. Some are highly educated, and have acute and disciplined minds, and an intimate acquaintance with our language and literature. Individuals among them have made sacrifices for Christ, of which the only adequate explanation is that they have come under the power of an all-controlling faith. Persons more established in the faith of Christ than some of these are, I have never met. Other members of these churches, unlettered persons in the humblest rank of life, are, I doubt not, as genuine Christians as their brethren of higher social standing.

In the North-Western Provinces, as in other parts of India, we have different classes that go under the name of native Christians. Most drummers of native regiments are nominal Christians. They are descendants of Portuguese. To these have been added a considerable number of the waifs of native society who have attached themselves to European regiments as camp-followers, and are so separated from their own people that they find it convenient to profess the Christian faith. Some of these bear a good character, others are no honour to the Christian name.

All our missions have had accessions from both Hindus and Mohammedans, but chiefly from Hindus. I heartily wish I could say all have joined us from right motives. This I cannot say. It is undeniable that some have joined because they have broken with their brethren; others, pressed by want, in hope of support; and others in hope of a life of less toil if they can get under the wing of a missionary. I suppose there is no community of any extent that has not unworthy members; persons who have increased its size, as a tumour increases the size of a body, but are its weakness and disgrace actually. Very different is the general character of the native Christians connected with the various missions in Northern India. Some of our converts by avowing themselves the followers of Christ have made sacrifices to which persons in our country are never called. They have literally left father and mother, houses and lands, wife and children, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ. During my first year at Benares one of the catechists of our mission was a Brahmin, who had been baptized by Mr. Ward, at Serampore. He was stripped of the property to which he was heir, of which the annual rental, according to an official document, was 5,000 rupees (£500). His income as catechist was small, but I have often heard him charged with the lowest mercenary motives by those who knew not, and did not wish to know, anything of his antecedents. He bore the charge patiently, deeming it an honour to be reproached for his Master. He was not a perfect character, but no cloud ever seemed to come over his belief that Jesus was the Saviour of the world. When on his death-bed I asked him if he regretted the life of poverty and reproach he had led because he had become a Christian. He tried to raise himself on his pillow, and said with an energy that startled me, "If I had a thousand lives, I would give them for him who died for me."

The native churches passed through a fiery ordeal in the Mutiny of

1857, and came out of it in a way which reflected great honour on their Christian constancy. I cannot say how many were put to death, but we know that thirty-four were killed on the parade-ground of Furruckabad, by order of the Nawab, and seven or eight perished at Cawnpore. In Foze's "Book of Martyrs" there is not a more striking instance of witnessing to the death for the Lord Jesus than was manifested by Vilayat Ali, in the Chandnee Chawk of Delhi, when, surrounded by infuriated Mohammedans calling on him to recant or die, he declared Christ to be his Saviour and Lord, and when falling under the swords of his enemies, uttered with his last breath the prayer of Stephen, "*Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.*" There were defections, but they were remarkably few. One whom I knew well, though he was not of our mission, apostatized to save his life, and died most miserably, abandoned by his new fellow-religionists, but tenderly watched by those whom he had left.

I believe that in every mission in the North-West native Christians contribute regularly to the support and diffusion of the gospel, and, considering their means, their contributions are liberal. Some years ago a native church in Calcutta agreed, without a dissentient voice, to give a month's salary for the erection of their new church building, an act of liberality which has been seldom equalled in our country. The native Christian communities in India may be thus enumerated:—Eurasians, 62,000; Protestant Native Christians, 492,882; Roman Catholics, 865,643; Syrians, about 300,000; total, 1,720,525.—*Abridged from "Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon, 1839—1877," by James Kennedy, M.A., late Missionary of the London Missionary Society.—T. Fisher Unwin. (See review.)*

Be Plain.

IS it not very possible for a man to talk without knowing what he is saying? Certain "modern thought" teachers appear before us as a luminous haze. It is "not light, but darkness visible." Like M. De Biran, our learned lumberer might say, "I wander like a somnambulist in the world of affairs." He has an idea, but he does not quite know where to find it; and so all through his talk he hunts for it, "upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber." We once heard a sermon which for half an hour did not convey to us a single thought. We whispered to our neighbour, and found that he was equally befogged, and so we concluded that the density was not in our brain, but in the discourse; yet the preacher was no fool, and we therefore concluded that he had been taking an overdose of metaphysics. It did not matter much, for the sermon was not upon a subject of any material importance to man or beast; but when a person is preaching the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ it does matter a great deal. It is treason to men's souls to conceal the plain truth of salvation beneath a cloud of words: where God's honour and man's eternal destiny are concerned, everything should be as clear as the sun at noonday. Metaphysical becloudment, when a soul is at stake, is diabolical cruelty.—C. H. S.

The Happy Mute.

THE subject of my history was a boy as dear to me as ever was a child to its parents. A year and a half has scarcely passed since I saw him depart to be with Christ; and often do I look back with thankful wonder on his short but happy life, his slow and painful, yet most joyful death; and then I look forward to the period when, through the blood and righteousness of that Saviour whom he so dearly loved, I hope to meet my precious charge in the mansions of glory.

John B—— was deaf and dumb. His parents were poor people in a very humble rank of life, and had no means of affording any instruction to their child, whose situation seemed to shut him out from all hope of it. They had one son a few years older than John, and four daughters. Living in the suburbs of a county town in the South of Ireland, and subsisting on the produce of two cows, with what the father and the eldest son might occasionally earn by working in the fields, they were, of course, very poor. But I was glad to find that they did not consider poverty to be an excuse for vice; and John's mother remarked to me, "Though we could teach our child no good, we have kept him from learning any evil, and have never suffered him to play about the streets with bad children. We watched over him; we could do no more."

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in applying one of his beautiful parables, said, "To him that hath, it shall be given;" and so it proved to the parents of the dumb boy. They did what they could in protecting their child from evil example; and God, in his own time, sent another to teach him that good which they had no means of communicating.

John B—— was brought to me by a little companion, also deaf and dumb, towards the close of a cold day in October, 1823. He was then more than eleven years old, but looked scarcely nine. His aspect was remarkably mild and engaging, combining the simplicity of an infant with a great deal of respectful modesty. He was poorly clad, but very clean; and when his little bare feet had made acquaintance with the warm hearth-rug before my fire, and a good many wistful looks into my face had convinced him that he had found a friend, he became exceedingly well pleased with his new situation. New, indeed, it was to him; for I afterwards found that he had never before seen a carpeted room, nor anything superior to the contents of his father's cabin; and I well remember his mounting a chair to peep through what he supposed to be a window—a looking-glass—and falling down in fright at suddenly beholding the reflection of his own face in the mirror.

John did not at all appear expert in expressing himself by signs. Generally I have found the deaf and dumb remarkably animated and adroit in so doing; but he was naturally reserved, and the perfect seclusion in which he had lived, through the watchful care of his family, had afforded him little opportunity for exercising his ingenuity in that way. I could not get any answer to the various gestures that I used in the way of enquiry, encouragement, and remark; but a very affectionate smile told me that he delighted to be noticed, and therefore I went on. Having some large alphabets cut out, I took the three letters, D, O, G, and arranging them together I pointed to the word, and then to my dog, until I was persuaded that he understood the connexion

between them. Showing him a man in the street, I formed the word M, A, N, in the same way, and likewise H, A, T. I then shuffled all the letters together, and required of him to pick out what would represent the dog—the same with man and hat; and after a great many attempts I found him beginning to enter with some interest into the sport; for I took especial care, by the most playful looks and manner, to give it the appearance of amusement. Confining the lesson to these three words, I then showed him how to make the letters that composed them on the fingers; and sent him away with more learning in his head than ever it had carried before.

For a long while my pupil only learnt the proper names of objects with which he was daily conversant; but whenever I caught a sign for anything easy to spell, I made him use the letters. Thus, bad, good, large, small, light, dark, and other adjectives, were taught as occasion called them forth. Seeing once the word "and," he asked by an inquisitive shake of the head what it meant. I tied a piece of thread upon the pen, and passed it round the inkstand, telling him that the thread was "and." He was delighted, and ever after used the conjunction correctly. I mention this to prove how much may be done by watching opportunities of familiar illustration. Children do not first learn their native tongue grammatically, but by catching a word here and there, with its signification. In the same way, by a ready use of the finger alphabet, any person may enable a deaf and dumb child to acquire considerable knowledge of ordinary language, while the thirst for information, once awakened, is found insatiable in these most helpless, most interesting beings.

The case of John B—— was a very peculiar one. He was lying under many disadvantages, and I was in continual expectation of removing from the place of his abode. I well knew that no one was likely to take up my ground if I left it, and this rendered me less anxious for the mechanical, and more solicitous for the spiritual work which I had undertaken. I therefore made the most of all the signs that we could establish between us, in order to store his enquiring mind with what would be more valuable than even the greatest facility of communication with those around him; and God so blessed my efforts, that I am lost in adoring wonder when I look back, and review what the finger of Omnipotence wrought. The way was made plain and easy to me; and so will it be to every believer who sets about such a work in firm confidence that God willeth not the death of a soul, but commands the gospel to be preached to every creature. Indeed, we possess a great advantage in engaging in this branch of the blessed labour; for, with scarcely any exception, the deaf and dumb are most fervent in their attachment, where they find themselves compassionated and beloved.

John B—— was necessarily an atheist as far as his understanding was concerned. He had, indeed, been taught to bow down before a crucifix, and to the pictures and images that adorned the altar of the Roman Catholic chapel; but this only puzzled him: for, as he afterwards told me, he saw that they were made of wood and paper, and that he was better than they, because, though he could not hear or speak, he could both walk and see, whereas they could neither speak,

hear, see, nor walk. Of course, he paid no honour to them; nor had any idea entered his mind of the existence of a supreme Being. In proof of this, one of the first questions he contrived to put to me was whether I made the sun and moon.

It would be impossible to trace the steps by which I was enabled to convey to him the grand truth that there existed ONE, far above, out of his sight, more dazzling than the orb of day, who had made that orb, and all the objects on which he so delighted to gaze: the starry heavens, the rivers, the hills and vales, the green grass, and all that walked upon it, the birds and the butterflies, the gliding fish, and all that people the universe. It was when he first laid hold on this reality that his mind seemed to be truly born; it evidently filled the vacuum in his spirit, threw a sunshine over all his contemplations, and so richly was the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost that I have no hesitation in saying he valued every enjoyment, even down to the most ordinary comfort and convenience of life, more as the gift of his Creator than because of the gratification which he personally derived from it.

But still my dumb boy was only an amiable deist in his comprehension of the divine nature; and I was well aware that he might thus live and die, and perish everlastingly for lack of saving knowledge. He had hitherto no conviction of his own sinfulness; to the need, the office, the name of a Saviour he was a stranger, and before he had acquired sufficient skill in language to express or to comprehend the shortest sentence, I was alarmed by seeing symptoms of severe illness, at a time when typhus fever was raging around us. I had already taken him to reside under our roof, for more constant opportunity of instruction; but writing occupied a large portion of my time; and, as I have said, my teaching was directed rather to his heart than his head, in the prospect of a speedy separation.

I now saw that not a day was to be lost in giving him the gospel, the message of reconciliation through the atoning blood of our crucified Redeemer.

The way to this memorable conversation was opened whilst I was secretly praying that the Lord would point it out, by expressing some curiosity as to what became of people whom he had seen carried past to their burial. He signified that their eyes were shut very close, would they ever open them again?

Upon this I threw down my needlework; and bespeaking, by a sign, his most serious attention, I sketched, upon a paper, a crowd of persons of all ages, and near them a large pit, with flames issuing from it. I told him that the crowd contained him, me, everybody; that all were bad; that God was angry; and all must be cast into that fiery gulf. He exhibited great dismay, and anxiously looked for further explanation. I then drew a single figure, who came, I told him, from heaven; being God's Son, that he asked his Father not to throw those people into the fire, and consented to be nailed to a cross to die; and that when his head dropped in death, the pit was shut up, and the people saved. It may well be supposed that I greatly doubted the possibility that such a representation, explained only by signs, should convey any clear idea to the boy's mind; but it is God's will, by the foolishness of

preaching, to save them that believe ; and I had immediate token of his assisting power ; for John, after a pause of wonder, started an objection most delightful to me, inasmuch as it proved that he had laid hold on the grand doctrine of substitution. He observed that the sufferer on the cross was but one ; that the ransomed crowd were many, very many ; and he signified his doubt of God being satisfied with the exchange. The Lord still helped me ; I took off my ring, laying it by myself on the table, and then breaking, into many pieces, the leaves and stalks of some decayed flowers in a jar, I heaped them near it, asking, with a smile, which he would have, the one piece of gold or the many withered fragments ? Never shall I forget his look, the beautiful, the brilliant look of sudden apprehension, the laugh of delight, the repeated clapping of his hands, while he declared, by animated signs that the single piece of gold was better than a room full of old flowers ; that the former was like him on the cross ; the latter like men, women, and children ; and he spelled, most exultingly, "One ! One !" Then, with his countenance softening into the loveliest expression of grateful reverence, he looked up, saying, "Good, good ONE ;" and ran for the letters to learn to spell his name. That adorable name which is above every name—that name of Jesus at which every knee shall bow—I taught him to spell, and then I told him how Jesus Christ was laid in the grave ; how, on the third morning, he burst its bars ; how he rose to the Father, and would also raise him and me from the dead ; and finally, I assured him that Jesus Christ could see and hear us always ; that we might talk to him constantly, and hereafter be with him in heaven.

I should have remarked that, when showing John the pit of flames, I paused to convince him that he, for one, had made God angry ; he freely confessed it, by sorrowful looks and gestures, but most vehemently denied that God could be angry with *me*. Thus he was clearly brought acquainted with the plague of his own heart ; and not the slightest objection did he make to the justice of a dreadful sentence against him. This struck me the more, because he was exceedingly jealous of his own rights and reputation, never resting for a moment under any supposed invasion of either ; yet he had nothing to reply against God ; he tacitly acknowledged his guiltiness, and it was a most glorious proof of Divine teaching, the *love* of God, even in delivering his own Son to a cruel death. I saw with unutterable and overflowing joy, that my poor boy received Jesus Christ as his Saviour ; and never, from that happy hour to the moment of his death, did he seem to doubt his interest in the atonement. So beautifully did he realize the apostle's declaration, "Ye are bought with a price," that without ever knowing those words, he took them for the rule of his life, and found the principles conveyed in them a safeguard against sin in every form ; that is to say, sin had not the dominion over him, he hated sin, he dreaded it, he fought against it, often with tears and prayers, and that in matters which would be deemed by many of very slight importance.

I will give one illustration before I quit this part of the subject, merely remarking that the same holy and heavenly wisdom guided him under every temptation. He had a great abhorrence of drunkenness ; and to avoid the beginnings of such a sin he resolved, with my hearty concurrence, never to taste strong drink of any kind.

On one occasion, about four years after he came to me, he was sent with a note to a friend's house, and while waiting for the answer, he was pressed to take a glass of wine by a young gentleman, who had resolved to overcome his scruples; the lad refused, but was more importunately urged to take it. His rejection became more firm and emphatic as his thoughtless friend more resolutely persevered; until the latter seized him by the collar, drew his head back, and poured the wine into his lips. In this emergency John set his teeth so firmly that scarcely a drop could pass them, and the contents of the glass ran down over a pretty waistcoat which I had just made for him, and which he highly valued. He said nothing, but buttoned his coat, and returned with the letter; then he told me what had passed, showed the stains, and with an exulting smile, concluded by remarking that his waistcoat was spoilt, but God was not angry, for John was not drunk. When advertising to it afterwards, he said that God had made his teeth, and the devil could not get the wine through them.

I have already said that it is not now my purpose to write John's history, and I shall pass over the seven years during which he walked with God on earth blameless, and without rebuke; a silent, lovely light, shining among men, so as to compel many to glorify his heavenly Father. Throughout the protracted sufferings of a most lingering decline, the arm of Jehovah sustained him, strengthening him with strength in his soul, and bowing his will into the most filial, most cheerful resignation. Jesus Christ was the theme of his discourse daily and hourly, in the season of health; and afterwards, when writhing under severe tortures, the sight of which drew tears from me, he would look up in my face with a sweet smile, and tell me that Jesus Christ loved him. Of the effects of this love he had an extraordinary view, which he described to me very soon after he had been brought acquainted with his Saviour; and he repeated it with excessive delight, even at the time when death had actually seized his prey, and below the knees neither warmth nor pulsation remained. It was this: that God had a very large book, on the top of one passage bearing the name of John B——, below which were written a great many things wherein John had made the Lord exceedingly angry; that on rising from the grave, God would call him, in awful manner, to stand before him, while he opened this book, and turned to the page in question; but that though he would hold it close to the sun, yet he could not read one word that had been written, because—and here his face used to kindle and glow with indescribable animation—because when John prayed to Jesus Christ, he took that book, and, passing his "red hand" over the page, left nothing visible there but the blood which had flowed from his palm, when pierced by the nails in Calvary. This thought was his solace through life and evidently illuminated the dark valley of the shadow of death. The possibility of escaping hell otherwise than by the intervention of "Jesus Christ's red hand" would have appeared to him a mockery; and to doubt of Christ's redeeming love to his own soul, I think he would have considered a very deep crime. All have not the full assurance of faith; and I never saw or heard of any instance where it existed so triumphantly as in John B——; while to the praise of the glory of Divine grace be it repeated, that he who clung as a

helpless, condemned sinner, to the unmerited love of a ransoming Saviour, was a wonder to all who knew him, for the unblemished purity of his life and conversation.

The departure of John B—— from this mortal scene, was as sweetly and calmly bright as was the faith which he held. Enoch's brief memorial would suit him well—he “walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.”—From “*The Happy Mute*,” by Charlotte Elizabeth.

Hard Books.

AN Irish speaker observed, “Many books published in the present day remind me of a short passage in one of Dickens's stories, where he represents Mark Tapley as saying that he would like to squeeze Mr. Pecksniff behind the door, because he was the sort of man that would *squeeze soft*. So with books—some are very beautifully bound in green and gold—very bright to look at, but they will *squeeze soft*. A man wants some books which will not *squeeze soft*. He wants some *hard* books—some books from contact with which his mind may acquire strength and consistency.” This is our reason for preferring the Puritan divines to those of modern date. When you read them, you have found something solid, substantial, and real. Most of the theological books of these degenerate times are like the whipped creams and *soufflés* of the confectioner,—very pretty, but very much like nothing at all. In a cubic inch of Charnock, or Owen, there is enough matter to cover acres of the new school of writing. Many of our new divines, when they write their lucubrations, evidently think they are thinking, but nobody else thinks so when they see what comes of it. “Much-ado about nothing” has got out of the theatres, and come to the studies, the pulpits, and the book-shops. Now do we see how wide a surface can be covered by an infinitesimal grain of metal, and how small a mouse may be produced by the most mountainous travail.—

C. H. S.

Carry a Light.

IN France, every carriage, or cart, or waggon must, after sundown, carry a light; and quite right too. On our mountain-roads, where should we be if our carriage encountered a hay-cart just at the turn of a road, or at the edge of a precipice? It is very curious to see a little lantern gleaming out from a moving hill of hay, but it is in every way the correct thing. How we wish that all our acquaintances carried a light! Be they good or bad, we are glad to know where they are, and where they are going, for then we know how to deal with them. Your dark men are dreadful men. They seem to be afraid of discovering their own whereabouts, and we know not whether they are friends or foes. We are bound to drive warily when these people are about; and we should in their neighbourhood be doubly careful to keep our own lamp burning brightly.—C. H. S.

Charity Rewarded.

WE are usually agreed that true charity is its own reward, but our French neighbours think it necessary to offer a prize for the highest form of this virtue. The selection is entrusted to the executive of the *Academie Française*. The religious bodies of France conduct, perhaps, more charitable organizations than even we do in England, as our institutions, although they are, of course, the outgrowth of faith, are not so directly associated with religion as are those of our neighbours across the Channel. The prize to which we have made reference, however, is never awarded to any association; to these, if judged worthy, the Government accords permission to canvass for subscriptions; without such authorization no society can solicit help in France.

The recipient of the *prix de vertu* last year was a remarkable woman, Mademoiselle Clementine Ryder, in whose veins some English blood is found. She was born in Dieppe, in 1830, and was the eldest of a very poor family of twelve children. Having obtained an education for herself by some means, which did not transpire in the President's eulogy of her, she acted as teacher to the other members of her family. After spending her teens amid great sacrifices, she, at the age of twenty, entered the service of a rich family as a governess. Her position now was quite luxurious in comparison with her previous life; but while faithfully performing her duties to her *protégés*, she gave a full range to the spirit of charity which had grown up in her breast while she had exercised her talents as "little mother" to the helpless members of her own family. As each interval of leisure presented itself, she used it by slipping away to visit the sick at their homes. Her knowledge of who were sick, and where they lived, seemed to be almost an inspiration. Soon she was found in the hospitals; and as those whom she sought to relieve increased, her limited means admonished her to stay her hand from the further development of her good work. But no, she burned with love to the less fortunate partakers of our common humanity, and, relinquishing her situation, she began literally to beg for her helpless charges. She begged alms from door to door; her poor ones were fed and comforted while she herself often suffered severe pinches of hunger and want.

After about a quarter of a century of such work, she gave ample proof that the zeal which her heart excited was wisely directed by that intelligence of mind which afterwards strongly marked her character. She reasoned that, while it was quite right to assist misery after it had developed, it would be still better to turn her attention to its prevention. She bent her energies to gathering up the waifs and gutter children, who, born amid vice and misery, are abandoned with less consideration by Gallic sinners than with us, though, alas, we have no room to play the Pharisee in this matter.

In 1877, she *opened* a home of refuge for poor homeless children in old Amiens. We use the word "opened," as she could not, in the legitimate use of the word, be said to have *founded* it, for she was herself without resources; and while we use the good English word "home," we must assure our readers that it was only an old shop, in

such a condition that it could not be let for business purposes. Here, however, with loving compassion, she brought two little unfortunate children; soon others followed, until this little abode of love became too strait for the comfort of its inmates, and its limited resources pointed to its soon being closed. But no, the moving spirit of this home of charity, from the moment of her first acquaintance with the members of her little family, had inoculated them with her own spirit of self-sacrifice. They learned soon to share their bed-coverlets with the new comers, and the crusts, too, were divided with the greatest delight.

Little by little the work grew, and the shop gave place to a home worthy of the name, and instead of a dozen infants, Mlle. Ryder soon had twenty, thirty, and then fifty little ones, to care for, feed, clothe, and instruct. The latter duty was to her of the greatest importance. It was the object of her solicitous care to develop to the utmost the character of the children under her charge. Some one may ask, "How did she provide for the material wants of her ever-increasing family?" The answer is known to none but our heavenly Father. All that was visible of the machinery was the hand-cart, which might have been seen calling at the bakers' and provision shops, or at the houses of charitably-disposed persons, gathering the gifts from the kitchens, or buying at the shops odds and ends of provisions at cheap rates. The rest is a secret.

To-day, seventy little ones are under her care, and she is nearer to financial ruin every day in proportion to the increase of her charge; but she labours on, looking for fresh outcasts to care for. It is not abandoned children alone, of whom she may hope to be relieved in due time, and who may probably be future helpers in her good work, that she gathers within her asylum. There are the vicious, the incurables, those whom their parents cannot feed, those whom the homes of the Sisters of Charity reject, and whom the schools will not have. In fact, her home is the very forlorn-hope of the old city of Amiens and its environs. There are children in *crèches*, not deposited for the day alone, but absolutely dependent upon the solicitude of Mlle. Ryder.

Her love to her motley family is not lost; they delight to call her "mother." Their poor bodies receive attention and kindly care from her loving hands; she animates their spirits, and seeks to enter their hearts; she washes their tongues from moral filth at the same time that she laves their bodies. After this peep at her *modus operandi*, we are not careful to enquire further as to her religious beliefs than the slight glimpse that the President of the Academy gives us, in his brief epitome of her teaching, and her own lucid exposition of the "new commandment." She presents before her foster-children the Almighty as "good, just, and loving"; and while she teaches them carefully by lessons, she adds her powerful example by way of the most effectual enforcement of them.

Such is the recipient for 1884 of the Montyon *prix de vertu*, from the *Académie Française*, which is valued at three thousand francs. That prize is a fitting public recognition of her noble self-sacrificing work.

W. L. LANG.

Dr. Candlish.*

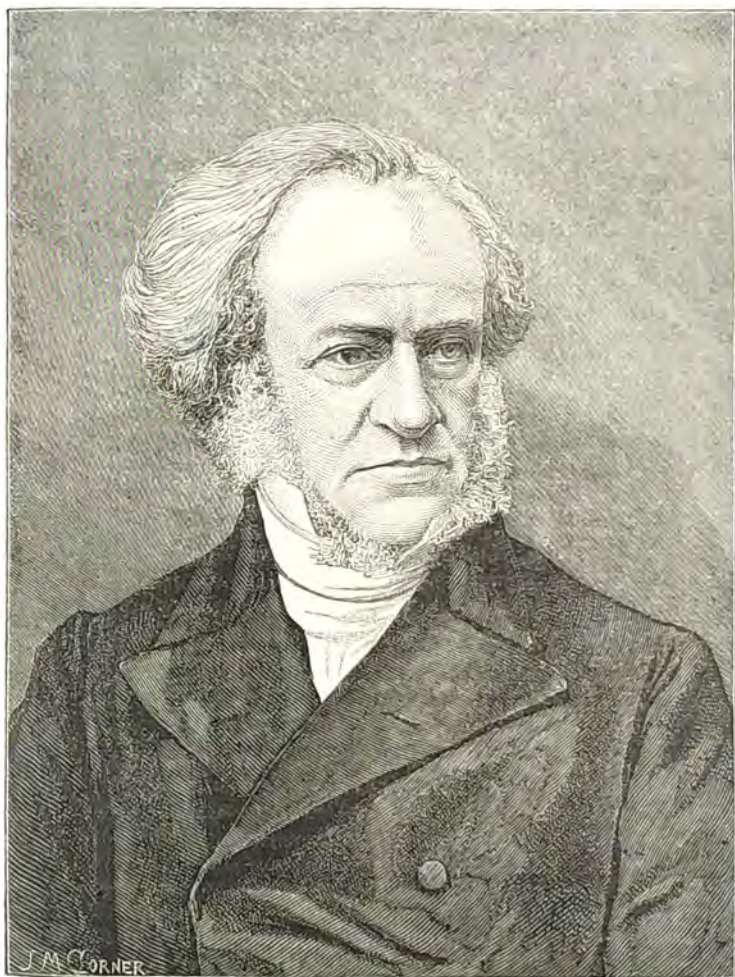
ROBERT SMITH CANDLISH was one of the most distinguished men that ever reflected lustre on his native Scotland. Great as he was, both as a preacher and a theologian, his name will chiefly live in history as one of the master-builders who laid the foundations of the Free Church. His two principal colleagues in this business were Drs. Chalmers and Cunningham, the first having died in 1847, the last fourteen years later. While the army of secession was composed of hundreds of devoted men who loved the church better than their manses and stipends, the three above named were the generals who led the way, and to whom under God the victory was due.

R. S. Candlish was born in Edinburgh in March, 1806, and at five weeks of age he suddenly lost his father, who was a teacher of medicine, and otherwise a most accomplished man. The family originally came from Ayrshire—"the land of Burns"—and James Candlish was one of the poet's trusted and valued friends. Like his afterwards celebrated son, James was at one time intended for the Church; but, said he at the time, "I hate hypocrisy, and consequently feel great reluctance to preach doctrines I do not believe." He appears to have devoted his whole attention to science, and to have considered himself happy in possessing a wife, who as a village beauty, and one of "the six belles of Mauchline," who "were the pride of the place and the neighbourhood a," lived in Burns's immortal verse. The poet's "belle," who survived her partner for about fifty years, and made her home in the house of her son, Dr. Candlish, is still remembered by members of St. George's Church as "a lady of stately and somewhat majestic presence, grave and reserved in manner, although always kindly and courteous." Industrious and high principled, she abhorred debt, and was ready to suffer any hardship in order that her sons might have a creditable start in the world. She was well rewarded in after life for all her pains, although James, her eldest son, the hope and pride of the family so long as he lived, died prematurely in 1829.

Mrs. Candlish and her eldest daughter kept a school at Glasgow, and Miss Duncan, one of the pupils, sketches the future Free Church Doctor as he appeared at eight years of age:—"While the girls were engaged at needlework little Robert always sat on a low stool beside his mother, doing sums of arithmetic, of which occupation he never seemed to tire. He was never sent to a public school. His mother and eldest sister gave him all the instruction he required until he was too far advanced for them to carry on. His eldest sister's love for her little brother was very tender. She watched over and took an interest in everything he did and said. I remember her often saying how much she felt hurt at the remarks people made about him when she went out with him and an old nurse, Jenny, who came with his mother and young family to Glasgow. He was a peculiar but interesting-looking child. His delicate, fair complexion, his large forehead, and eyes with very long eyelashes,

* "Memorials of Robert Smith Candlish, D.D., Minister of St. George's Free Church, and Principal of the New College, Edinburgh." By William Wilson, D.D. With concluding Chapter by Robert Rainy, D.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1880.

and the rest of his body being so small, made him so peculiar-looking that people often stopped and asked whose child he was." Still a child of thirteen when he entered the University, he took his M.A. degree long before he came of age, and before he commenced his studies in the



DR. CANDLISH.

Divinity Hall. After leaving college he resided for some two or three years at Eton, in charge of Sir H. H. Campbell, one of the tutors. As a young man Mr. Candlish is sketched by a friend who knew him well. He "was fond of some athletic exercises, and excelled in them. I can attest his expertness in swimming and rowing. His skill in the latter

was acquired chiefly at Eton, and, at least to me, it appeared very remarkable—probably all the more remarkable that I had once a pretty strong pull against him on the lake of Lochnaw, and was utterly discomfited and subdued.” The same witness, Mr. Urquhart, also expresses his belief that from “very early years” R. S. Candlish “had walked with God in the spirit of adoption.”

The low state of religion in Scotland at the beginning of the present century, is well known, and illustrations of the wide-spread degeneracy might be quoted from many independent witnesses. Good Dr. Duff’s investigations in Ayrshire taught him that Burns’s descriptions, too often taken for caricatures, were drawn from the life. That great missionary once said, “Having thrown off the fear of man, and, alas! to some extent the fear of God, Robert Burns satired this state of things in their gross literality with all faithfulness. Hence not a few who were godly men declared to me their conviction that the descriptions given in *The Holy Fair* of scenes at the administration of the Lord’s Supper were not exaggerated; and the same was asserted of some of what were reckoned his objectionable minor poems.”

In one of the most interesting passages of the biography now before us Dr. Wilson refers to the causes which seventy years ago promoted the reaction against Moderatism, and consequently led to the revival, of which the Free Church is the direct outcome. First were the Lives of Knox and Melville, by Dr. M’Crie, works which, through being extensively read, dealt a deadly blow at “the Moderatism which had so long cramped and stifled the religious life of Scotland.” Then came the pulpit and platform work of the great evangelical teacher, Andrew Thomson, who preceded Dr. Candlish as minister of St. George’s parish, and who is thought to have turned the tide in Edinburgh in favour of evangelical religion. Then, thirdly, we have to include Dr. Chalmers, who after beginning as a Moderate became one of the most powerful witnesses for the simple gospel which Scotland has ever seen.

Licensed to preach in 1828, Mr. Candlish commenced ministerial life in the following year as assistant to Dr. Gibb, of St. Andrew’s, Glasgow, a pastor of the Moderate standard, but who was not in the least aggrieved by the better teaching of his youthful colleague. After the death of the Doctor, in 1831, Mr. Candlish found another situation under the more eccentric, but still Moderate, Mr. Gregor, of Bonhill. This pastor was a man whom we should call a “character” on this side of the Border; for while he abounded in pungent and witty sayings, he was anything but “moderate” in the demands he made upon his colleague’s powers. His notion was that a co-pastor should do all the work, and he excused himself from ever preaching in his own pulpit by asking, “What is the use of keeping a dog and then barking yourself?” On some occasions, as Dr. Wilson remarks, “his statements were often remarkably felicitous and beautiful.” In fencing the communion table, according to the Scotch method, he once said, “If you cannot come *with* assurance come *for* assurance.” After a brother minister had occupied his full share of time in preaching, Mr. Gregor reminded the audience that they all knew of “the great difference between the length of a sermon and the strength of a sermon.” To a probationer whose manner of expression was slovenly, notwithstanding that his sermons had much in them, he

advised "a little less meat and a little more cooking." In the cholera time of 1832 he referred in public to the unwholesomeness of a certain wearing material, and then added, "Now, it stands to reason that a coating of dirt will have much the same effect as Mackintosh's patent cloth." Such was the man whose work Mr. Candlish did for two years before his removal, in 1834, to the sphere of his life-work, St. George's, Edinburgh. When he first settled in that important parish no one supposed the situation would be a permanent one, as he was merely required to supply the place of an ailing minister, Mr. Martin, who died soon afterwards. Remarkable providences worked together so as to bring such a man to the capital just on the eve of the 'Ten Years' Conflict, and also for the keeping of him there. Amid abundant pastoral and evangelistic labours he was preparing to take the lead when the final crisis came.

Though his friends in Edinburgh were quite aware of his power, Mr. Candlish was not very widely known to the world outside of that fair city until he stood up in the excited General Assembly of 1839 to speak on behalf of the threatened church. Dr. Wilson, who describes what took place, was one of those who "shouted to give him a hearing," when the temper of the meeting was against hearing any person under fifty years of age. The business before the House was, of course, the recent decision of the Lords in the Auchterarder case, and all felt that the time for action had come. The Moderates, of whom Norman Macleod was a prominent leader, were ready to sell the independence of the church for the sake of preserving the State connection; and the counter motion of Dr. Chalmers had been made, when a young and untried pleader was seen approaching the Moderator's chair, "passing his hand through his hair, as was his wont, when he became excited." The speech which followed was one of startling force, and from that day Mr. Candlish was acknowledged to be a powerful leader among that compact body with whom the sovereignty of Christ was a sacred thing not to be despoiled by human hands. It should be remembered that the constitution of the Scotch Establishment had from the year of the Union, and even from the Reformation, been somewhat different from the constitution of the Church of England; and thus, unlike the Ritualists, who outrage or evade the law, the Free Church leaders were not battling for things which did not belong to them when they made a stand for what Dr. Candlish called "The principle of an Establishment, and the principle of Church independence." The English Establishment is undoubtedly a thoroughly Erastian institution, and that was what the united band of 1843 would not endure for Scotland. "We might tolerate a voluntary church," said Dr. Candlish, "but we can never tolerate an Erastian one." To outsiders who disapprove of mixing together the things of Christ and the things of Cæsar, there appears to be Erastianism in a connection of any kind which links the Church to the State; but the venerable fathers of Presbyterianism saw things with other eyes; they shrank from the very name of "Voluntary Principle" as from a bugbear, even when they were on the very eve of proving its vitality and power.

Years before it came, a shrewd observer like Dr. Candlish saw that Disruption was approaching; but while he was "not enamoured of the

prospects of a Free Church of Scotland," he probably would have thought differently could he have foreseen what a mighty impetus the new institution would give to the preaching of the gospel in that country. The period was a time of enormous activity, it was in fact the era of a second Reformation.

The Disruption was at length effected on the 18th of May, 1843, one of the most momentous days which ever occurred even in the romantic annals of Edinburgh. On that day everybody knew that the long-talked-of secession would be accomplished before night, and accordingly the streets were densely crowded by long lines of interested spectators. Tremulous with excitement, the pastors who constituted the General Assembly arrived in the city unwontedly early. The sermon by Dr. Welsh, the retiring Moderator, preached in the High Church, was listened to by both parties with those mixed feelings which, in many instances, appear to have found vent in tears. "I was seated beside one of the ministers who had concluded to remain in the Establishment, although more than half convinced that he ought to leave it," remarks Dr. Wilson. "He was weeping bitterly most of the time, and when he rose to leave the church at the close of the service, he exclaimed, 'Oh, what would you have me to do?'" After this service the Assembly met in St. Andrew's Church, and our author, as a spectator, well describes the scene: "When the Moderator, and Royal Commissioner, the Marquess of Bute, arrived there, after a brief and solemnizing prayer, Dr. Welsh read the Protest, and handed it to the clerks at the table, and, along with the senior members of Assembly, who were seated on the front bench on the Moderator's left hand, began to move towards the door. The other members, as had been arranged, remained quietly sitting until the venerable fathers had passed the seat they occupied. My attention was particularly directed to Mr. Robertson, of Ellon, perhaps the ablest, as he was one of the most prominent, of the Moderate party. He occupied one of the seats on the Moderator's right hand, and stood up when the movement towards the door began. There was a smile of satisfaction on his face when he observed that there was as yet no movement except on the front benches . . . but as pew after pew was leisurely emptied, his face got elongated and ghastly pale." The procession, hailed at every step by the encouraging acclamations of the citizens, marched to a hall at Canonmills, and having put Dr. Chalmers in the Moderator's chair, formed themselves into the first General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. On the two following days the voice of Dr. Candlish was heard asserting the secession to be "the identical church which their fathers founded, and which was reared by their prayers, their sufferings, and their blood." "The troops were mustering on both sides," he added, "and the remnants of Protestantism were gathering in opposition to the common enemy."

After the secession was accomplished, Dr. Candlish was, perhaps, the most powerful of all the Free Church apologists, not even excepting his great contemporary, Thomas Chalmers. The acuteness of his reasoning was wonderful, and his boldness, engendered by the conviction that his arguments were founded on the unyielding rock of Scripture, carried him forward to victory when a weaker champion would have fainted. "His oratory is fascinating from its originality and wild fervour," said

an English newspaper. "He does not so much excite compassion as move to indignation." The indignation referred to was the result of what was judged to be the dishonourable conduct of those who remained in the Establishment. All that they could legally seize they appropriated to their own use, whether at home or abroad—buildings and schools in Scotland, and the very books and apparatus which Dr. Duff had collected at the mission institution in Calcutta.

Though building up the Free Church was one of the main works of his life, Dr. Candlish proved himself to be the great man in whatever he undertook. As principal of New College, Edinburgh, he was not less loved than valued by the students. He was ever active in promoting education; and indeed on greater or lesser matters affecting the well-being of the church which he loved better than his own ease or life, his activity was irrepressible. How he was revered as a pastor by one of the largest and most influential congregations in Scotland cannot be described in words; and a similar remark might be applied to the value set upon his works by theological students. He is still a teacher, for his works live after him.

When at last death came to the pastor, it found him, to borrow his own words, with a deep sense of sin, but a firm confidence in the Saviour. Though suffering much at times, his mind was clear, and the sayings of his last hours are choice as well as characteristic. "Pray for a quiet passage," he said to one; and then to his co-pastor he remarked, "Go and pray for a poor dying sinner." The grief at parting from him spread through Edinburgh and extended to the provinces. A daily prayer-meeting was held at St. George's; and then all ended calmly and triumphantly just before midnight on Sunday, the 19th of October, 1873.

"He was a very dear and noble friend," says Dr. Rainy. "I have known none more large-hearted, more generous, more self-forgetting. I knew him in his vigour and in the height of his influence. I knew him, still better perhaps, when decaying health was gradually breaking him down, and his public burdens were pressing heavily on his failing strength. No church in our day has had a son who bore her burdens more resolutely, who conceived her work and calling more magnanimously." While quoting such a testimony, we are well assured that it contains not the slightest tinge of exaggeration.

Narrow Views of Things.

I RECOLLECT once to have driven upon an Irish jaunting car with a little child about four years of age. It began to rain, and a hood was placed over the child's head. I heard her mutter, "There is such a pretty view!" I said, "How can that be when your head is covered?" "Oh!" she replied, "I see my knees, my shawl, and my pretty, pretty little feet." Now, I think that a good illustration of the way in which some people praise and admire their own views; but, after all, their admiration arises from the fact that their heads are muffled, and that they cannot look farther than the extremities of their own beautiful selves.—*W. Alexander, A.M.*

Esther Beamish.*

WHATEVER be the position for which woman may be deemed fitted in social and political life, there can be no doubt that in work for the Saviour she has a place peculiarly her own. She ministered to him of her substance in his life-time; she wept in penitence behind him; she sat at his feet, and heard his word; her quick perceptions forboded the last dark scene, and she anointed him beforehand for his burying; she was last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre; she was the first herald of his resurrection; she united her prayers with those of the disciples for the descent of the Spirit; she helped the apostolic missionaries when the Jews in every city raged against them; and was the first to receive the gospel in Europe. The early centuries of the church witnessed her labours for Christ, and her heroic endurance of martyrdom for his sake; and the present day shows her undiminished consecration to the service of Jesus. Recently published biographies reveal the noble work done by Christian women. No one can read of Eliza Fletcher, in Glasgow; of Elizabeth Seeley, in Syria; or of Esther Beamish, whose activity was spent in England, on the Continent, in Palestine, and Algiers, without spiritual benefit. The church needs to have such holy workers multiplied; examples like these are likely to inspire Christian women with the desire to go and do likewise. Make them known, then, far and wide.

The life of Miss Beamish, which lies before us, embodies the record of a singularly devoted and useful career.

Miss Beamish was a clergyman's daughter. As a girl she delighted to visit the patients in the infirmary of St. George's Workhouse; and when her father removed from Conduit Street, London, to Somersetshire, she, with her sisters, held a night-school for men and lads. Afterwards she extended her work, and in each new scene of her father's ministry her Bible-classes and meetings for women were attended with increasing usefulness. Her evangelistic faculty became known, and her aid was sought in meetings held in schoolrooms and barns, where she pleaded with souls for Christ. "There were great results: big men, in middle life, pouring out their souls for mercy, and some of them brought to see Jesus as their Saviour."

One of the best indications of new and living earnestness in the episcopal church is the organization of "missions," in which meetings are held daily in the churches of a given neighbourhood, and in factories, schools, and public halls, to awaken the people to an interest in Christ's glad tidings. Miss Beamish engaged heart and soul in the "mission" at Derby, in 1873, and in London in the following year. Concerning this London "mission" she wrote to her sister: "There were fifteen engagements kept daily from the parsonage. I cannot remember them all, but, in addition to those mentioned, there were two other hospital wards; the casuals of the workhouse; the whole of the workhouse people; omnibus-washers; railway men (about three hundred); an address in the mission-room; my work in St. John's Training-

* "A Voice that is Still: Memorials of Esther Beamish." By her Sister. John F. Shaw and Co.

school, where, thank God, over fifty children out of one hundred and thirty came clearly to Jesus; also a free tea for navvies, tramps, &c. (two hundred and fifty), for ten nights. I had to speak four times to the navvies, as such a number of roughs came that Mr. Sherbrooke saw that they could not be controlled by a man. It is perfectly evident that when a woman speaks to roughs the influence is felt at once. One morning I took the 'casuals,' poor, desolate fellows, fallen very low in the world. There were two very remarkable conversions in church; one a clergyman, who had preached the truth without ever realizing it; and the other a convict, eight times in prison, with close-cropped hair, and the real criminal stamp. Poor fellow, his agony about sin kept him awake four nights. He was so ignorant that he asked one of the workers whether our Lord was a man or a woman; and yet, directly the Holy Spirit had conquered his heart he threw up two plans for house-breaking, and cut himself off from his companions except to get them to the free tea. He makes his living now by chopping firewood. I had one talk with him alone since his life was changed, and he said (pointing with his thumb over his shoulder), 'They say he don't make count whether he forgives much or little. I don't want to be half good, nor three-quarters, I want to go the *whole pitch*.' I was telling him very simply about Christ's substitution, and that now he lives for us, as our 'counsel,' a word familiar to a prisoner, and he said, 'It's as if you had a great rich friend as backs you up.'"

Here is another touching incident of the same "mission." "People came to churches that week who never enter a church, and among them a young woman who had been six years without going to church, and two years without writing to her mother. She was a lost girl; but she was impressed, and stayed for the after-meeting; and a lady dealt with her, and at length she came then and there to Jesus, and believed that 'His blood cleanseth from all sin.' Just as she was going out, quite bright, she said, 'There is one thing I should like—a Bible.' The lady, never expecting to see her again, said, 'You shall have mine,' and gave it just as it was, with her name in it. The next afternoon this lady was, as usual, visiting a large hospital (Guy's, I think), and one of the nurses said, 'We had such a bad case to-day, a young woman run over by an omnibus, and she is dead; and the curious thing is she had *your* Bible in her pocket.' The lady said, 'Did she say anything?' 'Yes, when the doctors stood round her bed she asked if it was hopeless, and when they said "Quite hopeless," she said, "Thank God it was not yesterday; I am going to Jesus."' She had also written to her mother late the night before, saying, "After so long you will be glad to hear from me. I have given my heart to Jesus, and mean to live for him.'"

At the suggestion of Mrs. Pennfather, Miss Beamish spent the winter of 1874-5 in Spa and Brussels, addressing drawing-room meetings of ladies, and visiting the working classes in the lodging-houses. "The men were seated at long tables, about thirty to forty in each room, smoking and playing cards, poor fellows; and in two there was rapt attention. I *was* happy, indeed; it was so delicious to speak to earnest, anxious faces, after the deadly cold of prejudiced ladies."

She hired a large workshop, and set it in full swing as a mission-room,

with gospel preaching and a night-school on alternate evenings. The following winter she resumed this work, with the assistance of Lord Radstock, and the Rev. Horace Noel, and distributed 14,000 Danish and Flemish Testaments and Gospels in Brussels and Antwerp. One result was the building of a mission-church at Spa, as a permanent centre of evangelistic effort.

Drawing-room meetings for ladies occupied her during the winter of 1880-81 in London; and in the spring she accompanied her friend, Lady Sebright, to Algiers, where she carried on similar work among the English ladies; and held meetings for the French ladies, and the French poor people. The summer and autumn she spent in incessant evangelistic work in England and Scotland, addressing at Perth one meeting of two thousand persons. Everywhere the power of the Holy Spirit attended her word.

After a few weeks' work in Belgium, she rejoined her friend in Algiers, and resumed her Christian work: English Bible-readings for ladies, French meetings for soldiers; opening also a Bible dépôt.

A happy and busy year was spent between England, Belgium, and Algiers, till, in December, at Algiers, Lady Sebright's little daughter, Olive, was seized with diphtheria. "Regardless of the risk of infection, her mother had been all along close to the child; Esther, at Lady Sebright's earnest request, had taken the precautions urged by the doctors; but on one occasion little Olive rose in her bed, and drawing Esther's head down to her, gave her a loving kiss on her lips. Lady Sebright was just behind, and caught hold of Esther (for an awful fear seized her mind), saying, as she drew her back, "How can you, how dare you, do that?" Olive died on the 22nd of December. Miss Beamish was seized with the dreaded complaint the same day, and in eight days more was laid in Olive's grave. That last week of the earnest Christian life was sacred. Lady Sebright's description of the close is extremely beautiful. "I spent a long time lying with my head on her shoulder, and I asked her if it oppressed her, but she said, 'No, it is delicious; stay there.' I asked her forgiveness for often having been cross, and vexing her, and she raised her weak hand, as if to strike me playfully, saying sweet words: 'That I made her very happy, and satisfied her with my great love; that my heart had been her home,' and other words too sacred to write down. . . . Towards morning, seeing the light on her face, and hearing more frequently the Saviour's name, they asked her if she saw him, but she said, 'No; only his glory, intense glory.' Near the end she spoke rapidly, but less clearly; but scraps of prayer, and one name, especially, were heard, as even in death she pleaded for unsaved souls. But at the last they heard distinctly the words, 'Oh, Lord! Oh, pity! Oh, love!' With this last aspiration towards the divine love, she entered his presence, and heard his greeting at five o'clock on Friday morning, December 29."

It is not every Christian woman that has the ability and force of Esther Beamish, but all may emulate her devotion; and the loving work of every handmaid of Christ will be equally recognized by the Master's approving word, "She hath done what she could."

The Suburbs of London.*

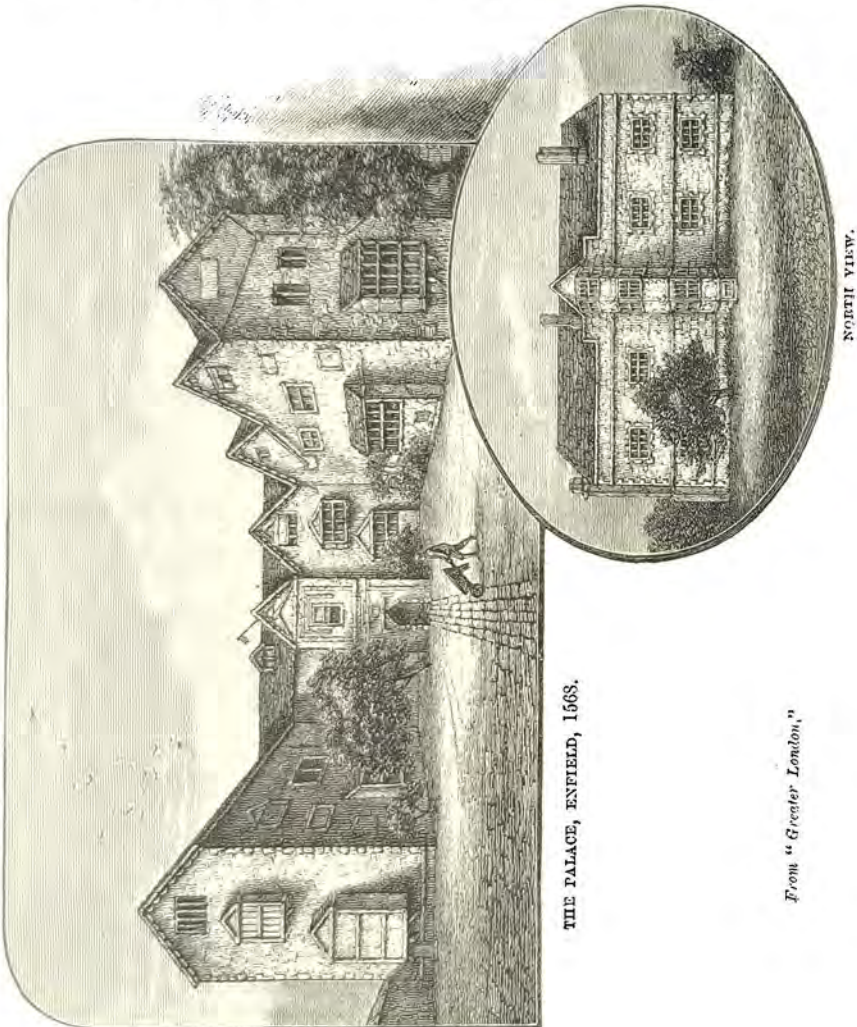
HAVING completed their great work on "Old and New London," in six volumes, the enterprising publishers of Belle Sauvage Yard now issue these supplementary tomes, which show no falling off either in the engravings or in the quality of the letterpress. If the Capital was worthy of being so thoroughly delineated by pen and pencil, involving an outlay of toil and money which to ordinary readers would appear incredible in amount, the suburbs of the twelve miles radius are certainly not a whit behind the city itself in historical associations, and in memories of those who have gone before. In some respects the later volumes excel their predecessors in interest, for there is a flavour of the country in them which adds a charm to what is otherwise picturesque and fascinating in itself. While turning over the leaves, we see the suburban parishes as they were before builders had encroached upon their gardens and greensward; and thus we are carried back to days when shady rural retreats existed within a reasonable walk from the city. Nor do we see only old houses and unspoiled landscapes; for while lingering here and there in our fireside perambulation, we are privileged to look upon portraits of the departed, many of whom, such as Richard Baxter and Justice Hale, are among the great company of the redeemed. We might almost say that the attractions of the suburbs, as a whole, are hardly likely to be fully appreciated by any who have not looked through these volumes, which set before us landmarks that have passed away, and others that still remain. It would be impossible to take even a bird's-eye view of the whole in the space at our command, therefore attention must be confined to one or two parishes and individuals.

The quaint mansion depicted in our engraving, which in part still remains, is to be regarded as a choice relic of Reformation times. Speaking of Enfield in his time, Norden says that "if it were measured by a ring it would be found at least twenty miles in extent." Mr. Walford adds: "Enfield is richer in historic and literary associations than many of the parishes that we have visited in our perambulations, for it has numbered among its residents, besides two at least of the sovereigns of England, for longer or shorter periods, such celebrities as Sir Walter Raleigh, Isaac Disraeli, Gough the antiquary, Dr. Abernethy, Charles Babbage, Captain Marryatt, and Charles Lamb; and the annals of the neighbourhood are connected with many other important personages.

The palace at Enfield was one of the first houses in the suburbs in the sixteenth century, Edward VI. and his half-sister Elizabeth both having made it their residence from time to time. When forsaken by royalty, the house was leased to private persons, and the most celebrated commoner who made it his home was Dr. Uvedale, the botanist, and master of the grammar-school, a relic of whose once magnificent gardens still survives in the cedar which he himself planted about two centuries and a quarter ago. During the time of the great plague, in 1665, the accomplished tutor "caused a brick to be put into the fire over

* "Greater London: a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places." By Edward Walford, M.A. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Cassell and Co. Two volumes. Price 9s. each.

night, and the next morning, when red-hot, poured a quart of vinegar on it, and placed it in the middle of the hall floor, the steam of which was received by the whole family standing round. They then went to prayers, and afterwards locking up the house walked to Winch-



more Hill, and on their return went to school. By this precaution not one of the family caught the infection." The cedar was at one time supposed to be the finest specimen of its species in England, measuring twelve feet in circumference. The tree was brought from Lebanon by Dr. Uvedale himself.

The religious associations of this pretty suburb are both varied and interesting. The vicar was one of those who left the Establishment for conscience sake, in 1662; and he probably took part in founding the original Nonconformist church in Baker Street, which the timely accession of the present pastor, in 1847, probably saved from lapsing into Socinianism. The Baptists did not come upon the scene as a separate body until 1867, when a congregation was formed, which is now in a very flourishing condition. The old Elizabethan palace is also linked with some of the pleasantest reminiscences of this church; for when the present chapel was in course of erection, ten years ago, the people assembled in one of its most capacious rooms. Nor is this quite all; for on August the 14th, 1883, the tutors and students of the Pastors' College enjoyed an opportunity of seeing for themselves the old-fashioned gardens and antique apartments. On the occasion of reassembling for the session, the President, tutors, and students were invited to Enfield, where they were well entertained throughout a very pleasant day by Pastor G. W. White, his hospitable deacons, and other associates.

Having already noticed Baxter and Hale, portraits of whom are given in "Greater London," we may add that the memories of those godly men are among the most interesting things associated with Acton. Referring to his first acquaintance with the judge, Baxter himself writes: "We sate next each other at church many weeks, but neither did he ever speak to me, nor I to him. At last my extraordinary friend (to whom I was more beholden than I must here express), Serjeant Fountain, asked me why I did not visit the Lord Chief Baron." At first the divine objected to this seemingly bold proposal, but later on he fell in with it, and the two became fast friends. "I lived then in a small house, but it had a pleasant garden and back side, which the honest landlord had a desire to sell. The judge had a mind to the house, but he would not meddle with it till he got a stranger to me to come and enquire of me whether I was willing to leave it. I told him I was not only willing, but desirous; not for my own ends, but for my landlord's sake, who must needs sell it; and so he bought it, and lived in that poor house till his mortal sickness sent him to the place of his interment. The house was well situated, but was very small, and so far below the ordinary dwellings of men of his rank as that divers farmers thereabouts had better; but it pleased him." These pleasantly-related details seem to show that Christian people of Puritanical tendencies were satisfied with plainer surroundings than would now give satisfaction to persons of position.

Baxter's reminiscences of the life of those days show that he and the judge were quite agreed in things essential. They avoided controversy, and Hale would have rejoiced more than any man in England if his friend and Dr. Calamy could have done ought to raise the piety of the nation by accepting bishoprics in the Establishment. "We were oft together," adds Baxter, "and almost all our discourse was philosophical, and especially about the nature of spirits and superior regions, and the nature, operations, and immortality of man's soul."

Mr. Walford is not by any means biassed in favour of the Puritans, but the facts he has collected concerning these two eminent Christians show in an unmistakable manner the roughness and wickedness of the

times. After he had surrendered his house to the judge, Baxter moved into another close by, in which he instituted a service, held at an hour between the morning and evening prayer of the church, his object having been rather to supplement than to hinder the work of the rector. Sir Matthew Hale himself very highly appreciated these efforts, thinking, as well he might, when such a preacher was available, that the work redounded no less to the spiritual enlightenment of the people than to the good of the Established Church itself. But no such ideas were entertained by the time-serving rector, who, having the law on his side, was able not only to break up the meeting, but to send Baxter to prison. When he moved for his release, however, the author of the "Saints' Rest" says: "I found that the character which Judge Hale had given of me stood me in some stead, and every one of the four judges did not only acquit me, but said more for me than my counsel." Such were the days when a profligate king, and a Parliament in sympathy with him, brought England down to the lowest point of degradation.

These pleasant volumes tempt us to linger and mention many other names of persons who were associated with the suburban regions in Greater London, and have left their mark upon the world. One more example only shall be quoted, and that for the sake of uttering a warning and correcting what seems to be a mistake.

For what reason, on coming to Hendon, Mr. Walford classes the late Serjeant Cox among philanthropists is best known to himself; our own notion being that the serjeant's good works were hardly of sufficient magnitude to warrant his being reckoned among the benefactors of the poor. Mr. S. C. Hall was the intimate friend of this most fortunate of newspaper proprietors, and in his "Retrospect of a Long Life," that veteran says:—

"I have rarely known so fortunate a man as Serjeant Cox. . . . At his death he left behind him a sum of probably £400,000. . . . His death made no mourners (excepting his own immediate family), and no institution was the better because he had lived . . . Some one has said that if hell is paved with good intentions, it is roofed with lost opportunities. That Serjeant Cox now deeply laments over 'lost opportunities' I no more doubt than I do his now existing in some new state of being with memory strong upon him—no more than he, when on earth, doubted that life continues after this life."

These are strong words, and we quote them for the sake of the living, who may be tempted to that withholding of more than is meet which tendeth to poverty. Assuredly we have no desire to underestimate the character of one with whom we were totally unacquainted. Serjeant Cox did not sin above many others who are amassing tens of thousands, and making no effort whatever to leave the world better than they found it; but in all cases lost opportunities will recoil upon those who miss them.

While looking through the beautiful volumes, which the untiring enterprise of Messrs. Cassell has produced, how many other stories of heroism, of self-sacrifice, or of folly, come beneath the eye, thus showing that Greater London teems with memories which deserved to be gathered with care and preserved in a fitting memorial.

Thomas Cooper's Thoughts.*

THERE is more than one "Grand Old Man." Thomas Cooper, who has just published his "Thoughts at Fourscore," well deserves that title. How grandly he has struggled for political liberty! How valorously he has fought for gospel truth! Even in his old age, when memory fails, and infirmities multiply, how earnestly he writes concerning things which are right and true! The old man worked on, and travelled far and wide so long as strength enabled him, and now that he is restrained from long journeys, he sits at home and writes for his Master's cause. The many ministers educated in the Pastors' College will remember lovingly their Lecturer in Apologetics and those Titanic wrestlings with which he dashed scepticism to the ground. His photograph in this volume makes him appear in as good preservation as when we saw him ten or twenty years ago. May he live as long as he desires, according to that ancient promise, "with long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation." This last book of his presents a notable appearance externally, while within it is full of vivacity and solidity. We like the exhortation to the Archbishop of Canterbury to rebuke the Prince of Wales for horse-racing, and we only hope we may live to know that the Archbishop has done his duty in the matter, as Latimer would have done had he been alive. Other topics are treated with cheerful earnestness in a lively and able style. Perhaps the best idea of this six shilling volume may be gathered from certain passages which we have selected from it:—

MEN WHO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

"I knew a man, in my youth, an elderly man, who was a great observer of human nature. I will not say of him, as it was said of Oliver Cromwell, that he could look through a man's skin right to his backbone—but he had a most shrewd knowledge of mankind. A young man used to converse with him, occasionally, on this very theme of human character; and, one day, after a long conversation upon it, the young man said, 'Ah! well; there are all sorts of people in the world.' 'Nay,' said the elder man, 'there is one sort wanting.' 'What sort is that?' asked the young man eagerly. 'The people,' replied the elder man, 'who mind their own business, and let other people's business alone.'

"He was right. They are either entirely wanting—the people who mind their own business and let other people's business alone—or they are so scarce in the world that you would hardly be likely to find them if you performed a journey on purpose to look for them."

NATURAL DEPRAVITY.

"If any man doubts the dire Scriptural truth that we are born in sin—that the carnal mind is enmity against God—let him begin to seek religion, and he'll soon find that he is naturally prone to evil. So long as a man is living in sin—living a jolly life—taking his pipe and glass in the tap-room—or, more respectably, his glass of brandy and water and his cigar, in the inn-parlour—he laughs at your Methodism and cant about being a sinner, and a fallen creature. But let the Spirit of God lay hold of him and lead him to seek religion, and he will soon begin to cry out with Paul, before he got out of his struggle with sin, and began to be holy—'before he got out of the seventh chapter of Romans into the eighth,' as an old preacher used to say—'When I would do good, evil is present with me! Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'"

* "Thoughts at Fourscore, and Earlier." A Medley. By Thomas Cooper. Author of "The Purgatory of Suicides," "The Paradise of Martyrs," "The Bridge of History over the Gulf of Time," "Plain Pulpit Talk," etc., etc. With Portrait. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1885.

THE HOPEFULNESS OF A SENSE OF SIN.

"The man who thinks he is not so very bad, is no true penitent. 'I am the chief of sinners,' said holy Paul, and that is sure to be the feeling of the man who is truly penitent. A good Quaker told me once how he visited a sick neighbour, and began to talk to the man about soul-matters. Religion was all very good, the poor sick man acknowledged, but he could not see what need he had to concern himself about it, for he had never done anybody any harm in his life. The good Quaker tried to convince him that he had lived without hope and without God in the world, and that he was not fit to die; that he had neither prayed nor worshipped, nor read his Bible, nor trained up his children in the fear of God, and he ought to feel himself a sinner in the sight of his Maker. The good Quaker knelt and prayed with him, and visited him again and again, and began to observe that the man gradually forgot to boast of his innocence; and, at last, seemed to be growing very tender, for he observed him in tears. At last he could conceal his state no longer, but burst out into weeping—'I am too great a sinner,' said he; 'there is no mercy for me!'

"'Thank God!' said the good Quaker, 'I have hope of thee now. Let us pray once more, and see if there be no mercy for thee.' The Quaker prayed, and the poor sinner prayed; and before they gave over, the sinner's soul was set free, and he rejoiced in the pardoning love of God."

Notices of Books.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1885. 337, Strand.

OUR notice of this useful handbook has been unavoidably delayed, but though late, our commendation is as hearty as ever. If any temperance friends have not yet purchased copies, they should do so at once, if any are left unsold at this period of the year. Mr. Rae manages to collect a vast amount of information upon the temperance question, and so makes this work permanently helpful to all who are engaged in the struggle against intemperance.

The Drink Traffic in the Nineteenth Century: its growth and influence.

By DAVID LEWIS, J.P. 337, Strand.
EX-BALLIE LEWIS never writes upon temperance questions unless he has something worth saying to put before his readers. In this little volume, to our mind, the most useful chapter is the one upon "existing license laws," in which the author shows most conclusively that the licensing magistrates and the police can, if they please, very greatly diminish the power of the drink traffic. He feels, however, that little is to be hoped for from them; and pleads for "the total prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors" throughout the United Kingdom.

Scenes from the Life of Jesus: Lectures by E. Lehmann. Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A HOLY, simple-hearted book, such as believing Germans know how to write, and all other believers delight to read. These Teutons can be as great in faith as in doubt; if the Holy Spirit does but enter them they are second to none in downright childlike confidence. Here and there in these pages we meet with more dubious traditions than we care for; but, take the work for all in all, we can put it into any Christian's hand and hopefully expect that he will be blessed by studying it. Many rare gems glisten in the mines of this book—gems of experience and of exposition,—words from the life and the book of God. Here is a golden verse:—

"O soul, if thou no sign perceive.
Only believe.
Yes, if I only could believe!
Then roll on him thy care to-day,
And only pray.
Yes, if I only could but pray!
Then sigh thou to him from the deep,
And only weep.
And if in faith, in prayer, in tears,
Thy Saviour's help not yet appears,
Then only wait!"

The Full Assurance of Faith. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

ALL Mr. Moody's simple power of illustration and strong common-sense are here seen in this weighty little pamphlet. It was worth producing in this separate form. It would form an invaluable gift to timid believers. May it transform many a trembler into a hero, many a doubter into a glad rejoicer!

Ruth, the Moabitess. A Short Commentary, Critical and Expository, on the Book of Ruth. By A. L. HUNT, M.A. William Hunt and Co.

THE author of this book modestly owns it to be mainly a compilation of the best thoughts of others; yet it is so capably done, and the lessons introduced are so sententious and suggestive, that it will prove of more value than far more pretentious efforts. The only regret we have is that it is so short, for it made us wish for more.

The Joy of the Ministry. An endeavour to increase the efficiency and deepen the happiness of pastoral work. By the Rev. F. R. WYNNE, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

MINISTERS' monitors are plentiful enough; in fact, we are in danger of being overdone with treatises upon homiletics; but room can always be found for a good book, and this is emphatically a good one. It is written for Episcopal clergymen, and everywhere it makes them its special pupils; but non-conforming pastors can gather all the more from our author because of this—learning not only general principles, but how they may be adapted to peculiar conditions. A cheerful spirit shines through each chapter, and illuminates a mass of wise and solid teaching, which is all the better appreciated because it is delivered joyously. This volume deserves to be regarded as a standard work upon its own subject: its writer has probably read several of the productions of previous authors, but what he says is his own, and set forth in his own manner. We should like to quote half the book. No sooner had we read two or three chapters at Mentone than we wrote home requesting that portions of the work might be read to the students of the Pastors' College.

We mention this because it will be the most convincing proof of our hearty appreciation. Of course we do not endorse all that the good man says; but we differ from him in very few matters, and heartily agree with him in the main. We feel grateful to Canon Wynne for the pleasure derived from perusing so admirable a manual; and we hope that thousands of preachers will place themselves under the same obligation. Seven sixpences are seldom better expended than they would be should this book be bought by a Christian man, and given to his pastor.

Non-Christian Religious Systems. I. *Hinduism*, by Professor MONIER WILLIAMS. II. *Buddhism*, by T. W. R. DAVIDS. III. *Confucianism*, by Professor R. K. DOUGLAS. IV. *Islam*, by J. W. H. STOBART. V. *The Coran*, by Sir W. MUIR, LL.D. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THESE five half-crown manuals will enable intelligent readers to arrive at a more correct acquaintance with the various mission-fields in which Christian denominations are now engaged. The more we know about the character of pagan and semi-pagan obstacles in the path of the gospel, the less shall we be dismayed at their apparent strength and magnitude. Buddhism, which reckons 500,000,000 of adherents, is a sort of elaborate atheism, which has become even more debased since the death of its founder, 2,400 years ago. Hinduism is pantheism, "branching out into an endless variety of polytheistic superstitions." Even Moslems are worse than Mahomet, thus proving that without God man naturally recedes from bad to worse. The mission-field needs more volunteers who understand what kind of warfare they have to undertake.

Gotthold's Emblems; or, Invisible Things Understood by Things that are Made. By CHRISTIAN SCRIVER. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A STANDARD book of illustrations as well known in Germany as the "Pilgrim's Progress" in England. We do not review it, for it is beyond all praise. Holy thought is here blended with homely metaphor, and the result is a book which the poor of the flock will feed upon.

St. Paul. The Author of the Acts and the Third Gospel. By HOWARD HERBER EVANS, B.A., Vicar of Mapperley. Wyman and Sons, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

RATHER a startling title! But this is not the kind of pamphlet that we should put aside without giving it a careful perusal. To those of our regular subscribers who are fond of exegetical criticism, and always like to have the Greek text open before them when they are reading the New Testament, this short treatise will be a sweet treasure. In our judicial capacity, we wait to hear the cause argued before summing-up. At present, we have only heard counsel for the plaintiff, who wishes to displace the name of Luke and substitute that of Paul, in respect to two Books of the Sacred Canon. Words, phrases, and figures of speech, are the principal evidences on which he relies. His argument appears to be a skirmish with the sceptics. The former part consists of seven chapters in epistolary form. The latter part is an Appendix, comprising a list of Particles, Parallels, and Proofs, much of it in Hellenic type. The two parts are nearly equal in extent.

Without committing ourselves to the author's conclusion, we are quite sure that his studies would suggest good subjects for sermons—notably one: Paul's intense conception of fellowship with Christ in his sufferings.

Revelation: its Nature and Record. By HEINRICH EWALD. Translated from the German by Rev. THOMAS GOADBY, B.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

PROFESSOR EWALD is one of those authors with whose writings every enlightened Christian teacher ought to have some acquaintance.

Much as we hear of "*original thinkers*," few specimens of the genus ever cross our path, and those few we remember, for the most part, by their faults. It is otherwise with Ewald. Those who have not read a sentence of his works will be familiar with his name, because Farrar and other popular authors so often refer to him. He was a great explorer and a distinguished archæologist in the department of sacred literature. His "*History of Israel*," and "*Prophets of*

the Old Testament," have made their mark. For him, orthodoxy, overrun with ecclesiastical tradition, had little charm; he followed not in its wake: neither had Rationalism any allurements to attract him. He shunned the Arcadian mountains where so many scholars have been moon-struck. The task he reverently undertook was to ascertain the divine authority of the Word of God, and, let us add, to define it. In the main he has been successful in his daring exploit. To manifold details of his work we might honestly demur, without a shadow of disrespect for the sincerity and general soundness of his judgment. This volume is an instalment. The entire treatise in the original is entitled, "*Die Lehre der Bibel von Gott*." Its design is "to read revelation, religion, and Scripture, in the light of universal history and the common experience of man, with constant reference to all the great religious systems of the world." Be it observed that neither translator nor publisher identifies himself with any peculiar doctrinal views put forth by the author, but they both do homage "to the lofty moral earnestness of his faith, and the poetic glow of his massive periods." Though a really good book, it requires a well-read man to appraise its worth; for, as there are mathematical problems that no one should attempt to master who has not traversed the first book of Euclid, so the logic of evidence has its laws, which must first be fairly understood, or men will not be able to reason aright. If, by a jerk of imagination, we could jump back to the days of our childhood, we should say, this is a lesson-book for sixth-form boys or monitors.

Fifty Sermons. By the Rev. AUBREY PRICE, B.A. Preached in Immanuel Church, West Brixton, in 1883-4. Vol. II. Hamilton, Adams and Co.

WE do not think that this volume is equal to its predecessor. The illustrations strike us as being rather too well known. As the sermons are both short, sound, and sweet, they will be welcomed by many. There is nothing very striking or deep in them, but there is the gospel simply set forth, and that is the main thing.

Estella. By LADY HOPE. *Just as it Ought to Be.* By F. M. CONKLIN. John F. Shaw and Co.

THESE little volumes are fair specimens of their class. The pious novelist has the privilege of etching character, either from life or from her own sweet liking. "As it ought to be" not unfrequently has the preference over "as it is." In one of these tales a lady of affluence devotes her time and talent, her sympathy and succour, to the relief of the suffering poor. In the other, the philosophy of training children is illustrated by Miss Prudence, who aims to stimulate rather than stifle the peculiar dispositions of the various members of a young family. These books will suit the bairns.

Stanley Grahame. By GORDON STADLES, M.D., R.N. Hodder and Stoughton.

A FIRST-RATE tale of the Dark Continent; written in a style which will take immensely with boys. The hero of the story is a *manly* boy, and throughout a very exciting and eventful life acts his part with tru nobility and courage. It is a book fit for a prize or present, and one which will be read with pleasure by all into whose hands it falls. Inside, outside, and all round, it merits praise.

An Unwilling Witness. By ANNETTE LYSTER. Nisbet and Co.

OUT of the ordinary run of such stories. It ought to be a general favourite. It is peculiarly adapted for young men, but it will also please those of tenderer years. Read it, reader, and we fancy you will not be "an unwilling witness" to its worth.

The Lord of the Marches; or, the Story of Roger Mortimer. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. John F. Shaw and Co.

A ROMANCE founded on reality, or as our authoress terms it, "A Tale of the Fourteenth Century." This is a bold adventure in the field of fiction. If novels are a necessity of the times, it needs high art to construct them, and high moral principle to condition the characters: Miss Holt possesses both. History in its didactic form gives us information, but no more: for a vivid sense of its reality we must have recourse to imagination: till our mind conceives of the living actors, if not exactly as

they were, yet certainly as they might have been, our hearts fail to sympathize with their actions and sufferings. "Roger Mortimer" is a skeleton till Miss Holt's fancy clothes him with sinews and flesh, and covers him with skin. Then she invents a biography for him, which might have been fact. He was a Lollard. Bold, adventurous, Quixotic, with royal Celtic blood flowing through his veins, he tilted with windmills, and tried to liberate captive lions; but all to no purpose. The reason was plain: his marriage was his misfortune. Surely there is sensation enough in this story to captivate the most exacting reader.

Brothers in Arms. By F. B. HARRISON. Blackie and Son.

A STRANGE mixture of fact and fiction; to our mind rather confused throughout. There is always something stirring about the story of the Crusades, and this fact keeps the story alive.

True to the Old Flag. By G. A. HENTY. Blackie and Son.

EVERY British boy should read this book, and when he has, don't be surprised if he cries out, "Bravo! Three cheers for Old England!" It is a capital tale of the American war of Independence, and shows how our troops, though beaten, were not disgraced.

Fathoms Deep, or Courtenay's Choice. By CATHERINE SHAW. Shaw and Co.

A TENDER tale. We hope that many who read this story as fiction will, before they have finished it, have discovered *the great fact*. Not "Fathoms deep," but on the surface, our authoress has placed the life-giving gospel. The incidents of the narrative are as simple as can be, but they are well told, and the authoress is always eager to be bringing forward the heavenly message to which her tale is but the introduction. This is a capital work of the sort, and is cheap at 3s. 6d.

Two London Homes. By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN. Shaw and Co.

GOOD reading for the young folk. A tender story of little children, showing how the rich can cheer the hearts of the poor, and thereby obtain the most exquisite pleasure for themselves.

The People's Bible : Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. I. Genesis. Hazell, Watson, and Viney.

DR. PARKER has begun a stupendous work in this People's Bible; but its accomplishment lies within the possibilities of his fertile mind, should life and health be spared. The first volume consists of sermons upon Genesis, which are bright and original, and altogether Parkerine. No one can read one of these discourses without feeling that he has perused much instructive and suggestive matter, some of it startling, portions of it needing to be interpreted into the commoner forms of thought, but yet all tending to edification and practical improvement. We do not expect that these volumes will be quite to the mind of our older readers who are familiar with Henry and Gill; but those who consult Lange and the moderns will see that Dr. Parker is second to none of them. He condenses wonderfully, and throws a splendour of diction over all that he pours forth. At times he seems to say all that can be said upon a passage; at other times he gives an outline only, and leaves the filling-up to the thoughtful hearer: in each case he does the thing in his own way, and whether you endorse it or not, you are struck with the singular ability and special originality of the preacher.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. SPENCE, M.A., and by the Rev. JOSEPH EXELL, M.A. (Jeremiah, Vol. II., and Lamentations.) Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

THIS gigantic work proceeds without delay. We welcome the second and concluding volume upon Jeremiah. We have so often remarked upon the strength and the weakness of the arrangements adopted that we need not repeat our criticisms: the work, as a whole, is invaluable for preachers. This is a good average volume, and abounds with suggestions for pulpit use.

Homiletical Commentary on the Books of Samuel. By Rev. W. HARRIS. R. D. Dickinson.

WE do not think that many of the homiletical outlines will ever be used,

neither do we consider this commentary to be of the highest order. It is largely a compilation from standard authors, and so far it is very valuable to men whose libraries are small. If any one desires help in sermonizing upon the two Books of Samuel, he will find as much here as anywhere. We do not think it the best of the series of comments of which it forms a part; neither do we vote the series itself into the front rank of exposition; but yet the work is well intended, and fairly executed, and must be useful to any one who purchases it. Even when comments are not all that could be desired, they nevertheless create variety, and possess excellencies from certain points of view; hence we hail with pleasure each new exposition, and this among the rest.

The Prophets of the Old Testament. A book of Bible teaching for our elder children. By M. D. H. Nisbet and Co.

ORIGINALLY written by a mother for her own children, to whom it was read, together with their portion of Scripture, on the Sabbath mornings after breakfast. We doubt not that the liveliest interest in the Prophets would be excited in the minds of the young folk. Oh, that there were millions of mothers who could teach their families in such a manner, and would lay themselves out to do so; then would our country hold fast to the covenant of the Lord, and those who now deceive her would utterly fail.

This work pretends to no scholarship, and offers nothing new or striking. It does, however, fill up a gap in Christian literature of the popular kind. The Prophets are mentioned in order, and a simple but ample account is given of each. Here we have only the Prophets of *Judah*. Our authoress would have done well if she had included the few Prophets of Israel, for she would thus have completed the subject. Perhaps she has some further design in reference to that part of the smaller number of the prophets who are now left out in the cold. Considered as the work of a mother writing for the use of mothers, this is a noteworthy book, and we doubt not that it will be found useful in many a household.

Life and Work in Benares and Kumaon, 1839—1877. By JAMES KENNEDY, M.A. With introductory notes by Sir William Muir, K.C.S.I., LL.D., D.C.L. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

ONE of the most interesting books on India we have ever read. As Sir William Muir says of it, "The amount of information it contains, descriptive, social, evangelistic, and even political, is astonishing; and the discursive, and in part autobiographical, form in which it is written, renders it so easy, that he who runs may read." We give elsewhere a chapter from it on "Native Christians." If you have not seen the book, get it and read it, and you will thank us for the advice.

Methodist Worthies. Characteristic Sketches of Methodist Preachers of the several Denominations. By GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. Jack, 45, Ludgate Hill.

WE have here the third and fourth volumes of a work which should be in the hands of every Methodist in the world. No one could have done the work better than Mr. Stevenson, for in many cases his sketches are coloured by his own personal recollections. The portraits, as a rule, are unusually good, and the memoirs are happily condensed, and yet graphically life-like. We suppose that the issue is now complete, and therefore we heartily recommend Methodists, and all interested in Methodism, to get it at once.

Martin Luther: Student, Monk, Reformer. By JOHN RAE, LL.D., F.S.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE have now read a great many lives of Luther, but we have not met with one which is at once so complete and yet so popular as this. There are fuller biographies, but they are not likely to be read by the many; and there are many brief and lively memorials, but they are necessarily sketchy and incomplete. In this case we have a full-length picture, of fair dimensions, painted in a masterly style. Take it for all in all, we should mention it among the first of the Luther books. Dr. Rae has done his work admirably well.

We now need another Luther. Our divines have joined hands with our philosophers, and the two orders of traitors seem determined to get rid of God's Word: the divines set up an evolution of opinions to get rid of God's revelation, and the scientists imagine an evolution of animals so as to depose the Creator. The Lord God is wiser than all these wiseacres, and will bring them to nought. We are in no fear. As well might a cloud of midgets hope to put out the sun as for these boasters to quench the light of the eternal gospel. He that lives longest will see most of God, and think least of these men.

Diaries and Letters of Philip Henry, M.A. Edited by MATTHEW HENRY LEE, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

IT is a good work to reproduce these invaluable diaries, and it is singular that it should have been performed by a Vicar of the Church of England. Lovers of the curious, admirers of the antique, upholders of sturdy Nonconformity, and all who take an interest in Christian life, will be glad to purchase this volume. We gave a digest of this work in *The Sword and the Trowel* last year, but we are glad to commend it a second time. The story of the family in which Matthew Henry was reared must be deeply interesting, especially when written by the father of such a man. In Philip Henry's Notes the outline of many a good sermon lies imbedded. For sermonizing alone the book is very valuable.

"*Behind the Cloud,*" and other lessons from life. In which the "natural" is used to illustrate the "spiritual." By E. C., author of "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing." Nisbet and Co.

MANY will read these chapters to their real edification. We do not meet with much that is striking or special in these pages, but everything is evangelical and gracious. It is a book for the plain reader who likes simple, homely things; a godly cottager would be delighted with it. Those whose reading is more extended would probably be right in considering it to be a little commonplace.

Expository Sermons on the New Testament. (Clerical Library series.) Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS should be a valuable collection of sermons, since the list of the authors contains such as the following:—Maclaren, Stanford, Stowell Brown, Liddon, Punshon, Vaughan, and Perowne. We fail to see the wisdom of putting Stopford Brooke in the same volume, and feel bound to accept it as a token that soundness of doctrine is regarded as a smaller matter than selling the book. The lack of an index of

authors is a drawback. There are about thirty sermons in the volume, which is produced in a neat style, and forms the seventh volume of a moderately good series.

“*For Good Consideration.*” By EDWARD BUTLER. Elliot Stock.

WRITTEN in a vivacious, captivating style. We could most heartily commend this volume as affording healthy recreation, were it not that in spots it is touched with modern heresies. In fashion, the book is an imitation of the old style, and a very successful one.

Notes.

DURING the past few weeks we have taken our full share in the anniversary meetings of various societies and institutions. We devote so large a space to the “Notes” of the College Conference that we can only briefly refer to other meetings at which we have been present, or that have been held at the Tabernacle. On *Thursday morning, April 23*, we had the joy of presiding at the introductory prayer-meeting of the BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, in Bloomsbury Chapel. There was a large company present, and the spirit of prayer was very copiously poured out. On *Wednesday evening, April 29*, the annual meeting of the BAPTIST TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION was held in the Tabernacle. We could not be there, but those who were assure us that it was the best gathering the Association has ever had, and was a good evidence of the progress its principles are making in the denomination. On *Sunday afternoon, May 3*, the annual sermon in the Tabernacle on behalf of the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE was preached by our good friend, W. P. Lockhart, Esq., of Liverpool. On *Wednesday evening, May 13*, we were glad to be able once more to speak at the annual meeting of the LIBERATION SOCIETY, which we had been prevented by illness from attending for several years. Its object commends itself to our conscience. It is not to pull down churches, but to teach the great truth that they should be built on a Scriptural and righteous foundation. On the following evening we preached a special sermon, and made a collection, in aid of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. This is, in some respects, the noblest of British Institutions. On *Tuesday evening, May 19*, we were pleased to lend the Tabernacle again for the PRIMITIVE METHODISTS’ ANNUAL MISSIONARY MEETING.

On *Tuesday evening, April 21*, the annual meeting of the SPURGEON’S SERMONS’ TRACT

SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, the chair being taken by W. C. Murrell, Esq. This Society was formed with the object of making known the way of salvation by the circulation of our printed sermons as loan tracts. During the past 19 years about 220,000 sermons have thus gone forth, and the Lord’s blessing has richly rested upon the work. Eighty towns and villages in the United Kingdom have been assisted with grants during the last four years. The honorary secretary is Mr. C. Cornell, 8, Hartington House, Mason-street, Old Kent-road, S.E., of whom all information concerning the work can be obtained, and by whom contributions for its continuance and extension will be heartily welcomed. Overwhelming evidence has been produced, proving that nothing in the form of tracts has been so cordially received by the people as these weekly sermons; and that everywhere God has blessed their perusal to the conversion of sinners and the edification of believers. It would be a fitting work for some of our readers if they would get a grant of sermons, and begin lending them out in the place wherein they live.

On *Friday evening, April 24*, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided at the meeting held in Kenyon Chapel, Solon-road, Clapham, at which the church was formed, and committed to the care of Pastor J. Douglas, M.A. An address was also delivered by the Rev. J. T. Wigner. Our beloved brother, Mr. Douglas, is one who holds the doctrines of grace in that distinct and decided manner which commends itself to our judgment and affection. He is helping us in College work, and we rejoice to find in him a man after our own heart. He commences labour in London with a considerable nucleus for a church; many of the members being persons of experience and stability. We trust that the surrounding churches will soon

make up for the miss of the handful of seed which they have lent to Kenyon, and that both the new church and the older ones will rejoice together in abounding prosperity.

On Monday evening, April 27, the annual meeting of the LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. After tea, addresses were given by the Chairman; Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, and W. Whale (Middlesbro'); and Messrs. W. Olney and J. W. Harrald. This useful Society is not nearly so well known and supported as it deserves to be by ladies connected with the Tabernacle. During the past year £46 6s. in cash has been given to the poor, in addition to 214 useful articles of clothing, &c., and 507 yards of material not made up. Any of our lady friends will be welcome at the working-meetings, on the Thursday after the first Sunday in every month, and new subscriptions will be gratefully received by the collector, Mrs. T. C. Page, 92, Newington Butts, S.E.

On Tuesday evening, April 28, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL was held in the lecture-hall, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon occupying the chair. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, several sacred songs were effectively sung by the school-choir, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and Pastors J. Douglas, M.A., H. Winsor (South Stockton), and J. F. Shearer, of the Pastors' College. From the interesting report presented by Mr. C. Wagstaff, we learn that there are now in the school 107 teachers and 1,464 scholars. These are, of course, the numbers in the home-school: the branch and mission schools bring up the total to between six and seven thousand children. On Sunday mornings and evenings there are special services for children; once a month teachers and scholars unite in holding a prayer meeting, while the teachers meet for prayer every Monday evening. The nine Bible-classes are all prospering spiritually. During the year the following amounts have been contributed by the school:—To the Zenana Mission, £25; the Baptist Missionary Society, for Mr. Guyton, of Delhi, £25; the China Inland Mission, for Mr. Easton, £25; the Colportage Association, for Mr. Appleby, Tring, £40; Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, £20; Continental Sunday-schools, £10; Mr. Richardson, in Africa, £5; the Pastors' Jubilee Fund, £64. Mr. Wigney's class also raises £50 annually for Mr. Easton. Space fails us to tell of the Young Christians' Association, the Colportage and Dorcas Society, the Band of Hope, Mutual Improvement Society, Bible-reading Union, and other pleasing items mentioned in the report; but any one who reads it will see that the school has almost all the organizations of a healthy, active church; and its influence for good upon the whole neighbourhood must be very great. Mr. S. R.

Pearce, the genial superintendent, is a continual joy to his Pastor; and we are deeply indebted to every one of his noble band of teachers and officers. This one school gives more and does more than many a church.

The same day our COUNTRY MISSION friends were holding services in connection with the opening of an iron chapel at Old Southgate. Pastor J. Douglas, M.A., preached in the afternoon; about 200 persons sat down to tea; and in the evening a crowded public meeting was presided over by Mr. J. T. Dunn, and addressed by Professor Gracey, and others, while Mr. J. Chamberlain sang several sacred solos in his usual effective style. Hearty thanks were given to Mr. Russell Hurditch, for the loan of the tent, tea-services, &c.; to Mr. King, who gave all the provisions for the tea; to Mr. Hadfield, who removed the chapel from Limehouse, free of cost, and also contributed all the varnish required for the building; and to the friends who lend the Congregational school-room for children's services every Sunday evening. A considerable sum is still needed to pay for the ground and chapel, towards which contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. R. Hayward, 319, Kennington Road, S.E., the treasurer of the Tabernacle Country Mission, or by Mr. Spurgeon. The Country Mission brethren are seeking to evangelise the out-lying districts of ever-increasing London. If the vast population all around this nation-city is not to relapse into utter heathenism, we must largely multiply the number of places of worship, and to do this we shall need the generous help of many of the Lord's stewards. Surely rich Christians will aid us in this very difficult work. Shall the people perish for lack of knowledge?

POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—A parcel of clothing has been gratefully received from P.M. New and partly-worn garments, and materials for making-up, are always acceptable, either for this Society or the Colportage working-meeting. From this last we have an earnest request for aid in the form of material. Remnants wanted, and also old clothes.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. J. Ellis, late of Bedminster, has removed to Richmond; Mr. J. W. Genders is leaving Portsea, in order to take the pastoral charge of the church at Ilfracombe, which was, until recently, under the care of Mr. Douglas, now of Kenyon chapel, Clapham.

Mr. F. Russell, who has been for about two years one of our College Evangelists, is going to Hull, to become the pastor of the new church to be formed in the Baptist Tabernacle, St. Luke's Street, where there appears to be an exceptionally favourable opportunity of preaching the gospel, and extending our denominational principles.

Mr. G. H. Kemp is leaving East Dereham,

and is about to sail for the United States, where we trust he will soon find a suitable sphere of labour. We wish him every blessing. Mr. W. Fuller, formerly of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, has removed to Varysburg, Wyoming County, New York; and Mr. A. H. Stote, from Sterling, Illinois, to Lawrence, Kansas.

Mr. H. T. Peach has commenced to build a chapel at Pietermaritzburg, Natal. Although he has only been there about a year, he has raised £250 for general purposes, and £550 for building fund. About £850 more will be needed to open the chapel free of debt. We shall be happy to receive contributions for this most necessary work. Our colonies ought to be helped, and especially townships where there have been no churches.

Monday, June 15, was fixed by the Conference as the day of United Prayer by all the churches connected with the College. Will every pastor in the Association help to make this a season as memorable for spiritual blessing as the Conference itself was in answer to the earnest, believing supplications of many?

CONFERENCE.—The twenty-first Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Association was held in the week commencing *May 4*; and, writing while the sound of the closing psalm is still ringing in our ears, we can without hesitation say that we have never had a better Conference, and we can scarcely remember one in which the high tone of the first gathering was maintained so blessedly right through the week. Year by year our numbers continue to increase, and on this occasion the attendance has been much larger than ever before; but ample accommodation was freely provided by our many hospitable friends, and the commissariat department was superintended in splendid style by our faithful friend and deacon, Mr. Murrell, who willingly left his business to devote himself to the arduous work of caring for the temporal wants of the brethren, a by no means easy task, but which he accomplished to their entire satisfaction. The financial result of the meetings was some hundreds of pounds in advance of any previous gathering; but, best of all, the spiritual power that accompanied every address, inspired every prayer, and apparently rested upon every pastor and student, was of a peculiarly gracious and hallowed kind. While devoutly thankful for this priceless boon, we cannot say that its bestowment in the least surprised us, for it had been laid very heavily upon our heart, for weeks and even months past, to plead for an unusual blessing upon this Conference, and we were assured by brethren in various parts of the country that they also were crying mightily to the Lord for a rich outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon all who should meet together. The effectual fervent prayer of many availed much; and we trust that hundreds of congregations

have already shared in the holy joy which we experienced.

The meetings on the *Monday* of the "holy week" were commenced by a prayer-meeting, and tea for the ministers and students, and a public meeting afterwards, at Cross Street Chapel, Islington, where a hearty welcome was given to us by Pastor F. A. Jones, and his deacons and friends. At the evening meeting, the chapel was quite crowded with an enthusiastic assembly, in the midst of which we felt ourselves as much at home as in our own house of prayer. The President occupied the chair, and gave an address founded upon the Apostle's injunction to the Philippians, "Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." Able and interesting speeches were also delivered by Pastors W. Pettman (Herne Bay), W. C. Bryan (Bluntisham), and J. Briggs (Shoreham, Sussex); and the offerings at the door were given to the funds of the College. Simultaneously, the Vice-President was presiding at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, at which he had the presence and assistance of several country pastors. Altogether, the proceedings of the first day augured well for the engagements of the whole week.

On *Tuesday morning, May 5*, the first hour and a half were devoted to praise and prayer, in the course of which the sick and absent brethren were specially remembered at the throne of grace. It was a season of holy wrestling with the Lord, and well prepared the way for the President's inaugural address upon "The glory of God our one aim." At its close, after a brief recess, the business of the Conference was transacted. The principal items of public interest were as follow:—The deaths of Dr. Comber, missionary to the Congo, and of Mr. F. J. Snell, who had only just entered the College, were reported; the names of 27 students, who have been for six months in the College, were added to the roll; one pastor's name was restored to the list, and four removed from it through joining other denominations; the President, Vice-President, and officers were unanimously re-elected; and the balance-sheet of the College Assurance Community was presented by Mr. Allison. The receipts for the past year have amounted to £88 10s., and the payments to £57 4s. 6d., the balance in hand being carried forward to this year's account. Mr. Allison was very heartily thanked for his services as manager of the fund, and he consented to continue in the same office for the ensuing year. On the communion collection account there was a balance in hand of £23 17s. It was agreed that *Monday, June 15*, should be observed, as far as possible, as a DAY OF SPECIAL PRAYER by all the churches connected with the Conference. Will all our brethren make a special note of this, and endeavour to unite their petitions with ours?

The afternoon and evening were spent, as

usual, at the Orphanage. The bond of union between our two principal institutions is very strong, and we are glad of this annual opportunity of letting the ministers see the children whom many of them have often helped, and of bringing before the orphans a large company of the brethren, amongst whom three of their own "old boys" have taken honourable places. Our musical evangelists, and the sweet singers and bell-ringers of the Orphanage, united in making up an interesting programme, and the evening's proceedings were happily concluded with Pastor C. Spurgeon's dissolving-view lecture on "Street Characters and Cries." In reviewing the engagements of the day, we could not but feel deeply grateful to the Lord for the gracious manifestations of his love and power which he had granted to us.

Wednesday, May 6, was commenced with a time of earnest pleading for another day of blessing. Our venerable and venerated friend, Professor Rogers, having offered prayer, the President asked him, as one who was feeling at least some of the infirmities of old age, whether he still found the comfort and consolation from the gospel that he had formerly derived, or whether, like Augustine, he had to publish retractations of what he preached as a young man, or to withdraw from any of the steadfastness that he had exhibited in the early part of his career. It would have charmed all lovers of the old-fashioned truth, which many despise, if they could have listened to the testimony of "such an one as Paul the aged," and could have heard the ringing cheers with which the hundreds of men, whom he had helped to train for the ministry, responded to his expressions of loyalty to the faith once delivered to the saints.

Pastor E. G. Gange (Broadmead Chapel, Bristol), then read a paper on "The Unction of the Holy One," which we need not further describe, as our readers have it before them in the present number of the magazine. The next item on the programme was an address on Foreign Missionary Work, by Mr. A. H. Baynes, Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. He was, however, unexpectedly called away to Italy on special business connected with the Mission; but he sent us a most efficient substitute in the person of Mr. J. T. Comber, the elder brother of our former student, and himself one who had enjoyed the advantages of the College Evening Classes. His touching, pathetic story went straight to our hearts, and when, at the close of his address, he appealed for reinforcements for the little brave band of brethren toiling and suffering for Christ on the banks of the river Congo, the President was devoutly thankful to have six of the students of the College come to him, and offer themselves for the work. They may not all prove suitable for the posts they desire to occupy, or the Committee of the Mission may not accept them on the score of health, or for other reasons,

but in any case it is well that it was in their hearts, and we rejoice that the days of true Christian heroism have not come to an end, and that we have still among us many other brethren beside these six who are willing to step forward into the places of those who have fallen in Christ's service, or who are ready to go anywhere in the world, at the Lord's command, to seek to win souls for him.

During the morning the following cablegram from the Canadian branch of the Conference was read:—

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

and it was felt that no more appropriate telegraphic reply could be sent than this:—

"There is a spot where spirits blend."

Fast as the message was flashed beneath the Atlantic, our petitions went still more swiftly up to the mercy-seat on high, as we remembered, with love and sympathy, Brother Grant and all our brethren across the ocean. Pastor H. Wilkins (Cheltenham) next read to us his deeply spiritual and soul-searching paper on "Meekness for our ministry," which we hope to print in an early number of our magazine, in order that our readers may derive some of the benefit that we had in hearing it.

In the evening, the subscribers and friends of the College met for tea, and afterwards the annual meeting was held under the able chairmanship of R. V. Barrow, Esq., J.P., of Croydon. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. Stott; the President presented the report of the College work for the past year; and addresses were delivered by the chairman; J. S. Balfour, Esq., M.P.: the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.; the Vice-President; Pastors A. A. Harmer (Dolton, N. Devon), and C. A. Davis (Bradford); Mr. J. M. Smith, one of the College Evangelists; Mr. J. H. Weeks, missionary from the Congo; and Mr. J. W. Ewing, one of the students still in the College. At the close of the supper which followed, the noble sum of £2,436 17s., was given or promised to the College funds, and this was supplemented by other amounts, bringing up the total to over £2,500, by far the largest contribution that we have ever had at these annual gatherings. To our generous chairman and his liberal supporters, and to every donor, we again tender our grateful thanks for all their help to this important part of the Lord's work; and, above all, we bless the Giver of all good that he has once more, through the stewards of his bounty, provided the means for the equipment of the ministers of his truth. We also thank Mr. Murrell and all his helpers for their arduous labours in preparing for the entertainment of so large a number of guests, in addition to the catering for the ministers all through the week. (It was a great grief to us that our kind and liberal helper, Jeremiah Colman, Esq., was stricken with paralysis while at the supper-table, and in a few days was called to his rest and reward. We pray that his bereaved friends may be

divinely sustained and comforted.) As we went home, we again felt that in all respects the meetings of Wednesday were fully up to the mark of those of Monday and Tuesday; and the same may be said concerning the gatherings on the *Thursday*.

We began with praise and prayer, at the close of which the Vice-President delivered a most timely address founded upon the text, "Quench not the Spirit." It was a fitting prelude to the papers and speeches which filled up the rest of the morning. We had purposely abstained from making any very definite programme, in order that we might be the more free to follow the guidance of the Spirit as to the most profitable manner of spending the time, but certain brethren were prepared to speak if called upon; and it was wonderful to notice how each speaker's subject exactly fitted in with the one that had preceded it. Pastor F. H. White (Talbot Tabernacle), spoke on the blessing of Joshua by "Moses, the man of God"; Professor Gracey's theme was "A minister of Jesus Christ in relation to his Master"; Pastor R. Wood (Ramsgate), gave us exceedingly goodly words upon "Doing the will of God"; and Pastor J. C. Foster (Forest Hill), read us an ably-written and deeply-spiritual paper upon "Faithfulness in our ministry." It was, indeed, a season long to be remembered, and we trust, as the various papers appear in *The Sword and the Trowel*, many who read them will enter into the spirit which filled us even to overflowing as we heard them.

Some hundreds of friends joined the ministers at the tea-table, and in the evening the Tabernacle was crowded for the annual public meeting. The President occupied the chair, and gave a brief account of the work of the College; the Vice-President reported the settlements during the year; addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. T. Mateer and F. Russell, two of our College Evangelists; Pastor W. J. Harris (Birmingham); and Mr. J. H. Weeks, from the Congo, who was accompanied by one of the boys whom he is seeking to train for Christ in Africa. All our singing brethren led the praise of the great congregation, and altogether it was such a meeting as we have seldom had even at the Tabernacle. At its close, the ministers and students were entertained at supper in the lecture-hall, when, in their own enthusiastic way, they expressed their thanks to Mr. Murrell for his arduous labours on their behalf.

Friday, the last day of our Feast of Tabernacles, was a time of special solemnity. During the opening devotional exercises, the six students who had offered themselves for the Congo Mission were called to the platform, and questioned by the President as to their willingness to go wherever the Lord should send them, and they were afterwards made the subjects of special prayer. A brief interval was occupied with business matters. Hearty thanks

were voted to the kind friends who had entertained the ministers during the week, also to the generous donor of several hundred packets of leaflets; it was agreed that an illuminated address should be presented to Mr. Murrell, in acknowledgment of his willing services for the comfort of the brethren; and the following resolution, proposed by Pastor W. J. Mayers (City-road Chapel, Bristol), and seconded by Mr. A. McDougall (Oban), was unanimously carried:—"That the members of this Conference desire with one accord to lift their hearts to God in devout acknowledgment of his goodness to them through his servant, their kind benefactor and friend, Mrs. Spurgeon. They tender to Mrs. Spurgeon their hearty thanks for her welcome and valuable Conference gift; and many are specially grateful for her kind words in times of sadness, and her bountiful help in times of need, as well as for the participation which has been accorded them in the great benefits of her Book Fund. The prayers of every brother go up to God that Mrs. Spurgeon may long be spared to continue her loving ministry, that she may see our dear President's health thoroughly established and maintained, that she may still find joy in the successful ministry of her two sons, and that her own heart may ever be refreshed and strengthened in refreshing and strengthening the brotherhood."

The President then preached from Isaiah 1. 7, "Therefore have I set my face like a flint"; the Lord's Supper followed, and the closing psalm, sung by the whole company standing with hands linked, in token of the bond of love which binds us together. At the farewell dinner, Pastor F. H. White reported that 182 brethren had collected or contributed £518 to the College funds. Last year the amount was £500 from 187 brethren. Mr. White called special attention to the fact that, while the total greatly varies, the number of the contributors remains almost the same year after year, plainly pointing to the conclusion that many do not at all assist the institution to which they owe so much. Perhaps more of the pastors will lay this matter to heart, and however small the sum they can give or get, each one will send or bring something before our Remembrancer's next report is presented. Hearty thanks were carried by acclamation to the President, Vice-President, tutors, deacons, and all helpers, and these having been acknowledged, the twenty-first Conference was appropriately closed with the Doxology and benediction.

At the close of this wonderful week, Mr. Spurgeon, and others who were in charge of the business, felt altogether exhausted. Strung to a high degree of tension for so long, the bow was ready to snap. Thus, being worn down rather with joy than with mere toil, they learned the meaning of the expression, "a weight of glory"; for truly there is a pressure in delight, a load in spiritual luxury. Mortal bodies and finite

beings are not adapted to bear too much of the most hallowed feeling; we must be changed or raised ere we can bear the continuous excitement of even the happiest and holiest worship.

Thanks are due all round, especially to the host of hosts, who so generously entertained the ministers. May a blessing rest on the homes, where rested the angels of the churches! We hope the churches represented will pay the travelling expenses of their pastors; for, as they will be sure to receive a large spiritual blessing, they ought to provide the temporals.

EVANGELISTS.—All our brethren who are set apart for the work of evangelists were with us at the Conference, and helped, by prayer, and speech, and song, to enlist the sympathy of our whole brotherhood, and of our friends generally, in their much-needed and greatly-blessed efforts to extend the Redeemer's kingdom. Inspired and strengthened by meeting with their comrades, and with their Lord, who was in the midst of the assembly, they have gone forth again to various parts of the country, to speak and sing for Jesus, and win souls for him. In next month's magazine we shall hope to give some particulars of the places now being visited, as the time that has elapsed since the Conference is too short for us to receive reports of the services.

In another place we mention that Mr. F. Russell is leaving the Society of Evangelists, and settling as a pastor at Hull. We expect the place thus vacated will be filled by one of our brethren, who has been for some years a pastor, but who has developed very considerable gifts as an evangelist, and has felt himself called of God to give himself to this special form of labour. He will be glad at once to hear from brethren who are likely to avail themselves of his help for the autumn and winter months. As our negotiations are not quite complete, letters can be addressed to Mr. J. W. Harrald, Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

ORPHANAGE.—We beg all our friends to remember that the *Annual Fête* will (D.V.) be held at the Stockwell Orphanage on *Thursday, June 18*, the day before the President's birthday. Full particulars will be advertised, and notices sent to our collectors and other helpers; and we hope all who can will come and spend the day with our large fatherless family, and their many kind supporters. More than 6,000 persons were present last year, and it was a very delightful day. Friends from the country were there in large companies, and we hope they will be again. It is an occasion for fellowship which should not be overlooked.

We fear that some of our friends have not read the note in last month's magazine on the **GIRLS' ORPHANAGE BUILDING FUND**, or they would have made a more generous response to the appeal for help for the

erection of the bakehouse and laundry that are now being built. "*Looking into the barrel of meal,*" faith rejoices that the Lord, through his stewards, has abundantly supplied provision for the general work of the College and Orphanage; but we still need about £2,500 to pay for the buildings which are required to complete the orphans' home. While we are writing, £100 comes in from a friend in Derbyshire. Concerning this matter also we are confident that "the Lord will provide."

COLPORTEAGE.—About 30 of the colporteurs who are employed in country districts came to London to spend *Sunday and Monday, May 17 and 18*, in prayer and conference with the committee. These annual gatherings are very helpful to the brethren who take part in them, and in their measure they enjoy them as much as the ministers do their conference meetings. On Monday afternoon they were joined by the men labouring in London, and were addressed by Mr. Spurgeon; the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones; members of the committee; and some of their fellow-workers. In the evening, the annual public meeting was held in the Tabernacle in conjunction with the usual prayer-meeting. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, there was a large audience, prayer was offered by several brethren, extracts from the report were given by Mr. Jones, and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and by the Rev. R. H. Lovell (Bromley), and the following colporteurs:—Messrs. S. King (Warminster), J. W. Knee (Melksham), and J. Mohan (Haddenham). It was a thoroughly "live" meeting, and must have awakened increased interest in this useful work, which ought to be greatly extended all over the country.

The annual report is the most encouraging one that the Association has ever issued. During the year the sales of the 78 colporteurs and 12 book-agents have amounted to £8,991 7s. 5d., a much larger sum than in any previous year. The magnitude of the work will be seen by a perusal of the following figures:—Since the last annual meeting 8,665 Bibles, 36,371 Testaments, over 320,000 other books, Almanacks, packets of texts, &c., and 296,123 magazines have been sold: 151,994 tracts have been distributed: 626,348 visits have been paid, and 7,627 religious services have been conducted by the colporteurs. Financially, also, 1884 has been the best year in the history of the Association; but we have not yet reached the period when we can dispense with subscriptions to the general fund, which supplements the £40 guaranteed by each of the districts to which colporteurs are appointed. The work is unsectarian in the best sense, and the literature sold is like that of the Religious Tract Society, the literature of the entire Christian Church, and not the works of any one man, or set of men. Anything which is pure and elevating,

which the people will purchase, is supplied by the Society; and the men are a great deal more than book-hawkers,—they are preachers, lecturers, missionaries, and in several cases pastors of churches. No agency

has ever done so much with so small an expenditure.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—
April 30th, seventeen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1885.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Thos. R—	5 0 0	Dr. E. Cronin	1 1 0
Collection at Octavius Street Chapel, Deptford, per Pastor D. Honour	2 9 0	Dr. J. D. Swallow	2 2 0
Mr. G. H. Froan	2 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. George Gamago	2 2 0
Contribution from Up Green Chapel, Micheam, per Pastor E. A. Carter	1 3 0	Pastor J. H. Barnard	0 10 0
Mr. J. Garner Marshall	5 5 0	Mr. W. Edwards	5 0 0
C. R. W., per Mr. Frisby	2 2 0	"Barrington"	6 7 6
T. C., per Mr. Frisby	0 10 0	Mr. J. C. Woollacott	0 10 0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1 1 0	Mrs. E. Mitchell	1 0 0
Pastor W. Stokes	0 10 0	Pastor E. Spanton	0 5 0
J. B. C.	1 0 0	Contribution from Baptist Church, Ulverston, per Pastor R. Scott	1 0 0
Collection at Zion Chapel, Shrewton, per Pastor T. A. Judd	1 0 6	Mr. Charles Buchel	1 10 0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Kernsham, per Pastor W. Mann	1 1 0	Mr. A. Vinson	1 1 0
Miss Taylor	0 10 6	Mr. J. Rowe	2 0 0
Mrs. Anderson	1 0 0	Mr. W. S. Bigwood	5 0 0
First-fruits	1 0 0	Mr. Joseph Cooper	2 0 0
Sermon-readers, Collace	1 0 0	Mr. T. H. Olney	20 0 0
Collected by Miss Jeph's	1 6 0	Mr. James K. Smith	2 2 0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	3 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott	2 2 0
In Memoriam of Lucy Best	5 0 0	Mr. Marsh, Sen.	10 0 0
An occasional sermon-reader	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, jun.	3 3 0
Mrs. J. Traill	5 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. C. Marsh	2 2 0
Mrs. H. Keevil	2 10 0	Mrs. Jenkins	3 3 0
J. and E. C., Appleford	1 0 0	Mrs. J. T. Dunn	1 1 0
Miss Jack	1 0 0	Mr. John Bygrave	1 1 0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Folkestone	10 0 0	Miss Darkin	1 1 0
Mr. J. Corbett	4 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Hale	2 2 0
F. K. G.	40 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Page	3 3 0
A friend at Poole, M.C.	2 0 0	Mr. S. North	2 2 0
Mr. John Roberts	0 10 0	Mr. G. Gathercole	1 0 0
Mrs. Wm. Goff	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. George Higgs	5 0 0
Dr. Mackintosh	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith	2 2 0
Mr. R. E. Williams	1 0 0	A friend	1 0 0
H. T.	1 0 0	Mrs. Keeley	1 1 0
Mr. James S. Budgett	100 0 0	T. W. S.	2 0 0
Mrs. Faulconer	50 0 0	Mr. M. Llewellyn	5 0 0
Miss Steedman	20 0 0	Mr. W. A. Lovell	5 0 0
Mr. J. Keevil	10 0 0	Mr. F. Sexton	2 2 0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	5 0 0	Miss Butcher	1 1 0
Mr. John Best, J.P.	1 0 0	Mr. J. B. Parker	5 5 0
Dr. Weymouth	1 1 0	Mr. Frederick Mullis	5 0 0
Mr. George Gould	3 3 0	Mr. and Mrs. E. Johnson	5 5 0
Pastor W. Williams	2 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	15 15 0
Mr. Fred. Howard	2 2 0	Miss E. I. Hall	3 3 0
Mr. Thomas Cook	2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Buswell	5 0 0
Mr. Samuel Long	10 0 0	Miss K. Buswell	1 1 0
Mrs. Moubray	2 2 0	Miss A. Buswell	1 1 0
Mr. Thomas Sowter	1 1 0	Mr. James Smith	2 0 0
Mrs. Fredk. Heritage	2 2 0	Mr. J. Newnam	2 2 0
Mr. A. Southwell	0 5 0	Mrs. S. A. Chivers	3 3 0
Miss S. Hadland	1 1 0	Miss Crassweller	1 1 0
Miss M. E. Hadland	1 1 0	Miss Maria Heath	5 0 0
Mr. B. Venables	2 2 0	Mrs. Thirza Price	0 10 0
Collection at Lower Edmonton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor D. Russell	1 0 0	Mrs. Sortwell	2 2 0
Mr. Thomas Blake	1 1 0	Mr. R. Sortwell	2 2 0
Collection at Elgin Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. E. Glendening	7 7 6	Miss Anne Sortwell	1 1 0
Mr. Joseph B. Mead	5 0 0	Miss Helena Sortwell	1 1 0
Mr. E. J. Mead	5 0 0	Mr. Russell	2 2 0
Mr. Philip Holland	1 1 0	Mrs. Simpson	2 2 0
Mr. Joshua Alder	2 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Hellier	5 0 0
Mr. James Coulson	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. Moss	3 3 0
		Miss Wade	5 0 0
		Mr. Sidney S. W. Barrow	1 1 0
		Mr. Harry B. C. Barrow	1 1 0
		Mr. and Mrs. Falkner	2 2 0
		Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	5 0 0
		Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kerridge	5 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Grose	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Miller	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	2	2	0	Mr. M. M. Wale	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hawkey	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Cumings	5	0	0
Miss Thorpe	1	1	0	Mr. R. Heygate Brook	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Aldis	3	3	0	Miss Spiedt	1	1	0
Mr. Chas. and Miss Susy Aldis	2	2	0	Miss Norrison	1	1	0
Mrs. Virtue	5	0	0	Mr. R. A. James	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Virtue	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Dr. Habershon	10	10	0	Mr. Edmond J. Hill	1	1	0
Miss A. R. Habershon	1	1	0	Mr. William Burnett	0	10	6
Mr. A. H. Haggis	5	0	0	A friend	2	2	0
Mr. T. T. Clarkson	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Clark	2	10	0
Mr. Henry J. Atkinson	2	0	0	Mr. J. Leaver	1	1	0
Mr. A. Norris and friend	1	10	0	R. A.	5	0	0
Mr. John Winckworth	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benson	2	2	0
Mr. Alfred Wright	2	2	0	Baker Street	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilcox	3	3	0	Mr. D. Batchelor	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Miller	2	2	0	Mrs. Beves	1	1	0
Rev. Jas. Douglas, M.A.	1	0	0	Mrs. Summer	5	5	0
Miss A. F. Smallridge	1	10	0	Mr. G. Pedley	5	5	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Hobbs	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Burrill	2	2	0
Mr. Wm. A. Willis	1	1	0	L. J. F.	0	6	6
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Phillips	2	2	0	Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Penny	3	3	0	Mrs. Mac Dougal, per Mrs. T.	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hodges	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith	25	0	0
Mrs. Raybould	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Daintree	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ball	4	10	0	Mr. W. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Mr. Richard Evans	20	0	0	Mrs. W. R. Huntley	10	10	0
Mrs. Wm. Evans	7	7	0	Mr. T. P. Fisher	2	2	0
C. E. D.	0	5	0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0
Mr. M. A. F. Dain	1	0	0	Mr. Samuel Walker	5	5	0
Mr. Wm. Evans	15	15	0	Miss Walker	2	2	0
Mr. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0	Mr. Albert Field	2	2	0
Mrs. J. R. Thomas	1	1	0	Mr. E. T. Stringer	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. S. Irwin	1	10	0	E. E. B.	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Oxley	2	2	0	Miss E. J. Emery	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter	1	1	0	Mr. H. R. Neal	1	0	0
Mr. C. Nevill	5	0	0	Mrs. Sturge "In Memoriam"	5	0	0
Mr. E. Dipple	3	3	0	Mr. T. K. Bellis	3	0	0
Mr. Bryden and friend	2	2	0	Mrs. T. K. Bellis	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Ronaldson	1	1	0	Mr. William Rea	10	10	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	0	0	Mrs. Kent	2	2	0
Mr. J. T. Salmon	0	10	6	Mr. E. Essex	5	5	0
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	15	6	Mr. and Mrs. Stevens	5	5	0
Mr. A. Dowd	1	1	0	Mr. Alfred Norman	5	5	0
Mr. Thos. Pavitt	2	2	0	"The Christian World"	10	0	0
Mrs. Murray	1	1	0	Rev. E. J. Farley	5	0	0
J. W.	1	0	0	Miss Farley	2	0	0
Mr. G. H. Judd	1	1	0	Messrs. Hollings and Brock	5	5	0
Mr. W. Cuthbert	1	1	0	A Brixton friend	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	4	0	0	Mrs. James Smith	1	0	0
Miss E. Evans	0	10	6	Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	1	0
Mr. T. H. Cubitt	1	1	0	Mr. W. Wayre	5	5	0
Mr. M. and Miss Romang	3	3	0	Miss Wayre	1	1	0
Mr. E. Romang	1	1	0	Mr. J. M. Everidge	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wolfe	3	3	0	Miss Ward	1	0	0
Mr. J. S. Dear	0	10	0	Mr. Henry Hayward	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cockrell	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0
Mr. William Fox	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	5	0	0
Miss Forsaith	1	0	0	Mr. J. Alderton	2	2	0
Mr. W. B. Fox, and K. J.	3	10	0	Mr. J. Price	0	10	6
Mr. Geo. Redman	3	0	0	Mr. and Miss Phillips	1	10	0
Mrs. Bartram, per Mr. Geo. Redman	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mills	3	3	0
Mr. G. Andrews	2	0	0	Mr. Robert Barr	1	1	0
Mr. S. Thomson	5	0	0	Mr. John Goslin	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	20	0	0	Mrs. Scandrett	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Graves	1	1	0	Mr. Wm. Hurlock	2	2	0
A well-wisher	1	1	0	A friend	5	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	5	0	0	Mr. Samuel Harris	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gyles	3	3	0	Mr. W. Ross	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collins	5	5	0	Mrs. Ross	2	2	0
Mrs. Newstead	1	1	0	Mr. Geo. Sparks	2	0	0
Mr. C. Davies	5	0	0	Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B.	1	1	0
Miss Giles	2	2	0	Mr. H. M. Gilbert	0	10	6
Mrs. Ellwood	5	5	0	Mr. J. Spencer Balfour, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Cork	2	2	0	Per Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P.			
Mrs. M. A. Edwards	3	3	0	Mr. Jeremial Colman	100	0	0
Mrs. Mills	5	0	0	Messrs. Pocock Bros.	5	5	0
Mr. T. Mills	2	2	0	Messrs. J. Carter & Son	5	5	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0	Mr. Jas. Trench	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs	15	0	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Woollard	5	0	0	Subscriptions from friends at Newbury			
E. B.	50	0	0	per Pastor E. George	2	4	0
Mr. R. V. Barrow, J.P.	105	0	0	Contributions from friends at Grosvenor			
Mr. James Duncan	100	0	0	Street Baptist Chapel, Manchester,			
Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon	100	0	0	per Pastor G. Wainwright	5	5	0
Pastor and Mrs. C. Spurgeon	5	5	0	Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston,			
Rev. W. Stott	2	2	0	per Pastor W. Sexton	1	10	4
Mr. A. Stokes	1	1	0	Contribution from Arthur St. Chapel,			
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	50	0	0	King's Cross, per Pastor W. Smith ...	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Withers	5	5	0	Pastor J. C. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Williamson	2	2	0	Collection at Salem Chapel, Dover, per			
Mr. T. J. Redgate	3	3	0	Pastor E. J. Edwards	4	0	0
Mr. G. Bruce, per Pastor E. Richards	1	1	0	Friends at Halstead, per Pastor E.			
Rev. E. P. Fisher	5	0	0	Morley	0	15	0
Rev. E. Wilkinson, D.D.	1	0	0	Collection at Windmill Street Baptist			
Mr. R. J. May	5	5	0	Chapel, Gravesend, per Pastor F. Tuck	4	2	0
Mr. Geo. Higgs	5	0	0	Mr. Theodore Barnes	0	10	0
Mrs. Haydon	2	2	0	Per Pastor W. Osborne, Eastbourne:—			
Collection at Lake Road Chapel, Ports-				Miss Phipps	1	1	0
mouth, per Pastor T. W. Medhurst ...	9	3	0	Miss Bradley	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fox, for the sup-				Miss S. Bradley	0	10	0
port of one student for a year	50	0	0	Mr. J. Roper	0	10	6
Mr. S. Harwood	10	0	0	Mr. J. J. Saunders	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Marnham	10	0	0	Miss Knott	0	5	0
Mr. John Lobb, F.R.G.S.	1	1	0				
Mrs. M. Osborne	0	10	0	Mr. E. J. Parker	3	1	6
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0	Contribution from Walthamstow Bap-			
Collection at Hemel Hempstead Chapel,				tist Chapel, per Pastor T. Breswood	0	10	0
per Pastor G. T. Edgley	9	16	6	Collection at Cross Street Chapel, Is-			
Pastor N. Heath	1	1	0	lington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	5	4	2
Executors of the late Miss Anne Annan	9	19	5	A friend	0	15	0
Pastor R. J. Becliff (monthly)	0	2	6	Mr. J. W. Chisholm	1	1	0
Mr. E. Stanion	0	10	0	Mr. H. S. Pledge, per Pastor E. Roberts	5	5	0
Mr. Geo. Harding	10	0	0	Collection at Faringdon Baptist			
Mr. F. Cotton	2	2	0	Chapel, per Pastor I. O. Stalberg ...	1	2	0
The Misses E. E. and A. A. Jones ...	0	10	0	Part collection at Sherborne Baptist			
Mr. and Mrs. E. Howard	5	0	0	Chapel, per Pastor G. W. Clow ...	1	1	0
Miss Parnell	1	1	0	Per Pastor W. Whale:—			
Mr. A. Altham	20	0	0	Church Fund	0	10	0
Mr. T. Greenwood	25	0	0	Pastor W. Whale	0	10	0
Mr. H. Tubby	5	0	0	Mr. J. Gunter	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Tubby	1	1	0	Mr. H. C. Derwent	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Spickett	10	0	0	Mr. C. Taylor	0	5	0
Amicus	25	0	0	Mr. W. Cone	0	2	6
Mr. E. Berdoe, M.D.	1	1	0	Mrs. Bray	0	2	0
Mr. J. G. Wilkins	1	1	0	Miss Derwent	0	1	0
Mrs. R. Lane	0	10	0				
Mr. H. Maris, per Pastor N. J. S. Naish	1	0	0	Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0
Mr. H. Mallett	0	10	0	Mr. J. Dore	2	0	0
Collection and Subscriptions from				Collection at Commercial Road Chapel,			
Cavendish Chapel, Ramsgate, per				Oxford, per Pastor W. Hackney	1	18	10
Pastor R. Wood	5	0	0	Mr. Archibald Macnicoll	2	0	0
Mr. Edward Pink	1	1	0	Mr. H. R. Cooper	1	1	0
Mr. A. McArthur, M.P.	5	0	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	1	0
Mr. E. S. Bout	2	2	0	Mr. T. W. Stoughton	2	2	0
Mr. J. B. Macarthur	1	1	0	Mr. W. R. Selway	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown	5	5	0	Mr. H. Keen	3	3	0
Collection at Limsfield Baptist Chapel,				Messrs. Straker and Sons	10	0	0
per Pastor F. M. Cockerton	0	15	0	Subscriptions from friends at Herne			
Communion Collection, Putney Baptist				Bay, per Pastor W. Pettman	1	0	0
Chapel, per Pastor W. Thomas	1	10	9	Pastor J. S. Hockey's Bible-class ...	1	0	0
Collection at Godstone Baptist Chapel,				Contribution from Gosport Baptist			
per Pastor G. A. Webb	1	2	6	Chapel, per Pastor W. Compton ...	1	1	0
Part Collection at South Stockton Bap-				Contribution from New Brompton Bap-			
tist Chapel, per Pastor H. Winsor ...	0	15	0	tist Chapel, per Pastor W. W. Block-			
Pastor Jno. Palmer	0	10	0	side	3	0	0
Collection at Eythorne Baptist Chapel,				Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Rains	5	0	0
per Pastor G. Stanley	4	10	0	Miss Rains	1	1	0
Collection at South Shields Tabernacle,				Collection at Salem Chapel, Chelten-			
per Pastor T. E. Rawlings	5	0	0	ham, per Pastor H. Wilkins	11	1	6
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Bromley,				Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	2	2	0
Kent, per Pastor A. Tessier	2	0	0	Per Pastor C. T. Johnson, Longton:—			
Collection at Southend Baptist Taber-				Mrs. T. Freeman	1	1	0
nacle, per Pastor H. W. Childs	1	12	6	Collected by Mr. W. Ash	0	17	0
Collection at St. Ann's Road Baptist				Pastor C. T. Johnson	0	10	6
Chapel, Brixton, per Pastor W. Sulli-				Mr. R. Cooper	0	5	0
van	1	2	0	Mr. M. Pennyhough	0	5	0
Collection at Weston Turville Baptist				Mr. L. Booth	0	2	6
Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Fletcher ...	1	2	0				
Collection at Baptist Chapel, North				Mr. G. Bantick	1	1	0
Stockton, per Pastor T. L. Edwards	6	4	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Olney	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collection at Caermarthen Road Baptist Chapel, Swansea, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	0	10	0	Mr. W. Olney, jun.	1	1	0
Collection at Princess Risboro' Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Coombs	1	2	3	Mr. Isaac Rogers	1	1	0
Brixham Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. T. Almy	1	0	0	Mr. H. J. R. Collett	1	0	0
Friends at Hawick, N.B., per Pastor W. Scaman	0	10	0	R. L. and A. A.	5	0	0
Mr. Gilbert Finch	2	0	0	Mr. W. C. Parkinson	5	0	0
The Honourable Mrs. Trotter	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Narraway	2	2	0
Miss F. Huxgood	1	1	0	Miss Narraway	1	1	0
Contribution from Horley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Marshall	1	5	0	Mrs. S. E. Goslin	1	1	0
Pastor W. J. Mayers	1	1	0	Mrs. A. L. Brake	0	10	6
Mr. W. T. Mayers	1	1	0	Mr. T. Hollands	2	2	0
Collection at Ashdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor R. Layzell	1	1	0	Mr. A. C. Pensam	1	1	0
J. K.	2	2	0	Mr. James Clark	10	10	0
Collection at Shefford Baptist Chapel, per Pastor A. Smith	1	7	5	Mr. and Mrs. Goldston	1	1	0
Contribution from Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Pastor T. Lardner	1	0	0	Mr. S. J. Goldston	1	1	0
Mr. W. S. Lardner, ditto	2	0	0	Mr. T. P. Coe	3	3	0
Proceeds of Lecture, per Pastor R. E. Chettleborough	2	9	0	A friend	2	2	0
Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0	Mr. G. M. Hammer	3	3	0
Friends at Belfast, per Pastor W. Usher	1	1	0	Mr. S. M. Hammer	0	10	6
Contribution from Bildeston, per Pastor Jas. Easter	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cordrey	5	0	0
Collection at Grove Road Chapel, Victoria Park, per Pastor W. J. Inglis	3	0	0	Mrs. Cook	5	0	0
Pastor F. H. White	4	0	0	Miss Cook	1	1	0
Part proceeds of Lecture, Heneage Street Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor G. West	3	3	0	Mrs. May	10	0	0
Pastor D. Mace	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Doyle	5	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Sheerness, per Pastor J. R. Hadler	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hooper	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Carr	5	5	0	Miss Hooper	1	0	0
Miss Carr	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs	10	0	0
Miss Lilian Carr	1	1	0	C. and J.	5	0	0
Mr. B. Carr, jun.	1	1	0	Mrs. Vincent	1	1	0
Collection at North Finchley, per Pastor J. Chadwick	2	11	0	Mr. J. Cowdy	2	2	0
Collection at Woolwich Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. Wilson	4	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Congreve	10	10	0
Contribution from Guild Street Baptist Chapel, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askev	0	10	6	Mr. W. Vinson	5	0	0
Mr. James Collingwood	2	2	0	Mr. T. G. Ackland	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Murrell	2	2	0	Mr. W. Payne	2	2	0
H.	1	1	0	Mr. C. Goddard Clarke	2	2	0
Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0	Mr. Robert Ryman	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whittle	5	0	0	Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	5	0	Mr. Arthur Rust	5	0	0
Bible Classes, Hornsey Rise Chapel, per Pastor F. M. Smith	2	1	0	Mr. R. C. Serpell	5	0	0
Offerings from Ridgmount, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	1	5	6	Mr. H. B. Corns	1	1	0
Mr. H. G. Fisher, per Pastor W. J. Tomkins	1	10	0	Mr. J. W. Harraid	2	2	0
Collection at Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor M. Cumming	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Russell	2	2	0
Contribution from Devonshire Square Chapel, per Pastor E. H. Ellis	1	1	0	Mr. S. R. Pattison	2	2	0
Collection at Carlton Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor E. Osborne	2	19	0	Mrs. E. B. Ryder	1	1	0
Mr. D. Welby	5	0	0	Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. J. W. Allen	1	0	0	Mr. C. H. Price	5	5	0
Rev. J. M. Hewson	1	0	0	Mr. John Anderson	10	0	0
Dr. J. J. Barrett	3	3	0	Mrs. Wood	2	0	0
Mr. J. Manton Smith	1	1	0	Mrs. Jennings	10	0	0
Miss Chenoweth	5	0	0	A dear friend of Mrs. Jennings	5	0	0
Mr. C. Bond	2	2	0	Mr. Wm. Blott	20	0	0
Mr. James Newman	2	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson	5	0	0
Mrs. Bowes	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Dean	10	10	0
Mr. R. W. Harden	2	2	0	Mr. M. H. Foster	5	0	0
Mrs. R. W. Harden	2	2	0	Mr. Jas. Benham	10	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. Potier	10	10	0	Mr. G. A. Calder	20	0	0
				Mr. Jas. Toller	5	0	0
				Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	6	6	0
				Mr. W. Y. Fullerton	3	3	0
				Mr. Philip A. Houghton	10	0	0
				Mr. R. Huyward	10	0	0
				Pastor and Mrs. H. O. Mackey	1	1	0
				Mr. W. Lard	10	10	0
				Mr. R. Cory	50	0	0
				Mr. and Mrs. Pearman	5	0	0
				Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Masters, jun.	10	10	0
				T. B., Leeds	1	0	0
				Mr. Chas. E. Tidswell	0	10	0
				Mrs. A. Barrett	1	1	0
				Mr. A. H. Seard	0	10	0
				Collection at Old King Street Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor G. D. Evans	5	0	0
				Proceeds of lecture at Milsbridge, per Pastor G. Duncan, D.D.	1	2	6
				Mrs. J. S., per Pastor E. S. Cole	0	4	0
				Mrs. S. S., per Pastor E. S. Cole	0	10	0
				Collection at Maidenhead Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Irving	1	17	6
				Mrs. M. Callam	5	0	0
				Rev. John Jackson	2	2	0
				C. W.	0	5	0
				Pastor G. W. Linnocar	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
J. B. G.	2	0	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-			
W. N. Penzance	1	0	0	April 19	27	14	11
Mr. Geo. Thompson	50	0	0	" 26	10	0	0
Mr. Samuel Thompson	2	0	0	May 3	30	6	1
Contribution from Queen's Square				" 10	30	2	0
Baptist Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor							
J. S. Gentle	2	2	0				99 3 0
Collection at Holbeach Baptist Chapel,							£2750 1 4
per Pastor M. Mather	0	14	2				

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1935.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. George Mill	0	10	3	A small thankoffering	0	1	0
A country minister	0	3	0	A working-man, T. S., Burgh	0	5	0
Mr. John Stewart's Class, Belfast	0	2	0	A. M., thankoffering for the Pastor's			
Durweston chimers	0	10	0	safe return	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Cooper and friends	0	5	0	Mrs. C. Norton	0	3	0
R. W.	2	0	0	A thankoffering	0	1	0
A friend, per Mr. W. R. Scott	0	10	0	Miss Elizabeth Pugh	2	0	0
"The Lord be praised"	0	5	0	Miss E. M. Elford	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	1	0	0	Mr. A. G. Clements	0	4	0
Mr. W. Phillips	1	0	0	E. K. G.	40	0	0
Mr. E. Dodge	0	2	6	Mr. Jas. Clark, per Pastor W. Wil-			
Mrs. Ruck	10	0	0	liams	25	0	0
For behoof of the Lord's cause	5	0	0	Mr. W. Briteher, profit on sale of Mr.			
Mrs. F. Mitchell's Bible-class	0	10	0	Spurgeon's Sermons	0	10	0
Miss E. Clover	0	5	0	Richmond Street Mission Sunday After-			
E. C. C.	0	5	0	noon School :-			
Mrs. Allison's Bible-class :-				Young Men's Bible-class	5	18	4
Nurse Davies	1	5	0	Children's boxes	15	15	9½
Miss Allen	1	0	0	Collected by Scholars in			
Mrs. Wilson	0	10	0	special boxes	4	7	10½
Mrs. Perkins	0	5	0				26 2 0
Miss Clarkson	0	15	0	An aged believer	0	7	6
			3 15 0	Mrs. Wm. Goff	0	5	0
Miss Camps	0	5	0	Miss E. A. Fyth	0	1	0
In Memoriam of Lucy Best	5	0	0	Collected by Miss M. J. Ashton	2	10	6
R. Glasgow	0	5	0	Mr. F. Renard	1	0	0
Mr. W. Pickard	2	0	0	J. E. S.	0	5	0
Mrs. Campbell, per Mr. W. Dunning,				A friend	2	0	0
(also three rings to be sold)	1	0	0	A friend	0	3	0
Baptist Sunday-schoolers, Wellington				A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Street Chapel, Luton	1	1	0	Eythorne and Ashley Sunday-schools	4	0	0
S. J. C.	1	0	0	A. W., Uffculme	0	2	6
Mr. E. Escott	0	5	0	Mrs. Milne	0	10	0
A friend	0	5	0	Dr. Mackintosh	1	1	0
Mr. John McBeath	1	0	0	Miss Rose Bousfield	10	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Barouche	1	0	0	Mr. H. Lincoln, jun.	0	18	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and				A friend, per Mr. W. Michael	1	0	0
Orphanage Choir at—				Mr. A. Easty, per Mr. O. Friston	5	0	0
Ventnor	10	10	0	Mrs. H. Barnes	0	10	0
Romsey	16	0	0	Thankoffering from Manchester for			
Donation :- The Right Hon.				Mr. Spurgeon's return	0	2	4
Lord Mount Temple	3	0	0	Mrs. M. McKenzie	0	10	0
Shanklin	5	0	0	A sermon-reader	0	10	0
Dewsbury	22	1	9	S. and J. E.	0	5	0
Golcar	14	2	6	W. S.	1	0	0
Longwood, Huddersfield,				Messrs. Coates and Co., per Mrs.			
per Mr. J. W. Shaw	16	5	1	Brees	2	2	0
Brentford, per Pastor J. S.				Mrs. E. Morley	1	0	0
Hockey	3	2	0	Maggie and Lizzie McIntyre	0	5	0
Sale of programmes	0	10	3	Mrs. John Pickering	0	5	0
Onslow Church, Brompt-				F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6
on, per Pastor S. A.				Two sermon-readers, W. and J. C.			
Swaine	3	0	0	H. W.	0	5	0
Lockwood	15	15	8	A thankoffering from M. B. J.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Hirst	5	0	0	Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Mr. D. Hirst	0	10	0	Mr. Thos. Thomson	3	0	0
			21 5 8	Pastor N. Heath	2	2	0
			114 17 3	A thankoffering	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead	5	0	0	Mrs. E. Webb	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	2	10	0	Mr. C. Parker	1	0	0
A nurse	0	5	0	S. H.	0	2	6
One whom Jesus loves	0	10	0	Miss A. Whitley	0	5	0
A well-wisher, T. A.	0	10	0	M. B.	1	1	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6	Mr. J. Carter	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Wisdom, per Pastor John Field...	0	10	0	Mrs. M. Curtis	0	10	0
Mr. E. Newell	5	0	0	Mrs. Mitchell	1	0	0
Mr. W. B. Newbery	0	15	0	C. W.	0	5	0
Miss E. Chase	0	10	0	Mr. Robt. Ryman	5	0	0
The Trustees of the Nathaniel Reyner Trust Fund	10	0	0	Mr. E. F. Fisher	5	0	0
Miss Mackerell	0	5	0	Mr. J. G. Priestley	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel, Clapton	2	5	0	Mr. J. B. N. McBride, and Thursday evening scholars... ..	0	5	8
A lady, per Pastor W. Hackney	0	10	0	Maggie	0	2	6
Mr. J. H. Tarrant... ..	10	0	0	J. B. G.	2	0	0
Gateshead, per Pastor W. Cuff	3	4	0	A friend, per Mrs. H. Law	5	0	0
Stamps from Saffron Walden	0	10	0	A lover of Jesus	0	10	0
Stamps from Chiswick	0	4	0	W. N., Penzance	2	0	0
Miss E. Beckem	0	2	6	Mr. W. A. Collins, first-fruits of earnings	0	2	6
Mr. W. T. Meyers... ..	2	2	0	Mr. Geo. Thompson	50	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0	13	4	Mr. W. Furse	1	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff... ..	0	15	9	Mr. C. Stevens, profit from portraits	0	2	3
A weekly reader of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	1	0	0	Three friends, Bonchurch, per Mr. C. Stevens	0	6	6
Mr. E. Grant	0	5	0	Mr. T. C. Clark	0	4	0
Mr. E. Ingle, per Pastor W. Jackson... ..	0	2	6	A friend	0	5	0
Collected by Pastor W. Gillard... ..	6	5	6	Kent Street Sunday-school Bible-class	0	10	0
Mr. A. Harding	1	1	0	J. K.	4	4	0
Collected by Mr. G. H. Bateman	0	9	6	Mr. J. Dore	2	0	0
Mr. W. Smith, per Pastor H. O. Mackey	1	1	0	Brixham Baptist Church, per Pastor J. T. Almy	1	0	0
Silver Wedding	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Arthur Avis	0	5	11
Mr. Smith Jeeps, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	0	2	6	Townley Street Mission, collecting box	0	12	6
Mrs. Doggett	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. Geo. Simmonds	0	2	7
Little Jack, aged 9	0	0	6	Mr. Kelly	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Carroll, Orphan Girls' Collecting Card	0	10	0	"W. A. M.," Fakenham, stamps	0	1	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	20	0	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
A sermon-reader, Northampton	0	10	0	Mr. W. Tebbutt	1	0	0
T. B., Leeds... ..	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Lankester	0	2	6
Miss Smithies	2	2	0	Mr. I. Atkinson	1	1	0
Two Bible-classes at Shorelitch Tabernacle	1	0	0	Per F. R. T.:—			
W. H. K.	1	0	0	Mrs. Mold	0	5	0
Mr. Philip Dean... ..	0	2	6	Miss Humphreys	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	1	0	0	F. R. T.	0	10	0
Mrs. G. Beall	0	5	0				1 0 0
One who cares for the little ones	0	2	0	<i>Quarterly Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mrs. Lings	0	2	6	Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	20	0	0	Mr. J. McIntosh (2 qrs.)... ..	0	10	0
JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne	0	10	0	Mr. W. F. Masters "	1	1	0
J. R. M.	1	0	0	Mr. J. O. Ball "	1	0	0
Miss Arnott, and her brothers and sisters	2	9	0	J. B. K.	0	5	0
Infant-class, Well Lane, Beverley	0	1	0	Master A. L. Crumpton	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Thomas... ..	3	0	0				2 18 8
A thankoffering from three	0	5	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
							£511 10 8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from April 15th to May 15th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—10 quarterns Bread, Mr. W. B. Pringle; 29 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 56 lbs Butter, W. B. L.; 1 sack Cauliflowers, "Anon"; 1 sack Flour, Mr. E. Mead; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Saunders; 35 lbs. Butter and 6 lbs. Sausages, Mr. E. Sparrow; 12 lbs. Butter, "R. H. G.," Peterborough; 2 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; quarter chest Tea, Messrs. Pannett, Neden, and Co.; 1 Salmon, "Anon."

Boys' CLOTHING.—6 Shirts, Mrs. G. Thompson.
 GIRLS' CLOTHING.—71 Garments and 18 yards Dress Material, Mrs. G. Thompson; 15 Garments, Miss L. Groves; 15 Garments, Mrs. Grubb; 12 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 18 Garments, Miss Dawson; 18 Garments and 31 Hats, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.
 GENERAL.—2 Boxes of Flowers, from a friend; 18 Brushes and Combs, Mr. Jno. Cooper; 10 Books and a quantity of Toys, from two little friends; 3 Dolls, Miss L. Groves.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Spindler	5	0	0	A reader of "The Sword and the Trowl," Dumfries	1	0	0
M. H.	3	0	0				£27 0 0
Mrs. H. Gunn	5	0	0				
Rev. E. J. Farley	10	0	0				
A. A.	1	0	0				
Mrs. M. Callam	2	0	0				

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1885.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	£	s.	d.
Norfolk Association, for Tittleshall, 1884	5	0	0
Ross District, 1884	5	0	0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffiths, for Fritham	10	0	0
Oxfordshire Association:—			
Stow District	10	0	0
Witney District	10	0	0
	20	0	0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston	10	0	0
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0
Minchinhampton District	10	0	0
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, Accrington District	10	0	0
Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteigton	10	0	0
Rev. Geo. Brooks, for Grosvenor Square	10	0	0
"H. M." for Bristol	20	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. Drane	10	0	0
Cambridge Association	60	0	0
Ludlow District, gift of Mr. Lang	0	11	6
Kettering District	15	0	0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	7	10	0
Newbury District	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Tring	10	0	0
Wilts. and East Somerset Association	30	0	0
	263	1	6

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—	£	s.	d.
Legacy, the late Miss Rooke	9	0	0
Young Christians' Band, Stockwell Orphanage	0	3	8
A sermon-reader, Biggar	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	2	10	0
C. F.	10	0	0
In Memoriam of Lucy Best	5	0	0
Mr. W. Pickard	3	9	6
Mr. Wm. Grant	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	2	10	0
A well-wisher, T.A.	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Norton	0	2	0
B. K. G.	20	0	0
A friend, Brabourne	0	5	0
Mrs. Marshall	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Webb	0	10	0
Mr. E. Newell	2	10	0
The Lord's cows	5	0	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
A West-countyman	0	10	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	2	0	0
W. N. Penzance	1	0	0
Mr. Geo. Thompson	50	0	0
Mr. J. Dore	0	10	0
Annual Subscriptions:—			
"H. M."	10	0	0
Mrs. H. Gunn	10	0	0
	149	15	2

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	2	10	0
C. F.	10	0	0
An Invalid	1	0	0
In Memoriam of Lucy Best	5	0	6
Mr. Wm. Grant	2	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	2	10	0
A well-wisher, T. A.	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Folkestone	50	0	0
Mrs. Mackrill	0	5	0
Mr. Robert Walls	2	10	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Cardiff	20	3	9
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Dalton-in-Furness	0	8	6
Mrs. E. A. Willis	3	3	0
Mrs. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. William Higgs	10	0	0

Mr. R. Page	0	9	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Westbourne, Bournemouth	4	4	0
Mr. J. Dore	0	10	0
Balance of collection at Wickham Market, per Mr. J. Burnham	2	5	0
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	10	0	0
Mr. R. Godfrey	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Southampton (including £5 from Mr. J. J. Burnett)	25	0	0
J. B. G.	1	0	0
Mr. George Thompson	50	0	0
I.	5	0	0
	209	17	3

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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1884-85.



Printed for the College by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE, AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1885.

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Vice-President.

J. A. SPURGEON, White Horse Road, Croydon.

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The work of the College has for many years been adopted by the Church at the Tabernacle as its own. The accounts are examined with the accounts of the Church by auditors chosen by the Church, and are read and passed at the Annual Church-Meeting in the beginning of the year.

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 received by such Treasurer, to be applied for the general purposes of the College.

Brief Paper by C. H. Spurgeon.

TO maintain and spread the gospel of the grace of God by the education of faithful men called of the Holy Ghost to witness for Christ: this was the object which I had in view when I was led to institute the Pastors' College. To explain and expound the doctrines of grace so that they might be clearly understood, and firmly held by our rising ministry, was my highest ambition. There was need, and there still is need, that this design should be carried out with earnest purpose. Others are doing a similar work, but the demand for it continues and increases. The Providence of God forced such an enterprise upon me, and I could not hold back from it. So many young preachers grew up from among my own people that I must either instruct them or see them doing the Lord's work in a questionable manner. Although the pastor of an immense church has quite enough to do in his own proper office, yet I felt that I could not without great sin shirk this additional service, and therefore the College began. In the smallest possible form it appeared upon the scene at the first, but even then the Lord was very gracious, for he found it an invaluable tutor in the person of Mr. George Rogers, who still survives to bless the child which he nursed in its infancy. Funds were forthcoming, buildings were erected, and from the first day until now more than seven hundred men have been sent forth to preach the everlasting covenant. What hath God wrought!

We have steadfastly adhered to our fundamental rule to receive no one who is not already a preacher. An American paper says of us:—"They do not believe in selecting men, and educating them, that God may call them to the ministry; they believe in allowing the Lord to choose his own servants, and then, when the choice is made, and they give satisfactory evidence that they are truly called of God to such a work, the doors are open for them to enter in, and obtain such instruction as may remedy their defects, and enable them wisely to accomplish the work which God has called them to do."

All along, the special care of God has been over the enterprise. In great straits it has experienced great deliverances; devoted men have been always found eager to partake of its advantages; tutors have been raised up full of enthusiasm for the work; and spheres have presented themselves for the men who have undergone the course of training. Our gratitude overflows at the remembrance of all the way whereby the Lord our God has led us, and specially when we remember the host of friends who have helped us by their generosity. Many of these are now in the glory-land; but there is a succession in stewardship, and from very unlooked-for quarters there have stepped forward liberal donors to occupy the places of those who have gone up higher. Serious loss would have been sustained had not old allies been succeeded by new friends. God has servants waiting his orders, and these come forward at his bidding. Our Lord has forces in reserve which he calls out upon emergencies. So have we found it, and shall we find it even unto the end.

Throughout another year the Pastors' College has kept the even tenor of its way. It was commenced in faith, it has required faith to carry it on, and it has rewarded the faith exercised concerning it. To him who led the way in the work it has been a spiritual education, by which spiritual life has been tested and strengthened. In no one point has it disappointed our confidence in God concerning it, though it has brought upon us a thousand trials which else we might not have enjoyed. We have nothing to do in the review of it but to thank God and take courage. Verily the Lord will not fail us, nor forsake us, and it ought to be an easy thing to put our trust in him.

When the church of God shall be universally what it ought to be, it is highly probable that the training given to young people by godly parents, and the careful instruction of youthful believers in Bible-classes, will be almost the only preparation needed by the majority of preachers. Secular education becoming general, our successors will, as a rule, be far better furnished in that respect than the mass of the present generation, and less time will, therefore, be spent in the more ordinary part of College tuition. Young men, when called of the Spirit of God to preach, will, in days to come, be less embarrassed by ignorance of human literature, and more free to give themselves wholly to the study of the Holy Scriptures. For "the present distress" it is still needful to have schools of the prophets, in which not only the Word of the Lord shall be studied, but many other useful matters; yet the fear always arises lest those other matters should insinuate themselves into the chief place, and crush the all-important theme into a corner. We have heard of one minister who said, "I spent four years at the University, and three years in a theological seminary, and I learned everything there *except what I ought to know.*" This is the ever-present danger, and it requires great strength of mind on the part of tutors and students to resist the fatal tendency. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," is as true inside the walls of a College as in everyday life. My great desire, as President, has been from the first to keep that to the front which should be to the front, namely, the Word of the Lord, the pure gospel of Jesus, and the work of winning souls. Our mark has been missed altogether when men have used our institution to obtain knowledge, and have failed to feel a holy enthusiasm for the doctrines of grace and their publication in the name of the Lord.

Ministers must of necessity know the errors of the day that they may meet them; but there is a method of unveiling falsehood which leads rather to hesitation in combatting it than to detestation of it. Many a man has put his hands to his aching head, and wished that he had never become so miserably conversant with the myriad objections and doubts which swarm in the regions of modern thought. Errors are poisons, and are not to be played with; a dose of them taken by way of scientific experiment may be as fatal as if it had been imbibed of suicidal purpose. Young men have had their faith crippled, their spiritual ardour damped, and even their morals corrupted in the process of testing the theories of the hour. We believe in going into the water to lift out a drowning man, but we would not wish to see weaklings drawn under water by giants whom they could not rescue, and from

whose deadly grip they could not escape. Our Christian faith leads us to teach truth with assurance, and our experience constrains us to do so. We hear our Lord saying, "Wherefore didst thou doubt?" and we resolve that we will speak with the accents of conviction, and leave the heresies of the hour to die a natural death. Prudence suggests that it is far better to lead men to the tree of life than to the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Men are enchanted still with the notion of being "as gods"; our persuasion is that we should be aiding the serpent if we held out that bait to men. It is for the preacher to answer error by preaching truth, and to meet doubt with the power of the Holy Ghost; and if he be made expert in other methods, it is just as likely to be a snare to him as not. Certain churches are having too much of scientifically adulterated revelation, and the reason, probably, is to be looked for in the early studies of the men who preach to them. In many cases persons have succeeded to the pulpits of godly Puritans, but have left all the Puritanism out of their preaching, sadly to the loss of their hearers. Emanuel College, Cambridge, was, in days long gone by, the prolific mother of gigantic divines; hence the age of the Commonwealth abounded in great preachers. The noblest school of English theologians sprang from the labours of tutors whose theology was sound and Scriptural, and whose learning was consecrated to the understanding of sacred writ. Had there been no such Puritan College, there might have been no Puritan divines. The mighty preachers of that Augustan age of theology were made clear teachers of the truth because they began well, and had not to unlearn false doctrine. God's good Spirit blessed their early training, and so established their judgments that they evermore remained true to the faith once delivered to the saints.

This sacred service is not without its sorrows; for, however carefully selected, men do not all prove to be worthy. To remove such from our number while they are in the College is a painful work from which we do not shrink; but when the men are once in churches, and then decline from the right way, the grief is deeper, because the mischief is not so easily remedied. We have our failures to deplore, and these are the bitter drops in the cup. Much do we need the prayers of our brethren, that we may be rightly directed in such a weighty business. Pray that the stars may ever be held up, and held out, in the right hand of the Son of God.

Heavy also is our bereavement when promising men are taken home at the very outset of their life-work. On several occasions, students have suddenly passed from us to complete their education at the Master's feet. We have laid them in the grave with heavy hearts. More crushing still has been the loss of such brethren as Hartley and Comber, who left us in the highest spirits, under the force of the most unreserved consecration, but fell asleep in Jesus before they could do more than begin their missionary labours. The last especially is a heavy loss, for he was equipped for medical work as well as for the preaching of the Word, and it seems hard to lose him after so many years of preparation. Haply, all that preparation will be repaid in the higher service of heaven. The Lord makes his servants ready, not only for the brief work of earth, but for the endless worship of heaven; and

may be that which fits them for the one may make them ready for the other. Our labour is not in vain in the Lord; still, we are sore wounded at heart when the arrows of death slay our champions before they can strike a blow for the Lord Jesus.

On the other hand, great is our joy in those who are eminently used of God, of whom our College numbers not a few. As arrows in the hand of a mighty man, so are these; our quiver is full of them, and, pointing to them, our College can speak with her enemies in the gate.

After all, how little we can do! The after-training of actual service develops the man through the grace of God; or, if he be without that grace, the wear and tear of a minister's life soon prove him to be unprofitable. Ministers discover how to preach by preaching, even as men learn to swim by swimming. Association with one who is daily engaged in the work of God is helpful and instructive, but personal participation in the labour is more so. The Holy Spirit is himself educating his own messengers: in the pulpit, in the study, and by the bedside of the dying, pastors are ever learning what no College can possibly teach them. Hence it is not so much our object to teach the theory of sermon-making, as to keep our gracious youths in connection with actual ministerial labour. Our endeavour is to urge them to heart-culture, by which they will be prepared to make good use of all the experience and instruction which after-life will afford them. We cannot open all the doors of the treasury, but we can tell the searchers where to find the keys, and we can help them to discern between what is treasure and what is trash. By God's Spirit we can thus be of some little service to the rising ministry.

The results of the entire work are such that we can without reserve claim the help of Christian brethren. If we do the work, it is for others to find us the means. The work is before the world, and speaks for itself. Those who recognize in it the hand of the Lord will not be slow to support the enterprise: those who do not will conscientiously withhold. Help is needed largely because we are opening up new spheres, and where the brethren found churches, the expense of a meeting-house soon makes a call upon our exchequer. Success brings necessity. We are often made to look up and look around for monetary aid. With anxious heart we are forced at times to cry to the Lord for the silver and the gold. The more we have of means the more we can do: want of money is the lowest kind of want, and yet it hinders our advance. If the reader, on perusing our Report, feels moved to give to the work, to God shall praise be given.

Vice-President's Report.

AN average year of work and results has once more to be reported. Patient continuance in well-doing will gradually, but surely, lead to improvements and general advance. This is the history of the past twelve months, for which we are very grateful to the Great Head of the church, into whose vineyard we are seeking to send qualified labourers. We see no reason for changing any of our methods, though ever very anxious to aim at higher efficiency in them. With great diversity of talent and acquirements, we are glad to express our belief that the present students are as likely to be faithful to the truth, and to preach it as ably and successfully, as any who have been under our care in past years. We have had no occasion for the exercise of any censure because of unseemly conduct on the part of any of the men; and are glad to say that the health of the College has been upon the whole better than for some time past. The aid of the Rev. James Douglas, M.A., was very welcome in the absence of the President, and his lectures were much appreciated by the brethren.

The missionary spirit of the College is unabated, and in the firm reliance upon the promised aid of the Holy Ghost, we re-dedicate ourselves to the more careful study and wider proclamation of the old, old gospel, which it is the object of all connected with the College to honour and make known.

JAMES A. SPURGEON.

Mr. Gracey's Report.

THE College year that now closes is, I am glad to say, fairly entitled to rank with the best of former years. In industry and spirit the classes committed to my care leave little to be desired. The brethren show a hearty appreciation of the great object for which the College exists, and labour earnestly to attain it. The history and character of the institution, being now well known throughout the country, are telling upon the minds of those who seek admission, and are attracting men of a kindred spirit to those who have received with us their training for the ministry. The appreciation—I may say the steadily-increasing appreciation—with which the work of our students has been received among the churches, the wholesome and invigorating tone of their ministry, and the copious blessings vouchsafed to them, form very strong reasons to encourage us to cleave to the methods hitherto pursued. These considerations do more; they incite us to strive with increasing zeal to work up to the high ideal which has ever been before the College. It is refreshing to hear testimony after testimony from the men themselves, as they leave for their pastorates, to the effect that so far from their enthusiasm for the "old truths" of the gospel being damped by College life and study, it has thereby been intensified; and it is still more refreshing to hear, after they have left, of the deep satisfaction they experience in the faithful preaching of these "old

truths." Is it to be wondered at, then, that we should, as a College, refuse to give place for a moment to the slander that the power of the gospel is waning? Apart from all other and higher reasons, our experience leads us to a different conclusion. Believing assuredly as we do that there is in the gospel a "reserve of strength," which neither the world nor the church has dreamed of; being convinced that the church is only just on the eve of her greater services and victories among the nations for her Saviour King; and cherishing the hope that the Holy Spirit will equip and use us to take some share in those services and victories, we labour as those who feel their labour is not and shall not be "in vain in the Lord."

There has been a very large amount of evangelistic work done during the year. The sermons read for criticism have maintained a high average in style and matter. In addition to my Lectures in Theology, I have used as text-books Dr. Hodge's Handbook, Dr. Porter's Lectures on Homiletics, Augustine's *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, Coles' *Divine Sovereignty*, and *Church History*. In Hebrew we have read the First Book of Kings, and Genesis. In New Testament Greek our subjects have been the Epistle to the Philippians, the Epistle to the Romans, John's Gospel, with Trench's Synonyms of the Greek Testament. In Classics we have had Demosthenes' *De Corona*, the XVIII. of the *Iliad*, Cicero's Orations against Cataline, and the VI. Book of the *Annals of Tacitus*.

DAVID GRACEY.

Mr. Cheshire's Report.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—During another year our studies in the natural sciences have been continued as heretofore, rather as a means than as an end. It is always my first anxiety that science should be presented, as indeed true science always may be, as the handmaid of religion, revealing the constant nearness of him in whom we live and move; not the nearness, indeed, which he has given us in his Son, but still a nearness in which, if we know his grace, we may rejoice. Nature is a veil, but to the reverent heart it becomes also a revelation, for the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. Constantly during our studies, then, we seek for illustrations of spiritual truth, and thus furnish material for pulpit work. The hearty manner in which this special direction of our work is received and entered into by the brethren, and their constant testimony to its helpfulness, are greatly encouraging, and a cause for thankfulness.

Astronomy has occupied a considerable part of our time, and much that is valuable has been the outcome. Beyond a mere acquaintance with laws, times, and distances, we have noted by example the unity of the universe pointing to the One whose kingdom ruleth over all; and that physical proportions do not mark relative value before God. This world is but a point, but here Christ has died. "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out

of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." The prevalence of power, "resistless forces" as science-men say, we find to be a source of comfort, and not a reason for despair; just as the guns of a terrific fortress make us tremble when we are without, but give us security, and so peace, when we are within.

A course on light has provided us with much pleasant occupation, and here the lessons, analogies, and suggestions are too numerous to permit even an attempt at a summary. The triune nature of light, its own invisibility, its power in quickening physical life, its giving its own glory to that which it touches, all lift the mind to him who *is* light, and in whom is no darkness at all. Physical bread, as a type of the spiritual, has also amongst other matters very profitably employed us.

The attendance at our class is good, and the interest seems rather to grow; whilst amongst us we have often the pleasure of welcoming those who have now pastorates, but who, attracted by the President's lecture on Friday afternoon, linger on with us during the evening.

We have recently become possessed of a very excellent but peculiarly portable magic-lantern apparatus, and this is doing good peripatetic service, by enabling the brethren to give entertainments and lectures at their particular stations or churches. Our microscope is in use every Friday during the tea hour, and is much appreciated. The need of the world is Christ, and so, my dear Mr. Spurgeon, how can I better end than by again humbly and prayerfully desiring that all our science study may be given to him without whom was not anything made that was made?

F. CHESHIRE.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

ALTHOUGH my ministerial work at Hitchin has this year made somewhat severe demands upon my time and strength, I am much gratified by the general progress of the students in my classes at the College. Steady and persistent plodding has characterized the year's labours. Our hearts have been saddened by death, which has once more thinned our ranks; and the brethren who have passed from us were those from whom we had hoped much in the service of their Saviour. Illness, too, has interrupted the progress of some of our number. Notwithstanding these hindrances and discouragements, the amount and thoroughness of our work in the classes have been, in my opinion, very satisfactory. For the spirit of prayer and earnestness still maintained in the College, we thank God in humble gratitude. I believe, from my heart, that the general feeling is that the maintenance of a simple and earnest spiritual life is, of all things else, the most important. I have been much pleased with the increased vigour of some of the recent debates, with the warm sympathy of most of the speakers for the thousands of suffering poor, with the feeling of union and love which seems to pervade the entire institution; but best of all is the warm desire, shown alike in the sermons, the debates, and the general class-work, to glorify Jesus Christ, and to become increasingly fitted for the help of perishing men.

Excepting a few cases, the elementary work has been pursued by the Juniors with more than usual success. In the more advanced classes under my care, the brethren have read from Cæsar, Nepos, and Virgil in Latin, and from Xenophon's Anabasis in Greek, while, in both languages, Arnold's books have been studied for Composition. The progress of the Seniors in Euclid has been good; that of the Juniors, so far, not quite so rapid, perhaps, as usual. This, however, has been mainly owing to rather harder work with the Greek and Latin Grammar and Delectus.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Mr. Fergusson's Report.

THE nature of the work done in the department of the College allotted to my care may be gathered from a simple enumeration of the class-books required for carrying it on. The students are introduced to the systematic examination of the Christian evidences by a close expository study of Butler's Analogy. Moral Science is brought before them through the use of Wayland's Ethics as a class-book. English Composition is thus studied; its grammar as taught by Fleming in his Analysis of the English Language, and reduced to practice by its application to selections from the Paradise Lost; Composition in its spoken form, as taught by M. Bautain in his Art of Extempore Speaking; and in its written form, as taught by Bain in his English Composition; Logic, as taught by Fowler in his Inductive and Deductive Logic. The Study of Scripture, with a view to its exposition in the exercise of the Christian ministry, is commenced by means of a thorough mastery of its principles as laid down in Angus's Bible Hand-book; and the outlines of Scripture Geography are followed as laid down in Blaikie's Bible Geography: Philosophy, as taught by Sir William Hamilton in his Metaphysics, and Taylor in his Elements of Thought: English History, its leading events as arranged by Smith in his History of England: and the principles of the English Constitution as taught by Green in his History of the English People.

Of this year's students as far as they have come under my care I have nothing of blame to record. In character and conduct they have afforded me many opportunities for praise. For the possession of intellect, which will widen and strengthen in response to self-culture, they have given me great reason for the highest hope. But best of all, God, by his providence, has, unknown to them, allowed me opportunities of witnessing repeated manifestations of that vital godliness which, after tutors, books, and self-culture have done their work, must constitute the backbone of their life-work in the church of Jesus Christ. In conclusion, judging the men of this year by the common-sense principle laid down in the words of the poet, "Coming events cast their shadows before them," I would say; the honour of the College will suffer no loss at their hands in days to come, neither will the church of God have reason to regret their advent on the scene of her labours.

A. FERGUSSON.

Mr. Johnson's Report of Evening Classes.

THE object of the Evening classes is to provide a free education for young men in business, who are desirous of becoming more efficient Christian workers.

They were commenced in 1862, and since that time hundreds of young men have benefited by them. Many Sunday-school teachers, evangelists, and street preachers have been trained in them, and not a few have passed into the Day College, and have become most successful ministers of the gospel.

The classes are held on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, from half-past seven to nine, and on Friday evenings from eight to nine o'clock. At the present time there are about a hundred members.

The course of study during the past year has embraced the following subjects:—Shorthand, Elementary Latin and Greek, English Grammar, Study of Words, English History, Physical Geography, Human Physiology, Mental Science, and Theology.

S. JOHNSON.

Notes from Mr. Rogers.

Our venerable friend Rev. George Rogers makes periodical visits to the College, in whose affairs he ever feels the liveliest interest.

WE have the pleasure to report to the friends and supporters of the Pastors' College that tutors and students have been enabled to fulfil their engagements during another year. Suitable spheres of usefulness have been presented as soon as students have been prepared to avail themselves of them. The inability of the President to give them the benefit of his attendance on a Friday afternoon, so frequently as he could have desired, has been the chief subject of regret. The efforts made to supply his lack of service, though duly appreciated, will not diminish the sincere and prayerful desire for his return.

The accounts from the representatives of the College, both in this and other parts of the world, continue to be of the most cheering and hopeful kind.

While there has been no falling off in the zeal and activity with which the duties of the College have been performed, nor in the acceptability of its students to the churches, nor in the provision of its funds, it is still more gratifying to report that there has been no falling off in its adherence to the old Puritanic theology, for the preservation of which, in its increasing neglect by others, it was chiefly instituted, and in the maintenance of which it has been signally blest. That, amidst so many temptations to yield to the sceptical tendencies of the age, its representatives in all parts of the world should have remained faithful to the old gospel, must be regarded as a special answer to their own and others' prayers on their behalf. On this ground our appeal

for the continuance of the liberal and prayerful support which the College has hitherto received, is founded. Its friends and supporters may be confidently assured that by so doing they are holding forth the word of life both in this and other countries, and are encouraging those who, instead of saying, "We have minds of our own," can say, "We have the mind of Christ."

The Pastors' College has a history of its own. Its genealogy is not to be reckoned according to birthright. If sought among others, it is not to be found. It is not after the order of Aaron, but of Melchisedec. It has a life of its own. It lives in the heart of its President, of its Vice-President, in the hearts of its tutors and students, and the hundreds that have gone from it. It lives in the hearts of the church and attendants at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and the fruits of this life are gathered every Sabbath day. It lives in the hearts of many others, as is evident from the regularity of their aid, especially when the spring time of the Conference returns; when the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the truth is heard in the land. The Conference, in harmony with nature, is its chief season of revival; and it needs no other, because it is not subject, or has not hitherto been subject, to any great sensible decline. This regular and uninterrupted growth we thankfully accept as an evidence of its genuine vitality, and that it has a life of its own. It is wholly a right seed. It has fallen on good ground, and has brought forth first thirty, then sixty, then a hundred, and now seven hundred fold.

We speak not of regularity of growth merely, but of regularly accumulative growth, for which the same means only are required. The first ministers sent forth are still labouring, and gathering in yearly the fruits of the vineyard; and more labourers have yearly gone forth, all of whom have been patiently continuing in well doing; and thus the ratio of increase is regularly maintained. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed." So long as the usual effects follow, we shall continue to hope for the future; we shall regard it as a continual sign of the divine approbation, and not give heed to those who profess to show unto us a more excellent way. While the same good fruits are produced, the tree must continue to be good. Whether the precise means now used by the Pastors' College to encourage and qualify pastors of churches, and itinerating evangelists, and missionaries to heathen lands, will always be found most conducive to their end, may be questioned; but that they are such as are best adapted to the present times is evident to all candid enquirers from the results. It is painful to think that such efforts should have been necessary at the present period of the Christian era, and in a nation considered to be more Christian than any other, to exhibit the purity and power of the real gospel of man's salvation; but the success of the efforts has shown their great need. It is not so much, therefore, for what the College is in itself, as for its relative importance, that we deem it a great privilege to be connected with it, and invite others, by their sympathetic aid, to be partakers of our joy. We need add only that its success is not owing to human foresight, either in its origin or the principles and manner in which it has been conducted, but the whole praise is due to God alone.

G. ROGERS.

THE COLLEGE AND THE MISSION FIELD.

This year we give no notes of work done at home, though we thank our brethren for the encouraging details which they have sent us, but we confine our notes for variety's sake to the foreign field.

CHINA.

THE first of our students to give himself to the work of the Lord in China was *Mr. J. J. Turner*, who, in 1875, joined the ranks of the China Inland Mission, and continued to labour in the interior of that vast country for about seven years. Part of this period was one of the most trying in all the experience of Christian missionaries, the time of terrible famine. Our brother assisted in the distribution of food to many of the starving Chinese, to whom he took the message of divine love. What he saw when engaged in his mission of mercy was appalling, and so told upon him that he was forced to seek change of scene. So well had our brother learned the lesson of the apostle, to become all things to all men, that he might by any means save some, that on his return to the coast, Europeans expressed their surprise at his knowledge of the English language, never dreaming that he was other than "a bred and born" Chinaman. During his stay in England, he was incessant in labour for the cause he so much loves. Our own Baptist Missionary Society has wisely secured his services, and, with his young wife, he is again at work in North China. "We are," he writes, "most thankful to be at work again in the land of our adoption." Our friends should read his interesting letter on "Travelling in China," in the "Missionary Herald," of October, 1884.

In 1878, another of our students, *Mr. S. B. Drake*, was accepted by our honoured friends of the China Inland Mission, and was soon located in the same province of Shan Si, and, we believe, the same town of T'ai-Yüen Fu, where Mr. Turner laboured. There he continues to labour in the midst of millions who have never even heard of the true God and eternal life.

Mr. E. H. Edwards, M.B., was sent, about three years since, to reinforce the little band in Shan Si. This brother has very special qualifications as a medical missionary; for he not only honourably fulfilled the ordinary curriculum in the medical school of the University of Edinburgh, but after engaging for a time in the work of the London Medical Mission, he received the appointment of resident surgeon at the Hospital for Women, Soho Square. We are sure that our readers will pray that he, like his Divine Master, "The Great Physician," may heal multitudes of divers diseases, and that they, through his instrumentality, may hear the blessed words, "Go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole."

Two more of our late students are now *en route* for North China, in connection with our Baptist Missionary Society, namely, *Dr. James Russell Watson*, and *Mr. Charles Spurgeon Medhurst*, the son of our dear brother and "first student," T. W. Medhurst. Dr. Watson is a thoroughly qualified medical man. After completing his course in the Pastors' College, he studied at Charing Cross Hospital, and thence proceeded to Durham University, and obtained his diploma. Mrs.

Watson accompanies her husband, and, we believe, will be a real helpmeet in the work of the Lord. We can only repeat the desires and requests we offered for our other beloved brethren in China.

JAPAN.

In 1876 we received into the College a brother now well known to readers of our Baptist Missionary intelligence, *Mr. W. J. White*, a brief outline of whose history, from his own pen, we gave in our Magazine for October, 1877, from which account we extract the following introductory particulars of his service for Christ in Japan:—"I first landed in that country in May, 1871, and left for England in July, 1876. During nearly five years of this time I was engaged as a teacher of English in Japanese schools, and the last year and a half was a teacher in the English department of the Imperial College. Thus my position brought me into immediate contact with the Japanese people.

"For some time I held a Bible-Class on Sunday afternoon in my own house, to which I invited my scholars. In this class I generally explained the Scriptures, keeping to those portions which contained gospel invitations, as I found those easier to explain. Several of my pupils who attended these classes have since become believers in Christ, the last of whom is a lad by the name of Anyoji, who since my leaving Japan has joined himself to the Presbyterian Church at Yokohama.

"Owing to opposition from the directors of my school I was obliged to discontinue these classes, and content myself with private conversation with my scholars, in which I endeavoured to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I believe that in several instances God blessed this unassuming work.

"At the outset of my Christian life I had a strong desire to enter the ministry and become a missionary; but a feeling of my unfitness for the work led me to give up the thought of it, and hence I remained out of the path of duty; but God, whose ways are often mysterious, in his wisdom saw fit to take from me my dear wife, to whom I had been married for the short space of seven months. This he used as the means of bringing me into my present position. . . . From that time of trouble I resolved to devote myself to the Lord's work in Japan. .

. . . After much prayer I made up my mind to come home, and with the little money I had saved go through a course of theological study, in order that I might be better fitted to preach the gospel to the Japanese. Dr. Palm, a medical missionary at Nugata, gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Lewis, of Bayswater, who very kindly asked you to receive me into your College; you did so, and I thank God for it."

It was not long after Mr. White's return to Tokio ere several native converts were formed into a Christian church; and the work of conversion goes on. Indeed, so abundant have been our brother's labours, that the Society has yielded to his pleading for more help, and sent him a fellow-labourer, Mr. Eaves, of Bristol College. We see by the last printed returns that the little church numbered 28, of which number 26 were native converts, that there are four stations and sub-stations, and three evangelists, besides the missionary and his new helper, who arrived in Japan in December last. Towards the end of last year Mr. White sent to the Missionary Society a very interesting account of

the baptism of six converts, after which service another convert applied for baptism. "There are four others," adds our brother, "who will probably come forward during the next month. Besides these, there are many others in whose hearts the leaven of truth is working, and who, with the Spirit's blessing, will in due time become the disciples of our Lord Jesus. From what the good Lord has already wrought, and from present indications, this year gives hopes of being by far the most fruitful since our work commenced. Indeed, in all the churches there are the signs of a mighty progress."

INDIA

From the year 1873 till the beginning of 1881, *Mr. Robert Spurgeon*, of our College, was the Baptist Missionary Society's representative at Dacca, whence he removed to Barisaul, the capital of Backergunge, one of the largest districts in Bengal. Owing to the ill health of himself and family he returned to England in January of last year, and we are glad to know that his health is re-established, although he has, in the meantime, been almost incessantly travelling and preaching for the Society. We believe he will soon resume his work for God in the land of his adoption, where he was for ten years in labours abundant, and in journeyings oft, in the service of his Lord and Master, as the readers of "The Sword and the Trowel" well know from his frequent contributions to our pages. In the "Missionary Herald," for February, there is an interesting description of the scene of his labours at Barisaul.

Mr. W. Miller, who left us in 1874, for Benares, was compelled to return after a while, broken down in health, and has not since been able to resume his service in the mission field.

The next on the roll of our Indian brethren is *Mr. R. Maplesden*, who left us in September, 1879, to take charge of an English Baptist church in Madras, where his acclimatization cost him much suffering, from tropical rheumatism, fever, dysentery, and sunstroke. The church, however, made considerable progress, notwithstanding the fact of the pastor's frequent illnesses. He continued to labour in the Madras Presidency until the summer of 1881, when he resigned the pastorate of the church at Madras and accepted an appointment from the American Baptist Missionary Union, for mission work among the Teloogeois. After a short stay at Kottapatam and Ongole, he removed to his present sphere at Guntoor.

At the same Monday evening prayer-meeting, on September 15, 1879, on which we commended *Mr. Maplesden* and his prospective work at Madras to the care and blessing of the great Head of the church, two other beloved brethren took their farewell of us and the Tabernacle friends, namely, *Mr. John Stubbs* and *Mr. David Lyall*, whose early death we shall have occasion to note further on.

Mr. Stubbs, then pastor of the church at Eythorne, offered himself for mission work in India, and was accepted for Allahabad, to which station he at once proceeded with his wife. After about two years' stay in India, his health gave way, and he returned to England, as it seemed to his friends with little hope of ever again being able to endure the strain of a missionary's life in a tropical climate. After a time he was sufficiently recovered to undertake pastoral work at Brannoxtown, in

Ireland, where, with recruited health, the old love reasserted itself, and again he begged of the Society to receive him for renewed service in India, where he arrived in December last. He is to be stationed at Patna. In a letter to Mr. Baynes, announcing his arrival at Calcutta, he says, "I rejoice greatly that unto me is this grace given, to preach with the brethren here the unsearchable riches of Christ to the dusky inhabitants of this great land. I earnestly ask to be remembered in your prayers. I trust that God will soon give me the use of the Urdu tongue, and that he will continually quicken me by his Spirit, and spare me and use me for many years to turn souls from false creeds to serve the living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven."

In 1881 our Missionary Society accepted another of our men for the Master's service in India, *Mr. J. G. Potter*, appointing him to the Agra station, under the superintendence of Mr. Jones. Our brother has during the past year been called to pass through the deep waters of affliction. He was attacked with typhoid fever, from which he was slowly recovering, when his young wife, an earnest worker in the Zenana Mission, was also prostrated with fever, and was taken from him to be for ever with the Lord, after but six months of happy wedded life.

About four years ago, Mr. A. Hægert, of the "Bethel Santhal Mission," came to England to procure funds for his work, and urged the claims of Santhalistan upon our young men. *Mr. W. S. Mitchell*, of our College, who had purposed to devote his life to the Lord's work among the heathen, determined to cast in his lot with the "Bethel" work, and we helped him from the fund we had set apart for Indian evangelists to reach his destination; this he did in the early part of 1882.

Mr. Mitchell did not long labour in association with the Bethel Mission, but found another and more congenial sphere at Dinapore: the following extract from a letter just received from him will, we believe, interest our many friends:—

"Dinapore, Patna, India, N.W.P.,

"11th March, 1885.

"My dear President,—I came to Dinapore on the 6th February, 1883, to minister to the English Baptist Congregation. Shortly after my arrival, the resident missionary, Mr. W. J. Price, had to go to England on account of ill-health, and the whole work of the station devolved upon me. Besides my ordinary duties as pastor of the English Church, I superintended the Mission work, to the best of my ability, in the absence of the missionary. At the same time I have done a little in the study of the vernacular, and have made a few humble attempts at preaching in Hindi in the bazaars and at Melas.

"During the last year the Lord's work has been gradually increasing and assuming importance both in connection with our native and European work.

"In January, 1884, we pulled down our old dilapidated chapel, and constructed a larger and more comfortable building on the same site. We hope to be able to open it three or four weeks hence. Sufficient funds have been raised to clear the expenses of the building itself; but we are still in want of funds to furnish it. Strenuous efforts are being made to raise money for this purpose, and we hope and trust, through God's blessing, to open our new chapel free of debt.

"Bible-classes and prayer-meetings have been regularly carried on in Dinapore, besides the usual Sunday services. Meetings once a week have also been held in Bankipore, the civil part of the station, and Khagole, where there are large numbers of railway operatives.

"In December, 1883, a Native Cavalry Guard Room was purchased by public sale from Government, on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society. It is a strong, handsome building, and admirably adapted for a native chapel.

"Meetings have been regularly held in it, from March, 1884, and since the return of Mr. Price the meetings have greatly increased. Numbers of Hindoos and Mahommedans constantly come to hear the gospel, and apparently take a great interest in the meetings.

"A Zenana Mission was also opened last year, and now we have a lady worker carrying the gospel to her dark sisters in their own homes. A Bible woman is also associated with her, who I believe is doing a good work. A school for native girls has just been started, and promises success.

"I have been greatly cheered in my work, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties that surrounded it. Several souls have been converted to God through my instrumentality. Some are residents of Dinapore, others are in various parts of India and Egypt with their respective corps. My great desire is that God may qualify me in mind and heart for his service, and by his Spirit use me for his glory in this heathen land.

"Trusting you are now quite well, and wishing you and my brethren a refreshing time at the approaching Conference,

"I am, dear President,

Yours sincerely,

"W. S. MITCHELL."

The last on the list of our Indian missionary brethren who have gone from the ranks of the College is *Mr. G. J. Dann*, son of Pastor James Dann, of Oxford. On leaving College, he became pastor of the church at James Grove, Peckham, which charge he resigned in order to go to Allahabad, the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society having selected him for the post of pastor of the church there. As Mr. Dann has so recently entered upon his work, nothing of the nature of a report could be given, but a few lines from a letter, meant only for our own eye, we venture to subjoin :—

"Will you thank good Mrs. Spurgeon for the sermons, which come regularly to hand, and are doubly welcome, first for personal use, and then for distribution? I am working hard at Hindi, but of course it will be months before I can turn your English into the vernacular; when I can do so, I hope to pick out many a good word for the heathen. I can't write much now, but you will be glad to hear that my work is prospering, to all appearance, in my own church, and that doors are opening in the city and the surrounding stations, where I find opportunities for evangelistic work.

"God bless you, and give you your strength again. May you have many more souls given you, both at Mentone and in London, and all over the world. I trust this year's Conference will be a good one, and hope that

India's deep needs may stir the hearts of more of our brethren to come and labour here.

“With kindest regards,

“Sincerely yours,

“GEO. J. DANN.’

MISSIONARY PASTORS IN INDIA.

Besides the six missionaries in India whose work we have noticed, we have four other brethren in that land whom we designate Missionary Pastors. In one of our College Reports we related how our veteran missionary, Mr. Gregson, had urged upon us the great utility of sending out young men to preach the gospel to those in India who understand the English language, whether British, Eurasian, or educated Hindoos. He advised that the men should be sent out for five years, and therefore be subjected to no remarks should they return at the end of that period. At the same time, Mr. Gregson thought it highly probable that they would acquire a language, and remain abroad as missionaries. We at that time (1881) were able to state that we had resolved to take up this work, if the Lord would send the needful help. We were helped to send *Mr. H. Rylands Brown*, the pastor of the church at Shooter's Hill Road, to DARJEELING, one of the health-resorts for Anglo-Indians. Here there is a chapel for Nonconformist worship.

Mr. Brown does not confine his labours to Darjeeling, but makes long journeys to the regions beyond—to Assam, The Darjeeling Terai and Western Dooars. Scattered over a vast extent of country there are to be found Englishmen and Scotchmen, on the tea plantations, far from any of the ordinary means of grace. Our friend occasionally found a family where were some who feared God, but these were rare instances. His plan seems to be to drop in at any planter's bungalow, sure of a welcome where the sight of a strange face is a notable event. He generally is able to get up a meeting, of half-a-dozen or a dozen persons; should a score hearers gather, he would consider that he had a large congregation. Every one is spoken to about eternal things; books, tracts, or portions of God's word are given, and in most instances the missionary is parted with with regret, but with promises that his host (and family, if he is not a bachelor, as many of the planters are), will give heed to the word spoken. These journeys are undertaken under the direction, or by the help of the Anglo-Indian Evangelization Society, which is doing a good work in its peculiar sphere. Mr. Brown's accounts of his journeys exhibit the true missionary, and we believe very many will have reason to bless the God of grace that ever he sent Rylands Brown to them with the message of mercy.

CALCUTTA.—In January, 1880, *Mr. W. Norris*, pastor of the church at Bedminster, accepted an invitation from the church at Circular Road to take the oversight of them in the Lord.

Within little more than a year after his settlement Mrs. Norris was stricken with fever, and passed away to her eternal home. This heavy trial greatly affected our brother, though he strove to continue at his post. After three years' stay with the friends at Circular Road, Mr. Norris was reluctantly obliged to relinquish the work and return to

England. He is now pastor of the church at John Street, Bedford Row.

CALCUTTA.—About the same time that Mr. Norris settled at Circular Road, *Mr. G. H. Hook* left his charge at Thaxted to become pastor of the Lall Bazar church, where he still labours. We have just received some particulars of his work, extracts from which we subjoin :—

“We have been in the habit of holding open-air services regularly, giving addresses in English and Bengali. These services in English and in Bengali have borne good fruit, and many have been aroused and arrested by them. Services are held by the gates of the chapel, which open upon a large and crowded thoroughfare, and crowds of natives and Europeans come to the services, and tracts are given away in all languages. For this city of Calcutta is something like Jerusalem was at the time of Pentecost—‘Parthians, Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia,’ and in most parts of the world, are here, and to all of them we have been able to give the word of God in their own language.

“Of course we cannot speak in all their languages, but they all understand Hindustani or English; and if we give them a book written in their own tongue, the joy that lights up their face is something delightful to see. A Burmese came to us for a book, written in Burmese, and we said in Hindustani, ‘It came from Rangoon’; and he, drawing in his breath, as if the name of his native city had struck a chord of joy in his heart, said, as he reverently touched the book with his lips, ‘Rangoon! Rangoon! of all places Rangoon is the best.’

“The Chinese come and gladly receive tracts and books in Chinese. ‘The Pilgrim’s Progress’ was a great attraction to them. It was written in Chinese, and illustrated with pictures of a Chinese pilgrim, and Chinese angels, and a Chinese celestial city; and to see the delight with which they followed the explanation of the pictures was delightful.

“Then all the tracts and books are stamped with the name and address of the chapel, and also the hours of service, so that if a book falls into the hand of a man desirous of getting more books, he is guided by that to the place where they can be obtained. And in the hospital, crowded with the sick of all nations, was found a poor dying Chinaman reading one of our books, that had been given to him at the chapel gates, for there was the stamp upon it. God grant that many a Celestial pilgrim may be led by that book to the true Celestial City.

“In going through the streets of Calcutta we are often met by men who have read the tracts given them at the gate, and they have followed us, again and again, saying, ‘If we come to the church will you give us another book?’ Two Mohammedans met us while we were on foot, visiting some of the sick members of the church, and they suddenly said, ‘Ah, you are the sahib that gave us those good books. We have read them. Will you give us more if we come to you? We have given them to our father, and he is telling us to listen to your words, and bring away some more books.’ And so many recognise us that it is not possible for us to remember them all, for some thirty thousand tracts have been given away in all languages.

“Only this week a letter came from the very south of India, a thousand miles away, saying that they had obtained a tract in English for

'Educated Natives,' from our distribution, having upon it the address of the chapel, and so, putting that address upon the letter, they had written, entreating us to send on some more to them.

"The educated Hindoo natives are much better to deal with than those who belong to the Brahma Somage, for we have often met with rebuke from them. 'Why do you give away these books? It is useless! You are throwing them away.' We said, 'Well, Babu, if you want seed to grow you must not hoard it up, you must throw it about; so with our books, we must scatter them. And besides, it must do good. We give the people something to read, and something that will not corrupt them, and something that points out to them the true God, so how can it be wasteful?' Ah, 'tis the box of alabaster ointment again that the world thinks to be so wasteful; but Jesus saith, 'Let it be; ye have done it unto me.'

"One Thursday, as we were as busy as we could be, distributing the tracts and books, and speaking a word here and there where we could, and, where we could not, offering a silent prayer that God would bless the book, a native gentleman took a book from us with a smile, and said, 'Oh, sir, you are doing a good work for these poor people, and may God bless you.' Our heart was in our mouth in a moment, and silently we said, as we bowed our head to hide our emotion, 'Ah, that was worth all the toil.' We had been jostled, and pushed, and refused, and scorned by others; but that word was like the breaking of the sunlight through a dark cloud, and our joy was as the joy of him who had found a pearl of great price.

"The Oriyas, of which there are great numbers in Calcutta, are all very eager to get books, and when they get one of the gospels, written in the Oriya language, they hold it in their hands with such reverence and care, as if it were to them a great possession. Many a time we have said to them, 'You will be careful over this book, because the name of God is written in it. You will not throw it away nor destroy it?' And they have said in return, 'Ah, sahib, do you think that we are Satan's children, to throw away God's book?' And I have said in my heart, 'God grant they may be the children of the Highest.' Oh, what a yearning will sometimes come over one, when there goes surging by the seething mass of men whose souls are so immortal, and there yet remains so short a time to save them in!

"The name of Christ and the life of Christ now seem to be a great attraction to so many of those who can speak English amongst the natives. 'Give me something about Christ,' they say. 'Ah,' I have said to myself again and again, 'I would give you Jesus Christ himself.' And sometimes there comes upon one such a yearning over these poor souls that, for very life, it is hard to keep from crying out over their dark condition. Not long since a young man came for instruction, and we had arranged for his baptism, and going to England to pursue his studies. And he wrote to me in his own native way of writing: 'When I saw your Jesus, my head went up to the stars, and I seemed not to be walking on earth but in heaven. But now again I am down in the trouble of this world, for my father has seen the Hindoo priest, and he has threatened all kinds of evil to our house, and cursed me with many curses, because I have left the idols of my fathers. But Jesus is my

idol now, and I am dead to all but him.' Poor boy, may Jesus make him steadfast in the storm.

"Another came and bore in his body the marks of punishment, because he wished to confess Christ; but Christ too was 'wounded for our transgressions,' and 'though I suffer I am steadfast,' he said. And may the good Lord ever be at his side, and to him say, as to the disciples in the storm, 'It is I; be not afraid.'

"This year we have added to the church, by baptism and other ways, twenty-four; but if we had added a thousand times as many, it would have been but as a grain of sand amid the thousands that lie around.

"We are glad to be able to say that this year clears the parsonage of the debt that was upon it, and relieves us of all further care about it. During the last two years and a half the parsonage has been built and paid for at a cost of seventeen thousand rupees; and now the care of that is gone. Glory be to God!

"G. H. HOOK."

Last year our brother immersed fifteen believers, increasing the membership to 132.

AGRA.—For the last three years *Mr. Arthur W. Wood* has been pastor of the "Church of Christ meeting in Havelock Chapel, Agra," which is connected with our Baptist Missionary Society. There is a fellowship of forty-four, six of whom have just been added to the church. Mr. Wood gives some interesting notes of his work, from which we cull the following:—

"Agra, N. W. P. India, 17th Feb., 1885.

"In connection with the work amongst the English-speaking people attending Havelock Chapel, I am glad to be able to report that a church was organized, or rather, reorganized, after a lapse of some years, on the 10th of November last. Our congregation is not a large one, consisting in all (civil and military) of not more than 200, with an average attendance, morning and evening, of about 100. The number of communicants enrolled as members of the church at the first was only 36; since then eight others have been added, and seven more are at present awaiting admission.

"But what gives me more joy than this is the gracious work of the Spirit of God in our midst of late. A foreshadowing of the blessing was given in an earnest spirit of prayer and expectation amongst several of our people towards the end of last year. During the week consisting of the last three days of the old year and the first three of the new, a series of special services was held, which was used by God to the awakening of many; several were brought to decision during the course of the meetings, and some backsliders were restored; the work has continued since then, many others having from time to time and through various means been brought to the Lord. The work has been of such a character that, while human instrumentalities have been used, it has been in such a way that all the glory has redounded to God; this gives us all the more confidence that it is of the Lord. To give one instance—a soldier in hospital was brought to Christ through the reading of tracts taken round week by week, and in the same ward a backslider was led, with him, to commence the Christian life again. The work has

been chiefly amongst the soldiers, amongst whom there is now a devoted band of about thirty Christians ; but some others have been reached, amongst whom one, the daughter of a Zenana worker here, has recently been baptized, and has gone into training for mission work among the women of this country. In view of what God has been pleased to do for us, we can only lift up our hearts in thankfulness to him, and pray that we may not, by our own unfaithfulness or lukewarmness, hinder the work which he has so graciously begun.

“ARTHUR W. WOOD.”

AFRICA.

BAKUNDU (*West Coast Mission*).—“Twenty-eight years a Slave” has made many of our friends familiar with the features of our brother, *T. L. Johnson*, and his work for his “dear Africa.” About eight years ago, Mr. Johnson, his brother-in-law, *Mr. Richardson*, and their wives, came to this country from the United States, hoping thereby to further their life’s aim, of carrying the gospel to their coloured brethren in the “Dark Continent.” We received the two brethren into our College, and during their stay with us they won the love and esteem of all. After a time, our Missionary Society accepted Mr. Johnson for work on the West Coast, and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson went with him. Of their perilous journey from Victoria to Bakundu, and of their sufferings from fever, we have not space to write ; but can only mention the sad fact that Mrs. Johnson soon succumbed, and, said her sorely afflicted husband, “went home to live with my blessed Jesus.” The brethren laboured at “teaching and building” under very trying circumstances ; for the “war spirit” was at work among the surrounding tribes. In the village of Bakundu itself “the people showed them no little kindness,” the chief man of the place even commanding his subjects to protect the preachers and their wives, and influencing his people to send all their boys to the school. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson have been sustained by the good hand of the Lord upon them up till now, at Bakundu ; but Mr. Johnson was soon compelled to quit Africa, broken in health. After a short stay in America, and being appointed travelling agent to a Society for Promoting African Missions, he returned to this country, where he is in labours abundant, preaching, lecturing, and collecting for God’s cause in his “dear Africa.”

In the autumn of 1879, another of our men left our shores for the Cameroons, viz., *Mr. D. Lyall*, pastor of the church at Odiham. A feeling of deep sadness comes over us at the remembrance of one after another of our beloved African Missionary brethren. We rejoiced as each one offered himself for the holy service, and will rejoice ; but it is with trembling. Of David Lyall and two others, of whom we must say a few words, it is to mortal eye but a record of going to see Africa and die ; and of another, of short service and shattered health. Yet we are persuaded not only that all is well, but that all is for the best, and for the furtherance of the cause and kingdom of him who laid down his life for his brethren.

After a short stay at the Cameroons, Mr. and Mrs. Lyall were both attacked by the inevitable fever, and obliged to return to England. As soon, however, as they were sufficiently recovered, they went back to

Africa; but after a short time Mr. Lyall was called home to his endless rest and reward. We see by our "Missionary Herald" that our sister, Mrs. Lyall, sailed from Liverpool last month (March) for Old Calabar, to engage in Medical Mission work in connection with the United Presbyterian Mission.

LIVINGSTONE INLAND MISSION.—One of our students, *Mr. A. Billington*, not finding an opening in Africa in connection with our own Society, offered his services to our honoured brother, Mr. Grattan Guinness, through whom he was sent out to Africa. While engaged in preparatory work near the coast, he was prostrated by fever, and his only hope of restoration lay in a sojourn in England. Mr. Billington had for several years been engaged to a member of the Tabernacle church, Miss Wilkins, who received a training for missionary service under our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness. Mr. Billington returned to Africa with his young wife early in 1883. It was not long, however, before we were apprised of the death of Mrs. Billington. The Lord has graciously supported our brother, and he still labours on in the service of his Lord and the Livingstone Congo Mission at the Banana Station.

BLANTYRE, *Central Africa*.—After completing his course of study with us, *Mr. J. H. Dean* proceeded to the University of Edinburgh to qualify himself for medical mission work. He obtained an appointment under the Church of Scotland Missionary Society, and proceeded to their station at Blantyre, until he, too, was laid low by African fever, and driven from his work. He is still an invalid.

SAN SALVADOR.—Towards the close of the year 1881 the Baptist Missionary Society accepted our student, *Mr. J. H. Weeks*, for the work of the Mission on the Congo. By the good hand of the Lord upon him, he has been in labours abundant during the past three years, and has just now returned to England for a short spell of much needed rest and change. We doubt not that his voice will be heard at many of our Missionary gatherings; but for the sake of those of our friends who may not have seen the deeply interesting accounts of his work, we commend to them the perusal of his graphic letters in the "Missionary Herald" for July and December, 1884, and January of the present year.

In our January "Sword and Trowel" for 1884 we announced that another student, *Mr. J. W. Hartley*, was just leaving us for our Society's Congo Mission, and before the issue of our May number we had learned the sad news that before he was able to commence his work in Africa he was stricken down by fever, and passed away to the realms of light.

MANYANGA AND WATHEN (*Congo Mission*).—Our death-roll is not yet complete; for, knowing the dangers, and having counted the cost of their self-surrender for Africa, and that brother after brother had, to all seeming, gone but to die, another of our brotherhood was ready to say, "None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear unto myself." *Sidney Comber* left the College in 1879 for the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself as a student, and obtained his diploma of M.B., C.M. In the autumn of 1883 he proceeded to Equatorial Africa, and joined his brother, Mr. T. J. Comber. He had all the characteristics of a first-class missionary, and, above all, he was full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He was utterly oblivious of self, and lived only for his Lord. We know not how to write more: we are all mourning over him.

Before leaving the subject of Africa, we must just mention that in South Africa there are at present five of our brethren whose work is worthy of mention even in this connection.

PORT ELIZABETH.—For a period of about eleven years this church was favoured with the earnest ministry of *Mr. W. Stokes* (now pastor of the church at Pinner), who left us for the Cape in 1867. Steady progress was made by the church during the stay of our friend, and the foundations laid for a work of much wider usefulness, not only by this church in the parts adjacent, but by the denomination in the colony generally. Upon *Mr. Stokes's* return to England, the church invited another student, *Mr. H. J. Batts*, to take charge of the work; he was known to the Port Elizabeth friends from having presided over the work of the sister church at Cape Town during the absence of *Mr. Hamilton* in England collecting for the chapel building. *Mr. Batts* thus writes of his work and its prospects:—

“Port Elizabeth, South Africa, February 16, 1885.

“Beloved President,—Not having sent any report of our work for a long time, I will take this opportunity of giving you just an outline of what has been going on, and of what we are now doing. Times with us are very different from what they were when I settled in this town. Then business was flourishing, and there were scarcely any poor among us. Now trade is almost at a standstill. A terrible drought has almost parched the country, and many of the once wealthy are now in great need, and some are in want of the ordinary necessities of life. The population of our town has considerably decreased, many having emigrated to Australia and other colonies, and some have returned to England.

“Amid all this we have held on our way. There is a resident minister in the village where we established our first mission, and I have a colleague, the Rev. L. T. E. Dunstan, with me in the town; and this week our brother, *E. G. Evans*, of East London, has been invited to join me in pastoral and school work, so that there will be four ministers supported by the work which has been undertaken by the Port Elizabeth church.

“The mission at Walmer is not worked by us now; but in the town alone we have three preaching places. Our income has always been moderately good. During the past five years we have never raised less than £1,000 per annum, and last year—the most depressed year that we have had—our total income was about £1,200. Our different meetings are well sustained: prayer-meetings, Blue Ribbon services, &c., are kept up with vigour. In our day-school I have three teachers, and we give an education of a fairly good class. The congregations have not suffered, though during the heat of summer we are a little thinner in the evenings. I preach three times every Sunday, which in England is commonly done; but here it is a little trying, on account of the intense heat.

“We have had continual blessing. Many have been converted, and Christians have been strengthened. Owing to so many removals our increase for 1884 is small. Yet, thank God, we hold on. We are wanting a few earnest brethren here just now, if they could be sent out to us; but funds are too low to send for them.

“Notwithstanding our times of depression, we are very hopeful, and look forward to better things in the future. Our gracious Father has

not disappointed us. Many friends have been raised up, and generous sympathisers have aided in our work. There is much yet to be accomplished, and we go on trusting in the Divine Helper of the past.

"Trusting, dear President, that you are enjoying better health, and praying that you may be spared for many years to do work for Christ,

"I remain, beloved President, yours respectfully,

"H. J. BATTS."

About two years ago, Mr. Batts induced his former College friend, Mr. E. G. Evans, to go to the colony. He has been labouring at a station called East London, but, as appears from the letter above, he is about to help Mr. Batts as co-pastor. During the past year thirty-nine have been added to the fellowship of the Port Elizabeth Church.

CAPE TOWN.—We have frequently had occasion, both in our Reports and in the pages of our Magazine, to note the earnest and successful work of *Mr. W. Hamilton*, who has not "built upon another man's foundation," but has gathered an earnest body of Christian workers, and built a substantial chapel at Cape Town. He has had more than ordinary difficulties to contend with, and we reckon that he has done right nobly. Just now, however, so dark is the outlook in the colony through the utter stagnation of trade and commerce, and the difficulties of the political situation, that it is hard for the churches to make progress. The friends at Wale Street are, moreover, burdened with a debt, which also greatly interferes with their projects for carrying the word of life to their less favoured neighbours. How we wish we could help them!

BOWDEN.—*Mr. G. W. Cross*, formerly of Belfast, was for three or four years pastor of the church at Graham's Town; but owing to temporary failure of sight, resigned that very important sphere, and supported himself by farming for a time, but still helping the cause of Christ in many ways. He has for some time been pastor of the church at Bowden.

NATAL.—Last, but by no means least, is the work of *Mr. H. T. Peach* at Pietermaritzburg. The brethren of the South African Baptist Union, considering that there was a good sphere for our denomination in this region, invited Mr. Peach to undertake the work of raising a church. We paid his passage, and are quite satisfied with the investment we made in this "going concern"; and now there is an opportunity offered for investors in Christian work generally to take up shares, as will appear in the sequel. The few Baptist friends could only procure for a meeting-place a building belonging to the Government, and this the authorities would only let from week to week, with liability and probability of being turned out at any time. That time has now arrived, we suppose; for the little church has had notice to quit, and has been forced to build a chapel in hot haste. The cost of land and building is to be £1,300, and although Mr. Peach and his friends have manifested much generosity and self-sacrifice, and have the sympathy of friends of other denominations, we fear they have not yet much of the money required. The secretary of the church writes very hopefully of the work, which, he says, is being owned and blessed of God.

If we had space, we could show very clearly that, although these churches are planted in the chief towns of our colony, they are veritable

missionary churches ; for though nominally Christian, the vast population is practically heathen. Moreover, these Christian communities seek by every means to send the gospel to the scattered settlers in the regions beyond.

WEST INDIES.

THE BAHAMAS.—*Mr. R. E. Gammon* has been labouring for the past ten years in connection with our Baptist Missionary Society in San Domingo, The Caicos, and Turks Islands. Puerto Plata, in San Domingo, is now the head-quarters of the Mission, and there certainly are happier spots on the face of the earth, judging from the description given by Mr. Gammon, who thus wrote a few months since:—"Our town and neighbourhood have been the scenes of numerous tragedies, most of them due to the evil custom of carrying revolvers, knives, machetes, &c. On Saturday night week, at a Fandango (native dance), the people quarrelled, fired off several shots from their revolvers ; the result was that one young man, who lived near our house, fell dead, and another was slightly wounded. Last Friday and Saturday were 'fiestas' (holidays) ; Friday, a holy day ('La Asuncion de Nuestra Señoro') ; and Saturday, the commemoration of the separation from Spanish rule. During the two days one young man was stabbed to the heart, several slightly wounded, another brought in from the outskirts of the town cut up with a machete (a kind of sword) ; and lastly, a man shot another because he asked him for a dollar he owed him. . . . Of late crime seems to be on the increase : none of the governments have, as yet, been strong enough to enforce a law forbidding the carrying of deadly weapons ; so that even peaceably-disposed persons wear such things for self-protection. In fact, in this country one is not properly dressed without his revolver, &c. Would that the gospel of peace and love might reign in this beautiful, but sin-tormented island ! I am sorry to say there is a strong whisper of another *revolution* here shortly."

The following is a brief report of our friend's work for the Master :—

"Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, West Indies.

"My dear President,—Although far from realizing our desires or hopes, the year just closed has given us some satisfaction and joy. In Puerto Plata we have been gratified by *ten* candidates coming forward to profess their union with Christ, also by receiving into fellowship a few backsliders.

"After several attempts, a small church has at length been formed at Monte Christy, a town about seventy miles from Puerto Plata. In July last, we baptized two converts, and, as it was the *first* occasion on which such an event had taken place in the town, crowds were assembled on the beach and in small vessels and boats to witness it. In November we *immersed* six more, and there was even a larger crowd than before, many attracted, no doubt, more by curiosity than by sympathy. Our total membership at all the stations is 782, only two of whom are Europeans. We have 702 children in our Sabbath Schools. In this country we are truly thankful to the divine Master for small additions. Bigotry and scepticism seem to be the natural offspring of Romanism : in this republic it is the latter with which we have principally to contend ; for an *apparently* immovable indifference, like a heavy cloud, seems to surround us. May the Lord of light scatter it !

"We do not expect full physical vigour and strength to be possessed by the inhabitants of a malarial district; neither can we reasonably anticipate that converts will *easily* attain the full vigour and strength of Christian manhood in such a morally tainted land as this is; hence we are often saddened by those who had raised our hopes and expectations, dashing those hopes to the ground again; nevertheless, we have to praise the Lord for some who are earnestly struggling to manifest the Christian life in their daily walk and conversation, and there is the comforting assurance,—'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

"Yours truly,

"R. E. GAMMON."

Since the above was in print we have received the subjoined letter from Santo Domingo:—

"In my short report for 1884, sent to you last January, I mentioned the formation of a small church at Monte Christy during the year, where we now have nineteen members.

"I have just returned from another visit to this small band of Christian workers, having spent over a fortnight with them; while there, an opportunity presented itself, which appeared to me as an indication of Providence and a call from the Master to go forward. We were offered a *house* (T-shape) 82 ft. long, 52 ft. of which are 16 ft. wide, and the remainder 40 ft. wide, with shingle roof, for the sum of 300 dollars (£60), just in the centre and most respectable part of the town. The owners agreed to sell it to us at this price, giving us *six months* in which to pay the amount. There is scarcely an unoccupied plot of land available for a chapel in the town, so that I look upon the offer as providential, and although we had only 22 dollars (£4 8s.) in hand towards building a place of worship, I felt that the opportunity should not be lost; so in the faith that in some way God will supply the means the bargain was closed. Since then I have been thinking that some of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* would willingly render some assistance, if asked. The few people we have are *all* poor, and although I know they will do everything in their power, still, I fear they cannot possibly raise this amount themselves; the town has a population of from 1,500 to 2,000 persons, and is the nearest seaport of this republic to that of Hayti, on the north side of the island.

"There is much missionary zeal and liberality manifested in England just now for Africa and China, and poor Santo Domingo sadly needs a share of this Christian sympathy and liberality.

"I trust some of your readers may feel moved of the Lord to assist us in procuring one more place in this land, which may become a centre of true light.

"The Lord has called some out of sin into his service already: who knows how great things he may do for us, if we obtain a Tabernacle for his worship!

"Hoping you are enjoying better health by this time; with best wishes,

"I remain, my dear President,

"Yours very sincerely,

"R. E. GAMMON.

"N.B.—No doubt Mr. Baynes will gladly receive any amounts that may be contributed.—R. E. G."

HAYTI.—“The condition of the Republic of Hayti appears to be one of constant civil war; unfavourable alike to material progress and religious life.” Our former student, *Mr. Alexander Papengouth, M.D.*, has had pretty plain proof of the foregoing statement: for while we were met in Conference last year the port of Jacmel, where he resides, “was closely blockaded by sea and land, and shots and shells by thousands were being thrown into the town, and large numbers were killed.” “Five shots of twenty-four pounds weight, and many smaller ones, have been landed on my table in the mission-house,” wrote our friend at that time, while in the midst of sad sights, attending to hundreds of sick and wounded. The terrible mortal suffering and physical toil through which our dear friend had to pass then, has yielded some consolations; for he finds the people more accessible, and susceptible to the influences of religion. Our brother sometimes undertakes long and perilous journeys in the Master’s cause in addition to his regular work as preacher, teacher, doctor, and general adviser. He is doing apostolic work.

JAMAICA.—For about five years *Mr. Carey B. Berry* laboured at Spanish Town and the stations in connection therewith, and was favoured to see much spiritual prosperity. Failure of health alone prevented his continuance in the West Indies: he was cordially welcomed back by the church at Cullingworth, where he now is.

Mr. J. J. Kendon went to Jamaica in 1879 to take charge of two small churches near Spanish Town. He now has charge of the church at Jericho, with its 1,000 members. *Mr. C. Chapman*, late of Maldon, Essex, is pastor of the first Baptist church at Jamestown, with a membership of 600. In a letter to a College friend he says:—

“I have just closed a year of quiet work, and I think I have gone through the year far happier than I anticipated when I was leaving England. Our congregations improve. The chapel at Spanish Town will have to be put into thorough repair. At Kitson Town we have decided to enlarge the building, so that numbers who now have to stand outside may be accommodated with sittings. At Passage Fort an effort is being made to enlarge the present school-room for the congregation which worships now in a booth built with cocoa-nut boughs.”

We have just received the following letter from our two Jamaica pastors:—

“Jamaica, West Indies,
“March, 16th, 1885.

“To Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

“Beloved President,—We would through you send our cordial greeting to the brethren assembled at the Annual Conference. We pray that much blessing may be granted at the meetings, and that the brethren may return to their spheres of labour refreshed and cheered. We were sorry to gather from a recent mail that you were laid aside. We sincerely hope that by the time when Conference begins you may be restored, and able to spend the week with the brethren.

“It will gladden your heart to know that we have enjoyed much blessing in connection with our work at Jericho and Spanish Town. We have been favoured with health, and privileged to labour all through the past year.

"We thank the brethren for the interest yearly shown at the Conference in connection with the work done by students of the Pastors' College in distant lands. With earnest prayer that your life may long be spared for service in the cause of the gospel,

"We remain, beloved President,

"Yours sincerely,

"J. J. KENDON, Jericho.

"CHARLES CHAPMAN, Spanish Town."

BRAZIL.—The writer of the following letter came to us from the Gospel Church at Rio de Janeiro, through the instrumentality of whose pastor he had learned the truth as it is in Jesus, and had determined to do all he could to qualify himself for ministering the word of life to his ignorant and superstitious countrymen. When he left College and returned, he was chosen to fill the office of *co-pastor*; but after a while Dr. Kalley left, and to *Mr. Santos* the sole charge was committed.

"Rio de Janeiro (Flumenense) Evangelical Church,

"71, Rua Sete de Setembro.

"This church was established in 1858 by Dr. Robert R. Kalley. The number of persons baptized and received into fellowship up till January 1885, is 337.

"The actual congregation at the present time numbers about 300 persons, including the 184 members in fellowship. Only believers are baptized, but either by immersion or pouring water on the head. It is a Congregational Church in its government, and has a pastor, elders, and deacons. The church supports itself, and is not under the direction of any mission or society. I have a Sunday School of 100 persons, a Biblical Study Class of 120 persons, a Children's Bible Union of 90 children, and a Benevolence Ladies' Society. Preaching is done in two places, and sometimes more, of the city.

"I have been agent in Brazil of the British and Foreign Bible Society since 1879. I left the Pastors' College in 1875. The door for gospel preaching is open in Brazil; there is liberty granted by the laws and Government. The Romish priests work against the Evangelical Protestants. In some parts of Brazil the people are receiving the gospel; there are several Evangelical Churches and missionaries from the United States, viz., the Methodist Missionary, the Presbyterian Missionary, and the Baptist Missionary, of the restricted communion; also a Mission for English sailors. There is no missionary from England. There is also an agency of the American Bible Society.

"All have the same civil rights in this country. The Government intends to establish civil marriage, and to abolish slavery. Gospel ministers are allowed to celebrate marriage, and there is civil register.

"In general the people are indifferent to all religion. The circulation of the Scriptures has increased since I took the agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society. I intend to build a larger preaching hall this year.

"JOÃO M. G. SANTOS,

Pastor."

SPAIN.—Brethren *Wigstone*, *Blamire*, and *B. Smith* are toiling in the Popish darkness of Spain, and the Lord himself is with them. Much might be told, but the day shall declare it.

MILAN.—The following is part of a letter from *Mr. Nicholas Papengouth* :—

“ The work in Milan was begun some fifteen years ago by the ministers of the Southern Baptist Board of American Missions. Struggling amidst lively opposition, it has held its ground hitherto, though our members are but few—thirty-five in all.

“ My plan is to preach the pure and simple doctrine of the gospel, and trust to its efficacy to produce harmony out of the discordant elements around me. I try also to silence the long outcry of those who accuse us of having imported a new sect from abroad, by frequently referring to history, and pointing to the monuments of the *many baptisteries* of the early centuries, such as the one in the Catacombs of Rome; that of S. Ambrose, in which he was immersed; those of Pisa and Florence and Cremona, etc., all of which eloquently prove to a demonstration that the early Italian Christians were Baptists, and that infant baptism was an innovation and a foreign importation.

“ ‘ Pray for us, as we pray for you.’ We much need your sympathy and prayers.”

We are gratified that so many brethren have thus gone forth to proclaim Christ abroad, but we long to see far more treading in their steps. So it will be in answer to prayer; for other men are offering themselves, and the Pastors' College will in the future, as in the past, take its share with kindred institutions in the battles of the Lord in the enemy's land.

Summary of Results.

DURING the twenty-nine years of our existence as a school of the prophets, seven hundred and one men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, “of whom the greater part remain unto this day; but some (forty-eight) have fallen asleep.” Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about five hundred and ninety brethren. Of these five hundred and thirty-eight are in our own denomination as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists. They may be thus summarized :—

Number of brethren who have been educated in the College	...	701
“ now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists..	...	538
“ without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of	...	
the Lord	21
“ not now engaged in the work (in secular callings)	15
“ Educated for other Denominations	2
“ Dead—(Pastors, 41; Students, 7)	48
“ Permanently Invalided	8
“ Names removed from the List for various reasons, such as	...	
joining other Denominations, &c.	69

These last are not removed from our list in all cases from causes which imply any dishonour, for many of them are doing good service to the common Lord under some other banner.

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

THE history of the setting apart of certain of our students for the work of Evangelists has been often related, and month by month the "Notes" in *The Sword and the Trowel* have given full particulars of their services; so that in this Report little is needed beyond the mention of the places that have been visited by our brethren during the year that has elapsed since the last annual Conference. It will be seen from the lists printed below that, in cities, towns, and villages, in each portion of the United Kingdom, the help of our Evangelists has been sought and secured; and we do not suppose that one mission has been held without the salvation of some souls, while in several instances the enquirers and converts have been counted by scores, or even by hundreds. There is the greatest readiness on the part of ministers of almost all Evangelical denominations to welcome the aid of our brethren, and after the Evangelists have once been to a place, they are nearly always invited to go again and again, for the pastors find them to be their true fellow-labourers, assisting them in arousing and edifying believers, and bringing to decision the awakened and the unconcerned. The only difficulty in connection with this most useful form of Christian service is that the funds for its maintenance are often very low, and we are unable to increase the number of workers in this fruitful field because the contributions from the churches visited, together with the donations allotted to this work, only just enable us to support the four brethren, Messrs. Fullerton, Smith, Burnham, and Russell, who are maintained by us, and to give occasional help to Messrs. Mateer and Parker when they need it from us.

LISTS OF PLACES VISITED SINCE LAST CONFERENCE.

MESSRS. FULLERTON AND SMITH.—Cardiff, Dundee, Galashiels, Falkirk, Selkirk, Hawick, Belfast, Ballymena, Londonderry, Kenyon Chapel and Metropolitan Tabernacle, Weston-super-Mare, Exeter, Bideford, St. Helens, Folkestone, Southampton, and Huddersfield.

MR. BURNHAM.—Carlisle, Houghton, Crosby Garrett, Carlton Green, Saxmundham, Shoreditch Tabernacle, Kent hop-gardens, Swanage, Wareham, Wood Green, Melton Mowbray, Watton (Norfolk), Leicester, Mansfield, Ashton-under-Lyne, Rendham and district (Suffolk), Barrow-in-Furness, Dalton-in-Furness, Romsey, West Bournemouth, and Wickham Market.

MR. RUSSELL.—Tetbury, West Drayton, Congleton, Eastwood Vale and other places in the Potteries, Sutton, N. Cheam, S. Shields, Attercliffe, Leeds, New Whittington, Reading, Sunderland, Blackheath, Tunbridge Wells, Crowborough, Taunton, Holyhead, Wolsingham, and Hull.

MESSRS. MATEER AND PARKER.—Portsea, Taunton, Dalton-in-Furness, Douglas (Isle of Man), Skipton, Horsforth, Huddersfield, Glasgow, Mirfield, Trowbridge, Hanwell, Margate, Ramsgate, Milnsbridge, New Barnet, Luton, Gosport, Ashford, Godalming, Newport (Monmouthshire), and Blaenavon.

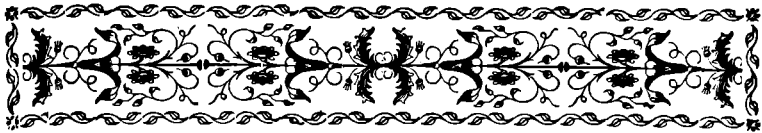
STATISTICS.

Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	INCREASE.					DECREASE.					CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
		By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches.	By Restoration.	Total Increase.	By Death.	By Dismission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.		
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862	100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587	133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966	138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933	158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964	202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943	234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787	295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114	255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016	337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774	368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051	426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678	446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783	447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954	487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932	487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528	500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908	636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152	654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
1883	387*	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310	699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
1884	393	5,203	865	2,114	253	8,435	734	1,771	174	1,953	4,632	3,803	62,005
TOTAL . . .		63,461	9,441	24,116	2,649	99,667	7,736	18,339	2,644	16,144	44,863	54,804	

393 Churches furnish returns for 1884 : of these, 294† show an average increase of 15 members per church ; 68 an average decrease of 9 members per church ; 31 show the same numbers as in previous return ; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 9 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

* The discrepancy between these figures and those printed in last year's Report is occasioned by the addition of returns from five Churches, which arrived too late for insertion in the Report.

† 50 of these are Metropolitan Churches, and show a clear increase of 1,571 members, or an average increase of 11 per church,



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

JULY, 1885.

Success in its Relation to Obedience.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE TWENTY-FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE.

BY PASTOR ROBERT WOOD, OF RAMSGATE.



IN view of the nature of our meeting this morning, I have earnestly sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit as to the subject upon which I should speak, and I trust the few remarks which I have to make will not be out of harmony with the earnest spirit which pervades this assembly. I wish to touch upon success in our service, and to view it in its relation to faithfulness to the Master's will. Mr. Gange, in his paper yesterday morning, said: "We all desire to be successful in our work." This, doubtless, is true of every sincere minister of Christ. Sometimes, in the magnifying of other matters connected with Christian service, the desire to prosper in the work is discountenanced, and it is insinuated that success or failure ought to be a matter of indifference to us. But this is erroneous—unphilosophical as well as unscriptural. It is contrary to the law of our being to imagine that we can engage heartily in any undertaking and at the same time be indifferent as to gaining our end. No man ever had his whole heart in any business without being intent on prosperity. "The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul." Alluding to this fact, Richard Baxter, in his pungent book, "The Reformed Pastor," says: "No wise or charitable physician is content to be always giving physic, and to see no amendment among his patients, but to have them all die upon his hands;" and if it be so in

things natural how much more in the spiritual? When we think of the infinitely desirable end of our ministry—the glory of God in the salvation of men—we are bound to long for its accomplishment. Is it required of us to go forth and sow the “precious seed” without desiring that the fruits of righteousness should appear? Can it be commendable in us to take the arrows of truth from God’s own quiver and use them without looking for their glorious effect in the hearts of the King’s enemies? Is it God-pleasing for us to go forth as ambassadors for Christ with our embassy of peace, and yet be quite regardless as to whether our hearers are reconciled to God? By no means. “The want of ministerial success,” says Robinson, “is a tremendous circumstance, never to be contemplated without horror.”

We ought, I believe, to desire and expect success in the gospel. The end of the ministry is that upon which God’s own heart is set; its prosperity is the expectation of our ascended Lord—and no marvel, for the mercy-seat which we exhibit in the gospel is sprinkled with his own blood; and the ministry of the New Testament is that of “the Spirit which giveth life.” Should we not, therefore, look for glorious issues? Moreover, the true minister is appointed of God, who upholds those whom he calls, as it is said of David, “With whom my hand shall be established: mine arm also shall strengthen him.” The preacher of the gospel is, therefore, warranted to have great expectations, and the longing to be successful cannot be removed from his heart. He rightly desires that the gracious ends of his ministry to men—even “to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness to light”—be abundantly realized.”

Success, then, being so desirable, by what means is it attained? I believe it is linked with obedience to the divine will. There is a popular way of quoting and commenting upon the words, “Well done, good and faithful servant,” in which it is implied that we may be faithful servants, yet unsuccessful. But, after all, is it really so? What *seems* to be failure may not be so in reality. Judged according to our estimate of success, we often fail; but when all is viewed in God’s perfect estimate, will it not be found that the faithful servant has been truly successful?

It will be manifested that he who has walked in conformity to the divine will has really been prospered. The Master himself *seemed* to fail. “He came unto his own, and his own received him not;” but we do not admit that in any true sense he was unsuccessful. There is not the shadow of failure in the great end of his mission. It approaches blasphemy even to think of him returning to his Father having *failed* in his undertaking. The word of promise was fulfilled, “The pleasure of the Lord shall *prosper* in his hand.” The Stone which the builders rejected became the Head-Stone of the corner. On the resurrection morning he stood on the shores of his red sea, and the words were royal on his lips, “Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.” He ascended a Conqueror. So shall it be with all those who imitate him in faithfulness to the divine will. He may not be popular—that is different from success. He who ploughs the land—if that be his mission—is just as successful as he who reaps the grain. Granted, then, that we have found our sphere in which the Master would have us serve,

we shall find that conformity to his will in all things will ensure true and abiding prosperity.

Let me advance one or two reasons for this conviction. The secret of prosperity is to have God with us. In our search for the causes of it we may not overlook that which is the only real one, and the fountain of all the others. It lies in that fact which is affirmed of several in the Scriptures, "*The Lord was with him.*" This is the blessing at once indispensable and incomparable; the sum of our need and the assurance of our success.

Now the entire testimony of Revelation is, that *God is with the righteous*. He approves their path; he smiles on their ways. He orders their steps; he establishes their goings. He crosses *the wicked* in their path, brings their counsels to nought, and turns their way upside down; but the just are established by him. Conscious of this truth, the Psalmist who said, "When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever," could add, resting in the unfailing righteousness of his God; "But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil," and, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." When the angels of God hasten on their holy errands, Jehovah delights in them, and they return to praise him. But why? Because they are "ministers of his that do his pleasure." And when his feeble servants on earth are doing his will, his smile will not be withheld. The same Lord reigneth; as in heaven, so on earth. "Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield."

Again. In conformity to his will God's servants are brought into harmony with his own purpose. Take Joshua as an instance. Marvellous things were accomplished by him, and yet not marvellous when we learn that Jehovah's purpose was one with the aims of his servant. The destruction of Jericho and the other victories, and the allotment of the land to the Israelites, are traced to their real source when we know "it was of the Lord" to give Israel the land. Joshua was successful, and his charge and promise are given to us also, and given us joined together. "This book of the law (God's revealed will) shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for THEN thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, prospered at Corinth, and for an obvious reason, God's own purpose: "I have much people in this city." Ah! when Gideon's sword is also "*the sword of Jehovah,*" there is a sure victory. And, brethren, when the rivulets of our aims run into the river of God's purposes, who can hinder their fulfilment?

Once more. Walking in conformity to the will of God puts us in possession of the mighty power of prayer. The strength of prayer lies in obedience. We marvel when we note how the ancient saints had the ear of God, and what mighty works were wrought in answer to their petitions; but we must note also how *their ear* was opened to him as his obedient servants. The facts are placed side by side in the words, "Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that

call upon his name; *they called upon the Lord, and he answered them. He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar: they kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.*" How true it is! God hears those who hear him: if we listen to his word, his ear is open to our cry. Some men can obtain what they like from God, because their likes are in accordance with his will. On the other hand, we are often, I fear, striving to bring God to our mind, and of course we fail, whereas, by subjecting all to his will we should succeed. When the Bible is our prayer-book, *i.e.*, when we pray in accordance with what God would have us be and do, then we shall obtain the desires of our heart. "Whatsoever we ask," says the apostle, "we receive of him, because we keep his commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in his sight." A commander whose heart is set upon carrying out the king's own project may obtain any supplies for his service, and if our business is in the King's name, whatsoever we shall ask he will do it. It is after God's own heart that we should be holy, that his people should be holy, and that sinners should be converted unto him; and are not these our best desires? To pray as if God were unwilling to fulfil them is to forget what the will of the Lord is. He will hear when we call upon him.

Just one word more. The President, in his opening address of this conference, alluded to one cause of non-success in the upbuilding of God's people, *viz.*, our lack of personal holiness. This, of late, I have felt most keenly. Many are successful in conversions, but how little success in making men Christ-like! This is humbling. Obedience includes faithfulness to all God's appointed means, and one great means of the sanctification of God's people is the holy life of their pastors. We have to be "Ensamplers to all that believe." We cannot expect the people to have more of Christ than they see in us. There is deep solemnity in such words as these: "*The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity.*" And yet there is a spring of comfort in such Scriptures, for we see in them how these two things—obedience and prosperity—are joined together. Their teaching makes our way simple and clear: our aim is to work in obedience to the Father's will, and in so doing to have the comforting assurance that his rich promises will be fulfilled in us. We shall thus obtain the portion of the blessed man depicted in the 1st Psalm: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful: (he is separate from all evil). But his delight is in the law of the Lord; (he is fond of God's Word) and in his law doth he meditate day and night. (Then see the beautiful picture of him!) And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and *whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*"

Fresh Bait.

A CITY pastor, in July,
 The season of vacation,
 When tired pastors gladly fly
 In quest of recreation,

Turned from the din of crowded streets,
 He with his fishing-tackle,
 Had sermons packed, in easy reach,
 Close by his reel and hackle.

Probation after Death was one;
 One, *Atheistic Crazes* ;
 The third—a web of words fine spun—
 On *Evolution's Phases*.

Stale bait with which to fish for men !
He very seldom caught them.
 Most heard him once, went home, and then
 Forgot what he had taught them.

With rod, and reel of shining brass,
 And hook well tipped with feather,
 He fished for trout, and fished, alas !
 In vain in every weather.

One day the parson overtook
 A gamin, wild and dirty,
 With string of trout and bent-pin hook ;
 His trophies numbered thirty.

Each stared the other in the face ;
 Quoth parson, " What's the reason
 That only stupid chubs and dace
 Will take my hook this season ? "

The gamin answered, " Don't yer know ?
 It takes fresh bait to ketch 'em ;
 Trout ain't no fools ; yer bait's no go ;
 Yer painted hooks won't fetch 'em."

The gamin's point was sharp and clear,
 The parson felt it pricking ;
 It reached his heart, while in his ear
 A good sized " flea " was kicking.

" Perhaps," thought he, " my gospel hook
 Would catch if better baited ;
 I wonder how God's truth would look
 In simpler language stated."

Oh, reverend fishers, use *live bait* :
 Gay feathers do not please us ;
 Our hungry souls impatient wait
 To hear the love of Jesus.

Author not known to us.



On Eagles' Wings.

DELIGHTFUL is that experience which is described in the words of the prophet, "*They shall mount up with wings as eagles.*" Like an arrow shot from a bow, the kingly bird ascends into the highest regions, and there floats aloft in an untainted atmosphere. Thus, by the power of the Holy Spirit, do believers rise with sudden energy into nearness to God, and breathe an air which sin and care have not polluted. Then all things lie far below. To the eagle the lake is a mirror beneath him: the masses of the shaggy wood, the rugged steeps, the stupendous mountains are all seen by him from above, and regarded as far down, inferior, and earth-bound. So do we in joyous faith view all visible things as of a lower region than the abode of our heavenly life, things which are to be judged no longer from an earthly stand-point, but to be gazed upon from the heavenlies. Oh, the elevation of soul which is experienced at such a time! How little do all human cares become!

The waters of the lake may be driven to and fro of winds, but what is that to the eagle poised above? Thunders may reverberate from yon hoar cliffs; what terror is there in them to the winged creature which overtops the storm? Even so, in strength of holy confidence, we defy the transient troubles of this lower sphere when we dwell in God, and rise into his life. We are most affected by that which is nearest: the way to escape lower influences is to rise out of them, and abide in him whose calm is never broken. We do not sufficiently use our wings. Our thoughts are not enough with the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. An eagle would soon be a sorry bird if it moved about below, like a barn-door fowl; it is most royal when it realizes its birthright, and takes seizin of its heritage above the clouds. "Ye are not of the world," said Jesus. Oh, that we remembered his words, and at once quitted, with uprising soul, those trifles of time and sight which will perplex us as surely as we live among them!

"*He shall dwell on high*" is a grand promise, but it is too often forgotten. Professing Christians frequently act as if their lives were to be lived in the same manner as those of the unregenerate; for they are equally taken up with shadows, depressed by trifles, or elated with toys. Up with thee, believer! Up into higher realms! If thou canst not battle with daily cares, rise out of them. If the fowler watches thee, rise above his range. If earth woos thee, and thy heart is yielding to its witcheries, mount till thou canst see through its deceits, and look down upon its bribes. Not here is thy portion! Not here is thy dwelling-place! Be not content to remain below; for thou art out of place, and thou hast not found thy true position till thou art borne aloft among the sublimities of God. Away, then, from the entanglements of the flesh. The bird of freedom must quit the haunts of men, and dwell with the Eternal!—C. H. S.

The Gospel in South London.

ON the evening of the 28th of May Mr. and Mrs. William Olney invited a party of ladies and gentlemen, and city missionaries to tea at Haddon Hall, Bermondsey, in order that those who are interested in the religious, social, and sanitary condition of the district might be enabled to learn, in the conference which followed, whether any actual progress had been made during the last ten years. All of our readers are probably familiar with the name of Haddon Hall, and the valuable work in connection with the Green Walk Mission which is there carried on by Mr. W. Olney, jun. This evangelistic enterprise was commenced many years ago in a small way; but through the divine blessing the work has grown until the institution, with its Sabbath and week-day services, Sunday-school, Reading-room, and other branches, is a landmark which Bermondsey could ill afford to lose.

At the conference, which lasted about an hour and a half, the chair was occupied by Mr. Alfred Lafone; and in their speeches—rigidly restricted to ten minutes—the speakers contrasted the condition of Bermondsey and its neighbourhood with the condition of things they had formerly known. Hence, such points were touched upon as overcrowding, thrift, migratory habits, sanitation, distress from want of employment, immorality, drink, profanity, and the general effect of Board-school education. Facts and figures were also given relative to the attendance at public worship, Sunday trading, infidelity, and other matters. It should be remembered that all who attended were representative men of the parish and neighbourhood.

Before we come to the testimonies which were given, however, it will be well to show, in brief, what is the condition of the metropolis south of London Bridge at the present time.

The City Mission alone employs 147 men in this great area, and it is properly urged that the number should be increased to 200, because “the claims of South London are rapidly becoming more and more urgent. During the last ten years the increase of population within the inner ring, or London proper, in the districts north of the Thames, has been 262,425, or about 12 per cent.; the increase south of the Thames, 297,886, or nearly 31 per cent. The percentage of increase south of the Thames has, therefore, been nearly three times as great as for North London.” To this it may be added, that the ever-increasing population shows little disposition to attend on the means of grace. If they are to be won at all, the people must have the gospel carried to their homes by those who understand them.

The district of one missionary—“Not so bad as it was a few years ago”—consisting of 500 families who, for the most part, in each instance, live in a single room, is thus described: “They consist chiefly of the lower labouring class, including costermongers, casual, waterside, and dock-labourers. Parts of the district have long been notorious for Sabbath-trading, and as haunts of the criminal and vicious, of beggars, low, lazy tramps, street-singers, street-patterers, the lowest prostitutes, and the rendezvous of betting-men, book-makers, and pugilists.”

It appears that while visiting the lowest parts of Southwark, Sir C. Dilke thought those quarters the worst he had seen. There is a striking

improvement in the condition of the lodging-houses, however; the description of those dens as they existed forty years ago being almost too horrible for quotation. At the same time, an old man who was recently found sitting in the street, and who remarked, "I have left the kitchen, the language is so filthy," was an example of those whose sufferings from forced association with the wicked cannot be measured. Another representative man, a "fallen star" who had once possessed a large fortune, said, "Here I am, and here I must stay, unless I can get the means to lift myself out of my present poverty." A visitor thus describes a Sunday scene in one of the over-heated and frowzy kitchens:—"We meet, in the common room in the lodging-house, the poorest and the worst of the people. There can be no doubt that many of them have not been long out of prison—men and women alike. The most sorrowful cases to our mind are the poor country people who foolishly tramp to London believing work will meet them, and we find them dispirited, worn out, and in broken health—young couples, at times, with hearty children, for whom we see they bitterly grieve—these with middle-aged or elderly couples, or decent poor single persons, are mixed up with the drunken, debased, profligate, dishonest, impure beggars, low lazy tramps, street-singers, street-patterers, the lowest prostitutes and their bullies. The other sorrowful cases are the very young women, even girls we have met with here, with the remnants of respectability in their apparel."

The population of Bermondsey and Horselydown is now, probably, not less than 100,000, and only about 12,000 of these attend public worship. What shall be done for these people, and for the myriads of that great province we call London, and Greater London, with its more than five million souls? On two memorable occasions lately the Earl of Shaftesbury has been heard pleading the cause of the Ragged School Union as the most incomparable of all agencies for the reclamation of the poor and the degraded of all ages. When Haddon Hall itself is really a fair example of what we mean by a comprehensive ragged-school in full working order, it will be admitted that such work in all parts of the metropolis should be liberally supported. We are encouraged to do so the more because the emphatic testimony of the venerable Earl is to the effect that London has really wonderfully improved during forty years; and that Christian effort, more especially that connected with ragged-schools, has been magnificently remunerative.

We now come to the Haddon Hall Conference. Mr. Lafone presided, and called upon Mr. T. W. New to fill up the first ten minutes. A City missionary of twelve years' standing, this friend confessed, that when first appointed to the Snow's Fields' district he indulged in a brief soliloquy, the burden of which was, "If I can manage this, I can manage anything." Among the first natives of the district whom it was his lot to encounter was "a drunken woman who had stolen an orange from a shop, and was eating it rind and all." Mr. New thought he would befriend this unhappy creature by advising her to go home; but in return for such civilities, the amazon dealt him a blow which almost broke his jaw, and then, repenting of that violence, flung her arms around the victim's neck to kiss him with an ardour which was

quite incomprehensible. The place was so famous for fights, that police officers were always on the ground in the interests of peace.

In regard to overcrowding, six, seven, or eight persons were frequently found in one room. The evil arose from several causes; as, for example, when the man expended the money in drink which ought to go to the family; or when widows left with large families were unable to provide better accommodation; or when people were incompetent at their work, which is the most distressing of all, because it is like a chronic disease, and efforts to raise such people fail. Sickness was common, smallpox having lately appeared; otherwise, in spite of its odours, there were few more healthy districts in the metropolis than Bermondsey. Among what Mr. New called his "chronic cases" under visitation, he mentioned instances of old age, rheumatism, bronchitis, asthma, consumption. One man, forty years old, was a paralytic; and then there was "an aged man stone deaf, with his daughter having a diseased face and nearly blind, who tells me she is thankful to get her neighbours' tea-leaves after they have done with them."

The people were a migratory race, and necessarily so; for they had to go where work could be obtained. The labour-market was overstocked, and many able-bodied fellows willing to work were not employed more than half their time, or they were idle for weeks together. Still, the poor helped the poor, and shared what they had with extreme generosity. The habitations of the people had greatly improved during the last ten years, and the tenants were cleaner; yet many houses required to be taken down, and if the era of demolition ever came, it was to be hoped that blind courts would no longer be tolerated. The Ragged-school, supported by friends at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, had done much good. The young people were better clothed than formerly; thrift was making way. In referring to the vigilance of medical inspectors, and to the solicitude for the welfare of their dependants shown by many employers, Mr. New said, "It appears to me there is an advance all along the line." He also added, "Mr. Bradlaugh must own that the missionary blocks his way at every point." Instances were given of some who, after conversion, had passed away in triumph to the perfect world.

Mr. Hitchcock, another City missionary, spoke of having had nine years' experience in St. Mary Magdalene district. When he first saw the parish, his heart failed him, for he thought that he could not give up his country home. He thanked God that he came, however, and that he had been able to remain. Both in his own and in other districts he thought that Bermondsey was in a much higher condition than was the case ten years ago. He was better known, and thus was better received. At first missionaries encountered much opposition, and infidels would knock the books out of their hands; but it was very different now. He thought Bermondsey could show a better state of things in regard to the marriage laws than some other places; while the factories and the young people were much improved. The large employers were, in many instances, Christian men; and hence they had a large amount of good going on. They tried to prevail upon the young to employ themselves profitably after business hours; but they found it difficult to get them into places of worship. On one occasion 150

girls were invited to a tea, but only thirty-two appeared, and not without great difficulty were others induced to come in. He gave an instance of forty persons being employed in one room, wherein one secularist endeavoured to corrupt all the rest. In temperance and morality great progress had been made; for ten years ago they had but one Church of England Temperance Society, but they had now thirty-two, with at least 6,000 members.

Mr. J. W. Morden occupied ten minutes by giving some facts relative to Sunday trading, attendance at places of worship, infidelity, &c. "I have my eye upon one street in Bermondsey," he remarked, "a fair specimen, inhabited, for the most part, by the highest class of manual labourers. In it are seventy-one houses, containing about 160 families. Leaving out the Sunday scholars, not more than six persons will leave that street on any given Sunday morning, and not more than twelve in the evening." As though that were not enough, the street has the additional disadvantage of harbouring among its residents two atheistic lecturers. Those who did attend worship were very particular in regard to the place selected; they rather preferred a crowded house in the distance, where they were little known; and some absented themselves from mission rooms on account of being greeted with, "Are you saved?" directly they enter the buildings. The poison of atheism, which was the parent of many other evils, circulated almost everywhere. Almost in every public-house there was one of these teachers, who, while boasting of scientific knowledge, talked of liberty, equality, and fraternity. They belonged to the National Secular Society; they had halls for Sunday and week-night meetings; and their deity was Utilitarianism. He attended their meetings frequently, for the express purpose of replying to the speakers. "I am sorry to say there is near one of these halls in Walworth a large and important place of worship, with a splendid history, but" added Mr. Morden; "you will meet there on a Sunday evening not more than half the number of men that at the same hour may be found at the Freethought Hall." These places, at which the most crude objections to the gospel are taught, were shown to be on the increase; and while the leaders of science were assumed to be on their side, they were regarded as the prophets of the future.

Sunday trading was then shown to be on the increase, which was partly due to the wages having to run the gauntlet of the beer-house on Saturday night, and to the people's conscience having lost the touch of God. They sent missionaries to the poorest, and thought that the church could see after the others; but in point of fact, there was as much caste among the aristocracy of labour as among peers; and the upper classes of workpeople were the most difficult of all to reach. In Bermondsey there were large numbers of men who would not follow those above them to church or chapel, nor those below them to the mission-room. Forty years ago those who made their money in the district lived there; now they were settled elsewhere, to support luxurious sanctuaries in their own localities. What they wanted was more bright-looking buildings, with men of sympathy and intelligence in them to teach the people.

After a few words from the Chairman, who spoke of thirty-three years' experience in Bermondsey, the Rev. B. Cassin, of St. George the Martyr,

Southwark, acknowledged that there had been much improvement; but at the same time it was evident that prostitution was never more flaunting than now; and he had learned facts about the condition of things in London in regard to that particular sin which could not be stated in public where ladies were present. He knew something about Southwark, he said; and in proof of this he mentioned the fact, that at his own church some 1,200 persons assembled on the Sabbath, the bulk of whom were of the artisan class. The rector then spoke of his people as a warm-hearted set, while, of course, the existence of such a congregation showed that the industrial orders could be attracted if the old gospel was preached without any adulteration of ceremonialism. Those who lived away from London were then reminded that they did not leave their responsibilities behind them when they went home to their suburban villas; they ought to give something to the places where they made their money, and not be satisfied with merely giving to churches where they resided. The rector did not take an optimistic view of the outlook, although he was glad that the missionaries were able to speak as favourably of their districts as they did. The evil which chiefly weighed upon this speaker's mind, was the dreadful spectacle which the immorality of the streets presented at night.

Kent Street is, so far, a classical region, that the Canterbury Pilgrims must necessarily have passed along it after leaving their quarters at *The Tabard*. For many generations, however, the thoroughfare has been a public disgrace, and before the construction of a broader outlet into the Old Kent Road, many travellers to and from the continent were heartily ashamed of the squalor and degradation which greeted them at the very entrance to London. The statement made by Mr. Baker, who devotes some attention to this district, showed that Kent Street was not reformed. The over-crowding was so dreadful, that sixteen persons and two cats might be found living in one room. Then, the character of the place was so bad, that a large number of degraded women could be collected in a few minutes. There was much Sunday trading in the locality; but an instance was given of a woman who, on being chided for buying food on Sunday, showed conclusively that she had absolutely no place in which to keep any articles purchased the night before. The conditions of life in such a place are little understood by ordinary persons. There is not even a cupboard, in which to keep the household stores; even the coals have to lie in one corner, and besides general confusion and effluvia, which Mr. Baker declared often destroyed his appetite, there is a risk of articles being stolen by neighbours in the next room, if unduly exposed. Beyond all this, he complained more of indifference than infidelity. Kent Street is quite as wonderful a region as ever it was; and our friend was not exaggerating when he said that he could tell things about his district which would make the hair of listeners stand on end.

Pastor B. Brigg, of Drummond Road Chapel, spoke well of employers generally, but still maintained that infidelity was rampant in certain factories: the men encouraged one another in sin, and poor Christians were persecuted. After this, it was encouraging to hear a large employer, like Mr. Samuel Barrow, testify that he did what he could to

encourage Christian visitors in their work, while drinking and swearing on his own premises were generally prohibited. Mr. Pearson, of the London City Mission, also thought that the efforts of the agents of that Society had been highly successful in their work.

As Mr. William Olney was our host, we were all ready to hear what he had to say. He understood that the work of the City Mission was to bring men to Christ, and it was a serious matter if they were going back. He feared the people were getting further from God; were they ever to be reached? How was the work to be accomplished? One remedy consisted in strengthening the hands of the City Mission; for the missionary went where pastors could not go, and blessing rested on their endeavours. Still, comparatively, the work of the Lord was not prospering; and Christians should pray more, and labour more. Believing as they did in the future of immortal souls, what a condition of things were they living under! The people might possibly be more moral and more intelligent than they used to be, but for certain they were more ungodly than they were ten years ago. Since the work was too difficult for them, they must appeal to God to plead his own cause. He suggested that more frequent meetings for prayer should be held between the committee and the City Missionaries, which he believed would soon bring about a brighter and better state of things. After a vote of thanks to the chairman, the conference separated on the understanding that if need arose it should re-assemble. We anticipate the best results from such godly conversation upon the solemn business in hand.

Windmills or Butter-Pats.

THERE is a quaint story of a giant, who had long fed upon windmills, and at last was choked by a pat of butter; and, assuredly, his counterpart may be seen in the evolutionists of our day, who are unable to receive the Bible account of the Creation. The hypotheses of our present philosophers are enough to tax the credulity of a monk of the middle ages, yet many take down these windmills as pigeons swallow peas. The teaching of revelation is fitted for the capacity of a child, but our wise men are choked with such simple fare. We confess we have not enough faith to be an infidel, or an agnostic, or even an evolutionist. We find ourselves standing up for once for reason, and demanding that our faith should not be overstrained. We can believe what is revealed; for, sublime as it is, there is a kind of truth-likeness about it; but we cannot believe what we are now taught with such tremendous authority; for, in the first place, it is not worth believing, and, in the next place, it looks so dreadfully like a lie that we had rather not. No, thank you, dear sir, we will keep to our bread and butter; our throat is not yet adapted to the disposal of windmills.—

C. H. S.

William Kœllner; or, from Darkness to Light.

PART I.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER.

THE decay of evangelical religion in both the Lutheran and Reformed churches, in the last century, is a fact generally known. It was marked by great unsoundness of doctrinal teaching, and by a lack of the chief essentials of a healthy Christian life. Germany was not alone in the defection, though the Pietists of Halle exercised some counter-influence. The creeds and standards of these churches remained the same, but they were ignored, explained away, or otherwise displaced by Rationalistic theories and "philosophy falsely so-called." The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the Deity of Christ, his death as an atonement for sin, the need of conversion, the personality and divinity of the Holy Spirit, his work in divine renewal, the reality of the miracles of the gospels, justification by faith in Christ, and almost all other important truths taught by Luther and Calvin as Bible verities were either denied or practically renounced. As a consequence, formalism, worldliness, licentiousness, and impiety of every shape were dominant. Politically, the crushing effects of the Thirty Years' War in Germany were still traceable, and the pernicious influence of the French sceptical writers was only too manifest in the practical ungodliness and low moral habits of the people. Religiously, the pastures of gospel grace were trodden under foot, and the pure waters of evangelical truth were defiled with the mud and scum of human teaching, which was often more in harmony with Voltaire than with Jesus Christ. No doubt some read their Bibles in secret, or sang some of the grand old hymns of Luther, Gerhardt, and other masters of sacred song, which remained as a priceless heritage. But, speaking generally, "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people." The pulse of true religion was feeble, and there was a reign of something very like death.

During this state of things William Kœllner was born, in the year 1760. His life was to be a life of struggle both within and without, while he was to be a witness of the outburst of the French Revolution, and a sufferer from the lawless violence of the brutal soldiery of the gross despotism which flaunted the banner of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

The vicissitudes and sorrows through which he passed give a deep interest to his eventful life, while his inward struggles, resulting in his gaining a firm hold of gospel truth and a happy realization of gospel liberty, point a lesson for the wavering and the unstable. Out of mist, and darkness, and error, he groped his way into the light and joy of God's salvation; or, rather, by the discipline of fiery trials and the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit, he emerged from the barren land of neological speculations into the fruitful garden where the sun of truth always shines, and the waters of salvation flow unceasingly.

Kœllner's early religious education was very defective. "I only knew God as a wrathful Judge," says he, "a severe Lawgiver, who, with uplifted rod, regards those who do evil only to punish them." Of the truth that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself"

he knew nothing. Slavish fear and dread filled his mind, with only an indistinct glimmering of the scheme of redemption, and hence he was a stranger to the love of God, and almost so to hope.

And yet he must be prepared for "confirmation," while there was little in him to confirm, excepting error and sin. The minister who undertook to "prepare" him was as blind as himself, and more hard; for Koellner was conscious that he was every way unfit to partake of the Lord's Supper, and it made him so unhappy that he would have absented himself had not the influence of his superiors prevailed. He entered the university to qualify himself for the ministerial office. Here the hopeful exercises of a mind partially awakened, and a heart in which the Holy Spirit had been striving against darkness and sin, were almost wholly quenched by the subtle teaching of the professors; so that, to use his own words, his faith became "like a reed blown hither and thither by the wind, or as a ball with which they played at their pleasure."

The first result of the insidious teaching of the professors was the arousing of a suspicion as to the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. When faith in the inspiration of the Bible is gone there remains nothing that can be "most surely believed," and the way to every kind of heterodoxy and error is easy and short. Man's reason being exalted above revelation, there remains nothing of religion but the form, nothing of Christianity but the name. It is a system of philosophy, not of faith; of salvation without a Saviour, of Christianity without the Christ. The things he heard from the professional chair excited his surprise for a time, but first the ear and then the heart became accustomed to the most daring assertions or doubts.

Sometimes, however, he was led to question their conclusions. "What becomes of Jesus Christ if he is not the true God, and my Mediator and Redeemer? What can be the meaning of his wonderful condescension, and his more wondrous death, if that death was not a sacrifice for sin? And if his death is not the great means of my reconciliation, and if he did not shed his blood for the remission of my sins why did he die, and what hope is there for a guilty soul?" At such times he would find himself suspecting the wisdom of the professors, but the doubts as to their being right were as chaff before the wind of their arguments, and as feathers on the stream of their eloquence. He could not resist them. He was almost hopelessly entangled in the web of their sophistries. The consequence was, he lost all power in prayer, for he could not ask in faith, nothing wavering, when he was tossed on a sea of uncertainties. How little he was fitted to discharge the duties of a minister of the gospel all spiritually enlightened persons can judge.

But there were two circumstances which prevented his being quite carried away into dangerous error: one was he kept up a correspondence with a friend who held evangelical sentiments, and who knew how to wield the "Sword of the Spirit," so that Koellner could not repel his attacks; the other was that after he left the University he married the daughter of a minister holding evangelical views, whose steadfast faith and holy life spoke volumes to the heart of Koellner in favour of those doctrines he had been taught to despise. But he was not free from his

entanglement. The rationalistic system, pandering as it does to human pride, and fostering man's vain conceits, while it denies or ignores his moral corruption, and blindness, and helpless guilt, held him fast in its toils.

About this time he was entrusted with the care of a school of some seventy boys, and, with the vision of his father-in-law's simple faith and holy life before him, which revived in part what he had heard of the old faith in his boyish days, he resolved to instruct these boys in the doctrines of Christianity, so far at least as he remembered them. This came to the ears of his superior, who insisted that he should not take up the time of the boys with dry speculative matters of faith, but teach them morality alone, as the chief thing.

At the age of thirty-four he undertook the pastoral charge of the village of Naurod, near Mayence, together with a neighbouring chapel-of-ease. Like James Hervey, John Berridge, Thomas Chalmers, and, alas ! not a few others, he began his ministry in the wrong spirit, and worked on wrong lines, having no proper views of the grandeur, and solemnity, and responsibility of the work, and being equally wanting in the chief elements of fitness for it.

His first sermon to his congregation was a solemn lie. The text was Rom. i. 16. The truth is, he *was* ashamed of the gospel, and knew nothing of its power. In after years, the remembrance of "that first deception practised on his congregation" gave him great pain, and made him ashamed, indeed, not of the gospel, but of himself. Only one thing occasioned him the least pleasure, he says, in entering on the ministerial office, and that was the extensive glebe he would have to farm. How much the glorious gospel he had both neglected and despised raised his views and transformed his character, will be seen further on.

But he was not left to himself and his devices. The Holy Spirit strove with him, and then there were endeavours to obtain more light, to rise to something better, something higher and holier. In the case of his father-in-law he had observed a serenity of mind, a calmness, a degree of spiritual enjoyment to which he was a stranger, and he inwardly longed, and sometimes prayed, though in a feeble way, that he might possess the same. God was about to answer his prayers, but by methods strange and discipline painful to endure.

It was in the year 1795, when the golden sheaves of autumn were bestudding the plain, and the grapes were ripening in the cluster on many a sunny hill-side, that the allied army, sent to check the ravages of the French, having suffered severe reverses, were compelled to retreat from the Lahn across the Mayne. The victorious French pursued them, penetrating as far as Mayence. The village of Naurod lay in the line of march, and shared the fate of other villages, the houses being pillaged, and the peaceful inhabitants exposed to great barbarity from the licentious soldiery.

"This advance," says Koellner, "cost me dear ; for scarcely had we perceived the enemy in our little village than they came in crowds to the parsonage, and plundered it. These monsters paid no attention either to my prayers or to the lamentations of my wife, expecting soon to be confined, or to the doleful cries of my children. Stones would have

softened sooner than the hearts of these villains, who answered our earnest entreaties only by blows and renewed depredations. The pillaging continued from one o'clock until the evening; nor was there among the host of foes that ransacked every apartment a single one who betrayed the smallest symptom of humanity."

His house was left almost desolate; and thus, in after years, he reflected on the crisis:—

"A heart reposing wholly on God, and his goodness and guidance, might indeed have felt this loss, but would have borne it with humble submission to the will of God. Such a heart, however, I did not yet possess, and hence I was much cast down by the loss I had sustained. Yet this was only the commencement of those severe trials whose blissful fruit I now enjoy with gratitude and thankfulness to the Lord my God."

There are many people, especially young men, who take their inspiration largely from the shallow writers in the popular Jingo papers, and other fire and fury literature, and who, on every slight pretence of injury or insult offered to the British flag, clamour loudly for war. Possibly they do not know what war means, or what horrible scenes lie behind the empty thing they call "national glory;" what sufferings of innocent women and children, and other peaceful inhabitants of places cursed with the presence of a defeated or victorious army; what wanton and wholesale destruction of property and produce, to say nothing of the thousands slain in a cause not worth sometimes a single life, and thousands more rendered helpless and dependent for life, when oftentimes a little forbearance, a little patience, a little explanation even, and oftener still, a little less national pride, and even a very little of the spirit of Christianity, would prevent or heal all disputes. If these blatant braggarts do know what war means in reality, it shows how little Christianity has done for them, and how repulsive their spirit is to its gentle sway.

While the French besieged Mayence, Koellner had his share of annoyance and brutal cruelty. One day four Hussars came galloping into his courtyard, and presenting their pistols at him, demanded how many horses there were in the village. Only two, he told them. They then took him between their horses, and, dragging him into the village, compelled him to show them where the horses were. He took one of them to the house of one of the peasants, but the man had been ordered away the night before, with his horse to assist the baggage trains. The soldier was exasperated, and behaved with great rudeness to the woman of the house, and to the minister, firing his pistol at the latter. He ran off and hid in a stable, until he thought it safe to return home, where he found his wife in great distress, as she had heard the shot fired, and concluded her husband was dead. These acts of violence were repeated until, after eighteen days, the siege was raised.

When the French began their retreat, troops were quartered in the village where the chapel-of-ease stood. The soldiers rifled the church, and carried off the sacramental plate and other valuables. These could not be replaced, as the people were poor, and war had drained the resources even of the rich.

Koellner could not find much comfort in those rationalistic senti-

ments in which he had been indoctrinated. It was well for him God did not leave him to his own devices. Instead of this, he was led to read his Bible for comfort, and, reading, he found new light, and felt a new interest in the sacred pages. The Psalms, especially, met his case, as they seemed full of consolation for such as were in trouble and distress. And, strange as it may seem, the loss of the sacramental plate, which he deplored even more than the loss of his own property, was a link in a chain of providential dispensations, which led not only to his greater comfort, but also to his illumination in and by the truth, and his establishment in the true faith, and as a faithful preacher of the gospel. How this was brought about, and what were his future trials and blessings the coming paper will show.

The Cross of Christ in Prophecy.

(ISAIAH LIII.)

IT is told of one of our English painters—of Turner, I think—that when one of his pictures was hanging on the wall of a gallery, previous to exhibition, the painter, walking through the hall, took a brush filled with colour and deliberately dashed it on the centre of the canvas. Next day he came and laid on the vermilion hue more deeply; a third day he rounded it into a ball of fire, or some other object of glowing crimson; the next, with another brush, he deepened still the hue, and left water and land, every ship and every spar, lit up by the brilliant tint. Now just this is what Isaiah seems to have done in the familiar fifty-third chapter. Every writer on the prophecy, almost every reader of it, has been struck with the vicarious character of the sufferings described. I shall never forget hearing Mr. Grattan Guinness, a quarter of a century ago, point out this feature of the prophecy; the chords which he that day struck are vibrating still. The “Speaker’s Commentary” says there are no fewer than eleven such chords. The griefs that he bore were ours, the sorrows ours, his wounding was not for his own transgressions but for ours, his bruising was for our iniquities, his chastening was the chastisement of peace, but the peace was for others, was for us. His scourging was not because *he* had deserved punishment, but because *we* had, and thereby alone could obtain pardon. The iniquity under which he lay was that of others, that of us, that of all: the transgressions for which he was stricken were not “his own sins and the sins of the people,” but “the sins of the people” alone. He was an offering for them, he bare their iniquities, yea, “bare the sins of many.”

The law would help a Jew to understand this prophecy as we cannot: and the prophecy, on the other hand, would fill the void felt to be left by the law. He who had seen every year the high priest lay his hands upon the goats, and confess over them all the sins of the children of Israel; who had seen other worshippers confess their sins as we have just described, over other sacrifices, could have no difficulty in understanding the allusion of the words, “The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.” He who had seen many a sinner for whose sin no

special sacrifice was appointed, or who had failed to offer one, obliged meanwhile to "bear his sin,"* would realize more easily than we what a crushing load would come upon him who had to "bear the sin of many." He knew how far from peace many a guilty soul wandered, till such a time as the sacrifice could be offered for his cleansing; and would easily understand the preciousness to us, and the pain to the Servant of Jehovah, when "the chastisement of our peace was upon him"; and when "his soul" was made "an offering for sin." We know that it was a Jew that wrote (using the very word the Septuagint had used), "He made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

But surely the Jewish worshipper must have felt something more. He must have felt the inadequacy of the sacrifices and offerings offered under the law, and as soon as he heard the words of Isaiah, his heart must have leaped within him; he must have been ready to exclaim, "Above all that I could ask or think"; a real sacrifice, a true victim, the very offering I wanted, but did not dare to hope for! There is such an One then, he is really coming; "O, that I knew where I might find him;" O, that he were already come! And God has reserved some better thing for us. The Servant of Jehovah, in whose life gloom and glory so strangely meet, has come. His death, so pathetic, so tragic, has been the gate into life, a life as mighty and exalted as that which preceded the death was low and abject. If, concerning that life on earth, we are constrained to acknowledge that it is the subject of this prophecy, then, concerning that death, we must equally acknowledge that it was sacrificial and vicarious. Whether by substitution, or imputation, or identification, Jesus died for others; this is the doctrine of this chapter, to this give all the prophets witness. We must extract the eleven expressions that denote his bruising for us, must mar and mangle the record even as he was marred, ere we can discredit this conclusion, or disprove this inference.

But sound reasoning is one thing, experimental knowledge is another. There are many who can follow all these arguments, who could even frame them, who yet have never felt the benefit of his sprinkling, the healing of his stripes; what more do they need? They need not only to bring the mind of little children to accept God's revelation, but the hearts of sinners, sensible of their sin, to accept his salvation. "The sixth verse," says one, "begins with 'all' and ends with 'all';" now what we have to do is to go in at one all and come out at the other: to go in at the "all" of condemnation, and own that we are the sheep that went astray, and come out at the "all" of justification, and own that the Lord hath laid our sins on Jesus Christ. The writer of these lines knows one to whom that verse came as an illumination, and

"In that light of life 'she'll' walk
Till travelling days are done."

From "Emmanuel," by J. B. Figgis.

* "And if a soul sin, and hear the voice of swearing, and is a witness, whether he hath seen or known of it; if he do not utter it, then he shall bear his iniquity . . . shall be unclean and guilty. Though he wist it not, yet is he guilty, and shall bear his iniquity."—Lev. v. 1, 2, 17.

Satan and the Sunday School.

AS a young lay-worker, I was addressing a congregation in Eastern Connecticut, urging an increase of effort in behalf of the unevangelized border-districts of the country towns of that State. I told of the many children there who were yet outside of the Sunday School, and, in pressing the importance of reaching out after them, I said, "If the church of Christ doesn't look after these children, the devil will." When I had concluded my appeal, the pastor of the church, a quaint old preacher, rose and seconded my call to renewed and enlarged activity. "But there's one thing more," he said: "our young brother says, that 'if the church does not look after these children, the devil will.' I tell you that if the church *does* look after the children the devil will. The devil doesn't let go of a child just because the church takes hold of it. The devil doesn't turn his back on Sunday School children. If you think that the children are in no danger from the devil because you've got them into the Sunday School, you are making a great mistake. The work of the church for the children hasn't ended, it has just begun, when they are fairly in the Sunday School."

DR. H. C. TRUMBULL.

Short and Stirring.

A PRAYER-MEETING TALK. BY C. H. SPURGEON.

DID you observe, last Sunday, a notice at the bottom of a street, at the back of this Tabernacle, warning us in large letters against a terrible monster? Thus ran the oracle,—

BEWARE OF THE STEAM-ROLLER.

I always feel inclined to turn down a side street when I see the red flag and that admonitory sentence; for useful as the steam-roller certainly is, I cannot persuade horses to believe that it is their true friend. On this particular occasion there was no cause to fear the steam-breathing, coal-consuming leviathan, for its fire was out, its steam was a thing of yesterday, and the creature rested in perfect quiet, under cover of a tarpaulin. It is quite right that even engines should have their Sabbath. I thought, as I passed it,—a steam-roller at work is the pattern of what a church ought to be; but this particular steam-roller is a type of what many churches *are*. A church should be "terrible as an army with banners," but oftentimes it is not. "BEWARE OF THE STEAM-ROLLER!" seemed rather a humorous notice, under the circumstances. Why, a kitten need not be afraid of the huge machine, or its big wheels, when the fire is out. Satan, who is said to tremble at the sight of a single praying man, might laugh in the presence of some of our churches, for there is no fear of their doing any harm to his kingdom. We must have the steam up if we are to crush the granite, and prepare a highway for our God. The weight of our numbers, and the excellence of our machinery, will go for nothing unless the inward fires are glowing, turning lukewarmness into heat, and

impelling every wheel to strong, all-subduing motion. The steam-roller could do nothing without the stoker, and his coals and fire ; and a church can do nothing if love, and fervour, and enthusiasm are not produced in it. It is my longing desire that we may ever be filled with the divine energy. I see in our congregations, and in our societies, the altar and the wood ; but what sacrifice can we offer to the Lord if we lack fire ? One of the great uses of a prayer-meeting is to keep the fires burning. By earnest pleadings we heap on the fuel, and the Holy Spirit comes to us as a heavenly wind, and makes the fire burn vehemently. There may be wild-fire about, and, if so, I deplore it ; but as far as my observation and experience have gone, I am more afraid of the want of fire than of the excess of it. The majority of our brethren are in no danger of becoming fanatical ; the danger lies in the opposite direction : they are more likely to have their boilers cold, and their wheels rusted, than to burst with excess of force, or fly to pieces with perilous velocity. At any rate, let us cry for the fire to-night.

At the same time, we must not be satisfied with heat ; for a steam-roller needs weight, or it will accomplish no useful end. As a church we need sound doctrine, or else our ministries will be mere sound, and nothing more. We need to be taught of God ourselves, that we may be able to teach others. Go a-head, my young and fervent brethren ; but as you run mind that you have a message to carry, or to what end will you run ? You must have something to tell the people, and real instruction to impart to them, or your zeal will be "much ado about nothing." If you gather the people together, or call at their houses, or talk to them individually, you must have precious truth to impart. Clouds are well enough ; but clouds without rain are disappointing. Any mother will tell you that it is a very bad thing for a baby to suck an empty bottle ; if it gets no food from the bottle, it sucks down a deal of wind, and does itself hurt. Beware of giving an empty bottle to those whom you desire to benefit. I am afraid that in many exciting meetings there is more clatter of plates, and rattling of knives and forks, than anything else. Men may bawl and stamp, but if they do not teach the gospel, they are doing no more good than acrobats in a circus. The babes of Christ need the unadulterated milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby ; and if they do not get it they will starve, even though you try to amuse them with rattles and corals. I will accord you great liberty as to *how* you shall say it, but there must be something in what you say. Why, in certain evangelical meetings, if you listen to one address, you have heard all that you are likely to hear if you wait for half a century. Under a prosy minister, a little boy once turned to his father, and said, "Father, what are we all sitting here for ?" And a similar question might be asked when earnest ignorance repeats its common-places till they are as well known as the street cry of "scissors to grind."

We must have something to communicate, or we shall be like a gun which has plenty of powder in it, but no shot ; we shall make a great noise, but produce no result. Better to teach the simplest truth with great quietness than to make a great fuss and teach nothing. The steam-roller needs the fire ; but if it were itself light as a feather, however fast it moved it would never crush down the stones, and prepare

the highway. Be solid as well as earnest, instructive as well as impassioned.

I am thankful to say that among us, as a church, this state of things is largely realized ; our most zealous brethren are the most attached to the old, old gospel ; they are as enthusiastic as the Salvation Army, and as true to the old faith as the staunchest of Calvinists.

Often, when I get letters concerning our evangelists Fullerton and Smith, I meet with the remark, "Your brethren preach the truth as fully as if they were pastors, and yet they exhort the people with all the freeness of Evangelists." This is what I desire : I would see the doctrine of the Calvinist associated with the fire of the Methodist, and the holiness of the Puritan. I thank God that you, my brethren, know the difference between thunder and lightning, between beating a drum and breaking a heart. Make all the stir you please, but do not forget that clap-trap has nothing in it, and that shouting is not grace. The gospel truth which is communicated is the true means of blessing, and not the excitement which may go with it. Dust will rise as an express train rushes along the metals, but the dust is not what the traveller admires, or the engineer depends upon. By all means give us truth red-hot, but mind that it *is* truth, or you cannot expect the Lord to bless it. Let us all be anxious to know more and more of Christ personally, and to be filled more and more with the divine Spirit, without whose aid all our teaching will be in vain. Unless we are made partakers of the fiery energy of the Holy Ghost, the best instruction we can give will be cold, and lifeless, and powerless to affect the hearts of men.

As for me, I beg a special interest in your prayers that I may be sustained in the tremendous work to which I am called. A minister must be upheld by his people's prayers, or what can he do ? When a diver is on the sea-bottom, he depends upon the pumps above, which send him down the air. Pump away, brethren, while I am seeking for my Lord's lost money among the timbers of this old wreck. I feel the fresh air coming in at every stroke of your prayer-pump ; but if you stop your supplications, I shall perish. When a fireman climbs upon the roof with the hose, he can do nothing if the water is not driven up into it. Here I stand, pointing my hose at the burning mass. Send up the water, brethren ! Send up a continual supply ! What will be the use of my standing here with an empty hose ? Every man to the pump ! Let each one do better still, let him turn on the main. The reservoir is in heaven ; every saint is a turn-cock ; use your keys, and give me a plentiful supply. What I ask for myself, I seek for every true minister of Christ. Let not one be left to himself. We all cry with one voice, "BRETHREN, PRAY FOR US."

Thus, with a church with its steam up, sowers with their baskets filled with precious seed, and officers of the Lord's army supported by a valiant soldiery, all things will be ordered as they should be, and we shall see greater things than these. Only let our dependence be wholly fixed upon the Lord our God ; and because it is so at this moment, LET US PRAY.

Book Exterminators.

FROM the earliest days of books there has existed a disposition to burn such as contain obnoxious opinions; but though Christians and pagans may have favoured this method of putting an enemy out of existence, it was not until the intolerance of Popery had become full-blown that this form of persecution became public and general.

The works of heathen writers were sometimes destroyed by the authorities for very trivial reasons.

Diocletian is regarded as the first who burned the Scriptures.

When, later on, Constantine embraced Christianity, he assumed such an uncompromising attitude towards those who differed from the orthodox standards that the works of Arius were burned, and the possession of them was made into a capital offence.

At one time Christian authority ruled that pagan books might not be openly circulated; and in the Dark Ages, just before Chaucer and Wickliffe appeared on the scene, even Aristotle was forbidden to be read except at the universities.

The crusade against books was not a very serious matter, however, until the Inquisition was established, in the twelfth century, to battle, on behalf of the Papacy, against progress and liberty.

In the era of the Reformation nothing was so much dreaded by the papal party as the press; and indeed, it is well known, that had not this all-powerful engine of war been available for the wholesale scattering of books and tracts among the people, the victory could not have been gained by Luther and his companions. In London, during the reign of Elizabeth, John Day, the chief Protestant printer, was located in the rooms over and about Alders Gate, and this John Day had for his assistant no less a person than John Foxe, the martyrologist, whose great work dealt a more deadly blow at the papacy than any other uninspired book. He had in his time seen many a bonfire of Bibles and other gospel books.

Book-burning was common on the Continent in the century preceding that of the Reformation; for in 1416 we find John Huss calling on his friends not to be alarmed or discouraged because the wicked had decreed that his books should be burned. The heroic Reformer then goes on to show that it is characteristic of Antichrist to seek to destroy what is written for the enlightenment of the people of God. "Remember how the Israelites burned the preachings of the prophet Jeremy," he adds, "and yet they could not avoid the things that were prophesied in them; for after they were burnt, the Lord commanded him to write the same prophecy again, and that larger. . . . It is also written in the books of the Maccabees, that the wicked did burn the law of God, and killed them that had the same. Again, under the New Testament, they burned the saints, with the books of the law of God. The cardinals condemned and committed to the fire certain of St. Gregory's books, and had burnt them all, if they had not been preserved of God by the means of Peter, Gregory's minister."

In the transition times of Henry VIII., the warfare against the books was for a while maintained with great vigour; yet while the Bishop of London issued his proclamation, and the Government itself prohibited

the reading of dangerous productions, the aggressive party dared to scatter a work like "The Beggar's Supplication" about the streets of London. Tract distribution was no child's play in those burning days; yet it was done. Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was more dreaded than any other work; and it is well known that the purchase of his Testaments in order to burn them enabled the printers to issue a new edition. "It is the Bishop of London that hath holpen us; yea, he hath bestowed among us a great deal of money upon New Testaments to burn them," said a confederate of Tyndale to Sir Thomas More. "Now, by my troth," cried the latter, "I think even the same; for so much I told the bishop before he went about it." The endeavour to gag the press, and to hinder the flying abroad of its enlightening productions, was as idle as the attempt to stem the tide of the sea.

The Reformation was promoted by agents who undertook work similar to that of our present colporteurs; but then both the books and their purveyors were ever in danger of the fire. In connection with the atrocities committed in the way of religious persecution against Merindol, Foxe tells a remarkable story of a travelling bookseller, who in passing through Avignon was arrested by order of a conclave of bishops who were opposed to the Reformation. Indeed, the martyrologist says that there were two booksellers in the street, one of whom traded in licentious wares, and was liberally patronized by the prelates, while the other sold Bibles in French and Latin. The latter was arrested, and condemned to be burned; and the sentence was carried out within a few hours, the martyr suffering with two of his books hanging about his neck. The papacy declared a war of extermination against the printing-press and its issues, and nothing was so dreaded as the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. The times were so utterly corrupt that anything which pandered to vicious tastes, but that which condemned the lives of wicked ecclesiastics was dreaded, and therefore opposed.

But books have not been vanquished by burning; for history testifies that again and again this method of attempting their annihilation has brought confusion upon the heads of those who tried it. Indeed, the blazing book-fire might often be accepted as the emblem of victory by the author who penned the pages. Phoenix-like, new life arose from the ashes. Take this example:—

Francis Johnson, son of a mayor of Richmond, in Yorkshire, and born in 1562, was nearly of the same age as Shakespeare. While studying at Cambridge University, in the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, he brought trouble upon himself by making public his preference for Presbyterian government. Such an offence in those days could only be atoned for by a public recantation; and being too stout-hearted to satisfy his enemies to this degree, Johnson was expelled from his college. He was once or twice imprisoned, and seems only to have escaped from his persecutors when he contrived to settle at Middelberg, in Zealand. When comfortably located, over an English Church, in that old town, we grieve to say that the refugee became a persecutor, and displayed great ability in scenting out heretical books. Liking to know what was going on at the English printing-houses, he discovered that a work by Barrowe and Greenwood—"A

Refutation" of a book by M. Giffard, which the latter had directed against the Nonconformists of England—was in course of preparation, and the result was, that Johnson sold his services to the English ambassador. According to an old chronicler of the Pilgrim Fathers, this Presbyterian refugee became the willing instrument in the business of seizing the books, and of seeing them duly burned; "the which charge he did so well perform, as he let them go on until they were wholly finished, and then surprised the whole impression, not suffering any to escape; and then, by the magistrate's authority, caused them all to be openly burnt, himself standing by until they were all consumed to ashes."

There can hardly be a doubt that at this time Johnson acted conscientiously; but, nevertheless, as a lover of books, his heart so far relented at the sight of the *auto da fé* that he saved two copies—"one to keep in his own study, that he might see their errors, and the other to bestow on a special friend for a like use." Little did he know what he was doing, or what convincing arguments the blazing books contained. On reaching the seclusion of his study Johnson sat down to read, and soon found that the arguments of his persecuted antagonists were stronger than his own convictions. The struggle in his mind was short if violent; for when he once perceived what he thought to be the truth, Johnson was not a man to hold back. Now came the time for self-sacrifice, and he willingly made it. He left his charge; he took ship for London; he visited Barrowe, the chief author of the burned book, in the Fleet Prison, and became one of the persecuted party. The proscribed book had answered the end for which it was written; it had proved stronger than the fire.

In taking a rapid glance at the history of the world, we shall see that false religious systems have ever been the greatest enemies of books, and have waged against them the most relentless warfare. When the people began to emerge from the shades of the mediæval age there came forth a host of books specially prepared for their enlightenment. In the course of about seventy years after the invention of printing, less than forty publications are said to have appeared in Germany; but after the religious awakening of the Reformation had set in, about five hundred works, a proportion of which were, of course, only tracts, appeared in one year—1523.

The book-fires, which continued to blaze both in England and on the Continent, were in themselves among the finest possible testimonies to the vitality of the movement which they were intended to check. From first to last an incredible number of works were reduced to ashes, and, alas! the books were often used as fuel for burning those brave men who had written or sold them.

Gaspard Tauber, of Venice, was himself an author as well as a trader; and having been detected in the act of disseminating Lutheran literature, he was urged to recant at Vienna, and thus escape the penalties of the capital offence. Instead of recanting, however, the accused bookseller stood unmoved before his enemies; and long after his body was consumed, his brave words lingered in the memories of the citizens as living testimonies to the truth for which he had suffered. At Bude, in Hungary, the spectacle was also witnessed of a

colporteur and his stock being consumed together in the same fire; but still candidates for the work of colportage were forthcoming, and the leaders of the great movement never despaired of victory.

Naturally a kind-hearted man, and much less disposed towards persecution than Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey was always averse to the policy of burning individuals, but the destruction of mere books never troubled him. After the Cardinal's death, we find that one Thomas Sommers was arrested, and committed to the Tower, where he eventually died, for having proscribed books in his possession. Several others were accused at the same time; and the judgment of the Cardinal was, that all should ride from their prison-house with the books hanging about them, and having a copy in each hand, until they came to Cheapside, where a fire would be ready to receive the forbidden volumes. Having picturesquely trimmed the clothing of the other merchants with books, the attendants were about to wait upon Master Sommers, when he objected to their civil interference. "No," said he, "I have always loved to go handsomely in my apparel;" and taking the books and opening them, he bound them together by the strings, and cast them about his neck—the leaves being open like a collar. Sommers was ordered to throw a New Testament upon the fire; but three times in succession he had the courage to throw the volume beyond the flames.

If an unfettered press is one of the greatest blessings of a free people, books, in a general way, are our very good friends; and any system which aims at their wholesale suppression, or in any manner tends to their more limited production, stands condemned before the world. While Paganism, Mahometanism, and Romanism have carried on this insane warfare, Protestantism has ever proved itself to be the friend of learning, stimulating the diffusion of books.

Even in the age preceding that of the Reformation, Romanism as represented by Pope Paul II. proved itself to be opposed to popular enlightenment. At about the time of his accession to the see of Rome an academy was founded for the promotion of the study of local antiquities and philology; but caring nothing about learning, nor wishing to have about him the books in which learning was enshrined, Paul II. scattered the scholars with a rude hand, torturing some on whom he could lay his hands. Their Academy was proscribed. Printing was then only just invented; and this was the way in which arts promising to diffuse knowledge were hailed by the occupant of "the chair of Peter" at Rome. Roscoe correctly styles Pope Paul a "haughty and ignorant priest"; and speaking of a much later date, the historian adds, "Nor is it to be denied, that in almost every other city of Italy, the interests of letters and of science were attended to with more assiduity than in the chief place in Christendom." Is it otherwise to-day? There is a magnificent library in the Vatican which, under certain conditions, the pope has opened to historical students; but the so-called Eternal City is not a centre of literary or educational enterprise. A course of historical reading soon begets dissatisfaction with the pretensions of the pope.

It is a curious fact that the Reformation, which in the sixteenth century so mightily stimulated the book-trade, has ever since proved itself to be the best friend of printing. As long ago as 1734, a London

bookseller declared that it was to the interest of his fraternity to promote the extension of religion. "If we take a view of our stock, our copies, or our accounts, we find ourselves indebted to religion for so great a proportion of our income as three parts in four." "Not," he wrote, "to mention Bibles, and Common Prayers, Expositions and Manuals, which are a staple source, there are larger articles which have been estates to the proprietors. But if the scheme of Infidelity should generally prevail, will men buy books relating to religion when they think it a cheat, or a matter not worth their concern? Upon the whole, if religion fails, we may shut up our shops."

In what degree is this true to-day? The literary victory is still on the side of undefiled Christianity.

The Green Rose.

"DID you not say that there was a green rose in this place? There are many lovely flowers here, but I had rather see the green rose than anything else." So said a visitor as he stood in a garden, where palms, and aloe, and all manner of rare plants, from many lands, were to be seen in perfection; and we should not be surprised if our reader, in like case, were to make the same observation. Yet, when the green rose was seen, it was at once denounced as nothing at all desirable, not a tenth as beautiful as a red or white rose. Just so, there are many folks in this world who must see that which is special, *outré*, unusual; yet, when they see this freak of nature, or of grace, they turn back to the more usual order of good things with considerable relief, for they feel that "the old is better." It is a pity when a man, especially a preacher, is merely a green rose, with a name for being something remarkable, but with no special excellence with which to maintain a reputation." He attracts only for a moment, but sustains no permanent attention, for there is hardly as much about him as there is in the ordinary unpretending teacher of the gospel. Those wanderers who are always running all over the world after green roses, are by no means so wise as those who are content with the perfume and colour of that flower which grows over their own porch, whether it be red or white. The affectation of the unusual is a trick of the charlatan; the craving after it is the weakness of the shallow-minded.

Yet, be it noted, that we do not wish to depreciate the green rose. You see we have almost fallen into that unfairness, but the fault was not intentional. We are glad to have seen it, for as a green rose it has charms of its own. Yet this eagerness to see it, this passing over of lovelier objects, this crying up of one beauty above another, inevitably leads to an undervaluing of that which has obtained undeserved prominence. Your foolish partiality has made your favourite a target for excessive criticism; but we will not yield to the temptation. God has made the green rose, and he makes nothing amiss. Your remarkable friend has his excellences, and God be thanked for them. Your eccentric preacher has his own adaptations for usefulness. Because you cry him up, we are not going to cry him down. Let each rose display its own colour, and let each man be himself, and let the Lord be glorified in all.—C. H. S.

On Perfection.

BY REV. GEORGE ROGERS.

THERE have been some in nearly all ages of the church who have professed to have attained to sinless perfection. There are many such in the present day, who might be left to the enjoyment of their own opinion on this subject, but for the disturbing element introduced into the fellowship of the saints, and the false aspect it gives to Christianity before the world. We purpose, on this account, to show that it is *contrary to Scripture teaching*; that it is *contrary to Christian experience*; and that it is *contrary to universal observation*.

I. IT IS CONTRARY TO SCRIPTURE TEACHING. If sinless perfection be one of the effects of Christianity in this life, it is reasonable to conclude that it will be directly and repeatedly affirmed in the Scriptures; that it will be so clearly defined that there can be no mistake concerning it; and that it will be enjoined as the duty and privilege of all the professed disciples of Christ. That it is not so revealed is obvious from its contrariety to the general belief of Christians in all ages, and its almost entire exclusion from theological systems ostensibly derived from the sacred Scriptures. There are, on the contrary, universal propositions in both Testaments that affirm the impossibility of a single exception to be found to human depravity in any one of the human race, and at any moment of time, on this side the grave. Thus saith the Old Testament: "There is not a just man upon the earth that doeth good, and sinneth not," and "There is none righteous, no not one." Thus saith the New: "The Scripture hath concluded all under sin," and, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." If it should be supposed that these declarations apply to men solely as men, and not subsequently to conversion, it may be replied that the best of men, under both Testaments, confess to indwelling sin, and none claim to be perfect. Job says, "Behold, I am vile." David says, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" Isaiah says, "I am a man of unclean lips." Daniel says, "While I was praying and confessing my sin and the sin of my people, the man Gabriel touched me." Peter says, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." John says, "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." Paul says, "I am the chief of sinners," "less than the least of all saints." Were they sincere in these confessions? Did they really feel themselves, with all the grace of God with which they had been favoured, to be vile and sinful in themselves? Unquestionably they did. Every one who has been enlightened by the Spirit of God knows more of his own sins than of the whole world besides, and justly feels himself to be "the chief of sinners." The more grace he receives from God, the more unworthy he appears to himself. He who speaks of himself before conversion as "touching the righteousness which is in the law blameless," after conversion speaks of himself as the chief of sinners. The least sin appears to him now more sinful than his whole former sinful course. When he writes, "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," it is in his prison at Rome, when he had reason to suppose the time of his departure was at hand. He looked not for perfection until he had reached the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Exhortations to perfection do not imply the possibility of attaining it in this life. "Be ye perfect," said our Lord to his disciples, "as your Father in heaven is perfect." This, though beyond attainment, is not beyond the duty and pleasure of seeking to attain. All the promises of sinless perfection relate to a future state of existence. They are such as these, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me"; "That they may be made perfect in one"; "Till we all come unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"; "That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus"; "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall

be done away"; "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." "That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish"; "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy"; "The spirits of just men made perfect." These promises of perfection hereafter show we are not to look for it in this life. It is to be sought here, that it may be obtained hereafter. "Let us go on," says an apostle, "unto perfection." We must go on in this life either to perfection or to imperfection. There is no standing still. Yet, if perfection at any moment could be obtained, there we ought to rest and wish to abide for ever.

Instead of encouragement to Christians, at any time, or under any circumstances, to think themselves perfect, there are warnings in Scripture against it. "Though," said Peter, "all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended. Jesus said unto him, Verily, I say unto thee, that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." "I say unto you," says Paul to the Christians at Rome, "through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith." The apostle speaks here with all the authority and tenderness of the grace he had hitherto received. He speaks to every one as though the admonition was equally needed by all. He cautions them not to think too much of themselves. He exhorts them to judge themselves, not by the measure of holiness they have in themselves, but by the measure of faith in Christ which had been dealt out to them by God. "Thou standest by faith," he says, in a previous chapter, "Be not high-minded, but fear." In a former part of the same Epistle he says, "Where is boasting? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." Faith and perfection, as we shall presently see, do not agree together, but are destructive of each other. To the Galatians the same apostle says, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." The spiritual here are the spiritually-minded, or Christians of the higher life, to whom the most delicate matters of church discipline should be entrusted. These, in dealing with the fallen, are to consider themselves not as more secure than others, but as equally liable to fall. The same apostle says elsewhere, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." This rule he applies to himself: "I keep under my body" (or, rather, I keep my body under), "and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

There are some few instances in which the word *perfect* is applied to believers in this life, but not, we think, in its literal and widest acceptation. In 1 Cor. ii. 6, we read, "Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect," that is, perfect in wisdom in comparison with the wisdom of this world. The perfect among the Greeks were those whose education was complete, and who had attained to the highest rank of learning. This distinction the apostle claims above the greatest of heathen philosophers for the humblest scholar in the school of Christ. He that is wise unto salvation, however ignorant he may be in all other matters, is wiser than all the wise men of Greece and Rome. In Phil. iii. 15, we read, "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." How thus minded? Pressing "towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." When in Col. ii. 10 it is said, "Ye are complete in him," the proper rendering is "filled." "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are filled in," or with, "him."

In the First Epistle of John, we meet with what at first appear to be startling declarations: "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not;" again, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin;" and yet again, "Whosoever is born of God

sinneth not." In all these instances the allusion is evidently to living in open sin. The first is explained by, "He that committeth sin is of the devil;" the second, by the principle in regeneration rendering it impossible to live in open sin; and the third, by reference to a sin unto death, or the unpardonable sin. Such was the state of society at that time, that not living in open sin was almost a sure sign of genuine Christianity, and especially if the change from one condition to the other had been sudden and entire; since nothing but the gospel could have produced such a change. In the commencement of the epistle the apostle had affirmed that neither he nor his fellow Christians could say they had no sin without deceiving themselves; and then proceeds to show the distinction between themselves and others in reference to sinning. He speaks of the whole class of true Christians, "Whosoever is born of God," "Whosoever abideth in Christ," as not sinning in comparison with others. If, therefore, he predicates sinless perfection here, he predicates it of all Christians, and immediately after they are born of God.

Sufficient, we trust, has now been said to prove that sinless perfection in this life is contrary to Scripture teaching; and that the advocates of such a doctrine assume not to be wise only, but to be holy, above what is written.

II. IT IS CONTRARY TO CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. If it be the experience of some, it is not Christian experience. The apostle John supposes there may be some who say they have no sin, but he says they deceive themselves. They may be conscientious in their belief, but it is a belief of what is not true. It is in some, perhaps, a momentary hallucination, in others a pleasing fiction, and in others a seeming and abiding reality; but it is no part of genuine Christian experience. It is, of course, a matter of experience only. If it really were a part of Scripture teaching, it could be known by experience only. It is not a belief in the Scriptures, in God, or in his Christ, but a belief in ourselves. It is no part of objective Christianity, but it belongs to the subjective only. It is not the experience of justification, or even of the faith of justification, because that is alike to all; nor of regeneration, because that is common to all. It can relate to sanctification only, which it supposes may become perfect in this life. This we maintain to be impossible, both from the nature of sanctification and its progressive and preparatory and probationary relation to a future state.

It is not to legal righteousness, but to moral holiness, that sanctification refers. The legal righteousness of believers in Christ is perfected at once. Justification admits not of degrees. He that believeth is justified from all things at once, perfectly and for ever. Regeneration is alike perfected at once, and admits not of degrees, and is the same in all. It is a new principle of life in all, however different the after-growth or its completion may be. The same first act of faith that justifies regenerates, and, by its continuance, sanctifies and makes meet for the inheritance of saints in light. The faith of justification becomes the faith for sanctification. It is the faith that we are justified freely by grace, that purifies the heart, overcomes the world, and works by love. There is an essential distinction between the holiness of the law and the holiness of the gospel. It is not the holiness that man lost by the fall that is restored to him by the gospel. It is not, as under the law, first a complete course of moral holiness, and then a reward of eternal justification, as in the case of good angels, and the original constitution of the human race. It is first the righteousness of justification, and then the holiness of sanctification. The righteousness for our justification is in another, and for ever remains in him; and the holiness of sanctification is in ourselves, and yet not of ourselves, but is ever dependent upon our union with him by whose righteousness we are justified. He of God is made unto us both righteousness and sanctification. As justification is not to be just, but to be *made* just, so sanctification is not to be holy, but to be *made* holy. As justification is of the guilty, or those who are charged with guilt, so sanctification is of the unholy and unclean. By the righteousness of Christ we are justified, and by the Spirit of Christ we are sanctified. Hence the holiness of sanctification in us is not of native but of

foreign origin and growth. It is not we 'that live, but Christ that liveth in us; and the life we live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us.' Here, in two respects, the holiness of the gospel differs essentially from the holiness of the law. It is imparted, not inherent holiness; and it is a holiness derived not from our own works, but from faith in the work of another on our behalf. The holiness of the law could not dwell for a single moment in the same heart with the least sin; but the holiness of the gospel is implanted in a sinful nature, and long dwells in the same soul with indwelling sin. This is because it is Christ that liveth in us. Doth the same fountain send forth bitter waters and sweet? How are we to account for sin and holiness dwelling in the same heart, if not by different fountains from which they flow? It is by the conflict between sin and holiness in the same man that the process of sanctification is carried on. "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." The flesh is here put for the opposing principle of sin, and consequently applies to man so long as he remains in the flesh. With the entire sanctification of the soul, or its perfection in holiness, the conflict ceases; but then abiding in the flesh ceases too. The holiness that remains is the holiness of the indwelling Saviour; not the holiness of our obedience to the law. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart" is the fulfilling of the law. "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again," is the fulfilling of the gospel. It scarcely becomes Christians to speak of what they are in themselves, except that they are vile and worthless, and much less that they are perfectly free from sin. If they are perfect it is only because they are perfect *in* Christ, but not yet made perfect *by* him. They live *by* faith, and by faith they stand; but faith has reference to some future good, some promise unfulfilled. It relates not to what we are, but to what we shall be. It is strongest in another when we are least satisfied with ourselves. It flourishes less in the sunshine than in the shade. They who are perfect have ceased to live by faith; and with faith, all the graces that spring from it here and the hope of glory hereafter are gone. It is by faith that we receive from the fulness of Christ, all that makes us to differ from those who are not found in him. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?" Were the grace that is in Christ to cease for one moment to flow into the souls of those who are Christ's their whole spiritual life at that moment would cease. "Without me," he says, "ye can do nothing." "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." Surely then it does not become any one, at any time, to say, "I am perfect in holiness" who at the next moment, if left to himself, would be without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world. It will not cease to be true in heaven that we have sinned, and at any moment would relapse into a sinful state if left to ourselves, of which there will be an eternal memorial in the songs of the redeemed and in the person of the Redeemer upon the throne. This, by increasing our gratitude and love, and the glory of God by the less merit due to ourselves, raises us both in holiness and happiness above those who have never sinned. More perfect in Christ we shall be than we could ever have been in ourselves.

III. Sinless perfection in this life is CONTRARY TO UNIVERSAL OBSERVATION. It is not enough for any to profess to have it in themselves; it should be seen by others. "If," said our Lord, "I bear witness of myself my witness is not true." He did not wish his bare word, without any other knowledge of himself or the testimony of others, to be taken as true. Yet he claimed to bear witness of himself when what he did corresponded with what he said. "The works," he said, "which the Father had given me to do bear witness of me." And again, "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." This we may reasonably require of Perfectionists. "The servant is

not greater than his Lord." Let them do the works which no other men do. Let the fruits of the higher life be seen to be far superior to those of a lower growth. If they do not more than others, and there is no visible distinction from them, their perfection is known only to themselves, and should be kept to themselves.

If they were really perfect they would, we apprehend, be more inclined to keep it to themselves, and leave it to others and to their works to bear witness of them. Christians generally keep their choicest experience to themselves. They have a holy of holies in which they are alone with God, and where no other foot of man or angel can tread. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Paul kept his translation to the third heavens secret for fourteen years, and would not have then made it known had it not been needful to account for the thorn in the flesh for which he had been despised by some, but which to him was an occasion for glorying. He did not even at that time profess to have been perfect, but to have needed some affliction to have been sent to prevent him from being exalted above measure.

Afflictions, we are here reminded, are not in accordance with a state of perfection. They are the result of sin, the punishment of sin in the wicked, and the chastisement for sin in the righteous. "What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" Then what son is he, who is without sin? In his rapture to the third heavens, Paul could not tell whether he was in the body or out of the body, but the thorn in the flesh soon told him where he was. So long as any remain in the body they are liable to all bodily suffering and to death, and to innumerable other evils of this life; but there could not be even the liability to them if they were perfectly free from sin. Take away the cause, and all its effects must cease.

We may be told it is not absolute perfection that is claimed in this life, such as we look for both of body and soul in heaven; that it is a perfection in kind, not in degree; as an infant may be perfect as an infant, but not as pertaining to the human race; or that it is a perfect conformity to all the outward requirements of the moral law; or that it is a freedom from all voluntary indisposition to love God with all the heart, and our neighbour as ourselves; or that it is an entire freedom from the consciousness of sin at any particular time, and under any particular circumstances; or that it is the perfection of being in the right state of mind, just what we ought to be in relation to the condition, whatever it may be, in which we are placed. But why call that perfection which is not perfection? To lower the requirements of either the law or the gospel for the sake of calling ourselves perfect, is to deceive both ourselves and others. It is to lower both the justice of the law and the grace of the gospel for the sake of exalting ourselves. Let it be admitted that the least sin, either in thought or desire, is a transgression of the whole law, and the claim of every one to sinless perfection in this life must cease. Let it be admitted that to be perfectly holy is to continue in all things written in the book of the law and of the gospel to do them, and the claim to be perfect by every one on this side the grave must cease. It were better to look upon ourselves as less than the least of all saints than as greater than the greatest. The more holy we are the more humble we shall be. The less we think of ourselves the more highly will others think of us. We can, therefore, assure our perfect brethren that they have only to be less perfect in their own esteem in order to be more so in the esteem of others.

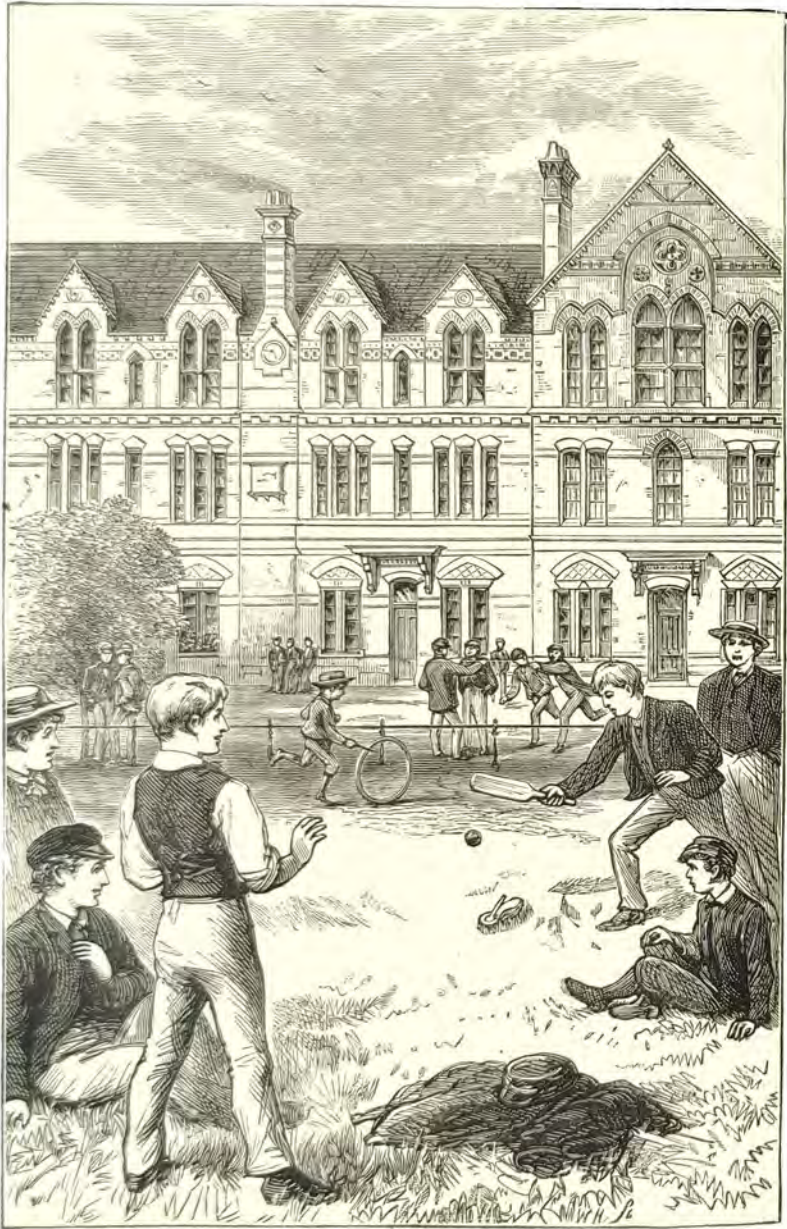
The Dying Thief.

A FEW weeks ago one of our Baptist ministers preached a sermon from the text, "Will a man rob God?" The question was answered in the affirmative as regards some men. This was illustrated by an anecdote: A man asks another, "Are you a believer in the Christian religion?" "Oh, certainly!" "You are a member of some church, then, I suppose?" "Member of a church! No, indeed! Why should I be a member of a church? It is quite unnecessary. The dying thief wasn't a member of a church, and he went to heaven." "But of course you have been baptized? You know the command—" "Been baptized! Oh, no; that's needless. I'm as safe as the dying thief was, and he never was baptized!" "But surely, since you will not join a church or be baptized, you do something in acknowledgment of your faith? You give of your means—you help the cause in some way?" "No, sir, I do nothing of the kind. The dying thief—" "Let me remark, my friend, before you go any further, that you are on pretty intimate terms with the dying thief. You seem to derive a good deal of consolation from his career; but, mind you, there is one important difference between you and him; he was a *dying* thief, and you are a *living* one."—*New Zealand Baptist.*

The Signs of the Times.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WE cannot but approve the names by which some "publics" go;
 Their signs were surely not designed to be so *apropos*!
 "The Lion" does a *roaring* trade, until the latest hour,
 And, always minding the *main* chance, seeks whom it may devour.
 "The Bear," of course, sells Huggins' Ales, and with such fond embrace,
 Its victims though stripped *bare*, alas! *forbear* to shun the place.
 Well may these dens and nests of sin depict above their doors
 Fierce eagles, and great elephants, grim griffins, and wild boars.
 But some have had the cheek to claim sweet titles that belong
 To Temperance and Righteousness, for Drunkenness and Wrong!
 I've seen, to wit, "The Crystal Spring," "The Fountain," and "The Well,"
 "The Cascade," and "The Waterfall," "The Beehive," and "The Bell."
 Nor things of earth alone do they thus wilfully misuse,
 The very sun and moon and stars, they venture to abuse!
 What, in the name of all that's good, have drink and drugs to do
 With waterfalls, and rivulets, and sparkling drops of dew?
 And Bells should ring out gladsomeness, and not drink's dismal tone;
 Nor is "Beehive" appropriate where everyone's a drone.
 Then, too, the sun and moon and stars in *heavenly* places shine.
 Will men make night and day consort?—darkness and light combine?
 Misnomers all! But there is one that we must grant is fit,
 "The Dew-drop Inn," I understand, means "do drop in" to it.
 Alas! they do, and get their dew in rather largish drops;
 And drop their cash into the till, until "the needful" stops.
 O, foolish men! It says "come in," your *income* to secure,
 The dew falls due to it, and *you* the loss and shame *endure*.
 That "Dew-drop" is the Serpent's Eye; that "Inn" the adder's fang;
 The signs are dark and deep designs, however high they hang.
 And if you ask what timely sign, in lieu, I would allege,
 I lose no time, O, brother mine, to answer "SIGN THE PLEDGE!"



Stockwell Orphanage.

OUR Magazine is issued a little too soon to include the account of subscriptions given to the Orphanage on the President's Birthday; and we could not insert the Report because the Colportage Association takes its turn this month. Therefore, by way of reminder we insert an engraving of our boys AT PLAY. Thank God they can play, and are not shut up in the infirmary. Thank God they may play, and are not thought wicked for so doing. We have had a wonderful year of health, as an institution; and for moral health the children have been equally remarkable. Few have given trouble, the general tone of the whole household has been high.

Would our friends pray frequently for the distinct conversion of our boys? We look and long for it. Many who are with us are decided; many who have gone from us into business life are useful Christians; some who were among the worst lads are now among the best of men; but we are anxious for the soul of each boy and girl. If the Lord would move some friend to pray often for our little ones, we should accept it as a token for good, and we should look for larger results. Brethren, pray for us. Sisters, join in the supplication.

Notices of Books.

The Quiver: an Illustrated Magazine for Sunday and General Reading. Monthly, 6d. Cassell and Company.

ESTABLISHED more than twenty years ago by the late John Cassell, *The Quiver* continues to pursue its useful course. Being bright throughout, both in its articles and engravings, the magazine appears to have steadily grown in public favour since the day of its birth. We acknowledge with thanks "A Real Bit of Sunshine," which, in the April part, refers to the Stockwell Orphanage. We are glad that the author found "This institution . . . as little like an institution as possible."

Communion Memories. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.
The Table of the Lord. By the late CAROLINE FRY. Whiting and Co.

Two books of lively interest on the same topic, prospected from slightly different points of view: neither of them controversial, both of them evangelical; the one by a Presbyterian minister of repute, the other by a pious lady attached in her lifetime to the Established Church. The former tenderly recalling hallowed hours, sparsely scattered among

long laborious years; the latter solemnly addressing the sanctified conscience. The infrequency of the celebration of the Lord's Supper in Scotland has thrown an artificial halo around the annual observance, or the two festivals of the year—summer and winter communion in the rural districts. Still our author favours the "often" observance of our Saviour's "This do," as alike Scriptural and desirable. In England the too common habit of turning away from the Lord's table, where opportunities are frequent, grieved the heart of a godly woman who had learned to preach right powerfully with her pen.

Meditations and prayers furnish an agreeable supplement to these volumes—agreeable because in either instance they are obviously genuine. They are not formal prescriptions for imaginary patients; rather we can trace in them the bubbling up of devout emotions at times when the soul has been nearest to heaven. For our own part, infirmity of the flesh, never indisposition of the mind, is the only apology we ever attempt to offer for omitting from the exercises of the Lord's-day an observance of the Eucharist as a sacred privilege and a pure delight.

Anglican Hymnology. By Rev. JAMES KING, M.A. Hatchards.

SEVERAL treatises upon Hymnology have preceded this book, but there is room for it in its own special sphere. It treats of hymns sung in the Anglican Church; notes those which most often occur in the hymnals; divides them into three ranks according to the frequency of their appearance in the aforesaid hymnals; and then gives information as to the authors and the hymns themselves. To Episcopalians these pages will have a special interest, and to all other Christians they will yield valuable information. The book has good indices, is well arranged, and is worthy of a large sale.

Incidentally this book is a contribution to Christian unity, for it shows how much all Christian churches have in common, how much each has contributed to Christian life, and how ill we could afford to lose any. From the summary it appears that Charles Wesley is at the top of the list as it regards 117 Hymnals, and Dr. Watts is next to him. Truly the gift of holy song, so precious to the saints of God, is not monopolized by any one portion of the visible church.

Paraleipomena; or, Things left out. Being more Facts for Theodosia Ernest, and all who like her are in quest of the True Doctrine of Christian Baptism. By One of Themselves. R. D. Dickinson.

If the question in hand were the value of the religious novel entitled "Theodosia Ernest," we should at once concede to the author of this book that he has proved his case against the author of Theodosia. If the battle be worth the fighting, our author may bear the palm of victory; for, so far as we can judge, he has pointed out a gross mistake in the novel, and we are sorry that the book has ever received sanction from Baptist authorities. Of course, they did not observe the mis-quotation, whereby a supposed case is transformed into a historical fact, and treated accordingly. Robert Robinson makes what he calls "not a very improbable conjecture," and this is cited by our novelist as a sober statement as to one Quinetilla. We hope it was not a pious fraud, but it certainly is an inexcusable

blunder, and it ought to be corrected now that it is pointed out. As for the larger question of Baptism, our author says nothing which in the least degree affects the ground upon which we rest our convictions. He would have done well had he written in a less controversial spirit; that, however, is his own concern. The book will not find many readers, but will drop as dead as a stone in a well; it will, however, do good if it warns men against using unworthy props to support their opinions. The props are knocked away, as they ought to be, and then people suppose that the opinions are therefore overthrown; but this by no means follows. The chastisement administered by this treatise is well deserved; but when our author thinks to vanquish all Baptists by proving the blunders of one, he calculates according to false arithmetic. We can give up a thousand Theodosias, and still remain alive after a dozen Paraleipomenas. What a name for a book!

Primer of Christian Evidence. By R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B. 1s. 6d.
The Bible: the Sunday-School Text-Book. By A. HOLBORN, M.A. 2s.
Sunday School Union.

THESE excellent manuals are the outcome of the Centenary, which was celebrated in 1880. An international normal committee was then formed, to promote and assist study among Sunday-school teachers. London is the head-centre for the time being, but New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Canada, and Chicago are all represented on the council. Touching these particular volumes, Professor Redford is an expert on the subject of "Christian Evidence"; and in his directions as to "the systematic arrangement" of works to be studied, he gives sound advice to teachers. Mr. Holborn has likewise acquitted himself of his task wisely. What better course can the constructor of a handbook adopt than to condense the elementary lessons into a small compass, and then guide his class onward at the close of each chapter by giving them a catalogue of books of solid worth, which they can afterwards consult for themselves? We wish good speed to the noble army of Sunday-school teachers. May the generals who officer the hosts lead them on to greater victories!

Manual of Biblical Geography. A Text Book of Bible History, for the use of Students and Teachers of the Bible. By Rev. J. L. HURLBUT, D.D., with Introduction by Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D. C. A. Gilling, 9, Strand.

As nearly as possible a complete atlas of the Scriptures. The maps, plans, plates, &c., are very abundant, and exceedingly well designed and executed. We wish for the publishers a large sale. For England the maps are, some of them, the less instructive from comparisons made with dimensions of the United States, Texas, &c. That, however, is a comparatively small matter. We do not think that fifteen shillings is quite the price to secure a large sale. Of course it cost much money to prepare the work; but low prices and large sales are the open road to success.

Emmanuel: Leaves from the Life and Notes on the Work of Jesus Christ. By Rev. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A. Partridge and Co.

DEAR Christian reader, this is a delightful volume. Get it as soon as you can, and read it with prayer and praise. We have given a short chapter from it just to show how truly it keeps to the vital doctrine of the cross—the vicarious sacrifice of our Lord Jesus.

Homiletical Commentary on the Book of Genesis. By REVS. J. S. EXELL, M.A., and T. H. SEALE, A.K.C. R. D. Dickinson.

COMPILED with labour and care; valuable to ministers, and helpful to teachers. At the same time we do not think it at all comparable to Genesis in "The Pulpit Commentary."

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. BEET is a born commentator. He conceives that Luther seized upon the essential idea of this epistle, and that his work is of undying value. This is correct, and shows a just appreciation of the drift of the apostle. Hence our author's own exposition runs upon right lines. Having read extensively upon his theme, Mr. Beet then approaches it and handles it in his own manner, and makes for the thoughtful reader an exposition of the utmost value. The price is 5s.

Scenes and Characters of the Early World. By GEORGE MCHARDY, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

HAS our most hearty commendation. The author, in his preface, tells us that his aim was to be practical, and most assuredly he has hit his mark. We have not only read the book, but have turned to some of its chapters again and again. It is sound in doctrine, full of massive common-sense, and in style is fascinating in its simplicity. The book, as its title suggests, treats of some of the most important characters and incidents found in the Book of Genesis, and such is our admiration of its worth, that we can only express a hope that the author may go on as he has begun, and give us a like epitome of each book of the Bible. Teachers and preachers will find the chapters really helpful.

The Women of the Bible. (New Testament). By ETTY WOOLNAM. Partridge and Co.

A SERIES of Bible-class addresses of unusual ability. Capital suggestions for a similar course; helpful to a hard-worked teacher. Many a preacher might profit by their clear, luminous lessons, whilst the general reader would find much stimulus and comfort in them. It would have been a mistake to have left them unprinted; and now in the truest sense it may be said of the authoress, "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

Our Young People's Treasury. A Collection of Interesting Narratives, suitable for Youthful Readers. Houlston and Sons.

To write a good tract is an exceedingly difficult achievement. It must be full of interest, or it will not be read; and it must be saturated with gospel truth, or it will do little good. The papers in this small book are not above the average of tract productions, for they are somewhat ponderous and prosy. A little more snuff in the style of the writers would have saved a measure of yawning in the readers. As it is, we fear only very good people and reviewers will read them: the former not needing them, and the latter not appreciating them.

Brief Essays and Sketches. By MATILDA STURGE. J. Harris & Co., 5, Bishopsgate Without.

THE name of Sturge has long been honourably associated with the Society of Friends, and this little volume will help to sustain its influence in that body. It consists for the most part of a republication of reflections upon biographies of eminent female philanthropists which had appeared in the periodicals of the Society. The authoress is eminently entitled, both by her religious and literary qualifications, to give her opinions upon the subject on which she writes. These opinions are such as they might have been expected to be from the peculiar point of view of a Friend. Evangelical and moral principles are too much confounded, and faith is made less prominent than its fruits. Deep convictions of sin are thought to have more of nature in them than of grace, and conversions are considered to be less reliable when sudden than when they are the result of imperceptible growth. On these matters we might have something to say which we should not find in this volume: there is, however, such a deep and genuine sympathy with experimental and practical piety in these pages that it cannot fail to meet with a response in all who are enamoured with the beauties of holiness. Long may there be such a gracious leaven among the Quakers, whom we never think of without reverent affection. They have done a great work, and we trust that the sceptical party among them will never become so strong as to mar the achievements of their fathers. We cannot allow ourselves to fear that the Friends will ever give forth an uncertain testimony as to the atoning sacrifice of our Lord; there is no taint of this sort in the book before us.

The Well-being of Nations. By Rev. GEORGE J. SMITH, B.A. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

THE well-being of nations is here very properly shown to depend upon the well-being of individuals and families. The best way to benefit the nation is to be diligent and conscientious in the discharge of private, relative, and social duties. Apostles have shown in their Epistles how much the well-being of churches depends upon the performance

of relative duties by the private members. The author of this book proves himself to be a minister of the true apostolic order, by explaining and enforcing with clearness and fidelity the duties of Christians as Christians, in the several relations of children and parents, servants and masters, subjects and rulers. These, which were well-worn themes in former years, need much to be revived in the present age. Neither the English nor the Scotch fireside is what it once was. If family discipline was formerly too strictly enforced, it is too loosely regarded now. Social gatherings for amusement or instruction, and even for philanthropic and religious purposes, often trench upon home duties, which must be acknowledged to have the first claim upon us. On this ground we consider this little volume to be of great practical utility: we commend it both for its subject and for its unpretentious adaptation to its end.

Gordon Anecdotes. A Sketch of the Career, with Illustrations of the Character of Charles George Gordon, C.E. By Dr. MACAULAY. Religious Tract Society.

BRAVEST of the brave, Gordon has deservedly won the admiration of our nation. Any scrap of information about him is prized, and very naturally so; hence these anecdotes will command a large circle of readers. So long as we must have soldiers, let them be of this noble order; yet there is a more excellent way, and we trust the day will soon come when godly men will shake themselves free from all complicity with offensive wars, if not from bloodshed of every kind. "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Oliver Cromwell and Gordon are two of our heroes, but we trust that other Christians will only follow them so far as they followed Christ.

Profit-Sharing between Capital and Labour. Six Essays by SEDLEY TAYLOR, M.A. Kegan Paul and Co. CONTAINS many important facts, going to show that the best and happiest results have attended the plan of giving the employed a personal interest in the business of their masters. The book teaches co-operation in labour, and teaches it most judiciously and forcibly by telling examples.

The Abiding Christ; and other Sermons.

By the Rev. W. M. STATHAM. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THESE sermons, as the author anticipates, will, without doubt, be read with considerable interest by those who heard them; and as they were delivered during three separate pastorates, they will have more than usual acceptance on that account. The reputation which the author has gained by his other writings will secure a fair demand for his published discourses. Apart from these considerations, we do not see in them sufficiently clear and pronounced sentiments, or so much beauty of style, as to make them prominently attractive or permanently useful.

Scripture Biography and its Teachings.

By JOSEPH HASSELL. Blackie and Son, 49 and 50, Old Bailey.

As this work is the result of twenty years' experience in conducting the Bible-class of a training college, those who are similarly engaged may reasonably look to it for valuable help, and we can assure them they will not look in vain. The study of Scripture characters is one of the most instructive and engaging to which the attention of the more advanced pupils in Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, and families can be directed. These characters are so well selected, arranged, and expounded in this volume as to leave little or nothing within the same compass to be desired. Though professedly elementary, a thorough knowledge of its contents could hardly fail to make the man of God thoroughly perfect, furnished unto all good works.

Metaphors of the Gospels. By DONALD FRASER, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

THE interpretation of the metaphors in the teaching of our Lord is here narrowed down to the occasions by which they were suggested, and the meaning which was, or ought to have been, given to them by those to whom they were first delivered. Surely this is a needless restriction. If the instruction contained in them had not been intended for a more extensive application, there would not, we think, have been sufficient reason for placing them upon the inspired record for the use of future ages. There was more gospel in them, we presume, than could have been known at their

first utterance. In the death of a single grain of wheat for the life of many, for instance, not only is there no expressed reference to the sacrificial import of the death of Christ, but we are told by our author that there is no such reference, although it is in close connection with the fact of God being glorified by it. The reason assigned for this is that "he was not speaking exclusively to Jews and Galileans familiar with the Old Testament propitiatory system, but to Greeks;" and yet those Greeks could not have been ignorant of the idea of sacrificial death as an atonement for sin. What little there is of evangelical teaching, in this volume, is in harmony with the well-known intelligence and literary acquirements of the author, although these, on other occasions, have been more signally displayed.

Pearls from the East. Stories and Incidents from Bible History. By Rev. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. F. E. Longley.

THERE is no living divine who can better instruct and delight the young than our author; and these pearls from Bible treasuries gleam with a tender and beautiful light under the touch of his hand. Scripture truth in such bright and vivid form is worth a ton of the poor fiction which abounds on every hand.

Echoes from a Village Church. By the Rev. F. HARPER, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

A LITTLE volume of short, simple sermons, which have the rare, but all-important merit of being true to the Word of the Lord. Oh, that such testimonies to divine grace could be heard in every parish church, and in every Dissenting meeting-house!

Moments on the Mount. A Series of Devotional Meditations. By Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D. Nisbet and Co.

CHOICE chapters upon chosen texts, suitable for private reading, or for enlargement into public discourses. It is seldom that a man can kill two birds with one stone, but Dr. Matheson has accomplished two purposes with signal success. The truly spiritual reader will find much wholesome and delightful food in these meditations.

The Sunshine of Religion. By J. E. PAGE. T. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C., and 66, Paternoster Row.

VERY good, with just a flavour of that perfectionism which we are disposed to question. Our author does not seem to understand the doctrine of the two natures: his experience has been unusually joyous, and he has seen less of his own inward corruption than has fallen to the lot of many others. In all his persuasion to a holy, happy, heavenly life, we are heartily at one with him; but when he talks of the conflict being ended we differ from him altogether. We shall cease to make progress when we think we have attained, and we shall fall into carnal security when we believe that there is no more need for watching and wrestling. Perhaps our author really means no more than we do, but he has awkward modes of expression. Anything that urges men to the highest sanctification is so agreeable to our mind that we are sorry to differ when we feel compelled to do so.

One story, which shows how holiness should reveal itself in happiness, is well worth quoting:—

“A little girl had a good mother, who taught her, by word and example, the beautifulness of religion—taught her that to follow Christ meant goodness, kindness, happiness. One day that Christian mother said to her girl, ‘There is a lady coming to visit us this afternoon.’ ‘Yes, mamma.’ ‘And she is a very holy woman.’ ‘Yes, mamma.’ That afternoon there was a knock at the door, and their visitor came. The child expected one so lovable that she could at once throw her arms round her neck and kiss her. The lady came in, and seated herself, and the first notice she took of the child was to administer a rebuke for something she noticed in her dress or manner. The little girl sat in silence while the interview lasted, and when the door was closed behind the visitor she said, ‘Mamma, I don’t want to be very holy.’ Alas for the misrepresentation of Christ in the lives of those who profess to follow Him! If it be an evil thing to speak against religion, surely it is more evil to *live* against it—to live so as to make the impression that it is a thing of gloom and sadness.”

An Introduction to the Books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther. By A. H. SAYCE, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

To many the stories of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther are jumbled together. By the help of this learned introduction the facts will be set forth in due order. The more scholarly a man is, the more he will appreciate this work of Mr. Sayce. By means of a continuous narrative our author here gives us a commentary of a very useful kind, not made up of doctrinal reflections, but of historic facts. Recent monumental discoveries relating to the days of Cyrus are utilized and made to furnish illustrations of Holy Writ, some of which are here given for the first time. This work should be in every library of reference.

Kissing: its Curious Bible Mentions. By JAMES NEIL, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE title will prove attractive because it suggests amusement, but the contents of the little book are as solid as gold. Very much of really valuable information of a rare sort is here set forth. Incidentally other matters are touched upon as well as kissing, and the touch is that of a master’s hand. We fully endorse the following remarks upon the holy kiss:—

“Kissing the cheek, in the East, answers exactly to our hearty shaking of hands between those of the same social station when meeting in familiar intercourse; and if the Holy Spirit had been writing in our age and clime, instead of eighteen hundred years ago in the East, we may say, with all reverence, that he would have commanded believers to ‘salute one another with a holy shaking of hands’; to meet, that is, as brethren of one rank before God, members of the same body, children of the same Father. ‘Let the brother who [is] low, glory in his exaltation; but the rich in his humiliation.’ Let it not be said that ‘you have dishonoured the poor man,’ or that ‘you have respect to persons.’ James i. 9; ii. 6, 9. This is the glorious truth contained in the words, ‘salute one another with a holy kiss,’ which, like most of the deepest and strongest sayings of Scripture, convey instruction under a figurative, rather than a literal form.”

The Law of Liberty in the Spiritual Life.

By the Rev. EVAN K. HOPKINS. Marshall Brothers, 3, Amen Corner.

THIS work is deeply experimental, and is honourable both to the mind and heart of its author. "If it should be the means," he says, "of lifting any child of God out of an experience of bondage, gloom, and discouragement, into a life of freedom, gladness, and power, its chief end will have been attained." Its aim is to assist in raising the experience of Christians in general to a higher level, and therefore if we cannot agree with all its sentiments, we cordially agree with its spirit and design.

The Great Cloud of Witnesses. By WILLIAM LANDELLS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a second series upon the cloud of Old Testament witnesses to the power of faith in God. Its range extends from Joshua to David. It is sufficiently original to enable most readers to know more of these worthies than they knew before, and it can hardly fail to stimulate and encourage faith in God at all times and under all circumstances. Its author displays a reverence for the inspired record, and an outspoken adherence to evangelical truths, more in harmony with the Puritan age than with the present unbelieving period. The style is manly, clear, sufficiently concise, and yet sufficiently diffuse, and in every respect suited to its theme. Long may the good doctor live to talk and write after this fashion.

History of the Christian Church. By Rev. T. B. SYKES, M.A. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a brief manual of church history from the first century to the beginning of the sixteenth. It is a record of an episcopacy which is supposed to have descended from the apostles to the present time. It speaks, however, more of its abuses than of its utility; and certainly it does not say more in its favour than is natural from one of its clergy. The Waldenses and Wickliff have their just commendation; and our author's observations upon religious controversies are on the side of evangelical truth. We have very few compendiums of church history; indeed the subject itself is too little studied; but

this "history" will well repay the attention of those who are seeking elementary instruction for themselves or others.

Notes for Boys (and their Fathers) on Morals, Mind, and Manners. By an OLD BOY. Elliot Stock.

OUR author's idea of a boy differs from ours. We do not call a person a boy when he needs advice about marriage and its natural results. For those who are expecting a moustache, and exhibiting the first down upon their chins, these well-written chapters may be attractive and useful; but they are a cut above boys. We like the common-sense of much of this book, but we do not agree with all that it contains. Our view of the theatre is wide as the poles asunder from that which is here set forth. As a manual of worldly wisdom this treatise is all very well; but when it touches upon religion and "the diapason of modern thought," it is a blind leader, and none but the blind will be led by it. With its old-fashioned paper and immense margin, the get-up of this work will be taking to those whose taste lies in that direction. It is so clever a production that we wish it had been more to our mind.

The Life and Work of St. Paul. By CANON FARRAR. Popular Edition. Cassell and Company.

FOR a cheap and yet valuable copy of this well-known work, this edition bears the palm. Only an enormous sale could enable the publishers to produce it so cheaply. Canon Farrar is always eloquent, and even on such a subject—where Conybeare and Howson have made it very difficult for anyone to follow them—he manages to throw fresh light and added attractiveness. Yet we do not feel that he is a safe guide, or in the least helpful to spiritual life.

Lilies; or, Letters to School Girls, by Popular Writers. Edited by CAROLINE G. CAVENDISH. Partridge.

AN excellent idea, and well carried out. The papers are powerful, pious, and pithy. The one on "Bible-Reading" is sure to do good, guiding young readers into a methodical and profitable use of their time. A very worthy little book.

Notes.

We notice with great pleasure that our volume of portions, entitled "Morning by Morning," has now reached the hundredth thousand. We have received a large number of personal testimonies to its hallowed influence upon individuals. The Lord's name be praised that in such times as these there are so many spiritual persons who can enjoy our simple sentences upon the gospel of our Lord!

Country friends will find no difficulty in getting into the Tabernacle, even on Sundays, if they come early. Let them not forget that on Thursday evenings the service is at seven o'clock, and no sort of ticket is needed; all are freely admitted. The same thing may be said of the Monday evening prayer-meetings. Mr. Spurgeon hopes to be always at home, except upon two Thursdays of July, the 23rd and 30th, when some good brother will occupy the pulpit.

The Collection at Tabernacle for the Hospitals was £200: much of which is given by those who may need the hospitality of such institutions.

Have our lady friends seen the very appreciative article upon Mrs. Spurgeon, in *The Queen* newspaper, of Saturday, June 20? We are glad that the ladies of England should know some of the workers for God who are in their ranks.

Very sudden was the death of our much-valued friend, Mr. JAMES BENHAM. We enjoyed his company at Mentone, and now we shall see him no more till we meet before the throne. A more solid, reliable man of God we never knew. The Bloomsbury church will not readily fill the vacancy caused by his quick departure. He was ever our faithful friend, and the joyful face with which he looked up to us when we preached in the little room at Mentone remains photographed upon our heart.

PAXTON HOOD has also fallen asleep. We have been familiar with him from our youth up. What a bookish man! We do not know his equal in that respect. He seemed to have read everything. The lectures which he gave to our students were, some of them, very wonderful—we are obliged to say some of them, because he undertook too much, and therefore at times his work bore traces of hurry and disorder. Yet it was a rare treat to hear him talk. As a friend, he was very genial, and a man of warm attachments. He has been tossed in many a storm, and has not been wrecked; but we can well believe that he sympathizes with the mariners in the Psalm—"then are they glad because they be quiet." It is no small satisfaction to us that we stood by him in one of his days of trial, and often received his thanks for so doing. We are glad to have numbered him among our friends. One by one the workers go home; let us work while it is called to-day.

On *Monday evening, June 1*, the annual

meeting of the ZENANA MISSION AUXILIARY was combined with the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided; prayers were offered by several brethren, and addresses were delivered by two missionaries, Mr. R. Spurgeon, from Bengal, and Mr. Fuller, from the Cameroons. Mr. W. Olney reported that the contributions to the Zenana Mission Auxiliary during the year had amounted to about £250, and that the total amount raised by the church and school for the Baptist Missionary Society had been about £700. Our Foreign Mission deserves the heartiest sympathy and help of us all. Never did it occupy a higher place in the love of our churches than now. It is admirably conducted, and doing good work for our Lord.

The following week, prayer was presented mainly in connection with our home-mission work, and special reference was made to the TABERNACLE COUNTRY MISSION, the members of which are seeking to carry the gospel to the neglected districts of Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, and Kent. Mr. Goldston, the President of the Mission, and Mr. Chalmers, the Secretary, recounted certain details of the work; Mr. Wickerson spoke of the progress made at Southgate, where a chapel has been built; and Mr. Walker described the state of affairs at Matching Green, Essex, where ground has been given, and funds are being collected for the erection of a suitable place of worship. There are twelve stations connected with the Mission, with twenty-five preachers, who freely give their services. In many instances churches, which are now important centres of usefulness, have been formed through the work of this Society; and, as the men and the means are forthcoming, a similar result will follow in other places. The Mission needs the services of more earnest, faithful preachers; and it also requires additional funds for the payment of travelling expenses, the hire of halls, the purchase of ground, and the building of chapels or school-rooms. All round London vast masses of people are congregating, and we must take our full share in supplying them with the truths that are so dear to our own hearts. Who will help? The first on the ground to-day will probably remain first in future time, and it is important that the full and free gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ should not be second to any diluted and attenuated forms of doctrine.

Monday, June 15, was the day set apart by the Conference for special united prayer by all the churches connected with the College Association. A post-card was issued by the President, reminding the ministers of the arrangement, and urging them to comply with it as far as possible. We have heard from quite a number of brethren, who tell us that they enjoyed a season of special

spiritual power. At the Tabernacle we had an extraordinary time of blessing. A goodly company assembled at six o'clock in the evening, and for two hours and a half prayer and praise and exhortation were happily blended, most of the students now in the College taking part in the public supplications. Of all our services the prayer-meetings are the best. An unction from the Holy One is upon them.

COLLEGE.—Mr. John Maynard, who was at one time an inmate of the Stockwell Orphanage, and who has since completed his course of study at the Pastors' College, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society Committee for work on the Congo. It is deemed desirable that he should have a year's special medical training at the University Hospital, at the close of which he will be appointed to one of the stations of the Baptist Mission on the Congo. It is a subject of special thanksgiving that our two principal institutions have thus united in preparing a brother who will, we trust, be greatly used by the Lord in the foreign mission field.

The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. C. Rudge, at Sevenoaks, Kent; Mr. J. Stanley, at Semley, Wilts.; and Mr. F. Walker, at Thaxted, Essex. There would seem to be no lack of churches for the right sort of men; but as a rule the churches are poor, and not able to support men with large families. We have, however, good evidence that many churches might do more in this direction if they only made the attempt. For the sake of many poor brethren we wish deacons would try what the people could do to provide comfortably for pastors who are now left in need.

One of our students, Mr. George Davies, is working with much earnestness, amid discouraging surroundings, at Romney Street Chapel, Westminster. The building sadly needs cleaning and repairs, which cannot be done properly for less than £300. There is already a debt of £400; and, as the church is small and poor, this amount cannot be raised without considerable help from wealthier friends, although the people will do what they can. Contributions for a bazaar, or donations towards the renovation fund, will be thankfully received by Mr. Davies, Pastors' College, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E. This is a needy church in a very poor neighbourhood, and it deserves to be liberally aided.

The students will shortly be leaving for their summer vacation, which ends Sept. 1st. So many of our brethren have accepted pastorates that the number of men left in the College has been greatly reduced; but we have selected as many candidates as we think it wise to receive, and they will enter for the autumn session. It may save some disappointment to intending applicants if we inform them that we are not likely to have further vacancies until September next year.

Mr. H. Atkinson, late of Southbank, has gone to Wycliffe Chapel, Reading; Mr. J. Bateman, from Tue Brook, Liverpool, to Hanley, Staffs.; Mr. R. T. Lewis, from New Whittington, to Shipston-on-Stour; Mr. A. H. Smith, from Chesterfield, to Clarence-road, Southend-on-Sea; Mr. F. J. Steward, from Calne, to Corsham, Wilts.; Mr. J. E. Moyle, from Papineauville, to Moosomin, Canada.

At our recent Conference we had not to report the death of any pastor belonging to our fraternity, but since the meetings closed, one of our brethren, Pastor James Hope, of Redditch, has been called home to his rest and reward. We were in some measure prepared for his departure by a serious illness, which threatened to prove fatal some months since, but he appears to have recovered, at least partially, and was preaching till within three weeks of his death. From *The Canadian Baptist* we also learn that another member of our holy brotherhood, Pastor D. Menzies, passed away on the very day that the Conference meetings began. Last October he was obliged to resign his pastorate at Papineauville through ill-health. Both our departed brethren have left a noble record of consecrated lives and self-denying labours.

Mr. J. S. Harrison, who expected to return from Australia for evangelistic work in England, has had his plans altered; and he has become pastor of the church at Geelong, Victoria.

Mr. T. G. Churcher, M.D., M.R.C.S., has accepted an appointment as medical missionary in connection with the work carried on by Mr. Baldwin among the Kabyles, at Tangier, Morocco, where he hopes to go in October.

Mr. W. L. Mayo, who resigned the pastorate, at Bury, Lancashire, under circumstances which reflected much honour upon him, expects to sail for the United States this month. We can commend him without reserve to any vacant church. Letters for him can be sent to Pastor W. Fuller, Varysburg, Wyoming Co., New York.

Another of our best-known and highly-esteemed brethren is about to leave England to strengthen the ministerial band at the Antipodes. Dr. Landels has been asked to select a pastor for the church meeting in Wharf Street, Brisbane, the largest and most influential Baptist Church in Queensland. His choice has fallen upon our brother, W. Whale, of Middlesbrough; and while we regret the loss of his services in the home country, we heartily congratulate the colony to which he is going. In each of his pastorates Mr. Whale has done noble service for our Lord, and his voice has often been heard to good purpose on public platforms, where he has ably advocated the cause of righteousness, temperance, peace, education, &c. More than once his weighty words at our denominational meetings have carried consternation into the camp of those who would lead men away from the truth;

while at our own Conference gatherings his portly form, happy face, and genial speech, have endeared him to us all. May the Lord send a worthy successor to fill the gap that will be caused by his departure, and richly bless him in his new sphere of labour on the other side of the globe!

EVANGELISTS.—After the Conference, Messrs. Fullerton and Smith returned to Huddersfield, to finish their series of services. A great blessing rested upon the work. During nearly all the past month our brethren have been at Oldham, by arrangement with the two Baptist churches. The attendances have been large, the enquirers many, and the converts not a few: to God be all the glory. July is a bad time for special services, so the evangelists use it for rest. In August they hope to be at the Edinburgh Castle, Stepney; in September, at Shoreditch Tabernacle; in October, at Abney Park and Devonshire Square Chapels; and in November, at Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

We have received from the Baptist Union of New Zealand, a very pressing invitation for Messrs. Smith and Fullerton to visit "Brighter Britain." If satisfactory arrangements can be made, they will probably go next summer, and take the opportunity of holding services also in the other Australasian colonies.

Mr. Burnham is now at Whitchurch, Shropshire, and is arranging for a series of services in Dorsetshire in connection with the county Congregational Association. He also hopes to spend September, as usual, in the Kent hop-gardens.

Mr. Russell completed his course as a member of the Society of Evangelists by holding a successful mission at Dorchester. He has now settled down to pastoral work at Hull, for which his two and a half years' labour as an evangelist will have been, we trust, a good preparation. There should be in Hull a far greater number of Baptists than at this present. There is room for a dozen churches without intruding upon other denominations.

The brother who will fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Russell's retirement is *Pastor A. A. Harmer*, Dolton, N. Devon, who is coming to London ready to commence work in September. Both in the country and in London Mr. Harmer has been greatly blessed in evangelistic efforts, and he has felt called to give himself wholly to the work. He will be glad to hear from brethren wishing to avail themselves of his help. In our judgment Mr. Harmer has special adaptations for evangelistic work, and we would urge our brethren, especially those in the country, to secure his services.

Messrs. Mateer and Parker have recently held services at Gresham Chapel, Brixton; and Diss, Norfolk. They have arranged to leave England by the steamship *Gallia*, for New York, on Aug. 1; and, if the Lord shall open the way, will spend several

months in evangelistic work in the United States. They are hereby commended to all Christian churches among which they may sojourn. May showers of blessing rest upon them in thus going forth among our brethren on the other side of the sea!

ORPHANAGE.—The annual festival was celebrated on *Thursday, June 18*, the day before the President's fifty-first birthday; and in every respect it was an unqualified success. The weather was all that could be desired; we had about as many visitors as we could comfortably accommodate, probably between eight and nine thousand persons being on the grounds in the course of the day, and the financial result was very encouraging, about £1,100 being brought in by collectors and donors, paid for admission at the gates, or sent by post by friends unable to be present. The new bakehouse was used for the first time, and under the kind superintendence of Mr. J. Plant, of Norwood, several batches of penny loaves and cakes were baked, and sold for the benefit of the institution. In the afternoon, the President laid the memorial stone of the laundry, but as only a limited number could be admitted to witness the ceremony, a meeting was held in the grounds, where some thousands gathered around the platform. In the course of his speech, the President announced that about £2,400 was still required to pay for the buildings now being erected. A few kind words were spoken by Admiral Sir W. King Hall, K.C.B., prayer was offered by the Rev. John Spurgeon, and then the assembly dispersed, to meet again in still larger numbers at six o'clock for the evening meeting. At this gathering, the Earl of Aberdeen, who was accompanied by the Countess, occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the President, Vice President, the Revs. J. E. C. Welldon (Head Master, Dulwich College), D. Davies (Regent's Park Chapel), G. Shaw (Madagascar), A. G. Brown, and C. Spurgeon; Messrs. W. Willis, Q.C., M.P., and W. Noble, of the Gospel Temperance Mission; and Dr. Barnardo. We were very grateful to all the speakers, and especially to the noble chairman, for their loving expressions of sympathy with us in our work of caring for the widow and the fatherless. As soon as the platform could be cleared, the Clapham Gospel Male Choir took possession of it, and delighted a large audience with their singing, while Pastor C. Spurgeon gave brief addresses between the sacred songs. The day's proceedings were brought to a close by the illumination of the grounds, and a procession of the children carrying banners, lanterns, &c., and headed by Dr. Barnardo's band, which our good friend again kindly placed at our service. Thanks are due first to the Father of the fatherless for all the pleasure and profit of the festival, and then to every one of the hundreds of givers and workers who, in any degree, contributed to the success of the

meeting. It would be invidious to mention any, but we heartily thank them all, and pray that they may have a rich return of blessing in their own hearts. The annual report of the Orphanage, together with the list of donations, &c., will be published in next month's "Sword and Trowel;" but we must just mention that our expenditure last year exceeded the income by about £2,500, so that the balance in hand twelve months ago has been greatly reduced. This causes us no anxiety, but it ought to be known by our friends. Legacies are a precarious item of income, and should never be consumed at the moment, but should be averaged over a course of years, or put aside to form a capital stock. The day comes nearer when the President, who now draws in the money to this work, will be taken to his eternal rest, and he would be glad to leave the institution with funds sufficient for its perpetual continuance when he can no longer be at its head. Meanwhile, it would be very encouraging to find each year meeting its own demands.

Friends in the South of London are warned against a youth who is going round with a basket of goods which he pretends to sell for the Stockwell Orphanage. We have sent out no such person. The whole plan is a device for obtaining money upon false pretences. We have given the individual fair warning, and shall be obliged

to call in the aid of the police to stop his deceptive methods. No one is sent out to sell goods for the Orphanage.

COLPORTEAGE.—The Secretary desires us to call our readers' special attention to the Annual Report of the Association, which is issued in the present number of the Magazine. Its perusal ought to encourage all friends of the work to continue to support it, and induce others to help, so that its operations might be widely extended. We have many works on hand, but there is none better than this in its direct results upon the hearts of men. Few know its excellences, but we hope that in England, as in Scotland, Colportage will yet cover the land with the most useful of house-to-house visitors.

We have a society for helping to clothe the families of our colporteurs. All sorts of remnants and second-hand clothing would be welcomed. How many garments are put where they can be of no use to any one, when on the backs of these worthy workers and their children they would be doing real good! Parcels sent for this Working Society should be directed to Miss Hooper, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London. Will not some attentive eye light upon this?

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—May 28th, twenty-three; June 4th, fourteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. W. Baynes	...	2	2	0	Pastor W. Jackson	...	1 0 0
Pastor S. H. Akehurst's Bible Class	...	5	0	0	H. I., Malta	...	1 0 0
Dr. Thos. J. Barnardo	...	5	5	0	Per Pastor T. G. Tarn:—		
Mr. George Lister	...	1	1	0	Mr. C. F. Foster	...	1 1 0
Mr. A. Ferguson	...	1	1	0	Mr. G. E. Foster	...	1 1 0
Mr. C. B. Stover	...	5	0	0	Mr. Edward Foster	...	1 1 0
Mr. H. Messent, Executor of the late					Mr. F. G. Gifford	...	1 1 0
Mr. E. Russell	...	20	0	0	Mr. J. Nutter	...	1 1 0
Miss B. B. Thorne	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Toller	...	1 1 0
Collection at South Street Chapel,					Mr. J. S. Watts	...	1 1 0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	...	15	15	9	Pastor T. G. Tarn	...	1 1 0
Mrs. Alfred Walker, per Pastor G.							£ s d
Duncan, D.D.	...	1	0	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	...	0 5 0
Mr. W. H. Brown	...	2	2	0	The late Mr. John Cracknell, per Miss		
Mr. C. E. Webb	...	10	10	0	A. M. Berry	...	10 0 0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	...	5	5	0	W. J. S.	...	0 5 0
Contents of Office Collecting Box,					Mr. F. H. Cockrell	...	3 0 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle	...	1	11	0	Sarah	...	0 10 0
Rev. W. L. Lang	...	0	10	0	Mrs. M. A. Shaw	...	0 5 0
Mrs. Edwards	...	1	1	0	Per Mrs. Jas. Withers:—		
Mr. W. P. Hampton	...	5	0	0	Mr. Philip Davies	...	0 10 0
Mr. Andrew Dunn	...	5	5	0	Mr. Causick	...	0 2 6
Mr. H. M. Grange, per J. T. D.	...	1	1	0			0 12 6
Mr. H. B. Frearson, per J. T. D.	...	5	0	0	Mr. A. H. Baynes	...	5 5 0
Sermon-readers, Turriff	...	2	10	0	Per Pastor T. J. Longhurst,		
Miss C. Coleman	...	1	1	0	Cheltenham:—		
Mr. J. T. Cook	...	1	1	0	Subscribed by friends at		
Mr. and Mrs. R. Pickworth	...	10	0	0	Cambray Chapel	...	2 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	...	3	3	0	Collected by Miss Jones	...	1 3 2
Mr. H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0	Miss Yocker	...	0 10 0
From Guildford	...	1	0	0	Mr. Swift	...	0 7 0
Mr. H. Hudson	...	0	5	0	Mr. Matthews	...	0 6 0
Miss M.	...	0	5	0	Sums under 6s.	...	0 19 3
Pastor R. J. Beechiff (monthly)	...	0	2	6			5 15 5

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. A. Chamberlin	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore	5	0	0	
Mr. J. D. Link	5	5	0	Weekly offerings at Met. Tab. :-				
R. P.	10	0	0	May 17	28	10	6	
Mr. and Mrs. Allison	25	0	0	" 21	33	1	0	
Mrs. Wolsdale, per J. T. D.	1	0	0	" 31	34	6	1	
Mr. J. Passmore	10	0	0	June 7	33	5	0	
Mr. J. Alabaster	10	0	0					
Mrs. Passmore	5	0	0					
" In Memoriam "	5	0	0					
Mr. J. Passmore, jun.	5	0	0					
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alabaster	5	0	0					
						129	2	7
						£871	16	9

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1895.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. E. Milroy	2	0	0	Mr. Stuart	1	0	0	
Miss B. H. Thorne	0	5	0	Miss M. D. Macleay	5	0	0	
Mr. W. Chancellor	2	0	0	Mr. James Stevenson	9	2	0	
Collected by Miss Emily Moses	0	5	6	The late Mr. John Cracknell, per Miss				
D. Lefts	0	2	6	A. M. Berry	10	0	0	
Collected by Mr. Thomas Weir	0	10	0	A cordwainer	0	10	0	
Rev. Dr. Beith	5	0	0	Stamps from Glasgow	0	1	4	
J. S.	0	2	0	A sermon-reader	1	0	0	
Mrs. E. M. Layard	1	0	0	A thankoffering	1	0	0	
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Diaper	0	10	0	
H. J. R.	0	5	0	Mr. Thomas Martin	1	0	0	
Mrs. E. Colyer	0	10	0	Maggie	0	2	6	
Mr. William Empson, first-fruits of				Mr. Wm. Graham	1	0	0	
earnings of Grimsby fishing-smack,				Mr. A. Cumpstey	1	0	0	
"Charles H. Spurgeon"	5	0	0	Collected by E. B. B.	0	10	0	
A widow whom God has comforted	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Holtum	0	10	0	
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0	Mr. F. H. Cockrell	3	0	0	
Two servants, Edinburgh	0	10	0	A servant girl, near Forres	0	2	0	
An aged Christian, per Mr. William				Mr. Hewitt, per Miss Jackaman	2	0	0	
Davies	1	0	0	Stamps	0	5	0	
Stamps from Aylsham	0	5	0	H. J. R.	0	5	0	
Mrs. Mary Randall	1	0	0	A lover of Jesus	0	10	0	
Mr. J. Pugh, per the Editor of "The				Mr. and Mrs. Gaunt	2	0	0	
Christian Herald"	25	0	0	Mrs. M. A. Shaw	0	10	0	
Sunday-scholars, South Street Baptist				Pastor C. A. and Mrs. Davis	1	0	0	
Chapel, Greenwich	2	2	0	Mr. W. Brown	1	0	0	
Sermon-readers, Turriff	2	10	0	Mrs. Milligan	1	0	0	
"Sixty-five"	2	0	0	Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0	
Miss C. Donaldson	1	0	0	Miss Irwin	0	3	0	
C. and I. R. Dauncey	1	1	0	Collected by Mr. J. Gwyer	0	10	0	
Legh Richmond Dauncey	1	1	0	Mr. George Jersey	20	0	0	
Wilberforce Dauncey	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. James Withers,				
From Box at Bethesda Chapel, Sunder-				for "The Reading House" :-				
derland	0	1	0	Mr. M. J. Sutton	3	3	0	
Mrs. Mitchell	0	10	0	Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	1	0	
Aberdeenshire ploughman	1	0	0	Mr. W. I. Palmer	1	1	0	
Simpson	0	5	0	Mrs. James Withers	1	1	0	
Susie	0	5	0	Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0	
Mary	0	5	0	Mr. Herbert Sutton	0	10	0	
No name yet	0	5	0	Mrs. Charles Simonds	0	10	0	
Mrs. Hoye	5	0	0	Mr. Alfred Palmer	0	10	0	
Mr. A. Bowring	1	0	0	Mr. T. Gregory	0	15	0	
M. N. W., Berbice	1	5	0	Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6	
E. P.	10	0	0	Mrs. Lonsley	0	5	0	
A poor widow, W.	0	3	0	Mr. W. Camslade	0	5	0	
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0	Mr. Beecroft	0	5	0	
Mrs. M. A. Mundy	1	1	0	Mr. Hunt	0	5	0	
Collected by Miss I. Gardiner	1	11	8	Mrs. Gibbons	0	2	6	
Collection at a Flower Service at Devon-				Mrs. Brigham	0	2	6	
shire Square Chapel, per Pastor E. H.				Mr. W. Ravenscroft	0	2	6	
Ellis	3	7	0	Mrs. W. Shepherd	0	2	6	
Mrs. G. Shrewsbury	1	1	0	Mr. Baker	0	1	3	
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6	Mrs. Lawrence	0	1	0	
H. I., Malta	1	0	0	Mr. Turner	0	1	0	
Miss C. H. Brereton	0	10	0	Mrs. Collins	0	1	0	
Mrs. M. Donaldson	0	5	0	Mrs. Jacob Davis	0	2	6	
Mr. D. Turner	0	10	0	Mrs. Farritt	0	2	0	
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0	Mr. Leslie	0	3	0	
L. K. D.	1	2	6					
Mrs. S., a tenth	0	10	0					
Mrs. M. A. Bucknell, per Mr. C. H.				In Memoriam				
Shelton	2	0	0	B. E. M.	5	0	0	
				Sir W. King Hall, K.C.D.	1	0	0	
						12	8	3
						0	5	0
						5	0	0
						1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. East, Kingston, Jamaica:—			
Lady Norman	2	0	0
Mrs. Stiebel	1	0	0
Mrs. Jackson	0	10	0
Mrs. Butcher	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. East	0	10	0
Dr. Robb	0	10	0
Mrs. Cochran	0	7	8
Rev. T. Griffiths	0	5	0
Rev. J. Kingdon	0	5	0
Rev. W. W. Webb	0	5	0
Rev. J. Balfour	0	5	0
Rev. W. N. Brown	0	5	0
Rev. W. Tucker	0	5	0
Rev. T. Hutchins	0	5	0
Rev. F. Schoburgh	0	5	0
Rev. W. Teall	0	5	0
Rev. P. Watson	0	5	0
Rev. P. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. Oughton	0	5	0
Mr. Hicks	0	5	0
Mrs. Parker	0	5	0
Miss Cuthbert	0	4	0
Small sums	0	5	0
	9	6	6
X. C.	0	2	6
Dr. Bennet	1	1	0
Mr. H. W. Duncan	0	5	0
Mrs. B. Johnstone	0	10	0
Mr. H. W. Westrop	5	0	0
Mr. F. A. Fawkes	1	1	0
Mrs. Lister	1	0	0
Mr. A. Pearson, sen.	1	1	0
Miss Allenby	0	5	0
Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Mrs. Ferguson and friend	0	3	6
The widow's mite, H. G.	0	1	0
In memory of little Seymour	0	7	6
A thankoffering from D.	0	5	0
Miss E. Constance Kemp	3	0	0
Miss Symington	1	0	0
Alpha	0	10	0
Mr. A. Robinson	1	0	0
Miss E. Eason	0	2	0
Mr. W. Haddow	0	2	8
Penpont	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cook	2	0	0
Mr. O. Buckingham	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Carter	2	0	0
Mrs. M. M. Sparey	0	2	6
A friend, Glasgow	3	0	0
Collected by Miss V. Houston	0	16	7
Collected by Miss A. Bunting	1	11	9
Collected by Gertrude Green (Orphan Girl's collecting card)	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Warren	0	10	6
From an old friend	5	0	0
Restitution, "R. B."	0	1	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	17	0

	£	s.	d.
Per Mr. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Mr. T. Watts	1	1	0
We are Seven, per Pastor R. S. Latimer	5	0	0
Anon. stamps	0	1	0
"M. A."	10	0	0
Sale of 800 Tracts	0	1	0
Mr. Squires	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. Harman	0	7	4
North Finchley, per J. C.	1	2	6
Mr. H. J. Yeldham	1	1	0
Mr. T. Vickery	1	1	0
Mr. H. H. Grange, per J. T. D.	1	1	0
From an orphan's friend	0	10	0
Collected by the Misses Norah and Milly Sandes	0	16	2
Mr. T. C. Page	5	0	0
Mr. G. Shepherd	3	3	0
Collected by Mr. W. Richardson	1	8	3
Mr. W. T. Flew	0	5	0
Mrs. Wedsade, per J. T. D.	1	0	0
Mr. Isaac Watts	1	2	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Mr. John Twaites	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. A. B. McMaster	1	3	6
Collected by Mrs. C. Ely	5	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. James Gale	90	0	0
Mr. James Denham	1	0	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir:—			
Cemetery Road Baptist Chapel, Sheffield	10	10	10
Baptist Chapel, Attercliffe	3	6	0
Barnsley, part proceeds	4	0	0
Nottingham Tabernacle	22	14	0
Donations:—			
Mr. W. F. Goodlife	1	1	0
Mr. Fox	0	10	0
Mr. Boot	0	5	0
Cottenham	23	0	0
Great Grimsby	15	0	0
Donation (Mr. P. Beld- ing)	1	0	0
Waltham Abbey	2	15	5
	54	2	3
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Cooper	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Lewis	1	1	0
E. B. B.	1	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	2	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, April 30th	2	2	0
" " " " June 2nd	2	2	0
Mrs. Cracknell	1	1	0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
Miss Ellis	0	5	0
	£443	2	1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from May 16th to June 15th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 720 Eggs, Miss Janet Ward; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. Nutter; a hamper of Buns, Scones, &c., Messrs. Carter and Sou; 3 tons of Potatoes, Mr. W. Mead; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. S. Haslam; 12 Stilton Cheeses, Mr. J. T. Crosher.

Boys' CLOTHING.—6 Handkerchiefs and 2 pairs Socks, a friend's mite, per Pastor H. E. Stone; 10 Flannel Shirts, The Misses Dransfield; 2 Flannel Shirts, Miss Coath; 26 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Reading, per Mrs. J. Withers.

Girls' CLOTHING.—35 Garments, Young Women's Bible-class, Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mrs. Harding; 2 Articles, Miss Oakley; 54 worn Articles, Mrs. Payn; 2 pairs Stays, Miss Raitt; 54 Articles and 5 Hats, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 Hats, per Rev. F. J. Feltham, in response to request of Mrs. Genders; 21 Articles, Ladies' Working Association, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. Pearce; 12 yards Dress Material, Mrs. J. White; 63 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Reading, per Mrs. J. Withers.

GENERAL.—1 Picture, J. H. S.; 1 Box of Flowers, Mr. J. Conne; 16 Books, N. Fitchley; 1 Doll's House, Miss Gourley; 1 Antimacassar, Miss Oakley; 1 pair Knitted Socks, Mrs. Humphrey; 2 Antimacassars, Anon.; 1 "Life of Garfield," Miss Raitt; 12 Articles, Miss Workman; 2 Archery Targets and Fittings, Mr. Billrough; 720 feet material for Flag Stuffs, Mr. Jonas Smith; 1 Indian Shawl, "B. B."; 6 doz. Indian Hats, Mr. Harden.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1895.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
M. T.	1	0	0	Mrs. J. White	...	1	0	0
Miss L. C. Sealey	...	0	10	0	In remembrance of 19th June	...	0	5	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatcroft	...	100	0	0	Mr. Isaac Watts	...	1	2	0
Mr. W. R. Shayler	...	0	10	0					
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0					
A thankoffering	...	1	0	0					
Mrs. Shearman	...	5	0	0					
							£110	12	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1895.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—		£	s.	d.	Readers of the "Christian Herald":—		£	s.	d.
Messrs. J. and R. Corr, for Castletown, Cardiff, and Penrhikyber	...	3	0	0	Mr. John Neal	...	11	18	0
Ironbridge and Coalbrookdale	...	7	10	0	Mr. W. Cooper	...	5	0	0
Borstall District	...	20	0	0	"Sixty-five"	...	1	0	0
Northern Association, for Crosby Garrett	...	10	0	0	Mr. H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0
Bethnal Green District:—					Mr. C. F. Allison	...	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	...	5	0	0	From Guildford	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	...	5	0	0	R. P.	...	10	0	0
		10	0	0	The Lord's cows	...	5	0	0
Southern Association	...	50	0	0	H. L., Malta	...	0	10	0
Mr. Thos. R., for Sellindge	...	10	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Winchester District	...	5	0	0	Mr. F. H. Cockrell	...	2	0	0
Worcester Association	...	40	0	0	Mrs. Milligan	...	1	0	0
Haddenham District (Bucks)	...	10	0	0	X. C.	...	0	2	6
Orpington:—					Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mason	...	25	0	0
Per Mrs. Allison's Bible- class	...	6	5	3	Annual Subscriptions:—				
M. A. H.	...	5	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	...	1	0	0
		11	5	3	Mrs. C. L. Russell	...	0	5	0
		£293	15	3	Mrs. A. Norris	...	0	10	6
					The Misses A. and E. Newman	...	2	0	0
					Miss Newman	...	5	0	0
					Mr. John Olney	...	2	2	0
					Mr. F. Cookerell	...	1	0	0
					Mr. Chas. Liberty	...	0	10	0
					J. and C. B.	...	1	1	0
					Mr. Thos. H. Olney	...	10	0	0
					Mr. A. Long	...	1	1	0
							£124	6	9

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1895.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. Binck	...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Maxwell	...	0	5	0
A friend, Greymouth	...	0	10	0	Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	...	5	5	0
R. P.	...	10	0	0	Mr. H. W. Westrop	...	5	0	0
Mr. J. R. Bayley	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Marshall	...	2	0	0
A reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	...	1	0	0					
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0					
Mr. Robert Dawson	...	0	3	0					
A sermon-reader	...	1	0	0					
							£27	8	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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," Deulah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon, Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

THE
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

Colportage Association,

1884.

President.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Vice-President.

REV. J. A. SPURGEON.

Committee.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

„ J. BUSWELL.

„ J. J. COOK.

„ G. EVERETT.

„ G. GOLDSTON.

„ G. GREGORY.

„ J. HALL.

MR. M. LLEWELLYN.

„ J. PASSMORE, Junr.

„ W. PAYNE.

„ S. R. PEARCE.

„ F. THOMPSON.

„ C. WATERS.

„ WOOLLARD.

Hon. Sec.

MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

General Sec.—REV. W. CORDEN JONES.

OFFICE AND DEPÔT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
SOUTHWARK, S.E.

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 percentage 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."

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	1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	
1867	6									1877	62	6,950	18
1868	6	1,139	16	3		91,428	1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	
1869	11	1,211	10	6		127,130	1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	8,244
1870	9	1,056	11	4		92,868	1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	6,745
1871	10	1,110	3	4		85,397	1881	78	7,673	3	6	624,482	7,544
1872	12	1,228	10	11		121,110	1882	79	8,038	2	2	620,850	7,149
1873	18	1,796	2	2		217,165	1883	76	7,921	9	3	592,745	7,514
1874	29	2,937	1	7		217,929	1884	78	8,760	15	9	626,348	7,627
1875	36	4,415	8	7½		360,000							

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, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S. E.

COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

1884.



It is with special satisfaction and gratitude to God that the Committee again call attention to the work which the Association has been enabled to accomplish during the past year.

Amid much trade depression, causing in some localities distress and privation, the Colporteurs' sales have exceeded those of the last year by £834 8s. 10d., being £715 7s. 5d. more than the most successful previous year, though accomplished by eighteen fewer Colporteurs, reaching, together with sales to Book Agents, the large total of £8,991 7s. 5d. Eleven new Districts have been started during 1884, making a total of 78 men employed during the year; which with 12 Book Agents makes 90 Districts supplied with Books by the Association.

The President has also, at the request of friends in Tasmania, selected an Agent, who has gone out to act as Colporteur and itinerant preacher there. A suitable stock was selected for him, and encouraging news has arrived of his success, rendering the appointment of a second worker likely.

The number of Bibles and Books sold has been very great, being no less than 364,497, besides 296,123 Magazines; 4,492 new Subscribers for Periodicals having been obtained during the year. It should be noted that the whole profit derived from the sales goes direct to assist in payment of the wages and expenses of the Colporteurs. This makes the Agency very economical. All amounts guaranteed for districts are also devoted to the payment of the Colporteurs. But even then usually a fair sum is required to balance the entire cost, which can only be met by liberal contributions to the General Fund. Upwards of 1,500 towns and villages are regularly visited by the Colporteurs of this Association every month, and 24,700 Magazines sold monthly.

A striking feature in the work has been an unprecedented sale of the Scriptures, both complete and in the form of Text Cards,—no less than 8,665 Bibles, 36,371 Testaments, and 67,814 Text Cards having been disposed of. The marvellously cheap penny Testament published by the British and Foreign Bible Society has contributed in some degree to this desirable result, 28,050 having been sold in five months. In one District the number of Texts sold was so large that a gentleman wrote stating that

the rounds of the Colporteurs could be distinctly traced by the prevalence of various coloured Texts in the homes of the people visited.

It cannot be doubted that the influence for good of this wide-spread distribution of God's own Word, and of a considerable amount of kindred literature, must be immense. It is invaluable as an antidote to current error, prevalent infidelity, and mischievous literary trash, as well as an evangel of salvation and joy to perishing souls. Seventy-eight Christian men have devoted all their time in thus promoting these sales; and by personal appeal and simple earnest public addresses, seeking to create a love for good reading, and above all to win men to Christ. On educational moral and religious grounds Colportage is a most efficient and successful Agency for reaching and benefiting the people generally, and the Committee urgently appeal for the renewed and increased assistance of all well wishers of their fellow-men throughout the land.

As the work of the Association is carried on in connection with various Evangelical denominations, and wherever its Agents go they are welcomed, and their labours owned by the great Head of the Church, the Committee look forward hopefully to still further support from Christians generally, so as to extend their borders more widely.

They thankfully acknowledge all the generous pecuniary aid received in the past from many friends of various denominations; and take this opportunity of recording their deep regret at the loss to the Association by death of the late Miss Lucy Hadfield, of Ryde, Isle of Wight. For several years she generously contributed, at her own cost, the entire subscription for three Colporteurs in the Isle of Wight, and provided for the continuance of one of them after her death. It is hoped that other friends will step in and make up the necessary subscriptions, and thus prevent the work so nobly begun and sustained from being discontinued at Cowes and Sandown. The assistance of the Religious Tract Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society, in continuing special and favourable terms for the purchase of Books is also gratefully remembered.

The following pages contain a selection from an immense number of testimonies to the value of the work, which are continually arriving from all parts of the land.

**EXTRACT FROM THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE
WORCESTERSHIRE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, READ
AT REDDITCH, 5th JUNE, 1884.**

"During the past year our four Agents have been permitted to continue their work, without intermission, to the satisfaction of their several Superintendents; and it is satisfactory to know that their visits are still highly prized by the people, and they each speak of the friendly reception they meet with; and in many instances where formerly opposition was encountered, they are now welcomed, and houses once closed against them are now open to their visits.

"A taste for better reading has been created; *yes, created*; for it was not there ten years ago; and this is leading many to desire to hear the gospel, and the result in many villages is improved attendance upon the religious services, accompanied with more marked attention to the Word. Your Agents also report that their labours are still needed; for though Sunday Schools and parish Libraries are springing up here and there, these only feed the flame, and lead many to wish to purchase; and the many evils that exist, and errors that are promulgated in our villages demand continued effort."

FROM THE REPORT OF THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.

(FIVE COLPORTEURS EMPLOYED.)

"It is with undiminished satisfaction that your Committee report of the work of Colportage sustained by this Association. This work is not new with us. The test of time can now be applied to it, and, in some districts, of many years. In each case the application of that test reveals encouraging results, and makes more manifest the fitness of continuing such an agency. If we take the district that has been the longest occupied, and where the same Colporteur has been stationed the whole time, we find, as pointed out by his Superintendent, **that the sales are larger than in any previous year**; that he has a larger number of subscribers for periodicals, and has taken more money; thus showing that his work is not less appreciated, nor ceases to yield fruit, but rather yields it in an increasing measure. Nor is this a solitary case. The same general features are to be found in the reports received from all the five districts occupied. Testimony such as this is alike creditable to the agency, and also to the agents.

"As indicating, though imperfectly, the extent of the work done by your Colporteurs, it may be stated that, during the past twelve months, their sales have reached nearly 60,000, consisting of the Holy Scriptures, or of publications, all of which set forth the truth as it is in Jesus; and these sales have been of the monetary value of about £730. In addition to this, thousands of gospel tracts have been distributed, and 535 religious services conducted by them."

The following remarks are from the Colporteurs themselves:—

"I am pleased to say that I have just got through the tenth year here. Since I came two new chapels have been built. At one I take services nearly every Sabbath, and at the other every month. The membership has increased from 23 to 52.

CONVERSION THROUGH SALE OF A BOOK.

One case I heard of was through a book I sold, entitled, 'The Glory of the Cross.'

This Agent also speaks of the conversion, through his visits, of a man who used to spend all he got in drink, but is now walking consistently as a Christian man.

Another writes about his

INFLUENCE OVER A FREETHINKER.

"Called at a house three months ago. The woman said it was no use buying good books, as her husband only burned them, he being a Freethinker, and would only allow that class of reading in the house. He had burned her Bible. Got the woman to buy a copy of 'Crystal Stories,' &c.; also got her to promise to pray for her husband. He has given up his infidel club and paper, and last month he bought a Sankey's Music, and then Wesley's Hymns and a Bible."

TEXT CARDS USEFUL.

"A woman speaks of the help and encouragement through the text on a card she bought."

"THE BLESSINGS OF COLPORTAGE."

"A labouring man in a lone place speaks from his own experience thus:—'It is the best Agency to enlighten the people in scattered districts.'

INFLUENCE OF A TRACT.

Left a little tract with a woman entitled, 'How the light came to Godfrey Paine.' She read the tract, and was so much blessed in doing so, that she got her neighbour to read it, with the result that, though she was previously opposed to religion, and did not like her husband going to a place of worship, she now delights to go there with him."

SOUTH DEVON CONGREGATIONAL UNION.—EXTRACT FROM ANNUAL REPORT.

Mr. H. J. Turner, employed as Colporteur in Newton and its neighbourhood, reports as follows of his year's work:—

"Bibles sold, 90; Testaments, 216; books at 6d. and upwards, 590; books under 6d., 403; packets of books and cards, 292. Total value, £101 1s. 1d. Services conducted, 98.

PEACE DESIRED.

"A man came to his stall one market day, and asked if he had a book on Peace. He took up a Bible, and told his customer that that was the best book on the subject he knew of, since it not only tells about peace, but how you may get it, quoting the verse, 'Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Said the man, 'That's not what I mean, I mean Peace that was hanged for murder.' Your Colporteur still urged the value of his book, and got him to buy a penny Testament. The man then again asked for a 'Life of Peace,' thinking, perhaps, that he had secured a claim to be obliged by the Colporteur. He did not, however, get that, but was persuaded to take a 'Life of Garfield,' instead.

"This is a fair sample of what is being done in this work. Good, wholesome books are introduced, and a taste for such is acquired, where otherwise the merest trash, and something worse, would be the only reading. In many cases, in the knowledge of Mr. Turner, penny novels and the like have given place to the 'Sunday at Home,' and books of a similar character.

"It is much to be desired that many more such efforts could be made throughout the country. Not one, but twenty Colporteurs should be employed in Devonshire."

ESSEX CONGREGATIONAL UNION—REPORT OF THE PITSEA COLPORTAGE MISSION FOR 1884.

"The work of Matthew Frost, the Colporteur of the Pitsea district of South Essex, has been steadily maintained during the past year. His visits are welcomed far and wide, while his sales have reached the average of former years. This is an encouraging fact, when we remember how great the depression continues to be in agricultural districts especially, and that the wages of the farm labourers have been considerably reduced. It is worthy of notice that by the sale of books the Colporteur obtains admission to homes most difficult of access by any other means. Two exceedingly interesting cases have occurred in this district during the year owing to this fact, and the hope is very confidently cherished that permanent good has resulted from the missionary's visits, thus made possible by the production of his books. THERE IS NO DOUBT WHATEVER THAT THE COLPORTAGE IS A MOST VALUABLE AUXILIARY TO EVANGELISTIC WORK.

"Much strictly missionary work has also been done in the village of Pitsea in connection with a Mission Room there. This building has long been found too small to accommodate the numbers attending, and steps have been taken by which it is hoped that a commodious chapel will be erected on a new site before the autumn is far advanced.

"A Sunday School, begun a few years ago with twenty children, is now attended by some seventy children, with eight teachers.

"The work of the Colporteur in this district has been much blessed, and earnest hopes are entertained that his usefulness will increase year by year.

"Billericay,
"April 22nd, 1885."

"ALFD. KLUHT.
"Superintendent for Pitsea Colp. Dist.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME, WINCHESTER.

Miss Louisa Perks, the Superintendent, writes thus of the recently appointed Colporteur's work:—

"It is now three months since you sent us a Colporteur, and I think he is making his way amongst the people. His district is very scattered, and embraces a large rural population; great ignorance of God's truth abounds all around, and Ritualism, Romanism, and indifference are to be met with everywhere. The people are terribly neglected spiritually; but *very readily buy useless and bad literature*, and spend the time gambling, racing, and drinking. To get an entrance into these homes is a great step, and in this the Colporteur has been successful, and where he has gone once he is expected and welcomed again, and some are buying his books, and are always willing to take a tract; of course, there are numbers of houses where he can gain

no admittance yet. The various halls in connection with our Mission, and in which the Colporteur often gives a gospel address, bring him in contact with many from whom he gets an invitation to call. Thus he meets with the soldiers, sailors, railway men, etc., and gets into the barracks, hospitals, and stations, where his papers, books, and kind words are very seasonable and welcome."

OXFORDSHIRE ASSOCIATION—STOW AND ASTON DISTRICT.

Extract from Annual Report :—

"We feel quite confident that the good work done by the Colporteur will stand favourable comparison with any other branch of the Church's work, considering that the sum of £40 is all that is required to carry it on."

"The importance of this work increases as education advances. When the people can read, they will read. When the facilities to obtain literature of an impure and misleading character can be obtained so easily, it is pressingly necessary to keep books, and periodicals of a wholesome and sound kind within the reach of the people; and if possible forestall or supplant that which does harm and encourages evil.

"During the year the Colporteur's sales have amounted to £73 17s. 8d., and the books, magazines, periodicals, etc., represented by this sum must have done, and still are doing, much good.

"The 85 Bibles and 102 Testaments will prove a real blessing to every home into which they have been taken, and the 3,000 tracts have carried divine messages to many who otherwise would not have been reached; sad hearts have been comforted, and cheery words spoken in the 5,400 visits that the Colporteur has made during his journeys, which amount to no less than 3,120 miles in the year."

"The Colporteur reports thus :—

"My visits are still highly appreciated. One woman said, 'I thought you were not coming again; the month seemed so long. I hope you'll never pass without calling.' Another, with whom I had read and prayed, thanked me, with tears in her eyes, saying, 'Ah, sir, it is so good to have some one to call and see me. I have not been able to get out to a place of worship for more than twelve months.' Another woman said, 'Ah, sir, that book we bought of you has done my husband more good than anything ever he read or heard.' This statement was corroborated by the man himself. The book referred to was "The Present Truth," by C. H. SPURGEON. Another said, 'Sir, I wish I lived somewhere near some of the little chapels or cottages where you preach. I was on a visit to my sister, and heard you preach, and I never enjoyed anything like it.' Here she broke down, and I had an opportunity of preaching Christ to her in her own house, which is in a very lone place. Thus we are enabled to sow the seed of the Word of Life by the wayside."

WITNEY DISTRICT.

Extract from Annual Report :—

"In presenting the Annual Report, the Committee have pleasure in bearing testimony to the continued earnestness of their present Colporteur, through whose labours 35 villages have been visited month by month, 295 copies of the Holy Scriptures have been sold, 2,121 books of various form, contents and price have been distributed, 3,503 monthly serials, whose tendency and tone is of an instructive and elevating character, have been subscribed for.

"The distribution of such serials in the cottage homes of the district must to some extent counteract the influence of the pernicious publications so widely spread and eagerly read by our young people.

"The Committee feel that this is a work that commends itself to all Christians who desire to see many who dwell in the lonely cottage by the wayside, and in some cases far from any place of worship, brought under the influence of the gospel."

The Colporteur writes—

"Although sales have not been so large this quarter as that of last, yet I feel much that has been sold has gone into homes that, I trust, will be made a great blessing. I have succeeded in persuading people to take in magazines for themselves and children. One family takes in the 'Adviser'; it is but a half-penny per month, yet I rejoice to think that it has gone into the home of a drinking man.

GOOD LITERATURE SUPERSEDING THE INFERIOR.

“Another woman that had been taking ‘Bow Bells’ I have persuaded to take the ‘Sunday at Home.’ Also a lady asked me to get her the ‘Argosy,’ instead of it she takes in ‘The Girls’ Own Paper.’ Also my visits to sick and aged have been a great blessing.”

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE ASSOCIATION

Employs three Colporteurs. No formal report is to hand, but one of the local superintendents writes about the Colporteur—“He is a most worthy man, one very highly esteemed among the people. He has been the means of, under God, great spiritual good. There are many in the district will have to thank God to all eternity for his having been sent among them; many, by his instrumentality, have been brought from darkness to light, and are now rejoicing in the Saviour. His sale of books is increasing, and there are many cases of good resulting from those sales. This Colporteur reports much blessing in the

VISITATION OF THE SICK AND DYING.

He writes—“One young woman who had only been married ten months, and just settled in business, passed away a few weeks ago, who, I believe, was led into the light through my visits. When first I went she could not say that she was trusting in the Saviour; but before the day had passed she was led into the enjoyment of peace with God through faith in Jesus Christ; and, until her death, was resting on Jesus with calm resignation. During the year I visited 10,492 families, and held 133 services. Sales, £82 zs. 2d.”

All the other Colporteurs in this Association have similar testimony to bear, but space forbids notice of more.

The following Associations also employ Colporteurs, or assist in their support :—

Lancashire and Cheshire	1	Colporteur.
Norfolk	2	„
Wilts and East Somerset	4	„
Bristol	1	„
Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association	1	„

It is impossible to embrace a detailed account of all of them, the details of the work being similar, and very encouraging.

SPECIAL FORMS OF COLPORTAGE WORK.

WORK AMONG RAILWAY NAVVIES.

A Colporteur has recently begun work at Launceston, in connection with a new line, and reports hopefully.

FAIRS AND MARKETS.

Wherever practicable, the Colporteur sets up a stall and attends the weekly markets, thus coming into contact with many whom he could not otherwise influence, and so selling and scattering widely the “Word of Life.”

PUBLIC HOUSES.

Several Colporteurs have given special attention to these, and have met with some encouragement in the work.

BIBLE CARRIAGE.

In some instances good use has been made of this method of attracting attention, and very good sales have been effected. But the main work has been in the constant visitation from house to house and from village to village.

**LIST OF COLPORTEURS, WITH DISTRICTS,
OCCUPIED DURING 1884.**

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Haddenham ...	Cambridgeshire ...	J. Mohan	1866	Cambs. Association.
Warminster ...	Wiltshire	S. King	1867	Rev. A. Johnson.
Swindon	Wiltshire	{ G. Jenkins and B. } Slatter	1869	W. B. Wearing, Esq.
Ross	Herefordshire ...	J. Taylor	1872	J. Southall, Esq.
Arnold	Nottinghamshire .	D. J. Watkins ...	1872	Nottingham and Notts Colportage Association.
Riddings and Il- keston	Derbyshire... ..	Robert Hall ...	1872	W. H. Roberts, Esq.
Cheddar	Somersetshire ...	E. Garrett	1873	Rev. T. Davies.
Dorking	Surrey... ..	G. Bass	1873	J. Todman, Esq.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire...	G. Boyden	1873	R. Cory, Jun., Esq.
Ryde	Isle of Wight ...	H. Maybee... ..	1873	Miss Hadfield (the late).
Minchinhampton .	Gloucestershire ...	W. Ford	1874	Rev. H. Kidner.
Worcester	Worcestershire ...	G. Athay	1874	} Local Committee.
Alcoster	Warwickshire ...	C. Skinner	1874	
Evesham	Worcestershire ...	T. Boulton... ..	1874	} Southern Baptist Association.
Droitwich	Worcestershire ...	T. Banks	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	T. Greenwood, Esq.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Wellow	Hampshire	W. Hodge	1874	Oxfordshire Association.
Witney	Oxfordshire	J. Hook	1874	Rev. J. Whittaker.
Stow and Aston ...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Bartlett	1875	John Cory, Esq.
Castleton	Glamorganshire ...	J. Stratton	1876	Anonymous.
River and Ewell...	Kent	{ G. Botwright and } A. Penny	1876	Mrs. Thomas Bantock.
Wolverhampton ...	Staffordshire ...	A. Frost	1876	D. White, Esq.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	Mr. Sharnan and Local Committee.
Powsey Vale	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Mr. W. Hannam.
Wincanton	Somersetshire ...	H. Payno	1876	

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT OR GUARANTOR.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bollamy	1876	R. W. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington	Hampshire	{ H. J. Boaney and G. Botwright ... }	1876	Rev. W. M. Mountford.
Ludlow	Shropshire	S. Cornock	1876	James Evans, Esq.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Paine	1876	Rev. J. F. Lepine.
*Nottingham	Nottinghamshire	G. H. Kilby	1877	Rev. H. E. Stone.
Halesowen	Warwickshire	J. W. Goodwin	1877	C. H. Clewes, Esq.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	} Southern Association.
Salisbury	Wiltshire	T. Richards	1877	
High Wycombe	Ducks	D. Witton	1877	R. Collins, Jun., Esq.
Kingsteignton	Devon	H. Turner	1877	Rev. R. Rowe.
Bower Chalk	Salisbury	E. G. Lawson	1877	Mr. Welch.
Gt. Yarmouth	Norfolk	W. McDowell	1877	Town Mission, S. W. Pago, Esq.
Accrington	Lancashire	J. Bennett	1878	Rev. Chas. Williams.
Newbury	Berkshire	{ F. Whiting and H. Grimwood ... }	1878	A. Jackson, Esq.
Pitsea	Essex	M. Frost	1879	Essex Congregational Union.
Bethnal Green	Middlesex	S. Shaw	1879	Messrs. Fox, Super., Rev. W. Cuff.
Kettering	Northampton	A. Portingall	1879	Rev. J. M. Watson.
Cambridge	Cambs	L. Eyres	1879	Cambs Association.
Gresley	Derbyshire	R. Beard	1880	Anonymous.
Orpington	Kent	T. Bignell	1880	C. F. Allison, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire	F. Collier	1880	Cambridge Association.
Repton	Staffordshire	J. P. Allen	1880	E. S., Anonymous.
*Grosvenor Square	London	A. Gould	1881	Rev. Geo. Brooks.
Sandown	Isle of Wight	W. Colman	1881	Miss Hadfield.
Cowes	Do.	W. Salter	1881	Mr. G. Sparks.
*East Langton	Leicester	A. Walker	1881	Rev. W. Morris.
Sellindge	Kent	J. W. Andrew	1882	Mr. Sbarwood.
Tewkesbury	Gloucestershire	Thos. Nelmes	1882	Thos. White, Esq.
Thornbury	Gloucestershire	J. G. Easley	1882	E. Cullimore, Esq.
Tring	Herts	J. Appleby	1882	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Tittleshall	Norfolk	H. J. Barringer	1882	Rev. T. A. Wheeler.
Willingham	Cambridgeshire	H. Bailey	1882	Mr. W. Johnson.
Calne	Wilts	C. Morgan	1883	J. Chappell, Esq.
Neatishead	Norfolk	W. Slaymaker	1883	Rev. T. A. Wheeler.
*Aughton Moss	Lancashire	J. R. Ellery	1883	A. Pitts, Junr., Esq.

Waterlooville ...	Hampshire ...	B. Neal ...	1883	G. S. Lancaster, Esq.
Great Totham ...	Essex ...	{ A. Penny and E. Deane ... }	1883	Rev. J. Stephens.
Mitcham ...	Surrey ...	J. Parker ...	1883	Messrs. A. and E. Carter.
Penrikyber ...	Aberdare ...	{ R. Hughes and Daniel Davies.. }	1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Aylesbury ...	Bucks ...	J. Smith ...	1883	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Meyseyhampton...	Gloucestershire ...	C. Macey ...	1884	Captain Milbourn.
Crosby Garrett ...	Westmoreland ...	J. B. Brown ...	1884	Rev. G. McDonald.
Bristol... ..	Gloucestershire ...	W. Hutton ...	1884	"H. M."
Borstal	Kent	E. R. Nearn ...	1884	Lieut.-Col. Plummer.
Epping	Essex	T. C. Godfrey ...	1884	H. P. Brown, Esq.
Haddenham ...	Bucks	E. Owers	1884	J. E. Taylor, Esq.
Melksham	Wilts	J. W. Knee... ..	1884	Mr. J. Lee.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire ...	E. Walker	1884	Rev. James Pugh.
Winchester... ..	Hants	W. J. Singleton ...	1884	Miss L. Perks.
Launceston... ..	Cornwall	George Keone ...	1884	Mr. R. Peter.
Upper Clatford ...	Hants	Samuel Need ...	1885	H. Tasker, Esq.

No. of Districts occupied during 1884:—78.

* 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.
Braintree	Essex	F. W. Fenton	Oxford	Oxfordshire ...	R. J. Grubb.
Newington	Kent	L. Thurlow	Henley	Dorsetshire... ..	L. Yeatman.
Histon	Cambridgeshire ...	G. Mansfield	Holbeach	Lincolnshire ...	M. Mather.
Prosteign	Radnorshire ...	S. Watkins	Gretton	Northamptonshire	W. Simms.
South Brent	Devon	H. Bentley			
Walgrave	Northampton ...	E. J. Heath			
Guildford	Hants	G. Irving			

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.

General Account for the year ending December 31st, 1884.

Dr.		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	Cr.
To Colporteurs—									
Wages	4,544	15	6						
Expenses	398	1	7						
New Packs	15	0	0						
					4,957	17	1		
To Depot Expenses—									
Salaries, Secretary and Assistants ...	481	13	6						
Travelling Agent	11	7	6						
Printing and Stationery	64	8	6						
Postages and Bank Charges	34	1	6						
Cleaning and Sundries	10	12	10						
Advertising and Travelling... ..	5	4	8						
Annual Conference Meetings	21	15	9						
Tracts for Distribution	20	0	0						
					649	4	3		
To Capital account—									
Gift of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Jubilee									
Fund	200	0	0						
Balance	356	5	7						
					556	5	7		
					£6,163	6	11		
									£6,163
									6
									11

Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1884.

		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
To Creditors—									
District Subscriptions (in advance)	199	2	8						
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,282	14	5						
					1,481	17	1		
To Capital Account—									
Balance, 31st Dec., 1883	2,001	0	4						
From General Account, 31st De-									
cember, 1884	356	5	7						
Ditto ditto Jubilee Donation	200	0	0						
					2,557	5	11		
					£4,039	3	0		
									£4,039
									3
									0
									0
									0

W. CORDEN JONES, General Secretary.
May 4th, 1885.

Examined with vouchers and found correct,

JAMES A. SPURGEON,
BENJN. WILDON CARR, } Auditors.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

AUGUST, 1885.

Another Note of Warning.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



THE times are such as to call for humiliation and prayer from the children of God. I mean that their special depravity calls for the deepened anxiety of Christian men, and demands their more intense intercession. I am not inclined to take dark views of public matters, and I am free to confess that there are points of hopefulness which ought not to be overlooked; but yet the outlook is grave to the last degree. So far from being prone to write bitter things, I have long hoped and believed that things were advancing in the right direction, and that upon the whole "the power which makes for righteousness" was conquering the forces of evil. I still hope that it may be so under certain aspects; but the pleasing delusion which I had indulged as to any great moral progress in society has been summarily dispelled. There is scanty room for congratulation, but a wide wilderness in which to mourn. Externally the social habits of the people, as a rule, are greatly improved; but this exterior is merely a thin veneer. Among the wealthier classes, beneath a film of morality, the utmost rottenness abounds. Like the attractive verdure which covers many a bottomless bog upon the mountain's side, the outward order and decorum of society thinly veil the horrible evils which seethe below. It would be altogether out of place to describe those ills in these pages; but I venture to request my readers to believe my statement when I say that the age is loathsome and corrupt, lamentably so; and further they need not enquire. On the strength of facts, which are much more appalling than any words can describe, I beg for the prayers of Christian people everywhere, that the black streams of licentiousness may be dried up at the fountain-

head. Let us plead for the forgiveness of the offenders, the overthrow of the system by which they have been enabled to indulge their sins, and the restoration of a better mind to the many who now delight in defilement.

Four years have passed since a Committee of the House of Lords issued an appalling Blue Book, revealing a state of things in our Christian England, of which the Committee themselves say that "they find it impossible adequately to express their sense of the magnitude of the evil, and the necessity of urgent measures for dealing with it." Ye the friends of purity have been unable to get a single measure through Parliament for protecting the young, and dealing with this evil, of which it is impossible adequately to express the magnitude. If a bill shall be passed now—and we hope this may be the case before our magazine reaches our readers—it will be due to the brave exposure made by *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and to the general disgust which it has excited. Vain is the help of Houses of Commons and Houses of Lords: they will go if they are driven, and will go back if they are let alone. The Legislature needs the prayers of the people of God; and these should flow freely at this time when a new set of members will soon be chosen. May God grant that the new-comers may be better than the present selection: it would be a calamity indeed if they were worse. Perhaps the men of leading have been too little remembered in the supplications of real intercessors.

Our brethren who have come across the daily gazette which has so boldly opened up the inner chambers of vice must have been utterly horrified at the abominations revealed; and if they have condemned the exposure itself we do not wonder at it, or blame them for their censure. No right-minded man can find pleasure in hearing of those things which make human nature akin to that of devils. It was an awful step to take: but no alternative remained. Paul must have groaned as he wrote the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, but he could not avoid the dreadful task, although he must have foreseen that it would continue to be read by multitudes of pure-minded persons to whom it would cause the deepest pain. These great evils dread nothing so much as the light. Men will dare to perpetrate crimes which they cannot endure to read of. The holy shame which prevents gracious men from even speaking of the things which are done of these beings in secret is often reckoned upon by the wicked as securing a cover for their vices. We shrink from dragging their dark deeds to light; and, knowing this, the wretches count upon immunity. Only now and then is a man found sufficiently fired with indignation and endowed with courage to turn the monsters out of their dens, and let them wither in the light they so much dread. The process is unutterably loathsome; but let those who feel it to be so consider its dire necessity, and pray that the net result of it may be lasting benefit to mankind. In our great city the natural world may in this matter furnish us with an unsavoury analogy: our system of drainage covers up all filth, but it generates a deadly sewer-gas; it is therefore found needful to ventilate the sewers, and though foul smells are thus let loose, this is found to be a less evil than the unnoticed reeking of the fatal gas. Concealment allows crime to become extravagantly vile, and only exposure can stop its advance; that

exposure is to the last degree disgusting, but it must be resorted to when all else fails. Let us plead with God that health may follow the heroic remedy.

Silence upon such subjects is natural to gentle minds, and it is usually as commendable as it is natural; but if this be carried too far it may itself become an evil, and offer a great hindrance to reform. By shutting our eyes to iniquity we may certainly escape much sorrow, and not a little of contamination; but what, then, comes of the evil itself, and of its effect upon others? May not sin in this way continue to grow to a great head, and spread from one person to another because no one rebukes it? May there not in this way be built up a wall of isolation between the Church and the world over which no good influences can leap? Something of this kind is already coming to pass. The salt is shutting itself up in a box because it dreads contact with the corrupt flesh; whereas its very office is to prevent corruption. The candle is covering itself with a bushel because the darkness around it is so very dense. Is this a desirable close for the mission of Christianity? Have believers in Jesus given up all hope of putting down evil? Do they intend to cease from all aggressive action except that which can be done among the roses, and in white kid gloves? Would not this be a confession that, after all, the gospel of Christ is not equal to the situation? Shall this be?

It would not be fitting that all Christian people should go down into the hottest part of the battle: the young, the suffering, the faint-hearted, and the weak may well be excused from this stern service; but every one of us must pray. None ought, out of a prurient curiosity, to desire to know of vices which they cannot cure; that were as foolish as for persons to visit plague-stricken houses merely to see the spots which come of the pest. The less the weaker sort know of these dread evils the better. Physicians and nurses are bound to penetrate where others ought not to intrude. To read filthy details, and to gloat over them, is the infamy of the wicked; to peruse them merely to know what is written is to court needless defilement; but to study them sorrowfully with the view of denouncing evil and saving its victims is a most proper course. Let those deal with this moral leprosy who are called to do so, and let the rest keep themselves apart from the contagion. In this case it may suffice for the gracious readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* to know that rumours of lost children have been heard in many places, and have been frequently brought before the notice of the magistrates, and that there can be no doubt that these little girls have been lost in more senses than one: lost so as to break a parent's heart to think of it. Our Sunday-schools in London are not strangers to the missing of pretty little children from their classes and their homes: the stories have been tales of horror among teachers full many a time. It is a cruel business, worthier of fiends than men. Parents crushed with the bitterest of griefs deserve our tenderest sympathies. There is sadly abundant evidence that crimes black and horrible are abundant among those classes of the community which have most of wealth, and consequently are most pampered by luxury. These prey upon the poorer sort by the bribe of money, and thus national prosperity becomes the cause of national sin, instead of fostering national gratitude. We

would not be supposed, however, to exalt one class over another, for there is sin among all ranks so foul that it may well move hell from beneath with eagerness to swallow up its thousands.

What I beg of my readers is, that they will, in secret, pray day and night that this tremendous evil may be put down. Special hours should be set apart for quiet personal intercession for our guilty cities. Under God we have nothing to look to but the prayers of the saints and the moral sense of the masses of decent people: laws scarcely touch the evil; the police wink at it; the great ones of the earth are tainted with it. Let us pray. Omnipotent grace can do that which we cannot hope to accomplish of ourselves. The press, as a rule, has burked all utterances against this horrible wickedness: indeed, in this case, there is a conspiracy of silence hard to understand, except upon the theory of some great power repressing all publicity. The outcries which have been hitherto raised have roused no echoes. Our own warning dropped dead, like a stone falling in a dry well. England seemed fated to grow viler and viler, and to hear no watchman warning her of impending doom. At last one harsh, honest voice has startled and shocked everybody, and now, if ever, we must pray—"O Lord, save the people!" In our homes there must be holiness written upon everything; we must shun every place of amusement which is questionable; we must keep our garments unspotted from the world; and then we must bear unmistakable testimony for purity, and endeavour to save the fallen, and warn others against falling. Above all, we must plead mightily with the Lord that his Holy Spirit may convert the wicked, and purify the unclean. Secret prayer should support public action as far as the praying man feels that he can do so; and where the open revelation is objected to there should be all the more of the private pleading. Elijah must now get him to the top of Carmel, and bow his head between his knees; the land is parched with the raging heat of lust, and needs a deluge of grace from heaven to save it from destruction. The effectual inwrought prayer of a righteous man will still avail with God. A whole night of wrestling will be none too much, for the angel may well seem reluctant to bless so guilty a people; and we must cry in desperation, "I will not let thee go unless thou bless this land."

We are glad to see our cotemporary, *The Christian*, with its black border and its cry of *lamentation and woe*. It has done well to put on the sackcloth openly, for signs are good when they truly indicate the inward grace which they symbolize, and we are sure that our friend is unutterably troubled with the mournful tidings he has heard. We have need all of us to mourn, every family apart, and our wives apart, as Zechariah prophesied concerning Israel. The man clothed in linen with the writer's inkhorn by his side is among us, marking the men that sigh and cry for the abominations which are done in our midst: these shall escape the avenging sword; but what will become of those who come not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Will any one of us dare to think himself exempt from the general mourning? At such a time as this neutrality is treason to the cause of righteousness. To your knees, O Israel! To your God and to his Christ, with cries and entreaties, lest the nation so highly favoured be given over to her doom.

The Opening of the Auckland Tabernacle.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

WITH a very grateful heart I commence to give my friends, the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, a short record of our opening days. Helpers the wide world over, who have aided in the erection of the structure the Auckland Baptist Church now worships in, have a right to expect full information concerning it. To a view of the exterior they have been already introduced. May I have the pleasure now of taking them in—*inside* I mean—and showing them over a place which the speakers of all denominations at our public meeting persisted in styling “Elegant and commodious”? and they spoke truly. I fail to see why all the glitter and colour should be relinquished to taverns and playhouses. We, accordingly, decorated our ceiling, and gilded our gallery, and ornamented our alcove, and carved our rostrum. Did we not well to make the place as pleasing to the eye as funds permitted? Yet in all there is very evident taste; nor is there any overdoing of ornamentation, or lavishness of paint and gilt. The materials and workmanship of the whole are of the finest quality, and will doubtless prove cheaper in the long run than inferior stuff and second-rate work. Long after our hoped-for time, and far beyond our anticipated cost, the building was complete in all its most important portions late in April last. There still remained the affixing of seats (we have chairs instead of pews), laying of linoleum, furnishing of rooms, and fifty minor items, which grow like Hydra’s heads in quick succession, and which only they who are on the committee know of. I forgot; there remained another £1,000 to raise, and our hearts went up to our rich Banker for this last overdraft. At length—money or no money—we fixed on Tuesday, May 12, for the first service, and arranged for a sale of work during the previous week in the school-room. This means of increasing our funds had been on the tapis only since the pastor’s return; but so heartily had *everybody* taken the matter up, that quite a quantity of goods were displayed, and £200 realized in the two days. Meanwhile the building itself was thrown open for inspection. The Metropolitan Tabernacle Church’s present—a magnificent communion service—was set out; and the handsome clock which came from the Greenwich friends and Pastor C. Spurgeon, told not only the time, but the loving interest of the sister Church and the brother’s flock.

Resting on a pulpit table (a facsimile of the one at Newington Butts) was the Bible from whose pages the elder Spurgeon read when he was younger. The following inscription was read with keenest interest: “This Bible was used by me at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, during my earliest ministry, and I now give it to my dear son, Thomas Spurgeon, for his own use, with his father’s blessing, and a thousand prayers for his evergrowing usefulness. In the Auckland Tabernacle, wherein I trust he may long use this volume, may the right hand of the Lord be exalted, and a church be built up to the praise and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.—C. H. Spurgeon.”

It is quite within the pale of possibility that faults were found with the building, and every thing connected with it. What earthly thing is faultless? And what human beings are above fault-finding?

But general satisfaction and heartiest congratulations were the order of the day—a thousand shames on us had it not been so! On Lord's-day, May 10, we said "Farewell" to the wooden tenement, which has for eight-and-twenty years braved the battle (of the elements) and the breeze. Our friend, Mr. Cornford, for five-and-twenty years the pastor of this people, was the preacher. He revived old memories by preaching the old gospel. With much power and pathos he spake of the Lord, who had for so many years been exalted in that place. The service was remarkable, not only for the memories it stirred, but for the faith and hope it confirmed. In the afternoon the school said "Good-bye" to its old home, Mr. Cornford again helping in removal.

Thus "Dear old Wellesley Street," as some of the old identities love to call it, was forsaken for the new love, and soon after became embellished, fore and aft, with auctioneer's posters, announcing its offer to the public. Its fate is not yet decided, for no one would deem it worth £3,000, though its owners did. At night the Choral Hall was "farewelled"; a great crowd gathering to pay its last respects to a place hallowed by sacred associations and sweet experiences. "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence," was the preacher's text and each member's prayer.

For some of us, Tuesday came all too soon after Sunday. The Pastor, burdened with excessive joy, felt hardly in fettle for his onerous duty; yet he had to preach, and that to a house full of expectant friends. His mind having roamed bee-like over many honey-laden flowers, had at last dived into the nectar-cup of Solomon's thanksgiving prayer, so he essayed to carry the sweetness of "Hear thou in heaven thy dwelling place: and when thou hearest, forgive," to the new hive and its swarm of believers and fellow-labourers. But it was no easy task to preach under such circumstances. Never can I say that the *embarras de richesses* is unknown to me. From first appearance on the platform till the final word, I moved and spake as if in dream-land. The concourse of people, the edifice itself, and the thread of the discourse were only partially perceived. Yet it was our aim to glorify God and to declare the place as His alone. Considering the constant generosity of all, the offering was liberal—some £50.

Our Wednesday-evening gathering was smaller, for we had intimated that it was to be specially for our own folk. It took the form of a thanksgiving service, and was addressed by ministerial brethren of our own *persuasion*. Again we sang special hymns (some of them composed for the London Tabernacle opening), again we offered prayer and praise. Then came brief but appropriate messages from Cambridge (not the university city), the Thames (not old Father Thames), through Brethren Wilson and Woolley. Mr. Driver, late of the Pastors' College, but now Duke (for duke means leader) of Wellington (N.Z.), expressed his peoples' pleasure at our success, and Mr. Cornford shook hands with our hearts and bade us God-speed. To a suburb of Auckland a new minister, rejoicing in the time-honored name of Jones, has lately come from Wales; so we also heard his congratulations, not in his mother tongue, but full of mother wit and fervour. £30 came in that night: every little helps!

But Thursday was *the* evening. I had ventured to say that we would

have a tea *fight* on that date, and got pulled over the coals by one of the very particulars for so saying. But, verily, I spake as a prophet: a fight it was assuredly. We could accommodate 400 in the one room, and there was a smaller party below; but we had to commence long before advertised time, and aided by the slender appetites of the first relay, or by their anxiety to secure good seats in the Tabernacle, or by their solicitude for the hungry crowd in waiting, we disposed of the batches in double quick time, and were ready for the meeting at 7.30. What work all this involved only they that felt it know. There were many willing hands, yet the labour was not light to any. And what a unanimous joy pervaded the multitude! The excitement may have been stimulated by the extra quality tea provided, but certainly sprang from some other source. I feel inclined to call this the Happy Despatch meeting; for while, as I have said, everybody was hurried and scrambled, no one complained; and when the Pastor assured the friends that he was sorry thus to "rush" them, they actually refused to credit the statement, the fact being that though he really was sorry, there were so many counter-acting joys, that, do what he would, he couldn't *look* sad. The after-meeting was enthusiastic to a degree. And no wonder! One of the first items was the Treasurer's report, from which it appeared that the much dreaded debt did not exist at all, and that we had funds in hand, so much so that the committee had determined to finish off some of the rooms in the basement, and one or two other little matters, and believed that the cost of these also would be defrayed before the opening services closed. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" has become our watch-word lately, for we have had so many favours; but never was it sung more heartily than on receipt of this announcement. I need not furnish my reader with a detailed list of all sources of revenue. Suffice it to say that from "the old country" we received help to the extent of £2,550 (TEN THOUSAND THANKS TO EACH GENEROUS DONOR); that our lady collectors brought in £1,377, and their sewing meetings nearly £200. (Not so so-so, eh?)

The total cost amounted to £14,628 16s. 2d., and we have yet to erect and pay for stables, fencing, &c. The Treasurer concluded the reading of his financial statement by saying, "And now we are unreasonable enough to ask you to help us to complete these last desirable works, and thus make the Tabernacle complete in all its surroundings, and fully equipped in every respect." *And they will, too!* The *bon accord* with which all had worked and contributed is cause for great joy. The architect returned half his fees, and was his own clerk of works. The builders and sub-contractors helped us in many ways, the general public came nobly to our help, and the last £100, which had been promised by a member of another denomination, was cheerfully given, seeing that we had more than fulfilled the condition of opening debtless.

Even now I find it difficult to credit that in a few years we have succeeded in obtaining a large piece of land (nearly an acre), with two houses on it (one of them for an almshouse, the other for the Chapel Keeper), and our new House of Prayer, and still have enough ground remaining to realize between £2,000 and £5,000, but destined, I trust, to accommodate some other institution for our Saviour's praise. The shrewdest heads amongst us could hardly have "seen their way" to

such a scheme; but we have had a Managing Director whose thoughts are higher than ours. All glory be to His Holy Name!

Quite contrary to the chairman's wishes, and indeed without in any way consulting his authority, one of the deacons broke into our programme and proposed a vote of thanks to the Pastor. It was useless for me to protest, for I was clearly in a minority. The kind things he said were too many and too much for me, and since all I did was accomplished by the help of others, I beg all subscribers everywhere to hear the echoes of the acclamation with which the proposition was carried, and believe that Auckland thanks the rest of the world. A pleasing feature in our meetings was the receipt from several sister churches of congratulatory telegrams. The Lord build *their* walls and increase their blessing. That evening we had four addresses, with real sterling stuff in each. First came an old friend (Mr. Carrick), a true blue, whose speech was unprepared, according to his own account—we shouldn't have known it if he had not told us. What wouldn't some of us give to be able to speak so well *without preparation*? Perhaps it is as well for us we can't—certainly well for the people if we resolve not to try it.

The Congregational minister (Mr. Robertson) followed in congratulatory style, but presently adopted a somewhat sarcastic vein, as he descanted on "The death and burial of Christianity." He instanced Tabernacle and chapel building, and the present crowded meeting, as among the signs of general decay, and hit rather hard (but *serve it right!*) when he referred to the infidel announcements which have been written on our pavements, as—"trodden under foot of men."

A Wesleyan (Mr. Bavin) rather reluctantly yielded the palm for money-getting to the Baptists, and after reading Joseph Cook's definition of "the Church of the times," declared the Auckland Baptist Church to be such a one, and its Pastor a preacher for the times. "Hear, hear," said the people; "Amen," said the Pastor.

Mr. McFarlane, a U.F.M.—which being interpreted must mean an unvanquished fighting man, or an unmistakably fraternal minister—said all sorts of kind things in his own quaint style, and pleased everybody by showing unmistakably that he was as pleased as anybody. His address was U-phonious, F-fective and M-phatic. Inspired by the hearty throng, and the auspicious circumstances, each speaker was at his best. We are not surprised that some friends have since applied for admission to our fold (being Baptists previously), hoping to share the heartiness and unity so plainly manifest at these gatherings. May this be just as evident long after the excitement and enthusiasm have died away!

The Building was unencumbered—(would that the preacher had been!)—when Sunday morning came. The subject was, "Not where we worship, but whom, and how," from the story of Christ and the Samaritan woman. Mr. Cornford presided at an afternoon gathering for young folk and their friends, addressed by Brethren Woolley and Driver. In the evening hundreds could not find admission, but those who did, heard of "One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

So ended our opening services—full of blessing and crowned with the goodness of our Lord. What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits? We are hoping to serve him faithfully within the new house he has given us. Will all who have helped to build the Tabernacle now help to build the *Church*, by praying for its holiness and usefulness?

Wind yourself up by Prayer.

THAT seemed an odd wish of Professor Huxley, some years since, yet perhaps many of us have at times felt with him:—"I protest," he said, "that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true, and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock, and wound up every morning before I get out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer." We might venture to suggest whether some devout minds have not felt and found prayer to be just such a clock. "*Prayer*," of which the old proverb speaks as "*the key which opens—the lock which closes the day.*"—From *E. Paxton Hood's "World of Proverb and Parable."* Hodder and Stoughton.

Beware of Satan's Deceits.

AN illustration of Satan's method of beguiling to destroy, was one day witnessed by the writer when rambling near Scawfell. His guide said he thought he could find a trout, and stooping down over the grassy bank of a small mountain-stream, remained for a few minutes perfectly quiet, excepting a slight motion of the arm. Presently he brought up a large fish. He knew where it was likely to be; he gently touched its back, drew his hand lightly backwards and forwards, soothed and charmed his victim, then grasped and captured it. So "the devil's policy is to tickle his victims to death, and damn them with delights."—*Newman Hall. From his Work on the Lord's Prayer.*

Love God above Life.

"*THY loving-kindness is better than life*" (Ps. lxxiii. 3). The Hebrew is, "lives." Put many lives together, yet there is more excellency and glory in the least beam, in the least discovery of divine love, than there is in them all. A man may be weary of life, but never of divine love. Histories tell us of many that have been weary of their lives, but no histories can furnish us with an instance of any one that was ever weary of divine love. As the people prized David above themselves, saying, "Thou art worth ten thousand of us"; so they that indeed have God for their portion, oh, how do they prize God above themselves, and above every thing below themselves! and, doubtless, they that do not lift up God above all, they have no interest in God at all.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Keep out of Danger.

IT is said that at the battle of Waterloo a wealthy merchant of Brussels, who had been allowed access to head-quarters, asked Wellington whether he was not exposing his person to great danger, as shot and shell were falling around. The general replied, "*You have no business here, but I am performing my duty.*" So let us never go into spiritual danger from idle curiosity, but only when duty calls; then, and then alone, may we expect to be safe.—*Newman Hall "On the Lord's Prayer."*

Practical Results of Atheism.

FIVE years ago there was founded in Barton county, Mo., by a party of atheists, a town called by the name Liberal. It is said to be the only community of equal size in the United States which does not recognize God or religion. There is not a church within its limits, nor a minister, nor a professing Christian. Christians who come into the town on business are commonly surrounded and assailed for their religious belief in the most abusive manner. The whole atmosphere of the place is densely atheistic. If there could be a community from which God was utterly shut out, this town of Liberal would be such.

The founders gave out distinctly that the town was established as an experiment—or rather, as they looked upon it, as a demonstration of what man could do for himself without the so-called “superstitions” of religion. They proposed to show the world that Christianity was nothing but a fable; that people could live and prosper without it; that churches, and ministers, and Sabbath-days, and religious observances of every kind were all humbug, a kind of fetich-worship, that man ought to free himself from, if he would attain to his highest earthly welfare and happiness.

What, then, has been the result of the venture? Nine-tenths of those now living in the town would leave it if they could sell their property. There is not a store in the town which carries 10,000 dollars worth of stock; there is not a factory or manufacturing establishment of any kind in the place, and, worst of all, there is not even a school-house. Public schools and infidel meetings have been held in rented buildings, except those which were held in the “Universal Mental Liberty Hall,” the flaming title of a “building,” says a correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, “about the size of a smoke-house, which it closely resembles.” There is not in the town a building that could not be built for 3,000 dollars, not half a dozen that cost 2,000 dollars, and a great majority of them cost less than 1,000 dollars. The two hotels of the place are spoken of as “cheap dens of the lowest character.” One of them is vacant, and the other is soon to be closed.

Nor have the social features of this infidel paradise been more gratifying than its material features. One of the inducements held forth by the founders was that, with the absence of all religious sects, both those quarrels which arise from differences of belief, and from the necessary opposition of Christianity and the world, social harmony and good feeling would prevail, and men would live together as brothers in peace and prosperity.

But, instead of this ideal harmony, the town has known nothing but quarrels and dissensions since the day it was founded. And as to the virtues of society under the removal of all religious restraint, Liberal is a sad example of what unaided human nature is able to do in emancipating itself from the dominion of sin. Liquor is sold without stint, and drunkenness is a prevailing crime. Swearing is the common form of speech. Girls and boys swear in the street, in the playground, and at home. Fully half the women are said to habitually use profane language. Lack of reverence for parents and obedience to them is the rule. Husbands and wives separate whenever they choose, and the

most gross forms of social immorality prevail. Slander and vituperation are in everybody's mouth. This town of Liberal has important advantages. It is situated in the midst of an unusually fertile country, underlaid with rich deposits of coal. A large amount of capital was invested at the start in developing the resources of the region, and providing facilities for immigration. There is nothing whatever to account for the utter failure of the community except the atheistic principles upon which it was founded. The significance of the experiment is heightened by the bravado with which it was announced to the world. It is a lesson which the socialistic, free-thinking Southwest will do well to ponder. Neither towns nor states can prosper without the restraints of religion and recognition of divine providence, authority, and law.—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Romance of Missions in Bithynia.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions maintains a successful mission in Turkey, whose head-quarters are in Constantinople, with ramifications extending widely in Asia Minor. One of the most interesting of missionary books is that entitled, "Romance of Missions," by Maria A. West, of the Bible House, Constantinople. It is a large volume, and is now being issued for greater cheapness and convenience in sections, from the first of which, "Romance of Missions in Bithynia," we make the following selections. The little book itself, published by Nisbet and Co., is the very thing for reading at working parties, or for the Sunday-school library.

NICOMEDIA.

"In the days of its glory, as the seat of empire, Nicomedia is said to have spread over more hills than Rome itself. Though Paul and Silas were not suffered by the Spirit to testify in Bithynia, the seeds of truth were there sown in after years, and many of the people became followers of the despised Nazarene, sealing their testimony with their blood under the reign of the infamous Diocletian. But the glory departed from that second Rome; and the Lord's tabernacle was removed, leaving but the *empty shell* to testify that it once had a dwelling-place within its walls. Centuries passed away before the 'Dayspring from on high (again) visited the people, to give light to them that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death.'

"Two missionaries from Constantinople had been silently witnessing the senseless round of ceremonies and vain mummery enacted within the walls of one of its Armenian churches; and as they turned away with saddened hearts one of them dropped a little tract in the outer court, with a silent prayer for the Divine blessing. The tiny seedlet was picked up by a priest. It took deep root in his heart, and was used also for the conversion of a brother priest. Little did Legh Richmond dream when penning the simple story of the "DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER," that he was setting in motion a mighty wave of influence which should reach to the uttermost bounds of the earth! And it is doubtful if the faith of him who scattered the seed by the way-side was strong enough to

grasp such a grand possibility as lay hidden within the germ of life ! That little tract was the means used by God for the establishment of the first evangelical church among the Armenians of Turkey, and ultimately of two others. Eternity alone will reveal its wide circling sweep with the heavenly harvest borne upon its bosom ! ”

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

“ At Bardezag we were conducted to a tumble-down old building in another and a poorer neighbourhood. I scarcely dared trust myself upon the rickety staircase. We passed through the open doorway into a low dark room filled with smoke. Upon the floor sat a hundred little girls herded together like a drove of sheep or pigs. At first no teacher was visible ; but when the smoke cleared away a little I saw a very old man sitting cross-legged in one corner smoking his pipe, while a child about six years old was kneeling by the rough wooden box which stood before him as if waiting for a lesson or command.

“ If my pity was stirred for the boys, my deepest commiseration was excited when I saw the miserable provision made for the girls. Indeed, it was matter of surprise to find anything in the shape of a school for that despised class in the community. ‘ *Teach a girl to read !* You might as well teach a cat ! ’ was said not only by the Arabs of Syria, but by Armenians, Greeks, Jews, and the other races of Turkeydom, but a few years ago. ‘ What good will reading do a woman ? ’ they asked. ‘ Will it make her more obedient to her husband ? No, never ! If the woman thinks she knows something she will be more perverse and difficult to manage than ever ! And as for the girls, why if they learn to read and write they will be writing *love-letters* the first thing ! ’ ”

AMOOJA.

“ Among the most pleasing incidents of my visit to that ‘ mountain garden ’ (Bardezag) was an acquaintance with Amooja, the first Protestant of the place ; a noble-looking, patriarchal Armenian, whose benign countenance and long white beard falling over his breast, with head crowned by a snowy turban, and flowing garments confined at the waist by an ample girdle, made me think that ‘ Father Abraham ’ must have presented very much such an appearance. He saluted me with all the courtliness and polish which mark the Oriental, to which was added the warmth of a Christian heart. With glowing face and easy flow of words he told me in his own language the story of his conversion to pure Christianity ; and I listened with interest to the thrilling recital : ‘ You must know, varzhoohi (teacher), that ours is a purely Armenian village of about a thousand houses. There are no Turks or Greeks living among us. As a people, we have little to do with the outside world, and we are very much devoted to our church and faith. Some years ago we learned that Protestantism (that, as we supposed, vile emanation from Satan) had entered the city of Nicomedia. The chief men of the place, of whom I was one, bound themselves by an oath to keep it out of our village, or, if need be, to drive it out by the sword. But God is stronger than Satan, and truth than the strong man armed. My son-in-law was a travelling merchant ; returning from one of his journeys he brought a little book which had fallen into his possession. Not being a reader, he gave me the tract, which I read in ignorance of its source.

It was entitled, "Light of the Soul;" and truly it brought light to my dark soul! I saw myself a lost sinner, but I also saw the Saviour, and accepted him with great joy. Then I was sure that this was from the Protestant missionaries, concerning whom I had believed so many lies. Wishing to see how it would affect another, I carried the precious leaves to an intimate friend, and he likewise accepted the truth. We were both hungry for more knowledge of this new way, and secretly sought an interview with Pastor Harooteun of Nicomedia. From him we obtained a copy of the New Testament. Finding that our visits to him could not be continued, we induced Pastor Resurrection to meet us on the Sabbath days in caves or secluded glens among the mountains, that he might more perfectly instruct us in the truth. And I, being somewhat deaf, used to lean upon his breast, as did the beloved disciple upon the bosom of our Saviour, that I might drink in every word; for I hungered and thirsted for the bread and the water of life! After a time our friends suspected that we were straying from the fold, and came out with sticks and stones to find and punish us. For this reason we repeatedly changed our place of meeting. At last my conscience was thoroughly aroused, and I said to my friend, "I must come out and confess Christ. It is like a fire shut up in my bones! I can no longer keep silence." "Very well," he replied, "you know what the consequence will be." "I know," I answered; "but I can no longer deny my Saviour." The next day I came out boldly in the market-place, and openly proclaimed the fact that I had become a Protestant, a follower of Jesus rather than of the Virgin Mary. Immediately the crowd set upon me with stones and clubs, and anything within reach. I fled to the house of a brother-in-law who was one of the head men of the place, and he said, "I will protect you this time, but you must never look to me again, unless you come back to the church."

"After various endeavours to induce me to recant, they put me in a church office, the more effectually to shut my mouth. This for a time succeeded, for how could I preach Christ when serving the superstitions of our old church? But I remembered that the Master said, 'He that is not with me is against me.' Conscience spoke more boldly than ever. I threw up the office, and proclaimed more loudly than before the truth of the gospel. One day, while at work in my vineyard, the young men banded together and commenced stoning me violently. 'Stone away!' I said to them, 'I deserve it, for I denied my Saviour; but know that these stones will become the foundation of the church of Christ in this place!' They left me insensible on the ground, thinking me dead, and when I recovered consciousness I gathered as many of the stones as I could carry, and took them to my house; and, varzhoohi," he continued, while his eyes kindled with the glow of his soul, "I have them now, and when our chapel is built they will be placed in the foundation."

William Kœllner; or, from Darkness to Light.

PART II.

BY PASTOR R. SHINDLER.

AT the time of those severe trials, which Pastor Kœllner had to endure at the hands of the French invaders, there lived in a neighbouring town a certain gentleman of liberal means, who added to an earnest Christian faith an active benevolence. He heard of Kœllner's loss, and exerted himself to obtain assistance to enable him to replace the church plate. When he had secured his object, he invited Pastor Kœllner, a local magistrate, and the warden of the parish, to fetch the present. They were astonished to find a complete and very handsome service of plate. Kœllner was so filled with astonishment that at first his joy found expression in tears rather than in words. But a far greater blessing than even the most costly service of plate awaited him and his people. A friend of his benefactor, M. Eichel, accompanied him on his return, and preached for him on the following Sunday. It was a sermon such as he had not heard for very many years—not since his boyish days—full of Christ and the gospel of the grace of God. M. Eichel had been driven from his post by the events of the French Revolution, because he would not take the oath of allegiance to “the nation,” as the godless cabal which ruled France was called. He gained a bare subsistence by private teaching, but his mind was full of peace and cheerful contentment. Kœllner noticed his composure and happiness, and in their private intercourse he asked him to disclose the secret of his joy. Eichel replied with unostentatious readiness:

“I have it solely,” said he, “from him who said, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Believe me, my dear sir,” he continued, “our blessed Saviour never spoke a word he did not faithfully and minutely fulfil. Boldly cast away your neological sophistry. Study the Bible alone, but in such a manner as to contemplate Jesus the Incarnate Son of God as its sole and peculiar essence, and you will find a very different system of divinity from that which you have been taught.”

These plain and faithful words went straight to the heart of Kœllner, and led to deep and anxious thought, earnest prayer, and diligent searching of the word of God. A second visit from M. Eichel, this time accompanied by the gentleman who had interested himself in procuring the service of plate, deepened the impression already made, as did also a book which they lent him; so that gradually he came to see the way of salvation through Christ. Soon also he was enabled to trust Christ as his Mediator and Redeemer, and thus to know God, and commune with him as his Father in Christ. Having thus received the truth in the love of it, he came to regard the whole system of Rationalism with extreme dislike and abhorrence, as a dangerous and soul-destroying delusion. Thus he found peace with God, and the peace of God ruled in his heart. But though his inward conflicts were mainly over, his outward trials were still continued, chiefly from the same cause—the awful scourge of war.

In July, 1796, the French again crossed the Lahn, and were once

more entrenched near Mayence. On the fourth day a division passed through Naurod, filling the houses like locusts, and like locusts devouring or destroying everything in their way. The parsonage received special attention. They required meat and drink, and Köellner furnished both for more than a hundred from his store, until it was all gone. The men then demanded bacon; but, though he assured them everything in the way of eatables the house had contained was gone, and though he even opened the cupboard doors and the cellar, they threatened to bring another party of Dragoons if he did not supply the requisition. He appealed to some of the officers who had taken possession of the house of the magistrate, but they only ridiculed him, and allowed three rough fellows to drag him back to his own house. He now made good his escape to a neighbouring wood, and managed to avoid recognition by dressing in peasant's clothes.

For three weeks, day by day, the troopers visited the village, and dealt with the people in the same lawless and cruel manner. Sometimes they demanded money as well as food, and when it was not forthcoming, they would strike right and left with their sabres. One day six dragoons came galloping into the village with drawn swords, wounding several who came in their way. The villagers fled to their hiding places. Köellner took refuge with two of his children in a loft over the church; his wife and one child hid in a ditch in the wood, and the rest of the children were secreted elsewhere. What remained in the houses of things portable was tied up and carried off. Köellner watched them from the church loft, and saw them plunder his own house. But his mind was at peace. "If the things they took from my house," said he, "had belonged to my worst enemy, I could not have felt more indifferent." God had heard his prayer, and that was enough. Presently the soldiers burst open the church door. The poor pastor entreated the Lord not to allow him to fall into the hands of the dragoons, and he answered him again; for when they had looked about and found nothing to their mind, they rode off with their booty. The family returned from their hiding-places, and wept and prayed together in their desolate home. This state of things continued for about two months, when the French were compelled again to retreat, and so the people were delivered for the present.

"It was a time of trial," says Köellner, "which I shall never forget, a season of tribulation, in which it was literally true that 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' But it was also a period of suffering abundantly useful to my soul, because it drove me to the Word of God and prayer, and united me more closely with God my Saviour, while at the same time it led me still deeper into my natural corruption. The Bible now became an inexhaustible source of blessing, scarcely ever absent from my hands. How was my spirit animated to bless and praise my Divine Redeemer in the midst of affliction, being now acquainted with his wise and gracious intention!"

Then, describing his conversion to the true faith, he adds:—"It is indeed no vision of the imagination to awake out of the sleep of sin, to arise from the dead, to be enlightened by Christ, and stand in closer union to God by faith in Christ Jesus. It is a blissful foretaste of heaven, for the sake of which we ought gladly to sacrifice and cast

away everything of an earthly nature. All my former self-sufficient works, which I regarded as virtues acceptable in the sight of God, and estimated so highly, appeared to me very different after a sight had been given me of my inner man. As St. Paul says, 'I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.' Though the whole world should deride me, and all my brethren in office contemptuously sneer at me as a weak-minded orthodox simpleton, I have found something which elevates me above all the scorn and ridicule of the world, for which God be praised throughout eternity."

But Koellner's trials did not end when the French left Mayence. First, his house was broken into, and the kitchen utensils, among other things, stolen, which, in his extreme poverty, was a great loss. Then, he was involved in a debt of six hundred florins, which he had borrowed to stock his land when he first settled at Naurod. This his fast increasing family and many other trials prevented his paying off. He could not justly reproach himself for this, however, as his domestic matters were managed with strict economy, and, considering his small stipend and the troublous times, it was rather a wonder to him that he was not more deeply involved. This burden, nevertheless, pressed heavily upon him.

"But God, our gracious Father," he gratefully records, "ever careful of his children, has already shown me how easy it is for him to relieve my necessities."

Presents were made to him of a watch and of other articles of which he had been robbed. One day a man came into his courtyard wheeling a barrow, with a heavy package, and went away without even staying for a trifling donation. It was a present from the gentleman who had presented the plate, and the package contained almost everything the family required for food and for clothing.

"Lord, how true are thy words," exclaims Koellner, in recording this incident: "'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you'! This temporal blessing came to me as if it had fallen from heaven;" and then he adds: "Thus does God rejoice the heart that resigns itself to him, even in tribulation, with manifold proofs of his love and mercy! From my childhood up, and as far back as I can remember, the Lord has relieved all my wants, and delivered me from all my perplexities, so that, filled with gratitude and thankfulness, I must exclaim with Samuel, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me!' He will also help me further, suffer no trial or temptation to be too grievous for me, and when his hour comes, will remove that stone of stumbling (that is, his debt) entirely out of the way; although, with my limited understanding, I cannot fathom the possibility of it, nor the means by which it will be accomplished."

Koellner looked upon these trials as a means in the hands of Divine Wisdom for the purifying of his faith and the strengthening of his confidence in God, and in his wisdom, power, and love.

All the sixteen years he was at Naurod, and for a long time afterwards, he was under this discipline, languishing with his family in such poverty that, he remarks, "the poorest day-labourer was richer than I." But he was never forsaken, though sometimes his faith was very weak. When a heavy account was to be settled, or a debt

unavoidably contracted to be discharged, or unfruitful seasons added to his usual amount of anxiety, he sometimes began to despond. Yet help never failed him. Even before he called, or while he was yet praying, God answered him full often. Friends would send him books with a few dollars within the leaves, or clothes would be sent with the pockets containing silver, and sometimes gold. Thus his heavenly Father supplied his needs. Gratefully he remarks :—

“I am constrained to say, to the praise of my kind and gracious Lord, that he has never left nor forsaken me, but has cared about and provided for me in such a manner as if he and I were entirely alone in the world. My heart has by this means gradually habituated itself to intercourse with him ; and he has become indispensable to me, so that I hold converse with him morning, noon, and night, and find continual subjects of thanksgiving from the consideration of his works of goodness, grace, and mercy.”

Again he remarks, in language full of deepest instruction :—

“In consequence of his providential guidance I am accustomed to notice even the smallest traces of Divine providence, directing to them the attention of others, especially my own family. Oh, it is a blessed occupation to mark the ways of God! . . . I now find myself unable to contemplate any event except in reference to Christ ; and this is doubtless what Paul means in the words, ‘Christ is all, and in all.’ His Spirit keeping strict watch over me, and reproving even the most subtle impurities, impels me to desire everything from Christ, the source of all truth and salvation, and to refer everything to him again. He is the continual and inexhaustible theme of my sermons. Since I was delivered from the kingdom of darkness, I have known no other morality than the crucifixion of the flesh, with its affections and lusts ; the putting off of the old man and the putting on of the new. This is the only true evangelical morality, the sole principle on which all systems of morality must be founded, in order not to be mere heartless and powerless declamation.”

Again he says—quoting in part from Luther :—

“The Christian is always growing up unto Christ, without attaining the complete likeness of Christ ; that is, he crucifies the flesh on every occasion ; but, as Luther himself says, ‘Flesh remains flesh until the earth is thrown over it,’ so the Christian never ceases the process of crucifixion, but must continue it all his life long.”

This is the experience of all Christians, notwithstanding what perfectionists may say to the contrary. But,

“Death, which puts an end to life,
Will put an end to sin.”

Koellner experienced a very severe trial in the loss of his eldest son. He had been collecting debts for a mercantile house, and had arranged to meet his father in a village within a short walk of the residence of the latter. While alone on the road, Koellner was led to meditate in a very comforting manner on the words of the promise, “Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” While he was thus dwelling on these words he

actually passed the place where, a few minutes before, his son had been robbed and murdered by two desperate ruffians. The furnace was heated, as it were, seven times, but the Son of God was with his servant, and he was enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

When fifty years of age Köellner removed from Naurod to take charge of another flock. He still had to endure poverty, and his debt hung about his neck like a millstone. After a time, however, the scene brightened, his income increased, and chiefly through the great liberality of a lady who had profited by his writings, he was enabled to discharge his debt.

When deafness came upon him he found himself unable to discharge the duties of the ministry, and he retired to spend the last sixteen years of his life at Basle, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and many friends, among whom he moved with patriarchal gravity, fidelity, and affection, warning and encouraging his friends in a truly apostolic manner. His cheerfulness and excellent spirits made his society a pleasure, and his large fund of information, and the simplicity and precision of his narratives, made his conversation edifying.

He had a peculiar child-like faith in God as his Father. His belief that God ordered all things for our good, if we love him, united with that sublime and divine peace to which he had attained by faith in Christ Jesus as his Saviour and Redeemer, were the compass and the anchor by which his vessel was safely guided and firmly held in the storms of suffering. He had so accustomed himself to a child-like intercourse with his Lord and Saviour, that he poured all his cares and sorrows into his ears, experiencing by this means in numberless instances, and in a most remarkable manner, how God condescended even to the smallest concerns of his servant.

But his faith bore fruit also in much zeal and devotion for the diffusion of the gospel in the fatherland and among the heathen. He occupied himself usefully in connection with several religious societies. One of his sons says:—"The extension of the kingdom of Jesus in the world, the salvation of souls among every nation upon earth, lay near his heart, having himself so richly experienced what a glorious and blessed thing it is to be a sheep of Christ's flock."

With great force and fervency he would urge his friends never to depart from the simplicity that is in Christ, nor to strive after so-called high things by useless speculation, but gladly to hold to meaner matters, and not regard themselves as wise and prudent, but believing filially and simply in the word of God, to walk according thereto in love and cheerful obedience.

His end came suddenly, on 4th January, 1835. The evening before he had sung a hymn and taken leave of his family in his usual manner; in the morning he was with Christ, God having answered his prayer in the way Cowper sang—

"Break off, then, these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee.
Oh, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!"

Obedient Babies : Mothers in the place of God.

“WHY, now, Uncle William, you don't mean that, do you? You are not so absurd as to talk about making a baby obey you?” So said my lively young sister-in-law—not my brother John's wife, she knows all about these things—as she held her six months' old lovingly in her arms. “You do not intend to say that I am to begin my family government—oh, I am half afraid of the word—right away with this little pussy, whom I have nestled up to me now?”

“Well,” I answered, “my dear, it does look at first glance rather absurd; but I suppose that you intend to have some government in your household, and just a little, at least, of family training, don't you!”

“Why, yes; you know I do. What sort of a family would it be if it had neither training nor government?”

“About what time, then, do you propose to begin the government and to start the training?”

“I have not fixed the time yet,” she replied, looking up to me with half surprise, as if my question had started a new thought; and then added, “but I suppose both ought to begin just as soon as a child is able to understand what you want.”

“How soon is that?” I asked; and I was pretty sure what the answer would be, for my little sister-in-law is bright and intelligent, and has a baby which, like all young mothers, she fully appreciates as being a child remarkably forward and knowing. “Your baby, I believe, is about six months old. He is, of course, too young to show many signs of intelligence. You can hardly make him understand anything yet.”

Her eye looked quickly into mine, and just a little flush was in her face as she said, “You do not know how bright he is. He shows intelligence every day, so much so that sometimes I think that he knows all I say to him.”

“But you do not mean to tell me that he ever makes you think that he has any will of his own?”

“Yes, I guess so; he was not many days old when his father saw him crying passionately in my arms, and said teasingly to me, ‘The baby has inherited his mother's temper and will.’ I told him that his temper was a part of his paternal inheritance. However that was, we both concluded that it did not take long for a baby to give evidence of wanting to have his own way.”

“But did you ever make him understand what you wanted him to do? He is too young for that, is he not?”

“You do the little fellow injustice again, Uncle William. I want you to understand that this baby knows more than you think.” Then, catching my eye, she added, “I see what you are aiming at. Yes, he has shown me clearly that he can understand me. Yesterday I was struck with it. I wanted him to go out for an airing with his nurse, as he does every day. We were putting on his wrapper. He stood the leggings and the cloak pretty well, but when it came to the hood and the tying it under his fat chin, he rebelled. He turned his head from side to side, and when we insisted on his keeping still, and the strings being put under it, he kicked and set up one of his good cries, not of pain or uneasiness, but just a good, loud, passionate yell. You know,

old bachelor as you are, what the difference is between the cry of pain and of passion from a baby."

"Oh, yes, I know fully what it is, for I had a deep experience of it on the boat yesterday, as my reading was all disturbed by the frantic yells of a baby that insisted on scratching the face of a meek little girl at its side, and made known its displeasure at being hindered in the pleasant amusement by flouncings and cries that set the boat in an uproar. I know the difference."

"I thought that it was only wilfulness, and as he had done just so day after day before, kicking and crying till nurse and I were all in a perspiration, I resolved to try if the course of things could not be changed. So I stopped, looked at him sternly, tapped his chubby hand with my forefinger sharply, and said, 'Baby, hush! Baby, be still!' To our half wonder and half amusement, he looked at me for an instant with a sort of surprise, and as I repeated my command, suddenly ceased his crying, and kept perfectly still till hood and cloak were adjusted. This morning, when the going-out time came, I heard the beginning of the same outcry, but just as soon as he saw me at his side, and heard my voice telling him to hush, he kept as still as a mouse."

"I rather think, then, that he knew what you wanted, and that his will must give way to yours. Do you not think so?"

"It certainly looks very like that, but I had not philosophized about it."

"You have, my dear, I think, made a discovery of infinite moment, if you take and act on all its meaning. You did not think it, certainly your baby did not know it, but you gave him yesterday his first idea of law. You began your family government. You taught him obedience to you, to yield his will to a higher, God-appointed will. You began not one moment too early. Probably that little incident, so casual and seemingly unimportant, will have a bearing on all his future existence. It surely will if you, as a wise mother, go forward in the same straight path."

* * * * *

I have not told all of my conversation with my young sister-in-law in this talk about "obedient babies."

My remark that she had given her baby already his first great idea of law, and that what she had done, if she would but follow on in the same path, would have a bearing on all his future history, seemed to catch and hold her attention. Her baby-boy had fallen asleep on her bosom, and she was holding one of his fat hands to her mouth, halfkissing, half covering it with her lips, while she looked dreamily in his face. After a moment or two of thoughtful silence she raised her eyes, and, with a strange look of mingled solemnity and wonder, said:

"Uncle William, you have startled me with a new and very solemn thought. You tell me that I have begun to teach my baby to submit his will to a higher will, and have begun a reign of law for him. Did I understand you rightly?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is what I intended to say. Your will came in conflict with his will, and you, though you perhaps did not see it at the moment, taught him obedience to law when his hood was tied quietly under his chin."

"But I have just been thinking that if this be so, what a strange and even fearful position it puts me in! I must be a superior being who gives a law that he is bound to obey. Indeed, I hardly dare say what more it seems to me I am to him."

"What more do you mean?"

"Why, my baby does not, cannot know any other being superior to me. If my will is his supreme law, then I must be in the place of God to him! He knows no other, can know no other God but me or his father. It gives me a strange emotion, half of terror, while I think or say it. Am I wrong?"

"No, my child, you are not wrong. I do not see how, thoughtful mother that you are, you can escape just that conclusion. There will be some months, possibly years, before your little one can have any idea of God, and during all this time his parents must be in God's stead to him. He is to obey your authority; to love you, while he obeys you, above and beyond all other beings. You stand in that relation to him by the simple fact of his birth. You will understand me, then, when I say that for the present you are to your baby God's vicegerent; you are, as you have said, in God's place to him."

"But, oh, what a responsibility it puts on me! I shudder at it. What ought I to be?—How good, how wise, how even holy! If I am to be his lawgiver, what ought I to be myself?"

There was a depth of emotion in the tones that surprised me, and as I saw the tears starting to her eyes, that had a half-frightened look as they fixed themselves on mine, I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful, and I had a new conception of what it must be to be a parent.

"I do not think," I said, "that you look at it at all too seriously. It is the strange ordering of the Creator that it should be so, but so it is. Do you not think that there is some such meaning in the fact that the fifth commandment stands just where it does, midway among the ten? It is to show that next to God's the parental law is over the child. Thus you stand next to God, and, in these infantile years, *for* him."

"Then you said that what I did when I made him obey me would have a bearing perhaps on his whole history. I do not know that I understand precisely what you mean."

"Your little boy has been born into a world, a universe of law. He will be, he is now, under that law. He is God's creature, and so by his being he is a subject of God's law. If this little one whom you hold so lovingly is to be happy in this world, or in any world, he must be a loving and obedient subject of God. If he is rebellious or disobedient, he cannot but be unhappy. Do you not see that clearly?"

"Oh, yes, it is very plain that no one can be happy under a law that he is rebelling against, but from which he cannot escape."

"Well, have you never thought that these baby years of your little one, when he knows no law but yours, may bear on his character when by-and-by he is old enough to understand his duty to God?"

"You mean that if I train him to obey me from the first, and have him form the habit of yielding to right authority, that he will by that habit of obedience be prepared to obey God?"

That is just it. These baby hours shape the man's character and his eternal destiny."

"This opens a new world to me. It is almost a fearful thing to be a

mother or a father, and that, not as regards the by-and-by when the babies are grown, but just now while they are so little. They know no other God but us. I know that I shall pray as I never have prayed before, that I may be what I ought to be as God's representative. I will try to be gentle and ever firm and loving, so that my boy shall from this beginning learn that there is a law over him, but that it is good and blessed, as well as inexorable law."

She said this in a meditative way, as if she was almost unconscious that I was there, and then rose and laid the baby gently in his cradle. I am sure that a prayer wrapped him closer than the white covering that was tucked round his little form.—*From "A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life and things adjacent."* By William Aikman, D.D., New York: Fowler & Wells, 753, Broadway.

[Some time ago we quoted a passage from this admirable author without knowing it to be his. With great good nature he sent us one of his popular volumes, which we have read with so much pleasure that we felt bound to give our readers a taste of it. We should have liked to have inserted a word about the need of a work of grace to make little hearts grow up in obedience to God, but the reader will do it mentally. Dr. Aikman's book is good, fresh, and practical.—C. H. S.]

Promptness.

THERE is everything in habit; and those who are in the habit of being prompt at all their appointments, find it no harder than if they were always late. Indeed, we think it is much easier; for, as a rule, those who are dilatory undergo a considerable amount of fretting, and cause much annoyance to others; while, on the contrary, there is great comfort to one's self and to others in meeting all appointments with promptitude. Some one has written these words on the subject:—

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly. And yet a large class of persons are almost always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is in their engagements. They are late in rising in the morning, and in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting-house or office; late at church; late at their appointments with others. Their letters are sent to the post-office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving. They come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or the duty, but they are always behind the time, and so are in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and for ever were trying to catch up with the lost time. They waste time for themselves, and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort, and influence, and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of others. And if it were with all a part both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for themselves, avoid giving annoyance to others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.—*The Chicago Standard.*

The Four Crosses at the Wine-shop.

BY JOSEPH W. HARRALD.

A FEW miles from Mentone, we passed a little road-side *débit de vin*, or wine-shop, over the door of which were roughly painted four crosses. "There's a religious public-house," said one of our companions. "Yes," we replied, "we have heard before of the infamous combination, which was alliteratively and satirically described as the union of the Bible and beer, religion and rum, God and gin. We did not stop to enquire whether there was any special odour of sanctity about this particular house, but tried to think out the meaning of the suggestive symbol. What was the interpretation we put upon the four crosses at the wine-shop ?

Cross No. 1 represented *Cross Words*. Within this place, if it at all resembles our English liquor-shops, there are often heard high words, betokening low passions. From this place men will go to their un-home-like homes to grumble, growl, and quarrel, and to ill-use their wives and children. While the father tarries long at the wine, those for whom he ought to work have to whine in another fashion. When the wine is in, the wit is out; but that is not the only thing that is out; for love of home and family has gone too, and with it all that makes a true man. The more men drink, the less they think of all that ought to be dear to them, and of all that is good for them.

Cross No. 2 stood for *Cross Looks*. What a fine opportunity there is here for the study of frowning faces, sullen scowls, fierce flashes! Perhaps the wine-bibbers look very happy, while they are in the company of their boon companions; but, even then, their laughter is "as the crackling of thorns under a pot," soon over, and nothing is left but the dust and ashes of unavailing regret. Full often the man, who is "a jolly fellow" while the wine is freely flowing, is anything but jolly when the drinking-bout is at an end. He bestows his smiles so lavishly upon those who are unworthy of them, that he has none left for the dear ones at home, who run from him through fear instead of running to him in love. The "generous" wine makes its votaries ungenerous, unjust, unkind, un—everything that they ought to be.

Cross No. 3 meant *Cross Actions*. In the wine-shop the transition from angry words to brutal blows is quickly made. Solomon said that "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water;" but strife often begins through *not letting in water*, or only letting it in when it has been defiled and spoiled by an admixture of noxious drugs, or made into a poisonous drink by one of the many inventions which men have sought out, in their vain endeavour to improve upon Adam's ale as brewed by the great Creator. The fiery blood of the dwellers in this sunny clime is soon inflamed when they betake themselves to strong drink, and thus the quarrel begun over the wine is only settled by the cruel arbitrament of swords crossed in deadly combat.

Cross No. 4 reminded us of *Cross Purposes*. The wine-shop under notice stands between the communal school and the parish-church, and we fear many of the children, who are being educated here, will be enticed into the chapel which the devil has erected almost under the

shadow of the house set apart for the worship of God. Many of them will be taken to the wine-shop by their parents, and trained to drink from their earliest days, even as godly fathers and mothers do in Christian England, and then marvel when their sons become drunkards, and their daughters join the terrible band of secret-drinking women.

These four crosses at the wine-shop seem to us sadly suggestive. It was at the four cross-roads that suicides were buried in the olden time, and the house adorned with the four crosses will be the cemetery of many a bright hope, and good resolution, and noble character.

When we were children at school, and did what was wrong, a cross was placed against our names. These four crosses, interpreted in this sense, indicate a "superfluity of naughtiness" on the part of the four persons, who make, sell, buy, or drink the liquor which the wise man said was a mocker and a deceiver, which at the last "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

There is a cross in every lot, but the publican may well put *four* crosses over his door, for he will have quite that number on his shoulders, or in his heart. No wonder that publicans, as a class, live a shorter time than men engaged in any other business; for the scenes they witness, the conversation they hear, and the daily stealing of heart that many of them must undergo, may well be compared to a fourfold cross, which sooner or later, and generally sooner, crushes them to the earth, and to the grave. Oh, that, like his namesake of old, every publican would cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and quit the business which makes so many other sinners!

We read in the gospels of *three* crosses. Why will these Romanists persist in making additions to the inspired record? There is no need of more than three crosses—first, the cross of the impenitent malefactor, as a solemn warning to the ungodly; next, the cross of his penitent companion, as a perpetual reminder of God's gracious forgiveness and reception of the vilest of sinners, who repent of their sin, and rely upon his Son; and then, finally, **THE CROSS**, the cross of Christ, which is still the sinner's hope, the saint's joy, the preacher's theme, the Saviour's throne, and God's glory, whatever some may say to whom it is an offence and a stumbling-block, even as it was in the days of the apostles.

Jonathan Edwards backed by the Prayer-Meeting.

WELL-KNOWN are the immediate and lasting effects of the sermon, entitled "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," which President Edwards preached at the time of "The Great Awakening." It was believed that the sermon owed much of its success to the earnest petitions of a few believing persons, who spent the whole of the previous night in a prayer-meeting in the vicinity (Enfield). These prayers were made the more earnest by the fear that God, who was blessing other places, would in just indignation pass them by.—*From Hervey's "Manual of Revivals."*

Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem.*

“I WAS born,” says Bishop Gobat, “on the 26th of January, 1799, at Crémine, a small village in the beautiful Münsterthal, in the Jura, then under the government of the French Republic, but now belonging to the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland. My father and mother had from their youth up been religiously educated. They loved each other most tenderly, and I never observed anything like a misunderstanding between them.”

So the good bishop begins; and we propose for the reader's benefit to summarize the main events related in his “Life,” which is largely autobiographical, and is an interesting record of the career of a sterling man.

From four to fifteen this young Swiss peasant was sent to school four and a half months in the year; we give one characteristic incident of his school days. The master was in the habit of striking the boys' fingers for every mistake in writing. Young Gobat had left out a word of five letters, and the master, instead of counting it as one mistake, according to rule, reckoned it as five. The lad's sense of justice rebelled, and at the second and each succeeding stroke he looked the master in the face and said, “God requite you!” The next boy soon made a similar blunder, and, on being called up for punishment, Gobat whispered to him, “Do as I have done.” From that moment every boy received his caning with an emphatic “God requite you!” The master at length threw his cane out of window, and exclaimed, “No more caning! If I cannot manage you without a cane I will cease to be your teacher.” The boys conferred together, and agreed that in case the master kept his word and abolished the cane, they would endeavour to please him; and from that day the school was a model of good behaviour.

As Gobat grew up he secretly embraced infidel notions, but not without acute mental struggles. At length the tumult of his mind plunged him into deep anguish. His sister's conversion impressed him and increased his agitation, and it was not until he had passed a night in wrestling prayer that he found relief. It was a memorable night. He felt the Lord Jesus near him in all the fulness of his love, and the morning found him exhausted and unable to rise. He broke through the natural reluctance to confess Christ before his worldly companions, and to his surprise they received his words with respect. One of them said, “I know you are right, but I cannot follow you now.” Two years later this young man forsook his evil courses, and his conversion was the signal for a revival which spread through the neighbourhood.

At twenty-one Gobat became liable for the duties of the Landwehr, which consisted in performing military exercises for fifteen Sundays in the year. On the first Sunday he protested against this profanation of the sacred day, and was permitted to absent himself on paying the fine. Eventually the Prefect, struck with his probity and consistency, paid the fine for him.

* Samuel Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem. His Life and Work. With Preface, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. James Nisbet and Co. 7s. 6d.

A strong impulse towards missionary work now took possession of him, and while waiting to be received into the training institution at Basle, he taught school in his native village, and with such a spirit of love that he bound the scholars to him with sincere affection, and they wept at his leaving. He pursued his studies at Basle, Paris, and in London, showing a remarkable aptitude in acquiring languages. He mastered, for example, the 209 forms of the Ethiopic alphabet in two hours, and five months later could translate from Ethiopic into Latin without the help of a dictionary.

The Missionary Society at Basle was in those days in the habit of furnishing men for the English Church Missionary Society, as the latter institution had more money than men, while the former had more men than money. Gobat was thus placed at the disposal of the Church Missionary Society, and in November, 1825, was told off for Abyssinia. At Alexandria he and his colleague Kugler were detained for three years, waiting for an opportunity to proceed to their destination. They spent the time in missionary labours at Alexandria and Cairo, and a six months' missionary tour in Palestine. At Cairo Gobat entertained high hopes of the conversion of a learned Mohammedan teacher, Sheik Ahmed, which were doomed to disappointment. After many interviews, in which he appeared deeply impressed and ready to receive Christ as his Saviour and God, Gobat lost sight of him. Three months later he says, "I met him one day in the street. I asked him why he had not called for so long a time, to which he naively replied, 'The last time I was with you I felt that if I went to you again I should be convinced of the truths of Christianity, and be consequently obliged to avow myself a Christian, for which I should have been killed. I therefore resolved to see you no more until my heart should be hardened against your arguments.'"

In October, 1829, the way being opened, the two missionaries started for Abyssinia by way of Suez and Massowa. Suez was reached on camel-back, and the voyage down the Red Sea was made on a miserable Arab boat, laden with pilgrims going to Mecca. They arrived at Massowa a little before Christmas. The missionaries were well received by Saba Gadis, the ruler of Tigré and Lastra, a division of the Abyssinian kingdom. This man had waded through blood to his throne, but had since become mild and benevolent. He felt excruciating remorse, and tried in many ways to atone for his sins. Kugler remained with him eight months, and instructed him in the gospel, with the result that before his death, which took place within a year after the coming of the missionaries, he gave evidence of being a truly converted man.

Gobat left his companion at Adigrad with Saba Gadis, and plunged into the interior for the purpose of disseminating the gospels. It was a trying journey. He was seized with fever, which, curiously enough, was cured by a thunderstorm, which broke over him one night accompanied by deluges of rain. In the midst of this storm he lay all night in delirium, wrapt in a carpet, under the open sky, and awoke next morning in three inches of water. The fever was gone, and he rode thirty miles to Gondar, arriving at sunset hungry, thirsty, and in good health.

Gondar was a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, and here his house was filled daily with enquirers of all classes. The Abyssinian church is a branch of the old Coptic church, and holds the Monophysite heresy, namely, that the human nature of Christ was so absorbed into the divine as to cease to exist. The practical consequence is that Christ's example is nothing to mankind, as he was not a real man. The religious life of the people is of the lowest form. Discussions of dry points of theology with the priests were forced on Gobat against his will, but they attracted the people to his house, and when it was full, he contrived to bring the conversation to a close. Then he would read a portion of the Word of God, and exhort the people to search the Scriptures, to repent and believe; and so dismiss them to make room for those who were standing at the door. This went on daily for months, from sunrise to nightfall. New hearers came from all parts, so that the gospel was preached to many thousands. It was a wonderful period, but less fruitful than might have been supposed. "As to the actual fruits of my work in Abyssinia," he writes, "I cannot say much; all will be revealed hereafter. All I can say is that many Abyssinians changed many of their views for the better, and that I observed numerous individuals on whom the truths of the gospel had made a deep impression, but I knew only four or five whom I could consider as truly converted."

The story of one of these converts, Walda Selassia, a learned Abyssinian, is deeply interesting. He travelled three hundred miles to meet Gobat, having heard of his preaching at Gondar. He carried on keen disputes with him on religious and metaphysical questions, and resisted his efforts to lead the conversation to more practical subjects. But when Gobat departed Walda burst into tears. "We are about to part," said he, "perhaps for life. I ought to be frank and candid with you. You have opened my eyes; I will treasure up your instructions in my heart, and will publicly avow myself your disciple. You are my father." "I left him," says Gobat, "leaning against a rock bathed in tears. Nearly ten years later he went to Jerusalem in search of me, and being told that the year previous I had been on the Lebanon and at Damascus he went thither, and made out by the little Arabic he had learned that the "Inglees" lived in India. He accordingly started for India, but not finding me there, he returned to Abyssinia. After that I could obtain no tidings of him for nearly twenty years, when I saw the Rev. Mr. Stern on his return from his first visit to Abyssinia. He told me he had met with the same Walda Selassia at Gondar, and that he was the only really converted Abyssinian he had known."

The outbreak of war between rival chiefs in Abyssinia necessitated his leaving the country, and he returned to England in 1833, and addressed, among other meetings, a gathering in Baptist Noel's chapel, of which he heard again very pleasantly thirty-four years afterwards. A gentleman at table, who addressed him by name, related that he happened one day, in 1833, to be in the company of some light-minded young men like himself, when one of the party observed that a missionary from Abyssinia was about to address a meeting in Baptist Noel's chapel, and proposed that they should all go and hear what he had to say. "We went," continued the speaker, "and this proved the first step of my conversion to God." This gentleman was Lord C——.

On his way back to Abyssinia Gobat passed through Basle, where he married Marie Zeller, the daughter of a valued friend of his early student days. Marie herself, as a child of six, had sat on his knee in those old times. She proved an admirable wife, and shared the toils and privations as well as the honourable labours of his long life.

Their journey back to Abyssinia, and enforced return home within two years, was an experience of privation and suffering painful even to read. Gobat himself was for half the time so seriously ill that his life was despaired of; the wife suffered two attacks of cholera; and the child was dying of brain fever. They were obliged, notwithstanding, to prosecute their journey in miserable Arab boats, or on foot over rugged mountains, or on the backs of camels across burning deserts, where they suffered from want of water, and Hadara, a faithful Arab, carried the child on foot through the greater part of the desert till it died. That journey Gobat could scarcely look back upon afterwards without shuddering and tears. Hadara accompanied them to Europe, where he died two years after, to the grief of his master, who had hoped he would become a useful missionary to his people. "If he had been the only fruit of my work in Abyssinia," writes the bishop, "I should still be thankful to have been employed as an instrument to lead him to the Saviour of sinners."

Some years were now spent in recruiting health, in the preparation of an Arab grammar and the revision of the Arab Bible, and in missionary work in Switzerland, Malta, and amongst the Druses of Mount Lebanon. He was then entrusted with the charge of a Protestant College established by the Church Missionary Society at Malta; but was not long allowed to fill the post, for in 1846 the King of Prussia nominated him to the vacant bishopric of Jerusalem. This bishopric was the fruit of the Syrian war of England and Austria against Ibrahim Pasha, in 1840, and was instituted for the protection of evangelical Christians in Palestine. The appointment was in the hands of the sovereigns of England and Prussia alternately. Gobat held the position with dignity and usefulness from 1846 to 1879. He built Christ Church, on Mount Zion, and a Christian church at Aleppo; maintained schools at Jerusalem, Nablus, Tiberias, and Salt; laboured in the Jewish hospital at Jerusalem, every room of which was supplied with a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew; managed an industrial house where converted Jews received lodging, clothing, board, and general education, as well as instruction in a trade; distributed large sums in relief to poor Jews and others; employed evangelists and colporteurs amongst the Christians, the Jews, the scattered Arab population, and the Druses; and himself preached in Jerusalem in various languages, and made missionary journeys through the Holy Land. He kept up meanwhile his connection with Abyssinia, sending missionaries and Bibles there as required, and writing to the king, who was personally known to him, letters, which, had they been acted upon, would have averted the expedition of Sir Robert Napier in 1868, when the fortress of Magdala was destroyed, and King Theodore committed suicide.

Dr. Rosen, the Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, said of him: "Gobat's mind had assimilated rich stores of theological learning, while his heart was filled with childlike faith; he was almost equally master of the

three most important languages of modern culture, German, English, and French; he possessed the advantage of an agreeable, sonorous voice, and the effect of his dignified, earnest countenance was aided by a tall and imposing stature. His presence in Jerusalem was to many people unwelcome; but, thoroughly peace-loving by nature, he lamented the discord awakened in all directions by his activity, though he was well aware that reform and old routine cannot amicably co-exist."

He died early on Sunday morning, May 11, 1879. As he lay on his death-bed his son reminded him that he, as a child of God, had no need to be afraid of any evil in the dark valley of the shadow of death; the Bishop smiled, and whispered, "*It is not dark.*" His wife survived him only three months, and they were laid side by side under an olive tree on Mount Zion, there to rest and await their joyful resurrection.

D.

Never think of yourselves.

A FRIEND told me that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and said to the keeper, "Are you not afraid to live here? it is a dreadful place to be constantly in." "No," replied the man, "I am not afraid. We never think of ourselves here." "Never think of yourselves! How is that?" The reply was a good one. "We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps burning brightly, and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved." That is what Christians ought to do. They are safe in a house built on a rock, which cannot be moved by the wildest storm, and in a spirit of holy unselfishness they should let their light gleam across the dark waves of sin, that they who are imperilled may be guided into the harbour of eternal safety. John xxi. 15-17.—From "*Notes for Bible Study.*"

Where to look for the New Theology.

"THE New Theology in Fiction" is the title of a review in a recent number of a literary journal. Such a heading is very suggestive. The new theology is oftener in fiction than in truth. It has little in common with truth, and has much to do with fancy. The meaning, however, of the words as we find them in the journal is simply that a novel is reviewed in which the old theology is caricatured and condemned, and the new theology (?) is commended and championed. We need not be surprised or alarmed at such a book. Fiction is a weapon which has been employed against gospel truth for ages, and a *novel* is certainly a most appropriate channel for conveying modern theological views. We are fully prepared to admit that a novel is a very suitable text-book for students of the new theology. Any one who is desirous of knowing what that theology is may search for it in fiction and find it there; he will never find it in the facts of life or in the pages of revelation. The old theology is to be found in the old Book of truth—God's blessed Word; and to it we mean closely to adhere.

C. W. TOWNSEND, of *Inskip*.

Popular Credulities.*

AT the last Conference of the Pastors' College one of the speakers, whose parsonage is in the West of England, gave some particulars of credulities which are still prevalent in that picturesque part of the country; and evidence from the rural districts generally goes to show that superstition—the religion of weak and ignorant minds—is still rampant. Nor is the credulity to which we refer confined only to one class; for no longer ago than the beginning of June a fortune-teller at Whitehaven was sentenced to three months' imprisonment "for professing to rule the planet" of a maiden lady sixty years of age, from whom she had extracted more than £100. Nothing save the cultivation of something better will overcome the rank growth of such poisonous weeds in the garden of the human mind.

Mr. Jones's volume is confessedly "an exposure of the dark side of human nature"; and apart from the great interest of the subject, the book serves a very useful purpose in showing the worst phases of the worst kind of popular ignorance. "The growth of superstition is rapid, and its decline is slow," he says; and the evidence is superabundant, that mere education will never exorcise this demon which has possessed even so-called fathers of the church, and men of classic culture in later times. Thus, deadly error fastens itself upon the stem of truth; but we are not without hope, since, as we are reminded, "Christianity is piercing deeper through the shadows of doubt and error, bringing to light the hidden works of darkness." Addison mixed in the best society of his day, and his testimony is: "I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and I have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought." Even Chrysostom, who rebuked the weakness in others, was himself too much the slave of superstition.

Superstition has been associated with the sea from time immemorial, and sailors have ever been reckoned among its chief votaries. In the seventeenth century astrologers published their rules and advices; and those who manned the colliers which traded between the Thames and the Tyne gave special heed to the prognostications of the wise men. Many of the current delusions descended from the monkish chroniclers of the Middle Ages; and little research is needed to show how cunningly Rome has grafted old paganisms upon the Christian stock.

"Among the Romans it was customary to consecrate little marble ships to *Jupiter Reduz*, in gratitude for their safe return from sea. On the Cœlian Hill, where anciently stood the temple of this deity, Our Lady of the Ship, *Santa Maria della Navicella*, now receives the homage of her naval votaries. Before her chapel Pope Leo X. erected a marble ship to record the dangers he had escaped in a storm at sea. Fragments of ancient native ships have often been discovered in the soil of this spot."

The root of the plague is, therefore, undoubtedly pagan; and the fruit it has borne in a full crop of inconveniences has ever been worthy of its origin. Thus, in Bohemia, which once promised to foster the Reformation in its earliest beginnings, the fishing folk are not willing to assist drowning persons, "thinking the water-sprite will be offended" if they do so. In the good old times of the Middle Ages, it was always the safer plan for all reverend gentlemen to keep off the water; for "if a priest happened to be on board during a time of tempest and danger, he ran the risk of being thrown into the sea, his black dress being considered the cause of the storm."

* "Credulities Past and Present: including the Sea and Seamen, Miners, Amulets, and Talismans, Rings, Word and Letter Divination, Numbers, Trials, Exorcising, and Blessing of Animals, Eggs, Birds, and Luck." By William Jones, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus. Price 7s. 6d.

On one occasion some terrified sailors assured a captain that there was a ghost in the ship because *they smell him*. At the end of the voyage a dead rat behind some barrels sufficiently explained the mystery. When thoroughly investigated, many other supernatural terrors have been found to have no better foundation.

The Church of Rome has ever been ready enough to invent legends to suit its purpose; and by the exercise of a little ingenuity all kinds of inconvenient things, supposed to be duties, have been escaped even by devotees. It is well known that the person called St. Patrick was a zealous missionary preacher who laboured among the pagan Irish before Popery, as familiar to us, was common in the earth; but none the less zealously on that account do the Romanists claim Patrick as their own, ascribing to him various freaks which, at least, testify to the inventive genius of the monks. People who wish to eat meat on fast-days at the present time in Ireland dip the forbidden article in water, and call it St. Patrick's fish. The legend is that the saint was about to indulge in pork chops on a fish day; but on being rebuked by the reproving glance of an angel, he dipped the meat in water, and it came forth trout. Such are the trivialities which are seriously believed at the present day by numbers of benighted people who are misnamed Catholics.

The superstitions of *miners* are legion; and when accepted without limitation, as has been the case in some districts, they must have made life little less than a burden. At every turn, especially in the recesses of the earth, miners have thought themselves beset by invisible enemies, who were prepared to take advantage of any lack of circumspection.

In the old days of the plague, the amulets which were commonly recommended and worn reveal a degree of popular ignorance and credulity which has happily passed away. According to one prescription, a piece of gold in the mouth "when you walk out, or any sick person comes to you," is an infallible safeguard. While the plague was raging in London, "amulets composed of arsenic were very commonly worn in the region of the heart, upon the principle that one poison would drive out or prevent the entry of another." It seems incredible, but so it was, that, while the light of Puritanism was abroad, "large quantities of arsenic were imported into London for this purpose." Dried toad, powdered, was also esteemed as such a charm against the plague that even "Pope Adrian is reported never to have been without it." Such things are still believed in by the people of the East; they linger in priest-ridden Ireland; and are too often found in the dark corners of our own more favoured land. "To enumerate the different kinds of protective rubbish which knavery has invented to impose on the credulity of the superstitious would fill a volume," remarks Mr. Jones: "every parish once had its 'fairy doctor,' as he or she was called, whose business it was to prepare charms and counter-charms for all manner of uses; to preserve cattle from murrain, and children from the *good people*, to bring back lost affection or stolen butter, to keep a household from plague, pestilence and famine, or to guard the cows from being sucked by an old woman under the form of a hare."

An old author of the reign of Elizabeth found it necessary to warn his readers that devotion was "to stand in deep sighs and groanings, with a full consideration of our miserable state, and God's majesty, in the heart, and not in ink or paper; *not in hanging written scrolls about the neck*, but lamenting unfeignedly our sins from the heart." Ever prone to wander from the truth, it is no less curious than humiliating to find how early men adulterated the pure gospel by this alloy of paganism. In the times of persecution at Rome, the blood of the primitive Christians came to be regarded as something which was possessed of peculiar virtues; not merely in a spiritual, but in a physical sense.

The long and surprising list of lucky and unlucky days shows that particular countries had their peculiar follies, but that all lands were alike superstitious. In regard to *luck*, we once heard a preacher declare that it was a heathenish word; but more forcible is the remark by Sir Thomas Brown: "Let not

fortune,* which hath no name in Scripture, have any in thy divinity." He adds, "Let Providence, not chance, have the honour of thy acknowledgments." From what a thralldom does the Bible, with God's blessing, deliver poor humanity! We trust that none of our readers retain even a single link of the fetters of superstitious dread; but we have our fears, for we heard of one who did not like to sit with thirteen at table, and of another who would not make a friend a present of a pair of scissors for fear their friendship should be cut. Ah me!

Mr. Jones's volume will be prized by those who desire to be fully posted up upon the subject of credulity and superstition. The author has so thoroughly performed his task that the book will rank as a standard work of reference upon this pestilent nonsense. Indirectly and directly, the chapters show how great a need there is for more evangelists and colporteurs to brush away the old cobwebs, and to let into many a dark shade the warm, cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Even now simpletons turn their money at new moon, and tremble at the spilling of salt. We saw only the other day two servant-girls listening to an old hag who was evidently telling them of a dark young fellow who was coming across the sea for one of them, and a tall gentleman who would make the other one ride in a carriage. We thought that the old lady ought to have been accommodated with a room all to herself in the county gaol. True religion is the only antidote for the rank and unholy outgrowths of ignorance which we deplore; the people will never be free from the devil's lies until they have the gospel.

The Hop-pickers' Mission.

AS the time draws near for our work among the poor hop-pickers in Kent, we are anxious to mature our plans, so as to make the most of the brief opportunity afforded us of benefiting the thousands of immigrants within our reach during the month of September. We, therefore, urge friends who can help us, to be *prompt* with their gifts, that we may know beforehand what assistance we can expect.

Many generous hearts are now familiar with the nature and needs of this mission, as is shown by their letters and offerings year by year; but, for the information of those unacquainted with it, yet willing to help, we may briefly explain the character, operations, and results of the "Hop-pickers' Mission."

THE CHARACTER OF THE MISSION.

During the month of September many thousands of the poorest from alleys, courts, and lanes find their way into Kent for hop-picking. Here, surrounded by influences and scenes kindly and inspiring, they are far more impressible than in the abodes and companionships of sin.

Christian workers have, for several successive years, sought to improve this opportunity; and their labours have not been in vain in the Lord. The mission is conducted by the Rev. J. J. Kendon, well-known through Kent for his life and teaching. His helpers are ministers, city missionaries, and evangelists. Efficient help is also given in the singing by willing bands from the schools, conducted by Mr. and Miss Kendon. The mission is purely *undenominational*; our one aim being to lead these lost ones to Christ. The number of workers, and the area of their operations, are determined by the amount of help sent in each season; hence this early appeal.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE MISSION

are as various as they are interesting. Gospel hooks, tracts, and leaflets, are freely circulated among the "hoppers"; in the garden, at the "bin," they are

* What would Sir Thomas have said of the rendering of Gen. xxx. 11, in the Revised Version, "And Leah said, Fortunate! and she called his name Gad"?

daily visited, and conversed with concerning their moral and spiritual interests; the sick among them are looked after and tended with medicine and counsel; "hopper-houses" and "camps" are visited, and services held in their midst, on Sunday mornings; the shoeless and thinly-clad are not forgotten at the "store-room" of the mission; the village resorts of the "hoppers" are visited each evening by the missionaries, and open-air services conducted; free teas are provided on Sunday afternoons for the "hoppers," for the sake of gathering them to hear singing and gospel addresses.

Mr. Kiping, L.C.M., writing on last year's work ("Word and Work," October 2, 1884), says, "To give an idea of the camp work, I will mention the work



of one Sunday. We started at 10 a.m. with a large supply of books, tracts, &c. . . . At the first camp we found the women busy washing their clothes, while the men were standing in little groups waiting to be shaved by one of their fellows, who acted as barber. We stood in the centre with our music, and commenced to sing 'Wonderful Words of Life.' Children came running from all directions, and were soon joined by their parents. Great attention was paid while we spoke of Jesus and his love. At the close of this meeting we gave each some suitable reading. We left, feeling that God's Word would not return void. At the next camp we found about five hundred. Here we found the sleeping accommodation very inferior, and the stench of the place almost

unbearable. While giving away our tracts and having some personal conversation, a woman said, 'I am glad you have come; I have been praying for some one to come.' Here she burst into tears. I asked her what was the trouble. She said, 'I have two children down with scarlet fever.' We tried to comfort the poor woman, and spoke of the Great Physician, who is able to cure all diseases. We felt it our duty to remain here for a time and preach Jesus.

"After visiting several other camps we held a meeting in the evening at the Mission Hall, in the village of Yalding, which was well filled. After the meeting in the Hall, we had a meeting in the open air, where a large number gathered; thus closing one Sunday's work among the hop-pickers. Mr. Kendon and his helpers did a similar work at Goudhurst on Sunday. Four hundred hop-pickers were gathered to a free tea; after which about one thousand listened to the gospel message. Many of the villagers are going about as 'sheep having no shepherd.' They look forward to hop-picking time with much pleasure, as they say it is a time when they get a 'lift towards heaven.'"

THE RESULTS OF THE MISSION

have been most gratifying, both among the "strangers" and the villagers, directly and indirectly. In gardens where once the ears were made to tingle with the profane jest and bawdy song, there is seldom heard, amid all the merriment, anything to offend. Where once the missionary was despised and the butt for ridicule, he is now warmly welcomed and asked to "come again." Whilst much remains to be done, much *has* been done already (within the area of the mission's operations) toward the diminution of drunkenness and rioting. More tangible results may be found in renewed hearts and homes; men, once in rags and brutalised by drink, now "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind."

We cannot refrain from quoting from a letter recently received from the Rev. J. J. Kendon. He remarks: "It will never do for us to give up the work, or go backward in the cause. The hop-pickers and home-dwellers *count upon it, and look for it as part of their hopping experience.* Beside this, the churches themselves get stirred up, and receive great blessing."

Will every reader of this appeal send *some help*, however small?

Parcels of clothing, tracts, &c., should be sent, carriage pre-paid, to Rev. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R. Contributions to C. H. Spurgeon, or to Mr. J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or to the writer,

JOHN BURNHAM, Brentford, Middlesex.

Notices of Books.

Baptism Discovered Plainly and Faithfully according to the Word of God.

By JOHN NORCOTT. Corrected and somewhat altered by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price in paper covers, 6d., cloth, 1s.

We published this little book with the desire of keeping the Lord's command before the minds of the Lord's people, and we wish that those who are of our

mind upon Baptism would quietly disseminate it.

Are we all as faithful to our Lord upon this point as we ought to be? We are under personal obligation, not only to be true to our own convictions, but to enlighten others. Many have made up their minds never to consider the subject lest they should be obliged to make a change; but this is not a praiseworthy course of action, nor can it be said to be manly. Let us follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.

Lectures on Baptism. By the late WILLIAM SHIRREFF, Glasgow. With a preface by C. H. SPURGEON. New edition. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price 2s. 6d.

Having sold an edition of Shirreff's Lectures, our publishers have produced another thousand with the full persuasion that Baptists can hardly find a better book for distribution. Those who value that ordinance of their Lord, which sets forth his Death, Burial, and Resurrection, will be wise to put this holy and temperate argument in the way of their friends. Not for party's sake, but for the truth's sake, we desire a speedy circulation for this forcible treatise.

A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life and things adjacent. By WILLIAM AIKMAN, D.D. New York: Fowler & Wells, 753, Broadway.

Contains a great deal of sound philosophy and shrewd common-sense, written in a hearty, homely style. We have extracted two short chapters from it, and these are fair specimens of the whole. Thank you, Dr. Aikman, for sending us your talks! You are not likely to be long a bachelor, for your spirit and tone are those of a thoroughly domesticated Christian man. We hope your books will bless American households, where we fancy that the law of obedience is even less remembered by children than it is in this old country.

The New Testament in the Original Greek. The text revised by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., and FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT, D.D. Macmillan & Co.

This edition of the Greek text of the New Testament is reproduced from a larger edition, published in 1881, with an accompanying volume, containing an Introduction, and an Appendix of Notes on Select Readings, and on Orthography. It is a very important addition to Biblical literature. We are not able to go into the critical question of its accuracy; but granting that matter to be satisfactory, we see the great advantage of having a cheap edition for students and other readers of the Greek text. The more reading of the Scriptures the better; and it is best of all when that reading occupies itself with the

original. Every member of our churches, who has a fair English education, should aim to acquire sufficient Greek to read the New Testament; we specially include in this exhortation our sisters in Christ. Every vestry should have its Greek class.

Fatherly Chastisement; or, Comfort for God's People in Affliction and Trouble. By HENRY H. BOURN. Partridge & Co. 3s. 6d.

The esteemed brother, who has written this volume, knows by personal experience the value of affliction and trouble. We cannot think of his singular disease without emotions of true sympathy. By experience he has learned to be a Barnabas; and in this book he exercises the holy art of consolation to good purpose. The testimonies to the divine faithfulness which Mr. Bourn has here collected make up a brilliant constellation of comfort, whose beams will, we trust, cheer many a night of weeping: may they cheer himself! We are glad to have such a selection of holy sayings to quote from, and we commend the book to brother ministers for that reason among many others. Those confined by sickness to their beds will, we trust, find the work of their fellow-sufferer to be a bottle of balm, or at least a cup of comfort in the day of their distress. Of Mr. Bourn's book "The Father Revealed" we hope to speak next month; but we should like our friends to get this comfort book first.

Manual of Biblical Geography. By DR. HURLBUT. C. A. Gillig, 9, Strand.

Last month we favourably reviewed this Bible atlas, but said that 15s. was not quite the price to secure a large sale. Mr. Gillig asks us to announce that he has reduced the price to 10s. 6d.

Sacred Themes and Famous Paintings. By Rev. DAVID DAVIES. Alexander & Shephard.

Most attractive. Our friend has an observant eye and an eloquent tongue. In these sermons Doré and Munkacsy preach the gospel, while Noel Paton, Holman Hunt, and Edwin Long prophesy concerning the Christ. The work is well done.

Work and Adventure in New Guinea, 1877 to 1885. By JAMES CHALMERS and W. WYATT GILL, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

NEW GUINEA might have much longer remained unknown had there not been a move towards it on the part of Germany, and a more energetic action pressed upon England by our colonies. Yet, though unknown, it has not remained uncared for by missionaries. Brave men, with their Lord more dear to them than their lives, have entered the villages of the men-slayers, and have subdued many of them to peace and righteousness. The story is told with all artlessness; but those who read attentively will judge that these men are true heroes, and well deserve the Victoria Cross, and every other symbol of honour that men can devise: they will get nothing of the kind, but they will have reward in heaven, and they should have the thanks of all their brethren here below. New Guinea belongs to Jesus, and he will have it; but not without many a battle. Alas! the worst enemies of the kingdom of Christ are the white men; these, with the rum-bottle, are like incarnations of the devil, and exert a horrible influence, difficult to overcome. Missionaries survey a country, and act as pioneers, and vile adventurers speedily follow them to plunder the people, and defile them with new vices. How much need there is for celestial interposition! How impossible is the conversion of the heathen apart from divine power! The more we plead with God for missions, the more shall we be aiding them in the wisest and most effectual manner.

This is a book worthy of a place in every missionary library, and surely every collection of books in Sabbath schools and Christian congregations should partake of that character. The cost is 6s. Two missionaries have written the work, and it is full of information as to the moral and physical condition of the great island: many of the observations are of high scientific value.

Child-life in Chinese Homes. By Mrs. BRYSON, of the London Mission. Religious Tract Society.

A TREASURE of a book. Meant for the

young, but full of interest for persons of all ages. Illustrated most plentifully, brimming with instruction, replete with reflections, and altogether delightful. Get it. It costs a crown.

Old Highways in China. By ISABELLA WILLIAMSON, of Chefoo. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER China book by a lady, and a very good one too. The amount of Christian effort for this great empire, large as it is, is ridiculously small in comparison with its vast population. The more Christian people learn about this renowned land, the more will they become concerned for the welfare of its singular inhabitants, with their quaint ways, and antiquated manners. Such a book as this is worth its weight in silver for its geographical information, but viewing it as an incentive to missionary zeal, it is still more valuable. It is a most enjoyable book.

The Better Land. By JEREMIAH DODSWORTH. New Edition. T. C. JACK.

THIS edition is issued by the son of the author. The original work was published during a period of much popular excitement about emigration. The style of the sermons was singularly adapted at that time to attract the reader, and it is none the less so now. Such as were affected with the mania to be "off to the diggings," and seek their luck in the gold regions of California, furnished the writer with homely thoughts concerning the glory regions of the Better Land. We have enjoyed reading this book, and trust that it will be used of God—

"To allure to brighter worlds,
And point the way."

Spiritual Life. By Rev. F. A. C. LILLINGSTON, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

A SERIES of six very excellent chapters upon "walking after the Spirit." To our mind the author has "hit the mark" in reference to the truth concerning that which is now called "the higher life." Avoiding extremes, he has chosen the middle course, and looking at both sides of the subject has wisely blended the good of each. We heartily say "Amen" to the author's prayer that God may bless these few chapters.

Sketches and Studies. By CHARLES G. McCRIE. Ayr: William Stephen.

THIS book is a reprint of contributions to the British and Foreign Evangelical Review, and consists, therefore, of a variety of subjects better suited to a periodical than to a single volume. We have a dissertation, for instance, upon the Antiquities of Scotland, immediately followed by a sketch of the character of Charles Kingsley. Though the materials are gathered from other sources, the author has shown great independence and originality in the use he has made of them. We are glad to find that he stands fast by the Reformation principles associated with his name in his native land.

What Saith the Scripture? By J. ANDERSON, M.D., M.R.C.S.L. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE best reply to this enquiry would be to let Scripture speak for itself. So says the author of this book, whose aim is to show, not what the Scripture may appear to say in our translation, but what in the original language it really does say. He gives us a brief and yet clear analysis of the inspired phraseology of the Old Testament as far as the first book of Chronicles, including the book of Job, with the view of subsequently completing the series. The narrative of the creation is shown to be in perfect harmony with the discoveries of science, without the necessity of perverting the six days into prolonged geological periods. In most cases the literal is preferred to the allegorical meaning, and yet not without allusion to a figurative interpretation where it can be safely and profitably entertained. Some few things there are in reply to the question, What saith the Scriptures? which in our humble opinion they do not say. The Son of God, for instance, is supposed to have been in some human form as a pattern or image in conformity with which man was created, which would not have been in strict accordance with the words, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and puts the second Adam before the first. Considerable encouragement, too, is given to the absurd supposition that the sons of God, who saw the

daughters of men that they were fair, and took them for wives who bore children, were angelic beings, because three times in Job and once in Daniel the same title is supposed to be thus applied. But where are fallen angels, which these are supposed to have been, called the sons of God, or said to have been real flesh and blood? For these, however, and some few other exceptions, the Biblical student will find ample compensation in the critical, scientific, and evangelical interpretation and exposition of the Old Testament which is here presented to him.

The Supernatural in Nature. By the Rev. J. W. REYNOLDS, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

THIS is a right noble work. The learned prebendary has routed the whole horde of modern foes of the faith, and has used their own chosen weapons of science, philosophy, and historical criticism. He makes it as clear as a sunbeam that the works of God illustrate the Word of God, and that wherever the inspired record crosses into the domain of nature its physical references will bear the severest tests of science. Mr. Reynolds is full of his subject, and he has a luminous, racy, instructive pen. His volume, though learned and truly scientific, is most charming reading. If scholarship, argumentative skill, and Christian courtesy can end the strife between the Bible and those infidels who flee to science for refuge, this volume ought to do the business. It is simple, thorough, interesting, and is attractively got up.

Plenteous Redemption. By CHEYNE BRADY. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

MR. BRADY'S style is quite to our heart. He is direct as a dart; clear as a sunbeam, and brief as an angel's visit. Earnestness throbs in every line of these tracts; and, withal, a power of keen thrusting too seldom possessed. He knows the sins and sorrows of the human heart, and the Saviour who can work their cure; and, in addition, can plainly point the burdened spirit to the peace-giving Christ. Tract distributors couldn't do better than have a stock of these at once.

Memorials of John Deane Freeman.

By his DAUGHTER, C.F. Alexander and Shephard.

THIS is the life of a worthy Baptist brother, a choice man, "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." These quiet lives, rich with grace and godliness, are not so much interesting to readers as they are refreshing to friends. Stirring incidents do not abound in happy lives: the river which waters a continent flows in an unbroken channel. Among Mr. Freeman's own friends this memoir will be greatly valued, and we doubt not that others who will read it will be much edified. The authoress has written with a single eye to usefulness, and we trust she will see the desire of her heart.

No Condemnation — No Separation :

Lectures on the eighth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. MARCUS RAINSFORD, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

THOROUGHLY evangelical and spiritual, and free from those vicious speculations which mar so many modern expositions. The book is good, though by no means striking. Those who will read it must be edified by it; but it wants the vivacious originality which will compel that reading. This we regret to write, for all our sympathies are with the honoured author, and almost in every point we are at one with him. Gracious people will find food for their souls in these expository discourses, for they are full of holy truth.

The Cottage Door, and what I saw and heard there. Religious Tract Society.

PLAIN Christian teaching in homely language, with here and there a touch of mother wit. If the colporteur will open "The Cottage Door," at the cottage door, and tell the good wife what is to be seen and heard therein, he will soon hear the jink of coin in his ever-ready palm, and all the cottagers will look out for his return to the cottage door with some more joinery from the same firm in St. Paul's Churchyard.

Bible Queries for Every Day in the Year. Religious Tract Society.

THIS little book, at a shilling, has a Scriptural question for each day in the

year. It has suggested several sermons to us, and therefore we value it; but to the general reader we do not see its particular use.

Short Comments on the Gospels, for Family Worship—Matthew and Mark.

By the Rt. Rev. ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D. Hatchards.

Pious but poor. Our author says that he has not attempted anything like a commentary; and it was hardly needful for him to tell us so. The teaching is sound and safe, and thousands are, no doubt, edified thereby; but, oh for a spark of genius, a grain of interest, to lift the pages above the level of commonplace! We cannot discover in this volume a trace of original thought on the part of the author, nor anything of his own which is likely to suggest thought to the reader; but this only goes to prove that the Scripture itself has such life and nourishment in it that the dullest expounder cannot destroy its quickening and sustaining influence. Poverty, abject poverty, is the characteristic of this book.

The Preacher's Monthly, containing Studies for the Pulpit. Edited by

Rev. W. HOPE DAVISON. Vol. IX. C. H. Davison, 84, Hatton Garden.

MR. DAVISON succeeds beyond most editors in gathering together homiletical material from all sources. He is largely indebted to the Americans. We see some little trace of that *liberal* tendency which is the fashion of the hour; but this is not sufficiently conspicuous to call for censure; for, on the other hand, there is much of good teaching which deserves our commendation. We wish for the "Preacher's Monthly" increased usefulness.

New Biographical Series. Tyndale, Richard Baxter, &c., &c. Religious Tract Society.

ONLY one penny; a fine portrait, and a well-written life. This is the way to promote education of a high order. Each biography is written by an author of ability, and is no mere hash; and hence the article is worth many pennies, though sold for one. Everything about these memoirs is of the best, though sold at a nominal price.

Old Testament Prophecy. By C. VON OBELLI. Translated by Rev. J. S. BANKS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

To German professors of theology we look for elaborate productions, and we seldom look in vain. Whether they turn to the right hand or to the left, they plod on with slow and cautious steps until they have traversed the whole breadth and length of their theme. This treatise is in the right direction, and deserves a more extensive notice than we are able to give it. After clearly explaining the distinguishing peculiarities of Old Testament prophecy, it proceeds to show its most obvious fulfilment in the person and kingdom of the true Messiah. The New Testament is shown to be contained in the Old, as the flower in the bud; but as the flower, when once blossomed, cannot be again enclosed in its bud, so the New Testament cannot be put back into the Old. The relation between the two is inseparable, but they are not to be confounded with each other. The Old Testament is still to be regarded as the bud, and the New as the flower. The fulfilment of prophecy in the one, in the historical narrative of the other, is so exact and complete that it could not have been the effect of chance, or human design. By the manner in which so much of prophecy has been fulfilled we are guided in the interpretation of that which is yet unfulfilled. The medium between a too literal and a too allegorical application of both types and prophecies is judiciously preserved in this work. On these accounts it cannot fail to be regarded as a standard work upon the subject of Old Testament prophecy. It is sufficiently learned to demand the thoughtful perusal of the Biblical student, and from its subject and the familiar style of its translation, it commends itself to the attention of ordinary readers.

Sermons Preached in Twickenham Congregational Chapel. By Rev. G. WALKER, B.A. Second Edition Enlarged. Speaight and Sons.

We have already spoken of these sermons, and can only echo our former judgment. A little less polish and more force would have given them touch and grip of other minds; but even as they

are, they will exercise a ministry of quiet comfort.

East End Pictures; or, More Leaves from My Log. By T. C. GARLAND. T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

HAVING been successful as regards the first issue of his sketches, Mr. Garland, who gives the results of actual experience among the poor and the degraded, now sends forth a second series of similar pictures from real life. The book will find favour among all who are familiar with the author's former volume; and its circulation should promote the evangelization of Eastern London.

Chosen: Chastened: Crowned. Memorials of Mary Shekleton, late Secretary of the Invalids' Prayer Union. By her sister. Nisbet & Co.

Most of our readers know the beautiful hymn, set to music by Mr. Sankey, "It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine." Here is the life-story of the authoress told by her sister; and those who love to see how a sick couch can be made a scene of work for Christ and a centre of blessing, will enjoy reading this book.

Prasanna and Kamini, the History of a young Hindu. Religious Tract Society.

The chief part of this story was written by the late Mrs. Mullens of Calcutta, and published in India under the title of "Faith and Victory." While engrossed in reading this narrative of the transition of young Prasanna and his bride Kamini from the gross darkness of idolatry to the glorious light of the gospel, we in imagination spent a pleasant and instructive holiday with a Hindu family, with occasional visits to the home of a devoted missionary. There are incidents of tragic interest in the story, so that while those who take an interest in missionary labours will here learn much of the home life, religions, and modes of thought of our Indian fellow-subjects, the unconverted will be led to read the story for its own sake, and, we may confidently hope, be led to love the Saviour of these young Hindus. It costs but two shillings. Buy it, read it, and give it to an unconverted young friend.

Notes.

AFTER a short rest in Scotland the Editor expects to be back at the Tabernacle on *Lord's-day, Aug. 2*; and he hopes to be able to preach on Sabbath mornings and evenings, and also on Thursday evenings, for some time to come.

On *Tuesday evening, June 23*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. This class, under the efficient leadership of Elder J. T. Dunn, is like a church within a church, and in work for Christ it excels many churches. The primary object of the members is to study the Scriptures on Lord's-day afternoons; but the meetings are turned to practical account, first by the collection of contributions for missionary and other purposes, and then by evangelistic efforts in connection with six mission-stations, and at other places. There are 146 names on the books, 57 having joined the class, and 56 having gone forth from it to positions of Christian service during the year. The average attendance has been 102.

The total amount raised by the members since the last anniversary has been £76 4s. 6d., of which £20 was given to the Pastor's Jubilee Fund, £15 to the Pastors' College, and £30 towards the support of missions in Spain.

These figures, together with much more interesting information, were conveyed in the report read by the Secretary, Mr. C. G. Hudson, to whom, as a token of the esteem of the members, Mr. Spurgeon presented a handsome clock, and several useful books. Mr. Hudson having expressed his heartfelt thanks, the Treasurer, Mr. Boulter, handed to the Pastor the contributions for the College and missions, which were very gratefully acknowledged. Addresses were delivered by Sir Wm. McArthur, M.P., and Messrs. Dunn and Stocks; recitations were given by Miss Wheatley and Mr. Beedon; while Mr. Smith's choir led the singing in an effective manner. There was a large gathering of the friends of the members, and the tone of the meeting was enthusiastic, proving that the class possesses great vitality and vivacity. Our churches would find it to their gain to foster confederacies of brethren of this kind, training them in mutual edification, Christian fellowship, and brotherly charity. Alas, too much attention is given to another and far less helpful matter, namely, that of amusement! We do not hesitate to affirm that there are in connection with some churches frivolous entertainments which might be very well in a music-hall, but are quite out of place among Christians.

On *Wednesday, June 24*, the TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, that is to say, the school held in the Tabernacle, which is the largest of the 35 in connection with us, took 1,039

children to Hayes Common for the day. It was a grand treat to all, but no small undertaking to those who managed it. We are growingly impressed with the value of these excursions to the children shut up in our crowded streets. We have so much to do in this line that it becomes an item of expenditure, very cheerfully given, but growingly serious. We wish some rich man would entrust us with a respectable sum to be spent in aiding poor Sunday-schools in taking out their children for the day.

The Annual Excursion is a great boon to the children, but the paying for it is frequently a heavy burden to teachers, who are not often endowed with spare cash.

On *Monday evening, June 29*, the annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, who presided, said that, before any business was transacted, he would ask all present heartily to sing the Doxology in thanksgiving for the hopeful recovery of Mrs. Evans, the devoted manager of the Society, who was able to be at the meeting after a long illness. Speeches were made by Pastors C. H. and J. A. Spurgeon, and Messrs. W. Olney, and J. W. Harrald, who also read the report, which commenced with an appeal from the Pastor's pen, a portion of which we transcribe:—

“How are those pastors to be clothed whose incomes are not sufficient to feed their families? There are many such, especially in the villages. In many places, where we had strong churches, the population has decreased; the well-to-do farmers have been impoverished, the young people have removed to the great cities, and the Church of England has drawn away the feeblery sort; and thus the churches have become financially weak, and are unable to raise the moderate support which they once gave to their ministers. These churches cannot be deserted: their ministers bravely stand to their posts though seriously pinched with want. Our Society takes as its work the task of helping these tried servants of God with apparel. The ladies meet for making garments, and they also distribute such articles as may be sent to them. We do not mention the names of those relieved, but they are among the most laborious and useful of the men from our College. Their letters show their need and their gratitude, and make us wonder what they would have done had they not been thus assisted. . . . Did friends but know half of what comes under my notice, the loose silver would leap from their pockets, and even more surely their superfluous clothing would find its way to the Society's stores. I am in hopes that tradesmen will find it convenient to give remnants for dresses, and calico and linen for under-garments, and that caps, bonnets, shoes, etc., may be afforded by those who

could not give money. We do not now ask for help for the far-away heathen, or for the vicious and degraded, although these are by no means excluded from Christian care; but we plead for the accepted ambassadors of Christ, the self-denying under-shepherds of poor flocks. This is a way in which help can be conveniently and acceptably rendered: let us not be slow to send it."

During the past year, 65 parcels, containing about 2,700 garments, besides 73 sheets, 37 blankets, and 603 yards of dress-material and flannel, have been sent out, the estimated value of the gifts being £428 16s. 6d. Of this amount, about £100 was received in cash, and the balance in materials and garments, and the Treasurer commences the new year with £1 16s. 11d. in hand. Working-meetings are held at the Tabernacle on the Wednesdays after the third and fourth Sundays in each month, when any ladies who can help will be welcomed, or they can be supplied with work to be done at home. Parcels of clothing or materials should be addressed to Mrs. Evans, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London.

On *Tuesday evening, June 30*, it was our privilege to assist in the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of our good brother W. J. ORSMAN'S work at COSTERS' HALL, HOXTON, by preaching to a crowded audience, composed largely of those who have been gathered together by our worthy friend and church-member. It was a sight to see the crowded street outside, and a happiness to think that there was a City of Refuge in their midst.

On *Monday evening, July 6*, the prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was commenced half-an-hour earlier than usual, in order that many who were present might afterwards attend the service at CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, at which the Pastor preached. The meeting was largely attended, and full of power; and just towards the close, considerable interest was added to the proceedings by the testimony of Pastor S. Alman, of Emmanuel Baptist Church, New York, to the blessing that he had received from a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's, given to him by a lady, when as a sailor he was thousands of miles from his home, and as a Jew was full of hatred to the Messiah whom he has now for years loved and served. He said that in looking upon the face of his father in the gospel, he had realized the fulfilment of a desire which had long filled his heart. It was a great joy to the preacher to meet with such a convert, whose work has been blessed to many in the great city across the sea.

It was pleasant, as the prayer-meeting broke up, to see a large company starting by their presence the streets which led from the Tabernacle to Christ Church. It looked like a pilgrimage. Mr. Newman Hall and his friends had commenced the service

with singing and prayer. They were afterwards joined by some hundreds of those who had been at the Tabernacle, and the united congregations made up a grand audience. The mingling of the two companies was an emblem of the hearty union which exists between ourselves and our neighbours.

On *Tuesday evening, July 7*, the Pastor presided at the public examination of the scholars in the DAY SCHOOLS, conducted by Mr. S. Johnson, in the Station Road, New Kent-road. The answers given by both girls and boys to the questions put to them relating to grammar, the Scriptures, history, geography, and mental arithmetic, were exceedingly satisfactory, while their reading, spelling, and French, gave evidence of the thorough and careful training they had received. Specimens of their writing, drawing, and needlework were handed round for inspection, and elicited much praise. At the close, a few words of hearty commendation were spoken by Jas. Stiff, Esq., and the Pastor, who presented the prizes furnished by himself. We cannot speak too highly of the education imparted by Mr. Johnson, Miss Simpson, and Mons. A. Cogery. We should be glad to see the number of their pupils still further increased. We do not think that tradesmen and artisans in the neighbourhood of the Tabernacle will find a better school for their children, let them look where they may. It is to us a great pleasure to know that many of the boys have owed their good situations to the solid teaching which they obtained in our Day Schools, and that many of the members of our church had early religious principles instilled and fostered in that institution.

On *Monday evening, July 13*, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. NOBLE, who has for several years been the conductor of the Gospel Temperance meetings at Hoxton Hall, and who is going to the United States for a season of rest, before starting upon a fresh campaign against strong drink. Earnest and fervent supplications were presented for a blessing upon our friend, wherever he may go, and testimony was borne to the usefulness of his labours, both amongst Christians and the unconverted.

At this prayer-meeting the Pastor urged the need for all Christian people to be up and doing to stem the swelling torrent of iniquity. He mentioned that one good, true-hearted brother among us had put up a notice in his window that any poor fallen girl, who would apply within, should be helped to escape from her evil way, and to lead a new life. To this simple notice there had been a very encouraging response.

Supplication was also presented for the College, as the men were then leaving for their vacation, and those going to mission-fields were mentioned for the people's prayers. Notes were forthcoming informing us of answers to prayers offered on pre-

vicious Mondays: these tend to strengthen faith in the living God.

COLLEGE.—Mr. J. Davis has completed his College course, and gone to assist Pastor C. Spurgeon in his work at Greenwich.

Mr. W. A. Davis is removing, from Rushden, to Acton; and Mr. H. H. Pullen, from Harrow, to Grange-road, Darlington.

Mr. F. R. Bateman reports his safe arrival at Jamestown, St. Helena. Mr. H. R. Brown sends us an account of his recent evangelistic tour; but, unfortunately, the first half having been lost in the post, we are unable to publish it. Dr. Papengouth, of Jacmel, Hayti, is persevering with his work as preacher and physician, notwithstanding great difficulties through the frequent revolutions, and the unsettled state of society on the island. Messrs. Wigstone, Blamire, and Smith are continuing to carry the light into the darkness of priest-ridden and cholera-stricken Spain. A brother who has lately returned to England brought us good news of the faithfulness and devotedness of our little band of evangelists in that country. Mr. H. H. Driver, who returned to New Zealand on the termination of his course in the College, has become pastor of the church at Wellington. Mr. F. Potter, who went a few months ago to Nova Scotia, has settled at Lower Granville, Annapolis County; and Mr. G. C. Williams at Mount Vernon, Knox Co., Ohio, U.S.A.

Pastor W. Hamilton, who has laboured with great earnestness and self-denial during the past nine years at Cape Town, has returned to England in the hope of finding a sphere of labour in which he can serve the Lord with less mental strain than he has had to endure for a considerable portion of the time he has been in South Africa. Before he left the colony, he received many tokens of esteem and love from the church-members and other friends, together with addresses of sympathy and good-will from the church, the ministers connected with the Evangelical Alliance, the Cape Temperance Alliance, and the Gospel Temperance Union. Mr. Hamilton will be glad to hear from any church that is needing a pastor, or any brother wanting a supply. His address is 4, Ashmead Road, St. John's, Deptford, S.E.

Mr. J. M. G. Santos has commenced the erection of a building for the preaching of the gospel and the instruction of the young in Rio Janeiro. The members of the church, and their former pastor, Dr. Kalley, have given and collected all that they can, but £700 more will be needed. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Kalley, Campo Verde, Tipper Lynn Road, Edinburgh.

EVANGELISTS.—The following letter, signed by the pastors and some of the deacons of the two churches mentioned in it, and also by members of the united committee, comes to us from Oldham:—

"Dear Mr. Spurgeon,—Enclosed you will find a cheque for £70, which we forward to you as a thankoffering to our covenant Father for the recent successful services conducted by our beloved brethren, *Fullerton and Smith*. Their visit to Oldham has been a source of joy to all of us; and there arises from many hearts the joyous exclamation, 'Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!' We have seen numbers of those, with whom God's Spirit had long striven, brought to accept the 'great salvation'; while some, who were strangers to our Lord Jesus Christ, have penitently found their way to the Cross. Backsliders have been reclaimed, and have sought re-admission into the church; and, last of all, we record with joy that a son and daughter of Pastor J. Berry, and a son of Pastor W. F. Edgerton, have been brought to decision for Christ, while many other parents have to thank God for similar blessings. The meetings have been held in the Baptist Churches of Manchester Street and King Street. All the services from the commencement of the Mission have been well attended, and while connected with our own loved denomination, we are glad to say that all sections of the church have come forward to encourage and help us.

"We desire to thank you, dear Mr. Spurgeon, for your service in sending these brethren forth in the name of the Lord, and pray that God the Holy Spirit may bless them wherever they may go, so that hundreds may, through their instrumentality, be brought to a knowledge of the truth."

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith recommence work this month at the Edinburgh Castle, Stepney; and next month they go to Shore-ditch Tabernacle.

Mr. Burnham's work at Whitchurch, Shropshire, and the villages around, has been productive of good results, though the attendance has been affected by the natural anxiety to gather in the bay while the summer sun was shining. We ask our readers' special attention to the article on the Hop-pickers' Mission in the present number of the magazine.

Mr. Harmer has engagements booked from September 27th until about the middle of November. He is still free for the early part of September, the latter half of November, and the whole of December. He will probably spend two or three months in the beginning of 1886 among the churches in Devonshire and Cornwall, where he is already well known as an evangelist whose labours have been greatly blessed in the winning of souls. Applications for vacant dates should be addressed to Pastor A. A. Harmer, Dolton, North Devon, during this month, as he expects to be in London, ready to commence work, on September 1st.

ORPHANAGE.—Our building operations have not received that special assistance for which we hoped, and to carry them on

our current account has run dry. It may be that some hidden friend will yet give an amount sufficient for Bakehouse or Laundry. We look up in earnest hope.

We heartily thank Mr. W. Ross, who presented each girl with a silk tie before the *Kete*, and who, on July 9th, again provided the whole of our large family at Stockwell with a strawberry tea. These acts of kindness fill our homes with glee, and are a part of the happy influences which make Stockwell bright.

We also gratefully note that, in response to the circular and cards sent out to our College men, the welcome sum of £65 was added to the receipts at the Festival. Some of the brethren had but short notice, and most of them have many claims upon them, and we therefore the more cheerfully acknowledge their generous help to the sister institution, which has always been lovingly associated with the College.

Some of the orphans have no friends to take charge of them during the summer holidays. It would be a great delight to them if those who have room for a boy or a girl in the country, or at the sea-side, would write to Mr. Charlesworth, and offer to entertain them for any time up to September 1st. Travelling expenses will be paid from the Orphanage funds if necessary.

Mr. Charlesworth's band of singers and handbell-ringers can be engaged for the autumn and winter season, either for London or the provinces. Wherever they go they make new friends for the institution, and receive an invitation to repeat the visit as early as possible.

COLPORTAGE.—The last six months have not been so fruitful in the increase of the number of colporteurs as the previous half-year. Still, the total number employed remains about the same, viz., seventy-six. The committee, however, are anxious to start the work in other districts where £40 a year can be raised, and earnestly invite

co-operation, as they are unable to extend the labours of the Association unless local helpers initiate the movement. The Worcester-shire Association, which employs four colporteurs, writes very encouragingly. Two main features are noted as to the value of Colportage, which other Associations might well consider. One is the increased demand for preachers of the gospel in the districts visited by our agents. They act as the pioneers of an army. Another noteworthy fact is that the visits and sales have created a thirst for pure reading, and spiritual benefit has followed in many instances. A few are given below:—

“A tract was much blessed to a mother; she said, ‘Surely it was a messenger sent from God to me, it gave me much comfort.’”

“One of Spurgeon’s sermons was the means of leading a young woman to Christ; another sermon was the means of restoring a backslider to joy in God.”

“A woman said, ‘Please bring me another book for my husband; he is a better man since I bought him books to read.’”

“An old man, 80 years of age, was led to Christ by hearing one of Spurgeon’s sermons read.”

“Visits to the aged are prized, and blessed; they really are a means of grace to me as well as them; and after being so long in my district, and so well known, I am often sent for to go long distances to visit the sick and dying. This colporteur concludes with the remark—‘That as we cannot measure the scent of the flower, neither can we measure the extent of what is done; but we have this blessed assurance, that it is well known and owned by the Lord.’”

Letters to the Secretary, Mr. W. Corden Jones, will receive prompt attention. Address, Pastors’ College, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.— July 2nd, twenty-two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Hyett, per J. T. D.	1	1	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mis-			
Mr. M. H. Hodder, per Mr. T. W.				sion and Evangelists' Training-class	2	0	0
Stoughton	2	2	0	Executors of the late Mr. John Wood	2	10	0
Per Pastor W. G. Hailstone	1	10	0	Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	4	0	0
Mr. Richard Booth	1	0	0	Mr. R. C. Morgan	3	3	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Williamson	10	10	0
Mr. Wm. Dunning	2	2	0	Miss Mary Williamson	1	1	0
Mr. H. V. Thomas	1	1	0	Miss Angelica Williamson	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Miller	0	15	0	Miss Irene Williamson	1	1	0
Mrs. Scarle	1	0	0	Mr. H. Mansell	5	0	0
Miss Hastings	2	0	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Men's Bible-			
Mr. T. Eyres	1	1	0	class (Mr. Dunn's)	15	0	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0	Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Mr. G. Harris	1	0	0	Scotch notes from Perth	3	0	0
Miss E. Clark	0	2	0	Mr. S. Sansom	6	6	0
Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0	Mr. W. Spriggs	0	10	0
P. H.	0	10	0	Mr. J. McLachlan, jun.	0	5	0
J. W. B., first advance of wages	0	5	0	Pastor W. McKinney	1	0	0
Miss Newbold	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Medway	2	0	0
Miss A. Drayson	0	10	0	W. B.	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss J. H. Morgan	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Bloomfield	1 4 7
Mrs. Baker	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Plummer	0 8 0
Collected by Mrs. H. Critch	1 6 4	Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown	0 5 0
Miss Yockney	1 0 0	Collected by Miss Lucy England	1 0 0
Mrs. Grace Bulk	2 0 0	Collected by Miss E. Lock	0 6 0
Miss Mary Fraser	0 7 6	Collected by Mrs. L. Dunn	0 10 0
Collected by John, Oliver, and Bennie	Collected by Mrs. S. J. Bullock	0 7 0
Rossetter	5 0 0	Collected by Miss E. Terrell	0 6 0
Rev. A. Sturge	1 1 0	Collected by Miss Pentelow	0 6 0
Miss C. E. Berry	0 1 0	Collected by Mr. T. Greening	1 15 0
Miss Higgs	5 0 0	Collected by Miss Puttock	0 5 0
Mrs. Josiah Ruck	15 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Mortimer	1 8 0
Collected by Mrs. Price	1 15 0	Collected by Mrs. Kellie	0 12 7
A sister at the communion	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Jeffery	0 10 0
A sister at the communion	0 5 0	Collected by Mr. A. Jungling	0 10 0
Miss Mayse	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. John Lord	0 5 6
Mr. J. Wythe	0 5 0	Collected by Miss M. A. Brown	0 5 0
Mrs. F. Brown	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. E. B. Aldridge	0 9 7
Mrs. Walker	1 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Allen	0 9 4
Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Hewat	2 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Gibbs	0 9 0
Miss E. M. O'Leary	0 3 0	Collected by Mr. F. Pyner	1 3 9
Mrs. Job	0 10 0	Collected by Miss E. Bennett	0 4 0
Miss Adams' Bible-class	0 3 0	Collected by Mrs. Spender	0 10 0
Mrs. E. James	2 0 0	Collected by Mr. A. J. Gillam	0 3 6
Miss Stedman and her pupils	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. A. Laker	1 0 0
Mr. G. Harris	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. H. Andrews	1 2 6
Mr. James Smart	0 10 6	Collected by F. Battam	1 0 0
One who loves the orphans	1 0 0	Collected by Miss Northcott	0 5 10
Mr. and Mrs. Harris	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. G. Mortimer	0 7 6
Pastor G. and Mrs. Cobb	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Mann	4 11 0
Mr. N. Leeder	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. G. Cornack	0 13 3
Mrs. E. A. Tunbridge	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Turner	0 7 0
Collected by Mrs. J. Bell	1 10 0	Collected by Master Joseph Smith	0 3 6
Mr. John Wood	0 10 0	Collected by Miss L. Johnson	1 7 3
William, Charles, Alfred, and Emily	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	0 6 0
Jackson	0 6 6	Collected by Miss Waterman	2 0 0
A. B.	0 4 0	Collected by Mrs. D. Stringer	2 12 0
Charlie and Eddie S.	0 2 0	Collected by Mr. Edie and Sidney Dice	4 10 0
Miss Eveline Davies, two sisters, and a friend	0 7 6	Collected by Master Ernest Oxford	0 12 6
Miss E. Brayen	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Butler	0 10 0
Miss A. Drayson	0 10 0	Collecting-box, No. 2 House, Girls' Orphanage, per Miss Butler	0 9 4
Mr. Charles Carnegie	1 0 0	Collecting-box, No. 4 House, Girls' Orphanage, per Miss Roberts	0 5 7
Miss J. Elgee	0 10 0	Collecting-box, No. 5 House, Girls' Orphanage, per Miss Hunt	0 13 11
Mr. Inglis's Bible-class	0 5 0	Miss Martineau	1 0 0
Mrs. W. Williamson	2 2 0	Mr. James Green	2 2 0
Mrs. M. Foster	1 0 0	Mr. E. Lister	0 1 0
Sarah Holcombe and friends	0 4 6	Mr. William Smith	0 12 6
Miss Scarfe	0 1 2	Mr. W. Chudley	1 1 0
Mrs. E. Grounds	0 2 6	Miss Goodfellow, per Mr. H. Lidstone	1 0 0
A friend	0 5 0	Master Harry Doggett	1 0 0
A thankoffering (3d. pieces)	3 7 1	Pastor G. B. Richardson's Bible-class	0 12 0
Mrs. Heffer	2 0 0	"A. E." per E. H. Bartlett	4 0 0
S. P.	0 10 0	A friend, per E. H. Bartlett	0 13 6
A mite	0 2 6	Mrs. Tutcher	1 0 0
Miss A. Pearce	0 2 6	Mr. J. Lowe	2 0 0
Mr. T. D. Adams	1 0 0	Per Pastor W. Burnett, Brasted:—
Mrs. E. Mundy	2 0 0	Pastor W. Burnett's box	0 15 6
Rev. E. MacLean	0 10 0	Mrs. W. Burnett's box	0 11 6
Collected by Miss E. Wain	9 0 0	Mr. Parry's box	0 6 0
Lilla, Bertie, Jessie, and Artie Nash	1 7 0	Mrs. Burton's box	0 2 10
Miss Adcock	0 5 0		1 15 10
Mrs. M. A. B. Scoles	5 0 0	Sale of Stockwell Orphanage Tracts	0 3 0
Mr. J. Pearce	0 2 0	Mrs. Green, per J. T. D.	0 2 6
Collected by Miss Cox	0 2 6	Miss Josie Arnold's box	0 10 3
Collected by Miss E. Moase	0 12 8	A friend, per Chrissie Murrell	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Oxenbridge	0 10 0	Mrs. Walter Palmer, per Mrs. James Withers	0 10 0
Collected by Miss M. Bennett	0 12 6	Postal order, Chesterfield	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Welford	0 10 0	Masters H. and C. Curtis's box	0 7 6
Collected by Miss S. J. Brown	0 7 6	Sale of photographs, Memorial window, &c.	2 10 6
Collected by Mr. T. Dick	0 8 0	Sale of microscopes, the gift of Mr. Anderson, per Mr. Cornell	1 10 0
Collected by Miss Russell	0 10 6	Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, Chicago	1 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Copping	1 1 6	Rev. W. M. Lawrence, D.D., Chicago	0 4 0
Collected by Mrs. Copping (January)	2 14 0	Per Mr. J. Morgan, employees of Messrs. Marshall and Sons	0 19 4
Collected by Miss E. Durrant	0 7 3	Mrs. Lawrence	0 2 6
Collected by Mr. W. Smith	0 15 0		
Collected by Mrs. C. Cooper	0 5 0		
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg	3 0 0		
Collected by Pastor G. D. Cox	0 5 0		
Collected by Miss Maxwell	1 6 6		

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hawken, Orphan			
Collected by Miss M. A. Cornell	0	5	0	Boy's Card	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Williams	0	13	2	Collected by Mr. Walter Cox	0	5	0
Per Mr. Murrell:—				Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher	0	8	3
Bertie Dennis	0	5	0	W. D. K.	1	10	0
M. E. ...	2	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Moses	0	11	6
				D. J. C.	0	10	0
“Nelly,” Oxford	2	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Way, per Mr. Wm.			
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0	9	6	R. Rickett	4	0	0
The late Miss Harding, per Mrs. Parkes	10	0	0	M. C. S. F.	1	0	0
Mrs. Couttie, per Mr. Gillies	1	0	0	L. P. L.	0	2	6
H. J.	0	2	6	Mr. T. L. Hankin	1	1	0
Stamps from Stevenston	0	3	3	Miss Keys	0	6	0
Mr. A. Falconer	2	0	0	The Misses Dixon	0	7	6
Mrs. Clements	1	1	0	Mr. John Masters	1	10	0
In loving memory of Pattie	0	10	0	Ebury Mission Sunday-school	1	11	9
A. C. D.	0	2	6	General J. M. Dalryell	10	0	0
Mrs. M. S. Larham	2	2	0	Mr. J. Billing	0	7	6
Stamps from Flockton	0	5	0	Mr. and Miss Gillingham	0	10	0
A nurse	0	5	0	A mite	0	1	0
Mrs. Scott, for “The Liverpool House”	0	6	0	W. A. M.	0	5	0
Mr. J. McLachlan, jun.	0	10	0	A friend	1	6	7
Mrs. Ager	1	0	0	Mr. Frank Jackson	1	1	0
A well-wisher	0	2	6	Orphanage Entertainment at			
A friend, per Miss E. Fyson	0	5	0	Harlow Baptist Chapel	14	19	1
Mr. A. Plowman	0	2	6	Sale of 1.ograms	0	17	2
T. C.	1	1	0				
Mrs. Stewart	0	2	6	Mr. J. Crocker	15	16	3
Collected by Miss M. J. Brain	0	11	0	S. H.	2	10	0
Mr. A. C. Barker	1	0	0	A thankoffering from three	0	2	6
Miss Ann Brown	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Newbery	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Jordan:—				Mr. H. Reynolds (monthly)	0	10	0
Mrs. Cameron	0	2	6	Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Mrs. McGaw	0	2	6	An aged believer	10	0	0
Mr. Gordan	0	2	6	E. J.	2	0	0
Mr. Clarke	0	2	6	L. N.	0	5	0
Miss Jordan	0	2	6	Mrs. T. Fleming	0	10	0
Mr. Heaney	0	1	0	H. E. T.	0	2	6
	0	13	6	Mr. John Begg	1	0	0
Mr. G. Bruce, per Pastor W. Richards	1	0	0	A country minister	0	3	6
Mrs. Williams and friend	0	6	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
Mr. T. S. Marks	0	10	0	An old salt's widow	5	0	0
J. W. G.	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Allen	0	14	7
Mrs. Hatchard	1	0	0	Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	2	2	0
A friend in Lanarkshire	2	0	0	H. D., and little A. J. and W.	0	3	0
Mrs. Mary Evans	0	10	0	Mrs. K. Protheroe	2	0	0
Mr. John France	0	5	0	Mr. E. O. Brown	0	10	0
Mr. A. Grace	0	7	6	Miss Dawson	1	0	0
Mr. Walter Worth	0	2	6	Mr. H. Wood	2	0	0
No. 1	0	10	0	Mr. Hadnutt, per Mrs. Evans	0	10	0
A lover of Jesus	0	10	0	Mr. W. Sprigg	0	10	0
Mr. T. Johnston and friend	0	7	0	Miss S. Gough	0	5	0
Boys at Marlborough-street Board-				Mrs. E. Evans, collecting-book	1	5	0
school, per Mr. J. Burgess	0	12	0	Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. T. E. Cross	0	5	0	Mr. George Palmer, M.P.	50	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. W. Mercer	1	1	0
Mrs. M. E. White	1	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers, June 30	2	2	0
Miss Lily Harrald's collecting-box	1	0	0	Mr. J. Wornleighton	1	1	0
J. C., Irvine	0	5	0	Mr. J. E. Plummer	1	1	0
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0	2	6	Per F. R. T.:—			
A sinner saved by grace	0	2	6	Mrs. Rathbone Taylor	2	10	0
Mrs. Chinery	0	5	0	Mrs. Collingwood	0	5	0
Mr. Mrs. G. H. Dean	25	0	0	Mr. Joseph Benson	0	5	0
Mr. James France	1	0	0	Mrs. Joseph Benson	0	5	0
Half Hospital Sunday collection at Dal-				Master Cecil Benson	0	5	0
ston Junction Baptist Chapel, per				Miss Grace Benson	0	5	0
Pastor W. H. Burton	11	12	6	Mr. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. Thomas Roger:—				Mrs. W. C. Parkinson	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Roger	0	10	0	Mr. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mr. J. Bett	1	0	0	Mrs. Jonas Smith	0	5	0
Mr. S. Garvie	0	2	6				
Mr. Andrew Roger	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Clow	1	1	0
Mr. David Roger	0	2	6	Mr. R. Harding	1	1	0
Smaller amounts	0	4	0	Half-yearly subscription:—			
	2	9	0	Miss Chandler	2	0	0
A mother and daughter, Hawera	2	0	0	Quarterly Subscriptions:—			
Mr. E. Taylor	5	0	0	Miss H. Fells (2 qrs.)	1	0	0
A friend	0	10	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Mr. James Leiper	1	0	0	Mr. W. Ranford	2	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Or-				Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
phanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff	0	18	6	Mr. J. Jones (annual)	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
J. G. (annual)	0	10	6
Mr. J. MacIntosh... ..	0	5	0
Mr. W. F. Masters	0	10	6
Mrs. Sprake... ..	0	4	0
J. B. K.	0	2	6
<hr/>			
Collected by the Misses Rust:—			
Mr. Pedley (4 Qrs.)	0	10	0
Miss E. Rust (4 Qrs.)	0	4	0
Miss A. H. Rust (4 Qrs.)	0	4	0
	0	18	0

Received at Annual Meeting at the Orphanage, June 18th, 1885:—

Collecting-books:—			
Abbott, Mrs.	1	1	0
Allum, Mrs.	4	16	6
Alderton, Miss	1	5	6
Baker, Mr.	0	14	0
Bantinck, Mrs.	2	0	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	10	0
Blant, Mrs., Bible-class, Burton-on-Trent	2	7	8
Bonser, Miss	0	8	9
Boggis, Miss E.	0	6	9
Boggis, Mr. Charles E.	0	8	11
Broughton, Mrs.	0	11	0
Brown, Miss	1	12	0
Butler, Mrs.	2	8	5
Cann, Miss	1	7	0
Chard, Mrs. T. P.	0	9	9
Cockle, Mrs., Friends at Brookley Road Chapel	12	5	6
Cockshaw, Miss	0	10	6
Cockshaw, Miss J.	1	17	0
Miss Cockshaw's Pupils:—			
Annie Clark	0	6	9
Lily Ritchie	0	8	3
Elizabeth Roach	0	5	0
	1	0	0
Cooper, Mr.	1	10	10
Cornell, Mrs.	0	12	0
Crumpton, Miss	0	6	6
Duncombe, Mrs.	1	1	0
Evans, Mrs.	2	10	0
Evans, Mr. W. J.	2	12	0
Ewen, Mrs.	2	14	2
Faulkner, Mr. G.	0	13	0
Felton, Miss... ..	0	7	6
Fisher, Mrs... ..	0	12	0
Frecman, Mr.	4	2	0
Frost, Miss... ..	0	4	6
Fryer, Miss S.	0	5	0
Good, Miss	0	6	0
Goslin, Mrs... ..	0	5	0
Hallett, Miss	0	10	0
Hickenbottam, Mrs.	1	12	6
Hinton, Miss E.	0	10	5
Hobbs, Miss	1	2	0
Holmes, Miss M.	1	15	0
Hubbard, Mrs.	1	1	8
Jephs, Miss	1	10	0
Jones, Mrs.	0	4	4
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	1	10	0
Lawson, Mrs.	1	7	0
Leeworthy, Miss	0	11	0
Livett, Mrs. R.	0	10	6
McDonald, Mrs.	1	8	0
Millar, Mr.	0	15	0
Mott, Mrs.	0	15	0
North, Miss E.	0	10	0
Pearce, Miss Jeanie	0	8	0
Powell, Miss	0	6	3
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	2	10	0
Tiddy, Mrs.	1	17	6
Tyrrill, Mrs.	0	5	0
Usher, Mrs.	0	6	2
Ware, Miss	0	8	6
Warner, Mrs.	0	5	0
Webb, Mrs.	0	11	0
Wheeler, Miss	2	3	0

	£	s.	d.
Willes, Mrs.	1	10	0
Wilson, Miss	1	13	0
Per "L. A. S.";—			
Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Mrs. Kelsey	0	10	0
Miss Kelsey	0	5	0
Mrs. Birrell	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Williams... ..	0	10	0
Mr. E. S. Thoday... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. E. S. Thoday	0	5	0
Mrs. Game	0	5	0
	2	7	6

Donations:—			
Ellwood, Mrs.	3	3	0
Spratt, Mrs.	1	0	0
"A. N."	0	10	6
Jenkins, Mrs.	2	2	0
Smith, Mr. James... ..	1	1	0
Berry, Mrs.	0	5	0
A friend	0	5	0
Briers, Mr. Jno.	2	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0
Stiff, Mrs.	0	2	6
Hagger, Miss, per Miss Mott	1	0	0
Davis, Mrs., per Miss Mott E. M. S.	1	0	0
Lizzie, per E. M. S.	0	3	6
A friend	0	2	0
Cowen, Miss	0	1	0
Turley, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Pearce, Mr. John	1	0	0
Peel, Mrs., per Miss Buswell	1	0	0
Shaw, Mr., Huddersfield... ..	0	10	0
Haigh, Mrs., Huddersfield Newman, Mrs.	0	10	0
Maggie Unwin	0	12	0
Elizabeth	0	4	0
Hellier, Mr.	2	2	0
Thompson, Mrs.	0	2	6
G. A.	0	2	0
Crutcher, Mr. T.	0	5	0
Evans, Mr. Richard	20	0	0
Dickenson, Mr.	0	10	0
Found in grounds	0	0	6
M. A. Joyce... ..	0	10	6
Collected by a servant	0	6	2
Romang, Mr.	0	10	0
A thank-offering from Surrey House, Balham... ..	0	10	0
Buckmaster, Mr. and Mrs. Critchett, Mrs.	1	11	6
Victoria Park	7	0	0
A friend	0	2	6
Hackett, Mr.	0	10	0
Hackett, Mr.	1	1	0
Perrett, Miss	1	5	0
Anon	0	1	0
E. S., per Mr. Johnson	1	1	0
S. B. and C. B.	0	10	0
Ida Rosaline Smith	0	10	0
Anon	0	2	0
Hall, Mr. James	5	5	0
S. B. Gardiner, jun.	0	5	0
A. Z., a friend	1	0	0
Carr, Miss	0	3	0
Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. A. R., per Mr. Frank Thomson	1	1	0
Thomson, Mr. Frank	1	1	0
Barrett, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Mullis, Mr. F.	1	1	0
S. G.	1	1	0
Wheatley, Mr.	1	1	0
James, Mr. R. A.	5	5	0
Two Friends	0	10	0
May, Mr.	0	10	0
Healy, Mrs.	2	0	0
B. W. C.	2	2	0
Anon	0	2	0
Howson, Mr.	0	10	0
Howson, Mrs.	0	10	0

85 5 1

		£ s. d.				£ s. d.					
Howson, Miss	...	0	1	0	Collins, Miss L.	...	0	19	0		
N. M., Clapham	...	0	4	0	Chapman, Miss H.	...	0	3	1		
M. A. Jones	...	0	2	6	Casey, Mr.	...	1	6	7		
Christiana Sum	...	0	5	0	Cannon, Mr. J.	...	0	1	3		
Morrison, Miss	...	1	1	0	Chisholm, Master W.	...	1	0	7		
Wayre, Mr. and Mrs.	...	2	2	0	Clark, Mr.	...	0	0	7		
Wayre, Miss	...	0	10	6	Caffin, Miss	...	0	8	6		
Wayre, Master	...	0	10	6	Collier, Mrs.	...	0	10	9		
J. G. Wilkins	...	1	0	0	Chapman, Mrs.	...	0	6	10		
Carpenter, Miss	...	0	3	0	Christmas, Mrs.	...	0	2	2		
Studd, Mr. Thomas	...	5	0	0	Clinker, Miss	...	0	4	9		
Walkley, Mr.	...	1	0	0	Cope, Master W.	...	0	1	7		
Scandrett, Mrs.	...	0	10	0	Chimes, Master H.	...	0	1	4		
Bertie and Dorothy Ingle	...	0	5	0	Culver, Mrs.	...	0	11	5		
				95	5	8					
Collecting-boxes:—											
Ayton, Miss	...	0	1	0	Crossley, Mrs.	...	0	3	0		
Andrews, Mrs.	...	0	13	11	Carver, Miss	...	0	9	2		
Atkins, Miss B.	...	0	4	3	Carwston, Miss C.	...	1	7	4		
Atkins, Miss A.	...	0	4	6	Call, Mrs.	...	0	4	2		
Allen, Miss	...	0	17	10	Chamberlain, Miss	...	0	11	5		
Arundel, Mrs.	...	0	8	7	Cranch, Miss	...	0	2	3		
Austin, Miss	...	0	17	0	Cates, Miss	...	0	1	11		
Akasi, Mr.	...	0	3	8	Craze, Master	...	0	3	1		
Alife, Miss	...	0	4	9	Corrick, Mrs.	...	0	15	6		
Armitage, Miss	...	0	10	6	Caple, Miss	...	0	1	11		
Boswell, Mrs.	...	0	4	5	Coker, Miss A.	...	2	9	0		
Baulf, Miss E.	...	0	7	0	Dalton, Mr. Alf.	...	0	15	1		
Barnard, Master W.	...	0	11	0	Dalton, Mr. Alf.	...	0	13	0		
Brown, Mr. E. F.	...	0	6	4	Durwin, Mr. F. T.	...	0	5	1		
Buswell, Miss	...	1	7	9	Daws, Miss Maud	...	0	3	4		
Bedwin, Mrs.	...	3	19	9	Debenham, Master	...	0	10	10		
Billy, Miss	...	0	13	5	Dee, Mrs.	...	1	0	6		
Burton, Mrs. W.	...	0	18	0	Davis, Mrs.	...	0	5	6		
Brake, Mrs.	...	0	6	3	Druce, Miss	...	0	14	2		
Mr. John Barton's children	...	0	3	3	Drew, Miss C.	...	0	8	6		
Bartholomew, Mrs.	...	0	16	7	Deacon, Miss	...	0	5	7		
Bennett, Mrs.	...	0	4	10	Dury, Miss L.	...	0	6	7		
Blandford, Mrs.	...	0	7	7	Dolling, Master A.	...	0	12	3		
Burgess, Miss	...	1	0	5	Deakin, Miss	...	0	11	9		
Burman, Miss	...	0	8	6	Day, Miss	...	0	0	8		
Bowes, Mrs.	...	4	5	0	Duke, Mrs.	...	0	2	6		
Boultwood, The Misses	...	0	8	4	Descroix, Miss	...	1	0	0		
Bourne, Miss F.	...	0	10	0	Emery, Mrs.	...	0	5	8		
Butler, Mrs.	...	0	9	3	Essex, Mrs.	...	1	1	1		
Blackwell, Miss	...	1	2	10	Edmonds, Miss	...	0	6	1		
Bartlett, Miss	...	0	6	5	Elmore, Miss	...	0	4	6		
Box, Miss J.	...	0	2	2	Evans, Master E.	...	0	3	10		
Brewer, The Misses A. and L.	...	0	7	9	Euridge, Master W.	...	0	1	9		
Brecon, Master F.	...	0	0	4	Ellis, Miss M.	...	0	6	0		
Bould, Mr.	...	0	7	11	Edwards, Miss	...	0	2	2		
Barden, Mrs.	...	1	12	3	Evans, Mr. J. D.	...	0	1	4		
Butler, Miss	...	0	15	6	Evans, Mr. J. D.	...	0	1	2		
Booth, Mr.	...	0	6	1	Everett, Mr., from Robert Street Sunday-school	...	0	14	11		
Baxter, Miss E.	...	1	0	1	Evans, Master Sidney	...	0	8	3		
Bowering, Miss	...	0	3	1	Everett, Miss E.	...	0	10	5		
Bennington, Miss M.	...	0	2	10	Ellerington, Mrs.	...	0	4	8		
Beale, Miss	...	0	3	6	Edward's, Mrs., Class at Denmark Place Chapel	...	0	14	0		
Bloxam, Miss L.	...	0	1	3	Fitness, Miss F.	...	0	0	7		
Bandall, Mrs.	...	0	4	4	Ford, Mrs.	...	0	1	11		
Besfer, Miss	...	0	1	9	Field, the Misses G. and K.	...	0	13	4		
Bley, Miss	...	0	2	3	Fern, Master Charles	...	0	7	0		
Bucknole, Miss	...	0	10	10	Fuller, Master Fred.	...	0	9	1		
Beaumont, Miss E.	...	0	2	10	Farrelly, Miss	...	0	19	3		
Buxton, Master	...	0	2	6	Frisby, Master J. T.	...	0	5	4		
Buxton, Master	...	0	2	5	Franklin, Miss J.	...	0	3	0		
Barnes, Mr.	...	0	4	8	Fraser, Miss	...	0	9	0		
Bowden, Miss	...	0	3	11	Frankham, Mr.	...	0	2	0		
Brain, Miss	...	0	12	11	Franklin, Mr. W. R.	...	0	0	3		
Briggs, Miss E.	...	0	6	4	Fosberry, Miss K.	...	0	1	6		
Brook, Miss	...	0	7	8	Finch, Miss	...	0	1	7		
Blake, Miss A.	...	0	4	4	Fairman, Miss	...	1	1	0		
Brice, Miss F.	...	0	1	0	Ferguson, Miss A.	...	0	12	3		
Crichton, Mrs.	...	0	6	9	Fathers, Miss A.	...	0	1	11		
Conquest, Mrs.	...	0	4	2	Fellowes, Mrs.	...	0	4	8		
Miss J. Cockshaw's Pupils:—					Frost, Miss	...	0	3	1		
Arthur Ritchie	...	0	2	4	Fairhead, Master H.	...	0	5	1		
James Ruahmer	...	0	14	3	Fremlin, Miss	...	1	7	1		
				0	16	7	Green, Master F.	...	0	3	4
Crow, Mrs.	...	0	1	3							

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Gray, Mrs.	0 5 2	Lucas, Mrs.	0 1 2
Gray, Master A.	0 9 6	Leanard, Miss	0 7 9
Green, Miss K.	0 8 8	Lucas, Master W.	0 6 3
Gardiner, Mrs.	0 11 10	Lovegrove, Mr.	0 1 1
Goodwin, Miss	0 10 2	Lewis, Master W.	0 8 2
Gilbert, Mrs.	1 1 5	Lewis, Miss R.	0 2 7
Gummer, Mrs.	0 8 11	Lance, Master W.	1 7 0
Gillett, Miss	0 7 8	Lane, Miss Amy	0 1 11
Godsland, Miss	0 0 9	Little, Mrs.	0 17 5
Garrett, Elsie and Charlie	...	0 11 4	Law, Mrs.	0 5 6
Griffin, Mrs.	0 4 6	Lewis, Mr. S. J.	0 2 6
Green, Mrs. R.	0 10 4	Lewis, the Misses E.
Gray, Master	0 5 10	and M.	0 3 1
Garrett's, Mrs., Bible-class	...	0 6 6	Moore, Mrs.	0 3 1
Gibbs, Miss	0 10 2	Moore, Miss Alice	0 3 5
Grant, Miss	0 11 4	Morgan, Miss	0 15 6
Grose, Miss C.	1 5 6	Moore, Master H.	0 0 10
Gant, Mrs.	0 6 0	Marshall, Miss, young
Herrmann, Mrs.	0 6 6	women employes at
Hewson, Master A. W.	0 13 0	Messrs. Freeman and
Higgs, Miss	5 7 3	Hildyard	1 14 5
Hudson, Miss	1 2 6	Margetts, Mr. A. T.	0 5 3
Howlett, Miss A.	0 4 7	Mathews, Miss	0 4 7
Hendry, Mr. J.	2 7 5	Morris, Miss R.	0 2 1
Hunt, Mrs.	1 10 5	Messent, Master W. G.	0 1 10
Heesom, Master C.	0 1 10	Martin, Mrs. J.	0 1 1
Harris, Miss	0 9 10	Maynard, Mrs.	0 9 0
Hubbard, Miss L.	0 5 9	Messent, Master F.	0 1 7
Howland, Mrs.	0 3 6	Middleton, Master P.	0 3 0
Harrington, Mrs.	0 5 8	Minter, Master Kirkman	...	0 17 4
Hawgood, Miss A.	2 10 6	Mann, Miss	1 9 10
Hollobone, Mr. H.	0 7 6	Measures, Miss	0 3 10
Hogbin, Master T.	0 15 6	Messent, Miss and Master	...	0 8 10
Hillen, Mrs.	0 19 1	Marshall, Pastor B., Hor-
Hay, Miss	0 3 10	ley Baptist Sunday-
Howl, Miss Edith	0 1 4	school	1 1 2
Hewson, Miss	0 4 1	Marshall, Mrs., Horley
Huitt, Miss Lizzie	0 4 5	Baptist Sunday-school	0 11 8
Heesom, Miss Alice	0 1 3	Monk, Mrs. S.	1 2 8
Hall, Miss	0 6 5	Medland, Mrs.	0 7 6
Hare, Miss	1 9 9	Mathews, Mr.	0 5 9
Higham, Master Edward	0 2 2	Milne, Miss	0 3 9
Higham, Master James	0 2 6	Mills, Mr. Henry	0 16 4
Hayward, Miss	0 3 3	McCaug, Mrs., Bible-class,
Houlgate, Mrs.	0 15 7	Streatham	1 6 0
Hewson, Miss M.	0 5 8	McNichol, Miss	0 3 10
Higham, Master	0 8 9	Martin, Master G.	0 5 6
Heesom, Miss F.	0 4 7	Merritt, Mrs.	0 11 5
Hawkins, Miss A.	0 1 8	Milson, Miss	0 5 4
Hopkins, Mrs.	2 12 0	McCombie, Mrs.	0 12 8
Johnson, Miss S. J.	0 8 6	Mellor, Mrs.	0 5 8
Jumpson, Mr.	0 12 0	Murrell, Miss E.	0 9 10
Jessup, Miss	0 1 8	Mackey, Miss	0 2 6
Jarvis, Mrs. M.	0 3 10	Murrell, Miss M.	0 8 0
Johnson, Mrs. Edward	0 15 10	Mills, Masters A. and H.	0 6 2
Johnson, Master E.	0 3 9	Noble, Miss M.	0 6 4
Johnson, Master J. W.	0 15 3	Nicholas, Miss	0 5 1
James, Mrs.	0 4 1	Nichols, Miss	0 0 11
Jones, Miss T. M.	0 2 11	Narraway, Master H. J.	0 13 7
Johnson, Miss S. A.	0 2 1	Nutt, Miss S. A.	0 2 2
Jago, Master Joseph	1 3 3	Nicholls, Miss C. A.	0 1 0
Kentfield, Mrs.	0 1 6	Northeroft, the Misses N.
Knight, Mr.	0 14 4	and M.	0 6 3
Knight, Mr. J. T.	0 2 6	New, Master C.	0 6 1
Kerridge, the Misses K.	Oxenford, Mrs.	0 10 0
and N.	0 11 0	Oxley, Mrs.	0 6 6
Kluht, Miss	0 3 3	Oliver, Mr. G. W.	0 2 7
Knapp, Master O.	0 0 10	Offer, Miss E.	0 1 9
Kluht, Miss A.	0 3 0	Oliver, Miss	0 6 5
Little Master J.	0 11 1	Old Baptist Chapel
Lawrence, Mrs.	0 7 5	Sunday-school,
Lane, Miss	0 11 11	Guildford :
Longley, Mrs.	0 6 4	Per Mr. P. Pickett 1 9 2
Larkman, Miss	0 9 0	Miss Usher ... 0 7 7
Lec, Mr. G. F. (Farthings	Mr. Walker ... 0 5 0
collected by), at South	Mr. F. Pickett 0 12 0
Street Baptist Chapel,	2 13 9
Grenwich.	1 0 0		...	0 4 1
Lanchbury, Mr.	0 10 9	Palmer, Miss G.	0 2 10
Lench, Miss K.	0 3 2	Perry, Mrs.	0 2 2
Lambert, Miss	0 1 0	Price, Miss	0 8 7
			Peauce, The Misses J. & L.

		£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
Pain, Miss C.	...	0	7	5	Willis, Mrs.	...	0	1	8
Parker, Master F.	...	0	1	5	Waddell, Mr.	...	0	8	2
Phillips, Mr.	...	0	9	9	Ward, Miss A.	...	0	3	6
Prebble, Mrs.	...	1	16	3	Weeks, The Masters F. & W.	...	0	1	9
Parkhurst, Miss F.	...	0	10	5	Woodcock, Mrs.	...	1	5	11
Pickering, Mrs.	...	0	6	6	White, Mrs.	...	2	4	0
Poole, Miss A.	...	0	3	9	White, Miss M. A.	...	0	8	4
Pearce, Mrs. C.	...	0	5	3	White, Miss M. A.	...	0	1	5
Palmer, Miss E.	...	0	2	2	Whiter, Mrs.	...	0	3	8
Powell, Mr. G. W.	...	0	15	6	White, Master G.	...	0	3	7
Pawsey, The Misses E. & A.	...	0	6	0	Wheeler, Miss E.	...	0	3	7
Powell, Mrs.	...	0	18	0	Warrington, Miss M.	...	0	0	3
Pownall, Master	...	0	0	3	Webb, Miss L.	...	0	1	10
Posse, Miss F.	...	0	0	2	Wheeler, Mrs.	...	0	7	1
Palmer, Mrs.	...	0	4	1	Waite, Mrs.	...	0	5	4
Raiman, Mrs.	...	0	3	9	Warren, Miss M. A.	...	0	13	0
Reading, Mrs.	...	0	4	7	Weeks, The Masters J. & F.	...	0	4	9
Revel, Miss	...	0	3	1	Wickham, Mrs.	...	0	8	3
Rogers, Mrs.	...	0	6	5	Watkins, Miss A.	...	0	4	7
Ransom, Master H.	...	0	1	11	Wears, Mrs.	...	1	5	0
Rouse, Mrs.	...	0	14	2	Walker, Mrs.	...	4	2	8
Rayner, Mrs. S.	...	0	2	10	Wand, Miss F.	...	0	1	1
Robson, Master W.	...	0	5	3	Willard, Mrs.	...	0	1	9
Ransom, Master E.	...	0	3	4	Womersley, Mrs.	...	0	12	7
Redford, Miss E.	...	0	1	10	J. W., West Dulwich;				
Ridley, Mrs.	...	0	1	9	Family-box	...	0	15	0
Revelly, Mrs.	...	1	1	9	Young, Mr. F. A.	...	0	12	5
Roach, Mrs.	...	0	3	4	Youngusband, Master J.	...	0	3	3
Ranford, Miss	...	0	3	2	Small box with name and				
Rawlinson, Miss F.	...	0	0	6	number obliterated	...	0	15	3
Roberts, Mrs.	...	1	7	4	Odd farthings and half-				
Rawlinson, Master	...	0	1	10	pence	...	0	13	9
Rosevear, Master F.	...	0	8	0					
Richardson, Mrs.	...	0	7	7	Subscriptions:				
Simmons, Miss	...	0	6	11	Cooper, Mr.	...	1	1	0
Smith, Miss	...	0	2	2	Harding, Mr. R.	...	2	2	0
Scudder, Miss	...	0	7	0	Tagg, Mrs.	...	1	1	0
Sparey, Miss	...	0	8	9					
Swain, Miss	...	1	2	3	Special Cards, per Mr.				
Stacey, Miss M.	...	0	1	10	Charlesworth:				
Smith, Mrs. E.	...	0	7	1	Pastor C. L. and Mrs. Gordon	...	1	0	0
Spanswick, Miss J.	...	0	2	4	Collected by Mrs. Gordon	...	0	9	2
Shepherd, Miss F.	...	2	3	6	A friend, per Pastor C. L.				
Sidery, Mrs.	...	0	10	4	Gordon	...	0	5	0
Swain, Mr.	...	0	3	0	Pastor W. Hetherington	...	0	5	0
Stocks, Mrs.	...	0	3	5	Pastor H. Winsor	...	1	0	0
Smith, Mrs. F.	...	0	1	9	Pastor R. J. Beediff	...	1	1	0
Stocks, Miss	...	3	18	1	Pastor H. Willkins	...	0	7	6
Sedcole, Master A.	...	0	5	9	Elvy, Florry, and Percy				
Smith, Mr. E. L.	...	1	3	0	Bailey	...	0	12	6
Smith, Mr.	...	0	1	11	Pastor A. H. Smith	...	0	10	0
Snell, Miss	...	0	5	4	Pastor R. T. Lewis	...	0	2	0
Smith, Miss C. J.	...	1	8	7	Pastor J. W. Comfort	...	0	3	6
Smece, Miss C.	...	0	11	5	Pastor T. Hancock	...	1	1	0
Stone, Mr. C.	...	0	1	9	Pastor Geo. Whittet	...	2	3	9
Smith, Miss	...	0	1	1	Pastor E. Compton	...	0	4	0
Skipper, Miss L.	...	0	2	3	Stamps from Banbury	...	0	0	6
Saunders, Miss K.	...	0	6	2	Per Pastor J. J.				
Slater, Miss H.	...	0	12	9	Deane:				
Soulsby, Miss G.	...	0	6	0	Mrs. Wood	...	0	10	0
Syrett, Master	...	0	3	5	Mr. G. Wood	...	0	10	0
Seward, Miss G.	...	0	14	7	Mr. A. Wood	...	0	2	6
Simpson, Miss	...	0	4	0	Mr. W. Angus	...	0	2	6
Toms, Miss L.	...	1	6	0	Miss Angus	...	0	1	6
Tucker, Miss	...	0	16	4	Mrs. Arkley	...	0	2	6
Tariton, Mrs.	...	0	4	2	Mrs. Deane	...	0	1	0
Thorne, Miss	...	0	1	2					
Thomas, Miss A.	...	0	19	6	Pastor E. J. Edwards	...	1	10	0
Thompson, Mr. F.	...	0	6	0	Miss Duncan, per Pastor	...	0	12	4
Troby, Miss A.	...	0	1	10	S. Crabb	...	1	1	0
Teddington Baptist Chapel					Pastor J. McNab	...	0	7	8
Sunday-school	...	0	9	5	Pastor Thos. Whittle	...	0	2	6
Vero, Miss Maud	...	2	14	9	Pastor F. G. Kemp	...	0	4	6
Vero, Mrs.	...	0	14	4	Miss Annie Long, per				
Walker, Mrs.	...	0	12	1	Pastor W. H. Tubb	...	0	10	0
Walker, Miss A.	...	0	2	8	Pastor W. H. Elliott	...	1	0	0
Walters, Master J.	...	0	0	9	Pastor E. Dyer	...	0	10	0
Wilkins, Miss	...	0	3	6	Pastor T. Greenwood	...	1	0	0
Walker, Master Charles	...	0	4	8	Pastor A. McCaig	...	1	0	0
Wessell, Miss	...	0	1	7	Pastor S. Skingle	...	0	15	0
Wallace, Miss F.	...	1	3	0	Pastor E. George	...	2	12	3

	£	s.	d.
Pastor W. G. Hallstone ...	0	5	0
Pastor E. S. Cole ...	0	7	6
Pastor A. C. Chambers ...	2	0	0
Pastor I. O. Stalberg ...	0	6	0
Miss Kate Butcher, per Pastor D. C. Chapman...	0	7	10
Pastor G. D. Cox ...	0	1	3
Mr. J. C. Sills, jun., per Pastor W. Whale ...	0	10	0
Pastor J. C. Thompson ...	0	5	0
Pastor W. Hackney ...	2	0	0
Pastor J. R. Hadley ...	0	6	8
Miss Annie Rose, per Pastor T. Armstrong ...	0	12	0
Pastor H. Channer ...	0	6	6
Pastor E. G. Sones ...	0	5	0
Pastor C. D. Gooding ...	1	1	5
Pastor E. Spurrier ...	0	10	0
Pastor T. L. Edwards ...	1	3	6
Pastor A. Knell ...	1	0	0
Pastor J. A. Campbell ...	0	10	0
Pastor W. Coombs ...	1	6	6
Miss Trippe, per Pastor H. O. Mackey ...	0	18	0
Little Alice, per Pastor W. J. Dyer ...	0	5	0
Gertrude Chambers, per Pastor C. Chambers ...	0	10	0
Pastor Carey Hood ...	0	7	0
Pastor R. J. Middleton ...	0	7	6
Pastor W. Usher ...	1	6	0
Pastor F. M. Cockerton ...	0	5	0
Evangeline, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton ...	1	1	0
Mrs. McDougall, per Pastor A. McDougall ...	0	6	0
The Misses Bruce, per Pastor D. Bruce ...	0	5	0
Baptist Church at Alder- shot, per Pastor J. Au- brey ...	1	0	0
Pastor M. Mather ...	0	6	0
Pastor D. Mace ...	1	0	0
Pastor G. H. Harris ...	0	12	0
Pastor A. E. Johnson ...	0	10	0
Pastor Geo. Simmons ...	0	10	8
Pastor E. White ...	0	10	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon ...	0	10	0
Pastor D. Honour ...	0	10	0
Mr. Ward, per Pastor G. Lovejoy ...	1	0	0
Miss Gertrude Marchant, per Pastor F. G. Marchant	1	0	0
Miss L. Johnson, per Pastor C. T. Johnson...	0	18	9
Pastor J. Wright ...	1	7	9
Alice and Edith, per Pastor Geo. Wainwright ...	1	0	0
Arthur Irving, per Pastor J. J. Irving ...	0	11	0
Pastor J. Cruickshank ...	0	2	6
Pastor L. R. Foskett ...	0	8	6
Pastor W. T. Lambourne ...	1	10	0
Pastor W. W. Haines ...	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Pastor W. J. Meyers ...	1	0	0
Pastor W. Stokes ...	1	0	0
Pastor E. A. Carter ...	1	0	0
Pastor C. A. Slack ...	1	0	0
Pastor N. J. B. Naish ...	1	5	0
Pastor J. E. Jasper ...	1	0	0
Pastor W. Thomas ...	0	10	6
Pastor C. E. Stone ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. W. Thomas ...	0	7	6
Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	15	3
Pastor T. Lardner ...	0	18	0
Master J. A. Henderson, per Pastor E. Henderson	0	8	0
Edith and Lucy Page, per Pastor T. C. Page ...	1	0	0
Pastor C. H. Thomas ...	0	9	0

Amounts given to Mr. Spurgeon at the

	£	s.	d.
Orphanage, June 18th;—			
Miss Tilley ...	5	0	0
Robert and Ann Gallant ...	0	18	0
Collected by Miss Hale ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Halcrow ...	0	10	0
The Misses Dransfield ...	2	2	0
Erny Hoddy's Sunday-din- ner penny collection ...	0	15	0
An old friend ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Skoiles ...	0	5	0
The baby ...	1	0	0
Katie ...	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Canning ...	0	5	0
A friend ...	0	10	0
Miss L. Ashwell ...	0	10	0
Winifred and Gwendoline	2	0	0
Mr. William Fox ...	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fox, for support of one child for a year ...	20	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Collin ...	1	0	0
Miss Marie Whitford ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Davis ...	1	0	0
Two friends ...	0	2	0
Mr. George Gamage ...	2	2	0
M. D. ...	0	4	0
Miss Newman ...	10	0	0
The Misses A. and E. New- man ...	5	0	0
Mr. Charles Taylor ...	0	10	0
No name ...	0	2	6
Mr. E. Keevil ...	5	0	0
S. H., Fulham ...	0	2	2
Miss Spliedt ...	1	0	0
G. T. ...	1	0	0
Miss Waters ...	1	1	0
Mr. James Jackson ...	1	1	0
Pastor J. H. Banfield ...	0	2	6
Pastor A. G. Brown ...	1	1	0
H. E. S. ...	10	10	0
A commercial traveller ...	20	0	0
G. J. R. ...	2	2	0

105 5 2
£1141 15 S

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from June 15th to July 14th, 1835.—PROVISIONS:—1 sack Potatoes, Mr. J. Flory; 5 boxes Sultana Raisins, Mr. S. Bayly; 1,200 Cabbages, Mr. W. Mead; 23 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hillyard; 1 Salmon, Mr. O. J. Lee; 12 Carcases Lamb, a Friend, Ottago, N.Z.; 1 cwt. Gooseberries, Mr. Norman; 4 lbs. Tea, Mr. J. Keay; 96 gallons Milk, Mr. Higgs; 44 pecks Strawberries, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ross.

Boys' CLOTHING.—A quantity of Boys' Ties, Mrs. Moore; 4 Night Shirts, a quantity of Paper Collars, "Anon"; 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. Allen; 2 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Warrington; 6 pairs Socks, E. W. E.

Girls' CLOTHING.—240 White Ties, Mr. and Mrs. Ross; 73 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 7 Articles, Miss Maris; 2 pairs Boots and 1 Dress, Miss Creak; 38 Articles, Mrs. Stockwell; 36 Articles, Mrs. Warrington; 2 Articles, Mrs. Martin; 6 Flannel Petticoats, "Anon."

GENERAL.—1 case of Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; a quantity of Flowers, Beckside Baptist Sabbath School, per Mr. Robinson; 1 Bouquet of Flowers, Mr. Hewson; 2 Terra-Cotta Medallions of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon, Mr. W. White; a Parcel of Haberdashery, "Anon"; 58 yards Calico and 42 yards Unbleached Calico, Mrs. Wainwright; 2 Dressed Dolls, Mrs. Jensen; 1 Doll, 1 Scrap Album, 2 Scrap Books, Miss Edwards; 1 Vase of Artificial Flowers, Mr. J. Fither.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
The Lord's pound	1	0	0			Mrs. A. C. Watson	2	0	0
Miss A. Pratt	1	0	0			Mrs. A. Lloyd	0	10	0
Admiral Sir W. King Hall, K.C.B.	1	0	0			Miss A. Barrett	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0			Mrs. Tinniswood	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Tulcher	2	0	0			Mrs. Allen	0	5	0
Mrs. Griffiths	1	0	0			Mr. John Arres-Mather	1	10	0
Mr. W. Underwood	0	6	0			G. W. P.	5	0	0
A vow unto the Lord	0	5	0			Mr. W. R. Shayer	0	10	0
Hannah	0	2	0			A friend, Harriettsham	0	10	6
Mrs. C. Norton	0	1	0			Mrs. M. F. Dallas	5	0	0
A servant	0	10	0			Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Sigmur	0	5	0			Miss Dawson	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wight	1	0	0						
Executors of the late Mr. John Wood	2	10	0						
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	4	0	0						
							£38	1	0

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.	
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>						<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>				
Great Totham District	10	0	0			Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Miller	0	5	0	
Norfolk Association:—						Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0	
Tittleshall	11	5	0			Miss E. Clark	0	1	0	
Neatishead	10	0	0			Miss A. Drayson	0	10	0	
				21	5	0	Executors of the late Mr. John Wood	2	10	0
Launceston District	10	0	0			Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	4	0	0	
Sandown, per Mr. A. Nisbet	5	0	0			General J. M. Dalyell	10	0	0	
E. S., for Repton and Burton-on-Trent	20	0	0			Mrs. Spencer	0	10	0	
Essex Congregational Union, Pitsea District	10	0	0			An aged believer	10	0	0	
Worcester Association	40	0	0			Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0	
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	10	0	0			Mr. H. Wood	1	0	0	
Aylesbury District	10	0	0			The Lord's cows	5	0	0	
Calne District	10	0	0			<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>				
Mr. E. W. S. Griffiths, for Fritham	10	0	0			Mr. J. Dennis	0	10	0	
Tewkesbury District	10	0	0			Mrs. Jenkins	1	1	0	
Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	10	0	0			E. B. (Quarterly)	25	0	0	
				£176	5	0	Mr. Geo. Palmer, M.P.	20	0	0
							Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
							£84	2	0	

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.				£	s.	d.
Mr. and Mrs. Krell	5	0	0			Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Oldham	70	0	0
H. E. S.	5	5	0			Miss Harrison	0	10	0
Mr. E. Mounsey	2	10	0			Mr. John Cameron	1	0	0
Miss E. Clark	0	1	0			Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	1	0	0
Scotch note from Glasgow	1	0	0			Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0
Miss M. Mack-Wall	1	0	0			Mr. H. Wood	1	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. John Wood	2	10	0			Mr. T. W. Stoughton	30	0	0
Mrs. Robertson-Aikman	4	0	0						
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Huddersfield	17	12	0						
Mr. F. Patterson	0	10	0						
							£143	8	0

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.

ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,
1884-85.

Trustees: who are also Managers.

C. H. SPURGEON, *President and Treasurer.*

J. A. SPURGEON, *Vice-President.*

WILLIAM P. OLNEY.

JOSEPH PASSMORE.

WILLIAM C. MURRELL.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.

B. WILDON CARR.

HENRY SMITH.

CHARLES F. ALLISON.

JAMES STIFF.

WILLIAM HIGGS.

Hon. Consulting Physician.

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Physician.

JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon.

J. COOPER FORSTER, Esq., F.R.C.S.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon.

J. C. WORDSWORTH, Esq., F.R.C.S.

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.

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

PART I.

A FEW WORDS BY C. H. SPURGEON.



O plea is needed for an orphanage, since it pleads for itself. No one with a grain of humanity in his constitution can object to helping the widow and the fatherless. Children are evermore the awakeners of sympathy: we cannot bear to think of babes weeping with cold, or children crying for bread. One can half smile at the hunger of an idle hunk who will not stir his lazy limbs; and rags upon the back of a drunken spend-thrift are by no means an unsuitable livery; but of little ones in want, we ask—"These lambs, what have they done?" and our heart opens at once to pity and relieve. There is no fear in their case that charity will be misapplied, nor that it will supply means for vicious self-indulgence; and this is especially the case when that charity finds for them school, hospital, and home.

No work can be more acceptable to the heart of Jesus than caring for the little ones. He who bade young children come to him when their mothers brought them, would have given a double welcome to the fatherless. If he were now saying "Feed my lambs," he would lay a double emphasis upon the shepherding of those who have lost their earthly parents. We know his heart, and we are sure that he loves to fulfil that ancient promise, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." In this the great Son of God is like the Father with whom he is One God; of whom it is written, "a Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." As it is the delight of the redeemed to please their Redeemer, an orphanage is to them an occasion for the indulgence of the holiest of their emotions. "For Jesus' sake," is a grand motive; and never does it operate more properly than when it leads us to care for orphans.

The blessing of him that is ready to perish is mentioned by Job as a part of his spiritual wealth; and it is no mean treasure.

Coleridge says more forcibly than accurately:—

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high."

It is more true to say that an orphan's blessing might enrich even an angel. That which is done to the least of these is done unto the Lord; and therefore the benison of the great Father resteth on it. It were better to win the prayers of a fatherless child than the favour of an emperor. "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy," was a sentence which fell sweetly from the lip of the most afflicted of men, and gave him comfort in his bitterest hour. These are the memories which grow like flowers around the eternal basis of a good man's confidence. He does

not rely upon them for his salvation, but they yield a perfumed evidence of grace which is exceedingly fragrant. Like bells at midnight, ringing in a happier year, these memories cheer a heavy heart with prophecies of good things to come. The love of those whom we have cherished is a sacred heritage.

What is grandeur? what is power?
 Heavier toil, superior pain!
 What the rich reward of love?
 The grateful memory of the poor.
 Sweet the breath of vernal shower,
 Sweet the bees' collected store,
 Sweet soft music's melody;
 Yet to him who doeth good
 Sweeter far is gratitude.

The thankful grip of the widow's hand, and the smile which lights up her tearful countenance, convey a world of happiness to her benefactor; and the sight of a company of happy young men, who once were the orphans of our care, is a rehearsal of the reward of heaven. Were it right to make our own delight the end of our existence, it would be policy to be charitable to poor children. It is certain that more pleasure can be bought by money given to the poor and needy than by all the hoardings of a millionaire.

In the Stockwell Orphanage the church of God comes into actual contact with orphanhood, for the managers are the pastors and deacons of one of the largest churches in Christendom. Though no sectarian feeling excludes any child, the grand truths of the Gospel are ever kept before the youthful minds entrusted to us, and our longing desire is that each one of our children should become a child of God through faith in Christ Jesus. We would have every boy and girl converted to the Lord before leaving our roof; and our prayer is that it may be so, or at least that seed may be sown in the mind which in after years shall spring up and bear fruit unto eternal life. In many cases it is already so, to our intense joy. It seems to us no small thing for the church of God thus to have so many young immortals under its moulding hand during that period of life in which the heart is most impressible. Given the Spirit of God, and we have at Stockwell an amazing opportunity: hundreds of young immortals placed under those gracious influences which tend to form a godly character. It were a grand gain to have so many under holy care, even if we could forget the misery assuaged, the necessity supplied, and the peril averted. Let the people of God make daily intercession that young saints may spring up among us, and become heralds of the Cross, missionaries to the heathen, or gracious women, whose gentle influences shall persuade many hearts into the kingdom of our Lord.

Difficulties there are in such a work; would it be worthy of Christian zeal if there were not? Failures and faults sadden us; would the workers and their young charges be human if it were not so? But the Lord of Hosts is with us, and true success is thus ensured. Who will be partners with us? The work is not ours so that we can ever desire a monopoly in it. On the contrary, we are willing to divide our joy. This cluster of Eshcol needs more than two to carry it; we seek more

willing shoulders to upbear this fruit of mercy. Some of us have borne the burden and heat of the day, but if others will now enter into this vineyard, and begin work somewhat later than we were privileged to do, we will never grudge them their penny, nor reckon ourselves underpaid if their joy should exceed ours. Gladly do we offer to all Christian brethren shares in this Company of Charity, this Co-operative Society of Loving-kindness. Who is ready at once to pay a deposit upon his share, and continue by instalments to invest his capital in this Joint-Stock Bank of Bounty? Friends may take as much interest as they please in the concern; in fact, the more they take, the better for themselves and the enterprise.

Our appeal is to all who are humane and philanthropic; to all who are concerned for social purity and order; and to all who advocate temperance and thrift. From all who love our Lord Jesus, and are debtors to his grace, we expect abundant assistance. How can they withhold it? He only who loves not his race can refuse an orphan's tears. He only who loves not his Saviour can turn a deaf ear to a widow's cries. Our reader is not a hard man with a heart of granite, and therefore he will feel for the fatherless, and feel in his pocket because his feelings are not hypocritical. If there be anywhere a skinflint or a screw, he will turn his eye away from a poor boy who has lost his father; and if Alderman Greedy or Squire Grabber should meet an orphan girl, he will look another way. But you, reader, are not even a cousin to either of these grim personages, and therefore you are asking, *Where shall I send my money?* The answer will be found upon the last page of this report.

By the gradual accumulation of willing gifts, both small and great, a noble pile of buildings has been erected, containing homes and schools for about five hundred children. This number, it seems to us, is about as many as one set of busy men can be expected to look after; therefore, we do not *propose* to enlarge our bounds, though we dare not make a vow that we never will do so. The affair is self-contained and almost complete, and at present we purpose no enlargement of the plan.

BUT, to perfect the design in its present form, there are needed a laundry and bakehouse, and both of these offices are already rising above the foundations. For these erections money is wanted. Our friends never spoil a ship for a pennyworth of tar, and so we feel a full assurance that this, which is probably our last building enterprise for a while, will not be allowed to drag. A considerable sum is immediately needed—who will become a partaker in the needful service? We are not going to pauperize ourselves or our friends by begging, as if the Lord Jesus sought an alms for his children; but we notify the need to our Lord's disciples, and their love to him will prompt a free-will offering. Our beseeching has been done in a higher sphere; and now as a brother looks for kindness from his brothers, and as one servant of a good Master expects aid from all in the same service, so we reckon upon willing help from those who love our Master and his little ones. Already our heart sings over the buildings finished and paid for, seeing we believe that *we have the petitions which we have asked of him.*



OUR GIRLS AT PLAY.

PART II.—STATISTICS.

It is thought that the following Tables may excite the sympathies of those who regard the welfare of the localities in which they reside; they will at least show the progress of the Institution, and the breadth of its influence for good. As the buildings are in London, it is natural that the main body of our children should come from the more southern part of England. The expense of travelling must always limit the sphere of an Orphanage, or at least render it most useful in its own locality.

TABLE SHOWING NUMBER OF INMATES.
BOYS.

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
1	Aug., 1867, to March, 1870	154	154	6	6	148
2	April, 1870, to March, 1871	42	196	7	13	183
3	April, 1871, to March, 1872	38	234	9	22	212
4	April, 1872, to March, 1873	21	255	15	37	213
5	April, 1873, to March, 1874	36	291	38	75	216
6	April, 1874, to March, 1875	63	354	42	117	237
7	April, 1875, to March, 1876	28	382	29	146	236
8	April, 1876, to March, 1877	46	428	52	198	230
9	April, 1877, to March, 1878	51	479	47	245	234
10	April, 1878, to March, 1879	48	527	38	283	244
11	April, 1879, to March, 1880	41	568	41	324	244
12	April, 1880, to March, 1881	42	610	44	368	242
13	April, 1881, to March, 1882	54	664	52	420	244
14	April, 1882, to March, 1883	38	702	48	468	234
15	April, 1883, to March, 1884	47	749	44	512	237
16	April, 1884, to March, 1885	43	792	37	549	243

GIRLS.

No. of Report.	Date.	Annual Admissions.	Total Admissions.	Annual Removals.	Total Removals.	In Residence.
11	Dec., 1879, to March, 1880	29	29	1	1	28
12	April, 1880, to March, 1881	7	36	1	2	34
13	April, 1881, to March, 1882	53	94	0	2	92
14	April, 1882, to March, 1883	41	135	2	4	131
15	April, 1883, to March, 1884	40	175	5	9	166
16	April, 1884, to March, 1885	45	220	4	13	207

Total number received—1,012. Left—562. In residence—450.

NOTE.—Of the 41 children whose removal we record, 34 were placed in situations, 2 were remitted to their friends, 3 were dismissed on the re-marriage of their mothers, and 2 were adopted with the consent of their friends.

TABLE OF TOWNS AND COUNTIES

From which children have been received.

LONDON.

Balham	7	Haverstock Hill ...	3	Paddington	5
Barnsbury	2	Highbury	1	Peckham	30
Battersea	14	Holborn	9	Pentonville	2
Bayswater	5	Holloway	13	Pimlico	5
Bermondsey	67	Homerton	2	Poplar	4
Bethnal Green	5	Hornsey	3	Rotherhithe	6
Bloomsbury	2	Horselydown	6	Shadwell	1
Borough	7	Hoxton	10	Shoreditch	4
Bow	13	Islington	25	Soho	2
Brixton	25	Kennington	8	Southwark	25
Bromley	1	Kensington	4	Spitalfields	1
Camberwell	29	Kentish Town	7	Stepney	5
Camden Town	5	Kilburn	8	Strand	2
Chelsea	7	Kingsland	3	Streatham	3
Clapham	8	Lambeth	58	Stockwell	3
Clapton	5	Lewisham	4	Stoke Newington	5
Clerkenwell	11	Limehouse	6	St. John's Wood	1
Dalston	1	Marylebone	17	St. Luke's	2
Deptford	8	Mill End	8	St. Pancras	4
Dulwich	5	Newington	10	Sydenham	1
Finsbury	4	New Cross	10	Vauxhall	3
Hackney	14	Norwood	7	Walworth	39
Haggerston	1	Notting Hill	8	Wandsworth	14
Hammersmith	4	Nunhead	1	Westminster	10
Hampstead	3	Old Ford	1	Whitechapel	3
TOTAL			665.		

NOTE.—Of the children received from London, it will be seen the poorer districts have furnished the larger proportion.

COUNTRY.

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	3	<i>Devonshire</i> , Plymouth	1	<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	4
" Luton	1	" Stoke ...	1	" Cirencester ...	2
<i>Berkshire</i> , Newbury...	2	" Torquay	3	" Gloucester ...	1
" Reading ...	17	<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole ...	2	" Nailsworth ...	1
" Slough ...	1	" Swanage	1	" Painswick ...	1
" Uffington ...	1	" Weymouth	2	" Stroud ...	2
" Wantage ...	1	<i>Durham</i> , Stockton ...	2	" Wotton ...	1
" Wokingham	1	<i>Essex</i> , Barking ...	1	<i>Hampshire</i> , Lymington	1
" Wargrave	1	" Boxted ...	1	" Bournemouth...	1
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		" Braintree ...	1	" Christchurch...	1
" High Wycombe	1	" Brentwood ...	1	" Hayling Island	1
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Chelmsford ...	1	" Landport ...	1
" Winslow	2	" Chingford ...	1	" Pokesdown ...	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" Colchester ...	2	" Portsmouth ...	1
" Cambridge	2	" Coggeshall ...	1	" Portsea ...	1
" Soham ...	1	" Dunmow ...	1	" Romsey ...	1
" Wisbeach	1	" Halstead ...	1	" Southampton	3
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	" Hatfield Heath	1	" Southsea ...	2
" Chester ...	1	" Ilford ...	1	" Winchester ...	1
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	2	" Leyton ...	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> , Ledbury	1
" Penzance...	2	" Leytonstone ...	4	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,	
" Truro ...	1	" Loughton ...	1	" Berkhamstead	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Belper ...	1	" Maldon ...	4	" Dunstable ...	1
" Derby ...	4	" North Woolwich	2	" Hoddesdon ...	1
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	" Paglesham ...	1	" Redbourne ...	1
" Bidsford	1	" Romford ...	2	" St. Albans ...	1
" Brixham	1	" Stratford ...	1	" Ware ...	1
" Devonport	2	" Walthamstow	3	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,	
" Exeter ...	1	" Witham ...	2	" Fenstanton	1

TABLE OF THE RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS :—

Church of England	392	Brethren	4
Baptist	240	Moravian	1
Congregational	112	Bible Christian	1
Wesleyan	95	Society of Friends	1
Presbyterian	21	Not specified	142
Roman Catholic	3		
TOTAL	1,012.		

TABLE OF THE PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN.

Mechanics	242	Policemen & Custom House Officers	13
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen	149	Commission Agents	10
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ...	163	Accountants	10
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ...	144	Postmen and Sorters	7
Warehousemen and Clerks	108	Journalists	5
Ministers and Missionaries	31	Surgeons and Dentists	5
Mariners and Watermen	34	Solicitors	3
Commercial Travellers	18	Fireman	1
Schoolmasters and Teachers	15	Soldier	1
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ...	16	Architect	1
Farmers and Florists	20	Gentleman	1
Railway Employés	15		
TOTAL	1,012.		

PART III.—MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

307, CLAPHAM ROAD.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I have the pleasure of submitting my annual report, ending March, 1885. We have still cause for gratitude that our cases under treatment have been below the average, and, with scarcely an exception, of the mildest type. We are reaping the benefit of our complete and perfect sanitary arrangements and supervision. In the Medical Report Book, on the 23rd July, I was able to make the entry, "There is not a single case of bad head in the infirmary."

To the Hon. Consulting Staff we owe a debt of gratitude for the valuable services which they are ever ready to place at our command.

Dr. Nettleship, of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital, has relieved us of anxiety by his skilful treatment of the ophthalmic cases referred to him. The Hon. Dentist has had a full share of labour this year in treating those children whose teeth have suffered from previous neglect and decay. In this work Mr. Hinchliff has had the valuable aid of Mr. Oddy, Dentist, of Camberwell New Road, to both of whom our heartiest thanks are due.

I look for the happiest results from our new bakery and laundry, and I trust we shall soon have a sea-side Convalescent Home for our exclusive use. With a family of 500 fatherless children, we shall always have a number to whom sea air is a necessity. While we are careful not to admit children actually suffering from disease, the majority come from a stock in which there is an hereditary taint, and who need the greatest care to arrest the progress of disease in their constitutions.

I have to express my best thanks to the Committee, and to the officers of the institution, for the way in which they second my efforts,

And beg to remain, Mr. President and Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM SOPER.

PART IV.

ARRANGEMENTS AND PRINCIPLES OF THE INSTITUTION.

1. It is based on THE SEPARATE HOME SYSTEM which, in our judgment, has superior advantages over every other. The loss of home and parental influence is a calamity to a child, and the wisest and best methods are necessary to compensate the loss, as far as possible. Covering an area of nearly four acres in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for its purpose. Each home is complete in itself, and each family has its own "mother." The boys dine in one common hall according to families; the girls' meals are all prepared in their respective houses; and it is a rule that both boys and girls assist in all the domestic duties of the establishment. Family worship is conducted in each department morning and evening, and the children learn the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack. The terrace on the left-hand side of the quadrangle, with the schools over the centre block, is designed for 250 boys, and the terrace on the right for an equal number of girls. The building in the centre is the infirmary, with separate wings for boys and girls. The adjacent building is for the swimming bath and girls' play-hall. For the boys a commodious play-hall is provided at the end of the terrace.

Under our system careful supervision of each child is possible, and the best sanitary conditions are secured. Though many of the children have come of a consumptive stock, a short residence in the Institution improves their condition to a remarkable degree.

2. The Institution is UNSECTARIAN—the question of the denominational connection of the parents having no influence with the Committee in considering an application. Orphanhood and need are the conditions required; and no child is prejudiced as a candidate on account of the creed of his parents. In a matter of pure philanthropy, sectarian preferences should have no weight, although the characters of the parents and their usefulness in the church of God constitute in some cases a plea for a more speedy reception of their little ones.

The supreme desire of the Committee of Management is that the children shall be instructed in the truths of our common Christianity, renewed in spirit by the Holy Ghost, and trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. We are more concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ than devotees of a sect; and for this we will both pray and labour. It would be a calamity to be deplored were theological differences allowed to mar the work of assisting the widow and the fatherless. We have the hearty confidence and generous co-operation of friends in communion with every part of the Christian church.

3. The Institution is open to ALL CLASSES OF THE COMMUNITY. No one section of society has the preference. In considering the claims of an orphan, the station in life occupied by the parents has small influence in the counsels of the Committee. It will be seen in the table of classes

that, while almost every grade of society has been represented, by far the greater proportion of children belonged to the industrial and most necessitous classes. When a family has been dependent upon the weekly wage of the father, which in so many instances leaves but a slender margin for saving, the whole of their support ceases at his death, and the savings will scarcely suffice to meet the funeral expenses. But for the ministry of an orphanage, a widow, left with several helpless little ones, whose cry for bread pierces her heart, would despair. The relief afforded by our taking one child has often inspired a poor woman with hope, has given her a little breathing-space, and enabled her to accomplish her difficult task. Often have our hearts overflowed with mingled emotions of sympathetic sorrow and sincere joy: sorrow for the trouble which still remained, and joy that we had been able to lighten the load, at least by an ounce or two. Frequently have we had to see the hand of the Lord helping choice saints by means of our Institution. Are there not thousands who will share our burden and our blessing? Will not our reader continue to do so? Our subscribers will rejoice with us that the Institution has sheltered no less than 1,012 fatherless children up to the present date.

4. To secure the admission of a destitute fatherless child between the ages of six and ten, NO PATRONAGE IS REQUIRED. The most helpless and deserving are *selected* by a Committee, to whom the greatest need must always have the loudest voice; they are not *electd* by the votes of subscribers. In this way help is rendered to those who are least able to help themselves, or to secure the assistance of others. Applicants are put to no expense, beyond providing necessary certificates. It is better that the admission of a child should be in response to the bitter cry of helpless orphanhood than as a reward for the diligence or postage expended in dunning the subscribers for their votes. The amount expended, directly and indirectly, in qualifying for admission to some institutions, is in many cases almost equal to the value of the benefit secured. As it is impossible for us to receive all who apply, there is this satisfaction—the candidates are only declined for want of room, and not because, after expending their all, they have failed to procure sufficient votes. The Committee appointed to consider the claims of the applicants devote considerable time and anxious thought to this department, and they endeavour to select the most worthy cases. Will our friends kindly bear this fact in mind, should an application in which they are specially interested not prove successful? In their judgment, and probably as a matter of fact, the children in whom they are interested are really destitute, and the mothers are highly deserving; but when we have only one vacancy for three or four or even more candidates, some must be excluded; and it may so happen that there is a still more destitute child and a still more needy widow than the one which our friends would select, and that case will have the preference. We are therefore compelled to set aside scores whom we should have been right glad to admit, because they have not attained to that pre-eminence in misery which wins our suffrages. Till some one will invent expanding houses, and show us how to make a pound grow into forty shillings when there is need for it, we fear we shall always be compelled to turn many deserving applicants from our door.

5. The children are NOT DRESSED IN A UNIFORM to mark them as the recipients of charity.

Orphanhood is a child's misfortune, and he should not be treated as though it were his fault. In a garb which is a symbol of dependence, it is difficult, if not impossible, for an orphan to preserve a feeling of self-respect; and we wish the older institutions were free to break through the traditions which have so little to be said in their favour.

6. In the arrangements of the Schools our object is to impart a plain but thorough ENGLISH education, in order to fit the boys for commercial pursuits. In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. As the boys attain the age for leaving, little or no difficulty is experienced in finding employers who are willing to receive them. Many of the old boys are now occupying good positions in large houses of business, four of them have entered the ministry, and two have resigned first-rate appointments to labour in connection with the Salvation Army. It is a joy to us to know that a goodly number of them are engaged in works of usefulness, while a far larger number are members of the Christian Church.

For the girls nothing beyond a plain education is attempted in the Schools, and thorough domestic training in their homes. Their special vocation must be left to their friends to determine on leaving; but our plan is to ensure that, as far as possible, they shall be thoroughly fitted for domestic service in good families.

The moral and religious training of the children is a matter of primary concern; and the devoted efforts of the matrons and teachers are supplemented by the labours of a staff of earnest Sunday School teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and the neighbouring chapels on Lord's-day mornings, and Special Services are conducted at home, morning and evening. Mr. Daniels, Mr. Bartlett, and other friends, give much attention and prayer to this department of the work. Family worship is observed twice every day in the week, and a special week-night service is held every Wednesday. Once a quarter the entire household is assembled to hear an address. The Revs. Canon Hussey, W. Barker (Chaplain to the Queen), Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., Arthur Pease, Esq., M.P., and others, have rendered important help in this matter.

A Young Christians' Band holds a monthly meeting, conducted by the Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. W. J. Evans. Those children are enrolled as members of whose change of heart the matrons and teachers have no reasonable doubt. Meetings are held for the illustration and enforcement of Temperance principles, lectures and addresses being given by well-known advocates.

7. For the support of the Orphanage more than nine-tenths of the amount required must come in the form of VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. Without locking up its surplus funds or legacies as an endowment which cannot be alienated, the Trustees have sought to secure an income by judicious investments in such securities as can be realized, should the necessity arise. When generous contributors have bequeathed a sum of money to the Orphanage, it is clear it was not their intention for the money to be expended within the year it became due. The wise economy of means fully agrees with the principle of faith, and

does not argue mistrust in the providence of God. In managing the Lord's money there should be as much prudence as if there were no faith, and as much faith as if there were no prudence. Our list of annual subscribers is a very slender one, but then we have many friends who send as regularly as though they were pledged to do so. To them the cause of the orphan is felt to be a very sacred obligation, and to send of their substance from time to time yields a pleasure all its own.

During the year our friends who take collecting-boxes and books brought in the sum of £923 18s. 5d. Meetings are arranged for the collectors from time to time, when the President is pleased to see them, and personally to thank them for their efforts in a cause which is so dear to his own heart.

The children in the Orphanage were supplied with cards, and their friends collected £222 11s. 0d. This was regarded as a very precious offering, for it was for the most part collected in pennies, and was felt to be an expression of true gratitude.

Many friends residing at a distance, who are not able to attend the meetings, correspond with the President personally, and send in substantial assistance.

Altogether the amount received during the year from collecting-cards, books, and boxes, reached the noble sum of £1,146 9s. 5d., for which we are truly grateful.

Our excellent neighbour, Mr. Newman Hall, devotes his Christmas morning collection to the Orphanage, and this year our friend, Dr. Parker, gave us a collection at the City Temple. A choir of the orphan children sang at each service, to the great delight of the friends present. We shall be glad to find this example copied, as the gain to the Institution far exceeds the amount of the collection.

Several Young Ladies' Working Associations have rendered considerable help by their loving labours, and their services are greatly appreciated.

Many friends who cannot combine with others in such a work can render us good service by making articles of clothing suitable for either boys or girls, between the ages of 6 and 15.

During the year, Mr. Charlesworth has gone to many places with his Choir and Hand-bell Ringers. The addition of £1,132 18s. 6d., after deducting all expenses, to the funds of the Institution from this source moves us to thank all our friends who have helped to bring about such a result. As stewards of the Lord's bounty, it was right that our friends should be informed of the nature and scope of the work in the best possible way; and as facts are more potent than words, the sight of a choir of neatly-dressed boys is more convincing than a long argument.

The meetings, as conducted, do not merely afford an evening's diversion, they aim at benefiting those present; and many testimonies have been received to prove that this object has been attained. Mr. Charlesworth will be glad to correspond with any who can arrange for meetings in aid of the Orphanage.

From the Orphanage Acre at Waterbeach, under the skilful farming of Mr. Toller, we continue to receive a welcome supply of flour and potatoes. Other friends have sent us a portion of their potato crops,

and several millers have occasionally forwarded sacks of flour. Puddings and potatoes form important articles of diet, and we shall be glad if farmers will remember our orphans in "seed-time and harvest." Such an offering of first-fruits will sanctify the whole crop. 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 are acknowledged every month in *The Sword and the Trowel*. We repeat our thanks to one and all. We are sorry 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*. Please therefore do us the following kindness:—Write in your plainest hand, and put your name in the parcel, and then send a post-card or note to say that such a parcel is on the road, and contains such and such articles.

Many generous helpers have died of late, and unbelief has asked how their places will be supplied; but faith is sure that the Lord who sent us old friends can send us new ones. We have never made flesh our arm, nor will we; our eyes are towards the hills, whence cometh our help, and our motto is, "I WILL TRUST, AND NOT BE AFRAID."

We pray that our loving helpers may long be spared to share in our service of love; but as our heartiest wishes cannot keep them on earth for ever, even were we cruel enough to desire it, we trust they will not forget the orphans when they are distributing their estates. Do not put them in a corner of the will which may be torn off, but in the centre, where the Lord's work ought to be. As it is most important to comply with legal conditions, in order to secure the validity of a legacy, we append the necessary form. Persons deviating from such form are likely to frustrate their own intentions, and no sane person would wish to do that. It cannot be too clearly understood that bequests of land or houses for charitable purposes are null and void. By forgetting this fact, friends have put the President to serious trouble, involving him in actions at law, and all sorts of unpleasantnesses. He has too much to do already, and does not want to have his back broken with the proverbial last ounce. Those are wisest who are their own executors, and distribute their money in their own lifetime; but if this cannot be accomplished, friends should at least make their wills, and see that they are plainly drawn up and properly executed.

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.

The Stockwell Orphanage for Boys and Girls.

Applications 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 should be given. As the number of candidates is far in excess of the accommodation, the Trustees may decline to issue a form of application ; for it would be useless to do so when there is no prospect of success. If a form be granted, it must not be regarded as a guarantee that the application will succeed.

The questions must be fully and frankly answered by the applicant, and the form of application should be returned as soon as possible. The slightest untruthfulness will necessitate the rejection of the case. Unhealthy, deformed, and imbecile children are not eligible. Only children born in wedlock can be received. Children whose fathers are alive cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted. Whatever the plea may be, no exceptions can be made to this rule, as the trust is definite and unalterable.

If the case is entered on the list of satisfactory 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 it is then among the most needy and deserving, it may be accepted for admission to the Institution, as soon as there is room.

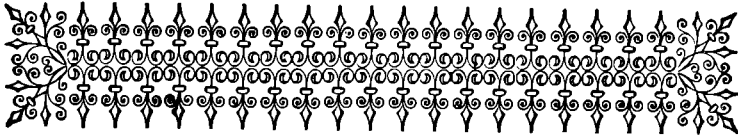
Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection by the Trustees at any stage if it proves to be less necessitous than others ; nor must they wonder if the child is declined because of unsuitability ; for the Institution is neither Hospital, Reformatory, nor Idiot Asylum. 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 ; hence many needy ones must be refused because there are others in still more deplorable circumstances.

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 applicants 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.

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 be a great comfort to the President. Now that girls as well as boys have to be fed, clothed, and educated, 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. Collecting Boxes or Books may be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage. 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.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

Sinful Silence.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



LEATISES in abundance have been produced upon the sins of speech ; but are there not also sins of silence ? Spurious silver of speech is current, but base gold of silence is not unknown. A man may transgress as truly by holding his tongue as by speaking unadvisedly with his lips. If by being quiet we could escape from all responsibility, life would be an easy matter, and the coward's millennium would have arrived. If absolute silence would screen us from duty it might be the highest prudence. But it is not so: our position in life involves us in certain obligations of speech, and if we do not act according to them we shall be verily guilty. A member of the House of Commons lately said, "It appears to me that silence has its responsibilities as well as speech," and we were so struck with the expression that we thought it worthy to take rank among the best of modern proverbs.

Sinful silence is by no means so common as sinful talk, but there are times when it may be quite as full of evil. A lie can be told by our saying nothing as well as in express words; for when silence gives consent to falsehood it is itself falsehood. To refrain from warning the unwary when we see that they are being deceived is to be an accomplice in the imposition. To quietly listen to false doctrine without seeking a fit occasion to enter a protest may soon amount to participation in the error. When a political wrong is being done, those who by their voices and votes might prevent it are partners in the iniquity, since they refuse to exercise their influence for truth and righteousness. "To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." When God calls us to speak, we sin if we are silent. Abstinence from all protest against evil may be the quietest way of living ; but does a good soldier of Jesus Christ make his own comfort his first consideration ?

The Christian may by silence retain his friends and escape from making enemies; but what will his best Friend say of such traitorous conduct? To what end have we tongues but that we may speak the truth with them? We have idle words in plenty, and for these we must give an account in the day of judgment; and if of idle words, which are the ill fruit of the tongue, then be sure we shall be called to account for idle tongues, which yield no fruit at all. Dogs that are always barking are a nuisance, but dumb dogs that cannot bark are utterly useless. In the Kingdom of Christ the not doing of the Master's will is punished as surely as actual rebellion. I cannot give God the service of my tongue by absolute silence; I must use it as occasion requires for his glory and for the good of men.

At the present hour the great crimes of our cities would remain unshamed were it not for a few brave men who dare not enter into the general conspiracy of silence. "Smother it up" is the cry of the cowardice which is too modest to speak of the demon which devours little children. Crime is to be allowed full range, because if you restrain it there will be a howling which may disturb my lady's music on the harpsichord. Good souls of the rose-water school will not play the villain themselves, but they will draw down the blinds for those who do so. "Don't bring a candle, we might see too much, and we might be shocked. What the eye does not see the heart does not rue, therefore never expose evil. Do not ask the devil to come; but keep it dark for him when he does come." It is time we had done with such pandering to unrighteousness. Take the velvet out of your mouths, O ye whose business it is to denounce sin, lest your gentlemanly whisper of "Peace, Peace," should be the signal for an outburst of contempt and indignation.

Silence concerning public sin is accompanied by the like tacit consent to more private and personal evil. How many of us are partakers of other men's sins by failing to reprove them. The almost entire absence of brotherly rebuke in his own age is spoken of by Thomas Adams, in words which are equally applicable to our own times:—"This one office of love is almost forgotten in the world. Our eyes and ears are conscious of many horrid sins, whereof we make also our souls guilty by our silence. Like chameleons, we turn to the colour of our company. Oppressions, that draw blood of the commonwealth, move us not. Oaths, that totter the battlements of heaven, wake us not. Oh, where is our kindness! Whilst we do not reprove, we approve these iniquities. He is conscious of secret guiltiness that forbearth to resist open iniquity. Thou sayest it is for love's sake thou sparest reprehension. Why, if thou love thy friend never so dearly, yet thou oughtest to love truth more dearly. Let not, then, the truth of love prejudice the love of truth."

In very much the same strain wrote Thomas Boston, and we cannot do better than give his very words. "Silence is unseasonable when sin rageth and roareth. When men are dishonouring God, it is sad that our tongues should be nailed. When men declare their sin, as Sodom, it is sad that in our mouths there should be no reproofs. 'Thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him.' Our tongues testify that we are men, and they should show we are Christians, and in covenant with God, offensive and defensive. 'For the zeal of thine house,' saith David, 'hath eaten me up: and the

reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me.' By this undue silence we are injurious to God, in that we do not vindicate his glory, bespattered with the sins of others. His glory, I say, who hath given us a tongue as a banner, to be displayed because of the truth. To run away when we ought to stand our ground doubles the dishonour of God; since he is once dishonoured by the sinner, and then dishonoured again by the silent professor. Mark viii. 38."

"This undue silence is also injurious to our neighbour. We see him pulling down the house about his ears, and yet we will not hinder him; selling his soul for a trifle, and yet we do not bid him rue his bargain. Oh, horrid cruelty! to stand with our tongues in silence when the devil often casteth our neighbour into the fire."

"It is injurious, likewise, to ourselves; for thereby we adopt the devil's children brought forth by others, and set down their debts to our own account, Eph. v. 7—11. Other men's sins that we have witnessed become ours by the silence which gives consent: the flame which burns up their house will consume our own, if it be not quenched with a testimony against it. This silence also leaves a sting in our conscience, which remains inactive in the hearts of some for a while; but when the opportunity of bearing testimony against sin is gone, it bites dreadfully the hearts of those whose consciences are not seared."

A very common form of evil silence is neglect of personal testimony in conversation with individuals. How many of us are guilty here. We can preach to hundreds, and yet feel dumb with a single person: this is a grievous weakness. The rapid spread of the gospel at the first was largely due to the zeal of individual Christians in communicating the precious truth to their fellows, and it will never spread to any great extent till this natural and simple method is more largely used. No address is so powerful as that which comes in private from heart to heart, with all the living power of a lip warm with love. God is more likely to bless this form of address than any other. There is no escaping from the directness of such an appeal, and it is hard to resist its pleading power. "Come, George, and walk down the road with me!" was the call of an earnest preacher to one of his hearers. In the course of that walk the preacher's private word had by God's blessing accomplished in George what all his former teachings had failed to do. George yielded himself to Christ, and declared that the personal talk while going along the street was the means of his decision. It is a great delight to the pastor of the Tabernacle frequently to see certain elders in the corners of the building after service conversing with individuals. Are we backward in such labours? Do we altogether neglect them? How shall we answer for it at the last great day?

Doubtless, we lose many opportunities for holy and impressive discourse when we meet with relatives and acquaintances. We are sure to talk, but the talk will not be profitable unless some master spirit will guide it aright. It would be wise to try to rule the conversation, and, like a good helmsman, steer the ship into safe waters. Many have been converted through a gracious remark or a solemn question presented at a fitting time. In his preface to his "Apples of Gold," Brooks tells us of an incident at table, such as might often happen if it were not for our unholy silence: "A company of near friends dining together on:

Sabbath day, one that was at table, to prevent impertinent discourse, said 'that it was a question whether they should all go to heaven or no,' which struck them all into a dump, and caused every one to enter into a serious consideration with themselves. One thought, if any of this company go to hell, it must be I, and so thought another and another, and indeed so thought almost every one then present, as well servants that waited as those that sat at table, as it was afterwards acknowledged; and, through the mercy and blessing of God, this speech so wrought upon the spirits of most of them, that it proved the first instrumental means of their conversion."

In ill company, if our business or our family relationships drive us that way, it will be wise and right to show our colours very distinctly. Then we must be sure to fly our flag by espousing the cause of God, and truth, and righteousness, in the most outspoken manner. If we are quiet we shall be considered to be in league with the foe; but if we come out with emphatic courage we shall soon find ourselves masters of the situation, or at least clear of complicity with evil. We little know the influence of brave words and holy deeds—

"For in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know."

Here is the proper time for remarking that it is not at all an unusual thing for professed Christians to allow the praises of God to lie forgotten in unthankfulness. They live as if the song had gone out of their lives, or as if it had never come into them. Towards God's praise they maintain a silence as of "a cold grave under the deep, deep sea." They have a ready tongue for complaint, but for thanksgiving they are mute as fishes. Our houses ought to ring with praises. If we were only to repeat to others the more noticeable instances of the Lord's loving-kindness to ourselves, our conversation would be a feast of fat things, and God's name would be had in reverence by hundreds who now forget him. The Lord have mercy upon us for our guilty silence. It is a wonder that the stones have not cried out against us, or the heavens fallen upon us. Henceforth let our tongues break the bands which hold them in bondage, and let us promote the glory of God by that member of our body which David describes as the glory of the human frame.

"The Treasury of David."

AT length the last psalm is reached. Our task is almost done. We look back with a happy regret at the happy days spent with David and his harp. We have dwelt in a land which floweth with milk and honey while commenting on these sacred songs; and after traversing the holy country from Dan to Beersheba, we feel inclined to retrace our steps, and traverse the goodly land again. To remind our readers that there is such a work as "The Treasury of David," and that after twenty-one years of labour it is almost ended, we give Psalm CXLVIII. as a specimen. May it be sweet to their taste.

PSALM CXLVIII.

The song is one and indivisible. It seems almost impossible to expound it in detail, for a living poem is not to be dissected verse by verse. It is a song of nature and of grace. As a flash of lightning flames through space, and enwraps both heaven and earth in one vestment of glory, so doth the adoration of the Lord in this psalm light up all the universe, and cause it to glow with a radiance of praise. The song begins in the heavens, sweeps downward to dragons and all deeps, and then ascends again, till the people near unto Jehovah take up the strain. For its exposition the chief requisite is a heart on fire with reverent love to the Lord over all, who is to be blessed for ever.

EXPOSITION.

PRAISE ye the LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 Praise ye him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars of light.

4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5 Let them praise the name of the LORD : for he commanded, and they were created.

6 He hath also stablished them for ever and ever : he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7 Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps :

8 Fire, and hail ; snow, and vapours ; stormy wind fulfilling his word :

9 Mountains, and all hills ; fruitful trees, and all cedars :

10 Beasts, and all cattle ; creeping things, and flying fowl :

11 Kings of the earth, and all people ; princes, and all judges of the earth :

12 Both young men, and maidens ; old men, and children :

13 Let them praise the name of the LORD : for his name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

14 He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints ; *even* of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the LORD.

1. "*Praise ye the LORD.*" Whoever ye may be that hear this word, ye are invited, entreated, commanded, to magnify Jehovah. Assuredly he has made you, and, if for nothing else, ye are bound, upon the ground of creatureship, to adore your Maker. This exhortation can never be out of place, speak it where we may ; and never out of time, speak it when we may. "*Praise ye the LORD from the heavens.*" Since ye are nearest to the High and Lofty One, be ye sure to lead the song. Ye angels, ye cherubim and seraphim, and all others who dwell in the precincts of his courts, praise ye Jehovah. Do this as from a starting-point from which the praise is to pass on to other realms. Keep not your worship to yourselves, but let it fall like a golden shower from the heavens on men beneath. "*Praise him*

in the heights." This is no vain repetition; but after the manner of attractive poesy the truth is emphasized by reiteration in other words. Moreover, God is not only to be praised *from* the heights, but *in* them: the adoration is to be perfected in the heavens from which it takes its rise. No place is too high for the praises of the Most High. On the summit of creation the glory of the Lord is to be revealed, even as the tops of the highest Alps are tipped with the golden light of the same sun which glads the valleys. Heavens and heights become the higher and the more heavenly as they are made to resound with the praises of Jehovah. See how the Psalmist trumpets out the word "PRAISE." It sounds forth some nine times in the first five verses of this song. Like minute-guns, exultant exhortations are sounded forth in tremendous force—*Praise! Praise! Praise!* The drum of the great King beats round the world with this one note—*Praise! Praise! Praise!* "Again they said, Hallelujah." All this praise is distinctly and personally for Jehovah. Praise not his servants nor his works; but praise HIM. Is he not worthy of all possible praise? Pour it forth before HIM in full volume; pour it only there!

2. "*Praise ye him, all his angels.*" Living intelligences, perfect in character and in bliss, lift up your loudest music to your Lord, each one of you. Not one bright spirit is exempted from this consecrated service. However many ye be, O angels, ye are all *his* angels, and therefore ye are bound, all of you, to render service to your Lord. Ye have all seen enough of him to be able to praise him, and ye have all abundant reasons for so doing. Whether ye be named Gabriel, or Michael, or by whatever other titles ye are known, praise ye the Lord. Whether ye bow before him, or fly on his errands, or desire to look into his covenant, or behold his Son, cease not, ye messengers of Jehovah, to sound forth his praise while ye move at his bidding. "*Praise ye him, all his hosts.*" This includes angelic armies, but groups with them all the heavenly bodies. Though they be inanimate the stars, the clouds, the lightnings, have their ways of praising Jehovah. Let each one of the countless legions of the Lord of hosts show forth his glory; for the countless armies are all *his*, his by creation, and preservation, and consequent obligation. Both these sentences claim unanimity of praise from those in the upper regions who are called upon to commence the strain—"all his angels, all his hosts." That same hearty oneness must pervade the whole orchestra of praising ones, hence further on we read of all stars of light, all deeps, all hills, all cedars, and all people. How well the concert begins when all angels, and all the heavenly host, strike the first joyful notes. In that concert our souls would at once take their part.

3. "*Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.*" The Psalmist enters into detail as to the heavenly hosts. As all, so each, must praise the God of each and all. The sun and moon, as joint rulers of day and night, are paired in praise: the one is the complement of the other, and so they are closely associated in the summons to worship. The sun has his peculiar mode of glorifying the Great Father of lights, and the moon has her own special method of reflecting his brightness. There is a perpetual adoration of the Lord in the skies: it varies with night and day, but it ever continues while sun and moon endure. There is ever a lamp burning before the high altar of the Lord. Nor are the greater luminaries allowed to drown with their floods of light the glory of the lesser brilliants, for all the stars are bidden to the banquet of praise. Stars are many, so many that no one can count the host included under the words, "all ye stars"; yet no one of them refuses to praise its Maker. From their extreme brilliance they are fitly named "stars of light"; and this light is praise in a visible form twinkling to true music. Light is song glittering before the eye instead of resounding in the ear. Stars without light would render no praise, and Christians without light rob the Lord of his glory. However

small our beam we must not hide it: if we cannot be sun or moon we must aim to be one of the "stars of light," and our every twinkling must be to the honour of our Lord.

4. "*Praise him, ye heavens of heavens.*" By these are meant those regions which are heavens to those who dwell in our heavens; or those most heavenly of abodes where the most choice of spirits dwell. As the highest of the highest, so the best of the best are to praise the Lord. If we could climb as much above the heavens as the heavens are above the earth, we could still cry out to all around us, "Praise ye the Lord." There can be none so great and high as to be above praising Jehovah. "*And ye waters that be above the heavens.*" Let the clouds roll up volumes of adoration. Let the sea above roar, and the fulness thereof, at the presence of Jehovah, the God of Israel. There is something of mystery about these supposed reservoirs of water; but let them be what they may, and as they may, they shall give glory to the Lord our God. Let the most unknown and perplexing phenomena take up their parts in the universal praise.

5. "*Let them praise the name of the LORD; for he commanded, and they were created.*" Here is good argument: The Maker should have honour from his works, they should tell forth *his* character by *their* praise; and thus they should praise *his name*—by which his character is intended. The name of JEHOVAH is written legibly upon his works, so that his power, wisdom, goodness, and other attributes are therein made manifest to thoughtful men, and thus his name is praised. The highest praise of God is to declare what he is. We can invent nothing which would magnify the Lord: we can never extol him better than by repeating his name, or describing his character. The Lord is to be extolled as creating all things that exist, and as doing so by the simple agency of his word. He created by a command; what a power is this! Well may he expect those to praise him who owe their being to him. Evolution may be atheistic; but the doctrine of creation logically demands worship; and hence, as the tree is known by its fruit, it proves itself to be true. Those who were created by command are under command to adore their Creator. The voice which said "Let them be," now saith "Let them praise."

6. "*He hath also established them for ever and ever.*" The continued existence of celestial beings is due to the supporting might of Jehovah, and to that alone. They do not fail because the Lord does not fail them. Without his will these things cannot alter; he has impressed upon them laws which only he himself can change. Eternally his ordinances are binding upon them. Therefore ought the Lord to be praised because he is Preserver as well as Creator, Ruler as well as Maker. "*He hath made a decree which shall not pass.*" The heavenly bodies are ruled by Jehovah's decree: they cannot pass his limit, or trespass against his law. His rule and ordination can never be changed except by himself, and in this sense his decree "shall not pass": moreover, the highest and most wonderful of creatures are perfectly obedient to the statutes of the Great King, and thus his decree is not passed over. This submission to law is praise. Obedience is homage; order is harmony. In this respect the praise rendered to Jehovah from the "bodies celestial" is absolutely perfect. His almighty power upholds all things in their spheres, securing the march of stars and the flight of seraphs; and thus the music of the upper regions is never marred by discord, nor interrupted by destruction. The eternal hymn is for ever chanted; even the solemn silence of the spheres is a perpetual psalm.

7. "*Praise the LORD from the earth.*" The song descends to our abode, and so comes nearer home to us. We who are "bodies terrestrial," are to pour out our portion of praise from the golden globe of this favoured planet. Jehovah is to be praised not only *in* the earth but *from* the earth, as if the adoration ran over from this planet into the general accumulation of worship. In the first verse the song was "from the heavens"; here it

is "from the earth": songs coming down from heaven are to blend with those going up from earth. The "earth" here meant is our entire globe of land and water: it is to be made vocal everywhere with praise. "*Ye dragons, and all deeps.*" It would be idle to enquire what special sea-monsters are here meant; but we believe all of them are intended, and the places where they abide are indicated by "all deeps." Terrible beasts or fishes, whether they roam the earth or swim the seas, are bidden to the feast of praise. Whether they float amid the teeming waves of the tropics, or wend their way among the floes and bergs of polar waters, they are commanded by our sacred poet to yield their tribute to the creating Jehovah. They pay no service to man; let them the more heartily confess their allegiance to the Lord. About "dragons" and "deeps" there is somewhat of dread, but this may the more fitly become the bass of the music of the psalm. If there be aught grim in mythology, or fantastic in heraldry, let it praise the incomprehensible Lord.

8. "*Fire and hail.*" Lightning and hailstones go together. In the plagues of Egypt they co-operated in making Jehovah known in all the terrors of his power. Fire and ice-morsels are a contrast in nature, but they are combined in magnifying the Lord. "*Snow, and vapours.*" Offsprings of cold, or creations of heat, be ye equally consecrated to his praise. Congealed or expanded vapours, falling flakes or rising clouds, should, rising or falling, still reveal the praises of the Lord. "*Stormy wind fulfilling his word.*" Though rushing with incalculable fury, the storm-wind is still under law, and moves in order due, to carry out the designs of God. It is a grand orchestra which contains such wind-instruments as these! He is a great leader who can keep all these musicians in concert, and direct both time and tune.

9. "*Mountains, and all hills.*" Towering steeps and swelling knolls alike declare their Creator. "All hills" are to be consecrated; we have no longer Ebal and Gerizim, the hill of the curse and the hill of the blessing, but all our Ebals are turned to Gerizims. Tabor and Hermon, Lebanon and Carmel, rejoice in the name of the Lord. The greater and the lesser mounts are one in their adoration. Not only the Alps and the mountains of the Jura thunder out his praise; but our own Cotswolds and Grampians are vocal with songs in his honour. "*Fruitful trees, and all cedars.*" Fruit trees and forest trees, trees deciduous or evergreen, are equally full of benevolent design, and alike subserve some purpose of love; therefore for all and by all let the great Designer be praised. There are many species of cedar, but they all reveal the wisdom of their Maker. When kings tell them that they may make beams for their palaces they do but confess their obligation to the King of trees, and to the King of kings, whose trees they are. Varieties in the landscape are produced by the rising and falling of the soil, and by the many kinds of trees which adorn the land: let all, and all alike, glorify their one Lord. When the trees clap their hands in the wind, or their leaves rustle in the gentle breath of Zephyr, they do to their best ability sing out unto the Lord.

10. "*Beasts, and all cattle.*" Animals fierce or tame: wild beasts and domestic cattle; let all these show forth the praises of Jehovah. Those are worse than beasts who do not praise our God. More than brutish are those who are wilfully dumb concerning their Maker. "*Creeping things, and flying fowl.*" The multitudes that throng the earth and the air; insects of every form and birds of every wing are called upon to join the universal worship. No one can become familiar with insect and bird life without feeling that they constitute a wonderful chapter in the history of divine wisdom. The minute insect marvellously proclaims the Lord's handiwork: when placed under the microscope it tells a wondrous tale. So, too, the bird which soars aloft displays in its adaptation for an aerial life an amount of skill which our balloonists have in vain attempted to emulate. True

devotion not only hears the praises of God in the sweet song of feathered minstrels, but even discovers it in the croaking from the marsh, or in the buzz of "the blue fly which singeth in the window-pane." More base than reptiles, more insignificant than insects, are songless men.

11. "*Kings of the earth, and all people: princes, and all judges of the earth.*" Now the poet has reached our own race, and very justly he would have rulers and subjects, chieftains and magistrates, unite in worshipping the sovereign Lord of all. Monarchs must not disdain to sing, nor must their people refrain from uniting with them. Those who lead in battle and those who decide in courts must neither of them allow their vocations to keep them from reverently adoring the Chief and Judge of all. All people, and all judges must all praise the Lord of all. What a happy day it will be when it is universally acknowledged that through our Lord Jesus, the incarnate Wisdom, "kings reign and princes decree justice"! Alas, it is not so as yet; kings have been patrons of vice and princes ringleaders in folly. Let us pray that the song of the psalmist may be realized in fact.

12. "*Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children.*" Both sexes and all ages are summoned to the blessed service of song. Those who usually make merry together are to be devoutly joyful together: those who make up the ends of families, that is to say, the elders and the juveniles, should make the Lord their one and only end. Old men should by their experience teach children to praise; and children by their cheerfulness should excite old men to song. There is room for every voice at this concert: fruitful trees and maidens, cedars and young men, angels and children, old men and judges—all may unite in this oratorio. None, indeed, can be dispensed with: for perfect psalmody we must have the whole universe aroused to worship, and all parts of creation must take their parts in devotion.

13. "*Let them praise the name of the LORD.*" All that is contained in the name or character of Jehovah is worthy of praise, and all the objects of his creating care will be too few to set it forth in its completeness. "*For his name alone is excellent.*" It alone deserves to be exalted in praise, for alone it is exalted in worth. There is none like unto the Lord, none that for a moment can be compared unto him. His unique name should have a monopoly of praise. "*His glory is above the earth and heaven:*" it is therefore alone because it surpasses all others. His royal splendour exceeds all that earth and heaven can express. He is himself the crown of all things, the excellency of the creation. There is more glory in him personally than in all his works united. It is not possible for us to exceed and become extravagant in the Lord's praise: his own natural glory is infinitely greater than any glory which we can render to him.

14. "*He also exalteth the horn of his people.*" He hath made them strong, famous, and victorious. His goodness to all his creatures does not prevent his having a special favour to his chosen nation: he is good to all, but he is God to his people. He lifts up the down-trodden, but he in a peculiar manner lifts up his people. When they are brought low he raises up a horn for them by sending them a deliverer; when they are in conflict he gives them courage and strength, so that they lift up their horn amid the fray; and when all is peaceful around them, he fills their horn with plenty, and they lift it up with delight. "*The praise of all his saints.*" He is their glory: to him they render praise; and he by his mercy to them evermore gives them further reasons for praise, and higher motives for adoration. He lifts up their horn, and they lift up his praise. He exalts them, and they exalt him. The Holy One is praised by holy ones. He is their God, and they are his saints; he makes them blessed, and they bless him in return. "*Even of the children of Israel.*" The Lord knoweth them that are his. He knows the name of him with whom he made a covenant, and how he came by that name, and who his children are, and where they are. All nations are bidden in verse 11 to praise the Lord; but here the call is

specially addressed to his elect people, who know him beyond all others. Those who are children of privilege should be children of praise. "*A people near unto him,*" near by kin, and near by care; near as to manifestation and near as to affection. This is a highly honourable description of the beloved race; and it is true even more emphatically of the spiritual Israel, the believing seed. This nearness should prompt us to perpetual adoration. The Lord's elect are the children of his love, the courtiers of his palace, the priests of his temple, and therefore they are bound beyond all others to be filled with reverence for him, and delight in him. "*Praise ye the LORD,*" or, *Hallelujah*. This should be the Alpha and Omega of a good man's life. Let us praise God to the end, world without end. The field of praise which lies before us in this psalm is bounded at beginning and end by landmarks in the form of Hallelujahs, and all that lieth between them is every word of it to the Lord's honour. Amen.

Trying to Believe.

IT is a common thing to hear an anxious enquirer say, "I will try to believe." Now, this means, "I do not believe what God says, and I intend to remain an unbeliever, unless I get something more than his bare word to convince me." Trying to believe generally means persevering in giving God the lie. It is a sort of hard-hearted confession of present unbelief, and a cunning excuse for abiding in it. It insinuates that God is asking of us more than he ought, and we are generously doing our best to oblige him; or else that what he has to say is so like a falsehood that we shall require a deal of explanation before we can accept it. Ask your own brother how he would like to hear you say to him, "I will try to believe you." You use no earthly friend in a manner so insulting.

Canon Hoare met with a man who said he was trying to believe, and he pictured him as lying at the bottom of a deep pit. The Lord Jesus was at the top, and the man was trying to climb up to him. "You will never reach him," said the canon. Month after month the man was still *trying*, but he had come no further; and he would never have come further if he had not altered his method, and just trusted Jesus to lift him out from where he was. If this man could have climbed to Christ by his own trying he would have been out of the pit, and needed no Saviour. We set Jesus aside when we think of doing anything in our own strength; ay, even when we talk of trying to believe in him. True faith comes by a conviction of the truth, and not by an effort of the will: it is therefore to be gained by yielding up the mind rather than by exercising any mental strength. A man does not try to recline, nor make an effort to fall, nor labour to learn. We mistake believing when we talk of it as some great and difficult achievement at which all must try and try again. No, dear heart, believe without trying. May the Lord win thy confidence at once!

If a man really wishes to believe anything, he hears about it, and when he is convinced that it is true he believes it. Thus faith cometh by hearing, not by trying. We hear the gospel; we know it is true; we believe it, and live. We hear of Jesus; we are sure he can save us; we trust him, and he saves us. What is there to *try* at in this?

C. H. S.

Mrs. Thomas, of Cardiff.*

MRS. THOMAS was, according to the general consensus of those who had the happiness of her acquaintance, one of the loveliest Christian characters one could meet with; and her biography which lies before us is as profitable as it is enjoyable.

She was born at Boddington Manor, near Cheltenham, in 1822, and grew up a beautiful, attractive girl. Her early Christian life was warm and brave, possibly somewhat indiscreet in its persistent zeal. She conducted cottage meetings, visited the sick, and engaged so zealously in Christian work, that Mr. Blagdon, her father, a worldling, and a churchman, in the bitterness of his offended dignity and disappointed expectation, turned her out of his house. The mother with serious reflection cast in her lot with her daughter, and, taking also the youngest daughter, went forth from the ancestral mansion homeless and friendless into the wide world, never to return. This was in 1851. They settled for a time at Carmarthen, and becoming convinced of the scripturalness of believers' baptism, were all baptized by Mr. N. Thomas, the pastor of the Baptist Church in the town. Miss Blagdon wrote a touching letter to her father, giving him a glowing account of the step they had taken, with what effect does not appear. But the letter itself, which is too long for insertion here, would do great good if printed separately and widely circulated.

Mr. Thomas soon recognised in the devout and heroic lady who had joined his church, one worthy of his confidence and love, and likely to prove a true helper in his high calling. They were married in 1852, and a happier union perhaps was never made. She immediately entered heartily into the work of a pastor's wife, acquired the Welsh language, that she might talk and read to the poor in their own homes and to the children in the Sunday School, and showed to the needy the bright unhesitating generosity that shone through her whole life. A young man, for example, was about to leave the town; he was so poor that he had no suit of clothes fit to wear on Sunday, such as would encourage him to go to the house of God among strangers. To Mrs. Thomas this appeared to be a most important matter, as it might affect his highest interests. As there was no time for making him a suit, she consulted her husband, and, as the result, gave him the best suit of clothes Mr. Thomas possessed.

After the lapse of four years Mr. Thomas removed to Cardiff, and the loss of the loving presence and enthusiastic work of the pastor's wife was as deeply felt in Carmarthen as that of the pastor himself.

Cardiff, the centre of the commerce of South Wales, was a whirlpool of vice and intemperance. Mrs. Thomas was soon made to feel very painfully the terrible dominance of evil. A man was stabbed to death in a drunken brawl in the street opposite her house. In the night she would be awakened by cries of murder and police. But, as her biographer says of her, "From the day in which she first set her feet in the streets of Cardiff, she made her gentle presence and hallowing influence felt

* Christ magnified: the life of Mrs. Thomas, of Cardiff. By Rev. David Davies, of Regent's Park Chapel. Alexander & Shephard.

throughout the town. Often singlehanded she attacked vice in its very strongholds, made it blush in its own lair, and crouch anywhere out of her pure presence. She spoke to rough men and overcame them by the might of her gentleness. She went to abandoned dissolute women who had the brand of vice upon their brow, the hoarse raven cry of deceit and violence in their voice, and from whose countenances every trace of womanhood seemed to have vanished, and claimed sisterhood with them, telling them all of their Elder Brother who had come into the world to redeem them from sin and its dire consequences, until not unfrequently within the coldest heart, and from the dead embers that had been smothered by years of debauchery, there burst a flame of intense devotion and pure love."

The children's prayer-meetings which she held on Sunday and Tuesday evenings became a power in the town, and many have had reason to thank God for their connection with them. One Sunday evening twenty-two young people entered the chapel and sought to be accepted by the church, professing that they had found Jesus at the five o'clock prayer-meeting. At that time a great revival broke out among the young, and many more followed the twenty-two. A young minister on being set apart for his holy work, said, "If ever I loved the Lord Jesus Christ, it was when, a youth, I attended the children's prayer-meetings conducted by Mrs. N. Thomas at the Tabernacle Chapel, Cardiff." He expressed the feelings of many. Her association with the children grew into a deep and abiding mutual affection: she corresponded with them even when they had grown up to manhood and womanhood, and God blessed her loving influence to the reclamation of some who after leaving the town had gone astray.

Her tact taught her how to help without pauperizing, and the delicacy with which she gave assistance was as beautiful as was the generous act itself.

"I came to Cardiff about seventeen years ago," wrote a business man, "and became acquainted with Mrs. Thomas. She knew I was poor, and wanted to give me something, but did not like to do so. This is the plan she adopted. She asked me if I would go to the Great Western Railway Station for a small parcel of books. I did so, and on my return she put a half-sovereign into my hand saying, 'You will no doubt find a use for it.' I have received many acts of kindness from her dear hands."

Her generous hospitality on one occasion was the means of bringing upon her and her husband the greatest trial of their lives. One night in March, 1868, a young Jewess came with a sad tale of cruel treatment at home, and appealed to her for shelter. Mr. Thomas was from home. Shelter was granted for the night; and in the morning, as the young lady declined to go to her home, she was committed to the care of a lady on whose wisdom Mrs. Thomas could rely, and who kept a ladies' school. In about nine days, Mr. Lyons, the father, called on Mrs. Thomas and inquired after his daughter, but she had left Cardiff, and Mrs. Thomas was unable to tell her whereabouts. Not long after, Esther Lyons was baptized at Abbey Road Chapel, London, unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas; and the father entered an action against them on the charge of enticing his daughter from her home. This trial, in its various phases, dragged its weary length along for nearly three years,

but at what a cost of mental worry and physical ill-health may be imagined.

Mrs. Thomas was a great Bible student, and the marginal notes, asterisks, notes of exclamation, and frequent underlines which occur on every page of her Bible, bear witness to the care and thoughtfulness of her study. A specimen or two will be interesting.

"The *whole congregation murmured*"!! Exod. xvi. 2.

"Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we *sat by the flesh pots*"! verse 3.

"Thou shalt provide out of all the people *able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness.*" Exod. xviii. 21. This definition of *able men* seems to have struck her.

"For his *MOTHER was his counsellor to do wickedly*"!! 2 Chron. xxii. 3.

"And *THEY WERE GLAD*!! and covenanted to give him money." Luke xxii. 5.

"And *because* I tell you the *truth*, ye believe me not." Jno. viii. 45.

"And because he saw *it pleased the Jews* he proceeded FURTHER to take Peter also." Acts xii. 3.

Mrs. Thomas had wonderful power in the house of mourning, and her letters to the bereaved, so vivid and animated in their sympathy, are very beautiful. Thus she wrote to her sister after the loss of an only daughter: "Your hope of your darling's joy is such a *bright and glorious* hope, that you must try to realize that. Enter into her joy. Forget your own loss in her unspeakable gain. Would you take Lill off her throne at the royal feast, in the sunshine of her Father's presence, in the joy of her Lord and Saviour's love and glory, and bring her down to your *dark* home (after all that light !!), and set her at your Christmas dinner table to eat coarse viands, and to *miss* (oh what a terrible miss to her!) the glorious company of the sinless home on high? Would you, if you could? Oh, how selfish, if you would. 'Nay, a thousand times nay,' I fancy I hear you say, and you shudder at the bare idea of such a sacrilege. Darling sister, 'comfort one another with these words.' What words? 'And so shall we ever be with the Lord.' Read them for yourself and drink in the 'comfort,' God's own, which He will pour into your heart if you will let Him."

With the evidences all around her in Cardiff of the physical and moral havoc wrought by strong drink, it is not to be wondered at that she was a vigorous worker for temperance. "Well," she wrote, in a letter giving an account of one being ruined by drink, "all this is the drink again, and, at the risk of offending you, I must say that I *hate* and *abominate* it *more* and *MORE* every day and hour I live." But her most prominent characteristic was concern for the salvation of souls. The Rev. A. J. Parry says, "One afternoon a party of us arranged to visit the neighbouring village of Penybont. The road leading from the station to the village is intersected by a river, over which is a bridge. We crossed the bridge, but having proceeded a little distance, we missed Mrs. Thomas. Looking back, we saw her standing on the bridge speaking to a group of workmen, and distributing tracts among them. I felt greatly rebuked in my own mind for this startling proof of devotion to men's souls, and by this example of true work for the Master in season and out of season." There was no one whom she considered beyond the

scope of her practical sympathy and influence. A young man in Cardiff was well known as a champion pugilist. Arrangements were being made for a fight which was to take place in America. One of the wealthy iron-masters of South Wales was prepared to be his "backer." Mrs. Thomas wrote a letter to the iron-master, and another to the young man. The iron-master was uninfluenced, but the young man renounced the fight, and not long after became a devoted Christian.

With one other specimen of the Christian love and helpfulness of this true follower of the Lord Jesus we must close. "In one of the crowded courts of the town there lived a sailor's family, a wife and five children. The husband had been away two years. The wife's health had failed, and mother and children were reduced to want. One cold, bleak winter's night they sat round the smouldering embers, that sent forth a faint glow from the hearth. They had been many hours without food, and were weeping for hunger. A knock was heard at the door, and Mrs. Thomas was admitted. She said she had felt constrained to call at some inconvenience to see how it was with the family. Her sympathetic manner drew from the mother a complete disclosure of her circumstances. She took two of the children to the neighbouring grocer's and baker's shops, and loaded them with as much provision as they could carry, and sent them home. Leaving the family to enjoy the food and to praise God, she went her way, thankful to have been able to help the Lord's 'little ones' for his sake."

She died on the 1st of May, 1883; and her ruling passion was strong in death. One unsaved friend stood by her bedside, and she said to him, "Oh, what Jesus has suffered for you! the dear hands pierced for you to give you salvation, and *you won't take it—you won't take it!*"

When her husband wiped away from her brow the cold perspiration, she said, "HE had *no one* to wipe his face when on the cross—*no kind friend*, and he could not do it for himself, for they nailed his dear hands to the cross; but I have dear, kind hands to wipe my brow. Oh, PRAISE HIM!" And so, with

"No earthly clinging,
No lingering gaze,
No strife at parting,
No sore amaze,

"But sweetly, gently,
She passed away,
From the world's dim twilight
To endless day."

D.

Two Workers and Twenty Talkers.

TWO labourers were trying to place a stone in position on the foundation wall of a new building. A crowd was standing around looking on, and each one offering his criticism and counsel freely and loudly, but not one lifting so much as a finger to help. "That reminds me of church work," said a passer-by to another. "Why?" "Because," was the reply, "two men are doing the work, and twenty are doing the talking."

Moral: Work—or be still.—

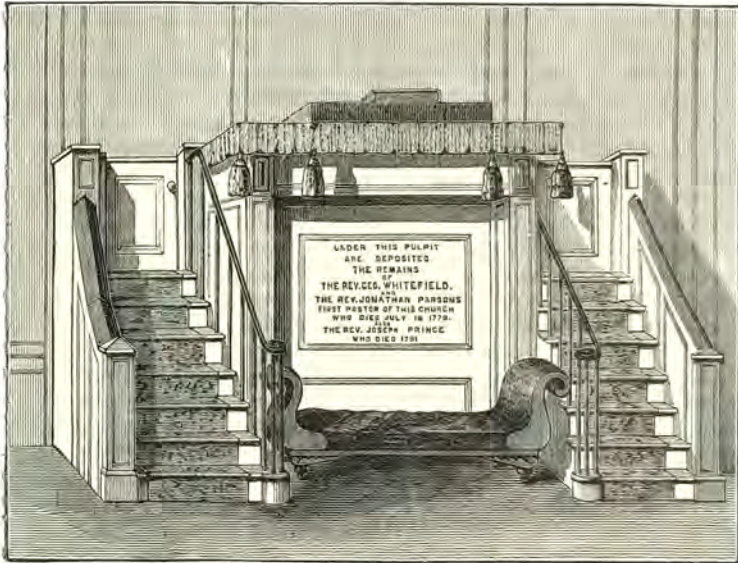
The Moravian.

Mr. Whitefield's Burial-Place,

NEWBURY PORT, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

OUR esteemed friend Mr. McKinney, the pastor of the Baptist Church, Ansonia, Connecticut, has been good enough to send us a drawing of Mr. Whitefield's place of sepulture at Newbury Port. His remains lie under the pulpit with those of two other preachers of the gospel of Christ. We believe that the body can still be inspected, and that it is frequently shown to English travellers. We thought it would interest our readers if we gave them the information contained in Mr. Tyerman's invaluable "Life of Whitefield"; and here it is.

Whitefield was interred on Tuesday, October 2, 1770. At one o'clock,



WHITEFIELD'S BURIAL-PLACE, NEWBURY PORT.

all the bells in Newbury Port were tolled for half-an-hour, and all the ships in the harbour hoisted signals of mourning. At two o'clock, the bells tolled a second time. At three o'clock, the bells called to attend the funeral. Meanwhile, a large number of ministers had assembled at the manse of Mr. Parsons, and had spent two hours in conversation respecting Whitefield's usefulness, and in prayer that his mantle might fall on them and others.

The funeral procession was a mile in length. About 6,000 persons crowded within the church, and many thousands stood outside. The corpse being placed at the foot of the pulpit, the Rev. Daniel Rogers offered prayer, in which he confessed that he owed his conversion to Whitefield's ministry; and then, exclaiming "O my father! my father!" stopped and wept as though his heart was breaking. The scene was

one never to be forgotten. The crowded congregation were bathed in tears. Rogers recovered himself, finished his prayer, sat down, and sobbed. One of the deacons gave out the hymn beginning with the line—

“Why do we mourn departing friends?”

Some of the people sang, and some wept, and others sang and wept alternately. The coffin was then put into a newly-prepared tomb beneath the pulpit; and before the tomb was sealed, the Rev. Jedidiah Jewet delivered a suitable address, in the course of which he spoke of Whitefield's “peculiar and eminent gifts for the gospel ministry, and his fervour, diligence, and success in the work of it.” “What a friend,” cried Jewet, “he has been to us, and our interests, religious and civil; to New England; and to all the British colonies on the continent!” After this, another prayer was offered, and the immense crowd departed, weeping through the streets, as in mournful groups they wended their way to their respective homes.

Jesse Lee, in his “History of the American Methodists,” remarks: “Mr. Whitefield had often felt his soul so much comforted in preaching at the Presbyterian meeting-house at Newbury Port, that he told his friends, long before his death, that, if he died in that part of the world he wished to be buried under the pulpit of that house. The people, who remembered his request, had it now in their power to grant it; and they prepared a vault under the pulpit, where they laid his body.” During the last hundred years, thousands of persons have visited that vault; and, as time flows on, the numbers still increase.

The *Christian's Magazine*, for 1790, inserted a startling letter, written by “J. Brown, of Epping, Essex,” to the following effect: “In 1784, I visited my friends in New England, and, hearing that Whitefield's body was undecayed, I went to see it. A lantern and candle being provided, we entered the tomb. Our guide opened the coffin-lid down to Whitefield's breast. His body was perfect. I felt his cheeks, his breast, &c., and the skin immediately rose after I had touched it. Even his lips were not consumed, nor his nose. His skin was considerably discoloured through dust and age, but there was no effluvium; and even his gown was not much impaired, nor his wig.”

If this were true in 1784, it had ceased to be a fact in 1796. In a letter dated “Newbury Port, August 15, 1801,” William Mason remarks: “About five years ago, a few friends were permitted to open Whitefield's coffin. We found the flesh totally consumed, but the gown, cassock, and bands were almost the same as when he was buried in them. After all, the two statements are not incompatible; and it has been asserted that “several other corpses are in the same state” as Whitefield's was said to have been fourteen years after his decease, “owing to the vast quantities of nitre with which the earth there abounds.”

* * * * *

An instinctive awe pervades thoughtful men when in the presence of the last earthly remains of those who wielded a controlling influence upon their times. Napoleon lingered thoughtfully and reverently in the tomb of Frederick the Great. The Prince of Wales took off his hat at the grave of Washington. This may be a sort of hero-worship, but

it is not a weakness. Thousands have entered the vault beneath the pulpit at Newbury Port, to look at the open coffin of Whitefield, the good and eloquent. The coffin, apparently of oak, is yet undecayed, and rests upon the coffin of Mr. Prince, a blind preacher, and one of the first pastors of the church. The skull, the bones of the arms, the backbone, and the ribs are in good preservation. Many years ago, Mr. Bolton, an Englishman, and one of Whitefield's great admirers, wished to obtain a small memento of the great preacher. A friend of Bolton's stole the main bone of Whitefield's right arm, and sent it to England in a parcel. Bolton was horrified at his friend's sacrilegious act, and carefully returned the bone, in 1837, to the Rev. Dr. Stearns, then pastor of the church at Newbury Port. Great interest was created by the restoration of Whitefield's relic: a procession of two thousand people followed it to the grave; and it was restored to its original position. That bone now lies, cross-wise, near the region of the breast; and the little box, in which it was returned, is laid upon the coffin.

The good taste of those who exhibit the dust and bones of Whitefield may be fairly doubted; but so long as they are exposed to the public view, Whitefield's sepulchre will have its visitors. Of the numerous descriptions published by those whose curiosity or piety had brought them to Whitefield's resting-place, one only shall suffice—and that by an outsider. Henry Vincent, the eloquent English lecturer, thus described his visit in 1867:—"We descended into a cellar, through a trap-door behind the pulpit, and entered the tomb of the great preacher. The upper part of the lid of Whitefield's coffin opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and saw all that was mortal of the eloquent divine. The bones are blackened, as though charred by fire. The skull is perfect. I placed my hand upon the forehead, and thought of the time when the active brain within throbbed with love to God and man; and when those silent lips swayed the people of England, from the churchyard in Islington to Kennington Common—from the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire to the mouths of the Cornish mines, and on through the growing colonies of America. In these days of High Church pantomime, would it not be well to turn our attention to the times of Whitefield and his glorious friend Wesley? Not by new decorations, and scenery; not by candles and crosses; not by what Wycliffe boldly called 'the priests' rags;' not by Pan Anglican Synods, or by moaning out bits of Scripture in unearthly chants; but by such lives as those of Whitefield and Wesley, are the people to be reached and won. I confess that, as an Englishman, I envy America the possession of the earthly remains of dear George Whitefield; but perhaps it is appropriate that, while England claims the dust of Wesley, the great republic should be the guardian of the dust of his holy brother."

The Americans are proud of their possession, and, to this day, not only preserve his sepulchre, but at Newbury Port still use in the pulpit the old Bible out of which Whitefield was wont to read his texts, and still keep the old chair in which he died, and still show the ring taken from the finger of his corpse.*

* From "The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, B.A." By Rev. L. Tyerman. Hodder and Stoughton, 1877.

A Visit to the Shereef of Wazan.

A REMINDER FROM OUR FRIEND, MR. BALDWIN.*

SPEAKING in a rough way, one may say that the relation of the Shereef of Wazan, in Morocco, and his court, to the Sultan of Morocco, is analogous to the relation once claimed by the Pope of Rome and his court to the Powers of Europe. The Shereefs of the Moslem world are said to be the direct descendants of Mohammed. The Shereef of Wazan is the religious head, as the Sultan is the political head, of Morocco. No Sultan is legally enthroned without the confirmation of this son of the Prophet. The political centre and the residence of the Sultan is Fez, far inland, while the Shereef holds his court at Wazan, an unwalled town on the steep northern slope of the Jebal Boohellel, among the mountains of North Central Morocco. The "santo" or saint, as the chief Shereef is called, has married an English wife, whose home is in Tangier, adjoining the Mission premises, where the writer resides.

I write from this famous sacred city, Wazan, Morocco's Mecca. But few Europeans have penetrated its mysteries. Perhaps a short description of a visit I have just paid to the Shereefan court may be of interest.

I am here in company with Mr. Mackintosh, the Morocco representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We are the guests of the eldest son of the Shereef, by a former wife, who has given us one of the royal gardens to encamp in; and who insists on supplying far more provisions for ourselves, servants, and animals, than we can make use of. It was to him that the visit mentioned was made. He holds court, and is the recognized head of affairs in the sacred city in his father's absence.

Our call was made soon after mid-day. We waited for some time in the garden surrounding the Shereefan residence, regaling ourselves with the pleasing prospect all about us from our elevated stand-point. The delay, we were told, was because of the custom of relatives and distinguished personages, to the number of thirty or forty, coming in daily at this hour and dining with the Shereef. But presently we were conducted (being just preceded by the inevitable teapot) into the outer room, where shoes must be left, before treading the sacred precincts of the presence chamber. This shoe-shifting is not always convenient. The writer remembers an incident in a mosque in Algiers, where, having gone shoeless into the interior of the building, he returned to the door he entered, and again put on and laced up his boots, when he found that that particular entrance had been locked. He attempted to reach another near door which was open; but with many vehement gesticulations an attendant motioned him back, and pointed to the offending boots. He then took one off, and hopped on that foot to the other door, quite to the satisfaction and amusement, too, of the Moslem sexton. But to return to the Wazan story. An unused fountain occupied the

* This brother is the first of the missionaries to the Kabyles. We prayed for him at the Tabernacle, and felt that we could commend him and his work to the generous sympathy of all the Lord's people. We do so most heartily.

centre of this outer room. It contained no furniture or ornaments. At each end small sleeping places were curtained off. We now stepped, stocking-footed, into the presence of the great men within. We found ourselves in an oblong room only some six or seven feet wide, and perhaps twenty-five feet long. There were windows of coloured glass at one end. The son of the Shereef was seated on rugs, beneath a window on one side the room midway of its length. He reclined on a gorgeous silk cushion, which he occasionally moved from under one elbow to the other. He was a heavy, swarthy-faced, middle-aged man. Sitting on the carpet, on either side of him against the wall, and opposite him, were the leading men of his court. Some were of aged and venerable appearance. All wore the white woollen jelah, or loose hooded outer garment. There were Moorish carpets upon the floor, and a couple of racks of native fancy work on the bare whitewashed walls, supporting a few breech-loading guns of European make. In front of the Shereef was a small box of inlaid woods, a little silver censer, and a silver bottle. A slave, with a heavy revolver swung at his side, placed a copper vessel of boiling water and a brass tray of cups before one of the court, who proceeded to make the tea, sweetening it with lumps of white loaf sugar, and adding the customary "nanna," or mint, without which native tea is never made. The regulation three cups of tea were drunk by us all, it being made fresh each time, and the man making it tasting it as usual before serving it. This is, I suppose, to assure you that you are not to be thereby poisoned. After the tea each of the court sprinkled himself with perfumed water from the silver bottle. The Shereef put little bits of fragrant wood from the box before him on live coals in the silver censer, which had a hinged cover of filigree work. This immediately began giving out its sweet incense, and was passed from one to another, each one putting it for a moment beneath his outer garment.

The Shereef showed us a roll of cuts some one had given him, clipped from back numbers of *The Illustrated London News*. They were scenes in the Egyptian campaign. His Holiness seemed interested in some details concerning America, and its mode of government, and in my voyage from my home there to Morocco. Mr. Mackintosh presented him with an Arabic Bible. After nearly an hour's tea drinking and conversation, carried on by Mr. Mackintosh—for I am but a beginner with the language—we bade these kind people adieu, receiving their reiterated "Go in peace" with an eager desire that they might soon really know the only "way of peace."

I entreat the prayers of all who read these lines for our infant Mission in Morocco. If it be but remembered that all that is being done, except the Bible Society's important work, for the native races of North Africa is on the hands and hearts of the little band of brethren who compose the "Kabyle Mission," I am sure it will call forth prayer and practical sympathy.

The secretary is Mr. Edward H. Glenny, Linton Road, Barking,
London, E. E. F. Baldwin, Missionary.

“Looking unto Jesus.”

Heb. xii. 2.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

“Looking unto Jesus,” God’s beloved Son,	<i>Matt. iii. 17.</i>
As my only model—perfect paragon—	<i>Acts iv. 13.</i>
Striving to be like him, seeking more to know,	<i>2 Pet. iii. 18.</i>
“Looking” till in all things into him I grow.	<i>Eph. iv. 15.</i>
Acting as he acted, thinking as he thought,	<i>John xiii. 15.</i>
Speaking as he spake, and teaching as he taught.	{ <i>Luke iv. 22.</i>
	{ <i>Mark i. 22.</i>
Bearing in my body brandmarks of my Lord,	<i>Gal. vi. 17.</i>
“Looking unto Jesus,” spotless “Lamb of God.”	<i>1 Pet. i. 19.</i>
“Looking unto Jesus”—bowing to his rule,	<i>Ps. cxxiii. 2.</i>
He my gracious Teacher, I a child at school.	<i>Is. xlvi. 17.</i>
Waiting at his doorposts, sitting at his feet,	{ <i>Prov. viii. 34.</i>
	{ <i>Luke x. 39.</i>
Ready for his service, for his use made meet.	{ <i>Acts ix. 6.</i>
	{ <i>2 Tim. ii. 21.</i>
“Looking” for direction in life’s winding maze;	<i>Ps. xxv. 4.</i>
To his faultless wisdom leaving all my ways;	<i>Prov. iii. 6.</i>
Drinking of his fulness, guided by his eye,	{ <i>John i. 16.</i>
	{ <i>Ps. xxxii. 8.</i>
“Looking unto Jesus” till the shadows fly.	<i>Cant. ii. 17.</i>
“Looking unto Jesus” for encouragement;	<i>Ps. v. 3.</i>
By a single vision rendered confident,	<i>Josh. v. 13.</i>
Nerved for sacred service, fired for holy war,	<i>Isa. vi. 8.</i>
Consi’ring our <i>Captain</i> —glorious Conqueror!	<i>Heb. xii. 3. R. V.</i>
He the shame despised, he the cross endured;	<i>Heb. xii. 2.</i>
Joy was set before him; now the throne’s secured.	<i>Heb. xii. 2.</i>
Chief among ten thousand! Let me ever be	<i>Cant. v. 10.</i>
“Looking unto Jesus,” sure of victory.	<i>1 Cor. xv. 57.</i>

Pray without Ceasing.

A CELEBRATED performer upon the piano was continually familiar with his instrument, for he used to say, “If I quit the piano one day *I* notice it; if I quit it two days my *friends* notice it; if I quit it three days *the public* notice it.” No doubt he correctly described his experience; only by perpetual practice could he preserve the ease and delicacy of his touch. Be sure that it is so with prayer. If this holy art be neglected, even for a little time, the personal loss will be great; if the negligence be continued, our nearest spiritual friends will notice a deterioration in tone and life; and if the evil should be long indulged, our character and influence will suffer with a wider circle. To be a master of the mystery of prayer one must pray, pray continually, pray hourly, pray at all times, pray without ceasing. A Christian should no more leave off praying than the musician should leave off playing; in fact, it is the breath of every spiritual man, and woe be to him should he restrain it!—C. H. S.

Faithfulness in our Ministry.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE
PASTORS' COLLEGE.

BY PASTOR J. C. FOSTER, FOREST HILL.

TO be faithful is to be full of faith. Faith, therefore, precedes faithfulness. If there be not the life germ, there cannot be "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Faith is the blossom that develops into the fruit, faithfulness. It was he who said, "Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed," who hid his Lord's money in the earth. Having no faith in him, he could not but be unfaithful to him. He who is suspicious of his Master cannot become his devoted servant. Faithfulness is faith working by love.

By faith we secure all the blessings and privileges Christ has purchased FOR us, by faithfulness we receive all he is willing to work IN us. Faith says, I trust in the blood for pardon and cleansing; faithfulness says, I struggle after holiness. Faith says, I trust in a full and perfect Christ; faithfulness says, My aim is to be Christ-like.

It is evident that faith and faithfulness act and react upon each other. He who has strong faith must, to some extent, be faithful, while he who is faithful will ever have an increasing faith.

We, brethren, are devoutly thankful that we have been enabled to trust Christ to save us; that in his *purpose* we are saved and glorified, and that *actually* we are being saved every day from sin. We need not, therefore, lay "again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God." Yet I apprehend that the exhortation to have faith in Christ, and to be faithful to him, can never be out of place.

Having faith, then, in a *whole* and not in a partial Christ, as many seem to have, we must first of all be faithful to the call of Christ made by his *character*. There is nothing dumb about him. Every glance and motion is eloquent, eloquent with some call to a higher life and fuller service. He is the multitudinous character, the perfect sum of manhood, the all-round Son of man, the flower of the race, the finality of all perfections. And each disciple may see that character in Christ at which he should aim. Christ sets *every* man an ideal. The twelve chosen friends of Christ had their characteristic weaknesses, but they only needed to look to Christ to see in him the very quality they lacked. He said to Simon, son of Jonas, "Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone"; and Peter had before him every day, in his Master, an illustration of what a rock-like man should be who at last could "stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem," though he knew the cross awaited him there. Under his influence John, who, at one time, would call down fire upon a Samaritan village, became one of the most gentle-spirited of men. And Thomas would never have doubted if he had only fostered, in a slight degree, the all-trustful spirit of his Master. Brethren, he is still an ideal for each one of us, he still calls by his every action, he still teaches by every beautiful phase of his character, and we can only become like him as we are faithful to his calls.

We have heard much this week of the personal Christ from our President; we have been reminded that all the historic facts of his life are significant, inasmuch as they embody the great doctrines we believe, and our minds and our hearts eagerly responded. To Christ's calls in these sublime facts we are to be faithful. If faithful to the fact of his *Incarnation* we shall yield ourselves to the Father's will even to the uttermost. If rich, we shall gladly become poor to enrich others. If faithful to the fact of his *death*, we shall be willing "to present" our "bodies a living sacrifice." If faithful to the fact of his *Resurrection*, we shall "seek those things that are above."

And, brethren, let us not forget that we must be faithful to him as our *Lord*. He has a right to rule over us, and we acknowledge this by bearing the name of disciple; let us, therefore, obey. He asks, "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" We, brethren, have fallen at his feet, exclaiming, "My Lord and my God!" and let us not mock him by ignoring his commands. These spoken commands are numerous, and I cannot pause to name them; but let us remember that we are not dependent on the written word only for Christ's behests; he has quickened our consciences, refined our natures, made our hearts tender, and uses these as media through which to make known his will. Thus he speaks unto us daily. There are divine impulses which move us, which should not be resisted. The prophet should expect the Spirit of the Lord to be upon him. And he has a quicker and more delicate way of guiding even than by his word, for he says, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Swifter than the glance of a sunbeam the will of our Master is sometimes made known to us. The "still small voice" speaking in the soul should not be silenced, for Jesus is ever present with his own. Though far from the eye, he is near to the heart.

"Closer is he than breathing,
And nearer than hands and feet."

And we, brethren, stand in a peculiar relation to him. We have received a special commission from him. We have been called to the ministry of the word, and "it is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables." "Henceforth" we "are no longer servants, but friends." We are workers together with God. Our Master has sent us forth, and the sound of his steps is behind us.

Now, it appears to me that we are sometimes unfaithful here because we *have not faith in our call*. There are many things that seem to point to a mistaken vocation. We have not always the joy in our work we should have. We have not the success we hoped for. Our church members do not seem to have the devotion to Christ they should have, and we are led to ask again the question that should have been finally settled long ago. Am I called to this service at all? At such times the words of George Macdonald have often comforted me:

"Master, thou workest with such common things—
Low souls, weak hearts, I mean—and hast to use,
Therefore, such common means and rescuings."

I read, and remember I am a common thing, and begin to hope that he

will use me for the rescuing of some. And, brethren, unless we can bear along with us the consciousness that we are *sent* of God, we cannot be faithful; and I think we may conclude that we are sent if we have burning desires to do his will. Though we did not see the Lord "sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up," though we heard no audible voice saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" yet we said, as we contemplated the world's need, "Here am I, send me;" and, doubtless, we have been accepted, nay, have been *sent*, as Moses was sent, as Paul was sent, ah! even as Christ was sent, for he says, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Brethren, with this "*sent*" at our back, let us be faithful to Christ *as* he was to his Father.

Now, let us solemnly ask ourselves whether we have been faithful to him. Have we preached "another gospel, which is not another"? Have we set forth Christ divine, incarnate, perfect in life, infallible in teaching—dying, risen, exalted—this Christ, who is the great miracle of the gospels? The whole of our divine religion is gathered up and concentrated in the Christ. Has he been the great Subject of our teaching? Has our faith in Christ been shaken by the scepticism about us? Are we still satisfied with him as our gospel? Do we think that we expose the world to any risk in making its salvation depend upon Christ? Or have we ever dreamed that this gospel is to be superseded by another? We probably have not been unfaithful to it in substance. I trust not.

It is said that a theophilanthropist, Larevellère Lepeaux, once confided to Talleyrand his disappointment at the ill-success of his attempt to bring into vogue a sort of improved Christianity, a benevolent rationalism, which he had invented to meet the wants of a sceptical age. "His propaganda made no way," he said; "what was he to do?" he asked. The ex-bishop politely consoled with him, feared it was indeed a difficult task to found a new religion, more difficult than could be imagined, so difficult that he hardly knew what to advise! "Still," so he went on after a moment's reflection, "there is one plan which you might at least try; I should recommend you *to be crucified, and to rise again the third day.*" Ah! brethren, until another Christ comes that can eclipse our Christ—which can be never, because he makes such a thing impossible by his Divine Personality—till then, I say, we will determine to know nothing among men "save Jesus Christ and him crucified."

But it is not sufficient that we should be faithful to the substance of this gospel in our teaching, we must be faithful to the *spirit of our Master* in preaching it. Has it been fused in the furnace of a glowing heart, and poured forth from lips all-tremulous with emotion? Has it been baptized in prayer and spoken with the sole view of glorifying God? If not, who can say *he* has been faithful? The *man* must be faithful as well as the message.

And if, brethren, we have been unfaithful in our ministry, what will the *consequences* be? Unfaithfulness will affect our own personality, and through that our ministry. There must inevitably be declension in spiritual graces, and a great lack of joy. "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." But if we turn a

deaf ear to his commands these things must be missed. Deterioration must take place; "our silver" will "become dross, and our wine mixed with water." Our aims and our purposes fall lower, and our ideal degenerates, if we are unfaithful to its call. We condemn ourselves to a meaner life and a smaller sphere. The possibility of receiving becomes less; "the capacity," as Horace Bushnell says, "is extirpated by disuse." And this, of course, means so much the less power and fitness for service. He who did not use the one talent had not five more entrusted to him, but that one taken from him because he did not increase it. He who is faithful to his privileges as they arise, increases his own blessedness, and secures ability to bless others; but he who is unfaithful decreases in both. Thus, through our unfaithfulness the world suffers, and the church suffers, and Christ is robbed of his glory.

Oh, what *havoc* unfaithfulness has wrought in Christ's church! In the "Idylls of the King" we read of Arthur and his Round Table Knights, and that, while all were faithful to him and his high principles, they were irresistible; but the wife of his own bosom proved faithless, and her

"Disloyal life
Wrought confusion in the Table Round."

And disloyalty to Christ, brethren, is the cause of all confusion in the church. If man had been faithful to the simplicity of the gospel, the person of Christ, the great facts of his life, the observance of his ordinances, where had been the room for Socinianism, Baptismal-regeneration, Transubstantiation, and the like? A church by "schisms rent asunder" is the consequence of disloyalty. God forbid that any "confusion" should be "wrought in our Table Round" as a Conference. We call no man Rabbi. "One is" our "Master even Christ;" but our President is one of Christ's greatest captains, and he calls us on to loyalty to his King and our King.

The *results* of faithfulness I cannot pause to point out in detail, but we know "*all things are possible* to him that believeth;" and will it be too daring a thing, brethren, to say *all things will be attained* by him who is faithful? I think not; for even he who had been faithful over a *few* things, was made ruler over *many* things. What, then, shall be done for and in him who is faithful over all?

I said at the outset that faithfulness was fulness of faith, the ideas of loyalty and fidelity being included, of course; and this view seems to be especially necessary as we think about results. *We need a faith that can idealize, and a faithfulness to realize.* Faith is the golden reed with which we measure the city of the redeemed, with which we measure the spiritual man who is growing up "into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Faith is ever measuring, but never fixes any limits, never can. For Christ "shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied;" and what will satisfy him? With regard to Christian graces and powers, there seems to be the possibility of an infinite development. And where shall fitness for service cease? since this work

"Well might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands."

Thus we must make room for a growth of graces, an increase of fitness for service, and room for the redeemed in the church. Let us especially toil, and pray, and hope for the salvation of men. As Joseph made much room for the seven years of plenty in Egypt, so will we make room in our expectations. As we look on the fields and see they are white already unto harvest, we will pull down our barns and build greater. As Elisha told the widow woman to borrow empty vessels and to borrow not a few, so will we make great provision for increase. But we must be faithful to *realize*. Joseph had to sow and build; the widow had to use her little pot of oil. "She poured out," ah! that was the point of increase. The spoonful of oil then soon filled all the vessels. So, brethren, if we are faithful to Christ, to ourselves, and to our fellow men, faithful to our prayers, opportunities and abilities, then faith will not have to idealize in vain.

And now, brethren, have we been unfaithful in *any way*? Have we in any way acted a traitor's part? If we have been unfaithful in that which is least, let us confess it and seek restoration, or we may become unfaithful in that which is greatest. And our Master is ever merciful; and though we fail in his service, yet he gives us an opportunity of retrieving the position we have lost. He will not believe us unfaithful till he tries us twice or thrice. As when King Arthur takes his wonder-working sword, and commands his knight to cast it into the midst of the mere, his knight starts on his mission, but is charmed by the jewelled haft of the sword, and conceals it among the water-flags and returns to his lord with a lie in his mouth. The king discovers it and says:

"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name."

Again he is sent and again fails, when the king says:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence."

And thus our Lord ever deals with us, but in a more gracious manner.

Samson revealed the secret that all his strength slumbered in his hair. He lost his seven locks, and fell into the hands of those who put out his eyes and caused him to grind in the prison-house, but we read a little further on in the narrative: "Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again," and his strength *returned*, and he destroyed more of Israel's enemies after his fall than before it. Jonah was commanded to "go to Nineveh, that great city, and to cry against it"; but he went to Joppa and took ship for Tarshish. He was cast into the sea, and delivered from it. Why? That he might suffer a severer punishment? Nay, but that he might have a second chance, for we read, "The word of the Lord came unto Jonah the *second* time," when he proved himself faithful. Once more, and it is the most memorable and encouraging incident for us all. Peter positively denied his Master with oaths and curses. The risen Lord came to him, and asked him the penetrating

question three times—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Peter was enabled to answer, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." Then said Christ, "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs," and in these words Peter was restored to his pastoral office. Brethren, let us seek this restoration at once if we have been unfaithful, and may we be kept "faithful unto death," that we may receive "the crown of life."

Hard Times.

"TIMES are hard." Such, says the *Chicago Interior*, is the complaint from all the marts of trade. But none of us are going to bed hungry. We have good shoes and a decent suit to wear to church. We have our good religious paper to read, and the babies kiss us "good-night." The neighbours call in for an evening chat. Our beds afford our weary limbs the luxury of relaxation and rest. When we come to evening prayers, we are forced to tell the truth about it, and give thanks for abundant blessings. The night is welcome, as it comes to quench the heat; and the sunrise is welcome as it strikes across the trees, and glistens in the dew. The times cannot be very hard which bring so much that is joyful. If trade is dull, it is because people have as many of the articles of trade as they need. If wheat is cheap, it is because we have more than we can eat. Shall we complain because the good Providence is too good to us? Let us be content and thankful, which is all that is needed to render the times as good as times can be.

The Drowning Bee.

A POOR bee had fallen into the pond, and was struggling as well as her failing strength would allow. We seized a pole, and placed the end of it just under her. She took firm hold, and we lifted the pole and the bee. A little while was spent in drying herself and pluming her wings, and then our worker made a straight line for the hive, and doubtless was soon at her daily task rewarding us with honey. May not many a human worker be found in a sinking condition? A little sensible help might save him. Who will give it? He who does so shall receive the blessing of him that is ready to perish.

Poor hearts are often in deep despondency, sinking for lack of a sympathetic word. Do not withhold it. Rescue the perishing. Be on the watch for despairing minds; if no other good comes of it, you will, at least, be more grateful for your own cheerfulness. But good *will* come of it in unexpected instances, and it will be heaven's music in your ears to hear sighs turned into songs.

C. H. S.

The London Medical Mission.*

DR. SAUNDERS'S story of the London Medical Mission is as interesting as any romance. Medical missionaries follow closely in the footsteps of him who "*preached* the gospel of the kingdom, and *healed* every sickness and every disease among the people," and who by the blue Galilean lake called around him the chosen Twelve and sent them forth with the commission, which was afterwards extended to the Seventy, "*As ye go, preach, . . . heal the sick.*" It is clearly recognized nowadays that the combination of healing and preaching exercises a marked influence on the minds of men, and wins entrance into hearts and homes otherwise impregnable to human agency. Not only in most of the large cities of Great Britain, but also in India, China, Japan, Africa, Madagascar, Palestine, on the Continent, and indeed wherever medical missions have been introduced, signal victories have been won for Christ.

The London Medical Mission was founded in 1871, as the result of lectures delivered two years previously by Dr. W. Burns Thompson, whose life has been devoted to the cause of medical missions. The lease of a closed public-house at the corner of Endell Street and Short's Gardens was purchased, and the house was converted into mission premises. In 1874 the committee, noting the marked success of the mission under the management of Dr. Saunders, resigned it into his hands, making him sole director; and Dr. Saunders voluntarily accepted all the responsibility of the mission, financially and otherwise. Anyone going to 47, Endell Street, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, would see a sight he would not soon forget. On the ground floor he would find a dispensary, where an experienced dispenser supplies the drugs that are prescribed. Following the crowd ascending the stairs he would enter a large waiting-room, fitted with benches and thronged with poor people of all kinds; for no questions are asked, no recommendations required. Sickness and poverty are the only passports necessary to gain admittance there. At one o'clock the doctor enters the waiting-room and offers prayer. After the singing of a hymn he gives a short address, and the truths uttered concerning Jesus are evidently new to many present. At the close of this fifteen minutes' service, the doctor goes down to the consulting-room, where the patients are admitted in turn, carefully examined and advised by the doctor, and passed on to the dispensary with an order for the medicines required. Hundreds more, too ill to attend at the Mission-room, are visited and prescribed for in their gloomy homes, a work which entails vast labour, brings to light full often heart-breaking scenes of wretchedness, and accomplishes immense good.

The medical work of the mission is strictly auxiliary to the spiritual end in view. A Bible-class for women is held at noon on Wednesdays; gospel addresses are given on Thursday and Sunday evenings; there is a Sunday-school, a juvenile singing-class, and a savings bank and lending library. A convalescent home was opened at Folkestone, in

* "The Healer-Preacher: Sketches and Incidents of Medical Mission Work." By George Saunders, M.D., C.B. John F. Shaw and Co.

1876, where, up to last year, 912 patients had been received; and a holiday-house for poor children in 1878, where the pent-up, pale, little creatures can get one week in country air, freshness, life, and joy. The present holiday-house is on Thursley Common, near Godalming. The one grand object of the mission is the winning of sinners to the Saviour, and God has greatly blessed it, as the story of its work abundantly shows. We give only one of the multitudinous instances of spiritual usefulness recorded in the book.

A DYING MAN'S TESTIMONY.

In the coal-yard a poor man lay dying—poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, giving glory to God. As his symptoms betrayed the near approach of the end, it was very refreshing to sit beside his bed, not as a teacher, but as a learner. Specially was it so one morning, when he exclaimed, "My Jesus! I am waiting for him! My Jesus! he shed his blood for me! What for, doctor? What did I do for him to have shed his blood for me? And yet he did. I give up all the world for him. You led me to the Saviour, doctor. God bless you! He will. He has said, '*Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*' He is at the gate waiting for me; but I must wait. My Jesus! My Jesus! My Jesus! Jesus is my hope! I believe that my Lord Jesus was crucified for me. I have done nothing for him, yet he washed me in his blood."

On another occasion a woman stood leaning against the old bedstead. We asked her:

"Have you the same hope in Christ as this dying man?"

"Oh, yes, I believe," she replied.

"Then are you saved?"

"I hope so, sir."

"Well, as far as hope goes, you may hope you have a thousand pounds in the Bank of England; but go there and ask for the money, and you find that you won't get it on a mere hope."

The sick man, stretching forth his emaciated arm, addressed her thus:

"What can I do as I lie here? I am nothing—have neither strength nor power. What are you? What can you do? Now that you are well believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus says, 'now, now! Isn't it so, doctor? If a friend were to say to you, 'I'll meet you at six o'clock this evening,' you would believe him; and yet you won't believe the Lord Jesus! Believe in the Lord Jesus *now*; to-morrow may be too late. Shakspeare says, 'There's no to-morrow.' Now is the time. You are hungry, and instead of going to the first bread shop, you walk on and on for several miles, and then you find yourself *done*—too weak, too faint. Believe *now*. You can't count on an hour. God gave his only-begotten Son. Who for? For me! What did I do to deserve it? What did you or any of your family? He sent HIM. Grand gift! *Believe! believe!* Strong words, and yet so simple. The time will be when I shall go to my Father. What will you do in the resurrection? 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Sham! Deceit! The Lord is the good Shepherd, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. I have been brought to my senses on this bed of sickness. I wish I had known my Lord before."

He said much more, but lack of space forbids its insertion. The woman listened with the greatest attention, and though at first she appeared hard and unmoved, she broke down and wept bitterly before he concluded.

A day or so before he died, in answer to our usual enquiry, "How are you this morning?" he replied: "Still in the Lord! and waiting for him to call me home. I am ready to go or stay, one way or the other, whatever is the will of God. I am going home to my God and Saviour. I bless God I ever went to the Medical Mission."

His last articulate words ere he passed away were, "O, blessed Jesus, come and take me! The cross! the cross!"

If any reader is looking round for some noble work which he may assist by contribution, we commend him to the London Medical Mission, which he can reach by communicating with Dr. George Saunders, 47, Endell Street, St. Giles, W.C.

Is the devil dead?

MEN don't believe in the devil now,
 As their fathers used to do;
 They reject one creed because it is old,
 For another because it is new.
 There's not a print of his cloven foot,
 Nor a fiery dart from his bow,
 To be found in the earth or air to-day—
 At least they declare it is so!
 But who is it mixes the fatal draught
 That palsies heart and brain?
 And loads the bier of each passing year
 With its hundred-thousand slain?
 Who blights the bloom of the land to-day
 With the fiery breath of hell?
 If it isn't the devil who does the work—
 Who does? Won't somebody tell?
 Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint?
 Who digs the pit for his feet?
 Who sows the tares in the world's broad field,
 Where the Saviour sows his wheat?
 If the devil is voted not to be,
 Is the verdict *therefore* true?
 Some one is surely doing the work
 The devil was thought to do!
 They may say the devil has never lived;
 Or declare the devil is gone:
 But simple people would like to know
 Who carries the business on?

Two Authors.

Open-Air Preaching.

ON one of the most charming days of last July, a party of open-air preachers, between two and three hundred strong, were conducted to Neasden, by Mr. G. Kirkham, the secretary of the Open-Air Mission; and, at a farm attached to the suburban residence of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, they were sumptuously entertained by the kind-hearted nobleman and his lady throughout the day. The visit will be long remembered.

The members of the Mission now number 905, and the income for the year was £1,571. In the same period the secretary travelled over twelve thousand miles, while more than a million tracts, books, and cards were distributed.

At the annual meeting, which took place in March, Mr. S. G. Shepard, who presided, spoke of his deepening conviction that this kind of out-door work represented a great means of reaching the people; and, as a proof that they were succeeding, he said that they had proclaimed the gospel to three million persons in the year. Dr. Donald Fraser showed that one advantage enjoyed by the open-air preacher consisted in his requiring no building; he enjoyed a happy immunity from all questions about the site of a church, its lighting and heating, its acoustic properties, and its debt. There were no jealousies about pews; he knew nothing of the alternative between uncomfortable pews, that irritated people, and the too comfortable ones, which lulled them to sleep. The doctor then referred to the kind of characters who oftentimes made up an open-air congregation: "There are men who know their Bibles pretty well, and in whom recollections of Sunday-school lessons and hymns are struggling against infidel suggestions and animal passions; and yet for some trifling reason, they have given up church-going. There are others who hold aloof because they have broken down badly in life, and do not feel comfortable in a Christian congregation. And there are crushed and disconsolate creatures, who will creep out of their houses, and stand to hear a preacher in the street, who could not bear to enter a well-lit and well-furnished church. Ay, and there are poor folk whose life is unbroken drudgery, or who have been nursing other poor folk—the very poor are often very kind to the very poor—and who, after being confined to small and stuffy rooms all night and all day, will slip out in the evening to breathe the fresh air so necessary for their bodies, and often at the same time get a little fresh strength for their souls whilst listening at the street corner to some preacher of Jesus."

In reference to the action of "the unlearned and ignorant men" of apostolic times, the veteran John Macgregor (Rob Roy) pointed out that these were successful because they had been with Jesus. They who were present were all at one in the gospel, and it was a strong proof of their sincerity that they had had neither split nor quarrel since the society was founded.

Mr. Kirkham remarks in his report that a considerable amount of the work "may be termed *special*, in that it consists of tract distribution and preaching in connection with special gatherings of the people,

such as races, fairs, &c." He adds that, "No one can notice the prominence given to sporting matters by the Press without fearing for the future well-being of the country."

Testimonies regarding the good results arising from open-air preaching come from all quarters, from all denominations, and from persons occupying both high and humble positions in the world. The Lord Mayor himself has, on more than one occasion, assisted at the services held in front of the Royal Exchange. A vicar at Poplar declares that open-air services have been the means of keeping alive "an evangelistic spirit among our congregation." The following notes from Epsom show what kind of incidents and adventures are met with at the races:—

"One man, stopping his shouts of 'Five to one, bar one,' and stooping down to my bag, requested me to let him see if I had 'anything new,' and in answer to his companions said, 'My young 'uns always look for these books and cards when I return home. God bless them! I hope they will be better than their father.' Another said, 'You will be surprised when I tell you I am the son of a Wesleyan minister, and that I was once a member of society. Thank God I have a Christian and praying wife at home.'

"Never during many years' experience on the race-course do I remember a greater readiness to receive the books, cards, &c.; nor do I ever remember vice and sin more open and shameless . . . often encouraged and paid for by well-dressed men, some of them with grey hairs.

"Another says:—The tract, card, and book circulation seemed much as at other times; but I noticed three things I shall not soon forget—less swearing, less opposition, and quieter meetings. On Thursday evening we kept on the meeting at the clock tower till 9.30. Five brethren spoke. The attendance was larger than on 'the Derby' evening. Surely men were restrained of God, to whom be all praise.

"After a visit to the Spring races, a member says:—After the evening service a respectable man said he had been much affected by what he had heard. He had been to the races to sell drink. But with tears in his eyes he said he had made up his mind, let the consequences be what they would, he would never visit the race-course again. I quite believe the Lord had touched his heart. On my return home, another man was moved to tears as I spoke to him in the railway carriage.

"A third report says:—This is a fine week's campaign in the enemy's camp. After preaching to the gipsies on the downs, a man said, 'Look at me now. A ragged coat, white boots, a black heart, not a penny in my pocket, and nowhere to "doss" to-night, and all brought about by John Barleycorn.' Accidents were numerous. A man was thrown out of his trap on the Derby day, and broke his neck. A man taken from the White Hart died before reaching the Infirmary. Another man was taken ill, and sent to the Infirmary. One was kicked by a horse, and had his jaw broken. But a youth was restored to his mother by brother Clarke, and the people listened to the gospel more attentively than I ever remember, except after Moody and Sankey's first visit to this country."

The society has now its agents scattered over the world, so that

remarkable instances of good being done come from many countries. If the men continue to grow both in grace and knowledge, they cannot fail to become a still greater power for good in the future than they have been in the past. At the out-door *fête* given by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, to which we have already referred, the men had the truth impressed upon them that the personal character of any man who preached spoke quite as forcibly as his words even to those who listened in the street. This is a far-reaching truth, applying to those who preach in pulpits as well as to their co-workers out-of-doors; and it is a truth that should never be lost sight of even for a moment. Mr. G. Kirkham, 14, Duke Street, Adelphi, will at all times receive donations, or give information to friends concerning the work.

Lost on Dartmoor.

SOME time ago, one bleak and stormy day in the depth of winter, Mr. W.—, a Christian minister, set out from a Dartmoor village for another village, which touches the moor on the Okehampton side, where he was expecting to hold a service that evening. To have gone by the main road would have lengthened his journey several miles; he therefore decided to go “cross country” by the grass paths, which are plain enough when the weather is clear, but difficult to trace when it is foggy, as it was on this occasion. Thinking he knew the way, he travelled on some distance with a light heart, but unfortunately by some means strayed from the path, and became lost among the furze and heather bushes and huge boulders, with which the moor abounds. Bewildered and almost benighted, what could he do? To stand still would only make matters worse; he therefore pushed on through the mist, in the direction which seemed to him the right one. After continuing his course for about half-an-hour he came to a small plantation, where he paused. There seemed nothing here to guide him, and he might be getting further from his destination rather than nearer to it. As a last resource he knelt down under the trees, and sought the guidance of that God who had never failed him in the past, and while so doing, he felt an assurance that help would come.

In the village of M— lived Captain F—, a man highly esteemed by all classes, and one who went in and out among the people as an angel of God. He was always ready to assist any one, and God often found him work to do. On this evening upon which the minister was lost, Captain F— sat by the fireside in his cosy parlour, thankful that he had a comfortable home, and that there was no need for him to stir out and face the storm. All in a moment a thought flashed into his mind, and, quickly rising up, he said to his wife, “I am going out, but I shall not be long.” “Where can you be going such a night as this?” she asked, adding, “Do stay in while you have a chance.” Yielding to her persuasions, he resumed his seat, but not for long. He rose a second time, saying, “I feel that God has something for me to do.” Again his wife’s remonstrances prevailed, and again he drew near the fire; but he was restless. He tried to read, but could not; at last, taking up his

hat, he remarked, “I have a deep conviction that God wishes me to go and help some one who is in distress : who it can be I have not the slightest idea, but I must go out and see.” With these words upon his lips he left the house, and turning to the right, wandered up a narrow lane which led on to the moor. He had not been walking more than ten minutes, when, as if by instinct, he stood still to listen and look round. “What is that?” he said to himself; “it sounds like the voice of some one who is in trouble, and it seems to come from the plantation: I’ll go and see.” Quietly he crept along until he came near enough to see a man kneeling in prayer, and to hear these words: “Lord, I am thy servant; I am engaged in thy service, and, as thou knowest, I have lost my way, and know not where I am. Be pleased to send some one to help me.” Captain F— at once stepped forward and gave his hand to the minister, saying, “I’m your helper; God has sent me.” The minister then told his story, and the Captain in return told his. They did not stay in the plantation very long. Captain F— conducted the wayfarer to his own house, and introduced him to his wife as the man for whose benefit God had sent him out. He lent him a change of clothing (for he was wet through), gave him a good supper, thanked God for his deliverance, and put him into a warm bed. When morning came, the minister was refreshed, and went on his way rejoicing, believing more fully than ever in the efficacy of prayer,—while Captain F— found another illustration of his own doctrine: when men are willing to be used by God, God will find them work to do, and make them a blessing to their fellows.

“Fear not; for I am with thee.”

YOU have chosen the better part, and it shall never be taken from you (Luke x. 42); and therefore behave as bravely when you have little as when you have much. You shall be sure to enjoy all in God and God in all; and what would you have more? Seneca once told a courtier who had lost his son, that he had no cause to mourn, either for that or ought else, because Cæsar was his friend. Oh, then, what little cause have the saints to mourn for this or that loss, considering that God is their portion! I have read of a company of poor Christians, who were banished into remote parts, and one standing by seeing them pass along, said, that it was very sad for those poor people to be thus hurried from the society of men, and made companions with the beasts of the field. “True,” said another, “it were sad indeed if they were carried to a place where they could not find their God; but let them be of good cheer, for God goes along with them, and will enrich them with the comforts of his grace wheresoever they go.” Would you not laugh to see a man lament bitterly for the loss of his shoe-strings when his purse is safe? or for the burning of a pig-sty when his dwelling-house is safe? and why then should a Christian lament for the loss of this or that, so long as his God is with him?

—*Thomas Brooks.*

Work in Ireland by one of our Men.

MY DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—I am venturing to send you a brief account of my work in Ireland, from which I have lately returned. Whatever you may choose to do with it, I am sure you will be interested in many things I have to relate.

For three weeks I conducted tent-services in Ballymena. The tent was not pitched there because the spiritual wants of the town are not well provided for as to outward agencies, but for higher reasons. Besides the one Roman Catholic Chapel, the Protestants are represented by four Presbyterian Churches, one Episcopalian, one Wesleyan, one Baptist, one Independent, two sections of the Brethren, the Salvation Army, and a split from the Army at work on its own account. The list is sufficiently numerous and various surely. Yet there may be many churches without much spiritual activity. Certainly, the measure of interest shown by all sorts of Christians in our services proved that the effort was not deemed an unnecessary intrusion.

Those who have read an account of the 1859 Revival, will know how intimately Ballymena was associated with that movement. According to one account, the revival originated through the prayers of a few people in Kells, just outside of the town; while the town itself was the first to be influenced by that remarkable movement. Many bright Christians may be found to-day who were converted at that time, and who can relate their experience as vividly as though it had but recently occurred. In company with Brother Whiteside, I called upon one old couple, who were saved in that revival. I could not help being interested by the circumstances in which we found them. It was their dinner-time. They sat on either side of a chair which did duty for table. On the chair was the frying-pan containing the bacon and bread, of which they both partook. By the pan was one basin of tea, from which they drank by turns. Could I help being amused? But the wife, who was a great invalid, is a very bright Christian. When I talked about the Lord visiting her home, she said, "He's never out o' it." Lame and poor and ill though she is, her joy is full; for she has continual fellowship with the Father and with his Son, Jesus Christ. I received more than I gave at that visit.

The work of Brother Whiteside, and his few humble but faithful helpers, deserves special mention. He has much difficulty. It is no easy thing for a Baptist Church to prosper where Presbyterian influence is so strong. Yet some of the Presbyterian members, unlike their ministers, appreciate Brother Whiteside's work, and help him in it. Of the six or more preaching stations he has outside the town, some are held in buildings lent to him by Presbyterian friends. I visited with him some of the people about five miles from the town, and saw and heard something worth remembering. Our first call was upon John S——, a very poor man, who had only partially recovered from a serious illness. His home consisted of only one room, in which were two beds, one for himself, the other for his sister. By the side of the beds was the weaving loom, at which, when John was stronger, he had worked many hours a day. The only chair in the house was found for me; Brother Whiteside sat on a stool about six inches high, while John sat on the bedside. I could not help being amused and amazed at John's coat; for it was so extensively and so *variously* patched that it was impossible to say what the original material was. Yet I listened with grateful joy while John told of his conviction through hearing Brother Whiteside read about the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem, then of his conversion during his serious illness through the visits of Brother Whiteside and other Christian friends. We knelt in prayer and praise before leaving, and, notwithstanding the poverty of the home, we all felt as Jacob did—"Surely God was in that place"!

Our next visit was to Willie G——, one of Brother Whiteside's most faithful helpers. He is only a farm labourer, having hard work and very small pay. Still he has a generous heart, and out of his poverty delights to do something

to show his high appreciation of his excellent pastor's work. Some months ago he appeared late at night before Brother Whiteside's door with a sack containing three-quarters of a cwt. of potatoes, which he had carried on his back for four miles, and left them there with his face beaming with delight. He now lives nearly five miles from the town, but is one of the most regular and punctual attendants at the sanctuary. His zeal for the gospel may be judged from the following facts:—Wherever he goes to work he secures a room for preaching services. The week before the meeting is held he visits the district for some distance around to give notice of the meeting. It is his work to prepare the barn, which he does when his farm work is ended, borrowing lamps and seats wherever he can. And when the preacher arrives, he finds a crowded audience in a building so lonely that hardly half-a-dozen cottages can be seen from it. When not thus engaged Willie finds other work. Taking some of "Spurgeon's Sermons" and his Bible with him, he visits the neighbours near and far to read to them the gospel message. Is not such a man deserving this special mention? I felt that contact with him was a means of blessing to me. Would that members of our churches at home would make equal use of their more favourable opportunities. In the great day of rewards the Master will not forget Willie G——'s "work of faith and labour of love."

Our tent meetings were very good in every sense, and have left very happy memories. We were greatly helped by Christians of all denominations, and by Brother Kelly, the Independent minister, who stirred up his people to an enthusiasm equal to his own. The attendance increased during the whole time I was there. More forms were required for the second Sunday, while at our last meeting the sides of the tent were taken down, and forms placed outside for those who came too late. One favourable feature which I noticed at our first meeting was, that almost all my congregation had Bibles. The rustle of the leaves as they turned to any chapter read or referred to, was music which we too seldom hear in this country. I have confidence in the success of a work in which both speaker and hearers make use of the Sword of the Spirit.

The after-meeting work was interesting in many ways. The absence of assurance and of joy in many Christians caused me painful interest. In answer to my question, "Are you saved?" so many said "Yes," with a deep drawn sigh, as though to be saved was a very awful calamity. Some shrank from saying they were forgiven, lest they should be guilty of presumption. And many of them I had to leave clinging to their blessed "fears and uncertainties," sighing their way to heaven.

Some of the enquirers had been "convicted" in '59, but not "enlightened"; and from that time had groped on in darkness until God gave them liberty in the tent. It made my heart glad to receive the grasp of their hand, and to see the joy beaming out of their eyes, as they told of trust in Christ alone.

It was a very happy work, and I would gladly have continued at it for a longer time. But I needed some rest before returning to my work at home. I send you this record of it, dear President, because I wish to secure for our struggling causes in these North Ireland towns a larger measure of sympathy and help than they have yet enjoyed. If you can use the narrative for this purpose, do so.—Yours affectionately, GEO. WAINWRIGHT, Manchester.

Notices of Books.

The Father Revealed, and Christ Glorified. By HENRY H. BOURN. Partridge and Co.

MR. BOURN writes very sweetly. He has long been a disciple in the school of affliction, and his profiting therein is

perceptible to all who read his gracious words. Each new work from his pen is more mellow than its predecessor. He has chosen a choice subject upon this occasion, and he has handled it instructively.

Latin Prose, after the Best Authors.
Part I. Cæsarian Prose. By FRANCIS
P. SIMPSON, B.A., Balliol College,
Oxford. Macmillan and Co.

THE object of this series is to acquaint the student with the style of each of the great masters of Latin Prose. The advantages of this method over that which presents a polyglot of different styles as pure Latin Prose are obvious, and will commend themselves to both learners and teachers. The execution is as happy and admirable as the plan; and "Cæsarian Prose" is enriched with three succinct but valuable essays, in the form of notes, on "The Conditional Sentence," "Reported Speech," and "The Style of Cæsar."

Terence. Scenes from the Andria. By F. W. CORNISH, M.A.

Horace. Ode I. By T. E. PAGE, M.A.

Livy. Book I. By H. M. STEPHENSON, M.A.

Cicero. Select Letters. By Rev. G. E. JEANS, M.A.

Xenophon. Anabasis I. By A. S. WALPOLE, M.A.

Homer. Iliad I. By J. BOND, M.A., and A. S. WALPOLE, M.A.

Homer. Odyssey I. By J. BOND, M.A., and A. S. WALPOLE, M.A.

Thucydides. Book I. Rise of the Athenian Empire. By F. H. COLSON, M.A.

THESE later volumes of the "Elementary Classics," published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., well sustain the reputation of those first issued. The editors, avoiding superfluous note-writing on easy passages, touch the real difficulties of their subjects, and give sound help to beginners.

Saving to the Uttermost: the Story of Twenty-five Years' Labour in St. Giles's. By G. HOLDEN PIKE. Hodder and Stoughton.

MUCH of this volume will be known to readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, for Mr. Pike contributes with continual industry to our stores. He has a gift for describing holy work in lowly life. We always like his articles upon such subjects. This is a beautiful book externally, and within it is liberally illustrated. The more Christian people know of gracious service, like that of

Mr. Hatton in Seven Dials, the better for them and for the work.

The New Jerusalem our Eternal Home.
By R. GOVETT. Norwich: Fletcher and Son.

THERE is the ring of "full assurance" about everything our author writes. As "a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven" he is always interesting. In this pamphlet of about one hundred and fifty pages, neatly bound, we have a comment on a portion of the Apocalypse, comprising thirty-two verses—viz., ch. xxi. to ch. xxii. 5. He adheres to the same line of interpretation that he adopted more than forty years ago in his work entitled, "The Revelation Literal and Future." To him "our Eternal Home" is intensely real. For a frontispiece he favours us with a picture of its elevation. We do not admire it. His own photograph would have pleased us better. Whether we do or do not concede his account of "the world to come," his talk by the way, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, has a sweet savour. About the divine inspiration of every word of Scripture he is never hesitant.

The Mystery of the Universe our Common Faith. By Rev. J. W. REYNOLDS, M.A. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

THIS volume treats of the whole course of Christian doctrine in the light of nature. The author shows how far natural law obtains in the spiritual world, and how far spiritual laws obtain in the natural world. It is thus a system of theology on a new plan. The author wields a powerful and charming pen. He is a painstaking expositor and an exact thinker, and he is eminently scientific in his method. His volume is a devout meditation on nature, and a scientific investigation of Scripture; and both the "Universe" and "our common faith" seem all the more lovely from what he says about them. The work is fresh, thoughtful, earnest, suggestive. It is the production of a student. Mr. Reynolds is a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. He can meet his enemy in the gate with great confidence. He entitles all the chapters in these two volumes "studies;" and they well deserve the designation, for they are studies of a high order.

The Gipsy Queen. By EMMA LESLIE.
S. W. Partridge and Co.

WOULD you not, gentle reader, like to spend some part of this delightful month "going a-gipsying"? We knew you would say "Yes;" so we have much pleasure in introducing you to "a guide, philosopher, and friend," with whom we have just taken a trip in a gipsy's van, seeing and hearing some of the mysteries of the real Romany folk and the "posh-gipsies." We strongly advise you to hear little Snowdrop and her "dear daddy" tell their own story, which has greatly interested us in the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of this degraded and neglected race. While in company with our author and her mysterious travelling companions, we learned sufficient of their art to be able to tell you, "pretty lady," or you, "handsome young gentleman," this much of the future—that if you will cross the bookseller's hand with silver, you will get a pretty book, which will make you pity and pray for these poor wanderers, and wish God speed to George Smith and others who try to find them and lead them to the Saviour.

A Divided House. A Study from Life.
By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh:
Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE title is happily chosen; for, broadly put, it is a Revised Version of the Old Testament history of Samson and Delilah. A prosperous young merchant, a professing Christian and worker among the poor in Seven Dials, marries a society belle. Oft-told tale, the bells ring the knell of Christian usefulness, domestic peace, and business prospects. The house divided against itself comes down with a crash. This is but half the story; we must leave prospective readers to find out the rest for themselves. If asked what good purpose this well-written story would serve, we have not collected sufficient evidence of the effects of such literature to hazard a prediction. Probably some young ladies will "have a good cry" over it, and paterfamilias will gain a slightly-augmented gas bill.

To any Christian young man who has but recently been attacked by a very pretty face, whose owner has not a new heart, we would say, if you have a

painful fluttering sensation in the cardiac region, just beneath your watch-pocket, seek good advice at once. In the meantime, here is a prescription taken from the Universal Pharmacopœia, new edition:

Recipe—

Amos iii. 3.

2 Cor. vi. 14, 15.

Ps. cxix. 37.

Fiat Mistura.

The usual fee should be remitted to Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road.

Kate's Mother. By ELLEN HODGSON.
Hodder and Stoughton.

A STORY we should fancy taken from real life. Its redeeming feature is its naturalness, otherwise the book does not rank very highly. Mothers, however, may read it to their children with pleasure and profit both to themselves and their little ones.

One Good Turn deserves Another, and other Sketches. By Rev. CHARLES COURTENAY. Religious Tract Society.

THIRTEEN short, interesting little stories giving point to certain moral and religious truths. They merit only praise.

The Better Part. By ANNIE S. SWAN.
Partridge and Co.

OUR authoress has a facile pen; and her power to sketch human character is unusually great. The vicissitudes of a godly young woman are the theme, and with deepening interest the story is unfolded. The same pathos and earnestness that made her "Aldersyde" so popular, are here, and this book will be as much a favourite with young women as the other. Fiction can rise no higher in aim or execution than it does here. We unreservedly commend this book.

Tom; or, a Woman's Work for Jesus.
T. Woolmer, 66, Paternoster Row.

VERY well meant, but the style needs to be altogether changed before it will be suitable for story-telling. Think of this as a sentence—"Nor was he devoid of a not unintelligent faith in the Saviour." In a tale, we must not only have pious sentiments, but interesting incidents, and pleasing language. In the latter respect "Tom" is decidedly faulty.

Norman and Elsie; or, Two Little Prisoners. By EMILY BRODIE. J. F. Shaw and Co.

AMONG the friends of our early days, story-tellers were always prime favourites, whether they were found among our school-fellows or in the family circle. How often have we all joined in the chorus, "Tell us a new, new story!" Happy are those young folks having friends who, by lip or pen, contrive to tell them "the old, old story" while interesting them with "wise saws and modern instances." Our author has the happy gift of bringing out of her treasuries things new and old; and the story before us is worthy of her reputation as a writer of pleasant fiction for young people. There is a spice of mystery and sensation in the tale, which will hold the reader's attention to the end; and underlying it all, there are lessons of trust in God in times of trouble which will encourage children to tell their heavenly Father all their griefs, assured that they shall have a happy issue out of all their afflictions.

The Fisher Village. By ANNE BEALE. The Religious Tract Society.

A STORY of coast life in the Eastern Counties. Phillis Primrose, a pretty and high-minded Christian maiden, is sought in marriage by Thomas Breeze, a selfish young farmer; but in the end she marries Ted Murrell, a man of God after her own heart. The story is well told, and will teach many useful lessons to those who are about to change their condition in life.

Stories out of School-time. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d. John Hogg, 13, Paternoster Row.

FIRST-RATE stories. Just such as boys will devour. Well told, and pointed with morals which are not stuck on, but grow out of the incidents. Kindness, self-denial, forgiveness, and other Christian virtues are well inculcated. There is not much of the religious element in these stories doctrinally, but the practical tone of them is religious in the best sense; for our great Master's teaching was largely ethical, and who shall dare to criticize it?

The Two Crowns. By EGLANTON THORNE. Religious Tract Society.

IF we were to describe "The Two Crowns" as a real novel, containing a liberal allowance of courtship, "moving accidents, and hair-breadth 'scapes," with sudden death, attempted suicide, and forgery thrown in, it would be literally true. Would it not seem, then, as if the grave and reverend censors of the R.T.S. had stepped out of the religious track of the Society? Undoubtedly so, if we did not tell "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," which is, that our author has, with consummate skill, constructed a story second to none of its kind in stirring incident, tender pathos, and heart-revelation, and at the same time set before the reader the gospel plan of salvation. The entire absence of any vulgarism, or slangy talk, is a noteworthy feature of the writer's style, which is so delicate and refined that the most fastidious Christian parents may unhesitatingly put it into the hands of their elder children, for whose profitable pleasure it was written.

Clovie and Madge. By Mrs. G. S. REANEY. S. W. Partridge and Co.

WHATEVER Mrs. Reaney writes is sure to be worth reading; for she is whole-hearted in the cause of temperance and righteousness, and "out of the abundance of the heart," &c. In this temperance tale she graphically sets forth the snares by which the gentler sex, of all classes, are surrounded through the drinking customs of society. We would earnestly commend this little book, although it is a work of fiction, to those of our friends who do not see eye to eye with us in the matter of total abstinence. Considered merely as a story, it is of more than average merit, the principal character, "the beautiful Miss Morton," especially being drawn with great skill. The book is sure to be read.

If society is to be judged by "religious novels," what is the chief end of woman? Answer: To marry a clergyman. And yet those awful Dissenters talk of Dis-establishment. What wretches they must be! All eligible young ladies will abhor them.

Why do so many of these stories wind up in one way?

Ivy Chimneys. By EDITH CORNFORTH.

Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings.

THE first sentence of the brief preface enlists our sympathy with the writer's object, which is "to strengthen the longing which the writer believes to exist in many hearts to help the childish waifs of our great cities." The chief actors are two half-blood gipsy children, boy and girl, brought up by a good old Methodist sister. The girl eventually "originates and carries on a home for destitute children," and finds great joy in her ministry of love. While several of the characters and much of the "plot" seem unnatural, certainly highly improbable, we accept the author's assurance that Bluff, the homeless little thief, "is no imaginary character." But what say you of a mere baby living in a discarded packing-case, or with a fierce bull-dog in his kennel, and sharing the dog's food? or stealing hot-baked potatoes from the man with the can, and "going home"—this child *à la* iv.—to eat 'taties in a packing-case in Curtain Road, Shoreditch! Myrtle is asked by her brother what will become of her "Home" if she should ever marry? She repudiates the idea; but she *does* marry—a parson, of course.

A Village Story. By Mrs. G. E. MORTON. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., and S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS simple tale of life in one of our villages originally appeared in "Addresses and Stories for Mothers' Meetings." It is by a godly Church of England lady, who here shows up the mischief brewed at the village "pub." and gives her humbler neighbours many good lessons in temperance, thrift, and godliness. It is a chatty book, written in the very best style for the class Mrs. Morton labours to benefit.

Jim Bentley's Resolve. A Temperance Story. By LYDIA L. ROUSE. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co.

A FIRST-RATE little book. "Our boys," by the thousands, should read it. Its aim is to teach that two things are highly essential to happiness in this life, and indispensable as regards the life to come, namely, temperance and religion. These lessons are taught in such a way that we believe many boys will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them.

Of course, religion includes temperance, but, "touch not, taste not," is the safer method.

King's Scholars; or, Work and Play at

Easthaven. By M. L. RIDLEY. Shaw. JUST the book for boys. It teaches them to be manly. The influence one child can exert over all his comrades is here pleasantly illustrated. If at class, at cricket, or at church, he is heroic on the side of right, he will surely rise to be a leader among his fellows. The lawless lads are ill-bred sneaks, notwithstanding all their swagger. When a crisis comes, the veriest urchin knows by instinct on which side it is safe to stand.

The Secret of Ashton Manor House.

The Mystery of Grange Drayton.

By ELIZA KERR. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

BOTH very much of a muchness. One tale contains a secret mystery, while the other tells of a mysterious secret. We were not quite sure whether time had been wasted by reading these, but were rather afraid about it. What good they may do we do not know, and we wish there were fewer of this class of books published.

The Schooner on the Beach. By Rev.

E. A. RAND. Sunday School Union.

ALTHOUGH this is not a very striking story, we think it will take with boys. The "yarn" is of fairly good quality, and is pretty well "spun."

Souls and Cities. A Novel. By the

Author of "The Cheveley Novels."

W. Kent and Co.

WE have little doubt that in some quarters this novel will be eagerly read, and greatly admired: anything that exposes the drawbacks of Dissent would naturally command the approval of illiberal minds.

The writer is a man of genius; his pages are scattered all over with poetic quotations, and felicitous phrases; his character-sketching is full of subtle power; and we should judge him to have little if any animus against Non-conformity. Yet his novel would seem to teach that we are an uncultured, unrighteous, scandal-loving set. Is it worth while, this uncovering of sores? And especially in the region of fiction? The divine charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

A Star in the Crown. A Story of School-boy Life. By DANIEL DARLINGTON. Jarrold and Sons.

A SMALL shilling book, which we thought, as we took it up, was only for "our boys." There is in it, however, very much of a grave character for parents who send boys to large schools to think over; for it records some sad experiences of life at a boarding-school, where bullying was carried on, and practices "*worse still*." We think it highly probable that the author was moved to write this deeply-affecting narrative of a school-boy soul-winner by a sad event which was chronicled in the newspapers not long since. He thus prefaces the little book:—"It is a faithful picture; not one of the events is exaggerated. If some one objects to disagreeable truths being told, he would ask: Is it not right that parents should know how to sympathize with, and warn, those who are exposed to such temptations and trials as are here recorded?" May the author's aim be attained!

The short story of "Bessemer Bob," within the same covers, tells of the struggles of a Christian factory lad to stand up for Jesus among his ungodly mates, and how he, too, had a "star in his crown" as the reward of his fidelity to his once thorn-crowned King.

Won Over: the Story of a Boy's Life.
By NELLIE HELLIS. T. Woolmer.

WE are glad this is called "a story"; for although it is pious and well-intentioned, the sensational parts of this juvenile religious novel are rather too fictitious for our liking. With so many excellent books for little folks passing under review, we can only give this a place in the rear rank.

The Sunbeam of the Factory; and other Tales. Religious Tract Society.

If "variety is charming," this book will charm; for it contains five short stories as different as different can be, in every respect save one, and that is, that they are all interesting and replete with good teaching. We notice in the binding of the book a new departure—the pasters and flyleaves have pictures on them, so that all is alike pretty. This is one of the "Girl's Own Book-shelf" series,

and if the others are equally good, the series is sure not to be shelved.

Marion and Augusta; or, Love and Selfishness. By EMMA LESLIE. To which is added *A Life Lesson.* By L. E. DOBRÉE. Partridge and Co.

Two girls' stories of and for misses from ten to their teens, inculcating honour and obedience to parents, and showing how even very young people may find happiness in usefulness. A class of stories "plenty as blackberries," and almost as natural and sweet.

Two Snowy Christmas Eves. By ELIZA KERR. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

WE have, on former occasions, been glad to say a good word for this author's pretty Irish tales, and can as heartily commend "*Two Snowy Christmas Eves*." It is a very nicely got up, gilt-edged little book, and is sure to be a favourite with the young.

A Good Soldier and Timothy Dove. The Two Cousins, and other Stories. Hope on, and other Stories. Mother's Little Lamb, and other Stories. Madge and Bessie. The Three Sisters, and other Stories. Little Barbara, and a Talk with the Little Ones. Twice Made Free, and other Stories. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

EIGHT books for the young, at the extraordinarily low price of threepence each. We do not know how they can be produced at the price, for they are pretty books in handsome binding. Very reluctantly we feel compelled to add that the outside is much the best part of these stories, which are written in language as unfit for children as can well be conceived. Fancy a child caring to read passages like the following: "It is not the writer's intention to dwell upon all the sad details, as narrated by Mrs. Estcourt to the bewildered and agitated mother; it would serve no good purpose to do so. It is sufficient to say that the outset of the disease had been sudden, and its course had been run with appalling swiftness." This style for a children's book is as bad as bad can be. The author should talk with children, and get a notion of the sort of words which they use.

A Translation of the Old Testament Scriptures from the Original Hebrew.
By HELEN SPURBELL. James Nisbet and Co.

REPUDIATING the notion of finality in any translation of the Scriptures, one may yet fairly ask, when a new translation is set forth, wherein does it excel the old? What fault has it corrected? What defect has it supplied? Has it thrown a clearer light on the meaning of the original? Has it brought into view obscured beauties? Has it added greater force or point to the English expression? Has it improved the distribution into chapters or verses? That it will replace obsolete with living forms of speech is a matter of course. Some will be contented if a word or phrase is altered, and will find a virtue in mere change. Pencilful satisfaction of this kind awaits the reader of this version, from the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis onward to the last verse of Malachi. In not a few passages we meet with what looks more like a comment than a translation; and in the Psalms there are phrases interjected in the text that some may find helpful to quicken attention to the rapid turns in the composition. In all these respects Miss Spurrell has laboured with the noble purpose of rendering assistance to the devout reader of the Scriptures, and many a reader will be grateful to her for the great expenditure of time, research, and pains this translation must have cost. There are others, however, who will regret that the beautiful simplicity and felicity of time-honoured renderings should be set aside in favour of others of questionable merit. For instance, we find (Ps. ciii. 5), "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things," is made to give way to "Who replenisheth thy aliments with bounty"; in Ps. xxiii. 2, "He maketh me to repose in verdant pastures," is preferred to "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures"; in Is. xl. 1, "Be ye comforted, be ye comforted," is deemed more expressive than "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God"; and, to cite no more, the fine passage in Is. xlii. 2, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he

not quench," &c., is thus treated, "He shall not clamour, neither shall he vociferate, neither shall his voice be heard from without. The crushed reed shall he not break, and the expiring burning flax shall he not quench," &c. All these passages, and many more of the same description, the Revisers have confessed their inability to improve by leaving them untouched. Critics may call in question the propriety of many of the renderings, such as "To the Eternal Victor," that takes the place of "To the Chief Musician," in the title of several Psalms; and they will not be universally disposed to accept "Hua" as a name of God. On the other hand, the substitution of "Messiah" for "Anointed" throughout the Prophets and the Psalms may give an impetus to many readers to enquire more deeply into the Messianic element in the Old Testament. This is the aim the translator has placed before all others, as we gather from the words of the Preface, "May very many exclaim, as the translator has often done when studying numerous passages in the original: 'I have found the Messiah!'"

Newlyn House. By A. E. W. *Labourers in the Vineyard.* By M. H. *Little Harry's Troubles.* By the Author of "Gottfried." *The Harleys of Chelsea Place.* By SOPHIA TANDY. *Orphan Lottie.* By KATHLEEN. *The Children of the Great King.* By M. H. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE six story-books for young people are very handsome, and wonderfully cheap. Is it a right thing to give children fiction on the Sunday? Should not that day be reserved for more important matters? If that question be answered in the affirmative, these are certainly the best of books for the purpose. Apart from the name, "Sunday Library," the tales are excellent. Though we cannot pretend to have read them all through—that would be more than our time and patience would allow—yet we feel very glad to recommend them to our friends. In type, engravings, and binding, we know of no story-books for half-a-crown which will rival these. Persons on the outlook for presents may go further, but fare much worse.

Galilee in the Time of Christ. By SELAH MERRILL, D.D., U.S. Consul, Jerusalem.

Egypt and Syria: their Physical Features in Relation to Bible History. By Sir J. W. DAWSON, F.R.S. Religious Tract Society.

THESE two books are among the most interesting of a very valuable series. It is of the utmost importance to obtain information at first hand from Biblical localities, and also to receive historical details from men who have made a spécialité of such subjects: such knowledge we gain from works of this kind. Each volume is of first-class character, well worth its price, and full of reliable information. We do not understand why these two volumes are each marked VI. in the list of "By-paths of Bible Knowledge." They cost 2s. 6d. and 3s. respectively.

The Biblical Treasury of Expositions and Illustrations: Old Testament Series, Vol. III., Joshua to Second Book of Samuel; Vol. IV., First Book of Kings to Ezra. Sunday School Union.

Two more volumes of a thoroughly popular and useful collection of Bible illustrations. We have praised this "Treasury" many times already, and we now say, "Get it. Get it at once." Whether you are a preacher or a Sun-

day-school teacher, get it, and use it diligently.

The Homes of the Baptist Missionary Society from Kettering to Castle Street. With Brief Memoirs of the Officers and Missionaries whose Busts and Portraits are Preserved in the Mission House. By CHARLES KIRTLAND. Alexander and Shephard.

FAR more interesting than we could have imagined it possible to make it. Baptists who reside in town or country should read this history, and then make a pilgrimage to Castle Street. Our old friend, Mr. Kirtland, has a genius for memories of the past.

The King's Chambers: an Allegory. By W. Y. FULLERTON. William Mack, 28, Paternoster Row.

MR. FULLERTON writes well, and ever with an eye to conversion and edification. This tasteful booklet will have charms for many: may it lead them to the feet of the great King!

Sunday Words: a Popular Journal for Sunday Reading. Once a week. One Penny. Dickens and Evans, 26, Wellington Street, Strand.

SINCE our friend, Mr. Walter Hobbs, has become part editor of this religious "Tit-Bits" we have taken an interest in it, and we are pleased to see that it is so well conducted. It ought to rise to a first-class circulation: it is lively, sound, and practical.

Notes.

ON Bank holiday, August 3, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Allison, 120 members of Mrs. Allison's Bible-class for Young Women, which meets at the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoons, spent a most enjoyable day at Town Court, Orpington. After a morning spent in "strawberry harvesting," and a lunch in the fields, the friends divided; some going in vehicles to Chislehurst Woods, others to various amusements provided upon the lawn. At four o'clock, all sat down to a sumptuous meat-tea, provided by the generous hosts. After tea, Mrs. Allison asked Mr. W. Olney to take the chair, saying that, as the class is a Tabernacle institution, it was right to have a deacon presiding. Mr. Olney spoke of the good work done in the class. He commended the President to the prayers of the Christian women; and urged the undecided ones to seek the Saviour

at once. When he sat down, Mrs. Tyson, in the name of the class, presented Mrs. Allison with a handsome and valuable travelling-clock. Mr. Allison returned thanks in the name of his wife. A few short addresses were delivered, including one from the colporteur working in Orpington and neighbourhood, for whose support the class raises £20 a year, the other £20 being given by a lady in Orpington. Mrs. Allison expressed her love for her class-members, and said that her work was done amid many discouragements, and often in much pain; but lately the Lord had wonderfully cheered her, and now this presentation was like "more wind for her sails." After singing the doxology, the friends enjoyed music on the lawn, and presently returned to London, grateful to God and to their kind hosts for a delightful excursion.

On the same evening, notwithstanding the holiday attractions, there was quite as large an assembly as usual at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting; indeed, there appeared to be more friends present than we generally have on Monday evenings. Among the special supplications offered at the throne of grace was one for the many missionaries, from various parts of the earth, who had been at the services on the preceding day; also for our brethren in Spain, where so many are being smitten down and slain by cholera; and for the sinful city in which we live and labour for our Lord. Pastor W. Whale, of Middlesbro', who was about to sail for Brisbane, delivered a touching farewell address, in which he referred gratefully to his connection with the College, and its Presidents and tutors. Prayer was presented for him and his wife and family, and for a rich blessing upon his labours in his Queensland home. The meeting was full of holy fervour, and must have been a time of much spiritual profit to many. As an encouragement to continuance in prayer, several instances were related of answers that had been received to petitions which had been brought to the mercy-seat at previous prayer-meetings.

On Monday evening, Aug. 10, a still larger company gathered for prayer, additional interest being given to the meeting by the presence of three of the young missionaries who were about to leave England to fill the places of those who have fallen in the service of Christ on the Congo. A brief address was delivered, and prayer presented by the Rev. R. Glover, of Bristol; each of the departing brethren—Mr. Percy Comber, Mr. John Maynard, and Mr. J. E. Biggs—spoke a few words, and was then individually commended to the special care and blessing of the Lord. Mr. W. Olney, jun., gave an account of the work at Haddon Hall, and prayed for the success of all the missions connected with the church. The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer asked for prayer on behalf of Aden, where he hopes to commence useful service for God in a short time. The Pastor referred to the spirit of consecration that was manifested by the church in the early days of Christianity, and expressed his joy at the many evidences of a similar dedication of earnest hearts to-day. Altogether, the meeting was of a most solemn and inspiring character, and its influence will long abide in the memories of many who were present.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 11, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY SCHOOL BAND OF HOPE was held in the Lecture-hall, Mr. W. R. Selway presiding. The choir sang some temperance melodies, and addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by the Rev. G. W. McCree, and Mr. A. E. Smithers. The report presented showed an average weekly attendance of 134. Members' tea-

meetings are held quarterly, various temperance addresses, recitation and other competitions, and many other means are used in the carrying on of the work of spreading temperance principles among the young friends in the Sabbath School.

On the same evening, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Union Street Chapel, Kingston. At a little preliminary meeting a present was made to Mrs. Wright, wife of the pastor, and kind words were spoken of the pastor by deacons and other friends. This is much better than fault-finding and division. We are sure that a blessing will come where brethren dwell together in unity. The service in the evening was a very happy one, and many are looking for fruit as the outcome of it.

We are pleased to hear of the progress of the other churches in Norbiton and Surbiton. In a town which was growing so fast there is room for these three companies of godly men, and we pray that all of them may see the work of the Lord prospering in their hands.

On Monday, Aug. 17, Mr. J. M. Smith gave some particulars of the evangelistic services now being carried on by himself and Mr. Fullerton at Dr. Barnardo's mission-hall, "The Edinburgh Castle": Mr. W. J. Lockie described the work of the Paris City Mission; and prayer was offered for those and many other forms of Christian labour.

On Tuesday evening, Aug. 18, Pastor C. H. Spurgeon preached to a crowded congregation of working-men and women at HADDON HALL, BERMONDSEY. At the time the hall was opened the Pastor was too ill to be present; and he was glad to take the first available opportunity of visiting the mission which is doing so much real service for the Lord in a region where it is greatly needed. One circumstance was related to us worthy of record: a poor and sickly man, who listened with deep attention to Mr. W. Olney, jun., came to him for a packet of tickets for this special service, which he wished to distribute opposite a public-house. He was too ill to do anything else, but this he would do for love of his Lord. Next day that packet of tickets came back, for he had gone home before he could effect his purpose. He died in perfect peace. May our last act be the service of our Lord!

The audience which listened to Mr. Spurgeon was made up of the pure working-class element, and a more attentive assembly was never gathered together. No notice of the service was given at the Tabernacle, for fear the regular congregation should come; but little notices on cards were judiciously distributed, and people of the right sort were thus selected.

HEALING.—The faith-cures of professed

Christian men have called others to the front in the direction of healing. In America, persons who make no profession of the Christian faith, but are opposed to the gospel, are working cures, and even those who assail them are of opinion that many of the cases of cure are genuine, and of much the same order as the marvels wrought by the orthodox. Faith in charlatans seems to have much the same effect as the faith which is inspired by better men. This should, at least, cause our friends to look about them, and make sure that they are not aiding and abetting a delusion.

That the prayer of faith shall raise the sick we firmly believe, but that any man, or set of men, or any house, has a special privilege in this line we gravely question. If friends who are subject to nervous diseases will believe that they are cured, there is no doubt that in many cases the disease will vanish; but that there is a miracle in that fact we refuse to believe. The fact is that we are in the period of manias, and unless we are very careful, we shall find ourselves in the snares of fanatical superstition. The unsettled condition of the church not only breeds infidelities, but gross misbeliefs. Pretenders to prophecy, healing, and other miraculous gifts, are growing bold, and there is a more than usual readiness to tolerate their impositions. Happy are they who, with steadfast faith in their Lord, are not to be duped by the inventions of fevered brains.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. F. Price has accepted the pastorate of the church at Dolton, North Devon, which Mr. Harmer is leaving in order to become one of our College Evangelists. Mr. T. F. Waddell has also completed his course with us, and accepted the charge of the church at Crayford, Kent.

Our good friend, Mr. Gibson, has sent the passage money for a brother to go out to take charge of the church at Deloraine, Tasmania. We have selected Mr. A. Hyde for the post, and he will leave England early this month in the S.S. Cuzco.

The students return from their holiday on September 1. We hope to hold, near the opening of the session, a time of holy convocation and prayer for the Lord's blessing on the College and the Church of God.

Mr. J. M. Murphy, who has been for several years connected with the Home and Irish Mission, has become pastor of the church at Boutport-street, Barnstaple; and Mr. W. H. Tubb has removed from Leafield, Oxon., to Lechlade, Glos.

Pastor W. Cuff, of Shoreditch Tabernacle, asks us to call attention to the efforts he and his friends are making to raise another £1,000 this year towards the reduction of the £8,000 still needed to free the building from the burden of debt. A bazaar will be held in November or December. Articles for sale, or donations to the fund, will be gratefully received by Mr. Cuff, Shoreditch Tabernacle, Hackney-road, E. Our earnest and

devoted friend has done a grand work for the Lord in the East of London, in spite of almost overwhelming difficulties, and he deserves the prompt and generous help of those who are the stewards of the Lord's bounty. A better case cannot be.

We wish also again to remind our friends of Mr. Shearer's noble work in Globe-road Tabernacle. This is another East London case, and a most deserving one. Help is urgently needed. A church of the best order is being gathered, but money is needed wherewith to purchase the meeting-house. We will receive any contributions that may be sent. This ought to have large aid.

Pastor H. T. Peach reports the opening of "The City Tabernacle," the new place of worship for the Baptist church, Pietermaritzburg. The total cost of the land and building has been £1,563, of which about £900 has been contributed. Towards the remainder, one member of the congregation has offered to add £50 to every £100 that is raised; so the debt ought soon to be removed.

The deaths of two more of the brave band of missionaries on the Congo have induced the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to send out reinforcements at once. Our brother, Mr. John Maynard, and four other young brethren, have been selected to accompany Mr. J. T. Comber, who is returning to his African sphere; and they have already sailed from England. It is a great joy to see with what alacrity noble spirits spring forward to fill the gaps so sadly and so frequently made in the ranks of the tiny army on the banks of the great African river. They are as anxious to be sent out as though they were going to become the rulers of the wide provinces, while their comrades, whose health is not good enough for them to be accepted, look upon them almost with holy envy. Verily, the days of Christian heroism have not yet come to an end. Still more men are wanted. The Lord still saith, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

Mr. H. J. Martin, who has been pastor of the church at York Town, Surrey, has been accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society Committee for mission-work in India. He expects to start for his new sphere of labour in October, in company with our friend, and former student, Mr. Robert Spurgeon, who will be returning to Barisaul. Mr. R. Maplesden, who has been for about six years in India, and for nearly four years in charge of the Nursaravapetta station of the American Baptist Missionary Union, reports that his health has quite broken down under the intense heat. He has acquired the Telooogo language, so that he can preach in that tongue almost as well as in English; and he trusts that, after a season of rest, he will be able to return to the work in the Ongole district, or else to labour in one of the health-resorts of Southern India. He writes:—"It has been a great joy to make Christ known in some places where he has never been named.

Would that the church, instead of sending out us solitary labourers, to work among these masses of heathen, would send out numbers proportionate to the vastness of the work to be accomplished! It has been my privilege already to baptize nearly four hundred believers from among the Telooquoos. In fact, the only limit to success in India is lack of men and means."

Dr. Kalley, of Edinburgh, writes to us asking the prayerful sympathy of the brethren of the College for Pastor J. M. G. Santos, of Rio Janeiro, who has recently lost his wife. While in health, Mrs. Santos was a diligent worker, and a great benefactress of the poor, by whom she was much loved. Our beloved brother, Mr. Santos, is a very faithful servant of our Lord, and we commend him, in the hour of his sorrow, to the loving prayers of all the brotherhood of the College, and to all others who have fellowship in the work of the Lord.

EVANGELISTS.—During the past month *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* have been holding special services at "The Edinburgh Castle," Stepney, in connection with Dr. Barnardo's mission-work. Large numbers have attended the meetings, and many enquirers have been directed to the Saviour. Dr. Barnardo says of Mr. Fullerton:—"Concerning our brother Fullerton, I hardly know how to speak. He stands quite alone. I do not know of any Evangelist, who comes to us, who is at all to compare with him in several particular and important respects."

This month our brethren are going to help Mr. Cuff, at Shoreditch Tabernacle, and afterwards they will be with Mr. Ellis, at Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington. Friends in these districts, please remember this, and rally to their help.

Mr. Burnham is now engaged among the hop-pickers, in Kent. He is very grateful to all friends who have responded to his appeal for contributions in aid of this mission.

MEDALLION.—Mr. Wm. White, of 33, Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge, has produced two very successful portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon in terra-cotta. They can be had of him for half-a-guinea each. Write direct.

ORPHANAGE.—In writing of the Annual *Fête*, we omitted to mention the services of many kind workers. Our gratitude is due to Mr. Murrell, and his helpers, who fed the thousands of visitors. Other trustees were shut up all day receiving the moneys, and keeping account thereof. We are heartily thankful to every one of them. If ever we omit any, they do not grow discontented; but they say, "the Pastor had not time to notice us"; which is just the truth.

The annual excursion to Brighton, on July 21, was thoroughly successful. We most cordially thank Mr. Murrell for all his efforts in making the necessary arrange-

ments for the treat to the children, teachers, friends, etc., and in placing his house and resources so readily at the disposal of Mr. Charlesworth and his staff.

We are very grateful to all friends who entertained the orphans who had no relations to receive them during the summer vacation. In many cases the presence of the boys and girls has brought real joy to their kind hosts, who have felt themselves quite privileged by being able to help us in caring for the children. One of our suburban pastors undertook to find homes for seven orphans, and he found the work brought with it a seven-fold joy; we trust all others experienced the same delight.

An incident ought to be mentioned to the glory of God. On July 18, I received tidings that the cheques drawn on the previous day would overdraw the account at the Bankers. I had no money to pay in to prevent this. All I could do was to pray that cash would come before the cheques were presented. That evening, being Saturday, there came, by the last post, the sum of £200 from Belfast, which will be seen in the accounts. How much of joy and gratitude it caused in my heart, no tongue can tell! In a few hours a very much larger sum was paid into our exchequer, and we were in deep water again. All glory be unto God, who knows his people's need, and supplies it according to the riches of his grace.

COLPORTEURS' REPORTS.—*Distribution of Tracts.*—"This work continues to do great good, and in one village in particular this has been manifested during the past month. On calling at this place, which is eight miles from home, and one of the strongest holds of Roman Catholicism, I called at one house, when the old woman bade me enter. These are her words: 'Maister, come in, and sit 'e down. Now, about this tract you left last time, with this word, "Whosoever" on it. What do they put such big words on 'em for, I can't make out; will you tell me?' I said, in reply, 'Mother, I will; it means you, or me, or anybody else.' 'Ah, does it?' 'It does, mother, praise the Lord!' 'Well! Well! I never should have thought that.' After speaking to her about John iii. 16, and engaging in prayer, I left the old lady both crying and singing for joy. That interview has been the means of opening two other homes where I could not get in before, and in one of them I received an order for a monthly book. I still beg an interest in your prayers."

Books valued.—"One lady bought a book ('Her Benny') to read at her Mothers'-meetings. She said, the other day, 'I am so pleased you brought it; the mothers come, thirsting to hear more of it, every time the meeting is open.'"

The Colporteur a Schoolmaster.—"Another lady thanked me for teaching her to READ

her Bible. She said, 'I thought if I read a chapter every day, that would do—forgetting to study the truth contained therein.'

"One young man thanked me for one of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. 'They are so real,' he said."

Among the Navvies.—"Gave away 40 Testaments to navvies on the new line. Doing a good work among them."

Visiting the Sick.—"Called upon a man in consumption, who found peace about a year ago through hearing one of Mr. Spurgeon's tracts read. He said, 'I began a fortnight ago to take medicine, and I want you to pray for a blessing upon it; I could not ask the vicar, as he only prays what is in the book.'"
A useful traveller.—"Some years ago I

sold a book entitled 'Thirza,' and recently the owner has applied for another, saying, 'That one has been lent from one to another till it is worn out, and it has been used of God in blessing many precious souls.'

Many other interesting results of work are reported, and the sales keep up very well. What might not be accomplished if we could only get Colporteurs spread all over the land? The Committee will be delighted to open new districts where £40 a year can be guaranteed. All communications should be addressed to Mr. W. Corden Jones, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple-street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—
 July 27, twelve; July 30, four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1855.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Part collection, Abbey Road Chapel, per Rev. W. Stott	3 12 0	W. S. S.	20 0 0
A friend	25 0 0	Mrs. Christie	0 2 6
Mrs. E. Cross	0 5 0	Mr. Elcock, per Mrs. Mills	0 2 6
Mr. J. Hosie	1 0 0	Mr. Thomas R.—	5 0 0
Mr. Donald McKercher	2 0 0	Mr. S. R. Turner	2 0 0
Mr. W. Fowler, M.P.	50 0 0	Miss S. Wightman	1 0 0
Pastor F. G. and Mrs. Marchant	2 2 0	Pastor G. W. Linnear	0 8 0
Contribution from Brondesbury Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. C. Thomp- son	3 3 0	Old John (less 4d. paid for postage and registration of letter)	4 19 8
Mr. J. Robertson	2 0 0	Mrs. L. H. Edwards	1 0 0
Mr. John Lewis	2 2 0	Mr. Robert Fergus	5 0 0
Miss Jane Bowley	1 18 0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	5 0 0
Y.	0 7 6	Mr. J. Tritton	5 0 0
Mrs. M. E. R. Mart	2 0 0	Mr. James Andrew	0 10 0
Collection at Broadmead Chapel, Bris- tol, per Pastor E. G. Gange	12 16 0	Dr. Beilby	6 0 0
Mrs. R. Thomson	2 1 1	Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 0
C. G.	0 10 0	S. C.	0 5 0
Miss E. J. Rintoul	0 10 0	A friend	25 0 0
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0 2 6	D. E. G., Wilts.	0 5 0
An afflicted missionary in India	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—	
Mrs. A. Thomson	5 0 0	July 19	10 0 0
East Ross	0 2 0	" 26	22 2 1
Mr. H. Coghill	100 0 0	Aug. 2 (including £50 bank- note)	90 0 0
Mrs. Louisa Haward	0 10 0	" 9	28 2 6
Mr. A. Bass	0 5 0		150 4 7
A friend	5 0 0		£455 8 4

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1855.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Stamps from Padstow	0 1 9	Mr. Thomas Cook, per Mr. Charles- worth	1 0 0
A friend	25 0 0	Two readers of "The Christian World," per Messrs. James Clarke and Co.	2 2 6
An aged believer	0 5 0	Collected by Miss M. A. Henshaw	0 8 6
Mrs. Morton and friends, per Mr. T. F. Waddell	0 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Holiday	0 5 0
Mr. J. Hosie	0 10 0	Mr. O. R. Wilkinson	2 0 0
Collected by Mrs. Barouche	1 2 0	Pastor W. L. Mayo's Box	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Lilla Jackson	1 5 1	Collected by Master A. Bailey	1 0 0
One who has derived benefit from reading Mr. Spurgeon's sermons	5 0 0	Orphanage choir meeting at West Chelsea, sale of programmes	0 7 2
Mr. J. T. Godwin	3 3 0	Mrs. Harriet Nelson	0 2 6
Mr. Donald McKercher	3 0 0	"Be thankful"	10 0 0
Mr. John M. Cook	11 0 6	Miss Sarah A. Hunt, per J. T. D.	0 5 0
Mrs. W. Beach	1 1 0		

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss Jane Dixon, per J. T. D. ...	0 4 0	Mr. T. P. Munday ...	5 0 0
Collected by Miss Day ...	0 5 0	Collection at Benmore, after sermon by	
Mrs. Proctor, per Mr. Charlesworth ...	1 0 0	Pastor C. H. Spurgeon... ..	30 0 0
Mrs. Thatcher, per Mr. Charlesworth ...	1 0 0	Mr. Jas. Gurney	2 2 0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Richardson ...	0 10 0	Cairnhanno Sabbath School missionary	
Mr. H. Heritage	1 1 0	box	0 12 0
Sale of S. O. Tracts	0 1 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Tyson (first	
Collected by Mr. E. E. Kerry ...	1 1 0	instalment of legacy)	4000 0 0
Mr. C. Hunting	2 0 0	Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	250 0 0
Collected by Miss H. Taylor ...	0 8 1	Found in weekly-offering box at the	
South-West London Band of Hope		Tabernacle, per Mr. Murrell ...	50 0 0
Union, for services of Orphanage		Collected by Miss Cheyney ...	0 10 0
choir, per Miss Carr	2 0 0	Collected by Mr. Bamford ...	0 10 0
Young Women's Bible-class at the		Collected by Miss May Harris ...	1 0 0
Orphanage, per Mrs. J. Stiff ...	0 14 8	Miss Ann King	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Bowles ...	0 19 6	Miss E. A. Fysh	0 1 0
Baptist Sunday School, Charles Street,		Mr. H. Reynolds (monthly) ...	0 5 0
Camberwell New Road	2 19 0	Mr. Walter Worth	0 2 6
A thankoffering from W. K. B. ...	0 10 0	Madame Joubert	1 0 0
M. B.	2 2 0	Mr. Thomas R—	5 0 0
A poor woman in Edinburgh ...	0 1 0	Mr. S. R. Turner	2 0 0
Annette	0 5 0	Bertha	0 2 6
Mr. Geo. Norton	5 0 0	Mr. S. Ormrod	0 5 0
S. A. E.	0 5 0	A thankoffering	0 2 6
From a sermon-reader	0 10 0	Canaries, per Miss Potter ...	0 10 0
Mrs. Junger	0 10 0	Miss Hall	0 5 0
Mrs. Sale	0 5 0	Mr. Dixon	0 10 6
Miss Mary Porter	0 2 6	Mrs. L. H. Edwards	2 0 0
Collected by Miss Florence A. Pick-		Mr. Robert Fergus	5 0 0
worth	0 16 1	Mrs. E.	1 0 0
Collection at Onslow Sunday School,		A. W.	0 10 0
Brompton... ..	1 10 0	Meal-barrel	1 0 0
Mr. William Sale	1 1 0	Mr. Fiedler	1 0 0
Miss Mary E. Jenkins	0 5 0	Sir Morton and Lady Peto ...	5 0 0
H. E.	0 2 6	Miss Heffer (first-fruits)... ..	1 1 6
Collected by Mrs. E. Barrah ...	0 12 0	Mr. J. Tritton	5 0 0
Two readers of John Ploughman's Al-		Miss E. Wicks	0 6 4
manack	0 2 6	A widow, per Mr. R. Webster ...	5 0 0
Miss Nilsson	0 10 0	Mrs. M. Hyatt	0 5 0
Miss Robinson, proceeds of Bazaar ...	3 0 0	Mr. Jas. Andrew	0 10 0
A servant's presents from visitors ...	0 4 6	Mr. C. D. Judd	0 2 6
F. G. B., Chelmsford	0 2 6	Dr. Beilby	8 0 0
"Eusebia"	5 0 0	Mr. A. Mackenzie	2 0 0
Stamps	0 1 0	Mr. A. H. Scard	0 5 0
Tain Sabbath School	0 3 0	Mr. H. Preston, per Mr. Wingate	1 0 0
An orphan, Strathaven	0 5 0	A lover of Jesus	0 10 0
Mrs. R. Thomson	2 1 0	J. B. C.	1 0 0
Stamps from Ruan Minor	0 2 6	G. F. P.	1 0 0
K., Glasgow... ..	0 5 0	A friend	10 0 0
Anon.	5 0 0	Collected by Mrs. J. Mitchell Cox	1 2 0
A thankoffering for mercies never ex-		A friend	0 10 0
pected	5 0 0	Thankoffering	1 1 0
Mr. T. S. Child	100 0 0	The late Mr. Joseph Thomas, Mullion,	
Miss Susan Green	0 10 0	per Mr. John Thomas	1 1 0
Miss Margaret Jones	0 5 6	D. E. G., Wilts	0 7 0
A friend	0 10 0	Annual Subscriptions:—	
J. S.	25 0 0	Mr. Henry C. Banister	2 2 0
W. S.	5 0 0	Mr. Samuel Cox	2 2 0
Rev. Spencer Murch	10 0 0	Our wedding day	0 5 0
Mr. John Gillies	1 8 0	Sandwich, per Bankers (August 1) ...	2 2 0
Mr. S. Priddy	0 10 0	West Croydon Baptist Sunday School	5 5 0
A servant who loves the Saviour ...	0 2 2	The Misses Murray	2 0 0
Mr. Shaw	0 10 0	Mrs. Renshaw	1 0 0
Miss Paterson	1 0 0	Miss Kennaby	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Payne	0 10 0	Mr. W. Williams	1 0 0
A tenth part from a grateful heart ...	0 1 0		
Miss Mary Brooks... ..	0 4 6		
Mrs. Denis Ebsworth	0 2 0		

£4,686 5 1

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from July 15th to August 14th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. S. Haslam; 12 baskets of Strawberries, Mr. Fowler; 144 Pork-pies, Mr. J. T. Crouser; 107 pecks of Strawberries, Mr. W. Vinson; 33 quarters of Bread, Mr. Bonner; 46 gallons of Milk, Mr. Higgs; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—4 Shirts, The Cheam Baptist Orphanage Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; some Collars, Cuffs, &c., Mrs. Hirst; 12 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. Holcombe.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—30 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Orphanage Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 34 Pin-a-fores, for No. 6 House Girls, Mrs. Moss; 5 Articles, The Misses C. and K. Oakley; 89 Articles and 35 yards of Calico, The Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Stiff; 47 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs.

GENERAL:—167 Books, Miss Schwartz; a quantity of Books, Periodicals, &c., Friends, per Pastor John Stanley; a box of Books, Toys, &c., Mr. A. Holt.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1885.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
J. B. and A. E. Denholm	...	2	12	6	Mr. S. Ormrod	...	1	0	0
S. D.	...	10	0	0	Mrs. M. Hall	...	9	3	0
Mr. S. J. King	...	5	0	0	Mr. Robert Ferrus	...	5	0	0
Mr. Thomas Summers	...	10	10	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Sarah Brown, Belfast	...	200	0	0	Mrs. Horn	...	21	0	0
Mrs. Dudgeon	...	10	0	0					
Mr. W. Saunders	...	5	0	0			£273	15	6
M. A., Suffolk	...	0	5	0					

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1885.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—		£	s.	d.	Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—		£	s.	d.
Thornbury District	...	10	0	0	Miss Thompson	...	0	8	0
Hadleigh District	...	10	0	0	Collection, Metropolitan Tabernacle	...	80	0	0
Stratford, per Mr. C. Boardman	...	1	1	0	A friend	...	25	0	0
Kettering District	...	10	0	0	Reader of Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack	...	0	1	0
Bower Chalk District	...	4	15	0	C. H. M.	...	5	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Mr. C. P. Evans	...	10	0	0	Mr. E. Lloyd	...	0	5	0
Wilts. and E. Somerset Association	...	30	0	0	Mrs. M. Dunbar	...	0	15	0
Cardiff and Penrhikyber, Messrs. J. and R. Cory	...	20	0	0	Miss J. M. Lang	...	0	15	0
Castletown, Mr. Jno. Cory	...	10	0	0	The Lord's cows	...	5	0	0
Borstall District	...	10	0	0	Rev. Spencer Murch	...	10	0	0
Newbury District	...	10	0	0	A sister in Jesus	...	0	5	0
Bethnal Green District:—					Mr. Thomas R	...	5	0	0
Mr. C. E. Fox	...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Roberts	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. R. Fox	...	5	0	0	Mrs. L. H. Edwards	...	1	0	0
		10	0	0	Mr. J. Tritton	...	5	0	0
Winchester, per Miss L. Perks	...	5	0	0	Dr. Beilby	...	2	0	0
		£140	16	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
					D. E. G., Wilts.	...	0	5	0
					Half-yearly Subscription:—				
					Mr. H. B. Frearson	...	7	10	0
							£148	19	0

Society of Evangelists.

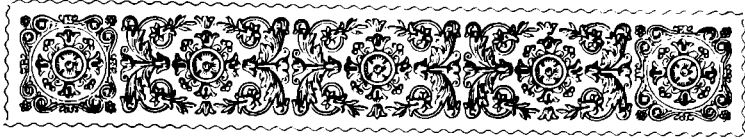
Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1885.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
A friend	...	25	0	0	Mr. S. R. Turner	...	1	0	0
Thankoffering from Whitchurch Baptist Church, for Mr. Burnham's services	...	3	0	0	H. L. B.	...	1	0	0
W. S.	...	5	0	0	Mr. J. Tritton	...	5	0	0
W. S. S.	...	10	0	0	Dr. Beilby	...	2	0	0
Mr. Thomas Land	...	0	10	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Readers of "The Christian Herald"	...	24	5	1	D. E. G., Wilts.	...	0	3	0
Mr. Thomas E	...	5	0	0			£82	3	1

Received for Hop-pickers' Mission.—E. C. W., £1; X.C., 5s; Miss Yockney, 5s; L. L. L., 2s 6d; M. A., Suffolk, 5s; L. H., 2s; Mrs. Watts, 2s; stamps from Omagh, 2s 6d; D. E. G., Wilts., 2s. Received by Mr. Burnham.—Mrs. Marshall, £1; Mrs. Higham, 2s 6d; Mrs. Wilson, £1; Mrs. Watson, £1; Mrs. Taylor, 1s; Mr. Grubb, 10s; Mr. Jas. Pearce, 5s; Mr. John Pearce, 5s; Mr. G. Collier, 10s; A friend, 5s; Mr. Worsley, 5s; Mr. Barrett, 5s; Mr. Cope, £1; Mr. Tawell, 10s; Mr. Fox, 2s 6d; Mr. Perry, 10s; Mr. Westrop, 5s; Miss Crisp, 2s 6d; Miss Blake, 2s 6d; a reader of the "Sword and Trowel," 10s; a reader of the "Baptist Magazine," 2s 6d; Weymouth, widow's mite, 1s; No name, 1s 6d.

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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

OCTOBER, 1883.

The kind of Revival wanted by the Church.

A PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

WHAT a company we have here to-night! It fills my heart with gladness and my eyes with tears of joy to see so many hundreds of persons gathered together at what is sometimes wickedly described as "only a prayer-meeting." It is good for us to draw nigh unto God in prayer, and specially good to make up a great congregation for such a purpose. We have attended little prayer-meetings of four or five, and we have been glad to be there, for we had the promise of our Lord's presence; but our minds are grieved to see so little attention given to united prayer by many of our churches. We have longed to see great numbers of God's people coming up to pray, and we now enjoy this sight. Let us praise God that it is so. How could we expect a blessing if we were too idle to ask for it? How could we look for a Pentecost if we never met with one accord, in one place, to wait upon the Lord? Brethren, we shall never see much change for the better in our churches in general till the prayer-meeting occupies a higher place in the esteem of Christians. To mix it up with the week-night lecture, and really make an end of it, is a sad sign of declension. I wonder some two or three earnest souls in such churches do not band themselves together to restore the meeting for prayer, and bind themselves with a pledge to keep it up whether the minister will come to it or not.

But now that we have come together, how shall we pray? Let us not degenerate into formality, or we shall be dead while we think we live. Let us not waver through unbelief, or we shall pray in vain.

The Lord saith to his church to-night, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Oh, for great faith with which to offer great prayers to-night! We have been mingling praise and prayer together as a delicious compound of spices, fit to be presented upon the altar of incense through Christ our Lord; may we not at this time offer some special far-reaching petition? It is suggested to me that we *pray for a true and genuine revival of religion throughout the world.*

I am glad of any signs of life, even if they should be feverish and transient, and I am slow to judge any well-intended movement; but yet I am very fearful that many so-called "revivals" have in the long run wrought more harm than good. Places which have had the most of religious excitement are frequently the most hard to reach. Men's minds have been baked hard in the oven of fanaticism. A species of religious gambling has fascinated many men, and given them a distaste for the sober business of true godliness. But if I would nail down counterfeits upon the counter, I do not therefore undervalue true gold. Far from it. It is to be desired beyond measure that the Lord would send a real and lasting revival of spiritual life. We need a work of the Holy Ghost of a supernatural kind, putting power into the preaching of the word, inspiring all believers with heavenly energy, and solemnly affecting the hearts of the careless, so that they turn to God and live. We would not be drunk with the wine of carnal excitement, but we would be filled with the Spirit; we would not leap upon the altar, and shout and cry, "O Baal, hear us"; but we would behold the fire descending from heaven in answer to the effectual fervent prayers of righteous men. Can we not entreat the Lord our God to make bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the people in this day of declension and vanity?

We want a revival of *old-fashioned doctrine.* Our fear is that, if modern thought proceeds much further, the fashion of our religion will be as much Mahometan as Christian; in fact, it will be more like infidelity than either. A converted Jew, staying in London, went into a dissenting chapel which I could mention, and when he reached the friend with whom he was staying, he enquired what the religion of the place could be, for he had heard nothing of what he had received as the Christian faith. The doctrines which are distinctive of the New Testament may not be actually denied in set terms, but they are spirited away: the phrases are used, but a new sense is attached to them. Certain moderns talk much of Christ, and yet reject Christianity. Under cover of extolling the Teacher, they reject his teaching for theories more in accord with the spirit of the age. At first, Calvinism was too harsh, then evangelical doctrines became too antiquated, and now the Scriptures themselves must bow to man's alteration and improvement. There is plenty of preaching in the present day in which no mention is made of the depravity of human nature, the work of the Holy Ghost, the blood of atonement, or the punishment of sin. The Deity of Christ is not so often assailed, but the gospel which he gave us through his own teaching and that of the apostles is questioned, criticized, and set aside. One of the great missionary societies actually informs us, by one of its writers, that it does not send out missionaries to save the heathen; from the wrath to come, but to prepare them "for the

higher realm which awaits them beyond the river of death." I confess I have better hopes for the future of the heathen than for the state of those who thus write concerning them. The heathen will derive but small advantage from the gospel which such triflers with the Scriptures are likely to carry them. I know not a single doctrine which is not at this hour studiously undermined by those who ought to be its defenders; there is not a truth that is precious to the soul which is not now denied by those whose profession it is to proclaim it. The times are out of joint, and many are hoping to make them more and more so. To me it is clear that we need a revival of old-fashioned gospel preaching like that of Whitefield and Wesley; to me, preferably that of Whitefield. We need to believe: the Scriptures must be made the infallible foundation of all teaching; the ruin, redemption, and regeneration of mankind must be set forth in unmistakable terms, and that right speedily, or faith will be more rare than gold of Ophir. We must demand from our teachers that they give us a "Thus saith the Lord"; for at this time they give us their own imaginations. To-day the Word of the Lord in the book of Jeremiah is true: "Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you: they make you vain: they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord. They say still unto them that despise me, The Lord hath said, Ye shall have peace; and they say unto every one that walketh after the imagination of his own heart, No evil shall come upon you." Jer. xxiii. 16, 17. Beware of those who say that there is no hell, and who declare new ways to heaven. May the Lord have mercy upon them!

Urgently do we need a revival of *personal godliness*. This is, indeed, the secret of church prosperity. When individuals fall from their steadfastness, the church is tossed to and fro; when personal faith is steadfast, the church abides true to her Lord. We have in and around our own denomination many true-hearted servants of Christ, who are hardly put to it to know what to do. Their loyalty to their Lord and to his truth is greater than their love to sect or party, and they know not whether to abide in their present position, and fight out the great question, or to lift the old banner, and quit their apostatizing associates. Do whichever they may, it is upon the truly godly and spiritual that the future of religion depends in the hand of God. Oh, for more truly holy men, quickened and filled with the Holy Spirit, consecrated to the Lord, and sanctified by his truth! What can be accomplished by worldly professors, theatre-going church-members, semi-infidel teachers, and philosophical preachers? Nothing but ruin can follow from a preponderance of these. Their presence is grievous to God, and disastrous to his people. Brethren, we must each one live if the church is to be alive; we must live unto God if we expect to see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in our hands. Sanctified men are the necessity of every age, for they are the salt of society, and the saviours of the race. The Lord has made a man more precious than a wedge of gold—I mean a decided, instructed, bold, unswerving man of God.

We deeply want a revival of *domestic religion*. We have been saddened at the terrible accounts of the impurity of this city; but, doubtless, one cause of this state of things is the neglect of household religion among Christians, and the entire absence of common decency in many

of the lodgings of the poor. The Christian family was the bulwark of godliness in the days of the Puritans; but in these evil times hundreds of families of so-called Christians have no family worship, no restraint upon growing sons, and no wholesome instruction or discipline. See how the families of many professors are as dressy, as gay, as godless as the children of the non-religious! How can we hope to see the kingdom of our Lord advance when his own disciples do not teach his gospel to their own sons and daughters? Have we not need to repeat the lament of Jeremiah? "Even the sea monsters draw out the breast, they give suck to their young ones: the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness." How different this from the father of the faithful, of whom the Lord said, "I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord"! The surest way to promote godliness abroad is to labour for it at home. The shortest method for the overthrow of priestcraft is for every man to be the priest in his own house, and to warn his sons against deceitful men. May our dear children be so well taught from infancy that they may not only escape the common vices of the age, but grow up to become patterns of holiness! This is a great difficulty to our poorer friends in this loathsome city, which is becoming as polluted as heathendom. A good sister, who lives close to this house of prayer, came up from a country town with her little boy, and she was horrified before long to hear him use profane language, being evidently unaware of its meaning. He had picked it up in the street close to his mother's door. Where are the children of working-folks to run if they are not able to walk the streets? All around us vice has become so daring that a blind man may almost be envied; but even he has ears, and will, therefore, be vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked. Good people say to me, "What are we to do?" I wish those who live in the breezy country village would stop there, and not come into our close streets, and lanes, and courts, which reek with blasphemy and dirty talk. Why do working-men so often think it necessary, in their ordinary conversation, to use such abominable expressions, which have no useful meaning, and are simply disgusting? If ever Christian people should be pure, and should watch over their children with a holy jealousy, now is the time, and this is a worthy subject for daily prayer.

I would sooner have the doctrines of grace revived, individual piety deepened, and family religion increased, than I would watch a frantic crowd parading the street with noisy music, and harsh clamour. I see no special virtue in drums and tambourines. Make what noise you will to attract the careless if you afterwards give them sound instruction in the truth, and make them to know the meaning of the Word of the Lord; but if it be mere stir, and song, and swagger, what is the good of it? If gospel truth is not taught, your work will be a building of wood, hay, and stubble, soon to be consumed. Quick building is seldom permanent. Gold, silver, and precious stones are scarce material, not easily found; but then they endure the fire. What is the use of a religion which comes up in a night, and perishes as soon? Ah me, what empty bragging we have heard! The thing was done, but then it was never worth doing; soon things were as if it never had

been done; and, moreover, this sham way of doing it made it all the harder toil for the real worker.

Oh, Christian men and women, be thorough in what you do, and know, and teach! Hold truth as with an iron grip; let your families be trained in the fear of God, and be yourselves "holiness unto the Lord"; so shall you stand like rocks amid the surging waves of error and ungodliness which rage around you.

We want, also, more and more, a revival of *vigorous consecrated strength*. I have pleaded for true piety; I now beg for one of the highest results of it. We need *saints*. It may be that all cannot attain unto "the first three"; but we cannot do without champions. We need gracious minds trained to a high form of spiritual life by much converse with God in solitude. These are the standard-bearers of the army: each one is as a king's son. There is an air about them, humble as they are, as of men who breathe a purer atmosphere. Such was Abraham, who, by his communion with God, acquired a more than royal bearing. The king of Sodom shrinks into insignificance in the presence of the high-minded sheik who will not take of his lawful spoils from a thread to a shoe-latchet, lest the heathen king should say, "I have made Abraham rich." Saints acquire nobility from their constant resort to the place where the Lord meets with them. There, also, they acquire that power in prayer which we so greatly need. Oh, that we had more men like John Knox, whose prayers were more terrible to Queen Mary than ten thousand men! Oh, that we had more Elijahs, by whose faith the windows of heaven should be shut or opened! This power comes not by a sudden effort; it is the outcome of a life devoted to the God of Israel. If our life is all in public, it will be a frothy, vapoury, ineffectual existence; but if we hold high converse with God in secret, we shall be mighty for good. The Puritans were abundant in meditation and prayer; and there were giants in the earth in those days. He that is a prince with God will take high rank with men, after the true measure of nobility.

May the Lord send us many self-contained Christians, whose godliness leans on God for itself, and is not a second-hand affair! We see too many Christian people depending upon one another, like houses "run up" by "jerry-builders," which are so slenderly built that, if you were to pull down the last one in the row, they would all follow. Beware of being a lean-to; endeavour to rest on your own walls of real faith in the Lord Jesus. I tremble for a church whose continuance depends upon the talent and cleverness of one man. If he is removed, the whole thing will collapse: this is a wretched business. May none of us fall into a mean, poverty-stricken dependence on man! We want among us believers like those solid, substantial family mansions which stand from generation to generation as landmarks of the country; no lath-and-plaster fabrics, but edifices solidly constructed to bear all weathers, and defy time itself. Given a host of men who are steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, and then the glory of God's grace will be clearly manifested, not only in them, but in those round about them. The Lord send us a revival of consecrated strength, and heavenly energy! May the weakest among us be as David, and David as the angel of the Lord!

As for you who are not converted to God, many of you will be caught in the great wave of blessing, if God shall cause it to break over us. When saints live unto God, sinners are converted to God. "I was converted," said one, "not by hearing a sermon, but by seeing one." "How was that?" he was asked. "My next door neighbour was the only man in the street who went to a place of worship; and, as I saw him go out as regularly as clockwork, I said to myself, 'That man regards the Sabbath, and the God of the Sabbath, and I do not.' By-and-by I went into his house, and I saw that comfort and order reigned in it, while my room was wretched. I saw how his wife and children dwelt in love, and I said to myself, 'This home is happy because the father fears God.' I saw my neighbour calm in trouble, and patient under persecution. I knew him to be upright, true, and kind, and I said to myself, 'I will find out this man's secret,' and thus I was converted." Preach by your hands if you cannot preach by your tongues. When our church-members show the fruits of true godliness, we shall soon have enquiries for the tree which bears such a crop.

Dear friends, at our prayer-meetings of late our Lord has very graciously spoken to one and another of the unconverted among us. What a mercy that they were so far interested as to come! We have not said very much to them, but we have been praying for them, and we have talked of the joys of our holy faith, and one after another they have quietly given their hearts to God while in the prayer-meeting. I feel very glad about it; it was all that we needed to make these meetings the gate of heaven. Such conversions are specially beautiful, they are so altogether of the Lord, and are so much the result of his working by the whole church, that I am doubly delighted with them. Oh, that every gathering of faithful men might be a lure to attract others to Jesus! May many souls fly to him because they see others speeding in that direction! Why not? The coming together of the saints is the first part of Pentecost, and the ingathering of sinners is the second. It began with "only a prayer-meeting," but it ended with a grand baptism of thousands of converts. Oh, that the prayers of believers may act as loadstones to sinners! There are a few among us who are not saved, and but a few. I do not believe they will long escape the saving influence which floods these assemblies. We have made a holy ring around certain of them; and they must soon yield to our importunity, for we are pleading with God as well as with them. Their wives are praying for them, their brothers and sisters are praying for them, and others are in the devout confederacy; therefore they must be brought in. Oh, that they would come at once! Why this reluctance to be blessed? Why this hesitation to be saved? Lord, we turn from these poor foolish procrastinators to thyself, and we plead for them with thine all-wise and gracious Spirit! Lord, turn them, and they shall be turned! By their conversion prove that a true revival has commenced to-night! Let it spread through all our households, and then run from church to church till the whole of Christendom shall be ablaze with the heaven-descended fire! Let us pray.

“Mackay, of Gull.”

BY this familiar designation, Dr. W. P. Mackay, the Author of “Grace and Truth,” was known to the Evangelical section of the Church throughout the world. His book having been translated into many languages, and sent by Christians to their friends for whose conversion they were anxious, and scattered broadcast as a statement of the gospel, and as an appeal for decision for Christ and a godly life, his name was universally known as one of the most devoted of modern preachers. Few men commanded an audience as he could and *did*, whenever he was announced to preach. His grip of the Scriptures was marvellous; and the hold of the truth upon his entire manhood was evidenced by the storm of sacred passion with which he preached. He was in appearance a present-day Elijah, with the traits of the apostle John blending with the sterner attributes of the prophet of fire. As a converted Highlander, his native ruggedness was rather sanctified than surrendered, and his robust manhood formed the unpolished setting of the tenderer graces. Careless in dress, free in method, blunt in speech, devout in spirit, the rare compound was mistaken by some, we fear, for other than it was. He had neither time nor care for regard to conventionalities, and was ill at ease in the presence of those whose piety is of the drawing-room and the croquet-lawn. In the tender virtues which are the Christian’s true adorning, he was not one whit behind the meekest of men. Yet had he not been a minister of the Gospel, he would have been at home as a soldier, to whom the battle-field is a playground, and the dangers of the fight as exhilarating as a mountain breeze. When he rested or studied, it is difficult to say : life, to him was movement, and communion with God in his word his constant habit ; hence he was more independent than most men of the comfort of a couch, and the seclusion of a well-stocked library. Like the sea-gull poised with spread wings above the surging billows, he found repose in the sphere of his activities, and was at home wherever he was called to work. In the cloister, where others would have felt the spell of peace, he would have worn himself to weariness in his impatience for the excitement of service. His so-called leisure hours were crowded with ingenious contrivances to supply him with something to do, and his holidays were spent in avocations as trying to most men as their ordinary toil. Sure of heaven, he knew that rest would come soon enough, so he sought in service all of heaven he cared to enjoy below.

And he is gone !

How much of sadness and regret breathed through that utterance, when it was first whispered, it is difficult to say. The hearts of all his personal friends felt a solemn awe, while the tragic circumstances of his death evoked from others expressions of an unaffected grief.

Having built himself a little villa at Oban, he spent his holiday there, if such his absence from home might be called, for he preached as often as the general run of ministers care to do when they are in full work, and he filled up the intervals between the services with divers employments. Tourists made their way to Oban for the Sunday “to hear Mackay preach,” and the Free Church was always crowded

when he was there, late comers being unable to find a seat even if they gained admission. From Oban Dr. Mackay went for a trip to Thurso. The steamer called at Portree, and with some of the passengers he went on the pier. While returning, the night being dark and the lights defective, he missed his footing and fell into the water, striking his head against the belting of the steamer. When he was rescued he was quite unconscious, but in being taken to the hotel, he rallied, and was so hopeful that the accident would not prove fatal, that he refused to allow his family to be informed of the event. The following night, however, congestion of the lungs set in, when a message to Mrs. Mackay was sent, and she arrived the next morning only to learn that he was dead!

When the doctor told him there was no hope, and that Mrs. Mackay had been informed, his reply was "Very well." Shortly before he passed away, he was heard to say, "The congregation—"; but whether he meant the congregation here to which he had ministered, or the congregation he was so soon to join in the courts above, must be left to conjecture. There were several persons in his room, and turning to each he said, "God is light"; "God is eternal truth"; "God is holiness"; "God is love"; "He who would see God, must walk in the light; for God is light"! And so he passed over to the "The congregation," and to his waking vision there is revealed the glory of the One by whom the "Grace and Truth" came which had fitted him to behold his Lord.

His funeral was the occasion of the expression of the loving esteem in which he was held, as well as of regret that he had passed away. Business was suspended, shops were closed, and the streets were lined with spectators as he was borne to his grave. From out the silence of the great grief which had fallen upon the hearts of all, ears attent might still catch the lingering echoes of one of his latest utterances, as he lay a-dying—"For thine own glory!" In this language of confidence and hope there dwells a sacred solace for the friends he has left behind, which may well cheer them "till the day break, and the shadows flee away!"

V. J. CHARLESWORTH.

Beware ! Beware !

THE writer saw at Chicago notices placed on several houses with the warning, "Smallpox is here"; "Fever is here." Only those having necessary business, or bound on errands of affection and philanthropy, would enter such a house. But may not the mark of moral pestilence be seen on the forehead of many a boon-companion, and over the entrance of many a saloon of pleasure? Is it not inscribed on every fascinating temptation to sin. Should we be less cautious regarding the health of the soul than of the body?—*Newman Hall, in his work on the Lord's Prayer.*

The Early Life of Robert and Mary Moffat.*

ALTHOUGH the public has long been possessed of the main facts connected with Dr. Moffat's work in Africa, the book now issued from the press by his son was necessary as the complement of a story which ought to prove no less interesting to quiet readers at home than stimulating to others who seek active service in the Lord's vineyard abroad. Although some things which the missionary himself communicated are here told over again, very much of this book is entirely new; such, for example, as the letters which the heroic missionary and his wife sent home during those days of early married life, when their powers of endurance would have broken down if faith in God had not sustained them. Taking it altogether, it is a noble story, of unflagging interest to the church at large, and not devoid of the element of romance. The book will be read, and its influence will be lasting.

Robert Moffat was born on the shortest day of 1795: little is known of his father's family, but his mother could point back to a long line of godly ancestors. The household lived at Ormiston, in East Lothian, but soon afterwards removed to Portsoy, in the vicinity of Banff, where the elder Moffat acted as a Custom-house officer. What a contrast the times were to our own will be best understood by glancing at the contemporary organs of news and of public opinion. The Government was vigorously carrying on its favourite pastime of fighting the French. Although the national credit was not supposed to have suffered, the three per cent. Consols were found fluctuating from 67 to 71. Lottery-tickets were regularly quoted as legitimate articles of traffic. On account of the difficulties of carriage, the price of corn varied in different counties, having shown an average of 74s. 7d. in Hereford, and 103s. in Bucks. Bread was 1s. 1½d. per quartern loaf in London, coals were 45s. a chaldron, sugar and candles were proportionately dear; and though meat was cheaper than at this present, the fodder on which animals were fed was much dearer. Such were the consequences of war, corrupt government, bad roads, and the system of protection.

Amid such scenes the Moffats toiled during the childhood of the future missionary, the humble household probably living much after the style of the family pictured in the "Cotter's Saturday Night." Those were stern old days when lessons at school were not learned without tears, for Mr. William Mitchell, the parish schoolmaster, was uncompromising in his notions of discipline. "The Shorter Catechism was my first book, the title-page of which contained the A, B, C, &c.," wrote Dr. Moffat in after years. "That acquired, I went plump into the first question, 'What is the chief end of man?' I tugged away at this till I got to the Amen, but not without having my hands sometimes well warmed with the taa's; for Wully was stern when he sat in judgment." Robert Moffat had little to do with schools and schoolmasters, and thus he supplies an exceedingly fine example of what can

* The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their son, John S. Moffat. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885. Price 18s.

be done through the divine blessing by perseverance in spite of early disadvantages. He spent some time at sea on board a vessel engaged in the coasting trade; but, as might have been expected, he soon contracted a dislike for that kind of life. After having completed the meagre curriculum of Wully Mitchell, he found a more advanced tutor in Mr. Paton, of Falkirk; but he adds, "I was only six months at this school, the last I ever attended."

Meanwhile, the earnest teaching of Pastor Caldwell had a lasting effect; for this, united to the influences of home, was never forgotten. Robert went out into the world as apprentice to a gardener, in which business he would probably have excelled had he not found a higher vocation. His kind-hearted mother, a woman of fair countenance and old-fashioned Calvinistic theology, taught the boys to sew and knit; and while thus employed by the winter fire, she would read to them about what was being done in the mission field. To have to be in the garden by four a.m. on a Scotch winter morn; to have "just enough to eat but not a whit more," was hard discipline; but, as the sequel showed, it was of the right sort for the man who would have to suffer hardship in Africa. He was only about sixteen when he left Scotland to take an under-gardener's situation in Cheshire; and it was then that his mother obtained from him a promise which he never failed to keep—to read a portion of the Bible every day. He read at first only as a pleasing duty; but soon a change of heart occurred, "produced by the Spirit of God through reading the Bible and the Bible only."

Robert's days now passed happily; he was prospering in his business, and he had all the fresh joys of a young convert. Like the sanguine Swiss Reformer, he thought that he had only to tell the gospel message to his companions to see them eager to possess it; but the majority treated him "as one who was somewhat disordered in mind." It was also about this time that he met with one of those seemingly trifling adventures which was yet important enough to change the current of his life. He visited Warrington on a certain summer evening to make a purchase, when, at the entrance to the town, he saw what he had never seen in his life before, the notice of a missionary meeting. "I stood reading the bill over and over again, although I found that the time the meeting was to be held was past. Passers-by must have wondered at my fixedness. I could look at nothing but the words on the placard." In a few months the entire outlook of his life seemed to be changed! "The earthly prospects I had so lately been thinking of with pleasure had entirely vanished," he adds; "nor could any power of mind recall their influence. My thoughts became entirely occupied with the enquiry how I could serve the missionary cause."

It was a striking thing in the course of providence to have the entire current of life diverted by reading a placard in the street; but the manner in which the way was opened for his becoming a missionary appears to have been even more wonderful. The youth, still in his teens, resolved that he would call upon the Rev. William Roby, whose name had been noticed upon the placard, and to whose preaching he had listened at Manchester; but the very idea of calling upon a man who enjoyed the awful distinction of addressing people from a pulpit caused

the neophyte no little trepidation. Still, as Mr. Roby "was a great missionary man, and sometimes sent out young men to the heathen," the youthful gardener hazarded the venture. Mr. Roby sympathized with young Moffat, and helped him in many ways. Robert desired to resign the situation he then held, and sought another in Manchester, in order to be near his friend, whose missionary enthusiasm so nearly resembled his own. One opening after another was sought, but unsuccessfully; and then, perhaps, in a half-despairing mood not unusual under the circumstances, Mr. Roby remembered that he had one friend more, Mr. Smith, who kept a nursery-garden at Dunkinfield. There Robert Moffat not only found a situation, but in his master's only daughter, whose heart was likewise with the missionary cause, he also found the life companion who aided him for half a century in Africa.

To turn from a more tempting worldly opening at twenty years of age, and to accept a situation which yielded about thirteen shillings for five days' work a week, showed how determined Mr. Moffat was in his endeavours to push forward into the missionary field. Even at that time, or in 1815, the candidates for the service were sufficiently plentiful, and the committee in London were considerably perplexed while endeavouring to select the most promising men. Can one wonder that when the case of Robert Moffat was pressed upon their notice by the sanguine Pastor Roby of Manchester, they hesitated, and at length declined the offer "at present," because the young gardener seemed to have no remarkable promise about him? In the conventional sense, he was totally uneducated. He was not only devoid of collegiate training, but his school education was of the most elementary kind. How hard is it sometimes for human judges to tell the quality of what comes before them! Here was a picked man, indeed, whose name would live, and whose work would abide; but he was a limping scholar. Besides this, God-fearing as his parents were, they learned with heavy hearts of their son's intention to be a missionary. "To his mother it was a trial of no ordinary sort. "In those days to go out into the heathen world was like taking an eternal farewell, so far as this world was concerned. No swift steamers then crossed the ocean in a few days or a few weeks. A great part of heathendom was an unknown region, into which few had gone, and from which still fewer ever returned." The old people would probably have accounted it providential if the London committee had persisted in not entertaining their son's application.

Before he completed his twenty-first year, however, he was accepted by the London Missionary Society, and was finally set apart, with eight others, on the last day of September, 1816. After eighty-six days' sailing, the party at length reached Cape Town, having, apparently, enjoyed the voyage, at least we hear no complaint of its having been unusually tedious. Messrs. Moffat and Kitchingham were destined for Namaqualand; but as was frequently the custom in those days, the prejudices of the authorities had to be overcome before the journey could be undertaken. In what degree the country in and around Cape Colony has altered for the better in the course of two generations may be inferred from the adventures of these pioneers, who undertook a six weeks' preaching tour while waiting for permission to proceed, *e.g.* :—

"The evangelists found themselves in a desolate region, with primitive homesteads few and far between, where now many a smiling village lies nestled among its trees. In these then lonely spots small congregations gladly assembled from many miles around to listen to the preaching of the gospel, which was to them a rare privilege. Sometimes the travellers would be belated in the wilds, and would have to make their bivouac on a hillside, and be treated to a serenade, more wild than sweet, of jackals and hyenas. From these there was no danger; but they were sometimes in fear of visitors of another kind, for the mountainous districts were full of fugitives, mostly runaway slaves, whose hand was against every man."

If the country itself was thus devoid of charms, there was no prospect of improvement when they reached their destination; for Dr. Moffat tells us, in his own work on Africa, that during this journey he asked a man who knew the country what were the characteristics of Namaqualand. "Sir," replied the man, "you will find plenty of sand and stones, a thinly-scattered population, always suffering from want of water, on plains and hills, roasted like a burnt loaf under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun."

As a country of this character was not suitable for a permanent settlement, it was abandoned after a little more than a year's sojourn. It was at this period, or in 1818, that he became associated with that pre-eminently interesting native, the tamed Chief Africaner—a wonderful trophy of the power of divine grace over savage natures. In a letter to his parents, dated from Vredeburg, in December, Moffat alludes to his bachelor mode of life :—

"I could wish to have almost nothing to do but to instruct the heathen, both spiritually and temporally. Daily I do a little in the garden, daily I am doing something for the people in mending guns. I am carpenter, smith, cooper, tailor, shoemaker, miller, baker, and housekeeper—the last is the most burdensome of any; indeed, none is burdensome but it. An old Namaqua woman milks my cows, makes a fire, and washes. All other things I do myself, though I seldom prepare anything till impelled by hunger."

We have already alluded to the attachment which had sprung up between Robert Moffat and Mary Smith, of Dunkinfield. While acting as a pioneer, the devoted missionary had been fondly hoping that his former master's daughter would yet cast in her lot with his own. In the letter just quoted, however, the fond lover was obliged to make a sorrowful confession :—"Her last two letters have been completely effectual in blasting my hopes. She has most reluctantly renounced the idea of ever getting abroad, her father determining never to allow her. Of course, I have been greatly cast down of late, but have at the same time been enabled to love and confide in him who sticketh closer than a brother, and have been more than ever led to see the mutability of every earthly comfort."

This interesting passage in the history of two lives was destined to have a happier ending than the lonely evangelist anticipated; for on the 16th of December, or almost at the very same time that he was telling of his disappointment, Mary Smith herself was writing to the Moffats in Scotland in quite an opposite strain :—"After two years

and a half of the most painful anxiety, I have, through the tender mercy of God, obtained permission of my dear parents to proceed, sometime next spring, to join your dear son in his arduous work. This is what I by no means expected a week ago; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. When he arises, every mountain flows down at his presence."

The Smiths, of Dunkinfield, like the Moffats, of Scotland, were an eminently godly family; and it is no less delightful than encouraging to find how their influence still survives, and how their works live after them. We find that their house still stands intact; but that the pretty and far-reaching nursery which the sturdy veteran Non-conformist cultivated, is now covered with buildings. The children—three sons, besides Mary, the only daughter—all turned out worthy of their honoured parents. William died young; John was drowned at sea while engaged in missionary service; while James, who died not long ago in the United States, "has left children and grandchildren, who, happily, have imbibed the missionary spirit, and are entering into the labours of those who have set them an eminent example."

Mary Smith, "your lovely and interesting daughter," as the wife of Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, called her in a letter sent to Dunkinfield, left England in the fall of 1819, and on December 27th in that year she was married to Robert Moffat at Cape Town. The brave and devoted girl's dearest hopes were realized. She wrote to her brother, "Before I bid adieu to home and all its delights, I calculated upon a life of hardship, toil, shame, and reproach, and now my soul can bid it welcome for the sake of Christ." The missionary and his wife were, at this time, twenty-four years old, and life was before them. What a full life-work were they privileged to accomplish! To labour among the Bechuana tribes for fifty years, to translate the whole of the Bible, single handed, into their language, and to gather and build up a church, while at the same time they introduced among the heathen the arts of civilized life—all this was a really glorious achievement. Bloodthirsty savages became civilized; so that now we find more or less Christianized communities extending from Kuruman to the Zambezi.

Moffat met with incredible discouragements and dangers at first, which he overcame by his strong faith, determination, and genial humour. It was largely due to him that the work of Livingstone, his son-in-law, took the direction which it did. What great events have followed from the consecration of a godly man and woman! To God alone be praise. Are there none among our readers who will aspire to do likewise? Is there no Robert Moffat eager to spend and be spent for his Lord? Is no Mary Smith now on the earth ready to devote herself to Jesus? The heavenly voice still cries aloud, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Is there no reply, "Here am I, send me"?



The Ungrateful Bee.

A GOOD friend has kindly sent us the following note, and we will endeavour to comply with his request.

“Reading your interesting anecdote of the bee, reminded me of a similar adventure that once befell me, only unfortunately it had a somewhat different termination. I had rescued the drowning insect with a stick, and was intently watching its recovery, waiting till it should be able to use its wings and fly away. I had not long to wait, for it soon made, in a straight line, not for its hive, but for my face; and, following the example of its superior, man, it rewarded my kindness by stinging me. I no doubt ought to have consoled myself by the thought that ‘it was its nature too’; and there was this to be said in its favour, that probably—unlike man—had it known the dire calamity from which my interference had saved it, it would not have displayed such base ingratitude. But with a swollen face, I was in no humour to take comfort: the bee’s attentions had been too *pointed*. I could have been well content with a less ardent acknowledgment of the service I had rendered. Perhaps the fervour of the greeting was only intended to impress on my memory the thanks of the rescued, if so, the success of the means employed was signal. I shall never forget that bee. I can assure you, Sir, the pain of that insect’s ungrateful conduct I felt literally for a week. My appearance was such that I could not appear in public for some days. I wondered, on reading your sketch, whether you would have been able to discover such beautiful moral lessons in the incident had your bee mistaken your cheek for its hive. The only moral that I can extract from the adventure is, that ‘experience is the mother of wisdom.’

“I want to think kindly of that bee, but I cannot; perhaps you will do me a service, and point out some comforting lesson suggested by the circumstance, and so remove from my memory the vindictive feelings which prevail against the ungrateful bee.”

The conduct of the bee was inexcusable, but it is instructive. After this fashion do men act towards their God. They pervert his long-suffering into a means of further sin, and use the gifts of his providence as the means of greater provocation. Thus wickedly did they behave to their Saviour, who, though he sought their eternal salvation, received shame, and slander, and death at their hands! What a sting was that which man inflicted on Jesus, the Redeemer!

This is our grand motive for continuing to do good to the unthankful and to the evil. Thus we shall prove ourselves to be the children of our Father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

The demand for gratitude is just : the withholding of it is a grievous wrong. But yet to do good with the expectation of thanks is after the manner of men : but to do good when we expect no corresponding return is gracious, after the manner of God. All cannot rise to this height of disinterestedness ; it seems to many to be unreasonable to expect them to do so ; yet he is of noblest mind who can bless them that hate him, and pray for them that spitefully use him. A modicum of selfishness lingers in the benevolence which looks for gratitude ; indeed, it lingers in us all ; but let it not get the mastery of our love, lest kindness itself should degenerate into a sordid bargain of so much help for so much thankfulness.

The bee evidently did not know its benefactor. The poor creature may have inadvertently drowned its senses in the flowing bowl. Our friend should rescue another bee, to show that his kindness is not to be conquered by a sting ; and that he is not going to lower the colours of his charity at the demand of a spiteful insect. That bee is dead long ago, let all resentment be buried in its grave.—C. H. S.

Old Timms.

IN very rural language, Old Timms, who was converted at Donnington at the age of seventy, said : “ I al’lays went to the fair at Stow, but when I gi’n my ’art to Jesus, thinks I, I shan’t find him at the fair, and I can’t take him wi’ me, so shan’t go. I takes my pipe, and sits myse’n down close to the chapel door, and very soon up comes Captain T——. He pulls up, and says, ‘ Well, Timms, haven’t gone to the fair, then ? ’ No, sir, gi’n my ’art to Jesus in this ’ere chapel.’ Why, sir, if he didn’t put his ’and in his pocket, and gi’ me a shillin’ ! That’s the way the Lord pays ye for abstainin’ from every appearance of evil.”

Timms had a very wicked master, whose ridicule of all religion was sad to hear. Coming up to his old servant one day, he said, “ Timms, I hear you’re converted.” “ Yes, master, praise the Lord ! ” “ Can you tell me who’s the devil’s father ? ” said the master. “ I dinno as I can, but I can tell ’e who’s ’is master, and that’s the Lord Jesus Christ ; he clean licked him when he had the fight with him ; and, master, I can tell ’e who’s the devil’s servant. You be, master, and accordin’ to my knowledge of him you be servin’ a bad master.”—F. G. B.

Gossips.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

BIBBLE, babble, gibble, gabble, rattle, prattle, prate,
 They jabber, chatter, cackle, clack, at ever such a rate.
 Talk about the magpie, the parrot, and the jay,
 I’m sure these gossips talk ten times as much as they.
 Talk about your talkabouts—the gift of g, a, b,
 Loquacity, verbosity, and volubility ;
 The beasts, the birds, the fishes—if all of them could speak,
 Would say no more in fifty years than these folk in a week !

Life in England before the Reformation.

IT has been customary to speak of Wickliffe as the morning star of the Reformation; but the truth is that the sturdy rector of Lutterworth was only one among many lights which in the fourteenth century shone with more or less of clearness amid the accumulated mists of the preceding years. Wickliffe was, as it were, the prophet or seer of the age, but his sentiments and sympathies were shared by several other men whose genius was equal to that of the Reformer. Wickliffe's power sprang from his eminent godliness, but there were writers of more versatile talent whose common sense taught them that the arrogance of the Pope and the corruption of the priesthood demanded a reformation. The three poets who were contemporary with Wickliffe—Chaucer, Langland, and Gower—have given us in their works a vivid picture of the social life of their times; and, although the two former alone were directly in sympathy with the Reformer, the "moral Gower" sincerely desired to see the church of Rome partially purified and strengthened. He had an eye to see that scandalous corruption abounded, but not sufficient light to discover that the only possible remedy consisted in a full and free gospel. He was the friend of Chaucer, the two poets being drawn together by a common sympathy; and according to Foxe, the martyrologist, they passed their time in study and godly exercises. This, it is true, may sound like exaggeration to many who have been struck with the coarseness of some of Chaucer's allusions; and yet old Foxe, who was quite as keen a critic as ourselves, had heard of persons whom Chaucer's poems had "brought to the true knowledge of religion." A very little light may enable a man to escape from a dark labyrinth; and the taper of truth which dimly illumined the pages of the fourteenth century poet, may have shown the path for those who desired to escape from the errors and abominations of Rome.

Though Langland, the author of "The Visions of Piers Plowman," dealt fiercer blows at the ecclesiastical abuses of the day, the author of "The Canterbury Tales" showed a most delicate art in the method of his exposing the Pope as Antichrist. He was in sympathy with Wickliffe, and, along with Langland, and even Gower, he did effective pioneering work for the coming Reformation. The true reformers were, of course, the Leicestershire pastor, his translators of the Bible, and his travelling preachers; but the assistance of the poets was most valuable.

In dealing with the subject of social life in the Middle Ages, we have to remember that the great body of the people were not only totally ignorant, but were likewise in a state of slavery; that is to say, they were villains, a word which in our modern vocabulary bears an ugly meaning, but at that time had no reference to moral character. It was a rough, and, properly speaking, a brutal age, in which might was right. The common people were divided into two classes, land-slaves and house-slaves; the domestic servants were wont to travel from manor to manor with their lords, who in some instances appear to have been very fond of moving about, but the land-slaves were inseparable from the soil, and passed from one owner to another as part of the estate.

These degrading conditions of life passed gradually away, although traces of the ancient order of things survived the Reformation. That great event cleared the atmosphere, swept away the cobwebs of ages from the churches, and broke the chains of villainage, so that slavery ultimately disappeared from England.

The time of Edward III. was an heroic age after a fashion; but the Government was more taken up with childish ambitions than with any desire to promote the well-being of the people. On their own part, the people themselves were ever ready rapturously to applaud a monarch who could both signally distinguish himself on the field of battle and show his prowess at a tournament. Edward III. was a remarkable man, and a great monarch; but he was at the same time a singular example of the vanity of earthly aspirations, and of military glory. Though the victories of one part of his reign astonished the world, they were counterbalanced by later disasters; and the price paid for his doubtful advantages was an immense drain on the nation both of money and of men. As the poor villain in his humble home, and in his condition of blank ignorance, contracted the idea that he was simply created for the use of the lord of the manor, so the bearing of the king towards his higher subjects seemed to imply that courtly satellities were only intended to reflect and to set off the superior brilliancy of their sovereign. It was the golden age of that glittering ecclesiasticism in which Rome delights; but the times were unfavourable to the growth of *true* religion. Towering above the royal authority was the power of a corrupt church, which in the last hour of his life, and while domestics were plundering his house, gave the weeping king a crucifix to kiss as the only means whereby he could become reconciled to God. The gloom which reigned in the cottages of the peasantry, and which hid from them the simplicity of God's plan of salvation through his Son, was not a whit more dense than the darkness of the palace. Though carefully educated, as education was at that time, Edward was probably as ignorant as the meanest of his subjects concerning those things which it most concerns a mortal to know. At the same time he was very charitable to the poor; and he resisted the encroachments of the Pope. While Edward III. was passing from the scenes of earth, the influence of Wickliffe was being felt; a translation of the New Testament was in prospect; and in many a marketplace, as well as on many a village-green, his itinerant preachers were calling the people to repent and believe.

The number of people living in England on the eve of the Reformation cannot be put down with exactness; authorities differ, but we may certainly conclude that the population of the entire country at the end of the fifteenth century, was not greater than in our amazing capital at the present time. Social grades were then more clearly marked out and settled than with us; and in a general way people expected to die in the station in which they were born. The chief nobles were the servants of the crown, if the hand of the sovereign was strong enough to hold them in subjection; and then came knights, lords of the manor, and others of lesser consequence, who were all more interested in the soil than the poor labourers, who toiled and died without notice. In the time of Wickliffe it is computed that there was

an ecclesiastic to about every sixty-two of the population ; and when it is considered how rigorously these were accustomed to look after their dues, we can guess at the enormous burden which the church imposed upon the people. The ignorant parishioners were looked after by priests, whose scanty knowledge only served to make the prevailing darkness more apparent. The nobles were, in many instances, unable to read ; and students at the universities, who could read and write, were regarded as considerable scholars. We have to take all this into account, and to remember that the land swarmed with devoted servants of the Pope, ever on the watch for the least symptom of heresy, before we shall realize the magnitude of the difficulties which Wickliffe and his friends had to encounter.

The hardest thing of all to bear must have been the apathy, and even the opposition of the poor, to whom the Reformers desired to carry the inestimable blessings of truth. The villains of the counties talked about the new light that had sprung up ; but, tutored by fanatical priests in their several parishes, they cautioned their families against being deceived. They loved darkness rather than light, because the light was strange to them. What their fathers and mothers bequeathed them they desired to hold ; and hence, as they talked together by their wood fires in the winter evenings, or on the village green in summer, they gave the evangelical teachers the name of Lollards, by way of expressing their contempt for the men who were, after all, their best friends.

The unprincipled portion of the clergy were, of course, opposed to any change, for they were mere men of the world who had entered the church for the purpose of making all they could out of it. Young men of family accepted benefices—the more the better—to which they devoted no attention beyond receiving their revenues, which they squandered on luxurious living in London, or other attractive towns. This class so far resembled the Pharisees of old, that while faring well, and doing no good to anybody, they demanded the reverence of the common people. Next came the inhabitants of the monasteries, who, with some exceptions, followed after pleasure and the things of the world with more ardour than anything else. The curates in charge of the parishes were lowest on the social ladder ; but they were expected to do the greatest amount of work. With an average of perhaps ten households to look after, their labours might have been performed without excessive toil. A few were godly and devoted to their duties according to their light ; a greater number were more convivial than studious ; and the lowest of them were degraded, self-indulgent men, unworthy of the name of pastor. The shortcomings of these Wickliffe boldly exposed. To such the church and religion were mere names, duty had no meaning, their consciences were utterly seared. Although the Reformer's itinerants retained some of the errors of popery, these curates hated them, as preachers of a gospel which demanded decency and self-denial in daily life. When Henry VIII. warned the lower clergy against devoting too much of their time to gaming and tavern hilarity, he touched an evil which had existed for many generations in mediæval England. The beggars, mendicant friars, and ecclesiastical cadgers of all sorts were a permanent nuisance, and a danger to society.

In the striking picture he has drawn of the company which assembled at the Southwark hostelry, Chaucer has, with a few bold, clear strokes of his masterly pencil, very successfully described the society of that age. The great parlour of the "Tabard" is a glass in which we are enabled to see the England of five hundred years ago. While Chaucer wrote in the language of the people, he was not the poet of the commonest orders, of whom he takes little or no notice. Those of his characters, which are not ecclesiastical, are representatives of a class, or industry, far above the common folk who made up the establishments of the great, or belonged to the soil. His ploughman is not a poor villain, but a man of estate. His yeoman is a skilful archer, a gaily-dressed forester, who can either fight abroad or practise before the butts at home. His craftsmen, such as the tapestry maker, the dyer, the carpenter, the weaver, the haberdasher, are none of them common fellows; but all being smartly dressed in the livery of their guilds, are hoping one day to rise to distinction in their several trades. Their apprentices are less reputable creatures, being represented as fond of riot and gaiety. The Franklin, or great householder, affords a more interesting insight into the manners of those times than any of the other characters. He kept his table spread in the great hall of his house, welcomed all comers, and prided himself on dispensing hospitality in person. The lawyer and the physician were both distinguished by their dress, and so was the Wife of Bath.

But while these all have something to tell us, it is to the ecclesiastical characters that we chiefly turn for information respecting the state of the church, and the religious condition of the people. It will have struck all readers, that a large proportion of the Canterbury Pilgrims are ecclesiastics of some kind, and each is intended by the poet to be a representative character.

The prioress has long been held up as a pattern of a mediæval lady, elegant in her manners at table, and tender-hearted in everyday life. It may be feared that, if all the truth were told, the nun would have cut quite as sorry a figure as the monk, who in himself, as painted by the poet, constituted a weighty argument for the need of a reformation. Addicted to field sports, he hated books and learning, and with a sleek skin, a merry eye, and a shaved shining head, he hoped some day to be an abbot. The mendicant friar was a meaner character, a bare-faced impostor, who was ever ready to fleece poor and rich alike. We referred above to the custom which prevailed of ecclesiastical beggars roaming about the country; and in Chaucer's ill-fed, gaunt-featured, scantily-clothed Oxford-scholar, we see what need may have existed for such to take to the road. In a general way his stomach was as empty as his head. We have a still sadder revelation in the portraits which are given of the sompnoor, or bishop's summoner, and the pardon-monger. The first was more concerned about how he should enrich himself by the bribes of accused people than he was about the purity of the church; the other grew rich on the superstition of those who were weak enough to purchase his pigs'-bones and other worthless wares as relics of the saints. The popularity such a man enjoyed, and the amount of money he drew from the people, point to a condition of ignorance and superstition hard indeed for us to realize. The good

town parson, whose Lollard teaching here and there blessed the people, was a relief to the almost universal gloom; otherwise the majority of parishes were enveloped in Egyptian night.

When Wickliffe, by translating the Scriptures, and by sending forth his itinerant preachers, sought to scatter the knowledge which might make men wise unto salvation, the country was iron-bound with ignorance and superstition. Superstitious rites and customs heralded the child into the world, and they attended him as he grew up to maturity. Both baptism and confirmation were supplemented with mummeries which savoured more of paganism than of Christ. What with the seven sacraments, the holy seasons, and the saints' days—the ignoring of which incurred various penalties—the burden of mediæval popery must indeed have been a burden hard to bear. The people were for ever being exhorted to *do*; but who could be sure that he had done enough? Bishops, priests, and monks, professed to inherit the power of conferring priceless spiritual gifts; but must not thinking souls have half suspected that all was not quite right—that the food offered them was husks for swine rather than the bread of life for perishing men?

We can easily picture in our mind how an earnest seeker after truth in an English village, five hundred years ago, would be baffled at every stage of his enquiry. Hardly daring to suspect that priestcraft was putting its own inventions in the place of the truth of God, he would yet feel that the cravings of his soul were left unsatisfied. The village cross, the church rood and images, the ornamented altar with its candles, would be to him undecipherable hieroglyphics so long as he had no Bible to enlighten him, and no enlightened pastor to offer an intelligible explanation. He would reflect that if God was holy, and hated iniquity, the church-ales and glutton-masses, then tolerated, could not be consistent with the gospel. If God required a holy service, how could he be served by selfish priests, who spent one part of their time at the village alehouse, and the other in looking after their dues? He would have heard of relics which were said to have effected miraculous cures, and of crosses declared to have raised the dead, and to have given sight to the blind; but if in any way he had grasped the idea that God was a Spirit, to be served in spirit and in truth, he would shrewdly suspect the genuineness of the alleged miracles. Thus the man would be stimulated to search further after truth, and in course of time he would become a Lollard. Though another century rolled by ere the sun of the Reformation rose, yet the night was far spent. The light which Wickliffe kindled never died out; but, on the contrary, the fifteenth century was a time of preparation for the glorious release from popish thralldom which characterized the succeeding era.

G. H. P.

Crossing the Alps Mathematically.

THE following anecdote is founded on fact, and the local description is strictly accurate.

Everybody has seen or heard of Bonaparte's road over the Simplon. As some English travellers were ascending it, on their way into Italy, two young men of the party walked on considerably before the rest. Soon after they had passed the post-house on the summit, one of them who had lately taken a wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and was now first launched into the world, observing the barrier of mountains in front, proposed to make a short cut along a cow-track, which presented itself on the left. His less speculative companion thought it would be better to keep the road, and an argument ensuing—

"It is really quite astonishing," exclaimed the mathematician with warmth, "that people cannot reason. Don't I pursue with my eye an unbroken chain of mountains there, covered with eternal snow? It is clear the road cannot continue in its present direction, it must curve round here. The track is evidently the chord of the arc, and where cows can go, I can go. The case is as clear as anything in Euclid—it does not admit of a doubt."

"But why then," said the other, "did not Bonaparte cause the road to be made here?"

"Because he was a fool," replied the wrangler; so saying, he struck into the path, and his friend, after a moment's hesitation, followed him.

"I knew I must be right," said the Cantab, chattering away most authoritatively, till the cow-track at length diminishing into a sheep-track, he became rather less loquacious; and the sheep-track also terminating soon after amongst some ominous unevennesses, a dead silence and a halt ensued.

"Oh!" exclaimed the wrangler again, "we have only to go on subtending the arc"; and so they did, till they suddenly arrived at the edge of a precipice at least five hundred feet perpendicularly deep, from which awful position they descried in the distance the road magnificently descending before them towards the village of the Simplon.

"I wish," said the prudent traveller, "you had not been so extremely clever in proving this to be the nearest way, which proves itself to be no way at all. I will back Bædeker against Euclid for a Swiss guide."

"I was right, however," said the wrangler, "about the direction; you may now see where the road winds under the mountain there, and but for the precipice we should just have cut off the curve, as I said."

"A very near thing, truly!" replied the other; "but come, I shall take the command now." So saying, he turned to the right, and keeping along the brink of the precipice, was followed by the disconcerted wrangler till they arrived at a practicable descent over broken masses of rock, interspersed with stunted shrubs and alpine plants. The sun was already far in the west, the way was most difficult, the distance to the road was uncertain, the carriages would most probably have passed: the anxiety of the two increased to a degree, that those who have not been in a similar situation, or seen such tremendous scenery, can have little idea of. Here they slid down a steep descent of loose, sharp

stones; there they scrambled up a rugged breastwork; then they skipped from fragment to fragment, till at last the wrangler setting his foot amongst some plants, which concealed a cleft, sank up to the knee; and, in his haste to withdraw his leg, snapped the small bone of it. His companion, though slow in getting into difficulties, was ever prompt in getting out, and being strong and stout-hearted, he quickly mounted his friend upon his back, and, with extreme labour and scarcely less danger, succeeded in carrying him into the road. Here he deposited his burden to rest; and as they sat in painful meditation, the shades of night were fast veiling the sublilities of nature; no sound was heard, nor was there any sign of living being. They had, however, only just resumed their harassing march, when they were cheered by the rolling of wheels behind them, and their own carriage, which had most fortunately been detained by an accident, rapidly descending the hill, put an end to their anxiety, and soon conveyed them to the inn, where they found the rest of their party assembled, and everything prepared for their reception for the night. The next morning the mathematician was carefully conveyed towards Milan; and there, during a vexatious confinement, he had ample leisure to reflect on the danger of ingenuity, when unaccompanied by experience. He is not the only one whose theorizing has brought himself and others to the brink of a precipice.

We found this story in a serial which has long been forgotten, and we think it so applicable to our own day that we set it before our readers without further note or comment. The parable is plain to all who are content to follow the divine Guidebook, and are not prepared to forsake the teachings of the Holy Ghost and trust to their own understanding.—C. H. S.

Crazy Criticism.

THE influence of trashy novels is seen in the conceit of many of the "mashers" of the day. They are wiser than seven men that can render a reason. Mr. W. Alexander well said: "We have all, I suppose, heard the history of the young officer in country quarters, who, having nothing to do in the evening, sent for Butler's 'Analogy,' and after reading the book between dinner and tea, formed a very unfavourable opinion of it. The next day he said to a friend—'I have been reading Butler's "Analogy," and I do think there is a great deal of unnecessary praise given to it. I read it last night, and really I don't think much of it at all!' I suppose, during many long idle hours, he had trained his mind so well with the 'Sporting Calendar,' and the novels of the day, that at last he was bold enough to give utterance to that wildly original sentence." We caught ourselves saying of this officer—Bray-vo! True child of thy father! Thy brothers are all around us, judging the Scriptures, and ridiculing the Gospel in the plenitude of their folly.—C. H. S.

A Minister of Jesus Christ in Relation to his Master.

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE. BY PROFESSOR GRACEY.

MY aim is to collect from the New Testament some few of the characteristic experiences of the first servants of Christ, and arrange them together, in order that we may see what manner of man the minister is in direct contact with his Lord and Saviour. It is possible that in doing so we may obtain a glimpse of what the minister is in his Master's design; and this may not be an idle task, unless we are satisfied that our Lord's ideal has in all points in us become real, and the perfection of the commission has been answered by the perfection of our fulfilment thereof. It is possible, too, that in gazing and meditating on the pattern of this heavenly service showed to us in the Mount, ours may be the benefit of drinking at the first and highest springs, of gathering the fruit ere the bloom be gone, of studying the living example in all its grace of form and vivacity of spirit; and perhaps, if we be highly favoured, of coming even into the nearer and brighter presence of that gracious Lord whose we are, and whom we serve.

One universal condition, indeed, of the enquiry is, that the highest ideal of the minister of the New Testament is to be found in the Lord himself. He took upon him the form of a servant. He was amongst his disciples as one who served. In every branch of service he is chief. On every path his footprints are traceable. He is *the* servant of Jehovah, and stands at the head of all the ranks of those who throughout the universe do his commands. Obedience finds in him at once its most glorious example, and its most powerful inspiration. Every holy ministry is ennobled by his participation therein, and rendered divine through his labours and sorrows. Though in all that service of God which has rendered our service possible, though in effecting that reconciliation from which it results that the ministry of reconciliation is committed to us, he stands alone, and of the people there is none with him; though we cannot climb to the summit of the mount of God, where he stands as the minister of the true tabernacle, yet his feet have trodden every lowly valley and rugged pass where we have to go, and the shadow of his great service falls everywhere on ours like the shadow of a mountain on the vales beneath.

In looking at the first ministers of the Lord Jesus you will find four very significant words used concerning them. These four words are "follow," "learn," "go," "feed." They were to be followers, disciples, apostles, pastors. As "followers" we see their relation to the Saviour's person: "Follow *me*." As "disciples," their relation to his truth: "Learn of *me*." As apostles, their relation to the world: "Go ye into all the world." As pastors, their relation to the church: "Feed my lambs," "shepherd my sheep."

Whatever technical and official differences these words may suggest I wish to leave in the background. Our subject requires that we should

touch on the personal rather than the official, the experimental rather than the technical. But one thing deserves notice, that all these parts of the ministry have a vital connection with one another; they have an inner centre of unity, and that centre is Jesus. As our chief concern is to come as near as possible to this centre of life, and light, and power, and abide here as long as we may, we shall not follow these ministers as they go forth as Christ's equipped and furnished ambassadors of the world and in the church, but rather become companions of them as they follow the Lord, and sit by their side while they sit at his feet, being assured that if we are like them in these things, we shall do very well when we go forth. As Followers of Jesus, as Learners of the truth as it is in Jesus—these are the two points of the ministers' direct relation and contact with their Lord.

I. For the first, the word is "FOLLOW." "Follow *Me*." It is very obvious that this is to be taken in no locomotive or geographical sense, as if it meant passing over so many miles of the earth's surface, roads, fields, or hills, or being in any particular city or village, or dwelling where Jesus tarried or led. The phrase is to be taken in a mental and moral sense. "Follow me" suggests movement, progress, advancement in him who is followed, and enjoins on him who follows that he should move with that movement, go forward with that progress, and advance with that advancement; while at the same time it intimates the lowly and dependent position of the follower toward his Leader. There was movement in Jesus. Jesus was instinct with the life that moves, with life in all its range of form, in all its force of energy. Those whom he called to follow him were men who through pre-eminent grace had a natural and social fitness to go forward with him step by step in the development and establishment of the kingdom of God upon earth. Though to the most sanguine it could never have occurred what ways they would have to traverse, what sufferings they would have to undergo, what conflicts to sustain, what joys and rewards they would reap when they first obeyed the command "Follow me;" yet for the task of following, of following even in so high an enterprise, they were men of a likely mould.

They were not taken from those ranks of society just high enough to attract a frost to every generous purpose, nor of "the lowest of the people," to whom anarchy might be a bait; nor from the effete, whose nature cannot be stirred, nor from the idle, for whom agitation might have a charm. They were poor enough to be energetic, but not so poor as to be servile. They had some tincture of generous ideas and noble sentiments, but they were not so crammed and mentally worn in the schools as to lose their power to wonder and admire, and therein their capacity to learn and to imitate. They were of that lowly rank of society which is sufficiently plastic to be fashioned into the highest authority, and sufficiently free and independent to say and do things directly opposed to current custom. Their attachments were with the glorious past of their religion, their hopes were with the still more glorious future. In the energy of those hopes they had welcomed the great preacher of the wilderness, and, in requital of their trust in his heavenly mission, that royal harbinger had introduced them into the presence of the King, his Master.

Once in that wondrous presence, once under the "starry light" that Jerome says shone from the countenance of Jesus, once taken into communion with his thoughts, and into the warmth of zeal and love that glowed within his soul, they began to feel that whatever had held them together hitherto as acquaintances, relatives, or friends, whatever had held them to life, must henceforth be held in abeyance to the personal charm of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Henceforth their lives were to vibrate as the strings of a harp at his touch. Henceforth their hearts were to tremble like leaves in the wind, or burn high like flames at his word. Simon was to become the rock-man, and the sons of Zebedee the "sons of thunder."

It was probably only at one point at first that Jesus came into conscious contact with the soul-life of any one of them; but as the magnet, through touching only one point, therein holds the whole object, so the unconscious influence of the personal charm of Jesus pervaded and held their whole being. What that particular point of contact was in some cases we know. We know it in Nathanael's case and in Peter's. But the first experience of the first two who felt the power of Jesus lays bare its inner secret. John, who was one of the first two to know, and the last of the apostles to serve him on earth, shows us that first and last Jesus bore to him the same character. In his last vision of him Jesus is the Lamb, the light of the City of God; in his first sight of him on the banks of Jordan Jesus was the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. This character coloured with its ruddy hue every subsequent unfolding of the person and work of Jesus. The Lamb of sacrifice became the Lamb of the throne: the blood of cleansing became the blood of victory. Need we wonder, then, that this first interview with Jesus had left an indelible impression on John? Need we wonder that the minute details of it remained fresh in his memory after the ardour of youth had long died down, after the burden and heat of a long day had been borne, after the snows of age had whitened his head, and that more than sixty years afterwards he could fix the very hour of the day when first he knew the Lord?

Contact being thus established by Jesus in their souls' inmost life, in the very centre of their most agitating fears and dearest hopes, those hopes and fears respecting their acceptance or rejection before the throne of God, his power and grace passed on to every department of thought and action. Dense was their ignorance of his person, his work, his meaning, his kingdom; limited their experience of his grace; harsh and unripe their feelings and sentiments; yet their personal attachment to him saved them from the ill consequences of these defects, and raised them above them all. Jesus held them. He grew upon them. All things began to affect them just as they had a bearing upon him. It soon became with them no longer the boat on the lake, but Jesus; no longer home, but Jesus; no longer business or family, father, or mother, or wife, but Jesus; no longer synagogue or temple, fatherland or life itself, but Jesus. Even the doubter said, Let us go and die with him. Whatever way thought travelled, Jesus somehow drew nigh. To whatever object their hearts turned, they felt themselves as if by a new instinct gazing at it in relation to Jesus, or through the medium of thoughts or ideas derived from him. All life obtained a new setting,

and every duty a new hue and sanction in his presence. The old familiar net seemed endued with different powers when Jesus commanded it to be let down into the lake ; the waves to forget their instability beneath his feet ; the strong winds to learn a new temper at his rebuke ; disease acknowledged a new balm at his touch ; sorrow and trouble found a new harbour, and sinners a new refuge in him. The words of ancient prophet and lawgiver acquired in his utterance a new force ; prayer on his lips a new potency ; religion seemed reconstituted ; God was brought to men, and men drawn near to God in a way as wonderful as it was new, and as inspiring as it was wonderful. But every fresh manifestation of his virtue, every new transformation wrought in the world around, within and above them, only riveted their attention with greater fixity on himself, who was creating for them a new heaven and a new earth, and making themselves new creatures to dwell and act therein.

As they were with the Lord Jesus from day to day, their familiarity was raised into reverence ; their friendship into religion and worship. In him they saw the withered rod of promise begin to bud ; they saw the great Prophet rise from the midst of the people. In the Son of Mary they beheld the glory of the Only-begotten of the Father. They saw his spiritual power and grace so triumphant over weakness, shame, and death, that weakness seemed the vehicle of a new and unconquerable strength ; shame was changed into a new and undying glory, and the very grave the birthplace of immortality. Still dearer to their hearts after his resurrection, they found that the damps of death had not extinguished, but, like a kindly dew, had rather more fully unloosed, the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon, whose perfume was henceforward to spread through all history, and penetrate the whole universe of God. Accordingly, when from Olivet they gazed upon him as he ascended to his Father and their Father, and a cloud received him out of their sight, he could not be separated from their hearts, for their hearts went with him to his throne. Their prayers, however, followed him till by the coming of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the intercourse that was visibly broken on earth was invisibly renewed in heaven, and he who had been the centre of their peace and joy became the source of their inspiration, and the Rock of their strength both for and against the world.

II. The second word is LEARN. Whilst they were following they were learning ; learning the truth from Jesus, and the truth in Jesus. This learning, however, was not accomplished, as in the schools, by feats of memory or logical analysis. The truth as it is in Jesus is something that demands submission as well as acquisition, and touches the conscience and the will rather than the mental capacity. Never does our Saviour allow it to be inferred that the truth he reveals can, like the truths of science, become an object of the intellect alone. Were such the case, the more of an Athenian inquisitiveness on the one hand, and the more of a Pharisaic rigidity on the other, men possessed, the nearer they would come to find and fulfil the truth of the kingdom of heaven. In either case the deeper springs of the soul-life might remain unhealed, and the bitter waters of the heart unsweetened. Whereas the great aim of the Lord Jesus is to establish

his truth in the soul-life, in its deepest spring, just as he establishes himself there. In his esteem, no other than the casket of a loving heart can preserve undimmed the gem of truth; no other soil than the warm affections of the soul can nurture into fruitfulness or cherish the life of the seed of truth. The disciples of Jesus are to find out the secret power of his truth by living it, because they love it. Thus they saw truth in Jesus.

They saw it living in his life, acting in his deeds, shining in his character, irresistible through his holiness. He was the True One. When he spake, his words searched the heart as with a lamp; and when he acted he made men see what was the essence of piety, the verity of godliness. An irresistible authority clothed both deeds and words. In the power of his verity he spake as from the Eternal throne. In him the twelve saw the generous wine of truth burst through the old skins of Rabbinical phrases; they saw the indignant flame of truth burn through the traditional customs of the Pharisees, and the keen sword of truth pierce to the heart the sophistries of the Sadducees. They found the Bible itself in the hand of the Scribes, like the copy of Meier's Logic, which a famous philosopher had used for about forty years in lecturing, on every page of which there were notes written; many pages were pasted over with paper; many lines struck out; so that almost nothing of Meier's Logic remained. But when our Lord took his Father's Book in hand he cleared the page from the obstructing comments, and liberated the truth from the obscurities, and made its light shine with a directness, and clearness, and power that none could gainsay or resist.

In thus dealing with truth their minds were, on the one hand, led insensibly from the merely formal and external fashion truth might take to the grand requirement—*truth in the inward parts*. They would likewise perceive, as by the demonstration of light, that he is the true man who, in a pure heart, cherishes the truth in God's sight, and that the man of mere phrase or aphorism, however correct of form or custom, however pious, is, after all, essentially in error, and his life in the most necessary requirement false to God. On the other hand, by their Lord's handling of the words divinely inspired, from the durability and power he attributed to them, from the profound wisdom he extracted even from their delicate inflections, their reverence for the literary vehicle and form of truth would be deepened and strengthened. The Word will seem to have an unspeakable preciousness and vitality to the heart alive to God. They felt it; and in the fervid joy of that feeling they dared not stop coldly to analyze, they must proclaim the truth. They dared not to deal with the eternal verities committed to their stewardship, as Heine says, in the manner of petty tradesmen weighing out tea and sugar, but employed them with the same sense of responsibility with which the high-priest of old swung the censer between the living and the dead. It was not their method to take men into the laboratory, or into the dissecting room; but to summon them to enter the arena where life's battle is fought and won, and to point to God's heroes and their deeds, the great cloud of witnesses to the principle and power of faith, and, above all, to faith's great Author and Finisher.

A "cold philosophy" may assign the glittering diamond to a lowly kinsman with the coal; or trace the burning ruby to the common red clay;

or curiously inquire into the frugal fare on which the nightingale is content to sup; or unweave the glories of the rainbow, and reduce the precious and the beautiful to the common-place and trivial; yet all this paraded familiarity with these things "rare and beautiful" would no more rob them of their power to give delight than the information that Milton was blind would turn to discord the melody of his verse, or quench the light that beams from his poetry. Despite all analysis, the diamond shines as brightly, the ruby glows with as ruddy a ray, as if their elements were never known, and both are as highly prized by an admiring world. Despite all inquiry as to his humble meals, the song of the nightingale still floods the grove at eventide, and holds the raptured ear; and though its base of mist and tears be again and again displayed, the luminous "bow of God" loses not one single tint of its brightness, nor one single charm of its hope.

The beauty and the music, the preciousness and the hope, of gospel truth struck the mind and heart of the disciples, and struck home. Convinced that the preciousness was enduring, and the beauty undying, the types and expressions of the Unseen and Eternal, and assured that the blessing was illimitable, in the rapture of their own joy, they called upon the world to share their treasures and to partake their bliss. The mirror of truth that had shown to their own wondering eyes the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of his Person, might not be kept in timid obscurity because some might look at its edges rather than its surface. It was brought forth before the gaze of mankind, that all might look and behold the marvellous spectacle of redeeming love.

From the way the apostles received and held the truth arose also their valour in its behalf. They held the truth with a living and tenacious grasp, for they held it as their own life, as well as the light of men. Theirs was not the impassive, inanimate position of the golden and silver lampstand to the lamp, or candlestick to the candle; but when they held forth the truth of the gospel, it was rather as MacDonalld's Highlanders lit up the banqueting-hall of their chief, by each man in his full armour holding aloft with brawny arm the torch that was to shed its light upon the feast. With no trembling hand did they hold aloft the truth; for they knew well that he who had entrusted to them its flaming torch had also clothed them in invincible armour for their task. He that gave the flames of Pentecost, gave with those flames, and indeed in them, an undaunted spirit, an immovable might, that neither priest nor Sadducee could withstand. How sublime the power and grandeur of this spirit appear when compared with the cringing cowardice of mere philosophy, even when represented by such a man as Kant, whom men called a "Second Messias"! Rebuked by his king for some opinions, he replied, "I think it my surest course to make my most solemn declaration, as your royal Majesty's most faithful subject, that henceforth, both in lectures and in writings, I will completely refrain from all public deliverances on the topic of religion, natural as well as revealed." Compared with this the words of Peter and John, "*Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye,*" ring out as the language of another order of beings, and the trumpet call to a divine liberty. The two incidents reveal an immeasurable gulf, separating the men who have

God's truth and God's power and Spirit resting upon them, from the mere philosopher or architect of mental or moral theories, however far-sighted and famous he may be. The philosopher bowed, because he felt he stood alone against the wrath of the king. The apostles of Jesus felt they were in this high concern the ministers of the King eternal, immortal, and invisible. They had the support of the eternal Throne; and if they were but true to the truth that came down thence to them, even princes must give way, and kings pay homage to their message.

They felt that message was addressed to all, and the highest were not above its authority, nor were the lowest below its grace. The only limit they knew was the illimitable mercy of Jesus, the only bound the boundless power of the Spirit of God. The truth of the gospel of Jesus was to have sway over all, and this comprehensive purpose of God filled their hearts with courage on every soil and amongst all tribes and tongues. In carrying out their commission they felt they were entering upon an ever-growing kingdom, upon an ever-enlarging fatherland. As the pious and patriotic Arndt, in his inspiring ode, asked, "Where is the German Fatherland?" and refuses to limit it to Prussia or Bavaria, Westphalia or Pomerania, or to bound it by the Rhine or the Danube, the Baltic wave or the Alpine snows, claiming that the German Fatherland stretches

"As far as German tongue shall ring,
And praises unto high heaven sing,
There shall it stand, there shall it stand;
There, German, is thy Fatherland, thy Fatherland."

And so, in an infinitely wider and deeper sense, the Christian can regard the truth as it is in Jesus, as the great solvent for all that is meant by the words, "alien," and "foreign," and "barbarian;" and in the confidence that it is the royal word of the great Fatherland on high that must find an echo in the heart of each child of God, all the world over, he can speak, and plead, and enforce, assured that the wanderer shall return, the exile come back, and the prodigal say at length, "I will arise, and go to my Father."

Keep to your Colours.

WE want a more undeniable holiness. A captain, returning some years ago from South America, saw an armed ship in his wake, bearing the British ensign; but as she drew nearer, down came the English flag, and up went that of the Chilian Republic. "Ay, ay, lads," said the captain, "that will never do; I don't like fellows that carry double colours. That is a pirate." So it proved. They had to clear the deck, and preserve their liberty by fight. Double colours are always suspicious: know your own banner, and keep under it. Many live as if a truce had been proclaimed between the church and the world. At a prayer or a dance, they are equally *au fait*. The unconverted look on, and for the life of them cannot see the difference between themselves and such professors. Yes, and people wiser and better are puzzled too. Good William Jay once told his congregation, "If I saw the devil running away with some of you, I dare not cry 'Stop thief,' for really I am not quite sure that you are not his property."—*Samuel Coley.*

The Old Man's Story.

THERE is a noble, far-spreading oak at "Westwood," beneath which the students gather when they come to spend a day with Mr. Spurgeon. The President sits in the middle, and the men stand or sit around. The usual business is to ask the President questions on every conceivable topic connected with Christian work. Sometimes, however, the engagements are varied with an address from a distinguished servant of the Lord. Mr. Paton, a venerable missionary from the New Hebrides, one day this summer gave us a holy, happy talk, which we can never forget. One of the students, Mr. Horne, at a subsequent meeting, repeated to us in simple rhyme the substance of Mr. Paton's speech. His verses do not profess to be poetry, but they interested and amused us as we heard them, and we think they will please our readers, as a record of one of our meetings. Mr. Horne has in places run off from the metre to preserve as much as possible the words of Mr. Paton.

In warm July, this present year, one sunny afternoon,
When nature's face was full of smiles—a pleasure and a boon—
Again we gathered at the oak, beneath its leafy shade,
Where oft we've talked and questioned, and oft together prayed.

Our leader, honoured by us all, sat centre of the ring,
With her whose acts of kindness to our minds sweet memories bring ;
And close beside them, fair and tall, an old man stood serene,
Whose face and hair were quick to tell the summers he had seen.

Slight bent by age, the old man stood, with long, white, flowing hair,
His face was pale, yet sweet, as carved in marble white and fair ;
His look, the very look of love ; his voice, like morning's dew
Fell softly on our eager ears, with tone and accent true.

A gospel messenger was he to heathen lands abroad,
Where faithfully, for many years, he told them of his Lord.
So now the old man spake to us of stories brave and rare,
And if to me you'll listen, I'll these again declare.

" Full seven-and-twenty years ago "—he thus began his tale—
" I did, with seven brave brethren, for the South Sea Islands sail.
Our minds were full of fervour, and our faces bright with youth,
And oh ! how much we longed to tell the heathen of the truth !

" Our journey long and weary was, for eager were our hearts
To speak of Jesus and his love in those benighted parts :
But in our Master's time at last we reached the battle-plain—
From which, alas ! most of our band would ne'er return again.

" By dint of labour and great toil the language we acquired,
Then wrote and spoke, from morn till eve, the word of God inspired ;
The work was hard, and oft we felt as though our hearts would break—
But oh ! *it was sweet work, because 'twas for the Saviour's sake !*

" Oh, dear young friends," he whispered low, and wept the old man sore,
" My comrades all were killed, and now lie buried on that shore ;
Yet others came, with willing hearts, and bravely took the field—
Who gave themselves, if need there was,—to die, *but not to yield !*

" Those savage hearts, dark though they were, were moved, and said that we
Must love them, thus to leave our homes, and come across the sea ;
And so we gained their confidence, and, praying, laboured on
Till many poor black sinners' hearts were to the Saviour won.

- “ One man—I quite remember now the hate he bore to me,
And how he sought my life at times—a wicked man was he ;
But oh ! the all-prevailing grace, the sovereign grace of God,
Laid hold upon his wayward steps, and changed the path he trod.
- “ One day he sent to call me, and I found him dying fast—
He wished to speak a word to me before he breathed his last ;
He took my hand in loving grasp, while those around us wept,
And thus he spoke to me, as o'er his eyes death's shadow crept :
- “ Oh, missie, do forgive me for all my wicked ways,
For I am going to Jesus, and soon will sing his praise ;
Oh, tell his love to *thousands* more, with wicked hearts, like me,
That Jesus died to save them, and waits to set them free.’
- “ My heart was full when in the grave we laid him to his rest,
For here was *one* sweet token that God my labours blest ;
And from that time—oh, strange to tell, and yet *not strange at all* !—
The word of God was multiplied, and many heard its call.
- “ Among one tribe I found a home, and formed a friendship true,
And as I worked as well as taught I much in favour grew ;
But other tribes, with darkened minds, determined me to slay,
Lest I their idols might displease, and thus success delay.
- “ That I their weapons might escape, full many plans I tried—
Ofttimes into some house I went, and there for days I'd hide ;
And oft again I'd climb a tree, and spend the night in prayer,
While round me gathered savages, whose wild cries rent the air.
- “ And more than once, with native aid, I've launched our little boat
On seas that raged so fierce and high that we could scarcely float ;
But faith in him who rules the sea, and plying fast the oar,
Took skiff and crew from danger's hand, and brought us to the shore.”
- Here once again the old man wept, rememb'ring dangers past,
And how God had protected him when on that island cast ;
And frequently throughout his tale he feelingly would say,
“ *It is so sweet to serve him at home or far away.*”
- The tear-drops running down his cheeks, with trembling voice and sweet,
He then resumed his tale of truth, with tone and gesture meet :
- “ One day,” he said, “ remember I will to my dying day,
When hordes of yelling savages came thirsting me to slay.
- “ The chief around him drew his men, and looked with tearful eye
Towards the growing crowds of those who eagerly drew nigh :
Then, turning round to me, the chief most tremblingly would say,
‘ Oh, missie, our Jehovah God must do great things *this day* !’
- “ On, on they came, with yells and shouts, with brandished clubs and staves—
And though I prayed, yet much I feared, we there should find our graves ;
But, standing by a tree, I raised my heart to God Most High,
Without whose great permission no foemen could come nigh.
- “ My friends, I here may say that I a great believer am
In God's most surely answering prayer, or else all prayer is sham ;
And so I knew that, there and then, God would *some* token show
That he my prayer in heaven heard which I sent from below.
- “ So there I grasped my God in faith, and still believed that he
Would turn those wicked men from us, and set our village free ;
And e'en while thus I prayed to him, though why I cannot say,
Right suddenly they turned about, and hastened quite away !

" All glory to his blessed name ! The streamlets in the glen
Are turned by him at will ; and so he turns the hearts of men.
So there we knelt, with grateful hearts, knelt down before his throne,
Who had that day, with royal hand, his might and mercy shown.

" I cannot now take time to tell the tales I could relate—
Of how I prospered on that isle, and others in like state,
Of how I dug the people wells, and taught them how to build,
And how to cultivate their land, and have their fields well tilled.

" One thing, however, I must say, to show the gospel's power,
And that is this, that for God's word they thirsted every hour ;
The more we gave them, still the more they longed to read and know
Of Christ, the Lamb of God, whose blood makes whiter than the snow.

" Oh, friends, the gospel's still the power of God to save the world,
And soon, on every hill and plain, its flag will be unfurled.
Swift comes the day when Jesu's name will sway the wide world o'er,
When he'll be King of every heart, and reign from shore to shore.

" And now, before I go away, I've some things here to show
Which often cause me many sighs, and make mine eyes o'erflow."
So here the old man, bending down, uncovered to our view
Grim idols, carved by savage hands, and painted white and blue.

" These," he continued, " are the gods which blinded nations fear,
And which, in their great ignorance, they ask their prayers to hear ;
Oh, how it grieves my heart and soul their worship false to see,
Instead of bowing down to him who died upon the tree !

" Oh, let us pray, with steadfast faith, that God will haste the day
When they shall worship HIM, and cast their idols all away ;
That day *must* come, that glorious day, of singing and of mirth—
When every knee to him shall bow in heaven and in earth.

" Good-bye, good-bye, God bless you all, that is my earnest prayer,
And, oh ! may he who dwells on high keep you from every snare ;
And may he grant that each of us be faithful to our trust
Until in his good time we lay our bodies in the dust.

" I doubtless shall be laid to rest in that wild foreign land,
Close by the shore where wavelets roll their music on the strand ;
My only friends, those darkened tribes ; my mourners, only they—
But, oh ! I'll sweetly sleep with those whom first I taught to pray.

" Again good-bye, we part just now—I ne'er shall see you more
Until we meet at Jesu's feet on heaven's shining shore ;
But labour on, your trust in God, and never faint nor fall,
And he shall be your great reward. Good-bye, God bless you all !"

When he had spoken thus to us, the old man went his way,
But asked, before he bade adieu, that for him we might pray.
We answered " Yes " ; and now to-day we raise our hearts on high,
And to our glorious Lord in heaven we thus present our cry :

" Lord, bless thy truth in heathen lands ; let *nations* hear thy call
Till every land, and tongue, and clime confess thee Lord of all ;
Oh, grant that multitudes each day may at thy footstool bow—
And to this end, oh, hear our prayer, and *bless the old man now !*"



The Forge.

THE children look into the forge, and are pleased with the fire, and the sparks and the ring of the hammer, but they have little notion of what the blacksmith's toil may be. Thus do many observe the work of the Lord's servants, but they form no idea of the continual pressure of labour and anxiety upon truly sent ministers of the gospel. There are plenty of sham apostles who know nothing of the wear and tear of caring for souls, sympathizing with the sorrowing, and contending for the faith; but this does not diminish the sore travail of the true preacher and pastor; say rather that it is one of the trials which make his task most difficult. He who is true to his Lord and to his office will find no rest in the ministry. An inward zeal will consume him night and day; he is in a battle which continues to rage all the year. As the smith is worn with the hardness of the iron, the heat of the fire, and the weight of the hammer, so is the true soul-winner worn by the hardness of the heart, the strong excitement of the Spirit, and the solemnity of the Word.

May we, therefore, use this page to ask for more earnest, regular, and loving prayer for all the servants of our great Lord? We fear that the workers are too often forgotten in the daily intercession. It is easy to find fault with preachers, but it would be better to pray for them. Sometimes your pastor does not edify you: should not this be a loud call to increase your pleadings for him? Might he not be made a greater blessing to you in public if you were a greater blessing to him in private? If the Lord will but clothe our brethren with power, the great company of preachers will soon evangelize this country, and overflow into foreign lands. Even the same sermons would suffice to convert myriads if the Holy Spirit would use them to that end. What hinders the spread of the kingdom at this time? We may blame false doctrine here and there; but by far the greater cause of want of divine blessing is restraining prayer.

Never forget ministers and other soul-winners in your prayers. Plead also for colleges, that the students for the ministry may be men of God, and that during their training they may grow in grace as well as in knowledge. Pray that he who createth the smith that bloweth the coals in the fire may also make, train, and qualify workmen for his service in this evil day.—C. H. S.

Notices of Books.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1886. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price one penny.

VERY speedily our little penny Almanack will be ready for our friends. We spend a good deal of time in its preparation, and Mrs. Spurgeon arranges the texts with great care.

Gleanings among the Sheaves. By C. H. SPURGEON. Seventh edition. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings. Price 1s.

OUR friends evidently like this selection of specimen ears of corn from the fields of the Tabernacle pulpit. We venture to say that printer and binder have made up a goodly bundle for the gleaner.

Saturday Night. The Monthly Organ of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Country Mission and Evangelists' Association Training Class. Edited by G. E. ELVIN, and H. MURRAY BEDFORD. Partridge & Co. Price one penny.

THIS is a clever production: we could hardly have thought that the proceedings of a class could have been made so interesting. It may be of service to young brethren who are getting up similar institutions, or rather to instructed leaders who are anxious to gather their juniors around them, and prepare them to do the work of the Lord more efficiently.

The Mornington Lecture: Thursday Evening Addresses. By THOMAS T. LYNCH. James Clarke and Co.

WHO remembers the great splash called "The Rivulet Controversy"? T. T. Lynch was the centre and object of that scrimmage, in which few earned honour, and most showed weakness. Mr. Lynch was lynched by Dr. Campbell and the *Morning Advertiser*, and he in turn kicked out very vigorously. He belonged to the advanced school of his day, now left far in the rear by the still further advanced. He wrote some real poetry as well as some heterodox couplets; and we doubt not that he held much precious truth, though in solution with his own

imaginings. This "Mornington Lecture" upon a variety of subjects proves him to have been a man of wide reading and great originality. He talks in a familiar manner, and always interests you, whether you agree with him or not. He must have been a lovable person, and we do not wonder that brethren who did not at all agree with his views yet took his part in the controversy. For amusement and instruction we commend these lectures, though they manifest certain eccentricities.

The Ruin of Fleet Street. By "A Latter-day Pilgrim." Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane.

THE Ruin of Fleet Street is drink. One who has long earned his bread with his pen here shows the wretchedness of hack-writers who tittle, and he bears his testimony to the opposition of newspaper men to the principles of total abstinence, which opposition he traces in part to the sneers of certain eminent writers. If Fleet Street could be converted from the worship of Bacchus, what a power for good it might be!

Three Apostles of Quakerism. Popular Sketches of Fox, Penn, and Barclay. By B. RAODES. Nisbet and Co.

THOSE who like reading which is somewhat out of the beaten track will enjoy these sketches of three sincere spiritual men, who each one exhibited great force of character, and complete consecration. May that Society, which has produced so many saints, never become the prey of those deadening tendencies which are afflicting every Christian community at this present day!

The Christian Treasury. A Family Miscellany. Price sixpence monthly. E. W. Allen, 4, Ave Maria Lane.

IN the September number there was a generous article upon the Stockwell Orphanage. The number is bright and lively, an augury of richer days for this Family Miscellany. We have always thought *The Christian Treasury* to be exceedingly good, with a tendency to dulness; this tendency is now abated, but the good matter remains.

Prayer-power; or, Prayer a Real Force among the Affairs of Men. By the Rev. A. FERGUSSON. Baptist Tract and Book Society.

Mr. FERGUSSON has a forcible utterance all his own. There is a surprise power about him, a deep devotion, and a measure of poetic feeling, which in combination make his words to be ever fresh as his native heather, and strong as his own hills. We wish for him a wide audience.

The Basis of Religion: being an examination of "Natural Religion." By the Rev. A. W. MOMEIE, M.A., D.Sc. Blackwood and Sons.

It hardly falls within our province, in the brief notices of books for which we can find space, to turn reviewers of a review. Obviously, in this instance, it involves our interviewing two authors and referring to three different volumes. The above title tells the character of the pamphlet (neatly bound) that lies before us. "*Natural Religion*" is the name of Professor Seeley's recent work. His previous treatise, anonymously published as "*Ecce Homo*," made a sensation at the time. Seventeen years intervened between the issue of one and the other of these volumes. Their author had, meanwhile, proved what, to our mind, suggests the *facilis descensus, &c.*, of Horace. We speak for ourselves when we say that "*Ecce Homo*" exerted a spell, and "*Natural Religion*" excited a shudder. In the former work the author tried to cater for the Orthodox; rather unsuccessfully, it must be admitted, since the prince of Christian philanthropists denounced it as the vilest book ever vomited from the jaws of hell, and critics of milder mould, like our reviewer, hailed it as one of the noblest books ever issued from the precincts of heaven. In his latter book, "*Natural Religion*," the author is seeking a port for those adrift, like himself, who, relying on science, have renounced all faith in the supernatural.

Now, a word about Professor Momeie, who examines the aforesaid "*Natural Religion*." He has the reputation of being a scholar of high culture, a thinker of great intellectual force, and a university preacher who keeps abreast of

the times in modern research; but he is not a theologian of our order. The result which he reaches in this analysis may be best expressed in his own words: "*This brilliant attempt to construct a natural religion is a brilliant failure—a failure because it was an attempt to achieve the impossible. Without a soul there can be no immortality; without immortality there can be no God; without God there can be no worship.*"

Emmanuel. A Commentary on Creation and Providence. By AN OCTOGENARIAN LAYMAN. Nisbet and Co.

THE title of this book, which makes *Emmanuel* to be synonymous with creation and providence, is not more strange and unintelligible than the book itself. It is a mixture of chronological events and conjunctions of planets, arithmetical calculations and algebraic signs, which few will endeavour to understand, and fewer still would be able to comprehend if they made the endeavour. If this commentary has any meaning, it teaches that all past events in heaven above, and in earth beneath, prognosticate the triumph of Conservatism over Liberalism in the politics of the present day. One example may suffice: "The inherent continuity, however, of the compound series might be more clearly demonstrated by a prominent trial of its more salient points, namely, 1745 and 606 B.C., and also 1881 A.D., as the epochs respectively of the birth of Joseph, the captivity of Daniel, and the death of (their at least collateral descendant) the Earl of Beaconsfield." Then, after a comparison of their origin and national influence, comes a comparison of national sorrow over their graves, in which it is said, "The Earl of Beaconsfield, as the last of 'the three,' was borne to his grave by every man of mark but one, the all but triumphal procession representing, as well in spirit as in letter, all the corners of the earth-girding empire, which he had consolidated as against Liberalism's feeble, but frantic, attempts at disintegration." Every man of mark but one in the above quotation, evidently refers to Mr. Gladstone, who is defamed as much as Lord Beaconsfield is extolled. It is a book to be read for amusement only; and the fewer readers it has the better.

Our Parish: A Medley. By one who has never lived out of it. Hailsham: E. H. Baker.

SINGULARLY entertaining gossip. The writer is a man of genius, and displays remarkable powers of quiet, attractive description. Hailsham lies before us in this book as in a photograph of exceeding clearness.

The Musical Miller. From "The Man with the Knapsack," by JACKSON WRAY. Arranged as a Service of Song, by JOHN BURNHAM. Weekes and Co., Hanover Street. 4d.

ANOTHER Song Service! We shall be always singing. Well, we might do worse. Our friend Mr. Burnham has pleasantly interspersed Mr. Jackson Wray's capital story with music, and it will make a good Sunday-afternoon service.

Drift Leaves. By MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE. Nisbet and Co. Price 1s.

OUR authoress has great power over language, and writes in a sweetly flowing style. We want to feel more poetry in the thought to class the poetess with the chiefs of song; but, as it is, she rises out of the monotonous multitude of mediocrities who make misery for weary reviewers. In this, and in her "*Songs of Peace*," there are many charming pieces.

Christ Superior to Angels, Moses, and Aaron: a Comment on the Epistle to the Hebrews. By R. GOVETT. Nisbet and Co.

WE may differ from some of Mr. Govett's opinions, but we never differ from himself. This work is a valuable exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews, full of spiritual weight, light, and savour. Our friend received his gospel, not of man, neither was he taught it, but he searched the Word for himself under the illumination of the Holy Ghost. He gives us here the results of his own mature thought and personal study, and consequently his interpretation has great freshness about it. A holy deference to the very words of the Spirit is ever manifest in these pages in a high degree. Even when we cannot endorse the interpretation we love the interpreter, for he is totally free from the sin of the age, which lies

in quitting the literal revelation, and relying upon its own thoughts rather than upon the thoughts of the Lord.

Devotional Readings for the Day of Rest. By Rev. J. R. WOOD. Alexander and Shephard.

OUR brother, J. R. Wood of Holloway, is a bright, lively, spiritual man, whom to know is to love. He always has a kindly, gracious word in season for him that is weary. It is well that some of his sparkling utterances should be preserved, for they are deep as well as transparent. Happy are they who hear him from Sabbath to Sabbath, and blessed are they that read with spiritual enjoyment his instructive expositions! This is a handsome book for half-a-crown, but really the printers should be a little more careful, and not head pages with "Jesus saith unto him, I am the &c." This is gross neglect.

Friendly Greetings, Illustrated Readings for the People. Tract Society.

A FINE book to give to a cottager. The coloured texts are wonderful; and the whole affair, so beautifully bound, is a marvel of cheapness, beauty, and usefulness for half-a-crown.

Fulness of Joy. Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

THE subject of this book is "the will of God," and it is well calculated to contribute to the understanding of what the will of the Lord is, and to the pleasure of knowing and doing his will. It consists, in a great measure, of passages of Scripture, in which particular words or phrases occur, after the example of the "I wills" of a writer better known. The rest is largely composed of extracts from the writings of others. The work is devotional, and sound in the faith; better adapted for occasional reading than for study as a connected and uniform treatise.

"*I Come Quickly*," *The Second Coming of our Lord.* Being papers read at a Conference held at Niagara, Toronto. T. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository, Toronto.

A SERIES of earnest sermons, by no means of the highest order, but filled with the light of the blessed hope.

Tales from the Holly-Tree Farm. By Mrs. M. B. BICKERSTAFFE.
Mary Brunton, and her One Talent. By E. A. D. R.
Aunt Margery's Maxims: Work, Watch, Wait. By SOPHIA TANDY. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE more of these tales we read, the better we like them: they are a clear gain for our young people. Deeply religious and sufficiently interesting, they deserve to be sold by tens of thousands. Beautiful books for eighteenpence each. We know of nothing better for the money in the way of godly stories.

Mary Mansfield; or, No Time to be a Christian. By M. H.

Arthur Fortescue; or, The Schoolboy Hero. By ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF.
The Story of a Red Velvet Bible. By M. H.

The Sangreal; or, The Hidden Treasure. By M. H.

Willous Willie, the Idiot Boy. (New Edition.) By the Author of "Mary Mathieson," "Harry Linton," &c.

Henry Morgan; or, The Sower and the Seed. By M. H. Hodder & Stoughton. All the above 1s. each.

WE have examined one of these six story-books as a sample, and we can hardly imagine anything better as reading for young people. They will have stories; and such stories as these are gracious, and likely to minister grace to the readers. These are wonderful books for the price: a distinct advance upon the usual shilling story-book.

Fisher-Folk. By J. S. CADELL. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

A PLAINTIVE story of fisher-folk in Scotland, well fitted to evoke sympathy for those who earn their bread among the cruel billows: therefore we wish for it many sympathetic readers. To see how true religion softens and sanctifies their terrible trials, toils, and bereavements, is enough to make one cling more eagerly to the precious life-buoy of the gospel.

Father's Benjamin; or, The Power of the Name of Jesus. By P. A. BLYTH. Jarrold and Sons.

A TOUCHINGLY pathetic story of a young

man, his "father's Benjamin," led by a sceptical companion into the land of "No Faith," but brought back, with weeping and with supplication, through "the power of the name of Jesus." It is exceedingly well written, and just the kind of book to present to any young friend who is breathing the pestilential air of "Free-Thought."

Jemmy Lawson; or, the Story of a Village Boy. By E. C. KENYON. Partridge and Co.

A STORY of a loving boy who was guilty of a slight untruthfulness, and this became the first of a long succession of downward steps. From great evil he was led to the true Refuge, and there found restoration. It is a good tale, and very well told. Very fit for giving to a boy. Costs 1s. 6d.

There's a Friend for Little Children. A Story. By JESSIE F. ARMSTRONG. Hodder and Stoughton.

A VERY simple and natural story of a motherless little one, whose father "took a little drop." Little drops of liquor—what floods of misery they make! What a mercy "There's a Friend for Little Children," and that in the big Book, and in many a little book like this, they may see his face and hear his sweet words—"Let the little ones come unto me"!

Taken or Left. By Mrs. WALTON. Religious Tract Society.

It goes without saying that this little book is full of sweet notes when it has on its title-page, "By the Author of 'Christie's Old Organ.'" Could Mrs. Walton handle anything, even a tale, without turning it to good account? We won't tell our young friends what it's all about; one of their best friends will be sure to give it to them, and may the divine blessing go with the gift!

Jacob Jennings, the Colonist; or, the Adventures of a Young Scotchman in South Africa. By JANET GORDON. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Anderson.

GIVES a very fair notion of life in South Africa in the region of the Zulus and the Boers. It is rather out of our line as a story-book, except that it gives examples of courage and high-mindedness.

Anno Domini; or, a Glimpse of the World into which Messias was born.

By J. D. CRAIG HOUSTON, B.D. Religious Tract Society.

WE have here a vivid portraiture of the world at the time of our Lord's coming in the flesh. Everybody can see the great value of the information here given concerning the state of Jews and Gentiles at the hour when the day dawned by the birth of the Redeemer. Concerning the morals of Romans, Greeks, and others, our author gives us solid information; and he makes our blood run cold as we read of the brutal sports of the amphitheatre, and the demoniacal cruelties which were rife throughout heathen society. The oracles and Sibyls of the age are not forgotten, nor the philosophies of the Augustan period. In reference to the Jews and their sects, our author packs much popular instruction into short space. The treatise is most valuable to the ordinary reader who has neither the time nor the books necessary for making personal research. The learned doctor deserves warm praise for his excellent book; but we have two hints to offer. First, we do not see the need for so many *errata*: there are others besides those mentioned on the slip. Secondly, the style ought to be improved. For sentences to begin with "And" occasionally, in imitation of an antique mannerism, may be all very well; but to commence period after period with "And" is an outrageous abuse of that estimable conjunction. The information in these pages is deeply interesting, and the matter is well condensed; our hints are not intended to depreciate the work, but to secure improvements in a future edition.

Early Church History to the Death of Constantine. Compiled by the late EDWARD BACKHOUSE. Edited and enlarged by CHARLES TYLOR. Second edition. With an appendix containing "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." Hamilton, Adams & Co.

WHEN a man of wealth, leisure, and intelligence, gives himself up to such researches as these, he is a benefactor of the Church of Christ. Notwithstanding the amount of ecclesiastical tradition which is extant, Church history needs yet to be written. Ecclesiastics see things by the dim light of their own

altar-candles: it is still needful that daylight should be let in upon the story of the first centuries. Our Quaker brother has done his work fearlessly and impartially, and the result is a volume of special value. The engravings, chromos, and other illustrations make it a standard work for the Christian library, while its plain-spoken truthfulness fits it for general reading. We do not know the price of this portly tome, but we suppose it to be twelve or fifteen shillings.

Sunrise in the Wilderness. Twelve Papers on the Jewish Tabernacle.

By C. OLIPHANT. Elliot Stock.

THE title admirably describes the book. There is a great deal in it, but it is of the wilderness order, and the sun has not fully shone upon it. Our author's thought is in a nebulous condition. It is a luminous haze: not quite darkness visible, but more nearly light invisible. Our author should, if possible, complete his sentences. We like a nominative case and a verb to be somewhere or other within call of each other; and we do not consider composition to be healthy when it suffers from the jerks. Still there is good stuff in the book, and it has a suggestiveness about it which we do not always find in modern writings. If the author would condescend to express himself clearly he would find a thankful audience.

More Half-hours with my Girls; or, Readings for a Village-class. By LADY BAKER. Hatchards.

The village-girls who had the privilege of listening to the addresses here published, or the previous series issued by Lady Baker, and supposed to be delivered by "Mrs. Wykeham," ought to consider themselves highly favoured. The twenty-six chapters deal with almost every subject on which girls need to be instructed; and the wide circulation of the book, or the reproduction of its lessons by those who are interested in the training of girls, must do good. We should have been more pleased with the volume if its religious teaching had been more definite and Scriptural, and less churchy and cloudy. Faith in Christ and regeneration by the Holy Spirit need to be substituted for the confirmation, sacraments, and services, which are commended by the authoress.

Fletcher of Madeley. By F. W. MACDONALD. Hodder & Stoughton.

NOT such a life of Fletcher as a Calvinist would write, but one which he would read with interest. Fletcher was a saint, and we are quite as ready to confess the fact as those with whom he was in doctrinal agreement. There is an aroma about his life which no spiritual man can fail to perceive and enjoy. The man walked with God, and we are not concerned to know what kind of boots he wore.

Mr. Macdonald has written well, and from his own stand-point he has sketched the proposed successor of Wesley with great impartiality. His work is worthy of the series, and that is saying a good deal; for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, in their half-crown volumes of *Men worth remembering*, have included some first-class biography. Our friends should have the complete set in their libraries if half-crowns are at all numerous with them.

Oh that we had more of that sweet, deep, heavenly holiness which made Madeley to be as the gate of heaven! We have great talk about it; but the reality is far too rare.

Brief Memories of Hugh McCalmont, First Earl Cairns. Third thousand. Nisbet and Co.

A SKETCH of the life of the good and great Earl Cairns, written by Miss Marsh, cannot fail to secure a host of readers. Lord Cairns, though an intense Tory, was none the less the hearty friend of all workers for Christ. We can never forget the cheerful manner in which he accepted an invitation to preside at our Orphanage Festival, nor the thorough heartiness with which he entered upon the engagement. He manifested all the affability and sympathy of a true friend in Christ, and we were deeply touched by his happy brotherliness. The little book which pleasantly reminds us of him is, of course, only a mere outline of the career of such a man; but we believe it will do far more good than will ever be accomplished by those huge duplicate masses of rubbish which are so often piled upon good men's graves. Give us brief memorials of our great men, instead of huge biographies of our little men.

William Fairlie Clarke, M.D., F.R.C.S. His Life and Letters, Hospital Sketches and Addresses. By E. A. W. With Portrait. W. Hunt and Co.

THIS book consists of a brief memoir of a Christian physician, who, though cut off in the midst of his usefulness, still accomplished much that will live after him in grateful memories. Such friends of the poor as Dr. Clarke are too few; and his life is worthy of a permanent record. It is a book which anxious Christian friends should place in the hands of medical students. Many of these young men might be won to better lives if they were not so often given up as hopeless. There is no sort of reason why a medical student should necessarily be godless or wild. If it is considered to be inevitable that he should be so, why then it is highly probable that he will be so. We must invite medical students to other company than that which they too often select; perhaps they have selected the worse because they were not welcomed to the better.

A Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians. By THOMAS CHARLES EDWARDS, M.A., Principal of the University College of Wales, Aberystwith. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is a learned exposition, based upon the most esteemed authorities. We do not always agree with Mr. Edwards; but we are glad to see what he has to say, for he writes carefully and impartially. He has taken up a portion of the Word upon which little has been done in the direction of commenting; and he has done his work in a manner equalling many of the Germans whose productions are most valued. We are far from endorsing Mr. Edwards' statement as to the fewness of Puritan expositions: we should venture to assert, on the contrary, that they have left us an unrivalled wealth of expository lore of the best kind. Be that as it may, we welcome this volume by Principal Edwards, and hope to refer to it as often as we are studying the Corinthians. The volume is portly, and the type is good. Scholarly students will be rewarded if they purchase this Commentary.

The Mystery of Miracles. By Rev. J. W. REYNOLDS, M.A. Kegan Paul & Co.

MODERN infidels have made the "miracles" recorded in the Old and New Testaments the object of their bitterest and most prolonged assaults, and they have endeavoured to support their position by the aid of science. Mr. Reynolds shows that miracles are not only not unscientific, but that science cannot, and does not, do without them; that, in fact, without a number of great miracles to commence with, there could be no science at all. Science must postulate a creation, or else stand in a ludicrous position. The prebendary's weapons are all scientific; he assumes nothing, he takes nothing for granted, and he never wanders from his point. His work is lucid and learned, concise and comprehensive, searching and suggestive. It is logical, persuasive, effective. If such a work as this fails to convince, it is because men have no desire to be convinced. All that a wide familiarity with the subject, all that accurate and close reasoning, all that candour and fair play can do to win the gainsayer, are done by Mr. Reynolds.

Religion without God: and God without Religion. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. Bemrose and Co.

THIS pamphlet is, we presume, an instalment. Its subordinate title is "Positivism and Mr. Frederic Harrison." Not long ago a little fray between two rival sects of Rationalists took its rise in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century*. The republication of these articles on the other side of the Atlantic made a duel of some sort appear imminent. An apology, carrying costs, saved the litigants further publicity. Our friend, the Rev. William Arthur, avails himself of the opportunity to review with his own metaphysical acumen the logical position of the modern philosophies. Three small schools are represented by these self-elected champions. Mr. Harrison is identified with Positivism; Mr. Herbert Spencer with Agnosticism; and Sir James Fitzstephen with a species of Deism. Far be it from us to recommend the study of these various systems. To our idea they are all so utterly in error that it matters little which is the most erratic.

Mr. Arthur's diagnosis of the disease will be of no use to any one who is not affected with or exposed to the epidemic of infidelity. Deadlier fruit never grew on the Tree of Knowledge than in this autumn of the passing century; nor did the old serpent ever exercise a more fatal spell over the daughters of Adam and the sons of Eve than in the present day. We might name books of scientific repute which we could hardly read without the terrible penalty of regret for the rest of our lives. They poison the imagination while they pander to the intellect. All honour to Mr. Arthur. As a dialectician he has few equals. But we shut the little volume up at page 10. Here is the passage: "Comte's official biographer, Dr. Robinet, exults in the advent of humanity as everywhere replacing the ancient sovereignty;" for he adds, "*Extinctis Divis Deoque, successit Humanitas.*" We will never fight the ground inch by inch with such adversaries. To ourselves we have said, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret." And to every young man over whom we have any influence we say, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding." The story of man's first disobedience is often discredited, yet it is every day repeated with like direful results.

His Personal Presence. By Rev. T. W. THOMAS, B.A. Nisbet and Co.

A LIVELY and helpful volume. It seems a string of goodly pearls. To us it is the most practically pious book among the many written upon "the secret of a bright and fragrant life." There are wise selections from the best and holiest of writers, and many appropriate illustrations are made to serve as a setting of gold around the jewels.

The Tongue of Fire; or, the True Power of Christianity. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. Bemrose and Sons.

"THE Tongue of Fire" is an English classic far above the need of criticism from us. We have only to tell our readers that this is worthy to be the library edition for all future time. Those who have never read these flaming pages should lose no time in doing so; especially those who wish to teach and preach Jesus.

Rambles and Scrambles in the Tyrol.

By E. R. H. Woolmer, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

HAVING wandered through the Tyrol, we are interested in these rambles. The pleasing journal will no doubt tempt others to that charming country. Well done, E. R. H! The book is sufficiently illustrated.

Hints to our Boys. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. Introduction by Lyman Abbott, D.D. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London.

ABOUNDS in excellent advice, and is worthy to be read by parents to their sons. The book displays wide reading, sound sense, and earnest feeling.

Notes.

IN answer to many enquiries, the Editor begs to report himself as for the present enjoying vigorous health, and working at express speed. It is hardly prudent to speak confidently, as the fogs and the frosts are in the near future; but the hope is entertained that the pulpit may not be without its preacher through illness, nor the institutions without the presence of their supervisor for many a day. So far, abstinence from flesh has been a more effectual preservative from rheumatism and gout than any of the many systems hitherto tried. If a workman is not in health, it darkens his spirits, and mars his work: it is, therefore, a great joy to be bright of heart, and vigorous in frame.

Having enjoyed of late greatly-improved health, we have been trying to work off a few long-standing promises to preach, and to comply with requests that seemed specially urgent. We hope this will not bring us new demands, or further reminders of unfulfilled engagements; for we have fixed as much as we can reasonably expect to perform *this year*, and we must see how we get through the winter before we undertake anything more. On *Friday evening, September 11*, we preached to a packed congregation at Battersea Park Baptist Tabernacle, and on the following *Tuesday afternoon* visited the same district again, for a crowded service in the Wesleyan Chapel, Bridge-road West.

AN INTERESTING NEW SMACK FOR GRIMSBY.—On *Wednesday, September 9*, a fine fishing-smack was launched from the yard of Mr. A. Matthews, shipbuilder, Brixham. The smack upon leaving the ways was named the *Susie Spurgeon*, and was built to the order of Mr. Wm. Empson, of Grimsby; who, about a year ago, launched his first smack, calling her *Charles H. Spurgeon*. His second he named the *James A. Spurgeon*; and now the third is the *Susie Spurgeon*. Both Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon have, from the first, evinced a deep interest in the well-being of the crews of these vessels, and sent them books for the cabins. Mrs. Spurgeon has now worked upon the smack's burgee, in white and yellow silk, the following lines:—

This flag shall bear
Aloft my prayer
That good success attend you;
God save each one
By Christ his Son.
And from all ill defend you.

The *Susie Spurgeon*, when ready for her work, will be one of the finest smacks sailing from the port. She is 93 tons register, built under and classed A 1 at Lloyd's for twelve years. God speed the good ship!

Complaints reach us that some of the Steam Shipping Companies are forgetful of the rights of religious equality on board their vessels. Surely we are not to have sectarian favouritisms on the sea as well as on the land. To a Shipping Company all religions should be upon an equality, and equally fair opportunity should be given for Episcopalian, Methodist, or Baptist services. Where no chaplain is provided, those who are anxious to do good should be treated with equal deference, so far as the good order of the ship and the comfort of the passengers will allow. Something ought also to be done to repress the drinking and gambling, which, in certain vessels, cause numbers of passengers to land without a penny to bless themselves, and in some cases, without even a change of clothes, their garments having been lost at cards. A word to the great Steam Navigation Companies should suffice, for they cannot desire either to displease or to degrade their customers.

A boy is still going about various parts of London selling fancy articles. He pretends to be selling them for the Stockwell Orphanage, or that his mother is one of the matrons, or that in some way he is disposing of goods for that charity. This is a gross imposition. No boys or girls, or men or women, are engaged by the Stockwell Orphanage to go round with goods on sale. The clever young gentleman has already been in the hands of the police, but we did not prosecute him. He is renewing his former practices, and we are obliged to issue this as a warning.

OUR COLPORTEURS are steadily at work, and every week furnishes proof that their

labours are not in vain in the Lord. Now that agricultural labourers are voters, and so much political power is vested in the sons of the soil, there is an urgent necessity that the means of *religious* instruction should be taken to their doors. In some parishes godly clergymen are a blessing to all around them; but in sadly too many cases the light of the rectory is darkness, and the people perish. In such circumstances the unobtrusive agency of the man with his pack is as valuable as that of the pious pedlars in the Reformation days, who carried the gospel where else it had been unknown.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM AMERICA.—During the past month a donation for our work has come from an old friend in Baltimore, and a cheque for £4 from E. N., New York. We mention these facts partly that the kind donors may know that we have received their gifts, and partly to notice the rarity of such help from across the Atlantic. Our friends in the New World are so occupied with their own gracious enterprises that we cannot expect them often to remember their friend in London; but when they do so, it is peculiarly encouraging, and it causes us greatly to praise the name of the Lord. When we think of the continual testimonies we receive to the usefulness of the sermons and other books which have found their way into Transatlantic homes, we take courage, and feel that the bond of Christian love is not weakened by distance and difference of nationality.

TABERNACLE DAY-SCHOOLS.—We again call the attention of any of our friends who live near the Tabernacle to the very excellent Day-schools, carried on under the direction of Mr. S. Johnson, in the Station Road, opposite the Elephant and Castle railway station. The range of subjects taught is very considerable, and we have had many opportunities of proving the thoroughness of the education imparted. Those who desire to keep their children a little more select than can be done in the Board School should avail themselves of this institution, which their Pastor himself started with the view of benefiting the young people of the church and congregation. Miss Simpson conducts the girls' department to the great satisfaction of the parents.

OUR SERVICES.—The crowds that have met to worship at the Tabernacle lately have been as great as at any period since the building was opened; indeed, it has been impossible to accommodate all who have wished to enter. The Thursday evening congregations, too, continue to be very large; and if those who cannot gain admission on Sundays would come on week-nights, we should have the joy of seeing every seat occupied. No tickets are required, and the service is as much as possible the

same as on the Lord's-day; so that, in many respects, it is an opportunity of which our friends may be glad to avail themselves. Best of all, the Lord is manifestly blessing the preacher's message; and many are coming forward to testify to the saving power of his grace. We bless him for the streamlets; but, oh, for rivers of blessing! Brethren, pray for us.

OUR PRAYER-MEETINGS.—Our limited space will not permit us to give such details as we should like concerning our meetings for prayer on Monday evenings at the Tabernacle. The attendances continue to be very large, and the interest of the meetings is wonderfully sustained. Each gathering has quite a distinct character of its own, and each evening, as we go home, we have cause for great thanksgiving to our gracious God, who has so bountifully poured upon his people the spirit of prayer. We write now about the principal prayer-meeting in the week, but a similar remark might be made respecting the Pastor's prayer-meeting for an hour before the Thursday evening service, and the smaller meetings for prayer that are maintained in connection with every branch of our work. The following is a brief outline of the proceedings on Monday evenings:—

On August 24, Mr. Broomhall came with several brethren and sisters, who were shortly leaving for China, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission. One or two of the missionaries spoke, and they were earnestly commended to the Lord in prayer. Mr. Burnham sang, and then described the work in which he and other Evangelists were about to engage in the hop-gardens in Kent. Just before the close of the meeting, Dr. Bishop, pastor of the Old Dutch Reformed Presbyterian Church in Orange, New York, offered prayer, and gave a brief address. He is a brother who preaches the doctrines of grace in a very decided fashion, and he fairly carried the audience away as he described his joy in standing on the same platform with the Pastor who had for so many years loved and taught the truths which were so dear to his heart.

On August 31, Mr. J. Manton Smith came in for a few minutes before going to join Mr. Fullerton at Shoreditch Tabernacle, where they had commenced their mission most successfully on the previous day. The Pastor referred to the many mission-stations, Sunday-schools, and evangelistic agencies connected with the church; and prayer for the Lord's blessing upon them was offered by several brethren. Mr. A. Hyde, who was about to sail for Tasmania, expressed his gratitude for the training he had received in the College; and asked for the supplications of all present on his behalf. Two of his fellow-students entertained that he might be protected during the voyage, and richly blessed in his work in the distant colony. The Pastor then

delivered the address which is published in this month's magazine; and at the close of it several brief, earnest petitions were presented at the throne of grace.

On September 7, after a season of praise and prayer, the Pastor referred to the letters he was continually receiving, from remote parts of the earth, in which the writers expressed the profit they had derived from reading his sermons and other works. Only last week two letters arrived, one from Constantinople, and another from Eastern Roumelia, describing the usefulness of the little book entitled, "*Baptism Discovered*," by John Norcott. Corrected and somewhat altered by C. H. Spurgeon." The Turkish Christians have found this simple treatise throw so much light upon the Word of God that they have sought permission to translate it, and have asked for help in publishing it in the Bulgarian, Armenian, Armeno-Turkish, and Greco-Turkish languages. The cost of printing 1,000 copies is about £15, so we at once promised that amount; and on mentioning the matter again to the friends gathered on the following Monday evening (14th ult.), they at once subscribed another £15. Since the meeting a generous friend has given £15, so that now three of the four languages are provided for, and doubtless the Lord will move other servants of his to furnish the £15 needed for the fourth. Meanwhile, we would commend this little book to believers at home, especially to any who desire to know their Lord's will concerning the ordinances which he has commanded. (It is published by Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, in paper covers 6d., cloth 1s.)

At the same meeting (September 7), a request for prayer was read from a German Colporteur, who has sold many of the sermons and other books, his customers being found among all classes of society even up to the family of the Emperor himself; and coupled with this was a request for prayer from the lady who translates the sermons, &c., into German. These petitions were very heartily presented by several brethren, one of whom, Pastor C. W. Townsend, of Inskip, afterwards gave a short address, in which he spoke of his indebtedness to the Orphanage and the College for the training he had received for his present position. The Pastor next read a letter from Pastor W. Cuff, containing a most cheering and glowing description of the work of the Evangelists at Shoreditch Tabernacle, and prayer was offered for a continued and increased blessing, and for other special objects; and the meeting was brought to a glorious conclusion by about a dozen brethren rising from the platform, one after another, and presenting just one petition each. This last was rather a new idea, but it caused a thrill of devotion; there seemed to be no end to the line of brethren, when each one brought his own single request, and then made way for another.

On September 14, Mr. Smith again reported the progress that is being made at Shoreditch, and, in harmony with the Pastor's sermon on the previous day ("The Cross our glory," No. 1859), sang "Hallelujah for the cross!" (*The Christian Choir*, page 86.) We wish all our friends would learn this noble soul-stirring hymn, and make it the Christian's National Anthem. In these days of disloyalty to Christ, all who are true to him ought to take special pains to show their attachment and devotion to his cause.

Prayer was offered for a blessing on the work of the Sabbath, in the Tabernacle and in the mission-stations, schools, &c., and again a large number of brethren quickly followed one another with brief, earnest cries for the outpouring of the Spirit upon the various parts of the church's life and service. The Pastor then turned the current of the meeting to practical account by appealing for additional preachers for the Country Mission, and more distributors for the Tabernacle Loan Tract Society, and then asked, as a thankoffering for such blessed Monday evening prayer-meetings, that the amount needed for the translation of Norcott's "*Baptism Discovered*" might be put into the boxes at the doors. As already mentioned, the sum of £15 was given, thus providing for the second of the four languages. It was also stated that a large stock of the Pastor's sermons, and other religious literature, which had been seized by the Russian government, had been restored, and is now being circulated throughout the empire. Prayer was offered for a blessing on the books and tracts, and also for our brethren in Spain, after the reading of an exceedingly interesting letter from Mr. Wigstone, who was able to tell of a great work of grace in the district where he is labouring for the Lord.

It is impossible adequately to describe the proceedings of which the above is an outline, but we would advise any who wish to know what it is like to come and see for themselves. We would specially ask our brethren to try to infuse fresh interest into their own prayer-meetings; for it is only as the church prevails at the mercy-seat that we can expect her to bless the world and glorify God. The united prayer-meeting ought to become the chief meeting of the week, and there should be so many sectional prayer-meetings that the salt of supplication should season every part of the church-work.

A Wesleyan minister lately said that he was never more surprised in his life than when he dropped into the Tabernacle, and found the ground-floor and part of the gallery filled at a prayer-meeting. He believed that such a thing was almost without a parallel in London, and that it accounted for the success of the ministry. We concur in his impartial judgment. Will not all the churches try the power of prayer?

HADDON HALL.—On *Thursday evening, September 10*, a rather novel service was held here. The usual service was for that evening put aside, and "The Story of a Conversion" was told by means of well-known hymns thrown upon the sheet by dissolving-view apparatus. Not a single picture was shown, but over forty hymns were exhibited, and a very few explanatory remarks were made upon each. The first hymn, "Rescue the perishing," found the sinner lost, ruined, and undone. This was followed by "Broad is the road that leads to death," "What shall the dying sinner do?" and others illustrating conviction, invitation, doubt, gospel-teaching, prayer, repentance, surrender, faith, joy in pardoned sin, love to Jesus, various stages in Christian experience and service, longing for home, and entrance into glory. The hall was crowded, and many were turned away. Very many who never listen to sermons heard the gospel that night; and after several of the hymns a solemn feeling pervaded the meeting. The hymns were sung partly as solos and duets, but chiefly by the whole congregation. We can recommend the service as an *occasional* experiment in getting at those entirely outside the ordinary reach of the churches.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Piggot has completed his College course, and settled at Oakham, Rutlandshire.

Mr. E. G. Ince, who returned from Australia some months since, has become pastor of the church at Buckhurst Hill; Mr. E. E. Fisk, late of Tue Brook, Liverpool, is going to Wood Street, Walthamstow; Mr. W. Gocher is removing from Kirton Lindsey, to Congleton, Cheshire; Mr. I. Near, from Thrapstone, to Dorman's Land, Surrey; Mr. E. Richards, from Lerwick, N. B., to Harston, Cambs.; and Mr. G. A. Webb, from Godstone, to Melksham, Wilts.

Our ever-generous friend, Mr. Gibson, has sent us the passage-money for another brother to go to Tasmania to visit the churches as an Evangelist. As soon as we can select a suitable man, we shall send him out.

Mr. F. R. Bateman reports progress in the re-organization of the work in St. Helena, which appears to be very hopeful, considering all the difficulties that have to be encountered. Mr. C. H. Richardson also writes encouragingly of his work at Bakundu, Africa, where a few converts are being won from among the superstitious and ignorant heathens. Both these brethren ask for prayer on their behalf.

On *Tuesday, September 1*, the autumn session of the College was commenced by a meeting of the tutors and students, at the residence of the President. On assembling in the morning, the twenty-six new students were introduced to their brethren, and addresses were delivered by the President and Professor Gracey. At another meeting

in the afternoon, Professors Rogers and Fergusson also spoke briefly. The day was spent in social intercourse, and various out-door amusements; and at its close the "Westwood" study was crowded with a happy, enthusiastic company of brethren in Christ, praying, singing, and reciting until it was time to go to their various homes. It was a great joy to Mrs. Spurgeon to be able to be present, and to share in the general gladness of the whole assembly.

EVANGELISTS.—We have elsewhere mentioned the work of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith* at Shoreditch Tabernacle. The mission is still in progress while these "Notes" are being printed, so a full report must be reserved until next month. There has been no difficulty in attracting the people, and the right sort of people, too, to hear the gospel faithfully preached and powerfully sung; the difficulty has been, "where can we put them? The Tabernacle is full, and the school-room is full, and still they come crowding towards the gates!" Brother Cuff speaks in the highest terms of the Evangelists, who have, he says, excelled themselves in their arduous exertions to win the listening multitudes to Christ. Nor have they laboured in vain, for very many have sought and found the Saviour already; and night after night there has been joy in the presence of the angels of God over sinners who have repented, and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Shoreditch region is on the move. Early on the Sunday morning, while yet the day is breaking, hundreds gather; on through the week they crowd the house; and on the Sabbath the doors are blocked with the throng. What hath God wrought!

On leaving Shoreditch, our brethren go to help Pastor E. H. Ellis, at Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington.

Mr. Burnham has finished his work among the hop-pickers, and this month he commences his engagement with the following Dorsetshire Congregational churches, with which he expects to be fully occupied until the end of the year:—Beaminster, Blandford, Dorchester, Puddletown, and Bere Regis. Mr. Burnham asks us to intimate that he has no vacant dates until after the next College Conference.

Mr. Harmer has removed to London, and begun his work as one of our College Evangelists, at Wealdstone, Harrow. This month he goes to Alnwick, and afterwards will visit Fownhope, Hereford; Little Tew, Oxon.; and King's Langley, Herts. Other arrangements are being made, which will probably employ Mr. Harmer until the end of February, so that brethren who desire his services must apply for later dates. His address is 29, Almeric Road, Clapham Common Gardens, S. W.

ORPHANAGE.—Before the orphans went away for their summer holiday, they were supplied with collecting-cards. On their

return they brought in to the funds of the institution over £130. Many of their mothers or other relatives also sent letters expressive of their deep gratitude for all that had been done for their children.

A friend has sent to us a large and handsome picture-screen, which he wishes us either to sell for the benefit of the Orphanage, or to keep in the Infirmary. It appears, however, that he has promised to give £5 of the proceeds to Dr. Barnardo's work; so that, if the screen is sold, the Orphanage is to have all that it realizes over £5, or if any one will give us £5 for Dr. Barnardo, the screen will be the property of the Orphanage. It will be a valuable acquisition for the Infirmary, and we shall be very grateful to any generous donor who will enable us to secure it. It can be seen on application to Mr. Charlesworth at the Orphanage.

Notice to Collectors.—The next collectors' meeting will (D. V.) be held, at the Orphanage, on *Tuesday, November 10*. The President hopes to be present, and he will be very thankful if a large amount can be brought in on that occasion. Now that there are so many mouths to be filled, we want many hands to help in the work. Collecting-cards and boxes can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham-road, S.W. Why do not more become collectors, and make a point of enjoying the happy quarterly meetings with the President, and his great little family?

PERSONAL NOTES.—A Wesleyan minister, who had previously reported to us the particulars of blessing received through the reading of our printed sermons, wrote the following cheering letter:—

“My dear Sir,—Since writing to you respecting the conversions resulting from the reading of your sermons, I have learned that a poor, but pious woman, who is confined to her bed, is visited by the parish

nurse once a week, and that she has read to the bed-ridden saint one of your sermons at her weekly visit for some years past: and, further, that this afflicted Christian woman has devoted the time between eight and nine o'clock each Sunday morning, for many years, to prayer for the divine blessing upon you and your labours.”

A friend in *Norfolk* writes:—“An aged brother in Christ told me that, some years since, he rang the bell at the post-office here, and when the postmaster opened his little window, he slipped one of your sermons into his hand, and walked away. That sermon was the means of the postmaster's conversion. He never would part with it. He has been with the Lord now many years.”

A friend, writing from *Scotland*, says:—“Some time ago I wrote you a letter full of lamentation and woe. By God's merciful dealing that feeling has now given place to a more hopeful spirit. How it has come about I could scarcely definitely say, except that I have endeavoured (whatever within or around seemed to oppose it) to exercise *habitual faith* in John vi. 37; vii. 17; viii. 31; and Gal. vi. 10.

“Amongst the *human* agencies which have aided in bringing light, I attribute a chief place to your weekly sermons, which, I think, I should now miss more than my daily food. I also find them extremely useful, in reading extracts from them, at sick-beds, to persons confined to the house, and in sick-wards of poor-houses, hospitals, &c. The gratitude for benefits received from such readings, expressed by many of God's aged, saintly, poor ones, is more than a present recompense for any service in this way. No. 1850 (‘Immeasurable Love’) has been a *special* favourite, and has been more than once asked for to be read *entire* at successive times.”

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—August 27, nineteen; September 3, sixteen.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mr. W. H. Willis	15	0	0	Mr. T. E. Turk	2	0	0	
X., Norwich... ..	0	5	0	Mr. A. Seamer	1	0	0	
Mr. John Gibson	20	0	0	E. and M. A. H.	1	0	0	
Collection at Tilchouse Street Chapel, Hitchin, per Pastor F. G. Marchant	10	0	0	Mr. J. Finlayson	1	0	0	
Fraülein B. Hoering	1	5	0	Mr. Everett's Bible Class	5	0	0	
Miss Jeph's	1	0	0	<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>				
“Lizzie”	1	0	0	Mr. Joseph Billing... ..	1	0	0	
Pastor T. G. Gathercole	0	3	6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—				
Mr. W. Gibson	100	0	0	Aug. 16	32	18	6	
Collection at Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor B. Brigg	6	0	0	“ 23	42	0	0	
Mr. George Seivwright	1	0	0	“ 30	29	2	6	
Mr. T. Gurney	0	10	0	Sept. 6	30	0	0	
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	6	8	“ 13	31	0	0	
Mr. A. H. Scard	0	5	0					
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	6	2	0			165	1	0
Mr. P. Van Alstuij	4	0	0			£336	18	8

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	0	Mrs. H. O. Adams	1	1	0	
Miss E. Creasey	0	1	0	Sandwich, per Bankers, August ...	2	2	0	
Collected by Mrs. Lewis	1	5	0	Mr. Joseph Billing	5	0	0	
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, per List	72	8	7	Miss Ellis (quarterly)	0	5	0	
Orphan Girls' do.	63	16	2	Mr. H. Reynolds (monthly)	0	5	0	
Annual Subscriptions:—		136	4	9		£797	19	8
Mr. A. Smith	1	1	0					

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from August 15th to September 14th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—224lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 2 churns Milk, Messrs. Freeth and Pooock; a barrel of Apples, Potatoes, &c., and a hamper of Plums, proceeds Harvest Festival, New Brompton, per Rev. W. W. Blockidge; 1 hamper Apples, Mr. W. Hawley; 120lbs Meat, Mr. H. S. Pitter; 1 small basket Plums, Messrs. Freeth and Pooock.

Boys' CLOTHING:—A parcel of cast-off Clothing, Mr. C. J. Payne; 5 pairs Socks, Mrs. Hall; 10 Shirts, the Misses Dransfield; 4 Shirts, Wynne Road Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. Pearce.

Girls' CLOTHING:—9 Articles, Mrs. Mannington; 30 Articles, Wynne Road Ladies' Working Meeting, per Mrs. Pearce.

GENERAL:—A Patchwork Quilt (unfinished), a Friend, per Mrs. Aylett; a quantity of Buttons, Mr. W. Payne; 8 yds. Tatting, Miss Dobson.

Erratum.—August "Sword and Trowel," page 444, Mr. Thomas Studd £5, should be Mr. Thos. Hudd.

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Collected during Midsummer Holiday).—Allison, A., 10s; Arnold, G., 2s 6d; Andrews, F., £1 4s 9d; Angell, A. F., 6s; Bridges, C., 10s; Beattie, S., 12s; Banyard, S., £1; Banyard, H., 9s; Barrett, H., 10s; Bush, R., 15s; Bernard, D. J., 6s; Bristow, J., 12s; Barter, A., £1; Britton, G., 12s 4d; Brown, A., 6s; Berry, G., 11s 6d; Bell, H. O., 5s 2d; Parson, E., 7s; Beadle, J., 8s 6d; Bowles, J. N., 11s; Bourman, G., 6s 2d; Bowles, E., 1s; Brown, E., 13s; Bailey, A., 2s; Bishop, H., 8s; Borrowes, L., 2s; Birch, W., 3s 6d; Belcher, S., 2s; Brooker, G., 11s; Bright, F., 5s; Crabb, A. J., 4s; Cam, J., 9s 3d; Cozens, H. A., 5s 5d; Chandler, C., 7s; Cartland, F. S., 2s; Chamberlain, W., 13s; Cassell, E., 6s 2d; Crouch, W., £1; Carwithen, A., 5s; Crean, J., 4s 3d; Croucher, H., 14s 6d; Callam, F., 1s 9d; Davis, E. C., £1 4s 6d; Dillon, W., 3s 11d; Duff, E., 9s; Dimond, J. W., 4s; Deane, A., 10s 6d; Edwards, G. H., £1; Edgley, W., 7s; Fulcher, A., £1; Fitch, E., 13s 6d; Ford, J. W., 12s; Fairchild, A., 2s 2d; Farr, E., 9s 9d; Gethen, C. S., 6s 6d; Green, Charles, 1s; Gardiner, G., 6s; Green, S. S., 1s 6d; Game, J., 4s 6d; Goatley, L., 7s; Gammon, A., 16s 3d; Hart, A. H., 6s; Hawken, L., 15s 4d; Hill, C., 10s; Hammett, E., 1s 6d; Hill, G., 16s; Harris, A. V., 1s 6d; Howard, F., 3s; Horan, E., 4s 6d; Hinchey, J. W., 7s 1d; Hole, C., 1s 1d; Hamlet, A. J., 6s 4d; Hurst, A., 15s 1d; Hobbs, H., 4s 3d; Ingram, W., £1 1s; Ireson, E., 3s 1d; Imeson, C., 5s; Jarvis, B., 10s 6d; Kibble, G., 6s 7d; Kemp, G., 5s 9d; Kemp, G. H., 4s; King, A. S., 3s; Lenson, P., 12s 2d; Ling, W., 11s 3d; Lowne, J., 6s 6d; Lloyd, A., 10s; Lawrence, H., 3s 7d; Lister, V., 6s; Mannell, W., £1; McDouall, R., 2s 8d; Morrell, H., £1 1s; Mxated, G., 4s; Mitchell, W., £1; Mead, B. E., 4s 6d; Miller, C., 6s; Morris, R., £1; Moore, A., 5s 6d; Metcalfe, T., 12s; Norton, R., £1 1s 8d; Newman, A. T., £2 11s; Pritchard, G., 7s 10d; Pitney, G., £1; Peachey, A., 2s 6d; Phillips, R. J., 4s 5d; Perry, G., 2s; Park, F., 4s 6d; Riehmann, L., 13s; Read, F., 1s 6d; Rathmell, H., 15s 2d; Roff, L., 6s 8d; Runnacus, R. H., £1 1s; Spurgeon, C. and A., £3 11s 1d; Small, A. W., 10s; Smith, H., 6s; Stickleland, E., 7s 6d; Sutherland, J., 8s; Stokes, G., 3s; Sully, H., 4s 1d; Symonds, Y. A., 6s 2d; Stiale, W., 8s 6d; Smith, P., 5s; Stoner, W., 6s; Sarel, H. B., 6s; Sorrell, F., 6s; Sunderland, A., £1; Trolley, R., £1 4s; Taylor, G., 10s; Talbot, Ed., 4s 1d; Tanner, J., 9s; Tunt, J. W., 2s 8d; Tressider, W., £1 1s; Unwin, E., £1 0s 6d; Vardill, W., £1; Valler, A., 5s. 1d; Ward, R., 12s 6s; Warner, G., 14s 6d; Wallis, F., 8s; Walker, A., 8s 6d; Williams, H., 13s; Wratton, A., 12s; Westbrook, H., 15s; White, J. T., 5s; Willard, A., 5s; Wakerell, H., 2s 6d; Winnen, J. J., 4s 6d; Walter, P., 4s 2d; Wardill, F. B., 8s. 6d; White, A., 10s 3d; Jones, T., 13s.—Total, £72 8s 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Collected during Midsummer Holiday).—Andrews, E., 5s; Andrews, E., 4s; Ayling, E., 3s; Anderson, B., £1 3s; Agate, M., 3s 2d; Adams, N., £1 1s 11d; Blackwell, K., 10s; Bissett, E., 8s 3d; Broadhouse, N., 6d; Birkett, F., 8s 7d; Buckland, A., 5s; Bridgeman, A., 12s 6d; Burrows, E., 4s. 6d; Bullock, L., £1 11s 10d; Breakpear, A., 3s 3d; Bates, M., 4s; Birtwistle, E., 2s 6d; Bennett, L., 12s; Botham, L., 15s; Burridge, M. A., 5s; Beetham, A., 3s 8d; Bunting, P., 13s; Bishop, L., 3s; Barlow, M., 4s 6d; Bond, E., 12s; Blake, R., 11s; Collis, H., 12s; Cooper, K., 9s; Cowlin, E., 13s 3d; Chamberlain, M., £1 1s; Caister, E., 8s; Chandler, J. R., 3s; Chapman, R., 11s 4d; Cox, E., 11s 6d; Cousins, L., 10s 9d; Cluse, F., 6s 5d; Castle, D., 15s; Crowther, N., 10s 3d; Clymer, A. L., 8s; Cheshire, B., 7s; Caple, M., 6s 9d; Conyard, E., 13s; Dance, F., 13s; Davis, E., 10s; De Laiche, B., 2s 3d; Drew, F., 4s; Donnelly, G., 8s 6d; Eagle, S., 7s 3d; Edwards, H., 2s 6d; Emmett, E., 2s 6d; Eagleton, H., 7d; Epps, F., 5s; Fairbank, A., 6s; Fenn, A., 4s; Foreman, L., £1 2s 11d; Francis, J., 4s; Glover, E. M., 4s 3d; Gort, G., 11s 3d; Gregory, M., 15s 1d; Green, G., 15s; Hickey, M., 5s 7d; Hunt, E., 6s; Hewit, H., £1 4s; Howell, R., 7s 6d; Howell, L., £1 0s 8d; Hoole, A., 11s 2d; Ingie, F., 12s 9d; Jackson, A., 10s; Knowles, L., 2s 9d; Kemp, M., 9s; Kingaby, A., 6s; Lawrence, M., 3s 1d; Long, M., 7s; Lee, E., 5s; Ludbrook, J., 6s; Males, S., 5s 7d; McLaughlan, M., 2s 6d; Moore, J., 2s; Mims, A. L., 9s; Mitchell, H., 6s 6d; Mash, L., 6s 1d; Marshall, M., 8s 1d; Maycock, W., 11s; Newton, A., 2s 6d; Nash, M., 4s 9d; Newton, K., 5s 6d; Nutt, C., 8s 2d; Newman, E. M., 7s 4d; Orridge, A., £1 6s; Owen, M. A., 4s 6d; Oakley, F., £1 1s; Peepall, B., 6s 6d; Pope, F., 6s 6d; Page, M., 8s; Phillips, F., 4s 1d; Parker, A., 8s 3d; Poole, A., 3d; Pearce, A., 9s 6d; Pope, A., 7s; Richards, L., 7s 9d; Rushman, H., 4s 6d; Richmond, B., £1; Runnacus, A., £1 1s; Smith, A., £1 7s 6d; Smith, M. A., 13s; Salt, E., 4s 2d; Smith, E., 10s; Sharland, A., 6s; Stevens, M., 5s 6d; Stone, E., 10s; Smith, L., 6s; Simons, C., 4s 6d; Sharpe, H., 2s 2d; Spear, C., 2s 6d; Stead, S. L., 7s 4d; Shorter, E., 18s; Solomon, B., 2d; Smith, Hannah, 5s; Shipway, G., £1 6s; Sharland, A., 6s 3d; Staines, C., 11s; Thorpe, E., 14s; Tollworthy, E., £1; Trill, N., 8s 2d; Tilly, G., 15s; Thomas, N., 1s 2d; Unwin, M., 14s 6d; Valler, Clara, 4s 6d; Vervard, R., 4s; Warwick, L., 12s 6d; Wood, J., 10s 3d; Willis, A., 10s; Winder, B., 4s; Williams, A., £1 1s 4d; Wiggell, A. A., 4s; White, H., 3s 4d; Witham, P., £1 4s 10d; Webley, E., 6d; Williams, N., 3s; Walker, M., 8s 6d; Wren, M., 6s 2d; Wellington, E., 5s 4d; Gould, F. E., 7s.—Total, £63 16s 2d.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1885.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A constant reader of the "Sword and Trowel"	0	2	6	Miss Whately and a young friend	0	10	0
Miss Clover	0	5	0	Mr. J. Finlayson	1	0	0
Mrs. Robertson	2	0	0	Mrs. Richards	2	0	0
Mrs. Clow	1	0	0		23	3	0
Mrs. Phillips, per Mr. J. Everett	1	0	0				
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0				

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1885.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's	10	0	0
A friend, for Kent	33	18	0
Northern Association, for Crosby Garrett	10	0	0
Met. Tab. Sunday School, for Tring	10	0	0
Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge	7	10	0
Kettering District	10	0	0
Southern Association, per Mr. Wm. Beer, Treasurer	50	0	0
Wendover and Haddenham District	10	0	0
Per Mr. Thos. R., for Sellindge	10	0	0
Wolverhampton, per Mrs. Bantock	22	0	0
Willingham, per W. Johnson	23	0	0
Great Totham, per W. Martin	10	0	0
Stow and Aston Oxfordshire Association	10	0	0
Bower Chalke, per Mr. Harding	1	0	0
M. A. H., for Orpington (quarterly)	5	0	0
	£219	8	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Miss Matthews	2	0	0
E. T. C., Wincanton	0	5	0
Mr. John Gibson	10	0	0
Mr. W. Martin, Great Totham	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Shaw	0	6	8
Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
The Lord's cows	5	0	0
Mr. T. E. Turk	2	0	0
E., and M. A. H.	1	0	0
Mr. J. Finlayson	1	0	0
<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>			
Mr. Joseph Billing	1	0	0
	£23	6	8

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1885.

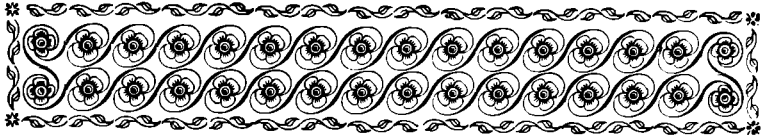
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Charles Carter	5	0	0	Mrs. Allan	50	0	0
Mr. John Gibson	20	0	0	E. Y. B. C.	1	0	0
Dr. Barnardo, thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at "The Edinboro' Castle"	40	0	0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0	5	0
					£116	5	0

Received by the Secretary of the London Medical Mission:— Lettie, 7s 6d.

Received for Hop-pickers' Mission:— Readers of "The Christian Herald," 2s 6d, and 5s 5d; Mrs. John Olney, £1; Mr. A. Gowen, 1s; a reader of the "Sword and Trowel," £2 2s; Mr. and Mrs. Frearson, 10s; E. D. W., 4s. Per Mr. Burnham:—Mrs. Catherall, 5s; W. H. Chinn, 2s 6d; a reader of "The Christian," Putney, 2s; Mrs. Radbrow, 10s; Mr. Stiff, £1; Mr. Hellier, 10s; Mr. Allison, £1; Mr. H. Smith, £2; a friend at the prayer-meeting, 1s; Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, £1; the Editor of "The Christian," £1; Mr. W. Nicholson, £1; Mr. Keen, 5s; Mr. T. H. Olney, £1 1s; Mr. Barnes, 5s; friends at Rye Lane prayer-meeting, 19s; Messrs. Cooke and Co., £1; Mrs. A. Morice, 10s; no name, 6d; Clevedon post-mark, 5s; Miss Leonard, 5s; Messrs. Weekes and Co., 10s; per Mrs. Crosher, £1 5s; Miss Bryceon, 5s; Mrs. Burnham, £1; Miss Hopkinson, £1; Mr. Rochfort, 2s 6d; St. Issey post-mark, 6d. Per Mr. Kendon, a reader of the "Sword and Trowel," £2.

Friends sending presents to the Orphanage are earnestly requested to let their names or initials accompany the same, or we cannot properly acknowledge them; and also to write to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE

SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

Trouble not the Master.

“Trouble not the Master.”—Luke viii. 49.



THESE words occur in connection with a *father's* pleading for his child. The mother was no doubt in full sympathy with her husband. In our Lord's life you find few children pleading for parents, but many parents seeking his help for their children. Love runs more surely downward than upward. Let parents follow the natural order, and pray vehemently for their children. If our sons and daughters are unsaved, let us follow in the wake of Jairus, and the Syrophenician woman, and bring them before the Lord in prayer.

Love to our children, or to any others, should lead us to plead with Jesus for them; and we shall do well if we follow the fashion of that pleading as set before us by Jairus. When he came to Christ, he fell at his feet and worshipped, and he “besought him greatly.” If your child is not converted yet, answer this question—Have you fallen at the feet of Jesus, and cried to him? You have still sons that grieve you. Have you besought the Lord greatly for them? Have you made a business of it? Have you come before the Lord with tears and cries? Have you laid hold upon the covenant angel, as Jacob did at Jabbok, with, “I will not let thee go, except thou bless me”? Is it so? Do you not think that we may find more fault with our prayers than with God's keeping his promises? I would stir up Christians who have the unhappiness of seeing their children go wrong to set apart a time, and that frequently, in which they shall cry aloud, “Oh, that Ishmael might live before thee! Oh, that my son may be saved!” Seldom do parents plead in this earnest fashion for their children without obtaining an answer of peace. Do not set a time for God, as some good women

have done for their husbands, and say, "I will pray up to such a date, and then leave off." As long as there is breath in *their* bodies, and in *your* body, never cease to pray that they may be converted. But it ought to be, and it must be, importunate supplication. That which prevents your child's coming to Christ may really be his parents' want of fervency for him. God grant that we may none of us do this mischief to our offspring, nor sin against God by ceasing to pray for them.

Notice, further, that even if we love our children rightly, and pray for them intensely, there may be some delays. The Lord Jesus is coming to Jairus, but such a crowd surrounds him that he cannot make much headway. Jairus, I am sure, would have taken him there on horseback if he could. He would have had him run with all speed to save his dear child before she was quite dead; but that could not be: the footsteps of the Saviour were hindered by the throng. In our Lord's answering his people's prayers there may be many delays. But Jairus never left our Lord. Whatever the crowd might be, he kept close to Jesus. Whatever the difficulties about your child's salvation, or your father's salvation, keep close to Christ, and continue as far as you can to remove every difficulty, that the Master may get through the press, and may come soon to your dear one. Yet it may happen to you, with all your love, and all your prayer, that this delay may seem at last to bring despair with it: for some one may whisper to you, "It is of no use. Thy daughter is even now dead. *Trouble not the Master.*" You may feel greatly discouraged, and conclude that the case is too far gone for divine grace. I trust God will give you faith enough not to despair, and that you will say, "If they be dead to all hope, yet if Jesus do but lay his hand on them, they will live. If they be hardened, yet if he do but touch them, their hearts will melt."

My subject runs a little in this fashion: The ruler of the synagogue was urged not to trouble the Master; for his child was dead. A strange temptation comes at times to pleading men and women not to weary the Lord. Satan whispers, "Trouble not the Master." I will handle these words thus: First, here is *reasonable advice*—"Trouble not the Master." Secondly, I will give you *more reasonable advice*; and then finish by *most reasonable advice*.

I. First, then, here is REASONABLE ADVICE—"Trouble not the Master."

This kind of reasonable advice will come to you at times thus: "Do not weary Jesus about such a matter: it is *too small*. Do not trouble the Master; your affair is too insignificant." I remember hearing it said of a godly man, "Mr. So-and-so is a gracious man, but he is very strange; for the other day he prayed to God about a key that he had lost." The person who told it to me regarded with astonishment the idea of praying to God about a lost key; and he seemed altogether surprised when I assured him that I prayed in like manner. What! pray about a key? Yes. Please tell me how big a thing must be before you may pray about it. If a certain size is appointed, we should like to have it marked down in the Bible, that we might learn the mathematics of prayer. Would you have it recorded that, if a thing is so many inches long, we may pray about it; but if it happens to be a quarter of an inch too short, we must let it alone. If we might not pray about

little things, it would be a fearful calamity; for little things cause us great worry, and they are harder to deal with than great things. If we might not pray about minor matters, it would be a terrible loss of comfort.

"Oh, but it seems *so trifling!*" says one. Blessed is that man to whom there exists not a trifle. A stone in your shoe, when you are on a long journey, may be very small; but it will lame you if you do not remove it. It is the insignificant vexation, the unspeakably mean worry of life, that makes the heart limp. It is our mercy that we may go to God about everything. Do you say, "I cannot pray about a little thing"? Then you will never pray at all, because every concern that has to do with you must be little to the grandeur of God. He rules the stars. Whatever it is that you pray about must be minute, as compared with the infinite. I pray you, therefore, disabuse yourself of the notion that you will trouble the Master if you pray about trifling things. He loves you to be very free with him, and to consult him about everything that concerns you. Do the sparrows trouble him when he feedeth them? Do you not know that he counts the hairs of your head? Can anything be too minute for his tender care? "Trouble not the Master" looks like reasonable advice, but it is not; it is far more reasonable to cast every care upon the Master, be it ever so slight.

The temptation comes in another shape, namely, not to take to the Lord in prayer matters that are *so easy* that we do not ask divine help in them. This is a very dangerous temptation. The children of Israel were deceived by the Gibeonites because the case seemed so plain. The ambassadors wore old shoes and clouted: they must have walked a long way to have so much worn their shoes. The bread that they had with them was mouldy: they must have come from far. All the while these Gibeonites were their neighbours, and the Israelites were deceived. When a man cheats you, it is usually a person who looks so honest that you feel sure he cannot be a rogue. Is it not so? If ever you make a great mistake, it is in a simple matter which you did not think it needful to pray about. Beware of refraining from troubling the Master because the case is plain; for if so, you will speedily trouble yourself.

But I have sometimes met with the temptation in another form: some have said, "I could not bring such a matter before God in prayer, because *there was sin in it.*" Well, you cannot ask God to do what is wrong, nor to aid you in anything that is doubtful; but you may ask God to forgive you the wrong, and to deliver you out of the difficulty into which your fault has brought you, provided that you are sincerely penitent for the evil, and anxious to avoid it in the future. You are taken in the trap by your own folly; but God will set you free if you will trust him. You are in perplexity, and you brought it on yourself; but God is gracious to the unthankful and the evil, and though your trouble is the fruit of sin, you may still bring it to Jesus. Brethren, if we could not bring an affair to God that had sin in it, what could we bring? For is not sin mixed with all that we do? Does it not defile even our holy things? But the mercy is that, though we have tied the knot ourselves, we may bring it to the Lord to be loosed. With tears in our eyes we may say, "Our Father, who art in heaven, as thou dost forgive the sin, I pray thee also to undo the mischief which it has brought upon me, and help thy child to rectify the wrong."

Perhaps I speak to some who are in an awful mess through their own folly. I pray you, do not hesitate to trouble my Master even with that. He waits for you to bring your burden, whatever it is, and lay it at his feet. Do not let Satan keep you away by whispering, "Trouble not the Master." He will not be troubled. It is his delight to bless the sinful sons of men. Come, and pour out your sorrows at his feet.

"Oh, but," I have heard people say, "I could not pray about a matter which seems so settled. It has been so long about; how can I expect a change?" This reasoning shows a want of faith. "Have you never read his words, "Behold, I make all things new"? Your friend, who was alienated, and became an enemy, you have tried to make peace with; but having failed, you say, "I shall not try again. I will never bring it before God in prayer, for it is an old sore." This is unbelieving talk, and must not be indulged in. Bring your old sores to the great Physician. Bring your long-standing difficulties to the Wonderful, the Counsellor; for he that can lift a mountain and cast it into the midst of the sea, can lift your difficulty, rooted though it be. He can make the Ethiopian to change his skin, and the leopard his spots. Do not allow the suggestion of long continuance to damp you in your cries unto God. However settled a thing is, do not be afraid of troubling the Master about it.

"Oh, but," says one, "the case that lies on my heart I dare hardly mention, for deliverance is impossible!" Impossible? God loves to deal with impossibilities. You and I are out of court when we reach impossibilities, but God is at home with them. "Things impossible with men are possible with God." "Oh, but the person that I am concerned about is an atheist! He sneers at religion. He will not let me speak to him. I cannot bring to bear upon him those truths which have altered the hearts of others." Never mind: cry to God in prayer; and one of these days, when you least expect it, you may find the infidel anxious to hear what you have to say. Even if he does not hear you, he may listen to another; and, if he will hear nobody else, God himself may reach him. Leviathan hath scales that turn the edge of the sword, but he that hath made him can come at him. No man, however near damnation, is beyond the reach of the Holy Spirit. One word from Jesus, and the proud man trembles, and the stout heart yields. One breath of the Holy Spirit, and even dead Lazarus lives.

Therefore never cease from prayer about anybody, nor refrain from crying to God about the greatest sinner that ever crossed your path. Never be silenced by the crafty suggestion, "Trouble not the Master."

II. I will now give you MORE REASONABLE ADVICE.

The more reasonable advice is this: "Trouble not the Master;" but then see what it is that does trouble him. *Avoid that which really troubles him.* He never was troubled yet by the prayers of sinners, nor by the cries of saints. What does trouble him?

It troubles him *that you should doubt him.* He cried "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" He said, "O evil generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you?" He was troubled, he was hampered, he was grieved because of their unbelief. "Trouble not the Master" is a good admonition if it be interpreted to mean—Do not distrust him. Believe in him up to the hilt;

for the least trace of mistrust grieves him. Go to the utmost with your confidence in Jesus; you can never go too far.

Next, do not trouble the Master *by leaving off praying*. It is not our prayer that troubles him; it is our want of prayer. How often does he seem to say, "Why does not my disciple ask of me, since I am so ready to give? Why does not my beloved one come to me, and seek for the favour which I shall be glad to bestow?" Is it a pleasure to you to ask of your God? It is a far greater pleasure to him to give. "It is more blessed to give than to receive"; and therefore it is more blessed to Christ to grant our requests than it is to us to receive his gracious answers. Do not grieve the Lord by a neglected mercy-seat. Trouble not the Master by restraining prayer.

To some of you I would say, Trouble not the Master *by refusing to obey him*. He bids lost sinners come and trust him, and he promises that he will receive them. Do not refuse to rely upon him. Trouble not the Master: that is to say, hang not back through shame or fear. It troubles him that you should be afraid of him. You say you dare not trust him, for you are such great sinners: this troubles him, for he is a great Saviour, and loves to pardon great offences. The poorer the wretch, the welcomer to the heart of Jesus. The more undeserving you are, the more room for his grace, which he entreats you to accept. He even stands and weeps over you, saying, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Will you force tears from his eyes by refusing his love? Trouble not the Master by keeping back from him when he invites you; but come to him at once.

III. We conclude with THE MOST REASONABLE ADVICE OF ALL.

Some things are self-evidently reasonable, and strike you at once as being so.

The first is this: *Believe without limit in him who is without limit*. I wish that we believed in people according to the proportion of their power; but, alas! we do not observe this rule: we trust an arm of flesh, and doubt the arm of Omnipotence. Oh, that we had an illimitable faith in an illimitable Christ! Dare you say, "I will trust him so far, and no farther"? Will you limit the Holy One of Israel? Will you think that our Lord's precious blood can only wash out a certain measure of sin? Are you greater in sin than Jesus in merit? Is the blackness of your sin mightier than the power of his atonement? Oh, dream not so! It is most reasonable for you at this hour to trust Christ to the uttermost; for he is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by him.

Another piece of most reasonable advice is this: *Never bury anybody till he is dead*. "That," say you, "is sound advice enough." Yes, but the mother of the ruler's child did call in the hired men and women to lament over her child, though in the truest sense she was not dead, but only sleeping. Do not imitate the wife of Jairus in allowing a funeral before there is a death. Never say of anybody, "That person is lost, and cannot be saved." That dear boy of yours—you cannot think of him without bitter grief of heart. He is far away in Australia, and you have not heard of him for years; but do not bury him till you know that he is dead. Shut up none in the coffin of hopelessness, but

take them to the closet of prayerfulness. Keep on praying for your sinful child; keep on hoping for him; keep on trusting for him. Do not trouble the Master by weeping and wailing over a child that is not dead, but only sleepeth.

Another piece of sound advice is: *Consider that it can never trouble Christ to glorify him.* And what does glorify him? Why, to trust him. When I trust a person entirely, I have done him the greatest honour that it is in my power to confer. No monarch can so honour an individual as when he trusts the whole concerns of his crown in that man's hand. The sinner that can trust Christ with his sin and his sorrow has done more to glorify Christ than the angels in heaven can do. "Oh," says one, "I never thought of that!" It is so. If you, whoever you may be, will say, "I will trust myself with the Lord Christ to all eternity. Sinner as I am, I will trust him with my sins. Weak as I am, I will trust him with my weakness. Just as I am, with nothing else to rely upon, I will rely upon him," you have glorified him; and it can never trouble Jesus for you to glorify him. Do not trouble the Lord with the idea that your entreaties will trouble him; but come as you are, and rest on him.

One word more of reasonable advice: *Know that Christ can surely do as much to-day as he did when he was on earth.* If Jairus could trust him to raise his daughter, trust you him to save your children. Our Saviour, when he was here, was in a comparatively low and obscure condition. "My Father," saith he, "is greater than I." But the Lord Jesus Christ up yonder has finished all his salvation work, and gone into the glory clothed with power divine. "All power is given unto me," said he, "in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." This day he says to us—All power is given to me; therefore trust me. Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it. " whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he will give it you."

Trouble not the Master, then, by cold mistrust, or lukewarm pleading; but let the prayer of faith be offered at once, and may God the Holy Ghost accept it, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

The Pet Madonna.

CERTAIN French officers were travelling on the Continent, and met with a young Italian, with whom they had pleasant conversation. They were, above all, pleased when he spoke strongly against the idolatry of the Italians. In the course of the day they met a peasant going with flowers to offer at a shrine. The Italian applied all sorts of sarcastic epithets to the simple-minded cottager for his folly in worshipping an idol. The officers were much pleased when they heard this. As they proceeded on their journey, there was a lurch of the carriage, and the young man, being frightened, clasped his breast: they saw that he held in his hands a little image of the Madonna, to which he addressed his prayers. The officers laughed at him, and at his image: but the Italian imploringly replied, "Really, gentlemen, I cannot stand this; I respect this Madonna; it is my pet Madonna." Many act in the same way. They are eloquent against the superstitions of others, yet retain superstitions of their own.—*W. Alexander.*

Our Nabbies.*

UNTIL within the last ten or a dozen years, the moral welfare of the 80,000 navvies of Great Britain was little cared for. They tramped the country from one public work to another, and the railway lines, docks, harbours, and reservoirs were slowly constructed; but very little thought was given to the splendid race of men whose physical strength was employed in their construction. A race of men we call them, for they almost constitute a race by themselves. The navy boy has probably been born in a temporary hut, and has lived in several different places. He may have been to school a little; more likely he has never seen the inside of one. He is a brave little chap, fond of a "lark," plays at pitch and toss, quoits, and cricket; and soils his lips with oaths which he has picked up with his first words. He is very independent, and if ill-treated by his ganger or his father, will go off, without permission, to some other work, to return, perhaps, after a few months, perhaps never. It is sometimes difficult to trace a navvy owing to the custom of adopting an alias from mere carelessness or joking. Thus two brothers named Smith received the names of "Lock" and "Key," because the timekeeper had already on his books, as he said, "more Smiths than enough." A family goes by the name of "Stockings," because the father was a driver on the "tip," and his horse had white legs. Another family, from an accident to the father, received the sobriquet of "Ribs." Sometimes a personal peculiarity dictates the name, as "Curly," or "One Thumb Bob"; or a fancied resemblance to some famous character (man or animal) as "Tichborne," or "Jumbo."

Many of them, however, are not navvies born, but have joined the ranks, and you may find among them even university men brought down by drink. Mrs. Hunter, of Hunterstone, went from time to time to the Dalry Waterworks, near Paisley, and found there men from Oxford and Cambridge. One of them said: "I am *possessed* by the demon drink. Look at that shovel; I am actually fond of it; for by to-morrow night it will have earned me ten shillings, and then I can go and have a drink." Another in the same gang told her his story: "Yes," he said, "I am a gentleman; but I've done everything possible to break my father's heart, and he has cast me off. I'm a Cambridge man; but I have nothing to say for myself but what I am ashamed of. I got into debt, and drank. They had to give me up, and I deserved it. Then I took to this life; but I sometimes get such an intolerable yearning to see them all again, I go home. I have just been. I went in these clothes, and lingered in the road near my father's place. Presently the carriage came out. My mother and my father, and Nellie, my favourite sister, were in it. I stood by the hedge, and had a *good* look at them. Nellie saw me, and started up, and I heard her say, 'Look, mother, at that man; he is so like our Ned.' Ah!" he added, with tears in his eyes, "they little thought he *was* their Ned."

Navvies have been a despised class, made worse by the prejudice with

* Our Navvies: a dozen years ago and to-day. By Mrs. Garnett. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 3s. 6d.

which they have been regarded. What is a navy? A creature with powerful limbs, and a mighty capacity for work and beer, whose pleasures range between a dog-fight and a prize-fight, the more savage the better. What wonder, when such was the too general feeling, that the men should return prejudice by prejudice: "Happen we're as good as a lot o' them folk wi' their noses in the air, and the hearts of chickens in their bussums; anyhow, we'll do as we like, and they may keep out of the way."

But, whoever has gone to them with Christian kindness, has found them a warm-hearted, noble sort of men, confiding, appreciative of any trouble taken on their behalf, and with an admirable spirit of unwillingness to lie under obligation. Individuals amongst them have insisted on contributing gold for the support of the Navy Mission when the lady secretaries have been reluctant to receive it. Miss Marsh's book, "English Hearts and English Hands," showed years ago what fine hearts beat under their rough jackets; and Mrs. Garnett's recently issued story of the Navy Mission, a story of the freshest and brightest interest, equally proves the splendid qualities that may be found amongst the navvies.

The Navy Mission is, as we have said, of recent date, although good work has been done amongst them here and there for forty years. It grew out of the self-sacrificing labours of a young Yorkshire clergyman; and Mrs. Garnett shall herself tell the story of her introduction to the work: "In the year 1870 a chain of great reservoirs to supply Leeds with pure water was begun amongst the moorland hills rising between Harrogate and Bolton Abbey. The lowest one of the chain is Lindley Wood. The work lasted till the autumn of 1875, and employed a large number of men. Four hundred of these were housed in three rows of brick huts at one end of the valley, which is now a lake. I shall never forget the first time I saw that settlement. It was growing dark one autumn Sabbath evening in 1871. The great trench at our feet, lighted by the glare of the pumping engines, looked strange; but when we had passed it, the valley, for nearly a mile, was as solitary as of old, the only sound the swift rushing of the Washburne. Then we heard the ringing of a bell, and in a few more minutes saw the ruddy gleam of fire-lights from the windows of the huts. We passed the school-room, a brick building. The school-mistress and one of the Sunday-school teachers issued forth, locked the door, and proceeded, cheerfully talking, up the slope between the rows of huts. How strange the settlement looked! Many of the doors were open, and I could see the men in their white clothes sitting smoking and reading; others were putting on their jackets, and many were lounging about the doors chatting to the children. Far too timid to speak to one of them, I followed the school-mistress up a bank into a little clearing in the wood, where stood a strange little wooden church. It might have been in Canada. I stole in and seated myself on one of the back benches. The congregation was as unusual in appearance as the whitewashed room—men in white canvass trousers and pilot jackets; the women in mauve or blue gowns, bright shawls, and artificial flowers. A group of Sunday-school teachers led the singing, and at the desk was a young clergyman, with a pale face, in his white surplice, and with, very plainly, all his heart

in his work." This young clergyman was the Rev. Lewis Moule Evans, rector of Leathley, a village three miles away. He gave his best labour to the navvies till his health broke down, and he died of consumption in December, 1878, not, however, before he had successfully launched the Mission. The income of the society is now about £1,000 a year. It supports twenty-four missionaries, and has opened and maintained mission-rooms, and carried on services, day and night-schools, libraries, savings-banks, Bible-classes, prayer-meetings, &c., in all parts of England, and freely supplied Bibles, tracts, and quarterly letters addressed specially to the navvies.

The Navy Mission Room is intended to be a second home for the men, and a refuge from the crowded huts or from the public-house. It cannot be too well lighted and warm; it is simply astonishing how much heat navvies can bear *indoors*. Papers, games, and a free library are to be found there, and the men take a pride in the place. A night school is held on two or three evenings a week. An old navy said, "When I first went on the road no such things as night-schools were thought of. I was a good age afore I could either read or write, and I taught myself 'em both, for I was determined to know how. When I was on tramp, I couldn't read the sign-posts, and there I'd trail my shoes off my feet, and find mysel' at night at another spot altogether to what I aimed for." So he learned a letter here and there, inquiring it from any mate he met, till he knew the alphabet; and then he "pieced 'em together," and, after a long time of dogged toil, learned to read. The Bible-classes are very popular with the navvies. "No Christian," says Mrs. Garnett, "can imagine the intense interest of a navy Bible-class till he has taught one; and having once done so, to his life's end he will never forget it. One Sunday night, twelve members of our Christian Excavators' Union surrounded one of the secretaries, who was on a visit to their station, and earnestly pleaded for a Bible-class: 'Do get us a lady to come and teach a Bible-class. *That is what we want.*'"

Many touching stories are told in this tempting book, and our space is all too limited for quotation. We can only abbreviate one of them. On a hot August afternoon Mrs. Garnett was reading one of John Ashworth's tracts to a group of navvies outside the school-room. It was a beautiful scene. To the north swept the lofty moorlands, already purpling with autumn tints; to the south rose green hills, crowned by the grey old church; in front, stretching away to the west, was the soft valley, with its gleaming river, and oaks, beneath whose shade the resting cattle stood. Presently she was conscious of some one behind, and glancing backwards, saw a tall navy, in his soiled working-dress, listening. Moving a little, she said, "There's plenty of room," and motioned him to sit down; but he remained standing. Pausing again in her reading, she repeated the words, "There's plenty of room;" but still the man did not accept the invitation. Six months passed, and one fitful day in March she walked down a muddy hillside road upon another works, when a man looked at her, and touched his cap. "Good morning." "Good morning, Mrs. Garnett." "You seem to know me, though I do not remember you." "There's plenty of room," he replied, with a smile. Puzzling where she had heard the words

before, she stood still and regarded him. "Don't you remember last summer, at Swinsteley, reading outside the huts, and saying to a chap on tramp, "There's plenty of room"? "Yes, and you are that man." "I am." "Well, friend, there *is* plenty of room. Are you in Christ's kingdom?" "I am not worse than other folks; and if I've gone wrong now and again, I've been nobody's enemy but my own." They had reached the bridge, and were leaning on the railings; and there they had a long talk, in which she spoke of Christ's righteousness, the garment without which we cannot enter heaven, and drew from him his life's history. His name was John M——, and he had, from boyhood, been an excavator. He was one of Miss Marsh's men, and worked at the Beckenham line (that seemed the brightest little bit of his wanderings). Then he joined the army corps, and went out to the Crimea, where he remained working four years. Miss Marsh had arranged to act as banker for some of her old friends; and this man was one. Part of his wages were stopped, and paid into her hands. Through many dangers God preserved his life, and at length he returned to England. He went to see Miss Marsh. His accumulated savings in her hands, added to his reward money, reached the sum of £212. He was going to Sunderland, and she urged him to allow her to transmit the money to a banker's care there, but nothing would satisfy him but to have it in his own keeping, and he carried it with him in a leathern belt. Here his narrative came to an abrupt halt, and he seemed disposed to say no more. "Well, John, how far did you get?" To Black Barnsley." "How long did you stay there?" "A month." "How much did you bring away with you?" "I'd rather not say." "Ah! that is not fair. When you have told me so much of your own accord, you should tell me the end." "A shilling." Then they had earnest talk. He had been vaunting his own righteousness, as though he had no need of the "wedding garment" of Christ's righteousness; but now he gave it up, and owned, what in truth he had always felt, that in himself was no strength, that he had neither freedom nor peace, but knew both were to be had in Christ, and that he could not rise to the liberty of a son of God till he threw aside the heavy chain of sinful habit which bound him down. Mrs. Garnett urged on him the sympathy of the Redeemer, and he wrung her hand at parting, and promised to turn to him for help. Fifteen months passed; when, one Sunday afternoon, she was again seated near some huts reading aloud; and once more a tall man came and stood beside her, and again she heard the words, "There's plenty of room." She started and glanced up; there stood her friend; his dress worn, and poor as ever, and the restless expression in his eyes. "John, have you got the *new clothes* we were talking of?" "Not yet," he said sadly, as he turned away. There were many witnesses, and the lady could not stop him. She has never seen him since. Yes, there are disappointments that make the heart heavy. Yet many a navvy has received the garment of Christ's righteousness; and let us hope John M—— also will appear clothed in it at the "Marriage Supper," as one of the fruits of the Navy Mission.

D.

Meetness for our Ministry.*

A PAPER READ AT THE TWENTY-FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE. BY PASTOR H. WILKINS, CHELTENHAM.

DEAR BRETHREN,—We do not meet at our Annual Conference merely for the sake of a happy re-union, or to spend a pleasant holiday together; but that, as iron sharpeneth iron, so may the countenance of a man his friend. Neither are we here to discuss mere abstract questions or fine theories of the passing hour, but to speak to one another about those things which relate to our life-work and the spread of our Master's kingdom in the world. The subject which has fallen to me is "Meetness for our Ministry"; and I approach it with feelings of mingled regret and thankfulness. I regret that it has not fallen into the hands of some one better able to deal with it for our mutual advantage. When I looked at the subject at first, I thought I might possibly be able to say a few helpful words about it; but as I considered it more fully, my thoughts seemed to sink lower and lower beneath the greatness of the theme, and I almost shrank from touching it lest it should suffer harm at my hands. But I am thankful, on the other hand, that I have to speak of a subject which must be of the deepest interest to every one of us; for we cannot assemble here to-day, as students and ministers of the Word, without feeling the keenest interest in this theme. To be meet for our work is our constant aim, and our daily prayer. I am cheered, therefore, by the thought that no one here to-day can say that my subject does not concern him; for from the least of us unto the greatest—students, pastors, tutors, the President—we are all disciples in this school.

Now, as the nature of any work must determine the character of the meetness required for its exercise, will you allow me, brethren, to touch very lightly upon some features of our ministry, though in doing so I must refer to things that are as familiar to you as a mother's face? When we speak of our ministry we must be careful not to think of *ourselves* more highly than we ought to think; but we cannot think of our work more highly than we ought to think. The former may be a common danger, the latter is an impossibility. No nobler service can be entrusted to the hands of man. There can be no higher aim than to save a soul from death, and to bring back men lost in sinful darkness to the light and life of God. Carey showed a due sense of the true proportion of things when he said, "Felix has drivelled into an ambassador."

With regard to our ministry, let me say, in the first place, that it is a charge which we have received from the Lord Jesus. It is his authority which appoints to every man his work. Our ministry is not a profession, but a vocation; not a human appointment, but a divine call. I do not, of course, pretend that these words apply to every one who holds the office of a minister, for many enter the ministry when the ministry has never entered into them; but when we are in our true place, when we are doing the work for which we are called and qualified,

* We call the special attention of our readers to this gracious paper, to which we listened with great spiritual refreshment.—C. H. S.

we need not hesitate to adopt the words of Paul, and say, "I was made a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of his power." And the gift of this "grace" and the working of this "power" are needed not only at the *outset* of our career, but all through the days of our service. If we have been prepared for our ministry by such a training as this, and if we have been faithful to the grace bestowed upon us, we, too, may claim the true apostolical succession. We follow in the same path, we preach the same gospel, we serve the same Lord. We have proof of our call from Christ if we can truly say that we are constrained by his love, that we are upheld by his presence, and that our ministry is crowned with his blessing. If we can point to the fruits of our ministry, and say, "These are our witnesses," we need no more to justify our position. It is not the mere wand of office, but the budding and fruitful rod that is the sign of the true priesthood.

Though I use this word I do not claim that our ministry is a priesthood. On the contrary, it is of another, and, if you will, of a higher order. In the New Testament the official priest sinks utterly out of sight. His day and his work are past and gone. There is no need, and consequently no place for him in the church of the living God. Our work is not to minister at the altar, but to preach the word; we have not to repeat a vain sacrifice, but to point to the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all, and to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." In a word, our ministry is to testify the gospel of the grace of God. We have not to invent a gospel, but to declare it. We have not to make a discovery, but to unfold a revelation. For the changeless needs of the world we are to present the unsearchable riches of Christ. I say "the changeless needs of the world," because, if the world ever needed the gospel, it needs it still to-day. Amidst the progress of knowledge and the advance of civilization, and amidst all changes of outward condition, the same old sorrows, the same old mysteries, the same old burdens, ay, and the same old sins, lie, like the burden of death, upon the heart of humanity; and, thank God, if the world still needs the gospel, its message is still fitted for the world! This fountain is not dry. Its blessings are wide as the world's need, deep as its miseries, boundless as its sins. For the hunger of the soul the living bread still cometh down from heaven. The living stream from the everlasting rock still flows through the burning deserts where men die of thirst, and we are to stand by its banks, and cry, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." To men weary with the labour, and sinking beneath the burdens of life, we tell of One who still cries, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This is a day in which men seem eager after novelties, and we may sometimes be tempted to turn aside from the gospel of Christ to pander to the fashion of the hour. Richard Baxter, in his "Reformed Pastor," says, "Many a time have I known that I had some hearers of higher fancies that looked for varieties, and were addicted to despise the ministry if I told them not something more than ordinary; and yet I could not find it in my heart to turn from the necessities of the impenitent for the humouring of these, nor to cease speaking to the apparently miserable for their salvation, to speak to such novelists for the cloying of

their ears." We must meet this spirit in the same way. There are still those who require a sign, or who seek after wisdom, to whom the preaching of the cross is foolishness; but their clamour must be met by the calm resolve, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." We must be careful not to reverse the passage, and say, "My speech and my preaching were not in demonstration of the Spirit, and in power, but with enticing words of man's wisdom; for I determined not to know anything among you of Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

There is no fear whatever of our drifting away from the gospel if we keep steadily before us the one supreme object of our ministry, which is to lead men to Christ; for the failure of all other means to secure the end in view will bind us down to this. We know of nothing else which is the power of God unto salvation. "Philosophy," says a recent writer, "makes slow progress in saving men." In the highest sense I do not know that it makes any progress at all in this direction. It may have eyes to see the darkness, but it certainly does not bring in the light. It may see the dim shapes of fear that glide through the shadows, but it has no power to chase them away. Why, philosophy, in its palmiest days, and under its native skies, reared an altar with this inscription, "To the unknown God!" But the light of that knowledge for which it vainly sought shines clearly in the face of Jesus Christ. This is the true light which we must shed upon the dark and perilous ways of man, if we would lead them to know God, whom to know is life eternal. Of course, if we so far forget our high calling as to labour merely for the applause of men, or to gain a name for ourselves, then something else will suit our purpose quite as well, or better; but how then shall we meet our Master when he comes? Who among us may abide the day of his coming? Or who shall stand when he appeareth?

But we have no wish to break loose from the gospel, brethren, have we? What can we offer in its stead? As the years roll by, it becomes more and more precious to us. Like all truly great things, it grows upon us. It is to us an ever new gladness, a fresh and sweet surprise. It is a tree of life, bearing fruit every month. We have sat beneath its shadow with great delight, and we cannot cut from it a single bough, for even its leaves are for the healing of the nations. Some things have their day and cease to be, because their purpose is fulfilled. They are flung aside like a worn-out garment. Age and decay are stamped upon them, and that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away. But our gospel is ever young. The dew of its youth is fresh upon its forehead. Its eyes are not dim, neither is its natural force abated. It does not look upon man, as philosophy sometimes does, with a cool indifference or a kind of dumb despair, but it goes forth with words of hope and gladness upon its lips; and, like Peter at the beautiful gate of the temple, it stretches out its hands to men in their troubled helplessness, and says, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, stand up and walk." Oh, shame on us, Christian brothers, if we lightly surrender this, and substitute any inventions of our own for the "glorious gospel of the blessed God"!

There is something to me very helpful and inspiring in the thought that in our service we are not only fellow-helpers to the truth, but are, in

a very true and deep sense, workers together with Christ. His work and ours are one. We labour for the same object for which he lived, and toiled, and died. Our poor service is linked to his cross. As the little rill flows into the broad river and is lost in its waters, so does our life-work flow into and mingle with the great redeeming purposes of God in Christ.

It is a common thing to speak of the Christian worker as an instrument in the Lord's hands. But this is only a half truth, and it does not fully express the relation which our work bears to his; for an instrument, however perfect it may be, cannot consciously enter into the purpose of the user. The strings of a harp may tremble under the touch of the minstrel's fingers, and speak in tones of sorrow or triumph, as he wills; but they know nothing of the joy or sorrow that fills his heart, and find utterance in his song. The chisel in the sculptor's hand knows nothing and cares nothing for the design it helps to fashion. But such passive service will not satisfy our Master, for he seeks the co-working of a living will, directed by his Spirit, and inspired by his love; neither will it satisfy us, for we long to enter into fellowship with him, both in his joy and in his travail, and we cry, "Let us

'Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree;
Our spirits to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.'

I may now remark, brethren, that our ministry, though varied in its outward forms, is one in its aim. When I speak of its varied forms, I do not refer to the endless little activities in which we are tempted to waste our time, and to fritter away our strength, but to those things that rightly claim our interest as ministers of the Word. We have to do the work of an evangelist—to strive by all means to save some. We must go after the sheep which are scattered in the cloudy and dark day; and if our hearts are set upon finding them, we shall not tire because the way is rough or long; neither shall we turn back because of the driving rain or the blinding snow. Like the chief Shepherd, we shall go after that which is lost until we find it. But our care for the sheep will not cease when they are brought back to the fold; in one sense it will only then begin. We shall tend the flock of God with loving oversight. We shall seek to lead them into those green pastures, and under the cool shadows where the Good Shepherd feeds his flocks, and makes them to lie down at noon. We have to teach, to comfort, and to guide them in the many changes of their outward circumstances and their spiritual condition. In doing this, constant demands will be made upon our patience and sympathy; and these cannot be freely rendered without a heavy strain upon our hearts. The ties that bind us to our people are among the closest of human bonds. Who is weak, and we are not weak? Who is offended, and we burn not? As one well known to us has said, "The man of sympathies will ever be the man of sorrows"; and in our small measure we have to bear their griefs and carry their sorrows. Do you shrink from applying such words to our work? You may well do so, but in proportion as your fellowship with Christ in his members is real and deep, they will be true in him and you. But I must not forget the point which I am now dwelling upon, which is, that our varied work is

one in its object. Our aim is to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus; and all the lines from the whole circle of our ministry run up into this one centre—"That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ." This is the ideal of our ministry; but alas, how far short of it has the actual often been! I am not here to bring accusations against you, brethren; I only make my own confession, in which some of you may be disposed to join. If we are conscious of failure—and who is not?—let us now turn to our dear Master, and beseech him, of his great mercy, to pardon our weakness, and to enrich us by his grace, that, whatever failures may have marred the past, we may henceforth be good ministers of Jesus Christ.

I fear that I have suffered myself to run on too long upon this part of my subject; but you ministerial brethren will be the last to blame me when you consider your own "oft infirmities," and how liable you are to fall into the same condemnation. I have not lost sight of our own personal meetness in what I have said already; but I want now to dwell upon it more especially. I need hardly remind you that the meetness of any workman must correspond with the work which he has to do. For physical work we want physical strength; for mental work, mental power; for artistic work, artistic skill; but for spiritual work nothing will do but spiritual power. There is a certain degree of meetness which is purely natural, which is part of our very make and constitution. Dr. Stanford once said, "You may make a priest out of almost anything; but a minister can only be made out of a man." But whatever natural gift we may possess, whatever knowledge we may have acquired by our own efforts, something far higher and diviner is needed to make us able ministers of the New Testament. A prophet's mantle will not make an Elijah; if need be, he can do without it; but he cannot do without the vision on the mount, and the still small voice. It takes a great deal more than a garment of camel's hair to make a John the Baptist, and, I was going to add, only I fear you younger brethren will not believe me, that it takes a great deal more than three years at this College, and a good voice, to make a Spurgeon.

But to return. What are the true conditions of our meetness? It is remarkable that nearly all those who have been called to high service have had a deep sense of their own weakness. Moses asks on Horeb, "Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh?" Gideon, called from the threshing-floor to the battle-field, asks, almost in alarm, "O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? Behold, my family is the poorest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." Jeremiah, called to be the messenger of doom to his own people, exclaims, "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child." Even Paul, as he sinks under the weight of the unsearchable riches of Christ, feels that he is "less than the least of all saints"; and when he thinks of the solemn issues of his ministry, he asks, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And the same question has risen to our lips hundreds of times. Dr. Maclaren once said, "The consciousness of power is power;" but it is equally true that the consciousness of weakness is weakness, *if it stands alone*. We may have such a view of our weakness as shall paralyze us, or it may, on the other hand, be made to minister to our strength. It will do this for us if it cuts up our own self-confidence by the roots, and

throws us over in complete dependence upon the strength of Christ. The one all-sufficient answer to our cry of weakness is, "Lo! I am with you alway." The hand of the Lord is with us, and in that hand is the print of the nails, which is to us the symbol of strength out of weakness, of victory and triumph out of suffering and death. The cross was but two pieces of dead wood, and a man too weak to bear it—helpless and unresisting—was nailed thereupon; but with it he spoiled principalities and powers. When we *feel* the touch of his hand upon us, our own weakness is forgotten; no difficulties appal us then; out of our weakness we are made strong—we can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth us. Yes, brethren, our sufficiency is of God. The power of Christ rests upon us; and what we want, in addition to the feeling of our own weakness, is the unwavering faith that leans in full dependence upon the everlasting arms.

Another essential element of our meetness consists in true holiness of character. A minimum Christian may be saved through God's great mercy; but he is not meet to be a minister, who has not only to point to the path of holiness, but also to lead the way. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if he cannot see, he cannot serve. In heaven the service is perfect, because the vision is clear. "His servants serve him, and they see his face." The lips that speak God's message must first be touched with purifying fire. Whatever culture our ministry may lack, it must not lack the culture of our own hearts in the holiness of truth. Whatever we suffer to decline, we must maintain the constant freshness of our own spiritual life by continually abiding near to its living source in God. We have heard of discussions (between full-grown men, too,) as to the proper vestment for a man to wear when he stands to minister, but the best vestments that I know for the servant of God are those which he never puts off day or night, and they are the beauties of holiness. In the service of the old priesthood there was, you will remember, a brazen laver provided, that a man might wash his hands and feet thereat before he entered into the holy place to touch the vessels of the ministry; and it was declared that if any one should draw near to the holy things having his uncleanness upon him, that soul should be cut off from the presence of the Lord. We have not to do with these shadows, but with the realities, and this symbolical purity must find its substance in us. God hath an infinite pity for our weakness, he can even use it for his glory; but he hath an infinite abhorrence of our sin. His holiness burns against it like devouring fire. Pardon me, brethren, if I ask a question. Has familiarity with holy things dulled our consciences? Have we become so accustomed to the sovereign claims of truth that its power over our own hearts is weakened? Is there any hidden evil within us? Hidden, I mean, from others, partly hidden from ourselves, because that darkness which we have suffered to enter our hearts has blinded our eyes. Ye ministers of that God who is a consuming fire, look! Are there stains upon your garments? Are they spotted by the flesh? If so, O Christ, forgive and rescue us!

A further condition of our meetness will be found in that spiritual knowledge of Christ which springs from personal communion with himself. He ordained twelve, that they might be *with* him, and that he

might send them forth to preach. Mark the order: first fellowship, then service. While walking with them on the shores of the sea of Galilee, or rocked on its stormy waters; while standing with the crowds who listened to his gracious words, or hearing his own interpretation when they were alone with him; they learnt the lessons which they afterwards published to the world. When he was about to leave them, he said, "Ye also shall bear witness because ye have been with me from the beginning." During the time that they were with him, he stamped upon them the impress of his own character, so that men took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. But though this privilege of fellowship with Christ was shared by all the disciples, some of them were favoured above the rest. Only three saw the Transfiguration. He took the eleven to Gethsemane, but those whom he meant for the highest service he took furthest in. We cannot now be with Christ as the first disciples were, but we know that fellowship with him is still a blessed possibility. He is

"Nearer to us than breathing,
Closer than hands or feet."

"Our life is hid with Christ in God." Here rise the springs of our deepest knowledge. John lying on his Master's breast could ask a question, when even Peter's rash courage failed. Fellowship with him enables us to speak of his love from personal experience; for that which we have seen and heard we declare. It was once asked concerning a certain minister, "How is it that he knows so much of the things of God?" The answer was, "He lives so near to God that he can hear him whisper."

But these men who had grown familiar with Christ, who knew more of him than any men on earth beside, who had seen and talked with him after he was risen from the dead, were not yet fully equipped for their ministry. Even they needed the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire. For this they waited until the day of Pentecost was fully come, and suddenly, like rushing wind, the Spirit came and filled each soul to its utmost capacity. They were plunged into the Godhead's deepest sea. It is a great mystery, this indwelling of God's Spirit. We cannot tell how God in man can be one with man in God; but we know that it is so. The same Spirit which rested upon Christ, and not another, now rests upon us; not, it is true, in the same measure, because of our limitations, but the same in kind, as the light which sparkles in a drop of dew is the same as that which shines across a hundred leagues of sea, and burns upon a thousand hills.

When the Spirit comes upon us, he will work in each one of us according to his several ability. Our individuality will not be quenched, but transfigured. The principle of life in the vegetable world is one, but its forms are almost infinite in variety. In one case it rises into the fragile beauty of the lily, in another it clothes the rose with its garments of richer hue; one tree grows into a taper pine, another into a branching oak, and yet another into a slender palm, with its drooping plume of leaves. Lo! all these things worketh that one and the self-same spirit of life, dividing to every plant and flower severally as it wills. So in us, there will be a diversity of operations, but the same

Spirit, who will provide by different gifts for the varied needs of the one body. "Each believer has what the others have, but each blends the gifts of the Spirit in different proportions, and forms a distinct compound of them, according to his own natural temperament, and his peculiar experience of the grace of God." And because it is so, it lays upon us the responsibility for the faithful use of our own special gift, for no one else can supply our lack of service, or contribute our share to the completeness of the whole.

Brethren, we *must* have this Spirit; without it we are nothing. But if it is true that we must have it, it is equally true that we *may* have it. God gives himself to us in the measure in which we give ourselves to him. Why should he not now flow into us, and flood our whole beings with his quickening life? A recent writer tells of a river in Africa that did not flow for a time in its old channel, because once, when the water was low, mud banks formed in the bed of the stream, and a thick jungle growth sprung up and choked the passage. Are the channels open, brethren, between us and God? Is the way clear for the incoming to our spirits of all his fulness? We are all here with one accord in one place. Why may not this be our Pentecost? Oh, that the brow of each disciple here were now girt with the crown of fire! Spirit of burning, come!

Will you be patient with me, brethren, while I touch briefly upon one or two points more?

Another feature of our meetness will be found in an intimate knowledge of the truth we have to preach, and a deep personal experience of its power.

We must have the knowledge which comes from the constant and reverent study of the divine Word for ourselves, aided, as we shall be, by that Spirit of whose presence we have just been thinking. We must never be content with the knowledge of truth at second-hand. We must draw from the fountain for ourselves. We want to know the truth, not as it filters to us through the minds of other men, but as it springs up fresh and clear from its living fount in God. We may, doubtless, get help from other quarters, but no book ought to be so familiar to us as the Bible. "It is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

But the truth must be the element of our own life as well as the substance of our ministry. The divine words that we speak are spirit, and they are life; and they must kindle our own spirits, and sanctify our own lives, before we take them upon our lips. It is not enough for us to master our subject, we must be more anxious that it should master us. When we speak of the love of Christ, of his power to save, of the lightness of his yoke, of the truth of his promises, and of the gladness of his service, we must tell, not what others have told us, but what we know for ourselves. The truth must not flow from us like water through the lips of a stone image, but it must first quench our own thirst, and refresh our own spirits, before we bear it forth to others. Father Jacob gave us a well; but he drank thereof himself, and his children.

The freshness of our ministry will depend very largely upon the

freshness of our own soul's contact with the truths we speak, as fruit is most luscious when it is freshly gathered. Very suggestive for us is the picture that Job draws of the days of his prosperity. "My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch. My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand." No wonder that he was able to add, "Men gave ear unto me, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel. They waited for me as for the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain."

This spiritual and personal knowledge of truth will guard our hearts against the subtle spirit of unbelief which ever waits to creep in and rob us of our power. Where it does succeed in gaining admission, it always saps our strength, for doubt is the paralysis of action. It shears the locks of Samson, and makes him weak as other men. If once it takes possession of our hearts, it enfeebles us, and destroys the power of our testimony. We may use the old words, but the life will die out of them. We may take the Sword of the Spirit, but there will be no grip in our fingers, and we shall fight with a foil upon our weapon. There is full scope for the free exercise of the most mighty intellects in the mysteries of the gospel; but however profound our thought may be—and it cannot be too profound—our ambition must be to be great believers rather than great thinkers. "I believe" is mightier than "I think." It is faith that still works righteousness and subdues kingdoms.

Many other things may be of use to us in the details of our work; but I may mention one thing more that we must have, and that is, a fervent love and Christlike compassion for the souls of men. You may call it the "enthusiasm of humanity," if you like. I do not care what you call it, but you *must* have the thing. Macaulay once said of Walpole, "Serious things to him were trifles, and trifles were serious things." Some ministers are enthusiastic politicians, others are intense in their devotion to some pet science or favourite sport. I do not judge or blame them if these things are their recreations, or the occupations of their leisure; but there is no excuse for us if we are warm in meaner things, but cold in our true work. God's eminent servants have differed in many things, but they have all been distinguished for this. From the prayer of Moses that God would spare the people or blot him out of his book, to the tears of Jeremiah, and the continued heaviness and sorrow of heart of Paul for his kinsmen, we see the same thing. It dwells most deeply in the heart of God himself, and it was most fully manifested in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. His coming in our flesh, his life here on earth, his unknown sorrows in Gethsemane, his suffering and death on the tree, are all the evidences of his unspeakable compassion. We must share this spirit if we are to bear our part in his saving work. Henry Martyn, speaking of his work on ship-board, says, "I entreated them even with tears, out of fervent love to their souls, and I could have poured my life away to have persuaded them to return to God." And we, brothers, shall never do our best for men until we can say, "Being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us."

We must cultivate this spirit, not only toward those who are without,

but toward those who are within also. It is only by love that we *can* serve one another, and it is only by love that we shall *care* to serve. Reason will stand by, and ask, with an air of superior wisdom, "Why was this waste?" Prudence will coldly calculate the money value, and say, "It might have been sold for three hundred pence"; but Love, without stopping to listen to these counsels, will run for her alabaster box, and pour its precious contents upon the Master's feet. It may be a little difficult to love even our brethren sometimes, because we cannot find in them many lovable qualities. But if we are patient, we shall discover better things in them by-and-by. The sour fruit will mellow, if you will give it time. Look for the best in men and wait for it, as they have to wait for the best in us. A cactus is a forbidding plant enough, it is armed against us with its prickly spines at all points, but we cultivate it for the sake of its flowers, for when it does blossom, it is hard to find anything more beautiful than its crimson bells.

Brethren, I feel that I have only touched the borders of this subject; but I shall be content if anything I have said should stir my own heart first, and then yours also, to a more earnest devotion to our blessed work. We must give ourselves to it. We can give no more, and it demands no less. Ponsa, the Chinese potter—so the story runs—tried and tried in vain to make a vase fit for the Emperor until he flung himself into the furnace, and then there came out the finest porcelain the world had ever seen.

It is very pleasant for us to gather here, to look one another in the face, to renew old memories, and to awaken new hopes. It is delightful to see our beloved President back again; we rejoice to see the hoar head of father Rogers still erect amongst us; and we welcome others not less beloved. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is!" But these things cannot last. In a few days we shall be scattered every man to his own. Let us try to carry back and keep with us the stimulus of these holy gatherings. When we feel lonely, or when we are tempted to be slothful, let us remember that our churches are all within the diocese of the great Bishop of souls, and are subject to his constant visitation. Knowing that he is near, we shall do our work as in his sight. We shall not choose our tasks, but shall choose to do them well. We shall study to show ourselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed. So may he make and keep both you and me, until he greets and thrills us with his own "Well done!"

Do God's Work.

BE not ambitious to do the highest work, and the grandest work, but the work God gives you to do. Be it the meanest service, be it what some call drudgery, you may make it beautiful by the spirit in which you perform it. Strive not after the "many things," but after the one thing needful; and remember every part assigned you by God is a good part,—be it the servant's or the master's, the teacher's or the scholar's, the tradesman's or the student's; the part of action or suffering, of trial or tears, of speech or silence.—*From a Lecture by Dr. Stoughton.*

Stories and Sayings of Old Mr. Dod.

OLD Mr. Dod is constantly referred to by Puritan writers. He produced no books in his lifetime, but he seems to have been noted for his quaint spiritual sayings, which furnished other preachers with quotable passages, with which they adorned and flavoured their discourses. He would seem to have been a milder sort of Rowland Hill. We shall give a few of his sayings this month, and, perhaps, a few more next month. Our readers will admire the sanctified common-sense and experimental philosophy which gleam through them all.

“Mr. Throgmorton, a pious and laborious preacher of the Word, a good man, dying of a consumption, came to Ashby to have the help of Mr. Dod’s comforts and counsels. He was oppressed with melancholy; and a little before he gave up his soul to Christ, he asked Mr. Dod, ‘What will ye say of him that is going out of the world, and can find no comfort?’ To whom he answered, ‘What will you say of our Saviour Christ, who, when he was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried out, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”’ This speech refreshed Mr. Throgmorton, and within a little space of time after this he went to his heavenly inheritance.” There was much holy wisdom in Mr. Dod’s reference to our Lord’s desertion. Might it not yield comfort to others who are in spiritual distress?

“Mr. Dod used to bear crosses with much patience and meekness, being wont to say, that sanctified afflictions were spiritual promotions, quoting that of the apostle Peter, 1 Pet. i. 7. He always expected troubles, and prepared himself for them; and put this difference between the afflictions for which we are prepared, and those which come unexpectedly: that the first are but blows *on the harness*, but the others are blows *on the flesh*. Upon a time, a certain affliction was coming upon him, which went to his very heart, and in the expectation of it he wept; yet, when he saw it was the will of God that it should be so, he said to one whom he loved, ‘I will go and bless God, for I believe this shall be for my good.’” Oh, for more of this grace! If we were wise we should bless the Lord as much for afflictions as for pleasures; perhaps even more. Our rarest jewels of grace have usually come to us in the ebony caskets of sorrow.

“Mr. Dod, as he was a man much weaned from the world himself, so he laboured to wean others. He put this difference between rich Christians and poor, that for poor Christians the Father kept the purse, but the rich Christians kept the purse in their own hands. But it must often fall out of their hands; and therefore the purse was better in the Father’s hand than in the children’s. He used to compare wicked men to waves of the sea; those who were of great estate were great billows; those who were of small estate were little ripples; but all were restless as the troubled sea.”

To a friend of his, that was raised from a mean estate to worldly greatness, he sent word that this was but as if he should go out of a boat into a barge, or from a wherry into a great ship; but there ought to be a serious and godly remembrance, that, while we are in this world, whether in boat or ship, we are still upon the sea. Many need to be

reminded of this still. The times are tempestuous, and the greatest men-of-war are often the first to sink.

“He said, ‘Afflictions were God’s medicines, which we must sweeten by faith and faithful prayer; but we for the most part made them bitter, putting into God’s cup the ill ingredients of our own impatience and unbelief.’ He gave this reason why many of God’s people lived uncomfortably, for ‘They shut their ear against what God said, when they should open it; and they opened the ear to what carnal reason, and Satan, and the world said, when they should shut it. But (said he) the Psalmist was wiser, for he would hear none of them all; but said, “I will hear what God the Lord will speak (Ps. lxxxv. 8).’”

“His preaching was searching; and when some supposed that he kept informers and spies, because he came so close home to them, he answered, ‘That the Word of God was searching, and that if he was shut up in a dark vault, where none could come at him, yet allow him but a Bible and a candle, he should preach as he did.’”

Mr. Dod being at Holdensby, and invited by an honourable person to see that stately house, built by Sir Christopher Hatton (the masterpiece of English architecture in that age), he desired to be excused, and to sit still looking on a flower which he had in his hand. “In this flower,” said he, “I can see more of God than in all the beautiful buildings in the world.” And at this day, as his flower is long since withered, that magnificent pile (that fair flower of art) is altogether blasted and destroyed. Spiritual minds have a natural, unaffected taste. They pine not for art, but have an artless admiration for the great Father’s handiwork. It is no ill sign when a man loves flowers better than paintings: it may indicate that he prefers truth to a vain show.

Being stricken in years, he used to compare himself to Samson when his hair was cut off. “I rise,” saith he, “in a morning, as Samson did, and think I will go out as at other times—go forth, watch, work, study, ride, as when a young man; but, Samson quickly found an alteration, and so do I, for I must stoop to age, which hath clipt my hair, and taken my strength away.” Yet as the hair of Samson grew again, so shall the aged body, after being sown in weakness, be raised in power.

“Speaking of losing for Christ, he testified from his own experience, that for the loss of one carnal brother, he had two hundred spiritual brethren.

“Before he was married he could not maintain himself, and therefore he was doubtful how he should maintain a wife and children, his income not being great; but looking out of his study window, he saw a hen and chickens scratching for their living, and he considered thus with himself: the hen did but live before, and had nothing to spare, and now she does not starve, though she is surrounded by a great family.” This was sensible faith, and is worthy to be treasured up by all whose straitened means and growing families tempt them to mistrust.

(To be continued.)

A Life-work at Greenwich.

SOME time ago, accompanied by a friend who has shown a life-long interest in the welfare of the London poor, we made our way to that bank of the Thames

“Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood.”

We were hardly in such a holiday mood as Johnson, who, while standing with Boswell amid the summer charms of Greenwich Park, in 1763, arrived at the sage conclusion that there was nothing like Fleet Street. The park, of 190 acres, is still one of the most charming open spaces associated with the Metropolis. While admiring this park, and while feeling in general

“Pleased with the seat which gave ELIZA birth,”

we pressed onward until we arrived at the Ragged-school, in Bear Lane, in which Mr. Newton has laboured for more than thirty-six years. We spent some time in the school, and then adjourned to the master's house for further information. We drank tea in a quaint and ancient room, not very far from the actual spot where Queen Elizabeth was born. Our host, Mr. Newton, is a veteran in a particular kind of service, which has yielded an ample return for the toil and money bestowed upon it; and though he has worked quietly, and has not sought to bring his name before the public, he was well known to the late Lord Shaftesbury and other philanthropists, and no one is held in higher honour at the head-quarters of the Ragged School Union.

Mr. Newton commenced work in East Greenwich in the spring of 1849; and on the 21st of last May, the thirty-sixth anniversary of the school was celebrated under very happy conditions. About two hundred children appeared with flowers; flowers also adorned the walls; and thus, amid fragrant surroundings, the work done was commemorated by a service, at the conclusion of which each child carried home a text-card and an orange.

In more senses than one this was a remarkable gathering, because both master and school were able to offer congratulations each to the other, while all were reminded of the special manner in which the work had been blessed of God. From the commencement to the present time, over 6,500 scholars have benefited by the teaching of Mr. Newton. Many of the pupils who were present at the flower-service anniversary to which reference has been made, were the children, and the grandchildren, of those who had filled the school since 1849.

When he first came to London, in 1737, we find that Johnson took lodgings at Greenwich; and if the future lexicographer could have given us a true description of the common people in the town at that time, it would have been a valuable picture of suburban life at the outset of the Methodist revival. Rather more than a century later, or soon after the beginning of the Ragged-school crusade, the spiritual condition of the poorer classes was deplorable. We read in some notes prepared for the committee of the London City Mission, in 1846:—“It is impossible to describe the fearful state of profligacy, depravity, and vice in which many thousands are living, while in thousands of other cases there exists the grossest ignorance on all religious topics.

Perhaps there is no town in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolis that possesses greater and more varied attractions for visitors, or so convenient and delightful a place of recreation. But this is both the advantage and the misfortune of Greenwich, since it attracts to it multitudes who pollute its morals, and desecrate its Sabbaths." In general, the temporal condition of the working people in Greenwich was thought to contrast favourably with that of other places; but, nevertheless, poverty and squalor were there if any one cared to look for them. Poor women and children who had been beaten in the battle of life—in some instances through family misfortune, over which they could have no control—were readily found; while others suffered the direful evils of over-crowding. In one instance thirteen persons were living in one room; in another case the entrance-court to the family house was a pig-sty; the door could not readily be opened on account of fever-breeding accumulations, and the astonished explorers assured their committee that they actually "saw the pig walk unmolested into the room in which four adults and three children lived, ate, and slept." The two chief sins of the town at that time were licentiousness and drunkenness.

When Mr. Newton first opened his school, he had no better accommodation than what was afforded by two rooms on the ground-floor of a house in Clarke's Buildings. The number of boys and girls originally received was only twenty-one. Many of these were not only in a most destitute condition, but they showed all the uncouthness of those who never before had seen the inside of a school. All teachers of the early heroic days were able to tell of rough and even perilous adventures in their classes; and Mr. Newton is no exception to the rule. Almost immediately after he had commenced operations, he was startled one afternoon by two of his pupils, who were intoxicated, and were approaching the school shouting at the top of their voices some lines of a hymn which they had learned only a few hours before. It appears after attending morning school, those boys went home to find that they could have no dinner; but not regarding that disappointment in any wise as surprising, they wandered into the market in search of food, and there, instead of discovering a friend to provide them a meal, they found a man who gave them "some beer." This beer had made them tipsy. On coming to themselves, the little fellows were ashamed, and promised never to touch beer again. They enjoyed the benefit of four years' further teaching, and went out into the world sober men.

Those were the days upon which Lord Shaftesbury, as leader of the crusade against vice, squalor, and juvenile degradation, was wont to look back with special gratitude. In a manner which the pioneers could not then see, the way was being prepared for the extension of popular education; and, meanwhile, tens of thousands of hapless waifs were taken off the streets, and introduced to respectable stations in life. The school at Greenwich had not been opened more than a year before a reformation in the neighbourhood became apparent. The personal appearance of the children improved; poor parents frequently called on the master to express their gratitude, and influential persons began to show an interest in the work which before they had regarded as a hopeless experiment.

The work grew apace ; larger rooms had to be taken ; and soon the number of scholars in the day-school rose to two hundred. Among the influential friends who showed regard for the work at that time was Captain Rowley, R.N., who, through his frequent visits to the school, while teaching was in progress, became quite an attached friend of the children. On one occasion, when the captain was about to leave home, Mr. Newton intimated that he was about to write and report progress ; and the consequence was that on the following morning he had no less than eighteen enclosures, one being written by a lad without either father or mother, who is now in New Zealand. The Australasian colonies can show many successful settlers who were rescued from ruin by this Ragged-school.

After the work had gone on in this fashion for some twelve years, the friends of the school felt that even in Greenwich there was still a lower depth which had not been reached ; and, therefore, in the beginning of 1861, a Refuge was opened for those destitute little ones who attended the evening classes. Among the boys were some so utterly homeless that they were frequently without proper shelter at night. Two of the number had ingeniously utilized a disused water-butt which lay in a dust-yard, while others slept in boats by the water-side. The water-butt appears to have been used as a lodging-place for weeks, and one of its two youthful occupants was the first subject to be received into the Refuge. He remained there for twelve months, earning his own livelihood, and eventually he obtained a situation in a factory close at hand. Alas ! the seeds of disease had been sown in his constitution, so that after taking to himself a wife, who brought him three children, he died early, but not without leaving behind delightful testimony to encourage those who are seeking to save Arab boys from being outcast men. When visited by Mr. Newton in his last illness, this young man expressed gratitude for all the kindness received in the Refuge, confessing that that institution had been the means of rescuing him from a wandering and wasted life. When the master next called, his scholar had passed away ; but he had retained his faculties till the last, and had assured his sorrowing wife that he was going to dwell with the Lord above.

Another subject, who was rescued in a similar manner, and who eventually settled in a comfortable situation at Dover, remarked : " I was down low enough when I first entered the Refuge, and no one stooped to raise me out of the mire until I met Mr. Newton, and he opened a way for me when every other way seemed closed." In his case, all that was wanted was a little aid towards self-help, and the man was made. The Refuge, so far from being a burden to the school, has, after paying all expenses, actually contributed a small amount to the general funds.

In one instance a youth, turned of twenty, and an attendant at the evening classes, was accidentally drowned while at work on the river. He was carried to his grave in Shooter's Hill Cemetery by twelve class-mates. A collection was made in the school on behalf of the bereaved mother, and as the contributions were mainly farthings, it showed how universally the very poorest sympathize with one another in their trials.

A little fellow, nine years of age, was seized with illness in school; and, a few days after, his mother came to say that he had died. Though prostrated by a painful disease, he had expressed his love and confidence in the Saviour. He repeated several texts, especially one for the comfort of his mother—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," and died immediately after trying to sing, "I am a little soldier."

Perhaps one of the most conclusive proofs of the value of Ragged-school teaching is seen in the fact that the children learn to be honest. Striking examples of this fact have come to light in the school at East Greenwich. Some years ago, before the pensioners had all left the hospital, a little girl rushed into the school greatly excited, and crying out that she had found a sovereign. Mr. Newton took the money, acquainted the police with what had occurred, and two days later a pensioner, who appeared to be greatly distressed, came and said that he had dropped nearly all his money in the snow while entering a shop. He thus recovered part of his property through the honesty of a child, who had learned that it was displeasing to God to retain what did not belong to her.

The boys and girls who have gone forth to do well for themselves in the world are very many; some are at sea, and others have found situations at home, or in the colonies. It is not an unusual occurrence for well-to-do young persons to call at the school for the purpose of personally acknowledging the benefits received. The letters which Mr. Newton is continually receiving show that his ever-growing constituency hails from India, America, Australia, New Zealand, &c. Several have sent donations for the work, as an acknowledgment of their great indebtedness to it.

It is usual for the annual meeting of the school to take the form of a garden party at some friend's residence in the neighbourhood. At one of these gatherings, held some time ago, the Rev. C. Wilson spoke of having visited the school, and remarked that he was sure that nothing but love would have secured the attention which he saw manifested. The speaker added that there was in Mr. Newton a spiritual power which would tell most powerfully upon the future lives of the children. It was a great thing to make boys and girls, who never knew parental care, to feel that some one cared for them, and that they might make life worth living.

The school-house was rebuilt in 1870, and while the work was in progress, the Lords of the Admiralty allowed the children to assemble in one of the dining-halls of Greenwich Hospital. Though the rules laid down were exceedingly stringent, no complaint was made. The school of three hundred assembled from ten till three; those who could, took their dinners with them, and the others had food supplied them.

Mr. Newton is certainly not without tangible proofs of his labours having been appreciated by his committee, by the parents, and by the children themselves. In 1860 several of the parents formed themselves into a committee: a public tea-meeting was held in the school-room; and a presentation was made to Mr. Newton of a splendid timepiece under a glass shade. On May 21st, 1880, a presentation was made in the presence of children and friends, of a watch and chain and a

purse of gold. The presentation was made by Mr. J. McGregor (Rob Roy) and Lient.-Col. Wilmott-Brooke. Such testimonials are pleasant tokens of grateful appreciation.

The Institution includes Day-school, Sunday-school, and Refuge, the one aim being the temporal and spiritual welfare of the children and their elders. As is the case in all well-regulated schools, the blessing is very far-reaching. During last year twelve of the scholars became church-members. In many cases parents have become converted; in one household father, mother, son, and daughter have all undergone the great spiritual change. To be true to their original design, Ragged-schools should instruct all ages of the ignorant and down-trodden; and few of them have done more eminent service than that at East Greenwich.

G. H. P.

Concerning the Present Dangers.

“A WOMAN who delivered milk in Paris said a naïve thing the other day. One of the cooks, to whom she brought milk, looked into the can, and remarked with surprise, ‘Why, there is nothing there but water!’ The woman, having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said, ‘Well, if I didn’t forget to put in the milk!’”

This story may or may not be true, but assuredly certain preachers of late have forgotten to put in the milk; for their talk has less and less gospel in it. Yet even these we can bear with rather than with those who never forget to put in the water. We could indicate deliverances at denominational conferences which are so disguised as to look orthodox when they are not. Those who attack the old faith openly can scarcely be blamed for doing so when the opportunity is temptingly placed before them by the managers of great gatherings; but those who talk of being one with the orthodox, and then stab at the heart of their doctrines, are far more to be dreaded.

A certain dairy in the South of London announces that *cows are kept*. This may be supposed to be a reassuring statement; but there are persons yet alive who do not regard it in that light. So when, amid a cloud of words, and much apparent reverence, the spirit of the old faith is despised, we are not half so gratified as it is supposed that we ought to be. It is becoming growingly difficult for those who keep to the gospel to endure the covert assaults made upon principles which they hold dear as life itself. To balance the claims of love and of truth needs daily more and more wisdom. It is wise to be quiet where a voice might do little good, and create much bitterness; but there comes a moment when silence would be sin, and when the ills of strife must be borne rather than those of unfaithfulness. Patience has almost had her perfect work in some directions; and we trust the tension may not be increased. We will go far for peace; but we will not go an inch beyond the line which is drawn by fidelity to divine truth. Lovers of the gospel will do well at this time to trust in God, and keep their powder dry.—C. H. S.

The Puritan Theology, and its Effects upon Character.

BY PASTOR C. W. TOWNSEND, INSKIP.

DOUBTLESS many of the readers of this magazine are acquainted with the admirable series of books on literature, entitled, "English Men of Letters." To many people (especially Baptists) one of the most interesting volumes of the series is that on John Bunyan, by James Anthony Froude. The author of that little work displays great admiration for the genius of the allegorist; but also as unmistakably manifests an utter absence of sympathy with Bunyan's religious views. Nevertheless, in speaking of the Puritan era and its theology, Mr. Froude makes an admission which is remarkable as coming from such a man. He says:—

"We must judge of a creed by its effects upon character, as we judge of the wholesomeness of food as it conduces to bodily health. And the creed which swept like a wave through England at that time, and recommended itself to the noblest and most powerful intellects, produced also in those who accepted it a horror of sin, an enthusiasm for justice, purity, and manliness, which can be paralleled only in the first age of Christianity."*

The criterion by which Mr. Froude would have us try a creed is certainly a good one: "by its effects upon character." Such a test is perfectly *Scriptural*. Christ laid down the principle that a tree is to be known by its fruit; and he himself was desirous that his own claims should be tried in such a way. John sent two of his disciples to Jesus to ask him, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" When they came they beheld Christ perform many miracles of healing, and he gave them this answer to the question they had put: "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached." What better argument could there be for his Messiahship? He produced the very works prophesied of the Messiah. He would have his ministry judged by its effects. The apostle Paul declared that "the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." And that same truth he insists upon again and again. The gospel produces effects upon character, and those effects are good.

This standard of judgment is a most *reasonable* one. We must judge a creed "as we judge of the wholesomeness of food as it conduces to bodily health." That food is wholesome which conduces to our physical well-being; that creed is good which promotes moral and spiritual health. Such reasoning as this seems very conclusive. Honest men will be willing to have their theology tested by this rule. Creeds that will not bear such a test may fairly be deemed worthless.

I would submit two propositions:

1st. That there are still some who believe and preach the Puritan theology.

* English Men of Letters. Bunyan. By J. A. Froude. Page 23.

2nd. That where that theology is faithfully preached, it produces the same effects as those which Mr. Froude ascribes to it in Bunyan's time.

If these propositions can be demonstrated, it follows that such a theology is good for this age, even as it was for the seventeenth century.

1. There are still some who believe and preach the Puritan theology. Mr. Froude says: "This belief, or the affectation of this belief, continues to be professed, but without a realization of its tremendous meaning." We would inform him that there are many who do intensely believe, and profoundly realize the meaning of, the Puritan creed. They regard it as being most true to Scripture, to reason, and to their own experience.

Mr. Froude gives a sort of summary of the old creed, which, though perhaps not comprehensive enough to satisfy a theologian, is yet sufficient to answer our present purpose, especially as it includes one or two points of doctrine which are much controverted in these days. He says: "Certainly there never was such a theory to take man's conceit out of him. He was a miserable wretch, so worthless at his best as to deserve everlasting perdition. If he was to be saved at all, he was to be saved by the unmerited grace of God. In himself he was a child of the devil; and hell, not in metaphor, but in hard and palpable fact, inevitably waited for him." Now, in the foregoing, we have three doctrines mentioned—1. *Total depravity*. 2. *Salvation by grace*. 3. *A dreadful and everlasting hell for the impenitent*. Now, many would be ready to-day to testify their sincere belief in these doctrines. There are still many pulpits in which they are clearly and faithfully declared. Certainly there are plenty of people who believe most firmly in the total depravity of unregenerate man, and with good reason. Observation of their fellows, experience of their own hearts, and the perusal of God's Word, all furnish them with proofs of the truth of that doctrine. Some of us, who have been called into the ministry, feel that we must be very clear upon that point. When the captains and soldiers of Immanuel besieged the town of Mansoul, they gave out the word—"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN." That is still our battle-cry as we lay siege to the hearts of sinners. We believe that they are so thoroughly depraved that they must be new-created ere they can enter into the kingdom of God.

We are sure there are many to whom "grace" is "a charming sound." Many a man still uses the language of Paul: "By the grace of God I am what I am." Some of us still rejoice to tell of "grace abounding to the chief of sinners." We believe and preach that

"Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan."

Those who believe that man is saved by the unmerited grace of God are sure to be sound upon those other four points—we have already mentioned one, viz., *total depravity*—of the Calvinistic system; Election, Particular Redemption, Effectual Calling, and Final Perseverance; for

these are all included in a salvation that is of grace. There are many persons (antiquated, no doubt,) who still rejoice in the doctrines of grace. There are many, too, who still hold the Puritan view of future punishment, who believe in a real, terrible, and everlasting hell. Those who have rejected that view are divided among themselves, and are unable to replace it by any theory which is in accordance with the plain teachings of Scripture. The eternal punishment of the finally impenitent is still preached by men who believe it to be clearly and solemnly taught in God's Word.

We wish it to be understood that there are still to be found men who firmly believe, and who endeavour faithfully to preach, the Puritan theology.

2. Where the Puritan theology is faithfully preached, it produces the same effects as those which Mr. Froude declares it produced in Bunyan's time.

Does it not still beget a *horror of sin*?

The truths we have mentioned are still used of the Spirit of God to produce conviction of sin. There are credible witnesses who are prepared to testify that through a belief in these doctrines they have been led to regard sin with horror. Some who preach these doctrines have seen sinners in a state of awful fear and bitter agony. They have known the most abandoned characters changed, so that they have forsaken their evil ways, and regarded their past sins with horror. Let a man feel that sin has so depraved and destroyed him that he needs redeeming and regenerating; that it is of so terrible a nature as to require an infinite sacrifice to atone for it; that it is so abhorrent to God that he drives the sinner for ever from his presence; let a man regard sin in the fierce light of the divine law, and in the mild light of the divine love, and he will loathe, fear, and renounce it. We might well ask if some views which are held to-day produce such an effect? Is not sin treated by many modern theologians as being a very trivial affair? Are not some theories of the atonement, and of future punishment, likely to make men very easy about sin?

Does not the preaching of the old theology produce still an enthusiasm for *justice, purity, and manliness*?

We find that it causes men to be enthusiastic for the *justice* of God. They are led to recognize, and even rejoice in, that attribute, and to feel that without it the divine character would be imperfect. When they understand the plan of salvation, and see that Christ must suffer in the stead of the guilty, they become enthusiastic for the unyielding justice of God, and stand rapt in awe and admiration before its majesty. Some professedly religious teachers nowadays leave that attribute out of God's character. They represent the Supreme Lord as being weaker than his creatures, and more tolerant of sin than human law-makers.

Probably, however, Mr. Froude means justice among men; and those who accept the old creed will not be found lacking in enthusiasm for *human* justice. Those who hold it are among the most earnest advocates of justice for their fellow-men. They are enthusiastic for social, political, and religious justice.

The third effect mentioned is, an enthusiasm for *purity*. The old

theology begets this. It tends to purity of heart and life. Some will deny this, and say that the doctrines of grace lead to licentiousness. But it can be proved that the opposite is the fact. Some of the holiest men have held this creed. There is nothing so likely, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, to lead men to purity of life as a belief in the awful majesty of the divine law, the greatness of the sacrifice of Jesus, the sovereignty and freeness of divine grace, and the dreadful character of hell. Those who truly accept the old creed will be enthusiastic for purity of every kind.

There is just another effect in the enumeration given by Mr. Froude: *Enthusiasm for manliness*. This old theology has produced the noblest types of manliness, and it does so still. It produces men who are after the pattern of the perfect man, Christ Jesus.

Altogether, the effects upon character of the Puritan creed, as made known in these days, are of the most blessed sort. We challenge those who have rejected it to show like results. As one of its most eminent advocates and faithful preachers says: "The best evidences of the truth of our holy religion are to be found in the marvellous effects it produces. Drunkards, harlots, swearers, thieves, liars, and such like, when reclaimed and regenerated, are the jewels in the crown of truth; of such we must say, with confidence, 'What hath God wrought!'"*

Now, a creed which produces such glorious effects must be a good one for any age and any country. There are many who are determined with greater earnestness and emphasis than ever to preach the Puritan theology. We leave the heresy-mongers to their boasted "freedom of faith," which is in reality only the bondage of doubt. We will re-open, and keep open, the old wells of truth; and we will call them by their old names. We will stand to the old *theology*, and the old *phraseology* also. We will proclaim those doctrines which produce the noblest effects, which tend to the salvation of sinners, the sanctification of saints, and the glory of God.

A Divided Heart.

A SOUTH Sea Island preacher said: "In the olden time I had two wives; and what was the result? There was no peace for me, day or night, on account of the jealousy and scolding of these women. Christianity came, and I put away one of my wives. Now peace reigned in my home. It is even thus with a heart divided between Christ and the world. Choose one or the other. Don't strive to keep both. Be Christ's wholly; and then, as a spouse united to one Lord, you will dwell in perfect peace."—From "*Jottings from the Pacific*," by W. Wyatt Gill, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

* C. H. Spurgeon, in the preface to the volume of his Sermons for 1856.

Mushrooms and Toadstools.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK. BY C. A. DAVIS.

SOME time ago, when I was in the country, I went out early one morning to gather mushrooms; and, you know, wherever mushrooms grow, toadstools grow, too. So I thought to myself, I shall have to keep a sharp look out to save myself from being deceived; for some toadstools are so much like mushrooms that it is hard to tell the difference. And I will look out, too, for a lesson in my walk: the mushrooms shall stand for Christians, and the toadstools shall represent other folk.

I had not gone far across the meadows before I picked up a toadstool, which could not possibly be mistaken for a mushroom; it was soft and clammy, bad coloured, and smelt horribly. "Well, there is a drunkard to begin with," I said, and threw it down.

Next I saw peeping out from the grass a little white thing looking very like a young mushroom. I picked it, but found it was a mere ball without a stem; and, on giving it a squeeze, it burst and scattered over me a puff of grey powder. I threw it away saying, "That is like one who tries to make folk think him a Christian, but he has not the root of the matter in him; and being puffed up with pride, people dislike instead of admiring him."

I went on, and soon saw, poking up its head on a long thin stalk, a bright reddish toadstool, much too gay looking for a mushroom. I did not take the trouble to pick it, but passed on with this thought: "That is some foolish person who is so vain of dress and personal appearance that it is impossible to mistake such a one for a Christian."

Presently I heard my name called, and, looking up, saw my friend coming towards me with something in his hand. "What is your opinion of this?" he said: "do you think it is a mushroom? It looks like one." I took it and examined it; it was the right shape, light brown on the top, and the gills were grey. "Yes, I think it is; but wait, let me smell it. Ah! 'tis no mushroom, it has not the right fragrance about it." We threw the deceitful toadstool away, and as my friend went off I thought to myself, "There are many in the world who look like Christians: they are amiable, kind, and generous: they go to Sunday-school, to Prayer-meetings, to Chapel: they talk about ministers, read the Bible, and sometimes even join the Church; but they lack one thing all the while, and that, the one thing needful: faith in Jesus. These are often harder to distinguish from the true than my friend's toadstool from the mushrooms; but there is a great God in heaven who searcheth all hearts."

Do not think, however, that our morning walk was unsuccessful. We found a good supply of mushrooms, though they were not all alike. Some of them were close little round cream-coloured tender fellows with a thick stem, that had only grown up the night before; the older ones were for all the world like little umbrellas; they were light brown above and almost black underneath, but there was this about them all: they had the same pleasant fragrance. It is just so with true Christians. You will not find them all exactly alike. I like to see the

younger Christians close folded in humility rather than spreading out in full display. They are like the young mushrooms with the top folded down closely round the stem. Very tender they are, too, and should not be roughly handled; and we ought to be careful not to injure them by a bad example, or by even a look or a word. It is very pleasant to see these young believers growing in the Church, but we should not wish them always to be immature. We want them to become strong, to grow into full proportions, and even though they get sobered down from light-hearted joy to a solid peaceful gravity that comes of experience, as the mushrooms change from cream colour to brown, it is all right: and there is all the time the same fragrance about them all, the tell-tale of their nature, holiness to the Lord.

When we got home we examined the contents of our bag lest some deceitful toadstool should have crept in. Then I thought of the day that is coming, when God will search his people, and divide the false from the true. Jesus tells us how the fisherman's net will be spread out, the good fish gathered into vessels, and the bad cast away; and how the Great Shepherd will separate the sheep from the goats, setting the sheep on his right hand and the goats on his left. However successfully false professors may have been able to deceive men, they will not be able to pass the test of that day.

My illustration failed me in one essential point: a toadstool cannot be made into a mushroom; but the grace of God can change a sinner into a saint. Whoever heartily believes in Jesus, clinging to him with real obedient trust, his very nature is changed, and he becomes a child of God.

To the very little ones who are too young to read my story, but must have it read to them, I say, "Be mushrooms, not toadstools." And to the elder ones of the family, "Never rest contented with the *form* of godliness, but seek to have its spirit and reality. It is not enough to be like a Christian: we must go beyond that, and be like Christ."

Notices of Books.

The Treasury of David. By C. H. SPURGEON. Vol. VII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 8s.

THE closing tome of this immense work will be ready in a few days. It is, indeed, a joy to have completed the happy task.

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

JOHN PLOUGHMAN has again prepared his huge penny sheet. He thought that he could never do it again, for all the proverbs seemed to be exhausted; but he thinks he has succeeded in producing a proverbial almanack as fresh

as the very first one, which is now a thing of the far past. Friends, please buy it, and hang it up in kitchens, workshops, &c.

Short Biographies for the People. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Vol. II. Religious Tract Society.

WE warmly praised the first volume, and we can speak equally well of the second. Twelve eminent men are here sketched in the best style, and the set of twelve portraits, neatly bound, can be had for eighteen-pence. First-class writing upon interesting biographies will find hosts of purchasers when offered at such a nominal price.

Our Daughters: their Lives Here and Hereafter. By MRS. G. S. REANEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is a new and cheap edition (price 1s. 6d.) of a work which we have already commended. "Our daughters" are highly favoured in having such a writer as Mrs. Reaney to guide them with regard to "their lives here and hereafter." This book is written to furnish "something suitable for a young girl just starting out in life, something that may help her," and it admirably answers that end. It contains many well-known anecdotes, and also quite a number of terse, striking stories, which will be of service to speakers as well as readers. Here are two or three specimens:—

"Yes, Rose must be a Christian," said a heavy-eyed school-girl once; "she always jumps up directly to close the door when some one leaves it open, and she does it so sweetly, too!"

* * * *

"Is there anything I can do for you?" enquired a nurse of a little boy lying in a hospital bed. "Only smile upon me, please," was the touching reply.

* * * *

A young lady of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends who surrounded her, "She has seen her best days, poor child!" "Oh! no, doctor," she exclaimed eagerly, "my best days are yet to come, when I see the King in his beauty."

* * * *

"I don't hold with your Bible; I regard it as a tissue of fabrications and lies," said a young forgerman, with a cruel laugh, to the gentle district-visitor who had ventured to put a tract into his hand, asking him to read it. "And I," replied the visitor, in calm, sweet tones, "I believe in it more fully than ever, since in yourself I find an additional proof of its truthfulness; for we read, 'There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts'; and with a gentle bow the district-visitor withdrew, while the one to whom she had spoken bit his lip, and muttered

something about "a woman, of course, would have the last word." And why not, if the last word be a true one?

The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat. By their Son, JOHN S. MOFFAT. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. T. Fisher Unwin.

WE gave last month a sort of summary of the earlier portion of this striking volume, and now we need only say that we expect for this interesting memorial a very large sale. It is not padded out with dull letters and prosy observations, but it narrates the lives of the hero and heroine as briefly as would be possible and proper in a piece of standard biography. The price is 18s. Those who cannot afford to buy it should mention the book at their next Book Society meeting. Our hope is that many missionaries will be called out by reading this grand life-story. It ought to be bought for every loan library, and placed in the way of all Christian young men and women, in the hope that they may imitate Robert and Mary Moffat in their consecrated lives.

Simon Jasper, Cornish Stories, and Homely Talks. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Woolmer, 65, Paternoster Row.

WE might as well commend old gold to a miser as praise these books to our readers. Of course, they know them, and appreciate them, and therefore they will be glad to find them republished at the low cost of eighteenpence each. When a certain learned doctor met with a little girl who had never read "Pilgrim's Progress," he said, "Go along, you good-for-nothing"; and we say much the same of those who have not read Mark Guy Pearse.

The World's Workers—Dr. Guthrie, Father Matthew, Elihu Burritt, Joseph Livesey. By JOHN WILLIAM KIRTON, LL.D. Cassell and Company.

A BETTER shilling's worth cannot be found. The brief biographies are well written, and will hold the reader spell-bound if he once begins them. Dr. Kirton is at home at this work, and shows that ability which charmed us all so much when he bade us buy our own cherries.

Four Centuries of Silence; or, From Malachi to Christ. By the Rev. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.B. Nisbet.

THERE were no inspired voices from Malachi to John the Baptist. Israel's oracle was dumb. Certain Apocryphal books have been thrust in to fill the great gap of silence; but they are of another order from those wherein the Lord himself spake to men. It is well to know how the utterances of the false are to be distinguished from the voices of the true. Other matters which belong to the silent interval are of great value, as casting light upon New Testament allusions and facts. Very interesting is the production of the Septuagint, and the uprise of Rabbinism. Dr. Redford has not written a new Connection of the Old and New Testaments, after the fashion of Prideaux and Shuckford, but he has traced the links of thought, spirit, and habit which unite the old covenant writings with those of the new. The price of his work is 6s.

The Early Days of Christianity. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D. Cassell and Co.

THIS is a "popular edition" of a popular treatise. The subject is attractive, the diction elegant, and the cost economical, three features that conduce to popularity. The Archdeacon of Westminster has favoured the public with three distinct volumes—viz., "The Life of Christ," "The Life of Paul," and "The Early Days of Christianity." Taken severally and seriatim, they pass under review the four gospels, the Pauline epistles, and the other canonical writings of the New Testament. Without pronouncing any one of these to be the best or most profound essay of its kind, we may fairly advise our students and our Sunday-school teachers that they supply together an instructive and fascinating literary perspective of the entire New Testament. As tourists, who visit the various Lake districts at home or abroad, resort to panoramas for a bird's-eye view of the country they wish to traverse, so this series presents to the mind's eye a picture in miniature of that field of sacred history which is charming beyond any parallel. Six shillings is the price of each volume. Discount

booksellers will supply the entire set for about two-thirds of a sovereign. Whatever course of reading you may prefer afterwards, this will be found a profitable investment to start with.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A. Third Series. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE rejoice that "The Expositor" has become stronger by losing that which was deemed to be its strength. It has not fallen off in quality, and it has not lost its circulation, though both of these calamities were predicted. No one can complain of its being too narrow; in truth, we have even heard an insinuation of the opposite kind. For our own part we never complain of breadth, so long as vital principles are not buried beneath novelties of thought. We wish growing success to the publishers, who preferred truth to popularity: we are right glad that the expected loss did not overtake them.

An Exposition of the Epistle to the Ephesians. Chapters I., II., III., adapted for Family Worship. By the Very Rev. HENRY LAW, M.A. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

ONE of the last acts of good Dean Law was to send us this book, "with true respect and love." He was ever a dear friend, greatly beloved. He wrote in short rhythmical sentences, with a sort of semi-poetic ring about them; and that which he wrote was always full of grace and truth. The thousands who have read his "Gospel in the Pentateuch," and other books, will not need that we remind them of the fragrance and the unction of the writings of this man of God. He was Dean of Gloucester, but he was dear to the whole church of God. Dissenters though we are, we never dissented from him. The saints who are instructed by the Holy Spirit are of one mind and heart in the great substantial of faith. They differ in the outward form and fashion of their worship, and thus, like the flowers, they exhibit the manifold wisdom of their Lord; but they all grow in the same garden, and are watered by the same hand. This work is deep in devotion, and rich in spiritual food.

The Cross and the Dragon; or, Light in the Broad East. By Rev. B. C. HENRY. With an Introductory Note by JOSEPH COOK. Partridge and Co.

THERE are now many books upon China, but this is one of the best of them. Written by a Christian Missionary, it will greatly interest all who cry to the Lord for China's millions. It is a fine portly volume for 6s., and will, we doubt not, command a host of readers. It is sad indeed to read of the vice, the falsehood, and the blasphemy so abundant among the Chinese. These are the heathen whom a certain Missionary Society does not propose to save from hell, but to lift a little higher in the happiness to which all heathens are to go when they die. Such a Missionary Society is not likely to excite much enthusiasm, or receive much support. Its Chronicle does not proclaim the truth, but a flattering falsehood. These innocent heathen of which they dream are nowhere to be found, but their lives are defiled with those things for the sake of which the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience.

Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Vol. VI. Religious Tract Society.

By the issue of these popular and thoroughly reliable treatises, the Religious Tract Society has rendered eminent service to the cause of faith in this day of doubt. God grant it may be of some avail amid the general drift! There has been no falling off in quality since the first tractate, but the last six are as good as the first. Nothing can be better than Doctor Murray Mitchell's paper on the Hindu Religion; and we have hardly ever met with anything so good as William Arthur's tract on "The Divinity of our Lord in Relation to the Work of Atonement." We specially commend this last to our readers for distribution among those who have any question about our Lord's Deity. It can be had separately, like all the other tracts. A more satisfactory argument can hardly be desired; and yet, when men resolve to be unbelievers, no reasoning will win them, no evidence convince them.

These six volumes, made up of thirty-six tracts, contain mountains of information, and are worth far more than the half-crown which is the price of each.

Conversations on "Bethesda" Family Matters. By EDWARD K. GROVES. W. B. Horner and Son, 27, Paternoster Square.

FAMILY matters are not to be talked of in the street, and dirty linen should be washed at home. We do not, however, sweepingly condemn this public declaration of the part taken by Bethesda in the squabbles of the various divisions of Plymouth Brethren; for there would seem to be a dire necessity to state the case truthfully, because it is so often set forth from erroneous points of view. We confess our full agreement with the action of our brother George Müller, and our great regret that it should have been possible for such things to be done within the pale of Christendom as have been done by the Exclusives. To their own Master they must stand or fall. We know some of them to be the best of men; but their ecclesiastical system is more worthy of Rome than of Zion, and its history reads more like a record of the doings of the order of Jesuits than an account of the acts of a church of Jesus. The work commenced by brethren Müller and Craik was a living one, and it lives still. Let us think more of this God-given success than of the blunders of those who went from them and beyond them. Our honoured friends built with gold, and silver, and precious stones; and we care more to rejoice in this than to allow our eyes to be blinded by the smoke of the consuming wood, hay, and stubble. We cannot help thinking that there was a touch of lunacy about a certain able and gracious man, by which his actions were in part excused. Indeed, we hope this of certain of his followers. Surely if their minds were not off the balance they could not imagine that their system could be of God when they see its bitter fruit. May the gracious Head of the Church preserve us from the repetition of those ferocious deeds of unbrotherly schism which have been wrought in the name of unsectarianism! What poor mortals we are! How gracious is our God!

The Girl's Own Annual. Vol. VI.
The Boy's Own Annual. Vol. VII.
 Religious Tract Society.

THESE are both as good as they can be. When one comes to think of such volumes for eight shillings, it appears impossible, for a guinea would not be too dear. These are books which boys and girls will devour; and not "hard tack" into which young teeth could never enter. Personally, we should prefer a much greater impregnation with religious teaching; but we find no fault, for the books are not alone for a minister's family, but for juveniles of every class. It is important to provide for our youth reading of an attractive kind, inculcating sound morality and nobility of character, and here we have it. As for illustrations of all kinds, these grand volumes teem with them. Nothing is spared to make the works first-rate. Happy boys and girls of 1885! Your grandfathers and grandmothers never dreamed of such books.

The Homiletic Magazine. Vol. XII.
 Nisbet and Co.

TAKEN for all in all, this is one of the best of our homiletic magazines. We do not admire the *symposium*, which is simply an opportunity for ventilating heresy; but apart from this, the volume now before us contains many weighty and valuable articles, and many outlines which will be of real service to the busy preacher. It is a great boon to the ministry to have a serial like this, of high tone, and first-class learning. Here and there we see the slimy trace of some modern-thought snail, which has passed over a leaf or two; but this is hardly to be helped in a serial which is made up of contributions from so many able minds. The readers of such a monthly will have before them a wealth of thought-breeding material which must stimulate and assist them.

Norwegian Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.
 Price 8s.

PERHAPS this is the very best of the grand set of drawing-room books by which the Tract Society has brought foreign lands so vividly before us. On

reading it, we were constrained to say, "We must go to Norway." In fact, we almost feel that we have been there, for these wonderful engravings and graphic descriptions have shown us that land of wonders. We have certainly seen that dread North Cape, steamed into more than one of the majestic fiords, and read the paper by the light of the midnight sun. Most gentle reader, if you wish to give an elegant Christmas present to a friend, we commend you to this thing of beauty. Last year the Marquis of Lorne did well in his "Canadian Pictures," but we think Mr. Lovett has outstripped him; at any rate, Norway as a subject is second to none in old-world interest, we had almost said in weird fascination.

The Little One's Own Coloured Picture Paper. Edited by Mrs. E. DAY.
 Dean and Son.

A COLOURED picture paper has been attempted before, but no one has succeeded at it. As this is number five of the paper, we hope it is prospering; it certainly deserves to do so. Truly it is a charming production; all the little Tots will say so. We fear that it cannot be done for sixpence. The style is first-class, and fit for a palace. There are forty-eight coloured illustrations.

The Sunday School Union sends us *Young England*, the yearly volume, full of all that can delight the hearts of boys: a fine book for a crown. *Child's Own Magazine*, 1s. 6d., tastefully bound, full of pictures, worth twice the price asked. *Bible Pictures*, at the same price, is a thoroughly artistic work, and cheap in an eminent degree. *Pictures, Prose, and Rhymes, for Children of all Climes*, at half-a-crown, may be said to be given away. No wonder that there was need for a new edition of such a picture-book. *Zita, the Gipsy Child*, and *The Two Friends*, are sixpenny tales, most elegantly bound. How can they be produced for the money? *International Daily Text-Book*, at 4d., will serve to carry in the waistcoat-pocket to keep the heart warm. *Sunday-School Teacher's Pocket Book*, for two shillings, is a valuable, suitable, elegant necessary.

The Bible Interpreter. New and Improved Edition.

The Bible Remembrancer; being an Analysis of the whole Bible, with Fourteen Maps and Steel Engravings. Morgan and Scott.

Two capital little books, which must be of special service to young people, and to all readers of the Bible who have small purses and scant libraries. One of them is a little Bible dictionary, and the other is a miniature Bible handbook. These cost one shilling each in paper; but it is better to buy them bound in boards at 1s. 6d. We thank the publishers for thus ably aiding Bible-reading among the many.

Meditations of the Heart. By F. MARSHALL, Clifton, Biggleswade, Beds.

GRACIOUS verses, but they are not fresh enough in thought or expression to command attention.

Carols of Cradle-land. By LEONHARD EMIL BACH. Words by HORACE LENNARD. Illustrated by E. F. Manning. Bernhard. Ollendorff.

A COMBINATION of three arts. The songs are gems of their kind, the music is highly appropriate, and the illustrations are splendid—full of life, and rippling over with infantile fun. We almost wish we were young again, to enjoy to the full this children's treasure. The royal road to knowledge is now no doleful, dusty way for the children; but the lives of our little learners, from the cradle onward, are made bright with beauty, and sweet with happy song.

Platform Echoes; or, Leaves from my Note Book of Forty Years. By JOHN B. GOUGH. Hodder and Stoughton.

MR. GOUGH far surpasses the famous story-teller of the Arabian Nights. He turns from one tale to another as if he stood amid a host of them, half-buried in delights, like little Mary in a field of buttercups. Don't think of him as writing a book, but as pouring out a shower of stories, and you will be glad to be saturated with the golden rain. Our honoured friend is a cyclopædia of illustrations, and possesses a fund of anecdote as big as the National Debt.

He is in downright earnest, and yet he is full of fun. He would by weeping or laughing get men from their cups. Moderate drinking he treats as politely as the executioner handles a criminal: he begs pardon, exchanges compliments, begs his victim to recline upon the block, with the utmost pleasure affords one satisfactory stroke, and the business is over. Striking stories are Mr. Gough's forte. Others will repeat these tit-bits; some of them stale enough, others fresh as heather. The great temperance orator will thus enrich many a brother lecturer, and make the total abstinence platform all the more lively for months to come.

Elijah, the Reformer, a Ballad Epic, and other Sacred and Religious Poems. By G. LANSING TAYLOR, D.D. Funk and Wagnalls, New York, and 44, Fleet Street.

CONTAINS a measure of true poetry; but we do not get on with it. We miss the spontaneous flow which denotes poetic inspiration. These grapes are squeezed by a steam-press, and their juice is turbid. We have before us, not a group of nine muses, but a Laocoon in agony. We want to feel stirred up by our good author's verse; but we are not. We try to read him, but he is too trying, and we give him up with the confessed conviction that he is a fine fellow, and *could* write fine poetic prose, but does write rather prosy poetry. What a fine book Messrs. Funk have made out of these poems! They may get purchasers for their volume; but they will not get readers for the verses.

The National Temperance Mirror. 337, Strand.

THIS makes a pretty volume externally. The letter-press is forcible, but the paper and the engravings might be improved. Still, it is a good periodical.

The Herald of Mercy. Morgan and Scott.

THIS halfpenny magazine was originated by Duncan Matheson. It goes straight to the point, and aims at winning souls. The volume at a shilling is good for giving away.

The King's Windows; or, Glimpses of the Wonderful Works of God. By E. PAXTON HOOD. Religious Tract Society.

MR. HOOD never did better work than this. There is more care visible here, and more finish is apparent than in most of his writings. He was evidently at home with his theme, and wrote with pleasure. This is his last, his Benjamin; and it is his fairest child. These pages will have a special interest to many, because their author was taken away before he was permitted to see them in their present form. No one can read these chapters without admiring the works of the Lord and adoring their Maker. The Tract Society in this instance presents the public with a well-adorned and artistic volume for five shillings.

In the Time of Jesus: Historical Pictures. By MARTIN SEIDEL, D.D. Kingsley and Co., 49, Bedford Street.

THIS book is on the same lines as "Anno Domini." We think we prefer this work to the other. Certainly it is very good, brimming with well-condensed information. It is a translation, but its English is unimpeachable. We have read much of it to the students in the Pastors' College, and we could not more decisively prove our high appreciation of it.

Anecdotes on Bible Texts. By J. L. NYE. On Matthew, John, and Romans, at 1s. each. S. S. Union.

MAY the compiler be encouraged to illustrate every book of the Bible in this fashion! Mr. Nye is doing great service to all teachers and preachers. Some of his anecdotes will be well known to his readers, but as a whole they are as fresh as they are useful. Who buys these shilling's-worths gets good bargains.

Forewarned—Forearmed. By J. THAIN DAVIDSON, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

WEIGHTY counsels. Dr. Davidson is remarkably at home in talks with young men. His illustrations are not always new, but they are well told. His words glow with an intense earnestness, which demands and obtains attention from his readers. These lectures must have

been grand in the hearing; they are really a fine series of sermons, without the sermonic form. They make a handsome, substantial volume.

The Parables of our Lord. First and Second Series. By MARCUS DODS, D.D. 3s. 6d. each. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE volumes reveal much of originality, and still more of scholarship. Let the reader bring with him a spiritual mind with which to quicken the cold marble, and forms of beauty will stand before him. We like Dr. Dods better on this occasion than when we have aforesaid examined his writings; in all frankness we have found fault, and now, with equal honesty, we cordially commend the two volumes before us. They are well worth their price, and we should like to place them in every minister's library.

Night Musings: Thoughts in the Night during a Two Months' Illness. By Rev. DANIEL PLEDGE. Elliot Stock.

FOR half a century the venerable author has been known as a faithful minister of the gospel; and he here records more than one pledge from his covenant-keeping God that, like his namesake, he is "a man greatly beloved." As to these sick-bed experiences, we would say, "He is of age, ask him; he shall speak for himself," in the preface:—"It contains the thoughts and meditations of the author during a two months' illness. Unable all that time to read or to write, the only thing he could do was to remember God on his bed, and meditate on him in the night watches. As he lay night after night on his bed, the Holy Spirit brought to his remembrance truths with which he had long been familiar, but which came to him with a freshness and beauty as if he had never seen and read them before in the Holy Oracle."

"So precious were these truths to the author's own mind in his affliction, that, as soon as he had recovered, he felt constrained to pen them down, in the hope that they may be found useful to others who are passing through a night of sorrow."

Precious truths, plainly put and clearly printed.

Methodistic Ritualism: or a few thoughts on the Methodism of to-day. By an OLD-FASHIONED METHODIST. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

WE are truly sorry that there should be among Methodists such errors as are here most faithfully denounced. The worst point of departure would appear to be the theory of the natural goodness of children of pious parents, their consequent right to baptism, and the non-necessity of regeneration or conversion in their cases. We fear that this falsehood is too common among Methodists and Independents, and it is the natural outgrowth of infant baptism. We rejoice to see a champion for the faith raised up among our Methodist friends. There is a gospel which we hold in common, and we grieve when we see the slightest sign of apostasy from it. The pamphlet costs 6d.

Pictures and Emblems. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D. Being illustrations from his sermons. "Christian Commonwealth" Office, 73, Ludgate Hill.

THIS beloved author needs no letters of commendation to our readers. He hath dust of gold. Even his leaf shall not wither. Here we have a wealth of symbol and emblem which cannot be surpassed.

A Rabbinical Commentary on Genesis. By PAUL ISAAC HERSHON. With Introductory Preface by Archdeacon FARRAR. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS commentary will impress the reader with a deep sense of his gain in never having been under bondage to the Talmud. It takes a time to scrape the mud off, after floundering through a chapter of Rabbinical comment. Things one understood well enough before are covered with obscurity, under the darkening influence of learned tradition. The ancient scribes were a species of cuttle-fish, and poured forth an inky blackness of mystery, allegory, and word-spinning, which prevented their readers from seeing the writers, or seeing anything else. We are all greatly obliged to Mr. Hershon for giving us selections from Rabbinic literature: having tasted of his selected bunches of sour grapes, we need no

more. It will do a young student great good to peruse this volume, for he will turn from it to his Bible with such a sense of relief as a drowning man must feel when at last his feet touch the shore.

The Shoes of Peace. By ANNA B. WARNER. Nisbet and Co.

SOME will like this little shilling's-worth, and some will not. Those who remember "What Aileth Thee?" know the jerky style of Miss Warner, and the way she has of giving bright suggestions by citing texts. This little book is much in the same line as "What Aileth Thee?" but it is hardly so good.

The Eternal Life, and other Sermons. By REV. D. RHYS JENKINS. Alexander and Shephard.

THESE sermons must have been much enjoyed by those who heard them. They are good solid discourses, well arranged, and sufficiently illustrated. We have seen most of the stories before, but they were doubtless as fresh as the morning air to those who heard them. The doctrine is heartily evangelical, the spirit is earnest, and sometimes the remarks are singularly striking. We do not know Mr. Rhys Jenkins, but if this is the average quality of his sermons, Wrexham is favoured with a truly edifying ministry.

The New Creature: its Birth or Origin, Nature, Conflicts, and Destiny. By the Rev. CHARLES JAMES HAMILTON, M.A. S. Bagster and Sons.

A SMALL treatise upon the tripartite nature of man, and the work of Regeneration. We have always inclined to this theory: we know there are difficulties, but we see more argument for it than against it. It has been used as a buttress of the Conditional Immortality dogma; but it is by no means necessarily a support of that error; on the contrary, we have held it to be quite consistent with the natural immortality of the soul. Mr. Hamilton gives a concise view of man as spirit, soul, and body, saying nothing very new, for which we do not blame him, but soberly stating what he considers the Scriptural view of the question.

Notes.

WE mourn, in common with the whole church, the decease of the good Earl of Shaftesbury; but we have our own personal loss to deplore. We never had a truer friend, nor one with whom we have had more real heart-to-heart fellowship. He had great fears for the future. His forecasts of the result of the loose theology of the times were of the darkest order, and he had a similar foreboding as to the democracy which is gaining so much power. It has frequently been our lot to cheer him, though we must confess we sympathized to a considerable degree in the fears which we sought to allay. Yet his faith in God, and in the unchanging Word, was as firm as a rock. Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.

Mr. John Hampden Fordham, our kind friend, had promised to preside at the next annual supper of the Pastors' College. We met him at Mentone, with Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and he was then hale and well. Alas! he has fallen asleep. He is a great loss to the Bible Society, and to all kindred institutions, and not least to the good work which the Lord has entrusted to our care.

A correspondent accuses us of "having fellowship with all the heresies of the Baptist Union." We have no such fellowship. Our connection with that institution extends to common action in helping poor and aged ministers, and Home Mission work. For what may be said or done at the debating meetings we have no sort of responsibility, for we have ceased to attend them. If any are unaware of this, we beg them to notice the fact; for it would pain us greatly to be supposed to have any fellowship with modern doubt. The great mass of our brethren are quite free from loose views; and with those brethren, and with all who love the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, we are in fellowship of the heartiest kind.

Church Defence orators are very fond of imputing to us language which we have many times disclaimed. Taken out of its connection we disown it; and what is more, if it had ever truly represented us, we would now retract it. We do not want the Church of England to be any worse; we are glad that, in some respects, it is better. Will not these debaters quote this sentence? If they do, we fear they will twist it; for it is in the nature of many of these advocates to misrepresent us.

Other utterances of ours are used in the same fashion. Years ago we urged our brethren to provide for the poor districts in cities, and expressed a fear that the poorer regions would be left unprovided for. Since then our brethren have nobly laboured to build mission-halls, &c. Yet the fact that our places of worship are built where our people live, and that some badly-situated

chapels have been sold, is quoted as a reason why the Episcopalian body should be selected for favouritism by the State. That fact would be a complete justification for the removal of city churches where three or four persons need to be searched for among the dusty pews; but its bearing upon the establishment of the Episcopal church we fail to see. When it is pleaded that the churches in the poorest places should be supported by the State, the question still remains to be answered why the Episcopalian church should be in every case selected. We are far from saying better none than the Episcopalian; but we do say that we think that the Episcopalian church, and others, could supply the deficiency without calling upon Cæsar to help them. In fact, the various churches, and the Episcopal notably among them, are already grappling with the difficulty with considerable vigour; and we have faith that the terrible need will yet be met.

Any other church would be able to provide services for the poor if supported by national funds, so that there is no particular credit due to the church which boasts that it does so. Yet, as far as it does its work well, we are not disposed to grudge it all that it can make of the argument. We wish it did not adulterate its teaching with so much sacramentarianism. If it must distribute such superstition, it certainly ought to pay for its own propaganda, and we believe it is quite able to do so. Where it preaches the gospel, the congregations usually increase till they support their own ordinances.

We cannot blame churchmen for defending their position with all earnestness, and we desire nothing better than to see the question looked at from all sides.

To us the union of Church and State seems to be unscriptural, contrary to the very nature of a spiritual kingdom, and fraught with countless evils. Moreover, it is a manifest injustice towards those who are not members of the favoured church, and therefore it ought not to be continued. The better a church is, the stronger is the reason for its being free from the State, from its own side; and the worse it is, the stronger is the reason for the separation, from the State's side. We are not disposed to handle the question with bitterness, and if any harsh words have escaped us in the heat of controversy, it must be remembered that the memories of long years of intolerance, and then of humiliating "toleration," are not calculated to promote mildness of expression. Now that our Church friends are feeling the pressure of a coming trial, we cannot say that we regret the impending change, or would delay its coming; but we do wish to have the battle waged with sound argument only, and with due consideration for all the circumstances

of difficulty in which many true brethren will unavoidably be placed.

The past month has been so crowded with special services and meetings that we can only spare the space for brief outlines where full details would be interesting. We resume our "Notes" where we left off last month.

On *Monday evening, Sept. 21*, the inmates of the Stockwell Orphanage, masters, matrons, teachers, and children, came in a body to the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. Special petitions were presented for the conversion of the orphans while they were in the Institution; and amongst the pleaders was one of the "old boys," Mr. Lake, who is actively engaged in Christian work. Mr. Chamberlain and the orphans sang several sacred pieces, in the choruses of which the congregation joined; and Mr. Evans, the Superintendent of the Orphanage Sunday-school, gave an account of the work carried on by Christian friends on the Lord's-day. He mentioned that more lady teachers were needed for the girls' classes. The Pastor read a sad letter from an old man in Germany, who traced his ruin to the evil advice which he had received when a lad from his minister, who had advised him to go to the theatre, &c. After a brief address, and prayer for the writer of the letter, the meeting was closed with praise for answers to prayer offered on previous Monday evenings.

On *Tuesday evening, Sept. 22*, a nine days' GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MISSION was commenced in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and delivered an address, which has been published in *The Bond of Union, and The Temperance Record*. Mr. Ripley gave a recitation in his usual effective manner; the Blue Ribbon Choir and Mr. Chamberlain sang; Mr. J. W. Harrald spoke; and at the close of the meeting sixty-eight persons signed the pledge. The Mission was continued every night until Sept. 30; and, altogether, more than two hundred pledges were taken, and several professed to be converted to God. It greatly cheers the Pastor's heart to see the Lord's people taking a decided stand against this monster evil of our day.

On *Wednesday, Sept. 23*, Mr. Spurgeon travelled to Waterlooville, and preached and spoke at the recognition of Pastor C. H. Thomas, formerly Secretary at the Tabernacle. The church in this pretty Hampshire village is under great obligation to our friend, G. S. Lancaster, Esq., J.P., and his father, for their generous gift of a substantial and beautiful chapel and minister's house. We trust that, under the pastoral care of Mr. Thomas, a strong church will be built up, and be a blessing to the whole region. Would it not be a happy enjoy-

ment of wealth if other wealthy men would build houses of prayer where there are none? Have we no more Lancasters?

On *Monday evening, Sept. 28*, at the request of the Committee of the London Banks' Prayer Union, and under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M.P., Mr. Spurgeon delivered an address at the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, which was crowded with gentlemen. The address has been published, at one penny, under the title of "First Things First." It can be obtained of Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, E.C., or through any bookseller. These addresses to City men afford grand opportunities; it remains for the people of God to pray down a blessing upon them.

On *the same evening*, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, there was again a large assembly. Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided, and amongst other items of special interest was an address on the work of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, by the Rev. E. W. Matthews. This esteemed brother, and the Society over which he presides, are worthy of all the help that Christian men can render. God save our sailors!

On *Tuesday evening, Sept. 29*, Mr. Spurgeon preached to a crowded audience in the Corn Exchange, Cambridge, in aid of the fund for the erection of a mission-hall in the Mill-road district, where a most useful work has been carried on for about four years under the superintendence of our good friend, Mr. G. Aphorpe, and in connection with Pastor T. G. Tarn and the church at St. Andrew's-street Chapel. It was a great joy to the Pastor to revisit the scene of his early labours for the Lord, and shake hands with so many old friends.

On *Friday evening, October 2*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION was held in the lecture-hall, when a large and enthusiastic band of Christian workers met under the presidency of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. The report was presented by Mr. G. E. Elvin, the devoted Secretary of the Association; and, as usual, contained an account of "labours abundant" in the cause of God and truth. 1,887 Sunday services have been held during the year, 508 of them at the mission-stations belonging to the Association, 725 at other mission-stations, 387 in the open-air, 51 in connection with special services, and 216 pulpit supplies have been furnished. There have also been 856 week-night meetings, 286 of which have been special evangelistic services, 240 open-air gatherings, and 330 miscellaneous meetings. The 112 speakers and singers, under Mr. Elvin's leadership, have served the Association and their Lord 3,577 times during the year—truly a noble record of voluntary

service rendered by one of the branches of the Tabernacle church. The cost of printing, postage, travelling, hire of halls, gas, &c., has been a little over £300, of which we have found £110; collections at the mission-halls of the Association have realized about the same sum; and the balance, except £7 5s. 6d. due to the Treasurer, has been contributed by churches and missions that have been visited, or by various donors, profits on tea-meetings, &c. This work deserves all the support that can be given to it, for it is a mighty influence for good in the midst of this "Modern Babylon."

During the evening, the soloists, or choirs from several of the mission-stations, sang hymns and anthems; addresses were delivered by the Chairman, and Messrs. Shurmer, Flower, Carter, Dobson, Haste, and Maples; and the Pastor presented "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening," to Miss Havill, one of the sweet singers of the Association, who was about to be married to a former student of the Pastors' College.

Every church should have its Evangelists' Association. "Preach the word" is the most reasonable precept for the hour.

On *Monday evening, October 5*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE LADIES' MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. H. Spurgeon presided, and short speeches were made by Messrs. W. Olney, J. T. Dunn, W. Gwillim, J. W. Harrald, and the visitor employed by the Society to visit the recipients of its relief, of whom there have been 246 during the past year. It was stated at the meeting that the applications for help are often more than the committee can meet, and the Pastor suggested that the subscribers should be asked to increase their subscriptions. The need increases hour by hour, and the churches everywhere must enlarge their charity to meet the bitter distress.

On *the same evening*, at the prayer-meeting in the Tabernacle, Pastor J. Scilley gave an account of his work at Orpington; Mr. Chamberlain reported the progress of the evangelistic services at the Shoreditch Tabernacle; and Mr. Blanchard, a City Missionary, related instances of usefulness resulting from his labours in the New Cut. A fine spirit pervaded the meeting, and the climax was reached when the Pastor called upon all the brethren around him to rise in succession, and present one brief petition each. Thirteen responded, and thus laid at the throne of grace a blessed burden of requests that had been pressing upon their hearts.

At Orpington, which is mentioned above, a chapel has been erected. Several of the deacons of the Tabernacle lately attended a meeting there, and opened a bazaar, by which the debt is reduced to £100. This is a thoroughly successful work.

On *Tuesday evening, October 6*, Mr. Spurgeon preached to a densely-packed congregation at Dalston Junction Baptist Chapel (Pastor W. H. Burton's), and on *Wednesday afternoon, October 7*, to a crowd that overflowed into the vestries, lobbies, &c., of South-street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich (Pastor Charles Spurgeon's).

On *Monday evening, October 12*, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon presided at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, in the absence of his brother, who was trying to get a few days' rest. Among the brethren who had come to ask for the prayers of the friends present, were two of the former students of the College, Pastor H. J. Martin, of York Town, who was about to sail for India, under the auspices of the Baptist Missionary Society, and Dr. T. G. Churcher, who, having graduated in medicine at Edinburgh University, was about to leave England for Medical Mission work in North Africa, in connection with the Mission to the Kabyles. Dr. Churcher explained that the Kabyles and Berbers might be called the Highlanders of North Africa, hardy races, living mostly among the mountains, and retaining even now a kind of semi-independence. He described Morocco as a vast country devoid, at once, of good roads, good government, railways, or printed books; but, most of all, a country without the gospel; a dark land, for over a thousand years without one ray of gospel light. He referred to the desire of the people for medical help, and the potent means it is in removing prejudice, and opening a way for gospel teaching. Dr. Eccles, of Upper Norwood, the Hon. Treasurer of the Kabyle Mission, reminded the friends of the great nearness of North Africa, it being only three days' journey from our doors; and yet it is only lately that Christians had awakened to the duty of telling the people there of a Saviour's love. They are Mahometans, they acknowledge a Supreme Being, and they know the name of Christ, yet deny that he died, and consider Mahomet greater than he. The Society is at present in its infancy. "We beg your prayers," said the doctor, "that the missionaries may be divinely helped to conquer the difficulties of the foreign tongue. As regards funds, money comes to us from unexpected quarters: sometimes in large, sometimes in small amounts. I have now in my pocket a cheque for a saddle for Dr. Churcher to take with him, now he will need a horse; but we have a heavenly Banker, with unlimited capital, who in the past has never failed us, and we can trust him for the future."

After prayer for this work, Mr. Henry Varley asked us to join in praising the Lord for the gracious answers to prayer, offered at the Tabernacle Prayer-meeting on his behalf twelve months ago, when he was about to leave for the United States. He was so very ill, on that Monday night, that

Mr. Spurgeon entreated him not to stay to the meeting, but to go home without delay. He, however, persisted in staying while brethren prayed for him and his work, although in great pain and weakness. He was there to testify that their prayers were speedily answered; for when his medical man called to see him the next morning, our brother had to tell him that he was *well*, and that owing to the prayers of the Lord's people. Mr. Varley drew a very sad picture of the unchristian prejudice manifested by the whites to the coloured people in Georgia; and we all glorified God for the blessing which followed his labours.

On *Sunday and Monday, October 18 and 19*, the days of universal prayer for Sunday-schools were observed at the Tabernacle, and in the various missions, special gatherings for teachers and scholars being held with the happiest results. The Pastor made special reference to the subject in his Sunday morning sermon upon 2 Timothy iii. 15, and on Monday evening he delivered an address to teachers at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting. There was a large gathering of teachers and officers from the different schools, and the evening was devoted to pleading for the young people of our schools and families.

On *Tuesday, Oct. 20*, the quarterly meeting and annual conference of the pastors, delegates, and officers of the churches connected with the London Baptist Association was held at Walworth Road Chapel. It was a good day. Professor Gracey's paper upon the Revised Version of the Old Testament was better than the best thing we have ever read upon the subject, and everybody was delighted with it. The friends at Walworth Road displayed most hearty hospitality. Mr. Spurgeon addressed the afternoon meeting upon Individuality in the service of the Lord; and in the evening Pastor J. R. Wood, the President of the Association, read a capital paper upon the way in which the church could encourage young men to enter the ministry.

On *Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21*, Mr. Spurgeon preached at Waltham Abbey Baptist Chapel (Pastor W. Jackson's). Here many bore witness to grace received in former years through hearing the gospel from the preacher. God bless our village churches!

This is but a brief summary of one month's *extra work*, for the most part, to which must be added the Sabbath and week-night services, the Friday afternoons at the College, the weekly revision of the sermon for the press, the preparation of the monthly magazine, the daily pressure of ever-increasing correspondence, the long, happy, but wearying hours spent in seeing candidates for church-fellowship, with the care of a church of five thousand six hundred

members, the College, Orphanage, Colportage, and other works in which we are engaged for the Lord. What wonder is it if the head aches, and the brain longs for the rest which it so sorely needs! Yet friends continue pressing us with their urgent requests for extra services, even after we have told everybody that we have promised as much as we can hope to accomplish this year, and more than we ought to have undertaken. Brethren, pray for us.

COLLEGE.—Mr. W. R. Foster has accepted the pastorate of the church at Earl's Colne, Essex.

Mr. W. Hamilton, who lately returned from Cape Town, has settled at York-road, Battersea. Mr. W. J. Tomkins has removed from Ridgmount, to Rushden, Northamptonshire. Mr. W. Bonser, of Fenton, Staffordshire, expects to sail shortly for Queensland. Mr. C. A. Ingram, late of Upton-on-Severn, is going to King's Sutton, near Banbury.

Another member of our College brotherhood has been suddenly called away from service here to rest and reward above. This time the summons has come to Pastor H. Wallace, of St. Helier's, Jersey. One of his church-officers writes that he was conscious to the last, and triumphantly happy. He leaves a widow and two little children to mourn his loss.

The following brethren have left England during the past month for various parts of the foreign mission-field:—Mr. Robert Spurgeon, who has returned to Barisaul, Bengal; Mr. H. J. Martin, late pastor of the church at York Town, Surrey, who has also gone to India; and Dr. Churcher, who has sailed for Tangier, Morocco.

For about four years an exceedingly useful work has been carried on at Upper Mitcham by Messrs. E. A. and F. C. Carter. With the help of a few friends they built a chapel, a church was formed under the pastorate of the two brothers, a Sunday-school started, a colporteur employed, a coffee-room opened, and various agencies for the good of the villagers established. Mr. E. A. Carter, feeling led to devote himself to evangelistic work wherever the Lord opens the way, and Mr. F. C. Carter having entered the Pastors' College, the church at Mitcham has chosen Mr. T. Philpot as their successor. At a farewell meeting, held on September 29, presentations were made to the two brothers and their wives, and great gratitude expressed for the work they had been enabled to do. Brethren who desire to secure Mr. E. A. Carter for evangelistic services should write to him at 9, Garfield Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

EVANGELISTS.—*Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* month's mission at Shoreditch Tabernacle was brought to a close, on October 2, by a meeting of converts for prayer, praise, counsel, and testimony. Mr. Cuff writes:—

"Fancy an ouquirers' meeting of 250, of all sorts, all ages, all classes! Their simple testimonies moved all our hearts to their depths. It was overwhelming to hear husbands and wives tell how they had given their hearts to the Lord. We all rejoiced with joy unspeakable. The most of the converts are going to join our church, the rest will join churches where they aforesaid attended. I invited some neighbouring ministers to meet with us last night, and there and then introduced the converts to them. So we shall gather in the sheaves. I will not bother you with any further details of the services. Suffice it to say that they were all a unique success. The numbers and enthusiasm increased up to the last, and no tongue can tell the good that has been done. I am going on with the Song-services on Saturday nights, and the meetings for men only on Sundays at 3 p.m. Your Mr. Chamberlain has very kindly consented to come and sing. May the Lord send us much blessing! I wish my deacons to come, and see you, and show you the balance-sheet, that you may know how the money matters stand. After all expenses are paid, I am proud to say we have £100 to give you as a thankoffering for the Society of Evangelists. Considering what our dear people have in hand, I think this is not bad. It says something for the power of the services, and the liberality of our poor people. *The people* have given the money almost entirely in coppers; no one has given even a sovereign, no one has written a cheque. How delighted I am to send you the money!"

We were very thankful to have the Evangelists' Fund thus replenished, and can assure the donors that we are deeply grateful to them; but it is a cause for more intense joy, that, in the heart of the East of London, thousands have gathered, night after night, to hear the old gospel preached and sung, and that hundreds of them have professed to receive the truths which they have heard.

Before our brethren had quite finished their labours at Shoreditch, they had begun with our brother E. H. Ellis at Devonshire Square Chapel, Stoke Newington. There also, from the first, the chapel was crowded, the greatest possible interest manifested in the services, and very many converted to the Lord. Next month we shall probably be able to give further details. The Evangelists are now at Abney Park, where the services have commenced most hopefully, although Mr. Fullerton has been absent through illness from some of the meetings. On November 8, they go to Abbey Road, St. John's Wood; and at the end of the month they are to visit Norwood.

Mr. Burnham has commenced his winter campaign, in connection with the congregational churches in Dorsetshire, by a

successful series of services at Beaminster. He has since visited Blandford, and some adjacent villages, with encouraging results. This month he goes to Hanwell and afterwards returns to Dorsetshire, holding missions at Dorchester, Puddletown, and Bere Regis.

Mr. Harmer began his work, as a member of the Pastors' College Society of Evangelists, on September 27, by holding special services at Wealdstone, Harrow. The Lord's approval has been manifestly given to our brother's appointment, and he has left behind him a little band of converts, ranging from childhood to old age, as the fruit of his fortnight's mission. The latter half of October was to have been spent at Alnwick, but before the Evangelist had finished his mission, he was summoned to the bedside of his only child, but was not able to arrive in time to see her alive. Our brother has our sincere sympathy in his sore sorrow. This month Mr. Harmer is to visit Fownhope, Herefordshire, and Little Tew, Oxfordshire.

ORPHANAGE.—We hope all our friends who collect for the Orphanage will make an effort to be at the *Collectors' meeting, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 10*. A special feature of the gathering on this occasion will be the opening of the new laundry by Mr. W. C. Murrell, who has been requested by his co-trustees to perform this ceremony. The President expects to be present; and it will be a great joy to him to meet a large company of those who show their sympathy for the institution by collecting a portion of the amount needed for its maintenance.

Several of our College brethren in the country, in arranging for harvest thanksgiving services, have asked for contributions of fruit, flowers, vegetables, bread, butter, eggs, honey, &c., which have been afterwards forwarded to the Orphanage. Since the lists were printed Pastor J. Stanley, on behalf of the Baptist churches at Semley, and Berwick St. John, Wilts., has sent up a ton weight of provisions. These freewill offerings, often from very poor people, must be peculiarly acceptable to the Lord, and we pray that every giver may be richly rewarded by the blessed Father of the fatherless.

Mr. James Toller has again sent us the produce of the "Orphanage acre" at Waterbeach, carriage paid to Liverpool Street, whence Messrs. John Taylor and Sons, as in former years, have carted without charge the four sacks of flour and three and a half tons of potatoes. God bless our noble helpers, and raise up many more like them!

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle: September 21, eighteen; September 28, fourteen; October 3, twelve.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
A thankoffering for the Lord's mercies to a poor widow ...	1 1 0	Pastor E. Bruce Pearson's Bible class, Hounslow ...	1 0 0
Mrs. Mitchell ...	0 5 0	W. S. ...	1 0 0
Maggie ...	0 2 6	Mr. H. R. Helsey ...	10 0 0
Mr. J. Dougall ...	0 10 0	The servants of "Sunnyside" kitchen	0 8 0
Mr. Willis, per Mr. J. Dougall ...	0 10 0	Miss Clutterbuck ...	0 5 0
Miss Turnbull, per Mr. J. Dougall ...	0 5 0	Mr. A. H. Scard ...	0 5 0
Mr. W. G. Newbery ...	0 10 0	Mr. W. R. Shayer ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Jeggo ...	1 0 0	Mr. Chas. R. Prance, M.D. ...	5 0 0
Collected by Carrie Bennett	1 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, purchase of screen, the gift of Mr. H. G. Start (£20, less £5, given to Dr. Barnardo by request of the donor)	15 0 0
Lisle ...	0 2 6	G. H. (for screen) ...	5 0 0
V. R., prizes ...	5 0 0	Miss F. Cook ...	0 2 0
Miss Woolley ...	5 0 0	Mr. J. Wilson ...	0 10 0
Mrs. M. McKenzie ...	0 10 6	Mrs. Hargreaves ...	0 5 0
Westcountryman ...	0 10 0	Miss M. Clarke ...	0 15 0
Miss M. A. Mackay ...	1 0 0	Executors of the late Mrs. Aitken	45 10 8
O., Stevenston ...	0 2 0	Miss Jessie Robertson ...	0 10 0
Mr. John Fidler ...	0 10 0	W. A. M. ...	0 5 0
Mr. T. H. Howell ...	2 10 0	A lover of Jesus ...	0 10 0
M. B. ...	1 1 0	Mr. James Hamilton ...	1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Scoular ...	1 0 0	Miss L. C. Leary ...	0 5 0
Mrs. Walton ...	2 2 0	Mrs. Martin ...	0 5 0
Mrs. M. Evans ...	1 5 0	A. G. C. ...	0 4 0
A friend ...	0 10 0	JNO., Newcastle-on-Tyne ...	0 5 0
Mr. L. R. Hall ...	5 0 0	M. E. J. ...	0 2 6
Miss E. Hall ...	0 7 6	Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen ...	0 14 7
Mr. S. Johnston ...	0 5 0	Baptist Church, East Dereham	3 0 0
Miss E. Beakem ...	0 2 6	Mr. Thomas D. Adams ...	1 0 0
Mr. J. W. Green ...	1 0 0	A thankoffering from three ...	0 5 0
G. T. B., John o' Groat's	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Chas. Wood ...	2 10 0
Keiss ...	0 10 0	Miss M. L. Sampson ...	0 2 6
Mr. E. Lister ...	0 1 0	A. N. ...	1 1 0
Mrs. Protheroe ...	0 10 0	Collected at Waterlooville Baptist Chapel, after sermon and address by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	22 1 10
Mr. W. Haig Miller ...	3 0 0	Dr. Arthur E. Durham ...	26 5 0
Mrs. C. Cooper ...	0 5 0	Mr. John Riley ...	5 0 0
Miss Watts ...	1 1 0	Miss Sarah Shaw ...	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Walter	1 10 4	From W., Grovedale Road ...	0 1 0
Mr. Wadland ...	1 0 0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
M. R. ...	3 0 0	Collected by Mrs. Stopford in 5s. amounts ...	3 0 0
Collecting box, Townley-street Mission	0 13 2	Messrs. A. and L. de Rothschild ...	2 2 0
Mrs. W. Morgan ...	2 10 0	Mr. T. R. Johnson, per F. R. T. ...	0 5 0
Mr. W. Martin, Canadian dollar ...	0 4 0	Mrs. Gardiner ...	2 2 0
Mr. J. Cook ...	2 0 0	Sandwich, per Bankers ...	2 2 0
Collected by Miss Annie Paul ...	1 2 0	<i>Quarterly Subscription:—</i>	
W. D. K. ...	1 10 0	Mrs. Yates ...	0 10 6
Mr. Walter Worth ...	0 2 6		
Strone House Sabbath-school, per Mrs. Moubray ...	1 1 8		
F. G. B., Chelmsford ...	0 2 6		
A nurse ...	0 5 0		
Miss E. A. Fysh ...	0 1 0		
First week's increase in wages ...	0 1 0		
A friend in Shetland, per Pastor E. Richards ...	0 10 0		
Mr. C. D. Judd ...	0 10 0		
			£1675 3 6

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (Second List).—Smith, H., 4s; Perry, G., 5s; Evans, J., £11s; Hughes, R., 14s; Spurgeon, H. & W. (second amount), 4s 6d; Jackson, P. P., 5s; Cockell, H., 8s 6d; Roberts, H. 6s; Moppett, E., 2s; Franklin, J., 2s 6d; Clark, H., 4s 4d; Vardill, W., 4s 6d; Lewes, E., 14s.—Total, £4 15s. 4d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (Second List).—Moore, E., 7s 6d; Bridgford, A., 2s 6d; Gilmour, C., 6s; Anger, K., 4s.—Total, £1.

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from September 15th to October 14th, 1885.—Provisions:—A small basket of Pears, Messrs. Freeth and Pocock; 1 sack of Apples, Mr. Keep; 6 bushels of Apples and Pears, Mrs. Neighbour; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Scalle Haslam; 3 pecks of Apples, Mr. E. T. Birkin; 1 hamper of Apples, Mr. W. Hawley; 2 sacks of Apples, Mrs. Mills; 28 lbs. of Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 3 barrels of Apples, Mr. W. Pook; a quantity of Fruit, Flowers, Vegetables, Bread, Butter, Eggs, Honey, &c. harvest thanksgiving, Bugbrooke, per Pastor F. J. Platt; 1 bag of Pears, 1 bag of Apples, Anon.; 3½ tons of Potatoes and 4 sacks of Flour, produce of the Orphanage Acre, at Waterbeach, Mr. James Toller; a quantity of Vegetables, Fruit, Cakes, &c., harvest thanksgiving, Dartford, per Pastor Geo. Harris; ¼ ton of Apples, Mr. C. F. Allison.

Boys' Clothing:—12 Waistcoats and 2 pairs Knickerbockers, Mr. H. Ellis; 6 pairs Woolen Socks, Mrs. E. Carlisle; 24 pairs Knitted Stockings, Miss Allan.

Girls' Clothing:—1 pair of Slippers, Mrs. Heffer; 52 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 3 worn Dresses, Mrs. Caine; 23 Articles, the Cheam Baptist Orphan Working Society, per Mrs. Cox.

GENERAL:—Several Illustrated Papers, Mrs. E. Carlisle; 1 Black Moiré Antique Dress and Piece, 1 China Crêpe Shawl, 1 Sable Boa and Muff, 1 Silk Scarf and sundries, the late Mrs. Bendall, per Mrs. Griffiths; 4½ lbs. Knitting Yarn, Miss Cousins; a quantity of Text Cards and 2 Books, from St. Matthias Place; a quantity of Illustrated Papers, Mr. Stokes, per Mr. Simmonds.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1885.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mrs. Ann Clemesha	...	2	0	0	Mr. John Riley	...	5	0	0
"In memoriam," Helen Wordsworth	...	2	0	0	In memory of Mabel, November 27th	...	5	0	0
Clemesha	...	2	0	0	Miss Whitfield	...	5	0	0
Miss Birrell	...	1	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
A. constant sermon-reader	...	0	5	0					
Mrs. Walton	...	2	2	0			16	9	0
Strawberry-money	...	0	12	0					

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1885.

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—		Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—	
		£	s. d.
Mr. James Hall	...	10	0 0
Postal Order, S.E.	...	1	0 0
Miss E. Groom	...	0	1 0
T. L. W.	...	10	10 0
Mr. G. A. Calder	...	5	0 0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	...	1	0 0
M. R.	...	1	0 0
Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5 0
The Lord's cows	...	5	0 0
Mr. R. K. Juniper	...	1	10 0
Mrs. Halcrow	...	0	1 0
G. N., Edinburgh	...	0	10 0
Mr. W. H. Willcox	...	1	1 0
Mrs. Leash	...	0	10 0
Annual Subscription:—			
Mrs. Gardiner	...	2	2 0
Quarterly Subscription:—			
E. B.	...	25	0 0
		£64	10 0
Great Yarmouth Town Mission	...	7	10 0
High Wycombe, per Mr. R. Collins,	...	40	0 0
jun.	...	20	0 0
Friends at Malden, per Mr. Belsham	...	5	0 0
Sandown District, per Mr. A. Nisbett	...	10	0 0
Mrs. H. Keevil, for Melksham	...	10	0 0
Essex Congregational Union, for			
Pitsea	...	10	0 0
Norfolk Association:—			
Tittleshall District	...	11	5 0
Neatishead District	...	10	0 0
		21	5 0
Calne, per Mr. John Chappell	...	10	0 0
Fairford and Maiseyhampton, per			
Capt. Milbourne	...	10	0 0
Mr. G. S. Lancaster, for Waterlooville	...	20	0 0
Mr. R. W. S. Griffith, for Fritbam	...	10	0 0
		£163	15 0

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1885.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss Jessie Clark	...	0	5	0	M. R.	...	1	0	0
Mr. Thomas Scoular	...	1	0	0	Mr. A. H. Scard	...	0	5	0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton									
and Smith's services at Shoreditch							102	10	0
Tabernacle	...	100	0	0					

Mr. Spurgeon acknowledges, with best thanks, the receipt of an International Money Order for £5 from India. Will the unknown donor kindly say to what object the amount is to be appropriated?

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 to 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," Bantah Hill, Upper Norwood. Should any sums sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon. Post Office and Postal orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.



THE
SWORD AND THE TROWEL.

DECEMBER, 1885.

A Hurried Glance across the Wild Waves.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



EVERYTHING is heaving, and tossing, and yeasting. The world is like the troubled sea, which cannot rest; its waters cast up mire and dirt.

"The great human whirlpool—'tis seething and seething :
On! No time for shrieking out—scarcely for breathing."

Nothing seems stable unless it be the throne of iniquity: all else appears to swing to and fro in the hurricane. That "sea of glass," of which we have so often read, is a thing of another age. We may say of the present moment, "the sea wrought, and was tempestuous." That a great calm will come of it all, because the Lord liveth and reigneth, is our unmoved conviction; but as yet we see not the signs thereof. Looking out of our narrow porthole, for we dare not leave our cabin in such a storm, we spy a few things which strike us as noteworthy, and we jot them down with trembling hand.

We see justice summoning her juries, and setting her judges aloft, in order to punish an attempt to aid her in her own true object. With blindfolded eyes she allows the foulest culprits to pass her by unseen; but she tears away the bandage at the approach of one who has dared to violate the letter of her commands in order to preserve their substance. Law must take its course; no right-minded man would wish to contravene its majesty; but it is a great sorrow to every true heart that zealous philanthropy should be branded as a criminal for its well-meaning mistake, while infamous lust riots with impunity. Is it an inevitable consequence of human frailty that, at times, to prevent the deadliest wrong, a brave man must cross the track of law, and be crushed beneath its iron wheels? If so, let the victim be sustained by the prayers and sympathies of all who approve his design; and let no good man, clad in the garments of prudence, stand by, and coolly cry, "I told you so." Just now we do hear that provoking voice, like the harsh scream of sea-birds on the storm-waves.

As for the evil itself which has horrified us all, it is not abated nor disproved by the legal censure of the man who bravely exposed it; say rather that it is proved by the ferocious persecution of the reformer who dragged it to light. We have lately seen the most appalling evidence that a "White Slave Trade" is carried on *from* our shores, and *to* our shores, of a sort which cannot be described in these pages. This information does not come from Mr. Stead and his Commission, but from quite another quarter. Whatever the pages of the *Pall Mall* may have been, they are whiteness itself to the actual truth. The Commission for investigating the Traffic in British Girls discloses facts which are enough to drive good men mad. Indignation burns, like coals of juniper, as we cry, "O Lord, how long?" We cannot say more, but our readers may rely upon it that the half has not been told them, never ought to be told them, never can be told them. Those who contend against the foul torrent of vice, which carries away not only men and women, but little children, deserve our admiring sympathy; and if they should ever make a blunder, we need not marvel, and ought not to condemn.

If ever there was an age when the people of God should cultivate a Puritanic purity, it is now. We have need to return to the preciseness of holiness; for it is evident that the laxity of a worldly religion has produced impurity not only among the lowest of the people, but among those from whom we look for better things. Places of authority have become coverts for impurity. The gospel of the grace of God needs to be turned, like a river, into this Augean stable; and yet there are preachers who reckon that this is no longer mighty to bless the world. What hope remains?

At this hour all men are astir as to politics, and to us it is saddening to observe how much of the furor is for party, and how little of it is for principle. The question is not, "Which is right, and which is wrong?" but, "What will get our party into power?" Hence great questions must wait on the convenience of great men. Shall we never have a party which does not care for party, but only wages war for truth and righteousness? Christian men must not abjure politics when matters are at stake which concern truth, justice, peace, and virtue; but when these are bidden to wait till a more convenient season, godly men are put out of court. As to mere party tactics and policies, righteous men abhor them. Who can have to do with the tricks of party politics, and remain clean in heart and hand? What have the spiritual to do with these grovelling matters? What have we to do to find offices for this set of men or that? Our only care should be to advance the cause of liberty and goodness—the cause of God; and, in the best sense, the cause of men.

One of the most instructive sights of the last few weeks has been the earnest efforts of the Establishment in its own defence. This institution pleads for itself that it is the poor man's church, specially to be maintained in riches for the sake of neglected Hodge and his needy family. Those dreadful Dissenters, it is well known, have no care for anybody below the rank of a cheesemonger; only the Episcopalians have any tenderness towards the working-man! The fact that it is the enfranchisement of Hodge and others of his degree which has caused this

great danger to the church has not a little amused us. Surely the poor will protect their own dear friend and dry-nurse. The agricultural labourer will rush to the poll to uphold his revered teacher, and father in Christ, the parson of the parish. Mother Church can have nothing to fear from those for whom she lives, and moves, and has her being. What means this eager, anxious cry? We suspect that the poor man's church is more than a little suspicious that she has remarkably failed to win the labourer's heart, and that she is by him considered to be a sorry mother-in-law, more nearly akin to his task-masters than to himself. At any rate, we have felt no sort of anguish when we have seen this institution placed in some degree at the disposal of those whom it specially regards as under its tutelage. We cannot tell what the verdict will be when the polls are declared; but Rectors and Vicars may sleep the sleep of the righteous; no harm can come to them from those who love the very ground their spiritual pastors tread upon.

Whatever the result of this election or the next, we plead for religious equality as right in itself. The question is not whether Nonconformists are in a majority, or in a minority; no nation of men has any right to impose a religion upon its citizens, and say—"You shall be considered as belonging to this church whether you like it or not. This is your National religion, and the utmost we can say about your personal religion is that it is *tolerated*." The day is past for such tyranny. We do not ask to have *our* religion patronized as the religion of the nation, neither will we tamely submit that another man's faith, be it better or worse, shall occupy that position. Who is to be the judge? Who is to say which church is most pure, or most scriptural? We claim that the present National Establishment has nothing about it to entitle it to take a domineering position. How could it have? The better a church the more able will it be to stand alone without State patronage; and if it cannot so stand, it ought to fall.

All this hurly-burly is apt to take Christian people off from their chief concern in the world. We shall be glad when the noise is over; that we may give ourselves wholly to the Word of God, and prayer, and the winning of souls, and the feeding of the flock of Christ. It is hard to contend for the holiest principles without allowing some unholy passion to creep in. In many cases, those whom we have to withstand to the face are true brethren in Christ; and this makes the warfare all the more difficult. If we must contend, we may well desire that it may be with the enemies of the cross, but it is painful to the last degree to Paul to be opposed to Peter. Truth is first, and peace afterwards; but oh, that the time were come when the peace will never need to be broken because we shall be all walking in him who is the way, the truth, and the life!

When we turn our eyes from the world without to the Lord our God, who is the dwelling-place of his people in all generations, we see that all things are in his hand, and ordered for the best results. The things which can be shaken will fall, that only those which cannot be shaken may remain. In the long run truth will prevail. And yet it strikes the thoughtful observer that the coming of the Lord Jesus is far more the hope of the Church than any remedial processes, or evolutions, or progresses among mankind. Under some aspects the world grows

better, but in the deepest and most solemn sense, evil men and seducers wax worse and worse. Growingly do we see the weakness of the flesh, and the need for a divine interposition. It is ours to plod on as if all depended upon us; but it is still more ours to look up and believe that our redemption draweth nigh, and *that* not from our endeavours, but from the appearing of the Son of God. His day will blaze with his own glory; he alone shall be glorified in his saints, and admired in all them that believe. "The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." Oh, that it would soon dawn! In hopeful expectation we look no more upon the flying scud, and the boiling waters; but we fix our eye upon the Pole Star, which abideth and shineth on forever. "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away," we will with our readers WATCH, and thus conclude the year.

"O, watch and pray! for thou hast foes to fight,
Foes which alone thou canst not overcome;
Watching and prayer will keep thine armour bright,
Soon will thy toils be o'er, thy victory won.

O, watch and pray! the Judge is at the door,
Before his flaming bar thou soon must stand;
O, watch! and keep thy garments spotless pure,
And thou shalt then be found at his right hand."

The Influence of Puritanism.

FROM A LECTURE BY REV. SAMUEL COLEY.

AFTER the Reformation, the next great ecclesiastical influence is that of Puritanism. Revolt from the authority of Rome was, in England, first publicly proclaimed from the throne. The guidance of the movement, therefore, naturally fell into the hands of its occupant. Government reforms are proverbially cautious in speed, and as small as may be in amount. Impeded by royal caprice, and trammelled with difficulties of state, the reformation in the Anglican Establishment moved too slowly and halted too soon for its Puritan members. It was too reverent of ancient usage, and too conservative of ancient forms, to please them. Earl Strafford's motto, "Thorough," though in a different cause, was theirs.

Rejecting the Pope, the Puritans bowed not to the prelate. Hating the Missal, they scrupled at the Prayer-book. Detesting the robes of the priest, they could not brook the vestments of the clergy. Despising as mummeries the gorgeous rites of the Church of Rome, they looked with dislike and jealousy upon the ceremonies of the Church of England.

Of course, conduct springing from principles so intense and extreme brought them into frequent and painful collision with the magnates and authorities of their time. We cannot attempt to trace all the vicissitudes of Puritan history—the complaints they made, the sufferings they endured, the work they did. Suffice it to say that, like the race of Israel under the ban of Pharaoh, Puritanism multiplied, despite of persecution, proscription, exile, and death.

Uniting themselves with the opponents of royal absolutism, they triumphed in the civil wars, and in the person of Cromwell attained unto political supremacy in the Commonwealth. Some of their doings in the day of their power have won for them no favour in the eyes of men of taste. Unappalled by the censures of virtuosi, they mutilated images, broke storied windows, uprooted altars, whitewashed frescoes, and contemptuously treated the things which in the times of olden darkness had been unduly revered. Doubtless this must seem horribly wild and rough work to modern *dilettanti*; and Mr. Verdant Green and the company of dapper exquisites in whom æsthetics take precedence of faith, will give against them a verdict of guilty without retiring from the jury-box. Yet, after all, some may think that this conduct was very much after the model of that old Hebrew iconoclast, Hezekiah, who, when he saw that the people adored the serpent of brass, called it Nehushtan, and brake it. Nor is it unlike the heaven-sanctioned ways of Josiah, who, not content with repressing the worship of Baal, burned the very bones and relics of its defunct priesthood. The Scotch, when they ejected the monks, warily finished their work by destroying the monasteries, saying—"Come, let us burn the nests, and then the crows cannot come back again." The Puritans were of the same mind, and determined, having cast off the fetters of the Papacy, to erase every monument of their former subjection, and to erect such barriers as should render resumption of power in this realm for ever impossible to Rome. Never has the world known Protestantism so intense, or hatred of Popery so deep, fervent, and all-pervading as that of the Puritans.

The rule of the Puritans was brief: when the strong gauntleted hand of their king without a crown let fall the reins, they lost them for ever. The Puritans failed either to win the masses to their side, or to mould the Anglican Establishment to their type; but they accomplished what has been more for the general good. They maintained and amplified national rights against tyranny of every kind; they thoroughly pervaded the popular heart with principles of civil and religious freedom; they planted the tree of liberty beneath whose vast shadow we repose, and of whose fruit we so plentifully partake.

Quaint, and queer, and trim, and even sour withal, as some of their ways were, yet they were strong men and true; stern in integrity and immutable in purpose. To their manly protests against wrong—their patient endurance of prisons, and pillories, and fines—their valour on numerous fields of fight, we owe our emancipation from many a shackle and our possession of many an inestimable good. England is indebted to the Puritans for all her freedom, not a little of her choicest learning, and much of her evangelical light and fervour. Puritan was a word of scorn: who uses it so now? Like the good boy in the fairy tale, on whose head the fool's cap, placed by his scoffing brothers, turned to a crown, the virtues of these heroes have transmuted jeers into praises, and made their very nickname glorious. They have carved their deeds upon the pillars of our national history, and bequeathed to us a literature fragrant of Christ as the spikenard is of perfume, refreshing as the clusters of Eshcol, more precious than the treasures of Cræsus, and lasting as the pyramids of Egypt.

Stories and Sayings of Old Mr. Dod.

(Continued from page 582.)

CONSIDERING the great usefulness of Mr. Dod, we know but very little of him. To distinguish him from his son Timothy he is generally styled "Old Mr. Dod." He was a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the associate of the greatest of the early Puritans. He became pastor at Hanwell, in Oxfordshire, and there committed the great crime of filling his church, and drawing large numbers of persons from other parishes. For this serious offence he was several times questioned in the bishop's courts, and at length suspended from his ministry. He long felt the iron rod of the prelates, but never lost his patience towards men, or his joy towards God. A mild facetiousness surrounded him, a fit expression of the mildness of his temper, and the serenity of his soul.

During the civil wars, when some of the king's party came to his house, and threatened to take away his life, this heavenly divine, with holy confidence, replied, "If you do, you will send me to heaven, where I long to be; but you can do nothing except God give you leave." When they broke open his chests and cupboards, and carried away what they pleased, his only complaint was, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When they came a second time, he was confined to his bed by sickness; but though they cut away the curtains from his bed, and took the pillow-cases from under his head, he uttered not a murmuring word. Coming a third time, and having taken most of the linen and household stuff, and brought them into the room in which the good old man sat warming himself by the fire; he, during their absence to search for more, took a pair of sheets, and put them under the cushion on which he sat, greatly pleasing himself, after they were gone, that he had plundered the plunderers, and, by a lawful robbery, saved so much of his own property.

Mr. Dod was exceedingly beloved, though he was not without his enemies. These, out of malice, nicknamed him *Faith and Repentance*; because he was constantly recommending these two things. The celebrated Archbishop Ussher said, "Whatever some affirm of Mr. Dod's strictness, and his scrupling some ceremonies, I desire that when I die my soul may rest with his." Wood styles him "a learned and godly divine." Fuller denominates him "potent, humble, meek, and charitable; an excellent scholar, especially in Latin and Hebrew, and exceedingly profitable in conversation. He was a good chymist, to extract *gold* out of other men's *lead*; and however loose were the premises of other men's discourse, piety was always his unforced conclusion." Granger observes, that "in learning he was excelled by few, and in unaffected piety by none. Nothing was ever objected to this meek and humble man but his being a Puritan." His sayings have been often printed, and are still to be seen pasted on the walls of cottages. An old woman in his neighbourhood, he adds, told him "that she would have gone distracted for the loss of her husband, if she had been without Mr. Dod's sayings in her house."

It is observed of Mr. Dod that a person being once enraged at his close and awakening doctrine, picked a quarrel with him, smote him in the

face, and dashed out two of his teeth. This meek and lowly servant of Christ, without taking the least offence, spat out the teeth and blood into his hand, and said, "See here, you have knocked out two of my teeth, without any just provocation; but on condition I might do your soul good, I would give you leave to dash out all the rest." Thus Mr. Dod was not overcome of evil, but overcame evil with good.

He took care to speak to the meanest capacity, and to feed the lambs, saying, "He must stoop to the lowest capacity; and if he could reach *them*, others must help themselves." He could not endure that ministers should use hard and unusual English; he said that "most ministers in England usually shoot over the heads of their hearers."

His ministry was so spiritual, and yet so plain, that poor simple people, who never knew what religion meant, when they had gone to hear him, could not choose but talk of his sermon; it mightily delighted poor people to hear the mysteries of God (by his excellent skill that way) brought down to their own language and dialect.

"He had an excellent gift in similitudes, which flowed freely and frequently from him; as all those knew, who either heard him preach publicly, or discourse privately. He called death the friend of grace, though it were the enemy of nature; and whereas the word, and sacraments, and prayer, do but weaken sin, death kills it. Speaking of prayer, he said, 'A man was never in a hard condition, unless he had a hard heart, and could not pray.'"

"Having preached out of that text, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt'; he invited some women to dinner, and told them it was a common saying, 'Let a woman have her will, and then she will be quiet.' Now the way for a woman to have her will is to have a strong faith, and to pray as the woman in the gospel did."

"Upon a time when he had preached long, and it was later than usual before he went to dinner, he said, 'You shall have some gentlemen follow hounds from seven in the morning till four or five in the afternoon, because they love the cry of dogs, which to me is unpleasant hearing; so if we loved the word, we should be content to follow it, even though the minister stood at his sermon above his hour.' And he added, 'Methinks it is much better to hear a minister preach, than a kennel of hounds to bark.'"

He told some friends, that if he were to pass sentence who was a rich man, he would not look into his purse or chest, how much gold he had laid up, but look into his heart for what promises were treasured up there; for we count him rich that is rich in bonds; but they have the best bonds that lay hold on the promises of God.

Speaking to a minister who was going to a place where there was a very small salary, he told him, "that his care must be to preach and do God service, and then God would provide for him." When he preached at Fausley, and was much resorted to, as it was with him in other places, he told a godly man of his acquaintance, "that if the country knew as much about him as he knew about himself, they would not have him in so much admiration."

Speaking about going to law, his opinion was, "that it was better to buy love than law; for one might have a great deal of love for a little, whereas he could have but a little law for a great deal." He would

frequently say that all was well which ended everlastingly well, and that all was ill which ended everlastingly ill; and that a man was never utterly undone till he was in hell.

In order to persuade Christians not to return railing for railing, he would say, "if a dog bark at a sheep, a sheep will not bark at a dog." Mr. Dod having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman, who was a participator in the sin, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if *your* lord will offend *my* Lord, let him be offended."

Being solicited to play at cards, he arose from his seat, and uncovered his head. The company asked him what he was going to do. He replied, "To crave God's blessing." They immediately exclaimed, "We never ask a blessing on such an occasion." "Then," said he, "I never engage in anything if I cannot hope for God's blessing upon it."

This was a remarkable passage in providence, that upon a time, when it was late at night, it came into Mr. Dod's mind that he must see a friend of his about two miles off. He had business, and would have put it off, but his thoughts were restless; whereupon he went; and when he came to the place all the family were in bed, but only his friend, who was esteemed truly godly, but at that time was overwhelmed with temptations; the occasion whereof was, some cruelty offered to his children. Mr. Dod knew nothing, either of the temptation, or of the occasion of it; but knocking at the door, his friend opened the door to him, to whom he said, "I am come to you, I know not why myself, but I was restless in my spirit till I had done it." To whom his friend answered, "You know not why you came; but God knew why he sent you"; and then pulled out a balter with which he had intended self-murder at that time, which by God's goodness was thus prevented.

Experiences differ.

THE late Oberconsistorialrath Woltersdorf once knew a shoemaker in Berlin, who had attained to faith after many temptations and conflicts. Now this man imagined that only such as himself were genuine believers, and that others were but half Christians. Pride and uncharitableness continually increased in his heart. One day Woltersdorf sent for him and had himself measured for a pair of boots. He then ordered a pair for his son, who was fourteen years old. The shoemaker consequently wanted to take his measure also. But the father refused with the words: "There is no need of it; make his boots on my last." And when the shoemaker declared that this would not do, if his boots were to fit, Woltersdorf looked seriously at him, and said: "So it will not do. You insist upon making each pair to fit; and yet you want the Lord to fashion all Christians on the same last. That, too, will not do." The shoemaker was startled, but was afterwards grateful for the sermon.—*From Lehmann's "Scenes from the Life of Jesus."*

James Richards, Pontypridd.*

FROM THE WELSH MEMOIR.

“JAMES RICHARDS! There is a charm in the name, and the charm is a living one. His image is imprinted on our mental tablets. Though we have lost him, we cannot give him up: being dead he yet speaketh. We hope that we have yet to do with James Richards in the future, but now we have to do with him in the present. All that we can offer, concerning his early days, is that which is entered in his diary.” Some part of this memorandum has interest especially to those who knew Mr. Richards and the scene of his labours. A few selections are made from it:—

“I was born in the village of Landarog, in the county of Carmarthen-shire, January 28th, 1804. My father’s name was John Richards, the son of Thomas Richards, a mason, who lived in Landarog. I do not think that any of my father’s relatives were religious. My mother’s name was Sarah, the daughter of James Grier, agent to Sir William Paxton, Middleton Hall. My mother’s *father* was a Scotchman, and her mother an Englishwoman; so the blood of three nationalities is mingled in mine, though I may be without the excellencies of any. Thomas Morris, minister of Penrhiwgoch, afterwards of Newport, Monmouthshire, baptized my father and my mother.” Having referred to the fact that a house had been rented in the village of Porthrhyd, for preaching in, he says, “In this house, and before Porthrhyd chapel was built, my mind was fully drawn to Christ, and the glorious realities of his kingdom. I was at this time about twelve years of age, the age of my great Lord when with the youths of Israel he went from Galilee to the feast at Jerusalem. I could at that time read Welsh; and as my father had received or bought the first large collection of William’s Pantycelyn’s Hymns, I peered into them almost constantly, and into a small Bible I possessed. All my delight was in attending religious services, whether held for prayer or preaching. At this time I was visited by the Holy Spirit, and felt impressions that will never be effaced from my memory; if there be such a thing as the regeneration of a sinner by the Holy Spirit, then the gracious work was wrought upon me. Oh, how irreligious and unbelieving has my wicked heart been a hundred times since then, and yet I cannot but think that God desired my welfare, and had to do with me at that season! The feelings were so strong, and so extraordinary, and so different to anything I had experienced before, that they could not have been any other than the work of the Holy Spirit.

“That voice was the Beloved’s voice,
I heard its happy call;
It bade my heart turn from the world,
And make the Lord my all.”

Going over more fully the story of his conversion, after referring to a certain Sabbath’s proceedings, he writes:—“This was the day I was

* In a volume of sermons by this once well-known Welsh preacher we find biographical notes in Welsh by a few ministers, whose acquaintance with Mr. James Richards had been long and intimate. I think that some parts, especially, of the *In Memoriam* by Mr. E. Thomas, of Newport, Monmouthshire, will interest English readers.—E. MORGAN, Colne.

crucified to the world, and the world to me. I was not seen any more at the side of the river Gwendraith till the Sabbath morning that I was baptized in the same river, in the name of the Trinity. Every man is at every hour one of two things—either he is lost or saved, and the change from the first wretched state to the last precious state does not consist of ten or fifteen stages. Probably the mind is gradually prepared to receive the engrafted Word, so that it can be said, 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God,' but yet the removal from the kingdom of Satan is a direct and immediate operation. If so, though my mind had been previously strongly drawn towards God and his work, I am of opinion that the above Sabbath was the happy period when, through infinite grace, I became Christ's *very* own, and an heir of the kingdom. If I am mistaken concerning the above period, that day, and its associated feelings, are to me an entire mystery. That *dying* to pleasure previously sought, and that ardent impulse felt towards the sound of his Word, and that desire for his service, did not come from the father of evil, nor from the light of reason, nature, nor conscience. There is no reason for it but what is found in the Word of truth, that 'the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof.' Nothing comes unless the Spirit blows, and when it blows there is a sound. There is a work in process, but the measure of our knowledge concerning it is but little. 'So is it with every one that is born of the Spirit.'

"Though pursuing the means of grace, and mingling with the brethren for months, and expecting some of them to say to me, 'Come with us, and we will do thee good,' yet there was not so much as a word of encouragement to be obtained. But, I remember, one evening, as we were going to a meeting, I heard my father say to a friend, 'James must come into the society,' and the answer was, 'Let him come.' (In this instance a *wise* father made a glad son.) So, though the bride did not say 'Come,' as she should have done, yet I was shortly admitted into the society. O blessed Son of God, art thou not displeased when thou seest thy mistaken people ready to close the door, which thou didst open wide for the weary and the heavy-laden? Doubtless some have made the entrance broader than it was intended to be; for that it should contain the whole of the *State* is an incongruous amalgamation of the spiritual and the natural. 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God.' Yet, it is equally wrong to straiten the door; and this we do if we look upon all as unfit, unless, like Moses, they have been in the midst of the thunders and lightnings of Sinai, and have been compelled to exclaim, 'I fear, and quake.'

"Shortly after this, on a beautiful Sabbath morning in the summer—with a young girl—I was baptized by Mr. Daniel Davies, of Felinfoel. Before the baptism, Mr. Davies preached on several passages in the Word of God, such as the following:—'What saith the Scripture?' 'Do ye think the Scripture saith in vain?' and 'The Scriptures cannot be broken.' It required no little ingenuity to piece together a sermon on baptism from the given passages."

Mr. Richards began to preach when about fifteen years of age. He was a boy-preacher. In the year 1821, when seventeen years of age, he entered Bradford Academy, to prepare for the ministry, under Dr.

Steadman. He remained four years, prosecuted his studies with success, was kindly remembered by those who were his fellow-students, and awakened in them hopes concerning himself in the future, which were not unrealized. He returned to Wales, and entered upon evangelistic labours. In 1838, he settled at Pontypridd, in connection with which place his name is best known. He remained pastor of the church till 1853. Many were added to the church, while it was under his care—by baptism, letter, and restoration, a total of 400. Mr. Thomas, a disciple of Mr. Richards, wrote the first portion of his memoir, and thus describes him as a *preacher* :—

“He would base his sermon, not on a half-sentence, or a fragment of a paragraph, but on a whole and perfect idea in the Word of God ; then, with great deliberation and appropriate remarks, or some explanatory observations, he would lead the mind to the text ; and next he would raise three or four heads. After doing so, he would tread slowly on the lower level of his text, climbing from step to step, until he reached the height, and was seen at the hill-top. Afterwards he would make some present or immediate application of his materials, and in this business he was always exceedingly happy and successful.

“To form an idea of his preaching, you have not to think of the raging tempest, with thunder and lightning ; nor of anything startling and magnificent in creation, as precipitous rocks, rivers, and deeps ; nor of the whirlwind, wrenching up trees, dismantling castles, and causing seas to boil, and angry waves to fret and roar. His style and manner of address in nothing resembled these things. But it was like the flowing tide on a calm summer's day, swelling and increasing, rising gradually higher, higher, until the vessels in the bay begin to float, the strand is hidden, and the mark upon the boundary is reached ; or to the gradual and delightful course of the sun, forward from the early dawn till noon. Everything graduated. His voice was weak, and needed care in its use, but it was pleasant and occasionally powerful. He spoke deliberately, carefully, and with studied emphasis ; and owing to the combined solemnity, grandeur, and beauty of his sentiments, the attentive and intelligent minds of his hearers were fed, their hearts made to melt and rejoice, and the plan of salvation was made to appear in marvellous grandeur.”

Dr. Pritchard, Llangollen, wrote of Mr. Richards thus :—“Mr. Richards was an extraordinary preacher ; he had the eye of an eagle to discover the truth, the heart of a seraph to feel the force of the truth, and the eloquence of a man cultured and accomplished to portray the truth. ‘His lips were as the lily, dropping myrrh.’ We remember many years ago hearing him at an Association at Aberystwith preaching from the testimony of John to the Lamb of God. The vast audience had risen on their feet ; we forgot everything but what was being spoken ; the preacher, and the sermon, seemed at the time to be superhuman.’ I never heard so excellent a sermon.”

The late Mr. D. Morgun, of Blaenavon, who was also one of Mr. Richards' hearers at Carmel, Pontypridd, contributed an interesting article on his minister. He wrote the following :—

“Occasionally a sermon created a new epoch in his history in connection with the place. Those sermons were known by us under

peculiar names, by which we afterwards referred to them, as the sermon of 'Halting between two opinions'; or 'Abiding under the shadow of the Almighty'; "The mustard seed"; 'The more sure word,' and 'He must reign,' and 'Giving up the kingdom.' When he preached he proclaimed the gospel, and unfolded the truth, and was not found to engage in controversy with this, that, and the other. He believed that the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord was enough, were it displayed, to manifest the incorrectness and deformity of every doctrine that dared to rise in opposition to it."

I should like to offer some choice selection from the sermons in the possession of the Welsh public. Where all is so good, the difficulty is to make a selection, and to end selecting when you have once begun. But the first sermon is remarkable, on "The Intercession of the Cross." "Father, forgive them" (Luke xxiii. 34).

"The *intercession* is also in harmony with the future office of the Mediator. You know what that was. You have it in the different descriptive words—an Advocate with the Father, 'a minister of the sanctuary,' 'Who is also at the right hand of God,' 'Who also maketh intercession for us.' The whole of the Son's gracious work until the great burning day; and the ever-flowing streams from the fountain of mercy are found here. 'We have an Advocate with the Father.' But the High Priest was not an intercessor till he went into the most holy place; he was not an intercessor when he was by the altar, and his fingers were employed in dressing the sacrifice; but Jesus is an intercessor here. The heart of the Son of God was so full of his future office, that he proceeds with it before he advances to that high station with which it stands connected. An 'Advocate with the Father.' Yes, and an Advocate before he ascends into the glory. He is the minister of the sanctuary before he has entered it, and therefore cries, 'Father, forgive them.' Hear the Father say, 'I accept thy expiation, thy own expiation, my Son.' Then Jesus replies—'Receive my *intercession* also. Verily, I have not entered within the heavenly sanctuary yet, but behold me dying on the tree. The law of the types shall not be broken by my pleading here and now; the blood has passed on before, newly shed; it is presented in the golden bowl. Father, forgive them. I am for displaying to a whole race of guilty beings my office to the end of time. Forgive them. Do thou show to future ages, by forgiving these, my murderers, what my atonement can do.' Oh, happy coincidence! I read our Lord's whole heavenly life in this prayer. 'He ever liveth to intercede for them.' Mark, also, how the integrity of his soul is exhibited when you hear him add, 'For they know not what they do.' *This* shows that something was occurring, and something was being done that the multitude saw not and knew not. 'They *know* not.' This was not the *scourging*; they knew that. This was not the cry, 'Away with him'; they knew that. This was not the coronation with thorns; they knew that. This was not the plucking off of the hair from his gentle cheeks; they knew that. All these things they knew. Then, if they knew these things, they knew *all*; there was nothing more to know! Oh, no! no! Other things occurred, other things were being done. They knew not that the Son of God was there as a sacrifice. He offers an atonement; a debt is being paid;

there is a fountain being opened ; there is a fulfilment of the law and the prophets ; but they know it not. There is a greatness that is unseen, the glory is under a veil ; this they know not. Oh, for twice ten thousand tongues to praise God for the unseen realities of Calvary ! Now Jesus pleads—because they have not known me, and do not understand the purposes of this my suffering, ‘Father, forgive them.’ In the greatness of his generosity he puts the most favourable construction on their case. **THIS IS INTERCESSION.**”

On Christmas-day, 1866, he lost his beloved wife by death. Writing to his son in the faith, he said, “Is not Christmas-day a natal day ? Is it not because of the nativity it is so called ? We might have thought because of this that death ought not to have anything to do, nor even dare to be seen on this day ; but, alas ! he has taken my dear wife. Yet, this is but the earthly view of the matter. There is a sense in which Christmas-day was a Christmas-day for her, her birth to a higher and better life. I could write on for ever about her. Oh, that I could write to her ; but if I could it would hardly be in my power to hide from her my distress at losing her.” He followed her in the course of a few months, not having long to mourn his loss. He made the best of two worlds : he was taken away in peace, resting with a complete trust on that Saviour whom he had so long and so ably and so successfully proclaimed to men.

Children.

MY brother’s little girl, May, after a very serious illness, had just come down-stairs, when her father said, “Well, May, my dear, you know who has made you better, don’t you ?” “Yes, father—Jesus.” “And now, how will you thank him ?” In a true and artless manner, she said, “*I’ll love him, father.*”

I heard the following told by a preacher in the Wesleyan chapel :—“A dear girl, eight years old, whom I knew exceedingly well, was very, very ill ; and, whilst lying in her cot, she said to her sister sitting by her side, “Etty, will you take me out and set me on your knee ?” This was done, when the little one covered her face with a white handkerchief, and said, “Please sing me, ‘Jesus is our Shepherd ;’” and while her sister was singing—

“Jesus is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in his bosom, what have we to fear ?”

the little hands let go, and the handkerchief fell, revealing the fact that she had actually experienced the complete fulfilment, “He will gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.”—F. G. B.

Nothing Venture, Nothing Win.

A VERY zealous revivalist of our acquaintance was wont to say that over-cautious preachers were like fishermen, who refuse to cast forth the net for fear they might catch a devil-fish.—*From Hervey’s “Manual of Revivals.”*

Christian Soldiers.

SEVERAL months ago we gave certain particulars respecting the operations carried on by Miss Daniel, at Aldershot Camp, and elsewhere, in the cause of the gospel; and since then we have had occasion to pay attention to the equally effective service of the Army Scripture Readers' and Soldiers' Friend Society. We feel sure that there are large numbers of Christian people who, though familiar with the name of this agency, are still unacquainted with its far-reaching influence for good in all parts of the world where British regiments are found. Our friend, Mr. W. A. Blake, may be said to live almost solely for the spiritual welfare of a vast military constituency; and what has been accomplished, through the Lord's blessing, since the work was commenced, teaches all in a delightful manner not to despise the day of small things. The society was founded in 1849 by Mr. Blake, Dr. Burns, and Pastor John Cox, of Woolwich. Until the Crimean war there were only two Scripture-readers; and there are now ninety. During six years Mr. Blake acted as honorary secretary, and received a watch as a testimonial. From the commencement of the society to the present time, he has been the ruling genius of the enterprise.

A society like this, so thoroughly catholic in its aims, and at the same time so cosmopolitan, deserves well of all who wish our army to become a credit to our great empire. The majority of soldiers are far from what we could wish them to be; but they have very greatly improved since the days when the military profession was synonymous with nearly all that degrades human nature. In the old times the soldier found all things to be against a steady life; there were few to help him towards better things, and the associations of the barracks in time of peace, and of the tented field amid scenes of war, were for the most part such as tempted him to vice. Now all is changed for the better, and under God, the improvement is largely due to those who have worked in faith, well knowing that the gospel could reach the soldier just as readily as it could civilians. A vast proportion of the good work to which we allude has been effected by the Army Scripture-readers, who in many cases being themselves old soldiers, can sympathize with the men in their trials and difficulties. At all events, these agents are always within call; and frequently, when time would otherwise pass heavily, they communicate the best of knowledge to the men. Wherever soldiers are found, the Readers are content to go, and the authorities at the War Office, as well as the officers and men, have learned to value their services.

So great has been the reformation during the last generation or so, that a retired Indian chaplain was able to say: "It is a sad necessity that we should have soldiers, but as we must have them, let us be thankful that we have many godly, righteous, and sober men wearing the Queen's uniform. Fathers and mothers will be glad to hear that a young man may find good friends in his regiment, who will seek him out and teach him the good and the right way." It is noteworthy that many such are ever to be found amid heathen surroundings in India, where no one can go very far without coming

upon the footprints of English Christian agents. Little companies of men have their Bible-readings, and their prayer-meetings, while many a choice book passes from one to another. Thus the solicitude of the church at home meets with ample recompense. Speaking at a meeting at Simla some years ago, Lord Napier of Magdala remarked: "I have a firm belief in the benefits which the Army Scripture Readers' Society may confer on the army. It has been wisely ruled by the Society that in selecting Scripture-readers the preference shall be given to men who have been soldiers themselves. No one can more fully appreciate the trials and temptations of soldiers than those who have themselves felt them, have gained a glorious victory over them, and feel a conscientious call to devote themselves to save others by their warning voice and counsel, and by the example of a better life. No one can tell so well when the voice of a friend will be listened to, no one else can have such opportunities of seeing the moment when the path of the young soldier may be turned from evil to good."

In proportion as Christian soldiers increase in the ranks, our army will, in the best sense, become stronger and stronger. Once, at least, in our national history, the battles of the people have been fought by companies of men who prized the living Word; and in those heroic days the Puritan warriors never turned their backs on an enemy, but thwarted the despotic designs of the king, and saved the liberties of England.

The duties of a Scripture-reader in the army are sufficiently onerous in camp at home, or in the ranks of the Militia; but the agents who accept foreign service in time of war need great nerve as well as great powers of endurance. If we follow these men, we find that in all cases they are faithful to the trust reposed in them. It is said that in Egypt, "Readers Millar and Mathers acted faithfully in the midst of the war by helping the wounded to the rear, and in other ways sustaining the character of 'good soldiers of Jesus Christ.' They rendered signal service when special aid was urgently needed." Working harmoniously with the chaplains, Readers effectively supplement the work of those who are regularly appointed by the Government; and they succeed in befriending the men in a hundred ways in which no chaplain would ever think of engaging. We need not wonder, therefore, that, among other things, the Readers are great adepts at letter-writing. In one report Mr. Blake tells us that "thousands of communications are penned in the course of each year by the society's agents; and the fact that they are asked to conduct the correspondence of the men shows at a glance the friendly footing on which they stand with them."

Such are the efforts put forth by the society which has its chief office at 4, Trafalgar Square, and which is ever in want of means to carry on and extend its operations.

With the view of making our friends think of soldiers, we will now call attention to a few examples of Christian men-at-arms, who are exemplars to all men, for all time, both as regards their loyalty to Christ and their devotion to their country.

The name of Colonel James Gardiner is well known to all readers of English biography; but there are characteristics of the man, which,

when viewed in connection with the degenerate days in which he lived, deserve to be kept in everlasting remembrance. He came of a race of military heroes, who appear to have ardently loved their profession; but while willing to risk life and property for their country, their desires were confined to the things of this life. The Colonel's father was not actually killed at the battle of Hochstet, but he died immediately afterwards of exhaustion; and after that, his son became a thorough-going pleasure-seeker and man of the world. As a soldier in that fighting age he saw plenty of service; for, by the time he was nineteen, he had fought in several engagements, and had known what it is for a bullet to enter his mouth and come out at the back of his head. Until he was thirty years old he passed what he afterwards knew to be a "wild, thoughtless, and wretched" life.

On several successive occasions he escaped what threatened to be imminent death; but special providences were then merely regarded as happy accidents. Perhaps the manner of his conversion in 1719 was one of the most remarkable things of the kind which has happened in the world since the conversion of Paul. The Colonel was in Paris in the summer of the year named; and while sitting alone, near midnight, after having spent the preceding hours with boon companions, a vision suddenly appeared of the Saviour on the cross who exclaimed, "O sinner! Did I suffer this for thee? Are these thy returns?" The effect was as wonderful as it had been in the case of the apostle; for the time the arrested sinner felt as though death must end his sufferings; but from that moment he was a transformed man, and entered upon a new life. A moral miracle had been wrought by the Holy Spirit, and the Colonel must have been more than a nine days' wonder to those who had hitherto been his companions in sin. On no occasion did he seek to hide his light under a bushel, or shrink from confessing Christ in the face of the world. At home and abroad, on duty and in hours of recreation, this English soldier was ever seen to be the disciple of Christ. He did not obtrude his religion on people at any time, but he never sought to hide it; and thus he exemplified a kind of bravery which has been too scarce, even among professors. Many soldiers have had trials in this respect; and while willing to show any amount of daring in face of the enemy, they have still found it hard to be true to their profession in frivolous company.

In the case of the hero of Prestonpans this course of conduct earned for him, as it ever will in similar instances, the goodwill even of an ungodly world. In one contemporary account of his death he is spoken of as "the brave Colonel Gardiner, who was universally esteemed." It was added, "He is regretted, not only by his friends, and those of the present Government, but even by those against whom he fought; who agree with all others in acknowledging that he finished a worthy and exemplary life with a most honourable and heroic death." It appears that he might easily have escaped, had he been as great a coward as many by whom he was accompanied. We have to remember that he fell while defending that Protestant Succession in which our Nonconformist forefathers saw many of their most darling hopes realized. Hence another contemporary writer spoke of "the glorious death of Colonel Gardiner, who, being born a Scotchman, fell in the cause of liberty with the spirit of a Roman."

Few conversions are so striking as that of Colonel Gardiner; but other instances are almost as extraordinary. In the early years of this century a Christian physician gave an account of the conversion of Lieut. R., a handsome and fashionable officer in the army, who was converted through the instrumentality of a tract.* The young soldier had consulted his medical friend on account of a painful ailment, and on recovering his health, he wished to make him some pecuniary acknowledgment; and when that was refused, he called later in the day with a theatre ticket, for which he had given an exorbitant price. "Why, doctor, there must be something more in you Methodists than I thought," the soldier had observed, when the money was declined; and he must have been equally astonished when he found that both principle and inclination likewise kept the doctor away from the playhouse. Handing to the lieutenant a copy of "The Death of Altamont," the worthy surgeon merely remarked, "As you seem so anxious to confer an obligation on me, put this little book in your pocket, and read it to oblige me."

The young soldier went home, dressed for the play, and, to while away the time before the performance, commenced reading the tract. He not only read, but he became so absorbed that, as he afterwards confessed, "conscience was the only performer before me that night." What followed before sunrise of the following morning must be described by the army surgeon, on whom the now anxious enquirer called at three o'clock a.m.

"As long as memory retains her seat I can never forget his haggard looks and his tremulous voice. With a look of despair, and in a manner which seemed to carry with it a conviction of irretrievable ruin, he exclaimed, 'Tell me, oh, tell me, is it possible that I can obtain mercy and forgiveness from the offended God of Altamont?' . . . Hastily dressing myself, we sat together on the sofa, he in a state of restless agony, which expressed itself in incessant weeping and wringing of the hands, reiterating again and again the question he had just put to me." The doctor rose, dressed himself; and then, after earnest prayer, explained the gospel to his friend, to whom peace did not come immediately, however; for "the same day and night he scarcely tasted food, or took any rest; and no drowning man could more vehemently call for assistance, nor any famishing man more greedily devour the means of support, than he sought for warrant in the promises of the gospel to lay hold of the hope there set before him." In a few days the lieutenant found peace in Christ, and ever after lived as a rejoicing believer. His career was a brief one, however; for, having to go with his regiment to Jamaica, he died there of yellow fever; but with his dying breath he spoke to his comrades of the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The history of Captain Page, who died at Monghyr in 1829, shows how even the quiet testimony of the sick-room may have a far-reaching influence. In early life he enjoyed the association of Christian friends; but he ultimately became engrossed by the pleasures and society of the

* For the facts of this and the case which follows we are indebted to "The Church in the Army," a small book published in the reign of William IV.

world. Well read, having a fund of anecdote, and superior elocutionary powers, his society was eagerly sought, so that for long years the world was his only consolation. All this time, however, he was not happy, because his joys were counterfeits; his practices, we are told, "led him, according to their undeviating tendency, into scenes and into the commission of acts little calculated to produce peace of mind. He was oftentimes secretly ashamed of himself, covered with confusion in his soul, loathing his very being, and, like the great Colonel Gardiner, when in similar circumstances, ready to envy the life of a dog."

"On one occasion, when serving in India, he had taken a berth in a vessel which was never heard of again; and the Captain would have perished with the rest had he not accepted an invitation to remain for a few days with a friend. He was first led to see the importance of religion by the conversation of Mrs. Rowe, the afflicted wife of a missionary at Dinapore. The young soldier also conversed with another Christian teacher in the same place, to whom he once offered a ticket for the theatre; and that kindly-meant action gave opportunity for a word in season—such as was never forgotten. What an encouragement that was, not to be weary in well-doing! for as one well remarks, what is "ineffectual a hundred times, may not be so the hundred-and-first."

In the case of Captain Page, one thing led to another: he was induced to attend the Mission Chapel, he read books which treated of man's highest interests, and at last found the peace which faith in Christ alone can give. Of course every one at once perceived that Captain Page was a changed man; but in what did that change consist? His wife, as an interested person, could not, by any means, comprehend what had happened. "She viewed the change with silent wonder, and she speedily saw, to her amazement, that what her tears and entreaties had not been able to accomplish, was now more than effected. The gaming-table was forsaken, and her own society at home was sought." Other friends and observers were utterly amazed. They asked what had happened to Captain Page, who was not what he had been; for at once he had forsaken those gaieties of the world which once possessed for him such a strong fascination. It was a wonder that he had openly turned his back on evil things; but the greatest wonder of all was that the convert had lost all taste for them.

When thus transformed, the Captain naturally wished to do something for the Master into whose service he had entered; and then came a testing time, which would prove whether or not the brave soldier was a moral coward. Having to undertake a voyage from Madras to the Cape of Good Hope, he laid in a stock of books and tracts for distribution; but there was no other Christian person in the vessel who would encourage the effort. As he sat in his cabin and looked at the works which were to be distributed, and thought of the ridicule which the enterprise would entail, there was a struggle in the young soldier's mind, but through God's help he triumphed over the enemy. He walked through the ship, and not only gave away the books, but recommended them to the attention of those who received them. This seed-sowing, as might have been expected, resulted in a grateful harvest, for at least one who received a book—a military officer—

became an eminently Christian character, as well as the choice friend of him who had brought him the gospel message.

Thus lived this Christian soldier, and when he died, on August 31st, 1829, he left many fragrant memories behind him.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare," and this snare is what a Christian should by any means escape. The quiet testimony of an afflicted woman in her sick-room at first led to the conversion of Captain Page, who, in turn, became instrumental in benefiting others. This shows how far-reaching may be the influence of those "who only stand and wait."

In regard to the jeers of worldly-minded persons—being called a Methodist, and that sort of thing—it should be considered that, even worldlings, when they speak about religion, more often than otherwise give utterance to prejudice rather than sober conviction. There were once two brothers: one became a changed character, but the other, on the occasion of paying a friendly visit to the Christian household, determined to fortify his heart against Methodistical influences. What was the result? Well knowing what were his brother's prejudices, the Christian man avoided directly obtruding religion upon him; but his whole bearing was so inevitably Christian, that the visitor was constrained to feel that, after all, his brother was right. He saw that his Christian brother was the happier man, and therefore he desired to learn his secret. How often has such a discovery been the first step towards complete change of heart!—G. H. P.

Concerning the Doom of the Wicked.

IS it possible to speak too terribly concerning the misery of the finally impenitent? We think not. Take the words of the Lord Jesus as your guide, and you will feel that no language can fitly convey his sense of the awful condition of a soul which has been judged, and finally condemned. Preachers who carry the utterances of their loving Lord no further than they fairly should be, but express themselves in sincerely alarming language, are now held up to ridicule as tinctured with the mediæval spirit, as Dantesque in their descriptions, &c. Now we believe that the delineations of both the old preachers and the great Italian poet were the grim but truthful enlargement of the figures of Holy Scripture, and that they were based upon a reverent awe of divine justice, infinitely more to be desired than the proud infallibility of the present boastful age.

At any rate, those men were not concerned to win the popular favour, but wished, in their rough way, to paint sin in hideous colours, that men might flee from it from dread of its consequences. He is not the most loving who is afraid to speak a dreadful truth, but he who will hazard his own name for tenderness in order to be really tender. There is a worm which dieth not, and a fire which never can be quenched. The modern thinkers, with their velvet mouths, do not mention such a thing, but dote upon "a larger hope," for which there is not a grain of support in Holy Scripture. The Lord himself shall judge who are his own servants; those who warn men in saddest tones of terror, or those who flatter them with their own pleasing dreams.—C. H. S.

How to Secure Lively Devotion in your Meetings for Prayer.

BY DR. DUNN, PH.D., STILLWATER, MINNESOTA, U.S.A.

I. **C**OMPACT *your people*. Get them into a room large enough, and not into a huge barn; and then fill your room. The fire burns when one coal is close enough to the other to be ignited. There is strength in compactness.

II. *Be punctual*. A tardy leader loses much of his power over the meeting. Satan is always ahead of the hour appointed for prayer. The Romans waited in quietude for their enemies to leave Italy; but Alaric took advantage of the delay, and, crossing the Alps, ran through the country. While you are waiting Satan is overrunning your territory. Be in time. Do not let the meeting wait even for its leader.

III. *Prepare a plan*. Yet plans do not always do the work. If the meeting has a tendency to run away from a plan, let it go its own way, it will run in the right direction if the Holy Spirit be there. However, plans are generally needed; and in planning there should be adequate preparation, for which purpose,

1. *Use the Word of God*. There have been many graduates in the sciences and in the arts, but never has one mastered the Bible yet. Many have ceased studying it, but no one has fully learned the old Book. Let the Word of God be the Book you study for your prayer-service.

2. *Meditate and pray very much over the truth*. While you meditate, the fire burns. Go into the prayer-room with hot hearts, and with lips touched by the glory revealed through prayer. These means will prepare you adequately for your task.

IV. *Be brief in your remarks*. Do not try to say all that you know at one meeting. Have some reserved power, for you will need it. It is well to impress the people that you have not said all you could, or even desired to say. Be short and pointed.

V. *Sing much*. And yet do not sing too much. Sing often and briefly. Away with your sleepy, dull, doleful, tedious tunes and hymns! Let your songs be full of sweetness, comfort, and praise. Let them be appropriate to the subject of the meeting, and to the experiences of disciples who speak.

VI. *Let there be continuity of service*. Suffer no breaches in the service. Do not wait for any one to pump up religious steam. The steam should be ready for the service. What if, before firing the engine and getting steam ready for use, the fireman waited until the hour arrived for the train to leave the depôt! The closet should be resorted to before the hour arrives for Christian worship. We ought to learn, in our services, to begin at the hour announced, with power already on hand, whose presence is to be continued throughout the meeting. As a Christian church, we have not yet learned to make the most of our machinery. Let each moment of the hour devoted to the prayer-meeting be used, without destroying a single one of all the sixty links in the chain. The whole hour should be a continuous flow of worship. These six points observed, and there cannot be a dull, insipid prayer-service in any church.

The Gospel in Cowper's Letters.

THOSE who have studied all sides of the character of the poet Cowper are aware that he is one of the most interesting personages in literary history; and his Letters hold as high a place in the estimation of persons of taste as they held when Robert Hall declared them to be "the finest specimen of the epistolary style in our language." The great preacher very correctly characterized these effusions when he added, "To an air of inimitable ease and carelessness, they unite a high degree of correctness such as could result only from the clearest intellect, combined with the most finished taste. I have scarcely found a single word which is capable of being exchanged for a better."

So much for the quality of the Letters, which in the collection which has descended to us commence at Midsummer, 1765, when the poet was in his thirty-fifth year. At that time he was, in a sense, commencing life anew at Huntingdon, after having passed through one of the most extraordinary experiences which ever fell to the lot of man. It is necessary clearly to understand Cowper's antecedents before the references in his Letters can be thoroughly comprehended.

The son of a clergyman, whose church and parsonage constituted one of the most picturesque bits of Old Hertfordshire, he contracted a youthful love for the local scenery of Berkhamstead, every characteristic of which was as familiar to him as the pages of a well-mastered book. There he was bereaved of the sweet mother, whose image ever afterwards lived in his mind. When he lost his father, nineteen years later, he expected to find in the legal profession a supplement for his slender fortune. He had passed through the discipline of a private and a public school; in the Middle and the Inner Temple, while amusing himself with literature and law, he had associated with many aspiring and talented men about town, some of whom bore names still known to fame. There, too, he fell in love with his cousin, Theodora Cowper, who, like her accomplished suitor, died unmarried, but until the end treasured mementoes of former happy days, and even corresponded with her quondam admirer as Anonymous. He was destined, however, to pass through a tempest of horror before leaving London, which threatened to end in self-destruction; and this, and a similar attack which followed some years after, imparted a sombre complexion to the whole of his after life.

Religion had not yet become the chief thing in life with him; but he passed through an awful conflict with the tempter, in which reason was not able to hold her own; and the powers of evil tempted him to suicide. He had as a child read a vindication of self-murder; "an elderly, well-looking gentleman" at a coffee-house had, with some force, half recommended such an expedient as a rational way of escaping from the ills of life. Cowper caught at the idea, and determined that he would by violence end a life which had become a burden too heavy to be borne. The scenes following, as depicted by the poet himself, are vivid and terrible.

On a certain evening, early in the winter of 1763, when Johnson, as autocrat of Fleet Street, was wont to sup at the "Mitre," surrounded by flatterers who made their oracle think himself a great deal bigger

than he really was, Cowper found himself in the lowest depths of despair. To his terrified heart and disordered vision there seemed to be only one way of escape, self-destruction; and accordingly, he stole out into the streets after dark, to procure a phial of laudanum at the nearest chemist's. He kept the bottle as a treasure, intending to drink its contents at a convenient juncture. The fields were then not very far away; and accordingly, he sought for some empty house, or even a ditch, where he might die unobserved. Still a voice seemed to say, "*Consider and Live.*" He even took a coach to the river-bank, but he returned without having fulfilled his purpose. He hung himself in his room, and would have been dead in another minute if the garter had not broken. "Behold, into what extremities a *good sort of man* may fall!" he afterwards wrote, referring to this season. "Such was I in the estimation of those who knew me best: a decent outside is all a good-natured world requires. Thus equipped, and though all within be rank atheism, rottenness of heart, and rebellion against the blessed God, we are said to be good enough; and if *we* are damned, alas! who shall be saved? Reverse this charitable reflection, and say, if a *good sort of man* be saved, who then shall perish? and it comes much nearer the truth; but this is a hard saying, and the world cannot bear it."

Cowper reached the crisis of conversion after nearing the rocks of insanity. He knew that he needed something that he did not possess; but where was that jewel to be found? At eighteen he describes himself as having been as ignorant of all kinds of religion as the satchel at his back; and when later on, "he found a prayer or two in that repository of self-righteousness and pharisaical lumber, 'The Whole Duty of Man,'" he was nothing benefited by their use. As a last resource, he sent for his friend Martin Madan, whom he had hitherto deemed an enthusiast, but whom he now regarded as a physician who might bring some balm of Gilead for the healing of a wounded soul. He spoke of great realities, and his words brought relief. "He spoke of original sin," says Cowper, "and of the corruption of every man born into the world, whereby everyone is a child of wrath. . . . Next, he insisted on the all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Jesus, and his righteousness for our justification. . . . I saw clearly that my case required such a remedy, and I had not the least doubt within myself but that this was the gospel of salvation."

The fury of the storm culminated in one final outburst, which Cowper survived, although the thickening darkness resembled that of hell itself. When he recovered, there ensued one of those holy calms which were few and far between in his troubled voyage. After living in the house of Dr. Cotton, the skilful Christian surgeon of St. Albans, for eighteen months, a change occurred like the rise of a clear morning's sun after a tempestuous night. "The full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me," exclaims the poet. "I saw the sufficiency of the atonement Christ had made, my pardon in his blood, and the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the gospel."

It is a pity that a case like this should be written about by persons who do not understand the change which Cowper underwent, but regard

his conversion to Evangelicalism, as they regard it, as nothing more than the adoption of one set of opinions for another. "Once for all, the reader of Cowper's life must make up his mind to acquiesce in religious forms of expression," remarks Goldwin Smith, whose worldly wisdom is evidently ashamed of the best side of the poet's character. "If he does not sympathize with them he will recognize them as phenomena of opinion, and hear them like a philosopher. He can easily translate them into the language of psychology, or even of physiology, if he thinks fit." There is a very unphilosophical ring in cant like this.

Partly because it had been the scene of his conflict, and partly because he felt himself to be totally unfit longer to engage in its business, Cowper determined to turn his back on London. His sentiments on this subject are expressed in the sweet lines :—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.
 The cool retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made
 For those who follow thee."

When he settled in his new lodgings at Huntingdon, his joy in the Lord was so great that his life was a psalm of praise. "Such was the goodness of the Lord to me," he writes, "that he gave me the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." If he remained silent while admiring this matchless lovingkindness, it was because language was inadequate to express the wonderful emotions of his soul. "Oh, what a word is the word of God, when the Spirit quickens us to receive it, and gives the hearing ear and the understanding heart!" He cried out in his transport, "The harmony of heaven is in it, and discovers its Author."

Life in the little town through which the London coaches to the north passed and repassed on the Great North Road, was social and worldly, being thoroughly characteristic of the eighteenth century; but the dances, the card-parties, and other gay assemblies were distasteful to a man who in such a literal manner had passed from darkness to light. Still, he was not only able to make himself happy amid his new surroundings, but he seemed to encounter the very people who were best suited for companionship under his trying circumstances. He traced his settlement in "the most agreeable neighbourhood" he ever saw to a special providence. He writes, "How much better is it to take our lot where it shall please Providence to cast it without anxiety"! He then goes on to describe some of his acquaintances. Among these was the North-country clergyman, Mr. Nicholson, who being as poor as he was pious and happy, read prayers twice every day in the town; served two churches, necessitating a walk of sixteen miles on the Sabbath; brewed his own beer, and gave his guests bread and cheese for supper: the "thin, tall, old man," whose name is not mentioned, to whom the gospel was a treasure, and who besides being a valetudinarian, a teetotaler, and a vegetarian, was sufficiently singular to take his morning draught soon

after sunrise at the Bristol-spring outside of the town. But the crowning mercy in the matter of society consisted in Cowper's meeting with the Unwins, the majority of whom the poet outlived, but who during their lifetime, were his faithful friends and guardians. It is observable that in the most strikingly providential manner, Cowper had the friends who were necessary to him provided just at the right time. Thus the Unwins came on the scene just when reaction threatened to follow that exuberance of joy and gratitude which characterized the first months after his recovery. The clear, sanctified intellect of Cowper saw exactly how matters stood; his conversion had strengthened his spiritual vision, enabling him to appreciate as chiefest blessings what previously would not have been recognized as any boon at all. He had now learned that "the fellowship of those whom God regards as the excellent of the earth, and whom, in the emphatical language of Scripture, he preserves as the apple of his eye, is a blessing, which carries with it the stamp and visible superscription of divine bounty; a grace unlimited as undeserved; and, like its glorious Author, free in its course and blessed in its operation."

The society to which the poet belonged was select, and had already won the name of Methodist from those who were living on a lower plane; but having discovered that "a life without God in the world is a life of trash, and the most miserable delusion," the poet thoroughly despised those temptations which would formerly have turned him aside. Things which were formerly considered light as air, were now seen to be the most momentous matters. That strong common-sense, and happy knack of clearly expressing what he meant, which made Cowper one of the most capable literary critics of his time, was always apparent in his religion. Almost instinctively he seemed able to separate the pure gold of what was written in Holy Scripture from the tinsel of mere tradition, or the sophistry of human casuistry. He remarks, "If we stand at the left hand of Christ while we live, we shall stand there too in the judgment." "The separation must be begun in this world, which in that day shall be made for ever." The "larger hope" fraternity, and the decriers of creeds who rail against all who differ from them by adhering to the old standards, would have found in Cowper an antagonist not easily to be silenced.

All things seemed to promise a lengthened term of happiness at Huntingdon; but in consequence of the sudden death of Mr. Unwin, this was not to be. Thrown from his horse while on his way to his church on a Sabbath morning in July, 1767, the good pastor fractured his skull and died. Our poet writes, "The few short intervals of sense that were indulged him, he spent in earnest prayer, and in expressions of a firm trust and confidence in the only Saviour." "To that stronghold we must all resort at last, if we would have hope in our death. When every other refuge fails, we are glad to fly to the only shelter to which we can repair to any purpose; and happy is it for us, when the false ground we have chosen for ourselves, being broken under us, we find ourselves driven to the rock which can never be shaken—when this is our lot we receive great and undeserved mercy."

Thus closes one period of Cowper's chequered experience. His life at Olney, whither he and the Unwins now removed, had also many singular passages which may invite attention.

Under my Umbrella.

BY C. A. DAVIS.

IT is pleasant, when out for a walk, to have an entertaining companion to whom you can talk without embarrassment, or, better still, who will talk to you without giving you very much trouble to keep up the conversation. For when you are not in a garrulous mood, few things are more distressing than to be in the company of a person who leaves to you the whole task of entertainment: your mouth is open, your tongue in motion; something must be said, but the brain does not supply the matter, and you groan under the painful predicament of the hour. But of late, since the rainy season has prevailed, and friends remain under cover rather than go out with you, the umbrella has become almost one's sole companion, the one faithful friend amidst general defection. And I have found it an agreeable companion enough. Indeed, the article to which glorious old Oliver was compared because he kept off the *reign* can hardly be deemed a nonentity. The other day, when we were out together, there were snatches of sunshine between the showers, and my umbrella good-naturedly spread its tent over my head during the downfall to keep me dry, collapsing to a walking-stick between whiles, and occasionally reaching its hook into the top of the high hedge to drag down some choice flower for my delectation. "I thought you spoke," said I, after the performance of one of these good offices. "Yes," said the umbrella; "like a true friend I make myself useful under all sorts of circumstances." It was said with a pardonable self-satisfaction, and I was in no mood to controvert. The umbrella went on. "Some of your friends are like my little sister the parasol, which goes out with folks only while the sun shines." There is some philosophy in that remark, thought I, and fell into a reverie on certain folk who sedulously court a friend while the business is flourishing, but after the bankruptcy, can only just remember having heard the name. "Yes, I knew him by sight," say they. I waxed indignant at such parasolship; but, thought I, even the Master himself was thus treated. Parasol friends shouted Hosanna as he rode in triumph to Jerusalem; but when the clouds gathered, they cried Crucify! One would have expected better from those who had companied with him from the first; but even they crept under shelter from the storm, "they all forsook him, and fled." Genuine friendship is precious always, but priceless in adversity; and our very troubles are made to smile when they evoke the sympathy and helpfulness of a true friend. Give me a friend who, like my trusty walking-stick here, is useful at all times, and specially useful in adversity; for while I ruminate, the rain comes down again, and lo! my stick has already amplified itself to an umbrella, and shelters me from the shower.

While I was indulging these sentimental thoughts a ray of sunlight burst out from the parting clouds, and I put down my umbrella. It shut with a snap. "What was that sharp remark of yours?" said I. "I have no patience," said my umbrella, "with those disagreeable people that say 'lent umbrellas never come back.' It is the sour man's saw, and I don't agree with it. I have served many persons besides yourself, and am still in your service." "But" said I, "people that borrow should

be careful to return." "That's very true," said the umbrella, "but I think the saying comes rather from unwillingness to lend than from failure to return. Some folks are wonderfully slow to do anybody a good turn. They are like the miser who, as a concession to the claims of charity, kept what he called a lending sovereign; and when applied to for a loan, 'I am very sorry I can't oblige you,' was his reply, 'but my lending sovereign is out.'" Said I, "There is little need for such reluctance; for such folk deprive themselves of the best pleasures. My friend who took the orphan child of neighbour R. into his house, and sheltered the little fatherless and motherless thing from the pitiless storm of bereavement, has not felt it any drawback to his own comfort. And it strikes me that the Orphanages where this sort of thing is done wholesale are wonderful seed-plots of happiness. Nothing like holding the umbrella over the little child in the storm, for making one's heart full."

While my umbrella and I were talking we passed a group of persons gathered round a man and his wife. The wife was showing the husband the length of her tongue, and the surface of the husband's temper was obviously becoming ruffled by the lashing fury of the tempest of vituperation to which it was subjected. I did not linger, being a person of pacific habits; and giving my umbrella a shake which flung down a shower of drops around me, I passed on as quickly as possible. My umbrella seemed to understand my feeling, and confidentially remarked, "They are fools who stand in the rain, and then grumble at getting wet." "True," said I; "when folks are exposed to these storms of abuse the best way is to 'avoid out of the presence' of the assailant, or else to put up the umbrella of the 'soft answer' which 'turneth away wrath,' so keeping themselves dry and comfortable instead of becoming soaked and miserable; though it must be confessed the wet sometimes gets through the umbrella, and then you should take it quietly. I have heard of Socrates that, when his amiable consort, Xantippe, after rating him with high words, threw a pail of water over him from the window as he left the house, he only said, 'Such a storm must needs produce a shower.'"

Just then a heavy, lashing rain-storm came on, and I met some persons hurrying breathlessly along without an umbrella. They made me think how hurried, and anxious, and breathless, the shelterless soul is when trial, or sickness, or death, comes on; but at such times "he that believeth shall not make haste." Under the shelter of faith the soul can go quietly. A man across the road called out to them, "So you are caught! You should do as I do, never go out without an umbrella. I am all right, you see!" But, unfortunately, at that moment a sudden gust of wind at the street corner turned his umbrella, and after a vain struggle against wind and rain and his broken-ribbed false confidence, he was forced to make his way through the wet, an example of vaunting self-complacency undone.

By this time I had reached my door. "Now," said my umbrella, "you have no further need of me; you are HOME." I put it down in the hall stand, and went in and drew up my chair at the fireside. Yes, thought I, as I looked into the fire, there are many temporary helps with which God has blessed us while we need them, but which will be laid aside when we become independent of them. At home by

my fireside I am better off than in the rain, even with my umbrella. And though the shelters God has given me here are very helpful to me, I shall need them no longer when I reach HOME. The storms through which I shall have journeyed will not fall on me then. It is pleasant while out in the rain even under an umbrella to have one's face towards HOME.

“Practical Results of Atheism.”

A CORRECTION.

IN the month of August we extracted a paragraph concerning the town of *Liberal*, from one of our American exchanges, which had taken it from the *Burlington (Vt.) Free Press*. We inserted the extract with the name of the originating paper, and supposed it to be in all respects accurate.

The truth of the description having been challenged, we promised that we would insert a disclaimer if we were furnished with evidence of its untruthfulness. At once we wrote to friends in America. The evidence which we have received is very conflicting; but we feel bound to say that we judge the article which we inserted to be far from correct, and to have been written in a prejudiced spirit. We should never have dreamed of inserting it had we known what we now know. We desire not only to print the truth, but also nothing but the truth, whatever the subject may be. It is not right to paint one's opponent in any colours but his own; and we will be no party to the blackening even of Atheists and Free-thinkers.

We are not in a position to give a *judicial* opinion; for we cannot *weigh* the evidence; but, supposing the persons who have written to be truthful, we judge that the town of *Liberal* has been in several respects grossly libelled, and therefore we are truly sorry to have given currency to the ill report. American Christian papers should truthfully chronicle the real result of the sad experiment which is being worked out in *Liberal*, and should carefully abstain from a word of exaggeration.—C. H. S.

Locusts and Grasshoppers in America.*

THE seventeen-year *locusts* have come again. The woods are alive with them. I have heard them four times. Will any of us hear them again? Not that anybody in particular wants the swarms to come again; but if they must come, and will sing, we adults want to be there to hear them about twice more, if not three times! Then we all listened in silence as the sound came across the broad fields, for all the world like the hum of ten thousand spindles in a cluster of distant cotton-mills, and all the long June day it did not intermit. There are two kinds of the long-sleeper locusts, the thirteen-year and the seventeen-year, and the last is the best, because he is the drowsiest. We wish them all joy of their little day so long a-coming.

I have no such good wishes for their horse-headed cousins, the *grasshoppers*. I was sitting one morning reading a newspaper out-of-doors, within a half mile of the Missouri, that lazily scrawled three or four capital S's within easy sight, and then seemed to halt as if thinking what letter it should make next. It was in Nebraska. Between me and the river two great fields of tall corn and sorghum stood up side by side, like grenadiers in close order. The picket lines of cotton-woods were in full uniform. The young apple-trees lifted about all the fruit they could stand under. Huge melons, twenty or thirty pounders, lay

* This narrative, in *The New York Examiner*, so ably illustrates many a Biblical passage, that we present it to our readers as equally instructive and amusing.

tethered around the garden. The currant-bushes were full-jewelled. The flowers were in their splendour. Ceres and Pomona had shaken out the sheaf, and emptied out the horn of plenty upon the goodly land. Suddenly a shadow, as of a cloud, fell upon the newspaper I was reading; a minute before there had been no room for anything but sunshine in the whole heaven. I looked up, and the air was full of something thick as snow-flakes in the driving storms of northern winters. The mighty cloud bore down upon the doomed landscape. It was not a cyclone or a tornado of any species. It was grasshoppers. They had come on short rations over the wilderness of the north-west, and they were halting for refreshments. Oh, for the old railroad-brakeman's threat and announcement in one, "Twenty minutes for dinner"! and oh, for somebody to start the train on the instant! I turned my eyes to the west, and there above the bluffs the great armies were coming still. In a moment they landed by brigades, corps, and myriads—they came until fields, gardens, and trees were covered. It would have had a sort of grandeur if it had not been so costly. In a moment the feast began, and "the sound of the grinding" was anything but low. Six would stand side by side on the edges of the leaves, like horses in their stalls, and they *looked* like horses down to the shoulders; and craunch, craunch, and so the destruction went on. The landscape, so fair and hopeful at sunrise, was a desolation before sunset, as if swept by blight and fire. The stately corn was a field of tall canes bare as a walking-stick. Winter had come to the cotton-woods, and they stood in their bones without a touch of green. The currants resembled coral beads hung upon dry sticks. The apples were eaten to the core upon the trees, and the seed-lobes were dissected out, and hung untouched upon the stems. Generous grasshoppers! The garden was left as tasteless as Dead Sea apples. The hordes entered the big melons on the groundward side, and ate them as empty as a drum, and there the rotund fellows lay, a delusion, in fact, a hollow mockery. Meanwhile, the air was as full of them as a smoke-house is of smoke. They struck stinging blows, like hail. Horses ran away. Men went about, their faces protected with veils.

A woman across the street was trying to sweep them out of her yard with a broom! She swept out a thousand, and a myriad came. In fact, she was only setting a succession of tables for the boarders with her broom. She was own sister to Dame Partington, who strove with her kitchen besom to sweep back the tide from Goodwin Sands. The ravage went on until sundown, when the hordes lay in windrows a foot deep along the lines of fences, for they saved the fences for bedrooms, and covered the leeward walls of buildings like stucco; and the morning and the evening were the first day. The next came, and after sunrise there was a stir in the camps, and having eaten up one landscape, they proceeded to cross the Missouri in quest of "fresh fields and pastures new." The first thing they did in Iowa was to stop a train on the Chicago and North-western Railroad! They put a few hundred thousands of themselves upon the track, to be ground; and when the wheels crushed them, the rails were so lubricated, that the train was stalled, and only by repeated sanding was it able to make a move. The wreck the raiders left where they banqueted the preceding day was pitiful. They left as many dead behind them as if it had been a fight, and not a feast.

Notices of Books.

Abyssinia. Translated from the German of Dr. HENRY W. J. THIERSCH. Nisbet and Co.

WE do not know much about Abyssinia, but that little is very well stated in these pages. After our expensive in-

tercourse with the mad Theodore, we do not wish for any more political dealings in that direction; but Abyssinia may yet become one of the most hopeful fields for missionary service. At 1s. 6d. this is a good little book for the Missionary Library.

As those publications which belong to the season cannot wait, we give them the first place in our notices.

Christmas and New Year's Cards are appearing, and the first to reach us are those of *James E. Hawkins*, 17, *Paternoster Row*. These range from packets of fifteen cards for 1s. to packets of six for 3s. We like best those which are entitled, "The Father's Love," which contain Alpine views at 3s. for six. Mr. Hawkins has advanced upon his last year's issues, and deserves to be entered as "highly commended."

The Cards by the Mildmay Deaconesses have a peculiar charm about them. The large cards, entitled *Onward and Upward*, three for 2s., are marvellously beautiful—nothing can excel them. *Children's Letters*. This is a new idea, and must be popular, for the little ones will like to write on such pretty paper. *The Stand Calendar*, at 1s., is sure to be a favourite, as also *The Shining Light Calendar* at 2s. 6d., which has a card for each month contained in a box, which is furnished with postal information. Altogether, Mildmay holds its own for taste and graciousness. Miss E. B. Holland, Deaconess House, Mildmay Park.

The Religious Tract Society sends us a good selection for Birth-days, and the seasons. We like best those named "Heart-cheer for the New Year," and "Greetings for the Birth-days." The Society hardly seems to have gone in so much for cards as usual, or else we have not yet received its better specimens.

Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, 41, *Jewin Street*, have outdone themselves. Their cards are many of them gems of art, and they could hardly be better if they were executed by hand by members of the Royal Academy. Those by B. D. Segmund surpass anything that we have seen from this or any other house. Trifling as cards may seem to be, they must exercise a great educational power upon the public taste: no one could look over the beautiful designs sent out by this house without great pleasure, and considerable instruction. We wish the firm would produce texts, but they confine themselves to the artistic.

Messrs. Nelson's Chromo View Christmas Cards are extremely good. There are two of Brighton, one of Scarborough, six of Edinburgh, and several of the Scotch and Irish Lakes.

John G. Wheeler, 88, *Mildmay Park*, produces cheaper works, but they are good at the price. *The Ruby Leaflets*, fifty for sixpence, are very good. *The Rock of my Refuge*, twelve excellent cards for 1s. *Christmas Sunshine*, six folding cards with Italian scenery for 2s. *Wild Flowers*, twelve for sixpence, first rate. Illuminated cards can be had of Mr. Wheeler at most reasonable prices.

Mr. Mack, 28, *Paternoster Row*, sends us two beautiful specimens of Motto Cards, which congregations can have filled up for local use.

Other cards and Christmas specialties must be content with notice in our January number. These are all received up to our time for printing.

Songs of the Master's Love, by *Frances Ridley Havergal*, is a six-shilling book in a box, which we can only compare to a series of fine Christmas cards bound together. This is literally a Christmas box. It is published by J. E. Hawkins, 17, *Paternoster Row*. Expensive to produce, but it will be appreciated by many.

The Guinea Temperance Library, published at 337, *Strand*, is another Christmas-box. Most beautifully got up, and contains nine temperance works. Rather a striking notion. The publishers offer to send it carriage free to any address.

Thoughts for Sunset. *Nelson and Sons*. Last year's *Sunrise* was a great favourite, and deservedly so. It must have had a wide circulation, and this will have the same. It is a specially sparkling gem, and only one shilling.

My Friends' Birthdays. *Hawkins*. A handsome anniversary album for 2s. *Living Waters* (1s.), and *Snowdrops and Grains of Gold* (sixpence each), are text books for a month, and truly wonderful productions at the price. What can you expect for sixpence? Certainly you are very unreasonable if you look for more than is given in this instance.

Angel Whispers to the Little Ones. By the author of "Bible Forget-me-nots." Marcus Ward.

Two sweetly pretty books in a case. A dear little present for Geraldine or Jane.

A Roll of Golden Thoughts for the Year. T. Fisher Unwin. Of high literary quality, but for daily portions we prefer something more spiritual.

The Friendly Visitor. The Children's Friend. The Infant's Magazine. The Family Friend. The Band of Hope Review. The British Workman. Volumes for 1885. Partridge & Co.

ALL good. Each fitted for its own constituency. Marvels of beauty and cheapness. The publication of these serials is in itself a home mission.

Our Own Magazine. Nelson and Sons. ISSUED by the Children's Special Services Committee, and thoroughly worthy of its origin. It has a very large circulation, and deserves it.

National Temperance Reader. Third series. 337, Strand.

STORED with pieces suitable for reading or reciting. *The National Temperance Mirror* also makes a handsome volume of lively reading, and comes from the same house.

The Onward Reciter. Vol. XIV. Partridge and Co.

ALWAYS of service to temperance societies. The very best help in getting up recitations.

Onward. Vol. XX. Partridge & Co.

A LIVELY juvenile temperance monthly. It holds a good position among the penny periodicals. The volume is quite handsome, and costs only 2s.

The Child's Companion. The Tract Magazine. Volumes for 1885. Religious Tract Society.

OUR old friend, the companion of our childhood, puts on a cheerier face every year. Old Granny looks charming upon the cover. *The Tract Magazine* is also excellent in its own line.

Our Darlings. Shaw and Co. 3s.

DR. BARNARDO beats the world. In price, beauty, quality, this royal volume comes in first in the race. It would be

perfect in beauty were it not for the cocoa advertisement on the cover. It is too cheap: the price ought to be 5s.

Early Days. Volume for 1885. 2, Castle Street, City Road.

KEEPS its place among our well illustrated juvenile serials, and improves year by year.

The Quiver. Vol. XX. Cassell & Co.

The Quiver is a periodical of the very highest class, both for writing and pictorial illustrations. Its programme for the year which has just commenced is exceedingly promising.

The White Swans, and other Tales. By HANS ANDERSEN. *Through the Meadows.* A book of poems by F. E. WEATHERLEY. With illustrations in colour and monotint. 6s. each. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, 41, Jewin Street.

Two superb books. Both the coloured pictures and the sepia drawings are in the highest style of art. Six shillings never purchased a finer collection of drawings or more delightful books. Hildesheimer and Faulkner are determined to take the first place in artistic books of this order.

Pretty Pictures for Tiny Pets, with Stories and Verses.

Bible Pictures and Stories. By JAMES WESTON.

Birds and their Nests. By MARY HOWITT.

The Young Folks' Picture Book, with Descriptive Stories and Verses. By JAMES WESTON. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THESE are four two-shilling books, of as good a sort as good can be. The one for the tinies is specially remarkable; but they are all fit to be given as presents, and will make the youngsters dance for joy.

Biddy. A Service of Song. Compiled by JAMES TIPTON.

Little Tiz. A Service of Song. Arranged by Rev. HUGH LAWSON, M.A. London: Weekes and Co.

THE narratives are interesting and instructive, and the music is adapted with care. There is much of a muchness in all these services, and it seems to us this kind of thing is being a little overdone.

The Eden Family. By JEREMIAH DODSWORTH. Thomas C. Jack, 45, Ludgate Hill.

THE running title of the book is thus worded: "The Loss of our Paradise Home, the History of our Desert Exile, and the Gracious Restoration of Returning Prodigals to Glorious Destiny in our Father's House above." From this it will be seen that it is an attempt to furnish an outline of revealed truth in popular style. "The two first chapters contain the result of scientific readings, used in illustration of the lovely character of the Universal Parent of all Good"; and, continues the author, "the succeeding chapters, on some of the most important doctrines of the Christian religion . . . are written in such a style as we hoped would result in the salvation of our readers." Five-and-twenty years have passed since the author, a Methodist minister, penned these lines, and twenty-five thousand of his "Eden Family" have been printed. As his teaching is scriptural on such vital points as the necessity of regeneration and the work of the Holy Spirit, and the vicarious character of the work of our divine Lord, he has doubtless heard of blessing resulting from his work.

Homely Talks with Young Men on the Young Men of the Bible. First Series. "Old Testament Characters." Hatchards, Piccadilly.

CANON WESTCOTT'S preface helps the authoress to a graceful *début*. "To the Young Men's Guild of the Christian Banner," her former pupils, these lectures are dedicated. No doubt, as a labour of love, they were delivered *con amore*. Old ladies have a passion for lecturing young lads. Faithful counsels are here sweetened with unctuous flattery. Does not she talk to them like a Mother Superior? "You have not been brought up in Egypt, but in the church of the living God. You were rescued by the waters of baptism from the soul-killing slavery of Satan, as surely as Moses was saved by the waters of the Nile from the murderous knife of the emissaries of Pharaoh. By a great venture of faith, greater even than that of Amram and Jochebed, your parents placed you in the ark of the church, and

promised for you that you would renounce the devil and all his works," &c. We should be sorry to hear such stilted talk in any of our homes. But our boys would be "from home" before many days had elapsed.

The Pentateuch: its Age and Authorship. By JOHN KENNEDY, M.A., D.D. Sunday School Union.

THIS little treatise is a valuable addition to all that has preceded it upon the same subject, and it is not likely to be soon superseded by anything that may follow. It is clearly shown here, we think, from its own internal evidence, from its accordance with historic facts, from the most ancient testimony, and especially from its recognition and confirmation in other parts of the sacred writing, that the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch is as evident as the most exacting can demand it to be.

The Churches in Asia. Extracts from the Home Letters of Dr. A. N. SOMERVILLE, from the region of the Seven Churches. Paisley: Parlane.

LETTERS not intended for publication, but too good to be lost. Wonderful are the journeys and labours of Dr. Somerville. It is pleasing to find this modern apostle on the ancient ground. He gives no learned dissertations, nor much that is illustrative; but he enables us vividly to realize the present state of cities where once the lamp of the Lord shone brightly. The letters have a fair measure of interest.

Fresh Diggings from an Old Mine. By MARY E. BECK. Tract Society.

MANY practical and experimental truths, which cluster round Scriptural references to crowns, caves, deserts, salt, pearl, precious stones, water, seeds, rocks, &c., &c., are here discoursed upon in a very interesting manner. These "fresh diggings" are illustrated by numerous anecdotes, and jottings from the author's own observations, and those of other travellers. Some of the chapters would furnish teachers and leaders of mothers'-meetings with very profitable material for reading at their working meetings. We need hardly say that the book is well got up, and prettily illustrated.

The Lord is Coming: a Plain Narrative of Prophetic Events in their Order. By Rev. W. HASLAM, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

MANY are the voices of the interpreters. They do good so far as they keep believers in expectation of the coming of their Lord; but we cannot say that we attach any great value to any particular form of interpretation. We all know how gracious are the utterances of Mr. Haslam, and how much he aims at the glory of his Lord, and we are sure that he writes, not as a wonder-monger, but as one terribly in earnest to warn all men of judgment to come.

Bible Difficulties Dispelled. By Rev. GEORGE SEXTON, LL.D. Wade and Co.

THIS neatly got-up half-crown volume consists of one hundred and twenty-seven questions on supposed Bible contradictions put by infidels to Dr. Sexton, with the Doctor's answers to them. The work is not only interesting to those who meddle with such controversies, but to all Bible students. The answers are full, luminous, straightforward, and convincing, and are said already to have done much good. Dr. Sexton knows how to crumple up the arguments of infidelism.

A Sight of Christ; or, the Sinner's Blessedness. By the Rev. DAVID THOMPSON. Glasgow: Porteous.

A BOOK which aims at causing men to behold the Lamb of God. Very little and very good.

The Gospel according to St. Mark, with Introduction, Notes, and Maps. By THOMAS M. LINDSAY, D.D.

The Acts of the Apostles, with Introduction, Notes, and Maps. By THOMAS M. LINDSAY, D.D.

The Epistle to the Hebrews, with Introduction and Notes. By A. B. DAVIDSON, M.A., LL.D.

The above are in the series of "Hand-Books for Bible Classes." Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THESE are all very useful books for those who would educate the young in the knowledge of Scripture. It is a great boon to our Sunday-school teachers to have works by thoroughly able authors produced so cheaply, and

filled with such condensed information. We heard some time ago of a divine whose preaching was said to be, not scholarly but, "Sunday-scholarly." If our teachers study such books as these, the sting will be taken out of that repartee.

Crosses and Crowns. By H. SINCLAIR PATERSON, M.D., and *Between-Times.* By LADY HOPE. Shaw and Co.

DR. PATERSON is always solid, and yet there is a sparkle in his style so that he is never dull. This book is got up in antique fashion, in imitation vellum. *Between-Times*, by Lady Hope, is another of the same series. It does not seem to us to hang together, but even the fragments are choice. It is a rope of golden sand, and each grain is precious. Unction and savour abound.

The Christian's Jewels. A selection of meditations upon, and illustrations of, the Christian graces. By Rev. T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L. Nisbet & Co.

A COLLECTION of extracts: some of them are striking, but we do not regard the selection as remarkably valuable.

Up High! Friendly words to those within and to those without the fold of Christ. By Rev. GEO. EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

VERY good. Striking. Gracious. Calculated to be useful. Mr. Everard writes well.

Thoughts and Questions about Holiness. By BISHOP RYLE. Hunt and Co.

JUST so. J. C. Ryle has a capital way of putting things. His notes upon holiness are meant both to stimulate and to sober. He does not pander to the ravings of the fanatical, but puts the matter in clear Scriptural light.

Bible Mementoes. By Rev. ALEXANDER ANDREW. Drummond's Tract Depot.

UNDER the word "Remember," the author has, in a simple and easy style, set forth for the young the leading doctrines and duties of our Christian faith. Many of the stories and illustrations are very familiar to us; but, remembering that the food here provided is intended for boys and girls, we find no fault, but sincerely hope that after they have read the twelve chapters they will "Remember" the lessons taught.

Macmillan's Foreign School Classics.

Edited by G. EUGÈNE FAERNACHT.
Macmillan and Co.

THESE Foreign School Classics must be of the utmost service to those who are taking a course of them. They are edited by a practical teacher of great renown. The books themselves we have nothing to do with.

Life in Hospital. By a Sister. Nisbet and Co. Price 1s.

YES, hospital experience is marvellously varied; and these simple stories have each one a pathetic interest. This is a little book, but it contains the gleanings of a sister in a great field: "she hath done what she could."

Historic Sketches of Free Methodism.

By JOSEPH KIRSOP. A. Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square, E.C.

So far as this is a history of the rise of a useful body of Christians we welcome it; but as a record of a rancorous contest we are sorry to read it. Well do we remember the bitter conflict, and how our young heart sympathized with the expelled. Happily the Wesleyan body has now grown wiser, and we would let the dead past bury its dead. Still, the Free Methodist churches have a right to perpetuate their history, and Mr. Kirsop's sketches are excellent for denominational use.

Bound for Australia on Board the

"Orient." *A Passenger's Log.* By W. OSBORNE LILLEY, F.R.H.S. A. Crombie, 119, Salisbury Square, E.C.

A PLAIN, unvarnished story of a voyage to Melbourne by one of the Orient steamers. It is time that the Company put a stop to the drunkenness on board their ships, if not to the vulgar insults indulged in. The journey to Australia must be a purgatory to respectable people if it is always as here described.

Our Foreign Mission Work: a Lecture

on Foreign Missions. By THOMAS S. PENNY. Alexander and Shephard.

A LECTURE on foreign missions, giving an instructive outline of the work now carried on by the Baptist Missionary Society. Much labour will be saved by this treatise to one who wishes to have a clear view of the field. It costs one shilling.

Mind and Brain. By EDWIN DEAN, M.D., LL.D. Alexander and Shephard.

THIS work is a powerful defence of the spirituality of man's nature. Dr. Dean is a physician in extensive practice, and he is evidently familiar with all the physiological and psychological arguments of modern philosophers; and he examines, refutes, and demolishes them with a patience, skill, and courtesy which are remarkable and impressive. The volume is instructive, stimulating, and suggestive; and though handsomely got-up, it costs but two shillings.

The Record of Ruth. By the author of "A Modern Minister," "Saul Weir," etc. Elliot Stock.

WE do not like this style of thing, though it is popular with some. We are afraid of novels which introduce our Lord and his apostles; for many are never able to divide between the true and the fictitious, and their memories retain a dangerous mixture of fact and fancy. The "Record" is clever, but according to our idea of the fitness of things it is not an allowable invention.

At any Cost. By EDWARD GABBETT.

Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A VERY interesting story of two lads, who, being of decidedly different dispositions, prove by their lives that none can serve "God and mammon." The tale is worth the time spent in reading it; and this says more for it than we dare affirm of the majority of the class to which it belongs. It contains the Gospel plainly taught, and this recommends it.

A Lost Son and The Glover's Daughter.

By M. LINSKILL. T. Fisher Unwin.

TWO stories bound up in one volume. This may be a good way of getting rid of tales which would scarcely sell by being made into separate books; but to our mind it spoils the influence that a really good story might have upon the reader, to follow it up with another tale such as "The Glover's Daughter." There are truths well illustrated in the former narrative, calculated to benefit the heart and mind; but we cannot see that any practical benefit can arise from the latter story.

Lily Hope and her Friends. By HETTY BOWMAN. Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER "Sunday Library" volume, with many a useful life-lesson in it. It will not please the average novel-reader, we fear, though it is not what we should call a "Sunday" book. There is in it a strange admixture of piety and courting. Perhaps the reason is that a good deal of "all that sort of thing, you know," is done on Sundays; for not all the matches, nor even safety ones, are made at Bryant and May's during the six working days of the week. Will the pious authoress forgive us if we say that she has left some very serious and important questions unsolved, which are likely to trouble her interested "Sunday Library" readers? For example:—What became of the young doctor who fled with his blighted affections and broken heart to America? Did he apply to some Transatlantic M.D. of the female persuasion to repair the injured organ, and then enter into partnership with her in the United States? Then, as to the Vicar, whose difficulty seemed to be of the "How-happy-could-I-be-with-either" order; did he woo and win Winnie, or did he endow the pretty deaconess with all his worldly goods? With the words of the afore-said deaconess, on page 244, we sum up the book:—"I like something tangible in religious books—holiness leavening daily life. . . . But instead of 'Sunday books' I read my Bible. One has all the good of them there."

Aunt Margaret's Visit; or, The False and the Real. By JANE M. KIPPEN. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS time the story for the young people's "Sunday Library," is Scotch—without Scotticisms, however. In our simplicity we had always treated as satires or grim jokes the stories of naughty boys and girls being sternly rebuked for breaking the "Sawbath" by laughing, or even smiling. This book is a reproof to our ignorance or levity; for the reader will not find herein the shadow of an excuse for committing the aforementioned sin. The various incidents are written for the excellent purpose of showing the evil consequences of the growing love

of display, the almost universal craze for outvying one's neighbours in extravagant expenditure. The history of the several families sketched by the author illustrates the fact that such habits lead to the neglect of the chief end of man, and to ruin and remorse. Aunt Margaret is the angel of mercy who loves old-fashioned simple ways, the old-fashioned religion and its law of love, and she ministers consolation to all and sundry "afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate." The two characters "as generally necessary" to a religious story, viz., the maiden aunt and the bachelor clergyman (whose marriage is always the last chapter in the strange eventful history) are here admirable characters, and their teaching and example make the book likely to do good.

Teresa's Secret. By LAURA M. LANE. S. W. Partridge and Co.

THIS pretty and romantic story will commend itself to a large circle of readers; for it is altogether out of the common run. The chief actors in this drama of life are a poor little Italian orphan girl of Roccabruno in the Riviera, and her little friend Luigi. The writer has an artist's eye and a poet's pen, and describes Mentone and its surroundings with great vividness, not omitting the Carnival. It would spoil the reader's pleasure even to hint at the vicissitudes in the history of Teresa, further than to say that the story will create an interest in the little wandering Italian minstrels of our streets. There are some delightful lessons of Christian love and service in the book; and we thank the author for the pleasant pains she has taken to enlist our sympathies for the priest-ridden and superstitious peasantry of sunny Italy.

Patty Thorne's Adventures. By Mrs. H. B. PAULL. T. Woolner.

PATTY will find some admirers amongst those of her own years; for her adventures, though not very wonderful, will create an interest in the minds of young readers. Altogether we are pleased with the simplicity of this story, and think it is calculated to do good amongst the young.

The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges. General Editor: J. J. S. PEROWNE, D.D., Dean of Peterborough.

The Book of Job, with Notes, etc. By the Rev. A. B. DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D. C. J. Clay and Son, Cambridge University Press Warehouse, Ave Maria Lane.

Of great value. This whole series of comments for schools is highly esteemed by students capable of forming a judgment. The books are scholarly without being pretentious: information is so given as to be easily understood, and there is no parade of authors' names. We should not always endorse the interpretations given, nor the doctrines deduced; but we should always respectfully consider the opinions expressed. There is a great deal for little money in this Handbook of Job at 5s. We hope to mention others of these volumes in subsequent issues.

The Pulpit Commentary, the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. Exposition by the Ven. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.; Homiletics by DAVID THOMAS, D.D. Galatians: Exposition by the Rev. PREBENDARY E. HUXTABLE, M.A.; Homiletics by the Rev. PROFESSOR T. CROSEY, D.D. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

THIS is an enormous book for a guinea. We find a great deal that is good in these pages, and somewhat that is not so. With Archdeacon Farrar and Dr. Thomas enthroned in power, we were not likely to feel much at home. Farrar will have a fling at Calvinism whenever he can, and Dr. Thomas will bring out his homilistic peculiarities: still these are two able men, and if they are read with discrimination, much can be got out of them. We wish authors had been employed in whom we could have placed more confidence; for this is a noble series of expositions, and men might have been found who would have commanded more of the respect of the orthodox. The Exposition of Galatians ought to have been bound up in a separate volume. It would have been handier, and would have dissociated the works from each other. With all drawbacks, this thick and

bulky tome is worth its price for a preacher's practical purpose.

A Critical and Expository Commentary on the Book of Judges. Studies in the CL. Psalms. Second Edition. By the Rev. A. R. FAUSSET, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

MR. FAUSSET is a profound scholar, and a thoroughly evangelical divine. In this exposition ministers will find substantial help in sermon-making. Perhaps they will be surprised to find Judges to be so homiletical a portion of Scripture. The Christian who uses this work for his private and personal profit will not be disappointed. The price is 10s. 6d. Of like form and price is Mr. Fausset's book entitled, *Studies in the CL. Psalms*. In these studies, the method of Paley with regard to Paul is applied to David, and worked out with much success. We prefer the volume on Judges, but both of these works show a masterly hand, and they will be valued by thoughtful students.

Zechariah: his Visions and Warnings. By the late W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D. James Nisbet and Co.

THIS admirable exposition of the sacred rophecy of Zechariah was greatly appreciated when it appeared in portions in the Homiletic Monthly. It was meet that it should be issued as a whole to obtain a still wider welcome. It is a standard work. The late Dr. Lindsay Alexander was an accomplished scholar as well as a faithful minister: he was no frothy speculator, but a judicious expounder of the Word of the Lord. He was free from the irreverence of the modern critics, and loved the law of the Most High. A large edition of this work has been ordered for America; and we do not wonder, for wherever there are earnest students of the Scriptures, such a careful comment as this will be much sought after. Dark as are many of the signs of the time, we cannot but be comforted by the happy omen that so many devout men are earnestly exercising themselves in explaining the inspired volume. The price of this work is the usual one for each volume of Nisbet's Theological Library, namely six shillings.

Easter in St. Paul's: Sermons bearing chiefly on the Resurrection of Our Lord. By H. P. LIDDON, D.D., D.C.L., 2 vols. Rivingtons.

GREAT sermons. Think what we will of the sacramentarianism of the Canon, or of other flaws in his doctrine, he is a master in the school of gracious rhetoric, and a true defender of the faith of the church. In these pestilential days of doubt we welcome a believer as a brother, even though our belief does not quite square with his convictions. This being understood, we hardly venture to criticize discourses of so high an order as these, but we commend them to those who would see how a devout high-churchman can preach out of his own heart truths which touch his hearers' hearts.

Immortality. A Clerical Symposium. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

THIS is a reprint of a series of articles that have recently appeared in the Homiletic Magazine. The writers have been selected from those who are supposed to be best informed upon the subject, without regard to the denomination to which they belong. They are twelve in number, the majority of whom are on the orthodox side; but the first and last are in favour of modern thought. The last is by Mr. White, who, having the advantage of criticizing all his predecessors, freely avails himself of it. It is with the freedom, however, of one who does little more than reassert with great confidence his own opinions, and quote the names and titles of the most learned and eminent in all countries who are on his side. In replying to Dr. Cairns, who is his most powerful opponent, he falls back upon his Presbyterian Confession of Faith, as if he had written less from personal conviction than in defence of his denominational creed. When he does advert to the reasoning before him, his replies are brief, and in many respects evasive. In reference to the illogical method of giving the double sense of natural and spiritual life to life in Christ, he ceases to follow out the whole reasoning with which he is assailed, although upon this supposition, or as he states it, "human immortality

through the divine incarnation," his whole system rests. He writes, we cannot but think, as one who has exhausted his theme.

Sunday Readings for a Year; or, Two Hundred and Eighty Scripture Titles and Symbols of Christ. By JAMES LARGE. Hodder and Stoughton.

A SOLID and suggestive book. The titles of Christ are alphabetically arranged, and discoursed upon in very edifying style. We recognized its worth long ago, and we are glad to see that the public have endorsed our verdict. It is by no means a brilliant book, but it is so substantial, and so truly edifying, that we do not only praise it, but we urge its purchase. Five shillings will be wisely spent by any one who procures it and earnestly reads it.

The Peace of God. By WILLIAM BASIL JONES, D.D., Bishop of St. David's. Charles Higham, 274, Farringdon Street.

THIS is not a treatise upon the Peace of God, as might at first be supposed, but a series of discourses, closing with one upon that subject. They were preached before the University of Oxford; and if we may judge of Oxford theology by them, it has risen far above the times of the Tractarian Controversy. These sermons are decidedly evangelical in their statement of revealed truths; and what is still more unusual, they are earnest and faithful in their appeals to the conscience as well as to the understanding. Considerable originality is shown in the treatment of well-known truths, and we are treated to occasional displays of remarkable eloquence. Sometimes the sentiment is too far from the usual course to be followed by us, as when a certain moral preparation is spoken of for the reception of faith; but we soon meet again in the same highway. In a sermon upon "The Foundation of Faith," such reasonable observations as the following occur:—"If men are answerable for teaching what is not inconsistent with the foundation of the faith, how much more for that which directly or indirectly overthrows it? If vain and unprofitable religious questions cannot be raised with innocence, how can men teach heresy without guilt?"

Notes.

FIRST of all, whatever happens or does not happen, the dear boys and girls must have their Christmas joys. Must they not? Lo, these many years loving hearts have made the joy-bells ring for our great family at the cheery season, and we believe that they will do the same again in this year of grace 1885. We try to make everybody happy; the children feast, the trustees wait upon them, the matrons, masters, &c., receive each one a present, the President has the delight of knowing that all are pleased, and the subscribing friends have the solid pleasure of furnishing the funds. The Knights of Charity only need that we give the summons; they will be to the front in due season, and there will be great rejoicings in the halls of Stockwell Orphanage.

We trust our readers will bear with us if we remind them that the income of the Orphanage is very much below its needs at this time. Legacies have come in so largely as to put us out of need, but we must never look to legacies as a permanent source of supply. The regular income needs to be doubled. We neither insert appeals in the papers, nor stimulate generosity by fears of debt; but it is expedient to mention that the Orphanage, College, and Colportage, all need increased assistance.

After doing our utmost to remain at our post through the winter, we are compelled to succumb. Neuralgia has marked us for her own for some time past. The brain is weary, and refuses to perform its office with its usual ease. A whole day is needed to produce the thought-fabric which, in better times, was woven in half-an-hour. We hope to be gone in a few days to some place of rest for a little season. The net will break if it be not mended. Day after day of wretched pain, and golden hours lost in miserable incompetence, warn us that true economy requires the most willing worker to have his due proportion of Sabbath. Therefore, sweet friends, adieu, for a week or two.

Mrs. SPURGEON'S BOOK FUND.—Friends and subscribers to this Fund are respectfully informed that the Annual Report *will not* be sent to them in its usual form in the New Year. In its stead they will (D.V.) receive a short statement of progress made, and service rendered, together with the contribution lists for the year, the Balance-sheet, and sundry business items. They are affectionately asked to be content with this for the present; Mrs. Spurgeon hoping to use the "Diary for 1885" as the concluding portion of her forthcoming book, which is to gather up in one volume the details of those tender dealings and deliverances which have made the last ten years so memorable to her, and so full of blessing to many poor ministers. This reprint from the beginning she will endeavour to prepare for publication as

early in 1886 as possible, but as the "Diary" cannot, under natural laws, be finished before December has passed away, and Book Fund work presses heavily *always*, she seeks loving consideration and patience from her friends till she can announce the completion of a book which she earnestly prays may be a memorial to the exceeding grace and goodness of the Lord.

Now that "The Treasury of David" is completed, Mrs. Spurgeon is getting quite overwhelmed with applications from ministers who desire to receive Volume VII. from her Book Fund. She wishes us to say that she cannot answer letters which do not contain stamps for replies, but that she will endeavour to send the books to all pastors who are eligible for a grant as soon as the state of her health and of her work permits. In every instance six stamps must be enclosed for the postage of the volume.

We wish all *our* correspondents would remember that, when they write to us on business which is not at all our concern, they ought to enclose a stamp, if they expect a reply. The labour of answering letters that never ought to be written becomes an ever-increasing burden, and that being the case, we ought not to be taxed in pocket, as well as in time and patience, while we are prevented from doing what we might in the more important parts of the Lord's work. During the next month, we hope that they will not write us upon such matters at all, stamps or no stamps; for we mean, as far as possible, to stop the post and cut the telegraph wire, and get where letters cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Many old, old stories are constantly cropping up about Spurgeon. They are nearly all distortions of truth, even when they are not absolute falsehoods. Friends will kindly excuse us from replying to silly tales: they are not worth the time and trouble which an answer would require.

Neither can we be expected to answer all the remarks made by newspapers upon our politics, theology, &c. As a rule, we answer none. This much, however, we may say, we do not pretend to justify every expression we have used in our earlier days; but week by week our sermon bears testimony that we hold no other gospel than that which we have aforetime declared.

Another month of meetings and services has passed, and a brief notice of the different gatherings may be of interest to our readers.

On *Monday evening, Oct. 26*, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE LOAN TRACT SOCIETY was held in connection with the prayer-meeting. Mr. Millican presented the report, and stated that, by means of this society, the Pastor's sermons are left at between three thousand and four thousand houses every week. During the past year the distributors have heard of nine cases of

conversion through the reading of the sermons; and many persons have been persuaded to attend the house of God, or to send their children to the Sunday-school. Mr. Harrald read the reports of the Mothers' Meeting and Maternal Society, which, together with a fund for the relief of the sick, have sprung out of the distribution of the sermons: he also gave an account of the finances of the Tract Society, and pleaded for a large increase in the number of distributors. About twenty districts are either left unvisited, or have to be added to the houses of those who have already quite enough to visit. Volunteers are wanted.

The prayers of several brethren were offered for the Lord's blessing upon this work, but many other objects were also remembered at the throne of grace. The latter part of the meeting was devoted to supplication for a company of brethren who were about to sail for China, in connection with the China Inland Mission. Mr. Stevenson, who has been at home for a season, after twenty years' labour in China, and two of the new missionaries, briefly spoke; and they were commended to God in prayer by Mr. W. Olney and the Pastor. There was a large assembly, and the spirit of the meeting was all that could be desired.

On *Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 27*, Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon, in connection with the re-opening of the Grove Baptist Chapel, Stratford (Pastor J. H. Banfield's), in the Congregational Chapel, kindly lent by Mr. Knaggs and his friends. The numbers seeking admission were so great that an overflow service was held in the Baptist Chapel, where Pastor Charles Spurgeon occupied the pulpit. It is worthy of note, as an unusual and pleasing fact, that father and son were simultaneously preaching to crowded audiences on opposite sides of the same street. Mr. Wm. Olney presided at a social gathering held between the afternoon and evening services, and at night both chapels were again packed. C. H. S. addressed a vast assembly of men employed at the railway works, while C. S. had a more mixed congregation in the other chapel. It was, indeed, a day to be remembered; Stratford appeared to be *en fete*; and the enthusiasm and gratitude of the host of working-men were of an extraordinary character.

On *Friday evening, October 30*, Mr. Spurgeon presided, and delivered an address at the sixth annual meeting of MRS. STIFF'S BIBLE-CLASS, held at Suffolk House, Clapham Road. It was an enjoyable and profitable evening, and tended, we trust, to the increase of faith of the members of the class. They are privileged in having such a teacher as Mrs. Stiff, and she is happy in being surrounded by such a choice company of students of the Scriptures. The class has been turned to practical account in various ways. As the meetings are held at the Orphanage, the members have contributed generously to the funds of that institution,

and made 917 garments for the inmates; they have also subscribed to the Zenana Auxiliary of the Baptist Missionary Society. This is as it should be.

On *Monday evening, Nov. 2*, the annual meeting of the TOWNLEY STREET MISSION, WALWORTH, was held in the Tabernacle Lecture-hall. About seven hundred persons were present at the tea, and others came in afterwards. Mr. Edward Pink presided; addresses were delivered by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, Sir W. McArthur, M.P., and Messrs. W. Mills, J. T. Dunn, Allen, Hartnell, and R. H. Tomkins, the energetic conductor of the Mission; and the Borough Evangelistic Choir and Mr. Chamberlain efficiently led the singing. The number and character of those present testified to the wide-spread interest of the class that the Mission was intended to reach; and throughout the year we have had many evidences of the blessing that has rested upon the labours of the earnest brother who represents the London City Mission in the Locksfield's district. The work includes Gospel Services, Sunday-school, Mothers' Meetings, a large Class for Girls, a Maternal Society, Band of Hope, Sunday Observance Society, Flower Mission, &c., &c. Much is due to the labour and generosity of our esteemed friend, Miss Emery, who is foremost in every work which can bless the poor and needy. The Lord reward her, and all of like mind who seek out the most abject, that they may relieve their woes, and lead them to the Saviour! This Mission greatly cheers our heart.

The attendance at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting was almost as large as usual, although some hundreds of people and several of the most active workers connected with the church were downstairs with Mr. Tomkins. Twice during the evening the Pastor called upon the brethren around him to follow one another in briefly presenting one petition each at the mercy-seat, and in this way great variety was secured, and many different objects brought before the Lord in prayer.

On *Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 3*, Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Brixton Hill Wesleyan Chapel, in aid of the mission work carried on by the Wesleyans in Locksfields. There was a noble attendance, and substantial help was given to our Methodist friends. Congregations in the wealthy suburbs must help the work in poor London, or there will be a bitter cry from the church as well as from the world.

On *Monday evening, November 9*, the annual UNITED PRAYER MEETING AND COMMUNION of the churches connected with the London Baptist Association were held at the Tabernacle. The neighbouring ministers met for tea at five o'clock, and afterwards spent a profitable session in prayer and conversation. At the public service the attendance was far larger than on former occasions, and the proceedings were characterized by devout fervour and true brotherly

love. Prayer was offered by Pastors C. H. S. and J. A. S., W. J. Mills, W. Williams, W. P. Cope, S. B. Rees, S. H. Akehurst, J. T. Swift, E. P. Barrott, and J. Douglas, M.A., and Dr. Cowdy. It was indeed good and pleasant thus to meet in unity around the table of our Lord.

COLLEGE.—Mr. C. J. Fowler has accepted the pastorate at Sandown, Isle of Wight. We trust that, under his ministry, the church will be greatly strengthened and increased.

Mr. H. Abraham is removing, from Lumb, to Stow-hill, Newport, Monmouthshire; Mr. J. Easter, from Bildeston, to East Dereham, Norfolk; and Mr. A. Greer, from Little Kingshill, to Church-road, Teddington, Surrey.

All our brethren who sailed recently for the United States have found spheres of labour open for them. Mr. W. Fuller has become pastor at South Apalachin, Tioga County, New York; Mr. W. L. Mayo at Hermitage, Wyoming County, New York; and Mr. G. H. Kemp at Easton, Connecticut.

EVANGELISTS.—Further reports of *Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's* services at Devonshire Square Chapel have reached us since last month, and they all tell of the widespread influence of the Evangelists' work, and of the great blessing which rested upon their labours. Pastor E. H. Ellis writes that there will be large additions to the church under his care, and that the revival wave has rolled over to the surrounding churches, and moved them to special efforts for the unsaved. We have very gratefully received the thankoffering of £50, which has been given in acknowledgment of the help received by the church from the visit of our brethren.

A fortnight was spent by the Evangelists at Abney Park Congregational Chapel; and there also there were crowded congregations, and many enquirers and converts. On November 8th, a mission was commenced at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, where there are already indications of a copious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. This month is to be devoted to Norwood.

Messrs. Fullerton and Smith will, as usual, conduct the *Watch-night Service at the Tabernacle*, and as December 31st falls on a Thursday, they will commence at 7 p.m., and continue, with perhaps a brief interval, until midnight. In January they go to Broadmead Chapel, Bristol; and in February to Mr. Charrington's new Assembly Hall, in the Mile End Road. Prayer is earnestly desired by them, and by all the other Evangelists, for the Lord's blessing to rest upon every service which they hold.

Mr. Burnham is continuing his Dorsetshire mission amid encouraging signs. At Blandford, Kingston, and Spettisbury, his work has been the means of strengthening believers, and bringing to decision those

who were previously undecided. The Congregational ministers are very thankful for our brother's services. Mr. Burnham has also held a successful mission at Hanwell.

Mr. Harmer has visited two village churches in Herefordshire—Fownhope, and Orcopp; and in each place he has left behind him tokens of the Lord's blessing on the word preached and sung. During the latter half of November he has been at Little Tew, Oxfordshire, and, this month he goes to King's Langley.

ORPHANAGE.—The Collectors' meeting, on *Tuesday, Nov. 10*, was an occasion of special interest. After tea, the helpers of the orphans adjourned to the outside of the new laundry, where the President, in the name of all the trustees, presented to Mr. W. C. Murrell a silver key, with which he opened the door, and admitted the company, who greatly admired the various arrangements for washing, drying, mangling, &c. On returning to the dining-hall, after prayer and singing, Mr. Spurgeon repeated what he had said in the open-air concerning his gratitude to Mr. Murrell for his many services at the Orphanage and Tabernacle, in acknowledgment of which his co-trustees had desired him to open the laundry with the silver key which they had given to him in a case bearing their own names and a suitable inscription. Mr. W. Johnson, the builder, Upper Tooting, was also on the platform, as the trustees wished to publicly thank him for the excellent manner in which he had carried out all his contracts at the Orphanage. Mr. Murrell expressed his appreciation of the honour that had been conferred upon him, and said that it was always a delight to him to be of any service to his Pastor, or to the institutions under his care. Mr. W. Olney also spoke briefly, after which an interesting programme of singing, bell-ringing, recitations, &c., was capitally rendered by the orphans.

It was found that the total brought in by the collectors, or received by post, amounted to about £130, or £10 less than the average amount. The President said there must not be any going back, so a few friends subscribed the £10; and in a few minutes other sums were given or promised, so that, before the meeting closed, the evening's receipts exceeded £200, a result for which we were devoutly thankful to our heavenly Father and his generous children. Collecting-cards or boxes can be obtained of the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

This month, Mr. Charlesworth and his choir are to visit Winchester, Southampton, Portsmouth, Gosport, Waterlooville, Shoreham, Brighton, Lewes, and Eastbourne. We shall be glad of the help of all friends who can do anything to increase the interest in the meetings.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle.—October 22, eleven; 29, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1885.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
M. A. B.	0 10 0	Mr. W. Angus	1 0 0
Mr. James Campbell	2 0 0	Mr. E. W. Jacob	0 10 0
Mrs. L. Boutell	0 2 6	From Glasgow	25 0 0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0 2 6	Mr. W. Ladbrook	1 0 0
Postal Order from Wimbledon	1 0 0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 0
Ashford	1 0 0	Mrs. H. Watcham	1 10 0
Mr. John Hughes	1 0 0	A portion of a tithe, J. M.	5 0 0
Mrs. J. Hughes	1 0 0	Mr. S. Johnston	1 0 0
Mr. Thomas Erres	1 1 0	Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0
Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth-road, per Pastor E. Henderson	4 10 0	<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>	
Miss Jane Matthews	0 10 0	Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0
G. D.	10 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—	
Mr. Thomas Gregory	1 0 0	Oct. 18	37 4 0
Pastor G. W. Linnecar	0 10 0	" 25	27 12 0
Tithed Valuation Fee	5 0 0	Nov. 1	23 0 0
Mrs. H. Keevil	5 0 0	" 8	7 1 9
Pastor R. J. Beecliff (monthly)	0 2 6		100 18 3
Mrs. L. G. Marshall	5 0 0		£187 11 9
A friend, Tunbridge Wells	10 0 0		

Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1885.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5 0 0	F. T. Dorking	0 10 0
A friend	0 10 0	A friend in West Cumberland, per Mr. George Greenwood	0 5 0
Mr. Thomas Metcalfe	0 10 0	A lover of Jesus	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Crane	1 0 0	A friend, Leicester	2 0 0
Mrs. Thorne, <i>In memoriam</i>	1 7 0	Mr. Thomas Cammack	5 0 0
Mrs. S. Hall	1 0 0	Rev. M. Matthews	0 8 0
Sillyburn Sabbath-school, Grange, Keith	0 12 6	Mrs. M. Brame	0 2 6
Mr. B. M. Scott	0 5 0	Miss Newbold	0 3 0
Mr. Samuel Coxeter	0 10 0	<i>In memoriam</i>	0 5 0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0 5 0	Miss Smither	2 0 0
Mr. Grigg, Thames	1 0 0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Norris	12 0 0
Mrs. Martin	0 6 0	Pastor H. J. Martin and friends	1 0 0
A country minister	0 3 0	Elizabeth Temple (orphan girl's card)	0 10 0
A servant who loves to do something for Jesus	0 2 0	Mr. R. A. Picher	0 5 0
H. I. R. (monthly)	0 5 0	A reader of "The Christian Herald"	2 0 0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox	2 2 0	No name, Ventnor	1 0 0
F. M. N.	0 5 0	K. C., Cardiff	0 10 0
Stamps from Northampton	0 1 6	Collected by Mrs. Grieve	0 12 0
First rent of cottage	5 0 0	Nellie and Clara Simco (collecting box)	1 5 5
L. K. D.	1 10 0	W. Francis, per Mr. W. Cubitt (book)	0 7 6
Miss A. Whatley	0 10 0	Collected by Miss Collie	1 10 0
Mr. C. F. Pfeil	1 1 0	Sale of shawl, gift of the late Mrs. Bendall	0 4 0
Mr. W. C. Little	2 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. Cocks (with barrel of apples)	0 1 8
E. P.	0 2 0	Collected by Charles Walker	0 6 0
Mr. John South	1 1 0	Collected by Miss Bickmore, per H. B. S.	0 5 10
Mr. John Parkinson	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Thurgar, per H. B. S.	1 1 0
S. H.	0 2 6	Mrs. Cowan	0 7 6
Mrs. M. Pentelow	0 6 6	Collected by Mrs. McIndoe	0 17 4
Rev. Charles Miller	0 5 0	Miss J. Dickinson	1 1 0
Mr. Theo. Kitchen	5 0 0	Mr. B. Hosegood (Bible-class)	1 0 0
Mr. J. H. Matchett	0 2 0	Collected by Mrs. Parson	0 10 0
J. B. C.	1 0 0	Mrs. Clare	1 18 0
Mrs. Jane Brown	0 2 6	Collected by Mrs. Way, Downs Chapel	1 0 0
X. S.	10 0 0	Mr. W. T. Lewis	2 0 0
Mr. and Mrs. E. Rawlings	100 0 0	Mr. R. Bate	1 4 8
J. C.	1 0 0	Collected by Miss E. Oakden	1 1 0
Mr. John Mee	0 5 0	Postal Orders, Mark Lane	0 10 0
Mrs. Wylie	5 5 0	Collected by Mrs. Welford	0 2 0
W. D. K.	1 9 0	Collected by Mr. F. J. Packman	0 12 0
G. D.	10 0 0	S. Forrest (orphan girl's card)	0 13 0
Ipwich	0 10 0	Collected by Miss A. Green	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. George Turner	2 0 3	Mr. W. Kelley	
Collection at Farley Green Mission	0 12 9		
"The Bookery" children's box	0 14 6		
Mrs. Welman	1 0 0		
Mr. John Aldington	0 5 0		

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss A. Bunting ...	2	4	3
Collected by Pastor J. H. Bernard ...	0	3	0
Collected by Miss E. S. Girdlestone ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Snaps ...	0	6	2
Collected by Mrs. Robins ...	0	8	6
Collected by Miss M. Kerr ...	0	13	0
Collected by Miss Alice L. Boyd ...	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. Bamford ...	0	14	0
Collected by Miss Bennett ...	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. I. J. Brown ...	0	7	8
Collected by Mrs. Olden ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. J. Brown ...	1	3	7
Collected by Miss Robinson ...	0	10	6
Collected by Miss E. Chamberlain ...	1	11	6
Collected by Miss E. Look ...	0	7	0
Collected by Miss Barker ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Plummer... ..	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Steed ...	2	18	9
Collected by Miss Nellie Burcher ...	0	8	8
Collected by Miss E. Edwards ...	0	9	0
Collected by Miss E. Earl ...	0	6	3
Collected by Mrs. Perry ...	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. Kellie ...	0	6	0
Mr. G. E. Baker ...	1	1	0
Mr. Vickery ...	1	1	0
A birthday gift from a young lady in Bedford ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ward ...	1	0	0
A friend, A. Z. ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Wardell ...	0	12	6
Collected by Mr. A. H. Lockwood ...	0	14	0
Collected by Master W. Oakley ...	0	1	0
Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock ...	1	10	6
Collected by Miss S. Fryer ...	0	12	0
Collected by Master W. Lance ...	0	9	0
Collected by Mr. Harman ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Offer ...	0	6	0
Collected by Mr. W. A. Bragg ...	2	3	6
Collected by Mr. B. Messenger ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. Aylife ...	0	6	6
Collected by Mr. H. Terverson ...	0	15	6
Collected by Mr. John Garatt ...	0	3	6
Collected by Mr. R. A. J. Paxton ...	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Lennard ...	0	8	0
Collected by Miss Bessie Houston ...	0	6	0
Collected by Miss Good ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. T. A. Young ...	0	6	8
S. O. Tracts ...	0	0	6
Miss C. J. Smith ...	0	2	1
Collected by Miss Dora Sutherland ...	0	10	0
S. R. ...	3	5	0
Edith Haydon (orphan girl's card) ...	0	15	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Margaret Ubert ...	9	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Masenhelder ...	0	12	0
Mrs. Raybould ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Jamieson ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Chapman ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Smith ...	0	3	0
Miss M. A. Shaw ...	0	10	0
Miss A. E. Seymour ...	0	2	0
Part collection at Hanover Chapel, Peckham, per Rev. G. B. Ryley ...	5	0	0
Tithed Valuation Fee ...	5	0	0
From the Master ...	5	0	0
Miss Jessie H. Morgan ...	0	5	0
Mr. David Foord ...	5	0	0
Pastor W. Parry ...	0	5	0
Mrs. H. Keevil ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. John Lord ...	0	10	0
The widow's mite ...	0	2	6
"Sixty-seven" ...	0	2	6
Mr. Wm. Munday... ..	0	4	0
Dr. and Mrs. Habershon... ..	10	10	0
Collected by Miss J. Mead ...	3	14	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Walker ...	0	7	6
A friend ...	0	6	0
Mr. J. Simpson and friends ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Broom... ..	1	0	0
Given to Mr. Spurgeon after the communion ...	1	0	0

F. G. B., Chelmsford ...	0	2	6
Mr. Jas. Morrison ...	0	15	0
Rev. J. E. Cracknell ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Wootorton ...	3	0	0
Mr. Thos. Davies ...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss F. A. Sims ...	0	5	0
"Trouble not the Master" ...	0	5	0
Mr. R. Sherringham ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. Anderson ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. W. Jacob ...	0	10	0
Mr. Jas. Slater ...	1	1	0
Miss Smithies ...	2	2	0
H. I. R. (monthly) ...	0	5	0
A friend at Surbiton ...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	5	6
Miss Elizabeth Heap ...	1	0	0
Miss Annie Heap ...	1	0	0
Miss Harriet Heap ...	1	0	0
A Scottish reader ...	0	6	0
Mr. W. Ladbroke ...	1	9	0
Mrs. E. Pool ...	1	1	0
Miss E. B. Thorne... ..	0	10	0
Miss Keys ...	0	5	0
Mr. A. H. Seard ...	0	5	0
Mr. Thomas Souter ...	0	2	6
Mrs. Williams and friend ...	0	8	0
Miss K. Johnston ...	1	0	0
Stockton, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Mrs. H. Watcham ...	1	10	0
Miss Wild ...	0	10	0
Maggie ...	0	2	6
"Guilsboro," per Miss Buswell ...	0	5	0
H. S. C. ...	0	10	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and Orphanage Choir at—			
Bedford ...	41	11	9
Luton... ..	23	1	0
Battersea Park Tabernacle, per Mr. Henry Ruff ...	1	10	0
Bishopsgate Chapel 6 2 2			
Sale of programmes 1 4 10			
	7	7	0
Belle Isle Mission—Sale of programmes ...	1	1	0
Surrey Chapel—Sale of programmes ...	0	10	7
Collection at St. John's Mission-hall, West Chelsea, per Mr. Trigg ...	1	0	0
Wheatshaf Hall, South Lambeth ...	2	2	0
Wandsworth-road Mission-hall... ..	7	7	0
Sale of programmes ...	0	7	6
Hendon—programmes ...	0	7	0
Surbiton—programmes ...	0	11	0
Richmond ...	11	11	3
Sale of programmes ...	0	16	1
	99	3	2
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Per F. R. T. :—			
Miss Winckworth ...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Miss Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
Master Tidmarsh ...	0	5	0
	1	5	0
Mr. J. Ward, jun. ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Browne ...	0	5	0
Mr. E. R. S. Porter ...	1	1	0
Sandwich, per Bankers, Oct. 30	2	2	0
Mr. R. A. Pilcher ...	1	1	0
Mrs. W. Barry ...	1	1	0
Mr. Fred. Howard... ..	2	2	0
Mr. J. Pentelow ...	1	1	0
Mr. Robert Marnock ...	1	1	0
Received at Collectors' meeting:—			
Collecting Boxes:—			
Austin, Miss ...	0	18	1
Allen, Miss ...	0	8	11
Buswell, Mrs. ...	1	16	7

		£ s. d.				£ s. d.	
Burton, Mrs. W.	...	1	5	2	Manley, The Misses	...	0 18 8
Bruin, Miss	...	1	1	8	Medland, Miss	...	0 12 7
Barnden, Mrs.	...	1	0	10	Millor, Miss	...	0 10 6
Butler, Mrs.	...	0	15	6	Mackey, Mrs.	...	0 9 1
Brewer, Misses A. and L.	...	0	12	10	May, Miss	...	0 7 1
Blackwell, Miss M.	...	0	7	11	Morris, Miss	...	0 6 7
Bilby, Miss	...	0	7	8	MacNeil, Misses E. & M.	...	0 5 5
Bull, Mrs. (Bible-class, at Leyton)	...	0	6	1	Moore, Miss A.	...	0 5 1
Baxter, Miss E.	...	0	6	0	Measures, Miss	...	0 5 0
Beale, Miss	...	0	5	10	Millington, Mr., and family	...	0 4 6
Bartlett, Miss Lillie and Miriam	...	0	5	2	Matthews, Miss	...	0 4 1
Barton, Master A.	...	0	4	11	Mallison, Mrs.	...	0 3 0
Briggs, Miss	...	0	4	1	Martin, Master	...	0 2 11
Bowering, Miss	...	0	3	7	Moore, Miss	...	0 2 8
Brice, Miss Florrie and Master Willie	...	0	2	8	Mills, Master F.	...	0 1 10
Bailey, Miss	...	0	2	6	Norton, Miss	...	0 8 1
Butler, Miss E.	...	0	1	2	Oliver, Miss E.	...	1 13 11
Bloxam, Miss	...	0	1	0	Oliver, Master A.	...	0 11 2
Cane, Mr.	...	0	18	2	Pumfrey, Mrs.	...	0 14 2
Cook, Miss M. A.	...	0	15	1	Pearce, Misses C. & E.	...	0 11 9
Chapman, Miss H. E.	...	0	14	1	Palmer, Mrs.	...	0 10 4
Chamberlain, Miss L.	...	0	12	3	Perryman, Master H.	...	0 9 1
Cross, Mrs.	...	0	6	6	Peters, Miss F. W.	...	0 7 10
Charlton, Miss F.	...	0	4	0	Peabody, Mrs.	...	0 6 0
Childs, Master	...	0	2	10	Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	...	0 5 2
Conquest, Mrs.	...	0	2	3	Plant, Master H.	...	0 5 1
Carter, Miss E.	...	0	2	3	P., Master	...	0 2 6
Childs, Master S.	...	0	2	2	Patrick, Master	...	0 2 5
Cooper, Miss B.	...	0	1	10	Parker, Master	...	0 1 2
Clarke, Miss K.	...	0	1	7	Priestly, Master R.	...	0 1 0
Cook, Master W.	...	0	1	0	Reed, Miss	...	0 9 6
Childs, Miss	...	0	1	0	Rose, Mr. F. W. (Fed- dington Baptist Sunday- school)	...	0 8 0
Davie, Mr. H.	...	0	10	3	Reading, Mrs.	...	0 5 5
Day, Miss H.	...	0	5	2	Richardson, Mrs.	...	0 4 10
Debenham, Master W.	...	0	2	1	Rayner, Mr.	...	0 4 4
Everett, Miss	...	0	11	10	Ransom, Master	...	0 2 7
Euridge, Master	...	0	7	7	Richards, Master R.	...	0 2 4
Emery, Mrs.	...	0	3	10	Ranford, Miss J.	...	0 2 4
Ellmore, Mrs.	...	0	3	3	Ransom, Master	...	0 1 8
Edwards, Miss	...	0	2	0	Reading, Master	...	0 1 7
Edwards, Misses F. and A.	...	0	15	9	Reading, Miss	...	0 0 9
Frisby, Master T.	...	0	6	1	Rawlinson, Misses W. and F.	...	0 0 8
Fern, Mr. C.	...	0	7	1	Rawlinson, Masters W. and J.	...	0 0 8
Fairman, Mrs.	...	0	3	7	Smith, Miss C. J.	...	1 8 0
Fuller, Miss E.	...	0	3	7	Stevenson Mrs.	...	0 13 8
Fitness, Master A.	...	0	1	2	Syrett, Master	...	0 11 4
Fitness, Miss	...	0	1	0	Scudder, Miss J.	...	0 10 7
Gray, Mrs.	...	0	10	10	Snow, Miss	...	0 5 3
Garrett, C. and L.	...	0	8	6	Swain, Mr.	...	0 5 3
Gamble, Miss	...	0	7	8	Schofield, Mrs.	...	0 4 7
Gillett, Miss	...	0	6	9	Stacey, Miss	...	0 4 0
Garrett, Mrs.	...	0	1	11	Smee, Miss L.	...	0 3 11
Goodall, Master D.	...	0	1	3	Smith, Mrs.	...	0 3 9
Goodall, Master	...	0	0	4	Smale, Mrs.	...	0 3 4
Hawgood, Mrs.	...	1	19	3	Stockton, Miss A.	...	0 2 3
Hayler, Mrs.	...	0	8	8	Simmonds, Miss	...	0 2 2
Hubbard, Master W.	...	0	7	6	Shayes, Mrs.	...	0 1 3
Hewson, Master A. W.	...	0	4	7	Smith, Miss	...	0 0 10
Hodby, Master	...	0	4	3	Swift, Miss	...	0 0 8
Hertzell, Mrs.	...	0	3	7	Tier, Mr.	...	0 12 8
Hewson, Miss	...	0	8	5	Thomas, Miss	...	0 8 3
Hewson, Master P.	...	0	2	9	Thomas, Mrs.	...	0 4 6
Holland, Master	...	0	1	11	Unwin, Mr. E.	...	0 6 0
Hall, Miss Alice	...	0	0	6	Vero, Miss Maud	...	4 13 0
Hutchinson, Master R.	...	0	0	6	Weller, Miss F. R.	...	0 16 9
Ivimey, Miss (Mothers' meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle)	...	0	12	9	Watkins, Mrs.	...	0 8 0
Jones, Miss E. E.	...	1	16	1	Weeks, Misses J. and F.	...	0 7 6
Jumpson, Mr. W.	...	0	8	1	Warren, Miss M. A.	...	0 7 1
Jackman, Mrs.	...	0	7	0	Watkins, Miss	...	0 7 0
Jessop, Mrs.	...	0	1	10	Warner, Master C.	...	0 5 7
Knight, Mr.	...	1	2	7	Wood, Miss	...	0 4 4
Larkman, Miss	...	0	6	7	Weeks, Mr. W. F.	...	0 4 3
Luckhurst, Miss	...	0	5	10	Waud, Miss F.	...	0 4 0
Lucas, Miss F.	...	0	4	6	Watkins, Mrs.	...	0 3 3
Langton, Miss	...	0	3	0	Willard, Miss	...	0 1 9
Lucas, Miss	...	0	1	10	Walters, Mr.	...	0 0 8
Lambert, Miss	...	0	1	9			

STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE.

651

	£	s.	d.
Young, Mr.	0	4	6
Younghusband, Master J.	0	8	6
Odd farthings	0	11	0
	60	6	10
Collecting Books:—			
Alderton, Miss	0	19	0
Bonser, Miss	0	5	6
Brewer, Mrs.	0	12	6
Barrett, Mr. H.	1	14	6
Bowles, Mrs.	0	16	0
Broughton, Mrs.	0	9	6
Brown, Miss... ..	0	16	0
Cunningham, Mrs.	1	9	0
Charles, Miss F. Boyle	0	11	6
Day, Miss	0	6	0
Ewen, Mrs.	3	7	4
Fowler, Miss N.	1	5	6
Fitzgerald, Miss	0	5	0
Holman, Mrs.	0	9	9
Howes, Mr. C.	0	6	3
Hinton, Miss E.	0	13	0
Jephs, Miss	2	6	0
Lawson, Mrs.	1	0	0
Leworthy, Miss	0	10	0
Miller, Mr. C.	0	17	0
Morris, Miss A. M.	0	6	6
McDonald, Mrs.	0	13	0
Sanders, Miss S.	0	8	1
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	2	10	0
Wells, Miss	0	5	0
Willis, Mrs.... ..	1	5	0
	24	5	5
Donations:—			
A. A. P.	0	10	0
F. H.	0	5	0
Shayes, R. C. E., Mr.	0	6	0
"A Friend," A. B. C.	1	0	0
Per Rev. W. Frith, F.R.G.S.:—			
Bauldry, Mrs.	0	5	6
Rowe, Miss	0	3	6
Woodman, Miss... ..	0	4	2
Trotman, Miss	0	6	0
Jordan, Mrs., 2 Boxes and Book	0	9	1

	£	s.	d.
Powsey, Miss... ..	0	5	0
Rugg, Mrs.	0	14	6
	2	7	9
Flint Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Wilton	6	0	0
Tea tickets sold	1	17	0
Collected by Orphanage Boys in revisit of Mr. Hammond, October last	0	10	0
Pastor C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	11	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	11	0	0
Mr. W. C. Murrell... ..	10	0	0
Mr. C. F. Allison	5	0	0
Mr. H. Smith	5	0	0
Mr. Hall	5	0	0
Mr. G. Cane	2	0	0
Mr. W. Olney	1	10	0
Mr. J. Passmore	1	0	0
Mr. B. W. Carr	1	0	0
Mr. J. Buswell and friend	1	0	0
Mr. E. L. Lunn (annual)... ..	1	1	0
Mr. Parkins	0	10	0
Rev. W. Frith, F.R.G.S... ..	0	10	0
Mr. R. Pilcher	0	2	6
Ernie's Sunday-dinner col- lection	0	9	0
E. H.	0	5	0
	79	3	3
Collected by Mrs. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. G. R. Smith	1	1	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson	1	1	0
Messrs. Fitch and Son	1	1	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers	2	2	0
	5	5	0
Collected by the Misses Wig- ney, Walker, and Burton	4	0	0
Collected by Miss E. Clarke	1	1	8
Collected by the Misses Crumpton:—			
J. B. K. (qrlly.)	0	2	6
Mr. J. Macintosh (qrlly.)	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Masters (qrlly.)	0	10	6
	0	18	0
	£622	7	8

List of Presents, per Mr. Charlesworth, from October 15th to November 14th, 1885.—PROVISIONS:—
A quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, Cake, &c., Harvest Thanksgiving at Semley, Wilts, per Pastor J. Stanley; 2 barrels of Apples, Mr. Overy; 1 barrel of Apples, Mrs. T. Reynolds; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Mr. A. Seale Haslam; 47 tins Raspberry Jam, Mr. J. Cooper; 1 basket of Apples and Potatoes, Harvest Thanksgiving at Wittersham Wesleyan Chapel per Mr. H. Packer; 1 cask of Apples, Mr. and Mrs. Cocks; 3 bushels of Pears, and 3 bushels of Apples, Mrs. Ellwood; 1 bag of Wheatmeal, Mr. Scott; 14 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. T. Merry; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, Bread, Butter, Jam, &c., Friends at Pastor J. Stanley's Branch Church, Berwick St. John, near Salisbury; 140 Buns, Messrs. Carter & Son; 37 bushels of Apples, Mr. E. Vinson; 2 barrels of Apples, Mr. E. Harris; 25 Sultana Cakes, and 3 Loaves, Mr. Nelson Read.

Boys' Clothing—2 pairs Stockings, a reader of the "Sword and Trowel"; 7 Night Shirts, Dorcas Meeting at Drookside, per Mrs. H. Tasker; 6 Flannel Shirts, Mrs. A. Davies; 3 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. H. Warriner; 6 Shirts, Mrs. Garner, per Miss Baxter; 15 pairs Socks, M. O. S.; 31 pairs Crochet Cuffs, and 18 pairs Hand-knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Stockwell.

Girls' Clothing—6 Articles, and 12 Comb-bags, Miss Desroix; 24 Wool Ties, Mrs. Moore; 73 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 22 Articles, for 2 girls, Miss S. Dawson; 12 Articles, Mrs. E. J. Burton; 14 Articles, Miss H. C. Clarke; 10 Articles, Mrs. Kidner; 4 Articles, for No. 1 House Girls, Mrs. Bradbury; 11 Articles, M. O. S.; 3 pairs Stockings, Miss Susan McKellar, and friends; 12 Articles for No. 6 House Girls, Mrs. Moss; 22 Articles, Mrs. Rees; 6 Articles, Mrs. Garner, per Miss Baxter; 12 Jackets, and 10 Remnants, Mr. E. Rutherford; 19 Articles, Mrs. C. Lamb, and Mrs. Partoh.

GENERAL:—1 case of Blacking, Messrs. Carr & Sons; 1 Scrap Book, Miss Flossie Dunster; 71 Volumes of New Books for Boys' Library, 72 Volumes of New Books for Girls' Library, and some Toys, Miss S. Dawson; 5 cwt. of Soda, Anou; 2½ cwt. Mottled Soap, and 2½ cwt. Yellow Soap, Messrs. T. Harris and Son; 37 dozen Illuminated Christmas Cards, Miss E. St. B. Holland; a Chest containing Books, Glass Articles, Teapot, &c., Hatbox, Desk, and several Oriental Curiosities, Mr. T. G. Owens; 69 Articles comprising Quilts, Pillow Slips, Aprons, Scarves, Cuffs, &c., for Sale Room, Mrs. Lott.

Girls' Orphanage Building Fund.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1885.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Miss E. Bickerton Evans	10 0 0	A servant girl, near Forres	0 2 0
Mr. Henry Tubby	20 0 0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 0
Mrs. Keeley	0 10 6	<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>	
Mrs. H. Warriner	0 2 6	Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0
Mrs. W. S., Glasgow	0 5 0		
An aged widow	0 1 0		
An incurable	0 1 9		
Mr. E. W. Jacob	0 10 0		
		£32 17 9	

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1885.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>			
Minchinhampton, per Mr. P. C. Evans	10 0 0	Tithed Valuation Fee	5 0 0
Mitcham, per Revs. E. A. & F. C. Carter	30 0 0	The Lord's cows	5 0 0
Mr. W. H. Roberts, for Ilkeston and Riddings	20 0 0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 C
Lancashire and Cheshire Association, for Accrington	20 0 0	Mr. H. Watcham	1 10 0
Dorking, per Mr. W. Drane	15 0 0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
Hadleigh District	10 0 0	Mr. C. Waters	1 1 0
Messrs. J. and R. Cory, for Cardiff, Castletown, and Penrhikyber	30 0 0	Messrs. W. Kent and Co.	1 1 0
Bower Chalk Baptist Church	0 5 0	Mr. J. Buswell	1 1 0
Borstal District	10 0 0	Mr. W. Payne	1 1 0
Devon Congregational Union, for Kingsteignton	10 0 0	Mr. M. Llewellyn	1 1 0
Kettering, per Mr. Meadows, sen.	10 0 0	Miss Penston	0 10 6
Tewkesbury, per Mr. T. White	10 0 0	Mrs. W. Evans	0 5 0
Lanncoston, per Mr. E. Peter	10 0 0	Messrs. S. W. Purtridge and Co.	2 2 0
Oxfordshire Association:—		Mr. W. Harrison	1 1 0
Witney District	20 0 0	Mr. W. G. McGregor	1 1 0
Stow and Aston	10 0 0	Mr. W. Stiff	1 1 0
		Mr. J. W. N. Lloyd	10 10 0
	30 0 0	Mr. S. R. Pearce	1 1 0
Rev. E. J. Farley, for St. Luke's	10 0 0	Mr. J. J. Cook	1 1 0
Southern Association, per Mr. William Beer, treasurer	50 0 0	Mr. Charles Murrell	1 1 0
	£275 5 0	Mr. R. Hellier	0 10 6
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
	£ s. d.	Mrs. R. Hellier	0 10 6
Mrs. L. W. Pole	0 5 0	Miss Frances	0 5 0
Miss Smallridge	0 10 0	Mrs. E. Evans	0 5 0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0 2 6	Mr. W. W. Izard	2 2 0
L. K. D.	0 10 0	Mr. T. E. Davis	2 2 0
Mr. John Mee	0 2 0	Rev. W. A. Blake	0 10 6
G. D.	10 0 0	Mrs. P. B. Bilbrough	1 1 0
Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0	Mr. W. Olney	1 1 0
		Mr. John J. Rodgers	1 1 0
		Mr. T. Wells	0 10 0
		Mr. A. Chamberlin	1 1 0
		Mr. J. Dennish	0 10 0
		Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0
		£61 12 6	

Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1885.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
A friend from Leamington	0 15 0	Mr. A. H. Seard	0 5 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Wealdstone, Harrow	2 0 0	<i>Annual Subscription:—</i>	
Tithed Valuation Fee	5 0 0	Mr. J. Pentelow	1 0 0
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Devonshire-square Chapel	50 0 0		
		£59 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 to 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 sent before the 14th of last month be unacknowledged in this list, friends are requested to write at once to Mr. Spurgeon, Post Office and Postal Orders should be made payable at the Chief Office, London, to C. H. Spurgeon; and Cheques and Orders should all be crossed.