

THE
Sword and the Trowel;

A RECORD

OF

COMBAT WITH SIN AND OF LABOUR FOR THE LORD.

Established and for 27 years Edited by

C. H. SPURGEON.

1896.

"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, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—Nehemiah iv. 17, 18.

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P R E F A C E .

EVER since the late beloved Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* was called into the immediate presence of his Lord, *his Magazine* has been one of the most appropriate of the many memorials of his unique life and work. Through it and his published Sermons, he continues to speak so plainly and so powerfully that many among his tens of thousands of regular readers can hardly realize that the clarion voice of "the prince of preachers" cannot now reach human ears. Yet, alas! this is only too true; and we therefore the more fervently thank God for the ministry of the printing-press, by which C. H. SPURGEON is to-day speaking to a larger audience than he ever addressed while on earth. Not only have his Sermons, printed in English, attained a circulation which, perhaps, even he scarcely anticipated, but the number of foreign languages and dialects into which they are being translated is continually increasing; while the various agencies for their distribution are multiplying so rapidly that there is good reason to hope that, ere the Lord comes, He may honour His dear servant by permitting him to preach the everlasting gospel to all nations of mankind in their own tongue.

Someone may be disposed to ask why we are telling again, just here and now, this oft-told tale of God's abounding grace and mercy. The sweet story must by this time be familiar to all who loved *him* whom we also love with an affection and devotion which his promotion to glory has only intensified. One prominent characteristic of MR. SPURGEON was his intense practicalness, and those to whom he entrusted the charge of his well-wielded *Sword* and ever-active *Trowel* desire to imitate him in this respect, as well as in the many other ways in which he, in his turn, imitated his dear Lord and Master.

To this end, it has been thought well that the present Preface should be utilized for the purpose of calling special attention to—

ANOTHER MEMORIAL TO THE EVER-BELOVED C. H. SPURGEON.

When the monthly numbers of the Magazine for the year 1896 are bound up, it will be seen that the Frontispiece to Volume XXXII. is a view of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, SUSSEX, not merely as it now is,—partly erected,—but as it will be when the whole design is completed. Careful readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* for the past year cannot fail to remember the references to Bexhill in the articles published under the headings of "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room" and "Our Own Men and their Work." If any have forgotten, or have not read them, we refer them particularly to pages 217, 505, and 594. In our May issue, Mrs. SPURGEON told, in a very touching manner, how the spiritual needs of this rapidly-rising resort on our Southern shore became known to her, and how the Lord providentially pointed out PASTOR J. S. HOCKEY as the very man to undertake this pioneer service for the Saviour.

Month by month, we have recorded the progress of the Building

Fund, so there is no necessity now to mention the details, but merely to say that, before 1896 closes, the School-chapel shown on the left-hand side of our Frontispiece will have been opened (D.V.) by PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, *free of debt*. The cost of this smaller structure, together with the freehold site for the complete block of buildings, architect's fees, legal expenses in connection with the conveyance of the land, trust deed, &c.,—*all of which will be defrayed before the opening service*,—will be between £1,300 and £1,400; so friends can see, almost at a glance, that the larger Chapel cannot be erected without the expenditure running into four figures (possibly, £3,000). There are certain conditions imposed by Earl de la Warr, the lord of the manor, which add materially to the expense; otherwise, a less costly design might have been prepared by the architect,—Mr. R. W. Moore, of Preston Park, Brighton,—who has very generously devoted much time and care to the elaboration of the whole scheme.

The bulk of the money already expended has been provided by friends away from Bexhill; but the congregation which will be gathered in the School-chapel will, of course, begin at once to “lay by in store” for the larger House of Prayer to be afterwards erected. It would, however, be unreasonable to expect them to bear the *whole* charge of the great undertaking, together with the support of their minister and the various agencies that will grow up around a living and working Church of Christ.

In her first article concerning Bexhill and the new School-chapel, MRS. SPURGEON laid down the lines on which she hoped the work would continue:—“There must be no DEBT on this House of God! I am going to give all I possibly can to it, and trust in my rich Father to send me the remainder. He knows how much will be needed; and if He inclines the hearts of any dear friends to help me in this new work for Him, I shall very gratefully accept their assistance. But I shall ‘beg’ only of Him, and there will be no Concerts, or Bazaars, or worldly entertainments of any sort to share in the erection of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA!”

We are not going to “beg” (except from the Lord) for the thousands of pounds that will be required for the Chapel; but we think it right to tell our Master's stewards of this good investment for any money of His that is in their custody, and we shall be devoutly thankful to Him, and to them, if the whole amount is speedily contributed. Though the building is not to be called, “C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Chapel,” that is exactly what it will be; and another place for the preaching of the gospel is, we believe, just what *he* would choose as his most fitting memorial if he could be consulted. There must be, in various parts of the world, many thousands of persons converted through the beloved preacher's Sermons, and an innumerable company who have been for years spiritually fed by his discourses. If ALL of these will send to PASTOR J. S. HOCKEY, “Beulah,” Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, or to MRS. SPURGEON, “Westwood,” Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London, whatever the Lord inclines them to give as a token of loving gratitude for her dear husband's ministry, the work will soon be accomplished, souls will be saved, and God will be glorified.

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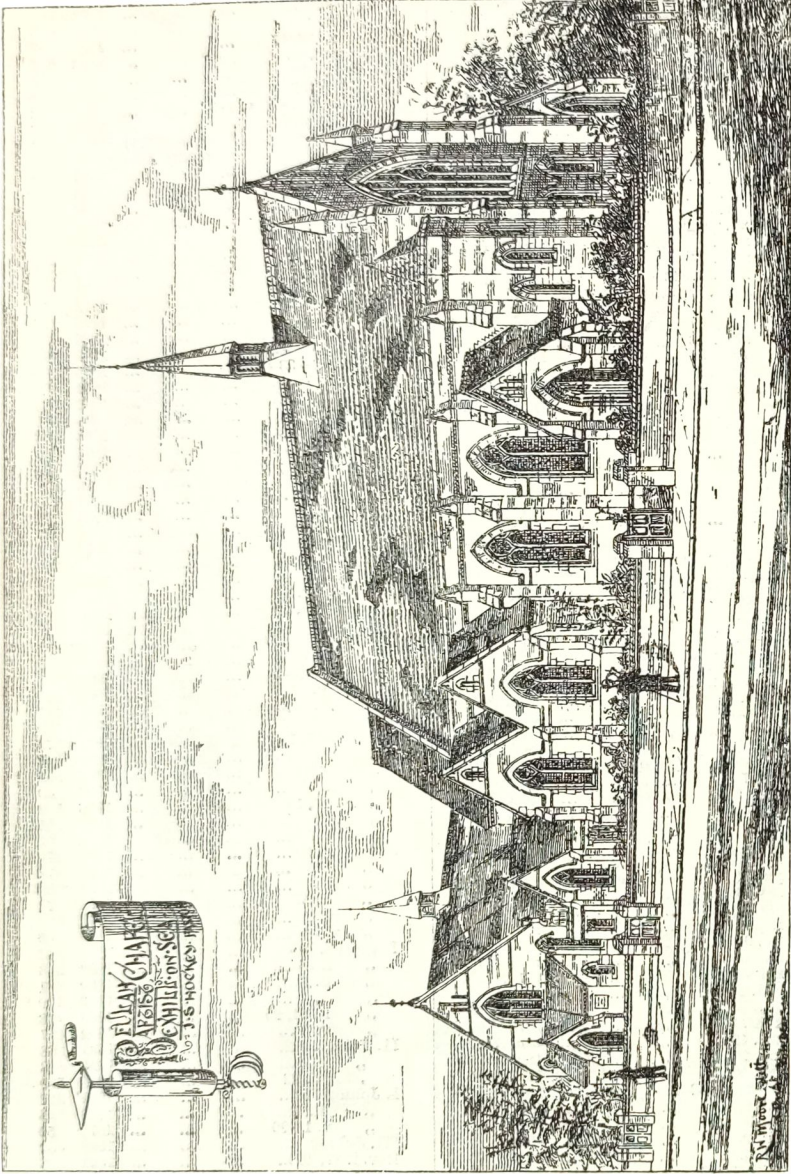
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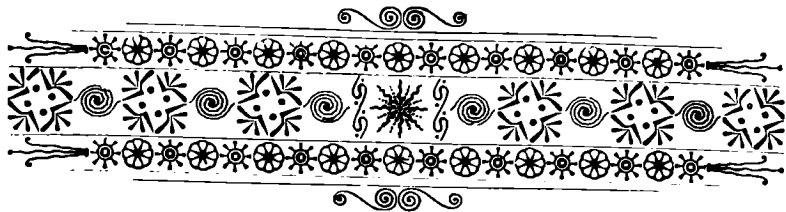


AS IT IS.

(See Preface.)

BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEHILL-ON-SEA, IN LOVING MEMORY OF C. H. SPURGEON.

AS IT IS TO BE.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

JANUARY, 1896.

Lessons from Mount Nebo.

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK, ON A LORD'S-DAY EVENING IN 1855. FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.*

"And the LORD spake unto Moses that selfsame day, saying, Get thee up into this mountain Abarim, unto mount Nebo, which is in the land of Moab, that is over against Jericho; and behold the land of Canaan, which I give unto the children of Israel for a possession: and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people."—Deuteronomy xxxii. 48—50.



HERE is no spot in the Holy Land that is not full of marvellous interest. There walked the feet of our Divine Redeemer; there the great events which preceded and succeeded the declaration of the gospel had their arena. In Jewish history, methinks, Mount Nebo must have been one of the most notable spots. It stood just as a boundary mountain between the people in the wilderness and the people settled in Canaan. It was when the children of Israel reached this mountain, and when their leader had climbed to its summit, and

* Is it not most appropriate that this sermon by Mr. Spurgeon should appear in "his own Magazine" for the first time, and that without any human plan or design, on the anniversary of the month in which *he* also ascended into the mount Nebo? The beatific vision he so graphically described in the year 1855, may he not really have been seeing it during the ever-memorable month of January, 1892,—the month at the close of which he was privileged to enter into the Promised Land, and to join in the anthem sung by the heavenly choristers, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever"? When, dear reader, shall *we* be among them?—T. W. M.

there died, that the people were permitted to enter into that goodly land which Jehovah had sworn should be their inheritance for ever.

To the Christian, also, mount Nebo is full of interest. He looks on Old Testament history in the light of the New Testament; he sees in all the types and shadows of the old law prefigurings of the gospel dispensation. In the deeds of olden times, he sees the pictures and prophecies of the great deeds of the New Covenant. Let us go then unto mount Nebo, and learn there certain gospel lessons.

I. WE LEARN FROM MOUNT NEBO THE WEAKNESS OF THE LAW. Moses had to "die in the mount."

When we see mount Sinai, we see the law magnified; for Sinai is covered in smoke, and bounds are set round about the mountain of the Lord, and from the summit thereof He thunders in awful majesty. We go away with the loftiest notions concerning the law, and we are overwhelmed with terror at the thought that God has declared it with His own lips. We descend into the plains, and there we see Moses, the representative of the law, with a face so calm, and yet so stern and just, that we are almost ready to fall down before him, feeling that, with his shining countenance, the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

We follow him in all his movements during the forty years in the wilderness, and we perceive that he acts with such wisdom and such power, that we are ready to say, "If this be the law, and if Moses be its representative, what more can we desire?" There we view the hosts of Israel marching through the desert, with steady tramp, every tribe in its ordained place. We do not see the tribe of Judah occupying the place of the tribe of Reuben, nor the tribe of Dan usurping the position which belongs to Simeon. When the trumpets blow, the people march; when the pillar of cloud stops, the people pitch their tents. There is never a dispute as to situation. Here is the spot where such a tribe must make its encampment, and there is the spot marked out for another. Everything is in order; and whether on the march or encamped, they are always prepared for the attacks of the enemy, should he fall upon them. These men were raw, undisciplined people, who came out of Egypt without having been trained as soldiers; and, as they had suffered under a despotism, they were all the more likely to rebel. How marvellous, then, that Moses should have been able to bring such a nation into a condition of order! Again we are ready to exclaim, "What better leader do we want than Moses, who can thus transform a race of slaves into an orderly army of mighty warriors? What more do we want? Is not Moses sufficient, and more than sufficient? You tell us of the gospel; but what want we with that? Is not the law sufficient for all purposes? Does it not accomplish all that could be desired?"

So says *the Moralist*, "See how orderly law and morality can make a people! Without law, they had become a race of wild beasts, without order, without system, beyond control; but give them law, teach them meekly to obey, and how orderly they act, with what strict propriety they live!" In like fashion talk *the Puseyite and the Ritualist*, "See how regularly our people go to church; mark how attentive they are to all the rubrics! Don't they all contribute a piece

of holly at Christmas, to decorate their CHURCH? See how ready they are to turn toward the East! Mark how they all bow at the name of Jesus! Do not the boys of the church school touch their hats to the squire and parson? Do not all the girls curtsy when they see the clergyman? What more do you want? Is not the law sufficient? *Preach morality*; teach the rules and ceremonies of *the church*, then the nation will become all you can desire!" The truth is, when we look at these things, we are apt to say, "Yes, yes, certainly it all appears very well from your standpoint!" Just as, when we see Moses ordering the people, and leading them through the wilderness, we think, "Ah! it is all so excellent." *The Secularist* next comes up, and he says, "Sir, it is all very well for you to tell your people not to steal, not to commit adultery, and not to swear; all these things are proper, and necessary for keeping them in order while they are here in this world; go on teaching the law, and you shall have our respect. We will give you an article in "*The Reasoner*," and publish your portrait as being a first-rate secular minister, because you so eloquently preach the things which will benefit man while travelling through the wilderness. *We* do not care about the gospel, neither do we require it; we are in this world at present, and *we want something which suits us in this world*. We do not want to be told about the world to come; this world is enough for us." So still, you see, it comes to this in the end, Moses is after all quite enough for many people. There is no need for Joshua, or for JESUS, in the view of the *moralist*, the *legalist*, the *ceremonialist*, and the *secularist*.

Now come with me unto mount Nebo, and there you will see that *the law is not sufficient*. Ah, Moses! thou couldst right well lead the children of Israel through the wilderness, thou couldst form this undisciplined host into a regular army, thou couldst control them, thou couldst do all this as a prophet of the Most High God; no one was equal to thee as a king in Jeshurun; but now, Moses, thou failest; thou has led the people to the brink of Jordan, but thou canst lead them no further. Moses, thou must "die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered unto thy people." Without a Joshua, what is now to be done to lead the people through the floods of Jordan to the inheritance on the further shore?

Thus we learn the doctrine that, while law and true morality may have a tendency to keep men in order, and to enable them to go through the wilderness, and, sometimes, with some degree of holiness and comfort to themselves, yet there is another land beyond the flood, and the law fails to lead men thither. On the ground of law alone, no man can see the face of God and live; no man can approach Him who "is a consuming fire." Moses may lead Israel to the borders of the wilderness; the law may conduct us to the very verge of Jordan; yea, the law may bring us so near, by carnal security, that we may even dream of being admitted within the gates of Heaven. We may, confiding in our observance of the law, become so calm in our conscience, that we may imagine ourselves to be as pure as God's holy angels. An unconverted man may, even on his death-bed, look forward to eternal bliss; but, alas! he is looking forward in delusion, he is expecting that which can never be accomplished. Moses cannot,

anyhow, conduct any sinner into Heaven; he cannot, by any means, lead the sinner into the Promised Land of Canaan above. Ye, who are seeking to obtain Heaven by your obedience, learn that your obedience will not serve you when you come to die. In the next world, it will not be our obedience, but the obedience of Christ Jesus, that will avail us; it will not be our doing, or our believing, our living, or our suffering; it will be Christ's living and Christ's suffering which must serve our turn in eternity. Our good works may go as far as the edge of Jordan, but on mount Nebo they must die; and there, our boasted morality will be but as the baseless fabric of a vision, which swiftly fades away. Rely, therefore, no longer on Moses; but seek Jesus. He will be your Leader into the Land of Promise.

II. ON MOUNT NEBO, A DEATH-BLOW WAS GIVEN TO SUPERSTITION. There Moses died, and the Lord buried him; "but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

The Romanist, you know, tries to keep the bones of his "saints." He puts them in various places where they may prove attractive, and there he exhibits them for the admiration of the deluded and misled multitude, professing to believe that by these bones of the saints there can be wrought cures and miracles. On the spot where a reputed saint is buried, they set up a high altar, and perform masses, and to such places pilgrims resort. They say, "Should not the place where this good man died be honoured? Should not his bones be held in reverence? May not good be done by such things? Did they not take unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons from the body of Paul, and were not miracles wrought by them? (Acts xix. 12.) And is it not likely that by the bones of the saints good may be done?"

The answer to this is, that on mount Nebo there died a man who had never an equal among the human race.* Except the Lord Jesus, there was never a man of woman born equal in all respects to Moses. If there be a character which approximates very nearly to our idea of perfection, it is that of Moses. It is well-nigh impossible to detect any lack of virtue, or any deficiency in the character of Moses. He was remarkable for his meekness; but he was quite as remarkable for his justice, his humility, his self-denial, his desire to give up everything, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt" (Hebrews xi. 26). There was never another mere man to whom Moses could be counted second; was it then not natural that, when he died, a costly tomb should be erected to his memory? Was it not natural that *his bones* should be preserved? "Joseph, when he died, gave commandment concerning his bones" (Hebrews xi. 22). Why not, then, preserve the bones of Moses? Why not carry them into the promised land? What potency there would have been in those bones to drive out the Canaanites! With the bones of Moses in the midst of the army, woe unto the Philistines! In seasons of drought, would not the bones of Moses have brought down rain from Heaven? Might not his bones have restored hearing to the deaf, and sight to

* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 1,966, "The Death of Moses," also *The Sword and the Trowel*, February, 1893, pages 50-54.

the blind? But the Lord did not leave such a temptation in the way of a superstitious and fickle race like Israel of old. He did not permit them to reverence the dead body of Moses, he did not even allow them to know where Moses was buried. They could not worship his body, for the Lord God Himself buried him in a secret sepulchre in a valley in the land of Moab.

This was a death-blow to superstition. Israel of old were a superstitious people. The brazen serpent, which Moses lifted up in the wilderness, that the serpent-bitten might look upon it, and be healed, was, in the days of Hezekiah, used for the purposes of superstitious worship. "The children of Israel did burn incense to it;" therefore Hezekiah, in righteous indignation, called it "*Nehushtan*"—a piece of brass, and brake it in pieces, in his zeal for the Jehovah of hosts (2 Kings xviii. 4). Thus this "precious relic" was destroyed, because by means of it the children of Israel lapsed into idolatry. If the Spirit of Truth were ever to enter into the Church of Rome, what a bonfire would be made of all her relics! The "old cast clouts and old rotten rags" and broken bones would all be brought out, and burned in the streets, as the Ephesians "brought their books together, and burned them before all men" (Acts xix. 19). Happy for Rome, and happy for the world at large, the dawning of the day when her superstitions—worse than the superstitions of Greece and Egypt,—shall be destroyed, and she shall turn unto the Lord, if ever that day shall dawn! We fear such a day will not dawn; and if it come not, we know that assuredly God has threatened Rome that He will cast her into the flood of His wrath, and sink her and all her allies like a millstone, to rise no more for ever. Let the summit of mount Nebo, therefore, teach us this truth, that our God will not have us pay superstitious reverence to departed men. He himself buried Moses, and placed his dead body out of the reach of those who would seek it to do it reverence.

III. From mount Nebo learn another important lesson. Moses had led the children of Israel through the wilderness; and, though he himself was not to dwell in the promised land, it was his privilege to see it from the mountain of Nebo, from the top of Pisgah, and to rejoice in it, though he himself had to die without entering therein. Our lesson, then, shall be this: **WE, WHO SERVE THE LORD, ARE HELPING IN OUR HUMBLE MEASURE TO LEAD THE PEOPLE OF GOD THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.**

There is a promised land, there is a better age, and it is drawing nigh. A thousand promises are bringing it upon their wings. Bright with glory, the promises are all ready for their fulfilment; even now, the sun that is to lighten every land has begun to tinge the horizon with its grey dawn, and you and I have been hoping, and are hoping still, that we may live to see the dawn of the millennium, when Jesus shall stand in the latter days upon the earth, in the midst of His waiting people. It is sometimes our fond hope that our ears may hear—

"The song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore."

We have perhaps flattered ourselves that, ere these eyes are sealed in the darkness of the tomb, they shall see the King in His glory, our Redeemer in person standing upon this earth. This has sometimes been our day-dream. We have thought this, and more than this; we have thought that, before our hairs are whitened with age, before our frame has lost its strength, before it yields itself to death, we shall see the happy halcyon days wherein the gospel shall prevail, wherein the sound of war shall be silenced, wherein the outpouring of floods of blood shall be stayed; when every idol shall be cast down from its throne, and Rome shall be hurled from her seven hills, and Mahomet's crescent shall no more cast its baleful light across the nations. Beloved, we may never see these glorious times; on our tombs the epitaph may be written, "*These all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise. These all died in faith, not having received the promises.*" Well, if we may not live to enter into that land of promise, if we must die before the Lord comes to reign triumphantly from the river to the ends of the earth, let it be our consolation that we can—

"Climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er."

Even now, I stand by faith a preacher of the Word in troublous times, when sin and wickedness overflow the land; and, by faith, I look through the centuries which may roll away before those happy days shall arrive, yet I see in vision the days when the Son of man shall reign upon this earth, when the helmet shall hang idly in the hall, and the spear shall no longer be used for the purposes of destruction. I see the earth ploughed with the sword with which man once slew his fellow-man, and the vine pruned with the lance which was once imbrued with blood. I see the whole earth become one glorious temple of the living God, and upon the very bells of the horses is written, "Holiness unto the Lord." I see all nations, like kindred drops, melting into the one common sea of humanity. I see monarchs and their thrones dashed to pieces as a potter's vessel. I see the stone, "cut out without hands," become a great mountain, filling the whole earth with joy and happiness, such as no time has ever seen, except that happy time before man disobeyed his Maker. I see a new Heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Hark! I hear the universal anthem. The dwellers in the rocks and the inhabitants of the vales shout to each other in joyous songs. I hear every kindred and every tribe unite, and there breathes not a human being who does not use his lips for song, there beats not a heart that is not full of gratitude, there gleams not an eye that is not brightened with joy because the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. "Hallelujah!" Let the word echo round the earth and the main. Children of God, often think of these glorious times. Chant the lay of the future; do not always lament the past, or denounce the present. Sometimes anoint your eyes with eye-salve, and look into the future, and anticipate its triumphs; and, meanwhile, buckle on your harness, grasp your sword with a tighter grip than ever, and afresh go forth to do battle with sin and with iniquity, remembering that the battle is

the Lord's, and that the issue of the fight will be eternal victory for the great Captain of our salvation.

IV. From mount Nebo learn yet another lesson. IF WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD, WE MAY EXPECT, EVEN WHILE ON EARTH, TO HAVE VIEWS OF HEAVEN.

Moses, ere he died in the mount whither he had gone up, beheld the land of Canaan, which Jehovah had promised to "give unto the children of Israel for a possession." So, even here, we sometimes have views of Heaven; but specially may we have such views when we are hard by the narrow stream of death. Dying Christians, when the solemn hour approaches, frequently have, on a sudden, a great stillness come over them, like the quiet of the Sabbath eve in some far-off dell where the hum of cities can never reach. You look at the dying saint, and you mark something about him that is unearthly, and you eagerly listen, for he begins to talk in a different style from that in which he has ever spoken before. "Hark!" he exclaims, "did you not hear that?" "No," you answer, "I heard nothing; what was it?" The dying Christian says, "I thought I heard music, sweeter than any I had ever listened to before; what can it be?" And then he exclaims, "Oh, yes; yonder they are, there! There! There they are!" You ask, "What are they?" He replies, "I know not; they seem as though they were the angels of God come to convoy me to Heaven." Does the departing believer really see those bright beings? Or, is he dreaming, is he delirious, is his mind wandering? No, he is still in his clear and natural senses, and in their full possession, too. Harken again, for he speaks once more, "Yes, I see it! Oh, glory, how bright thou art; how sweet thou art! I am dying! I feel that I am dying; yet it seems not like dying, I am just beginning to live. Heaven is coming down to me. I am going up to Heaven." I might repeat many more of the sayings that have been thus uttered by God's children; they are something more than uninspired. I feel quite certain that many of those who die in the Lord have seen Heaven before they have reached its golden gates. They have heard Heaven's melodies. They have almost, even while here, joined in the Heavenly worship. It seems as if the Lord does sometimes take away the veil which hides from us the unseen. Just as the spirit stands on the verge of eternity, sunlight has streamed into the eyes of the dying saints; they have climbed to the top of mount Nebo, and they have seen the Heavenly landscape spread out before them.

Let us at times go, and take a view of the Promised Land. Come, Christian brother, you and I must die; there is the stream of Jordan, and we must pass through it; what have we to hope for on the other side of the flood? When we were singing just now, I took notice of one of our brethren in the Lord, a member of this church, whom I know to be very poor; and he was singing,—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

I was thinking to myself, how very strange it seems and yet how

marvellously true, from that poor man's lips! He is singing about his "possessions", though he never had a rood of ground in his life that he could call his own; and at this moment he has not a solitary piece of gold belonging to him; his purse is empty, yet he sings of his possessions,—

"Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

Yet it was no rhapsody; it was concerning a great truth our poor brother sang. If we are believers on the Lord Jesus Christ, beyond the narrow stream of death there lie our possessions. Mark their length and breadth; canst thou tell the length and breadth of that Heaven which consists in the Saviour manifesting Himself to thee without a veil between? Canst thou dream of the bliss of that land, the blessedness of which consists in communion with the Father, with the Son, and with the Holy Spirit? Canst thou conceive of the innumerable company of angels thou wilt see welcoming thee, when thou sittest in the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in Heaven? It only needs that one dying gasp to put thee with the noble army of martyrs, with the glorious band of conquerors. Look on the other side of the narrow stream of death, and see thy Saviour throned in light. There, by His side, is an empty throne *waiting for thee*. There is the crown already fashioned ready to fit *thy* head. There is the white robe made ready to array *thee*. See you not some there who will be glad to welcome you to that blessed land? Mothers, there are your departed children; widows, there are your lamented husbands, waiting to again clasp your hand; children, there are your venerable parents who have gone before you. Oh! what happy meetings with those who have gone before us, when we shall thus see them again, and they will receive us into their arms with an eternal embrace! Yes, we shall see them, for they are not lost, but only gone before us a little while. On Nebo's mount, even now we seem to be within hail of them; even now we can imagine them replying to our signals.

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

But it is not only your friends and relations whom you will see in Heaven; there are others, those great ones who were so much admired when here on earth. You have read the marvellous story of *The Pilgrim's Progress*; there, you shall see the glorious dreamer himself, dear John Bunyan. There, you shall see Milton, who on earth praised his God in soul-transporting periods. There, you shall see those great ones who carried light into the darkness,—the grand Reformers of a wicked age. Martin Luther, John Calvin, Philip Melancthon, and Ulric Zwingle, shall greet you on that eternal shore. Soon we shall meet with those we have loved, with those who founded our church, with those who preached in our pulpits, with those who knelt by our bedsides in the hour of sickness, and who have themselves ascended to our Father and their Father, to our God and their God.

If, by faith, you can go one step further, you will remember that, if you stand on mount Nebo's summit, the sweetest view you will have will be *to see yourself there!* There is a way of giving one's self a double life. I know that I am here; but it is easy for me, even now, to transport myself to Heaven in imagination,—nay, not merely in imagination; but, as it were, to foretaste its enjoyments in the conception that I am there. Christian, can you see yourself in Heaven? Can you see yourself made rich beyond all dreams of wealth? Canst thou conceive upon thy head a crown which doth outshine the stars, a golden harp in thy hand, sandals of light on thy feet, and a body which glistens like the sun,—not poor flesh and blood like this,—but akin to cherubim and seraphim, and such mighty spirits as surround the throne of Immanuel? Canst thou not even now see thyself in the bosom of thy Saviour? Canst thou not hear thyself saluted by His glad welcome, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord”? Canst thou not see thyself sitting down with angels, and feasting with the spirits of just men made perfect? If thou canst, thou hast such a heart's ease that thou mayest return to thy house, and to thy business; and losses, and crosses, and sorrows, and griefs innumerable may befall thee, but these shall all appear lighter than feathers: for now thou canst say, as thou couldst never have said before thou hadst this glorious vision, “I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I know that, when this earthly house of my tabernacle shall be dissolved, I shall dwell with God in a city which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.”

Now may the Lord be pleased to give repentance to all those that fear Him not! Such a sermon as this seems as if it would not be of much use to sinners; but I think the old Puritan was not far from being right when he said, “When you talk about such sweet things, they set poor sinners' mouths watering after them.” May it be so with you just at this moment! I close with that passage of sacred Scripture which the Holy Spirit has so often employed as a glorious key to unlock the doubts of seeking souls: “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” If now you desire to escape from hell, to be saved from your sins, and to go to Heaven, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” The Lord help thee to believe on Jesus by His Holy Spirit! Believe, and be saved. Amen.

Our Alma Mater.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

READERS of the “Notes” in the November and December *Sword and Trowel* will remember that we promised to devote space, this year, for records of reminiscences of the Pastors' College. One which was sent to Mrs. Spurgeon is so touching, and so appropriate to this memorial month of January, that we let it stand alone as a most fitting introduction to the series.

A DREAM THAT WAS MORE THAN A DREAM.

I do not usually attach much importance to dreams; but do you not think that the Lord sometimes speaks to His people in visions of the night? Three weeks ago, I had a singularly vivid dream of the dear President; and the blessing which it brought me then is as fresh and vivifying now as it was the moment I received it.

I dreamed that it was the beginning of Conference week; and we had joined in the great prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle, at which the beloved President presided, and in which he uttered words of glad welcome to the brethren. It was a season of special power in prayer, and a good augury for the meetings of the week. I thought that, at the close of the meeting, when the greater part of the audience had dispersed, about a hundred of us went on to the lower platform to grasp *his* hand, and to hear his cheery "How are you, brother?" He was standing in the centre of the group,—like a father amongst his sons,—his face illumined with spiritual brightness. I was standing by his left side. He said, "Brethren, I vote that we have an experience meeting. I'll begin, Brother Bailey shall follow, and we will go round, each of us giving a few words of testimony as to our experience of the secret of success in the Master's work." He then spoke as follows:—"I have been preaching the gospel for nearly forty years, and my theme all the while has been, '*None but Christ! None but Christ!*' If these Tabernacle walls could speak, they would bear their testimony that '*Jesus only*' has been uplifted here. I have never stepped aside from this theme for a moment. Jesus saved me, and I have seen the power of His gospel in the salvation of tens of thousands." Then, with eyes uplifted, he repeated that verse we have so often heard him utter,—

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

"Brethren," said he, in closing, "stick to the old gospel. Be faithful until the end." He then asked me to give my testimony, and in my lowly way I told the brethren that for twenty years I had been preaching the gospel, and "the old, old story" was dearer to me than ever. All the brethren spoke in the same strain, and then someone spontaneously struck up "The College Anthem"—

"Hallelujah for the Cross!"

The singing awoke me, and to my surprise I found myself, not in the Tabernacle, but resting peacefully in bed. At first, I wept at the remembrance that his place on earth is empty; but everything in the dream was so real, and so vivid, that it was the means of great blessing, and I have not preached since without thinking of it, and without breathing the silent prayer, "O Lord, keep me ever under the shadow of the cross!"

Leyton, E.

G. T. BAILEY.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

TO begin with, before I speak of the *work*, I must give you some idea of the *room* itself, and of its surroundings; and I desire to present it as so fair a picture, that you may think it worthy to be hung in the chamber of your memory, to remind you, if need be, of the blessed service for the servants of God, which, day by day, is carried on within its walls. This month, we shall only get as far as *looking out of the window*, for all things within and without the house, animate and inanimate, are so dear and sacred to me, that the temptation to linger long over their description will be hard to resist; but well knowing how precious space is in these pages, I have made up my mind to take a hint from the serial story-tellers, who leave off when one begins to feel some interest in the tale, and append the legend,—“*To be continued.*”

Enter with me, then, dear friends, my much-loved work-room. It is a pleasant little apartment, with wide windows overlooking a green and sloping lawn, smooth and soft as velvet when the skies are generous and gracious; but in times of drought, such as we experienced last summer, truth compels me to say it loses much of its colour and beauty, and looks as if we were trying to cultivate an extensive area of cocoa-nut matting! This lawn is fringed by many choice trees, and among them, but advancing further on to the greensward, by reason of its dignified character and size, is a grand and well-grown Cedar of Lebanon. This king of the forest—though perhaps but a poor specimen of those royal giants which the psalmist called “the trees of the Lord”—is the delight of my eyes when, at a certain time, its branches bear on their flat surface an exquisite efflorescence of tiny golden-green cones, which cover the old tree with youthful beauty, and seem to deck and drape him in gala garments. Not less fair and beautiful does he look in winter, after a heavy fall of snow, for then, each big branch, burdened with its weight of crystal treasure, bends lowly towards the earth as if seeking support,—a sweet suggestive picture of a Christian, humbled under a sense of God’s overwhelming mercies.

Opposite to us, as we stand looking forth from the window, are two silver birches, which, last year, faded into exceptional loveliness. Each delicate leaf turned to an amber tint, and when the sunbeams glinted athwart them, as they swayed to and fro in the breeze, and at last fell fluttering to the ground, it was as if they were disrobing themselves of garments woven of cloth of gold. Some Christian lives resemble these trees,—more glorious in the end than in the beginning, fairest and most lovely when their work is over, and they are preparing to enter “the rest that remaineth.”

A little to the left, in one of the clumps of shrubbery, we see the *Syringa*, which once taught me so precious a lesson of perseverance.* It still towers proudly above the hawthorn bush from which it rises, and is now preparing its store of sweet white blooms to fill the air

* See *Westwood Leaflets*, No. 10 (Passmore & Alabaster).

with perfume when the summer comes again. Not far from this, right among the firs, and beeches, and oaks, and chestnuts, *one* apple-tree has been planted; and in the autumn, when loaded with beautiful fruit, it presents a curious contrast to its many neighbours, who, though tall and prosperous, can show "nothing but leaves." I wonder whether, some day, I could write a little parable about it,—I must try. Meanwhile, I can never see it without remembering that, when the Bridegroom in the Song of Songs whispered tenderly to His spouse, "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters," her sweet response was, "*As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons.*"

(To be continued.)

* * * *

PERSONAL NOTES.—It is a very touching fact that, for many of "our own men" who are abroad, it is even now difficult to realize that their "peerless President" is not still in the flesh, but has indeed passed into "the excellent glory." To them, all things seem to go on as aforesaid. New books from his prolific pen are issuing from the press, and go across the seas to them as Conference gifts; they receive and read the weekly sermons as constantly as if his dear lips were speaking every Sabbath; the *Sword and Trowel* comes to them regularly with his grand teaching still fresh upon its pages;—they are too far away to see the empty chair, and listen in vain for the tender voice, and miss the familiar presence as we do; and so it is no wonder that many of them tell me, "it sometimes seems impossible to believe that we have lost him."

Ah, how these words moved my heart when I read them! "Lost him!" No, we have *not* lost him; we have but given him back to the Lord for safe and blessed keeping till we also shall be called from grace to glory. I never willingly permit myself to think of him as "lost" to me; for if I did, my life, instead of being a "service of song" as God would have it, would be but a dismal dirge, full of mourning, lamentation, and woe. My beloved and I are parted, certainly; but he is only "on Christ's other side"; and it is but a step from my mortal life to that immortality of which he is already the blissful possessor. May God forgive me if there is any sin in feeling that Heaven is more precious and attractive since he whom I so loved on earth has entered its glorious precincts. If, while we are still in the flesh, and bearing "the image of the earthy", our thoughts of our eternal home are too much tinged with the fair colours of human love and longing, I think our dear Lord will not chide us, for "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust," and He understands our need of having "the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him" revealed unto us by His Spirit. But I believe that, when we are freed from this body of sin and death, when we "bear the image of the Heavenly," we shall find, with rapture inconceivable, that our earthly love, purified and made holy, is as eternal as the God of love Himself, and that we shall "clasp inseparable hands" with our beloved ones, on the shores of that land where "there shall be no more death."

When the dear Lord sees that I need a crumb of comfort, or a cordial of encouragement in my work, He often sends a stranger with it. The following little note from a "Welsh sister" brought both meat and drink to me one day when my heart was faint and weary. "Dear Mrs. Spurgeon," she wrote, "I enclose a postal order 'For General Use in the Lord's Work,' as a thankoffering to God for again giving me His peace, though I feel the constant need of being 'anointed with fresh oil.' I cannot express in words the blessing I receive from your 'Personal Notes.' May the Lord give you strength and life, for many years, to carry on this service for Him! I am glad to say I have already found four friends to purchase your forthcoming book, and I hope to cheer your heart a little by telling you this.

"YOUR LOVING WELSH SISTER."

* * * *

One or two items of foreign work will be sure to call forth praise to God from the hearts of those who are longing for the coming of His kingdom upon earth. To my great delight and satisfaction, the Lord has opened the way for the introduction of His servant's sermons into AUSTRIAN POLAND! Not only so, but No. 1,500, "Lifting up the Brazen Serpent,"—I always like to begin a campaign by hoisting *this* standard,—is already translated, paid for, and by the time this paragraph is read, 5,000 copies will have been distributed among the people of that land.

The Protestant pastor, who kindly undertook the work of translation, writes to me thus:—"Accept my own and my countrymen's very best thanks for the kindness and sympathy you have shown in enabling us to print and publish your sainted husband's sermons in Polish for the spiritual benefit of our people. Be sure you have done a very good work; the Christians here are worthy of your gift, and greatly appreciate it. I myself preach the gospel to a congregation who come a long way to hear the Word of Life; and when I informed them of your letter and your gift, I saw many eyes fill with tears, and the entire audience rose to express their deep thankfulness and joy. So you may imagine how eagerly they will read dear Mr. Spurgeon's words in their own language."

Centuries ago, the Protestants in Austria were almost extirpated by the terrible persecutions of the Roman Catholic emperors; a few hid themselves in the forests and caves of their mountainous country, and from this hunted little flock have descended the fifty or sixty thousand Protestants now living in the province of Silesia. They are nearly all exceedingly poor, for their ancestors lost all their property; they were able to save only their lives and their faith. There is very little Christian reading in the language; and if any were obtainable, they would be unable to purchase it. Think what it must mean to them, to have a copy of this precious sermon given to them freely. I must tell you, concerning the good Dr. Pindor, who translates for me, that, a few years ago, he did not know a word of English; but, much desiring to come into contact with British

Christians, he resolved to learn their language, and, as he could not obtain a teacher, he did without one, and can now read any English book, and write an almost perfectly correct English letter. "God's grace helped me," he says; and I am sure that testimony is true.

Do you not rejoice with me, dear friends, in another open door for this blessed work? Can you not plainly see the Lord's hand working marvellously in this matter of the translation of the dear Pastor's discourses? Opportunities stand waiting for me to accept them; and almost as soon as one is embraced with joy, another is ready to be welcomed also. I can but wonder and adore!

* * * *

A Baptist missionary, home from INDIA on furlough, brought confirmation of the good news I gave you, some time since, that *The Treasury of David* is being translated into Bengali,—slowly, but surely. A portion of it appears every month in a Magazine entitled *The Christian Friend*, and when the requisite number of parts is completed, a volume will be published. Four copies of these pamphlets are on my table; and though I cannot read the language, I can tell, by certain marks my friend has made, where my beloved's work commences in each number. I have also the portrait of the translator, an educated native, who has already translated several works from English into Bengali, notably a "Life of Dr. Carey." I am assured that he is quite competent for such an important task, and there is no doubt the translation of the book will be an immense boon to the Bengali Christian community, and to the cause of Christ in that land.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"The Lord GOD will wipe away tears from off all faces."—Isa. xiv. 8.

Come, all ye sorrowful, mourning souls, and see what a fair pearl of promise your God has brought to light for you, out of the very depths of the sea of your affliction. Here is an assurance so inexpressibly tender, a fact so blessed and joyful, that you can hardly regret the weeping which is to enlist such divine sympathy and consolation.

Come, and we will together—for I also am a mourner,—look into this precious Word of our God; we will dwell upon its unspeakable love, we will think upon its gentle pity, till our tears catch its soft radiance, and glisten with the beauty of the "rainbow round about the throne."

I have sometimes wondered whether that glorious arch, encircling the very throne of God, can be typical of the transformation of earth's sorrows into Heavenly joys,—a lovely symbol of the shining of God's pardoning love upon the rain of tears from mortal eyes, for sin, and suffering, and death. There can be no rainbow without showers, you know, and certainly there can be no weeping in Heaven; so,

may it not be that the Lord has put this "appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain" in His high and holy place, as a token to us that all the tears we shed on earth are reflected up in Heaven, and gleam there in fair colours, as the light of His love to us in Christ Jesus falls tenderly upon them? "I have seen thy tears," He says; "they shall all be wiped away some day."

How often are we constrained to cry, "Mine eyes do fail with tears" for the *sin* which still rises up with terrible force in our heart, and how constantly have we to weep over the evil which is present with us! Such tears are mute but eloquent witnesses of our repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and no jewels can be so comely and precious in His sight as the tears of a sinner for his sin. Yet these tears shall all be wiped away some day.

The salt drops which steal down our cheeks through physical *suffering*,—wrung from our eyes by mortal pain and weakness, are all seen by our loving Lord; they are put into His bottle, His purpose concerning them shall be manifest when their mission is accomplished, and then the source from whence they sprang shall be for ever dried up. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

And with what inconceivable tenderness shall the bitter tears caused by *bereavement* be wiped away when we get home! Here, the deep waters of our sorrow seem to be assuaged for a little while, only to burst forth again with greater power to deluge our hearts with the memory of past anguish; but how completely will all traces of grief vanish there! When we see for ourselves the glory of that land whither our beloved ones have passed before us, our wonder will be that we could have sorrowed at all at sparing them from life's woes to enter into the "fulness of joy" at God's right hand.

"*The Lord God will.*" There is not the shadow of a doubt about this, poor sighing soul. Not only did our Father inspire His prophet Isaiah to speak thus assuredly, but, twice repeated, He gave the same sweet message to the apostle John at Patmos: "God *shall* wipe away all tears from their eyes." As a fond mother hushes her child, as a tender husband solaces his spouse, so, weeping one, shall thy God comfort thee when He brings thee home, and thy consolation shall be so complete that thou shalt "no more remember thy sorrow."

Yes, the world is full of weeping; even Paul spoke of "serving the Lord with many tears." Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and every heart has a bitterness to know. Sin *must* bring sorrow, tears are the inheritance of earth's children; but in the city whither we are bound, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

Blessed be Thy dear Name, O Lord, for this "strong consolation", this "good hope through grace", with which to begin the New Year! Tears may, and must come; but if they gather in eyes that are constantly *looking up* to Thee and Heaven, they will glisten with the brightness of the coming glory. S. S.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXV. PASTOR LEVI PALMER, TAUNTON.

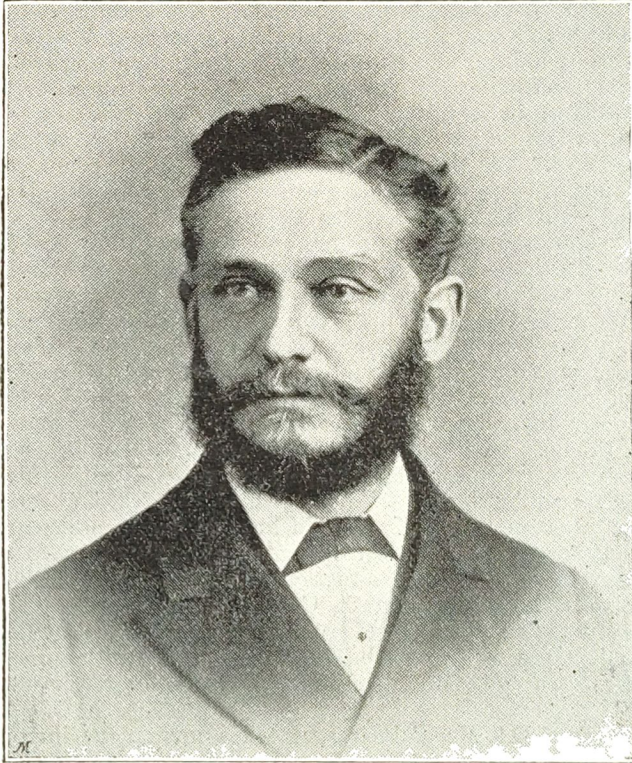
IN one of the most fertile valleys in England, on the way to the Western seas, nestles historic Taunton, the county town of sunny Somerset. Amid orchards and green pastures, with hills clothed in verdure circling round, the old town still thrives. No mean part has it played in the history of the country; nor did it shrink, in the old time, from bearing its share of the brunt of the fight “for the Protestant Religion and the liberties of England.” In the terrible civil war, it held out stoutly for the Parliament, and twice was defended by Robert Blake, afterwards the great Admiral of the Commonwealth. One of its heroes at this period was Joseph Alleine, author of the well-known treatise, *An Alarm to the Unconverted*. From the gaol, where he was thrown by his persecutors, he sent many letters addressed to his “loving friends at Taunton.” In 1685, the town enthusiastically espoused the cause of the Duke of Monmouth; and when the overthrow came at Sedgemoor, Taunton was one of the places on which the wrath of the Popish king was poured out to the full. It was here that “Kirke’s Lambs” revelled in butchery; and it was in Taunton Castle that the fierce Judge Jeffreys, having left behind him, all over the South-West, hundreds of ironed corpses clanking in the wind, opened the last horrible chapter of his “Bloody Assize.” But Taunton heard the echo of a better day, three years after, when William of Orange unfurled at Exeter his standard blazoned with the words quoted above, and the men of the Western shires waved their caps and their cudgels on the top of Haldon Hill.

All through the seventeenth century, Taunton was a stronghold of Puritan doctrine; and though zeal sometimes outran discretion, who will not say that, looking back, it is refreshing to find such adhesion to principles which have done more than anything else to preserve England from the fate of the Continent? To-day, in the ancient town, there is an able and faithful expositor of these same doctrines in the person of PASTOR LEVI PALMER, of Albemarle Chapel, and the success of his ministry, and still more, the attendance at his phenomenal Bible-class, go to show that the spirit of their sires animates to this hour many of the men of Taunton.

The subject of our sketch was born at Cransley, Northamptonshire, on March 28th, 1852. Cransley is three miles from the town of Kettering,—memorable in Baptist history,—and half a mile from the village of Broughton, where Robert Bolton, the Puritan, lived and laboured in the seventeenth century.

The life and work of Mr. Palmer’s father are so unique in the annals of the village Nonconformity of Northamptonshire that they merit a few lines in this brief sketch. Our glorified President was never tired of referring to this worthy man. Before large audiences, he often spoke of Mr. John Palmer as the embodiment of importunity. In the year 1869, ten thousand people assembled in the village of Broughton to hear Mr. Spurgeon. The beloved preacher then and

there explained that he had come *in answer to 300 letters written to him by Mr. John Palmer!* This was a “red-letter day” in the history of the little village. Kettering, Northampton, and Wellingborough sent their thousands to hear “the Prince of Preachers.” Throughout the district, shops were closed as on the Lord’s-day. Between the two services, the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the village deacon spent half an hour together in devotion. Mr. Spurgeon was so impressed with Mr. Palmer’s power in prayer that, five years after, he called up his friend’s son, then a student in the Pastors’ College, and said:—“Levi, if you pray like your father, you will kill the devil.”



For thirty years, Mr. John Palmer was deacon, treasurer, and practically the pastor of this little Union Church, in Broughton. Through his instrumentality, the present chapel was built; while ministers in all parts of the country will remember his apostolic epistles whenever he wrote to invite them to anniversary or other gatherings. Though by vocation a gardener, he loved to do a bit of preaching, and delivered a short sermon every Sabbath morning, at the above chapel, for a quarter of a century. Having served his own generation by the will of God, he fell asleep in Jesus in the year 1891.

Levi was the youngest but one in a family of eight. The sterling piety of a holy mother, linked with the example of so good a father, greatly influenced him from childhood. At the age of sixteen, he became a member of the Union Church at Broughton. The next three years were spent in Kettering. Here he was baptized by the late James Mursell, who was then pastor at Fuller Chapel. After studying under the private tuition of Rev. J. B. Myers, the present Association Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, Mr. Palmer entered the Pastors' College at the age of nineteen. The manner of his admission well serves to illustrate the scrupulous care exercised by our ever-revered President in all matters of public trust. At the age of seventeen, Levi had been introduced to Mr. Spurgeon on the occasion of his visit to Broughton, and Mr. Spurgeon then remarked that "time, pudding, and grace" might make him eligible for the College in the course of a few years. Two years after, Mr. Palmer was preaching in a cottage in the village of Weekley, near to Kettering, when, in the midst of the service, he noticed a gentleman "taking notes." At the close, the critic informed the young preacher that he had been sent by Mr. Spurgeon to find out "if he could preach."

During the first six weeks of Mr. Palmer's College life, he spoke in the back streets of the poorest part of Lambeth. Just then, that particular district was suffering from an epidemic of small-pox, and the young student soon fell a victim to the dread disease. After skill and care had been exhausted, all hope of recovery was given up; and Mr. Palmer still believes that special prayer at the Tabernacle, at Kettering, at Broughton, and at other places, raised him from the gates of death. After two years of study, our brother was unanimously invited to become the pastor of Lock's Lane Baptist Church, Frome. In reference to this invitation, Mr. Palmer says:—"I shall never forget consulting Mr. Spurgeon, at Nightingale Lane, about this 'call.' Tutors, fellow-students, and friends were all in favour of my accepting. My own inclination was to accept. In less than a quarter of an hour, Mr. Spurgeon carefully weighed all pros and cons, reviewed the whole situation, and gave it as his opinion that another year should be spent in College. The President evidently saw the student's agitation, and at once said, 'Let us pray together.' He then laid the whole case before the Lord, and the power of that prayer has been one of the mightiest factors in shaping my spiritual history."

In the year 1874, Mr. Palmer accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Woodstock, Oxfordshire. Here, in three years, a decayed church was revived, the debt on the chapel paid, while a new chapel was built in a neighbouring village, and opened free of debt. Mr. Palmer received invitations to several larger spheres; and finally, decided to accept the one sent him, in 1878, from the Albemarle Baptist Church, Taunton. When he entered upon his present sphere of service, he found a membership of twenty-five, a chapel just built, having no school accommodation, but with a debt of £700. During the past eighteen years, the debt has been paid, a gallery added to the chapel, two new schoolrooms built, and more than £2,000 raised for building purposes alone.

Right through “The Down-grade Controversy,” Levi Palmer never faltered in his allegiance to the peerless President of the Pastors’ College. In the thick of the fight, a letter of loving sympathy and hearty agreement was signed by nearly every member of the Albemarle Church, and sent to Mr. Spurgeon. In reply to this letter, the much-tried champion of the faith wrote:—“To you and to your Pastor,—Peace. I thank you for your words of good cheer. I needed them, and there they are. Pray day and night for me, and for those who are with me in this conflict.” Amongst the most precious treasures of the Taunton pastor are twenty-two letters written to him by Mr. Spurgeon. A dozen of these were penned during the great controversy, and they reveal the deep sorrow which filled the heart of this man of God, and the divine peace which anchored and sustained his spirit amid the storm.

In the *Taunton Baptist Herald*, which Mr. Palmer has issued for eighteen years in connection with his church, what he calls “the reaction in favour of Evangelical doctrines in the Baptist Union” was referred to, last May, in the following words:—“Half the past month has been spent in London, in attendance at the May Meetings of the Baptist Union, and the Annual Conference of the Pastors’ College. These are the first meetings of the Baptist Union I have attended since ‘The Down-grade Controversy.’ As I write, the words of the beloved C. H. Spurgeon are still ringing in my ears. Speaking of the departure from the faith, he said, ‘If the horses had broken from their restraint, and were running to ruin, the least that he could do was to fling himself before them, and though it might mean death to him, yet, if it stopped their mad descent, he should not have died in vain.’ He did die; and no one can question the fact that the great controversy hastened his death. But the meetings of the Baptist Union that I have just attended prove that he did not die in vain. In all the meetings there has been visible a mighty reaction in favour of those Evangelical doctrines which C. H. Spurgeon so loved and taught. Modern doubt has been scouted, but modern Puritanism has been applauded. All the cardinal truths as taught by the late C. H. Spurgeon have been emphasized, and the advanced school of criticism has not been able to lift up its head. Judging from what I heard, and from what I felt, I am convinced that Mr. Spurgeon did not protest in vain. In his death he accomplished as much as in his life. The denomination with which he was associated all his life, and which he loved, and for which he died, has now endorsed his action, and enshrined his memory.”

It was during “The Down-grade Controversy” that Mr. Palmer and Rev. John Urquhart started *The King’s Own*. This Magazine was originated for the one purpose of counteracting the drift away from Puritanism in the present age. For four years, Mr. Palmer threw much of his energy into this literary enterprise; and during that time the Magazine was jointly the property and under the control of himself and Mr. Urquhart.

In 1892, Mr. Palmer, having withdrawn his interest and management from *The King’s Own*, concentrated all his strength upon his pastoral work. In addition to the usual pulpit engagements, he began

a Bible-class for men in September, 1893. This class opened with forty-two members. In less than three months, the membership reached three hundred, and the class was crowded out of the lecture-room into the chapel. From that time to the present, this wonderful class has continued to increase, and the membership has now entered the sixth hundred. The class is cosmopolitan in its character. Masters, servants, tradesmen, mechanics, clerks, and literary men, all sit side by side. Men of all creeds and of no creed, Agnostics, and Plymouth brethren, congregate together each Sabbath for the study of the Scriptures. The chapel is frequently filled with men only; while strangers are always present from neighbouring places to see the unique sight of hundreds of men gathered over that most decried of all books, the Bible. Two years ago, the class was an experiment, set on foot by a Baptist minister, to ascertain whether the working classes of Taunton could be brought into closer contact with the Christian Church. To-day, the answer can be a proved affirmative. When the President opened the winter session, on the last Sunday afternoon of October, he was able to say that over five hundred names were entered on the roll-book, "all of whom had expressed their determination to be true to their membership." It would take too much space to go into the question,—Why does this wonderful gathering of men keep up and increase? One thing is certain, the study of the Word of God is not so unpopular as it is sometimes made out to be. Another thing is equally clear, that this class owes none of its success to meretricious attractions. Solid, sober, earnest treatment of God's Word is the leading feature. There is singing; just what one might expect from such a company of men,—vigorous, musical, enjoyable. The opening hymn on that last Sunday afternoon in October to which we have referred, was—

"I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His Word,
The glory of His cross,"

with the inspiring chorus,—

"Rally, soldiers, rally round the banner."

We quote this to show the character of the singing. The subject for discussion was "Total Depravity." Mr. Palmer briefly opened the topic, and then invited questions. These came, and covered a wide field; but the President kept the class splendidly in hand, and the questions were answered with a terse mixture of wit and wisdom which our Nonconformist Archdeacon of Taunton has made all his own. So the class goes on,—a sight to see and to thank God for. With so great a hold upon working-men, Mr. Palmer finds it necessary to provide periodical lectures for them during the week. The following are some of the titles of lectures just delivered:—

"The Poor of Taunton."

"Some Signs of Taunton Public Houses."

"A Plea for a Better Taunton."

At each of these lectures, large crowds packed the chapel, and the

local press gave *verbatim* reports. If we had space, we could easily reproduce from such reports whole paragraphs which would bear quoting, because of their application, not only to Taunton, but to every town in the kingdom. It is unnecessary to add that this hold upon men means an influence also over their families. Mrs. Palmer's hands are more than full in managing clubs and a class for the wives and daughters of these sons of toil. This, again, means large congregations at the usual Sabbath services. At the end of the eighteenth year of his pastorate, we are pleased to record that the congregation, the church, the schools, the income, and the work generally, are all larger and stronger than they have ever been in the history of the past; while Mr. Palmer is, this year, the President of the Western Baptist Association.

We close this sketch reluctantly, for it takes us back to College days, when we sat with our brother on one of the seats facing old Dr. Gill's pulpit, while we listened to the *Lectures to my Students*, delivered by the great master of the art of teaching, who was, in those grand days, the presiding genius of the institution. How the beloved C. H. Spurgeon would have rejoiced in the gathering together of the Taunton Bible-class; and how he would have wished that the sturdy words of the son of his old friend, John Palmer, of Broughton, could be heard beyond the valleys of the West, even to the uttermost parts of the land!

H. T. S.

The One Request.

WRITTEN IN 1853, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

IF to my God I now may speak,
 And make one short request;
 If but one favour I might seek
 Which I esteem the best,—

I would not choose this earth's poor wealth,
 How soon it melts away!
 I would not seek continued health;
 A mortal must decay.

I would not crave a mighty name,
 Fame is but empty breath;
 Nor would I urge a royal claim,
 For monarchs bow to death.

I would not beg for sinful sweets,—
 Such pleasures end in pain;
 Nor should I ask fair learning's seats,
 Love absent, these are vain.

My God, my heart would choose with joy,
 Thy grace,—Thy love to share;
 This is the sweet which cannot cloy,
 And this my portion fair.

Begin at the Beginning.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

IN Roman mythology, Janus was one of the most celebrated divinities. As the name indicates, he was the god of doors and gates, and always carried a key in his hand in token of his office. It was held that he presided over the dawn of every day, and took the oversight of every undertaking at its commencement, thus gaining the title of "*Matutinus Pater*." The opening of the English year derives its name from him, and January is the gate by which we enter a new period of time.

Laying aside the superstitious reverence which was once attached to this senseless idol, we may with advantage adopt the idea contained in the simple meaning of the name given to the first month of our calendar, and in connection with our "Text Union" begin at the beginning. We want every reader of *The Sword and the Trowel* to start the New Year as a member of the "Text Union", feeling confident that, if all will join our ranks from the first of January, 1896, a year of very rich blessing awaits them through the "Text Bond." Who will enter the gate which opens as this Magazine comes to them? What better janitor can be found for each day than a text from the Word of God? By the golden keys of the promises which hang at the girdle of these door-keepers, the gates of the morning may be opened to let in "The Beloved" Himself, and the attendant blessings of His grace; and the portals of the day may be closed by the same holy porters, as they set in motion the wards in the lock of our heart's memory.

It is said that the temple of the god Janus at Rome was kept open in time of war, and shut in the time of peace. We have found that, during the battle of life, the daily text has often led us to a sanctuary, and proved to be a safe retreat in seasons of sore temptation; while, when the day's toil has ended, and retirement has been enjoyed, we have been able to worship in silence, and peace has filled our soul through the abiding Word.

The testimony of numbers confirms this experience, and therefore we long for others to adopt our "Text Bond", and so to prove for themselves the joy of "going in and out" through these pearly gates.

Among the customs that prevailed at the festival of Janus, was that of friends giving to one another *strenæ*, or gifts of sweetmeats. We would suggest that such a course might be adopted by all the members of the "Text Union" bestowing upon relatives and acquaintances, as a New Year's present, *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack*, which is a veritable "*sachet de confitures*." One who became a member during the past year, speaking to the writer, said, "The texts have really been like lozenges, a sweet morsel in the mouth all day long." The friend was not wrong in his description, for the daily portions have been as "honey and milk under the tongue." We have eaten candied rose-leaves and violets, and similar confections, which have been both delicious and delicate in flavour and fragrance; but nothing of man's

making can compare in sweetness and aroma with the comfits of the Bible. "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

Begin at the beginning, then, dear reader, and send for this little packet of spiritual confectionery for yourself and your friends. Your order will be promptly fulfilled by remitting four halfpenny stamps for card of membership and Almanack to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

Waiting at the Gate.

A PARAPHRASE OF MRS. SPURGEON'S "PERSONAL NOTES ON A TEXT," IN
"THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL" FOR DECEMBER, 1895.*

"I WAIT for the LORD, my soul doth wait,"
Watching I stand at His mercy-gate;
A suppliant, I to the palace come,
Where the King in His beauty has made His home.

"I wait for the Lord," but not in fear,
For I know that my soul to His heart is dear;
And I need not yield for a moment to doubt,
For He will in no wise cast me out.

"I wait for *the Lord*;" for nothing less
Than a view of the King in His holiness;
Some gleams of glory shine through the gate,
But "I wait for *the Lord*, my soul doth wait."

"I wait for the Lord," and I bless His name,
Though He seems to linger, His love is the same;
And these waiting times are times of love,
Drawing me nearer to Him above.

"I wait for the Lord," my soul doth glow
With a hope that nothing can overthrow,
And with steadfast faith in His Holy Word,
Till He shall come, "I wait for the Lord."

Some day, the gate will be opened wide,
And the King will beckon me to His side;
It may be early, it may be late,
So "I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait."

Foots Cray, Kent.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

* No. 12 of *Westwood Leaflets, Devotional Series* (Passmore and Alabaster).

The Women of Morocco.

BY N. H. PATRICK, OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

WOMAN in Morocco is either man's slave or his plaything. The idea that she was created by God to be his helpmeet and equal, is beyond the imagination of a Moor. The people have no conception of a pure family life. Most of the men declare that a woman has no soul, and she is excluded from worship in the mosques. When a female child is born, there is but little rejoicing in the family. The girls are married while still children, and one meets with mothers

who are only thirteen or fourteen years of age. The consent of the girls to marriage is seldom if ever sought. The fire of jealousy is lighted in the woman's heart by the home-bringing of another bride, and murder by poison often follows. A country Moor once said in my hearing, "I have four wives and four huts,—a hut for each wife,—and only in this way can I keep them from quarrelling and mischief." We know no Moorish woman who can read. A lady-worker of the North Africa Mission has a girls' school that numbers some thirty pupils, and they are making good headway with their studies.

In 1891, some correspondence passed between Lord Salisbury and the Sultan of Morocco in consequence of two Moorish women having been imprisoned for visiting the house of some lady-missionaries. In one of the letters from the Sultan, the following passage occurs:—"When the Oolema and chief men of the city heard of this (the Moorish women visiting the Mission-house), they rose and assembled, and fulgurated and thundered, and he (the Sultan) issued an order that the Moorish women who should mix with them should be allowed three days for repentance, and if they did not repent, they should be killed." Tens of thousands of these



A POOR MOORISH WOMAN.

women are being reached by the workers of the North Africa Mission, but hundreds of thousands have not heard the gospel story even once. † *They must be evangelized.* The few men-converts, fearing certain persecution and possible death, shrink from declaring their allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ; and it may come to pass that some of the first and truest witnesses shall come from the ranks of these despised women. Does not history often repeat itself? We know that it was—

“Not she with trait’rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.”

† *Women* are needed to work amongst these women. The “new woman”? No; the *renewed* woman. Not masculine women, but women who can love the souls of sinning women, care for the bodies of sick women, work in the homes of dirty women. Such women may lift “the earth-crushed heart to hope and Heaven.”

Money is needed for the support of workers, for rents, medicines, food, travelling expenses, and a thousand other things, without which work cannot be done either in England or in Africa.*

Prayer—much prayer—increasing prayer is needed, that workers may be God-sent and God-filled, that money may be rightly used, that the hearts of the hearers may be as prepared ground for the reception of the good seed of the kingdom. Will not *you*, dear reader, give yourself to prayer for the women of Morocco, and if you can, give yourself also to service for the Lord Jesus Christ in this sin and sorrow-stricken country?

Good Tidings from Tunisia.

IN *The Sword and the Trowel* for November, 1895, when telling of the need of a shelter for country patients, I ventured to say,—

“In some way or other, the Lord will provide ”

I must now quote, slightly altered, another line of the hymn, and say,

“And in His own right way, the Lord *did* provide.”

for one morning there came a note saying, “I have seen your letter in the *Sword and Trowel*, and enclose a cheque for £20 for this service.” Our good friend suggested a wooden erection, but then the question arose,—“Where could we put it?” Land was, apparently, not to be had. However, after a time, I came upon a wooden shed, all ready, in a small garden near my house. I enquired, found that it was both suitable and vacant, saw the proprietor, and to-day I have hired

† * Contributions towards the Pastors’ College Missionary Association, which supports Mr. Patrick and Dr. Churcher, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, from whom collecting boxes can also be obtained by friends willing to help the Mission.

garden and shed for the winter. Years ago, it was a drinking shop; may it now become indeed a Bethel!

Another pressing need was help in the dispensary; this, too, has been happily supplied. Two lady-missionaries have joined us, one relieving my wife, and dispensing both the medicines and the gospel to the people, while the other gives her strength entirely to spiritual work among those who are waiting.

We are specially grateful, this month, for the Lord's tender mercies in time of sickness. Our helper and our oldest child had been laid aside for weeks with Malta fever; then, overworked and worn-out, Mrs. Churcher broke down also. At this juncture, our gracious God sent us, unexpectedly, valuable, or rather, *invaluable* assistance, by the arrival of two friends from Tunis, who most lovingly helped us.

In seasons of sickness, I sometimes think that we are like a party of travellers, in a punt on a wide river, slowly propelling the boat up stream against a strong current. One slips, and falls overboard; and in an instant all is excitement to try to get him into the boat again; and, at such times, it is often as much as one can do just to hold on desperately somewhere, to save the whole party from being swept away down stream, losing time, and making no progress, except in the Irishman's sense—backward.

Speaking of the fever, our native servant earnestly proposed "a certain and immediate cure" for it. It was, that we should get a dog, and cook it; the patient should then make a vapour bath of the steam, and eat the flesh of the animal;—but it was all no good, for, somehow, the lady refused to try it!

I have had some good times during the month, both at the services and occasionally speaking to individuals. The missionaries who have joined me have also expressed their surprise at the interest shown by the people; but oh, the ignorance, the darkness of these poor souls! They seem to be like a blind patient I had, the other day. She sat with the glorious sunlight streaming into her eyes, and yet exclaimed, "*It's all night! It's all night!*" Will you not, dear friends, pray down a blessing upon these poor blinded, benighted souls?

Since the rains began, this month, on three days the number of patients was small. I thought the people were afraid of getting wet; but someone explained to me the reason of their absence. "Has not God given them rain? Of course, they have all gone to plough their land, and sow their seed." Till now, the summered earth has been baked hard as iron. A little later, and the season for sowing will be over; small wonder, then, that they should put aside even the thought of health, to plough and to sow. Till lately, the gospel field of Northern Africa has also been hard as iron; but now, times have changed, and ploughing and sowing at least can be done. Our Lord Jesus said, "*I must work.*" Shall not we say the same, for who can tell how soon our sowing season may be past for ever?

Notwithstanding the one or two poor attendances, we registered 441 *new* patients and 590 total visits during November, for which and all other blessings we gratefully cry, "Hallelujah!"

Soussa, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Come to Jesus.

A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. THOMAS SPURGEON,
AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
ON LORD'S-DAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1879, JUST BEFORE
HIS SECOND VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

I MUST confess, dear friends, that I would rather far that you should listen longer to the older voice. I feel very loth to rob you of twenty minutes of such powerful speaking as we have been listening to; and it is only the hope that parting words may be powerful, too, that makes me stand up here to-night to ask you all to come to Jesus. I do not propose to take any particular text; perhaps the refrain of that hymn we sang just now may serve as subject for my farewell message. A better one I could not wish.

“STEAL AWAY TO JESUS.”

My original intention was to speak to the young to-night; but when I thought of asking them to come to Jesus, I found that I could not limit the invitation to those of tender age. Nay, all must be included here. Come old, come young, come one, come all, come everybody to Jesus, for staying away means disaster and death; it involves condemnation here, and eternal misery hereafter.

Why should you come to Jesus?

1. Well, first of all, *because He invites you*. You might be slow to come if He had never asked you so to do; but when He has not only bidden you come, but sweetly says, “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,” how can you remain away? You remember that, when Peter wanted to walk upon the waters, he said to his Master, “Bid me come unto Thee,” and the Saviour said, “Come.” Well, there is no need for you to say to Christ to-night, “Bid me come unto Thee.” If you did, He would say, “Come,” but He has already said that ten thousand times. You need not suggest an invitation, for that has been given before the asking, according to His gracious promise, “Before they call, I will answer.” You have, then, the invitation to come.

Why do you hesitate, when the Lord beseeches you to come to Him? Has He not said, “Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings”? Though you have sinned against Him, He asks you to come to Him that He may pardon—not punish you. Yesterday, I witnessed an incident which reminded me very forcibly of what God never did towards a sinner. A mother had been washing the stone step in front of her house, and her boy came out with a bowl of water, and very clumsily spilt it upon the work which she had just completed. She was very angry with him. I think she almost forgot that he was her son, for she called him the biggest little stupid she had ever seen; and she said, with great vehemence, “You come here this minute, you young rascal.” That was an invitation, but she wanted him to come to her only that she might punish him. Now, we have sinned against God; we have done our best, or rather, our

worst, to spoil His work, and to provoke His anger; but when He says, "Come unto Me," He does not call us "rascals" though well He might. It may be that the very fact that He calls us so tenderly serves to emphasize to our quickened consciences our real rascality; but do not let us stop away on that account, since we are welcome, sinners as we are. There is the invitation, then.

"My Saviour bids me come :
 Ah! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home!
 And yet from Him I stay."

2. Another reason why some of you should come to Jesus to-night is, that *you have come before*. I speak to some who have left their first love, who have forsaken the ways of holiness, to some whose zeal has grown cold, whose faith has failed. Come to Jesus to-night because you have come before. "Oh, but!" you say, "I am very different from what I used to be." Ah! but God is not; and if He forgave you once, He will forgive you twice. Is he not the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever? With Him is no shadow of turning. "Oh, but I have added sin to sin, and piled iniquity upon iniquity!" And God will add forgiveness to forgiveness if you will add repentance to repentance. Oh, come again, my fellow-sinner! Come as often as you will, He will pardon you. Do not sin on this account, for God's sake; but when you have sinned, come and receive the pardon that He offers. Do you not remember that Jesus said to us that, if our brother offended against us, we were to forgive him even unto seventy times seven; and do you think that God Himself will do less than that? Ah, no! seventy times seven thousand times He will forgive us; and though it is sad for us to sin so often, it would be sadder still if we were not forgiven when we came to Him repenting.

"Oh, come again to Jesus!
 Come, as you came at first.
 Come, tell Him all that hinders,
 Come tell Him all the worst."

Then take His sweet forgiveness, and listen to His gentle voice, saying, "Go, and sin no more." You have come once: then come again.

3. A reason wherefore others of you should come is, that *you have never come before*. You have heard sermons out of number, entreaties full of earnestness and love; and yet you have never come to Jesus. You have gone anywhere besides, but never come to Him. Other invitations have been eagerly accepted, but His you have persistently refused.

"You treat no other friend so ill."

Surely it is time you gave some heed to the divine call. Oh, if you only come as a matter of experiment, I do beseech you still to come! When Philip found Nathanael, and told him that he had discovered the Messiah, do you remember what Nathanael said? "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip said to him, "Come and see." He invited him to test the matter. It was as

though he said, "I will not answer one way or the other, but come and see. Just make the experiment." Thus would I urge you to come to Jesus to-night if you have never come before; come and see what it is like to trust the Son of God. Come and see if you can find in Him the peace which you must own you have never found elsewhere. Come and try whether He can save you. Make this experiment, and I warrant that you shall never be disappointed.

My beloved father said to me to-day, "I think you would do well to tell the people to-night what fault you have to find with trusting Christ. Tell them how often God has broken His promises. Tell them how frequently the Almighty One has failed." "Oh, but!" said I, "short as my address must be, that would be too short, for it would take me no time at all to tell of all the faults I find in Christ, for *there are none!*" Spotless and undefiled was He in all His life below; and as a Mediator and a Saviour, He is perfection personified. Oh, trust Him, then, my friends, for you shall never regret the day when you laid your sins on Jesus! If you have never come before, come now.

"Oh make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!"

4. Come to Jesus, also, because *no one else can do for you what you require*. Your righteousnesses, as we heard this morning,* can never save you; for, at best, they are but filthy rags. Sacraments, pieties, good deeds, prayers, cannot secure salvation; for, when you have brought all these to God, you are still unprofitable servants. Then come to Jesus because He can do for you what nothing else can do. The woman who applied to Christ for healing left it very late. She had been to many physicians; she had spent her all; yet grew no better, but rather the worse. 'Twas then she came to Christ, and "better late than never," for she would have spent more than all if she had stopped away; she must have spent her life and being in fruitless efforts to get cured. But she came to Christ at last, penniless and impotent as she was. What treatment do you suppose she received? Jesus did not rebuke her; He rather commended her remarkable faith, and healed her with a word. He might have said, "But why did you not come to Me before? You have tried all these other physicians, and they have not succeeded, and now, as a last resort, you come to Me. This is not very complimentary. I will have nought to do with you." Not so the loving Lord; nor will He treat you so, although you pay Him the questionable compliment of seeking Him only after you have tried all else in vain. He will not say you "Nay." Come at once to Him. Do not wait to try any other helper, for you may be sure that all other physicians will fail to heal you. Your wounds shall ne'er be stanch'd till Jesus binds them, and your leprosy shall never be cleansed till He speaks the cleansing word. Then do not leave it any later. Come now, since He is willing to

* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 1,497, "Self-righteousness,—a smouldering heap of rubbish."

receive you, and nothing else can save you. If you have tried other things, and found from them no real peace, and no lasting joy, then come to Jesus, for in Him all these are to be found. Well did we sing, just now, that urgent plea, "Give me Christ, or else I die." All other physicians shall be in vain, and medicines out of number can work no good. Give us Christ, or else we die. O Jesus, I am poor without Thee; but with Thee, I am rich to all eternity! I am sick without Thee, and my broken heart shall never be healed until it comes in contact with Thy pierced hand; and then it shall be cured for ever. Stay no longer, O my hearer, from the Saviour, since all other things are vain, and Christ is all you want!

5. One more reason why you should come is this. *To-night is a favourable opportunity.* Perhaps you will never enjoy another like it. It is a small matter that you may not hear *my* voice again; but oh! my dear friends, it is a great matter that you may not hear Christ's voice again. Many a time you have heard it in this Tabernacle; ay, and in the stillness of the midnight hour. You have heard it when you have tried to stop your ears; you have heard it above the roar of the tempest; and you have heard it in the still quiet night. Something within you has impelled you, or something from above has beckoned you to Christ, and you have felt by no means comfortable away from Him. How you have held out so long, I cannot tell; but oh! to-night, the voice of Jesus once more speaks through me, for so He condescends to put us as trumpets to His mouth. Listen as He calls you to Himself. Are you young in years? Then He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Are you burdened with a weight of years? Then that promise I quoted just now will suit your case; weary and heavy laden, come to Him for rest. Are you a sinner of the deepest dye, in that you have sinned against light and knowledge, and forsaken a God who has been specially gracious to you? Then He invites backsliders to the Father's home, and runs to meet returning prodigals. Yes, to all of us He says, "Come home, come home to-night; home to a Father's heart; home to His kind embrace; home to a Saviour's wounds; home to a Mediator's love; home to all the bliss that sorrowing hearts can want; and home at last to Heaven to go no more out for ever." Blessed home! I love my earthly home, but yonder is a still better one. Bright and beautiful as our earthly homes may be, they are not to be compared to the "Happy Home above." *There*, are the familiarities of home without its fears or troubles; there, the caresses of home without its cares and anxieties; there, all the sweet affections of home with the additional happiness of knowing that these shall last for ever. Best of all will be the joy of seeing the King in His beauty, in the land that now to us seems "very far off."

Come to Christ, to-night, then, because He invites you, and pleads with you. Mercy's door is open now, but it may be shut to-morrow. To-morrow's sun may never rise for you. While this day lasts, then, give your heart to Jesus.

I remember very well that, the first time I went to Australia, on one fine evening a little bird followed behind the vessel on weary wing.

It was evidently a land-bird which had been driven out to sea. It tried to alight on some portion of the rigging, but seemed afraid to do so. Then the captain stretched forth his hand, and attempted to secure it. Indeed, I think he held it for a while; but it eluded his grasp, fell back into the gathering gloom, and dropped into the sea without a hope of rising again. Oh, that the little waif had trusted our kindly skipper! I have often thought, since then, what a true picture that is of a sinner who has been flying over the waste of waters without finding rest for the sole of his foot, and who has at last come to understand that no rest can be found except in Jesus. Yet, when he seems about to rest on gospel truth, he trembles to alight; and when the Great Captain stretches forth His hand that He may take the wayfarer to His heart, he flees away in fear. Timidity or unbelief drives him back into the ever-deepening night. He flutters down to death and doom. He drops into the vessel's wake to rise no more for ever! O my dear fellow-sinner, shall this be your case to-night? Here is the gospel ship flying through the storm, and it shall bear you safely over the billows if you will cling to it. If you will hide in the Master's hand, all shall be well with you; but if not, all shall be terribly ill for ever. I cannot plead with you as I would; but oh! may God's Spirit plead with you, for "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Improve this happy hour, and make it happier still by trusting in your dear Redeemer. You can never do without Jesus; and, since He asks you to come to Him, you will surely not say Him "Nay." Since He Himself invites you, you may be sure He means to bless. I feel persuaded that you have never invited anybody to your house purposing to shut the door on him. You cannot suppose that Jesus would deal so ungenerously. Mercy's door stands open for you; it will not be closed as you approach. Yet it will not be always open! Oh, leave not your repentance until it is too late! God help you to come to Jesus now, for His name's sake! Amen.

A Statement and an Appeal.

FOR nine years, mission work has been carried on at Eleanor Hall, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire; but recently, a Baptist church has been formed, under the charge of Student-Pastor Thomas Douglas, whose labours have been greatly blessed. The congregation has grown to such an extent that the present building (which is an enlarged shed, a portion of which is very prominent, giving the place a most disenchanting aspect,) is far too small; and owing to its low roof, and lack of heating appliances, is most uncomfortable for worshippers, both in summer and winter. The new iron building will accommodate three hundred persons. The cost will be about £270, towards which £100 has been already given or promised. There is a rapidly-growing population, with no Nonconformist place of worship within three-quarters of a mile. The members are not rich in worldly goods, so they earnestly ask help from outside friends to enable them to open their new chapel this month free of debt. The fact that this work had the sympathy of Mr. Spurgeon and his brother-in-law, Pastor W. Jackson, should commend it to the generosity of our readers. The secretary of the building fund is Mr. John Spurgeon Jackson, 3, Eleanor Terrace, Waltham Cross, who will gratefully acknowledge all contributions sent to him.

Dr. Barnardo's Boys at the Tabernacle.

A MAGNIFICENT audience gathered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Wednesday evening, December 4, to hear and to cheer our esteemed brother, WALTER J. MAYERS, and a large company of boys and their teachers from DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES. The programme included hand-bell ringing, selections by the Stepney Boys' Home band, and singing by the little boys from Leopold House, all of which showed the splendid training given to the children.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON presided, and gave a very hearty welcome to all the visitors, and then said, "For many years, Dr. Barnardo's band has appeared at the Stockwell Orphanage festival; and, as 'one good turn deserves another,' it is most fitting that the Stepney lads should come over to enlist the sympathy and support of friends at the Tabernacle. I am very glad that so many have come together to help such a good work as this, than which I do not know a better. I have always rejoiced in Dr. Barnardo and his Christlike service. You know how my dear father, your late dear Pastor, rejoiced in him and in his work for Jesus;



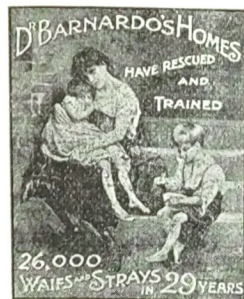
(These two children were seen by Mr. Spurgeon at the meeting in the Albert Hall. He was greatly affected at the sight. The children had been rescued a week before from a filthy back court in Spitalfields. They were lying on a bed of rags, without any covering; they had never been to school, and not out of the wretched room for a month.)

and I count it my highest pleasure to try to assist in my small measure all in which he was interested, and everything that he tried to help. As for Mr. Mayers, I can only hope that every other worker in connection with Dr. Barnardo is as good as he is, as kind to children, and with a heart as tender as his is. The best portrait I have ever seen of him is the one in which he is seated in the midst of a lot of crippled children,—I think I called it 'a Mayers' nest' once,—he looks so paternal and loving, as if he were both father and mother to his little charge. That is the sort of man you want to plead the cause of the destitute, one who does it, not merely professionally, but because he loves the children, and longs to save them from want, and woe, and misery, and sin." After mentioning, as one reason why they should help Dr. Barnardo, the fact that they were engaged in somewhat similar service at the Stockwell Orphanage, the Pastor announced that, just before the meeting, a kind friend had put into his hand £250, of which £100 was for the Orphanage, £100 for Dr. Barnardo's work, and the remainder for Tabernacle institutions and "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work."

Mr. Mayers began his address with an expression of his devout thanksgiving for the special gift that had just been handed to him, and then explained that he had been asking the Lord to send a large sum before the end of the year, and there it was! He stated that the feeding of Dr. Barnardo's family of 5,000 boys and girls costs £150 a day, and said that, as one donor had generously given the £100, he hoped the rest of the audience would make up the remaining £50 for one day's food. This, we are glad to know, was done when the collection was made. Before that point was reached, however, Mr. Mayers conveyed Dr. Barnardo's heartfelt thanks to the Pastor, deacons, and church at the Tabernacle for giving him that opportunity of pleading the cause of their thousands of rescued children; and, in the name of his chief, he gave a very cordial invitation to Mr. Charlesworth and the Stockwell Orphanage boys to go—once a year, if they liked,—to the Edinburgh Castle, on behalf of their institution. Having described Mr. Spurgeon's visit to the Homes at Stepney, and his touching speech, when very ill, at the great gathering in the Albert Hall, the lights were lowered, and Mr. Mayers proceeded to deliver his lecture on "Child Life in Waif-and-Stray Land," illustrated by 100 brilliant and impressive lime-light pictures. We have only space here to say that, if friends in any district see a notice that the lecture is to be given in their neighbourhood, they will do well not only to go and hear it, but to persuade as many others as they can to accompany them. In no other way, except by personal visitation of the fifty-four distinct institutions, can anyone get an adequate idea of the noble rescue work that is being accomplished by Dr. Barnardo and his helpers.

One of the first views exhibited conveyed the striking information given on this little picture. These words are easily read, but who can tell all that they mean to the 26,000 *waiifs and strays* who have been *rescued and trained*, and who can imagine all the wear and tear caused by 29 years of such service to the chief worker, who even now is only a little over 50 years old? Let Christians of every name, and all lovers of children and of their country, do all that lies in their power to aid him still to continue to "Rescue the perishing."

All communications and contributions should be addressed to Dr. T. J. Barnardo, 18, Stepney Causeway, London, E.



Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit.
Sermons by C. H. SPURGEON.
Volume XLI. Passmore and Alabaster. Price seven shillings.

WITH the close of 1895, the forty-first volume of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons is completed,—another reason for devout thanksgiving to the Lord by whose favour the whole series has been so richly blessed. It is a standing miracle of mercy that the beloved and glorified Pastor continues, through his printed discourses, to address an ever-increasing congregation. It is estimated that at least a *hundred million copies* have been already sold, and to this enormous number must be added the many new translations into various languages since the dear preacher was called home, together with the extraordinary circulation of the English editions by means of the Spurgeon Memorial Sermon Society and other agencies. Best of all, the reading of the sermons is still blessed to saints and sinners, even as in the happy days when the assembled thousands in the Tabernacle and elsewhere listened, spellbound, to the proclamation of "free grace and dying love." Are we all doing what we can to circulate the precious missives as they come forth week by week, and praying for their continued influence in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom? The bound volume would be a most welcome addition to any minister's library. Kindly note that fact, Mr. Generous Deacon!

W. P. Lockhart, Merchant and Preacher.
A Life Story, compiled by his Wife.
Hodder and Stoughton.

A CHARMING full-length portrait of one of the great pastoral evangelists of the age. When once we began reading this "Life Story" we had to go right on to the touching close; and we could not help noticing, almost all through, the great resemblance between Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Lockhart. Both came of a godly stock,

yet they were the first of their respective families to be baptized; both were apostolic in that they laboured with hand and brain that they might not be a burden to the churches to which they ministered; both had a remarkable share of sanctified common-sense as well as a beautiful combination of faith, fervour and fun; both abstained from intoxicants to help their weaker brethren; both made great sacrifices for what they believed to be the will of the Lord; both were devoted adherents of the old faith, and, up to a certain point, both were united in their protest against error. The mention of this divergence,—like the departure of Barnabas from Paul,—is the one blot upon an otherwise delightful book. It is only natural that Mrs. Lockhart should defend her husband's action with regard to the Baptist Union; but we are quite sure that *he* views the matter in a different light now. Virtually, he was the man who began "The Down-grade Controversy" when, at Leicester, he publicly protested against the part taken by a Unitarian minister in welcoming the Union, and he cordially endorsed Mr. Spurgeon's utterances in the earlier part of the sad year, 1887. We are glad to turn from this theme, and to think of these two noble servants of the Lord Jesus Christ as they were in the glorious days of the past, and as they are in the still more glorious day of the present, where no shadow can cross their path again for ever.

The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible. By JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D.
Second edition. Revised and enlarged. James Clarke and Co.

A SAD, sad specimen of perverted learning and faulty logic. Knowing the mischief wrought by the first edition of this book, we hoped that the "revision and enlargement" of this new edition might have removed or toned down some of the former objectionable features; but alas! they are all here, and defended with

pertinacity. The objections that infidels of a hundred years ago urged against the Bible are now asserted as the results of Biblical Criticism, and the Infallible Book is described as a patchwork of "blunders, inaccuracies, corrections, and omissions." We put this volume down with great sorrow, and trust it may be left severely alone by those who still reverence the Word of God.

Revelation and the Bible. An attempt at Reconstruction. By R. F. HORTON, M.A. T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS new edition seems to us identical with the second issue in 1893. After careful and repeated perusal, we can only conclude that this school of critics has managed to persuade itself that infidel and rationalistic attacks and alleged errors and discrepancies in Scripture are "demonstrated facts in the Biblical Literature." Their eyes seem open to notice every charge against "the oracles of God", but closed to the ample evidence by which those charges have been again and again refuted. It may be worth while to trace this painful treatment of God's Word to its source. Mr. Horton—almost every page of whose book prompts to correction,—decries "that crude dogma of infallible inspiration." (p. 25.) "The origin of woman, from the rib of a man, is evidently a symbolical conception, which is paralleled in other mythologies. Further, a serpent that speaks proclaims itself to be in the region of fable." (p. 38.) As to the Fall, it is "childish misinterpretation that would treat the story as literal fact." (p. 39.) Space would fail to cite a hundredth part of the misconceptions and extravagances of the book.

How is it that so devout a man should write in such destructive style? He was a pupil and is a disciple of Canon Driver. Whencedid the master, the Oxford professor, derive his principles and materials for cutting up the various books into shreds, and assigning each fragment to a separate author, to fiction instead of fact, or legend instead of history? Notably from Kuenen, whose atheistic tendencies are admitted; from Wellhausen, whose

treatment of Scripture is marked by "profanity, banter, and dishonesty"; and from Hitzig, who was committed to the denial of the miraculous. Thus the German Neologists have taught our English professors, and they in turn are moulding the minds and directing the studies of successive generations of preachers. And what is the fruit of this cult? Let Mr. Horton answer. "Those who reluctantly surrender the antique dogma [of infallible inspiration] naturally ask for a definite faith to take its place." Precisely. But this opening of the Preface is doomed to tantalizing disappointment, for the closing paragraph says:—"Again let me say that this book pretends to be nothing more than a series of tentative suggestions." We should urge sensible men and loyal Christians not to waste their golden hours upon "tentative suggestions" when we have "the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

The Prophet Priest. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. J. G. Wheeler.

FOUR addresses delivered at the last Mildmay Conference. The subject is vital to intelligent Christian living; would that we were not bound to add that it is a subject which is, we gravely fear, strangely forgotten, if not sinfully ignored! Down a fearful incline indeed is that soul rushing that does not "hear Him" as the Prophet sent from God. We heartily commend this choice little book, and trust that the Mildmay Missions, for the benefit of which it is published, may be largely helped by its sale. The price is 1s. and 1s. 6d.

Hanserd Knollys. By J. CULROSS, M.A., D.D. Alexander & Shephard.

WE can give no higher praise to this unpretentious but able little book than to say that it is worthy of its author, in its lucid statement of fact, in its clear insight as to great spiritual forces at work in men and peoples, and in its charming power to describe them and their effects. A study of our history as Baptists is one of the crying needs of to-day, and this delightful volume will be a powerful allurement to it.

Exodus: an Autobiography of Moses.
By J. M. DENNISTON, M.A. Morgan and Scott.

THE timely character of this work, and the logical ability, extensive scholarship, and spiritual grasp of the writer, constitute this one of the *Books for the Times*. We are glad to see that a second edition, with additions, is called for: and having formerly commended it as a scholastic arm of defence against the "Higher Criticism" of these days, we do so again with the utmost heartiness. One might suppose, from the blare of trumpets and other loud-sounding instruments, that the "Higher Criticism" outrivalled the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king set up; but, in reality, its tissue is such stuff as dreams are made of.

David: Shepherd, Psalmist, King. By F. B. MEYER, B.A. Morgan and Scott.

ANOTHER of this prolific author's "Scripture Biographies Series" which bids fair to become quite a respectable supplement to the lives of the saints of ancient days. The life of David, like that of his Lord, is for ever telling, yet never told.

Our Lord's Teaching. By Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D. A and C. Black.

THERE is much that is excellent in this little book, and doubtless its actual worth is a large multiple of the net cost,—*sixpence*. Still, the error on the subject of the Fatherhood of God is so grave, that we dare not commend this otherwise admirable Text-book. We join issue with the author in the belief that the hope of the inheritance of the saints of God springs from the brotherhood of men, and also that the Fatherhood of God is the one sure basis of that brotherhood (p. 29). The doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God is a species of universal flattery,—acceptable, no doubt, to the carnal man, inasmuch as it stimulates his overweening self-importance,—but it is a doctrine to which the instincts of the spiritual can never submit, for it is contrary alike to the witness of the

Spirit, and the plain teaching of the Inspired Word.

"For their Sakes I Sanctify Myself."
Sermons and Addresses, by H. B. MACARTNEY, M.A. Shaw and Co.

As good a specimen of the distinctive teaching of the Keswick School as can be found. Full of exaltation of the Christ of God, and of the Holy Spirit as the Great Sanctifier, these discourses will be sure of a wide welcome from an ever-increasing circle of true and devout believers. With the pretensions of sinless perfection at present attained, Mr. Macartney has no sympathy whatever; yet he staunchly uplifts it as the great ideal one day to be made real. Christians of great experience will find here sustenance for the strongest manhood and womanhood, whilst novices are not overlooked in the varied fare provided.

A Treatise upon the Life of Faith. By WM. ROMAINE, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

WE are deeply grateful for this timely reprint of a Christian Classic that has been largely overlooked of late. In its new and modern garb,—the printing and general arrangement being most dainty and good,—we trust that it will secure many, many readers. Romaine is one of that full "marrowy" school of divines, any member of which could easily be divided into twenty, and then altogether overshadow most modern theologians; so that, to secure his being read, is to ensure strong meat to all who will study him. This edition ought to be quickly exhausted, and soon be followed by another, and yet another; we earnestly trust that it may be.

The Epistle to the Ephesians. With Introduction and Notes by JAMES S. CANDLISH, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

ONE of the best of this series of Handbooks for Bible-classes, and a valuable contribution to the expository literature of the Bible. The price of this book (1s. 6d.) bears no sort of relation to its real worth.

Students and pastors of limited means will here find much treasure in the form of compressed theology of the free-grace brand, and redolent of Calvary.

Homiletic Expositions of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, Sermons and Leading Thoughts on Texts of Scripture. By THOMAS DAVIES, M.A., Ph.D. R. D. Dickinson.

CAPITAL sermon-outlines; not enough to encourage indolence, but sufficient to stimulate personal study and assimilation. Not of the loftiest order, but of solid average ability and usefulness. The theology is as sound as the exegesis is scholarly, and this is no slight recommendation.

The Epistle of James, and other discourses. By R. W. DALE, LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE of the finest volumes of practical theology that has reached us for many years. Dr. Dale, always a master of systematic divinity, seems in these discourses to have condensed the ripest and richest thinking of his later and most experienced years. One or two of these discourses—notably those on "Saving Truth," and "The Parable of the Prodigal Son,"—are unspeakably golden in value, and are worthy to become class-room tests and models for a Theological College. We wish that every modern preacher might be sweetly compelled carefully to study and assimilate this volume. It would put robust force into many of them, and kill the sentimental softness that has so often been mistaken for piety and advanced thinking. A splendid and choice book.

The Seven Churches in Asia: considered as Types of the Religious Life of To-day. By ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, B.A., D.D. Elliot Stock.

THE author has his own point of view, and his own method, both as regards the placing and the construing of the seven churches. We think the Scriptural order should have been retained; and we also think that, in the names used to define these churches,

amplitude has been somewhat sacrificed for the sake of point. Still, the latter is a common failing; and we cannot altogether regret the mode of treatment, since in this way one point, at all events, in each of the seven churches, is placed in bold relief by this capable author, and skilfully applied to the circumstances of modern church life.

Fruit from my Launceston Study. By Rev. S. D. BRUNTON. Stephenson and Son, Launceston, Tasmania.

WE like this "fruit" so much that we feel inclined, like the novelist's hero, to ask for "more." Evidently Mr. Brunton does not think it is his business to "Alter the Belief," or to "Mend the Commandments," but to "Preach the Word." It is a pity there is not a London publisher for this excellent booklet. Tasmania is rather a long distance to send for it, yet it is well worth fetching even from the ends of the earth.

The Bible its own Evidence. By W. COLLINGWOOD. Scriptural Knowledge Institution, 78, Park Street, Bristol.

IN this little shilling treatise the author aims to prove, by internal existence, the divine origin and authority of the Scriptures. Those who have the witness in themselves will be perfectly satisfied with the evidence here adduced; those who have not this witness will remain unconvinced, as the writer does not attempt to discuss any special difficulty. Though far too brief to do justice to such a vast subject, this little work deserves to be widely circulated, for the faith of the faithful needs such strengthening as it will give.

Hints on Prayer, Revivals, and Bible Study. By CHARLES H. YATMAN. Partridge and Co.

AN evangelist's common place book, containing many suggestive hints for addresses. English readers may not appreciate the smartness of the numerous Americanisms in the booklet, but Christian workers of all sorts will find it useful in their service for the Saviour.

"*Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever.*" Sacred Song and Chorus. 1s. 6d. post free. "*Our Banner. For Truth and Right.*" Quick March. Vocal (*ad lib.*) 1s. post free. Words of both pieces written by V. J. CHARLESWORTH, music by T. WALTER PARTRIDGE. Stockwell Orphanage, London, S. W.

WE can cordially commend the above compositions to our musical friends. The words reach a high standard of merit. The Sacred Song breathes the true spirit of devotion. The music, written for contralto or mezzo-soprano voice, with quartette and chorus, shows the hand of a trained musician, and is tuneful and well harmonized. The March is lively and stirring, as all can bear witness who have heard it at the great gatherings at Stockwell. Both the compositions have been "tried and proved" in the programmes of the Orphanage choir, and they have met with hearty approval wherever they have been played and sung.

Shiloh, and other Poems. By REGINALD TAVEY. Elliot Stock.

A SMALL, daintily-bound volume of poems,—not all of equal merit, but displaying true poetic ability and heart-appreciation of the gospel. The Bible and nature furnish the writer with his themes, which are treated in a devout and helpful manner. There is nothing here of the doubt-brooding order, but much which will strengthen faith and nourish the soul.

Sunshine and Calm. By MARY ROWLES JARVIS. Religious Tract Society.

THIS dainty little volume contains a choice collection of "songs by the way", which may well cheer the hearts of the children of Zion. All nature is seen with the poet's eye, and made to teach in lyric form lasting lessons of grace. As thought and wisdom mingle with the melody, we doubt not that these songs will live.

A Manual of Modern Church History. By W. F. SLATER, M.A. Kelly.

ONE of a series of "Books for Bible Students" that are very unequal in

quality. This particular volume contains only a slight sketch of a vast subject; and, except for those who are reading up the subject for the first time, we judge, very inadequate. This business of trying to put an ocean into a tea-cup, is getting a little overdone, and will be sure to bring a reaction before long; and the sooner the better. Mr. Slater can do a great deal better than this; and when he gives us something like a worthy study of each Evangelical denomination, we shall listen to him with both profit and pleasure, but this continent in a carpet-bag is doomed to be largely a failure.

The History of the Baptists in Radnorshire. By Rev. J. JONES. Elliot Stock.

A SCHOLARLY and erudite work of an enthusiast in Welsh Baptist history. The churches of our own order in the Principality have many deeply interesting traditions and incidents which are worthy of an honourable and permanent record. This has here been done with much ability for the Radnor County, and will doubtless lead to the same sort of service being rendered for the rest of "gallant little Wales." We congratulate both author and publisher on an excellent little volume.

Some Memorials of the Hollis Family, Benefactors of Yorkshire, London, and Harvard College, America. By GILES HESTER. Alexander and Shephard.

WE welcome this sixpenny pamphlet concerning these Puritan Baptist worthies of olden times. The Lord multiply their kind in these days! The only fault we find with these "Memorials" is that there are not more of them.

Strange Scenes and Strange Experiences. By Rev. W. E. SELLERS. Religious Tract Society.

THESE twenty chapters are so many solid reasons for heartfelt praise to God. The reader is made to rejoice with the missionary as souls are saved, and to weep with him at the sadder

scenes portrayed. Such work and workers are the glory of Methodism.

Ellan Vannin. Sketches of the Isle of Man. By Rev. W. T. RADCLIFFE. C. H. Kelly.

JUST what it professes to be,—a glance at the history, the people, the language, and the scenery of the Isle of Man, written in a deeply-interesting style, and giving an enthusiastic account of the foundation and progress of Methodism in Manxland. It is only a small book, but it is crowded with information and forceful description, as well as with capital pictures. Author, printer, and publisher have united to make an admirable volume.

Great Missionaries. By Rev. C. C. CREEGAN, D.D., and J. A. B. GOODNOW. Hodder and Stoughton.

THE more our young people can know of "great missionaries", the better for them and the glorious cause of missions. It is said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing"; and certainly, but little can be learnt concerning great missionaries from the book before us. Fancy a sketch of the life of William Carey, Griffith John, David Livingstone, or John Williams, in ten pages of large type with wide margins! Perhaps it is a tough business for young persons to master, say, such a book as Jonathan Edwards' "Life of David Brainerd"; but when they have really read such a work, they will know something about a great missionary, besides having gone a long way toward curing themselves of the pernicious habit of only reading religious tit-bits.

Mighty Men and Their Daring Deeds. By NATHANIEL WISEMAN. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

A CAPITAL book for boys, full of stories such as they delight in, and such as are likely to generate in them true heroism, and to incite to noble endeavour on behalf of endangered life. Some of the sketches are so brief that they convey the idea of having been struck off in a hurry. The tone of the book is excellent; it is not a work to foster the military

spirit, nor to breed the "Jingo" fever, though a brightly-uniformed son of Mars appears upon the cover. Another young man stands there,—John Paton,—and the picture represents the heroic youth when he renounced a tempting offer, which carried with it the prospect of a Government appointment, rather than relinquish his heart's desire to devote his life to the service of Christ. The more of such books as this the better. It will make a good prize, and should be placed in every Sunday-school library.

Lights in the Darkness. By EMILY S. HOLT. Shaw and Co.

WE remember the now glorified Editor of this Magazine coming into the College one day, and saying that he had seen an advertisement, "Wanted, fifty tons of bones!" His comment was, "Yes, mostly back-bones!" The brave men and the one holy woman here portrayed did not lack this very needful quality, and hence they served and suffered for the cause of truth and righteousness. Thank God for such "lights" gleaming across the "darkness" of the centuries, signalling to us to dare to do right even though we suffer for it as they did, for, like them, we, too, shall conquer.

Turning Points in Successful Careers. By W. M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

WHAT an inveterate story-teller Mr. Thayer is! But, so far as we have observed, his stories are mostly true. This book is just the thing for Master Bob, now leaving school; only he must be on his guard against the danger lurking behind such a work. We do not say that it is the fault of the author, it is incidental to the subject; we refer to the meaning attached to the word success. If the hurtful meaning be taken, then Master Bob will waste his time waiting for something to turn up, instead of going to work, like the man he is, doing with his might the humdrum, every-day things that he finds ready to his hand. With this caveat, our counsel is, "Buy the book."

Among the later *Annuals* received are three Temperance volumes that are always welcome,—*Onward* and *The Onward Reciter* (Heywood, Manchester, and Partridge and Co., London), and *The National Temperance Mirror* (33, Paternoster Row). All are admirable, and ought materially to aid the work yet to be done on behalf of total abstinence. We are glad to see in *The Onward Reciter* a stirring protest against "The Fancy Fair"—that modern "abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not"—in the house of the Lord.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott send us *Tom Dawson's Deliverance, and other Readings*, this being the "*Herald of Mercy*" *Annual*. In short, simple stories, plentifully illustrated, the gospel is plainly proclaimed and urged upon the acceptance of all readers. An excellent book to be read at mothers' meetings.

Five more of the Religious Tract Society's *Annuals* have arrived,—*Friendly Greetings, The Cottager and Artizan, Light in the Home, Child's Companion, and Our Little Dots*. All are so excellent that it is impossible to choose between them; happy will that family be where the whole set can be divided among the various members of the household. *The People's Almanack* is a wonderful pennyworth.

The Mother's Friend (Hodder and Stoughton) is delicately and tastefully bound, and contains much that is both interesting and instructive; but it appears to have a very large part of its space devoted to serial stories. Some will think this is a desirable arrangement; we do not.

Early Days and Our Boys and Girls (2, Castle Street, City Road), the children's *Magazines* issued by our Wesleyan friends, have not yet attained to the front rank, but they are on the way to the coveted position, and may ere long win it.

Old Jonathan (Collingridge) is bright without and within, and well maintains its former reputation.

Our Own Magazine (13A, Warwick Lane) needs no commendation. The organ of The Children's Special Service Mission ever peals out the blessed

music of "free grace and dying love." The Editor is indeed "The Children's Bishop." God bless him to all the boys and girls in his large diocese!

The three *Annuals* issued from Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling,—*The British Messenger, The Gospel Trumpet, and Good News*,—are full of gospel truth, earnestly enforced, and illustrated by homely and striking incidents likely to appeal to the reader's heart and conscience. The serial story, *Mona's Inheritance*, by LAURA A. BARTER, will be welcomed in book form by those who have read it month by month.

The Scripture Pocket Book (Religious Tract Society) and *The Minister's Pocket Diary and Clerical Vade Mecum* (Hodder and Stoughton) are replete with items likely to be useful to clerics and laymen. In one respect, the R.T.S. compilation is the more complete, for it has a text for every day in addition to a mass of miscellaneous information upon a host of subjects.

Tommy at the Zoo. Pictures by J. A. SHEPHERD. Verses by A. S. M. C. Nelson and Sons.

THIS shilling picture-book is sure to please the times; we tried the experiment with one bright little lad, and it was a great success. Some of the illustrations, whether intentionally or not, are most effective caricatures of well-known statesmen.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons have also issued four other picture-books which will be great favourites in the nursery,—*Wild and Tame from Far and Near, and Wild and Tame from Land and Sea* (6d. each); and *Puppy Dogs' Tales, and Miss Lovemouse's Love Letters* (1s. each). In various effective tints, with pictures of animals up to all sorts of pranks, and with amusing descriptive prose or poetry, they ought to sell like hot rolls.

Story-books still pour in upon us almost as pitilessly as the December rain that beats upon the window-pane, and we must get all the good we can out of the showers and stories alike, and put up with anything we do not relish in either or both of them.

We always pick out, first, tales that will instruct the readers in the history or manners and customs of their own and other lands; and, this time, the favourite writer, EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, leads the way with her fascinating story of the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. It is entitled, *In Taunton Town*; it is published (at 5s.) in Messrs. Nelson's best style; and it is appropriately mentioned in the *Magazine* which records the work of the present Baptist minister "in Taunton town."

A smaller book, *The Secret Cave*, by Mrs. EMILIE SEARCHFIELD, also relating to those troublous times in the West of England, is well worth reading. A similar commendation must be given to *Little Frida, a Tale of the Black Forest* (1s. 6d.), and *In Far Japan, a Story of English Children*, by Mrs. ISLA SITWELL. Young Britishers are sure to be interested in the "gentle Japs" who are here so prettily portrayed both by the authoress and the artist. These three books are issued by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, in their usual excellent fashion. So also are two others of their new series, *Leaves from a Middy's Log*, by ARTHUR LEE KNIGHT, containing a narrative of adventures that ought to satisfy the appetite of the most voracious story-reader;—and *Norseland Tales*, by H. H. BOYSEN, whose stories of boyhood in Norway will have prepared the way for further recitals of doughty deeds in the land of the Norsemen.

From the same publishers comes another noble volume by Dr. GORDON STABLES, *How Jack Mackenzie Won His Epulettes, a story of the Crimean War*. This also is to be taken with the reserve mentioned in our notice of General Gordon. If our boys knew the true tale of the awful horrors of war, none of them would ever want to enlist. Mr. FRED. WHISHAW'S tale of the Russians in Central Asia, —*A Lost Army*,—has the blending of love and war which will make it a favourite with young people of both sexes. That also is a fine specimen of Messrs. Nelson's printing, illustrating, and binding.

A story of a worthier war is the one

by EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, *A Soldier's Son, and the Battle He Fought* (Shaw and Co.). It will do anybody good to read such a tale of quiet, patient heroism.

Nadya, a Tale of the Steppes, by OLIVER M. NORRIS (Religious Tract Society), 3s. 6d., is a story of the Stundists,—those poor persecuted saints in Russia, whose "cry" will yet bring down judgment upon their persecutors, as the cry of Israel in Egypt brought deliverance to the chosen people, and the overthrow of their enemies.

Stories that have met with a welcome in serial form, when afterwards published in volumes, give double pleasure to those who rejoice to read again what befel their heroes and heroines. We fancy that in this category may be included *Life Tangles*, by AGNES GIBERNE (Shaw & Co.); *The Gold of that Land*, by MARGARET S. COMRIE (Religious Tract Society), 5s.; *A New Zealand Courtship, and other Work-a-day Stories*, by E. BOYD BAYLEY (same publishers), 2s. 6d.; and *A High School Girl*, by Mrs. HENRY CLARKE, M.A. (Sunday School Union.) If we are mistaken with regard to the previous publication, readers who please can easily set the matter right by purchasing them now.

We have already exceeded the space we ought to allot to stories, but we must just insert a list of volumes received from the Wesleyan Methodist School Union:—*Willie's Secret*, by J. W. Keyworth (3s.); *Christie's Faults; or, Fettered by Custom*, by JEANIE FERRY, a tale of the doings of drink; *Donald's Ambition*, by ALICE J. BRIGGS; *The Ruby Necklet; or, Rose's Temptation*, by BETTI RICHARDSON (1s. each); *The Old Plate's Story*, and *A Knotty Point*, by WILLIAM J. FORSTER (8d. each); *The Autobiography of "Chow," the Chinese Dog*; and *Joan's Puppy*, by LILLIPUTIAN. (6d.) Most of the authors are well known, and for the rest we must trust to the Editorial Committee, for we really cannot read stories on the eve of going to press with the *Magazine*, even if we ever can pass through such a trial.

For Honour, not Honours: being the Story of Gordon of Khartoum. By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M. Shaw and Co.

A TRUE story that may be given without hesitation to any lad or lassie; yet we can never think even of such a soldier-saint as Gordon without remembering our Saviour's words, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Soldiering is a bad business at the best, and Christians should keep clear of it if possible.

Life More Abundantly. By B. LOUISA DENT. *The Secret Voice.* By Rev. E. W. MOORE, M.A. "*The Garden Inclosed.*" By Bishop RYLE. *The Sovereign "I Wills" of Christ.* By Rev. CHARLES A. FOX. "*Come,*" and "*Go.*" By S. E. BURROW. Partridge and Co. One penny each.

FIVE New Year Addresses by well-known writers; all of them sound and savoury, and therefore suitable for circulation at all seasons. The one entitled, "*Come,*" and "*Go,*" contains at least a dozen admirable outlines of sermons.

"*Tuck-up*" Songs. By ELLIS WALTON. Nelson and Sons.

A MARVEL of cheapness. One almost

wishes to be a child again to have such a charming book as this for "tuck-up" time in pillow-land. 124 pages of pretty pictures and poetry, bound in illustrated boards, ought to please all the Pollies and Patties and Percies and Patricks whose parents will purchase this shilling treasure.

Mr. J. G. Wheeler, 88, Mildmay Park, N., sent us, just too late for notice in December, specimens of his Art Ruby folding cards, Ruby mottoes, and booklets. There are some choice cards suitable for New Year's gifts, or to be used as mottoes all through the year. The four booklets, *Light on the Daily Path*, *Chimes for Morn and Eve*, *Echoes of Song*, and *Morning Joy and Evening Blessing*, all contain helpful texts and verses for a month's meditation.

Just as we go to press, Messrs. Robert Banks and Son send us *The Baptist Almanack for 1896*. Special pains have been taken to make the information as correct as possible, and the little handbook is now an indispensable companion to those who desire to be acquainted with all that concerns the Baptist denomination, especially in London.

Notes.

OUR readers will rejoice to hear that the publishers' report of MRS. SPURGEON'S NEW VOLUME—*Ten Years After!*—is that, "it is selling well." Doubtless, many who read this paragraph have already purchased it, or soon will do so. As we anticipated, the issue of the record of the second ten years of Book Fund service has created a fresh demand for Mrs. Spurgeon's first book,—*Ten Years of my Life*. Any friend—whether a minister, or not,—who obtains orders, on behalf of the Book Fund, for six copies of either or both of these works, and sends the guinea for them to Mrs. Spurgeon, will receive the books, carriage paid, together with a free copy of *Ten Years After!*

We had to insert last month's notice of PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON'S volume,—"*Down to the Sea,*"—before the book was quite completed. Now that it is issued, we must congratulate both author and publishers upon the really splendid work they

have unitedly produced. It is remarkably cheap at 3s. 6d., and the presentation copy at 5s. is worthy of a place in the library of every "liner." If books were classed as ships are, these "*Sixteen Sea Sermons*" would be registered, "At Lloyd's."

The present Magazine has to be issued so early that our cash-lists were closed on December 7. Later contributions, together with the report of the Orphanage festivities, will (D.V.) appear in our February number, which will contain a remarkable *Extempore Sermon* preached by MR. SPURGEON after visiting a dying friend on January 31, 1869, just twenty-three years before his own entrance into glory.

Forthcoming meetings and services.—On Tuesday, December 31, at 10.30 p.m., Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, assisted by Mr. J. Manton Smith, hopes to conduct the WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE AT THE TABERNACLE. On Thursday, January 9, the

collecting-boxes for the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION are to be brought in at a meeting to be held before the usual service. Could not a much larger number of friends join in supporting the brave brethren who are doing such valiant service for the Lord Jesus Christ in North Africa? Please read the earnest words of Mr. Patrick and Dr. Churcher in this month's Magazine, and then send a donation in aid of their work to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, or write to him for a collecting-box for the P.C.M.A. On *Lord's-day, January 12*, a TEN DAYS' EVANGELISTIC MISSION AT THE TABERNACLE will be commenced by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and Messrs. C. B. Sawday (late of Leeds) and J. M. Smith. Sankey's hymns will be used at the special services, and believers everywhere are asked to pray that the Lord's gracious smile may rest upon every gathering, that many souls may be saved, and that God's people may be edified and blessed.

On *Lord's-day, January 26*,—THE LAST SABBATH IN JANUARY,—the Pastor will endeavour to make appropriate reference to the solemn event that must ever make that day a memorable one to all who loved C. H. SPURGEON. On *Thursday, January 30*, a series of meetings will be held at BRIGHTON in celebration of the third anniversary of the SPURGEON MEMORIAL SERMON SOCIETY. The work is still advancing right gloriously; between 1,500 and 1,600 distributors have now been registered.

On *Tuesday evening, November 26*, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY OF THE ZENANA MISSION was held in the College, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. There was a large attendance of friends, several of whom became new subscribers at the close of the meeting. After prayer by Mr. S. R. Pearce, the Pastor delivered an earnest address, heartily commending to all present this most admirable form of "women's work for women." Mr. Wm. Olney reported that last year's receipts amounted to £141; and on behalf of the treasurer (Mrs. James E. Passmore), and the collectors (Miss Ada Olney and Miss Annie Olney), cordially thanked all who had contributed. Miss Angus and Mrs. Williamson (of Barisal) gave interesting accounts of the Zenana work; Mr. T. H. Olney urged all to aid the Auxiliary as far as they were able; and a pleasant and profitable evening was brought to a close by the Pastor's prayer for continued blessing upon this department of service for the Saviour.

On *Monday, December 2*, cablegrams from New Zealand brought tidings of the home-going of MR. HERBERT OLNEY, the third son of the late Deacon William Olney, and brother of the present William Olney. He is one more of the victims of that mysterious modern scourge so sadly misnamed "the influenza." For our friend,

there need be no regrets, for he has served his generation by the will of God; but his sorrowing widow and seven fatherless children need our sympathy and prayers. Only about six months ago, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Olney died suddenly while away from home, so that the present survivors have had sorrow upon sorrow. May the Lord grant that, as their trials abound, His sustaining and supporting grace may much more abound!

On *Tuesday evening, December 10*, a meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BIBLE-CLASSES was held under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The programme was so long that the chairman's remarks had to be short; but he expressed himself as delighted with the happy, earnest, and harmonious spirit of all present, and hoped that such gatherings, which promoted a closer union between the Church and the Sunday-school, might be repeated. An address to the young people was delivered by Pastor W. Evans Hurdall, who recommended the Bible as the book for Bible-classes, as the Book which denounces sin in all its forms, and which proclaims a present deliverance from sin; and concluded by urging young men and women never to be ashamed of Him by whom the deliverance comes. Delegates from several of the classes spoke briefly, while Deacons S. R. Pearce and F. Thompson, and Elder J. Chamberlain, represented the church-officers. About 500 members and friends were present, and the whole proceedings were much enjoyed by the numerous company.

COLLEGE.—The following students have completed their College course, and settled as pastors:—Mr. A. V. G. B. Chandler, at Abbey Street, Bermondsey; and Mr. W. J. Sears, at Willesden Green. Mr. H. H. Hill is shortly to sail for Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, to take the place of Mr. Murphy, who desires to return to England.

Mr. W. Chambers, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, is removing to Shoreham, Sussex; Mr. R. Scott, from Wolsingham, to Guisley, *via* Leeds; Mr. W. Sullivan, from Budleigh Salterton, to Leafeld, Oxfordshire; Mr. C. W. Townsend, from Sherbrooke, to Jersey, Queen's County, New Brunswick, Canada; and Mr. A. Road, from Galton, to Delaware, Delaware County, Ohio, U.S.A. Mr. W. Seaman has resigned the pastorate at Hawick, and accepted the post of agent to the Baptist Home Missionary Society of Scotland.

On *Friday afternoon, December 13*, the annual meeting of the STUDENTS' TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION was held at the College. Addresses were delivered by Pastors F. B. Meyer, B.A., Thomas Spurgeon, and John Wilson (of Woolwich).

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Pastor W. D. Guy, of Great Staughton, writes concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services:—"His

mission has proved a great blessing. Large congregations gathered each evening, and on Sundays the chapel was quite full. Many have come miles to hear the gospel, and I firmly believe many have been blessed. Some backsliders have been restored, and Mr. Burnham was made a blessing in the house where he was entertained."

From Bretforton, one of the mission-stations connected with the church at Evesham, the following report came, with £1 11s. as a thankoffering, after the cash-lists of the month were closed:—"You will be pleased to know that Mr. Burnham's message of Christ's love was gladly received by many. The chapel was quite filled each time with earnest listeners, and the last two or three nights many asked for special prayer."

Our brother has since been at Bengeworth, Dunnington, and Atch Lench. His next engagements are at Cottenham, Princes Risborough, and Haddenham.

The secretary of the church at Sunny Bank, Golcar, writes:—"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—At the close of our prayer-meeting on Sunday night, I was requested to thank you for sending your evangelist, *Mr. Harmer*, to visit us. Ours is the smallest church of the three visited by him; the members have been quickened and revived, and already eight believers have been baptized, and become members with us. We have good reason to believe there are others to follow. We thank God for the good work you are being enabled to do in His name, and pray that He may give all needful strength in your weakness."

Pastor W. R. Barron cheerily writes, in the *Killamarsh Parish Messenger*:—

"In this, our last number for the year, the state of our mind is expressed in the apostle's words, 'Thanks be unto God.' Thanks be to God for blessings bestowed upon our church through its various ministries. Thanks be to God for the mission conducted by Mr. Harmer; and thanks be to God for putting it into the heart of the late Pastor C. H. Spurgeon to send out men like Mr. Harmer to preach a pure gospel to the people; and thanks be to Mrs. Spurgeon for so nobly continuing the work of her dear and sainted husband. Mr. Harmer began his mission here on November 10. The day was stormy, and the storm continued more or less during the whole week, which interfered very much with the attendances: for the roads are not good, and there are no lights to lighten the darkness of the night in a parish of 4,000 souls. Mr. Harmer endeared himself to the people. 'We do like him,' they said. The number of converts was not great, but some of them are pleasing and promising cases. On the last night of the mission, the church was crowded in every part; and Mr. Harmer preached a solemn and powerful sermon from the words, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' How they

restored the appeal of God's servant, is as surprising as it is regrettable. The visit of Mr. Harmer has stirred and quickened the church, especially the young people. His addresses to the Sunday-school were much appreciated, and blessed to the conversion of some. Therefore we say, 'Thanks be unto God.'"

Pastor H. Bayley, of Addlestone, also reports as follows:—

"The ten days' gospel mission conducted in this village by Mr. A. A. Harmer has been to us a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, large congregations assembled night after night to listen to the everlasting gospel so faithfully proclaimed by the evangelist. His earnest and vivid style of address, enriched by apt and telling illustration, enforced by tender and persuasive appeal, and graciously applied by God's Holy Spirit, has reached many hearts. Christians have been brought into increased devotion to Christ, and sinners have been converted through the ministry of our dear friend. We are glad and praiseful for his visit, and shall pray God to bless him in his good work in the coming time."

From December 6 to 16, Mr. Harmer was at Bulwell; this month, he is to be at West Green, Tottenham; and towards the close of January he is to begin a series of services at Dolton, Hatherleigh, and Okehampton, Devonshire.

COLPORTAGE—The following interesting letter speaks for itself. The committee are very loth to give up this particular district, but so it must be unless some friend will come to our help with the promise of ten pounds yearly. We refrain here from naming the district, but will give all information to anyone who will help us.

Our colporteur at—writes:—"I thought I would just send a few lines to you in reference to a matter affecting myself and the district. I have been working here for fifteen years, and my Superintendent informs me that the friends here are unable to continue their regular subscription. I feel that there was never more need for this service than now. Ritualists and Romanists are straining every nerve to capture both young and old. I am willing to part with a portion of my weekly wage, although there are none but myself who know how much I need it all. I have borne many losses, but have kept the Society clear."

Our prayer is, that the Lord may raise up some generous servant of His, so that this good man may be kept at work for many years to come. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—November 28, eleven; at Haddon Hall, November 24, three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Miss Mitchell	0 2 0	Tabernacle Almshouses	4 4 0
Retiring Collection at the Sailors' Chapel, Ratcliff Highway, per Mr. E. Beckett	1 1 0	Schools, per Mr. R. Brazil	0 10 0
Collection at Catford Hill Baptist Chapel	2 16 3	Mr. R. Wilkinson	2 0 0
Miss Fergusson	1 1 0	Rev. J. Beechiff	0 2 6
Mr. E. Phillips	2 2 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—	
"Mamre," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ..	25 0 0	Nov. 17	21 19 7
Pastor Philip A. Hudgell	1 0 0	" 24	6 11 9
Mr. Robert Snelling	10 0 0	Dec. 1	16 14 3
Mr. T. D. Colten	5 0 0		
Mr. W. P. Hampton	5 0 0		
			<u>45 5 7</u>
			<u>£105 4 4</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Miss Fergusson	0 5 0	A. H. W.	0 5 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Union, per Mr. T. H. Olney	5 0 0	Pastor Thos. Spurgeon, from Birthday Gift Fund	10 0 0
Mrs. Tutton	0 10 0	Mrs. Sinclair	0 5 0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10 6 0		
A. R. B.	0 12 6		
H. M. S., widow's mite	0 6 0		
			<u>£27 5 6</u>

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. S. Smith	0 10 0	Mr. T. Dawes	0 5 0
Mrs. Heasman	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. Morris	0 1 7
Postal order, Clevedon	0 1 0	Collected by Miss E. Andrews	0 6 0
Mrs. James Stewart, per Mrs. Stopford	0 5 0	Mr. W. Church, jun.	0 5 0
A friend, per Mrs. Wild	5 0 0	J. S. N. H., postal order	1 0 0
J. S., Handsworth, per "The Christian Herald"	10 0 0	Postal order, Nottingham	1 0 0
Mrs. Howard Blight, per F. R. T. ...	0 7 6	A widow, Worktop	0 3 0
Mr. G. Patten	0 2 6	A widow's mite	0 10 0
Mrs. Cartwright	0 10 0	Postal order, Lincoln	0 5 0
Mr. W. Allen	0 2 0	Mr. H. Dickens	0 2 0
Collected by Mrs. Burnett	0 7 8	Miss Eyles	1 1 0
Collected by Mrs. M. E. Hammond ...	0 10 0	Mrs. Osmaer	0 5 6
One who was present at the Orphans' Entertainment at Bethany Chapel, Cardiff	10 0 0	Mrs. Walker	1 0 0
Mr. L. P. Roff	0 2 8	Mrs. A. Stock	0 15 0
B. G., Norwich	1 0 0	Mrs. S. Slodden	0 2 6
Miss Selina Murlow	0 5 0	Mr. P. Lamout	0 10 0
Mrs. M. Smith	1 10 0	Mrs. M. Virtuo	0 5 0
Sidney Clark (orphan boy's collecting-card)	0 1 0	Mr. M. Mc.C.	0 5 0
Mrs. Best, per Mr. G. C. Heard	0 5 0	Collected by Miss M. Cross	1 1 0
Mr. C. Idberson	0 3 0	Mrs. E. Hopkins	1 0 0
Harvest thanksgiving service, Oorton Baptist Church, Wilts, per Mr. J. B. Barnes	0 15 0	Mr. M. Cooper, per Rev. W. H. Miller	0 2 6
Mrs. L. Ball	0 10 0	Mrs. M. Callan	0 10 0
		Workers and friends of the Watford Town Mission, per Mr. H. T. B. Gosling	1 14 6
		Mrs. S. Arnold	3 0 0
		Postal order, Banchory	0 5 0
		Miss A. Kelly	0 2 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Dugdale Street Sunday-school, per Mr. G. Nicholson	1	10	0	A friend	0	10	0
Rev. J. G. Van Rijn	5	8	6	Dr. E. Berdoe	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Morris... ..	0	4	1				8 11 0
Mr. A. Cumpstey	0	10	6	M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
Mr. F. Jansen	1	0	0	Mr. Haddow	0	5	0
Mrs. George Cowan	1	1	0	From Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Birth-day Fund	5	0	0
Miss Green	1	0	0	Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—			
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Me-srs. Pocock Bros.	2	2	0
Mr. W. Chivers	0	5	0	Mr. W. W. Thompson	1	1	0
Mr. W. F. Spearey	0	5	0				8 3 0
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Men's Bible-class, South Street Chapel, Greenwich, per Pastor O. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0
Mrs. A. Shearman	0	10	0	South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich	10	0	0
Mr. A. G. Johnston	2	0	0	Per Mrs. James Withers, of Reading:—			
Miss E. S. White	0	10	0	Mrs. W. Moore	2	2	0
Miss E. Thompson	0	3	0	Messrs. Heelas & Co.	1	1	0
Mr. A. Hutton	1	0	0	Mr. P. Davies	1	0	0
Mr. M. J. Warren	0	10	0	Mrs. S. J. Collier	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Skelly	1	1	6	Mr. E. P. Collier	1	0	0
Per Miss S. Cabban, a member of Trinity Baptist Church, Bexley ...	0	5	0	Mr. C. R. Stevens	0	10	6
Mr. B. Nicholson	1	1	0	Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Miss Salmond	0	4	0	Mrs. Ravenscroft	0	10	0
Miss Gardyne	0	2	0	Mrs. Hampton	0	10	0
Mr. J. Smithers	1	0	0	Mr. James Boorne... ..	0	10	0
Freewill offering of scholars, Munde-ley Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. T. L. Wakelin	1	10	0	Mr. T. Wells	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Ferguson	5	0	0	Mrs. Collier, sen.	0	5	0
Springfield Bible-class, per Rev. W. D. Beattie	0	7	6	Mrs. J. Davis (quarterly)	0	2	6
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	0	0				9 6 6
Miss E. Kewer, per Mr. Round	0	5	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Collected by Master W. Baker	0	4	4	Swindon	11	8	0
A reader of "The Christian World," per the Editor	0	2	0	Calvaria Church, Aberdare	14	7	8
Miss Ferguson	0	10	0	A friend, Calvaria... ..	1	0	0
M. G. W.	5	0	0				15 7 8
Miss Watten... ..	0	3	0	Christian Brothers' annual meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, programmes	0	12	2
Mrs. S. Hart	0	10	0	Surbiton (collection for expenses) ...	2	8	7
Miss Turnbull	0	6	0	Bridgend	18	8	6
Mrs. E. W. Bell	2	0	0	The Countess of Dunraven	1	1	0
Miss Muir	1	0	0	Mr. S. H. Stockwood	0	10	6
Collected by Mr. S. Spurgeon	1	4	7				20 0 0
Mrs. Charles	0	5	0	Abertillery	60	0	0
Mr. T. G. Owens, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon (given at Dr. Barnardo's meeting at Metropolitan Tabernacle)	100	0	0	Waterlooville	7	18	1
Mr. J. Bandle	0	5	0	Miss Hulbert	2	0	0
Mr. William Parry	0	6	0				9 18 1
Mr. W. J. Franklin	1	0	0	Ventnor	3	8	9
Mr. F. D. Collen	20	0	0	Mrs. Greenwood	1	0	0
Mrs. V. Smith	5	0	0				4 8 9
Mrs. W. Hicks	1	1	0	Cardiff:—			
Mrs. and the Misses Lowe	2	0	0	Bethany Chapel	11	0	9
Mrs. Lees	0	5	0	Tredegarville	14	15	9
Miss L. Scott	0	5	0				25 18 6
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates ...	0	8	1	Emsworth	7	18	9
Mr. J. Cameron, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	0	10	0	Christmas Festivities Fund:—			
Mrs. C. Chilhom, per Mr. J. Wood ...	0	10	0	Miss P. White	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Hallam	0	5	6	Mr. S. R. White	0	2	6
"Sixpence per week"	1	6	0	Mrs. A. Shearman... ..	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Nelson	2	14	6	Mrs. W. H. Carter... ..	0	10	0
Executors of the late Miss Eliza Coxeter	20	0	0	E. Williams	0	5	0
Executors of the late Mrs. Hannah Higgins	1,568	12	7	Collected by Miss Chapman	1	10	0
Sandwich, per bankers	1	1	0	Miss Burnett	1	1	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				"A trifle for the Lord's work," Belfast	0	2	6
Anonymous	5	0	0	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	3	3	11
Mr. Thomas Underhill	1	1	0	Mr. B. Bull	0	5	0
Mrs. G. W. Collen	1	10	0	Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0
				Mrs. Charles Norris, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1	0	0
							£2,049 6 11

List of Presents from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.—PROVISIONS:—20 bushels Apples, Messrs. E. and S. Fowler; 28 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 1 lb. Tea, Mrs. Richard Allen; 1 hamper Apples, Mrs. R. V. Barrow; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 19 quarters Bread, Mr. Law; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 1 sack Flour, Mrs. Collins; 15 stones Compressed Beef, Mr. R. Woodford; 1 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. J. Welton; 2 cwt Potatoes, Mr. J. Watts.

GIRLS' CLOTHING :—175 Garments, Miss Salter's Bible-class; a few second-hand Garments and Girls' Hats, Miss M. Allen; 8 Articles, Mrs. Hine; 19 Garments, Miss Way; 6 Articles, Miss S. E. Knight; 20 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 4 pairs Stockings, Miss E. Bird; 1 Dressing Gown, Anon.; 6 Articles, The Misses Hall; 3 Articles, Mrs. A. L. Davies; 91 Jackets and Ulsters, Mr. T. Yorath.

Boys' CLOTHING :—1 pair Socks, Mrs. Richard Allen; 6 Shirts, The Misses Hall; 100 Bows, Miss S. E. Knight.

GENERAL :—1 Scrap Book, Miss Salter's Bible-class; Toys and Books, Miss Turner; 1 dozen Penny Magazines, Mrs. Richard Allen; a parcel Toys and a large Cake (for No. 4 Girls), Miss Dawson; 2 volumes, Mr. W. H. Hodges; 4 Dolls, Miss S. E. Knight; 1 volume each "Boys' Own Annual," "Girl's Own Annual," "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Friendly Greetings," "Light in the Home," "Cottager and Artisan," "Child's Companion," "Little Dots," Mr. J. G. Van Rijn; 1 Scrap Book, Captain Wake.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :—</i>		<i>£ s. d.</i>	
Cambridge Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	12	10	0
Aylesbury, per Mr. Thomas Gurney	10	0	0
Western Baptist Association	11	5	0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	8	15	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, for Newington and Walworth Maldon, friends at, per Mr. A. G. Sudd	7	10	0
Maldon, friends at, per Rev. C. S. Gooding	3	15	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Rev. J. S. Drummond	11	5	0
			£106 5 0
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund :—</i>		<i>£ s. d.</i>	
Mrs. Rayfield's collecting-box	0	9	3
Miss Brown	0	4	0
Pastor J. A. Grant Robinson	0	2	6
Miss McNicoll	0	2	6
Miss E. Phillips	2	2	0
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
"Mamre," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, from Birthday Gift Fund, on account of deficit of 1894	10	0	0
M. H. B. S.	0	10	0
			£33 10 3

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

<i>£ s. d.</i>		<i>£ s. d.</i>	
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at Mansfield, Notts.	5	0	0
Mr. James Clark	5	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at Clarendon Hall, Leicester	5	5	0
			£25 5 0
			£25 5 0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

<i>£ s. d.</i>		<i>£ s. d.</i>	
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Killamarsh Congregational Chapel	3	0	0
Anonymous	10	0	0
N. E., per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Addestone	3	3	0
			£18 3 8
			£18 3 8
			£18 3 8

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from November 15th to December 7th, 1895.

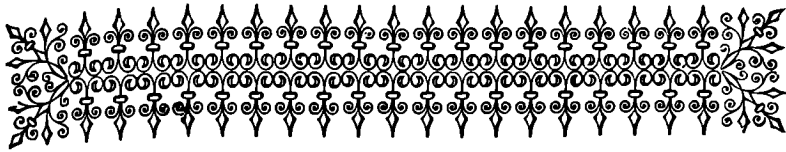
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. G.	5	0	0	Mrs. Walsham	0	10	0
Dr. van Someren	1	0	0	Mrs. Williams	0	5	0
Anonymous	10	0	0	Miss Mayse (for Kaffir sermons)	0	4	0
Welsh sister	1	0	0	Per Pastor Charles Spurgeon, for Kaffir sermons:—			
H. H.	0	5	0	Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	1	0	0
"Mamre"	25	0	0	A young member of the congregation, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon		1	15
Mrs. Johnston	1	0	0	Mr. Wm. Mould	0	10	6
Mrs. Lewis, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	1	0	0	A few friends at South Street, Greenwich	1	14	6
Mr. T. G. Owens, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	10	0	0				5 0 0
Mr. Wm. Elmslie	1	0	0				£62 14 0
<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>							
Miss M. A. Lamb (for sermons for the blind)	0	10	0				
Proceeds of first Anniversary, Y.P.S.C.E., Harston, per Pastor F. Potter	1	0	0				

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Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Crowel.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

An Extempore Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon,

DELIVERED ON LORD'S-DAY EVENING, JANUARY 31ST, 1869, JUST
TWENTY-THREE YEARS BEFORE HIS OWN HOME-GOING.

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”—Hebrews vii. 25.



SOME two hours or more ago, I was endeavouring to put my thoughts together, and, by prayer and meditation, to bring myself into a right condition for addressing you this evening, when a servant came hastily for me, and asked me to go round to the house of our deacon, Mr. Cook, who was then, she told me, according to his belief, just departing this life. I hurried to his chamber. He said he wanted to look me in the face once more before he departed; and, though I do not think that he is so near his end as he supposes, yet it was a most thankful and pleasant thing to some of us to hear from him just such words as dying men do say when they are departing,—just as solemn, just as memorable, just as triumphant as some saints utter when they are departing this life. I do not feel, therefore, at all like preaching to you to-night after the order of a set discourse. Indeed, I feel that I must take a fresh text, altogether different from the one I had selected; and just talk to you simply and plainly about the gospel of Jesus Christ, and about such truths as I hope I shall always have at my tongue's end, because they are enshrined in my heart. May God grant that the turning from one subject to another, and giving you this extempore sermon may, of His own good will and pleasure, be greatly blessed to some present!

My text will be taken, as I have already announced to you, from the Epistle to the Hebrews, the seventh chapter, and twenty-fifth verse:—

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.”

This is a grand verse, and full of meaning. Notice the connection. Paul has been speaking about priests whose work was never finished, about priests who died, about priests who could not continue in their office, those priests of Aaron's race who were only the types and pictures of the one real and true Priest, even Jesus Christ Himself, whose sacrifice is perfect, and who continues in His priesthood, because He ever lives, and sits accepted at the right hand of the Father. From this theme, the apostle proceeds to write the words of our text; and we will consider the words just as they stand, for they are all of them full of encouragement and blessed instruction.

I. There is, first, the mention of CHRIST'S ABILITY: “*He is able,*” Christ is able. These three words sound to me like a psalm, they are like a trumpet-blast, they inspirit the soul: “He is able.” Here are you and I, to-night, by nature, “dead in trespasses and sins,” like the dry bones of the valley of vision. Who is to quicken us? There is no ability in ourselves. Human nature is shorn of all its strength. All our old natural depravity has taken away from us spiritual life itself, much more spiritual power. But “He is able.” There is one Living One who comes into the valley of the dead, and saith, “Ye dry bones, live.” There is One greater than the prophet Ezekiel, the true Prophet of God, even the Lord Jesus Christ, who could say, “He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.” There is in man no ability to save himself; but all ability to save man is treasured up in the Lord Jesus Christ.

There is a time, beloved, when a man who knows anything of the divine life is made conscious, most painfully conscious, of his own want of strength and of his lack of communion with God. His heart will fly abroad after vanity; even when he wants to pray, he cannot stir up his desires; or if the desires be there, they appear to be so superficial that they do not spring from the inmost soul. All that the man can do is to groan, and he is half afraid there is no proof of real life even in that mournful exercise. He says, with Cowper,—

“I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.”

This happens to really converted men. Their sense of inability prostrates them, makes them lie at the feet of the King, and say,—

“But oh! for this no strength have I,
My strength is at Thy feet to lie.”

Oh! what hope arises in the soul if such a word as this is whispered in the ear! Thou art unable, but “He is able.” All that is necessary for thy salvation, He is able to perform. He has already finished His great substitutionary work, all else that remains to be

done is within the power of Him who cannot flag or fail, even the almighty, untiring, invincible Jesus, who will certainly accomplish the task He has undertaken.

"He is able." These words might be whispered to-night into the trembling ear of one whose conscience is disturbed with guilt, and whose heart is conscious of its powerlessness to escape. You tell me that you cannot repent as you would; you tell me that you cannot save yourself, and you cry out in your hopelessness, "O wretched man that I am!" Beloved fellow-sinners, it is the best condition you can be in, to be thoroughly emptied of yourself, to be brought to know what the voice of God said twice in the psalmist's ear, "that power belongeth unto God," and not to you. You are not able, but Christ is able. To go one inch towards Heaven, is not in your power; but Christ is able to take you the whole distance. To bring one single farthing's worth of good works by way of merit, is not possible to you; but Christ is able to bring a Heaven's worth of merit with Him. "He is able; He is able!" and we may add the other word that we often sing, "He is willing," and therefore you need doubt no more. How I would like to go to those dread dungeons where poor souls are shut up in darkness, and bound in fetters of iron, because they feel their own inability; how I would like to look through the grating, and just say, "My brother, Christ is able to set the captive free; each fetter He can break, each rivet He can loose." How I would like to go down to the dreary pit where there is no water, where souls are just expiring for lack of it, feeling that they cannot lift a hand towards their own salvation, and even there to cry, "He is able; with Him, the Lord, there dwells unbounded might; with Him, our God and Saviour, there is unbounded grace. He is able. Look away from thine own weakness to His strength, and doubt no more His power and willingness to save."

II. The next word in the text strikes a note of an equally cheering and inspiring kind; for it tells of SALVATION. "He is *able to save.*" I am thankful that the text does not say, "He is able to forgive," or "He is able to sanctify," or "He is able to preserve." For that word "save" comprehends all this, and more: "He is able to save." To save a man, according to the popular belief, is to rescue him from the flames of hell. This is the meaning of salvation to the vulgar mind, and this is all that many seek after; but that is not the salvation revealed in the Bible. To save a man, in the Scriptural sense, is to save him from his sin, from the guilt of his sin, from his career in the midst of sin, from the power which the sin has over him, from all the ill effects which that sin has produced upon his moral constitution; in a word, to bring him back from lying a bond slave to Satan and to his own lusts, and to set him before the throne of God, a servant of the Most High, an adopted child of the King of kings. This is salvation.

Beloved in the Lord, this text may yield comfort to all sorts of distressed consciences. There are some of you, perhaps, burdened with the guilt of your past offences. "He is able to save." This signifies that Jesus can pardon you. To trust Him to pardon you, will be a great thing for you, but a comparatively light thing for

Him. He has paid your enormous debt; to hand you the receipt is but a work of pleasure to Him. Another of you may be burdened because you cannot cease from evil; some horrible old habit clings to you, and holds you fast as in an iron cage. You would fain escape, but you cannot. But, whatever that habit may be, Jesus is able to save you; and however long it may have been your besetting sin, Christ is able to make you thoroughly rid of it, so that you shall not even desire to turn to it again. Perhaps, my dear hearer, you are depressed in spirit, heavy of heart, wanting to rejoice, but you cannot. Well, but Jesus is able to save you from your melancholy, to save you from unbelief, to save you from everything which would dishonour God and grieve yourself. I care not what your grief or burden may be, dear friend, for my text covers it. It binds you to the living Christ, standing yonder before the eternal throne, and it tells you that, because He is there in all the glory of His accomplished priesthood, He is able at this moment to save you. Bow your head now, whatever your grief may be, and tell it out to Him. He can and He will remove it. Whatever request you have, if it be connected with salvation, and if you can fairly consider it to be a part of your complete deliverance from sin, and of your perfection in Heaven, you have but to ask for it, and you shall have it.

Notice the "wherefore" with which the text begins. It means,— Because Jesus is a Priest always living, therefore He has ability; and because he has completed His sacrifice, He has, therefore, ability to save. Oh, that we did all trust Christ! We are such unbelieving beings; we talk about faith, but when it comes to the test, where is our faith? The most of us have but a fair-weather faith, that can scarcely stand when the storm comes on. What would some of you do, who make a profession of being Christians, if you were on your dying beds to-night? How would you face the inevitable change? Would you go down the banks of Jordan with a song in your mouth? You could do so if you had a full reliance upon Him who is able to save, and to deliver in the hour of death. But if your faith be fictitious, it will stand you in but little stead when you come to the last moment of your life, and have to face the dread reality of death. The dear friend whom I talked with, this afternoon, said that he was constantly troubled with the thought,— What if his religion should be all surface work? What if it should be all superficial, and not a thing of the inmost heart? He who knows him best knows how little ground there is for such a fear as that; but there is ground in us all to fear lest we should have a surface faith in Christ, and not a real belief. O brethren, He can save us! When thy guilt lies heavy upon thee, can thy faith trust then? Ah, then, it is true faith! When thy graces are bright, and thy virtues shining, to trust in Christ is not so difficult; but oh! when thy guilt prevails, when thy sin accuses thee to thy face, and thou standest self-condemned, then to turn to the bleeding Lamb, and to say, "He is able even now to save," that is, beloved, to exercise real faith. God grant that we may all possess this faith in very deed! "He is able to save."

III. The next words of the text are equally pleasant, for they show THE EXTENT OF CHRIST'S POWER: "He is able to save *to the uttermost.*"

The Greek is, "to the end, to perfection." As far as a thing can go, Christ can go as far as that. Suppose we read it, "To the outermost." Those who are furthest away from God, the offcast, the outcast, the refuse, the scum, "He is able to save to the uttermost." The uttermost—those who are at the very ends of the earth, or those who have gone to the extreme length of the tether of human guilt. Our Master is a blessed Saviour at a pinch, not merely is He able to do the easy part of the work, but to do that which is most difficult; ay, and that which seemeth impossible, as though it were not to be done at all, He is able to do. Do you see a saint so sorely tempted that his feet have almost gone? Christ is able to save him from that sin, though his heart all but consents to it. Do you see a child of God afflicted with poverty, bed-ridden through weakness, his faith almost extinct, like an expiring taper? Christ is able to come in just then, at the uttermost, and keep his flickering life still flaming upwards, and to make his joy in God shine forth again. Do you see a sinner plunging into the worst of evils, covering himself with the miry clay of every vice? Yet he repents, and turns his tearful eye to the cross; then, no matter what his sin has been, Christ is able to put it all away, He is able at once to cleanse him. Some of you who are here may have gone to such lengths of sin that for you to tell the details would be to pollute your fellow-men; but you cannot have sinned beyond the uttermost, and therefore you have not gone beyond the reach of Christ's arm. You may be at hell's gate, but he can reach you there. The devil may be about to claim you as his own, but Christ can snatch you from between the very jaws of the roaring lion of the pit. Glory be to His name, while life lasts, no sinner shall sin beyond the possibility of the blessed Redeemer rescuing him!

But I think our text belongs specially to the sorrowful, for Christ is able to save them to the uttermost. If you are the very weakest of the uttermost, He is able to strengthen you to the uttermost. If you suffer to the uttermost, He can give you patience to the uttermost. If you should be tried as with fire, and pass many times through the burning fiery furnace; if your trial should be so extreme that no other living man or woman ever suffered as you do; if you should seem to be the butt for the arrows of affliction, the target for the red-hot shot of sorrow, yet still, to the uttermost, to the extreme, to the last moment of that extremity, Christ is able to save; and the ability brings with it the certainty that He will use it for all who trust Him.

Oh! but this, again, is a sweet thing to believe, and to go down to death's gate with, that He is able, when I am not able. He is able to save me when I only deserve to be damned. He is able to save me *in extremis*. He is just as able to save us then as when we are in our most prosperous state. Away, ye monks and priests, away with your holy oils, which you pretend are so precious! Away with your consecrated wafers, the preparations of knaves to dupe superstitious fools! Christ is able to save unto the uttermost. He shall give me the only extreme unction my soul shall ask. Christ is enough for me in life, and enough for me in death; and single-handed, without any man to comfort me, or any word to stay me, except the Man Christ Jesus and the Word which God hath spoken, I will go down

to my dying bed, and close my eyes in peace, singing my song of victory as I pass through death's dark valley.

Many of us do not really believe this gracious truth, though we fancy that we do. We think that Christ can save us to the uttermost; but long before we get to the uttermost, our faith begins to give way, and we are full of doubts and fears. Have I not heard brethren say in prayer in this place, "O Lord, we will never doubt Thee again"? Yet I am afraid they have done so, after all. We think we believe, but do we really believe? Do we believe in Christ the Saviour to the uttermost? Suppose that, to-night, before you go to bed, God should let you see yourself as you really are, you would find then that you want a Saviour to the uttermost. Brother, you do not know how black you are; you have no idea what a foul heart you have, and what a horrible nature yours is. If God were to let you see yourself a little more clearly than you do now, I should not wonder if you were to say, "I am afraid, after all, I shall never be saved." But, my dear brother, if you were to see yourself as black as seven devils, nay, as black as all hell condensed, if you truly believe my text, you would not fear, for you would say, "I have only now come to the uttermost, and Christ's power is guaranteed to go at least as far as this." Our great High Priest still lives, He lives to make intercession for the transgressors; and therefore to the uttermost He is still able to save.

IV. The next word of the text gives forth A MINGLED NOTE. It is not all sweetness, we have here minor music with an undertone of sadness: "He is able to save them to the uttermost *that come unto God by Him.*" Christ does not pretend to be the Saviour of such as remain at a distance from God; there is a certain sort of sinners that He saves: "them that come unto God by Him." Let us take this text as a test, and try ourselves by it. Dear hearer, have you yet come to God? If not, do you desire to come to God? You cannot come to Him by any process of locomotion, with hands and feet, for He is here already. God is all around you; in that pew where you are; He is there already; there is no physical coming to Him, the "coming" here intended is mental, spiritual. Does your mind desire to agree to what God loves, to do what God would have you do, to be at peace with God, to get God's pardon, to have God's favour? If so, that desire is a sort of coming. Coming to God, however, generally shows itself in prayer. The man who pleads with God, who asks of God, who talks with God,—he is the man who comes to God. I do not mean the man who comes into a pulpit, and either repeats a form of prayer or utters extemporaneous effusions of his own; that may be done without any real praying. God pardon us if it ever is so! But I mean those who, with their hearts, in their secret chamber, or in the street, or anywhere, say, "O God, forgive me, accept me, bless me, for the sake of Thy dear Son whom I trust! I thank Thee for Thy mercies, help me to honour Thee." That is coming to God.

But you notice that the text says, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God *by Him.*" If there are some who pretend to come to God, without coming through or by Christ, that is not acceptable coming, and for them there is no promise of salvation. There is so great a distance between a man and God, that it is not

possible for a man to come to God until Jesus Christ comes to man, and Himself becomes a man; but now that He has become man, I, a man, can talk with God through Christ who is both God and man.

To come unto God by Christ, is to trust in what Jesus Christ suffered for us, to rest in what He is still pleading before the throne of God above. Our prayers must therefore be offered for Christ's sake; and we must only expect to receive a blessing because Christ deserves it, not because we deserve it; we make mention of His name to give our prayers force and merit in the sight of God.

Now, beloved, each one of you in this house of prayer, how stands it with your soul? Have you come to God through Christ? Are you continually coming? Say, is this the tenor of your life,—drawing nigh unto God through Jesus Christ? Do you live as in His majestic presence? Do you hope in God, and rely upon His faithful love in time of trial? Do you, through Christ Jesus, talk with God as a man talks with his friend? What sort of coming is yours? Is it real coming, or only sham coming? There are some who only draw nigh to God with their lips, and all the while their heart is far from Him; I pray you, let it not be so with any of you.

Now, by this proof shall you know the ability of Christ to save you; when you draw near to God, you shall find Christ can save you to the very uttermost. "Oh!" saith one, "but that shuts me out, for I never pray." Then, friend, begin to pray now. "Ah!" says another, "that condemns me, for I have lived without thinking of God." My friend, turn unto God this very moment; may His Holy Spirit turn thee! "May I come?" asks one; "and may I hope that Christ will save me?" Why not? What saith the text? Does it say that Christ is able to save to the uttermost the good, the affluent, the virtuous that come to God? No, sirs, but *them* that come; any people in all the world that come. They that come in their sin, and poverty, and shame; yea, they that desire to come, and endeavour to come to God through the merit of Jesus Christ, they need not entertain a single doubt but that Christ is able to save them to the uttermost, be that uttermost what it may. Oh! here is good news; such good news that, if it could be preached to the demons in hell, they would hold a jubilee and shout "Hallelujah!" at such a gospel. I put it in very plain words, and perhaps it may not interest some of you; but ah! sirs, if you do not lay hold of this Christ who is able to save you, the day will come when you will curse the hour in which you were born, and you will wish that you had never heard the gospel, because your hearing it led to your rejection of it, and your rejection of it increased your guilt and condemnation. If you are lost, it is not because Christ cannot save you; it is because you go not to God through Him, because you desire not the knowledge of His ways, but persist in sin, or wrap yourself up in the rags of self-righteousness.

V. Our time is passing, so we must come to the next words of our text: "*seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them.*" Here, again, is MUSIC UNMINGLED. Christ ever liveth. One has observed of this text that it doth not merely say, "He ever existed," but, "He ever liveth," implying that all that Christ was on earth in loveliness, activity, and power, He is now. The Christ in Heaven is not like Lot's

wife, turned into a pillar of salt, standing there to be gazed upon; the Christ of glory is not like the impassive Jove of the old poets, sitting still upon a stately throne, unconcerned in the things of this life; but He lives, and lives observing, He takes an interest in everything that is done here below. If the Lord Jesus Christ stood here on this platform, and were about to offer prayer, I would fain hope that many a trembler would lift up his finger hoping that it might catch the Master's eye, and he would raise his voice, and say, "Blessed Lord, plead for me." Who amongst us would not send up our little notes to this effect? How this table would be loaded with scraps of paper containing our petitions! How we should all feel,—now is the time of grace; let us but get a share in *His* prayers, and all will go well with us! Well but, though we see Him not, He is yonder before the throne of God in our nature, and He is truly here in our midst, and He will at once make intercession for all that come to God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. Do you all, dear friends, desire to come to God through the one Mediator? I know you saved ones desire it. We who believe in Jesus have a portion in His perpetual intercession; but, oh! you wayward ones, do any of you wish it? Methinks, that young man, over yonder, says in his heart, "Jesus, plead for me!" That aged one, surely he who is so near his end, must want Jesus to plead for him. Jesus lives on purpose to plead for sinners; He died to redeem them, but He lives to plead for them. This is His business in Heaven. Your poor prayers could never get to Heaven without Christ's pleading. So blotted are your petitions, so badly worded and mis-spelt, that they are not fit for the King's eye; but Jesus will re-write them for you, and, instead of putting at the end of them your signature, which is the name of a rebel, and which would secure their rejection, He will put His own name, and the prayer will be granted to you, for God denies nothing to His dear Son. Will it not be wisdom, then, to put your case into Christ's hand? Well and happy has it been with me since I learned to leave the whole work of my salvation to Christ. Martin Luther used to say, "I will have nothing to do in effecting my own salvation. Christ is a Saviour, let Him do His own business; I will put it into His hands, and He shall do it all." I like the utterance of another, who was wont to say, "When the devil tempts me, I do not try to answer him, but I tell him that I have an Advocate who will speak for me; and if I have an Advocate, I need not answer for myself. I will let Christ speak on my behalf, and put the devil to silence." Depend upon it, the more we rest upon what Christ can do by virtue of His having died, and risen again, the more thoroughly we come to the true foundation whereon our hopes shall be undisturbed. "Ah!" said my dear friend, this afternoon, "all the good things that have happened in my life are just nothing to me as I lie here." Someone said something about his having been kept by grace so many years. "Ah!" he answered, "yes, it has been nothing but grace; and now it is none but Christ;" and then he repeated, in the voice of one just about to depart, with his hands outstretched,—

"On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

And, depend upon it, dear friends, you will find it so yourselves; and it will be best to make it so now, and to act accordingly. There is the fountain of life, Christ Jesus. Sometimes a little flower grows on it, and we are very pleased with that little flower, yet it is a withering thing; and when it dies, we are half like Jonah, weeping for his gourd; but the fountain is more beautiful than the flowers. So, Christ Himself is more precious than the choicest flowers that grow out of His grace, and the grace that comes by His Spirit; and it is a blessed thing, when everything else withers, and is swept right away, that we may say, "None but Christ, none but Christ, is the solid foundation of our souls."

I do not know why I have been driven to this text to-night, nor why I have been led to talk over these simplicities of our holy faith. I might have desired to cheer the people of God, and to have spoken to them of some of the deeper truths of the gospel, after having been dealing with tender consciences this morning;* but if I must needs use this hammer to strike again and again the same nail, oh! my Master, do Thou drive the nail home, and grant that some poor sinner may to-night lay hold on eternal life! Lead him away from everything else to the cross, and may he look on Thee as the Jews looked on the brazen serpent, and be Thou alone the source of salvation from sin and the wrath to come! Look to Jesus, poor sinner, for—

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One;
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner,—look unto Him, and be saved,—
 Unto Him who was nail'd to the tree.

"Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
 There remaineth no more to be done;
 That once in the end of the world He appear'd;
 And completed the work He begun."

Is there no one here who will trust Jesus to-night? Shall no angel bear a message to the skies, that one has come to God by Christ? Shall Christ see none of the travail of His soul out of this congregation? Forbid it, Lord, forbid it, that the truth declared to-night shall die. Yea, by this text and by Thy promise we dare to put the challenge to Thee, "My Word shall not return unto Me void." We believe Thy promise, Lord. The living seed drops somewhere; where does it fall? Where is the soil that accepts it, and nurtures it? Where is the heart that receives Jesus? Did you say, "I will," you great sinner? Then be it so, and God be glorified! Did you say, "I will," you outwardly moral young man? Oh, let God be praised for that! Did you say, "I will," youth and beauty, or you, sir, in the strength and fulness of your manhood? Be it so; it matters little to whom the message comes, so long as it comes to you, and you receive it personally in the power of the Holy Spirit. The Lord grant you this, and His shall be the praise for ever and ever! Amen.

* See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 853, "A Sermon for the Most Miserable of Men."

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

(Continued from page 12.)

BELOW the belt of trees which surround the lawn, there is a long piece of water which we call a "lake." You can see it from these windows, glistening in the sunshine, and reflecting all the fair things around it, as if rejoicing in their loveliness. This is the home of some wild ducks, and of a stately, solitary swan, who, since he lost his mate, some years ago, has reigned with undisputed sway over the waters, using his authority, I fear, like some other potentates, in a sadly tyrannical fashion. He is a splendid bird, and looks right royal as he comes to my call, hurrying with strong impulsive strokes, throwing back his long neck, and arching his snowy wings above his head with proud and regal gesture. I must tell you one thing about him which has often preached a little sermon to me. *He is never happy unless he is quite white.* Soils and stains are miseries to him, and the North wind is his chief persecutor, for it brings some of the grime and fog of London into our purer atmosphere. Then the sooty morsels fall on his territory, and float on the surface of the water, thence insinuating themselves in ugly black streaks among his delicate feathers, and giving him an immense amount of trouble. At such times, he is ceaselessly engaged in the important business of cleansing away these impurities, and restoring his plumage to its natural whiteness and beauty. There is no need for me to "point the moral" of this short story; you cannot read it without calling to mind the words of The Preacher,—“Let thy garments be always white,” or the Apostle James’s positive declaration that pure and undefiled religion “is this, . . . to keep himself unspotted from the world.”

Now, when I have just shown you, through the trees, some of the pretty peeps which we get of wooded hills, and peaceful pastures, and pleasant homes, across the intervening valley, we will turn our attention to the *interior* of the room in which I work, where all my varied correspondence is carried on, and from whence I hope to write “Personal Notes” to you, dear readers, till writing days are done.

You see, my dear work-room is furnished in the old-fashioned, comfortable style of about half a century ago, before high art and æsthetic knick-knacks, “Liberty” draperies and spider-legged chairs, became the rage. Yet in my eyes it is very attractive, and the dear one who sees it no more, thought it *perfect*.

In a cosy corner by the fire, my writing-table, desk, and chair are closely grouped together, and on and around these, in picturesque confusion, are piled the ledgers, day-books, cash-books, hand-books of all the denominations, and the hundred and one things which constitute the necessary paraphernalia of my daily service. The greater part of my days, and weeks, and months, and years, are spent in that chair, writing letters, and carrying on the many works which it has pleased my gracious God to put into my charge. The severely sedentary life thus entailed has become a habit with me, and brings

far more pleasure than privation; so accurately are God's balances adjusted, so consoling are the compensations His love accords.

On the wall, just above where I sit, is a lovely portrait of the dear master of the house, and over it, a beautifully-finished model of a *sword and trowel*, looking as if made of ebony, but actually cut from a block of cannel coal by a working-man in Scotland, and sent to me because he loved my beloved very dearly.

(*To be continued.*)

* * * *

PERSONAL NOTES.—“*The Bishop of Liverpool*,” wrote a young curate to me lately, “*has advised me to get some of the sermons of your dear husband, as he considers him the best preacher this age has produced, and one whose spotless life I should do well to imitate.*”

After all the ordination seasons in the Church of England, it is quite customary for me to receive applications for books from the newly-appointed clergymen, in consequence of the advice or recommendation given by the ordaining Bishop. Some such touching reference to the dear Pastor's saintly life and preaching power, as that quoted above, is often repeated in communications from young men just entering the ministry of the Established Church. And I find their *need* is very great. They are inexperienced in preaching, they have scarcely any really helpful books, and they know so little of the true preparation required, that, when they discover they are expected to deliver two or three fresh discourses every week, they are troubled and perplexed, and know not what to do. It is pleasant to help them,—to send them, for instance, dear Mr. Spurgeon's *Sermon-Notes*, and then to receive their intensely grateful thanks. Only the Master Himself can know what blessed changes may have been wrought in some hearts while certain books were being read with the sole purpose in view of “getting a sermon.” Not by any means the least important feature in the work of the Book Fund, is the fact that, during the twenty years of its existence, more than two thousand clergymen have participated in its benefits. Seed thus sown may be long in springing up, but a plentiful harvest of blessing from the Lord will be apparent some day.

* * * *

“*Pray for me that my eyes may be opened! Pray for me that I may know that I am a sinner! Ask earnestly that I may be made to feel my need of a Saviour!*”

This was the burden of a letter a distressed soul wrote to me a short time since. All the way through, it was like the wail of one in absolute despair and darkness. No light,—no hope,—no Christ,—nothing but “a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.”

Poor suffering, wandering one, if you ever see these pages, this is my reply to you. With all my heart I repeat your cry in the ears of Him who hath all power in Heaven and on earth,—“power to forgive sin,”—and, as He has never yet refused or cast away any who have

"called upon His Name," I believe an answer of peace will come. But I should like to show you how mistaken you are with regard to your own condition; it might remove a stumbling-block out of your way, and bring you with swift feet to that cross and sepulchre where burdened sinners find complete relief. You say you are blind to all spiritual things, that you have no longing for God or holiness; that, on the contrary, you are so satisfied with yourself, that you do not feel to need Him or His salvation. You are sure you have no desire after God in your heart, and that it does not trouble you to be thus wickedly callous and indifferent to your eternal interests. Yet, after telling me all this, you plead with me to pray for you, and beg, with all the earnestness of a truly awakened soul, that I will ask the Lord to deliver you! Do you not see the inconsistency of this request if it were really true that you care for none of these things? Did your own unbelieving heart prompt you to ask help in prayer, or did Satan, your enemy, who would wish nothing better than to keep you in carelessness and a "refuge of lies",—did he suggest this course to you? Poor soul, let me assure you, for your comfort and encouragement, that I believe God's Holy Spirit is striving with you. He is convincing you of sin, and leading you to cast yourself as an undone sinner at the Saviour's feet. And, if you will do this, if you will yield to the drawings of His divine love, and trust Him to save you wholly and completely, I can promise you a reception which will make you glad throughout eternity!

Come and try my Lord Jesus, dear heart, and see whether I have not told you truly about Him. He will receive you graciously, He will love you freely. Never mind *how you feel*, or *how you come*, but *COME*, and *COME NOW*, for the door of mercy is open, and Jesus is waiting to welcome you. Tell *Him* all that you have told to me. I can only sympathize,—*He can save*. Ask *Him* to intercede for you, I can only cry for mercy,—He can say, "*Father, I WILL*." And, thus coming, remember, the blessed result is sure, for His own lips have said it, "Him that cometh to Me, *I will in no wise cast out*."

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"My kindness shall not depart from thee."—ISA. LIV. 10.

Last month, we were thinking of the consolation which awaits us in Heaven, when our warfare is accomplished, and our iniquity is pardoned; but here, in this precious Word, we have comfort and help for the daily life and strife of earth.

THE KINDNESS OF GOD! It is unutterable, illimitable, unchangeable! Every believer has experienced it; but the whole host of the redeemed, gathered from all lands, throughout all ages, could not tell the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of this "great" "everlasting" "loving" kindness which dwells in the heart of God for His people.

"My kindness." Dear Lord, the words are sweet to my soul as honey and the honey-comb. They carry in them an answer to all my

misgivings, a response to all my pleas, a promise of power to overcome all my weakness. I say to Thee, sometimes, "Lord, how is it that Thou canst be so tender and indulgent to one so forgetful, so unworthy, so inexcusable as I am?" And Thy answer is,—"*My kindness*,—'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'" "But, Lord, I am a worse and greater sinner than I thought I was; every day reveals to me some hitherto undiscovered evil in my heart, which must be displeasing in Thy sight." Again Thou sayest, "*My kindness*,—'I have put away thy sin.'" "But, Lord, I have no power to do right, I cannot of myself even think a good thought, much less live that life of holiness which Thou dost command and require." And again Thou givest me that sweet reply, "*My kindness*,—'My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.'" Oh! that I had a seraph's tongue to tell, or a pen dipped in the praises of Heaven to write, what His loving-kindness and tender mercy have been to me!

"*My kindness SHALL NOT depart from thee.*" God's negatives and affirmatives are like great rocks jutting out from the insecure and shifting sands of all earthly experiences. When a troubled, bewildered soul is enabled by faith to cling fast to one of these, all fear vanishes, all anxiety is gone, nothing can move it from its confidence and peace. We have all suffered, more or less, from the ever-changing influences around us; perhaps we ourselves have added somewhat to the sorrow which is in the world by reason of inconstancy and changeableness. But never, for one moment, has our God withdrawn the love with which He loved us from all eternity, never has He forsaken or forgotten those who have put their trust in Him. Bless His dear name, there is no such thing as *departing kindness* with Him: "No variable-ness, neither shadow of turning." 'Tis true, our sins and our ingratitude may so grieve and provoke Him, that he may hide His face from us for a while; but even then, His love yearns over us so much that, as Joseph Hart sweetly sings,—

"Shouldst thou a moment's absence mourn,
Should some short darkness intervene,
He'll give thee power, till light return,
To trust Him,—with the cloud between!"

"*My kindness shall not depart from thee.*" Oh, my loving Lord, let the stay and comfort of this precious "*shall not*" sink deep into my soul this morning, and strengthen me to face every difficulty, and resist every evil, and bear any trial with the courage such an assurance gives! Or, make it a sweet resting-place and refuge for me, Lord, where I may be sheltered from all the disturbing changes of the world around me. Though friends may grow cold, and times may change, and circumstances may alter, and old age may creep on, and infirmities may gather themselves together, and flesh and heart may fail,—yea, though my feet touch the cold waters of the river of death,—this promise will stand fast and true, and Thy kindness shall not depart from me *for ever*, for it shall present me "faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

S. S.

Our Alma Mater.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

THERE are two difficulties in writing reminiscences of *Our Alma Mater*,—first, we can scarcely tell where to begin; and having begun, it is not easy to know where to stop. Our recollections go back to the glorious days of a quarter of a century ago, when the students were “undergraduates” in the gloomy rooms beneath the Tabernacle, and preached their College sermons from good old Dr. Gill’s pulpit in the glass-room. The present writer distinctly remembers one criticism passed upon his discourse by a brother who has long since been “called home.” The preacher was supposed to have pronounced the word “popular” as though it had been written “poplar.” The student who called attention to the mistake was a tall, thin, poplar-like individual, and he had hardly uttered the sentence before dear old Father Rogers, in his inimitable fashion, turned aside the point of the critic’s lance by looking straight at the speaker, and saying, “He only left you (u) out.” The “poplar” brother could not long survive such a master-stroke as that.

In those days, the tutors often asked one of the students to select a suitable verse of a hymn to be sung at the close of the morning’s engagements. On one occasion, a brother, who had been sorely perplexed by the classics or mathematics, was requested to announce the parting song, when he responded by giving out very mournfully the lines,—

“Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?”

Instead of pronouncing the benediction, and dismissing the class, Mr. Rogers naïvely answered the student’s question by announcing the following verse of the hymn,—

“’Tis even so, Thy faithful love
Doth thus Thy children’s graces prove;
’Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.”

More than once, after an animated discussion, in which tutors as well as students had been ranged on different sides, the venerable Principal would most fittingly wind up the debate by giving out Dr. Watts’s lines,—

“This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.”

Though not strictly belonging to my student days, I must mention a witty saying spoken by Mr. Rogers one day when I accompanied Mr. Spurgeon to see him at his house. The truly “Grand Old Man” was confined to his bedroom through an accident in his garden, in which he had been much disfigured through falling and coming into contact with the roller. His head was so bandaged that little of

his features remained visible, and in his own quietly humorous way he said, "My sorrow is that the brethren will not be able to *see my face* with joy." After a few minutes of such bright, happy talk, the President and the Principal turned to the great theme on which they were both always at home,—the gospel of the grace of God,—and all who have listened to either of them will believe me when I say it was good to be there.

In *The Sword and the Trowel* for April, 1894, we gave an account of "Mr. Spurgeon at a Wedding." Mr. Rogers used to say to brethren whom he thought likely to need his services on such an occasion, "Remember that my address is George Rogers, *Joiner*," and the beloved President was often asked to tie the knot for those who had passed through the College, and were about to "settle" in a double sense. Many recollections of these notable ceremonies might be related, but we must find room for one. A missionary brother from Japan, before returning to his field of labour, had been married for the second time. At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Spurgeon was the very life and soul of the joyous company; and among other wise and witty remarks, he said to the bride, "You must not be too proud of your husband, Mrs. —, for he is only second-hand;" adding, in an instant, "but he is as good as new, for he has been Japanned!"

As for the more tender personal reminiscences of "Mr. Greatheart" and his "armour-bearer", this is neither the time nor the place to record them; but they can never be forgotten, and the anniversary of the beloved captain's promotion to glory only emphasizes the sense of loss that is felt every day in the year, and every hour in the day. Yet we look forward to a blessed re-union by-and-by in our Lord's own good time; and, meanwhile, so far as it lies in our power, we seek to carry on our share of *his* work as far as we can exactly as we believe he would approve were he still present with us. J. W. H.

* * * *

Pastor J. D. Gilmore, of Brannoxtown, sends us what he aptly terms—

SNAP SHOTS FROM THE FRIDAY LECTURES.

We too often think exclusively of salvation as having reference to the world to come, forgetting that it has an urgent, all-important reference to this present life.

—————
A man who lives in sin and loves it, is a pitiable being.

—————
It is hell to live without a Saviour.

—————
He is a traitor to his Master who does not enter heart and soul into the great life-work of that Master, and His life-work was, "that the world through Him might be saved."

—————
If Christ has caught us, we must catch others. Let us ask Him to give us grace that we may take a multitude of fishes.

The great training-school for Christian workers has Christ at its head; and He is at its head, not only as the Tutor, but as the Leader: we are not only to learn of Him in study, but to follow Him in action.

Be Jesus-like. In all things endeavour to think, and speak, and act as Jesus did, and He will make you winners of souls.

God does not use powder-puffs to kill Goliaths.

There is an almost infinite capacity in man when God comes into him.

We need to learn English at the foot of the cross.

The spirit of adaptation runs through all God's works.

What a wonderful, soul-winning sermon we have in John iii. 16!

We cannot shoot birds till they are on the wing. We must get the people to stir, even by sanctified humour, but we must have them interested if we would do them good.

Feel your subject with terrible reality.

Holiness is the most real power that can be possessed by men or women. God will speak even through a fool if he be but holy.

When a man does not succeed in the ministry, he never thinks it is because of a lack of holiness, but he blames the people for his own failure.

Get all the oratorical force you can, but first of all get character.

Some people's godliness is so far off that they need a telescope to see it.

God often uses the faith of ministers to breed faith in other people.

God does not bless superfine emptiness.

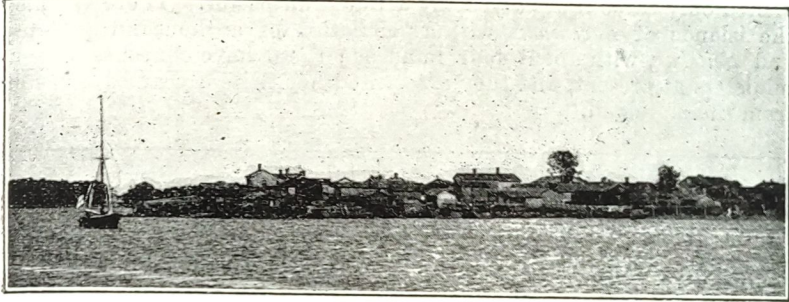
A sponge is the lowest order of animal life, yet it was placed to the lips of Christ when He hung on the cross. We may be very poor, weak instruments, yet we may be made to minister to Him.

Take a lesson from the apostle Paul. You know how he fell among certain wise people who were fond of philosophical disquisition; and to them he said, "I determined not to know anything *among you* save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

The novelties of "modern thought" are a Dead Sea, but our gospel is an ocean of living water.

Cruising in the Gulf of Finland.

A HINT TO YACHTSMEN.



THE ISLAND OF STAMMO.

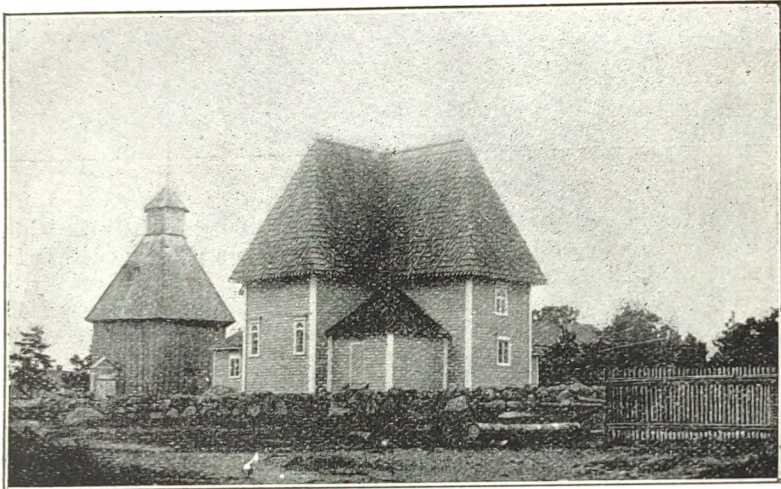
MORE than one yachtsman must have said to himself, while steaming or sailing across the sea, "What a pity this delightful form of navigation, to which I devote so much time and money, is scarcely anything but play and pleasure, and of little or no permanent usefulness!" This thought will come home with special force to the heart of a *Christian* yachtsman, who will have seriously to consider whether he ought to continue his favourite pastime. He may, on further consideration of the matter, ask himself, "Could I not serve my Lord on the waters? The apostle Peter lent his fishing-boat to the Lord Jesus for a pulpit; could I not place myself and my vessel at His disposal? That would give an aim to my pleasant occupation, and a reason for it which does not at present exist." If it should be objected that everyone who owns a yacht is not qualified to preach or conduct services and meetings, the difficulty might be met by taking an evangelist, or some other reliable and suitable Christian worker, who would be benefited in many ways by the voyage, and who thus might arrange for a mission tour free of expense. In this way, the gospel might be carried to places and people not previously reached, and with the blessing of God on the good seed sown in the virgin soil, a great harvest of precious souls might be ingathered. Even if a preacher cannot be found, able and willing to go, a supply of Bibles, Testaments, and books or tracts full of the gospel, can be carried to the people in distant and neglected islands, and in remote corners inaccessible to any other agency. Ships at anchor, merchant vessels and men-of-war, and also lightships and lighthouses might thus be visited, and in this way spiritual light might be conveyed to those whose business it is, in a literal and material sense, to—

"Send a gleam across the wave."

* * * *

It has been, by God's grace, the privilege of a Christian gentleman, the owner of a small sixteen-ton yacht, after having sailed for many years simply for his own enjoyment, to begin to cruise in his

Master's service in the Gulf of Finland, seeking specially to find out those parts which had formerly been most lacking of gospel provision. There is, for instance, the island of *Tyttersaari*, near the Esthonian coast, a very poor place, with four hundred inhabitants, who are visited only three times a year by a Lutheran pastor. There are also the islands of *Lavensaari*, with a population of a thousand persons, and *Seitskar*, with about four hundred; these have churches, but no ministers at present, and they are visited but twice a year by a pastor from the mainland.



WOODEN CHURCH ON THE ISLAND OF LAVENSAARI.

We are glad to be able to give extracts from our friend's letters, from which our readers will gather how greatly the Finnish folk need and appreciate the kind interest taken in their spiritual welfare. These leaves from the yacht's log-book will give peculiar pleasure to all who love Mr. Spurgeon, for many of his precious sermons and other works (translated and published at the captain's expense) are always included in the little vessel's equipment. But the extracts will speak for themselves:—

(July, 1894.)—"I have just sent you, by post, a specimen of the Finnish translation of *Around the Wicket Gate*, of which 6,000 copies have been printed. *All of Grace* will not be ready before Christmas. It promises to be a real boon to the Finnish people. About a dozen of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and *According to Promise*, have already been circulated for some time in Finland. I have lately had the pleasure of selling a number of the sermons and other writings of Mr. Spurgeon during a mission cruise along the Finnish coast. One is always sure one is giving sound food this way."

(June, 1895.)—"About a year ago, I sent you a copy of *Around the Wicket Gate* translated into Finnish; now I have the pleasure of

forwarding *All of Grace*, which has just appeared in print. *Around the Wicket Gate* has been very much appreciated."

(September, 1895.)—"The circulation of *Around the Wicket Gate* and *All of Grace* is going on. I heard of two women, in Western Finland, who found peace through *The Wicket Gate*. This summer, some friends were privileged to make a mission tour amidst the Eastern part of the Finnish islands. . . . On *Tyttersaari*, we were happy to sell and distribute gratis *Around the Wicket Gate* and *All of Grace*, knowing we were leaving sound 'condensed' food. I send you a view of one of the streets of this island, where fifty copies were



VILLAGE STREET ON THE ISLAND OF TYTTERSAARI.

given away after several days' mission work. The people followed the preacher to the beach, crying, and begging him to return next year. . . . Several gladly professed having found peace with God. It is wonderful what influence Mr. Spurgeon's name and writings are gaining even amongst the Lutheran pastors in Petersburg and Finland; many know his works, and appreciate them, and profit greatly by them."

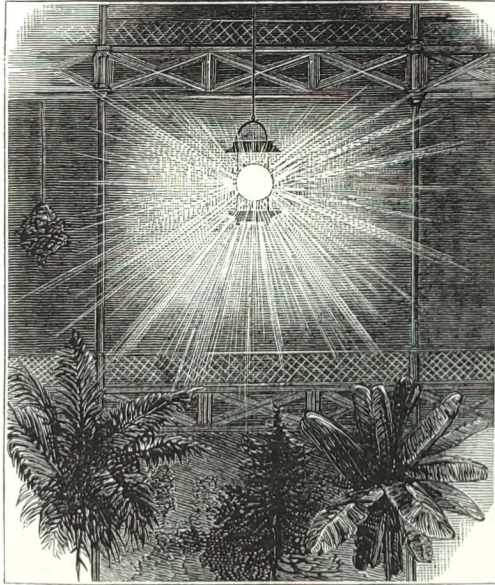
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Will not all believing readers pray very earnestly for the Lord's blessing upon this service, and will not some more Christian yachtsmen take a leaf out of our friend's book, and seek to do for other destitute places what this good brother has tried to do for the islanders in the Gulf of Finland?

Be a Light, and Be Alight.

BY CHARLES SPURGEON.

WELL do we remember watching the cleaning and refurnishing of the large arc lamps during the exhibition of electric lights at the Crystal Palace. As the attendant went round with a fresh supply of carbons, one would have judged that any of the short rods would have been equally suited to the lamps that needed replenishing, for in his box they seemed all alike; but, no, he had to try several before the right one came to hand. After these were fitted and fixed, no light was forthcoming, for the black carbon could not of itself produce any illumination. Each lamp was connected with the rest, and yet their mutual association was unavailing in creating even so much as a spark. The opal globe, the carbon points, the unseen mechanism, and the union with some hundreds of others were useless as light-producers until the current of electricity was sent through the wires; then, all were necessary to make the brilliant exhibition.



Thus is it with our "Text Union." The daily texts, like the carbon points, need fitting to our individual cases, and that which seems to be the very word for one member, may not be the most suitable for another, for their circumstances differ so greatly. Our lives are to be the well-kept lamps, from which the light is to pour forth, and our "Bond" must be maintained so as to make a complete circuit. All the organization and mechanical labour in connection with the "Text Union" is, however, helpless to produce so much as a single

ray of bright blessing unless an infusion of the Holy Spirit is granted. We do most earnestly pray that, throughout this New Year, every member may receive "power from on high", and that all may "shine as lights in the world." It has been singularly noticeable that so very many, in renewing their Almanacks, have written saying that the daily text has been "as a lamp," "as a light," "as sunshine," "a bright light," &c., and one adds "to show up the corners." Yes, so it really is! How many have been illuminated by these sparkling passages from God's Word, when "the candle of the Lord" has searched the heart!

At that same wonderful exhibition, there was a screen made up of some twenty thousand Edison and Swan lamps, and we have been hoping that it will not be very long before our membership roll shall reach that figure. What a very long while it takes for some folks to make up their mind to join our "Text Union"! Thus writes one of our members:—"I often wonder others are so reluctant to join; they would join in troops did they but know its value. I told one lady about it, and she said, 'Must I learn the text every day? Suppose I don't wish to, or I am too busy, what then?' I replied, 'I guarantee, if you feed upon the Daily Text for a week, with prayerful mind, you will be quite hungry enough to keep on; there will be no question of "must I?" I find it true, that the more I have, the more I want.'"

Now, after such a testimony as this, how can you resist the appeal to become a member? Come, dear reader, delay no longer, but join the ranks, and enlist with the thirteen thousand who rejoice in the daily watchword as found in *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1896*. Have you forgotten the address, and who it is that waits to send you, in exchange for four halfpenny stamps, the card of membership and the Almanack? Then again we remind you, and Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, will hope to hear from you *at once*. Will you not respond, and so become another light-bearer? We shall expect a glorious enrolling of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, and trust that this will mean a corresponding ingathering of their friends and relations.

Startling Advice.

IT sometimes happens that, in Christian work, the highest ends may be secured by giving advice utterly at variance with our deepest convictions. The following incident may serve to illustrate my meaning.

While conducting a mission in the Midlands, I was the guest of a farmer a mile or two from the town where the meetings were being held. A young lady of wealth and position was there on a visit. She had all that heart could wish of this world's goods; but till then had lived a kind of butterfly existence. She kept her "hunter", often followed the hounds, frequented the race-course, and entered heartily into worldly amusements, much of her time being spent at the card-party and in the ball-room.

The day after my arrival, I seized an opportunity to speak to her concerning her soul's interests, basing my conversation mainly on Christ's interview with Nicodemus, and the absolute necessity of *the new birth* as the prerequisite to true spiritual life. I knew not at the time that God had used the message in awakening her to a sense of her need; but, two days later, I was at my pen and she at needlework in the same room, when she suddenly burst into tears. I looked up, wondering what this outburst meant; when she exclaimed, half angrily, "I wish you had not spoken to me as you did on Wednesday."

"Indeed! why?" I enquired.

"Because I have been so miserable ever since, I scarcely know how to contain myself."

"I am glad to hear that," I said.

"Then I think you are very hard-hearted, if you can find pleasure in another's misery."

"No, no; don't misunderstand me; I am not pleased that you are miserable, but because I cherish the hope that you will find the right way out of your misery. What are you troubled about?"

"Well, Mr. Burnham, I have never yet experienced that change of heart of which you spoke to me on Wednesday; I am *not a Christian*; I *know* I am not, and I *wish* to be."

"Why should you not be a Christian? What hinders?"

"This is my difficulty; if I become a Christian, shall I have to give up going to the race-course, the card-party, and the ball-room?"

"Let me put your question another way, then perhaps you can answer it for yourself. Do you think you could come straight from the excitement of the race-course, or the giddy whirl of the ball-room, and talk with God in prayer?"

"No, indeed; that I certainly could not."

"Then, depend upon it, these things ought to be abandoned at once and for ever; for those things that would not *help* you in a godly, devotional life, will prove a *hindrance*."

"Then I think the terms are very hard."

"I am sorry you think so; for God will not alter the terms because you think they are hard; my hope is that you will yet alter your opinion."

Nothing more was said that day; I resumed my writing, and left her to her own reflections.

Next day she appeared very restless and uneasy, and embraced the first opportunity to re-open the subject. I picked up the thread where we had dropped it the previous day by asking, "Do you still think the terms are hard?"

I admired her for her honesty, as she promptly said, "Yes, sir, I do; to be candid, I have found real delight in these things for years, and am not prepared to give them all up at a stroke." Then, in a tone of despair, she added, "What can I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what to do; you love the pleasures of the world so much that you are not prepared to give them up for Christ's sake; then, my advice is,—*Don't think about your soul and its needs at all; live as though you had no soul; or, if you have a soul, that it is not worth saving; never bend your knee in prayer; never open your Bible; never go to*

any place of worship ; go in for all the pleasure you can get in the world, for it is all you will ever have."

This advice startled her from her foolish dream, and she exclaimed, "I can't live like that; I must go to church, and read my Bible, and pray."

"No, no; you had better *not*; these attempts at devotion will spoil your pleasure, and in the meantime, your attempt at pleasure will spoil your devotion; thus you will enjoy neither. Do you not see that the two courses are utterly opposed to each other? You cannot hold Christ in one hand, and the world in the other. If God be God, serve Him; if Baal be God, serve him; but God *and* Baal you certainly cannot serve."

It was evident that the inconsistency of this position was dawning upon her, and I deemed it wise again to leave her to her own thoughts. Never shall I forget the next morning; nor will she. After breakfast, I met her with a pale but chastened expression, as of one who had passed through an intense struggle, and had gained the victory. Taking her by the hand, I asked, "How is the matter this morning?"

Judge of my surprise as she replied by promptly quoting from an old hymn,—

" My heart is fix'd, eternal God,
Fix'd on Thee;
And my eternal choice is made,
Christ for me ! "

"I am so thankful to hear that verdict; now you can understand why I was glad when you were miserable."

Perhaps it was too bad, but I added, "Would you like an invitation to a ball this evening?"

"Oh, no! I have no wish to go, and would not accept an invitation; I am sure I should feel out of my element there, *now*."

"Do you see where God's mercy comes in? He does not expect you to give up these things, and still leave you with a craving for them;" and I quoted from a present-day hymn,—

" With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast? "

"Oh, sir!" she replied, as tears started afresh, "I wish I had yielded my heart to God years ago. Oh, the precious time I have wasted!"

Thank God! that is now "years ago", and well has she held on her way till this day, an earnest worker in the Master's vineyard.

Days and months are quickly passing,
Passing to return no more;
Opportunities for service
Here on earth will soon be o'er.
Oh, be earnest while the day lasts,
Fill your life with service true!
"Be not weary in well-doing,"
Is the Master's word to you.

Brentford.

JOHN BURNHAM.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

XXVI. PASTOR JOHN KEMP, IMMANUEL BAPTIST CHURCH, SOUTHSEA.

JOHN KEMP was born near Braintree, in Essex, on June 24th, 1847. His maternal grandfather was a member of the church of which the renowned John Carter, of Braintree, was the minister, and one of Mr. Kemp's earliest recollections is the scene witnessed in a country lane opposite his grandfather's door when Mr. Carter preached in the open-air.

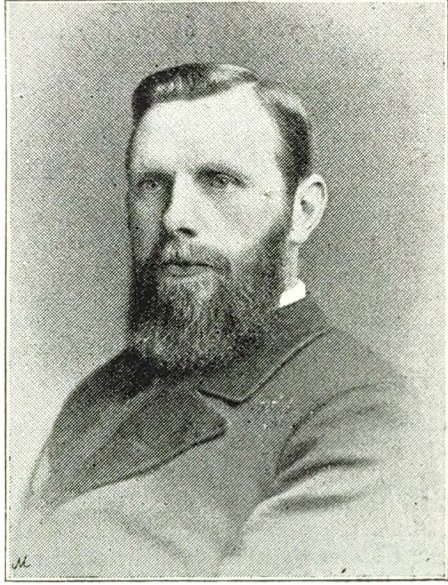
Mr. Kemp's parents belonged to the Wesleyan Methodists, among whom the infant John was duly “christened”, and the boy John spent his early childhood. His mother died before her son had completed his ninth year, but not before she had laid in the heart of her child

the foundations of a Christian faith, and a devoted life. Mr. Kemp still recalls with vivid and grateful recollection the tender solicitude with which his mother taught him to pray, to sing the songs of Zion, and to look to Christ alone for salvation.

Like many others who have become useful and noted ministers of the Word, Mr. Kemp left home in his early youth, and entered the great university of industry, in which he graduated with honours. He was led to reside at Chelmsford, the chief town of his county, and there he joined a flourishing Bible-class for young men connected with the London Road Congregational Church. He was converted to God in 1868, and at once put his hand to the plough of Christian endeavour. He became one of the most active members of the Bible-class, which numbered about seventy young men. He joined with others in holding cottage meetings, and, on summer evenings, filled, no doubt, with recollections of that scene opposite his grandfather's door, and emulating the eloquence of the Rev. John Carter, his childhood's hero, the youthful John Kemp often proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation on the village greens of his native county.

It was at this period that the theological crisis of Mr. Kemp's life was suddenly and unexpectedly developed.

A Debating Society existed in the town, largely consisting of young men connected with the Chelmsford Congregational Church,—and of course the youthful John, athirst for knowledge, and anxious to cultivate



(Photo by T. Palmer Clarke.)

his elocutionary powers, joined the Society. He joined also in a debate on the question of Christian Baptism, and in order to the efficient backing of his own party, the eager young Congregationalist did a natural but a perilous thing. He "read up" the question. In the course of his enquiries, he consulted a book which was absolutely fatal to one side of the argument, namely, *the New Testament*. The debate lasted two evenings, and John Kemp came out of it a convinced and confirmed Baptist.

Having the courage of his convictions, he was baptized in accordance with the teachings of Scripture, and the dictates of his awakened and instructed conscience; but being then, as he is now, a man of catholic and generous disposition, he continued to work and worship in fellowship with his Congregational brethren.

The young Baptist "local" owed not a little to the counsel and encouragement of his minister, the Rev. George Wilkinson. Many friends joined in urging the promising amateur to give himself wholly to the ministry, and to seek admission to a Congregational College; but Mr. Kemp was a Baptist, and therefore, although he could respect the sincerity of those who differed from him even on a distinctive and vital question, he could not put himself in training for the dissemination of error, nor could he accept the assistance of one denomination with a view to working in another. Being an Essex Baptist, it was not surprising that he should desire to associate himself with the great and honoured name of Spurgeon; nor was it likely that the Baptist son of a Congregational minister would look specially askance at a Pædo-Baptist convert. Mr. Kemp sought and obtained an interview with the illustrious President, and was admitted to the Pastors' College in 1871. What Pastors' College man will ever forget the thrill, the charm, the fascination of that first *tête-à-tête* with the world-famous Pastor and President, or the trembling joy with which he heard, or read, that word, "Come," which summoned him to a new and sacred vocation?

Mr. Kemp's College duties were discharged with the earnest application and attention which have characterized all his work, and he "profited above many" during his association with "*Our Alma Mater*." His first pastorate was at Bures St. Mary, Suffolk, where he became minister of a church of seventy members. Here he spent nearly eight years in happy and successful labour, leaving, at the end of his pastorate, a flourishing church of a hundred and fifty members, a good name in all the adjacent villages, and a reputation for brotherly kindness and hard work throughout the county.

From "sleepy Suffolk" to "busy Burnley", or shall we rather say from sunny Suffolk to smoky Lancashire, is a change which few ministers would desire, and which no one but a strong man, intent upon his Master's service, would contemplate with satisfaction. Such a change was made by Mr. Kemp in the month of May, 1881. Mount Pleasant Church, Burnley, was hampered with debt upon its building, and a deficit of £100 upon its current expenses; while the chapel was badly in need of decoration and improvement. In the course of our brother's five years' pastorate, the chapel was renovated and improved, the debt greatly reduced, and a hundred and twenty-seven members

added to the church. The country pastor was, with the blessing of God, found equal to all the demands of a town church and congregation, and his influence and service extended to temperance and philanthropic efforts, and to all the duties of a devout and enlightened Christian citizen. In the midst of this successful work, Mrs. Kemp's health proved unequal to the severe climatic conditions of North Lancashire, and her husband was advised to seek a sphere in the South.

The door was opened for this desired migration by a hearty invitation to the pastorate of "the mother-church" of Portsmouth, namely, the one meeting in Kent Street Chapel, Portsea, where Mr. Kemp commenced his duties as pastor on the first Sunday in February, 1886. The church at Portsea was rich in historical associations, and great traditions, but had lost its ancient prestige and leadership, and was badly situated among narrow streets, decaying properties, and the deserted homes of professional and business men, who had carried their business pursuits and their religious energies to other and newer parts of the rapidly-extending town. It was felt that nothing but an intensely earnest, Evangelical, and practical ministry could save the old church from speedy and irrevocable decay. Mr. Kemp threw himself into the work with a consecrated zeal and a sympathetic devotion which carried the church into new enterprises, and awoke among the inhabitants of the neighbourhood a fresh interest and a new hope. Ragged Schools, Mothers' Meetings, Mission Band, Pioneer Corps, Pleasant Evenings for the People, Special Services for Youths and Maidens, a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, Clubs, Temperance Work, and Special Missions were called into requisition, and vigorously sustained. For five years, these agencies were conducted under the manifest approval of God, and to the salvation and comfort of many souls. While all this was going on among the young and the needy folk of the district, Mr. Kemp was careful to hold his own in the public life of Portsmouth. His pulpit work was not allowed to suffer, and he grew in general esteem as an able preacher of the Word, and a capable adviser and leader in denominational and public movements, and his church was kept well in line with the other churches of the borough.

Kent Street Chapel was destroyed by fire during the night of September 14-15, 1891. The church was taking its turn in entertaining the local supporters of the Zenana Mission to breakfast, and the ladies had attended overnight to spread the tables, and prepare for their morning's guests. They retired to their homes leaving all in seeming safety, and the people met at seven o'clock next morning, at the early service, to find the chapel a heap of charred and smouldering ruins. After the fire, about half the members desired to rebuild upon the old site, and the other half wished to remove to a more central situation. In the end, a friendly division took place, and the Pastor, with those who shared his views, removed to the Victoria Hall, where they were formed into a new church, which afterwards migrated to Ebenezer Chapel, Southsea. "Immanuel Church" (for so the new body chose to style itself) numbered one hundred and thirty-one, and since then their title has been truly verified, for God has been with them in grace and power, so that the church has more than doubled

its membership in less than five years. With a church now numbering 269 members, the somewhat antiquated chapel affords sitting-room for only 300 worshippers, and this building is within a few hundred yards of a large and modern Baptist Chapel. The great need of our friend and his church is a suitable chapel in a good situation, where their work may be developed and consolidated.

Mr. Kemp is now in the very prime of his ministerial power, with a rich and varied experience, a thorough heart-grip of Evangelical truth, an effective pulpit style, a sympathetic soul, untiring industry, and almost exhaustless organizing resources. He is the very man to open up a new district, and to establish a fresh centre of spiritual life and power. He has now completed ten years in the ministry of the gospel in Portsmouth, and no minister is more honoured, trusted, or beloved in the town or the county than is the energetic pastor of Immanuel Church. For five years he served as co-editor of *The Christian Citizen*, a local monthly magazine exerting much influence in the town. For many years he has acted as honorary secretary of the Portsmouth and Gosport Nonconformist Association, and there is hardly any movement in the borough which makes for truth and righteousness to which Mr. Kemp is not influentially attached.

It is now proposed to build a new chapel for his people in a central position in Southsea. An admirable site has been secured, and the whole scheme has met with the hearty approval of the denominational authorities, local and general; and efforts are now being made to raise such a sum of money as shall justify the church in pushing forward with the enterprise. The alternatives before Mr. Kemp are, (1) to remain where he is, and waste his best energies and the ripest years of his ministerial power in doing a work which a younger and less efficient man might do; (2) to seek another sphere, and so throw away a golden opportunity of doing a great stroke of work for God, and leave a crowded portion of the town for an indefinite period without denominational extension; or (3) to remain at his post, and, with the help of the Lord's people, carry his scheme of church extension to a successful issue.

If the last alternative is to be adopted, then, in simple justice to Mr. Kemp, friends who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and who believe in Baptist principles, should come to our brother's help. There are no merchant princes and no manufacturing Nabobs in Portsmouth. The local "aristocracy" consists of the officers of the army, navy, and dockyard, either active or retired, and these, for the most part, are churchmen; yet it is of vital importance that in Portsmouth, whence so many thousands of our soldiers and sailors go to all parts of the world, the truth as it is in Jesus should be known and taught. All England is in debt to Portsmouth, for the sons of the people go from all parts of the land to that military and naval centre to be trained as defenders of the commonwealth. It is in such a town that such a man as the Rev. John Kemp is found conducting a successful but much-hindered work. The district cannot afford to lose his services, and the Master has need of His servant just where unique opportunity presents itself for extending the Redeemer's kingdom. Here is a brother whose record is faultless, who has won the affection and retains

the highest esteem of the churches which he has served, and who now possesses peculiar advantages for making the most of a special opportunity.

If our much-loved and ever-to-be mourned President were with us still, this is precisely the work and the worker he would delight to help. His spirit and theology are truly represented in the temper and teaching of John Kemp. Will the Lord's purse-bearers, who also have grateful memories of the "voice that is still," give timely help to this other "Essex lad" in preaching the same gospel which thrilled the heart and glowed on the lip of his great and gifted compatriot, C. H. Spurgeon?

All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by Pastor John Kemp, Coombe Lodge, Castle Road, Southsea.

CHARLES JOSEPH.

"The Time is Short."

AN ADDRESS BY PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, AT THE WATCH-NIGHT SERVICE AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, DECEMBER 31ST, 1895.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."—1 Corinthians vii. 29.

I MAY be forgiven if, under the special circumstances of a Watch-night meeting, I take this clause apart from its context, and use it as a sort of peg,—if I may so speak,—on which to hang some earnest and heart-searching thoughts as we conclude this year.

I. First, let me say that TIME IS SHORT IN COMPARISON WITH ETERNITY. I know that we are apt to regard time as if it were of considerable duration. We talk about "a long, long time," or sometimes even of "no end of a time." We use such terms as "ages upon ages," "the old world," and "the everlasting hills," as if "the old world" had never had a beginning, and as if "the everlasting hills" were never to have an end. We talk of "hoary superstitions" as though they were not as young in comparison with eternity as they are childish. But when you come to think of it, oh, how short is time even at the longest! Contrast it with eternal ages, and it is as a drop in a bucket, nay, as a drop compared to all the oceans. The world's age of, say, 6,000 years is as a single moment only, when everlasting ages are in question. It would be well for us to think much more of the endless era that is to be, and less of the tiny term that now environs us.

"Ponder, O man, eternity!"

If we contemplate so vast a period as eternity, we shall, with God's blessing, begin to think less of our little selves and of our trifling surroundings.

"The time is short." Time is but as the striking of the key-note, eternity is the unending anthem that succeeds. Time is only the launching of the vessel upon the sea, eternity is the interminable voyage that follows. Time is as a single sparkling grain upon the shore, eternity is composed of all the grains of all the sands on all the

shores. I put it to you,—Do you think you have given a due proportion of thought to eternity? Has not the most of your carefulness been concerning this present time? Have you not exercised your mind more about the trifles of time than about eternal solemnities? Eternity has been crowded out, and the God of eternity has been neglected and forsaken. And yet, mind you, time is the only opportunity we have for preparing for eternity; it is as the dressing-room in which we prepare to appear upon the stage on which we shall have to play a perpetual part. I want you to begin to-night, if you have never started doing so before, to think about eternity. “Time is the chrysalis of eternity;” and yet we have spent much more of thought, and prayer, and care, and toil about these fleeting hours than about the cycles which are to follow each other in ceaseless succession.

II. Our text reminds us, also, that THE TERM OF HUMAN LIFE IS SHORT, EVEN AT ITS LONGEST. We read in the ninetieth Psalm that threescore years and ten are allotted to men; yet how few reach that limit! But even at its extreme length, what is it? The psalmist truly says, “Behold, Thou hast made my days as a handbreadth: and mine age is as nothing before Thee.” The longest life is comparable to a watch in the night, to a tale that is told, to a dream that is dreamed, to a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away, to a puff of wind that just fans the cheek and passes into space. If this be true of the allotted span of life, it is doubly true of the average length of earthly existence. What that average is, I do not precisely know; but it is far, far below that threescore years and ten. I have hoped that you would begin to think about eternity and the length of it, but I want you also to think of your own life and the possible shortness of it. He was a wise monarch who pensioned one of his servants on condition that he would approach him every day, and whisper in his ear this short but solemn sentence, “Remember, thou art but mortal.” I would to God that, every day, when we are busied about our daily toil, engaged in the workshop or in the home, some guardian angel would whisper in our ears, “Remember, you are but mortal.” Yet I have my fears that some would not even then prepare for death.

There is one remarkable thing about the flight of time which you who are growing old have noticed even more than I have, that is, the accelerated speed with which the years flit past. They do not really go at a quicker rate than they did in the days of our boyhood and girlhood; but they seem so to do. It is as though the momentum increased each year, as though the velocity was ever on the increase. You have found it so though you have only lived to be forty years of age, and I venture to predict that the next ten years will fly faster than any of those that have gone before. Well might the patriarch Job exclaim, “My days are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle.” Does it seem a twelvemonth since we met together upon New Year’s Eve? From some points of view it scarcely seems twelve weeks; the months—long ones, busy ones, in some cases, sinful ones,—have sped away to be numbered with the days of yore. Oh, I pray you, remember that “the time is short.” Your lives will not last for ever.

What reminders we have on every hand of the frailty of our existence! A little while ago, the autumn winds passed through the woods, and scattered the sere and yellow leaves. Do you remember watching them as they came fluttering to the ground? Did they not teach you that "we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away"? Only a brief while since, when the streets were dry through summer heat, the dust flew up in our faces, and blinded our eyes; did it not seem to you that the very dust of the streets was claiming relationship with you, and greeting you as you walked away, as if to say, "You, too, must crumble back to Mother Earth"? And here, in this wet weather, the mud that stains our shoes and bespatters our garments seems to do its best to remind us that we must return to the earth as we were. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Oh, that nature herself might lead us up to nature's God, and show us how frail we are!

Moreover, there is not a family represented here which has not had some bereavement during the past few years, and no one in this vast throng who does not know that, full often, the end of life comes suddenly. We have had some strange and striking instances of this fact just lately. Only a few weeks ago, in a meeting of young people that we held in yonder College lecture-hall, we had speaking to us a good man of God, the minister of Westminster Chapel. What an earnest, loving address he gave us! It was his last public utterance. Soon after that, he was well-nigh suffocated through gas fumes in his bedroom, and since we have been assembled here to-night a friend whispered in my ear that Mr. Evans Hurdall has ceased to breathe. The good Lord comfort his sorrowing friends! In one of this morning's newspapers you will find recorded the fact that, as a minister was preaching his farewell sermon, last Sunday night, in a suburban chapel, a deacon was noticed to fall forward in his pew. Ere the friends could reach him, his spirit had returned to God who gave it!

Such things are happening all through the year; but these have come, just at the twelvemonth's close, the more forcibly to remind us of how easily our taper may be extinguished, and of how readily God can cut off our life like a weaver's thread. Oh! I pray God from my inmost heart that no one here present will have to say upon his or her dying bed, as one of old did, "When I lived, I provided for everything except my death." Prepare to meet your God; if necessary, leave everything else unseen to, but do not leave this matter unsettled for a single moment longer.

III. And oh! HOW SHORT IS THE TIME THAT ANY OF US CAN HAVE FOR SERVING GOD! Even if we reckon that our life will be seventy years, we have to deduct from that period, so far as active service for God is concerned, the years of helpless infancy and early childhood. Then we have also to subtract from the total the time occupied in sleeping, and in dressing, and in eating, and any seasons of helpless illness! Oh, how short a term this leaves for active service! Some of you began very late to work for God, others of you have not started even yet. Oh, I entreat you, here and now, resolve to live for Heaven! If you cannot now give to God the rosebud and the primrose of your

life, give Him what is left. It is better to offer bloomless fruit than none at all. If you have already come to old age, do not leave it another hour longer, but trust in Jesus now. An old writer talks about the want of compliment in giving God one's dry bones out of which the devil has sucked all the marrow. Ah! but God will rather have you now than never; He will receive you even though you have given your best to His enemy if you will but trust His Son, and yield your heart to Him. There is nothing more terrible, nothing more horrible beneath the sky, than a wasted life.

"Nothing but leaves."

No good done, no holy service rendered, no repentance toward God, no faith in Jesus! I trust that you will never have to say, "I have wasted time, and now doth time waste me." I pray God you may not have to look back upon years mis-spent, talents misapplied, opportunities abused; or if you must look back upon them to-night, God grant that you may not add to the black list! Beware of a wasted life.

"Not many lives, but only one have we,
How earnest that one life should ever be!"

IV. This leads me to say, just as we approach the conclusion of our meeting, that THE TIME OF 1895 IS SHORTER STILL! Just a few minutes remain to us now. "That thou doest, do quickly." I wonder how many in this great throng have said to themselves, as one once said to me just as a year was ending, "I do so want to begin the New Year a Christian." Have *you* said that? Whence, then, did that longing come? Who gave you that desire? It came from Heaven, it came from God, it came from Jesus, it came by the Holy Ghost. God never creates a longing which He is not both able and willing to gratify. Although very few minutes of this year remain, I do solemnly believe that you may begin the next year a Christian. A few seconds suffice for salvation.

What is to be done in this short space of time? You must first *repent of sin*. That takes a long time for those who have not yet discovered that they are sinners, and who do not realize what sin is; but oh! if God has shown you this, do not keep back the tears, do not harden the heart, do not sear the conscience. An old saying has it that "every man has his hour." I use that phrase in the best sense now, as I tell you that this is your hour, the hour of your salvation, if you will turn from wicked words, and works, and ways, and seek unto the living God.

"Sinner, how thy heart is troubled!
God is coming very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check the falling tear."

Then, you must *cry for mercy*. I like that Publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." My late dear father said, on one occasion, that he wanted always to come on to the platform to preach the gospel with that prayer still on his lips, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But, if he needed to pray it, oh! how much more do

some of us require to! Have you made that cry yours? If not, just here and now, in your deepest heart, cry unto the Lord, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It can be a strong cry even if it cannot be a long one. "The time is short."

And, then, you must *trust the Crucified*. All else is vain save as it leads to this. There is the fount of mercy. Thence flow the streams of pardon.

"Look to Jesus, look and live."

It was there, on the cross, that He paid the debt, and purchased redemption. Oh! if you will but trust in Jesus this moment, you shall be saved this moment. God can do a great deal in a short space of time. He made the world in six days; He can remake you in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. It did not take Jesus long to save the dying thief; Saul was transformed from a persecutor into an apostle in a very short space of time. One look will do it. Again I say,—

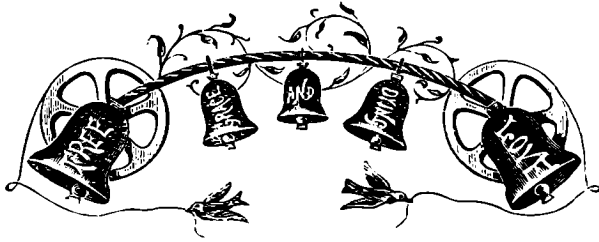
"Look to Jesus, look and live."

Oh, that you would trust Him now! Dear, dear Saviour, with the five wounds, how can we help trusting Thee, since Thou hast loved us, and given Thyself for us?

Then, *praise Him for His great salvation*. Make the heavens and the earth to ring with hallelujahs of thanksgiving. And *resolve to serve Him*. If Jesus has saved you, serve Him; if He has given Himself for you, give yourself to Him. We sometimes talk of the coming in of the New Year as its birth. This is a poetical expression, descriptive of the commencement of another chapter of life's history. Ah! but there is another birth I want you to think about. "Ye must be born again." Have you experienced the new birth? If not, cry to God to show you what it means, and to grant you this glad experience. We sometimes talk of entering the New Year as the undoing of a gate, the passing through a portal. Yes, in a very few minutes we shall have passed through the gate, and shall be beneath the archway of 1896. But there is another gate I want to speak of: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." Turn from the broad way, I beseech you. And I cannot forget that Jesus, our own dear Jesus, said, "I am the door." I'd like you all to go in through that door before you enter January's gate. It is a comparatively easy matter to pass through a doorway, and to trust in Jesus is a very simple matter. I think I see my blessed Master here before me,—Himself the door,—and He bids me trust Him. Lord, I yield to Thee again to-night; in these closing moments of this memorable year, I give up myself, my soul, my sins, my all.

Now I want you,—each one of you,—to bow the head in prayer, and to yield the heart to Jesus. Ere the bells begin to chime, let us spend a moment or two in silent supplication.

"Only trust Him! only trust Him!
 Only trust Him now!
 He will save you! He will save you!
 He will save you now!"



“Those Charming Bells.”

(Lines suggested by the “Echoes from the Tabernacle Belfry” in
Spurgeon’s Illustrated Almanack for 1896.)

Tune 361 in “Sacred Songs and Solos.”

HARK! how the bells, in Heaven’s belfry ringing,
Bring us the news of life and joy above;
Sweet bells, of old by God’s own hand set swinging,
Tuned to the notes, “free grace and dying love.”

Like living echoes from the Holy City,
Over the wastes where way-worn wanderers rove,
Softly and gently fall, in tones of pity,
Those liquid notes, “free grace and dying love.”

Clear as the song of lark at morn upspringing,
Soft as the cooing of the evening dove,
Sound, far and wide, o’er hill and valley ringing,
Those silver chimes, “free grace and dying love.”

Heralds of Jesus Christ, dream not of bringing
To Him, by other means, the souls that rove;
But, steadfast in your faith, still keep on ringing,
“Those charming bells, free grace and dying love.”

Can we forget, when the dear Saviour sought us,
And with our sinful hearts in mercy strove,
What peace and happiness their music brought us,
Those golden bells, “free grace and dying love”?

Faithful to Him who came, in pity bringing,
The news of pardon from the throne above,
Till He shall come again, O keep on ringing
“Those charming bells, free grace and dying love.”

Down to the last, O let us tell the story,
Then, when the failing lips refuse to move,
Pass in rejoicing through the gates of glory,
To sing in Heaven, “free grace and dying love.”

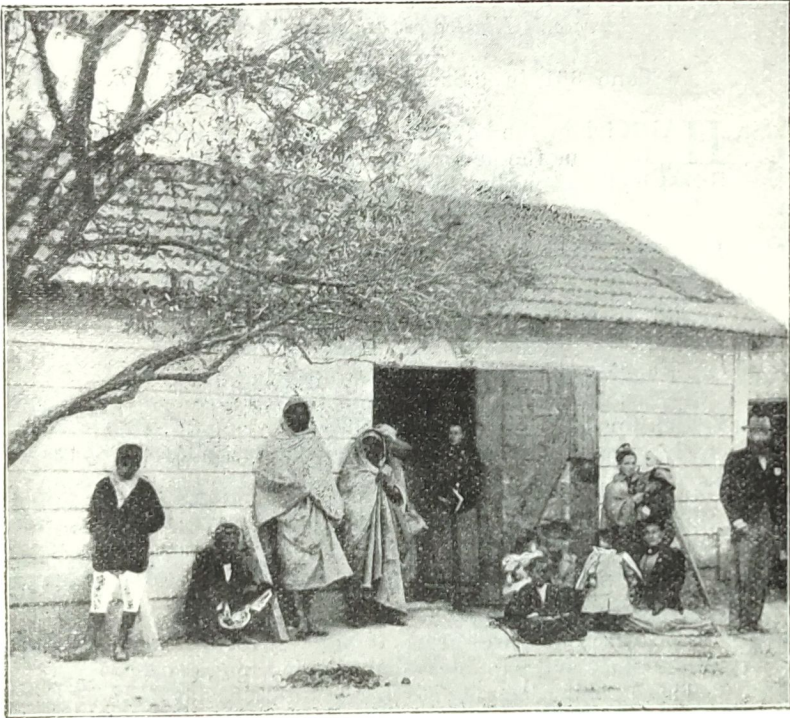
Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

ON Thursday evening, January 9, a number of the friends who had been collecting for the COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION brought their boxes to the meeting held in the glass-room at the Tabernacle. After tea, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON called upon Mr. Harrald to pray, and then, after thanking the collectors, and encouraging them to continue their labours, read letters from our missionary brethren in North Africa.

Writing from Sousse, Tunisia, DR. CHURCHER expressed his deep gratitude to the Pastor and friends at the Tabernacle for their continued support of the work, and mentioned that the shed which one of the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel* had enabled him to hire, and of which he sent the accompanying view, had, up to the date of writing, provided seventy-



seven nights' lodging to poor country patients. Dr. Churcher also forwarded a large photograph of the town of Sousse, from the gardens, and wrote:—"Where these gardens are was, but a few years ago, waste shore-land,—a rubbish heap and common nuisance to the community; but it has been *redeemed*. May it be a figure of what the Lord will do for poor dark souls here!

"Since June, the gospel seed has been sown in 1,900 souls,—almost all hearing the joyful message for the first time in their lives. 'Oh! what shall the harvest be?'"

In a later letter, describing the shed, or *baraka*, hired for the use of the country patients who come overnight, Dr. Churcher says:—"Most natives

decidedly object to be photographed, but those near the doorway are fair types of our Arab or Bedouin patients, of whom we have a large number. They are nomads, living in tents, and personally are very dirty,—so dirty, indeed, I am informed, as *thus* to be effectually protected from the attacks of insect life! I am especially drawn to these people because it seems as if a *medical mission* were the only means of reaching them with the gospel. Their movements are so uncertain that it is said that the Government itself cannot secure them for military service.

“In consequence of the lack of rain, numbers of these Arabs have been lately moving toward the North, seeking there springs of water which never dry up. As they are coming day by day to us, will you pray that their hearts may be opened, and that we may be able to lead them to the fountain of living water, and the wells of salvation? Speaking of wells, I was interested, the other day, in the story of a patient. While he was at work, a messenger came running to tell him that his son, a boy of 8 or 9, had fallen down the well. He rushed to the spot, and the instant he caught sight of the poor little fellow, without counting the cost, flung himself down the well, in a brave but fruitless effort to save his son. ‘Was it *far* to the water?’ I asked. ‘Yes, a long way,’ said my servant, ‘but then what *could* he do? It was his *son*!’ And I stopped and thought of *God’s* love in giving His only-begotten Son, even for me and you.

“John iii. 16 has been the text of all my talks with the patients during the last month. I feel that it is no use preaching anything else till they have learnt *that*.

“I am looking up for funds to order medicines and one or two instruments; the Lord knoweth that we have need of these things.”

MR. PATRICK, writing from Tangier on January 2, said:—

“My dear Pastor,—I am pleased to be able to enclose two small sums of money for the P.C.M.A. The first, £3 0s. 1d., is the result of a collection made at our Sunday morning *English* service. We call ourselves the ‘Evangelical Mission Church’, partly because our meetings are held in the premises known to everybody as the ‘Mision Evangélica’, and partly because of the interdenominational character of our work. The second, £1 6s. 9d., is from a collection made at our *Spanish* service. Very little of it was given in money, for these Spaniards have no money, so I told them I was open to accept anything they could bring, and the result was oranges, cabbages, radishes, carrots, turnips, sweet potatoes, Cape-gooseberries, pastry, books, almonds, eggs, chickens (alive), etc., etc., etc.

“I see, from the *Sword and Trowel*, that on the 9th inst. the collectors bring in their boxes. Will you please thank them for us? We truly appreciate their labour of love, and pray that it may be a means of grace to them. We know that the money put into the boxes represents much self-denial. May they have soul-prosperity!

“There is nothing dazzling about our work. I can send home no glowing accounts, but I think it is solid and honest. You may tell the collectors that I believe that, every day of the year, I come into contact with Spaniards or Jews who have never before heard the gospel, and we try to make it known to them. Our meetings are all *gospel* meetings. Our Spanish congregation numbers 120 to 130 adults. It would be much larger if we could get a larger room. We cannot put more than eighty *English* friends into the room, but the Spaniards are quite content to have four chairs for six people if they can only get in. We have also a children’s meeting going on under the same roof, but in a different room, every Sunday evening, at the same hour as the adults’ service. Our day-school, Sunday-school, dispensary, and morning prayers have all been maintained through the year.”

Mr. E. H. GLENNY, the Secretary of the North Africa Mission, gave an interesting address, descriptive of the districts in which our brethren are

labouring, and also of the vast region included in the area of the Society's operations. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few.

PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON said that, without disparaging missionaries connected with any other Society, he was glad to do all he could to help this particular Association, first, because it was the Lord's work, next, because it was so dear to his beloved father, and then, because he was sure that Mr. Patrick and Dr. Churcher would preach no other gospel but that which had been so long taught in the Pastors' College.

Including the amounts sent by friends who were unable to be present, about £60 was received. Further contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London, S.E., from whom collecting-boxes can also be obtained.

A Tabernacle Veteran—Joseph Fryer.



REGULAR attendants at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and many occasional worshippers there also, will readily recognize the portrait of the veteran seat-steward, JOSEPH FRYER, which, through the kindness of a friend, we are able to place before our readers. Mr. Spurgeon commenced to give, in *The Sword and the Trowel*, the likenesses and sketches of the numerous and loyal band of helpers by whom he was surrounded, and we are sure that we are carrying out what would have been his wish in presenting a brief account of his faithful friend and follower for so many years.

Like many others who have prospered and been made a blessing in the metropolis, Mr. Fryer came up from the provinces, having been born at Masham, in Yorkshire, May 11th, 1812. He served his apprenticeship on the estate now owned by Lord Masham; but in his twentieth year, on *Wednesday*, March 28th, 1832, he left for London by the "High Flyer" coach, and arrived at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, the following *Friday* at noon. Nowadays, one could get to the South of France in less time than it took our grandfathers to travel up to town from Yorkshire.

Mr. Fryer was one of the crowd that in vain sought admission to the Surrey Gardens Music Hall the night of the deplorable and terrible accident; but when the services were afterwards held there on Sabbath mornings, he became a regular attendant, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Spurgeon to Exeter Hall and the Agricultural Hall, in each place rendering most valuable aid as one of the numerous seat-stewards, to whose courtesy and kindness so much of the comfort of the vast congregations was due. Mr. Fryer was present at the laying of the foundation stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and provided the floral decorations for the Horse Repository where tea was served on that memorable occasion. He was one of the late beloved Pastor's early converts; he was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon, and ever since he became connected with the church he has *never spent a Sabbath in any other place of worship*. We wonder how many of his fellow-members have in this respect equalled him.

From the date of the opening of the Tabernacle he was selected by Mr.

Spurgeon as one of the seat-stewards, and he was also entrusted with the duty of supplying envelopes for early admission to strangers at the gates. His tall erect figure caused him to be a well-known landmark in the Tabernacle aisle, near pew 92, and his genial manner and hearty welcome made many a visitor feel perfectly at home amid the throng pressing all around. Until the last year, when weakness prevented his attendance, he had scarcely missed worshipping for a single Sabbath in the "beautiful house" that had for so many years been to him and thousands more what Zion was to the Lord's ancient people. It goes without saying that he was deeply attached to Mr. Spurgeon, and many a time, when opportunity permitted, the beloved Pastor delighted to call and have a chat with his faithful friend at his nursery in the Camberwell New Road; nor has he one whit less affection for the gracious and gifted son who is the worthy successor of his honoured sire. Mr. Fryer was one of the earnest band who prayed and worked to secure the election of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and who now praise the Lord for the continued tokens that, in so doing, they were but carrying out the Lord's will. May our venerable brother find that at evening time it is light, and that his last days are his best days!

Christmas and the New Year at the Orphanage.

SOME customs are, doubtless, more honoured in the breach than in the observance; but the children at Stockwell are resolved to exclude Christmas from this category. With them, precedent is something to cherish; and their prescriptive rights and privileges are regarded as a sacred trust. As a matter of fact, there is every disposition on the part of the Managers that Christmas shall continue to be observed according to the custom inaugurated by the beloved Founder, whose delight it was, so long as health permitted, to spend the day at the Orphanage. This conservatism is to be commended; for it is difficult to imagine any change that would be an improvement.

The programme of Christmas, 1895, embraced all the features of the festive seasons of former years. Loving friends were as generous as ever in their gifts, as will be seen by the list of presents we gratefully acknowledge.

With bounding health, and the concession of the utmost freedom consistent with good discipline, the maximum enjoyment was assured to the eager guests. In front of every child, when seated at the tables, the following good things were displayed,—a box of dates, a new shilling, a cosaque, a Christmas card, and an orange; and these were all appropriated in turn by the children, with rounds of ringing cheer for the donors.

The President, who was not able to be present, sent his loving greetings in a telegram which, when read aloud by the Secretary, evoked a very hearty response. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. T. H. Olney, Mr. William Higgs, Mr. Frank Thompson, Mr. James Hall, and Mr. James Buswell, represented the Board of Management, and took a warm interest in the proceedings.

Grace having been sung, the Head-master called for the silent service of memory; and there was a deep hush as the names of the absent were mentioned, and loving wishes were breathed for those who could only be present in spirit. After a few words by the Pastor, the dinner proceeded right merrily, the fare consisting of roast beef, two vegetables, and plum pudding. A host of willing friends waited upon the children, in happy ignorance of any statute of limitations. The cheers were loud and long as a procession of old boys filed in with the plum puddings, which were despatched with as much zest as though pudding was the solitary item provided. Silent grace, as the children sat with bowed heads, proved an appropriate conclusion of the feast.

In the evening, the children and the members of the staff assembled in the

Hall, when Mr. David Devant, associated with Maskelyne and Cooke at the Egyptian Hall, gave a most refined entertainment to the delight of everybody. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, Mr. J. Manton Smith, and a few friends were present at this happy gathering, which terminated with a brief address and prayer by the Pastor.

On the first Wednesday in the year, the children were permitted to entertain their friends to tea,—a privilege greatly enjoyed by all. The amount which the New Year's collecting cards realized is gratefully acknowledged.

In a few appropriate words, addressed to the children and their friends, Dr. Soper presented a silver watch to the premier boy, who was elected to this honour by the suffrages of his school-fellows. The programme for the evening embraced addresses by the Head-master and Mr. J. Manton Smith, singing and hand-bell ringing by the orphan choir, and a monologue, with piano accompaniment, by Mr. Webb, a visitor from Bloomsbury chapel. The day was one of thorough enjoyment throughout.

The usual New Year's service was held on Lord's-day afternoon, January 5, when an appropriate address was given by the Vicar of St. Stephen's, South Lambeth, the Rev. J. Grundy, M.A., who, as a neighbour, takes a kindly interest in the work of the Orphanage. Having expressed the great pleasure he felt in being present, Mr. Grundy testified to the value of Mr. Spurgeon's work, and then said that the New Year was a time for reviewing God's providence to us. Speaking of the *Past*, we might say with David, "Thou hast holden me by my right hand;" of the *Present*, "Nevertheless, I am continually with Thee;" and of the *Future*, "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." To all who trusted in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, He would be a *safe Guide*, a *bountiful Guide*, and a *constant Guide*. The speaker urged his young hearers to accept God's Holy Word in its entirety, as Bishop Ryle had said, "from back to back," and not to be led astray by those who seek to throw discredit upon some portions of it.

A large number of teachers and friends assembled with the children, and a collection was taken at the close, towards Dr. Churcher's mission work in North Africa.

Now that the work of the schools is resumed, we bespeak for the President, the Managers, and the members of the staff, the earnest prayers of the readers of the *Sword and Trowel*, that the blessing of the Father of the fatherless may still be enjoyed in the Orphanage which enshrines the precious memory of the beloved Founder.

V. J. C.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

The Golden Text Calendar (Holness, 14, Paternoster Row), came too late for notice last month, but we are glad to commend it now. The printing is clear, the day of the month prominent, and the golden background affords an appropriate setting for the texts selected for meditation every day in the year. It is well worth the shilling charged for it.

Have all our readers obtained the

Text Union Calendar designed by Pastor Charles Spurgeon? It is a very convenient arrangement for keeping the text for the day prominently before the members. It does not take the place of the *Illustrated Almanack*, but is an admirable supplement to it. The Calendar will be sent, post free, to any address, on receipt of 6d., 9d., or 1s., in halfpenny stamps, by Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

Mr. T. W. PARTRIDGE, of the Stockwell Orphanage, asks us to mention that the price of the Sacred Song, "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever," reviewed in last month's Magazine, is 6d. post free.

The Baptist Messenger (61, Paternoster Row), still contains a sermon by C. H. Spurgeon every month as its chief attraction, and also supplies denominational intelligence and articles of general interest. Mr. Medhurst is drawing from the almost exhaustless stores of C. H. S.'s works to enrich the volume for 1896.

Notes on the Scripture Lessons for 1896. Vol. I. New Series. Sunday School Union.

AN exceedingly helpful series of notes, which ought to be full of service to any teacher worthy of the name. Brief comments on all the difficult phrases are given, and illustrations that admirably illuminate and enforce the varied teachings. The only drawback to a volume which else deserves and commands our warmest approval is that, especially in the Old Testament lessons, some of the most fallacious assumptions of the "Higher Criticism" are accepted as though proved. With this abatement, and it is a serious one in view of present-day tendencies, we gladly acknowledge both the ability and practical value of this "teacher's help."

Poems and Prose. By JOSEPH GWYER. With a short Autobiography. F. Perraton & Co.

WHAT a pity a new Poet Laureate has been appointed! If Lord Salisbury had only seen this book before he recommended Mr. Alfred Austin for the vacant post, possibly he would not have chosen "The Penge Potato Poet" as Lord Tennyson's successor! Mr. Spurgeon used to say that Mr. Gwyer's potatoes were better than his poetry; as the "poet" does not now sell potatoes, we cannot continue the comparison, but we should greatly prefer the "Relish" which is mentioned among the numerous advertisements at the end of the volume as well as in the body of the book.

The Religious Tract Society has hit upon a happy idea in publishing, under the title, *The Invalid's Library*, short stories, hymns, &c., printed on strips of linen. They are so light and pleasant to the touch, that invalids can easily hold them, and being noiseless, they are suitable for hospital wards, where the rustling of paper or turning the leaves of a book would annoy other patients. The price is 3d. each.

Probable Sons. By the Author of "Eric's Good News." Religious Tract Society.

A LOVELY story that everybody—man, woman, boy, or girl,—ought to read. The heroine is a charming child who, in a most winning way, applies to everyday life the Parable of the Prodigal Son, whom she miscalls "The Probable Son." It is scarcely possible to praise too highly this delightful shilling volume.

Lighthouses: Their History and Romance. By W. J. HARDY, F.S.A. Religious Tract Society.

THERE are some subjects, which concern Continental nations, in which the men, women, and children of our island home need not take much interest; but they must ever have a regard for the lifeboats and lighthouses which help to preserve precious lives all round our rock-bound shores. Mr. Hardy has produced a work which should be as permanent and beneficial as the strongest lighthouse he describes, and should awaken much prayerful sympathy for their lonely inmates. By-the-by, does anyone carry on the work of our "heaven-gone" Brother John Green, who for so many years sent Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and other Christian literature to the dwellers in lighthouses and lightships all over the world? If not, who will do it?

The Housewife's Handy-Book. 350 Useful Every-day Recipes. By C. J. S. THOMPSON. John Hogg.

NOT quite in our line, especially the whisky, gin, and brandy part of this otherwise useful shillingsworth.

Silver Anniversary Souvenir. Rev. ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Quick Truths in Quaint Texts. By ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR, D.D. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

BOUND in pure white, with symbolic silver lettering, the first of these volumes is an elaborate and faithful record of the services held in celebration of Dr. MacArthur's twenty-five years' pastorate of Calvary Baptist Church, New York. The gatherings were worthy of the occasion, and of the beloved minister whose pastoral silver wedding was thus commemorated, and the memorial volume is a fitting memento of the notable event.

The second book contains a series of Sabbath evening sermons preached by Dr. MacArthur in New York and Boston. They are among the best specimens of American pulpit oratory. The texts chosen are most of them quaint, the truths proclaimed are certainly quick, and the treatment of the various themes discussed, though often fresh and striking, never even verges on the sensational. The preacher's name and repute are a sufficient guarantee for the doctrine taught, which is thoroughly Evangelical. There are several references showing the high esteem in which C. H. Spurgeon was held by Dr. MacArthur. He speaks of him as "the world's greatest preacher", and then says:—"To-day, all the English-speaking world, irrespective of religious creeds, rejoices in his noble character, great work, honoured name, and immortal fame."

First Types of the Christian Life. By the late Rev. R. H. LOVELL. Edited by EDWIN HODDER. Hodder Brothers.

A MEMORIAL volume of sermons by no ordinary preacher, but one who knew how to make truth clear, beautiful, and telling, and who evidently revelled in his work. With the exception of one or two sentences that seem to excuse doubts upon some of the fundamentals of the faith, the discourses are altogether good, full of insight and human sympathy, and

adorned with such charm of style and illustration that, when once you begin to read, you are compelled to continue. They deserve to have a large sale, and doubtless will, especially among the wide circle of friends who knew the preacher, and enjoyed listening to him.

Life's Byways and Waysides. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Nelson & Sons.

ANOTHER of those delightful series of talks upon sacred themes that Dr. Miller knows so well how to make into a book. The same fertility of sparkling thought, devout and original exposition, and apt illustration, which characterized former volumes, are here, and here abundantly. We know of no writer of present times who, in his own special line of things, is so fruitful a helper to preachers as Dr. Miller.

Gates of Imagery. By Rev. J. MARRAT. C. H. Kelly.

A LITTLE volume that should be greatly useful to preachers and teachers generally. The incidents and illustrations are for the most part fresh and forceful, and the application is appended so that the most ordinary person can use them. Although neither the best nor largest collection of such aids to Christian workers, it is of average value, and will probably be welcomed by those who have little or no time to discover such illustrations for themselves.

The Tool Basket for Preachers, Sunday-school Teachers, and Open-Air Workers. H. R. Allenson.

A COLLECTION of "sermon outlines and pegs of thought" which do not strike us as being more than commonplace. Still, as tastes differ, some hard-pressed workers may find in this shilling "tool basket" an old saw or a new nail, or even a few chips with which to kindle the fire of gracious meditation.

Points and Illustrations for Preachers and Teachers. Compiled by Rev. JOHN MITCHELL. G. Stoneman.

A BOOK likely to be of service to friends with slender purses who seek to enrich their teaching and preaching with apt anecdotes and illustrations.

Pauline Theology; or the Doctrine of Immortality in Christ only, and of Death as the Destiny of the Wicked; as Taught in the Epistles of Paul the Apostle. By H. L. HASTINGS. Elliot Stock.

THE author of this brochure is so justly esteemed for his faithful service and testimony in other spheres of Christian life and truth, that we would fain endorse this effort, if we could. It is an evidently candid and certainly able statement of the views of the "Conditional Immortality" School. Yet its logic limps, and we miss the cogency and force of the same writer in his other works. He seeks to show that "perish" and "destroy" mean "annihilate" (pp. 10, 21), yet is indignant at being called an "Annihilationist" (p. 44). A careful perusal of this, as of the larger works on the same theme, persuades us that it is a not-proven case, although far more plausible than the other extreme,—salvation after death. We agree with Mr. Hastings in his high views of Inspiration; but cannot follow him in his interpretation.

A Handbook of Theology. By Rev. JOHN HARRIES. Elliot Stock.

ON the whole, this work has fair merits as a teaching manual. It is easy, methodical, and clear. It is not, however, marked by giant grasp, or by intensive ability. It floats through such tangled questions as *Inspiration* in a manner not likely to give much offence either way, or as if the issues involved need not agitate our souls to their lowest depths. Coolness of intellectual survey seems now the Methodistic ideal,—formerly it was fire: we greatly prefer the old style to the new, for "the old is better." It seems as if, in these dark days, all the churches have caught cold through the refrigerating influence of "Modern Thought."

For the Work of the Ministry. By WILLIAM GARDEN BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. Nisbet and Co.

A WORK of a superior order, set to a high key; and, while dealing with many matters of subordinate homiletical importance, yet never lowering

the pitch the while, but always speaking as "a voice" to which the Lord said, "Cry." We can heartily commend this manual on every ground as a finished production of its kind, and as being well adapted to the special needs of students, ministers, and Christian workers generally.

Lectures on Preaching. Influence of Jesus. By Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D. H. R. Allenson.

THESE two works may rank as Literature; we cannot say that they can be reckoned as sound Divinity. We feel strongly that the main position taken by Dr. Brooks is utterly false. The Lord Jesus is much more than a sweet influence brought to bear in educating into clearer and stronger manifestation "a hidden sonship that is for evermore flashing forth where the crust of earthliness and sensuality and selfishness was thinnest." He is the File-leader of a quickened race, who by regeneration have been made partakers of a holy seed with which they had nothing in common by nature. According to Dr. Brooks, Jesus finds men spiritually alive, and by the result of his influence renders them more living. This view is as many would have it; but fallen flesh is dead flesh, and those who live, live not by nature, but by grace alone. It is marvellous that the darkness of the times should be such that accredited religious guides should have to be told what every babe in Christ clearly understands.

Leaves. By BROWNLOW NORTH, B.A. Assorted packets of 75 four-page tracts in large type.

Seed Corn. By Bishop RYLE. Assorted packets of 150 two-page tracts.

Drummond Tract Depot, and Partridge and Co.

Brownlow North's "*Leaves*" should be scattered "thick" as their namesakes in Vallombrosa, for, with the divine blessing, they must be for "the healing of the nations." "Ryle's Tracts" have for many years been tried and proved; they need no commendation from us. All the packets are 6d. each.

Memories of the Life and Work of John Edward Blakeney, D.D. By Rev. W. ODOM. With Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Ripon. "Home Words" Office.

AN admirable memorial of one who was a standard-bearer in his day, and served his generation well,—a man of courage and devotion, and withal, frank and courteous in his bearing towards all. Mr. Odom has ably discharged the task allotted him, and furnished a substantial and graceful record of his friend, which many in Sheffield and throughout the land will value. When it is remembered what a tower of strength Dr. Blakeney was in the Romish controversy, and the service he has rendered along the lines of the immortal Luther, whose urbanity and courage he shared in no mean degree, it is obvious that more than local reasons exist that such a name and memory should obtain a place in standard English literature. Seldom has Rome met a more acute controversialist, or Protestantism found a more redoubtable champion. We heartily commend this volume, which is printed in large type, and splendidly embellished with a portrait and engravings.

Loved and Chastened: being the Autobiography of Robert Parminter Knill. E. Wilmshurst, Blackheath, S.E., and 10, Paternoster Square.

THIS brief record, while a fair synopsis of the first half of this good man's life, has a very weak and uneventful finish. Mr. Knill seems to have laid down his pen too soon, and the subsequent sketch is alike slovenly and crude. Still, to read the part the autobiographer has supplied, will well repay the reader. "Loved and chastened" is the title chosen; but "devil-assaulted" might as well have sufficed. Robert Parminter Knill may be described, on his own showing, as the Job of the nineteenth century. It is most improbable that any reader of these pages has gone through the deep waters that this writer has known. Not once but often had Mr. Knill to traverse Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow of Death, coming forth from it as from an ante-room to

preach, and then stepping into it again as soon as his feet touched the pulpit stairs. Those who think preaching a light pastime, would change their mind had they this worthy's heifers to plough with. He says:—"Many times I have feared to put out my hand to open a pulpit door, and then, having ventured to do so, it was followed by the belief that I should not come out alive. I have had to go time after time into the pulpit, not only without a text, but fearful that I should be compelled by Satanic power to give utterance to unmentionable blasphemies which were running in my mind." These words sample an experience which was of frequent occurrence, and sometimes lasted for weeks. Perhaps some may anxiously enquire, "Did Satan get him in the end?" No, he did not; like Job, his end was peace. Christ's sheep are secure, even those that are most hunted and worried by the old lion of the pit.

Chronicles of a Chequered Pathway. An Autobiography, by EDWARD CARR. E. Wilmshurst, 10, Paternoster Square.

THIS Carr has travelled "a chequered pathway" indeed. Those who have graduated in the university of adversity will be able to enter into the experiences here recorded. The earlier chapters contain some very interesting reminiscences of Old Surrey Tabernacle, with its renowned pastor and deacons. There is not much else of general interest to the Christian public in these chronicles, though, doubtless, a few choice spirits will be greatly comforted by them, for, like the venison Isaac loved, they are very savoury.

A Bright Sunset; or, Recollections of the Last Days of a Young Football Player. Marshall Brothers.

HAVING commended this touching narrative when it first appeared, it is only necessary now to say that the little book has reached its thirty-sixth thousand, and that we wish it might be read and its lessons heeded by the many thousands of football players in our own and other lands.

Christ and the Comforter. By Rev. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

THERE is much in this work with which we are in heartiest accord. The way in which the Comforter co-operates with Christ in all His work for us, is treated in a most helpful manner. The relation of the great facts of Christianity to Christian experience, and the necessity of dwelling "upon Christ our Life" as well as "upon Christ our Sacrifice" are very clearly set forth; but the remarks upon baptism are very weak. We are surprised that any Christian scholar, who believes in the divine origin and supreme authority of the Holy Scriptures, should go so far astray from the plain teaching of the Word of God.

Thoughts of Peace and not of Evil; or, the Purpose of God regarding Israel. By M. S. CLARK. Hodder and Stoughton.

As an interpretation of prophecy on Futurist lines, this work takes high rank. It is exceptionally well written, and, considering the scope of its contents, is by no means cumbrous in treatment. Still, we cannot say that it satisfies us. Futurism makes a little go a long way, and for the sake of that little misses out far more of the prophetic circle of truth than the tiny arc which it expounds.

The Christ has Come. By E. HAMPDEN-COOK, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THAT our Lord came "on the clouds of heaven, in 70 A.D., and that a resurrection, a judgment, and the translation of living saints" all took place, and marked "the end of the age"—which Mr. Cook takes for the Jewish Dispensation,—he here undertakes to prove. For specialists who have the time to read, or the care to confute, we commend the book. It is able, definite, and clear. True, the date and canonicity of certain prophetic Scriptures are shifted with great facility. Yet we rise, after patient perusal, with deepened conviction that, ably as the case is put, it is sheer delusion. That Satan was bound, and

the millennium inaugurated A.D. 70, or that we are in the midst of the millennium now, is contrary to all millennial prophecy as well as to our own experience. Hence we regret so great a waste of scholarship and time, and trust that Mr. Cook's undoubted talents may yet be utilized for more solid service for the King.

The Coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Comfort and Responsibility for every day. Compiled by Mrs. M. WASHINGTON. Partridge and Co.

A ROLL for hanging up, containing a month's portions selected from the Word of God. In addition to the passages of Scripture, we have, for each day, suitable extracts from the writings of the godly bearing upon the chosen portion. Whatever may be the reader's views concerning our Lord's return, he will not question the truth or the force of the Word here provided for daily meditation.

The Sunday Book of Bible Stories. Illustrations by CHARLES BELL BIRCH, A.R.A. Bagster and Sons.

A GOOD idea badly carried out; the compiler is either very unfamiliar with Bible narratives, or utterly regardless of accuracy of detail. For instance, it is stated that Adam and Eve "were absolutely forbidden to touch" the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and that "Abraham wished his son to marry someone from his old home in Nahor," as if Nahor had been the name of a place, not a person. The illustrations are more correct than the letterpress, and on the whole appear to accord with the Inspired Word.

Family Prayers for Thirteen Weeks. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Nelson and Sons.

WE have a decided objection to criticising other people's prayers; the matter is too sacred. If we could advise the purchase of printed petitions, we should as readily recommend Dr. Miller's as anyone's, and we heartily sympathise with his aim in publishing the book, viz.,—"the hope that it may lead to the setting up of more family altars."

The Illustrated New Testament. Gowans and Gray, Glasgow; and Partridge and Co., London.

THE sixty-seven photographic views of Bible lands included in this tasteful edition of the New Testament give an accurate idea of the places as they exist to-day, and many of them remain practically unchanged since the days of our Lord. The book is issued in various bindings at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. nett.

The New Testament, translated from the Greek into current English. By FERRAR FENTON. Partridge & Co.

A WELL-MEANT effort to provide a literal translation of the New Testament Scriptures in modern language. It has doubtless cost many years of labour to effect, but we greatly doubt whether the result is at all adequate to the time devoted to it. Those readers who are able to translate the original will not need this translation, and others will still prefer the stately rhythm and endeared phrasing of the Authorized Version.

The Covenant Promise of the Father. By THOMAS PAYNE. Marshall Bros.

THE aim and spirit of this book are such as to command our ardent sympathy. Some of its teaching we cannot follow; but that all believers should know the Holy Ghost as the Sanctifier, and be endued with power from on high, who does not desire? If this book deepens that desire, and sends its readers to Scripture to see how they may enjoy "the covenant promise of the Father", the Church will be enriched, and the world will be blessed.

Need and Fulness. By Rev. H. C. G. MOULE, B.D. Marshall Bros.

THE series of addresses by a master in Israel here given will be welcome alike to the weak and helpless who are all too conscious of their need, and to the spiritual athletes who have tasted and appropriated the riches of their Saviour's fulness. Nine pithy chapters, each pointed with a special truth, lead up from creature weakness to Christian strength.

Lancelot Andrewes and his Private Devotions. A Biography, a Transcript, and an Interpretation. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THOUGH there is not very much that is original in this Bishop's Prayer-book, there is much that is really beautiful and instructive. Andrewes was a king-pleaser, and therefore a royal favourite. It would be interesting to know if he was one of those who likened King James to Solomon, or if he was present at Hampton Court with other dignitaries when the king, threatening to harry the Puritans out of the land, was said to speak as by the instinct of the Spirit of God. It is evident by these "devotions" that the conscience of Andrewes was subjected to severe strain, and that he felt he was in danger of "making a god of his king." We think that Dr. Whyte has given the bishop too much credit for these devotions, seeing that they did not spring spontaneously out of the episcopal heart. Andrewes was a collector of devotional pearls and prayer-gems from ancient liturgies, and above all from the Bible; these he arranged for his own use, and so became the repeater of other men's soul-utterances. As a compendious collection of the finest utterances of the saints in Bible and subsequent times, we highly prize this work, and feel that Dr. Whyte has made the Church universal his debtors by its production.

Torch-Bearers of History. By AMELIA HUTCHISON STIRLING, M.A. Nelson and Sons.

NOT so much a book for those who have made history a special study as for more general readers, and in particular for young readers, to whom it professes to give some idea of the way in which the torch of history has been handed on from one generation to another. This promise is very fairly fulfilled in the twenty-three sketches of men and women who have played important parts in the making of the Europe of to-day. The book is quite worth the three-and-sixpence charged for it.

Notes.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON has called our attention to a mistake in one of the figures on the presentation plate given by our publishers with the January number of the Magazine. It should have been stated that the present Pastor of the Tabernacle Church was elected to that office in 1894 (not 1893, which was the year in which Mr. Thomas Spurgeon was invited to preach for twelve months, "with a view to the pastorate"). We regret that even this slight error was made, as we always endeavour to secure absolute accuracy.

Pastor T. Spurgeon reports:—"The long looked for mission is at an end. It was preceded by a week of earnest prayer and preparation. For ten memorable days, Brethren C. B. Sawday (of Leeds) and J. Manton Smith have been with us, labouring with all their might. Helpers have rallied round them eagerly. The meetings have been well attended, and full of blessing. The power of the Lord was present to heal on each occasion. The glorious gospel has been faithfully proclaimed and sweetly sung; the enquiry-rooms have been repeatedly filled with seeking souls, and a goodly number have gone on their way rejoicing in Jesus. I can unhesitatingly say that of all the missions I have attended none has excelled this for quiet power and real blessing. Let all who helped be assured of the Pastor's grateful love, and to God be all the praise! Pray for the new converts and for the beloved evangelists."

Another veteran bearing the honoured name of SPURGEON has been called home. Our late beloved Editor's uncle OBADIAH, in company with his wife and his eldest brother, Rev. John Spurgeon, called at "Westwood" not very many weeks ago, that he might see the spot hallowed by so many sacred associations. A denominational paper says:—"He was 82 years of age, and had, until within the last year or so, taken immense interest in the great work of his nephew." It would be more correct to say that he was deeply interested in his nephew's great work until the last conscious moment of his life. For more than thirty years, Mr. Obadiah Spurgeon had been a deacon of the Henham Congregational Church, and for over forty years he had been one of the old-fashioned farmers of his native county of Essex. We give God thanks for his long and honourable career, and we seek the Lord's gracious upholding for the aged widow and brothers, and other relatives left to mourn his loss.

The new Report of THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND has been sent to us by the secretary, Rev. George Douglas, 99, George Street, Edinburgh.

We are glad to see that the Society's admirable work is prospering, and we are pleased to notice in the Report appreciative references to the sermons and other works of our late beloved Editor. In the list of books that have been kept prominently before the colporteurs during the year, "Spurgeon's *All of Grace* and *John Ploughman*" appear, while, among magazines and periodicals, mention is made of *Spurgeon's Sermons* and *Sword and Trowel*. One of the colporteurs writes:—"C. H. Spurgeon's books are very popular with the dwellers among our hills and glens," and another says:—"I have had a good sale of books by Spurgeon, Bunyan, A.L.O.E., &c." The association of names is very suggestive, and it shows that the ministry of the writers is still being continued, although they are now in the presence of the Lord they served, by voice and pen, while here below.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed or will shortly do so:—Mr. G. A. Ambrose, from Wantage, to Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire; Mr. A. K. Davidson, from Old Buckenham, to St. John's Green, Colchester; Mr. C. T. Johnson, from Falmouth, to Romsey; and Mr. F. G. Smith, from Truro, to Crayford, Kent.

Mr. W. Bonser, who returned from Queensland, has settled at St. Helier, Jersey; and Mr. R. Maplesden, who was a missionary in India, has become pastor at Middletown, Connecticut, U.S.A.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Of *Mr. Burnham's* services at Bengeworth, Evesham, Miss P. Bomford sends the following report:—"During the mission, we trust that many souls have been awakened, and we very heartily thank God for sending His servant into our midst, and for his clear, simple, and faithful preaching of the truth. The hearts of the workers have been greatly cheered. Mr. Burnham's visit will ever be a happy memory as a time of great pleasure and spiritual profit."

Mr. C. R. Iverson, Uphill, Folkestone, and Pastor C. T. Allen, of Cottenham, also forward encouraging accounts of Mr. Burnham's visits. During January, our brother has been at Princes Risborough and Haddenham, Buckinghamshire; this month he is to be at Great Missenden, Wendover, Weston Turville, and Stow-on-the-Wold.

Of *Mr. Harmer's* services at Bulwell, no report has reached us. A mission arranged at Dorchester had to be postponed in consequence of the united meetings held during the week of prayer. This enabled the evangelist to have a longer time at home in anticipation of his series of missions in the North of Devon from January 25 to March 3, and he was also able to take part

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.		
C. S.	0	5	0				Collected by Mrs. Bloomfield	0	11	10		
Mr. W. Higgs	5	0	0				Collected by Mr. J. W. Harrauld	1	3	0		
Small sums	0	5	0				Collected by Miss Snowdon	1	4	1		
				14	17	6	Collected by Mrs. Knowlden	0	8	3		
Per Mr. N. H. Patrick:—							Collected by Mrs. Clark	0	3	10		
Collected at English							Permain	0	16	6		
service, Tangier	8	0	1				Collected by Mrs. Harvie	0	9	6		
Collected at Spanish							Collected by Mr. J. B. Parker	1	3	0		
service, Tangier	1	6	9				Collected by Miss Baker	0	9	6		
							Collected by Mrs. Wood	0	6	0		
Mr. F. Thompson				4	6	10	Collected by Mrs. Newman	0	9	4		
L. C.				1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Westbrook	0	13	5		
Mrs. Vincent				0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Atkinson	0	5	4		
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				0	4	0	Collected by Miss M. Bryan	0	2	1		
Mrs. Robertson (as per							Collected by Miss Elliott	0	6	1		
appeal "A Missionary							Collected by Miss F. T. Soames	0	2	9		
Penny" in Spurgeon's							Collected by Mr. Thomas	0	5	6		
Illustrated Almanack)	2	0	0				Collected by Mrs. Howard	1	0	0		
M. E., per Pastor C.							Collected by Miss Cope	0	13	10		
Spurgeon	0	10	0				Collected by Mrs. Howell	0	5	2		
				9	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Watts	0	6	9		
Collected by Miss L. Mundy				0	10	0	Collected by Mr. Summerhayes	0	4	3		
Collected by Mrs. McGregor				0	5	1	Collected by Miss Silverdale	0	11	1		
Collected by Mrs. Butler				0	12	9	Collected by Miss Swain	0	10	0		
Collected by Miss N. Heavis				0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Weekes	0	6	5		
Collected by Miss J. Sjoblom				0	9	1	Collected by Mrs. Carter	0	6	4		
Collected by Miss O. Taylor				1	1	0	Collected by Mr. Ferry	0	3	10		
Collected by Miss C. Williams				0	2	4	Per Pastor W. T. Sopar:—					
Collected by Mrs. Patrick				0	6	1	Collected by Miss Strug-					
Collected by Mr. Alfred Gross				0	18	2	nell	0	3	2		
Collected by Mr. W. G. Griffin				0	5	11	Collected by Pastor Sopar	0	4	0		
Collected by Mrs. M. L. Smith				0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Gibson	0	3	7		
Collected by Miss L. Buswell				4	0	4	Collected by Mr. A. John-					
Collected by Miss L. Blackman				0	6	9	son	0	5	0		
Collected by Miss Perkins				0	9	2	Collected by Miss Goddard	0	5	4		
Collected by Mrs. Sopar				0	14	7	Collected by Mr. Brown-					
Collected by Mrs. Lewis				0	4	9	ing	0	2	2		
Collected by Miss Hancock				0	10	9	Collected by Mr. Neate	0	2	7		
Collected by Mrs. Ely				0	15	0	Collected by Box 98	0	2	9		
Collected by Miss Partington				0	10	9	Given at prayer-meeting,					
Collected by Mr. Mason				0	9	2	January 6th	0	12	4		
Collected by Miss Tych				0	8	7			9	1	0	
Collected by Mrs. Holman				0	9	8	Collected by Y. P. S. C. E., Baptist					
Collected by Miss Underwood				0	4	9	Church, Merthyr Tydvil	0	10	0		
Collected by Miss J. Warren				0	7	0	Collected by Mr. H. Beekin	0	2	6		
Collected by Mr. H. Hoeken				0	2	6						
Collected by Mrs. Brazil				0	15	0						
										£122	11	1

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss E. Farley	2	2	0	Mrs. Kemp and daughters	5	0	0
Mrs. Hearson	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Morris	0	13	0
W. J. B.	1	2	6	Mr. Dale	0	5	0
Postal order, Boswells	0	2	6	Mr. J. McBeth	1	0	0
Mrs. Hoskins	0	10	0	Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0	2	6
Mrs. Mitchell	0	2	8	Mrs. M. A. Hickison	1	0	0
Mr. C. Chaplin	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Yallup	1	0	0
Mr. J. McConnell	0	10	0	Mr. F. Arthur	0	5	0
Hosier Street Sunday-school, Reading	0	6	0	Mr. E. Rawlings	10	10	0
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	2	6	Postal order, Peckham	0	8	0
Mrs. Allamey	0	2	6	Bunyan Chapel, Kingstons, per Mr. J.			
Mr. J. Leiper	1	0	0	Tarry	2	0	0
Mr. J. Slater	1	1	0	Belle Isle Bible-class, per Mr. G.			
Mr. E. Davis	1	0	0	Evans	2	0	0
Miss M. Lang	0	5	0	Miss L. N. Furner	0	5	0
Miss E. Hogg	1	1	0	Mr. G. S. Stowe	5	0	0
Zeta	0	5	0	Mrs. B. Reed	3	0	0
Mr. E. Corbett Byrnes	2	2	0	Mr. H. Donkin	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Wilson	0	2	6	Mrs. Bryan	1	1	0
Mrs. A. A. Pearce	0	5	0	Mr. Duncan McColl	0	5	0
Mr. W. P. Lewis	1	0	0	Miss J. Stewart	0	10	0
In loving memory of W. T. C.	1	0	0	Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Clark	0	12	0	Mr. E. Vincent	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. M. Harrison	0	10	0	Mrs. Joslin	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	10	0	Miss J. Wardrop	0	0	6
Young Men's and Young Women's Bible-class, Talbot Tabernacle, Bayswater, per Mr. W. Elvey	1	13	6	Miss M. and Master E. Barritt	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	0	0	Mrs. A. Thomson	0	10	0
Mr. Edwin West	2	2	0	Executors of the late Mr. G. Anderson, of Aude Boyndie	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Shanks	0	10	0	A widow	0	2	0
Mr. W. Roff	0	10	6	Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Jesson :-				Mr. G. Smith	0	10	0
The Misses Eames	0	5	0	Mr. E. C. Messeder	0	10	0
Mr. W. Stanvon	0	5	0	Mrs. L. Howard	0	2	0
The Misses Bennett	0	5	0	A friend, per Pastor C. Joseph	0	2	6
				Mrs. Millist	1	1	0
	0	15	0	Mr. W. B. Allen	0	5	0
Mr. J. H. Mills	5	0	0	Miss Bartlett	0	10	0
Miss Green	5	0	0	Mrs. Thorndike	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Holloway	1	0	0	Mrs. B. Veall	0	2	6
Messrs. Phillips, More, and Co., Limited	1	1	0	Miss Best	0	5	0
Mr. W. S. Cowell	2	2	0	In loving memory of Pattie	0	7	6
Miss R. E. Taylor	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Marshall	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Aston	1	1	0	Mrs. Grange	0	10	0
Mr. W. Quant	2	2	0	Mrs. J. G. Blake	0	10	0
Miss Evill	1	1	0	Postal order, Danbury	0	2	8
Mrs. H. Clapton	1	1	0	Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Mingsins	1	0	0	Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0
Mr. S. Poppleston	2	0	0	Miss F. Haynes	0	10	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0	Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Harlesden Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. J. Balls	1	1	0	Mrs. Gibson	0	4	0
Mrs. C. H. Gibson	1	0	0	Mrs. Tulloch	0	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	0	0	Miss Greenlees	0	10	0
Mr. C. Buchel	2	2	0	Mrs. E. Freeman	0	10	0
Miss Janet Wood	1	2	0	Postal order, Stockwell	0	2	8
Mrs. Bucknell	0	5	0	Mr. J. Carter	0	5	0
Mr. Bibby	0	4	0	Mr. E. Sydenham	0	10	0
Per Mr. Bibby	0	3	6	Miss Pinckstone	0	2	6
Mrs. Hawke	0	13	6	Mrs. Spear	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Cooper and friends	0	4	6	Miss Jackson	0	10	0
Postal order, Queen Camel	0	2	0	Mr. J. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. E. Reynolds	0	2	6	Mrs. Mumford	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Flew	0	10	0	Mr. B. Maxwell	0	1	0
Mr. T. A. Kelly	0	5	6	Mrs. M. A. Melhuish	0	10	0
Stamps, Chipping Sodbury	0	1	0	Mr. H. Higbed	0	5	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	5	0	Mrs. H. Windmill	0	10	0
Miss Hasler	0	10	0	Miss E. Bates	0	10	0
Mr. J. Barnes	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Sear	0	13	0
Mr. T. E. Sykes	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. Eldridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Miller	0	5	0	Mrs. Renshaw and Miss McQueen	0	5	0
Mrs. Bose	0	4	0	Mr. F. J. Hughes	0	5	0
Mrs. Bodda	0	4	0	Miss L. M. Walker	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Workman	0	10	0	C. F.	0	2	6
Mr. J. F. Pearmine	0	10	6	Mr. D. Ebona	0	1	0
Mrs. Weller	0	1	0	Mr. S. Ormrod	0	5	0
Mrs. Howes	0	5	0	Miss N. Mizen	0	5	0
Mrs. E. W. Lock	0	5	0	Collected by the Misses Peck and Bullen	0	8	0
Miss White	0	1	0	Collected by Miss F. Cook	1	0	9
Mr. Poulter	1	1	0	Collected by Miss A. Mackay	0	19	0
J. Brander (Orphan girl's card)	0	4	0	Collected by Miss A. K. Digby	1	0	0
R. W.	0	5	0	Mrs. Richard Roberts	20	0	0
Mr. Hoare	0	5	0	In memory of Eliza Hooley	5	5	0
Mrs. B. Fox	0	5	0	Miss M. Bashall	5	0	0
Mrs. Holbrook	0	13	0	Mrs. Ellwood	8	0	0
Members of Bible-class, per Mrs. Godfrey	0	10	0	Mr. T. Lunham, J.P.	5	0	0
A thankoffering, Mrs. Oldfield	0	10	0	Miss Cousin	2	5	0
Mrs. L. A. Purnell	0	5	0	Mr. E. Laphorn	2	2	0
M. J. B., Newport, Mon.	0	10	0	Mrs. E. H. Edwards	2	0	0
Mrs. Lane	0	2	6	Mrs. Crowhurst	2	0	0
U. T. P.	0	1	6	Mrs. Cockburn	2	0	0
Mrs. Reeves Hughes	0	10	0	Mr. G. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Speed	0	5	0	Dr. J. A. Dunbar	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Knott	0	10	0	Mr. S. Grey	1	1	0
Miss Gregg	0	2	6	Mr. J. W. Hunkin	1	1	0
Mrs. Biddall	0	10	0	Mrs. Hassell	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Earnshaw	0	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Scruby	1	1	0
Mrs and Miss Rouse	0	2	6	Mrs. O. Clover	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Barrett	1	0	0
Mr. W. Vincent	0	10	0	Mothers' Mission, Park Chapel, Brentford, per Mr. J. Harvey	0	10	6
Mr. J. Horn	0	2	6	Mr. G. Wight	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Toller	0	5	0	Miss Spurgin, Sudbury	1	1	0
				G. W. G.	20	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs.				Mrs. Milne...	50	0	0
Morgan and Scott	29	8	6	Miss R. Smith	2	2	0
Mr. James Stiff	4	0	0	Miss J. Houghton	1	1	0
Delfast	10	0	0	Miss J. M. Higham	4	0	0
"Agricola and his wife"	5	0	0	S. B. and Co.	2	2	0
Mr. A. Briscoe	5	0	0	Mrs. J. W. Lane	2	0	0
Mr. A. J. Robbins	5	0	0	Mr. S. W. Jarvis	1	1	0
Rev. E. W. Tarbox	3	3	0	Mrs. R. J. Follock	1	1	0
Mr. C. Hull	2	2	0	Mr. H. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. H. Buckley	2	2	0	Mr. H. Hull	1	1	0
The Misses Cunningham	2	2	0	Mr. J. Lister	1	1	0
Mr. Lemuel Hiley	2	0	0	Mrs. J. Chadley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Thatcher:—				Mrs. M. A. Smith	1	0	0
Mrs. Mannington	0	5	0	Miss Poate	1	0	0
Mrs. Mannington (Topfield)	0	5	0	Miss A. Buckland	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mannington	0	5	0	Mr. W. Hardy	1	0	0
Mrs. Porter	0	2	6	Mr. J. Shaw	1	0	0
Mrs. Haushar	0	2	6	Mr. R. Lievesley	1	0	0
Mrs. Cuffyn	0	2	6	Postal order, Stanfield Road, Liverpool	0	5	0
Miss Cuffyn	0	2	6	Mr. G. Newman	1	1	0
Mrs. Guy	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. M. Cardell	1	0	6
Mrs. Falconer	0	2	6	Mrs. Walter	1	0	0
Mrs. Thatcher	0	2	0	The Misses A. J. and E. Gould	3	0	0
Master Falconer	0	1	0	Mr. S. Hampton	2	2	0
A. Thatcher	0	2	6	Mrs. Chenery	0	2	6
	1	15	6	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	10	0
Mrs. Brown	1	1	0	Mrs. Ives	0	5	0
Colonel W. Stenhouse	1	1	0	Mr. F. James	0	5	0
Mr. W. Furse	1	1	0	Mr. J. Walker	0	2	0
Miss C. Thomson	1	1	0	Mrs. and Miss E. Kilborn	0	10	0
Mrs. Pittman	1	1	0	Miss Brown	0	2	6
Mrs. Urquhart	1	0	0	Mr. D. Morgan	0	3	0
Mr. R. C. Drew	1	1	0	Miss M. C. Irwin	0	1	0
Mrs. Bayley	1	0	0	Mr. Newnham	0	7	6
Mr. W. G. Healing	1	0	0	Misses J. and S. A. Price	0	5	0
Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0	Mrs. A. J. Wallace	0	3	6
Mrs. A. Rennard	1	0	0	Miss E. Randall	0	1	6
Mrs. Wray	1	0	0	Mr. H. H. Dove	0	5	0
Miss S. Brown	0	10	0	Mr. S. Bunco	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Cook	0	7	0	Collected by Mr. W. J. Gale	0	15	0
Mrs. Keovil	0	3	0	Mrs. C. J. Porter	0	5	0
Masters Dan and Landle Davidson	0	5	0	Mr. S. Wollman	0	10	0
Mrs. Grant	0	10	6	Miss F. Hall	0	5	0
Mr. Ward Layle	0	5	0	Mrs. R. Taylor	0	5	0
Mr. W. Bowers	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Cullingham	0	10	0
Mr. S. Elliott	0	10	0	Misses Horton	0	10	0
Mr. T. W. Benson	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Fraser	0	8	0
Mr. J. Cameron	0	5	0	Mr. R. Stewart	0	3	6
Mr. E. T. Davies	0	10	6	Mrs. J. Hunt	0	5	0
Mr. F. Woolfenden	0	5	0	E. S. M.	0	10	0
Mr. F. Patterson	0	5	0	Miss M. Hodges	0	12	6
Mrs. M. Chillingworth	0	7	6	Mrs. M. S. Roleston	0	2	0
Mr. G. Brown	0	10	0	A. E. G.	0	5	0
Stamps, M. Smith	0	0	6	Mr. T. E. Tunk	0	5	0
Miss A. Berry	0	2	6	C. G. C.	0	3	0
Stamps from Maidstone	0	1	0	Mrs. Rugg	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Bodwin	0	5	0	Mr. W. Chance	0	10	0
Miss O. Bladen	0	2	6	Mr. Comber	0	5	0
Mr. W. Kirklands	0	10	0	Stamps, A. C. Hastings	0	2	6
Mrs. Neathercoat	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Rouse	0	2	6
Mr. J. Mee	0	2	6	Collection at Annual Competition, Physical Education Classes, Stock- well Orphanage	4	8	8
Mr. W. Anderson	0	10	0	Miss Maccluff	2	2	0
Mr. H. F. Wickham	0	10	0	Rev. J. F. Linn	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Seigneur	0	2	6	Mr. G. Greenland	5	0	0
The children	0	3	0	Mr. J. Plumbridge	3	3	0
Mrs. Collins	0	5	0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox	2	2	0
Mr. C. Bayes	0	2	6	Mrs. S. Hooper	1	1	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0	Mr. F. T. Tucker	1	1	0
Mr. J. Norkett	2	0	0	Mrs. Raybould, per Mr. Cookerell	1	1	0
Mr. J. Woodward	27	10	0	Master A. Keys (boy's card)	0	5	0
Mr. J. Baxter	2	0	0	Mrs. Drummond Grant	1	0	0
Mr. E. J. Upward	1	1	0	Mrs. Guthrie	1	0	0
Mr. Bickle	0	10	0	Mr. T. Davies	1	1	0
Master Watson	1	0	0	Miss C. Ely	1	0	0
Mr. E. C. Howtell	1	0	0	Mrs. Brake	1	0	0
Mr. J. Mortimer	0	15	0	Mrs. J. Nicholl	1	0	0
Mr. A. S. Tatnell	1	1	0	Mrs. Jones	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Green	5	0	0	Mrs. S. Finch	1	0	0
Mr. J. Goodchild	1	0	0	Mr. J. Scott	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
T. R.	1	0	0	Miss Clout and Mrs. Alexander ...	0	5	0
Mrs. J. R. Haywood ...	1	0	0	Mr. W. Lovelaud ...	0	7	6
Miss J. R. Moore ...	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wormwell and Mr. H. Windle ...	0	7	0
Mr. W. F. Day ...	2	2	0	Miss J. Stevens ...	0	10	0
Mr. H. A. Haverson ...	2	2	0	Mr. J. Cosbie ...	2	0	0
Mrs. P. A. Bonetto ...	1	1	0	Mrs. Lloyd ...	1	0	0
Mrs. Biddle ...	2	2	0	Mr. B. C. Forder ...	1	2	0
Mr. T. Harris ...	10	0	0	Mr. J. T. Godwin ...	1	1	0
The Misses Kirtley ...	2	10	0	Mr. H. Thomas ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. E. Gaunt ...	5	0	0	Mr. A. Hobson ...	1	1	0
Mr. T. Eatock ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Nagle ...	1	0	0
Miss Beddome ...	0	2	6	Mr. B. T. Bull ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. C. Smith ...	0	2	6	Mrs. B. Jones ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Foulkes, junr. ...	0	2	6	Mrs. Ironside ...	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Camps ...	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. F. Goldspink ...	1	0	0
Postal order, Earl's Court ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Cox ...	0	15	0
Mr. J. B. Near ...	0	2	6	Mrs. E. Mills (Herne Hill) ...	5	0	0
Mrs. S. E. Goslin ...	0	2	6	Collected by Miss Hunter ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Baines ...	0	2	6	Miss E. Macnicoll ...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lewis ...	0	2	6	Mr. J. Snell ...	1	1	0
Mrs. A. E. Franklin ...	0	3	0	Master P. W. Durant ...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Ibberson ...	0	3	0	Mr. A. Bagster ...	1	1	0
Mrs. Jefford ...	0	3	0	Miss J. N. Dixon, per J. T. D. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Grant ...	0	3	0	Mr. J. McIlroy ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. B. Brazier ...	0	3	0	Collected by Mr. H. Smith ...	1	0	0
Miss J. Bull ...	0	3	0	Miss A. Doodly ...	2	0	0
Mrs. A. Drayson ...	0	5	0	Mr. G. Russell ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Bissett ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Hart ...	1	0	0
Miss M. A. White, per Mr. J. W. White ...	0	10	0	Mr. O. Hart ...	0	10	0
Miss Elven, per Mr. J. W. White ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Longmore ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wright ...	0	5	0	Miss A. Leeder ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Fisher ...	0	5	0	Mr. H. Wilkinson ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Whatley ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wiley ...	0	10	0
Mrs. A. Davies ...	0	5	0	Mrs. E. J. Barnes ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. R. Bead ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. C. Straker ...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Briggs ...	0	5	0	Mr. W. Price ...	0	10	0
Postal order, "In loving memory" ...	0	5	0	Miss B. Thoason ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Styles ...	0	5	0	Miss Swift ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Curtis ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Allen ...	0	5	0
Miss J. Jewhurst ...	0	3	0	Mr. G. Wood ...	0	5	2
Mr. J. Grant ...	0	5	0	Leven Baptist Sunday-school, Fife, per Mr. J. Figgott ...	0	5	6
Mr. and Mrs. Clow ...	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. F. Hill ...	0	4	6
Miss A. Nash ...	0	5	0	H. C. V. ...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Fear ...	0	10	0	Muster A. Pullum ...	0	10	0
Mrs. T. McDonald ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Pullum ...	0	10	0
Mr. E. Haddy ...	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Bowyer ...	0	5	0
Miss Hardiman ...	0	10	0	S. P. ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Fairey ...	0	10	0	Mr. Jas. Pester ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Sharp ...	0	10	0	Mr. Jas. Brown ...	0	10	0
Miss E. Lacombe ...	0	10	0	Mr. T. Paak ...	0	5	0
Miss F. Collins ...	0	10	0	Miss E. Botsford ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Keddie ...	0	12	0	Miss Spoh ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat ...	0	15	0	Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Miss Chew ...	0	7	6
Mr. W. N. Finlayson ...	0	10	0	Mrs. Penning ...	0	8	0
Mrs. M. Fairweather ...	0	7	0	Mr. C. Chester ...	0	10	6
Mr. J. Emeny ...	0	1	0	Young Women's Bible-class, Eld Lane Baptist Chapel, per Miss E. Barrat ...	0	10	6
Miss E. Few ...	0	1	6	Miss M. Munro ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Davis ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Langton ...	0	10	0
Miss M. Withers ...	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Allport ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Southwell ...	0	6	0	Miss Clutterbuck ...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Vane ...	0	10	0	Mrs. N. Sparrow ...	0	10	0
Mrs. Bossingham ...	0	5	0	Mr. F. G. Barnes ...	0	12	6
Dr. Lawrence ...	0	5	0	Mrs. R. Freestone ...	0	16	0
Collected by the Misses Ottaway, Smith, and Hunt ...	1	6	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Ralph ...	0	5	6
Mr. D. Campbell ...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. R. Fakeley ...	0	10	0
Mrs. L. Bush ...	0	10	0	Mr. Stewart ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Pleasant ...	0	10	6	M. S., in loving memory of her father and C. H. S. ...	0	5	0
Miss E. Gray ...	0	2	0	Collected by Mrs. R. Robinson ...	0	6	0
Miss Mackereth ...	0	2	0	Mr. J. Billing and family ...	0	6	0
Mrs. S. J. Johnson ...	0	3	0	Mr. G. Heatley ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Allen ...	0	3	6	Mr. W. Bromage ...	0	5	0
Mrs. D. Humphreys ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Latta ...	0	17	0
Miss E. Gregory ...	0	5	0	Mrs. W. Hardy ...	1	1	0
Mr. F. Kirkpatrick ...	0	5	0	A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i> ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. B. Dixon ...	0	5	0	Miss J. Spencer ...	1	1	0
Mr. A. Matheson ...	0	5	0	Mrs. J. Parry ...	1	0	0
Mrs. C. Dale ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Gaudiner ...	1	0	0
Miss M. Gurtshorn ...	0	5	0				
Mr. C. R. Brightman ...	0	5	0				
Miss A. Mackenzie ...	0	5	0				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons	1	0	0	Mr. G. Hacksley	0	5	0
Little Melton Mission Sunday-school,				Mr. R. Vail	0	5	0
per Mr. E. Carr	1	0	0	Miss Limebeer's school	0	5	0
Mr. J. O'Gram	1	0	0	Mrs. A. Broom	0	5	0
Mr. F. Whittle	1	0	0	Mr. W. T. Martin	0	5	0
Mrs. I. Norton	1	0	0	Mr. J. Millard	0	5	0
Mrs. Gould	1	0	0	Miss Camps	0	5	0
Mr. J. A. Symon	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Creasey	0	5	0
Miss L. Francis	1	0	0	E. K.	0	10	0
Mr. G. Tingey	0	10	0	Mrs. S. Frohock	0	10	0
Mrs. Sharpington	0	10	0	Collected by young lady tract distri-			
Miss Sharpington	1	0	0	butors, per Mrs. Frohock	0	17	9
Mr. S. Hinton	0	8	0	Mrs. Vears	0	10	0
Mrs. Harris and friends	1	0	0	Mr. A. Newcombe... ..	0	10	0
Mrs. Johnson	0	5	0	W. M. S.	0	10	0
The Misses A. and L. Bowland... ..	0	10	0	Mrs. M. A. Chapman	0	10	0
Mrs. O. E. Semark... ..	0	8	0	Mr. A. Watson	0	10	6
Messrs. King	0	6	0	Mr. S. H. Rugg	0	10	6
Collected by Miss J. Permaine... ..	3	8	6	Mrs. Davison and grandchildren	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Claws	2	10	0	Mr. W. V. Gooderham	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory	1	1	0	Mrs. Padgett	0	3	0
Miss M. McEwing... ..	1	1	0	Mrs. J. Roberts	0	10	0
Mr. J. Mead	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Baker	0	5	0
Mrs. Alston... ..	1	0	0	Mr. M. J. Warren... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Sutherland	0	10	0	Miss B. Larkman... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Herbert	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Mackenzie	0	6	8
Mrs. B. Lewis	1	0	0	Mr. T. R. Thomas	0	10	8
Mr. and Mrs. W. Sutcliffe	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Riddell	2	0	8
From a friend at Portsmouth	0	10	0	Mrs. Cann and Mrs. Gentry	0	5	0
Mr. Bholto Steed	0	10	0	Mrs. A. Uridge	0	10	0
Mrs. Revill	0	5	0	Mr. W. Mann	0	2	6
Mrs. Boyle	0	10	0	"For His name's sake"	0	10	0
Children's pence, per Rev. M. Matthews	0	2	6	Pastor T. L. Edwards	0	5	0
Mr. R. Jones	0	2	6	Master G. C. Palmer	0	2	6
Mrs. L. Rogers	0	5	0	Postal order, Hackney	0	10	0
Miss J. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. J. D. Taberner	0	10	0
Mr. T. Hendry	0	5	0	Mr. J. Shepherd	0	10	0
Mrs. Hobbin	0	5	0	Collection at committee meeting, Chap-			
Mr. H. Middleton	0	5	0	ham and Brixton Christian Cricket			
Mr. J. Hardy	0	5	0	Association, per Mr. E. Phillips	0	0	2
Mr. F. Dodwell	0	5	0	Mr. C. W. Roberts,	10	0	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Willmot	0	10	0	Proceeds of sale of work held by Mr.			
Mr. J. Campbell	0	10	0	R. H. Moore's Bible-class, Manvers			
Mr. J. Baseley	0	10	0	Street Baptist Chapel, Bath	10	19	2
Miss A. Symington	0	5	0	Mr. T. Stocker	5	0	0
M. Harper, Gloucester	0	2	0	The Misses Stocker	1	10	0
Captain Milne	0	2	0	Messrs. Wills and Paokham	3	0	0
Mrs. E. Mannington	0	2	6	Mr. Frotman	1	5	0
Mrs. J. Dickerson	0	2	6	Miss L. Brown	1	1	0
Anon. postal order, St. Giles, Norwich	0	2	6	Willie, Edie, Millie, Horace, and Bertie			
Mr. R. Whitehead... ..	0	3	0	Carter	1	1	0
Mr. J. Hooker	0	4	4	Mr. J. Edgington	1	0	0
Collected by Miss N. Wright	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. McSkimming	1	11	9
Collected by Mrs. M. Warren	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Horton	1	6	0
Mr. J. W. Skeats	0	5	0	Mr. C. Angrave	0	2	6
Mr. J. Miller	0	5	0	Mr. T. Lucas	1	1	0
Mrs. Barnard	0	5	0	Mrs. Garner... ..	1	0	0
Mr. C. H. Hooper	0	6	8	Mrs. Ford	1	0	0
B. M.	0	10	0	Mr. Joseph Wilson	1	0	0
Mr. H. Vince	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Mott	2	7	6
Widow's mite	0	14	0	Mrs. Davies, per Mrs. Mott	5	0	0
Mr. J. Phillips	0	14	0	Miss Hagger, per Mrs. Mott	0	10	0
Mr. C. C. Le Grice	0	10	0	Mr. Joseph Hill	10	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Smith	0	5	0	The Girdlers' Company, per Mrs. C. H.			
Mr. David Rice	0	5	0	Spurgeon	7	7	0
Collected by Ernest	0	5	0	From an old Stockwell Orphanage boy	5	0	0
Mrs. Martin	0	7	0	Mr. T. D. Ransford	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. E. M. Elford... ..	0	10	0	Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
Mr. W. Britcher	0	10	0	Mr. E. Romang	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Ohltock	0	10	0	Mr. H. R. Parker	2	2	0
Miss E. Swan	0	2	6	John and Elizabeth Mason	2	0	0
Mr. H. J. Buff	0	3	0	Mr. J. Smith	1	10	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	3	0	Collected by Miss E. Girdlestone	1	5	0
Miss A. M. Richards	0	3	6	Mr. L. Clayton	1	1	0
Mrs. Combes	0	4	0	Mr. G. Unwin	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Watts	0	5	0	Mrs. Rogers... ..	1	0	0
Mr. T. Bowler	0	5	0	Devonshire Square, Stoke Newington,			
Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0	Baptist Chapel, per Mr. C. T. Gardner	2	2	0
Mrs. Hutton	0	5	0	Mr. Wood	1	1	0
Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0	Mr. W. J. Norton	1	0	0
A friend, postal order, Dover	0	5	0	Mr. W. Blott	10	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. J. West...	1	0	0	Mr. W. H. Hiplais	0	5	0
Mr. Glassey ...	2	0	0	Mrs. E. Jones ...	0	10	0
George Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. W. B. Savage	2	2	0	A. and W. O. ...	0	5	0
Mr. W. Kay...	0	2	6	Grand-daughter of the late Mr. John Taylor	0	15	0
Miss Julia Chapman	0	2	6	Miss L. Knight	0	5	0
Mr. R. Burgess	0	10	0	Miss Seivwright	0	2	6
Miss E. Davies	0	5	0	Mr. Seivwright	1	1	0
Mr. Hurst	0	5	0	Collection at Congregational Chapel, Burnham Market, per Rev. W. Green	0	6	0
Miss E. Kerlock	0	2	6	H. E. W., Battersea	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Haddow	0	2	6	Mr. Saul	0	10	0
Mrs. Deacon	0	2	6	Master C. S. Appleby	0	5	0
A few friends at Rushden, per Miss A. Drage	0	5	0	Mr. T. Weir	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Perrett	2	2	0	"In memoriam," W. L. M.	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. and E. Archer	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Howard	0	5	0
Miss Hetherton	0	10	0	Mrs. Reid	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Leaper	0	17	0	Collected by Mrs. Court	0	2	6
Miss E. Perkins	0	10	0	Mrs. Harris	0	5	0
Miss E. Porter	0	10	0	Mr. J. W. Barnaby	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Doughty	0	10	6	Mr. H. Skinner	0	10	0
Miss E. E. Buckingham	0	5	0	Mr. T. H. Howell	2	2	0
Miss N. Clark	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wale	2	0	0
Miss K. Butler	0	6	6	Mrs. Rice	0	10	0
Miss L. Barefoot	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Cowan	0	5	0
Mr. M. J. Lewis	0	5	0	Mrs. Pound	0	5	0
Mr. A. E. Valler	0	5	0	Mrs. M. Walker	1	0	0
Miss Ferguson	0	5	0	Mrs. J. C. Grant	5	0	0
Mr. H. Ellis	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson	0	15	0
Mrs. Seager	0	5	0	Mrs. Shaw	5	5	0
Mr. J. Buswell	0	5	0	A friend	0	5	0
Miss M. A. Hardy	0	5	9	Lizzie and Willie	1	0	0
Miss Tarver	0	5	0	Mr. A. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mrs. C. G. Lamb	0	5	0	V. H. M.	0	10	0
Boyer Street Baptist Sunday-school, Derby, per Mr. S. T. Hudson	0	10	0	Mr. J. Gaunt	1	0	0
Mr. Jas. Owers	0	10	6	Mrs. M. E. Duncan	0	5	0
Mr. F. Duffell	0	10	0	J. C. Belfast	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	14	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Powell	0	13	2
Collected by Mrs. H. Forbes	0	10	0	Miss Turnbull	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Casburn	0	10	0	Mr. G. Beddingfield	0	3	0
Mrs. D. Binnie	0	5	1	Mrs. M. Walker	0	10	0
"Excelsior"	0	5	0	Miss Waller	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Cloake	0	3	0	Mrs. Groves	0	2	4
Mr. T. Bevan	0	5	0	Mr. R. Sherringham	0	1	0
Mr. C. Smith	0	5	0	Mrs. M. J. Townrow	0	1	0
Mr. J. Asten	0	10	0	Mr. A. Davis	0	5	0
Mr. J. Skelham	0	12	0	Mr. Cooper	0	5	0
Pastor and Mrs. Barnard	1	0	0	M. W.	0	5	0
Mr. J. Binstead	0	16	0	Mrs. Bickford	0	2	6
Mrs. Tulton	0	5	0	Mrs. B. Imlach	1	0	0
Mr. D. Pepperdine	0	5	0	Mrs. T. Humphreys	0	12	6
Mr. E. Rice-Daniels	0	10	0	Mr. B. Lodge	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hullett	0	10	0	Miss G. Goddard	0	2	6
Collected by Miss F. B. Cobby	0	18	6	Collected by Mr. P. Stimpson	0	1	6
Miss E. Borley	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. A. F. Farley	0	16	0
Collected by Mr. T. Ackland	0	5	0	Miss Underhay	0	2	6
Mr. R. Dalgleish	0	10	0	Children of the Dumbarton High Street U. P. Church Mission Sunday-school, per Mr. A. Morrice	0	10	0
Mr. J. Beeley	0	5	0	Mr. J. Ballantine	0	10	0
Miss Darbey	0	11	0	The Misses Gribbon	0	10	0
A friend, per Rev. H. Reid	0	5	9	English Baptist Chapel, Cadoxton, near Cardiff, per Mr. J. Holloway	0	9	6
Mr. R. Bentine	0	10	0	Mr. A. Cave	0	10	0
Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Wells	0	7	5
Mr. Trevanion	2	0	0	Mr. G. Wade	0	5	0
Mr. J. F. Marks	1	1	0	M. W. and E. E.	0	4	0
Mr. S. Church	1	1	0	Mr. Ekersley, per Rev. F. E. Miller	0	5	0
Mr. J. Pilley	0	10	0	Mr. E. Garrett	0	2	0
Mrs. Ford	1	1	0	Lance-Serjt. G. W. Jonkers, R.M.L.I.	0	10	0
Rev. E. Evans	0	5	0	Mrs. Marshall	0	1	0
Mr. E. Morris	0	5	0	Pastor W. L. Crathern	0	5	0
Mrs. Bayers	0	10	0	A thankoffering from Great Ellingham, per Pastor T. H. Sparham	0	5	0
Miss L. Sealy	0	5	0	Miss Hood	0	5	0
Mr. G. Blake	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. F. Price and family	0	6	0
Mr. M. Phillips	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Powell	0	10	6
Mr. F. G. Buckmaster	0	10	0	Mr. H. H. Davie	0	10	0
Mrs. Irenonger	1	1	0	Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0
Miss Woolfenden	0	5	0	Mansfield Street Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Johnson	2	0	0
Mr. J. Aldington	0	10	0				
Mr. J. Thomson	0	5	0				
Mr. C. Day	0	10	0				
"Granny"	0	2	0				

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. T. Hooley	1 1 0	Talernacle office box	0 17 0
Mr. W. Stewart	1 0 0	Box at Tabernacle gates	0 4 9
Mr. C. W. Bull	1 0 0	Mrs. S. Slodden	0 2 6
Miss J. Allen	0 2 6	Mrs. Wilshe	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. J. S. Wragg	1 0 0	G. and S. A.	0 12 6
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0 6 0	Mr. Hendrie	0 15 0
Mr. C. Trelease	1 0 0	Mr. W. Tucker	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. E. House	0 9 5	Mrs. S. Gregory	0 10 0
Rev. S. R. Young	0 5 0	Mr. J. H. Tonking	0 2 6
Mr. A. Middleton	1 0 0	Mrs. S. A. Mitchell	0 10 0
Mr. and Mrs. Shilson	0 5 0	Mr. W. A. Bradley	0 5 0
Mrs. and Miss Moore	0 10 0	Mr. J. Taylor	0 5 0
Collected by Miss R. Fountain	0 10 3	Mr. W. Reeves	0 2 6
Collected by Mrs. A. Blant	0 7 8	Mr. J. Webb	0 5 0
Mr. D. Morgan	2 2 0	Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	0 10 0
Mrs. F. Bateman	0 5 0	Collected by Master R. T. Jackman	0 18 0
Mr. J. Lewis	2 2 0	Collected by Miss S. Johnson	0 4 6
Miss Davey	0 6 6	Collected by Miss J. Brown	0 6 0
Mr. J. Smalley	0 5 0	Almshouses children's services, per	
The Misses Payne	0 2 6	Mr. G. H. Cook	1 0 0
Mrs. E. Parsons	0 3 0	M. S. and H. Edwards	0 10 0
Mrs. Crosby	0 2 0	Thankoffering from a friend, for a great	
Miss Davics	0 3 0	deliverance and a marvellous answer	
Mr. J. N. wcombe	0 7 6	to prayer	5 0 0
Mr. S. Oliver	0 5 0	Mrs. Mumby	2 2 0
Ethel and Florrie Goad	0 5 0	Miss C. J. Spurgeon	2 2 6
Mr. J. B. Stott	0 10 0	W. McL.	10 0 0
From a few friends at Downs Chapel,		Mrs. McLaren	1 0 0
Clapton, per Mr. W. Payne	4 3 0	Per Rev. E. Spurrier:—	
Mr. W. Phillips	1 1 0	G. C.	1 0 0
Mr. Vinson	2 2 0	Mr. E. Blaxwell	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. E. Jones	1 0 0	Mrs. Arnold	2 10 0
Mr. J. Storey	2 2 0	Box, 36, High Street	0 4 9
Mr. L. W. Borton	1 0 0	Collected by N. and E.	
Mr. W. Knight	1 0 0	Spurrier	0 5 3
Mrs. W. L. Ewart	3 2 0		
Mr. and Mrs. Cousins	1 0 0	Dr. Riddell, per Mrs. Russell	2 10 0
Mr. J. Charters	1 1 0	Mr. J. Young	1 9 8
Mr. J. S. Bracher	2 2 0	High street, Merthyr Tydvil (Christ-	
Messrs. W. Runciman and Co.	20 0 0	mas Day), per Pastor A. Hall	1 3 0
Mr. and Mrs. Parkinson	1 0 0	Miss E. Ellison	1 0 0
Mr. H. Mandrell	1 1 0	Bible-class of the Dunfermline Baptist	
Mr. E. Goodman	1 0 0	Church, per Mr. J. Paton	0 16 0
Mr. M. Stroud	3 2 0	Mr. D. McKecher	0 10 0
Mr. W. Dunn	1 5 0	Collected by Miss M. Bedford	0 12 6
Mr. G. Huntley	1 1 0	Collected by Miss Daft	0 5 0
Mr. H. Holt	1 0 0	Collected by Master W. Cheer	0 2 6
Messrs. H. Head and Co.	2 2 0	Collected by Master T. Shaw	0 10 0
Mr. Birnie	0 10 0	Mr. G. Stone	1 0 0
A reader of <i>The Charity Record</i> , per		Mrs. Oxenbridge	0 3 0
the Editor	0 5 0	Sandwich, per bankers	1 1 0
Mr. T. H. Woodeson	1 1 0	Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fox (for the sup-	
Mr. A. Scott	7 0 0	port of three orphans for a year)	50 0 0
Mr. A. S. Barrett	1 1 0	Mrs. Orr White	10 0 0
Miss L. Henderson	0 1 0	M. A. C.	0 5 0
A. D. C.	0 5 0	Postal order, Nottingham	1 0 0
Mr. E. Jones	0 10 0	Postal order, Brechin	0 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. T. Bush	9 10 0	Postal order, Shipley, Yorks	0 10 0
Miss J. Huna	0 2 0	Mr. J. Sims	1 10 0
Mr. L. Stephenson	0 19 0	Mr. S. Adams	1 1 0
Mrs. D. Wilson	0 4 0	Collected by Mr. C. T. Barrett	1 0 6
Mr. F. Rees	0 8 0	Collected at Stated Chapel Sunday-	
Mr. H. Kate	2 0 0	school, per Mrs. Harrington	0 15 0
Mr. F. W. Warner	0 5 0	Mrs. Pilgrim	1 0 0
"Inasmuch"	2 2 2	Mrs. Harvey	2 0 0
Mr. W. Baker	3 0 0	Seventy-five	2 0 0
Mr. W. H. Pollard	1 1 0	Mr. S. H. Perriam	1 1 0
Mrs. Donaldson	0 2 6	Mr. W. J. Lewis	2 2 0
Mr. Howe	0 10 0	Mr. F. Edwards	1 0 0
Mr. J. C. Wadland	1 0 0	Mrs. Williams	0 10 0
A. S.	0 10 0	Collected by Mr. A. Law	3 0 0
M. S.	0 10 0	Mr. D. Boyd	1 0 0
Miss F. Cook	0 5 0	Mr. R. Giles, family Sun-	
Mrs. Kelly	1 1 0	day dinner-table box	0 16 0
Mrs. A. Baker	5 0 0	In memory of Bertie	0 5 0
Miss M. Earl	1 0 0	In lieu of Christmas cards	0 5 0
Mr. J. Grose	2 2 0		
Miss Grose	1 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Lang Sims	1 6 9
Miss H. A. Grose	0 10 6	Collected by Mrs. Sims	0 2 1
Colonel and Mrs. Williams	5 0 0	Collected by Miss Bennett	0 3 0
Messrs. G. W. Russell and Son	1 1 0	Mr. F. Bartlett	0 6 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Ravner	20	0	0	Miss Harrison	0	1	0
Mrs. Calder	25	0	0	Mrs. Page	0	2	0
Mr. Pope Frost	2	0	0	Mr. M. A. Eaton	0	5	0
Mr. E. Martell	3	0	0	Misses A. and E. Howtell	0	2	6
M. D.	2	0	0	Mr. G. Baker	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Coles	3	15	0	Miss J. Pearce	0	5	0
Mr. E. Horlock	0	8	0	Mr. T. Lewis	0	2	6
Collected by Master P. Wigney	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. Schofield	0	18	0
Mr. S. Pearce	1	0	0	Collected by Miss N. Sortwell	0	5	0
Mrs. Merrick	1	0	0	Mr. A. T. Lake	0	10	6
Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington, Sunday-school, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	1	1	0	Halbeath Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Adamson	0	5	2
Young Men's Bible-class, Queen's Road Baptist Chapel, Wallington	0	10	6	Mr. W. Joass	0	5	0
Messrs. J. Leeson and Sons	2	0	0	Miss M. Simpson	0	2	0
F. M.	0	1	0	Mr. L. Baxter	0	5	0
Mr. J. McKelvie	1	0	0	Mr. B. Bull	0	5	0
Miss A. M. Stephenson	1	0	0	Mrs. S. Watson	0	2	0
Mr. R. C. Jones	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. S. Stevenson	0	10	0
Christmas morning service offering at Kington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. B. Nichols	1	11	0	Mrs. Hodges	0	3	0
Miss Gerard	0	7	0	Mr. Dodwell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. E. Hill	1	3	6	Mr. G. King	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. M. Dean	1	6	0	Mr. T. Land	0	2	6
Per Mr. C. Dauncey:—				R. B. F.	0	2	6
Office box	2	12	6	Mr. D. Burgess	0	10	0
Breakfast box	2	12	0	Mrs. Banbury	0	3	6
Mrs. Dauncey's box	2	16	0	Mr. W. Oakley	0	5	0
Legh, Wilberforce, and Rose Dauncey	0	10	0	Mrs. Adcock	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Simpson	0	5	0	Bible-class, Crosshills, per Miss Duckett	1	0	0
	8	15	0	Mr. T. Fleetwood	0	10	0
Miss Butler	6	5	0	Mr. J. C. Anderson	0	5	0
Collected at Mutley Baptist Chapel, per Mr. B. Adams	7	13	4	Mr. T. Bovey	0	5	0
S. C.	1	0	0	D. T. D.	0	5	0
Miss E. Barnes	0	5	0	Mr. E. Crick	0	10	0
Miss M. and Master C. Holland	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. Munro	0	10	0
Collected at family tea-table, Christmas Day, per Mr. J. Head	0	8	3	Mr. S. Sharp	0	10	6
Mr. E. Dawson	0	10	0	Collected at Boulevard Baptist Sunday-school, Weston - super - Mare, per Mr. O. Sydenham	0	15	10
Mrs. Coad	0	2	6	Miss A. Reed	0	2	0
Mr. E. Edwards	0	5	3	The Misses Goodall	0	5	0
Mrs. Youens	0	10	6	The Misses C. and F. Hewitt	0	5	0
Mrs. Wilmot	0	0	6	Mr. A. J. Burt	0	5	0
Mr. J. Austin	0	5	0	Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Miss A. Marshall	0	5	0	King Street Baptist Chapel, Cork, per Pastor W. L. Tweedie	0	15	1
A. M.	0	18	0	Mrs. Everidge	0	10	0
Mrs. Ilman	0	5	0	Rev. W. Rudd	0	10	0
Miss L. A. Bennett	0	2	6	Mr. J. Luckham	0	10	6
Houston Free Church Sabbath-school, per Mr. W. Ken	0	10	0	Collected at Baptist School, Coggeshall	0	5	6
Mrs. Gunter	0	5	0	Collected by Mr. and Mrs. Willeher	1	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Liewellyn	0	10	0		1	6	6
Mr. T. Jones	0	3	0	Miss E. Millar	0	5	0
Collected by Johnnie Burt	0	10	0	Master A. W. McConnell	1	0	0
Boys and Girls of the Sunday-school, Otley, per Mr. G. Dunnett and Miss Barker	0	18	0	Mrs. S. F. Clements	2	2	0
Mr. T. Cook	0	5	0	Mr. S. F. Hurnard	1	0	0
Miss L. Dunnett	0	6	0	Mr. J. Brewer	5	3	0
Collected by Mr. T. Newman	1	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Lewis	0	10	6
Collected by Miss A. S. Bird	0	7	6	Mr. W. J. Murphy	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. A. Westmore	1	0	0	Mrs. and Miss Woodcock	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. Page	0	5	3	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Biggs, per Mr. H. Rogers	1	0	0	Mr. W. Ranford, per Mr. Freeman	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Beaver	0	6	6	Mr. L. P. Roff	0	2	5
Collected by Mrs. Mason	0	12	0	Mrs. Forbes	5	0	0
Postal order, Gosberton	0	5	0	An old widow, per Mr. G. Colley	0	9	0
Mr. W. Davies	0	2	0	Miss S. Robinson	5	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Long Preston, per Miss Brennan	0	10	0	Misses Culvert and Wray, per Mrs. Birkinshaw	0	1	6
Mr. G. B. Underwood	0	10	0	Mrs. Sellars	0	5	0
Misses F. and J. Weeks	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Court	0	4	0
Mr. A. J. Foxwell	0	10	6	Mr. T. Garton	2	2	0
Stamps, P. and P.	0	5	0	Mr. F. J. Aldridge	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Weekes	0	10	0	Mr. H. P. West	1	1	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Hamilton, per Rev. J. K. Chrystal	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. W. Burnett	0	13	9
				Half-year's interest on £4,900 Debenture Bonds, Cory Bros. and Co., Ltd.	118	8	4
				Mrs. Newman Hall	5	0	0
				Pastor A. G. Haste	0	2	6
				Mr. C. Gaylor	0	12	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. Jackson	2	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—						
Mr. T. Davis	0	2	6	Miss Harris	5	0	0			
Three young well-wishers	1	0	0	Mr. W. Parry	1	0	0			
Mrs. B. Osborn	0	11	0					6	0	0
Mr. F. Martin	0	7	6	Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—						
Mr. C. C.	0	1	6	Mr. H. B. Ferne	1	2	6			
Mr. Parry	1	0	0	Miss Norris	0	10	0			
Mrs. Talbot	0	5	0	Mrs. E. Y. Wilkinson	5	0	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Alder	0	5	0	Mr. E. J. Reed	2	2	0			
Mr. Alder	1	1	0	Mrs. Hunt and friends	1	6	0			
Mr. J. Lundie	1	1	0	Rev. W. J. Guerrier	2	2	0			
Mr. Avery	0	2	6	Rev. W. Adams	1	0	0			
Mrs. H. Smith and Miss Chapman	0	2	0					18	2	6
Mrs. E. Smith and Miss Chapman	0	5	0	Proceeds of Sale of work, at Pastor						
Collected by Miss Bickmore ...	0	17	6	J. A. Spurgeon's, West Croydon, per						
A friend	0	1	0	Miss Whiteman	105	0	0			
Collected by Mrs. T. Rossiter at Brock-				Orphan boys' collecting cards, as per						
ley Road Baptist Chapel	7	4	0	list	56	11	6			
Mrs. S. Bawtree	1	1	0	Orphan girls' collecting cards, as per						
Moiety of collection at dinner-tables on				list	47	14	4			
Christmas Day, per Pastor B. Wilson	1	5	0	Mrs. Heywood	0	7	0			
Collected by the Baptist Sunday-				Mr. R. Crafts	2	2	0			
school, Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	1	6	7	Mr. T. J. Fordham, jun.	2	2	0			
Mrs. Bagster	2	2	0	The Misses E. and A. and E. Dunstan	1	0	0			
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. C. Adlem:—						
Miss M. Hewlett	0	5	0	P. M.	1	0	0			
Mr. P. Martin	0	2	6	Church of England	0	5	0			
Mr. J. F. Verry	0	5	0	Hunt and Son	0	2	0			
Mrs. W. Piper	1	0	0	M. H.	0	1	0			
The Misses Gibson	0	10	0	O. S.	0	1	0			
Mrs. W. Newman	0	1	6	U. R.	0	1	0			
Mr. J. Walker	0	5	0	From a friend	0	4	3			
Miss G. Shaw	1	0	0	Adlem family	0	6	3			
Mr. E. P. Morris	2	2	0					2	0	6
H. D.	0	1	2	Maudie, Bernie and Renie Lench ...				0	15	0
Mrs. Schilizzi	2	2	0	Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> , per						
Cemetery Road Baptist Sunday-school,				the Editor:—						
Sheffield, per Mr. W. Martin ...	1	10	0	Hull	2	0	0			
Mr. S. Holtum	1	10	10	S. T. P.	0	2	6			
Misses F. and S. King	0	6	0	J.	0	10	0			
Mr. D. E. Osborne	0	5	0					2	12	6
Postal order, Paisley	0	5	0	Mr. J. J. Davies	0	5	0			
Mrs. J. Scott	2	0	0	Mr. J. Duncan	0	5	0			
Collected by Mr. F. Turner	1	0	0	Mr. J. Keith	1	10	0			
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	7	Master T. Barker (aged 10 years) ...	0	1	6			
South-West London Band of Hope				Collected by Mr. W. Adcock	0	10	0			
Union, per Miss S. B. Carr	2	2	0	Mr. A. Cowan	5	0	0			
Rev. A. Humphries	0	19	6	Mrs. Spencer	0	2	6			
Mrs. J. Gregory	0	2	0	Mr. E. Netting	0	2	0			
Mr. R. M. George	0	11	0	Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett ...	0	0	0			
For the orphans	0	2	6	Mrs. A. Cook	2	2	0			
Collected by Miss M. Exley	1	1	1	Collected at the Watch-night service,						
Collected by Miss R. Patten	0	12	6	Woodville Road Baptist Chapel,						
Scholars and friends of Birch Medon				Cardiff, per Mr. W. Morris	0	13	0			
Chapel, Broseley, per Miss L. Exley	1	6	5	Mr. Gavet	0	13	6			
Mr. J. Lister	1	0	0	Mrs. M. R. Shurman	1	0	0			
Mr. T. H. Hopping	0	5	0	Mr. D. D. Sinclair	0	10	6			
E. K. York	0	2	6	Miss L. Sinclair	0	2	0			
Splott Road Baptist Sunday-school, per				Mr. G. A. Edwards	0	5	0			
Mr. W. E. Lewis	0	17	6	Collected by Miss K. E. Buswell:—						
Rev. J. Kempton	0	3	0	Miss Mookridge	0	10	0			
Mrs. S. Spencer	0	3	0	Mrs. Madge	0	10	0			
Collected by Miss L. E. Jones ...	0	6	0	Mr. J. Henderson	0	10	0			
Mr. and Mrs. Johnston	1	0	0	Mr. E. Pocock	1	1	0			
Mr. J. Kingarlee	5	5	0	Mr. T. Micklen	1	1	0			
Mrs. Wood	0	3	0	J. J. T.	0	10	0			
Mrs. Bell	0	5	0	Mr. M. H. Backstraw	0	5	0			
Mrs. Morgan	0	5	0	Mrs. E. P. Burnett	0	5	0			
Miss A. M. Deane	0	10	0	Mr. T. Woodley	2	0	0			
Miss J. M. Hutton	0	5	0							
F. M.	0	15	0	Miss Geikie	2	2	0			
Daisy Jewell, a thankoffering ...	0	10	0	Mr. Jas. Denham	5	0	0			
Mr. Agar	0	9	0	Mr. C. Ibberson	2	2	0			
Mr. J. C. Lance	1	0	0	Mrs. Fursdon, per Rev. O. L. Gordon	0	1	0			
Collected by Mrs. Brown	0	11	2	E. B.	0	10	0			
Postal orders, Bulnagarth, Culla,				Mr. B. Halstaff Coles	0	10	0			
Aberdeenshire	0	6	0	Mr. T. Fish	0	3	0			
Mizpah, C—, per Pastor Thomas				T. A. H. P.	2	0	0			
Spurgeon	25	0	0	R. H. Lee	0	10	0			
A thankoffering, per Pastor N. Dobson	0	10	6	A friend, Bury St. Edmund's	0	2	6			
Mrs. P. P. Williams	0	10	0	Postal order, Queen Camel	0	3	0			

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss E. Grounds	0	1	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sick Benefit Society, per Mr. B. B. Blake	3	0	0
Miss Hayball	0	3	0	Claylands Chapel, Clapham, collection Christmas morning service	2	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. G. Fairfield	0	5	0	Collingwood Street, Blackfriars	2	0	0
C. S.	0	10	0	East Street Baptist Chapel, Bristol	6	0	2
Heatherland Baptist Sunday-school, Bible-class, per Mr. W. Farnell	0	11	6	<i>Christmas Festivities Fund:—</i>			
Collected by Master A. Freeman	2	2	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Walker	1	4	0	Erica	0	5	0
Miss S. Muir	1	0	0	Mr. Edwin Davis	0	10	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Branderburgh, per Mr. W. Smith	0	10	6	Miss E. and Master E. Street	0	5	0
Mr. E. Josceyline	1	0	0	Mr. G. Cox	0	10	8
Per Miss Lily Armstrong:—				S. B. S.	1	1	0
Mr. Munro	1	0	0	Mr. W. Olney	1	0	0
Mr. E. MacDonald	1	0	0	H. E. S.	1	1	0
Miss Lily A	1	0	0	Mias Fort	0	10	0
	3	0	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	5	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Endymion	0	10	0
Dr. and Mrs. MacGill	2	2	0	Miss Clover	0	5	0
Miss Mary Ollard	0	2	6	R. W.	0	2	0
Miss A. E. Humphrey	0	10	0	Mrs. A. A. Hooker	0	5	0
Mrs. Barnwell, "In memory of our dear, one's first year in glory"	0	1	0	Mrs. Benians	0	2	6
Mr. John Holt Skinner	25	0	0	Mr. W. A. Nathan	0	5	0
J. S. and M. Blyth	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Tyndall	2	2	0
Postal order from Arbroath	0	5	0	Mr. G. Gray	0	10	0
Mr. Wm. Baldwin	0	2	6	Messrs. Hine Bros.	1	1	0
Mr. Spurgeon's old friend, L. B.	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Cross	1	0	0
C. O. L. (for apples for the orphans)	1	0	6	Mrs. Tiffins	1	0	0
Mr. W. Munro	0	8	0	Mrs. G. J. Otter	1	1	0
Dear Granny	1	0	0	Stamps from Beckenham	0	1	0
E. and R. Ward	0	10	0	Mr. W. Kirklands	0	5	0
Davie and Barbara	0	5	0	Mr. R. Dale	0	1	0
Mrs. Medway, per Pastor J. E. Walker	3	0	0	Mr. E. E. Myhill	0	2	6
Mrs. Bousema	2	0	0	Mr. C. F. Aldis	0	5	0
	37	6	6	Mr. J. W. Stevenson	0	2	6
Trustees of the late Mr. A. R. Gray	10	0	0	Mr. E. J. Upward	0	4	0
Mr. E. Ballard	28	5	0	Mr. Bickle	0	10	0
Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (per list)	58	11	7	Mrs. H. Barrett	0	10	0
Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (per list)	47	14	4	Miss J. Houghton	1	1	0
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—				Mrs. Walter	0	10	0
Newport, Monmouth	30	14	9	Mr. G. Lawrence and friends	13	0	0
Collected by Rev. H. Abraham:—				Mr. A. de Sales Turland, per Mr. G. Lawrence	5	5	0
Mr. James Barber	1	0	0	Mrs. C. Stopford	1	0	0
Mrs. Thomas	1	0	0	Mrs. Faulconer and Miss Steedman	5	0	0
Councillor J. Liscombe	1	1	0	Mr. Seaton	1	0	0
Mr. Edgar Fennell	1	0	0	Mrs. B. M. Johnson	0	2	0
Mr. Edwyn Cooke	1	1	0	Rev. J. S. Linn	0	2	6
Councillor T. S. Gower	1	1	0	Mrs. B. S. Lang	0	1	6
Mr. H. Phillips	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Stevenson	1	1	0
Mrs. H. V. Taylor	0	10	0	Mr. E. Greenland	1	10	0
Mrs. Andrews	0	10	0	The Misses Kirtley	2	10	0
Mr. J. F. Fawckner	0	10	0	Mrs. Warriner	0	2	6
Alderman H. J. Parnall, J.P.	0	10	6	Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6
Mrs. John Jones	0	5	0	Mr. T. Basson	0	2	6
Mr. A. Bland	0	5	0	Miss G. H. Stirling	0	3	0
Mr. Evans	0	5	0	Miss S. Green	0	1	0
Mr. A. Wilding	0	5	0	Mrs. Fowler	0	3	6
Mr. David Davies	0	2	6	Mr. R. B. Hindley	0	3	6
Mr. J. E. Read	0	2	0	Miss Sheppard	0	5	0
Mechanic's wife	0	1	6	Mr. J. Peatohcott	0	10	0
	41	5	8	Mrs. B. Tice and family	0	10	6
Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth	2	10	6	Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	5	0
One-half Sunday Offertory, 1835	9	7	1	Mr. H. Joachim	0	5	0
	11	17	7	Stamps from Fareham	0	1	0
Elm Grove Baptist Chapel, Southsea	13	6	0	Stamps from Liskard	0	1	0
Sandown	18	8	5	Miss Stedman	0	2	0
Shanklin	8	0	0	Mr. S. Patriok	0	2	6
Niton	8	16	0	Mrs. Lloyd	0	10	0
Boundary Road, Baptist Chapel, Waltham-tow	6	8	2	H. J. T.	0	8	0
Lackland Hall, Chelsea, per Mr. H. J. Veitch	10	0	0	Four plum puddings	0	10	0
				A Christmas offering	0	15	0
				Miss Ware	0	1	0
				Mrs. Hartzell and Mrs. Mallison	0	2	0
				Miss Graves	0	1	6
				Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	6
				Mr. J. Welchman	0	1	6
				Mrs. Gooding	0	2	6
				Mr. W. Bentley	0	2	6
				Mrs. Harvey	0	2	6
				Mr. J. McFarlane	0	2	6

Nokes, F., 8s 1d; Newton, H., 12s 9d; Pepler, L., £1 2s 3d; Pratt, J., 7s; Platt, A., 5s; Perral, J., 2s 2d; Page, J., £1 1s 3d; Pavey, P., 7s 1d; Pullon, F., 3s 3d; Pile, C., 5s; Payne, J., 5s; Rickwood S., 3s; Rogers, H., 7s; Rodwell, B., 8s; Redmill, G., £1 4s 6d; Smith, W., £1 1s; Shorten, R., 14s; Smith, S., 10s 3d; Sheath, F., 5s; Sankey, P., £1 1s; Shaw, W., 3s 3d; Shinn, A., 16s; Starkey, W., 5s; Terry, G. T., 11s 6d; Turner, H., 9s; Thomas, J., £1 1s; Taffe, P., 3s 6d; Warner, T., 8s 6d; 6s 6d; Utton, A., 9s 3d; Voysey, E., £1 1s; Varney, A., 10s; Viney, P., 3s 6d; Warner, T., 8s 6d; Wild, M., 1s 6d; Wickens, G., 6s 6d; Woods, W., 7s; Ward, P., £1 1s; Williams, E., 16s 9d; Walden, J., 2s 6d; Warburton, E., 2s; Waters, G., 4s 4d; Warren, H., 1s 4d; Woods, C., 2s 6d; Witney, T., 7s 6d; Williams, C., 1s 7d; Wright, H., 5s; Yerbury, H., 2s 7d. Total, £56 11s. 7d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Ashbourne, E., 14s 3d; Ashton, K., 6s; Barton, E., 2s; Benthall, B., 2s 11d; Buhicrossan, M., 6s; Bird, B., 1s 9d; Barnes, M., 2s 6d; Band, C., £1 1s; Bülow, E., 1s; Brinsdon, A., 6s; Birch, A., 16s; Bliss, E., 10s 6d; Crawford, R., £1 1s; Corke, H., £1 1s; Choat, R., 14s; Cory, C., 14s 3d; Clark, M., 5s; Coppin, M., 3s 3d; Colquhoun, L., 2s 6d; Cooke, K., 1s 9d; Cullen, A., 7s 6d; Cracknell, H., 4s 6d; Coombes, I., 7s 6d; Crispin, M., 17s 6d; Coplestone, G., 2s 3d; Coppendale, E., 3s 3d; Dolling, M., £1 1s; Day, N., 8s 3d; Dunslow, R., 2s 6d; Day, M., 3s; Dew, E., 7s 6d; Day, M., 6s; Davis, G., 7s 6d; Ebdon, M., £1 1s; Elliott, A., 3s 6d; Field, M., 2s 6d; Fielding, B., 3s 6d; Fernley, O., 4s; Friend, M., £2 2s; Fletcher, G., 1s; Gater, E., 5s; Gouyn, A., 10s 9d; Guise, E., 5s; Grimes, E., 3s; Gover, R., 14s 6d; Green, K., 3s 8d; Gearing, M., 1s; Hayland, H., £1 1s; Horwood, S., 5s 6d; Hannaford, L., 1s 2d; Harper, A., 3s 3d; Hicks, S., 2s 2d; Holland, A., 10s 6d; Hazelton, D., £1 1s; Hull, A., 3s 6d; Henderson, M., £1; Jackson, A., 7s 1d; Lee, G., 7s; Last, A., 4s 1d; Lawrence, C., 6s; Lamb, M., 10s; Langdon, E., 6s; Lacey, M., 2s 6d; Millett, M., 4s; Mulcock, M., 14s; Mason, M., 6s; McCondach, A., 6s 8d; Moorcroft, R., 3s; Meader, R., 4s; Mitchell, K., 10s 1d; McCarty, L., 8s; Martin, N., 9s; Mudge, M., 1s 8d; Nutt, M., 13s 7d; Norris, F., 7s; Papworth, E., 10s; Pope, B., £1 1s; Peck, E., 6s 3d; Page, E., 3s 2d; Platt, O., 6s; Plumley, W., 7s; Petty, V., 2s 6d; Palmer, E., 3s 6d; Robinson, E., 7s 10d; Rosser, L., £1; Read, M., 5s; Rose, N., 10s 6d; Sidders, L., 4s 6d; Spurgine, E., 2s 6d; Sanders, L., 6s; Senyard, E., 3s 10d; Spencer, G., 5s; Smart, E., 3s; Scott, K., 13s; Smith, M., £1 1s; Steel, M., 6s 7d; Sellars, C., 13s 3d; Selby, E., £1 1s; Sandy, E., 2s 1d; Sands, M., 2s 6d; Tinworth, M., 5s; Turner, L., 3s; Tash, R., 2s 6d; Tozer, W., £1; Villars, C., 1s 6d; Widdeson, M., £1 1s; Weekes, M., 5s; Wallace, E., 4s 6d; Windfield, L., 16s; Wiffin, R., 4s; Worsley, F., £1 2s; White, D., 3s 3d; Williams, L., 10s 6d; Wicks, R., 1s 10d; Wicks, L., £1 1s. Total, £47 14s. 4d.

List of Presents from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896.—PROVISIONS.—56 lbs. Currants, Mr. R. Speller; 1 bag Potatoes, Mr. F. Holmes; 3 bags Potatoes, 3 bags Parsnips, 2 bags Turnips, a quantity Cabbages, Mr. Norvett; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Paxman; 1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Medcalf; 4 cwt. Jam, 2 cwt. Sweets, Messrs. Chivers and Son; 1 cwt. Eureka Flour, Mr. W. A. Coombes; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. S. Perry; 1 barrel Apples, Mr. T. Penny; 4 case Oranges, 2 bottles Sweets, Mr. E. Newman; 12 lbs. Sugar, 2 lbs. Chocolate Powder, 2 lbs. Coffee, 67 lbs. Pork, 2 lbs. Jam, Mr. A. Tilly; 1 case Oranges, Mrs. Gaward; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. C. Goddard; 1 case Oranges, Mr. Fisher; 3 cases broken Biscuits, Messrs. Huntley and Palmers; 1 case Oranges, Mr. W. Taylor; 2 sack Flour, Mr. C. P. Clover; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. J. Attlee; 40 lbs. Suet, 20 Bullocks' Hearts, Mr. Stephen West; 1 case Oranges, the Misses Food; 2 Apple Trees, A Well-wisher, Norwich; 3 boxes Valencia's, 2 boxes Currants, 42 lbs. Sugar, 14 lbs mixed Peel, 1 lb. Spice, Mr. J. T. Daintree; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 hamper Apples, Mr. R. V. Barrow; 1 cwt. Sweets, 24 boxes Cosques, Mr. James Pascall; 15 lbs. Cream Chips, Mr. W. H. Holder; 1 box Cosques, a few Sweets, Mrs. S. A. Parselli; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Lawman; 2 sacks Flour, Messrs. Clover and Son; 1 sack Flour, Mr. J. Clifton; 1 sack Flour, Mr. Charles Wagstaff; 44 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 15 bushels Brussels Sprouts, Mr. Wm. Vinson; 1 sack Flour, Messrs. Carwardine and Co.; 2 sacks Potatoes, Mr. Chas. Smith; 20 doz. bottles Ginger Ale, Messrs. Maughan and Co.; 20 Cocoa Nuts, Mr. Seaton; 2 sacks Potatoes and Turnips, Mr. E. Stead; 1 case Oranges, Mr. and Mrs. E. Phillips; 1 hamper Nuts, Oranges and Sweets, Mrs. Batza; 72 small Fork Pies, Mr. J. T. Crosher; 35 cwt. Potatoes, Mr. J. Johnson; 1 side Bacon (49 lbs.), Mr. C. Deayton; 360 Globe Cakes, 90 Ornamented Home Cakes, Messrs. Peck, Frean, and Co.; 1 Cake, Miss Morris; 1 cwt. Sweets, 3 doz. boxes Cosques, Mr. T. S. Pries.

Boys' CLOTHING.—12 pairs Socks, Mrs. Kine; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, a Fireside Offering; 2 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. L. M. Pittman; 1 pair Socks, a Friend at Portsmouth, per Pastor C. Joseph; 5 Warm Garments, from Burnham-on-Crouch; 5 pairs Hose, Miss M. Corbyn; 8 pairs Socks, Mrs. Dexter; 9 Articles, Miss M. Hunter; 2 Night Shirts, Mrs. Hornsby; 9 Articles, Miss Cowherd; 12 Scarves, L. W.; 11 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Gregory; 6 pairs Stockings, Mrs. Casburn; 2 Ties, 2 pairs Cuffs, Mrs. Gardiner; 5 Scarves, 4 pairs Cuffs (for No. 12 Boys), Sister Adelaide; 3 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 12 pairs Knitted Socks, Miss Morris; 3 Scarves, 1 pair Socks, Mrs. C. Kitching; 1 dozen Vests, 15 Shirts, 116 Ties, Mrs. Upton; 95 yards Narrow and 3 yards Broad Cloth, Messrs. Honry Fisher and Co.; 8 pairs Knitted Oufe, the Misses S. and S. Goodall; 8 pairs Braces, 2 Scarves, 2 packets Buttons, 2 pairs Stockings, Miss O. E. Selfe; 7 Garments, Mrs. Wilkinson; 4 pairs Stockings and 1 pair Boots, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 7 yards Shirting, Miss M. Corbyn.

Girls' CLOTHING.—10 Garments, the Misses Horton; 3 Garments, Miss C. Read; 8 Garments, A Fireside Offering; 10 Jackets, 10 yards Dress Material, Mr. H. Rutherford; 37 Articles, Mrs. Watling; 26 yards Dress Material, Mr. J. Bush; 18 yards Flannel, Mrs. M. I. Handley; 3 yards Fannelette, 1 Jacket, Mrs. Greenaway; 6 Garments, Mr. J. White; 8 Garments, Miss M. O. Sellar; 16 Garments, 24 yards Calico, 17 yards Remnants of Print, Miss M. Corbyn; 19 Garments, Miss Torr; 35 Garments, Friends at the Gosport Baptist Tabernacle, per Mrs. Bartholomew; 6 Garments, Miss A. Read; 24 Garments, Miss M. Hunter; 2 Garments, Mrs. Hornsby; 24 Articles, Miss Poole; 7 pairs Stockings, 5 Wool Ties, Mrs. D. T. Corks; 12 Garments, Miss Wood; 80 Garments, The Fleet Baptist Chapel Working Society, per Mrs. Aylett; 16 Garments, The Ladies' Working Mission, Chatham, per Mrs. Underdown; 4 Garments, Miss E. Brierly; 21 Articles, Miss Cowherd; 5 Garments, Mrs. Cunningham; 13 Garments, 2 Dolls, Miss M. A. Harris; 44 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. Cox; 18 Garments, Mrs. Gardiner; 1 Jacket, 1 pair Gloves, Mrs. Stephens; 40 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 Jacket, Mrs. S. Hughes; 22 Garments, Mrs. G. Wyatt; 1 Garment, Mrs. C. Kitching; 15 Garments, Miss Butler's Bible-class, Abbey Road Baptist Chapel; 8 pairs Stockings, Miss O. E. Selfe; 11 Garments, Mrs. Wilkinson; 4 Garments, J. D., Clapham; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Miss Wilford; 12 Trimmed Hats, 1 Dressed Doll, Mrs. Wilmshurst; 18

Remnants, Dress Material, Mrs. W. E. Wainwright, junr.; a parcel Clothing, Mr. J. H. Street; 106 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), the Reading Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. Jas. Withers.

GENERAL:—1 load Firewood, Mr. Geo. Boxall; a few Articles, Mrs. A. L. Davies; a quantity Fancy and Household Goods, Mrs. James A. Spurgeon; 6 volumes "Illustrated London News," Mrs. Miller, per Mr. Wm. Higgs; a quantity Books, Magazines, Texts, Cards, &c. 'The Religious Tract Society'; 3 copies of "Our Own Hymn Book," Mr. J. Luckham; a quantity Magazines, Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.; a parcel small Books and Cards, Mr. E. Wilmshurst; 1 vol. each "Girls'" and "Boys' Own Paper," Miss and the Misses Pring; 2 Scrap-books, Mrs. Bott; 2 Quilts, 3 Scrap-books, Miss Poole; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. J. Keen and Son; 7 Dolls, 11 Toys, 12 Atlas, a few Sweets, Mrs. S. A. Farrell; 20 Children's Books, Mrs. Farley; 1 packet Christmas Cards, Mrs. Murray Halford and family; 1 box Christmas Cards and Photographs, Mr. T. Catlow; 7 Dolls and a few Fancy Articles, Mrs. Leaper; 60 Booklets, Drummond Tract Society; 1 load Firewood, Messrs. J. Smith and Co.; 2 Scrap-books (for No. 1 Girls), Mr. R. Hobley; a supply each month of the "Band of Hope Review" and the "British Workman," Mr. J. B. Mead; binding 4 volumes, Mr. George Freeman; 1 Christmas Tree, Mrs. Cholmeley; 1 large Sofa Cushion, 2 Fancy Bags, Miss Pound.

ENRATUM, *Sword and Trowel*, December, page 655:—Collected by Mrs. E. Stevens, £20 4s 7d, should be: From Scotland, £15 17s 4d; from other places, £4 7s 3d; Total, £20 4s 7d.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	10	0	0
Hercford, per President J. Meredith	11	5	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	22	10	0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	11	5	0
Worcester Evangelical Association	10	0	0
Langham, per Mr. R. Scott	11	5	0
Devon Baptist Association, for Devonport	11	5	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	11	5	0
Stow and Aston, per Oxford Association	10	0	0
Maldon, Friends at	3	15	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Latover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	11	5	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, per Mr. B. J. Harwood	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. Priestley	5	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor	7	10	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	10	0	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	10	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keovil	11	5	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	50	0	0
District, per Mr. A. Fiddymant	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0	0
Cowling Hill Baptist Church, per Pastor E. R. Lewis	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association	20	0	0
	£298	10	0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. H. Gale	0	5	0
Mr. H. O. Heath	0	10	0
Mrs. Perry's collecting-box	0	13	2
Mr. and Mrs. Eullman	1	0	0
Mr. Higbed	0	5	0
Mr. A. Pitts	1	0	0
Miss Van Notten Pole	0	10	0
Collection at Bethel Chapel, per Pastor W. Whitehead	1	5	0
Mr. Powell's collecting-box	0	3	0
Mr. J. Spiers	0	10	0
Miss Gerard	0	5	0
Excutors of the late Miss E. S. Jarrett	45	0	0
Dr. and Mrs. MacGill, per Mrs. O. H. Spurgeon	0	10	6
Annual Subscriptions:—			
Mr. F. Fishwick	2	2	0
	£53	18	8

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. David McLaren	2	0	0
Mrs. E. J. Smith	0	7	6
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Leytonstone, per Pastor J. Bradford	10	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Faversham, per Pastor T. T. Minchin	2	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Rotherham, per Mr. E. Ball	8	9	8
Miss Gerard	0	3	0
	£17	19	9

C. S. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Dr. and Mrs. MacGill	0	10	6
From Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Birthday Fund	5	0	0
Mrs. Davis	0	10	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Bretforton	1	11	0
M. P.	0	8	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Harker	1	0	0
A. W.	0	2	6
Mr. I. Hiley	1	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	2	6
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Uphill, Folkestone	1	2	0
Mr. W. Higgs	5	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
E. M. P., one year's collection of farthings	0	5	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Cottenham	2	10	0
A widow's mite	0	2	6				
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang, "In memoriam"	5	0	0				21 7 0

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896.

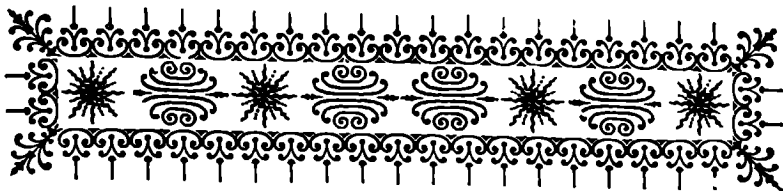
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
W. H. A.	0	5	0	Mrs. Matthews	1	0	0
Mrs. Davis	0	10	0	E. T.	0	7	0
Jessie Taylor	0	7	6	M. E., per Pastor Charles Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
Mr. L. Hiley	1	0	0	A. B., Leicester, a constant reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0	5	0
M. J. B.	0	10	0	"Grateful"	0	15	0
Miss A. Thutcher	0	2	6	Mrs. Pope	0	10	0
Mrs. Taylor	0	5	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
Mr. Beck	1	0	0	Mrs. Greenwood	2	0	0
Mrs. Mott	0	5	0	A. W.	0	2	6
A friend, in loving remembrance of an only sister	2	0	0	A. I. A.	0	5	0
Mr. Spurgeon's old friend, L. D.	0	10	0	E. B. P.	0	2	6
Mr. George Ranson, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster (with 3s. 7d. for Ten Years After!)	0	18	0	Miss Lowne (for Castilian sermons) ...	0	1	0
Mrs. C. Nunn	0	2	6	Miss Lovell	1	13	2
Mrs. Allen	0	5	0	M. N.	1	0	0
Mr. S. Calver	0	5	0	Miss Ellis, per Pastor Charles Spurgeon (for Kathi sermons)	1	15	0
Mrs. Edwards	0	5	0	Pastor G. W. Oldring	0	10	0
Mr. C. H. Price	1	0	0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd (for Indian sermons)	5	0	0
Mr. Wm. Moir	1	0	0				
A. Brown	0	5	0				226 16 8
Mrs. Rogers	0	5	0				

Pastor Charles Spurgeon gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions, from December 9th, 1895, to January 14th, 1896, towards the expenses of the Text Union:—Miss Welsh, 6d; Mrs. A. M. Williams, 1s; Mr. H. Jones, 1s; Miss C. Alby, 2s 6d; Mr. B. Scott, 1s; Mrs. Davis, 1s; Miss H. Sampson, 2d; Miss H. Jenner, 1s 2d; Mr. J. Taylor, 5d; Mrs. Ohorn, 3s; Miss Miles, 1s; Mrs. Butler, 1s; Mrs. Daniell, 1s; Miss Patters, 1s; Miss Bland, 1s; Miss England, 2s; Mr. George Trail, 2s 6d; "B. B." 5s; Mrs. S. Allen, 6d; Mrs. Flett, 2s 6d; Mrs. Fiddymnt, 1s; Ethel Mary Stanley, 1s; Miss Sampson, 3d; Miss Harding, 1s; Miss Fullerton, 6d; Miss B. Hale, 2s; Ed. Pudington, 5s; Alfred Young, 9d; Mrs. Barrett, 2s; Mrs. Pritchard, 1s; Miss B. Lane, 2s; G. J. Beveridge, 1s; Mrs. Inison, 6d; Miss B. M. McConnell, 2s; J. W. H., 3s; L. Moore, 10s; Miss Davidson, 6d; Mrs. Andrews, 10s; Miss A. E. Woolfenden, 1s; M. C.—s., 3s; Mario Russell, 6d; M. A. T., 3d; Mr. Toone, 2s; F. Bird, 1s; Miss Robins, 1s; Miss M. Sheath, 1s; Misses Heath, 2s; Miss Goodchild, 1s 2d; Miss Bruce, 6d; Mr. Burchatt, 6d; Mr. Barrow, 6d; Miss Cooper, 1s; Mr. Outram, 2s; Mary Fitzgerald, 1s; Miss MacKellan, 1s; Miss Mary C. Fettes, 1s; Mrs. Gill, 1s; Miss E. Florey, 1s; Miss C. L. Stuart, 1s; Miss R. Richardson, 2s; Mr. C. H. Townsend, 1s; Mrs. Aldridge, 6d; Mrs. J. Sumner, 1s 6d; Mrs. Pearman, 2s 6d; Mrs. Lord, 2s; Miss Tanner, 1s; Mrs. Evernden, 6d; T. Platts, 1s; Mr. Jas. S. Mack, 1s 6d; W. Catow, 1s; Mr. W. Fleming, 2s 6d; E. York, 1s; Miss F. Waring, 1s; Miss C. Dawkins, 6d; Miss Hale, 6d; Jane Curtis, 2s; Mrs. Weller, 6d; Rose A. Godfrey, 10s; Miss Newman, 1s; Mrs. Porteous, 1s; Miss Durant, 10s; Mrs. J. C. Morgan, 2s 6d; Miss C. Newman, 2s 6d; Miss A. Podley, 2s 6d; Miss Violet Exall, 1s; Miss C. A. Vickers, 1s 6d; Miss Mct. Graham, 6d; Miss A. Harden, 4d; Mrs. Adcock, 1s 6d; Mrs. J. Durant, 5s; Miss Hudson, 5s; Mr. Bellchumbers, 4d; Mrs. E. Mead, 1s; Miss Evans, 3s; Miss Francis, 6d; Mrs. Newbery, 2s; Mrs. Garden, 1s 6d; Miss Lottie Moore, 1s; Mr. R. C. Latham, 2s 6d; Mrs. Edwards, 2s 6d; Miss Worrall, 6d; Mrs. Walker, 2s.—Total, £9.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelist, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

MARCH, 1896.

An Eternal Distinction.

AN UNPUBLISHED SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON,
DELIVERED, 40 YEARS AGO, AT NEW PARK STREET CHAPEL, SOUTHWARK.
FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal."— Matthew xxv. 46.



THESE solemn words I read as an introduction to my subject, which is, THE ETERNAL DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE RIGHTEOUS AND UNRIGHTEOUS. From the beginning, there has been the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent ; and here at the end, we have the sheep and the goats, the blessed of the Father and the cursed ; those who "go away into everlasting punishment," and those who "go away into life eternal."

Men who study the human race with regard to the physical conformation of the body, divide mankind into several distinct classes. Though they can clearly perceive that all men have sprung from one parentage, yet they divide them into various families, according to differences in the colour of their skin, in the conformation of their head, and of other members of the body. Spiritual men divide the human race into *only two classes*. Though they know that all have sprung from one pair, yet they hold and teach that there are now on the face of the earth two families as distinct and separate from one another as night from day. Not only do they say there are two such families now, but they affirm that it is a doctrine of Holy Scripture that these two families have always existed ever since Adam

sinned and was driven forth from the garden of Eden. There are two streams, the one black and filthy, and the other clear as crystal, which flowed side by side from the beginning of time. You find an Abel offering an acceptable sacrifice, and in the same field with him a fierce and murderous Cain. You hear of Enoch, who "walked with God," and of Lamech, who gave himself over to wickedness. You read of the population of the earth being reduced to eight persons, who were saved in the ark, and in that ark there was not only a holy Noah, but his impious son, Ham. As the world increased, there was Abraham in his tent worshipping God, and commanding his household to walk in the fear of the Most High, while Sodom and the cities of the plain revelled in the most filthy lusts. In the days of Moses, Israel, the people of God, were enslaved in Egypt, and there were the Egyptians worshipping their gods of wood and of stone, bowing down to the works of their own hands. Israel marched forth into the wilderness, and was there the Assembly of Jehovah. There were those who brought an evil report of the land, there were multitudes who believed not and who died in the wilderness; there were also Moses and Aaron, Joshua and Caleb, who, selected from the rest of the people, represented the Lord's specially chosen ones. When Israel settled in the Promised Land, there were those who walked after the lusts of their own eyes, and there were a few found faithful to their God. Passing on in history, you find a Saul and a David, a Solomon and a Jeroboam, a Hezekiah and an Omri. So, right on, we see two distinct classes. In the midst of abounding iniquity in Babylon, there are Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. You have also Mordecai sitting in the gate of the king, and the wicked Haman plotting against his life. The people of God ever stand out distinct from those who indulge in worldliness and rebellion against the Lord. It was so in the time of Christ, it has been so ever since, and it will be so until the Son of man shall come in His glory.

No period of the world's history has been so black as to be destitute of one or two stars; and no period has been so bright as to be wholly without clouds. The two have always stood together, the ebon representatives of the dominion of sin, and the snow-white sons of Zion, made white, because washed in the blood of the Lamb. Turn to any country you choose into which Christian truth has penetrated, and you will find these two families never mixing together, always distinct, as if made by two different persons; as distinct as if one was the offspring of hell, and the other the offspring of God,—the righteous and the unrighteous. It is so to-day; it is so with the people who are at this present moment gathered together in this building. If our lives could be written, and our stories could be told, it would be sufficiently manifest that, though there may be little distinction between us as to our dress, manners, customs, and country, yet our hearts and desires are wide as the poles asunder, even though we are gathered together here to worship God. There are two men and two women sitting together in the same pew, and one of each shall be taken, and the others left. You look the same, sing the same, and attend the same, yet the two families are as unmixed now as they were when the sons of men first met to praise the Lord, and the sons of hell first assembled

to dance in lasciviousness. Universal history shows that God has made a broad distinction between them that fear Him and them that fear Him not.

Yet, if you ask me, "*Has God made a uniform distinction between the righteous and the wicked in the outward dealings of His providence?*" or, "Has God always shielded His people from all ill of every kind?" or, "Has God always followed the wicked with the streams of His wrath?"—to these questions I must answer, "*Certainly not!*" If pestilence stalks through the land, it lays low the reverent head of the hoary saint as well as the head of the veteran rebel. If battle rages, the city noted for prayer may as easily fall a prey to fire and sword as the city which has become filthy as the cities of the plain. If an earthquake comes, it makes no distinction between the houses of saints and sinners. When a flood deluges the land, it covers the broad acres of the children of God as well as those of their ungodly neighbours. Not only so, but it seems sometimes as though God acted more favourably towards the wicked than towards the righteous. It was David who said, "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree." "I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm. They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men; . . . their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish." "But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped. For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked." The righteous appear sometimes like the heath of the desert, or like a tree cut down, and seemingly dead, while the wicked man towers aloft, like the soaring poplar, and glories in the pomp of his wealth, and in the grandeur of his power. This has caused many a good man to murmur, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." The Christian, in the bitterness of his soul, says, "Surely this cannot be just, for God is causing the wicked to prosper while He has cast His own people down to the earth! Lazarus has his sores licked by the dogs, though his prayers have been heard in Heaven; while the rich man is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, though the wrath of God has gone out against him, and the bread which is in his mouth is cursed by the Almighty!"

God does not usually make any distinction between the righteous and the unrighteous in the arrangements of His providence in this world. A man's health or wealth is no indication of the favour of God, and a man's poverty or sickness is no sign of God's displeasure. He may be extremely poor, yet very godly; or he may be very rich, yet extremely wicked. Our outward circumstances are but little affected by, or indicative of, the state of our hearts toward God. In the providence of God there is no difference: "for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." The dew distilled alike on Mount Zion and on Mount Gilboa. In these respects, God has made no distinctions; but has put the righteous with the wicked, and the wicked with the righteous.

In other solemn and vital respects, *God has made an eternal distinction between the righteous and the wicked.* My text declares that this distinction will be eternal in its continuance: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal." The punishment of the unrighteous, and the life of the righteous, will be both alike eternal; so says the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

First, *God has made an eternal distinction between the righteous and the wicked from before the foundation of the world.* Men may deride eternal things, they may imagine they would be well content if they could share this world's good, and pawn any great advantage which might accrue to them from any difference made in eternity. They are like the profane Esau, who preferred a mess of pottage to the birthright. They know not that eternal things are the gold, and that earthly things are but the dross. God often gives the most of the dross to the wicked, because they are not His children; but He gives to His children "durable riches and righteousness." He says, "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment: that I may cause those that love Me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures." He gives His children the Bread of Heaven, and the Water of Life; these are the choice gifts which He denies to others.

God has made an eternal distinction between the righteous and the wicked in His Book of Life. There, the name of every saint stands recorded. Appended to each name is the solemn covenant, the certain and unconditional promise: "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My Word." "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels." As for the ungodly, in the Book of Life their names have no place. God has passed them over in His election. They live and die without faith, they pass out of the world without repentance. It is thus that the wicked give a sure proof that, when the Lord chose His own people, He left them, and passed them by, suffering them to go on in their own evil ways; and, at the last, they will bring on their own heads, by their own sins and transgressions, the merited eternal punishment which will be their portion. O sinners, you may despise the Christian; but he knows that he possesses an eternal treasure that is worth more than a thousand mines of your perishing gold! The believer's name is "written in the Lamb's Book of Life;" he was chosen of God before the foundation of the world; his name from eternity was engraved on the breastplate of Jesus. The wicked may laugh now at the righteous, but the righteous know that the day will surely come when it will be their turn to pity the wicked, because they have chosen the dross and dung of this passing world, while the righteous, being graciously directed by the sovereign love of God, have chosen the things which will last throughout eternity.

Next, *God has made a marked distinction between believers and unbelievers in the two ordinances of His Church.* There are but two ordinances,—sometimes falsely called "sacraments"—and these two ordinances are BAPTISM AND THE LORD'S SUPPER. Neither of them has been made for unbelievers; but the Lord has made both of them for His people, and for His people only. The ordinance of Baptism is for believers, and believers only: "*He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.*" As

for the Lord's Supper, He has spread His table for His own children, and for His own children only. He has fenced and guarded it with solemn threatenings, warning anyone from going to that table who cannot truly and reverently eat of the body and drink of the blood of Christ; not in a literal and carnal manner, but in a spiritual sense. Listen to this terrible Scripture: "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation" (or "condemnation") "to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." Come, either to what ye call "Holy baptism" or to Christ's communion table, ye who know Him not, and angels are there with their swords drawn to defend the sacred stream, and to guard the holy table from such intruders. But come, thou trembling child of God, and none shall say thee, "Nay." "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without?" "See, here is water; what doth hinder" *thee* "to be baptized?" "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." Canst thou say, "I believe with the heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and I rely upon Him alone for salvation"? If thou canst, there is nothing on earth or in heaven to hinder thee from being baptized, and coming to His table. Jesus says to all His people, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." But, O ye that believe not in Jesus Christ, and fear not God, cherubic wings are spread against you, and the solemn ban of God is on you, if you dare draw near to the ordinance of Baptism, or touch the sacred elements on the Lord's table. If you belong to Christ, you may draw nigh; you may come, and eat, drink, and be satisfied; for the Saviour gives you hearty welcome to His Church. He Himself invites you, and bids you come. Thus has God, in His ordinances, made a difference by threatening those who touch holy things with unholy hands, while He opens wide the gates of entrance to His own people whom He has bidden to observe them.

Then, *God has made a distinction in favour of His children in respect of the precious privileges which He has laid up for them.* The very fact that God has admitted them into His family by adoption, and has made them His children, fills them with wonder and admiration. God calls us His children, and makes us His heirs. "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." If the sinner, living in his sins, pretends to be a child of God, the destroying angel will unshoath his sword, and thunder forth threatenings against him; but when the believer prays, "Our Father, which art in Heaven," he is not going beyond his right, for all believers can say, "Thou, O God, art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and though Sarah acknowledge us not. We know we have been adopted into Thy family, for the Holy Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirits that we have been born from above, and He breathes into our souls a sense of God's paternal love." God saves His people from all their sins. He has removed far from them all their guilt, and has clothed them with the righteousness of Christ. Being justified by faith, they have peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. This is not the

portion of the wicked ; God says that they have no peace. Conscience is at peace with the righteous, because conscience has been pacified with the blood of Christ ; and, instead of threatening him, conscience now smiles upon him. Christ's blood has been applied to him, and his sin has been cleansed away. Conscience says, "It is well !" and so the believer has peace,—a peace which passes all understanding, a peace to which the wicked cannot attain. The heir of Heaven may lay his hand on all the precious things of the eternal covenant ; he may claim personal election, effectual calling, redemption, justification, sanctification, as his very own. He can turn over the pages of the Book of Grace, and say, "All things written herein are mine ; the gifts of God, the purchase of my Saviour's blood." But if the wicked man shall do this, the flaming sword of divine justice will turn every way against him, to protect the Tree of Life from his unholy touch.

Further, *God has made a distinction between the righteous and the wicked in respect of the dealings of His providence.* "Now," says Mr. Critic, "he is going to contradict himself." Ah ! I dare say. I should not be very sorry to do that if it were only to set *you* talking ; for it is a fine thing sometimes to see how fast your tongue runs. Now then, sharpen your pencil, and write it all down, for you will then see that I am not contradicting myself. God does make a difference in His providence, not in its outward manifestation, but secretly and really. Outwardly, the saint and the sinner may be just alike ; but they are not so inwardly. When the Christian's house is burned down, there is a blessing with it ; but when the sinner's house is burned down, there is a curse with it. When ungodly men suffer pain, to them it is a part of the curse ; but when the righteous suffer, to them there is no curse, for Christ has borne away all their curse. The sorrows of the worldling are like the wasp, which can only sting, while the sufferings of the Christian are like the bee, which gathers honey everywhere, and sometimes from apparently the most unlikely flowers. There is nothing of the curse in the calamities which fall upon the righteous. He can say with Habakkuk, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength." If the harvest fail, if the cattle are diseased, if business be stagnant, if the ships rot in the docks, the song of the believer is still, "I know that my Redeemer liveth !" If Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, if He has been made a curse for us, then there can be no curse in our trials and afflictions. But, to the wicked, their troubles are punishments for their sins ; they come upon them, not from the hand of the Father, but from the hand of the Judge. Sinner, when God smites you now, He smites you with the back of His sword, not yet with its edge ; but *you shall feel that in hell*, unless you repent ! When God smites the believer, it is with the rod with which He chastiseth His children, whom He tenderly loves even while He smites. Then, a thousand afflictions may come upon the righteous, but there is no curse with them ; the godly taste not one drop of the gall and worm-

wood of Jehovah's wrath. The afflictions of the wicked are different; they have an edge, a sharpness, about which the suffering believer knows nothing: "The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked: but He blesseth the habitation of the just." Hence, worldly men despair when they lose anything; they are sometimes ready to curse God and die if they are bereaved of their children. The believer is enabled by grace to bow his head, and exclaim, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." The righteous man feels that there is no anger in bereavement; he does not turn against his God as though He were dealing harshly with him; but he kisses the rod even as it falls upon him. So that thus, in the dealings of His providence, God makes a distinction between the righteous and the wicked.

These distinctions are, however, small as compared with the distinctions which shall be made. *The great distinction between the righteous and the wicked is yet to come.* There will be a distinction in the last hour, when we come to die. At times, as the wicked man dies, his eyes are half opened; and as he looks across the black stream of death, he sees nothing to invite him on the other side. He starts back! He fears to die! There have been cases in which wicked men have seemed as though they saw frightful sights, and heard horrible sounds, before they actually departed from the body. The death-beds of some wicked men have been so frightful that even their nurses have been terrified. Many infidel death-beds have been marked by fearful scenes. Simpson, in his *Plea for Religion*, has collected accounts of a number of such scenes. We cannot read of the deaths of such men as Tom Paine, of D'Alembert, of Voltaire, and of many others, without seeing how fearful it has been for such men to come before the Maker whose existence they have denied. The wail of sorrow has been unapproachable and unparalleled. As for the pains of a woman in travail, they are as nothing compared with the pangs of the wicked in the grip of death. How different with the righteous! Said good Mr. Haliburton, when on his death-bed, "Here I lie, racked with pain,—weak, but yet strong. In a few moments I shall know more of the glories of God than any of you. Farewell!" "Oh!" said godly John Hyatt, "I am resting on the Rock; and if I had a thousand souls, I could commit them into the hand of Christ." Someone told John Rees of the reward awaiting him after death. He said, "My reward? I'll tell you what I'll do with it; I'll lay it at the Redeemer's feet,—

"And crown Him Lord of all."

John Owen just finished the last sheets of his book on *The Glory of Christ*, and said, "Ah! put them away; I shall write no more. I am now about to see the glory of Christ for myself!"

But this is only the threshold of the eternal world. It is not always so that the righteous die rejoicing, and that the wicked die in agony. We have heard of the Roman emperor who died dressed up, as if he should say, "Have I not played my part well?" Ordinary sinners have died peacefully, and hypocrites have departed with a text of Scripture in their mouth, and a hymn upon their tongue; while many

a child of God has fallen asleep in the dark without any sign of joy. The real distinction will be, "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another." Then shall the righteous be welcomed into the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world; and then shall the wicked hear the dreadful sentence, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Now hearken to my text again: "*And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.*"

Oh, that these lips had language to describe THE ETERNAL DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED! See, they are gathered together, they are standing in the vast plain, the great white throne is set, and on it is seated the Judge! The righteous and the wicked stand together, they have started from their common graves, from the same rock-hewn tombs, from the same cemeteries, from the same battle-fields, from the same oceans. They stand together before the throne of God; and now the books are opened, now the eternal distinction is declared. Israel, despised and rejected of men, followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, the Man of sorrows; believers who have been men of sorrows themselves, persecuted, afflicted, tormented, men and women of whom the world was not worthy,—now, Zion, has come thy bridal day! Now, Jerusalem, unto thee has come the day wherein thou shalt put on thy glorious apparel, and shalt stand forth confessed a queen; no more degraded, and despised, and smitten, as thou wast by them that kept the vineyards when thou camest forth seeking for fruit for Him who was thy Lord. Now, indeed, O Church, O bride of Christ, thou shalt be known! There is silence in Heaven. The pulse of Time is still. The very light which shoots so dimly from the sun seems as if its wings were more downy than before. And now the trumpet waxes loud and long, and every heart that is not ready for the great reward quails with terror.

Now the dividing-time has come, and the King says to those on His right hand, "Come, ye blessed of My Father." Now see how the vast multitude is divided. The father is on the right hand, and his family is on the left. The godly daughter is separated from her terror-stricken mother. Those who despised the Saviour of their parents are now exposed to the anger of the God whom they rejected. The righteous have all ascended to God, and have taken their seats around the throne, and now, instead of one Judge, there are ten thousand times ten thousand sitting by His side, judging with Him as co-apparitors with the King of kings. Now the book is opened,—*the book of the condemned*,—the book on which blood was never sprinkled; and oh! what tongue shall describe the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth? If the cries of St. Bartholomew, the shrieks of St. Cecilia, and the vespers on the dreadful battle-field, could mingle in one doleful *miserere*, yet it could never reach such an awful depth of horrible wailing as then shall issue from the lips of the lost! It must have been a fearful shriek that pierced the sky when the watery walls gave way, and overwhelmed both Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea; but not such a shriek as shall be heard when the walls of the

universe give way, and fall upon all those who have despised their Creator, and rejected the Saviour who shall then be their Judge! I know not how to picture the dreadful scene, to portray the fearful terror, or to describe that terrible shriek. Then shall be heard the great cry throughout the hosts of the wicked, such as there has been none like it, nor shall be like it any more for ever.

And now, my hearers, where will you be in that dread day? Will you sing with the righteous, or shriek with the wicked? Shall the perpetual song of the redeemed, or the howlings of the damned be yours? Alas! many of you well know,—for your conscience tells you it is so,—that if, to-night, your souls were required of you, your account would be doleful. Ah, young man, thou hast begun to swear! Ah, old man, thou hast been a blasphemer these many years! Young woman, thou hast heard the gospel scores of times, but all to no profit! Many of you are as far from God as ever, after many faithful warnings and honest rebukes. Remember the wrath to come! the wrath to come! the wrath to come! Oh, my God, when I think of what eternity is; when I turn over in my mind that dreadful fact, that some among us, that perhaps many of us, yea, that all who die without repentance and faith, must be eternally accursed, I shudder! It is enough to make one's blood like ice within the veins. For ever, for ever, for ever lost! Launched on a sea of fire, without knowing where to steer, and drifting on in one undeviating track for ever and for ever! Doomed to climb, perpetually, the topless steeps of a mountain which has no summit, and that mountain, a mountain of woe and misery. You poor, impenitent sinner, will have to climb that mountain for ever, and for ever, and for ever! Suppose a great mountain, and suppose a little bird should come to that mountain once every million of millions of years, and take away one grain of earth at a time, till the whole were removed; after all these millions of millions of years, eternity would be no more finished than when the process had just begun. Go on till thought and imagination fail, and conception is at a loss, on, and on, and on; but the goal is just as distant, the end is not one whit nearer than when you started.

Oh! believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all ye who know yourselves to be lost without Him. Cast yourselves upon Him, for He has said, "*Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.*" "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

"Ye sinners, seek His grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

"So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head."

May God, in His infinite mercy, grant it, for Christ's sake! Amen.

Alive, and Well!

AN "IN MEMORIAM" ADDRESS DELIVERED BY
PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30TH, 1896.

"And he asked them of their welfare, and said, Is your father well? Is he yet alive?"—Gen. xliii. 27.

LET me say at the outset that I am well aware, I might almost say painfully aware, that there are not wanting some to take exception to, and to pass censures upon our memorial services. Surely they fail to realize that, in our heart of hearts, we have no sort of desire to detract from our Saviour's glory, nor to divide the honour that is due unto His name. Some there are,—perchance they did not love our Pastor quite as well as we did,—who would have had us relinquish the keeping of the anniversary of his "departure" even before the four years, to which we have now attained, had been reached. Well, there are ever some folk to find fault with what others think well to do. I suppose, if we did not have memorial services, there would be murmuring on account of the omission. Strictures there would be in either case. It is not well to take undue notice of the unfavourable remarks of a few, but I do think it wise to say that our action is prompted by love to Jesus as well as by love to C. H. Spurgeon and his memory, and that we believe ourselves to be more than justified in having held, thus far, (whatever happens hereafter,) such meetings as the present in which we glorify God in him, and do not fail to point men to his Saviour. God forbid that we should ever even seem to idolize or worship any man; but I take it that the records of good men and holy lives that are preserved to us in the Book of God are sufficient warrant for reminding ourselves, at least once a year, of his faithful service, and his crystal character, and his Spirit-filled life. I cannot but believe that the loving Saviour, who would have the woman's deed of love mentioned throughout the ages wherever the gospel is preached, "for a memorial of her," is by no means grieved when we speak of one who is already in His presence, but whose love, and life, and worth, and work, remain with us as incentives to such deep devotion, and unstinted generosity, and Christ-like love, as we saw in him. I have felt constrained to vindicate our gathering and the purpose of it, but I do so, as you perceive, in the spirit of perfect love and friendliness towards those who differ from us in the matter. They are welcome to their opinion. May we not enjoy our own? Only let it be clearly understood that we are as opposed as they are to undue exaltation of man; we give all praise to God.

There are two questions in this verse—"Is your father well?" and again, "Is he yet alive?" It has probably struck you that the order of these questions is not a little remarkable. If Joseph had first asked, "Is your father yet alive?" it would have seemed quite fit and proper that he should follow up that question with the other enquiry, "And is he well?" But instead thereof the queries are transposed, "Is your father well?"—"Is he yet alive?" I do not pretend to be

able to tell you the real reason for that strange order, but I do know that it fits our case very admirably. It may be that the first phrase is little more than a formal salutation. It may be that Joseph, when he had asked after the health of "the old man", fancied that it would have been better if he had first enquired if he were still living. "Is your father well?" said he, and before that sentence had died away he took himself to task, for he knew that Jacob was ageing. "It may be," thought he, "that I have inflicted pain upon my brethren by asking if one is well who has already passed away from this vale of tears." Well we know that he whose name is on our hearts and lips to-night is in one sense no longer living, but it is by no means amiss to ask, "Is he well?" Four years ago the summons came,—the post from the Celestial City,—and he was called up higher; yet in a sense we may ask this question concerning him, "Is he well?" "But," says someone, "he has ceased to be." Very well, then, let us put the other question, "Is he yet alive?" Has he really ceased to be? Is there not a glorious sense in which, though he is dead, he liveth? He lives in our hearts and memories, he lives by his books and sermons, he lives in his converts and church-members, and he lives—oh, how glorious is that life!—in the immediate presence of the Saviour whom he loved so well, and whose truth he preached so eloquently, and fearlessly. Ah, as he lives there, we may be sure that he is well, for there "the inhabitant shall not say, 'I am sick.'" Therefore is it that we to-night return an emphatic "Yes" to each of these enquiries. He *is* well, the time of pain and suffering is past. He *is* alive, the Lord has promoted him to the land of life and light for evermore.

A few reflections are prompted by the mention of health and strength. "*Is your father well?*" that is, "*Is he in good health?*" You remember, O my hearers, how, when your Pastor was among you, this question was constantly asked, and all too often it had to be answered in the negative! Yet I think we ought to bless God to-night that for the most part his health was wonderful. You who were privileged to be with him at the outset can call to mind how, with a constitution so robust that nothing seemed to weary it, your late dear Pastor toiled as few other men have been privileged to do. Unceasing were his labours in those early days. What a deal of strength he must have expended in every service, so glowing was his enthusiasm, so whole-hearted his sympathy! I have marvelled as often as I have read of his country campaigns, of his return at the end of each week, of his speedy preparation of his wonderful sermons, and then of the irresistible force with which he delivered them on the succeeding Sabbath. Well, God had fitted him in every respect for a special service, had he not? He dowered him with a constitution of the iron order. Even in later years, when frequent illnesses and fearful pains had enfeebled him, there were plain evidences that his frame originally was specially adapted for the particular work to which the Lord had appointed him. You have not forgotten how bravely he battled with disease, and how marvellously he rallied. Some have wondered why it was that so much sickness and suffering were permitted to such an one. The dispensation was a strange one, I allow, but oh! what lessons he learned in the school of affliction, and how gloriously he

used his experience to the edification of others, that they might learn the same lessons in a more easy school! I do believe that much of the blessing that resulted from many of his sermons is directly traceable to the fact that they were born and preached under stress of suffering. He called unto God in the time of his weakness, and the power of the Almighty rested upon him. Certainly, the word of consolation reached many a heart as it could hardly have done if he who spake the word had not himself been comforted of God. I want to remind you, to-night, that he often spake from this platform when standing was a painful matter, and sometimes he had to sit to speak all the words of this life, or with a foot resting upon a chair to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ. I speak of this because it is, to my mind, an instance of holy heroism that should not be forgotten. We have heard tales of soldiers fighting on their bleeding stumps, and refusing either to give or to ask for quarter. In the heat of battle, that has been done again and again, and all honour to the men who, for their hearths and homes, and Queen and country, have bravely done it; but I reserve my warmest admiration for men who preach the gospel when, humanly speaking, they would be better in their beds, and who, despite their sufferings, are determined to declare the whole counsel of God. Well, those are the days of long ago, and I want you to rejoice to-night that they are past. You cannot rejoice that he is dead, but you must rejoice that he is in pain no longer. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." The last pang is past, and he is well, for ever well, who in his later years on earth was so often racked with agony. Cannot you bless God for this, and look forward to the time when your pains also shall be for ever ended?

Did I ever tell you of one whom it was my lot to visit in the earliest days of my ministry,—a poor young sufferer who lay sick with that fell disease, consumption? It was my joy to see her as often as could be, and I was, on one occasion, grasping her thin hand, prepared to speak what I hoped would prove a word of cheer. As I greeted her, I said, "And how do you feel to-day?" Perhaps it was not the kindest possible question, for I knew she could not feel well; but I meant it kindly, and she took it so; but she surprised me with her reply. "Oh!" said she, "I am nearly well—nearly well!" For the moment I wondered what she meant. Could it be that that terrible complaint had deceived her, as it does so many, into the idea of an impossible recovery? Ah, it was not that! She was prophesying that her mortal course was almost run; and she was right, for, I think, that self-same day she crossed the border, and leapt into the light. "Nearly well," she said; and, soon after that, I doubt not that she said she was, "Quite well," for outside the gates of the New Jerusalem she laid aside her sicknesses and her sufferings, and went in to greet Jehovah-Rophi, "the Lord who healeth us," and to be for ever well. I think I can hear her singing with our dear departed Pastor,—

'Quite well! quite well! Tb' inhabitant shall no more say,
 'I'm sick.' All hearts with happy haleness swell:
 Pain is no more! The former things are passed away.
 For ever and for ever, 'All is well!'

It is "all well" with him in the land of happiness, and health. Praise God for this.

This term, "*Is he well?*" might be translated, "*Is he at peace?*" and you know what the answer to that question is with regard to all who depart to be with Christ. Their peace is perfect now. We are not here to-night to pray for the repose of the soul of our departed leader. Thank God, he found peace here, the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that floweth like a river. Thank God, his heart and mind were kept by the peace of God; but oh! when the Lord summoned him to His side, he entered into peace unruffled and ineffable. In his early years he found joy and peace in believing, and all through his life the God of peace Himself gave him peace by all means. But oh! he knows a peace serener and sweeter than he even dreamed of here. All doubts and fears are past. He was not given to doubting and fearing: he was pre-eminently a man of faith, but there were times, as he himself confessed, when fears intruded, and doubts insinuated themselves. Did not an aged saint once take him to task, and gently chide him for telling the children of God that he had doubted for a moment? Humbly, as was his wont, he owned the wrong. There are no doubts in Heaven. Full assurance floods the place, and fills all hearts. While he was here, too, he had perplexity and mystery. I grant you, he was not the man to trouble much about them, and to brood over them. Certainly he did not scatter them, as some so-called ministers of the gospel do, until all the hearers' hearts are filled with questionings as well. But I doubt not that, in his own heart, there was a longing at times for the solution of the puzzles, and for the reading of the riddles. Well, he is now in possession of the key that unlocks every door. What he knew not here, he knows in the hereafter to which he has already attained. And I doubt not that, while he was here, his peace was disturbed by corruptions from within and temptations from without. He himself confessed, as did a still greater than he, that there was a constant duel between the dual nature that was within. That strife is over, the victory is won. He claimed it even here, and rejoiced in anticipation of it. Now the crown is on his brow, and a palm branch in his hand. His worst enemy vexes his ears and eyes no more. Satan is put to the rout, and sin is trampled under foot. Our answer is an unhesitating "Yes." "He is well," and "He is at peace," for he has reached the haven of eternal calm. Sometimes, our hearts find themselves longing to be with him there.

"But *is he yet alive?*" says one. I wish that you could all think of him as living. Then the day of his death would not be so full of mourning as it is to some. I would rather call it the day of his entrance into life than the day of his decease. We believe in the endlessness of the divine life; we believe also in the immortality of the soul. We know that, when he trusted Jesus, he began to live a life that can never, never pass away. We believe that, in any case, he would have lived for ever, that death does not end all, and is not an eternal sleep; but we also know that they who trust the Son do by that trust become partakers of eternal life, and they shall never perish. Yes, he is yet alive. Death for him, as for all saints, was but the

entrance into everlasting life, an appearance on a yet higher stage of being. Only one higher can be, when the body rejoins the soul, and both glorify God together for ever and ever.

"*Is he yet alive?*" Yes, yes, serving the Master still, praising Jehovah yet. We believe in the activities of Heaven. We have very little sympathy with the old-fashioned notion of doing nothing for ever and for ever. We believe that such an one as he could scarcely find Heaven *Heaven* if he were not actively engaged in the promotion of God's glory and the service of his risen Lord. You remember what his own idea of this matter was. He used to tell us that he thought he would in the after-life be preaching the gospel still, perhaps commissioned to some other world, there to declare what God had done for the sinners of this poor earth, and in his graphic language he sometimes ventured to depict himself standing forth before the wondering multitudes, declaring with new powers the same unsearchable riches of Christ. Whether that be so or not, this we know, that His servants serve Him day and night in His temple, and we love to think that he who was a leader here, though indeed content to be a servant of servants for Christ's sake, takes a prominent part in the service of the skies. Oh, he is yet alive, passing from glory unto glory, and, for aught I know, declaring to principalities and powers the love of Jesus!

He is living in other senses than this. Does not his *word* still live amongst us? Nor is his *example* dead. We can never forget, though we should live to be as old as Methuselah, his generosity, his geniality, and many other traits of character for which we praise the Lord. His *works* still live, the College, the Orphanage, the Colportage, the Evangelistic Agency, and this great Church. Many of these works are somewhat reduced in scope, some of them indeed have not retained all the activity and fervour of his day; but I know not that any of them are dead, nor do I believe that any of them are dying either. So *he* still lives, for he was the author and originator of these Christ-like institutions. His *messages* still live. I meet with people almost every day who remember such-and-such a sermon, or in whose memories there remain fixed for ever trenchant words or soothing sentences that he has spoken. Moreover, I love to think that still his sermons are finding their way even into the corners of the earth. Scatter them all you can, for the truth of God is in them, and the power of the Spirit is still upon them. Thank God, his *converts* still live. There are many here who own him as their spiritual father, and love him, as others cannot do, on that account. And his *influence* is still exerted amongst us. I believe he told the truth—though I could wish there were still more reason for the statement,—who said, a little while ago, that the atmosphere of the Tabernacle is still affected by the Pastor who has gone, and that there still remain amongst us a power and a personality even through the memory of him. I pray God that these may tarry for many a long day. Oh! that, while we speak of him with aching hearts and perhaps with tearful eyes, we may cast ourselves again at Jesus' feet, and say, "We would serve Christ as he did, and yield ourselves to his Jesus without reserve."

Ah! there are some of you who have never trusted Jesus yet, and

others who, having trusted Him, have never professed Him in His own appointed way, though he of whom we have been trying to speak pleaded with you, and prayed for you, and preached to you with all his consecrated powers. What if to-night shall be the time of your decision? What say you if I ask you, here and now, in view of this baptismal pool which is the emblem of Christ's death and burial and resurrection, and in view also of the sepulchre at Norwood in which you laid a man greatly-beloved, that you will devote yourselves body, soul, and spirit, to Him who loved you, and gave Himself for you? Perhaps it may be yours, by devotion to Jesus, to aid in filling the gap in the Church of God which the Pastor's removal has made. Certain it is that only by the same blood-stained road on which he travelled can you hope to reach, as he has done, the place of health, and peace, and life. Oh, that you would trust in the finished work of the Crucified, and so make this memorial evening to be memorable in your own experience! The Lord bless the message and the memory, for His name's sake! Amen.

“A Tender Heart.”

“A tender heart is the best defence against sin.”—C. H. S.

GIVE me a *tender* heart,
 Made sensitive by Thee,
 And taught from sin to flee.

Call me by grace to walk apart
 In holy fellowship with Thee;
 A tender heart give me!

Give me a *trustful* heart,
 That whispers day by day;
 “Choose Thou for me my way.”

Let me not from Thy side depart,
 But let my feet keep step with Thine;
 A trustful heart be mine!

Give me a *loving* heart,
 Surrendered all to Thee,
 In true sincerity;

That I may share the lot and part
 Of all who are beloved of Thee,
 A loving heart give me!

Give me a *holy* heart,
 Daily prepared by Thee,
 Thy dwelling-place to be;

That so Thy Spirit may impart
 The light by which my face shall shine;
 A holy heart be mine!

The "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society.

REPORT OF THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

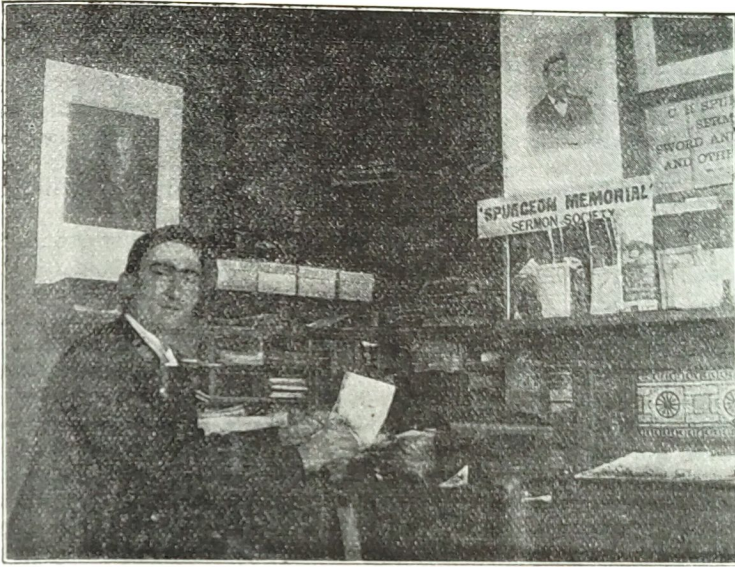
MOST of our readers are probably familiar with the story of the formation of the Society that bears the above title. At the College Conference in 1892, Mr. Harrald read a paper to the assembled ministers, urging them to make the greatly-increased circulation of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons the loving literary memorial of his unique career as "the Prince of preachers." Some of the brethren responded to the request, and to this day the work is continued in various places, to the glory of God in the salvation of souls and the edification of believers.

It was left, however, for one who was not at that time specially set apart for the ministry,—Mr. William Taverner, of Brighton,—to make the suggested service his life-work. He was little more than a youth, but he was consecrated to the Lord; and his mother, a former member of the Tabernacle Church, has been his willing co-worker and counsellor from the commencement of the effort. When he read Mr. Harrald's paper in *The Sword and the Trowel* for July, 1892, he was employed as a sorter in the Brighton Post Office, and he had previously acted as personal attendant to a member of Parliament. In these two capacities he had become acquainted with various matters that have since been invaluable to him in the work to which the Lord has evidently called him. Beginning with only a few sermons, which he put into wrappers of rather a primitive sort, and lent out to friends who were willing to receive them, the mustard-seed began to grow, a Society was organized, and friends were called in to help in various ways.

At first, those who received the sermons paid a small entrance fee, but this necessarily restricted the distribution, and left many who most needed such plain gospel messages unreached by them. A plan was afterwards devised by Mr. Taverner and his friends, so that the sermons might be circulated on gospel terms, "without money and without price." Then, in due time, the Lord laid it upon the heart of one of His stewards, (who prefers to remain unnamed,) that this agency might become a means of untold blessing to the poor people of the United Kingdom if it could be made accessible to all who desired its aid. Accordingly, announcements were widely published, intimating that *Mr. Spurgeon's sermons could be supplied, gratis, ready covered, and carriage paid, in sets of fifty to each worker, on the one condition that all contributions for the work should be forwarded to the Society, once a quarter, with a report concerning the distribution of the sermons.*

This notice naturally attracted the attention of many Christian friends who were seeking fresh opportunities of serving their Saviour, and Mr. Taverner was speedily overwhelmed with applications. With the assistance of willing workers able to render occasional help, he bravely struggled on for a time, doing full duty at the Post Office and also in connection with the Sermon Society; but, at last, to avoid a total breakdown, he had to resign his appointment, the generous friend previously mentioned having guaranteed his support for the first year. The photograph here reproduced was taken in the last week

that Mr. Taverner wore the uniform of a Post Office official. It represents him sitting in the little room at 36, Exeter Street, Brighton, where the ever-increasing correspondence of the Society received



attention until it was found needful to remove into more suitable premises at the address given at the end of this article.

Most appropriately, dear Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Taverner are both represented as looking in the same direction, while the present Pastor of the Tabernacle, who is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, is close at hand, ready to cheer on his fellow-labourer in the happy but heavy task of perpetuating C. H. Spurgeon's God-glorifying ministry. The inkstand shown in our view is greatly prized by Mr. Taverner, for it was given to him by his Post Office comrades when he left the Queen's service for that of the King of kings. Some of them had not been at all in sympathy with him in the work to which he had set his hand, and they had nicknamed him "Spurgeon," because of his devotion to one who was to them little more than a name; but it was most touching and gratifying to hear their testimonies to the real worth of their departing comrade, and their regret that they should ever have given him cause for grief. Mr. Taverner says that he loves to relate this little incident for the encouragement of other Christian toilers who may be placed in similar circumstances, and who may fancy that their testimony for the Master is not being accepted.

The Sermon Society was really started in July, 1892, but being to so large an extent a memorial to the ever-beloved Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, the annual meetings of the Society have been held as nearly as possible on the anniversary of his promotion to glory.

Accordingly, on *Thursday, January 30, 1896*,—the day before the never-to-be-forgotten 31st,—a series of gatherings was held in Brighton, the one in the morning being of a private character, when the Society's business was transacted by the general committee. In the afternoon, a public meeting was held in the Holland Road Baptist Chapel, Hove, kindly lent for the occasion by Pastor David Davies and his friends. A large and representative company assembled, and special interest was given to the gathering by the presence of Mr. Charlesworth and the choir and handbell ringers from the Stockwell Orphanage,—the financial proceeds of the day being divided between that institution and the Sermon Society.

Mr. Harrald presided, and after prayer by Pastor T. S. Burros, and the reading of Psalm lxxviii. 1—11, said :—

"I never like to hear anyone talk about 'the *late* Mr. Spurgeon.' He never deserved that title while he was with us here on earth, for among his many virtues and excellences he was always in time, punctual to the moment in keeping every engagement he had made. Nor is he 'the *late* Mr. Spurgeon' now; 'he, being dead, yet speaketh,' through his sermons and the many other gracious words which the Holy Spirit inspired him to preach or write. It is most fitting that this work should bear his name, and be called the '*Spurgeon Memorial*' *Sermon Society*, though careful observers must have noticed how scrupulously Mr. Spurgeon refrained from giving his own name to any part of the service that the Lord entrusted to his charge. Other people spoke of 'Spurgeon's Sermons'; he called them the *New Park Street Pulpit* and the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*. Many still refer to the great house of prayer at Newington as 'Spurgeon's Tabernacle'; he named it 'The Metropolitan Tabernacle.' Others talk of 'Mr. Spurgeon's College' and 'Spurgeons' Orphan Home'; but he secured their titles in perpetuity as 'The Pastors' College' and 'The Stockwell Orphanage.' His motto ever was, 'Not I, but Christ.'

"Mr. Spurgeon has many memorials, and each one of them might have been a sufficient monument for any man. Among the *living* memorials, very tender and loving mention must be made of dear Mrs. Spurgeon and her two sons, and the other relatives still left to mourn their loss; nor must we forget the ministers, missionaries, colporteurs, orphans, Tabernacle church-members, and converts all over the world, to whom C. H. Spurgeon's home-going was a real personal bereavement. His *architectural* memorials remain as permanent reminders of his many-sided ministry; his *literary* memorials already are one of the wonders of the world, and yet they are very far from being completed. The regular issue of the sermon every week, *The Sword and the Trowel* every month, the *Book and Sheet Almanacs* and new volumes every year, make it difficult for many to realize that the beloved preacher is not still in our midst.

"If Mr. Spurgeon could have chosen his own memorial, we can imagine that he would have felt that the constantly-increasing circulation of his sermons was more than anything else the way in which he would wish his service for the Saviour to be perpetuated. It was always the source of heartfelt joy and gratitude when he heard of blessing given to his preached or printed discourses, and he was

before everything else a preacher of 'the glorious gospel of the happy God,' so that in no more appropriate way could his memory be kept green, and his great influence upon the human race be continued, than by the ever-widening distribution of his sermons both in our own mother tongue and in the very many foreign languages into which they have been and will yet be translated.

"This afternoon we ought to have a series of thanksgivings, first, for the gospel given to Mr. Spurgeon to preach; next, for the grace given to him to proclaim it so simply and yet so powerfully; then, for the brother whom the Lord had been preparing and qualifying to organize this beneficent service; further, for the unnamed friend who has so generously aided in the extension of the work; and, lastly, for all the distributors, secretaries, helpers, and donors who have in any way contributed to the success already attained."

Mr. Taverner read the Fourth Annual Report, from which the following extracts will be of interest to our readers, especially to those of them who are or will be partakers in the good work:—

"So great and wonderful has been the growth of the Society during the year that it is difficult to recognize the Society that existed twelve months ago; the little one has become more than a thousand, and the blessing at times has seemed more than we could contain. Our beloved and esteemed President has helped and encouraged us much in the work, and very grateful do we feel to him. That he may receive from the Great Commander's hands a full reward, is our sincere and earnest prayer. Our Secretary is still spared to superintend the work, and although his strength has been much taxed to cope with the heavy increase of work, the necessary power has been given. To the various religious newspapers and periodicals which have given publicity to our offer to supply sermons freely, we express our indebtedness and thanks. Among the Vice-Presidents elected during the year, are Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, Mrs. Gates (Railway Mission, Brighton), Pastors Charles Spurgeon, Thomas Spurgeon, Archibald G. Brown, T. W. Medhurst, and J. W. Harrald.

"The total number of branches, last year, including Brighton, was 8, while at the present time there are 280; there were 78 distributors then, now there are 2,010 engaged in the glorious work of circulating the sermons. During 1894, readers kept and paid for 1,049 sermons; this year, the sales have been 3,609,—more than three times as many. As late as last June, this work was confined to 3 counties; but since then it has spread into every county of England, also to 16 places in Scotland, including the Orkney and Shetland Islands; and although the work is very difficult in Ireland, there are 14 branches with 47 distributors. The sermons are also being circulated in Yoruba-land, Africa; Broadford, Australia; Halifax, Canada; Ceylon; and Karachi, India; although the committee have not in the past felt themselves sufficiently strong to undertake foreign work on a large scale. Several cases of conversion through the reading of the sermons have come under our notice,—one distributor reports as many as six conversions,—but the full result of this year's work will not be revealed until the day when the King makes up His

jewels. Instances of blessing, comfort, and consolation derived by the readers, especially the sick and the aged, are of almost daily occurrence.

"In July, a suggestion was made to allow branches to advertise their services on gummed slips provided at wholesale price by the committee, and inserted in the covers of the sermons. 34,500 have been purchased in the half-year. It was also thought desirable to provide a lantern, and set of slides on 'The Life and Work of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.' They have been out 22 times, and have been much appreciated, as not only are they provided free of expense to the branch, but a share of the profits (if any) is given to the local work. The lantern has already been the means of forming several new branches, and bringing out many more distributors. The largest branch is that of the Liverpool Wesleyan Mission (Rev. Charles Garrett), with 123 distributors, circulating 6,150 sermons. A Scotch distributor has forwarded the largest amount of contributions (18s.) for a single district, and one resident in Brighton has sold the largest number of sermons (217).

"Last year, we had 6,620 sermons in circulation; we have increased that number to 119,960, and our prayer is that God will send forth many more labourers to help us in this noble work. Will not many more friends be willing to sacrifice one hour a week to assist in scattering the good seed of the kingdom? In closing this Report, we ascribe to our Heavenly Father all honour, praise, and thanksgiving, and unitedly pray that the same spirit of earnest perseverance and faith which characterized the whole life and works of CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON may pervade the life of everyone who shall take part in raising this living memorial to his honoured memory."

Mr. Taverner also read the balance-sheet, and explained that the greater portion of the expenditure of £363 had taken place during the last three months of the year, while the returns from the new districts, being made quarterly, were not yet received. He also called special attention to the announcement on the covers of the recently-issued sermons, which we here repeat for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—"If each reader who appreciates and values these sermons would contribute a small sum (say, one penny per quarter), the committee would be enabled to largely extend the work."

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to singing and handbell ringing by the orphans, and a brief statement by Mr. Charlesworth of the work and claims of the Orphanage. The meeting was closed with prayer by Pastor David Davies.

In the evening, the Connaught Institute, Lewes Road, was crowded with an earnest and enthusiastic assembly. The President presided, and after prayer by Pastor A. W. L. Barker (Worthing), read and expounded part of Isaiah lviii. The Orphanage choir sustained the greater part of the programme; the principal portions of the Report were again read by Mr. Taverner; and an evangelistic address was given by Mr. Harrald, who based his remarks upon Isaiah xlv. 22, the text that was blessed to Mr. Spurgeon's conversion. Mr. Charlesworth gave, in brief, an address which we are glad to be able to print in full on the next page.

"I am not sure that we have fully gauged the significance of these gatherings; although it must be clear to all that they are quite unique in their character, and of immense importance as to their influence. Mr. Spurgeon's sermons commanded a world-wide constituency during his life-time; and they are as eagerly in demand to-day as at any period of his ministry. They not only deserve to be published for their intrinsic merits as sermonic literature, but for their lucid exposition of the gospel, and their powerful enforcement of its claims. It is a remarkable fact, that many of his printed sermons have been as signally blessed in the reading as they were when delivered by the living voice. The sermons of some preachers, like the spent shells on a battle-field, may be swept up as so much litter; Mr. Spurgeon's sermons retain their freshness and their force years after their delivery. Peter Mackenzie once said, in reply to a lady who complained that she could not remember the sermon of a certain popular preacher to whom they had listened, 'That sort of sermon, Madam, is intended to be consumed on the premises!' It is to be deplored that there are so many of the same class still delivered from our pulpits; all that can be said for them is, they fill up a given time allotted to public worship, but to many of the hearers, like the sermons of a famous Scotch professor, 'they are neither edifying nor diverting.' Sermons which are preached because the time has come for the minister to say something, are very different from those which are delivered because the preacher has something to say,—and must say it! That Mr. Spurgeon's sermons belong to this latter class, must be acknowledged by those who heard them delivered, or who only know them from the printed page.

"It is that *something* he had to say which gives the sermons their special value; the manner of saying that something is the added charm which endeared them to the thousands who heard them, and now delights the millions who are privileged to read them. To expound a revelation, the authority and sufficiency of which he never questioned, and not merely to formulate a philosophy from the profundities of polemical divines, was the sacred vocation to which he felt he had a divine call; and all the resources of his manhood were consecrated to the solemn resolve to make his 'calling and election sure.' His natural endowments of mind and memory, and his acquired mastery of diction and delivery, marked him for an orator; his love to the Saviour, his loyalty to the gospel, and his passion for souls, stamped him as a preacher. Thus equipped, his call to the ministry received such attestations as to command universal endorsement, even though no College could claim him as an *alumnus*, and no bishop could boast the credit of his ordination. It is sufficient that the Lord set the seal of His approval and the crown of His blessing to his heroic labours, to authenticate his mission and his ministry.

"Natural genius, though accounting for much, did not render study superfluous: he was as diligent in the study of the writings of gifted men—especially the works of the Puritans,—as though his own intuitions were of small account; but the chief text-book for his ministry was the Bible, which to him was not merely an inspired

book, but *inspiration*, from whose verdict, upon all matters of faith and practice, there was no appeal.

"Without attempting to cultivate a verbal memory, he was able to assimilate all he read; and so thoroughly was he master of the perceptive faculty, that he could track a thought through the mazy windings of a faulty verbiage, and, without a seeming effort, seize it, and make it his own. The harvestings of the thoughts of others were granaries from which he derived the seed for such luxuriant crops as the earlier reapers never dreamed to be possible. Yet no man can lay claim to the honour of having made Mr. Spurgeon a debtor for any sermons he ever preached. His personal acknowledgments of obligation to others must be received with a liberal discount,—equal, indeed, to the premium which was added by his large-hearted charity. So little, after all, was he dependent upon the suggestions of others, that his rough outlines of sermons on almost every text he took in hand would have furnished sufficient themes for, at least, a month's ministry. We may be sure of this, that he never delivered a discourse which was not his own; for does not every sermon bear the image and the superscription of his sanctified genius? Spurgeon's sermons are Spurgeon's sermons! It is of small concern to us as to the mine of truth from whence he derived his bullion; the thoughts he expressed were coined in the mint of his own heart, and burnished in the mill of his own brain. Hence, he very rarely made a quotation in his sermons; and when he did so, we fail to see the necessity, and are left wondering at his self-suppression. It is impossible to read a single sermon without feeling that the preacher had a great deal more to say; but you never feel that he left unsaid anything essential to the exposition and illustration of his theme.

"With all his natural endowments, and his acquired accomplishments, he maintained, in every department of his ministry, the most absolute dependence upon the Spirit of God. His public invocation, which preceded the delivery of the sermon, only echoed his passionate pleadings in the privacy of the study. Never was there a preacher more thoroughly surrendered to the moulding and moving of the Spirit in the ministry of the Word. He did not offer written sermons for God to approve, but a willing heart and a ready mind for the Spirit to use. If his language is rhythmical, it was because he had an emotional nature which found a natural expression for thought and feeling in the measured movements of poetical diction. But his language was not less robust on that account, for its strength lay in his ready command of the Saxon element of our native tongue, which makes the writings of De Foe and Bunyan the favourite classics of the people. On every page of his sermons there are sentences with all the point of epigram and the pungency of proverb. We may say of the sermons that they are 'a well of English undefiled'; and therein is one of the secrets of their popularity and power. Mr. Spurgeon's clear perception of truth is only equalled by his perfect mastery of the art of giving it expression.

"Eminently readable, his sermons are equally welcomed in palaces and poor-houses, in castles and cottages, in mansions and mud-huts! Philosophers and peasants own their spell, for their power

is oracular! The horny-handed son of toil does not fumble over the pages, and scratch his head to divine their meaning; and the worn sufferer, 'whose hectic cheek is lit with the bale fires of decline,' resents the impertinence of the question, if asked, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' Mr. Spurgeon has been called, 'England's greatest preacher' and 'the Prince of preachers'; and no one disputes his claim to these titles, because they are justified by the verdict, which may be said to be universal, that he was 'the people's preacher'!

"And now that the living voice is silent, we are wise in conning over our inheritance in the printed sermons by which the universal Church is enriched. The Society which seeks to disseminate them as loan tracts is at once a mission and a memorial,—a mission endowed with wonderful possibilities for good, and a memorial of a man who had no other message than the gospel of the grace of God, and who owned no other Master than the Saviour for whom he was ready to spend and to be spent, that he might 'finish his course with joy.' The sphere of influence, within which the Society may conduct its operations, is not defined by any geographical boundaries, nor restricted by the limitations of the English language. Wherever the sermons go, they are welcomed; wherever they are welcomed, they are read; wherever they are read, they are understood; and wherever they are understood, they direct sinners to the Saviour, and incite believers to holiness and service. They are caskets of precious gems from the gospel mine, radiant with the smile of God, and the light of eternity; the gems are the purposes of mercy, the promises of love, the provisions of grace, and the prophecies of immortal hopes. Verily, 'he, being dead, yet speaketh;' and the memory of his saintly life and consecrated service is still a sacred ministry through which 'the thanksgivings of many redound to the glory of God.'"

Little needs to be added except that the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society is strictly undenominational, its motto being "All one in Christ Jesus," that negotiations are in progress for the issue of A MILLION SERMONS for distribution this year, if possible, and that all communications should be addressed to Mr. W. Taverner, 72, The Drive, Hove, Brighton.

* * * *

N.B.—Brighton friends may not all be aware that an earnest young brother, Mr. Frank Akehurst, has been appointed Colporteur on behalf of the Society. He will be glad to receive orders for the regular supply of *The Sword and the Trowel*, *The Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, *The Treasury of David* (new issue in shilling parts), or any of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's published works. Readers in other parts of the United Kingdom may also be pleased to know that they can obtain any of these publications, and also the books issued by other publishers, post free at published prices, on application to Mr. Taverner. *All profits are devoted to the extension of the work of the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society.*

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXVII. PASTOR EDWIN H. ELLIS, NORTH ADELAIDE,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



IT will be pleasing to many readers in England to look on the portrait of the once popular pastor of the Devonshire Square Church, Stoke Newington, who is now labouring for the Lord in North Adelaide. Mr. Ellis is one of the many Pastors' College men who have rendered good service to the Christian Church, and won for themselves a place of honour. His career in England was a highly creditable one, and now that he is far away from the old country, faithfully serving the Saviour at the Antipodes, it seems all the more

appropriate that he should be included among the brethren adjudged worthy of being sketched in these pages.

Mr. Ellis was born at Edmonton, in 1855. Like many more of our ministers, he did not come from a Baptist family; but his parents were Christians, connected first with the Episcopal, and afterwards with the Congregational Church. The home had a Christian atmosphere, and its teaching and influence had much to do with the formation of our brother's character and early decision for Christ. Through the preaching of Rev. A. Hall, brother of Rev. Newman Hall, he was led, at the age of sixteen, to a public profession of his faith. He joined the Congregational Church at Edmonton, and became a Sunday-school teacher. Some twelve months afterwards, he became instructed in the New Testament doctrine of Baptism, and at once obeyed the Master's command, uniting himself with the Lower Edmonton Baptist Church. He was full of zeal, and was found in active service from the beginning of his Christian life.

It was not many weeks after his baptism that he was elected Superintendent of the Sunday-school and the Children's Evening Service, and this was a good apprenticeship for what followed. Cottage work and open-air addresses were entered upon, and the Almighty was pleased to give His blessing to the work of His young servant, for many of those who heard—especially young men of the Bible-classes,—believed, and were baptized, and joined the church. In August, 1878, Mr. Ellis entered the Pastors' College; and, while a student there, began preaching in a small mission-room at Hamilton Road, Norwood. The work was slow, but in the course of time a church was formed; and when the building became too small, land was secured in Gipsy Road, and funds collected towards the erection of a suitable building. This work went on with continued and

increasing prosperity, and a flourishing church now exists where the young student made his first attempt at ministerial work.

After eighteen months' labour here, our friend found it necessary to be relieved from the increasing strain that his duties in this sphere, and also in connection with his College studies, brought upon him; but he was not allowed a long respite. A call came, in 1881, to the pastorate of the church at Wellington Road, Stoke Newington, which he felt it his duty to accept. He was then leaving College.

The building accommodated 600 persons, but the average attendance on the Sunday seldom exceeded 50, children included, and there were only 40 members in the church. Under Mr. Ellis's ministry, room could not be found for the people who crowded in, and enlargement of the premises was absolutely necessary.

At this time, the Devonshire Square Chapel was not nearly filled; and after some negotiation, the pastor, Rev. W. T. Henderson, retired, and, the two churches uniting, Mr. Ellis was called to the pastorate. The total membership was 300. Here, for seven years, our brother laboured with great success. A debt of £3,050 was cleared of, £500 were spent in renovation, and a lecture-hall and class-rooms were erected at a cost of £1,800. Large congregations were attracted, some 1,200 people assembling every Sabbath evening, and soon there was not sufficient sitting accommodation. At the conclusion of his pastorate, there were 800 members in the church, 1,350 altogether having been received into fellowship during his ministry. He showed much ability as a preacher, was full of energy, and sought only to win men by holding up Christ as the Saviour. His services were highly esteemed in all our churches, and on several occasions he occupied the pulpit of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He was invited at one time to the pastorate of the Abbey Road Church, St. John's Wood, and was also asked to assist Mr. Meyer in connection with the Baptist Forward Movement.

In 1891, the Albert Street Church, Melbourne, which was founded by Rev. Isaac New, and had been at one time in a very flourishing condition, was without a pastor. A man was wanted who gave promise of attractiveness, and with sufficient energy to arouse a discouraged people. Hearing of Mr. Ellis's work in London, they sent him an invitation. For the benefit of his children, and feeling somewhat weary in his work, he decided to sever the connection which had proved so happy to him and his people, and to enter upon the far-distant sphere thus opened for him.

Mr. Ellis was not able to do the work in Melbourne he had hoped to accomplish. Circumstances have so changed, since the early days of the church, that it would be very difficult to get good congregations now. Yet our brother's ministry was blessed to many, and he took a very active part in all public movements while in Victoria. Among other offices filled by him, he was secretary of the Victorian Baptist Union. But financial depression setting in, which very much affected his church, he resigned the pastorate after three years' service.

At first, he thought of returning to England; but decided on a tour through New Zealand, in the course of which one or two offers were made to him. Returning from this tour, he was asked to preach at

North Adelaide, where our brother, Pastor W. E. Rice, had just resigned. Here, his preaching proved acceptable, and the sphere being to his liking, he determined to settle. This church is the second in position in South Australia, as the church in Albert Street is the second in Victoria. It has a strong, wealthy, and vigorous membership, and under the leadership of the present pastor is likely to flourish even more than in the past. Every sitting in the building is appropriated, and already the roll has been increased by more than eighty names. That he has just been elected President of the Christian Endeavour Union of South Australia, shows the esteem in which he is held by the young people of the Colony.

We rejoice all the more in our brother's success, because he has remained faithful to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and to the truth so dear to the heart of our late beloved President. He has also joined Mr. Spurgeon, Pastor Archibald G. Brown, and others, in protesting against "Worldly Amusements in the Church." Thirteen thousand copies of his tract upon the subject have been sold. He also gave a lecture on "Australian Idols," which created considerable stir. We wish for Mr. Ellis and his excellent wife,—who has been a source of strength to him in all his labours,—many years of happiness and usefulness in the sunny and fruitful land of South Australia.

R. McCULLOUGH.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

(Continued from page 59.)

IMAGINE for a moment, dear reader, that I have established you among the cushions of the capacious old sofa, which stands across the space between the windows and the fire-place; and, as you sit comfortably there, I will introduce one or two more things to your notice, and then draw my too lengthy description to a close. My work-room is full of memories and mementos of my beloved, and many of the latter are abiding tokens of his thoughtful love. On my left hand, as I write in my corner, a large and handsome cabinet is fitted into a recess in the wall. Doors of ruby glass conceal the many rows of "pigeon-holes" where the correspondence of the Book Fund is alphabetically arranged for reference, and beneath these are receptacles for the storage of stationery and other necessary materials for the work. This piece of furniture was designed for me by my dear one, and made under his direction when we came to "Westwood," and ever since then it has been an indispensable accessory to my service. The luxuriously-upholstered chair, in which I spend so many hours, was his special gift for my comfort, and the little adornments in the room mostly came from his loving hand. Even the pair of solemn-looking owls on the mantel-shelf, are cherished reminders of his constant desire to give me pleasure, even in the smallest matters. Just over there, on a side-table, is a small photograph of him, which always brings the tears to my eyes. He stands, leaning on his stick, under the palm trees, in a garden at Mentone. The sunlight filters through the leaves, and falls in bright

patches at his feet; and the blue sea sparkles and dances as it reflects the deep sapphire of the cloudless sky. It is a lovely, restful little picture; yet I fancy I see a look of wistful longing on his dear face, and can almost imagine I hear him repeating softly to himself the song he loved so well,—

“Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?”

Blessed be the Lord, he is now rejoicing in “a light above the brightness of the sun,” and the fading palms of earth are exchanged for “the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.”

Laying down my pen for a moment, I glance round the room, and note the many love-gifts which are gathered within its narrow compass. It is a museum of memories, and each object has a tender history, which speaks to my heart of his love. There are whispers of his sweet voice echoing all around me, and vividly do I recall the gentle smile on his face, as, opening yonder door, he would say, “I’m so tired, wifey, of these unceasing letters, I have come to have a little chat with you!” Alas for me, that those days have passed away for ever! Pardon me, dear readers, that having brought you into the privacy of my own dear room, and allowed you to see a few of my sacred things, I have not been able to hide from your eyes the shadow of the greatest grief which can fall on any home, and will never be lifted from this one, till I leave it for a brighter. Yet the shadow itself is sometimes like a comforting, outstretched wing, under which the lonely inmate finds shelter, protection, and the inspiration of hope. The whole house is full of the fragrance of his loving presence; all the things he has looked at still reflect his sunny smile; the sweet-smelling myrrh of tender remembrance rests upon all that his dear hands touched; and the heavenly grace of his prayer lingers yet in the rooms where he was wont to talk with God. Oh! dear friends, ought I not to work well, and serve well, and pray well, in a place of such sacred associations, in an atmosphere of such holy memories as are gathered in this dear home of “Westwood”? Will you ask the Lord, for me, that this may be so?

* * * *

Now I put aside my own purely personal interests, and remember that, to most people, the chief charm of the work-room is its *work*, and the means by which the work is carried on. You would be deeply interested could you know all the tender, touching incidents which come to light in this small apartment. Some of the letters that are here opened, and read, must make themes for song in Heaven, for if the angels joy over repenting sinners, they cannot surely be indifferent to the sweet graces of the Spirit as shown in consecrated saints. Take, as object lessons, two or three little notes which came lately; they will illustrate the fact that Christ is still first and foremost in many hearts, and that, sitting over against the treasury, He beholds many a repetition of the scene in the Temple, which He so lovingly commended.

In the first letter were enclosed three bright silver pieces, each wrapped separately in a paper bearing an inscription which proved them to be love-tokens. "I am sending the dear coins in their own old wrappers," wrote the giver, and with silent pathos these coverings tell a tale of love and loss; but they were given up because a greater love than earth can know constrained the cheerful sacrifice. "I give you these hoarded coins,"—so the letter runs,—"that they may be used to carry the message of peace to some heavy hearts. At first, I thought *I could not* let them go, but would send others in their stead; but, somehow, that would not do. Now the dear Master has made it quite easy for me to part with them, and I only desire that you should send them quickly on their mission of love. Please let them buy *sermons only*." Think you not, dear friends, that those sermons *must* carry a tender and special blessing with them?

Now look at the second letter. A postal note for 10s. is enclosed "for the Lord's Work." A dear good woman sends it, who is *the bread-winner for the whole family*; she has not only to support herself and her children, but a sorely-afflicted husband also. "How can she spare it?" you say. I cannot tell, but I think she would object to that word "spare", she seems so utterly *glad* to be able to show, in this way, her love for Him who has loved her so much. Does He not know? Does He not accept? Ay, verily; and that gift is of far more value in His sight than the large donations of those who give with the hand but not with the heart.

The third communication is anonymous,—more's the pity!—but it is very sweet. "I was wondering," the writer says, "whilst reading 'Personal Notes,' how I could, out of my very limited means, help the 'Fund for General Use,' and suddenly God put the thought into my mind that I could save up any odd pence left in my purse, from time to time, without missing them. The enclosed postal note is the first result of my plan; and others, I hope, will soon follow, thus enabling me to carry out the desire of my heart. I prize the dear little Almanack, I feel you chose those texts for me. God uses and blesses them daily to my soul. And oh! how I love to read the words of my dearest earthly friend and Pastor! I miss him more and more, for I loved him from my earliest childhood, and I am sure he loved the little girl who used to run to meet him whenever she saw him coming."

These are some of the rills which water my garden of Eden. Do they not flow from the true "land of Havilah, where there is gold"?

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven."—Matt. vi. 10.

When my soul is tossed on the rough waves of the troubled sea of this life, if I can but cast out the anchor of hope into the depths of *God's blessed will*, it holds fast at once, and the winds and the waves are

rebuked. Dear Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast made Thy will so dear and precious to me! Once, in the midst of darkness and unutterable sorrow, Thou didst enable me to say, "He hath done all things well;" and now, though the days are calmer, the fast-revolving years bring round the time of sad memories, and I look back, and say it still, "He hath done all things well!"

"*Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.*" My God, I bless Thee for the most welcome and soothing thought that, while the dear one Thou hast taken from me is joyfully doing Thy will in Heaven, I, by Thy tender grace, may be doing the same on earth. I cannot do it as *perfectly*; but I may do it patiently, humbly, and acceptably. Lord, make this my daily desire and delight! How near this hope brings me to my beloved! "He is with Christ, and Christ is with me;" there is but the veil of flesh between us, and that may be rent asunder any day soon, and then we shall be "together with Him."

"*Thy will be done.*" This resting in the will of God is one of the most comforting and blessed experiences of the Christian life. To say, "Thy will be done,"—not in a reluctant or compulsory way, as if we were shrinking from some inevitable pain, but with a sincere and glad conviction that our dear Father is really doing for us what is best and most loving, although it may not look so to our dull eyes,—this is glorifying to Him, and supremely consoling to us.

God's plans and purposes for me, and for you, dear reader, were all made and determined on from the beginning; and as they are worked out day by day in our lives, how wise should we be if, with joyful certainty, we accepted each unfolding of His will as a proof of His faithfulness and love! When once I, as a believer, can say from my heart, "This is the will of God concerning me," it matters not what the "this" is, whether it be a small domestic worry, or the severance of the dearest earthly ties,—the fact that it is *His most blessed will*, takes all the fierce sting out of the trouble, and leaves it powerless to hurt or hinder the peace of my soul. There is all the difference between the murderous blows of an enemy, and the needful chastisement of a loving father's hand! The Lord may make us sore, but He will bind us up. He may wound, but His hands make whole. How often has the Lord to *break* a heart before He can enter into it, and fill it with His love; but how precious and fragrant is the balm which, thenceforward, flows out of that heart to others! Dear Father, how many of Thy children can truly say, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now have I kept Thy Word."

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven." Lord, can such a thing really be? The attainment seems so high, so heavenly, so impossible! Yet, if it were not within our reach, Thou wouldst not have taught us to pray for it. Doing the will of God from the heart, must be at least the reflection, the copy, of the perfect obedience of the saints in light. Oh, to be thus beginning the service of Heaven, while yet on earth! Practising *here*, to be made perfect *there*! Learning the laws, and manners, and customs of the land where our eternal inheritance awaits us! Say, my soul, art thou thus diligently preparing thyself for thy citizenship in Heaven?

A Dream of Heaven.

BY A MINISTER'S WIFE.

My thoughts have been much at "Westwood" lately, and memories of the dear President and his teachings have crowded upon me. I can truly say, "I owe mine own self to him." It was by his printed word that I was led into the rest which they have who come to Jesus; and, through all the years of my early Christian life, God's messages came through his sermons to guide and bless my life. What he became to me when I left my Lancashire and Yorkshire homes, and came into close contact with him,—well, *that* story can never be told; but, as I have "remembered all the way," my heart has been filled with alternate gladness and pain; thankfulness for all he was, grief that one will see his face no more till we meet in glory.

I have often thought, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, that I should like to send the enclosed to you. It seems cold and commonplace on paper, but the reality was thrilling beyond the power of words to describe. I preached directly afterwards from 2 Peter i. 11, "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and this was a most effective illustration of the meaning of the text:—

Many years ago, Mrs. Chadwick was very sick,—it was feared, even unto death. The shadows were gathering at the close of an autumn day, and she had been for some time apparently unconscious, when, suddenly, she started, and raising herself from the pillow, in excited but clear and vivid language described a vision, or dream, which to her own senses was manifestly very real.

She pictured, to the awed but interested watchers, the city of the great King, "Jerusalem on high." She told of its gates of pearl, its streets of gold, the multitude which no man could number, clad in white robes, and with harps and palms in their hands, and their song as the voice of many waters; and, above all, the Lamb in the midst of the throne, the light and glory of that Better Land.

Suddenly the music ceased, and there was a silence that could be felt. Every eye was turned towards the opened gates, and then there burst forth the glad cry, "He is coming! he is coming!" for, stepping across the threshold, there was seen the familiar form of the beloved C. H. SPURGEON, still clad in the usual somewhat sombre robes of earth. There was a moment's pause, then the mighty concourse cleft in twain, making a broad, clear pathway to the very foot of the throne, where, amid plaudits that made all Heaven ring, he cast himself and his many crowns at his Redeemer's feet, while, with a look of ineffable gladness, the Master said to him, "Servant of God, well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

The vision became a fact on the night of *Sunday, January 31st, 1892*, for then was there ministered unto him an abundant entrance "into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

South Norwood.

J. CHADWICK.

Our Alma Mater.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

I FEEL it a privilege to have the opportunity of penning a few words of loving reminiscence concerning Mr. Spurgeon. I had but one fragrant year of his personal influence; yet what an amount could be written of that one year! This serves to illustrate that rather strange statement by John at the end of his Gospel, that he supposed even the world itself could not contain all the books that might be written about the things which Jesus did. If one feels something like this about Mr. Spurgeon, how much more about Mr. Spurgeon's Master!

The few words I would lovingly write might be called, (1) *the beginning*, (2) *the middle*, and (3) *the end*.

(1) I well remember my first glimpse of him. It was on that morning, at the beginning of the College session, when all the students were in high spirits because the order for the day was, "Westwood, ho!" When we all marched up, he was standing at the door, looking upon everyone, and everyone looking on him. And one pair of eyes, at least, looked well at him. What thoughts passed through my mind! "Here, at last," I said to myself, "is the realization of a desire that has long filled my heart,—I have seen him." Many a time, away in that Northern city, as I was working at my daily labour, it would pass through my mind that I must go to London, and work there some day, so as to be near Mr. Spurgeon, and to hear him. I used then to read regularly his weekly sermons, and in that way was sitting at his feet long before I ever thought of doing so more literally in College. Who shall describe the meeting of that day on the lawn? Memorable amid all is one's own introduction to the Chief,—(how difficult it is to get an appellation that just conveys what one thinks of him!)—the grasp of his hand, the kind word spoken, the loving look that seemed to say, "Now you are another one I have taken into my family." It is a day ever to be remembered.

With this, perhaps, ought to be joined the first time of hearing him preach. There he stood, speaking as naturally and simply as if he were standing in a drawing-room. This is not what one expected; what then? A rhetorical torrent? No, not exactly. Then you are disappointed? Yes! No! One can hardly say; but the oftener one goes back to hear him, it is the "*No!*" that becomes emphasized. Oh! how many such days have been spent in the Tabernacle, when that "Prince of preachers" led us into the sanctuary, and to the holy hill, which can only be adequately spoken of as appearing before "God our exceeding joy."

(2) *The middle*, is the day when the President took his big family with him into the country for a holiday. It was a jolly time; no other word could fully describe it. A lovely day,—the train full of high-spirited students. How good it was to see the tutors, and some older brethren, who would fain have been as jovial as the youngest, but felt they had to maintain a sort of decorum and dignity! But *we* juniors were free to laugh, and sing, and talk all at one time; it could not be helped, it was but the effervescence of our exuberant spirits. Then

came the walk to our destination, through the Kentish lanes, and under the high hedges. Suddenly, a cry rose up, "Here he comes!" And, looking back, we see a cloud of dust enveloping a carriage that comes swiftly along. On its approach, our procession halted, lining both sides of the road, and as the carriage swept through, a deafening cheer, such as only Englishmen can give, was raised; but a Scotchman joined somewhat lustily in it, to the surprising of the proprietaries of that reserved nation. Verily, never monarch had a better reception, and he was a true king of men. Then came the assembly on the lawn in front of the good deacon's house, as all gathered round "the gov'nor" to get the directions for the day. There were several things provided for our entertainment; we might make our choice. The bell would ring for dinner in due time; we were to come, not at the first bell, but the second. We should never take the first *belle* we meet! The further assemblings and home-coming were all of a piece. Certainly, this was a red-letter day.

(3) Ah! now cometh *the end*,—his last sermon at the Tabernacle. (See *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, No. 2,208, "The Statute of David for the Sharing of the Spoil.") It is a sad, yet a sweet memory, and full of inspiration. There was something prophetic about that last sermon. He practically summed up his ministry. He knew it not, nor did we; but his "most magnanimous of captains" permitted him to utter words appropriate to the close of his career. Who, that heard it, can ever forget his reference to the "forty years and more" he had served under the Captain of his salvation; and the expression of his willingness, if the Lord pleased, to serve another forty years? But the Lord did not please. Yes, He did; for those who go up higher still "serve Him day and night in His temple." He expressed his willingness to serve, and the Lord granted him his wish even better than he meant, for He said to him, "Come up hither, O willing servant, and serve Me beyond any possibility of fault or infirmity!"

The end is better than the beginning,—for him; and when the time comes, it shall also be better for us. Till then, may we be followers of him as he also was of Christ!

Arbroath, N.B.

GEORGE MENZIES.

The Tabernacle Annual Church-meeting.

THE *Annual Church-meeting* was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on *Wednesday evening, February 19*. PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON presided, and there was a very large attendance of members, the area and first gallery of the vast building being nearly filled. The proceedings almost from the beginning to the end of the meeting were characterized by the utmost enthusiasm; and it must have greatly encouraged and cheered the Pastor to be assured again and again in the most unmistakable manner that the heart of the church at the Tabernacle beats as true to him as it did to his beloved father. Lack of space prevents us from giving more than an outline of the business of the evening, but it can be summarized in the familiar signal, "All's well!"

The statistics for the year report a slight decrease, but nothing compared with what might have been expected under the trying circumstances through which the church has been called to pass. The actual figures

are—Increase, by baptism, 139; by letter of transfer, 52; by profession (having been previously baptized), 212; total increase, 403 :—Decrease, by transfer, 187; by joining other churches without letter, 65; withdrawn from at their own request, 9; emigrated, 2; names removed for non-attendance, 120; for conduct inconsistent with their profession, 6; deaths, 71; total decrease, 460. Present number of members on the church-roll, 4,780; mission-stations, 20; Sunday-schools, 28; with 718 teachers, and 8,800 scholars, an increase in the latter item of 300 during the year. The number of teachers has also increased, and there are 2 more schools than last year, but 2 mission-stations less.

The financial state of the church is evidently most encouraging, though there is still room for improvement in one respect, that is, the number of sittings let is not what it ought to be in proportion to the number of regular worshippers; it is not much consolation to know that it was much the same even in the late beloved Pastor's time. The treasurer, Mr. Thomas H. Olney, was able to report a considerable balance in hand on the church account, and that there was no deficit on the two accounts that have usually drawn most heavily upon the exchequer, viz., the church poor fund and the almshouses fund. This also was a subject for sincere congratulation, and the treasurer was most heartily thanked for his kind and efficient services, and asked to retain his office for another year. In again accepting the position, Mr. Olney took the opportunity of moving a very cordial vote of thanks to Mr. William Higgs for his constant supervision of the repairs, lighting, and ventilating of the Tabernacle, and especially for his recent generous gift of cork-matting for the area aisles. This was seconded by Mr. James Passmore, carried with acclamation, and appropriately acknowledged.

After the collection (amounting to £29 Ss. 9d.) for the tea, at which many hundreds of the members had been present, the Pastor introduced the most important item for the consideration of the meeting, that is, the question of *the election of an assistant-minister*. In a speech of rare tact, characterized by the utmost candour and frankness, yet with much gentleness and kindness towards any who might not be heartily at one with him in the matter, he detailed the various steps by which, at last, "with the unanimous approval of the deacons, and the hearty approval of the elders," he was able to mention the name of Pastor C. B. Sawday (late of Leeds) as the brother whom he desired as his helper in the great work. He explained that the resolution was one that had been drawn up by his dear father on a similar occasion (of course, with another name in it then), and he thought that fact would be an additional commendation of it to the members. The resolution was as follows :—

"That the members of the Church, having been informed that the Pastor desires to have the aid of the Rev. C. B. Sawday as his assistant-minister for twelve months, feel that this is a desirable arrangement, and agree that it be sanctioned by the Church in the hope that it may conduce to the comfort of the Pastor, and the efficient carrying on of the work of the Church and its institutions. The Church therefore invites the Rev. C. B. Sawday to assist the Pastor for twelve months, and the members pledge themselves to receive him with loving co-operation, and pray that his labours of love may be greatly blessed to the souls of many."

This was moved by Mr. Thomas H. Olney, senior deacon and treasurer, and seconded by Professor McCaig, one of the elders of the church, and, on being put to the meeting, was carried almost unanimously. Here and there a hand appeared in response to the Pastor's question, "Any on the contrary?" and probably, out of the two thousand or more members present, not a dozen voted in opposition. After all that has occurred during the past four years, it is a subject for devout thanksgiving that the Tabernacle Church has again passed happily through another of the great crises in its marvellous history.

The only remaining business was the reading of the accounts of the Pastors' College, and the passing of the usual resolution pledging support for the ensuing year. This was manifestly the one portion of the proceedings that met with the least signs of enthusiasm during the evening, but those who see cause for complaint in the present management of the College are evidently content to wait until the Lord, in His own time and way, makes any alteration that may be needful in that part of the Church's work. The meeting was appropriately closed with prayer by the Pastor, and with the Doxology and Benediction.

Dr. Churcher in Tunisia.

THE villages round Sousse are, from a missionary point of view, almost more important than the town itself; collectively, they contain many more souls. No less than thirty different places are found in this immediate neighbourhood. So, recently, when a former and now a grateful patient offered to bring a carriage if I would only visit his village, I jumped at the opportunity and into the carriage, and away we went. An hour's ride through beautiful country, and passing picturesque villages on either hand, brought us to MSAKEN, my friend's home. A few minutes' more jolting up and down through the narrow village lanes, and we stop at length in what seems to be the centre of the place. Here leaving the conveyance, I follow my guide to his house across an open space, which proves to be an ancient grave-yard, a grave-yard once *outside* the village, he tells me, though now near its centre.

In the native house, so comfortable to European eyes, I found the sick one I had been brought to see, lying upon the floor, and in anything but comfort. Other patients soon found me out; indeed, almost everyone I met seemed to develop some pain or other at the sight of me, and we had a busy time. Happily, a lady-missionary had come with me, and she was able to preach while I dispensed the medicines. It was with difficulty that I made my way at last back to the carriage, and escaped from the ever-fresh applicants for my services,—cups of coffee, a number of eggs, and three live fowls preceded or followed me, testifying at once to the villagers' gratitude, and also to the opening which exists here for such missionary itineration. As far as I know, *this was the first time that this village of some eight thousand souls had been entered by a Protestant missionary.*

During January, I paid a visit to KAIRWAN. I had long planned it, but always had to postpone it till, on January 7, a ride of about five hours, in a well-horsed tramway car, put me down within a few yards of the famous town.

Kairwan dates back to the seventh century; and it is counted a very holy spot. When the French took possession of the country, it was one of the few places which offered them a stout resistance,—so stout, indeed, that, to mark their displeasure, the victors imposed, as a special condition of surrender, that Christians should have free access to the mosques and shrines of the city,—this not being allowed in any other town in Tunisia.

It was an impressive experience for me, to wander in the dull light, over the mat-covered floor, among the five hundred marble pillars of the great mosque,—dusty and irregular as they were,—and to meditate on the fact that most of them had an origin and a history other than Mohammedan. Many, perhaps, were chiselled by Christian hands, and for Christian purposes, though now they help in supporting a Moslem temple.

"These are the Za-bee-bee," (raisin-coloured) said my companion, pointing to two specially fine, single-block pillars of red marble. "They came from France, long ago. A Moslem, who was a physician, brought them; he

there cured a patient, who was a king's daughter, and the grateful monarch asked him, 'How can I reward you?' 'Give me,' answered the modest doctor, 'those two red pillars.' 'They support the building,' said the king, 'must I pull down my palace for you?' The Moslem was obdurate, and would have no other fee, so the palace was demolished and the pillars removed to the sea-shore; then rolling them gently into the water, the 'believer' tied one to each side of his waistband, and thus supported (!) paddled away for Sousse, where, by the favour of God, he arrived in safety, and *here they are*," concluded my friend, patting one of them gently, as if it were the crowning proof of the truth of his story!

On ascending the lofty, yet plain and simple tower of the mosque, I was struck by the fact that several of the steps were slabs of beautifully-carved marble. Thus Islam treads beneath her feet the relics of a Christian past. Again, when going along a muddy lane, I noticed that a man had done some rough paving outside his door, and finished the corner off with—what do you think? An exquisitely-carved capital from some tall column stood, upside down, half buried in the black mud,—apt figure, thought I, of the rough treatment which my Lord's truth receives at their misguided hands.

Many street corners have one of these ancient pillars clumsily set in among the rough masonry. A small mosque, I remarked, had no less than three of its angles thus protected by columns of different heights. I asked my friend the reason, and he replied, "To save the building from being damaged by the traffic." Thus, too, Mohammedanism and its bible, the Koran, have had built into their theological walls many pieces of Christian doctrine and practice, which serve to support their false belief, and so are a source of danger instead of safety, because being strong in their inherent truth they yet sustain a fabric of error.

I passed the night in Kairwan, in a native house where I was hospitably entertained. Some of the family had been my patients in Sousse, and this secured for myself a welcome, and for my message a respectful, and I would fain hope, a receptive hearing. I preached and prescribed in shops and home, but I was grieved to find much hard drinking among the Mohammedans here. One Moslem had lately died, who was reported to have consumed no less than forty glasses of absinthe every day. Truly, civilization, without the gospel, too often makes a man worse instead of better.

Early in January, the need of rain was deeply felt here, and various expedients were tried in the hope of securing the desired boon. Thus, a piece of wool was placed in the hand of each person who died, in order that the Angel of Death might see how dry it was, and remind God of the people's need! An extra number of men followed the funerals, all shouting, "*Yesfah ya rasool Allah! Yesfah ya habeeb Allah!*" (Intercede for us, Prophet of God! Intercede for us, Beloved of God!) But, as a convert once said to me, "Calling to Mohammed is like a drowning man in a river calling to a *dead* man on the bank to help him." Does not this people's sad state of ignorance and sin plead with us, to spare *no* effort to bring to them the Word of Life?

During January, 388 visits have been paid me, and 266 *new* patients seen. This is much fewer than some months ago, and is due, I am told, to the weather. Many patients come one or more days' journey; and early in the month the weather was stormy, and now is very wet.

I feel that the Lord would have me mention that there is an opportunity, just now, if any of our friends feel led, to help the *medical* expenses of the work. These are necessarily heavy; our patients are mostly poor folk, living in tents or villages, yet during the last four months they have paid over £32 for medicines; but this amount does not nearly cover expenses, as medicines are so dear out here. Some patients can pay nothing, and to these we give the same treatment as to the rest; other cases, again, involve considerable outlay, as for example a poor man, suffering from dysentery,

who is staying with me now. It seems essential to his recovery that he should have milk, but in his village no milk is to be had. I hesitated whether I ought to keep him, with an almost empty purse. At such times, we look up for guidance, wondering if we should send them away; perhaps Jesus is saying to you and to me, as He said to His disciples, "They need not depart; give ye them to eat."

Sousse, Tunisia, North Africa.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

The Exiled God. By F. C. SPURR.
Marshall Brothers.

THERE is nothing remarkable about this shilling booklet except its title and the "larger hope" teaching near its close. If anything could surprise us in "this present evil age", we should wonder at Messrs. Marshall Brothers publishing false doctrine in "The Upward Life Series"; yet Mr. Spurgeon often had to call attention to the fact that a profession of superior sanctity to that attained by ordinary mortals is usually accompanied by looseness of doctrine, or a lower code of morals than Christians in general seek to obey.

With his Romanizing tendencies, acquired by intercourse with his friend Father Ignatius, and his "Down-grade" teaching in this book, Mr. Spurr is the last man we should select to "do the work of an evangelist." We do not see how he can honourably remain an associate of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, for one of its articles of belief asserts that "the notion of probation after death, and the ultimate restitution of condemned spirits, is so unscriptural, and unprotestant, and so unknown to all Baptist Confessions of Faith, and draws with it such consequences, that we are bound to condemn it, and to regard it as one with which we can hold no fellowship," and every man who departs from this faith is pledged "honestly and without bitterness to inform the brotherhood thereof, and quietly resign his connection with the Pastors' College Evangelical Association."

Browning and the Christian Faith. By EDWARD BERDOE, M.R.C.S.E.
George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road, London.

THE author tells us that, through reading the works of Agnostic teachers, he ceased to believe in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. His experience should, therefore, be a warning to all who think it their duty to read anything and everything written against the old faith. Dr. Berdoe also says that, by a careful study of the works of Robert Browning, he has, by slow and painful steps, been led back to the faith he had forsaken. In this result, we unfeignedly rejoice, although he says that he has had his "doubts resolved, not by theological arguments," but by the reasoning suggested by Browning as "solving for me all questions in the earth and out of it."

We suggest, however, that it is hardly fair to his master's teaching for Dr. Berdoe thus to quote him, since the poet's words are, "I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ, accepted by thy reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it." Moreover, in a book that, from cover to cover, deals with the great truths of the Christian faith, it ill becomes the author to seek to deride Creeds and Confessions of Faith; nor should he speak disparagingly of theological arguments, since by Mr. Browning's he has found his way back to the true faith. We are pleased to be able to add that, despite the unfavourable impression produced by the preface, we have enjoyed reading the book.

Which House? New Year's No. of *Regions Beyond*. Partridge & Co. Price 4d.

HERE we have the old-time story of ancient Israel's living in luxury and indifference while the house of the Lord lay in ruins, with striking and startling revelations of the sad similarity between those days and our own. Into the story, the gifted authoress deftly weaves the record of the wonderful work that is being done at home and abroad in connection with Harley House. We wish all the Lord's servants would procure this soul-stirring pamphlet, prayerfully and carefully read it as before God, and then, in His sight, decide "which house" they will help to build,—His, or their own.

We are sorry to see that Miss Guinness's enthusiasm so often carries her, not only into Arminianism, but perilously near Universalism. In John xvii. 9, our Lord expressly says that He was not praying for the world, and nowhere do the Scriptures say that Christ has redeemed the world. Page 80 of the pamphlet therefore needs considerable revision.

The Temptation of Katharine Gray.
By MARY LOWE DICKINSON.
Baptist Tract and Book Society.

As a tale, we should call this a clever weaving together of weird incidents; alas, that we have to add,—true to life! But it is as a quasi-religious tale that we must deal with it in these pages; and viewed from this aspect, the radical defect of the book is that its teaching is founded upon Tennyson's erroneous and foolish lines, given on the title-page,—

"I hold it true with him who sings,
That men may rise, on stepping-
stones
"Of their dead selves, to higher
things."

We remember who has said, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh;" hence, whilst we are in heartiest sympathy with every effort that has for its end the raising of the fallen, we shall never succeed in really doing so unless the vital distinction between reformation and regeneration is kept

well before ourselves and those whom we desire to be the means of rescuing. Never more than to-day did men need be reminded of the solemn truth uttered by our Lord, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," much less enter it.

We hope the Baptist Tract Society has not struck "the colours of the Covenant", and that the greatest care will be taken to ensure the doctrinal soundness of all works bearing its *imprimatur*.

Little Books on Religion. Edited by W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D. *Christ and the Future Life.* By Rev. R. W. DALE, LL.D. *The Visions of a Prophet. Studies in Zechariah.* By Rev. MARCUS DODS, D.D. *The Seven Words from The Cross.* By Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D. *The Four Temperaments.* By Rev. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. *The Upper Room.* By Rev. JOHN WATSON, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton. (1s. 6d. each).

He would be a bold man who would try to tell what has been accomplished by the "Little Books on Religion" previously published. Many of them are truly great little books. The volumes before us are hardly equal in value. Dr. Dale's *Christ and the Future Life* possesses all that great man's characteristic chasteness and beauty. Of Dr. Marcus Dods' *Visions*, we are not enamoured. Dr. Whyte's contribution to the series is instructive; but we cannot agree with him when he says that "*Ecce Homo*" is "the most beautiful Life of Christ that was ever written." Mr. Watson's meditation on *The Upper Room* we have read, and re-read, and we hope to read it again many times. We trust this author will not be hindered, even by his merited success in other departments of literature, from giving us more of this sacred talk concerning the Well-beloved.

The Value of Baptism and The Lord's Supper. By W. T. WHITLEY, M.A., LL.D. Baptist Tract Society.

JUST the thing to put into the hands of all friends who are seeking to know the mind of the Lord concerning the two ordinances instituted by Him.

The Problem of the Ages. A Book for Young Men. By Rev. J. B. HASTINGS, M. A. Hodder and Stoughton.

SEVEN powerful papers upon the foundation theme of the Being and Character of God, written in fine, robust, clear, nervous English, that makes it a delight to read, and expressing strong thoughts in novel and charming form. A valuable contribution to present-day Christian evidences, admirably suited to meet the intellectual difficulties of young men. If there be a weak spot in the volume, it is that, in the chapter on "God in Christ," there is no reference to God in Christ reconciling the world to Himself by the atoning death of Calvary's cross. Even with this deficiency, it is a splendid book; and we are grateful for it, and trust that it may have a widespread reading.

The Ministry of the Lord Jesus. By T. G. SELBY. Charles H. Kelly.

IN this age of sentimental theology, and man-made or man-mangled scriptures, it is startlingly refreshing to come across a book so intensely Evangelical in its teaching as this. Mr. Selby has sacrificed no truth about the Saviour and His work in deference to modern and popular heresy, but has firmly stated them all in such pure and beautiful diction as compels a delighted attention from the reader. Two chapters in particular are golden in value, "Christ's Teaching about His own Death," and "Christ's Teaching about Retribution." With unflinching faithfulness, and yet with all the delicacy of a true artist in words, we have these solemn truths clearly and beautifully declared, and set in their proper relationship to other Scripture teachings. Though but a small volume, it is priceless in value, and stands head and shoulders above all its forerunners in the series of "Books for Bible Students." It is a book to read, and read, and read again.

Present Day Tracts. Vol. XIII. Religious Tract Society.

THIS new volume of a very valuable series deals mainly with the Truth of

the Bible, and the State of Man. Upon each of these much-discussed subjects, it has something to say, strong, clear and convincing. Sir J. W. Dawson, who writes on the Deluge and modern scientific theories, deals very trenchantly with a thorny topic, but shows how this old miracle of judgment is strongly authenticated by the latest discoveries. Other tracts are equally good upon their respective themes, and the whole volume is worth many, many times the small price at which it is published. Unreservedly, we commend it.

Christian Liberty. By Rev. T. RIVIER. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A TINY booklet on a growingly-important theme. Never did the average worshipper need instruction on this topic more than now. Christian giving has been lavish or meagre, as impulse moved, or emotion dictated, or whim prompted; but seldom has profound principle regulated it. This would be instantly corrected could these brief addresses be read, pondered, and prayed over by the rank and file of our churches. Could not some generous layman see that the people heard them read, say, at the weekly prayer meeting? Nothing but good could result.

The Spiritual Life. By GEORGE C. NEEDHAM. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

AN admirable collection of Bible Addresses by a beloved evangelist, who in turn unveils the manifold ministry of the Spirit, exalts the Word, and shows God's rich provision for the soul's sustenance. It is a book to delight the busy pastor, and from which all readers may learn much that is worth knowing.

Salvation and Service. By Rev. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A. Nisbet and Co.

NINETEEN addresses, rich in gospel teaching, full of point and illustration, and faithful in their application. Mercy and judgment are both declared in turn. Preachers in search of themes might here find many helpful hints.

The One Great Voyage of Life: An Allegory. By JOHN ASHTON SAVAGE. Partridge and Co.

THOUGH it may be somewhat risky to attempt to imitate Bunyan's masterpiece, there is no reason why it should not be done, and Mr. Savage is to be congratulated on having produced this very interesting *Nautical Pilgrim's Progress*. His work will not supersede or in any way rival the immortal allegory, but it is deserving of a wide circulation, for it contains good solid teaching, such as the present age needs. A few of the renowned dreamer's old friends, transformed into mariners, and a few of his enemies, too, are found here; but many new characters are introduced, and some of the scenes are very strikingly and graphically portrayed. The captain appears to us to keep his ship too close to land, as, alas! many do to their hurt. Those who "launch out into the deep," at the command of the Lord High Admiral of the seas, escape many of the perils which are encountered by "coasting Christians." The work is embellished with a number of excellent illustrations by Lancelot Speed, and it also has a capital index.

Hints on Prayer, Revivals, and Bible Study. By CHARLES H. YATMAN. Partridge and Co.

HAVING commended this useful booklet when it appeared three months ago, we are pleased to find that it has met with such a speedy sale that a new edition has been already issued.

Booklets. By BISHOP RYLE. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

Two sixpenny packets, each containing six 32-page booklets, on vital subjects. It would be well if all the bishops and clergy in the land proclaimed the great truths of the gospel as plainly as they are here made known.

The Warfare of Girlhood. By CLARA M. HOLDEN. H. R. Allenson.

BEFORE looking into this book, we must protest against its external

appearance. The ragged, jagged, uneven edges may be aesthetic and fashionable; but if we wanted to teach a girl to be untidy and slovenly, we should put such a work as this into her hands. The interior of the volume is an improvement upon the exterior, but there is nothing to make it worthy of special commendation.

Talks to Young Folk. By G. HOWARD JAMES. H. R. Allenson.

JUST the kind of "Talks" that "Young Folk" love; "bright, brief, brotherly," to borrow a common phrase. The anecdotes are so numerous that a separate index is allotted to them at the end of the book; some of them are old friends, but many are quite fresh. Anyone who wants to learn how to interest and instruct young people should study this half-crown volume.

A Pocket Compass for Zion's Travellers. By ROBERT ANDERSON. Dundee: Mathew and Co.

THIS "compass" is constructed by a "traveller to Zion" who knows the road, its dangers and its joys, and who is therefore competent to give practical hints to his fellow-pilgrims. The little work takes the familiar form of readings for every day of the month.

Addresses on St. Matthew's Gospel. By H. N. B. Thomas Brown and Co.

THE most remarkable thing about this pamphlet is its price, 1s. 4d.! We think we could tell lay-preachers how to spend this sum to greater advantage, though what there is here is good so far as it goes.

Night Scenes of Scripture. By W. T. P. WOLSTON, M.D. Nisbet and Co.

"SEVENTEEN addresses, illustrating and elucidating various truths of the gospel." So the author claims, and he makes good his claim. The addresses may not be remarkable for depth, nor for present-day breadth; still, the preacher proclaims the truths that circle around the three R's, and we expect many of his hearers received a blessing through listening to these simple but sound discourses.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1896. The National Temperance Congress, Chester, 1895. 33, Paternoster Row.

Two books absolutely indispensable to every worker who wishes to be thoroughly furnished for efficient service in the good cause of Temperance. As repertoires of facts, figures, incidents, and illustrations, they will supply material for speeches, lectures, and essays almost without number. Now that the political aspect of the Temperance question is under so dense a cloud, there is the greater necessity for giving earnest attention to all that is included in the term "moral suasion"—which is the special work of the National Temperance League,

and still more reason to keep Gospel Temperance efforts well to the front. It would have been little use for Paul to have said to the Philippian jailor, "Do thyself no harm," unless he had added, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Those who would really "rescue the perishing" must "go and do likewise."

Roger Durden. By H. E. STONE.
George Stoneman.

WELL done, Brother Stone! Having read your most interesting book, we can very heartily recommend our friends, who would strengthen the weak, and lead the erring into the way of righteousness, to purchase and spread it.

Notes.

ALMOST without design, the present issue of *The Sword and the Trowel* has become another *Special Memorial Number*, and for this reason we feel sure that it will be all the more highly appreciated by the tens of thousands of readers to whom the name and memory of C. H. SPURGEON become increasingly dear as the time lengthens since he was "called home." Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes on a Text" relate to the passage chosen by her for lovers of the Book Almanack, and members of the Text Union, to meditate upon on the actual anniversary of her beloved's "Heaven-going" (January 31), while the description of her work-room forms another tender and touching "In Memoriam." Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's address at the Tabernacle Memorial Service will help to remind many of a truth which they had well-nigh forgotten, viz., that his dear father is still "Alive and Well!"

The thousands of distributors connected with the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society will rejoice to read the truly wonderful story of the origin and unparalleled growth of that work for the Lord; and they will be specially interested in the portrait of Mr. Taverner, the originator and secretary of the Society. By an extraordinary and unintentional coincidence, the article in the series on "Our Own Men and their Work" relates to the very brother to whom Mr. Spurgeon said, on taking leave of him in March, 1891, "Good-bye, Ellis; you will never see me again, *this fight is killing me.*" (See page 324 in Mrs. Spurgeon's *Ten Years After*.)

The minister who sends this month's "Reminiscences of the Pastors' College," recalls the last sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon in the Tabernacle, which it was his privilege to hear; Mr. Tydeman's

poetry is founded upon one of C. H. S.'s golden sentences; while the "Dream of Heaven, by a Minister's Wife," though only a dream, is marvellously suggestive of what must have happened on that never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath midnight, at the end of January, 1892.

Last, but by no means least, the notable discourse, preserved by our Brother Medhurst for forty years, could not have been issued at a more seasonable time than just now, when there appears to be a new epidemic of the deadly "Down-grade" disease breaking out in unexpected quarters both at home and in the foreign mission-field.

The present number of the Magazine, on account of its special character, may fall into the hands of many persons who have not seen the two previous months' issues. It may, therefore, be worth while to mention again the fact that Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster presented, with the January *Sword and Trowel*, a fine-art picture of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on plate paper, 29 inches by 12½ inches. It has been universally admired, and framed and hung up in many a home and vestry as a fitting companion to the portraits of the past and present Pastors of the Tabernacle Church. Copies can still be obtained through the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society and all booksellers, or they will be sent, post free (January, with picture, 5d., February, 4d.), by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

January 31 will, henceforth, be a doubly-memorable date to the families bearing the long-linked names of SPURGEON and PASSMORE, for on the evening of that day Mrs. Passmore, sen., was "called home" to

be "for ever with the Lord," and with the beloved partner who had gone just six months before, and the dear Pastor who was "in Heaven" four years ago that very night. The forty years' friendship between C. H. Spurgeon and Joseph Passmore is a matter of world-wide knowledge, and Mrs. Passmore came not a whit behind her husband in loving and loyal devotion to the dear preacher, author, minister, and friend. As a true mother in Israel, she watched Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon's twin-sons grow up from babyhood to manhood; and it was a constant joy to her, not only to see her own large family walking in the fear of God, but also to note how the Lord had called the Pastor's sons to serve in the high places of the field. It was, therefore, with a mournful pleasure that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon conducted the funeral service at Norwood cemetery, where but six months earlier he had spoken words of tender sympathy and love over the body of his late senior deacon, only a few yards from the spot where his own dear father's precious dust is awaiting his Lord's return. We pray that the many members of the doubly-bereaved family may be divinely sustained beneath this new and heavy sorrow.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON has had another exceedingly busy month. In addition to his usual heavy labours, and the meetings and services elsewhere reported, he had, with the Lord's most graciously-granted aid, to bear the whole strain of the Memorial Services at the Tabernacle on *Lord's-day, January 26, and Thursday evening, January 30.* On *Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 5,* he preached in connection with the recognition of Pastor A. V. G. Chandler at Abbey Street Chapel, Bermondsey; on *Wednesday evening, Feb. 12,* he took part in the anniversary service at Highgate Road Chapel, where he greatly enjoyed the opportunity of fellowship with his like-minded brother, Pastor James Stephens, M.A.; and on *Thursday evening, Feb. 18,* he spoke at the Sunday-school anniversary at Kenyon Chapel, Brixton.

Certain matters of public notoriety are purposely omitted from comment in these columns; but all readers of religious and other newspapers can judge for themselves that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon needs and deserves their earnest and continuous prayers that he may be guided and guarded in the peculiarly responsible position to which the Lord has called him.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY.—The Committee ask us to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a parcel of clothing from A. B.

It will be remembered that PASTOR J. M. STEVEN, of Romford, was instrumental in organizing a Society for the wider distribution of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons by means of

free grants to ministers and other Christian workers. It was almost entirely dependent for its support upon one generous friend, to whom, with Mr. Steven, we are deeply grateful. During the eighteen months of the Society's existence, nearly 50,000 sermons were issued for circulation as loan tracts; and Mr. Steven writes concerning them:—

"They have been sent to all parts of the United Kingdom, and some have gone to the ends of the earth,—applications having come from America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Africa; and although it was outside the scope of our operations, grants have been sent to all these places. Knowing, as we do, the spirit that breathes in these messages, and the blessing that attends their perusal, it is impossible to estimate the good that has been accomplished through their circulation. I have received a large number of letters testifying to blessing experienced in the reading of them. Meanwhile, however, the 'Spurgeon Memorial' Sermon Society at Brighton, formed on a somewhat broader basis, with a large working committee, and strongly financed, has practically covered the whole of the ground, and as we have no desire to have even the appearance of being a rival in this holy service, we think it best to transfer the whole of our interest to the Brighton Society. I have, therefore, to ask those friends who have been receiving grants from me to apply to Mr. Taverner (see page 131 in the present Magazine), who will, I am sure, gladly forward to them such grants as they are able to use, and I have also to ask them to send to him their contributions for the maintenance and extension of the good work."

We always welcome the Annual Record issued by our beloved brother, PASTOR ARCHIBALD G. BROWN, for it not only contains a modest account of a vast amount of real mission work in what he humorously calls "our salubrious East End of London," but it also bears in its pages a God-given message to other Christian workers. This year, the chosen topic is the congenial theme suggested by Nehemiah's words, "The good hand of my God upon me." It is worth while to get the "four-square" booklet, bound in blue,—the colour emblematic of faithfulness,—if only to read this sermon; then there is, in addition, an interesting "Record of One Year's Service." Many will be startled to learn how near to "scraping the bottom of the barrel" Mr. Brown came during 1895; but they will rejoice that he is able to write, "the good hand of our God enabled us to close the year without closing any branch of His work." Let all who can, aid this Christlike service; all contributions should be addressed to Pastor Archibald G. Brown, 22, Bow Road, London, E.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. A. W. Holden,

at Hornchurch, Essex; Mr. J. H. Markham, at Princes Risborough; and Mr. W. E. Piper, at Eltham, Kent. Mr. R. Dubarry, one of the French students, is returning to Paris, to become assistant to our dear brother, Pasteur R. Saillens.

Mr. W. J. Styles has taken charge for one year of the church at West Hill, Wandsworth; Mr. M. H. Whetnall, late of Blackburn, has gone to Longton, Staffordshire; Mr. W. A. Biss has removed, from Big Rapids, to Middleville, Barry Co., Michigan, U.S.A.; Mr. James Grant, from Walkerton, to Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada; Mr. J. E. Moyle, from Cannington, to Bracebridge, Ontario; and Mr. F. J. Steward, from Stockport, to Mount Barker, South Australia. Mr. A. J. Clarke, of Burwood, New South Wales, has commenced a new work at Leichhardt, near Sydney.

On Monday afternoon, February 10, a presentation of the nine-volume edition of *Matthew Henry's Commentary* was made to Pastor A. V. G. Chandler, now of Abbey Street, Bermondsey, by the mothers of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers' Meeting, (presided over by Mrs. E. H. Bartlett), as a mark of their appreciation of his two years' services in preaching the gospel to them at their weekly meetings. In a hearty and appropriate speech, Deacon James Hall presented the volumes on behalf of the mothers.

In Memoriam.—Two more "good men and true" have recently passed out of the ranks of our College brotherhood on earth, and helped to swell the ever-growing numbers of the saints in light. On Thursday, January 23, the summons to appear in the presence of the King reached our Brother H. Winsor at Bournemouth. In October, he went to the Middlesex Hospital, to undergo an operation, and was necessarily absent from his work for several weeks. Trying to go on with his service for the Saviour, he took a chill, and was again laid aside. His church at Thornaby-on-Tees, to which he had faithfully ministered for over fourteen years, generously granted him three months' leave of absence; but his Lord had need of him for perpetual employment in His own presence above. All who knew our brother testify to his graciousness and devotion; and it is specially mentioned in his credit that, while he was in College, whoever else was absent from the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Brother Winsor was always there if it was possible. As late as December 3, he wrote to Mrs. Spurgeon:—"I thank you very much for thinking of me as among those loyal to the beloved and glorified President. Indeed it is a joy to me to know that I stood with him in the fight, both for his own sake, and for our dear Lord's." For his sorrowing widow, we lovingly and earnestly plead with Him who is the widows' Advocate.

The other "promoted" brother, who was

called up higher only on February 13, was Pastor A. A. Saville, of Lincoln. Last year, he had a very serious attack of the misnamed influenza, from which he probably never fully recovered, but he kept bravely at his work except during the happy holiday that he spent at "Westwood" in the early autumn. After his return to Lincoln, he had great blessing upon his preaching, and he and others often referred to the season of hallowed fellowship at Norwood as having prepared him for the service in which he found such delight. Early in January, Mrs. Saville wrote that her husband was dangerously ill, but he again rallied, although he was still very weak. As a last resource, on February 1, he was taken by his dear wife and the doctor to Sunderland, that he might breathe his native air. He bore the journey well, and appeared to be benefited by the change; but, twelve days later, the message came for him to go in to see the King. All who knew our brother loved him, and many will miss his bright cheery words and loving companionship. Most of all will he be mourned by his sorely-stricken widow and five children, with whom we feel the sincerest sympathy in their sorrow and grief. We are thankful to learn that the friends at Lincoln are raising a fund to help them in their time of need; any contributions sent to the Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel*, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, will be gratefully included in the amount.

Conference Committee.—On Friday evening, February 14, the London members and associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association met to arrange for this year's Conference. There was an unusually large attendance, and the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) was enthusiastically cheered by the united company of ministers and students. It was agreed that the Conference should be held in the week beginning April 20, and the details of the week's engagements were discussed and arranged. Of these, brethren will read in due course on receiving the programme for the week.

Reports of four deaths of members of the Association and of two names to be removed from the roll, were given, and four letters of resignation were read. Two of the writers are missionaries on the Congo, employed by the Baptist Missionary Society, who have withdrawn from the Association because they can no longer subscribe to the Conference articles of faith concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures and the future punishment of the wicked. Their action has such startling significance that we reproduce the declarations which they cannot continue to endorse:—

"We believe in—

"(1) The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

"(10) The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the

judgment of the world by the Lord Jesus, which judgment will be final, according to the words of the Great Judge—"These shall go away into eternal punishment; but the righteous into eternal life."

If these truths are not believed, we do not see for what purpose missionaries are required on the Congo, or anywhere else.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Pastor J. H. Markham writes, concerning *Mr. Burnham's* services at Princes Risborough:—"His sweet songs and simple, earnest addresses were listened to with increasing attention throughout the mission. Some have been led to decide for Christ, and the spiritual life of believers has been quickened, and their interest in the work deepened."

Of the next place visited by the evangelist, Haddenham, near Thame, Pastor John Edwards says:—"As we met together, night after night, a hallowed influence pervaded the place, by which we knew that the Lord was near, helping His servant to explain the way of salvation, while the interest in the meetings deepened as they proceeded. Such services must be spiritually helpful to the churches Mr. Burnham visits."

Pastor J. Wilkins, of Wendover, writes:—"The addresses of Mr. Burnham were wise and weighty expositions of vital truths, which his gospel solos helped to make impressive." Pastor W. Dorey, of Great Missenden, says:—"Several persons appeared to be deeply impressed, but we feel the greatest gain of the mission to be the increased spiritual warmth generated in the church. Many know the blessing of a quickened life." While the report from Pastor G. Barnes, of Weston Turville is:—"Some have been brought to Jesus, others have become enquirers, and church members have received a spiritual impetus."

From February 23 to March 4, Mr. Burnham was to be at Stow-on-the-Wold; March 15 to 24, at Shephard (fourth visit); March 29 to April 3, at Charlton, near Bristol; and April 12 to 16, at Great Marlow.

Concerning *Mr. Harmer's* services at West Green Chapel, Tottenham, Pastor E. H. Howard writes:—"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, I thought you would like to know how greatly God has blessed Mr. Harmer's ten days' mission with us, from January 11 to 20. We were expecting large things, and were not disappointed. The services were preceded by a week of prayer, during which the Holy Spirit stirred us up to 'open our mouths wide.' On the first Sunday night, several who had been 'halting' were brought to decision. The week-night meetings were fairly well attended, and grew in interest as the time advanced. The afternoon Bible Readings were times of refreshing. Sunday, the 19th, however, was the

crowning day. A large number of men gathered in the afternoon, and they will not soon forget the weighty words which our brother spoke. The chapel was well filled at night, and the after-meeting was packed. Over 20 persons stood up to ask for prayer, and we are persuaded that several found peace in believing. Many described it as 'the happiest day they had ever spent.' Our earnest prayers will follow Mr. Harmer in his grand work of stirring up the churches, and we wish you very much joy in all your patient labours for Christ."

During the past month, Mr. Harmer has commenced a series of missions in North Devon. His first services were held at Dolton, in connection with the church of which he was pastor when Mr. Spurgeon invited him to "do the work of an evangelist." The present minister, Pastor G. J. Whiting, in remitting the thankoffering of 30s., after this month's lists were closed, said:—"We wish we could send you more, but we are poor, and even this small amount means to some a certain amount of sacrifice. You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Harmer's services have been much appreciated; it has been a time of refreshing to God's people, and some have decided for Christ."

Much blessing also rested upon the mission at Hatherleigh, of which we may have further particulars next month. The services at Okehampton began on February 23; at their close, the evangelist is to go to Swansea.

COLPORTAGE.—We are glad to report that a generous friend has kindly come forward, and promised a donation of ten pounds for one year with the view of saving one of our country districts from being discontinued. This is, indeed, an answer to prayer, for which the committee are grateful both to the Lord and to His faithful steward.

Our General Fund, which needs always to be at least £30, has this month fallen to only £11; hence, necessity is laid upon us for more prayer, that again we may have to record that we asked and once more received according to our need. Many who read these words may help to answer our petitions.

The men's sales have steadily improved, and our work gives much encouragement to all concerned. We had fondly hoped that further glory might have been gotten for our Lord and Master by the opening of new districts, and we still hope that this may be the case. The need of our service is as great as ever, and we have many proofs that the Lord has set His seal upon the selling of the books, and on the Word preached by the colporteurs.

Communications and contributions may be sent to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—January 30, eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1893.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Pastor J. T. Mateer	0 10 0	M. L. H., Edinburgh, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	1 0 0
Mrs. Henderson, per Mr. J. Dickie	1 0 0	Contribution from Irwell Terrace Baptist Church, Bacup, per Pastor T. B. Field	0 15 0
Mr. W. Clissold	1 0 0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1 1 0
W. B. V., In memoriam	0 5 0	Mr. W. Casson	2 0 0
Pastor G. Freeman	0 7 6	Collection at Cottage Green Chapel, per Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.S.	1 9 0
Mrs. S. Sykes (in memory of deceased husband)	5 0 0	Mrs. Hester Keevil	10 0 0
Pastor E. Ashton	0 2 6	Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0
Pastor G. W. Lianecar	0 12 6	Mrs. T. J. Connold	2 2 0
Mrs. Elgee	1 1 0	Rev. R. J. Becliff	0 2 6
Mrs. S. Ireland	0 4 6	Mr. T. S. Penny	2 2 0
Collection at Edith Road Baptist Chapel, Nunhead, per Pastor C. P. Sawday	4 6 1	W. H.	0 2 6
A friend, in memory of the late W. R. Cole, of Spring Grove, per Pastor C. P. Sawday	10 10 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:-	
Collection at East Finchley Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. J. Bristow	2 2 0	Jan. 19	13 13 6
Contribution from Putney Baptist Chapel, per Pastor S. H. Wilkinson	1 10 0	" 26	7 0 1
Contribution from Stoke Green Chapel, Ipswich, per Pastor R. E. Willis	1 5 0	Feb. 2	20 2 0
Pastor W. L. Tweedie	1 0 0	" 9	21 16 0
Mrs. Linn	0 10 0		<u>62 11 7</u>
			<u>£115 1 8</u>

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
H. McS.	0 6 0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Union, per Mr. T. H. Olney	5 0 0
Mr. Brazil	2 0 0		
Mrs. Darling	2 0 0		
E. H.	1 0 0		
Mr. C. Comber, sen., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0 10 0		
			<u>£10 16 0</u>

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Miss A. K. Pritchard	0 5 0	O. S. W., per Mr. F. Shiner	1 0 0
A. B. B.	0 5 0	Mr. James Green	1 0 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 0	Mr. D. Goodall	0 5 0
E., Northampton	0 10 0	Mrs. J. H. Field	2 2 0
Mr. G. Middleton	1 0 0	Mr. T. Butcher	1 1 0
Alpha No. 6	2 2 0	Miss H. B. Warrington	1 1 0
Mr. M. Stead	0 10 0	H. D.	0 1 0
Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	0 10 0	E. U., Tunbridge Wells	0 10 0
Collected by Mr. W. H. Doro	0 6 0	Mr. W. Mitchell	0 10 0
Mrs. Page	40 0 0	J. E. M.	1 0 0
A Folkstone working-man	2 12 6	Mrs. Mitchell	1 0 0
Mrs. L. Yorke	0 7 6	J. W. E.	0 3 0
Mr. W. Alexander	0 10 0	Collected by Mrs. H. Wood	0 14 6
Mr. J. Culpin	1 0 0	Mrs. E. Phillips	1 0 0
Mr. T. Parry	0 2 0	Mr. Harvey	0 2 6
Mr. J. Scott	2 2 0	Stamps, London, S.W.	0 1 0
Mr. W. H. Roberts	1 0 0	A widow	0 2 0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0 5 0	Mr. L. P. Roff	0 2 6
Christmas dinner collection, per Rev. G. Kilby	10 3 0	Mr. J. Jones	1 0 0
Collected by Miss Cox	0 16 10	Mr. R. Miller	5 0 0
Mr. R. J. Morgan	1 1 0	Mrs. A. Benton	0 2 6
		W. G. D., per Mrs. Smart	0 10 0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. M. Berry	1	0	0
Mrs. Clarke	0	10	0
Mr. W. Baddon	3	0	0
Mr. J. Varley	2	2	0
Mrs. C. Wats	2	10	0
Two friends, per Mrs. J. Duncan	1	0	0
Mr. W. Glissold	1	0	0
M. A. W., Cefn Coed	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Gray	0	10	0
Per Mrs. E. H. Collier:			
Mrs. Collier	2	0	0
Miss Skidmore	0	1	0
Miss Read	0	1	0
Miss Haigh	0	1	0
Mr. Skidmore	0	2	6
Mr. Reed	0	2	6
Mr. Skidmore, jun.	0	2	0
	2	10	0
Miss Kewer	0	6	0
Miss M. L. Allsop	0	5	6
Collected by Mr. J. C. Toovey	0	16	4
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Half contents of box opened New Year's Day, per Mr. W. Meikle	0	13	9
Dr. R. M. Boodle	1	0	0
Miss Ferguson	0	11	0
Mr. J. Spilman	0	10	0
A sermon-reader	0	5	0
Miss M. Burra	0	6	0
Mr. D. Stewart	1	0	0
Postal order, Roath	1	0	0
Miss E. Geddes	35	0	0
Mr. G. White	1	1	0
John and Ann Potts	1	0	0
A. P. B.	0	15	0
Mr. T. Raynes	0	5	0
A friend, Kensington	0	10	0
Miss M. A. Dobson	1	1	0
Collected by Miss C. M. Stevenson	1	4	0
Mr. A. Peck	0	5	0
Miss Gurnett, per Mrs. Macdonald	0	10	0
Mrs. Gamble	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Staines	0	10	8
"Thou knowest"	0	3	0
Postal order, Braunton	0	5	0
The Misses Porter	0	5	0
Mrs. M. East	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Selby	0	2	0
Young Women's Bible-classes, Belle Isle Mission (towards the support of an orphan girl) per F. R. T.	5	0	0
Per F. R. T.:			
Mr. L. Fewtreass	0	5	0
Mrs. Dix	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Probin	0	10	0
In memoriam, E. P.	0	5	0
In memoriam, J. R. T.	0	10	0
In memoriam, C. T.	0	10	0
In memoriam, C. H. S.	0	10	0
F. R. T.	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Henry			
Brown	0	10	0
Miss A. Hooper	0	2	6
Miss L. Read	0	2	6
In memoriam, Florence Reeve	0	9	3
Miss Adrian	0	5	0
	4	9	3
Miss E. Johnson, per J. T. D.	1	10	0
Collected by Mr. F. Baldwin	0	8	0
Mrs. J. Vowles	0	10	0
Miss Salmond	0	7	6
Mrs. Thompson	0	10	0
Mrs. M. Godwin	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Gadsby	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Day, in memory of our two dear boys	1	0	0
Miss Andrews	0	5	0
Mr. W. J. Bear	1	0	0
Miss B. D. Lewis	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Slodden	0	2	6

	£	s.	d.
Mr. N. T. Southwell	1	0	0
Mr. W. Wilkinson	0	2	6
E. J. Neath	0	5	0
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	10	10	0
Mr. E. G. Baroes	0	1	6
Miss M. A. Butterworth	5	0	0
Mrs. E. Watson	0	15	0
Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0
Mr. J. Vinsall	1	1	0
Messrs. W. Green and Son	0	10	0
Mrs. Brooks	1	2	6
Collected by Miss M. Kerridge	1	0	4
In memory of Mr. J. Sykes	10	0	0
Mr. T. C. Turk	2	0	0
Mr. Alex. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. J. Cains	0	5	0
Miss Wren	0	5	0
U. P.	1	0	0
Box at Tabernacle gates	0	7	2
Stamps, Accrington	0	2	6
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
In grateful remembrance of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's ministry, Modbury	0	5	0
Mr. J. Ball	0	5	0
Postal order, Sherwood	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Jefferies	0	5	0
In memory of C. H. S., Mrs. Medwin	1	0	0
A friend	10	0	0
Mr. W. H. Harvey	0	5	0
Postal order, Nottingham	0	10	0
Miss E. York	0	10	0
A friend	0	0	6
	0	10	6
Collected by Miss Nellie Chambers, per Rev. G. Monk	0	15	6
E. W. Y.	1	0	0
Postal order, Airdrie	0	10	0
Mr. H. Ronald	2	12	0
Y. R. A. M.	1	10	0
Mrs. Elges	1	1	0
Mr. W. Barritt	0	5	0
Stamps, Wallsall	0	2	0
Per Miss Tarrant (in loving memory of C. H. S.):			
Mrs. Rogers and sister	0	4	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Tarrant	0	2	0
Miss Tarrant	0	2	0
Mrs. Langley	0	1	0
Miss Rogers	0	1	0
Mr. J. Tarrant	0	1	0
	0	11	0
Collected by Mr. A. S. Barter	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. F. Ouhagan	0	7	0
Mr. J. B. Millard (Messrs. Southall Bros. and Burclay)	2	1	6
Mrs. Beard	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. Harding	0	2	6
Mrs. Chesworth	0	5	0
M. P.	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wiles	1	1	0
Miss H. E. A. Jensen	1	0	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Mackie	0	10	0
From the late Mrs. W. Appleton	20	0	0
Mr. R. Morgan	0	10	6
Postal order, Pangbourne	0	5	0
Miss L. C. Fildin	0	5	0
Mrs. Thirza Haynes	10	0	0
Collected by Miss I. Mackintosh	2	0	0
T. S., Plymouth	0	3	6
Collected by Mrs. Warrington	0	18	9
Miss E. M. Perkins	0	10	0
Postal orders, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mrs. Patmore	1	1	0
Mr. G. Lawrence	0	5	0
Pastor J. Field	3	0	0
Collected by the Misses Simco	0	15	0
Kenyon Baptist Chapel Mothers' Meeting, per Miss S. Higgs	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. R. Kirby	0	9	7

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. James Woodward	...	0	5	0	<i>Collections in memory of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon:—</i>				
Mr. J. L. Evans	...	0	10	0	Victoria Street Baptist Sunday-school,				
Mr. W. Frson	...	0	10	0	Galashais	...	1	1	0
Mr. C. J. Woodrow	...	1	1	0	Honor Oak Baptist Sunday-school	...	5	7	6
Mr. E. Fraser	...	3	3	0	Devonshire Square Sunday-school,				
Mr. D. H. Lloyd	...	5	0	0	Stoke Newington	...	4	6	6
Postal order, Cardiff	...	0	2	0	Bible-class, Lansdowne Baptist Chapel,				
Miss A. Hicks	...	0	5	0	Bournemouth	...	1	3	0
Mrs. Watt	...	0	3	0	Mrs. Riaden's Bible-class, Egg Buck-				
Mr. E. Downes	...	0	5	0	land	...	1	8	0
Mr. C. A. Goodbody	...	0	10	0	Niton Baptist Sunday-school	...	1	0	0
A reader of "The Christian Herald"	...	0	2	0	Newbury Baptist Sunday-school	...	0	16	0
From Mother	...	0	4	0	Gold Hill Baptist Sunday-school	...	0	6	9
Collected by Miss E. Worrall	...	0	7	6	Hope Chapel Sunday-school, New-				
Miss M. E. Furlong	...	0	10	0	town, Crosskeys...	...	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	...	1	13	10	Derby Street Sunday-school, Burton-				
Mr. Moorley	...	1	0	0	on-Trent	...	1	2	8
M. R., per Mr. T. James	...	1	10	0	Zion Chapel, Eastry	...	0	12	0
Mrs. Sims	...	0	10	0	Irwell Terrace Sunday-school, Bacup	...	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. C. B. Casey	...	1	10	0	Union Chapel Sunday-school, Shirley,				
Mr. C. Hunting	...	2	2	0	Southampton	...	0	12	0
Mr. and Mrs. Jordan	...	1	1	0	West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school	...	3	13	0
Mr. W. Casson	...	1	0	0	(Memorial collection)	...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Hughes	...	0	5	0	West Croydon Baptist Sunday-school	...			
Service of Song by the Commercial					(Missions and Charities' fund)	...			
Road Band of Hope, Guildford, per					First Class, Lee Chapel Sunday-				
Pastor J. Rankine	...	2	0	0	school	...	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Searle (Oporto)	...	3	15	3	Surrey Square Baptist Mission and				
Collected by Mrs. Holiday	...	0	5	0	Sunday-school	...	4	0	0
Postal order, Barnet	...	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Market Har-				
Mr. F. G. Barnes	...	0	1	6	boro'	...	0	12	6
Miss E. Moses	...	0	2	6	Burnham-on-Crouch Sunday-school	...	8	4	7
Mr. M. McIntyre	...	0	10	0	Lowestoft Baptist Sunday-school	...	4	5	0
Mr. Joseph Hicks, J.P.	...	1	0	0	Kenyon Chapel, Brixton, Sunday-				
Mrs. Harvey, sen.	...	2	0	0	school	...	6	2	0
In memory of the late W. R. Cole, of					Baptist Sunday-school, Erith	...	1	6	0
Spring Grove, per Rev. T. J. Cole	...	10	10	0	Men's Bible-class, Erith Baptist Chapel	...	0	17	0
A reader of "The Christian World"	...	0	2	6	A Bible-class member, per Pastor J.				
Collected by Miss E. F. Henton	...	0	10	1	E. Martin	...	0	10	0
Mr. James Smith	...	1	0	0	Young Women's Bible-class, Derby				
Mr. J. Pearce	...	5	0	0	Street Baptist Sunday-school, Bur-				
Mr. J. Kearry	...	0	10	0	ton-on-Trent, per Mrs. Blant	...	0	1	0
Mr. E. E. Wright	...	1	0	0	Albert Street Baptist Sunday-school,				
Mr. A. W. Anden	...	0	5	0	Keighley	...	0	14	6
B. L.	...	0	5	0	Midway Place Sunday-school, Rother-				
Per Mrs. James Withers:—					hithe	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. O. Cooper	...	2	0	0	Pear Tree Green Congregational				
Mr. D. Heelas	...	2	0	0	Sunday-school, per Pastor S. G.				
Mrs. G. W. Palmer	...	0	10	0	Gamble	...	0	13	0
Mrs. Wilson	...	0	5	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Dereham, and				
		4	15	0	contributions from a few friends				
Mr. W. Wilcocks	...	2	2	0	on the anniversary of the beloved				
G. E., Northampton	...	0	10	0	C. H. Spurgeon's "Home-going"	...	1	1	2
D. M. D., Old Deer (with £14 for Dr.					Collection at Mothers' meetings, per				
Barnardo's Homes)	...	6	0	0	Mrs. Capes	...	0	11	0
Mr. L. Haigh	...	1	0	0	English Baptist Sunday-school, New-				
Sandwich, per Bankers	...	1	1	0	bridge, Mon.	...	1	11	0
D. Kendal	...	5	0	0	Per Mr. H. Letch:—				
Mr. and Mrs. Haynes	...	1	0	0	Eld Lane Sunday-school,				
Mr. T. S. Penny	...	2	2	0	Colchester	...	1	0	0
Mr. M. Coupar, per Pastor W. H. Millard	...	0	2	6	Parsons' Heath Sunday-				
Messrs. G. Borwick and Sons	...	20	0	0	school	...	0	10	8
Mrs. E. Goldwin, per Mrs. J. A.					Mr. James Letch	...	0	5	0
Spurgeon	...	1	1	0	Mr. H. Letch	...	0	10	0
From the estate of the late Rev.							2	5	8
Thomas King	...	6	19	3	Baptist Sunday-school, Bishop				
Executors of the late Mrs. Susannah					Auckland	...	0	6	0
broughton	...	2	2	0	Wem Baptist Sunday-school	...	0	7	6
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—					Townley Street Mission	...	0	11	6
Mrs. Terrell	...	0	10	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Helensburgh	...	0	12	6
Mrs. Belpard	...	0	10	0	Roomfield Baptist Sunday-school	...	1	4	4
"My Countess"	...	2	0	0	Arthur Street Sunday-school, Cam-				
Mr. W. S. Jones	...	0	5	0	berwell	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Hughes	...	0	5	0	Charnwood Road Sunday-school,				
Mrs. Weldon	...	2	0	0	Shepshed	...	2	0	0
Miss Davis	...	1	0	0	Baptist Sunday-school, Queen's Road,				
		6	10	0	Wimbleton	...	2	13	5
Orphan Boys' cards (second list)	...	11	17	10	Collected at Watch-night service,				
Orphan Girls' cards (second list)	...	6	6	0	Penre Tabernacle	...	5	0	0
The Leathersellers' Company, per					Free Church Sabbath-school, Beauly...	...	0	16	0
Mr. W. Arnold Hepburn	...	10	10	0					

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>				Mansfield	10	0	0
Grantham	2	7	9	Newington Workhouse (for expenses, per Miss Higgs)	3	0	0
Bulwell	19	8	0	Blaenavon	9	2	4
Lincoln	5	17	8	Woodberry Down Chapel	9	3	8
Skegness	9	12	10	Programmes, Clarendon Chapel	0	11	7
Beeston	5	18	2				
Sutton-in-Ashfield	8	15	0		£583	9	1

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards; Second List:—*Abbitt, H., 3s; Algar, W., £1 1s; Almond, A., 9d; Brett, C., £1 1s; Baker, G., 12s 6d; Beard, B., £1 4s 3d; Bowles, S., 2d; Collier, W., 2s 7d; Challus, E., 14s; Cose, B., 10s; Claridge, G., 1s; Carter, P., 2s 6d; Cheeseman, C., 6s; Clark, S., 1s 1d; Clow, R., 1s; Davis, A., 4s; Davis, J., 4s 6d; Everitt, E., 1s 6d; Johnstone, C., 4s 9d; Jones, D., 1s 6d; Legier, J., 2s 6d; Leigh, C. and A., 12s 6d; Llewellyn, H., 2s; Mason, E., 5s 6d; Pottle, J., 7s; Robins, O., 3s 2d; Stevens, W., 1s; Skelly, J., £1 1s; Simmonds, G., £1 1s; Shepherd, H., 1s 7d; Trinder, G., 2s; Tyers, P., 2s 6d; Woollard, E., 2s; Weston, H., 9s; Warmington, S., 3s; Whatmough, C., 7s.—Total, £11 17s 10d.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards; Second List:—*Adcock, S., 4s; Ayres, E., 5s; Bishop, A., 5s 3d; Brown, L., 1s; Cecil, L., 6d; Dixon, C., 7s 6d; Geldart, C., 3s 6d; Griffiths, A., 1s 7d; Gibson, B., 3s 6d; Hicks, M., 2s; Heath, K., 2s; Hussey, L., 7s 3d; Hilyer, A., 1s 3d; Hall, G., 5s; Harmer, E., 2s; Hall, J., 4s; Hodson, F., 4s; Hollingworth, M., 8s; Hunt, M., 1s; Kimber, R., 2s; Marjoram, E., 6s; Mott, B., 1s; Payne, C., 2s 9d; Plumley, W., 1s; Saltmarsh, E., 6s 3d; Suffell, M., 1s; Sharp, M., 2s; Smith, D., 6s; Turney, L., 5s; Wiltshire, M., 2s 6d; Williams, L., £1 1s; Woolley, A., 1s.—Total, £6 6s.

*List of Presents from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.—*Provisions:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 13 jars Jam, The Young Women's Bible-class, Baptist Tabernacle, Burton-on-Trent, per Mrs. Blant; 25 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 1 case Imperial Plums, Mr. F. Fisher.

*Boys' Clothing:—*A parcel worn Clothing, 60 Caps, 5 Felt Hats, Mr. H. J. Gibbs; a parcel of Clothing, Mrs. K. Linney; 8 pairs Socks, 1 pair Gloves, Miss M. Baker; a parcel of Clothing and 1 box Paints, Miss S. Hughes; 1 Waistcoat, Mr. D. Wilkin; 10 Shirts, Mrs. Wilkinson; 8 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 10 Articles, The Young Women's Class, Baptist Tabernacle, Burton-on-Trent, per Mrs. Blant; 3 pairs knitted Socks, 2 knitted scarves, Mrs. J. White; 22 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

*Girls' Clothing:—*6 Garments, Mr. W. H. Roberts; 113 Articles, Miss Chandler's Bible-class, West Croydon Baptist Chapel; 85 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 5 worn Articles, Anon.; 10 Articles, Miss Passmore; 24 Articles (for No. 1 Girls), A friend, per Miss Passmore; 1 Pinafore (for No. 1 Girls), Miss Wain, per Mrs. Charlesworth; 7 Articles, Miss McLaurin; 37 Articles, The Young Women's Class, Baptist Tabernacle, Burton-on-Trent, per Mrs. Blant; 6 Garments, Mrs. J. White; 15 Garments, The Misses Wormald; 18 Garments, Providence Baptist Chapel Children's Sewing Class, Hounslow; 6 Pinafores, Mrs. Shaw.

*GENERAL:—*A parcel Magazines, Miss Bedford; 1 load Firewood, Mr. Geo. Huxall; 1 Travelling Clock, Mr. H. J. Hall; a few Scrap Books, Miss M. McLaurin; 300 Sacred Songs and Solos, A A 2 Edition, and 4 ditto with Music, "Friends of the Orphanage."

*ERRATUM, Second and Trowel, February:—*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards, £50 11s 0d, and Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards, £47 14s 4d, were entered in error by the printers on page 103. The correct amounts, £56 11s 7d and £47 14s 4d, were duly acknowledged on page 104. The total printed in the February Magazine (£2,003 17s 9d) is not affected by the mistake.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.

<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>					£	s.	d.
L. H., for Sheppey	45	0	0	Aylesbury, per Mr. Thomas Gurney	10	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhosiber, per Mr. R. Cory, J. P.	11	5	0		£245	15	0
Gildersome, per Rev. G. Haslam	20	0	0	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	17	10	0		£	s.	d.
C. M., for Axbridge	1	0	0	Widow's mite	0	1	0
Brentford. In Memoriam	10	0	0	A friend, per Mr. A. Woollard	0	4	0
Southern Baptist Association, per Mr. T. H. Blake	60	0	0	Mr. Brazil	3	0	0
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J. P.	11	5	0	Mr. Priestly's Shop Fund	0	12	0
... District, Liverpool	1	0	0	Mrs. Benstead	0	1	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Beasia White	1	5	0	Mrs. Marshall, per Mr. H. Mears	1	0	0
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S.	20	0	0	Mrs. Elgee	1	1	0
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Robinson	5	0	0	Mr. W. Mannington	1	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans and Co.	10	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Cambridge Association, per Rev. R. J. Moffatt	12	10	0	Mr. H. Deelas, per Mrs. James Withers	1	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Mission Fund, per Mr. Thos. H. Olney	10	0	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
				Mr. A. Woollard	1	1	0
				Mr. Thos. S. Penny	1	1	0
					£11	0	0

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.
Mr. W. J. Denham	...	2	2	0	Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Taunton, per Pastor Levi Palmer
Mr. Brazil	...	1	0	0	
Mrs. H. Keevil, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	...	5	0	0	7 10 0
Thankoffering from ten days' mission, Metropolitan Tabernacle, for Mr. J. M. Smith's services	...	5	0	0	
					£20 12 0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.				
Mrs. Terrell	...	0	10	0	Mr. Brazil	...	1	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at West Green Chapel, Tottenham	...	4	0	0	Postal order from Kidderminster	...	0	5	0
Pastor E. H. Howard	...	0	5	0					
					£6 0 0				

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

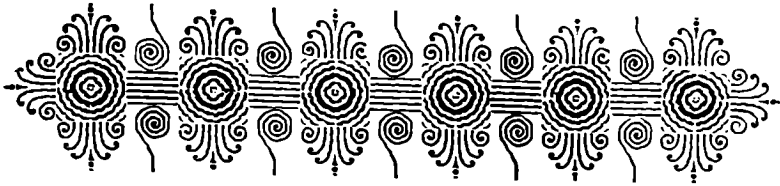
Statement of Receipts from January 15th to February 14th, 1896.

		£ s. d.			£ s. d.				
A friend from Bedford (with £5 for Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund)	...	5	0	0	Mr. H. Barrett	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Halsey	...	5	0	0	Mrs. P. —, Lundie	...	0	10	0
H. O. N.	...	0	3	6	"Lisle"	...	0	10	0
E., Northampton	...	0	10	0	G. E., Northampton	...	0	10	0
Miss Anderson, per Mrs. Moubray	...	0	3	0	Mrs. S. Haves	...	5	0	0
A. Z.	...	1	0	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>				
Madame de Mirimonde	...	0	8	0	Mrs. Sangster	...	0	2	6
Mr. D. J. Pillai	...	2	10	0	Mary and Eliza, special thankoffering	...	0	5	0
The Lord's tenth—"Lunark"	...	2	0	0	A. B., Chesterfield	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Roberts	...	4	0	0					
"Dollie"	...	0	1	0	£29 3 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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeon's Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeon's Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon; "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE
Sword and the Crowel.

APRIL, 1896.

“Nothing to Say.”

AN ADDRESS AT A TABERNACLE PRAYER-MEETING, BY C. H. SPURGEON.



DEAR FRIENDS,—When I stood up, a few minutes ago, and tried to think what I should say to you, I discovered that I had—

NOTHING TO SAY.

I have often found the theme for a brief address while meeting with you here on these happy Monday evenings, and my experience to-night has suggested a subject on which I think we may profitably meditate for a few moments, and then return to the holy exercise of prayer, in which we always like to spend most of the time. Perhaps some of you are wondering whether I ever before felt that I had “nothing to say.”

Yes, more than once in my life has this been true; and first, it was very specially the case with me *when I was under conviction of sin*. Through the Lord's restraining grace, and the holy influence of my early home-life, both at my father's and my grandfather's, I was kept from certain outward forms of sin in which others indulged; and, sometimes, when I began to take stock of myself, I really thought I was quite a respectable lad, and might have been half inclined to boast that I was not like other boys,—untruthful, dishonest, disobedient, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and so on. But, all of a sudden, I met Moses, carrying in his hand the law of God; and as he looked at me, he seemed to search me through and through with his eyes of fire. He bade me read “God's Ten Words” the ten commandments,—and as I read them, and remembered what I had

been taught about their spiritual meaning as interpreted by the Lord Jesus Christ, they all seemed to join in accusing and condemning me in the sight of the thrice-holy Jehovah. Then, like Daniel, "my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength"; and I understood what Paul meant when he wrote, "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

When I saw myself as guilty before God, I could say nothing in self-defence, or by way of excuse or extenuation. I confessed my transgression in solemn silence unto the Lord, but I could speak no word of self-justification, or apology, for I felt that I was verily guilty of grievous sins against the Holy One of Israel. I remember that it was a dreadful silence that reigned within my spirit at that time; even if I had tried to say a word in my own favour, I should have been self-condemned as a liar. I felt that Job's words might be applied to me, "If I wash myself in snow water, and make my hands never so clean; yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me. For He is not a man, as I am, that I should answer Him." So I said nothing, when I was under conviction of sin, because I had "nothing to say."

I will tell you another time when I had "nothing to say," and that was when I first saw the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and realized the meaning of John Newton's hymn,—

"I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

"Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.

"My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.

* * * *

"A second look He gave, which said,
'I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die, that thou mayest live.'"

I remember well how He told me that He had loved me with an everlasting love, and that He had given Himself up to die for me. I can never forget His wondrous words, nor the effect they produced upon me; I wanted to shout, "Hallelujah!" I wanted to borrow all the angels' harps, and to set all heaven ringing with my Saviour's praise; I wanted all the stars to speak in His honour, and every voice in Heaven and earth to be jubilant with thanksgiving unto Him who had done such great things for me; and failing all that, I could only sit down, and weep to the praise of the mercy I had found,

It was not long, however, before I began to tell others of my Lord's great love to me ; and now I can truly say to Him,—

“ E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.”

Ay, that it shall as long as I have a tongue to speak ; but tell it all out, I never shall ; and, sometimes, under a sense of His great goodness to me, I can sing, with good John Berridge,—

“ Then my tongue would fain express
All His love and loveliness ;
But I lisp, and falter forth
Broken words, not half his worth.

“ Vex'd, I try and try again,
Still my efforts all are vain :
Living tongues are dumb at best,
We must die to speak of Christ.”

It must be so, my brethren ; to speak of Christ as He deserves, is quite impossible while we are in this imperfect state.

I hope that none of you will ever be in the condition of having “ nothing to say ” in the presence of God the Judge of all. Recollect the man who came in to the marriage of the King's Son without putting on a wedding garment ; and when the King came in to see the guests, He said to him, “ Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment ? *And he was speechless.*” O you who hear the gospel, but do not receive it ; you who join us in the outward act of devotion, yet do not yield yourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ : especially you who prefer the rags of your own righteousness to the perfect robe of the righteousness of Christ, you will not be able to say a word in self-defence ! Shame will tie your tongues, conscience will prevent your utterance of a single syllable, and the King will say unto His servants, “ Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness ; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth ;” and you will be driven from His presence for ever. O my hearers, do not let it be so with any of you ! May the Holy Spirit work in you, even now, repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ ! God grant it, for Christ's sake ! Amen.

Stray Pages of Puritan History.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF “ THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS.”

I. AN ANCIENT SANCTUARY.

ONE afternoon, late in September, we entered a leafy Hertfordshire lane, near to Boxmoor. Our quest was an old meeting-house, hidden away up a narrow turning from the main road, having for a background the trees of the park of Westbrook Hay, the seat of the Hon. Dudley Ryder, but at the time of our visit rented by Sir

Alexander McArthur. We can get to the lane by several ways from the railway-station. Let us choose the hill. At the rear of the railway lies the considerable elevation of Rough Down. Taking the ascending path till the soft turf is reached, and then making our way up to the ridge by the sheep-walk, is a stiff climb; but it is worth the exertion. The whole valley lies at our feet. To the left, the hills rise again, sweeping round from Tring. They are of no great height, cultivated, undulating, and, in parts, well-wooded. Here and there among the trees we catch glimpses of the residences of the local gentry; among them, the home of Mr. John Marnham, J.P., a bulwark of Nonconformity in these parts. Away to the right, and straggling over the rising ground in front, is the village of Boxmoor. The open common lies all along the valley to the left till we get to Bourne End, where there is a charming little church, with an earnest Evangelical incumbent. The church is frequented by the Ryder family when in residence at Westbrook. But there was a time when the former owner of the manor came down through the woods to the Puritan meeting-house; and, on occasion, the minister would escape through the trap-door at the back of the pulpit to the friendly shelter of the glades and mansion of Westbrook, for, hard by, at the left of Rough Down, lies hidden away, in one of the narrowest of lanes, an historic sanctuary of the Puritans.

Before leaving the hill, let us take one more look. To the right is the road leading to Hemel Hempstead. The houses begin where the moor ends, and run up what was probably but a gorge between the hills in early times. It was from this town that the Puritanic spirits of two hundred years ago stole away down by the moor to worship in the "conventicle" situated among the woods of Westbrook. We are standing, perhaps, on the eminence where, in the days of the Stuarts, one from the party of worshippers would place himself so as to give timely warning to the congregation gathered in secret. But the prospect all round was very different in those days. The moorland then covered the hills which now lie ruddy under the afternoon sun from recent ploughings, or which show the drab stubble of the cleared harvest. Red deer possibly wandered over the gorse and thorn-clad slopes, while the kite soared aloft from the denser woods, ready to pounce upon the many small dwellers of the moor and marsh. The road would then be a mere track, and the lane where this old chapel stands, well-nigh impassable. Even now, coming quietly along the ridge in the September evening, scores of rabbits may be startled at their play, while along the valley the white fog hangs like a low curtain, the hills lifting their heads as from a strange sea. But before Box Lane Chapel was rebuilt, in 1690, while yet the Clarendonian code, with its hated four Acts, was in full operation, we can well imagine that the fog from which we shrink would be hailed as a welcome opportunity for the Dissenters of those days to undertake the adventurous journey to meet for worship somewhere in the hollow where the chapel now stands. Only by planting ourselves upon the spot, and thinking back by the aid of the facts at our disposal, can we get a proper idea of what it must have been to be true to unpopular principles over two hundred years ago.

As we still keep on the high ground, working our way in the direction of the ancient shrine, we muse upon the changes which have come over England since the days when the "schismatics" used to steal down the many paths which lead to Box Lane. The obnoxious statutes, which then pressed upon faith and practice, have all gone; but many of the exclusive privileges associated with a State Church still remain. It is a well-known fact that leading Nonconformists in country districts, in our own time, have paid very dearly for sturdy adhesion to principle. It is only lately, in the counties around London, that a few Nonconformists, out of the many eligible, have been put upon the commission of the peace for their county. Much overdue justice to the descendants of the Puritans has yet to be meted out.

As we descend the hill, our eye rests on more than one dell where we can imagine an old-time prayer gathering might have been held. There is one flanked by a thick belt of trees. Listen! Cannot you hear the strains of the thirty-first Psalm,—“In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed”? There is the proscribed minister; there, kneeling on the velvet sward, a few folk in sober raiment. Or, is it all a dream? Is that the wild thyme stretching away from the rim of the dell; and are those simply stern old thorn-bushes which we might have taken for a posse of the King's officers?

Hereabouts, no words can picture the quiet beauty. Right on to where the hills hide the cornfields, the moorland stretches, dotted over with clumps of hawthorn, which, in years gone by, we have seen laden with May-blossom, a sight never to be forgotten. The North-Western Railway is too aristocratic a company to go out of its way after the "cheap tripper", so these beautiful uplands are not periodically strewn with greasy paper and broken beer-bottles. The grassy slopes reserve their charms for the few who woo their solitude.

We are now in the lane, and, wandering past some forlorn-looking farm buildings, we reach the old chapel, probably the oldest in Hertfordshire, though the present fellowship was not formed till 1697. Mr. Urwick says, in his most interesting records of *Nonconformity in Herts*, that "half a century before the Act of Toleration, a conventicle, hidden among the trees, was built up this lane." The Maynes of the manor of Westbrook, all through the earlier part of the seventeenth century, were Puritans; and Joshua Lomax, who purchased the manor in 1680, was a noted Nonconformist, and "a sufferer at St. Albans for conscience' sake." It was his son, Thomas Lomax, and Mary his wife, who were the proprietors of the present chapel in the lane, which, according to the date in front, was erected in 1690, and conveyed by the owners, in 1697, to twelve trustees. Here the sturdy yeomen from the villages and farms gathered for many a long year. In 1715, there was a congregation of three hundred, of whom twenty-three were voters for the county. This will give some idea of the strength of rural Dissent at the beginning of the eighteenth century. But the seed had been sown years before in dark times. That man of God, Thomas Wilcocks, the companion in suffering with Puritan John Field and Thomas Cartwright, was minister of the

moorland parish from 1576 to 1608; and it was also at Bovingdon, two miles from the chapel, that the ejected Dr. Edmund Staunton, one of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, spent his last days in visiting the poor, and distributing *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*. The annals of the persecution period contain the names of the ancestors of the families who afterwards, for generations, were the staunch supporters of Box Lane Chapel. No wonder that the church flourished for a long period. The first minister after the chapel passed into the hands of trustees was Joshua Bayes, who helped to complete *Matthew Henry's Commentary*. It was under George Boyde that the church was able to report such statistics as have been quoted above. At the beginning of the present century, the pastor bore a name to become noted in Baptist history,—Robert Carey, M.D. It was through the efforts of Mrs. Ann Hobson and Miss Mary Carey, sisters of the celebrated missionary, that the Boxmoor Baptist Church was founded in 1826.

Just about this time, there was at Box Lane Chapel a pastor named Thomas Miller. Two interesting articles concerning this worthy appeared in *The British Weekly* in 1892. Mr. Miller found the cause very low, but the congregation grew large again, for the pastor was a great evangelist, extending his labours over fifteen of the villages round. But gradually the church lost ground. There were spurts of the old spirit, as under the ministry of Mr. Girton and a converted Jew named Steinitz, but the days when the barns around were in requisition for accommodation passed slowly but surely away. In 1875, the then minister, the Rev. Alexander Scott, hoping to suit the place to the tastes of the age, completely modernized the interior. But little remains within to remind the visitor of the grand old times. The pulpit with its trap-door is gone, with the wonderfully deep gallery, black with age; but the massive oak communion-table remains, also the candle-holders on the two main pillars. These latter are in reality roughly-squared oak trees, cased in. The clock, two centuries old, was, when we saw it, in a very bad way. The ancient timekeeper ticked through some wonderful days. How many "painful preachers" in the bygone years faced that clock, and how many shy eyes stole round to peep at its slowly-moving hands!

It would be tempting to try to people the place once more with the men and women of the past, to see again, behind the oak table, the Puritanic pastor who wrote the commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians in *Matthew Henry*, or the yeomen of the country-side, not much influenced by the shifting costumes of the times, filing into the pews with their wives and children. But we must forbear. We come out of the ancient place somewhat disappointed, and pass through the rows of the dead, out into the lane. We notice how the Virginian creeper has reddened on the old wall, and that a neglected vine has climbed a garden boundary, and hangs in green bines over the dusty way; but, somehow, we have the notion that it is Sunday morning, and that we shall meet the Puritans slowly coming up the narrow way to the Box Lane Meeting-house.

The Book Fund and its Work, 1895.

BY MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

SO many friends are enquiring for *The Report of the Book Fund for 1895*, that I have inserted here a portion of the letter I am sending to subscribers with the balance-sheet, lists of contributions, and statistical tables for the year. The information given may be interesting to readers of the Magazine, even though they are not helpers of my beloved work; and if, through reading it, they feel led to purchase my book, or to aid me in relieving the necessities of our Lord's poor servants, I shall be glad that I have brought my quiet service thus prominently before their notice.

DEAR FRIENDS,—As in duty bound, I have prepared for you the formal account of my stewardship,—the list of subscriptions, which record, on God's part, so much loving remembrance of my needs, and so much kindness from good helpers in supplying them for His sake;—the summary of work, which shows the labour of twelve months condensed into a single page;—the gifts of books by friends, forming the staple store of the "Auxiliary Book Fund";—the usual statistics of books given and ministers made glad;—the remarkable figures relating to the distribution of my dear husband's Sermons at home and abroad;—and, as important as any other item, the balance-sheet, showing that prosperity still attends the blessed work which, all along these twenty years, has been specially favoured of the Lord. I expect some will say, "But this is only the skeleton of the Book Fund! Where is the body, the 'living epistle' which we have been accustomed to welcome as the Report?" Ah, dear friends, it is somewhere else, needing just these pages to complete its identity!

Now listen, while I tell you something which has just occurred to me. I have caught an illustration on the wing,—caught it in the meshes of my thoughts, as one might unexpectedly capture a callow fledgling on its first trial trip through the air. I wonder whether I shall be able to show it to you without disarranging its yet imperfectly-developed plumage.

You must all have read, with great interest, of the discovery of a new power in rays of light, by which photographs can be taken through wood, paper, leather, and even human flesh, so that it is possible, for instance, to photograph the structure of a person's body through his clothes! The statement was received at first with considerable incredulity; but now, I believe, the full success of many experiments has confirmed the wonderful reports.

I was cogitating over the form in which I should issue this booklet when I first heard of this new introspection, and I thought, "This statement of mine will be, to my friends, like the 'X ray' which can penetrate through opaque substances, and show what would otherwise be hidden."

The Report for 1895 is written, and it tells a tale as sweet, and glad, and praiseful, as any of its predecessors; but it is *shut up* in the pages of *Ten Years After!* and if, dear friends, you have not provided yourselves with that volume, you cannot see all the goodness of the Lord to me in the past year, and you have missed one of the "songs of degrees" which His grace has enabled me to sing. But I place in your hands this tiny book, asking you to *look through it*. While you do so, it will pierce the covers of the larger volume, and show you distinctly the "bones" of the work, if I may be allowed such an ungainly expression concerning my beloved Book Fund.

True, it will be *only* the inner mechanism which you will see,—the motive power, the anatomy, as it were, of my living service; but I confess I am hoping that those dear helpers, who have not already purchased my book, will hasten to clothe these bones with the flesh belonging to them, that they may possess, not a "shadow-gram" merely, but a fully-finished picture of the work carried on by God's grace and favour during the last twenty years.

So much, dear friends, for my "illustration." If you do not "see through it," it will be because of my dull way of putting it; but never mind, take it on trust, and gladden my heart by continuing your sympathetic love to both the service and the servant.

I earnestly hope you will not be very disappointed at this substitute for the usual Report. You see, I was *obliged* to put it in *Ten Years After!* else there would only have been a nine years' record; and I absolutely *could not* write two accounts of my work, for I have only sufficient strength to get through what *must be done*. You will be indulgent to me, I am sure; nay, more than this, you will be so tenderly interested in my effort to chronicle the Lord's goodness to me in the permanent form of a second volume, that you will not grudge the small cost which puts you in possession of the gathered-up records of the past ten years. There are many of you who have helped me for a longer period than that, and I should have liked to present to each of you the complete volume; but this was not within my power. With all my heart, I again thank all who have in any way contributed to swell the river of blessing which flows through the channels of the Book Fund and its branches.

If I left out of *Ten Years After!* anything that ought to have been in it, it was the mention of the help which some dear friends gave me in sending out my beloved husband's Sermons. Years ago, I had quite a nice number of helpers; now, there are only three or four left who faithfully carry on their self-imposed task, trusting to the Lord to bless the labour of their hands. To two of these, one sending the Sermons abroad, and the other giving copies to all the Fire Brigade Stations in London, I owe deep and fervent gratitude for munificent support, most graciously and unfailingly bestowed for more than eighteen years. Wonderful kindness it has been; and I thank the dear Lord upon every remembrance of them, and of all they have done, and here offer to them my heart's tenderest gratitude.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXVIII. PASTOR C. B. SAWDAY, ASSISTANT-MINISTER,
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

BY THOMAS SPURGEON.



“ A GOOD beginning is half the battle.” CHARLES B. SAWDAY began well. His Devonshire home was bright with true godliness, and warm with Methodist fire. But though impressions for good that still remain were made at home, young Sawday was not converted till after he had passed through the Taunton College, and had entered the service of the famous firm in St. Paul’s Churchyard, of which our honoured friend, Sir George Williams, has been for so long the honoured head. There he

found the Saviour, and there he felt the first aspirations to be employed in the King’s business. His conversion was a very definite one, and baptism soon sealed and strengthened his assurance of salvation.

He was but seventeen years of age when he entered the Pastors’ College; and after a short course of study, he commenced regular ministerial work in a suburb of Liverpool. So lively and energetic was he in those days, that the late President of the College, with characteristic humour, spoke of him as “ Young Strike-a-light ”; and when the officers of Vernon Chapel, King’s Cross, were looking for a pastor who, with God’s blessing, might brighten the prospects of their “ cause”, C. H. Spurgeon sent them this flaming youth of nineteen summers. He soon proved himself worthy of his nickname. He did indeed strike a light. But they were not mere fireworks that he kindled. The fire was from God’s own altar. “ One who knows ” speaks of the chapel, which was like a desert, with a few scattered inhabitants, becoming peopled, and blossoming as a rose under “ this anointed youth.”

For five-and-twenty years Mr. Sawday laboured at “ Vernon.” Both as a pastor and as an evangelist he succeeded. Large halls were hired during winter months for special services, and the chapel itself was greatly extended. A large church was built up on purely spiritual lines, the phenomenal attendances at the week-evening meetings proving plainly the spirituality of the flock. I am told that Mr. Sawday’s preaching was characterized by intense fervour, and unmistakable unction. He spoke as one on the confines of eternity. There is little wonder that such a preacher, surrounded by a band of spiritual,

prayerful people, saw great things accomplished, nor do we marvel as we learn that "the floor of the building was often like a battle-field covered with wounded souls."

It was a sad day for "Vernon" when the tried and trusty leader saw fit to accept a call to Leicester. The bereaved church, however, wrote to the sister-church at Melbourne Hall a remarkable letter, in which these pathetic passages occur:—"It is with feelings of the most profound sorrow and regret that we undertake the duty of commending to you the man of God who comes amongst you. Our late Pastor has laboured with us for a period of five-and-twenty years, during which the most perfect harmony has existed between himself and us, each sharing the others' joys and sorrows to an extent not at all usual in ordinary pastorates. It is impossible for us to exaggerate the loss we sustain in parting with such a counsellor and friend. We pray and believe that our loss will be your gain, and with devout thankfulness to Almighty God for all the mercies of the past we surrender him to you."

This, surely, is a tribute to be rejoiced in. If confirmation of it were needed, it was supplied during the ten days' mission recently held at the Tabernacle, which not a few of the "Vernon" friends attended, that they might hear again the man who was the means of leading them to Jesus, and of whom they were able, when he departed from them, to write:—"Our Pastor has preached to us the old truths, followed the old paths, and has never known 'another gospel, which is not another.'" This witness is still true of him, for during the five years he was at Leicester, and still later at Leeds, Mr. Sawday has not declined from the doctrines of grace, nor deviated from the inspired Word.

In so many periodicals have the details of our friend's career been told of late, that they need hardly be recapitulated here. Suffice it to say that they are all distinctly glorifying to God, and creditable to himself.

* * * *

A good many months ago, it occurred to me that the helper I so much needed might be found in the person of the subject of this sketch, and that, without robbing another church, ours might be blessed with an Assistant-Pastor. While I prayed for guidance, the idea grew first into a very distinct impression, and then into a strong conviction. But I hid it in my heart. At length, an opportunity arrived to invite Mr. Sawday to conduct a mission at the Tabernacle. After that had been successfully accomplished, and I had enjoyed fellowship with the missionary in private life, I determined to let the officers and members know of my desire. Almost unanimously they adopted it, and a resolution, asking Mr. Sawday to become Assistant-Minister for twelve months, was forwarded to him. (The terms of this resolution appeared in last month's Magazine.) In due course, the following beautiful reply came to hand:—

"To the Church of Christ at the Metropolitan Tabernacle,—

"Dear Brethren and Sisters,—When I first heard that it was in the heart of your pastor and deacons and elders to propose that I should

be invited to the honourable and responsible position of assistant-pastor, I was overwhelmed with surprise. But the practical unanimity and enthusiasm (as I am told) with which the resolution was carried at your annual meeting on the 19th inst., have gone far to convince me that your summons is in accordance with the will of God. I am comforted by the knowledge that I have never in any way sought this position. Since you have called upon me to undertake this service for our Lord, I have endeavoured by constant prayer to learn His will. My way is clear; the sunshine of His face is on the path, and I respond with gladness to your invitation, and will come to you, deeply sensible of my insufficiency, but relying for gift and grace upon Him who never errs in His calling, and never sends His servants at their own charges. I am heartily one with you in doctrine, and in your methods of work. Your pastor is so much like his own beloved father (now with God) in gentleness and simplicity of spirit and thoughtfulness for others, that I know no one with whom I would so readily be yoked in the work of the Lord.

"I myself am a son of the church at the Tabernacle, and shall count it a great privilege to serve it in any way in my power. At the end of a year, or sooner, we shall see whether the experiment is likely to further the welfare of the church and its institutions.

"You will pray for me that I may come to you 'in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ,' that I may be a vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and that I may know how to behave myself in 'the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.' I hope to be ready to enter on my ministry about March 25.

"Believe me,

"Yours to serve in the gospel of the blessed God,

"CHARLES BURT SAWDAY.

"Feb. 29, 1896."

Ere this number of the *Sword and Trowel* is out and about, we hope, therefore, to have this mighty man at our side, fighting the battles of the Lord. May the "experiment" prove abundantly successful! May our brother leave "the impress of his own spirituality, piety, and zeal" on our beloved church, as he did at King's Cross. "Love was the bond that bound them together; holiness of heart was their chief pursuit, and leading sinners to Christ was their first aim." May these things be true of us also!

My own estimate of the character of my assistant-lect is well expressed in the testimony of one who knows him still better,—a member of South Parade Church, Leeds,—who writes:—"I formed a very deep regard for him, and have often felt rebuked for the poor-ness of my own Christian life whilst witnessing the silent testimony, as well as the spoken one, to the richness of his own. His appeals to the unsaved were very powerful, and his words to the Lord's people were most helpful." My friend adds:—"Mr. Sawday made a host of friends in Leeds, both in the denomination, and out of it; he was in labours more abundant than almost any other minister of my acquaintance. His withdrawal from the religious life of this city is a serious

loss to the more earnest spirits, though these will now rejoice in the wider door of usefulness which the Lord of the churches has graciously opened to him."

I am happy to be able to append the testimony of the Rev. Geo. Eayrs, Methodist New Connexion Minister, and Secretary of the Leeds Nonconformist Council, as to the value of Mr. Sawday's work in the Northern town:—

"The advent of the Rev. C. B. Sawday to Leeds meant blessing to many. At his church in South Parade much was done, especially among the young folk. Young in heart as a child, frank and ingenuous, mirthful, yet knowing well when and in what ways 'jesting is not convenient,' Mr. Sawday soon won the hearts of the young folk, and many will look back to his short pastorate as long enough to teach them the sweetness and brightness of earnest Evangelical Christianity.

"But perhaps it was in the wider sphere of public life, such as the pastor of a city church should fill, that Mr. Sawday became widely known, and as widely beloved. His fame had preceded him, and the hoardings soon told how lavish he was of time and strength for every church and movement that meant winning souls for Christ. As a member of the Executive Committee of the Leeds Nonconformist Council, he was diligent and active, especially so in the united missions which were conducted under its auspices, when Messrs. Fullerton and Smith and others were used by God to jointly quicken believers, and win many to Christ.

"Judged by his peers, Mr. Sawday stood very high. He seemed to act as a magnet that drew them together; and having so drawn them, they found that he put himself in the background, and we 'saw no man, save Jesus only.' The present writer remembers a day of communion, arranged by Brother Sawday, when ministers of all denominations gathered, and in praise and prayer and meditation spent the hours together. There was a break for light refreshments, also furnished by our generous brother and his devoted, cheerful wife. Truly, that day stands out in the memory of many as a day of the Son of man.

"When Brother Sawday decided to leave Leeds, regret was expressed in all the churches. The loss was felt even more keenly by his brother-ministers. And all this in two short years! It is given to few men to so attract men to themselves, and to still fewer to show so clearly the high purpose of such gifts,—drawing men that Christ may save them."

What need have we of further witness? I only desire, in conclusion, to bespeak for my coadjutor the prayers of the Lord's people the world over, that he and I may prove true yoke-fellows, and that God may speed the plough.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

IT will be fresh in the minds of many readers of my "Personal Notes" that a lady-missionary, in the heart of CHINA, asked for this Magazine to be sent out to her, and that such a large number of friends volunteered for the service that I had to find other workers to whom the gift would be acceptable. More than sixty names of missionaries and ministers in foreign lands were supplied to as many willing senders; and, if they have been faithful to their word of promise, the *Sword and Trowel* has gone into many dark places of the earth since August, 1895. In her latest letter to me, Mrs. Adams thus refers to the matter:—"I was very pleased, last mail, to see a copy of the *Sword and Trowel* telling of the many answers to your request on my behalf. I felt quite guilty, for having led you into so much extra work, yet I am sure you will by-and-by have the joy of knowing it was not labour in vain. Many, many thanks for asking friends to send me the helpful little Magazine. We give it a very warm welcome, I assure you; we enjoy it ourselves, and then pass it on to the Y.M.C.A. and other readers."

I heard also from a good brother, who has been seven years in China, most of the time itinerating, and living more or less uncomfortably in the wretched inns of that curious land. He tells me how he and others read and re-read the pages of the Sermons and the *Sword and Trowel*, and how even the miserable accommodation they get seems endurable if a packet from England, containing these treasures, reaches them on one of their long journeys. How great must be the sense of loneliness to these unselfish missionaries, and how they must long for human companionship! Sometimes, several months pass without their meeting a brother-Christian. They have, as I said, no settled abode, but are continually going in and out among a hostile people. "Ah!" says the one whose letter is now open before me, "it is a real comfort to look forward to the arrival of the mail, and then to find the precious Sermons and the *Sword and Trowel* within our packet." Hard and difficult as is this good man's work, he is happy in it, especially as he is beginning now to see the fruit of his labours, for some are coming out on the Lord's side. It touched my heart to read these words in his letter:—"Our few believers *believe in prayer*, and we have great joy in our meetings with them. You are not forgotten at the throne of grace. They know you as *Si-si-mu*—Pastor Spurgeon's wife,—and we would earnestly ask *your* prayers for us, in this work which needs much grace, and for the native churches, that they may stand steadfast in the truth."

Dear friends, do you realize how greatly *you* can help the work in China, by constant, believing prayer to God for the coming of His kingdom there?

Having given you two views of this matter from China, we will see how it looks from the homeland. My heart was greatly rejoiced, the other day, by the reception of a little note from one of the friends

who undertook to supply the mental food thus eagerly relished. He was to send his copy of the *Sword and Trowel* to Newfoundland. He thanked me for "giving him the privilege" of thus serving a fellow-Christian in a far-off land, and said it had already been a blessed means of grace to him. First, it had set him praying daily that a blessing might go with the Magazine,—then followed prayer for the recipient and his household, and for his church and people,—then for *all* ministers and missionaries who accept it,—a wide field for intercession, truly! As a result of this grace of supplication, his own soul received an overflowing blessing, and his letter concludes with these words:—"I thank God for putting it into your heart to suggest this simple, but wide-spreading means of usefulness. May many more engage in this delightful work, and God be greatly glorified thereby!" I wonder if any other friends have found such a rich spiritual dividend paid through so small an investment of cost and trouble? 'Tis the old story of "the watered seed" told over again in another fashion, and the harvest of this good man's prayers will perhaps surprise him when he reaches the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

* * * *

I have received a most pleasing and grateful letter from the lady in ALGERIA, of whom I told you that she wanted the dear Pastor's Sermons in French and German, to read to a small congregation which she had gathered together. She is delighted with the selection I forwarded, and finds that the people listen eagerly to the beloved preacher's words. Her description of her visits to the Hospital in Saïda, is somewhat amusing! She says the exceeding avidity with which the soldiers receive books, tracts, or sermons that she takes to them, is accounted for by the fact that they have *absolutely nothing else to read!* The men are so starved for mental food that the Sermons are devoured with great relish, so I am hoping that to many of them this may be the Lord's way of giving the Bread and the Water of Life.

An English friend, writing from BUENOS AYRES, says concerning the Sermons which I send there:—"We are very grateful to you for them, they are such a spiritual treat, and bring us so much comfort and encouragement. A brother remarked to me, the other day, 'We do not enjoy anything else half as much as dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons.' And he is right; I only wish all the people of this country prized them as much as we do. All the copies you kindly send are freely distributed; and though we are not able to trace much of the good seed, many seem glad to read them, and in God's good time blessing must follow. They are the only spiritual food, beside the Bible, that some of our camp friends get. The people out here, as a rule, shirk deep reading; they do not like seeing themselves in such a looking-glass, and then, the priests have for so long a time prevented independent thought, that their victims are averse to exercising it. Sometimes we meet with interesting cases of awakened minds, but often only to lose sight of them again; others are attracted for a while, but owing to vice, or dishonesty in business, they are unable to hold

on. I grieve to say that *our own ungodly countrymen (English) are the greatest hindrance we have* in our efforts to bring souls to Christ the Saviour. We want more men like Mr. Graham (the translator of the Sermons in Spanish), who supports himself, barring the little help we are able to give him. The people cannot help respecting such a man. Of those employed by a Society, they say, 'Oh, he only does what he is paid for!' and they despise both work and workers. It took them some long time to believe that Mr. Graham was working voluntarily for the Lord."

* * * *

Among the many graces with which the Lord adorned dear Mr. Spurgeon's lovely character, there were two which shone out most conspicuously,—his faith, and his humility. He believed God unquestioningly and absolutely, and God honoured his faith in many wonderful ways, notably in giving him control over human hearts, and power to dare and do great things in his Master's name. But his humility was as beautiful as his faith was mighty; it was as if a giant could, in a moment, become a child! Knowing wherein his great strength lay, he was undisturbed by any suggestion of the pride of power or influence, and simply lived for God, and with God, and to bless all with whom he came in contact. The following little incident, which occurred at Mentone, will confirm what I have said, and be of interest to many. It is told, in his own graphic words, in one of his precious daily letters to me:—"Yesterday, I was greatly gratified. Some days ago, Dr. ———, a big, noble-looking German divine, came to me, and at first talked profundities and immensurables, making Mr. A.'s head ache, and bothering me a good deal. But he was with me again last night, and seemed quite broken down, and wept much. He, doctor of divinity, professor of exegesis, and head of a university, has been after me like a child after its father, and last night he told me he hoped my faith had helped him out of the awful gloom. I replied that, if only he would believe the old faith, I saw a Luther in him. 'God grant it!' said he, and *he kissed my hand*. He is a learned man, and of ten times my calibre; but I BELIEVE!

"If you hold to God's Word, you puzzle the wise; and if they are God's elect, you drive them out of themselves. If I am to win this man from modern unbelief, I shall not regret any trouble I take with him."

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Fear not: for God is come to prove you."—Exodus xx. 20.

It was not from amidst the thunderings and darkness, the fire and smoke of Mount Sinai, that these words reached my heart this morning. They were whispered by "a still small voice" in the quiet of my own chamber, and they brought courage and comfort in a time of sore need and depression.

"Fear not," this was the tender message; and the reason for confidence was given,—"*for God is come to prove you.*" The blessed fact of His presence changed the appearance of all the things that seemed

against me. The trial was not taken away, but my eyes were opened to see that, if it came from the hand of my God, there must be a blessing in it. My soul pondered the sweet assurance, and found therein the calm of Heaven, after the storms and strifes of earth.

Whatever may be the grievous circumstances in which I am placed, or the injustice of others from which I am suffering, if my God says, "Fear not," I ought surely to be brave and strong. If we can only get firmly fixed in our hearts the truth that the Lord's hand is in *everything* that happens to us, we have found a balm for all our woes, a remedy for all our ills. When friends fail us and grow cold, when enemies triumph and wax confident, when the smooth pathway upon which we have been travelling suddenly becomes rough, stony, and steep,—we are too apt to look askance at the visible *second causes*, and to forget that our God has foreseen every trial, permitted every annoyance, and authorized each item of discipline, with this set purpose, "The Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul" (Deut. xiii. 3). O heart of mine, what is thy response to this demand? Dost thou not love Him enough to endure any test to prove it?

I remember once reading words to this effect—that, the moment we come into any trial or difficulty, our first thought should be, *not* how soon can we escape from it, or how may we lessen the pain we shall suffer from it, but how can we best glorify God in it, and most quickly learn the lesson which He desires to teach us by it? Had we grace and faith enough to do this, our trials and troubles would be but as so many steps by which we should climb to the mountain-top of continual fellowship and peace with God. The soul that has learned the blessed secret of seeing God's hand in all that concerns it, cannot be a prey to *fear*; it looks beyond all *second causes*, straight into the heart and will of God, and rests content, because *He rules*.

"*God is come to prove you.*" My soul, think how great must be His love to thee, that He should stoop to search for thy heart's obedience and devotion! Think of the Infinite God, Thy Redeemer, longing, desiring, yearning to be assured of thy supreme affection! As He Himself puts it by His servant Moses,—“Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee, . . . to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no.” What pains He has taken with thee! How tenderly He has borne with thee! Every trial has been a test, every pain has had a purpose. And can it be that thou art still keeping back from Him the full surrender of heart and life which His divine love demands? Still lingering and wavering on the borderland of half-heartedness, instead of gladly leaving all to follow Him? Nay Lord, it shall be so no longer! Help me to give Thee, at this moment, instantly and eagerly, the proof of my love which Thou dost seek, in the submission of my heart to all Thy will, and the entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit to Thy service! Then, every yoke will be made easy, and every burden will become light, for I shall carry them under the firm conviction that my gracious Lord has laid them on me, and is but testing the strength of the love and grace which He Himself has given.

S. S.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from Vol. xxxi., page 420.)

LXVII.—JOSIAH.

“AND he did that which was right in the sight of the LORD, and walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left.”—2 Kings xxii. 2.

All Scripture characters are intended either as beacons or examples ; Josiah is eminently adapted for imitation.

I. THE MOST EMINENT CHARACTERISTICS OF JOSIAH'S PIETY.

1. Youthful piety. See 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 3.
2. Singular piety ; the whole nation was corrupt.
3. Strong piety ; he had at first no “book of the law.”
4. Zealous piety ; he was not content with repairing the house of the Lord, and seeking to reform Judah, he sought also to reform Israel and Samaria.

5. Steady piety ; it was not evanescent or changeable.

6. Humble, tender-hearted piety.

II. THE EFFECTS OF JOSIAH'S PIETY.

1. Destruction of idolatry ; he hated idols.
2. Reverence for God's house and ordinances.
3. Reverence for God's holy Word, and a dread of the anger of the Eternal One.
4. Conscientious dealing with all men. He kept his treaty with the king of Babylon, and died fighting on his behalf Pharaoh-nechoh, king of Egypt.

III. THE MEANS FOR ATTAINING PIETY LIKE JOSIAH'S.

1. Earnest prayer.
2. Study of the Bible.
3. Faith and repentance.

Who can tell what evils he escaped, or the blessings he enjoyed ?

LXVIII. OFFENDING GOD'S LITTLE ONES.

“And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.”—Mark ix. 42.

The people of God are represented as sheep in the midst of wolves. Jesus has taken special care, however, that those who bless them shall be blessed, and that those who curse them shall be cursed.

I. THE CHARACTERS : “little ones that believe in Me.”

Believers are called little ones, because they have—

1. Simplicity ; they receive the Word as children, without dispute.
2. Weakness ; requiring strength, guidance, teaching, food.
3. Humility ; thinking nothing of themselves.
4. Absolute dependence upon their Heavenly Father

II. THE CRIME AGAINST THEM : “whosoever shall offend one of these little ones.”

1. By a scandalous life, false professors of religion, hireling preachers, and hypocritical men, do this.

2. Despising gospel ministers, criticising, telling their faults, calumniating them, and rejecting their message.
 3. Jesting at the saints, scorning their actions, speaking ill of them, and persecuting them.
 4. Discouraging the young.
 5. Misleading by sophistry and false doctrine, persuading and decoying the good to sin, and causing the children of God to offend, making strife, impairing usefulness, opposing.
- III. WHY IS IT SO GREAT A CRIME? "It is better," etc.
1. Because they are Jesu's purchase.
 2. Because He made them.
 3. Because He loves them, and they are united to Him.

LXIX.—THE SAINTS' JUSTIFICATION AND GLORY.

"In the LORD shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory."
—Isaiah xlv. 25.

"The seed of Israel" are all elect, praying, believing men, to whom the promises are all given. They in God have everything.

I. JUSTIFICATION.

1. They shall be justified in all they truly say of God.
2. Their persons shall be justified by God—

The Father giving His Son to die for them, and accepting them for His sake ;

The Son, by His death and merits procuring their justification ;
The Spirit revealing the sentence of justification.

"All the seed of Israel"—not one excepted—"shall be justified."
There is no other plan of justification.

II. GLORY.

1. The Christian now glories in his God, in all His attributes and actions, and delights to glorify Him ; it is his only business.

2. The Christian shall share the glories of Heaven, and glory in the Lord for ever and ever.

This promise will be fulfilled on a sick bed, in the hour of death, and at the final judgment.

LXX.—IMITATION OF GOD.

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."—Ephesians v. 1.

Man is a creature formed for society, and for imitation. He will imitate someone ; but there is no one else perfect or so worthy of imitation as the One whom Paul mentions as our model—"God." Some of His attributes are inimitable ; others it would be foolish to profess to have, as, for instance, —

Power over the elements. (Canute, heathen rain-makers, &c.)

Knowledge of things to come, and of the secrets of the heart. (Gipsies, silly books on fate, fortune-telling, &c.)

Sovereignty, universal dominion belongs to Him only, not to the most powerful earthly rulers.

Eternity ; we must die, we may not strive to live here for ever. Nor can we imitate any of God's attributes—His justice, holiness, mercy, goodness,—on His own scale.

We may make a small picture of some of God's attributes.

I. **JUSTICE.** He is exactly just in His law and in all His acts. He did not destroy Sodom or the world without enquiry; nor will He deal unjustly with men. He does not save without justice. So, we must be just to our country, to all men, and to God.

II. **HOLINESS.** God can do no wrong; He hates all sin, He exerts Himself to further holiness. So, we should be consistently holy, hating sin, etc.

III. **TRUTH AND FAITHFULNESS.** There is no exaggeration and no equivocation in Him; He can never be charged with breaking His promise. So, let the Christian's word be his bond.

IV. **MERCY** to those who offend, forbearance under injuries, long-suffering with others, and forgiveness to seventy times seven.

V. **GOODNESS.** To the saints, love; to the world, pity, kindness, benevolence, and wide liberality.

Election, redemption, effectual calling, adoption, and all the acts of grace are the most powerful arguments in favour of our imitation of God.

Let us see if we have this evidence of being "dear children" of God, that we are imitators of our dear Heavenly Father.

LXXI.—THE MEN POSSESSED OF THE DEVILS.

"And they come to Jesus, and see him that was possessed with the devil, and had the legion, sitting, and clothed, and in his right mind: and they were afraid."—Mark vi. 15.

Matthew tells us that two demoniacs were cured by Christ. Possibly, only one is mentioned by Mark because he was more ferocious than the other, or his case was more notable. They lived in the outer caves of the tombs, compelled to do so by the demons, that men might be deluded into the belief of necromancy, and that human souls are changed into devils, or to render the persons possessed more uncomfortable. How foolish was Satan to let these men come near Jesus Christ! The devils' confession was an evidence of Jesus' Divinity. They had to ask Christ's permission in everything, they knew and trembled at Him. They thought to defeat Jesus by rendering Him obnoxious to the people, but Christ acted as He did to punish the Jews, and to manifest the reality of the possession by the demons. What a mercy Satan is not allowed thus to afflict us now! The Gadarones besought Jesus to leave them. He heard their prayer, and that of the devils; but not the man's. Jesus is God; for He said to the man, "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Notice—

I.—THE TERRIBLE POWER OF SIN.

In Satan's fall, in his now intensely evil nature, the maladies from which man suffers, possession by real devils then and by devilish principles now. The devil of lust cannot be bound, devil Lucifer pride cannot be tamed, devil hatred will cut himself, devil sloth dwells among the tombs, devil rebellion breaks chains and fetters in sunder.

II.—THE WONDERFUL POWER OF CHRIST.

In keeping His people, conquering sin and Satan, curing maladies, casting out devils of lust, pride, etc., which are legion. He makes the man "sit" at His feet, and learn with humility, "clothes" him with morality and holiness, cures the lunacy of sin, and brings him to "his right mind." Jesus can save the vilest sinners. He is a strong Deliverer. He transforms heathens, drunkards, whoremongers, robbers, murderers, incendiaries, and makes them into saints.

(To be continued.)

Won by Kindness.

A CONVICT'S CONVERSION.

BETWEEN 1854 and 1857, there was much unrest at Portland convict prison. The Crimean war made a great demand upon our regular troops, and this was continued during the Indian mutiny. The Wexford Militia was stationed at Portland, and a busy time they had, for guards were doubled. New regulations had been introduced into the prison, and, one day, over four hundred convicts rose in rebellion against the rules under which they were placed. The officers, or warders, were often struck; and it was a truly awful day in the prison when boatswains and their mates from the Channel Fleet were ordered to flog numerous prisoners with the "cat-o'-nine-tails." Many of the poor fellows shrieked so that their cries were heard a long way off, as the sailors gave fifty lashes to each prisoner. Some who were flogged never recovered their former selves, and some were sent into the future with bodies a burden to them.

There was a convict who was the terror of all the warders except one; this officer had been in the Guards, and was placed over a gang in which the desperate convict had to work. As he was the worst of the lot, he wore a pair of chains, suspended at the waist, and locked at the ankles. In addition to this, he wore a "magpie" suit, alternate pieces of his coat and trousers being yellow and black. For years he had been treated as a man to be dreaded.

One evening, a popular preacher was to conduct the service at a Methodist chapel at Easton, Portland, and some of the warders went to hear him, among them being the warden in charge of the "Magpie." With holy calmness, the preacher read the words, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," and then, looking at the congregation, he said, "In a thousand years, I shall have been in Heaven or hell more than nine hundred years, and so will you, my hearers." The warden trembled like a leaf; he had medals for bravery, he had a reputation for courage, but he fell under the power of the Word of God. On his way back to the prison, he was heard to say, "By God's help, I'll be a new man."

The following morning, the convicts were working in the quarries, and "Magpie" and his gang were kept within a walled space cracking stones. "Magpie" was seated upon a heap, just keeping his hammer

going to prevent his being reported, and he was as surly as a bear. The warder was looking at him from a distance ; but beating within his breast was a heart which, newly given to Christ, yearned over the worst man in his gang. Going slowly up to "Magpie," he calmly said to him, in a tone not to be heard by anyone else, "Number —, if you will let me, I will treat you like a man from to-day. Be a good fellow."

For years, no kind word had reached the ears of the man ; he had only heard, "Silence there!" "I'll report you!" "Seven days bread and water!" or, "Separate cells!" He looked up in amazement, a lump was in his throat, and he worked harder to keep down his struggling feelings. In a little time, the chains were off, the ordinary suit was on, and the once dreaded man was really reformed. After a time, it was observed that the convict had a love for reading and writing, and he was allowed to devote himself to those occupations at proper intervals.

One day, the cell-door was opened by the warder, and the convict stepped out into the corridor ; in doing so, he dropped a piece of paper, which the warder picked up, and placed in his pocket, intending, after looking at it, to put it back in the cell if it was innocent. Judge of his surprise when he read poetry on which the convict had tried his hand. He had been a chimney-sweep before his conviction ; and these were the lines he had written,—

"A chimney-sweep, black on the skin,
But blacker far he was within ;
This secret now the sweep doth know,
Though black as hell, he's white as snow.

"Water will wash and cleanse the skin,
But, oh ! 'tis blood must cleanse within ;
That blood which ran on Calvary's tree,
Though but a sweep, 'twas shed for me.

"In days gone by, with venom foul,
I called damnation on my soul ;
If ever one had cause to bless,
Sure, 'tis the sweep, through sovereign grace.

"A chimney-sweep of low degree,
Yet loved by all the Sacred Three ;
Electing love, what tongue can tell ?
Though loved of God, deserving hell."

Here was, indeed, a trophy of divine grace, and a proof of the power of human kindness. A hard-hearted convict was won by a kind word from the newly-converted warder. The infinite compassion of Jesus is moved as He sees sinners hurting and wounding themselves, and He says to them, in tenderest tones, "I'll treat you kindly. From this day, I'll befriend you. Only trust Me, and I will save you, and be your Friend for ever and ever."

Sunderland.

GEORGE WILSON.

Asiatics and Africans in London.

MR. SALTER'S book* is a valuable addition to a series of which we can never have too many. It forms a fitting sequel to *The Man with the Book and Our Veterans*, by Mr. J. M. Weyland, and *Pioneer Work in the Great City*, by Mr. John Hunt, all of which are published by Messrs. Partridge & Co. Describing the varied and sometimes exciting experiences of earnest City Missionaries, these volumes have for Christian readers a charm that the most thrilling novel does not possess. Mr. Salter's connection with the London City Mission, and his acquaintance with so many Asiatic and African languages and dialects, gave him special opportunities of conversing, in their own tongue, with many of the poor strangers and foreigners who were drifted by various currents to the East End of London, or other parts of our great cosmopolitan as well as metropolitan city.

Mr. Henry Morris, formerly of the Madras Civil Service, contributes an interesting Preface to the volume, and in it he says of Mr. Salter:—“He has now an Asiatic Rest of his own, to which he is wont to invite those who wish to visit him either as enquirers into the truth of Christianity or with regard to their temporal difficulties. He has won their confidence, and they have been willing to impart to him their anxieties, perplexities, and troubles, both temporal and spiritual. This has been one means of rolling away much of the reproach that clung to us as a Christian nation, for many now leave these shores not only deeply touched by the kindness shown to them while here, but truly converted to the faith of Him of whom once they were ignorant. It is gratifying to know that another missionary has been placed under Mr. Salter for tuition and training, so that, when he may be unable to continue his active service, he will leave a colleague to carry on successfully the labours which he has so lovingly begun.”

In the chapter on “Suratis, Swahilis, Manillas, and Chinese,” Mr. Spurgeon's words on the heathen in London are quoted:—“You may go on a mission to the heathen without going out of this huge town of ours. You might almost preach to every sort of literal heathen within the bounds of London,—to Parthians, Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia. There are men of every colour, speaking every language under heaven, now living in London; and if you want to convert Mohammedans, Turks, Chinese, men from Bengal, Java, or Borneo, you may find them all here. There are always representatives of every nation close at our door.” This statement is supported by the Rev. T. S. Hutchinson, M.A., one of the secretaries of the London City Mission, who says:—“On an average, 500 Asiatics come into the docks every week, and more than 10,000 Asiatics and Africans—including East Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Persians, Malays, and Africans, of various races—visit London in the course of a year.”

The chapter on “Asiatics and Africans in Prison” relates many sad

* *The East in the West; or Work Among the Asiatics and Africans in London.* By J. SALTER, London City Missionary. Partridge & Co. Price 2s.

stories of the poor fellows who have been more sinned against than sinning, but it is relieved by several pleasing instances of the usefulness of the missionary's services, and it has an almost unexpectedly bright termination:—"It is now nearly forty years since these prisons were first visited, to bring Christian light to the suffering Asiatics there. This work no longer continues, not because after thirty-seven years' labour the missionary is weary of his work, nor because the prison doors are closed against him, but because now there is seldom an Asiatic in prison to listen to him. His attention is devoted now entirely to the spiritual welfare of the 10,000—mostly afloat—that annually come within the sound of his voice."

Mr. Salter's account of "Adventures on Turkish war-ships" shows that there are opportunities of serving the Lord Jesus Christ even in such unlikely places, while his description of being hoisted up by Turkish marines, and hauled through the stern port-hole, when he was not allowed to enter the vessel by the gangway, affords a new application of the old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way." As a fair specimen of the many interesting incidents in the book, and as an illustration both of the perils to which the missionary has occasionally been exposed and of the blessings that have followed his consecrated labours, we extract the story of two of the "Chinese Amazons" who were rescued from their terrible life of misery and sin. Mr. Salter writes concerning—

"CANTON KITTY" AND "LASCAR SALLY"—

"Kitty was manageable when sober, but when under the influence of drink she became a perfect fury. Her life was often in danger from her own misconduct and passion. If a Celestial was robbed in the opium-smoking room or cheated in the gambling room, Kitty would enter into the tumult like a storm-bird. Then knives would be drawn, blood made to flow, and even life has been taken. Kitty told us 'the devil was not so black as he is painted,' by which she meant that she was better than these paroxysms of passion and shame suggested; 'but there is a demon in me,' she added, 'and thoughts come about my mother and sisters, and what I once was, and I cannot bear to think, so I get drunk, and then the devil wakes up, and I am mad, and I don't care whether I live or die.' She felt this fell power was growing in influence and authority over her, and what would be the end?"

"Then, Kitty, you have only one demon in you? I can tell you about a woman who had seven."

"Seven devils! Why, what became of her?"

"They were all cast out never to return!"

"I never heard such a thing," she exclaimed with hands raised. "I didn't think that all the priests in purgatory could do so much!"

"This rather confused expression showed the extent of Kitty's religious training, but her curiosity was excited, so an afternoon was appointed when, along with Achi, she might hear more of this wonderful woman, and what became of her.

"About a fortnight passed, and the missionary was in the neighbourhood again, and was attracted by the sound of angry voices.

Going to learn the cause, he discovered a helpless Lascar being foully handled by some roughs. He pushed to the centre, and called to the Lascar in his own tongue, but scarcely had he spoken than he was knocked in the mud by a violent blow. This proved the one who struck the blow to be a new-comer in the neighbourhood, for rough and vicious as the locality was, the missionary was always held in respect. The bruit of the assault soon spread, and it was quickly seen that the missionary had friends amongst the very worst of the inhabitants. Two of these who now came to his protection—and of whom more must be said presently,—were a host in themselves,—Lascar Sally and Canton Kitty.

“Lascar Sally’s real name was Sarah Graham, but she was proud of the sobriquet she had won. She was older in sin than Chinese Emma, Canton Kitty, or Calcutta Louisa. She had sunk as low in the social scale as any of them, but was neither so violent nor so demonstrative as these other Chinese Amazons. Her life was, as her name implied, spent among Lascars, whose language and habits she had acquired. At the time we made her acquaintance, she had become a confirmed opium-smoker, and habitually enjoyed the pipe with her Asiatic friends. Such a hold had the habit taken of her that she could not even eat her food till the craving for the drug had been satisfied. Yet she could be touched with a sense of sin, and had her longings for pardon. Her eyes used to sparkle with a strange brightness as we spoke of the gospel story, and from many a token we had hopes that even poor Lascar Sally would find her place before the throne.

“The story of Canton Kitty and Achi terminated in a way that was most cheering to all who laboured among these foreigners for their good. The word went like wildfire through the locality, one day, that the world was going to come to an end soon, because Canton Kitty and Achi had put up the banns, and were going to be married in regular form! It was averred, moreover, that Kitty now ‘talked like a saint,’ and had even been heard to declare that her old life had been a wicked one, and that neither she nor her husband would again have anything to do with their old ways! And even so it proved. The unusual marriage caused no small sensation, and was duly celebrated by all the rough melody the locality could provide. But, what was most surprising, Kitty was not drunk on this important occasion, nor did she in any way provoke the discordant noises; she had ceased to be the petrel in the storm. The scene, in all the circumstances, was most impressive. Prayer was offered in the now quiet gambling room for a blessing on the newly-married pair. The thoroughness of the change that had come over these two was proved by the total collapse of the opium-smoking and gambling dens. ‘Take these things away,’ said Kitty, as she handed over the cards, dice, and other such implements of her late calling. ‘They have been a curse to me, and I’ll have no more to do with them.’ Kitty and Achi had taken their resolve: they had decided to quit the scene of so many sinful associations. He with a Chinese Bible, and she with an English one and her marriage lines, left England as steward and stewardess on a steamer for New York.”

There are sixteen full-page illustrations similar to the one given below, also several smaller ones; and the book abounds in gospel teaching, conveyed through the picturesque language of the children of the East, but equally intelligible and applicable to the men of the West. Incidentally, Mr. Salter shows what a powerful missionary



THE WEDDING PROCESSION OF "CANTON KITTY" AND ACHI.

agency is at our very doors, for these strangers from far-off lands, if they are taught the story of the cross, will carry it to distant parts of the earth where white men cannot go. The book contains a most interesting record of a very wonderful work for the Lord, and ought to have a large sale.

“The Shameful Sufferer.”

SHALL I the story
 Tell you, of my King,
 The Lord of Glory,
 And His suffering?

Ah, me ! the sorrow
 That on earth befell
 Him, I must borrow
 Other tongues to tell.

The Jews refuse Him,
 Though to them He came ;
 And hardly use Him,
 To their lasting shame.

His love the kindest
 That was ever shown ;
 And theirs the blindest
 Malice ever known.

The priests decry Him,
 God's own sacrifice ;
 And sell, and buy Him,
 At a bondsman's price.

With scorn refusing
 Pilate's offered grace,
 A robber choosing
 In Messiah's place.

Judas betrays Him,
 To his own sad loss ;
 Peter gainsays Him,
 Shrinking from the cross.

Yea, all forsake Him,
 Fleeing for their lives ;
 While soldiers make Him
 Fast, with thongs and gyves.

Pilate condemns Him,
 Contrary to law ;
 Herod contemns Him,
 With his men of war.

A crown they made Him,
 Not of gold, but thorn ;
 Homage they paid Him,
 Not in love, but scorn.

Anon, they hail Him
 King, and bow the knee;
 And then assail Him,
 With new cruelty.

They crowd about Him,
 Hardened by His grace;
 And taunt and flout Him,
 Spitting in His face.

A seat they find Him,
 Not a throne,—a cross;
 And thereon bind Him,
 Mocking at His loss.

They gather near Him,
 Idly standing by;
 And coarsely jeer Him,
 In His agony.

And, while they heeded
 Not His lingering death,
 He for them pleaded,
 With His dying breath.

They, to disgrace Him,
 And His claims deride,
 With felons place Him,
 One on either side.

And when, relentant,
 One presents his plea,
 And cries, repentant,
 “Lord, remember me,”—

In pity turning,
 He, with mighty hand,
 From out the burning,
 Plucks this chosen brand.—

And having ended
 His great sacrifice,
 By him attended,
 Enters Paradise.

And now, for ever,
 On the throne of grace,
 He faileth never
 Those who seek His face.

Our Alma Mater.

REMINISCENCES OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE.

WITH mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, I look back at the conflicts, trials, and triumphs of those long-past days of preparation for the ministry. At College, we learned only to gird on the armour; the real battle was yet to come. The training of the student's life moulds his character, and fits him for future service for Christ in the world. Every true-hearted student for the ministry passes through experiences that are common to all such Christian brethren. but one who was an alumnus of the Pastors' College—*especially in the early days of which I write*,—has sacred memories treasured up in his heart, and interwoven with his very life, by which he is united to one whose name, memory, and ministry, can never die. Our beloved President, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (the Rev. had not then been set aside), was much with us at that time, his health unshattered, his mind full of manly vigour, and his heart overflowing with love. We all loved him without effort, and obeyed him without question, for we saw and felt the spirit of our Divine Lord in him. He had learned how to become truly great by being like a little child. The feelings and impressions that were deeply engraved upon my heart during this period of my life, I shall attempt to translate into words which will, of necessity, be only a cold paraphrase of the original that remains written within.

“THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE INSTITUTE” was very young when it was my privilege to enter it; but it was a young giant, full of Heaven's own life and power. Many shook their heads at its birth, and prophesied—what they sincerely hoped—that Mr. Spurgeon's pet scheme for educating men for the ministry would soon prove a failure. Nevertheless, it lived, and grew, not only in numbers, but also in favour with the churches. No one yet presumed to think of calling us a COLLEGE; in the eyes of some, we were beneath contempt. The Tabernacle itself had not long been opened, and the peculiar smell of the new building had not passed away. Mr. Spurgeon's worldly-wise critics were more and more puzzled to know how to account for his success and popularity. What was the secret? Was it his voice, or his manner, or his doctrines? None of them could tell. What they at first regarded as a nine days' wonder, became a standing miracle. But his friends, who were rapidly increasing, knew that it was of the Lord. They also saw with delight that no weapon formed against him prospered. At this time, attacks were frequent and bitter; but they always seemed to recoil upon those who made them, and did more to help, than to hinder, the Lord's work at the Tabernacle.

The students met for study in the rooms behind and beneath the Tabernacle. These apartments were not only small, but badly lighted, and in the winter were very dark. The commodious and handsome building in Temple Street was not even seen afar off in vision. When we had grown to the astonishing number of about twenty, we thought ourselves a very large body, almost too large for comfort! Many began to think, and to say with a loud voice, that the point was now

reached where wisdom would put a full-stop to our growth. The limited funds were supposed to be exhausted, and no doubt often were; but the Lord, who sent the men, also continued to send the money. The men came in flocks, some from the ends of the earth; the gold and the silver likewise came from all parts of the world. Large donations flowed in, and filled the Pastor's heart with joy. The publication of the 500th weekly Sermon, entitled, "Ebenezer!" was celebrated by a supper given by the publishers, at which £500 were raised and presented to the funds.

Many lifted up their hands in surprise, and cried, "Whereunto will this thing grow?" Some thought that Mr. Spurgeon was making a great mistake, and that he was preparing too many men for the ministry. In this great work he was looking, with his Lord and Master's eyes, upon the needs of a lost world; the love of Christ had enlarged his heart, and his prayer was that the men he was training would "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." This prayer has been to a large extent answered, for "our men" are in all parts of the earth preaching the gospel. Though a Nonconformist, and a Baptist, Mr. Spurgeon's spirit was neither narrow nor sectarian. The honour and glory of Christ were dearer to him than life, therefore he was lifted far above the spirit that contends for party names, or even for church or creed. Mr. Rogers, at one of our gatherings, in dealing with the common objection that there was a danger of having too many ministers, said, "In other callings, the demand creates the supply; but in the matter of ministers of the gospel, the supply creates the demand." There is much wisdom and truth in this remark.

My first interview with our beloved President was upon the subject of my entering the College. He had heard of me through friends, and by special appointment I went up to the Tabernacle on a Friday afternoon. Well do I remember the fear and trembling of that short journey. I really felt like not going at all, and think I should have declined his gracious invitation, but, as I opened my little pocket Bible, my eyes fell on Psalm cxxi. I never remember noticing it before; I have never read it since with so much interest, every word was for me. Go I must. The hearty greeting and shake of the hand that he gave me, made me feel quite at home. Mr. Spurgeon had the gift of discerning the spirit of the person to whom he spoke, and would come down at once to the same level, and by a peculiar magnetism of soul that cannot be described, put every fear to flight. He seemed to know me by instinct; and having had some acquaintance with my pastor, who had just been called home, we seemed at once like old friends. My pastor, who had long thought that I ought to enter the ministry, was directing my reading, and his sudden death was one of the links in the chain of Divine Providence that brought me to see Mr. Spurgeon. Our chat ended in an invitation to enter the College immediately. The President then showed me round the Tabernacle. The workmen were finishing off various little things, and he stopped and had a kind word for the men as if he knew and understood all the events of their lives. I felt that, if they did not attend the services, his was just the way to "compel them to come in." We then passed on to the Ladies' Room, where for some time Mr.

Spurgeon met the students every Friday afternoon. As he entered, he was received with a round of hearty cheers; and, as he seated himself at the table in the centre of the room, his face lighted up with a happy smile, and all present quieted down into earnest attention. After a hymn, sung to a good old-fashioned tune, and a few words of hearty prayer, the work of the afternoon commenced.

Mr. Spurgeon always appeared at his best at the Friday afternoon class. It was there that the students gathered around him like children around their father. In after years, when the numbers had greatly increased, needing a larger room, this family feeling was to me lost, and another spirit, less home-like, seemed to prevail. This always impressed me upon my occasional visits in later years. The contrast appeared great; but perhaps the changes in the teaching-staff and students had something to do with this feeling. Our beloved President was seldom absent. Every subject he touched would glow with a charm that held the mind spell-bound. The outside world had no idea of the wide extent of his information; his memory seemed to hold ready for use everything that he had read, or heard, or seen. There was no monotony, nothing common-place or flat. The grace, wisdom, and pleasantry of these happy afternoons can never be reproduced; and those who never enjoyed the privilege can form no idea of the reality, but may think that I exaggerate. No one was overlooked or forgotten; the most bashful and timid were drawn out, and encouraged. The chief actor has now been called to higher service, and no one can ever fill the President's chair as he did. His words were always with power, and full of the spirit of prayer and praise. His sublime expositions of truth would sometimes overwhelm us with wonder and awe; at other times, we were moved to smiles or tears by the play of his wit or the tenderness of pathos in his addresses. I have often thought, if a servant of the Lord can speak with such power for his Master, what must it have been to hear the Word from Him who "spake as never man spake"?

At this time, the Friday class was attended by many who were not in the College; but this great privilege, granted at first to many, had afterwards to be limited to the few. There was generally some book that formed the topic and centre from which the teaching of the afternoon branched off; but there was never any set plan, nor any cast-iron law. The subject would sometimes take quite an unexpected turn. Very often, extracts from one of the old Puritans or some new work would be read, and the comments made were frequently far superior to the text. These off-hand remarks always throw much light on the theme. Mr. Spurgeon excelled as a reader; in this department he had few equals, but I think that this excellence shone even more in private than in public. The students were often called upon to read extracts, and were sometimes criticised when there were faults of a serious character. This was always done with great kindness, but vanity or affectation always drew forth severe rebuke; yet, even then, the correction was so mixed with playful wit, that it was felt to be a kindness, and could neither be resented nor forgotten.

The crowning point of the afternoon was always "The Lecture." Those who have at any time listened to *his* College lectures can readily

understand with what eagerness we looked forward to this part of the afternoon's work. Persons who have only read *Lectures to My Students* can form but a faint idea of the power of these addresses when delivered. Numbers of such lectures were given, of which no report remains, except notes taken by the students at the time; I am sorry that mine are only imperfect fragments. These addresses were always free and easy, but never "slip-shod." They were great and grand in their simplicity. Mr. Spurgeon never had to labour up from the earth to his subject, as many do; but he always seemed to descend to it from above. There was no straining after something beyond reach.

Distinguished visitors were often present,—D.D.'s from America or elsewhere. Without doubt, many of these worthy souls came out of curiosity, to patronize the poor Baptists, and Mr. Spurgeon in particular! The College was, at this time, "a sign spoken against" in various quarters, and had yet to win its spurs. We were a number of nobodies under inspection. Amusing scenes sometimes occurred upon these occasions, when some great divine found that he had made a mistake in his calculations, and all the wind had been taken out of his sails. He departed "a sadder, but a wiser man." On the other hand, we were often visited by great and good men who left a blessing behind them, and went on their way rejoicing at what they had seen and heard.

The Friday evening generally closed with a public lecture in the Tabernacle lecture-hall. Some of these were delivered by Mr. Spurgeon, and became famous; such was the one on "Shrews" and another on "The Gorilla." These drew forth much comment from some of the London papers. Whenever the season was dull, and editors were at a loss for a subject, a slashing article on Mr. Spurgeon was almost sure to appear. These were often as untrue as they were smart, but they always missed the mark.

The students who were to supply pulpits in various parts of the country on the coming Lord's-day were notified of the same by receiving from Mr. Spurgeon, through his secretary, a slip of paper containing the particulars. Thus the Friday ended.

Saturday was a free day, but most of the students had some special work for the Sabbath. We were sought after by all kinds of people, for out-door preaching in the parks, or mission-hall work in some out-of-the-way part of London.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Spurgeon received the senior students in his vestry. The temptations to linger in the country were not strong enough to keep us away from this engagement. It was here that the closest bonds of Christian fellowship were formed, binding us together as the heart of one man. These were often sacred seasons of prayer, and praise, and communion,—

"With each other and the Lord."

The lesson for the class was often set aside for a time of special prayer, and our beloved Pastor would tell us something of his own experience, perhaps some event of the past Lord's-day. He would question us about our text, or sermon, or where we had been preaching; often he

knew much of the place and people, having preached there, and would tell us some anecdote about his own visit. Many who gathered with us in that little room have fallen asleep. Our teachers have all reached the heavenly home,—our President, Mr. Cubitt, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Gracey; and we must one day follow them into the joy of their Lord. Most whom I knew at that time have done noble work for the Master. Those of us who linger in the harvest-field must work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

I may here repeat a remark I recorded, long ago, for the principal impression made upon me by my first interview with Mr. Spurgeon never changed. It was this:—"That, in spite of all the hard things that were said against him, he was a great and good man, with the tenderness and simplicity of a little child." Those who knew him best saw most of these traits of character; but those who only saw him afar off, or with prejudiced eyes, are not competent to give an opinion. He never posed as a great man; in public and in private, he was just himself, and appeared unconscious of his own powers of mind. I had, before my near view of Mr. Spurgeon, met with great men in various walks of life, and many since have crossed my path; but never one whose spirit was so much like that of the great Master. He is now with "the spirits of just men made perfect." The newspaper reports of his life and work, when he had passed away, only proved how little the writers knew of him. The changed *tone* of the Press, in 30 years, was something remarkable; if there were discordant notes, they were unnoticed in the general utterance of respect and esteem and love for one who had so faithfully followed his Master. The Church on earth feels the poorer for his absence, but thankful for the lessons of his life, and the teaching of his lips and pen. "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

"We give in charge
His name to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times."

Hastings.

E. COMPTON.

The Text-Book of the Son of God.

BY JOHN D. GILMORE.

I LOVE my Bible, and believe in it implicitly. I cannot help loving it, and I cannot help believing in it. From its pages I learned my true condition as a sinner; there I saw—

"That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;"

and there "I found Him whom my soul loveth." I love it none the less, but all the more, because my ever-blessed Lord Jesus loved it, believed in it, and used it. Some time ago, I sat down with the idea of tracing how frequently He made use of that portion which was the Bible of His day. I soon found myself lost,—nay, rather, carried away on a wave of enthusiasm for the Book which was so completely on His heart, so fully in His mind, so frequently in His hands, so

constantly on His lips. Nor could I find in all He said concerning it, or quoted from it, the faintest trace of the shadow of a ghost of suspicion as to its divine authority and authenticity, or its absolute inerrancy. I find references from His lips to Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. What a mighty battle has been fought over this grand old Pentateuch! Is it not passing strange that the Christ, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," should quote at least fifteen times from these five Books, and yet never once give the least hint that they were not what the writer represented them to be,—the very Word of God? Is it not strange that He should several times mention the writer's name, and yet not say one word about the possibility of some other person or persons having collected and arranged the Books? Is there not a "sweet reasonableness" in my being perfectly satisfied as to the genuineness of these Books, and in my saying, with all due deference, "Whatever the authority of the Higher Critics may be, the authority of the Son of God is infinitely greater"?

The story of Christ's life has been condensed into four very small Books; and if from these, His quotations from the Book which He unhesitatingly called "The Scriptures"—and so asserted its claims as a whole—be extracted, a wonderful blank remains. Not only was the Pentateuch used by Him, but I find quotations from Samuel, Kings, Psalms, Isaiah, Daniel, Hosea, Jonah, Zechariah, and Malachi. With such a list as this, I cannot be wrong in speaking of the Scriptures as

"THE TEXT-BOOK OF THE SON OF GOD."

I have circumstantial evidence enough to believe that, if the many other Words which Jesus spake had been written, my position, which is already strong and impregnable, would have been still further strengthened.

During His life on earth, Christ made His Father's love-letter to men His constant companion. He died with a quotation from it upon His lips. After His resurrection, He turned again to the same glorious Text-book, "and beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself." Grandest Bible-reading this ever given on earth! Of one thing I am positive, there was nothing dull or uninteresting about it; swiftly the time passed, and deeply were the hearts of His hearers stirred and thrilled as they listened to the unexampled Teacher; who, apparently, considered it much more important that they should know and believe the Scriptures than that they should see the risen Saviour. Is it not the same to-day? Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ must build upon what God has said. From the study of the Written Word, and belief in it, we come to a knowledge of the Incarnate Living Word. Dr. Davison, in his book on Prophecy, says that there is not one of the prophets without some distinct reference to Christ, except Nahum, Jonah, and Habakkuk. Jonah was himself a type and prophetic sign, while Habakkuk uses the memorable words quoted in Romans i. 17, "The just shall live by faith."

I rose from my study deeply impressed with the fact that Christ studied, applied, and used the Word of God; and feeling more and

more convinced that every true believer to-day must exercise implicit faith in the Book to which Christ bore such unvarying and unmistakable testimony, and so accept the Scripture's own claim to its divine authority.

The best way to be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works" is to follow the example of the Lord Christ, and *Study the Word*, carefully, diligently, regularly, so that the mind may be stored with its living, life-giving truths. There is a vast difference between reading and studying the Scriptures. We may read the Bible as an irksome task, or study it with supreme delight because we love its pages, and know and love its Author. What a world of difference either of these plans will make! Let us commence our study by writing upon the fly-leaf of our Bible the Psalmist's words: "Thy Word is true from the beginning: and every one of Thy righteous judgments endureth for ever" (Psalm cxix. 160). With this as your starting-point, you will find, as you pursue your onward course, that the Word is absolutely complete for every age, every clime, every position, and every department of life. Study as minutely and anxiously as though you were expected to pass an examination. Let it be intense heart-study, bringing every part of your being to bear upon it; eyes, ears, mind, tongue, and heart are all wanted in this, which must be a constant, perpetual, inexhaustible, life-study.

Apply the Word. Do not study so much for others as for yourself. Carry its matchless precepts into daily practice, apply it day by day, and hour by hour; appropriate its "precious and exceeding great promises." (R.V.) Treat it as you would a letter from a distant friend to whom you owe everything. You will be astonished at the marvellous result. D. L. Moody says that the key to the *study* of the Bible is to take it *topically*. I would add that the key to the *understanding* of the Bible is to apply it *personally*. The child of God may possess no other book; but with it he can do without any other, for there is freshness, life, and power in every chapter and verse.

Use the Word. The Lord Christ used it for His own personal strength and comfort, in temptation, for worship, and on the cross. You may turn with the utmost confidence to the Saviour's Bible, and put an end to every insinuation and doubt concerning it. Use it as the eloquent Apollos did, who "mightily convinced the Jews, and that publicly, shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ" (Acts xviii. 28). Use it as the great apostle to the Gentiles used it, who "reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead: and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ" (Acts xvii. 3). Use it in the sevenfold way recommended by the psalmist in Psalm cxix:—

- | | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|-----|-----|-----------------|
| 1. | As a counsellor | ... | ... | Psa. cxix. 24. |
| 2. | As a guide | ... | ... | Psa. cxix. 35. |
| 3. | As a lamp | ... | ... | Psa. cxix. 105. |
| 4. | As a quickener | ... | ... | Psa. cxix. 50. |
| 5. | As a comfort | ... | ... | Psa. cxix. 50. |
| 6. | As a cleanser | ... | ... | Psa. cxix. 9. |
| 7. | As a preventative against sin | | | Psa. cxix. 11. |

“ Utterly Discouraging ! ”

AMONG the many interesting pages in *The Sword and the Trowel* for February, none was more interesting to us than that which contained the Statement of Receipts for the Pastors' College Missionary Association. The names of donors and collectors told of practical and prayerful sympathy, of true friends, and of new friends, in a way which both cheered and strengthened our hearts. Moreover, since then, gifts have also come for *medical* needs, so that we are constrained to gratefully thank our friends at home, and to praise our God from whom all blessings flow.

During February, 378 visits have been paid us, including 242 by patients who have come for the first time. The attention at the services has been good, and often the listeners have been *apparently* receptive of the truth. Scriptures have been sold, tracts given, lodging for 107 nights has been afforded to those from a distance, and several surgical cases have been put up in my own house for lack of other accommodation.

“ Nothing seems to me more utterly discouraging than work among Moslems.” So writes an earnest Christian lady, visiting North Africa, and I think I would endorse the statement provided the emphasis is put upon the word *seems*. See how it works out on the *medical* side. Here is a patient, for example. I enquire, “ How long have you been ill ? ” “ Forty-eight years ! ” Another answers, “ All my life ! ” A third says, “ Oh ! I am tired of doctors ; I have tried them all.” How “ utterly discouraging ! ” you say. Yet not if I have a sure cure for every one of them. I rather rejoice in the difficulty, and am only anxious that the sufferer should take the remedy, and be blessed.

A deaf man came to us last week ; he could not listen to the gospel, for he could not hear us speak. How “ utterly discouraging ! ” we think ; but on looking into his ears, we found them filled with wax. Long and tedious was the softening and syringing, but at last there came relief ; and as he left the house, his hearing all restored, he said, “ I came a beast, I go forth now a Moslem.” So, Satan has stopped the Moslems' ears with lies ; a false bible, a false christ, and a false hope, have made them deaf indeed. Be it ours, in God's name, to rid them of all these ; then shall they have the hearing ear, and hearing they shall live. *Now*, they are earnest in faith and hope and love of things which are but lies ; how much *more* earnest shall they be when JESUS CHRIST has made them free !

Sousse, Tunisia.

T. G. CHURCHER.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

We regret that, quite unintentionally, a wrong impression was conveyed to our readers by the review in last month's Magazine of Mr. Spurr's book, *The Exiled God*, published by Messrs. Marshall Bros.

As soon as the Publishers' attention was drawn by Mr. Spurr to the review, they called in all the copies to which they could obtain access, and withdrew the matter from them. The Editor desires to unconditionally re-

tract the statements which appeared, and to express his deep regret that they were given to the public. He assures his readers that the review was written without malice, and he hereby heartily apologizes both to Mr. Spurr and to Messrs. Marshall Bros. for the appearance of a notice which was calculated to do injury to a Christian brother's work ; and he asks his readers to assist him to make any reparation that may be possible.

The Beatitudes and other Sermons. By ALEXANDER MACLAREN, B.A., D.D. Alexander and Shephard.

ALL Dr. Maclaren's sermons are worthy of careful reading and earnest study, but the first seven discourses in this volume are specially valuable. It is only a master-preacher who is competent to explain the meaning of the Beatitudes of *The Master-Preacher*; and the beloved Manchester doctor has succeeded in the task which many have essayed in vain. There are other notable sermons in this volume, and passages by the score that we would quote if we could spare the space; we must find room for these weighty words on a topic of eternal importance:—"I do not desire to preach a gospel of fear, but I cannot help feeling that, very largely, in this day, the ministration of the Christian Church is defective in that it does not give sufficient, though sad and sympathetic, prominence to the plain teaching of Christ and of the New Testament as to the future retribution for present sin."

The Biblical Illustrator. By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. I. CORINTHIANS. Vol. II. Nisbet and Co.

THIS colossal work proceeds towards completion, but there are no signs of undue haste to get to the end. This latest volume gives evidence of the same care and thought that made its predecessors so useful; it is a wonderful storehouse of exegesis and illustration, and must have involved prodigious labour on the part of the diligent compiler.

Lamps and Pitchers, and other Addresses to Children. By GEORGE MILLIGAN, B.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

ANOTHER of the excellent Golden Nail Series of addresses to the young. We are not at all surprised that these volumes are selling by thousands. This latest addition to the series is equal in every way to its predecessors. Full of admirable teaching, rich in metaphor, abounding with just the sort of stories that awaken the interest of the little ones, and prevent their

seniors from making excursions to the land of Nod, it merits the widest circulation.

A Bright To-morrow. By Rev. J. H. TOWNSEND, D.D. Marshall Bros.

ANOTHER volume in "The Upward Life Series," and a timely one, too. Even if we cannot accept all Dr. Townsend's interpretations of the prophecies concerning our Lord's Second Advent, his booklet will well repay examination. A brief extract will give an indication both of the standpoint of the author, and the style of his writing:—"I have studied the history of Christendom pretty carefully, but have never seen a trace of any time like our own, when so many half-truths, or maimed truths, or truths with something else added on, were offered to men as the whole truth. Some of the great so-called religious movements of this day are, I fear, due to the unseen agency of that enemy who finds the gospel of *imitation* to be the acceptable, and therefore the successful thing."

The Books of the Prophets. By G. G. FINDLAY, B.A. Vol. I. To the fall of Samaria. C. H. Kelly.

WHILST there is some degree of information and teaching that is of value in this latest number of the "Books for Bible Students" Series, it is to our mind utterly nullified in value, nay, positively vitiated, by its wholesale acceptance of the destructive criticism of modern theologians. To read the cool assumptions of the author in his preface, is enough to stop any further examination of the book, as it is only German poison diluted and flavoured to suit the tastes of the British reader. Is this the Succession of the Wesleys? We cannot believe it.

The Fallacy of Sacramental Confession. By Rev. CHARLES NEIL, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THREE discourses on a most important topic, delivered at St. Matthias' Church, Poplar, by an Evangelical clergyman who has carefully studied the whole subject. In clear, calm, convincing, logical language, Mr.

Neil overthrows the arguments in favour of auricular confession and priestly absolution, and proves that the confession which secures the forgiveness of sins must be made to God through the one Mediator, Jesus Christ. Appended to the sermons are thirty-four pages of Notes, containing extracts from a great variety of works dealing with almost every aspect of the matter under consideration. Wherever there are any persons who are being entangled in the meshes of sacerdotalism, this useful manual should be earnestly brought before their notice; its price is 8d. in paper covers, and 1s. 3d. in cloth boards.

Difficulties Removed from the Way of Holiness. By DANIEL STEELE. Partridge and Co.

THIS pamphlet may be "true as Steele," but we should have called it "Difficulties added to the Way of Holiness." The author has failed in his self-imposed task, as he was bound to do. We cannot say that we are sorry, because we still hold on to the seventh of Romans, though we do not look upon it as "the *Magna Charta* for the necessary existence of sin in the Christian heart, prompting to sinful acts." Thank God for our difficulties, and for the all-sufficient grace which enables the child of God to keep to the King's highway in spite of the difficulties that even Mr. Steele cannot remove from it!

Eagle Wings. By ANDREW MURRAY. Marshall Brothers.

THE three soul-stirring addresses, at Exeter Hall, with which Mr. Murray's recent visit to this country was closed. We earnestly pray that the beloved author's aim may be attained in the deepening of the spiritual life of God's children, and the bringing of greater glory to the name of Jesus.

Daily Light Birthday Book. Broken Bread for Daily Use. Bagster.

THE first of these pocket volumes is an interleaved edition of the devotional text-book, *Daily Light*, which must be familiar to many of our readers. Its special charm is that,

not only the texts for every day in the year, but all the explanatory or illustrative passages also, are in the very words of Scripture, and therefore need no human commendation. As a birthday book, it would make a choice present for a friend.

In *Broken Bread*, the headline texts in *Daily Light* are made the subject of comments by Rev. Evan H. Hopkins. In this case, as in so many more, "the old is better." God's words are infinitely above man's best.

The new Cambridge Bible for Students, issued from the Cambridge University Press, has a single column of the text of the Authorized Version, with references, and the rest of each page is left blank for notes of sermons, Sunday-school addresses, &c. It is printed on writing paper, so as to be available for students and teachers' memoranda, and in cloth is published at 4s. 6d. It would be specially useful to a minister who wished to record in his Bible any references to passages of Scripture that he might find in the course of his reading.

THE very valuable booklets entitled, *Foreign Missions and Home Calls*, and *Are Foreign Missions Doing any Good?* (Elliot Stock) published at one shilling each, are now issued at threepence each. The former has reached its twentieth thousand, the latter its fortieth thousand; they are both worthy of circulation by millions rather than by thousands.

Etchings from a Parsonage Verandah. By Mrs. E. JEFFERS GRAHAM. Charles H. Kelly.

SKETCHES, apparently from life, by the wife of an American Methodist minister. They show, in an interesting manner, the various experiences through which many of the Lord's servants sooner or later have to pass. The illustrations would have been more appropriate if they had been made to agree with the letterpress; as, for instance, the meeting between John Mason and Miss Primperly, and the Tom Fuller death-scene.

Recollections of Reginald Radcliffe.
By his WIFE. Morgan and Scott.

A MEMORIAL wreath of fragrant immortelles on the tomb of a man whose character and life and service were a sweet savour to God and man. Reginald Radcliffe was a Christian with a sacred passion for evangelizing, never resting so long as there were men and woman to be saved from sin and sorrow. Many were the forms this consecrated energy assumed, but in them all there was a scrupulous carefulness to honour God. Fevered fanaticism—the bane of so many excellent movements,—was as far from him as icy indifference; and to do all things in the name and to the glory of Jesus, was his first ambition.

The reading of this tender and chaste memorial volume reveals what a mighty man of prayer Reginald Radcliffe was, and how his character, steeped in heavenly fellowship, told on others with unusual power. It is a means of grace to peruse such a piece of pen-portraiture; it deserves the heartiest welcome from universal Christendom.

Adeline, Countess Schimmelmann.
Edited by W. S. FOGGITT. With Portraits and Illustrations. Hodder and Stoughton.

WE shall be much surprised if this remarkable life-story does not create a great sensation in all Christian circles. It is one of the most extraordinary volumes about a splendid servant and sufferer for Jesus in modern times that has ever issued from the press, and is as romantic and interesting in its incidents as the epoch-making biography of John G. Paton was, though the local colouring is very different. It is the account of a wealthy, beautiful, titled woman who renounced all the attractions of royal and gay society to help and bless the poor, the degraded, and those neglected by others. What devoted labours she bestowed, what perils she braved, what persecutions she endured for the love of Christ, only the careful reading of this fascinating volume can disclose. It is a story that makes the heart leap with admiration, and the eyes grow dim with sympathy or flash

with holy indignation, and stirs the soul to prayer for more of such unreserved devotion in the cause of Christ. We trust that the book may have the widest possible circulation, and teach many to love sacrifice and service for the Saviour in these days of self-indulgence and pleasure-seeking.

Frederick Chalmers. A Sketch. Nisbet and Co.

ONE of those brief biographies for which there will always be a host of readers, and deservedly so. Its subject was first a soldier in India, and then became an Evangelical clergyman, who did a fine work at Beckenham a generation ago. Such men have ever been the salt of the State Establishment, and have preserved it from the internal evils that have threatened—and do still—to destroy its power and usefulness. Frederick Chalmers was no hireling, but a good and devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and this modest memorial of him is well worth purchase and perusal.

"For His Sake." Extracts from the letters of ELSIE MARSHALL. With Portrait and Illustrations. Religious Tract Society.

AN unconscious autobiography of one of the martyrs to Chinese fanaticism last year. These extracts show the writer to have been a gracious and completely-devoted member of the Church Missionary Society, who laboured as heroically as she afterwards met death for Christ's death. A touchingly tender portrayal of a sweet character and consecrated life, this book should find its place in all libraries used by the young, either in school, or home, or church.

Short Biographies for the People.
Volume X. Religious Tract Society.

A MASS of interesting biographical information for eightpence. There is certainly variety among the twelve sketches, and all are worthy of careful reading. With such a volume within easy reach, no one ought to be in ignorance of the character and career of George Herbert, Granville

Sharpe, John Macgregor ("Rob Roy"), Savonarola, Pascal, Sir Matthew Hale, Norman Macleod, Gustavus Adolphus, Bishop Crowther, Horatius Bonar, Zachary Macaulay, and John Berridge.

The Last Load Home. By Rev. T. R. VERNON, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A SERIES of homilies, with "Sundials," "Sunsets," "Lichens and Mosses," &c., for texts. The style is pensive, and though in prose, reminds us of Cowper's poems. The work is from the pen of an intent and devout observer of Nature, and is full of suggestive moralizings from field and flood. Well acquainted with the Western land, the author has gathered from its hills, vales, and coasts, "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye." This is the title of one of his former books. Now he brings "The Last Load Home." We hope, however, that it will not be the last. In these days of rush, we can ill afford to lose any man of cultured, Christ-like character, who can put his arresting finger on the busy, and bid him pause to see the truths "in common things that round us lie." We cordially commend this volume for the still hour; it is well printed, copiously illustrated, and handsomely bound.

Banners and Battlefields. By EDITH GREEVES. Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

A BAKER'S dozen of lively stories relating to the brave doing or patient bearing of the will of Jesus, instead of our own. For girls or boys at home or school, this is just the kind of book they will read with avidity, and reading, they cannot but be helped thereby. Get it, mother or father, and try it on your children, and surely they will vote it a splendid experiment.

Stories of the Coal Mine. Stories of the Fur West. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

THESE stories will fully maintain the reputation of the writer of this admirable eighteenth penny series. We prefer the tales that tell of heroism in rescuing imprisoned miners, but some

of our younger readers may have a greater liking for the narratives of the adventures of Buffalo Bill and other heroes of the Wild West.

SINCE our last notice, Messrs. Blackie and Son have added the four following volumes to their School and Home Library:—*What Katy Did*, by SUSAN COOLIDGE; *The Wreck of the "Wager"*, narrated by the Hon. JOHN BYRON and ISAAC MORRIS; *Holiday House*, by CATHERINE SINCLAIR; and *Autobiographies of Boyhood*. The last-named volume contains the early portion of the life-stories of William Hutton (sometimes called "The English Franklin"), Thomas Holcroft (dramatist and writer of the eighteenth century), William Gifford (critic and editor of *The Quarterly Review*), Sir Walter Scott, and Leigh Hunt. Boys of our day should read these records of boys of days long past.

Dick Halliday's Birds. By W. T. GREENE, M.A., F.Z.S. Religious Tract Society.

A PRETTY story, showing how a little London laddie cared for the various birds that came under his control. The book would be a suitable present for young people of either sex, for it would teach them to love the feathered friends by which they are surrounded.

Lion the Mastiff: from Life. By A. G. SAVIGNY. C. H. Kelly.

A CHARMING story of dog life, that will delight young people, and older folks, too, as they read the record of Lion's strange adventures. Few will get to the end of the book with perfectly dry eyes, and all will be sorry that it is so short. It is a fine plea for kindness to animals, though not avowedly written with that object.

Margery's Quest. By ADELA FRANCES MOUNT. Nelson and Sons.

A PRETTY story of an orphan girl, who sacrificed her own life in seeking to earn a living for herself and her little brother. Her efforts were not in vain, for many were blessed through her humble instrumentality. The book, well bound and tastefully illustrated, is cheap at a shilling.

Our Native Land. A Picturesque Ramble through the Three Kingdoms. By F. E. LONGLEY. George Stoneman.

NINETY-SIX pages of brief descriptions of places visited by the writer, with 108 illustrations—all in blue, and enclosed in green boards,—make up rather a medley, yet a cheap and interesting eighteen-pennyworth. By "The Three Kingdoms" we suppose Mr. Longley means, "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

The Romance of Rahere, and other Poems. By EDWARD HARDINGHAM. Elliot Stock.

A BOOK that—if poems are to-day really read, and not merely talked about,—will be read. It is not a mere musical jingle, a balance of pleasant syllables; but high thoughts are linked to strong and beautiful words. We do not pretend to agree with every sentiment here expressed; but, in the main, the purpose is both pure and lofty, and the language without blemish. Whether the volume will repay its author for its material production, is a very doubtful question; but if poetry is still read, then this may yet make a place of its own.

The Story of an Old Oak Tree, Told by Himself. By C. THORPE FANOURT. Elliot Stock.

VISIONARY, fanciful, and not altogether reliable. The legends of the robin plucking a thorn from our Saviour's forehead, the hog's-weed growing on the road to Calvary, the naming of the forget-me-not, the contrast between mushrooms and toadstools, and traditional tales of a

similar sort, if told at all, need to be told with great discretion, and this "talking oak" does not appear to be richly endowed with that quality.

Into Untried Paths. By ISABEL SUART ROBSON. Religious Tract Society.

THE story of a very unconventional governess to a widower's children, who is represented as combining many excellences of Christian character with much freedom (and almost recklessness) of conversation with the young men of the household. Another young lady is described as being busy in every home but her own; yet, in due time, she marries a clergyman, the widower weds the governess, and we are led to imagine that they all lived happy ever afterwards! There are many striking incidents in the tale, and it is well told.

Unfermented Bible Wines. Being a Reply to the Rev. Dr. Rankin's "Common-sense and Scripture as to Drink." By Rev. ALEX. STEWART, LL.D. Aberdeen: Wyllie and Son.

WE have not seen Dr. Rankin's pamphlet; but so far as its statements or arguments are transcribed by Dr. Stewart, they are overthrown as completely as Goliath of Gath was slain by David, and the victory, like his, is won in the name of the Lord. This fourpenny booklet should be freely circulated wherever the advocates of drinking alcoholic liquors quote the Bible in support of their practice. Dr. Stewart has clearly explained the meaning of the passages usually arrayed against abstainers, and in every instance has turned the onemies' batteries against themselves.

Notes.

TABERNACLE CHURCH STATISTICS.—We regret exceedingly that, in some unaccountable way, two mistakes were made in the figures published in last month's Magazine. We thought they were printed exactly as they were read at the Annual Church-meeting; but the number of members received by profession should have been announced as 12 (not 212), and there were 4,708 (not 4,780) names on the church-roll at the close of the year. Our readers can easily make the necessary corrections in the figures on page 141 of our March issue.

THE "SPURGEON MEMORIAL" SERMON SOCIETY.—Since the annual meetings, which we fully reported last month, the work has been extending in various directions, and the number of distributors has greatly increased. Mr. Taverner has been, if possible, more busy than before, as, in addition to his secretarial duties, he has had to deliver several of the lantern lectures on "Mr. Spurgeon's Life and Labours." This additional service has tended to the further development of the Society, and has been beneficial, both financially and spiritually,

to the places visited. Many cases of conversion through the reading of the sermons are mentioned in the distributors' quarterly reports just coming to hand; among the rest, three men on board a British man-of-war have been brought to the Saviour, and the brother who sends to Mr. Taverner the account of this work of grace, says:—"I really believe this condescension of the Holy Spirit was brought about by the prayers of God's people in London, and at your place." Will our readers continue to pray for the Lord's blessing on every sermon that is circulated?

GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION.—We hope all friends who can do so, regularly read the *Quarterly Reporter*, which records the continued spread of Baptist principles, not only in Germany, but also in Switzerland, Holland, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Russia, Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, &c. In 1834, Pastor J. G. Oncken, of Hamburg, and his wife, and five other believers, were baptized, and formed into a church; and from that small beginning, the work has grown, until now there are 31,000 members, and 220 pastors, missionaries, and colporteurs. Pastor Oncken's only surviving son, Mr. W. S. Oncken, is now both honorary secretary and treasurer for this country, and all communications should be addressed to him at Greenwell Road, Lincoln.

COLLEGE.—Mr. Thomas Davies has accepted the pastorate at Gold Hill, Chalfont St. Peter's, Buckinghamshire. Mr. Allou Poole hopes shortly to sail for Dunedin, New Zealand.

The following brethren have removed, or expect shortly to do so:—Mr. A. C. Batts, from Upwell, to Long Sutton, Lincolnshire; Mr. T. Maycock, from Stratford, to Chamberlayn Wood Road, Kensal Rise; Mr. R. Hughes, from Londonville, to Greenfield, Ohio, U.S.A.; Mr. R. Marshall, from Belleville, to Beamsville, Ontario, Canada; and Mr. J. T. Mateer, from Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, to Hawthorn, Victoria, Australia.

Mr. J. S. Hockey, formerly of Brentford, and more recently at Henfield, Sussex, is commencing a new work at Bexhill, the rapidly-rising sea-side resort near Hastings. We hope to give further particulars next month, but just mention the matter now, in order that any of our readers who may be visiting the town may find out Mr. Hockey in his temporary meeting-place at York Hall, Old Bexhill.

College Conference.—Will all believing readers continue to offer very special prayer for a rich blessing to rest on the Conference gatherings which are to be held from Monday, April 20, to Friday, the 24th? These meetings in past years have been productive of untold good to the hundreds of ministers and students who have attended them; and the Lord is able to make the

approaching assembly a season of even greater spiritual power.

Conference Committee Meeting.—We are sorry that any of the brethren who have resigned their membership in the Pastors' College Evangelical Association should think that the "Note" in last month's Magazine misrepresents their doctrinal position. They resigned on the ground that their views on the doctrines named are no longer in full agreement with the Conference basis; but they are not to be understood as repudiating the doctrines entirely.

PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELIST.—We have received from Pastor Levi Palmer the following report of Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at Albemarle Chapel, Taunton:—"The mission has been orowal with the divine blessing. Every week-night, the chapel was full and frequently seats had to be placed in the aisles. Each Sabbath evening, the place was so densely crowded that, long before the time arrived for the commencement of the service, many had to go away unable to get inside the building. At the Sunday afternoon service for men only, the chapel was packed. This was a unique sight, and the responses to the grand old gospel proclaimed by the evangelist were most cheering. Spiritually, the mission has been a great blessing; many have confessed Christ as their Saviour, and still more are seeking Him. On the following Monday evening, a praise meeting was held, when the Pastor telegraphed as follows to Pastor Thomas Spurgeon at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting:—"Praise God with us to-night for Manton Smith's mission. Great crowds, much power, and glorious results." In less than an hour, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon wired back to the meeting at Taunton:—"We rejoice with you exceedingly. There is more to follow." Thus the capital of England and the capital of Somerset hold holy festival over saved souls."

Pastor Herbert Trotman writes from Sheffield:—"Mr. Smith was with us from February 22 to March 1. This is not the first visit he has paid to Portmahon Chapel; it is, however, the first he has paid without his beloved ex-colleague, Mr. Fullerton. My people had anticipated the mission with much interest and prayer, and they now remember it with glad thanksgiving. Each week-night our chapel was nearly full, but at the Sunday services, and on Friday, February 28, when Mr. Smith gave the story of his life, the building was filled to its last available inch. The gospel was freshly, simply, and forcibly set before the people. As the natural result, they listened with earnest heed; and as the supernatural result, many were converted to God."

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—On behalf of the Committee of the Bucks Baptist Association, Pastor W. Coombs writes:—"Mr. Burnham's recent visit to this county

was much appreciated and highly spoken of by the churches in which he spent a month; they have cause for gratitude in the divine blessing that has attended his labours, and in the cheer and encouragement which have come to church and pastor in each case."

Mr. Burnham was so exhausted after this series of services that he had to begin his next mission, at Stow-on-the-Wold, on Feb. 26, instead of the 23rd. The memory of blessings given through the evangelist last year helped to prepare for this season, of which Pastor F. E. Blackaby writes:—"The attendance has been even larger than on his former visit. We were sorry to find him in feeble health, but 'the power of the Lord was present to heal,' and a number of young people from our Sunday-school and Society of Christian Endeavour testified to the good they had received through the gospel from his lips."

From March 5 to 13, in conjunction with Pastor T. G. Pollard, Mr. Burnham conducted a mission at Park Chapel, Brentford; from March 15 to 24, he was at Shephed, Leicestershire; from March 29 to April 3, he was to be at Charlton, near Bristol; and from April 12 to 16, at Great Marlow.

Of *Mr. Harmer's* services at Hatherleigh, North Devon, Pastor C. L. Gordon writes to Mrs. Spurgeon:—

"When it was decided that Mr. Harmer should hold a mission, a series of preparatory meetings, extending over a fortnight, was conducted principally by members of the Christian Endeavour Society, all of which were well attended, and received the seal of God's approval, for souls were led to the Saviour. Then your evangelist came, and took up the work. He has proved himself a workman approved of God, rightly dividing the Word of truth, and therefore not needing to be ashamed; for, during his stay, many more souls have professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Very clearly, faithfully, and tenderly, the preacher spoke out and sang out the old, old story, whilst in the after-meetings he showed himself equally at home in dealing with enquirers. In fact, the people and himself got on so well together, that they would have liked another ten days of the mission; but the Okehampton engagement forbade."

From Okehampton, Pastor E. C. Monk writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—The thirteen days of Mr. Harmer's work in our midst have just come to an end, but we believe that the mission itself is not yet finished, for we are looking for yet further fruit either in the near or even remote future from his labours amongst us. Brother Harmer has faithfully declared the whole counsel of God to unbelievers, and lovingly appealed to the church-members to beware of 'sitting still in the house' if they would see reaping follow sowing. Personally, I feel grateful to you for continuing the work of the late beloved Pastor of the Metro-

politan Tabernacle in evangelising the land, and rejoice to say that our people are sending a thankoffering of £2 as a practical expression of our interest in your cause. The elect have been edified, and souls saved, through Mr. Harmer's visit."

The evangelist's next mission was at York Place Chapel, Swansea, where the Lord gave so great a blessing that the meetings were continued a week beyond the time originally arranged, while another church in Swansea (Landore) secured the services of our brother while he was on the spot, the friends at Dorchester kindly postponing for a while his visit to them. Detailed reports of the Swansea missions will, doubtless, arrive in time for next month's Magazine, and in the meantime further work in Devonshire will keep Mr. Harmer fully employed during the whole of April.

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly meeting of collectors was held on *Tuesday, March 10*, when there was a goodly gathering of friends. Mr. Thomas H. Olney presided; and addresses were delivered by Rev. Geo. Hay Morgan, B.Sc., of Woodberry Down Chapel, and Mr. Geo. E. Morgan, M.A., of *The Christian*, who was accompanied by the son of Mr. E. Scott. The programme by the children was of the usual interesting character. It was a matter for regret that the President was too unwell to be present; but he sent a cheery letter of thanks to the friends, whose help to the Institution is so gratefully received from quarter to quarter. The secretary will gladly send boxes or books to sympathizers willing to become collectors for the Orphanage.

The thanks of the President and Managers have been sent to the Sunday-schools which observed the "C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Sunday" by making collections for the Orphanage. It is earnestly hoped that other schools will copy the example, and thus aid in maintaining the Institution which was so dear to the heart of the beloved Founder.

Will our readers kindly note that THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL is fixed to take place (D.V.) on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17? Every possible effort will be made to interest our visitors.

The recently-issued number of the Orphanage Quarterly, *Within our Gates*, contains several interesting items. The third in the series of "Partners in Christian Service" is Mr. William Potter Olney, whose connection with Mr. Spurgeon and the Orphanage is traced by a sympathetic hand. There are many touching letters from donors and from those who have been helped by the Institution, and some striking sayings in the "Spare Minutes" page. Mr. Kilby's suggestion with regard to Christmas collections for the Orphanage is worthy of the attention of the other brethren trained in the Pastors' College, while Mr. Charlesworth's capital parody on Tom

Hood's "Song of the Shirt" ought to bring in a large supply of those useful garments for the boys at Stockwell.

COLPORTAGE.—We have again good cause for praise to God for the mercies of another month. Our General Fund, reaching over £40, is most encouraging. The Committee tender their best thanks to all our generous and constant helpers. The time is again drawing nigh when we shall (D.V.) hold another annual meeting; probably, early in May. Our forthcoming Report should be read by all who are interested in this important branch of spiritual work. It will have much to say concerning the sale of the books, the preaching of the gospel, and the visitation of the sick.

The last is a most valuable part of our agents' services, for a timely word is often the means of bringing new light and life to the anxious, and to the weary sufferers, with whom the men come in in contact, on their rounds. To a poor old creature, bound with affliction, the illustration of a "watch-dog" used by one of the colporteurs, was most strengthening and helpful. "Act the watch-dog," said the man of God, when she was telling him how she wearied under her confinement and loneliness. "But what does the watch-dog do?" she asked. "Well," replied our brother, "it is chained to its kennel; and it has pleased the Lord to chain you with afflictions. It lies patiently, and waits with

its eyes toward the corner by which it expects that its master will probably come. Act like that—lie patiently, and wait with the eye of faith fixed in that direction by which you must readily expect Jesus; and that corner, in your case, is your affliction; He comes that way with His blessing. By the dog's anxious looking, it shows that it desires its master's presence; pray you that the Lord may lift upon you the light of His countenance. The dog is glad when the master appears; so, rejoice when you see His hand in your affliction. But, oh! when the master takes the collar off, what leaping, bounding, and joyful manifestations there are! The animal's heart seems likely to burst with gladness; and when the Lord takes the collar of sin, sorrow, and suffering off you, how you also will leap for joy!"

The illustration was as powerful as it was simple, and the poor woman's heart was filled with emotion by what the godly man had said to her. So the seed is sown; but what shall the harvest be? Help us, dear reader, with your kindly prayers, and the means by which this good work shall be maintained and increased.

Contributions and communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
February 27, eleven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. E. Dale	0	10	0
Profit on sale of "Who are the Baptists?" per Pastor J. S. Geale	0	3	0
Mr. H. Cleminson	0	10	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
R. G.	10	0	0
"Orthodoxy"	0	2	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox, for support of a student for a year	50	0	0
Pastor T. Greenwood	1	1	0
Mr. R. O. Davies, J.F.	1	1	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	0	10	0
Rev. R. J. Boehliff	0	2	6
Pastor H. Clark, Sydney	0	10	6
Pastor T. Hancock's proceeds of lecture	3	0	0
Pastor G. D. Hooper	1	1	0
W. H.	0	2	6
Pastor D. Taylor	0	10	0
Pastor A. Corbett	0	10	0
Pastor C. L. Gordon	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for College Ministry, per Pastor F. G. Wheeler	5	0	0
Mrs. E. M. Plumb	0	5	0
Pastor W. Jones	0	5	0
Pastor W. White	0	10	0
Pastor George Menzies	1	0	0
Collection at Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. A. Burleigh	3	18	3
Pastor and Mrs. A. Macdougall	1	0	0
Part collection from Baptist Chapel, Dartford, per Pastor H. Spenslow	1	10	0
Rev. R. H. C. Graham, Congo	5	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
Feb. 16	22	4	0
" 23	6	7	9
Mar. 1	16	12	9
" 8	22	10	1
			07 14 7
			£157 1 9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Anon.	0	5	0
Miss Ellison	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
An afflicted missionary in India, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Sale of plated gold ring from Ireland...	0	2	0	Mr. W. Gwillim	1	1	0
Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton	4	10	0		27	14	0
Heath, per Mrs. Ralls...	0	6	0				
H. McS.	0	6	0				

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th, to March 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss R. Daniell	0	5	0	Miss Scoggins	0	4	7
Mr. F. Field	0	5	0	Mrs. Bartholomew	0	13	0
Collected by Miss Pendred, per Miss Warren	0	7	6	Mrs. Main	0	4	9
Mrs. Clarke	0	2	0	Miss M. Hoare	0	4	8
Postal order, Hanley	1	0	0	Mr. Hopkins	0	0	8
H. H. K.	1	0	0	Miss Barrow	0	1	1
Collected by H. H. K.	0	10	0	Mr. O. Harvey	0	2	1
Mr. J. White	1	0	0	Mr. French	0	1	10
Collected by Mrs. Sear	0	10	6	Mr. M. Blake	0	7	0
Mr. A. Smith	1	0	0	Miss Morrell	0	0	10
A. E. B.	0	10	0	Miss Horne	0	4	1
Mr. L. P. Roff	0	2	6	Dr. Keely... ..	0	3	0
Mr. J. G. Prince	1	0	0	Miss Ayling	0	1	9
Mr. J. Ollington	0	5	0	Rev. J. S. Wyard	0	2	6
Mr. G. W. Arnold	0	5	0	Odd farthings	0	0	8
Miss Simpson	1	1	0				
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	0	16	0	Mr. Hartwell	0	8	8
Collected by Mr. A. J. Gillans	0	11	4	Mr. Sawyer, per Mr. W. Higgs	1	0	0
Mr. J. McFarlane... ..	0	10	0	Mr. C. Thorpe	1	0	0
Mr. S. H. Baker	1	0	0	Mr. J. Hammett	1	0	0
A thankoffering, M. S. R.	1	0	0	Miss L. Sealy	1	0	0
An English Churchman	2	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
Mr. D. Land	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Slodden	0	2	6
Readers of "The Christian," per Messrs. Morgan and Scott	14	19	0	Mr. W. H. Clark (Fahang)	1	2	6
Jim's missionary box, per Mrs. Euston	0	3	6	Mr. D. Smith	4	4	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Collected by Miss G. Wilmot, in memory of Mrs. Wilmot	0	14	3
Collected by Mr. H. Willis	1	0	0	Mr. J. B. Meredith	2	2	0
Miss W. Allison and friends	1	10	0	Mr. G. T. Binstead	0	10	0
Collected by Miss W. Allison	0	8	0	Mr. H. Day	0	5	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Mr. J. E. Davies (sale of old newspapers)	0	10	0
Mr. J. Townrow, per P. & A.	0	3	0	Collected by Mr. Creasey	1	10	0
Mr. J. L. Aukland, per Mrs. Charlesworth	1	1	0	Mr. Alfred Fenninge	100	0	0
Mr. Jas. Clark	52	10	0	Miss Murray	1	0	0
Mr. J. T. Smith, per Mr. J. Buswell... ..	10	0	0	A Suffolk friend	1	0	0
The late Mrs. J. Battershill (Donation)	5	0	0	Mr. J. Crocker	5	0	0
Mr. E. Stockman	0	12	6	Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0
B. G.	20	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hallyse	0	16	6
Box at Orphanage gates and office box	1	7	6	Collected by Mrs. Bradley	1	0	0
Mr. R. M. George	0	5	0	Mr. J. Annis	0	5	0
Mrs. Duckenfield	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. H. Young	0	5	0
Mr. J. J. Pierce	1	1	0	Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Burgess	1	0	0
Miss M. Ireland	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. R. W. Iverson	2	4	6
Collected by Mrs. A. Wheeler	2	5	0	Mr. J. Crowther	0	2	6
Miss J. Pearce	0	2	6	Collected by Master Chas. Spurgeon Edgerton, after Christmas morning service at Harrington Baptist Chapel	1	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	8	0	0	Collected by Master Archie E. F. Edgerton, after Christmas morning service at Harrington Baptist Chapel	1	1	7
Postal order, Queen Camel	0	2	6	Mr. A. Wilson	1	0	0
Mrs. O. M. Mears (proceeds of work sold)	0	14	0	Mr. R. Mitchell	0	5	0
A friend to the cause, Beauly	0	1	0	Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	1	7	6
Anon.	50	0	0	Collected by Mrs. N. Ramsden	0	5	0
Mrs. Griffiths (sale of John Ploughman's Almanack)	0	12	0	A sympathiser	0	3	0
M. A. Z.	0	10	0	Mr. W. H. Vardill	0	10	0
Postal order, St. Ives	1	0	0	Mr. R. Walker	2	10	0
Postal order and stamp, Newport, Mon.	0	3	1	Box at Tabernaole gates	0	12	6
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge... ..	0	10	0	Collected by Messrs. Horn and Co. and employes... ..	2	10	3
Miss Mackereth	0	2	0	Mr. C. Shultz	1	1	0
M. A. G.	0	10	0	M. A. G., Alton, Hants	1	0	0
Mrs. Halstead and sisters	0	8	0	C. R. R.	7	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Davis	1	5	0	Collected by Mrs. S. Bolton and family	0	5	0
Per Mr. W. Ogg:—				Collected by Mr. J. Berry	0	10	6
Miss Mountfield	0	6	0				
Miss Ogg	0	7	6				
Mrs. Millett	0	9	1				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. J. A. James ...	2	1	0	Mr. G. W. Orde ...	1	0	0
A friend ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Foulkes, jun. ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Rees ...	1	2	7	B. C. E. ...	1	0	6
Collected by Mr. G. W. Loughby ...	0	10	6	Mrs. Tiffens ...	1	0	0
A friend ...	20	0	0	Mr. F. G. Barnes ...	0	1	6
Mr. E. J. May ...	0	10	6	Mr. F. Fitch ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. Tolley ...	0	10	0	A country minister ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. S. A. Mumford ...	0	2	6	A. E. T. ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Gray ...	0	5	6	Mr. T. Trounson ...	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Straw ...	1	2	6	Miss Dains ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. A. Godfrey ...	0	5	6	Miss Gress ...	0	1	6
Collected by Miss E. Jeffery ...	0	9	6	Mr. W. D. Crowhurst ...	2	2	0
Collected by Miss M. Collins ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. F. Crosthwaite ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Curtis ...	0	5	0	Stamps Rochester ...	0	0	6
Miss M. Everett ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. B. Dixon ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss D. Bond ...	1	15	0	E. B. A. ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Friend, sen. ...	0	16	6	Mr. D. T. Davies ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss Butler ...	0	5	6	Mr. B. Bull ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Wood ...	0	6	0	Mr. E. Mounsey ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. L. Pilgrim ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mr. W. J. Westwood ...	0	13	3
Collected by Miss E. Howard ...	0	3	0	Collected by Mr. T. P. Chard ...	0	15	6
Collected by Pastor C. Ingrem ...	1	0	9	Mr. J. Moser ...	10	10	0
Collected by Mr. A. Webb ...	0	2	1	Mrs. Donkin ...	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Butcher ...	1	0	0	Mr. J. Hooper ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Binstead ...	1	13	0	Mrs. Dunlop ...	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Weeks ...	0	5	0	Rev. John Spurgeon ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. Bezy ...	0	14	6	Miss Emily Jarvis Spurgeon ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Potts ...	0	10	6	Mrs. M. Smith ...	1	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Styles ...	0	7	6	Mr. J. Dowson ...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Potter ...	0	5	0	Mrs. Ewins ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. G. B. Vanhersen ...	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Goodfif ...	0	5	0
Collected by Pastor J. H. Barnard ...	0	5	0	Postal order, Pwllheli ...	0	3	0
Collected by Miss Harrison ...	0	3	0	Mrs. Lawrence ...	0	2	6
Collected by Miss M. Pannier ...	0	3	0	Miss Brown ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Freestone ...	0	4	0	Mr. T. Eatock ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Rayner ...	0	8	2	Miss McLaren ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Hillier ...	0	1	6	Collected by Miss E. G. Comber ...	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. S. Fox ...	0	4	0	Collected by Mrs. Pegg ...	0	4	6
Collected by Mr. S. Church ...	0	9	0	Mr. Hy. Abllit ...	28	5	0
Mr. W. Downing (profit on leaflets) ...	0	10	0	Sandwich, per Bankers ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss A. Green ...	1	4	6	Collected by Mrs. H. A. Brooker ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss E. Rich ...	2	14	0	Collected by Master W. Goss ...	0	1	5
Collected by Miss Fitzgerald ...	1	1	0	Miss E. A. Thomas ...	1	1	0
Collected by the Misses Williams ...	0	8	9	Mr. A. Albright ...	5	0	0
Collected by Miss L. Collis ...	0	7	0	Mrs. Jennings ...	3	0	0
Collected by Mrs. W. Dyke ...	1	3	6	Mr. L. Morse ...	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Holder ...	0	10	6	Miss E. Waterhouse ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Winsor's box ...	0	10	0	J. S. ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Hoyle ...	0	11	0	Mr. & Mrs. G. Webb ...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss B. T. Pooock ...	1	0	0	W. J. ...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Short ...	0	7	0	Mrs. E. Aston ...	1	1	0
Collected by Miss G. Harvie ...	0	13	6	Postal order, North Shields ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Stevenson ...	0	10	6	Stamps from Ross ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Fitch ...	0	7	0	Miss M. Joscelyne ...	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Saunders ...	1	1	0	Arator ...	1	0	0
Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker ...	0	10	0	Anon., Kingston Blount ...	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. E. Cobley ...	0	8	0	Mr. J. Clark ...	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Ena Stevens ...	0	10	0	Per Mrs. J. Withers :-			
Collected by Miss C. Iles ...	0	8	8	Mr. H. Cooper ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Hoskins ...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Davis ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Spencer ...	0	2	6				
Mrs. S. J. Johnson ...	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. Everuden ...	0	10	0
Rev. A. Humphries (Germany) ...	0	19	6	Collected by Miss E. M. Smith ...	0	3	6
Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell ...	0	8	0	Miss Poole ...	2	0	0
Collected by Miss Jackson ...	3	2	0	Collected by Mrs. J. Walton ...	0	11	0
Collected by Miss Slipper ...	0	2	0	Miss C. Fairley ...	0	5	0
Collected by the late Mrs. Graves ...	0	1	6	H. A. ...	0	1	6
Collected by Mrs. Crawley ...	0	9	0	Stamps from Putney ...	0	1	0
W. J. S. ...	1	5	0	Mrs. Crampin ...	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Grant ...	0	6	0	Postal order, Teignmouth ...	1	0	0
Hope House School, per Rev. J. J. Hayman ...	0	6	0	Mrs. J. Morgan ...	1	1	0
Mrs. K. Williams ...	0	10	0	Mr. J. Wickham ...	0	5	0
Postal orders, Taynult ...	5	0	0	Mrs. S. Manlove ...	0	10	6
G. House (Orphan boy's card) ...	0	2	0	Executors of the late Miss Helen Hall ...	8	3	0
Mrs. G. E. Chapman ...	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. Older ...	1	10	0
Mrs. Booker ...	0	10	0	Mr. E. Reynolds ...	0	2	6
Mr. J. South ...	1	10	0	Miss S. Clout ...	1	0	0
Miss S. Shillito ...	1	1	0	Misses P. and R. E. Haywood ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Oldfield ...	1	1	0	"Thou knowest" ...	0	9	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Mead ...	4	4	0	Mr. W. E. Stone ...	0	5	0
				Collected by Miss M. C. Hull ...	0	7	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	8	6	Boyce, Miss G.	0	7	11
Collected by Mrs. Ferry	0	5	0	Burgess, Miss A. F.	0	6	4
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Burn, Mr.	0	3	4
A working-man	0	10	0	Buswell, Miss K. E.	1	17	7
Bank note from Wellingbro'	5	0	0	Butler, Miss	0	1	1
	5	10	0	Butler, Mrs.	0	18	7
<i>Collections in memory of Pastor O. H. Spurgeon:—</i>				Cane, Miss N.	0	9	0
Friends at Foots Cray, per Pastor E. A. Tydeman	0	5	8	Carter, Miss	0	18	2
St. Ninian's Free Church Sunday-school, Leith	0	10	0	Clow, Miss E.	0	18	11
Mr. O. Scott	0	2	0	Clow, Mrs.	0	2	6
Chatsworth Road Baptist Tabernacle Sunday-school, Clapton	0	10	0	Conway, Miss	0	2	3
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school	5	0	3	Cook, Mrs.	2	11	6
Richmond Street Sunday-school	27	0	0	Cornish, Miss	0	6	5
East Hill Baptist Sunday-school, Wandsworth	1	8	0	Cowles, Miss A.	0	13	0
Edith Road, Nunhead, Baptist Sunday-school	1	1	0	Crowder, Mrs.	0	8	5
Baptist Sunday-school, Princes Risboro'	1	2	6	Cullum, Miss	0	4	8
Park Road Sunday-school, Brentford	0	10	0	Curtis, Miss	0	8	10
Duke Street Sunday-school, Richmond, per Mr. C. F. Dafforne:—				Colley, Mr.	0	6	6
Collected in the School	0	11	6	Dale, Mrs.	0	6	9
Collected by Miss W. Davis	0	12	2	Darch, Miss	0	4	6
Collected by Miss E. Bird	0	10	0	Dennish, Master A.	1	2	6
Mrs. Green	0	2	6	Dobson, Mr.	0	17	4
Mr. C. F. Dafforne	0	2	6	Downs, Miss	0	13	6
Miss Brown	0	1	0	Doyle, Miss	0	5	4
Miss Lapham	0	0	6	Eastcott, Miss E.	0	1	8
	2	0	2	Eastcott, Miss H.	0	0	10
Battersea Chapel Sunday-school	1	1	0	Eastcott, Miss J.	0	0	6
Lower Baptist Sunday-school, Chesham Greengate Congregational Church, Barking	0	18	9	Elliott, Mrs.	0	2	3
Highbury Hill Sunday-school	2	10	0	Robert Street Sunday-school, per Mr. Everett	0	9	0
Hawick Baptist Sunday-school	0	15	0	Farmer, Miss	0	3	4
Kensington Baptist Sunday-school, Bristol	1	0	0	Fletcher, Miss	0	8	3
Mare Street Sunday-school, Hackney	3	7	3	Frewin, Master A.	0	1	3
South Croydon Baptist Sunday-school	2	0	0	Field, Miss	0	4	1
Roseberry Park Baptist Sunday-school, Pokesdown	1	3	6	Field, Mrs. E.	0	8	0
Cranford Baptist Sunday-school	1	0	6	Fisher, Mr. H. J.	1	13	6
Lockerbie Mission Hall Sabbath-school	0	10	0	Frisby, Master J.	1	11	10
Ashley Sunday-school, Tilmanstone	0	6	0	Forward, Miss G.	0	10	10
Young Women's Class Christian Band, Baptist Chapel, Deal	1	13	8	Fromow, Mr. H.	0	12	7
Warwick Street Baptist Sunday-school, Leamington Spa	2	10	0	Fryer, Mr. H. J.	0	12	9
Haddon Hall Sunday-school	8	0	0	Grimes Mrs.	0	7	2
<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>				Godbold, Miss	0	9	8
Lake Road Chapel, Portsmouth, Annual collections and proceeds of meeting	87	5	8	Grose, Master A.	0	12	5
Lewes	17	10	6	Godfroy, Miss	0	7	0
Forest Gate, per Rev. J. H. French	20	0	0	Hall, Miss L.	0	8	0
Costers' Hall Christian Mission, per Mr. W. J. Orman, J.P.	6	0	0	Hall, Miss A.	0	6	0
Lambeth Workhouse (for expenses), per Miss Higgs	1	0	0	Hart, Mrs.	0	4	8
Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.A.	3	4	0	Havenhand, Miss O.	0	6	2
<i>Received at Collectors' Meeting, March 10th.</i>				Hawgood, Mrs.	1	11	5
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>				Hayward, Miss	0	14	6
Appleton, Mrs.	1	5	8	Hertzell, Mrs.	0	5	10
Bartlett, Miss N.	0	14	0	Hodson, Miss	0	3	0
Bailey, Miss M.	0	6	5	Howels, Miss	0	6	0
Bull, Miss	0	3	9	Hyde, Miss	0	2	8
Barnden, Mrs.	0	17	7	Isaac, Miss E.	0	1	4
Beale, Miss	0	15	0	Jewell, Mr. W.	0	1	2
Belleine, Miss C.	0	3	2	Jewhurst, Miss	0	10	0
Belleine, Miss M.	0	3	2	Johnston, Miss A.	0	5	2
Bloss, Miss	0	4	8	Kolting, Master O.	0	3	0
Brooks, Miss A.	0	2	4	Kington, Mrs.	0	7	10
Boswell, Mrs.	0	19	3	Lake, Master B.	0	1	8
Bown, Master O.	0	17	9	Larkman, Miss	0	7	3
Bown, Miss	0	17	2	Lee, Mrs., and Miss Goodwin	0	5	1
				Legg, Miss K. A.	0	5	0
				Lenings, Mrs.	0	2	2
				Luckhurst, Mrs.	0	7	0
				Mackey, Mrs.	0	11	0
				Maokenzie, Mrs.	0	4	2
				Mallison, Mrs.	0	5	0
				Manor Park Baptist Chapel	0	0	5
				May, Master E.	0	4	2
				Messent, Misses E. and A.	0	2	8
				Metropolitan Tabernacle Mothers' Meeting, per Miss Hall	0	19	7
				Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	5
				Melford, Master B.	0	0	4
				Millwood, Mr.	0	3	0
				Moore Mrs. D. H.	0	8	9

	£	s.	d.
Morris, Master	0	14	4
Munday, Mrs.	2	0	7
Newberry, Mrs.	0	7	6
Noble, Mrs.	0	1	7
Orton, Miss	0	13	0
Oreman, Miss A.	1	2	10
Pain, Mrs.	0	11	0
Palmer, Miss	0	11	9
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Parker, Master W.	0	2	3
Pavey, Miss	0	10	9
Pearson, Master	0	2	8
Prizeman, Miss	0	4	11
Plummer, Miss	0	17	3
Porter, Mrs. C. J.	0	6	0
Randall, Mrs. M.	0	6	7
Randall, Miss L.	0	1	0
Ramsay, Mr. D.	0	7	6
Rayner, Mr. F. J.	0	4	3
Read, Mrs.	0	3	4
Richardson, Mrs.	0	8	4
Robins, Mrs.	0	5	9
Roper, Mrs.	0	6	11
Rusell, Mr.	0	4	0
Saban, Miss M.	0	2	4
Starkey, Mrs.	0	4	6
Stapeley, Mr.	0	19	3
Seaton, Miss	0	4	6
Stephens, Miss	0	2	10
Smith, Mr. B.	1	1	10
Smith, Mrs. Gale	0	3	2
Smith, Miss	0	1	2
Smith, Master T.	0	7	11
Sutton, Master T.	0	5	0
Taplin, Master F.	0	5	1
Taylor, Miss S. J.	1	6	3
Trevillion, Miss A.	0	2	6
Tregear, Miss G.	0	13	9
Tomlinson, Mr. B. P.	0	5	5
Tomlinson, Master A.	0	1	5
Turner, Masters A. and B.	0	2	5
Vears, Mrs.	0	16	4
Vincent, Mrs.	0	18	0
Wating, Mrs.	1	5	10

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Weeks, Miss	0	5	6			
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	5	9			
Williamson, Miss	0	4	0			
Wicks, Master W.	0	1	10			
Wilson, Master W.	0	1	6			
Whitlock, Mr. C.	0	10	10			
Whittington, Master S.	0	7	8			
Willett, Mrs. E.	0	5	0			
Wilkinson, Mrs.	0	6	0			
Young, Master W.	0	1	7			
Young, Mrs.	0	2	1			
Misses Hilda, &c.	0	2	1			
Odd farthings and half-pence	0	12	10			

64 13 10

Collecting Books:—

Alderton, Miss	0	13	0
Barrett, Mr. J.	5	0	0
Brown, Miss J. H.	0	17	0
Charles, Miss B.	0	4	0
Coleman, Mr.	0	6	0
Everett, Miss A.	3	6	0
Howes, Mr. C.	0	9	0
Jeph's, Miss	1	3	0
Lawson, Mr.	0	14	6
Mills, Miss	0	10	0
Postmen's pence, per Mr. A. W. Minter	0	12	0
Roberts, Mr. A.	0	1	0
Baunders, Mr. E. W.	4	0	0

17 15 6

Donations:—

Everett, Mrs. and Son	0	8	0
Hall, Mr. J.	1	0	0
Morgan, Mr. G. E.	1	0	0
Olney, Mr. T. H.	2	0	0
Randell, Mrs. W.	0	19	0
Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0
Turney, Miss	0	2	0
A friend	0	1	0

6 9 0

£770 8 1

List of Presents from February 15th to March 14th, 1890.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Hualam; 1 Barrel Apples, Mr. H. A. Jones; 3 Chickens, 4 Cakes (for the Infirmary), Mrs. S. T. Barrab; 28 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 1 Ton Potatoes, Mrs. E. Walker.

Boys' CLOTHING:—A parcel of worn Clothing, Miss Cory; 16 Shirts, 4 pair Stockings, The English Baptist Chapel Sewing Meeting, Newbridge, Mon., per Miss Daniell; 3 Articles, Y.F.S.C.E., Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Forest Row; 9 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 24 Garments, Members of the Boulevard Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Miss A. Calver; 9 Ties, Mrs. Cooper; 6 Bows, Mrs. Luckhurst; 3 Boys' shirts, Mr. A. Pitts.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—75 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 33 Garments, 3 Dolls, &c., The English Baptist Chapel Sewing Meeting, Newbridge, Mon., per Miss Daniell; 11 Pinafiores, Mrs. Shaw; 8 Articles, Y.F.S.C.E., Bethesda Baptist Chapel, Forest Row; 6 Articles, Miss Burningham; 11 Articles, Bible-class, Baptist Chapel, Willenden Green, per Mrs. E. Langman; 35 Articles, Members of the Boulevard Baptist Chapel, Weston-super-Mare, per Miss A. Calver; 9 Articles, Mrs. Cooper; 5 Garments, Mrs. Luckhurst; 11 Garments, Mr. A. Pitts; 9 Hats, Mrs. Colvin.

GENERAL:—6 Games, a few Magazines, &c., Mrs. James Hall; 1 load Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall; 1 Box Fancy Goods, Mrs. Moore; 78 Cakes Fancy Soap, Mr. T. P. Churd; a parcel containing several worn Quilts, Curtains, Bed Covers, Table Cloths, Anon.; 3 Scarves, Mrs. Colvin.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1890.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—

	£	s.	d.
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot	15	0	0
Norfolk Congregational Union	11	5	0
Horsforth, per Miss Biltbrough	11	5	0
Western Baptist Association	11	5	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	8	15	0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	10	0	0
District, Liverpool	1	0	0
Wallingford, per Mr. W. Davies, Toronto	45	0	0
Maldon, friends at, per Mr. A. J. Sudd	7	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Hereford, per Mr. Samuel Ward	11	5	0
Langham, per Mr. R. Scott	11	5	0
District, per Pastor R. A. Macfarlane	10	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	11	5	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Pastor J. G. Drummond	11	5	0
Tewkesbury, per Rev. J. E. Brett	1	5	0

£177 5 0

Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. R. Daniell	0	10	0	Mr. E. Harker	0	15	0
In memory of the late Mr. C. R. Cole ...	10	10	0	Mrs. Bully	0	10	0
Mrs. Upton	5	5	0	Mr. A. Brown	0	2	0
Dr. A. T. Pierson	2	10	0	Mr. Bullman	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mr. Priece	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Dale	0	10	0	Mrs. Walter, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	3	0	0
Mr. H. Cleminson	0	10	0	<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>			
Mr. Robert Gibson	10	0	0	Messrs. Pocock Bros.	1	1	0
Mr. F. Fisher	1	1	0	Mr. Walter Mills	1	1	0
Mr. R. N. Harden	0	10	6	Mr. E. Fitzgerald	1	1	0
Miss York	0	10	6	Mr. M. Rogers	1	1	0
An afflicted missionary in India, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0	12	0				
							£43 0 0

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.*Statement of Receipts from February 15th to March 14th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.
R. G.	10	0	0
	£10	0	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.*Statement of Receipts from February 14th to March 14th, 1896.*

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Dolton	1	10	0	Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Okehampton	2	0	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Hatherleigh	2	0	0	Bucks. Baptist Association—thank-offering for Mr. Burnham's services	2	2	0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Stow-on-the-Wold	2	10	0				£10 7 0
Mr. W. H. Clark	0	5	0				

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.*Statement of Receipts from February 14th to March 14th, 1896.*

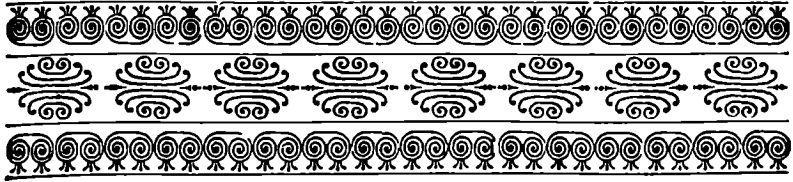
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. A. Pettit	0	10	0	D. B., after reading "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room"	0	5	0
"Dollie"	0	1	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
S. W. C., a reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i>	0	4	0	R. G.	15	0	0
Jessie Taylor	0	5	0	Mrs. Sinclair	0	5	0
H. O. N.	0	3	0	"One whom Jesus loves"	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Bettinson (with £2 10s. for Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund)	2	10	0				£20 3 0

Received, with heartiest thanks, for SAVILLE MEMORIAL FUND:—C. E. Tidswell, 2s. 6d.; Pastor A. W. Wood, £1; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Parker, £1 1s.; Miss Higgs, £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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeon's Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeon's Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

MAY, 1896.

Clear the Way.

A WEEK-NIGHT SERMON, DELIVERED, FORTY YEARS AGO,

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of My people."—Isaiah lvii. 14.



APPY, thrice happy were those days when earth was but a canton of Heaven, when Heaven and earth were so closely linked together that there needed no roads along which men had to go running, weary and footsore, before they could reach the Great Father's bosom! Man was pure when God created him, and able to hold communion and fellowship with his Maker in the Garden of Delights. The earthly Eden then was the Paradise of the Holy One. Woeful, thrice woeful was the day when sin entered the world, and destroyed the union between earth and Heaven! It were a doleful task to depict that terrible separation between Heaven and earth. There stood the Paradise above with its pearly gates fast barred. It seemed as though the Majesty on high had closed them fast. Between Heaven and the place where Adam fell there was a great gulf fixed, so that they who would pass from poor fallen manhood to God, could not cross the awful chasm; and it seemed that none could come from the holy Heaven to bless sinful man with their angelic visits. The communion which had once existed between man and his God was entirely suspended. It was not merely interrupted, for an interruption supposes the probability

of its being restored or resumed ; but the sin of man altogether destroyed his fellowship with God. If it had not been for a super-human, ay, a super-angelic interposition, man could never more have approached his God, neither could God ever again have approached man in a loving manner. Can you not see that chasm, wide and black and dark ? Can you not imagine the horror of the place where man must have walked this poor prison-house, with his hands upon his loins, because Heaven was so high above the earth, and there was no ladder let down, the top whereof reached to Heaven, upon which man could climb, or down which angels could come, to bring him blessings from his God ?

Glory for ever to the Man Christ Jesus, who hath undone that woe which Adam caused ! See, He hath set the pearly gates wide open, never more to be shut, until the safety of the last elect soul shall be secured in glory everlasting. See you not the Heavenly causeway which is made between fallen manhood and the Divine Creator ? See you not a royal high road, straight and clear, ending in gates that are not merely set ajar to the anxious ones who desire to enter, but which are thrown wide open, that "whosoever will" may pass through ? These gates were opened by the atonement of Christ ; for the opening of them no strength of human merit was needed, nor could it ever have sufficed for the stupendous task. The way to Heaven is so well made, and Heaven's gates are so wide open, that there remaineth nothing for man to do for his fellow-creatures in the matter of their salvation, except some little things which God hath left to be wrought by human instrumentalities, and these shall all be done. God, of His sovereign, omnipotent mercy, shall lead, direct, and constrain His children to the doing of His works. None of those for whom He hath ordained mercy shall miss the road, and be shut out from the blessedness of Heaven. God doth not ask His people to make a road of communication between Himself and sinners ; He doth not ask us by our prayers to open the gates of Heaven ; but He hath commanded His servants to "take up the stumbling-block," "gather out the stones," remove the obstructions, and "prepare the way" which He Himself hath made. The road to Heaven, although it is well paved, although it is a straight road, and leadeth direct to the Golden City, hath some rough places in it ; and there are stones and stumbling-blocks to be taken up out of the way of the Lord's people. There are difficulties in the way to stimulate our industry, and to give us the honour of being co-workers together with God, and to this extent being the instruments blessed by the Lord to the salvation of our fellow-creatures. All that we are now asked to do is to remove stumbling-blocks and hindrances which Satan hath caused to lie in the Heavenly road, and which God in His providence permits to be therein.

Take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of sinners who would turn their faces Heavenward. This shall be the subject of my evening's address, and I pray God that the things which I speak may stir up you who have already entered upon the road, and have found mercy through the blessing of our gracious God, to take up the obstacles out of the sinner's path, that the way of grace may be clear and straight for those who may presently be called into it by Divine mercy.

I. In the first place, let me remind you, IT IS THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO TAKE UP THE STUMBLING-BLOCKS THAT HINDER THE GATHERING OF SINNERS WHO ARE WITHOUT THE CITY OF GOD.

What a vast world there is outside the walls of the Temple of God ! We have a world that is in the court of the Gentiles, a world that cometh not into the sacred place, or into the tabernacles of the Most High, and that world causes us deep anxiety ; but there is another world, *altogether outside the gates of the City of God*, a world that knoweth not Christ, that doth not even formally obey His ordinances, that doth not hearken to His commandments, that doth not tread His hallowed courts. There is a vast world of sinners that lieth outside the gates, enshrouded in the thickest shades of night, and refusing to come to the light, lest its evil deeds should be revealed. Now, Christians, there are certain stumbling-blocks that lie in the way from this world of darkness to the world of light, and it is your business to take up these stumbling-blocks out of the way, and to make a straight path for the feet of sinners that they may come to the Saviour.

Sometimes, men and women will not come to hear the gospel preached, because they say *it is only preached in certain buildings which by superstition are believed to be "consecrated" to holy purposes*. Well, thank God, we do not believe in so-called "consecrated" buildings, erroneously called "churches." We are willing to meet men and women upon common ground, and to preach to them the gospel of Jesus Christ. We will go and preach to them in places that are not called sacred ; we will carry the Word to their own houses, if they will but hear it there. At the corners of the streets, we will preach the glad tidings that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." We will leave our places of worship, erected for our own comfort, although in them our souls are quieted and blessed, and we there are helped to draw near to God ; but if our buildings are a stumbling-block to others, for the salvation of sinners we will leave our buildings. If sinners will but come to Jesus, we care not where it is that we stand up to preach the gospel to them. Any place that will bring sinners to the sound of the gospel shall be consecrated to us, and we will pray that it may be consecrated to them.

When this difficulty is removed, men often say, "*If we come to hear the preachers, we cannot understand what they say.*" They tell us that many of the ministers who profess to preach the gospel of Christ use courtly phrases, and talk of doctrines that to them are dark and mysterious. O sirs, ye shall not say this truly concerning us ! We will toil, we will labour, we will strain our minds, and rack our brains to obtain figure and metaphor so that the truth shall come fairly home to you, and be clearly understood by you. We will endeavour, as much as lieth in us, to preach the gospel plainly to you ; we will clothe our message in the simplest words ; you shall have the gospel brought down to your capacity that you may be able to "receive with meekness the engrafted Word." This stumbling-block shall be taken out of your way, and you shall have the truth, simple and undiluted, so that you can understand it if you want to do so.

We must clear the way in a third direction. Here is another stumbling-block in the way of the men of the world. We bring them

up to the door of the house of the Lord, and we invite them to enter. "No," say they, "*just look at the inconsistencies of those who profess to be God's children.*" Dear friends, we must "prepare the way" by taking up this stumbling-block out of it. Many people, in effect, say, "We have come to hear your minister; induced by your kindness, we have attended your house of prayer; we are even ready to sit with you, and hear the Word preached; but, imagine not that we shall ever join your church, or become converts to your religion. Look at the conduct of such-and-such an elder; remember the character of such-and-such a minister of the gospel; observe the conduct of many of your church-members; note the careless indifference of such-and-such a deacon; you cannot imagine that we shall assent to the doctrines if these are the effects they produce." Alas! these are sad stumbling-blocks in the way of those who are outside our churches. Hypocritical professors, mere formalists, men who only live nominally to occupy a place in the church, but whose hearts are not in the holy cause, and who have never "with the heart believed unto righteousness," though with the mouth they have made a confession (see Romans x. 8—10),—men who act thus, living in sin while professing to be the children of the Most High, do great injury to the cause of Christ, for while they profess to do the will of God, they provoke His curse by their unholiness and inconsistency. Let us strenuously endeavour to take up this stumbling-block out of the way. Henceforth, let us seek to live the truly godly life; let us endeavour, as much as lieth in us, to walk purely and uprightly in the midst of an unbelieving and gainsaying generation; let us strive to guide and instruct others by our example in all holiness, and teach them to obey the laws of the Holy God, and, as far as it is in our power, let us direct them to the path that leadeth unto life everlasting.

When we have taken up this stumbling-block out of the way, men of the world will probably point out to us another. Truly, many of these are of their own invention; but what does it matter to us whence the obstacle comes? If it hinders men's salvation, be it ours to clear the way by taking up the stumbling-block. Objectors say, next, "*You Christians may be a very confident people, but what a gloomy race you are!*" "Oh!" says the worldling, in effect, "there is scarcely one among you that hath a sparkling eye, and a cheerful countenance, and a light footstep. The doctrines that you hold lead you to practise an ascetic life; I should not think for a moment of becoming a follower of your melancholy religion. You take away everything that I call joy and comfort; so I cannot come with you." We tell you, dear friends, that we will seek to remove this stumbling-block also. We will labour with all our might to remember and obey the apostolic precepts: "Rejoice evermore." "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice." Henceforth, you shall not know when we keep our fast-days; when we fast, we will anoint our head, and wash our face, and we will not appear unto you to fast. You shall no longer say that we are gloomy; we will have some of the most cheering words of men upon our lips, we will have a happy smile for you wherever and whenever we meet you, and we will do our best to take up this stumbling-block out of your way.

Now we pass to our second point. The Lord God taketh out of the mass of mankind, one by one, His own peculiar people, whom He hath of old ordained for Himself. When He first selects them from the multitudes of fallen humanity, it often pleaseth Him to chasten them very sorely. He manifests to them the deep depravity of their hearts, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the trouble and ruin in which they are involved by their iniquities; then they become not at first believers, but penitent seekers.

II. So, secondly, WE MUST PREPARE THE WAY BY TAKING UP THE STUMBLING-BLOCK OUT OF THE PATH OF PENITENT SEEKERS.

They find, on trying to come to Christ, whilst they are under anxiety on account of sin, and are seeking the Saviour, that there are many stumbling-blocks in their path; and over these, poor things, they often stumble through many a sad day, and many an hour of hard toil, because of these stumbling-blocks which impede their progress. Now, if it be the duty of the Christian Church to desire to clear the way, and to make a straight path for the outer world to come in, how much more is it the duty of all Christians especially to clear the way for those who evidently have been convicted of sin by the Spirit of God! With what anxiety, and with what love, should a Christian look upon the newly-broken heart when first it begins to weep! If "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," ought we not also to rejoice abundantly when we see the stirrings of the new life in the man who is just recovering from the error of his way? Then, brethren beloved, the exhortation of our text comes to us with great force: "Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of My people." There are stumbling-blocks in the way of the awakened sinner; be diligent, be doubly diligent to take up these stumbling-blocks out of the way.

And what are they? Well, these stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners coming to Christ generally arise through mistakes on their part. They are huge masses broken off the great rock of ignorance, lying across their path. Many a sinner is unable to come to Christ because of his ignorance of the nature of repentance. "*I cannot repent enough,*" says he; "I am afraid I do not repent aright. Oh, that I could repent as I ought to repent! If I could have as deep and heartfelt a repentance as I ought to have, then I think I could believe in Christ." Then he super-addeth to this another error, "Oh, if I could feel the same terror of the Lord that such a man as John Bunyan felt! Oh, if I could be shaken by the collar over the very mouth of hell, till my whole blood were curdled, then I think I could have hope!" Then again, in the way of other seekers, the stumbling-block is clean contrary. Such an one says, "Oh, if my heart could have been opened gently, as was the heart of Lydia, then could I hope! Oh, if the way of my life had been changed, then I might have believed; but I cannot think that my repentance is sufficient, or that I can ever hope to come near to God."

Christian, when you hear such a tale as that, (and I have heard many such,) hasten at once to that distressed and anxious soul, and tell him quickly that, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Tell him

that God in Christ Jesus is the Saviour, that He brings some to Himself by thunders and lightnings, and some by "a still small voice." If you see any in trouble this way, tell them that God is a God of variety, that He saves one by one means, and one by another; and that men's experiences are not all alike. Tell them that, where one is made to feel the Lord's judgments as stones of a ton weight, another may feel them as the gentle droppings of the dew from Heaven. Say to them that there is a mighty tree which is said to open, when it is in flower, with a report that makes the forest shake, and then tell them that the sweet flowers of the hedge-rows open without any noise whatever, and the earth heareth not thereof. Bid them learn from the works of nature that there will be a sweet variety in the works of grace. Cheer and comfort them by telling them that, if they come to Christ at all, they cannot come to Him the wrong way. They cannot come to Christ at all except the Father who hath sent Christ draw them; and the Father will never draw them the wrong way. Tell them that Jesus has said, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." So, take up this obstacle out of the way of coming sinners, and tell them not to be distressed; and if they imagine they have not repented enough, tell them it is true, and that they never will repent enough. Tell them that you have not repented enough, and the brightest saint who has ever lived has not repented enough. Tell them it is not the *quantity* of their repentance, but its *quality* which is the proof of Divine grace. Tell them, if they truly forsake their sins, and believe in Jesus, though their feelings may not have been so acute as others have had, yet God will freely and fully pardon all who unfeignedly repent of their sins, and believe with the heart on His Son, Jesus Christ. Again I say to you, "Take up the stumbling-block out of the way."

Yet another person may come to you, and say, "*I am afraid I am not one of the elect.* I know I feel my sin; I cry out to God for mercy; but this obstacle stops me,—what if I should not be one of the elect? What if God should not have chosen me unto eternal life? Then my supplications must be in vain, and I must be for ever shut outside the gates of Heaven." Let us take up this stumbling-block out of the way. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ *is* elect. Tell the fearing soul that he who has faith in the Saviour, and is prepared to renounce all other confidences, and to trust and believe in Christ and Him crucified, is as surely elect as are the glorified saints before the eternal throne. Bid him make his "calling" sure, for then shall his "election" also be made sure unto him. Tell him, as a guilty sinner, to hie away to the cross, and there prostrate himself, and look up to the wounds that bleed out new life for him, and there, at Calvary, shall he learn the certainty of his election, and be no more troubled by his doubts upon that point. You will find a thousand hindrances vexing the sinner when he is coming to Christ. Do your best, by kind words, by wise expositions of Scripture, by showing the real nature of the difficulties, to clear the way, and take up every stumbling-block.

III. Now, in the third place, let me push on one point further, and say that THERE ARE MANY STUMBLING-BLOCKS TO BE REMOVED FROM THE WAY OF CHRISTIANS.

When a man has exercised faith in Christ, when he has known that his sins are forgiven, when his soul has been brought to repose upon the one sacrifice offered once for all for the remission of sins, still the whole work of grace is not accomplished. The work of salvation is done; for, as Joseph Hart sings,—

“ The sinner that truly believes,
And trusts in his crucified God,
His justification receives,
Redemption in full through His blood.”

Still, it is not enough merely to be believers, to have our sins forgiven, and to be just alive spiritually. Oh, no! The moment we are converted, we set out anew. We have gained the wicket gate, as John Bunyan has it; but the pilgrim's journey is not over, it is only just commenced, and there is a long distance yet to be traversed. We are to make advances in our love to God, our search for knowledge, and our progress towards perfection. As I have reminded you, there are many stumbling-blocks in the way of the Christian, especially in the way of the young Christian, and it is the duty of the Christian minister, and of experienced Christians of all sorts, to endeavour to take up these stumbling-blocks out of the way, that they may not hinder the progress of the children of God. Brethren and sisters, let us do all we can to smooth the path, and to clear the way for our fellow-Christians. They will find the road rough enough, but let us do all we can to make it less rough. Our God, blessed be His name, “stayeth His rough wind in the day of the East wind.” He will not let the iron enter our soul to slay us, neither will He let the floods overflow and drown us; nevertheless, a rough and difficult road it must always be over which the believer has to travel.

“ A Christian man is seldom long at ease,
When one trouble's gone, another doth him seize.”

And this does but prove how necessary it is that every Christian should labour to clear the way for every other Christian. “Cast ye up, cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling-block out of the way of My people,” is the command of God. I remember once seeing a good old farmer stop his pony, and get out of his chaise to pick up the bottom of a broken glass bottle off the road, and throw it over the hedge. Said he, “I remember that my old pony cut its foot with an old glass bottle, and I should not like anyone to lose a valuable horse, so I thought I would stop, and get out, and throw the dangerous thing out of the road.” Let us do the same thing as the old farmer did, and take up the stumbling-block out of the way.

There are many of you church-members who are now gratified by the position you hold in the church. Do not forget that it was not always so with you. There was a time when you used to go up to the house of prayer, and no one spoke to you. You remember that deacon who held up his head very high, or else looked down upon you very condescendingly. There was a sister who passed you with a patronizing

air, but without even a word. These were real stumbling-blocks in your way. Your heart was often cut to the quick because no one spoke to you; there are many people to-day in the same position you were in once. Be very careful to notice them. Take up the stumbling-block out of *their way*. If you do not do so, you may unintentionally make their lives very unhappy.

You may at some time or other have felt the bitterness of *poverty*, or if not, you may imagine what it is to be very poor, and go and find out where poor weary souls are perishing for want, and endeavour to relieve their necessities. Take up the stumbling-block out of their path, and do all that you can to lessen their troubles.

Do you know a Christian man who is *in error on some doctrinal subject*? Take up the stumbling-block out of his way, if you can, and teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly, as Aquila and Priscilla did to Apollos. You probably know some brother or sister *with a very tender conscience*; say nothing that can grieve them. There are some people in this world who seem to belong to a race quite peculiar to themselves, who appear to be here for no other reason than to cause themselves and others annoyance. You sit by their side, and they at once introduce a subject which creates discord; they have always something to which they object. They fancy there ought to be reform in all the churches. I daresay they think they would make good reformers; but I am afraid their kind of reformation would really mean destruction. They probably like their own minister; but they would be pleased to set him right upon some points. They object to all their neighbours. One they cannot bear because he is too lax to suit them; another, who is rather firm in his principles, they count to be a bigot; such people as these are always casting stumbling-blocks in the path of others.

One of these hyper-critical friends has a son,—let us call him William; he went one Sunday, and heard the minister, and a deep impression was made on the lad's mind. As he walked home, he said to his father, "What a good sermon we have had this morning!" "Ah! William," answered the father, "you think so, but that is your want of experience; the doctrine was not sound." "I think, father, the preacher was very earnest." "Oh!" replied the foolish man, "there is a great deal of affectation in that. I don't think much of him, he is not the kind of minister I like, and not equal to the old gentleman I used to hear in my young days." The lad puts his hands in his pockets, and forgets all he has heard, and says to himself, "Well, if this is what father thinks of the sermon, I shall think no more about it, there is evidently not much in it to trouble my head about." What a huge stumbling-block this wretched business of criticising sermons, and finding fault with ministers, casts in the path of many an anxious soul! Brethren, take up this stumbling-block out of the way of our hearers.

"Take up the stumbling-block out of the way," lest ye cause another to stumble and fall. Oh, *the falls of Christians*, what grievous stumbling-blocks they are! One falling Christian does more mischief than a hundred standing ones. There are a hundred rivers flowing on noiselessly, and no one hears *them*; but there is one waterfall, the

report of which exceeds the sound of all the flowing streams. A Christian professor, who turns from the way of righteousness, and falls into sin, does very much mischief, and brings great dishonour upon the cause of Christ. Surely, it is the Christian's duty to be circumspect in his walk, that he may not cast this stumbling-block across his brother's path. If there be anything we are doing that might lead others to sin, let us be swift to abandon it; let us not place any stumbling-block of temptation in the way of others, let us not make ourselves responsible for the consequences of sin in others by leading them into it through our example. "Abstain from all appearance of evil," is the inspired command of Scripture.

I conclude by portraying a Christian who is dying. He has lived in this world to serve his Saviour, and to serve his fellow-Christians. He has often cherished the fatherless, comforted the widow, and strengthened the feeble. Now he comes to die. See, the angels are gathered about his bedside; they are ready to bear his spirit upon their bright wings to the Heavenly mansions. The pearly gates of the City of God are wide open to receive him. Who are those who approach him with countenances full of gladness, and who greet him with so hearty a welcome? Let these white-robed spirits tell their own tale. They say, "We are happy to welcome you into the mansions of the blessed; we are joyful to receive you into the everlasting habitations." The saint replies, "I know you not, ye bright ones, why thus welcome ye me?" One answers, "You do not know me now, but on earth I was a poor widow, and you came to my house when I was bereaved, and you poured the oil of consolation into my lonely heart; and when I was in want, and almost starving, you fed me and comforted me." Another celestial spirit says, "On earth I was a young man; do you not remember me? You were the means of giving me opportunities to study, you encouraged and helped me in my labours, and I am glad now to meet you here." Another says, "On earth I was an old, grey-headed man who, with tottering steps, came into the place of worship, and you met me at the doors, and gave me a cordial shake of the hand, and said, 'Come in, I am glad to see you, brother.' You took me into your seat, gave me a hymn-book and a Bible, and made me glad. You invited me into your home, you led me, as it were, into green pastures, and by the side of still waters, and you gave to my soul consolation, and now I am rejoiced to give you welcome to Heaven."

Let us thus labour, dear brethren and sisters, to help others. Surely, if it be well to secure our own salvation, it is blessed to be instrumental in guiding others towards the Heavenly Kingdom. Let us labour to help each other, in temporal matters and in spiritual affairs. In every sense let us endeavour to "prepare the way," and to "take up the stumbling-block out of the way" of the travellers through this wilderness. That their path may be unimpeded, let us together resolve that we will clear the road of all that would hinder the pilgrims Heavenward.

The Lord give His blessing to His own people, and grant abundance of grace unto us all, until we meet in the Paradise above with Jesus our Redeemer! Amen and Amen.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

IT is with great joy and thankfulness that I once again record the onward progress of the work of *translating and publishing the dear Pastor's Sermons*. What a privilege it is to be engaged in such a blessed service as that of helping to send the good news of the gospel of the grace of God to so many of the strange peoples of our earth! You, my dear readers, have a large share in this joy, for it is mainly through your kind gifts to the "Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work" that I am enabled to engage in this enterprise, and carry on so many of what I may justly call these soul-saving efforts. I like to keep you well informed of what is being done, that you may praise as well as pray, for the Lord's hand directs and prospers this service in an unmistakable manner. A brief notice of some new or recently-accomplished translations will doubtless interest you, and may induce more friends to aid in the work.

BENGALI. Mr. Robert Spurgeon has arrived from India on furlough, and has brought me, as a charming present, the first seven Sermons in *Bengali*, bound together in a neat little volume. My readers can have little idea of the labour, and ability, and spiritual insight required, to worthily interpret the thoughts and words of the preacher into the vernacular of different countries. These Bengali translations have been made by qualified native brethren, and afterwards very carefully revised by Mr. R. Spurgeon himself, who, I am told, is an able exponent of the language. I have peculiar satisfaction in turning the pages of these Bengali Sermons, not only because of the exceeding care which has been bestowed upon their production, but also because, by them, my dear husband is *preaching to so large a portion of the heathen world*. May God make them "wonderful words of life" to many souls among the teeming millions of India!

TELUGU. Mr. Craig writes:—"I feel that this day my reproach is rolled away, for I am sending you three copies of 'Jesus only' (No. 924) in *Telugu*. Our helpers were here a few days ago, and I presented to each one of them a copy of the Sermon, to their great delight and satisfaction. We have about 25 men,—pastors, evangelists, and teachers,—on this field." Very difficult has been the task of translating into this language, but at last the effort has been crowned with success, and it is better to have delay in the completion of the work than to run the risk of an unreliable interpretation.

ORIIA. One of "our own men", lately sent out to India by the Baptist Missionary Society, writes me, urgently requesting my help in publishing the Sermons in *Oriya*, a tongue spoken by more than 8,000,000 people in India. He says he finds dear Mr. Spurgeon loved, and his memory honoured, by very many native Christians, "so much so, that they are anxious to have some of his Sermons in the vernacular, to circulate amongst the people. One of the young men, engaged in the Indian Educational Department, has offered to translate them free of cost, if the expense of publishing them could be met from elsewhere."

Of course it can, by the Lord's great goodness; and we will

translate "elsewhere" into "here" with joyful praise for the grand opportunity of extending the work. Once or twice before, I have called your attention, dear friends, to the fact that all these wide doors of usefulness in foreign countries are set open by the Lord Himself; I have never had to knock at them, they have always been as "the iron gate that leadeth unto the city, which opened to them of his own accord," so unexpected and wonderful have been the developments of this delightful service.

LETTISH. This was the first door the Lord opened, and it led to "a large place", and a most successful service. Some of you may remember how the Russian "Censor" once stopped the issue of the Sermons, but much prayer was made on this behalf to God, and He so touched the man's heart that, ever since then, they have quietly passed through his hands, and many, many thousands of them are continually distributed. The volume of *Farm Sermons* also, for the printing of which a kind "Somebody" sent me ten pounds, is being made a blessing throughout the land.

HUNGARIAN. Sermons in this tongue are being issued once a fortnight, and I have promised to take part in the expense; but the arrangements are not yet quite perfected, as I wish to be more fully assured of the excellence of the translation. This will come by-and-by.

ITALIAN. A great and wide field of service is opening here. 'Tis true we sow the good seed somewhat nearer home than in a heathen land; but Italy needs the gospel as much as India does, and the hearts of the people seem to have been prepared to receive it. I believe, also, that I have been able to secure a translation as pure and perfect as possible, so that the spiritual power of dear Mr. Spurgeon's utterances may not be lost in the change of language. We have commenced, as usual, with No. 1,500,—"*Lifting up the Brazen Serpent*,"—(5,000 copies), and they are freely distributed to all Christian workers who are willing to pay the cost of postage. There is already great demand for them, and I hope very soon to be able to send out another of the blessed messages, and to continue doing so, if the Lord will provide the means.

SPANISH (OR CASTILIAN). Multiplied mercies are recorded by the translator of the Sermons into this language. I will give you a portion of his last letter to me. He says:—"Through my decision to have the printing of the Sermon done in the town where I live, instead of sending it to Buenos Ayres, I have been enabled to have some talk with the printers and the editor of a local paper, all of them thorough Roman Catholics. I presented the editor and the compositor each with a Bible; they had never read it, but now value it much. It is quite evident, too, that the setting-up of the Sermon deeply stirred the compositor's mind, for the doctrine it taught was so new to him that he came to me enquiring about it, and I simply and plainly pointed him to Christ." Oh, dear friends, what blessed possibilities one can see here for souls to be led to Jesus! Do pray that, with the printed word, God may give the power of His Spirit, and then who can tell the glorious results?

SWEDISH. The publication of the Sermons in this tongue is going on well. I have just received from Pastor Truvé, of Göteborg, three

new issues in clear type and on good paper. This branch of the great work is not dependent on me for support.

Space fails me to tell you of the Polish, Zulu, Arabic, Hindi, Finnish, and French translations, which all need money to keep them going, and, above all, prayer for the Holy Spirit's power to accompany their perusal. Do not, dear friends, forget this work, which the Lord has so graciously laid upon me; but help me all you can to carry out successfully the will of God in this matter.

* * * *

My *Protest against Bazaars* * has now reached a fourth edition, of several thousands, and I know many cases in which it has been so marked with the Lord's approval as to become the means of leading pastors and churches to a fuller dependence on God for temporal support. How I do praise His Name for such wonderful kindness to me!

One of our pastors writes thus to a friend for my encouragement:—
 "Up to last week, we had a debt of £105 on our chapel. We all felt that the time had come to pay it, so that we might have our hands free for other developments of our work. Many thought a Bazaar was the best means to adopt. For a time I could see no other plan. But still we prayed, and I remembered Mrs. Spurgeon's words, although I could not see 'eye to eye' with her on the subject. I was, however, greatly impressed by the confident declaration in her article that, if it were God's work, and we waited on Him, He could and would sustain His own cause. I suggested a day of prayer and waiting upon God. My officers fully agreed with me, and the 25th inst. was set apart. I announced that I should be in the vestry from 9 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. to receive free-will offerings, and the result was that more than 400 people came or sent their love-gifts to the Lord's house. The day was a feast day spiritually, for prayer, praise, and gracious conversation ran through the hours, and at night we were able to announce that all the debt had been paid or promised! Everyone is now saying how much better it was than a Bazaar, and I can testify that, instead of hindering the spiritual life of the church, it has greatly developed it, and we are all praising God as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer!"

The good minister hopes this will "cheer" me! It does, most blessedly; I rejoice exceedingly over such a triumph of faith for these dear people, and thank God at every remembrance of them. Oh, that others may be induced to try this "more excellent way"!

Somebody sent me a newspaper cutting, the other day, which ran thus:—"In his diocesan address, Dr. Maclagan said nothing had done more to injure and to dissipate the sense of responsibility than the system now so prevalent of Bazaars and public entertainments for Church purposes. He firmly believed that, notwithstanding the large amounts of money which were sometimes obtained by such incongruous means, the Church was ultimately the loser rather than the gainer. At its best, such a proceeding was a poor and undesirable substitute

* *A Protest against Bazaars*. Price 1s. per 100; or 50 for 6d., post free. To be obtained of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, London.

for the systematic offering up to God of some definite portion of their worldly substance to assist in the maintenance and extension of the work of His Church."

This is an *Archbishop's* protest, and I am glad to quote it, for I think he has touched the very "quick" of the matter in mentioning the large amounts of money so often assured by these worldly, carnal efforts. The great gains of "Vanity Fair" seem to have blinded the eyes of the Church of Christ to her danger in departing from the simplicity and blessedness of faith in God. When will Christian people believe in the all-sufficiency and faithfulness of the Omnipotent Lord they profess to serve? The promises of present help and abundant supply to those who ask and trust are sown broadcast over the pages of God's Word, yet they are treated with the indifference born of unbelief; and if any important work is to be done, the cry is not, "Let us seek from our God the gold and silver which we need for His cause," but, "Let us have a Grand Bazaar, and, pretty costumes, and dazzling lights, and songs, and music, and folly, and dancing! This will bring the people, and our coffers shall be filled."

Yes, it is quite possible that much of this world's coinage may thus be swept into the Church's treasury; but what will it avail, if the Spirit of the Lord be grieved, and He depart from among the people? Will not the light of Eternity show their *gain* to be a most awful and disastrous loss?

* * * *

"Can you tell us where to find the Baptist meeting-place, if you please?"

"Don't know, mum; never 'eard of no such people as Baptises 'ere." Then, seeing another person,—

"Will you kindly direct us to where the Baptists meet for worship?"

"Baptists?" (with a curiously frigid intonation of voice,) "Oh! they did have a room in that street over there, but it's closed now; I think they had a split, and joined the Brethren."

The above fragments of conversation need an explanation, and here it is. About this time last year, I was compelled to go to the seaside for a little change, and decided to make BEXHILL-ON-SEA my resting-place for a week or two. I found the locality finely situated, and very healthful, but at that date so largely in the builders' hands as to wear a somewhat disordered and desolate aspect. (All that is changed now, and the town is rapidly rising in repute and favour.) When the Sabbath came, my friend and I desired to meet with our own people, but we could get no precise information concerning them, with this exception, that they had *no Chapel*. One person thought a few of them had a service in a room over a fried-fish shop; another said they gathered at the rear of a coffee-shop, in such-and-such a street. We set out to find for ourselves these "few sheep in the wilderness," and we wandered up and down successive streets, indulging now and again in such brief conversations as those recorded above, till my small perambulating powers were exhausted, and we

had to turn into the Wesleyan Chapel, our explorations at an end for that day. Subsequent enquiries elicited the fact that there had been various attempts to raise a Baptist cause in Bexhill, and awaken some interest in the matter, but that, for some reason or other, or many reasons put together, all efforts had failed and come to nought. I was greatly distressed by this condition of affairs. Houses were being built by hundreds, the place was becoming well known, and growing fast; High Church, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, Plymouth Brethren, Salvation Army, all were represented, but, though there were many Baptists residing in the town, there was not even a barn where they could worship God after their own faith and order. During the past year, I have been pondering the matter in my heart, but no plan, no scheme presented itself to my mind, no idea occurred to me that I could do anything in the matter, till the day of which I am going to tell you.

A dear pastor and his wife came to "Westwood" last autumn, seeking a little rest before entering on a new pastorate. Month after month passed away, every possible enquiry was made, the dear man went to many places to preach "as a supply," but no settlement was arrived at. It seemed as if the Lord had shut every door against him, though he is a man much beloved, and has long been a *faithful* servant of God. His heart grew sad, though he used to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Things were in this state when, one morning, as I was praying for my poor friends, and beseeching the Lord that He would open up some way for them to work again in His vineyard, there flashed into my mind the thought, "God would have him go to Bexhill, and raise a cause there to His glory!" My heart at once responded, "Yes, Lord, so may it be!" and from that moment I did not doubt but that it would come to pass. For a few more weeks I kept silence,—for there were two or three engagements on hand, any of which the pastor thought might develop into a call to the pulpit; and I wanted to see the working of the Lord in the matter. When these appointments had been fulfilled, without bringing the expected result, then I felt free to disclose my secret. It was no path of roses in which I proposed that my friends should travel; it is no easy matter to go to a strange place, where you do not know a single soul, and introduce yourself as a probable pastor for a non-existent church! Yet this is what dear Mr. Hockey has done, and the Lord knew he was capable of doing it, and therefore chose him for the difficult task. Now he has gathered around him a nice little company of earnest Baptists, who are eager to be shepherded, and are, I believe, already warmly attached to him. Our desires and prayers are so far answered that a plot of land has been secured, upon which a SCHOOL-CHAPEL is to be built as soon as all legal preliminaries are attended to. Then, when the little flock have a fold of their own in which to meet, they will grow and increase, until they are strong enough to undertake the building of a larger house for the worship of God and the honour of His Name. For the present, Mr. Hockey has taken the YORK HALL, where meetings will be held on the Sabbath till our own place is ready; and I earnestly

hope that all Baptist visitors to the pretty town, during the coming summer, will find their way to the Hall, and strengthen the pastor's hands, and encourage my heart by their presence at the services, and their generous gifts to the treasury.

For there must be NO DEBT on this House of God! I am going to give all I possibly can to it, and trust in my rich Father to send me the remainder. He knows how much will be needed; and if He inclines the hearts of any dear friends to help me in this new work for Him, I shall very gratefully accept their assistance. But I shall "beg" only of Him, and there will be no Concerts, or Bazaars, or worldly entertainments of any sort to share in the erection of "BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA!"

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"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—John xiv. 27.

From whose lips do these tender words fall "like rain upon the mown grass"? Whose heart has such intimate knowledge of my need, and such profound sympathy with my weakness, as thus to meet both with the grace of His exceeding love?

It could be no other than "Jesus Christ Himself," my gracious Lord and Master, who thus speaks, and I shall do well to ponder each weighty sentence as I listen to His loving voice.

"Let not your heart be troubled." Dear Lord, these words of Thine, though so sweet, are imperative. They are a *command*, and should be instantly obeyed. Perhaps I have never before looked upon them in this light, never realized that, in carrying about within me a troubled spirit, I am acting in direct *disobedience* to Thy bidding! "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Say the words over again to me, dear Lord! Speak "as one having authority," and, with Thy gracious command, issue also the mighty power which will enable me to fulfil it. How often must I have grieved Thee by my want of trust in Thy tender love and care! How often must Thou have marvelled at my foolishness in attempting to bear burdens which might have been cast at Thy feet!

"Let not your heart be troubled." Truly, I hear a grave note of rebuke and disappointment mingling with the music of those sweet words on my Lord's lips. It may indeed be so, dear Master, for after all that Thou has done and said, my heart should never be troubled. I ought not to "*let*" it be afraid. And yet how soon does fear overtake the steps of joyful assurance, how quickly do I pass out of the light of Thy presence into the deep shadow cast by the mountain of my sin! Lord, help me to reason with myself about this, for a few moments, or rather, say Thou unto me, "Come now, and let us reason together," for then I know that Thy infinite love will conclusively silence my fears, and hush all the disquietude of my soul.

Why should my heart be troubled? Is it on account of the overwhelming sense of sin and of unworthiness which sometimes threatens to crush all the spiritual energy out of my life? Then I have but to turn again to "the fountain of blood", and there see all my

iniquities pardoned because laid upon the Sin-bearer, all my guilt forgiven because He suffered in my stead. Can I keep a troubled heart when He died that I might have peace through believing? Can I have trusted *Him* with my soul's salvation, and yet permit myself to doubt whether He has truly saved me?

Why should my heart be troubled? Is it the things which are seen and temporal, which are distressing me? The cares of this life, the struggle for daily bread, perhaps, or if not that, the thousand vexations and disappointments which are the lot of our poor humanity? Come again to thy dear Lord, my soul, and bring to His feet all that perplexes and grieves thee; thou wilt surely hear Him say, "*Let not your heart be troubled, all your sorrows are known to Me, and I am guiding and directing all that concerns thee. Is it more difficult to trust My love in earthly ills than for eternal joys?*"

Why should my heart be troubled or afraid? There is nothing on earth or in hell that can harm a soul who believes in Jesus. Every fear is put to flight by His perfect love. Even the fear of *death*,—so great a bondage in some lives,—is lifted quite away when "God giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Blessed Lord, help me to be obedient to Thy command, and to receive meekly Thy well-deserved rebuke, glorifying Thee henceforth in my daily life by a restful faith, which nothing can disturb or dismay! "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose," ought never to know trouble or fear.

S. S.

Paraphrase of Psalm cxi.

LIFT up thine eyes unto the hills,
From whence alone thy help must come,
Where He, whose mighty presence fills
Eternity, hath made His home.

He will not let thy foot be moved,
His watchful eye shall never sleep;
His saints in every age have proved
How safe are they whom He doth keep.

Jehovah shall thy Guardian be,
Thy shade by day, thy shield by night;
He shall protect, and shelter thee,
Upon thy left hand and thy right.

In spite of all the wiles of sin,
The Lord, whom earth and Heaven adore,
Thy going out and coming in
Shall bless henceforth and evermore.

Foots Cray.

E. A. TYDEMAN.

“Glass, with Anxiety.”

“GLASS, with anxiety!” Strange expression this! What does it mean? These words accompanied a parcel sent from Norway to England, and they were intended to indicate that the sender feared from the fragile nature of its contents, that some mishap might befall it.

Is there not a lesson here for Christians? Might not some of us be rightly labelled,—

“CHRISTIANS, WITH ANXIETY”?

In many instances there is no need for a label, as anxiety is only too plainly stamped upon the countenance, although the apostolic injunction is, “in nothing be anxious.” (Phil. iv. 6. R.V.) Some obey this command in certain circumstances only, while others reverse the reading, and live as though they were to be anxious for everything. The Lord wishes His children to carry their worries and anxieties to Him; and to leave them with Him. Here are seven things which He bids us cast upon Him, or commit unto Him.

1. *Commit yourself unto Him*: “He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day” (2 Tim. i. 12). Paul deposited himself in the hands of the Heavenly Banker; and, as the money in the Bank of England is kept safe in the strong rooms within and by the guard without, so was the apostle, for he was kept by the Holy Spirit within, and by the Lord who encamped round about him.

2. *Commit your soul unto Him*: “Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator” (1 Pet. iv. 19). Suffering we shall have, but if we commit the keeping of our souls unto the Lord in well doing, as the three Hebrew young men did, we shall, like them, but lose our bonds, and gain the company of Jesus.

3. *Commit your spirit unto Him*: “Into Thine hand I commit my spirit” (Ps. xxxi. 5). If the Lord has the control of our spirit, He will control us altogether.

4. *Commit your way unto Him*: “Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass” (Ps. xxxvii. 5). If we commit our way unto Him, we shall never stray from Him.

5. *Commit your works unto Him*: “Commit thy works unto the Lord” (Prov. xvi. 3). If the Lord controls the works and the workers, there will be no clashing in the working.

6. *Commit your burden unto Him*: “Cast thy burden upon the Lord” (Ps. lv. 22). If the Lord is our Burden-bearer, we shall be free to bear one another’s burdens.

7. *Commit your care unto Him*: “Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you” (1 Pet. v. 7). One John Careless, a martyr, in writing to a friend said, “Now my soul is turned to her old rest again, and has taken a sweet nap in Christ’s lap. I have cast my care upon the Lord, who careth for me, and will be *careless*, according to my name.” If we cast all our care upon Him, He will take all care off us.

Sunderland.

F. F. MARSH.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 176.)

LXXII.—“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”

“**W**HILE the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them, saying, *What think ye of Christ? whose son is He? They say unto Him, The son of David.*”—Matthew xxii. 41, 42.

Jesus did not ask these Pharisees if they expected the Messiah; but He enquired what were their views of His person, nature, office, and kingdom. We may gain something by asking ourselves the same question.

The gospel regenerates nations and the world by individuals, other schemes profess to act on each man through the mass.

Jesus asks this question of each one of us: “What think ye of Christ?”

He has authority to ask it. Great teachers often teach by means of questions; this enquiry concerns the most important and vital of all sciences: “What think ye of Christ?”

The heathen cannot answer it, for they know Him not.

The Jew, through obstinacy, will not accept Him.

The Mohammedan thinks Him a prophet, but owns Him not as supreme Lord.

The Atheist rejects all thought of God and His Son also.

The Deist disbelieves revelation. We do not, though it is to be feared that there are in our midst many who are practically Atheists; let us hope *you* are not among them. Neither are we Arians, nor Socinians, denying Christ's divinity; yet, though we may not fall into their errors, it is necessary for us to have right thoughts concerning Christ, for our views of Jesus will affect—

I. Our closing with the gospel, if we doubt His suitableness, power, willingness, faithfulness, love.

II. Our consecration to Him. Unless we think highly of Him, we shall not give up all, and follow Him.

III. Our doctrinal sentiments. This is a most important point of spiritual sight.

IV. Our faith will not grow to assurance and confidence without correct thoughts concerning Christ.

V. Our conduct. Our pride can only be humbled as we see Him as He really is. Let us study Jesus, our Lord and our God.

Let us each one pray, “Lord Jesus, bless me! Amen.”

LXXIII.—AN EXHORTATION TO BRAVERY.

“*When thou goest out to battle against thine enemies, and seest horses, and chariots, and a people more than thou, be not afraid of them: for the LORD thy God is with thee, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.*”—Deuteronomy xx. 1.

Horses and chariots were much dreaded by the Israelites, because they were unaccustomed to them. The iron chariots, armed with

scythes, and bearing soldiers wielding javelins, did great execution. Yet to Israel was the command given, "Be not afraid of them."

Using the text in relation to our spiritual conflicts,—

I. WE MAY FEAR IN ONE SENSE, BUT NOT IN ANOTHER.

1. We may fear lest we should give the enemy cause to blaspheme.

2. We may fear lest we should cease to fight, and be enticed into the enemy's hands.

But we may not—

1. Dread persecution. This is and must be the lot of all true soldiers of Christ.

2. Distrust God's providence in temporal affairs.

3. Doubt His power, mercy, faithfulness, and willingness to save.

II. THE LORD HAS NOT BIDDEN US TO BE BOLD WITHOUT GIVING US CAUSE FOR COURAGE.

1. God is with us.

2. Jesus has conquered once.

3. The cause is as much God's as ours. His honour would be tarnished by our defeat.

4. Consider what He has already done for us: "Which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." What miracles He has wrought on our behalf! He has led us thus far through the wilderness, and fed us and clothed us till this moment.

III. SOME SEASONS WHEN THIS COURAGE IS SPECIALLY REQUIRED.

1. Under conviction of sin, to enable us to trust in Jesus.

2. In baptism, that we may witness a good confession.

3. In company with worldlings, that we may endure their jeers.

4. In spreading the gospel, and doing good.

5. Under temptations of Satan, and with a sight of our own depravity.

6. In expectation of death and judgment.

IV. SOME FURTHER EXHORTATIONS TO BRAVERY.

1. If this battle is lost, all is lost.

2. The prize is Heaven; our Captain, Jesus.

3. "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood."

4. Consider that many have won already. Amen, so may I!

LXXIV.—SLAVERY DESTROYED.

"But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you."—Romans vi. 17.

The table of our Lord is a fitting place for taking a view of ourselves and of God's dealings with us. Consider—

I. OUR FORMER STATE: "Ye were the servants of sin."

1. A state of restraint from good, and constraint to ill.

2. A state of degradation, ruled by our own passions, our companions, and Satan.

3. A state of uneasiness, fear, remorse, pain.

4. A toil for nought, death the wages, hell the end.

This slavery was hopeless, from our own inability to escape, or to purchase our freedom, and also from our master's strength.

II. OUR PRESENT CONDITION: "Servants of God."

1. We have perfect freedom.
2. We have joyful existence. We walk in ways of pleasantness, and rejoice in the gifts of God's grace.
3. We have Heavenly prospects.

III. THE MEANS BY WHICH THE CHANGE WAS EFFECTED: "Ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you."

1. Not by hearing the Word only, but by receiving it.
2. By unfeigned obedience to pure doctrine.
3. Taking the Scriptures as our guide.
4. Seeking to serve Jesus from the heart; not rendering merely outward obedience, but inward: "Ye have obeyed from the heart."

IV. THE GLORY MUST ALL BE GIVEN TO GOD: "God be thanked" for—

1. Redemption by price.
2. Deliverance by power.

Let us thank Him in our words, actions, prayers, and praises; and be desirous that all others should do so. Help, Lord! Amen.

LXXV.—THE PHYSICIAN AND HIS PATIENTS.

"And when the scribes and Pharisees saw Him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto His disciples, How is it that He eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners? When Jesus heard it, He saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Mark ii. 16, 17.

Publicans (that is, tax-gatherers) were counted by the Jews the vilest of all men. Matthew, whose Hebrew name was Levi, was one of them; but while engaged in this employment, Jesus calls him, and constraining grace makes him follow; he was afterwards one of the four Evangelists. Upon his conversion (though he modestly omits to mention it), he made a great feast, not in the toll-house, but in his own house, partly out of respect to Jesus, and also that his evil companions might come under the sound of the gospel. Note how love invents plans of bringing men to Jesus. The Pharisees, seeing Jesus come and sit down, complain to His disciples,—not to Himself; perhaps they were afraid of Him, possibly they meant to weaken the faith of His disciples by saying, "A man who can associate with these bad men is not very good himself." They themselves would not touch a publican.

Jesus, knowing their evil thoughts, turns on them, and justifies Himself by saying, "I am a Physician, these sick folk need Me, therefore I am here." Much of valuable Scripture teaching was drawn out of Christ by His enemies.

I. JESUS IS A PHYSICIAN, AND A GOOD ONE.

1. *He has the Physician's knowledge—*

(i) Of anatomy. He made men, so He knows all parts of their being, all their peculiar constitutions.

(ii) Of disease, its cause, progress, symptoms. He had much experience while on earth, but He knew all about men long before.

(iii) Of methods of cure. He understands all remedies, the time for outward applications or inward operations, the season for cordials or bitters. He has abundance of remedies, but blood and water are His two *catholicons*, or universal medicines. He is prepared for all comers at all hours.

2. *He has the Physician's care and skill.*

His love to man proves His care. The saints are living testimonials of His skill. All who apply to Him are cured, wholly cured, totally cured.

II. THE PHYSICIAN'S PATIENTS.

They are all sick. Men in health need not wonder if the doctor does not send any medicine for them; even if he did, they would not take it.

Only those who know that they are spiritually sick will take the Good Physician's remedies, for they are bitter potions,—repentance, deep sorrow for sin.

The surgeon has to cut out proud flesh, or even to amputate arms and legs.

Spiritually, there has to be a plucking out of right eyes, a cutting off of right hands, a sickness of sin, short diet, hunger and thirst. Men will not submit to this regimen. They cannot take Christ's medicine and the devil's poison, but must avoid all that the Physician has not prescribed.

To those feeling their need, inability, poverty, Jesus is the very Physician they want. His terms are,—medicine gratis, attendance free, certain cure even for the worst who will trust themselves in His hands.

III. THE WAY THE PHYSICIAN CURES HIS PATIENTS.

By calling them to repentance. This is not the medicine, but it is the water in which it must be taken,—a sense of sin, sorrow and shame because of it, and avoiding it in the future.

In the preaching of the gospel, Christ calls all sinners, but especially the spiritually sick. This call avails through the effectual working of the Holy Spirit.

1. This text shows the folly of self-righteous persons. They refuse the only good; they are spiritually suicides, just as much as the sick man who refuses the medicine which would bring health to him.

2. This text is also a blow at unbelief. This will kill us spiritually as surely as self-righteousness would. To disbelieve the power of Jesus, is as bad as to deny our need.

But come, sick! dying!! dead!!! Christ can give health, recovery, life. Lord, constrain us to come! Amen.

(To be continued.)

John Heywood, Pastor and Evangelist.

BY R. SHINDLER.

NOT far from Stony Stratford, and near to Wolverton Station, on the London and North-Western Railway, is the village of Potterspury, where there has been an Independent or Congregational church for about two hundred years. This place must be distinguished from Paulerspury, in the same county, which is specially memorable as the birthplace of Dr. William Carey. The church at Potterspury has had some very excellent men as pastors, one of the most remarkable of them, perhaps *the* most distinguished, was MR. JOHN HEYWOOD, who commenced his ministry there in 1739, and ended it with his life in 1778.

He was a man of considerable classical learning, so that his friendship and company were sought and prized by such men as the Duke of Grafton, and Earl Temple. The former, being a Unitarian, or Socinian, differed greatly from Mr. Heywood, but the minister was never ashamed to avow his sentiments before the duke, nor was he slow to hold his own in conversing with him.

Mr. Heywood was, however, first of all and chief of all a minister of the gospel. He itinerated wherever he found an open door, visiting regularly and preaching in twenty places besides his own chapel. For many years, he rode an old grey horse, which often stumbled, and sometimes fell; but he, neither injured nor dismayed, would not get rid of the poor beast, which had become to him like an old friend. Mr. Heywood might have been seen, a tall, lank figure, riding rather quickly, with his waistcoat open, and the long ends of his neck-cloth streaming in the wind.

He was considered, by some of his brethren, an eccentric character, as he paid little heed to his dress, and, in his village discourses, descended to a colloquial style of speech, and even went so far as to employ common provincial expressions. This, in the opinion of some, was *infra dig.* Be that as it may, his ministry was blessed to a great number of souls within the bounds of his bishopric. For many years, scarcely a church-meeting was held without one or more additions to the membership being made; and, though he was far enough from laxity in discipline, not more than one was suspended for improper conduct during his pastorate of nearly forty years. A church covenant was drawn up by the pastor, which every member was required to agree to. It was not a compendium of doctrinal belief, nor a mere creed, but rather a series of rules for holy living, brotherly love, the service of God, and Christian obedience. In it, each one declared that he gave himself up "to God the Father, Son, and Spirit, in an everlasting covenant." The last of these rules needs to be earnestly considered by all professing Christians in these days of laxness, and license under the name of liberty:—

"We promise to cultivate the duty of private prayer, and also to promote family prayer, that God may dwell with us, and bless us, and all that are dear to us. We also promise to abound in the

strict sanctification of the Lord's-day, and to bring all we can under the droppings of God's sanctuary. And all this we promise, not in our own strength and power, but in the name and strength of our Lord Jesus Christ, with whose blood we desire this covenant may be sprinkled."

These good people managed somehow to live, to grow in grace, to serve God, and to prepare for Heaven, without the church or the pastor catering for their amusement, or cultivating a taste for dramatic entertainment; and we venture to affirm that they were not less happy in their hearts than those professors who find a pleasure in comic songs and theatrical representations, but who never attend a prayer-meeting, and vote a sermon of forty minutes a bore, however good it may be!

Mr. Heywood was very careful in his preparation for his Sunday sermons, and was a great reader, having free access to the library of the Duke of Grafton. His sound learning, classic wit, and inflexible patriotism induced his other noble friend, Earl Temple, to spend much time in his company.

On the accession of George III., the London ministers, with some from the country, presented to the king an address of congratulation. When Mr. Heywood entered the palace, he caught sight of his friend, Earl Temple, who immediately entered into conversation with him. The London ministers, who were annoyed when they saw their eccentric country brother enter the room at Dr. Williams' Library, where they assembled, were still more chagrined when they found that the despised rustic was the only one of the company who had a friend at Court.

While Mr. Heywood was in conversation with Earl Temple, the deputation had approached the throne, delivered their address, kissed hands, and were in the act of returning, when the earl suggested to his companion that he should not miss the opportunity he came to enjoy. Passing by his brethren, therefore, as they were returning, he called out to the king as he descended from the throne, "Stop, please your majesty, stop! I have come all the way from Potterspurty to kiss your majesty's hand, and I hope I shall be allowed the honour." The king turned round and presented his hand, and Mr. Heywood gave it two or three hearty kisses, adding, "God bless your majesty! and I hope you will make a good king."

Mr. Heywood was long unhappy because he had acted unwisely in his marriage relation. For twenty-eight years, he bore his wife's violence and selfishness; but at length God heard his prayers for her conversion, and he had the happiness of receiving her into the church. The conditions of pastoral work in Nonconformist circles have greatly changed since Mr. Heywood's time, especially in towns; but the gospel, as faithfully and fully preached by men sent of God, is none the less adapted to the needs of people of all classes. There are a great many agencies accessory to the main work of preaching Christ, and sometimes, it is to be feared, the accessory agencies almost overshadow that which should ever be first and central. Wherever this is the case, it is a calamity; moreover, in the incessant cry for work and the activities of workers, we must never forget *life and living*, or there will be no fitness for working, and little if any permanent good result.

Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Bengali.

OUR readers have learned, from time to time, by Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes", that Mr. Robert Spurgeon, one of our Baptist missionaries in Barisaul, Bengal, has been superintending the translation of some of his dear cousin C. H. SPURGEON'S Sermons into Bengali. Seven were completed before he started for his present furlough in England, and most of the 8,500 copies printed are already in circulation. Our friend, while in India, sent a number of the Sermons by post to the principal men of the wide district of Backergunge. Among them was a Zemindar (landlord), an old man, who has a son at school, where he has learned sufficient English to be able to write the following letter. We give it *verbatim*, except that we have inserted in brackets translations of the Bengali portions of the youth's writing, first, because our printers are not acquainted with that language, and next because the bulk of our readers would not understand the mysterious characters if we were able to print them.

"Dear Sir,

"I am coming to you as an unknown youth. I hope that your kind heart will not fail to recognize me as a dear friend. The three pamphlets ['The Faithful Saying,' 'Jesus—name all blessing,' and 'Jesus the Judge,'] which you have sent to my father, was given to me to read it to him; because he is now an old man of 70 years, and his eye-sight is not better.

"First, I read your ['Faithful Saying,'] only to perform my father's word. But when I met the sentence, ['When a sinner comes to Jesus, he need not look back again, he receives salvation as a gift,'] my mind and heart gathering themselves gave me a fresh mind, and I heartily met with the sentences, ['Jesus longs to save the sinner and penitent.' 'There is life for a look at the Crucified One.']

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

"Nearly all the sentences I met with my heart; and so I read all your pamphlets. The word ['salvation'] which I read in ['The Faithful Saying,'] often strikes my soul.

"Sir, I often wish to read some religious book, but unfortunately I have no religious treatise. Even I have no Bible. I hope that your kind heart will not fail to send me some religious book."

"Yours truly,"

"_____."

In sending the letter, Mr. Robert Spurgeon writes:—"This will give an indication of how the Sermons are working upon the hearts of intelligent Bengalis. Probably hundreds have thus been already awakened. Evangelists especially are helped in presenting the truth by reading them."

Will you, dear reader, pray for a blessing on all the copies of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in Bengali and in every other language into which they have been translated?

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

XXIX. REV. ROBERT SPURGEON, OF BARISAUL, BENGAL, INDIA.



NO series of sketches of “Our Own Men” could pretend to be complete if it did not contain a fair proportion of those called to serve and preach Christ in a foreign land; and no one of our brethren could represent the numerous company in “the regions beyond” better than the one who was the *first* to leave our College for the foreign field in connection with our own Baptist Missionary Society.

Writing to Dr. Underhill, in 1873, concerning Mr.

ROBERT SPURGEON, our late beloved President said:—“He is a relative of mine, but that makes him neither better nor worse.” Certainly, not worse; but what is the exact relationship? The grandfather of C. H. S., and the grandfather of R. S. were brothers; the former, as everybody knows, the Rev. James Spurgeon, of Stambourne, and the latter, Mr. William Spurgeon, a farmer, or rather a yeoman, of Halstead, both in the county of Essex. Grandfather William Spurgeon married a Miss Church, who was also related by marriage to Dr. Rippon; and the father of Mr. Robert Spurgeon was named after her, Stephen Church Spurgeon.

He was in business in Halstead as a cabinet maker and house agent, and gradually the house agency absorbed the greater part of his time. The first great grief that befell the family was the removal of the father, who died on August 3rd, 1858, leaving a widow and 9 children, 4 boys and 5 girls,—five of them quite unprovided for. Of these, Robert, or “Bobbie,” as he was generally called, was the youngest but one, and he was born on May 17th, 1850. The house agency was continued in the interest of the family by an older brother, Joseph, whom Bobbie often accompanied in his rent-collecting rounds, and many were the requests that the little lad would read the Bible to the aged cottagers. He received his early education at the British School, at Halstead; and on Sundays attended the Sunday-school at the Congregational Church, now under the pastoral care of the Rev. S. Parkinson; and of which his father had been for many years a member. The earnest efforts of his teacher, Mr. J. G. Shorwin, who is now the leader of a Young Men’s Class, at Leytonstone, often led to concern about his spiritual condition; a concern which once resulted in his crying himself to sleep. How often the young remain in darkness, through their timid shrinking from any revelation of these inward experiences!

When between fourteen and fifteen years of age, young Spurgeon was sent to Mildenhall, to learn the mystery of a draper's business. There he made his first real acquaintance with the Baptists; and the Sundays were rendered particularly bright by invitations to the house of Mr. Ridley, a well-known Baptist of the town. His brother Joseph having removed to London, and settled at Hammersmith, Robert followed, at the expiration of his apprenticeship. He always spent the week-end with his brother and sister-in-law, worshipping with them at West End Chapel, then the scene of the labours of the Rev. Philip Bailhache. It was during these visits, through the tender, loving, and patient efforts of his sister-in-law, that he was led to realize fully and deeply his lost condition, and ultimately to find peace through the "redemption which is in Christ Jesus." He was much aided at this season by a little book, given to him by his brother's wife, entitled, *The Blood of Jesus*, written by the Rev. W. Reid, M.A., the preface of which he found particularly helpful; and the volume is greatly prized by him to this day. Like his great namesake, he was the first of his family to see the truth concerning the baptism of believers; and like him, he not only saw, but obeyed; being baptized, at the age of seventeen, by Mr. Bailhache at West End Chapel at the end of 1867.

Knowledge of the blessings of salvation was speedily followed by desire, and effort also, to make Christ known. The young believer realized that,—

"God doth with us as we with torches do;"

and his first efforts were made as he walked from Regent Street, his place of business, to his brother's house, by distributing tracts, and speaking for the Master as opportunity offered. From Regent Street he removed to a house of business in the Clapham Road, where two other young men only were employed; and while here, his brother's household removed from Hammersmith, and joined the church now worshipping at the East London Tabernacle. During his stay at Clapham, our brother, Robert Spurgeon, experienced a deep solicitude to see some result from his Christian labour; and offered one special prayer, that, before his next birthday, he might win some soul to Christ. One Sunday,—the night before his birthday,—one of his fellow-assistants, who had imbibed infidel notions, took the opportunity which the supper table afforded of assailing his faith by questions and difficulties, that he might put the young disciple to shame in the presence of his companions. With a Nehemiah cry for assistance, he answered both for himself and for his Lord; and as the meal ended, his other fellow-assistant whispered to him, "May I come to your room?" The testimony, simply and earnestly given, had touched "Ted's" heart; and ere the night closed, he rejoiced as he rested on Christ's word, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out;" and Robert Spurgeon rejoiced in this first seal to his personal ministry for the Lord Jesus.

His continued visits to his brother's house brought him into contact with Pastor Archibald G. Brown, and the church at the Stepney Green Tabernacle; and his business hours made it possible for him to be

present at the Saturday night prayer-meeting,—an institution known and valued far and wide. Here he often took part; and was eventually transferred from Hammersmith to the Stepney Green Tabernacle Church, joining, at the same time, the Young Men's Bible-class. When Mr. Brown commenced the work at "Faith" Mission Hall, in a turning out of the Cambridge Road, and asked for volunteer workers, Mr. Robert Spurgeon, and the young lady, Miss Emily Lawton, then unknown to him, but who afterwards became his wife, were among the first to offer themselves for service, which included teaching in the Sunday-school and open-air preaching. Our friend's call to this latter work received the Divine vindication in at least one soul won for Jesus under the shade of Stepney Green Churchyard; and both the training, and the results following, may be traced in the years of service and success which God has graciously given in the plains of Bengal.

A sermon by Mr. Brown on, "Whom shall I send?" awakened a deep interest in foreign missions; though a talk with the preacher, afterwards, considerably damped the enquirer's spirits, and created some natural hesitation. But sometime later, Mr. Brown, on his own initiation, mentioned his young worker to "the Guv'nor", and obtained application papers with a view to his admission to the Pastors' College. These papers were produced by Mr. Brown at the close of one of the Saturday evening prayer-meetings; and an arrangement was made for the preaching of a "trial" sermon at the Mission Hall. The text chosen for this discourse was characteristic of the settled desire of the young preacher's heart: "That I might by all means save some." In due course, Mr. Spurgeon entered the College with a small batch of men, after the Christmas vacation in 1871, with the definite object of preparing for foreign missionary work. On two memorable occasions, he and Miss Lawton had heard the great preacher, at the great Tabernacle, preach with such power on service for Christ and its proper motive, that they felt themselves held, fastened as "with cords to the horns of the altar," for such service as the Master might appoint; though Africa was then their chosen sphere. At that time, however, both the President and the College were far away, even in thought, nor was an introduction even contemplated.

Robert Spurgeon was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society on Nov. 6th, 1873; and as there was no opening in Africa,—the Congo being then unknown,—he yielded to the suggestion of the Committee, that they should locate him; and five men being needed for India, he was appointed to that field. On leaving College, he was the recipient of a fine present of books, the gift of his fellow-students, and a farewell meeting was held at the East London Tabernacle, when addresses were given by Mr. Brown, Dr. Underhill, and a fellow-student, Pastor W. Townsend, now of Wandsworth. Mr. Spurgeon reached India on March 19th, 1874, and was located at Sewry, for the usual 2 years, to master the language; though he preached his first Bengali sermon 10 months after his arrival. Prior to that even he had practised frequently in the Bazar with native evangelists, and had conversed on the one theme in the highways, as soon as he was able to put native words together.

Miss Lawton arrived in India the same day as the Prince of Wales landed,—December 23rd, 1875, and four days after, she and Mr. Robert Spurgeon were married by the Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A., LL.D., at Lall Bazar Chapel, Calcutta. On the second of February, 1876, the young couple began their united mission work at Jessore, where Mr. Spurgeon had the joy of baptizing his first converts from heathenism, and of beholding the beginning of the blessing among the Mohammedans, which has since attained such large proportions. After three years' labour, the missionaries were so weakened by fever that they were compelled to choose between removing to a new district or returning to England. The former was the course chosen, and they moved, in January, 1879, to Dacca, the city of colleges, the Athens of Eastern Bengal, and the capital city of that part of India. Here the work included the care of the native church in the city, Bazar preaching daily to crowds of people, itinerating in the district, and the charge of the Comillah stations, now under the care of the Australian Baptists. At the end of 1880, after nearly two years' service at Dacca, Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon were removed to Barisaul. That has since been the scene and centre of their labours, and for that the other spheres had been largely preparatory. "The Guv'nor" used often to say, "Don't be a minister *if you can help it*;" and in the consolidation of the native Christian churches, organization of new ones, training of native workers and pastors, and especially in endeavouring to promote independence of European assistance among the native churches, Robert Spurgeon has found the particular work he was *made to do*, and in which, in spite of all the many claims of a large family, he has been ably seconded by his wife, the guide, counsellor, and friend of many a native woman in that district. They come to "Mem Sahib" even to have their teeth drawn!

Barisaul is a watery district, so the *Zillah*, a steel boat, 50 feet long, with a small cook-room, saloon, and sleeping-cabin for two, becomes not only conveyance, but home, for many months in the year; indeed, on one occasion, the missionary spent 106 days on board without a break. The little vessel is propelled by oars, or sails; and where towing paths have been made by the Government, of course the tow-rope is used, other methods being avoided to prevent possible damage to the rice-fields over which they pass.

The number of native Christians in the district of Backergungo is now nearly 7,000; and were all collected in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the building would be crowded like that house in which Christ spoke, when the four bearers brought the palsied man, and there was no room even about the door. These converts provide plenty of labour for heart, hand, and voice; while the district included contains some 2½ millions of people needing to be evangelized.

Though India is now an "old" field, the work is not free either from difficulty or danger, or devoid of romance, as the record of any single day's work would show. The unfriendly and unchristian plans of the S.P.G., for which they are rebuked even by the secular press, are at the present time causing much uneasiness, on account of the mischief likely to accrue, rather to the cause of Christ than even to the Baptist

Mission. Just now, that Society is boasting that it hopes to take away some "1,500 from the Baptist sect in the district"; and through the influence of the unworthy and disaffected, as well as by the offer of considerably larger payment than is allowed by our missionaries for the same work, some mischief has already resulted.

While at home on furlough, in 1884, plans were laid before the Committee of the Society for the enlargement of the base of operations; with the result that four Stations nearly equi-distant from Barisaul were planned for occupation, one each on the North, South, East, and West. Of these, two only—for want of the sinews of work,—have as yet been occupied; Pirozepore in the West, and Madaripore in the North.

The land for the latter was secured in 1886, after a dozen or more visits, and extreme difficulty, owing to the wicked and cruel conduct of some white men,—conduct so unjust, that the natives declared they would "rather commit murder than have Europeans among them." In spite of this hindrance, the mission-house was commenced; but after some little progress had been made, all work was stopped by a cholera epidemic, which struck down eleven of the men, and killed five of them. The work of attending to these, in addition to the strain of being architect, contractor, and builder of the mission-station, proved too much even for Mr. Spurgeon's strength; and he, too, succumbed to an attack of the cholera, and, alas! the chlorodyne was all used! However, in answer to the earnest cry of some native Christians, their leader was saved from the grave he had selected, and with some returning strength had, almost single-handed, to destroy the huts, committing them to the flames, and to hold possession of the partially-erected premises until the natives had recovered from the scare sufficiently to resume work. The next difficulty was to obtain land and houses for the evangelists; but, finally, premises were offered by a native "who wanted to get away from the Europeans," and was therefore eager to sell. After careful examination of the title and rent receipts, and proper transfer of the property, these were secured. Then it seemed opportune for the missionary to return to Barisaul, to complete the recovery, and regain strength, shattered by the cholera; but his plans were frustrated by tidings that the new premises were looted by some thirty of the natives, and the new mission-house, still unfinished, was in imminent danger. Mr. Spurgeon hastily returned, to find that the two houses he had purchased had been removed, and that the police had apprehended the two ringleaders. They were men of considerable standing among their Mohammedan co-religionists, and the missionary was alone amid an excited people, and only too well aware that, in another district, a similar difficulty had culminated in the murder of the European in open day! Earnest appeals were made to Mr. Spurgeon for forgiveness, both by the culprits and their friends, and this was readily promised, on the condition that the houses should be restored and re-erected in their old positions. This stipulation, however, was rejected, and a fictitious claim was made to the property on the ground of arrears of rent. The penalty for this offence was two years' imprisonment, and it was needful to be somewhat strict for the sake of future security; while the police

advised that there were special reasons why they wished the case to proceed. Mr. Spurgeon's walk to the Court, through excited groups of Mohammedans, was happily uninterrupted, and he was accommodated with a seat close by the native magistrate. The case was clear, and the proofs ample, alike as to the offence, and the rottenness of the pleaded defence, and both the men were found guilty. Then the missionary mercifully interceded for the culprits, and the magistrate, having pointed out the seriousness of their crime, and the severity of the punishment it merited, added that owing to Mr. Spurgeon's request for a lenient sentence, he would order the restoration of the buildings to their former positions, and impose a fine of 30 rupees each, and 15 rupees costs.

The excitement after the trial boded ill for the comfort of the missionary and his wife, who had now joined him; and they had to take turns in watching at night for any sign of an attempt to fire the mission-buildings. The excitement, however, happily subsided, and it was ultimately discovered that the verdict had given general satisfaction; while, to-day, the ringleader at the looting is glad to count himself one of Mr. Spurgeon's friends.

The building erected under such trying circumstances became the great wonder and admiration of the neighbourhood; and natives of all classes journey for miles in their boats to gaze upon it, and to examine it in detail. A banner, the whole length of the bungalow, bore the inscription, "Jesus Christ is Saviour. Jesus Christ is Lord;" so that passers-by on the river could read in their own tongue the message of the gospel, even if they did not land, and take away with them the printed page in their hands, or the preached word in their memories.

Although considerably shaken in health, Mr. Spurgeon held on until February, 1889, when he returned to England. So anxious were the native Christians for his restoration, that they proposed to raise the needful expenditure for his voyage home. After a short furlough, Mr. Spurgeon resumed his much-loved work, in November of the same year.

It might seem hardly possible that, among the many duties that fill up such a busy missionary's days, space should be found for literary work; but Mr. Spurgeon has found time to "throw the inkstand at the devil," both by the writing of tracts and commentaries, and by superintending the translation and publishing in Bengali of Sermons by our late leader. On the title-page of each of the seven Sermons already issued, the great preacher is described as "(The) Heaven-gone Mahatma Spurgeon Sahib." Theosophists misuse the word of which they pretend such special knowledge, for the etymology of it gives the meaning of "great-souled"—magnanimous, noble; and it has nothing in it so uncanny as they teach. By the translation of the Sermons into Bengali,—a language spoken by 41 millions of people,—our beloved President speaks in a language he never learnt while on earth. Truly, his congregation still reaches from the front pews in the Tabernacle to the bush of Australia, the Rocky Mountains, and the plains of India!

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon have recently returned from India with

their eldest daughter and youngest children, joining the other members of the family who have been staying in England for education; and they have settled again for the space of their furlough in Leytonstone, near the brother and sister-in-law to whom they are so sincerely attached. They are also honoured members of the church at Leytonstone, where the brother and his wife have for many years been valued members and successful workers. Friends up and down the country will be glad to greet them once again, and will continue to pray that God's blessing may rest yet more largely upon work which has proved our Brother Robert Spurgeon to be a pattern missionary of the cross.

JOHN BRADFORD.

Climbing the Greasy Pole.

A REAL old "salt" was my ancient sailor friend, Mr. Squibb. How he came by such a name as Squibb, I never could tell; certainly he was not like one in appearance, or in temper; but he was a calm, deliberate old man, with a face as open as the day, and behaviour like that of a real gentleman. Like most sailors, he was passionately fond of telling a tale, or "spinning a yarn," as he called it; and some of us landmen would stand or sit patiently while he "paid out" what had long been coiled up in his very retentive memory. Squibb was a pensioner from the coast-guard service, and lived during his latter years in the South of England. One day, some of us asked for a yarn, and in response the old man gave us the following story:—

"My days are getting short, and I often pray that God may forgive me for taunting and baffling the best woman that ever lived. She was a member of a little chapel when I was on active service in Scotland, and from the day of her conversion she used to pray aloud, especially at bed-time. Often have I listened to the dear soul as she prayed for her careless, hardened husband. It seemed to me as though she could not keep a secret from God, but she must make a *clear deck* of all the day, and not one of her own faults or mine was allowed to pass into the darkness of night without its being told to God.

"This made me always very restless and at times very angry; and one night, after she had prayed, I said to her, 'Missus, you put me in mind of a man climbing a greasy pole, for in the morning you say, "Lord, help me up!" and at night you say, "Here I am down again;" if I were you, I would get a better religion.'

"Ah, Squibb!' was her meek reply, 'may God help you to climb the greasy pole, too!'

"One day, I had been very cross with her, and had tried her sorely; but, as I was leaving home to go my night rounds, in her kindest manner she said, 'May the Lord, our Saviour, take care of you, and bring you home in safety!' My heart—hard as it was,—was touched, and more than once I looked back, wishing I could call back the hard words of the day.

"My beat, that night, lay along a cliff; in fact, the path was in places close to the cliff; and the night was a fearfully dark one, so that I had to be careful how I walked. Darker still was my heart, and oh, what a load rested upon my spirit! I had reached a lonely spot where not a soul could see or hear me, and I was at least half-a-mile from the place where I had to meet the next man. I could go no further; my sins pressed me sorely, my unkindness pained me greatly, and I sank on my knees, and cried out in the bitterness of my soul, 'Lord, save me! I am a bad man.' How long I stayed there, I cannot tell; but all at once it seemed as though *God spoke to my very heart*, and told me that my sins were all put behind His back. So great was my joy that I wept, and shouted, 'Praise the Lord, O my soul!'

"I was now in a fix; my eyes were dim with tears, and I could not tell on which side of me the cliff was, nor could I guess my proper direction. After crawling about a little, I found the edge, and then started on my road. I was late when I reached the place of meeting, and the other man shouted, 'Have you met anyone on the way, that you are so late?' 'Yes,' was my ready reply, 'I met the Lord Jesus on the way, and He has pardoned all my sins.'

"'What, Squibb! have you gone leaky, or what is up with you? Not gone mad, I hope?'

"'No, no, mate,' said I, '*I have been mad*, but I am better now, and Jesus has made me glad.'

"We did our business, and I left for my return journey. Oh, how light my heart was! I could have *danced* for joy. It was long past midnight when I reached my home, and there, as usual, I found my coffee all hot, near to a fire, and my supper set in order, but, of course, the 'mate' had gone to bed. I ate my food, read my Bible, as I had never read it before, and then went to the bedroom. I thought the wife was asleep, and therefore very quietly I knelt by the bedside to pray. Scarcely had I begun to pray, when I heard a movement, and a hand was laid upon my head, and a voice, half choked with emotion, said, '*Praise the Lord, my dear husband has begun to climb the greasy pole.*'

"'Ah!' said I, 'you have had to climb alone for a long while; and thank God that you kept on! No wonder if you slipped down a little; but, by God's grace, we will help each other to climb up, and if I begin to slip down, just you give me a push.'

"Ah, mates! I thought that being religious was like climbing a greasy pole; but it is not. Well, to cut my yarn short, my 'mate' and I helped each other all we could; but there was something still not quite right, so we read the Scriptures to see if we had got all we might have. At last, we came to see that we must let Jesus be *Captain, Pilot, Charter-master, Broker*, in fact, *Look-out Watchman, and everything*; and we found that it was not necessary to slip and slide about at all, but that we had just to rest, and trust, and let the Lord take the whole of our affairs into His own hands. I often thank God for a good wife, one who prayed for me, and who did not give up her religion, even when I said that it was only like *climbing a greasy pole.*'

Dear old Squibb passed away a few years ago. His last days were full of light, and he was always telling people to pray on and hope ever.

Have you, dear Christian woman, a careless, hard-hearted husband? Then live a simple, restful, trustful life, and bear up, for you may yet win a soul that is very dear to you, as old Squibb's "mate" did.

Dear reader, have you found peace with God? Squibb found it in a lonely place, when he was all by himself, with no one near save *Jesus only*. Have you ever led another to wonder at you, as the other coastguard wondered at Squibb? Best of all, have you ever helped a wife or sister to climb Heavenward? Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and do it at once; then you will begin a life of praying and praising which will lead you at last to God's right hand in glory. I wish you could say from your heart a verse which I have often heard my dear old friend Squibb sing from his very soul,—

"Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Sunderland.

GEORGE WILSON.

Red Flannel or "Red-jackets."

WHEN preaching the gospel, Mr. Leedham would sometimes tell of how the people of Epworth and district were alarmed when Napoleon was threatening to invade England, and particularly of one occasion when the rumour was brought to them that the French had landed on the Lincolnshire coast, and were rapidly making their way inland. Flax was then much grown in the neighbourhood, and it was cut and "stooked" in the fields at the time this rumour reached them. The people in their alarm got together all the red flannel and cloth they could, and stretched it across the "stooks", to give the expected enemy on their approach the impression that Epworth was protected by British "red-jackets." This story he was told by his mother; and he would say it was like the fig-leaf aprons of Adam and Eve; like the religious profession of many people; it was a false condition that would not stand the test. At the very time, too, that the Epworth people were thus concerned as to the supposed approach of the invader, and while their horses were yoked to the waggons ready for flight if needed,—the war had come to an end, and *peace had been signed!* That good news had not yet reached them. So (G. L. would say) peace is now proclaimed, through the blood of Christ, for whosoever believeth, and yet there are countless numbers of people who will go on relying on their fig-leaf apron of self-righteousness, endeavouring "to make their peace with God," disregarding the fact that peace has been made, and that God can and does righteously forgive all who come unto Him through Christ Jesus.—From "*Recollections of the late Mr. George Leedham, of Rotherham.*"

An Icelandic Funeral.

VICTORIA, British Columbia, though largely consisting of English people, has a very mixed population. It is truly cosmopolitan, for the inhabitants of the ends of the earth are there drawn together. The list of nationalities given in the 2nd chapter of the Acts of the Apostles as present at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, might be somewhat revised (to suit modern geography and topography), and applied to this city. Oh, that these people from many lands might be visited with the Pentecostal power!

There are in the city no fewer than 2,000 Chinese. They dress and live exactly as in their own land, and a district, known as China-town, is exclusively devoted to their use. There is also an Indian reservation, where may be seen many representatives of the noble race which has, to our shame be it said, degenerated through contact with the British, and is rapidly becoming extinct. There are several families of "coloured" people, also a number of Italians, and, as in every important centre of commerce, the keen-witted Hebrews are to be found. There are, within the city borders, Russians, Danes, Norwegians, Greeks, Dutch, Germans, French,—I might add, almost in Scriptural phraseology, "men" (few, alas! "devout") "out of every nation under heaven."

Among the most intelligent, industrious, and respectable of the colonists are the Icelanders. They are chiefly engaged as carpenters, and are highly esteemed as useful citizens. Many of them can speak but little English. They are of the Lutheran faith. While I was living in Victoria, they built a small church, in which they might worship God in their own fashion. They had no regular minister, but one of their number, himself a working-man, conducted the services. For a while, their house of prayer remained unfinished for want of funds, and I suggested to some of my members that it would be a neighbourly action to give them a helping hand. In response to my appeal, a considerable sum was contributed, which I had the joy of handing over to their leader.

On one occasion, I was asked to bury a child belonging to one of these Icelanders. On the Sabbath afternoon, I wended my way to the little shanty upon which the shadow of death rested. There were only two rooms in the humble dwelling, but they were quite neat and clean. In one, upon a table, lay a tiny coffin, and inscribed upon its lid were the words, "OUR DARLING." He was, indeed, the darling of that home; for he was its only child.

As I sat in that still chamber, the old truth of the universal reign of death came with fresh force to my soul. Men may vary in dress, and speech, and habits; but they are all alike subject to mortality. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." It was likewise impressed anew upon me that the human heart is the same everywhere, whatever outward differences may exist; it suffers the same pangs, and knows the same bitterness. "One touch of nature

makes the whole world kin," and I sympathised with the strangers' sorrow as I stood in the presence of those weeping parents.

I read two or three sublime passages from our English Bible, and offered a few words of fervent prayer. Though I was conscious of the fact that those around me could understand but little of what I said, yet I was sustained by the reflection that God is able to speak His comfort in every language. Before leaving the house, the Icelanders, according to their custom on such solemn occasions, sang a hymn to a plaintive tune. As we afterwards gathered around the open grave, it seemed to me as if nature itself was in sympathy with the sorrow of these exiles. Everything tended to remind them of their own dear island home. The weather was quite unusual for that genial climate; the air was keen and biting, the ground was hard with frost, and the whole landscape was white with snow. I again read glorious words of triumph from the Book of God, and once more prayed that the bereaved ones might be comforted, and that we might all be ready whenever the summons for us should come.

According to the usual custom of the Icelanders, we all stood around, with bared heads, till the grave was completely filled in; then we turned away, and, I trust, "with tranquil and submissive hearts, we left the child with God." I hope to meet that dear infant again among the great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, who stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and who in blessed harmony unite in the great chorus of praise, "Salvation to our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb."

C. W. TOWNSEND.

The Old Fire Wanted.

WE are disposed to think that the Methodist pulpit is suffering more from lack of originality, of force and enthusiasm, than from lack of education. It must be confessed that *fervour* is not an outstanding feature in Methodist preaching to-day. "Coolness of intellectual survey," says the *Sword and Trowel*, "seems now the Methodistic ideal,—formerly it was *fire*." There is only too much truth in this criticism. The ministers are largely responsible for the change, but the new fashion has certainly affected local preachers also. Sermon-reading is spreading on every hand, and as it spreads congregations decrease, and as congregations decrease all kinds of more or less sanctified "dodges" are resorted to. If it be possible let us have more training, but by all means let us have more *fire*—the baptism of fire.—From "*The Preacher's Magazine*" (Edited by Mark Guy Pearse and Arthur E. Gregory).

A Song in Praise of Jesus.

“And they sing as it were a new song before the throne.”—Rev. xiv. 3. (R.V.)

“And they sing a new song, saying, Worthy art Thou to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God with Thy blood men of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests; and they reign upon the earth.”—Rev. v. 9, 10. (R.V.)

I. WHAT IS THE SONG?

1. It is new: “a new song.” To the pardoned sinner everything is new,—

New Nature . . .	2 Cor. v. 17.
New Way . . .	Heb. x. 20.
New Heart . . .	Ezek. xxxvi. 26.
New Food . . .	1 Pet. ii. 2.
New Mercies . . .	Lam. iii. 23.
New Song . . .	Psa. xl. 3.
2. It is old: “*as it were* a new song.” It is new to each redeemed one, and sung with new emotions and new emphasis; it is old, yet ever new.
3. It is composed by God Zeph. iii. 17; Psa. xl. 3.
4. It is composed in honour of a special event Luke xv. 7, 10, 24; Isa. lxxv. 14.
5. It is all about Jesus Rev. i. 5, 6; v. 9; vii. 10; xv. 3.
6. Only the redeemed can learn it Rev. xiv. 3.
7. They never tire of it Psa. cxlv. 2; cxlvi. 2.

II. WHO ARE THE SINGERS?

All the redeemed out of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, Rev. vii. 9.

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|---|---|--|
| 1. The Young Psa. viii. 2; Matt. xxi. 15, 16. | } | all saved
by
sovereign
grace. |
| 2. The Middle-aged. . . . Psa. lix. 16, 17. | | |
| 3. The Old Psa. lxxi. 9, 18; Isa. xlvi. 4. | | |
| 4. The Poor Matt. xi. 5; Psa. xl. 17. | | |
| 5. The Rich & Noble 1 Cor. i. 26. | | |
| 6. The Ignorant Matt. xi. 25. | | |
| 7. The Outcast John ix. 35; Isa. xxvii. 13. | | |

III. WHY DO THEY SING?

1. Because of His great love wherewith He loved them Eph. ii. 4.
2. Because in His love and pity He redeemed them Isa. lxiii. 9.
3. Because they have gained the victory by His blood Rev. xii. 11.
4. Because they are with Him Phil. i. 23; Rev. xvii. 14; 1 Thess. iv. 17.
5. Because Jesus is worthy Rev. iv. 11; v. 12, 13.

J. D. GILMORE.

Brannoxstown, Ireland.

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

THIS month (March) ends the twelfth year during which I have had the privilege and the honour to be employed, from 5 to 7 a.m., on week-days, and from 7.30 to 10.30 on Sabbath mornings, in promoting the benefit of mankind by distributing in house letter-boxes, "Extracts from the Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon," published by the Religious Tract Society, and "Spurgeon's Illustrated Tracts," published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. This is also the seventh year of my distributing the Cards entitled, "Jesus Saves Now," and, on the reverse side, "Trust Jesus" (referred to in my former Reports), mostly to working-men on the streets while proceeding to their employments between 5 and 7 a.m. Few are the refusals from the men when they are approached in a respectful and quiet manner, with friendly words of greeting; and the Sermons, Illustrated Tracts, and Cards, probably remind some of them of better days, when they attended Sabbath-schools, read the Bible, joined in family worship, remembered to keep holy the Lord's-day, frequented the House of God, and possibly were even communicants in Christian churches.

To be constantly endeavouring to contribute to the happiness of all around us, tends greatly to promote one's own spiritual well-being; and the Scriptures teach us that the Lord accepts such service: "To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Hebrews xiii. 16). All Christ's disciples, however, cannot render exactly the same kind of service for their Lord, or obey the above injunction precisely in the same way. Each one has some special department of Christian work, differing from the rest of his brethren; and each worker needs suitable qualifications to fit him for his personal service, in order that he may do it heartily, zealously, and efficiently. For example, the distributor of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons in house letter-boxes, and Cards to working-men on the streets, in the early and oftentimes dark morning hours, needs to be possessed of prudence, discretion, and a measure of sanctified common-sense; and, above all, he needs the guidance and protection of God; but the promise is sure: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs iii. 6).

The number of the Sermons distributed, one by one, in house letter-boxes during the last twelve years was 315,300; and of the Cards, during the last (nearly) seven years, 73,000. In this way, thousands of people, who have few facilities or little taste for reading books of theology, have received sufficient information to enable them, by God's blessing, to see and feel the distinctive truths of the blessed gospel of the grace of God, which transforms the heart, elevates the mind, and instructs the understanding. How many of the recipients have availed themselves of the blessings of salvation and eternal peace, made known to them by means of these messengers of mercy, how many have received the gospel into their hearts, I do not know; but though many endeavours to be useful terminate in disappointment, this ought not to be a discouragement; for one cannot tell which Sermon, or Card, or word spoken in love, God may be pleased to bless; or whether they may not all be used to His glory, for the Lord oftentimes works in ways of which we are not aware.

To one's self, at least, every labour of love for others, for the Lord's sake, must in some way prove advantageous, and tend to make the present life more enjoyable; and, should any readers of these lines be troubled with *dyspepsia*, *melancholia*, or *ennui*, I may be permitted to suggest that a one, two, or three hours' daily distribution of Spurgeon's Sermons, would probably be rewarded by an alleviation, if not, indeed, by a radical cure of those undesirable ailments. Some physical complaints are wholly imaginary; and I believe that many a doctor's bill might be reduced, if not

entirely prevented, by adopting the simple prescription I have ventured to recommend. The very best thing one can do in order to live a healthy and a happy life is, first of all, to be reconciled to God, and to receive from Him a new heart, and a right spirit; and then to be active in endeavouring to serve the highest interests of mankind.

A word regarding the origin of my distribution of the Cards entitled, "Jesus Saves Now," may serve to illustrate the workings of Divine Providence,—a wheel within a wheel (Ezekiel i. 16), and the methods by which God directs those endeavours and undertakings, which are entered on according to His will, with an aim to His glory, and in dependence on His assistance.

In the month of June, 1889, I occupied apartments for about a week at Southcoats, near Ardrossan, Scotland. On the sitting-room table stood a little basket, which contained one of the Cards; I read it with interest, noted the publishers' names (Messrs. Partridge & Co.), and, on my return to London, purchased some, and began to distribute them. I forget the name of the family I sojourned with at Southcoats, and they little imagine that the simple circumstance of exhibiting one of the Cards in the little basket on the sitting-room table has resulted in the distribution of 73,000 of them to as many persons, including some among English and American residents and travellers in Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, and France. But He who sees the end from the beginning overrules the most minute movements of all His creatures in subservience to His sovereign designs.

The last Annual Report I had the pleasure of handing to the late beloved Editor of *The Sword and the Trowel* was in the year 1891; and he favoured me with a note, dated April 4th, which contained these cheering sentences:—

"To your own heart your labours are productive, but you will not in this life see the broad acres which must come of such a sowing. Your sphere is a grand one, and your reward is sure."

These encouraging words of our glorified Pastor are applicable to all Christian workers, and specially to the friends at Brighton connected with the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society, who, I was glad to read, have nobly determined, if possible, to distribute *One Million copies of the Sermons during the present year*. The following incident may be an incentive to increased diligence in the work of distributing the Sermons, and a spur to Christian workers generally. One Sabbath morning, at the close of divine worship in the Tabernacle, I observed several men on the pavement outside busily occupied distributing tracts to the congregation as they were dispersing. Some peculiarity in the men's appearance and deportment induced me to ask two of them, "What are these?" "Oh, they are very good!" was the reply I received; and they handed me two of the tracts. On putting on my spectacles, however, I discovered them to be the reverse of good, for they were Roman Catholic tracts, full of the deadly, soul-destroying errors of Popery! As the enemy is so busy sowing tares, we ought to be even more earnest in scattering broadcast the good seed of the kingdom. I close this little Report with humble and hearty thanks to God for putting it into my mind, twelve years ago, to begin this method of serving His cause, and of spreading abroad a knowledge of His truth; and I shall be doubly thankful if my plain and unadorned narrative should lead many readers of the Magazine to "go and do likewise."

March 31st, 1896.

T. G. OWENS.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

The Christian Pictorial. Vol. VI.
Alexander and Shephard.

THIS admirable illustrated paper continues to fill the place it has made for itself among the ever-increasing number of religious weeklies. Its Editor has the courage to express his convictions on various matters of permanent or passing interest, its artists keep up a constant variety of illustrations, and its contributors supply interesting information about all manner of religious and philanthropic movements, special mention being made of the meetings of the Y.P.S.C.E. *The Christian Pictorial* is worthy of a place in every Christian home; the half-yearly volume, costing 4s. 6d., would adorn a drawing-room or library table, and be a constant source of pleasure and profit to its readers.

A Canny Countryside. By JOHN HORNE. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THOUGH no other book is mentioned on the title-page, we think we have met the author of *A Canny Countryside* before now in the literary world, and we expect to see more of his work, for he is a man who can write. His style is somewhat quaint and rugged, and for that reason is the more appropriate to descriptions of the fisher-folk of the far North of Scotland, who appear here to be sketched from life. The people are almost as rough as their own sea-riven rocks; but they are by no means devoid of humour, though their fun full often inclines towards coarseness, both in conduct and speech, and the whisky bottle is far too much in evidence. There are several very amusing incidents in the book—e.g., baffling the exciseman; reckoning up a precentor; courting a "man-hater" in jest, and then marrying her in earnest; "warming" the man who, coming from the grave of his first wife, asked a friend if he could recommend No. 2; and the taming of a husband, so that he was not known as Mr. Anderson, but "Babbie Dool's man."

The work has a pathetic as well as a humorous vein, and there are choice portions of which we should have welcomed many more chapters. "Jean, the village saint," and "The Elder's Exposition" of Luke ix. 28—36 show that "Knockdry" had in it gracious souls whose influence upon their neighbours was helpful and abiding.

The author calls his work "A Rustic Bouquet," and that is just what it is; yet here and there among the flowers we notice a poisonous weed, and we could have wished that the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon had been more fully diffused over the whole sweet posy.

A Primer of Roman Catholicism. By Rev. CHARLES H. H. WRIGHT, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

WE shall only be able to deal effectively with the hydra-headed monster of Popery as we come to something like an intelligent understanding of what Roman Catholicism really is. That needful information is here supplied from original and therefore reliable sources. This "Primer" is just the book to put into the hands of our young people to aid them in their search for truth on this momentous subject.

Hymns of the Early Church. By Rev. JOHN BROWNLIE. Nisbet & Co.

IT is scarcely possible to say too much in praise of these translations. They are, indeed, a treasure, and will stand the most critical tests of intellect or heart. Do not skip them, gentle reader; the more you dwell on them, the more you will drink in their sweetness.

Echoes and Pictures. By RICHARD H. THOMAS. Nisbet and Co.

A POETICAL work, dealing mainly with Scriptural incident, and evidently the product of a reverent heart. It is hard for mortals to frame immortal verses, and invariably to transcend

mere versification in poetry. As giving expression to gracious sentiment, these *Echoes and Pictures* are worthy of more than a passing notice.

The Non-Christian Cross. By T. D. PARSONS. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

AFTER reading this deeply-interesting volume, our one thought is, how strange that such a theme has not been so thoroughly and ably treated long before! It is to all students of religion a fascinating subject to trace the origin of the cross as a symbol before the Christian era; and here he will be splendidly aided and guided. Without adopting every opinion of the learned author, we are very grateful for the study and research that this modest little book reveals, and which will put all who read it under great obligation. We shall be surprised if it does not command a large sale and much interest, and possibly it may lead to discussion of its topic.

Uncle Pepperdew; or, The Mammon of Unrighteousness. By A. E. KNIGHT. Partridge and Co.

THIS capital little story may not give the best theological interpretation of Luke xvi. 9, but it affords a first-rate practical illustration of that difficult passage. How the crabbed old miser, whom the neighbours called, "Hug-money," became transformed into the generous "Dear Uncle John," must be gathered from the story itself.

A Memoir of William Knibb. By Mrs. JOHN JAMES SMITH. Alexander and Shephard.

WE are truly thankful that it was laid upon the heart of Mrs. Smith to write this memoir. Surely, this brave good missionary can never be forgotten by the older generation of Baptists; and if the younger generation should grow up ignorant of William Knibb, it will be a serious loss to them and to the sacred cause of foreign missions. Of course, this book must go into the Sunday-school library; and if teachers and scholars are wise, it will be in constant circulation.

The Story of David Livingstone, Weaver-boy, Missionary, Explorer. By B. K. GREGORY. Sunday School Union.

SOME "lives" cannot be written too often, and David Livingstone's is certainly one of these. All our boys and girls should be familiar with the story of this mighty man, who was one of the first to explore the Dark Continent, and to light up some of its densest darkness with the gospel of Jesus Christ. This latest volume of the "Splendid Lives Series" should be in every Sunday-school library in the land; its price is only a shilling.

Architects of Fate; or, Steps to Success and Power. By O. S. MARDEN. Nelson and Sons.

BRIGHT, breezy, and bracing as a seaside upland on a May day. An ideal book for a boy who wants to be all alive, and to live for some worthy purpose. The biographical examples here given are full of direction, encouragement, and stimulus, and will make young eyes flash and faces glow. There is not a dull page nor a sleepy paragraph from beginning to end. For the home, the Sunday-school library, or as a prize, no better volume for our growing youth could be found. To say that Messrs. Nelson are the publishers, is to guarantee its quality as a book both in type and binding. It is altogether to be desired, and will assuredly have a large sale.

Memorials of a Gracious Life, with the Diary and Letters of George Cowell. By his daughter, RUTH. W. H. and L. Collingridge.

THOSE who have known the departed brother, whose character and career are sketched in these pages with a tender hand, as well as those who in spiritual matters prefer "the old wine to the new", will give to this substantial volume a ready and hearty welcome. George Cowell, by his "Wayside Notes" and editorial work for *The Gospel Magazine*, as also by his frequent preaching of the Word, was a strengthener of many of Zion's pilgrims, and the messenger of salvation to not a few. His abounding

delight in the Sacred Scriptures was his most conspicuous trait; and to this, doubtless, is due the many-sided graciousness of his character and influence. "I reverence and love the Bible," he says, "because (1) it is to me a chart of directions, (2) a lamp, (3) a looking glass, (4) a fountain, and (5) my quiver. When the enemy sets in upon me, I can draw from my quiver such a passage as, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'"

These memorials abound with references to mighty men of God with whom the subject of this record was brought into contact, such for instance as Joseph Irons, C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Doudney, and many others, who nobly served their generation, and who being dead yet speak. The work is thus a repertory of valuable gleanings in connection with names that will for ever shine in the firmament of the just.

The Hero of Rufford. A True Tale.
By JAMES ALEX. MACDONALD.
Charles H. Kelly.

A BOOK that will doubtless interest many of our Wesleyan friends. It narrates the introduction of Methodism into Rufford, and the conversion of several who subsequently won for themselves a good degree in Christian service. The author, with slender material, has succeeded in producing a very readable volume by introducing a series of dissertations upon a variety of topics. Some charming views of Rufford and its canal greatly enhance the value of the work.

Jacob's Ladder, and how he Climbed it.
By Rev. W. GRIFFITHS, B.A.
Marshall Brothers.

DEVOTIONAL and practical studies of the life of the patriarch, with homely lessons for all the faithful. Clear, suggestive, and popular in style, the author leads the reader skilfully and pleasantly along the track of his teaching, and in the end leaves him enriched and strengthened in divine things. The all-pervading influence of the little volume is to lead to true holiness of character and life; it is a sweet and helpful book.

Thinking about it. By A. H. WALKER,
B.A. C. H. Kelly.

THESE "Thoughts on Religion for Young Men and Women" are admirably suited to those for whom they are intended, and will be of precious worth to all who will carefully read and ponder them. Whilst touching on the foundation truths of the spiritual life, it is done with such freshness and force that true novelty and attraction are the result. The divinely old becomes the perennially new under the touch of a mind and heart filled with desire to guide and help the growing manhood and womanhood of our time. The living Christ is the central figure all through the book, and He, being lifted up, will surely draw sinners unto Him. This work is just the very thing for enquiring and earnest young people.

The Great Problem of God. By Rev.
GEORGE JAMIESON, D.D. Elliot
Stook.

THOSE who wish to launch out into the deep of profoundest metaphysical study can hardly do better than follow Dr. Jamieson's discussion of *The Great Problem*. This amazingly original and abstruse production, while theological in its ultimate issue, proceeds entirely on scientific lines; and, judged as a philosophical work (and this is how we feel we must mainly judge of it), deserves to rank as one of the most remarkable books of the period. The author speaks modestly of himself as compared with Huxley, Hume, Hegel, and others,—the hollowness of whose reasoning he exposes,—but he has no need to do so; for *The Great Problem of God* certainly places the writer second to no philosophical name either of Europe or ancient Greece.

In saying this, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not endorse the method of dealing with certain theological questions which are considered principally, though not exclusively, in the appendix. But none the less, though we think this proviso necessary, do we warmly express our indebtedness to Dr. Jamieson for producing a work which, on intellectual and philosophical grounds,

is nothing short of a phenomenon, and which serves, in *scientific connections*, to place in a new light the solidity and charm of the Christian Faith.

Jesus Christ and the Present Age: being the Twenty-Fifth Fernley Lecture. By JAMES CHAPMAN. Charles H. Kelly.

THIS Lecture reflects with tolerable accuracy the new forms in which religious thought is now being cast with reference to Christ's relation to the Old Testament, the Fatherhood of God, Inspiration, Human Nature, &c. Thus, with respect to the last subject named, Professor Chapman draws from Mark x. 5 and Matthew xviii. 5 the inference that "Human nature has not to be fundamentally recast, but only corrected and developed, to practise the purest righteousness and enjoy the highest bliss" (p. 93). We might similarly illustrate, by quotation, the other points specified; but we deem this unnecessary. Professor Chapman writes with great sobriety of spirit, and many doubtless will appreciate conclusions from which we are compelled to dissent.

The Revelation given to St. John the Divine. By JOHN H. LATHAM, M.A., late Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. Elliot Stock.

THIS work is threefold, combining an original translation, which is given in portions, with critical notes and expository comments in successive order. The translation is worthy of all praise, and quite reproduces the

vividness and occasional ruggedness of the original. The critical notes are also undoubtedly good. It is only when we come to the expository comments that we feel somewhat at sea. This much, however, we can say, that the comments are discursive, and are the manifest outcome of a devout mind, of a reflective rather than logical order. As an interpreter, Mr. Latham is of the historic school; but his non-polemical spirit is an example which all prophetic schools might copy with advantage.

The Image of God, and other Sermons. By Rev. J. M. GIBBON.

THAT in many respects this is a volume of fine discourses, scarcely needs to be said; yet, after reading some of them, we cannot escape the feeling that the distinctive gospel note of salvation through the cross, and all that it represents, is too seldom heard in them. As a lofty moral teacher, insisting on elevated life and service, Mr. Gibbon is an enthusiast; but the emphasis is almost entirely there, to the exclusion of even more fundamental themes. Fine thinking, literary grace and skill, touches of poetry and pathos abound, and a freshness in putting things that makes it an intellectual pleasure to read: but there is one thing lacking, and all the rest cannot quite compensate for that omission. If only this could be included, it would make this able volume altogether good. We hope it may yet appear in any future works that the author may publish.

Notes.

FRIENDS often write to tell us of the blessing that still rests upon MR. SPURGEON'S PRINTED SERMONS, both in the regular weekly issue and also in the pages of the *Sword and Trowel*. Occasionally, also, our correspondents relate incidents that happened long ago, but which have a present interest to the many thousands of our readers who love the dear preacher as fervently as ever. Extracts from two letters recently received may be given as specimens of many others.

A Scotch friend writes:—"I often read about the great blessing of which the Lord

made Mr. Spurgeon the instrument. Unknown to him, there were thousands of cases which the great day alone will reveal. Let me just tell you of one instance; I often thought I would have liked to relate it to the preacher himself. I went into a bookseller's shop, to ask if he kept 'Spurgeon's Sermons.' I think I see the good man yet; when he handed me one, he asked me if I read them, and I told him that I always did. On putting the question to him, he said, with a smile, that he also read them, and that one of them was the means of his conversion. When he was a

lad, away in the Highlands, he read one that had been translated into Gaelic, 'Come and Welcome,' (No. 279,) and it was used by the Lord to bring him out of darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel. By his own energy, he gained sufficient education to go out to South America as a missionary; but his health gave way, so he returned home and opened a stationer's shop. He was an elder in the Free Church of Scotland. He never saw or heard Mr. Spurgeon, and he died about ten years ago. I have hardly ever known a more humble Christian, or one who better exemplified by his life what he believed. . . . The Lord has blessed the Sermons translated into Gaelic to the conversion of many souls."

A friend in Leicester mentions the conversion of a notorious drunkard, through Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, at Helensburgh, and then says:—"The first time Mr. Spurgeon preached in Leicester, our largest hall was crowded, and there were thousands of people in the streets seeking in vain to get in. A dear man of God was moved with pity for the multitudes, and begged Mr. Spurgeon to preach in the market-place the next morning. He consented to be there at half-past seven, and when he arrived it was computed that there were *twenty-two thousand persons present*. He made that vast company hear his discourse on Isaiah lv. 1. He said that men brought their goods to the market-place that they might get as much as possible for them, but the gospel provision was free for those who had 'no money.' On his way, he had noticed a public-house with the sign, 'The Rambler's Rest,' and in his own inimitable way he showed how that name truly belonged to the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Last week, an old man was in our shop; he told me that he and some companions walked eight miles that morning to hear him. I showed him several portraits of Mr. Spurgeon, and when I pointed to the early one, (given with the *Sword and Trowel* in January, 1894,) he said, 'That is just like he was at the time; oh, what a treat you have given me!'"

Doubtless, similar stories could be told of many other places visited by the preacher in those grand days of long ago. We are glad to be able still to give in "his own Magazine" some of the discourses delivered on such memorable occasions.

THE "SPURGEON MEMORIAL" SERMON SOCIETY.—We are asked to state that the name of Pastor W. Cuff, of Shoreditch Tabernacle, has been added to the list of Vice-Presidents. He was one of the earliest helpers in this good work, and gave a great stimulus to the Society at the second and third Annual Meetings, over which he presided. Mr. Cuff was elected as a Vice-President last July; but, owing to the loss of a letter, his acceptance of the office has only recently become known. The Secretary, Mr. W. Taverner, is finishing the present

"Lantern" season with a lecturing tour in Scotland, where the branch secretaries have been organizing large gatherings. On his return, he hopes to be able to still further develop and extend the usefulness of the Society by the introduction of several new features, such as a free distribution department in certain cases where that method would be best. Mr. Taverner is carefully putting the proposal into form to bring before the Executive Committee, which will shortly have under consideration the completion of the contract for the million Sermons which it is hoped to circulate this year.

THE friend who has for many years translated MR. SPURGEON'S WORKS INTO GERMAN sends us *The Soul Winner* in the language of the Fatherland, together with the following testimony from a Lutheran clergyman to whom a copy had been given:—"That is a mighty book you sent to me. Mr. Spurgeon remains the unequalled *preacher of realities*; and because such preaching is becoming so scanty with most preachers, this book must be a blessing to many. I will do what I can to spread it."

Mr. Biökel, of Hamburg, also forwarded specimens of the new translations published by him, consisting of a selection of twelve Sermons, and *Words of Warning for Daily Life*; and from Messrs. Jaeger & Kober, Basle, has come a new volume containing twenty-six Sermons. Thus, the beloved preacher continues, as in his lifetime, to testify the gospel of the grace of God in the land where Evangelical truth is sorely needed. Let many prayers follow every new translation that goes forth.

ON Monday evening, March 30, a large congregation assembled at the Metropolitan Tabernacle to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Sawday. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and heartily expressed his joy at the completion of the arrangements with regard to his helper in the great work, and addresses were also delivered by Pastor W. Williams, of Upton Chapel; Mr. Thomas H. Olney, on behalf of the deacons; Professor McCuig, as representing the elders; and Mr. S. R. Pearce, in the name of the Sunday-school. Mr. Sawday appropriately acknowledged the many kind words that had been spoken concerning his dear wife and himself, and said that he had come in the full belief that the Lord had sent him, and he would gladly do all in his power to help the beloved pastor and the church.

The assistant-minister's services have already proved most acceptable, and have afforded timely relief to the greatly overburdened pastor just when the strain was peculiarly severe in anticipation of the College Conference.

COLLEGE.—The following students have accepted pastorates since our last notice:—Mr. F. H. King, at High Street, Bow, E.;

Mr. F. S. W. Nicholson, at John Street Chapel, Bedford Row, W.C.; and Mr. S. W. Twigg, at Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire.

Mr. H. B. Case, B.A., is removing from Oxford to Evesham; and Mr. A. Day, whose state of health prevented him from returning to India, is labouring in connection with Bassett Street Chapel, Kentish Town. Mr. A. Cooper has gone from Owl Creek to Lorain, Ohio; and Mr. Frank Dann, from Perry, to Avon, Ohio, U.S.A.

The Conference is being held just as these "Notes" are in the hands of the printers; we must, therefore, defer our report of the proceedings till next month, when we expect also to publish Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Presidential Address.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick, writing from Tangier on March 27, said:—"Mrs. Patrick has had a very sharp attack of fever. She is now better, but very weak. For several weeks past, our Spanish meetings have been much smaller. This week, I am having special meetings for the people, and very evident blessing is resulting. I have never seen greater proof of conviction of sin in Spanish hearts than in the past few days."

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Of Mr. Burnham's services at Park Chapel, Brentford, Pastor T. G. Pollard writes:—"They were seasons of much blessing. Many were led to find the Saviour, and have now come forward to join the church. God's people were also revived, and brought to see their need of the Holy Spirit, and also to receive Him in all His sanctifying power. The closing night of the mission was a memorable one in the history of Park Church. All hearts are made glad, and we are filled with hope of continued blessing."

On reaching Shepshed, the scene of his next labours, the evangelist found the fields white unto harvest, and he was able at once to thrust in the sickle and reap. A gracious ingathering gave great joy to both sower and reaper. At Charlton, near Bristol, Mr. Burnham's meetings were well attended. The chapel being very small, a large barn was used for the services, and in it, over 200 persons gathered to hear the Word. The work here was mainly that of sowing, the reaping will come in due time.

Pastor D. Burwyn Davies writes, concerning Mr. Harmer's mission at York Place Chapel, Swansea, from March 8 to 22:—"The services were well attended throughout, and as a result we hope to have about fifty souls added to our church. Mr. Harmer's addresses were thoroughly enjoyed, and we have all been assured once again that the people are not tired of the simple gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. During the mission, several local pastors visited us, and were highly pleased with the work of the evangelist. He conducted a service for men only on Sunday afternoon,

March 15, which can only be described as being *unique*. It was, I think, the most successful meeting of the whole series. The preceding evening, Mr. Harmer had given a very stirring speech on Temperance at the Temperance Hall; there were about 1,700 persons present, and Mr. Harmer's address was the means of bringing scores of people to the services the following week."

While in Swansea, Mr. Harmer was asked to conduct a short series of services at Landore, where the Lord gave blessing on the Word. The Easter holidays being at hand, the evangelist spent a few days at home, in the course of which he took part in Mr. Neale's farewell meeting at New Town, Norwood.

On April 4, Mr. Harmer returned to Devonshire, where his work was so successful that he was asked to continue during the present month. In June, he is to be at Neath, South Wales.

ORPHANAGE.—We again remind our readers that THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL is (D.V.) to take place on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, when every effort will be made to interest visitors from far or near. Further particulars will be published next month.

Arrangements are being made for Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphan Choir to visit the United States during the last quarter of the present year. Any friends in America desiring to aid the Institution by welcoming the party should write, as soon as possible, to Mr. Charlesworth, Stockwell Orphanage, London.

COLPORTEAGE.—We are again pleased to record that special help has come to us by a legacy of £50 towards our General Fund; otherwise, our monthly receipts would have been small indeed.

The *Annual Meeting* of our Association will (D.V.) be held in the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, May 18*, when the President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, will preside; the Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, is also expected to be present. There will be addresses from the colporteurs themselves, which are always full of interest. About fifty or sixty of our men will be brought up from their respective districts, to meet for conference and prayer with the Committee and other friends, on the previous day, when we hope for much spiritual blessing.

Will our readers and helpers pray much about this Conference, that it may be a time of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord, that our brethren may be encouraged in their arduous labours, so that, in due course, when returning to their much-loved work, it may be with increased spiritual force, and with renewed determination to bring glory to God by the sale of the books and the preaching of the gospel?

Dr. Manning, while Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, speaking of this

form of Christian service, forcibly said:—"Bad books are dangerous things to be encountered by unregenerate hearts. There are multitudes of bad books, and we have to displace them. How is this to be done? How will you keep weeds out of the field? Will you try to root them up? You will find that the task is 'never ending, still beginning,' wearisome, tedious, disappointing; for, as fast as you pull up some of the weeds, others begin to grow, and 'ill weeds grow apace,' while the wind carries the seeds, and drops them far and wide, and you find that you have to do your work over again and again without ceasing. The best way to keep weeds out of the field is to sow it thickly with good, sound, wholesome wheat, and to let the corn grow so plentifully that there is no room for the tares. Depend upon it, if you want to keep bad books out,

the best way is to put good books in. Therefore, send out your colporteurs to supply the population of this and other countries with all sorts of good books, and so the bad books will be kept out or turned out."

Our late beloved President once said, "We delight in this work, for its practical usefulness is beyond measure great as compared with the expense."

Upon the work now being accomplished, much blessing is reported. Will every reader of the *Sword and Trowel* who can do so, send us a special contribution for our *Annual Meeting*? All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
March 26, twenty; March 30, eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Fitcher	1	1	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Lower Edmonton, per D. Pastor Russell	1	13	6
Mrs. Mead	1	1	0
Mr. J. Mead	1	1	0
Miss Powlesland	0	10	0
Contribution from Southwell Baptist Church, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	0	10	0
Proceeds of lecture at Evesham, from Pastor F. Potter	0	10	0
Rev. W. May	5	0	0
Mr. Robert Oranston	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0
Mr. W. Johnson	1	0	0
Sir Frederick Howard	3	2	0
Mrs. E. F. Fielder	1	1	0
Mr. John Moser	10	10	0
Mrs. Faulconer	50	0	0
Miss Steedman	50	0	0
Part legacy from estate of the late A. and E. Cochrane, per Pastor Thom. Spurgeon	125	0	0
Pastor W. T. Shepherd	0	8	0
Pastor J. M. Cox	0	10	0
Mr. H. Cook	0	2	0
Rev. R. J. Beccall	0	2	6
Pastor W. Joyces	1	5	0
Mr. J. Crompton Rickett	1	1	0
B. B. S.	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wilson	1	15	5
Mr. Edward Pinn	1	1	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Pastor P. B. Momi	1	1	0
Mrs. C. J. Whittusk Rabbits	10	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Joseph V. Webb	1	0	0
Contribution from Baptist Church, Burnham-on-Crouch, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	0	15	0
Pastor A. G. Brown	5	0	0
Miss Hadfield	10	0	0
From Communion Service at Old Parkview Chapel, Walkley, per Pastor A. G. Haate	1	0	0
Mr. Mallett	1	0	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Part collection from Grovelands Baptist Chapel, Reading, per Pastor R. M. Hunter	0	12	3
Miss A. Wren	0	10	0
Pastor G. W. Elliott	0	10	0
Mrs. Newmarah	1	0	0
Manvers Street Baptist Church, Bath, per Pastor H. F. Gower	5	0	0
Miss E. E. Jones	0	5	0
Mr. F. Leete	1	1	0
Mrs. Calder	10	0	0
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	5	0	0
Mrs. Booth	1	0	0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			
March 15	21	8	0
" 22	5	4	3
" 29	30	1	6
April 5	19	9	1
" 12	20	18	9
	86	16	7
	2412	14	9

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Miss H. Thomas	0	10	0
Part legacy from estate of the late A. and E. Cochrane, per Pastor Thom. Spurgeon	60	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Donaldson	1	0	0
Pastor A. G. Brown	5	0	0
	256	10	0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th, to April 15th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
E. J. E.	25	0	0	Postal orders, Huddersfield	2	0	0
Mr. W. H. Tyndall	10	0	0	Miss M. Hall	3	8	0
Mr. Haddon	0	2	6	H. W., stamps	0	1	0
Miss Powlesland, per J. T. D.	0	10	0	Mr. W. Eastman	0	6	0
Mr. T. E. Inwood	0	10	0	Mrs. J. Toller	0	5	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0	Miss S. Simpson	0	2	6
Hettie; Plaistow	0	1	6	Miss M. Brooks	0	10	0
Mr. T. M. Whittaker	1	1	0	Miss I. Wornell	1	1	0
Mrs. D. Morgan	0	8	0	Mr. A. V. Small	1	1	0
Miss E. Munday	1	0	0	Mr. W. J. White	1	1	0
Collected by Miss D. Sutherland	1	12	3	Mr. E. Whitehead	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Haddock	0	11	0	Mr. R. Campbell	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0	Men's Bible Class, South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich, per Mr. E. M. Dodge	1	0	6
Mr. S. C. Knights	0	5	0	Mr. A. E. Gibbs, per Mr. O. S. Loch	5	5	0
M. B., Reading	0	10	0	Miss S. Thompson	1	0	0
Mrs. J. Melville	0	10	0	Mr. C. Walter	10	0	0
Mr. T. Lewis	1	1	0	Mr. R. T. Bull	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Towler	2	4	0	Miss A. Hill	0	8	4
Mr. W. A. Jenks	0	7	6	Mr. Brown	0	5	0
A friend	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hensley	0	10	8
Mr. L. Shepherd	0	10	0	Mrs. Frances Gardiner	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. Church	1	0	0	Mr. W. Potter	2	2	0
Collected at a Lecture at Corfe Mullen Chapel, Wimborne, per Mr. W. Lloyd	0	4	2	Miss M. L. Thornton	1	0	0
Mr. R. Dawson	0	7	0	Mr. James Ballantyne and friends	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. H. Crees	2	2	0	Miss Mary Earl	0	10	0
Miss E. Stokes	0	5	0	A. S. and M. S.	1	0	0
Mrs. Jenden	0	2	0	Mr. J. Clegg	1	1	0
Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0	From St. Peter's Park, per Pastor J. Mitchell Cox	0	10	0
Miss E. Allmev	0	5	0	Miss M. E. Jenkins	0	2	6
Mr. W. Scott	1	0	0	A widow	0	4	0
Mr. E. Waltham	8	0	0	Mr. H. A. Gribbon	1	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Sivers	0	11	0	L. C., A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0	2	0
Collected by Master G. Glazebrook	0	4	0	Collected by the Misses Smith and Hunt	1	2	6
Mr. F. Court	0	2	6	Mrs. Amos, per Rev. A. J. Parker	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. H. Shipton	2	4	0	Mr. Jaa. Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. J. S. Mack	0	7	6	Mr. G. Chambers	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0	Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Mr. Yates	0	10	6
One of His stewards	1	5	0	Mr. J. Harvey	2	0	0
Miss H. Inglis	1	0	0	A reader of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	0	4	0
Mr. D. McColl	0	2	6	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	10	10	0
Mr. J. McDroy	1	0	0	Mr. A. Junghing	2	10	0
Mr. R. Paterson	0	5	0	Mr. W. Holo	0	5	0
Mr. J. Fawcett	0	5	0	Emmanuel Church, Margate, per Rev. R. Turner Sole	2	2	0
Mrs. Wilkinson	0	2	6	Mr. J. Cameron	10	0	0
Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0	2	6	A widow who loves the little ones	0	2	0
Mrs. E. Williams	0	10	6	Mr. C. Hooper	0	10	6
Postal order, Aylsham	0	5	0	A sermon-reader, Bear-den	1	0	0
Mrs. Ryland	0	5	0	Mrs. White	0	5	0
Mr. G. Wood	0	2	6	Mr. F. Frank	2	2	0
Miss C. Coleman	1	0	0	T. R., Redruth	0	5	0
Miss West	0	5	0	Port Glasgow	0	1	0
Miss E. M. Scott	0	2	6	Postal order, Weymouth	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Tucker	0	7	6	Mr. B. Nicholson	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0	Mr. W. G. Wilkins	1	1	0
J. E. F. S.	10	0	0	Mrs. G. Shaw	1	0	0
Mr. H. Cooke	0	2	0	Corporal A. Richardson	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Sharp	0	10	0	Miss Hadfield	1	0	0
Colonel Dewé White	0	10	0	Mr. D. Thomas	5	0	0
Mrs. Worsell	1	0	0	Mr. W. Robinett	0	2	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	1	0	0	Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons	1	0	0
Postal order, Tain	1	0	0	Mr. H. Bell	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Lloyd	1	1	0	E. S. M.	0	10	0
Mr. W. Moore, per Mrs. J. Withers	5	0	0	Miss Nelson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Little	0	8	9	Mr. and Mrs. A. Roger	2	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Penning	0	5	0	Miss Frost	0	4	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	0	A friend in Dundee	0	10	0
Mrs. Hewkley	0	10	0	Messrs. Clement & Newline's Ticket Writers, per Mr. D. Hawkins	2	17	0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox	2	2	0				
Mrs. S. Slodden	0	2	6				
Mrs. Newman	0	7	6				
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0				
Mr. J. Harris	1	1	0				
Mr. G. Wilkins	0	5	0				

	£	s	d.
Mr. R. E. Whitehead	0	2	6
G. E., Northampton	1	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	2	0	0
Mrs. Cooper... ..	0	5	0
Mrs. Williamson	1	0	0
A. A. T., per F. B. T.	2	5	0
Mrs. Egnil's mite	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	6	0
For Jesu's sake	2	0	0
Mr. J. J. H. Gardner	1	0	0
Miss McDonald	0	10	0
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	1	6
Mrs. B. Booth	1	0	0
Mr. Hague	1	0	0
Collected by Miss A. Solomon	3	1	3
Collected by Miss E. Moore	0	5	7
Mr. Wicks	0	5	0
Mr. B. Whitworth... ..	0	10	0
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	5	0
Mrs. Alchin... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. Coulson	1	1	0
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-			
Mrs. Baines... ..	2	0	0
Mr. C. Porter	0	5	0
M. M. (Im. Lxvi. 18)	1	0	0
	8	5	0
Mr. H. B. Ferne, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	1	5	6
Executors of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Collett	20	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Samuel Coxeter	4	4	11
Executors of the late Mr. W. Mathewson (second amount)	50	0	0
Part legacy from estate of the late A. and E. Cochrane, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	123	0	0

	£	s	d.
Sandwich, per bankers	1	1	0
Executors of the late Mr. J. Hammond	2	10	0
F.O. Sabbath-schools missionary boxes, Fochabers... ..	0	10	0
From Southwell, per Pastor J. H. Plumbridge	0	10	0
West Malling Baptist Church and Sunday-school	3	10	0
Children at Wislaw Baptist Sunday-school, per Mrs. Whittet	0	10	0
Bible-class, Belle Isle Mission, per Mr. G. Evans	2	0	0
Crieff Baptist Chapel, per Mr. J. MacFarlane	1	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Faringdon	0	7	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Leighton Buzzard	0	17	0
Gildencroft Baptist Sunday-school Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir :-	0	9	0
Ceylon Place Baptist Chapel, Eastbourne	10	3	6
Leyton	3	16	0
Brighton, "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society	8	11	3
Uckfield	5	0	0
Lewes	3	7	9
Collected by Mrs. Funnell	0	5	0
Collected by Miss C. E. Morris	0	5	0
Collected by Miss J. P. Norris	0	5	6
	4	8	8
Croydon Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Union	4	10	0
	£479	16	8

List of Presents from March 14th to April 14th, 1896.—PROVISIONS:—194 lbs. Compressed Beef, Mr. R. Woodford; 29 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 1 Hamper Apples, Mrs. R. V. Barrow; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 Bushel Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 1,000 Buns, Mr. W. Medcalf; 20 lbs. Butter, Mr. J. W. Ottaway; 79 Quarts Milk, Messrs. Walker and Son; 33 lbs. Beef, Mr. Thomas Round; 86 lbs. Butter, Messrs. J. Pentelow and Son; a quantity Buns, Mr. J. Lock.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—11 Articles, Anon.; 25 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higge; 3 Shirts, Mr. A. Pitts; 2 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 14 Ties, Anon.; 8 Shirts, Mr. T. S. Stevenson.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—11 Articles, Mr. A. Pitts; 22 Articles, Mrs. A. Oldfield; 47 Articles, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 1 Box Worn Clothes, Anon.; 29 Articles, Miss Parratt; 14 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 3 Articles, 6 yards Lace, Mrs. R. Walker; 2 Articles, Anon.; 82 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higge.

GENERAL:—1 Large Case containing an assortment of Linen Threads, Messrs. Robert Stewart and Son; a Large Box of Toys, from the Members of the Ministering Children's League, Bedford, per Miss E. Manson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1896.

Subscriptions and Donations for Districts :-	£	s	d.
Kettering, per Mr. A. E. Bird	7	10	0
Uppington, per Mr. W. Vinson	10	0	0
Devon Baptist Association, for Devonport	11	5	0
Great Totham, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10	0	0
Stow and Aston, per Mr. J. Reynolds	10	0	0
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw	11	5	0
Frittham, per Mr. H. W. Griffiths	11	5	0
Worcester Association, per Mr. H. Bomford	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association, per Mr. E. H. Brown	20	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. Hester Keovil	11	5	0
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10	0	0
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor... ..	7	10	0
... .. District, Liverpool	1	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union, per Mr. S. J. Harwood	10	0	0
Corton, per Mr. T. Harris	11	5	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church, per Mr. W. J. Durant	10	0	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	10	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
Maldon, Friends at	8	15	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. O. Evans & Son	10	0	0
Cardiff and Penriceiber, per Mr. H. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0
	£212	5	0

<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>	
	£ s. d.
Mr. E. A. Sinclair	0 5 0
Anonymous, per Dr. J. A. Spurgeon...	2 2 6
In memory of C. H. S., per Mrs. L. Haward	0 7 6
Mr. W. Evans	0 10 0
Part legacy from estate of the late A. and E. Cochrane, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	50 0 0
Mrs. Stevens	0 5 0
Mrs. Williamson	0 10 0
Mrs. Margaret Jones	0 10 0

Mrs. Donaldson	1 0 0
H. B., per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10 0 0
Profit on sale of <i>Purse Text Books</i> , per Mr. E. Phillips	1 2 10
Collected by Miss Florence T. Cowell	0 7 0
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>	
Mr. and Mrs. Mead	2 2 0
Mr. T. S. Smith, per Dr. J. A. Spurgeon	5 0 0
	<u>£74 1 10</u>

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 15th to April 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Portmahon Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor H. Trotman ...	10 0 0
Part legacy from estate of the late A. and E. Cochrane, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	25 0 0
	<u>£25 0 0</u>
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at Cambridge, per Pastor G. Apthorpe	7 0 0
	<u>£42 0 0</u>

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Part legacy from estate of the late A. and E. Cochrane, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	25 0 0
E. D., a reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i>	0 2 8
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at York Place Chapel, Swansea	7 7 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Landore	2 0 0
	<u>£34 7 8</u>
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Park Chapel, Brentford ...	1 0 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Charlton	1 5 0
	<u>£26 14 8</u>

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from March 16th to April 14th, 1896.

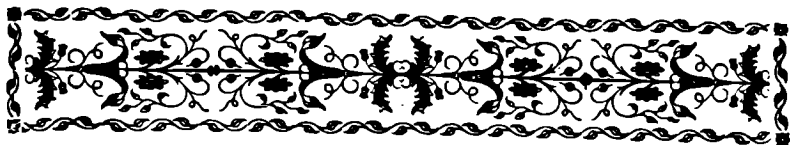
£ s. d.	£ s. d.
H. O. N.	0 4 0
Miss A. Goring	0 3 0
A. M.	0 5 0
An aged reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i>	1 15 0
G. E., Northampton	1 0 0
"An old Independent"	10 0 0
Rochford	2 0 0
	<u>£17 14 8</u>

Additional contribution for the SAVILLE MEMORIAL FUND:—Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, £1 1s.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham,—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

JUNE, 1896.

Antidotes ; or, Lessons from the First Report of
the Christian Church.

BEING AN ADDRESS DELIVERED ON APRIL 21, 1896,

AT THE

NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL
ASSOCIATION,

BY THE PRESIDENT, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.



MY beloved Brethren,—Many thanks for your most hearty welcome. We have a good and gracious custom amongst us as we close our Conference; I refer to the linking of our hands about the table of the Lord. I have no sort of doubt that the linking of the hands means with each of us the gripping of the heart. But I am not prepared to wait for the latter at least, till the end of the Conference. If we link both hands and hearts just as we separate, let us with God's help link hearts as we begin. For there is great need of unity. It has been written by a great historian concerning the French Revolution that, when the tumult in poor France was growing shrill, Danton stood amongst his fellows, and cried, "Peace, oh, peace with one another! Are we not alone against the world,—a little band of brothers?" O beloved, if there was need for him so to speak to such a people at such a crisis, there is need also for us to rally to the standard, and to press forward to fill the gaps, for are we not alone against the world, and the devil,—that is more than Danton could say,—while alas! even a portion of the

so-called Church is arrayed against our Evangelical belief. We are a little band of brothers. Alas! that this band has been somewhat thinned by death during the past year. The Lord has called up higher, to Himself and to the President who went before, faithful men who have fallen on the field, the colours still within their grasp. There have, however, thanks be to God, been additions from our beloved College, which institution not one of us can cease to love until we cease to live; perchance, we shall learn to love it even better then. Praise God for the good men and true who are still in training, and for those who are just issuing from the College to do service for our Saviour. The Lord be with them all!

And now to what purpose are we gathered here to-day? To report progress, and to receive impetus; to record the lovingkindness of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple. So far as the latter purpose, the reception of impetus, is concerned, let us look away from human channels to the great Source and Fountain of all. We cannot speak another word without reminding one another, if our memories have by any means failed us, of our awful loss when our dear, dear father-President was called up higher. Not long ago, they were discussing in the House of Commons the advisability or otherwise of erecting a statue to grand old Oliver Cromwell. Alas! that there should have been two opinions. Our comfort is that he is none the worse for not being duly honoured here. I understand that, in the course of that debate, one member interrupted by crying aloud, "I wish we had him now." Is not that the cry that is in every heart? But though we have not our leader, we have Him of whom he sweetly sang,—

"The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree,
As Jesu's parting gift He's near
Each pleading company."

I thank God for the pleading of this morning. Keep on pleading while I speak. As the dry leaves rustle for the rain, so let your souls be stirred within you for Heavenly moisture. As the spring flowers hold up their cups for sun and shower, so lift ye up your empty vessels, that He may fill them.

We are here also, as I have said, to report progress, and though it may be done in familiar personal conversation rather than in official fashion, is it not one of the helps of the Conference that we can speak with one another of the good hand of our God upon us? We have read this morning (Matt. xi. 4—6)—

THE FIRST REPORT EVER ISSUED BY THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

It is the first, as I have said; it is undoubtedly the best, for Jesus Himself was the Author of it. It was issued before abuses had crept in, and ere the Church had been diverted from her holiest and highest aims. It is a model for all time. The spirit, if not the letter of it, should ever be regarded. There is no mention, by the way, of fancy cap socials, and millinery competitions for men, and concerts, and dancing, and the like. "Go and shew John again those

things which ye do hear and see : 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. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

What are the leading features of this First Report of the Christian Church ?

You see *activity* on the very forefront of it. Much labour was involved undoubtedly in healing, blessing, and preaching to so many. Neither Christ nor His disciples were loiterers : they were labourers indeed. Having an hour to spare, last week, I sauntered about the railway station of a certain seaside resort, till there met my eye a large and legible notice to this effect, "LOITERERS WILL BE REGARDED AS TRESPASSERS, AND WILL BE ACCORDINGLY PROSECUTED." I was off like a shot ! Would God that we could put very plainly before our people the difference between loiterers and labourers ! Let us pray the Lord of the harvest not merely that He will send forth labourers into His harvest, but that He will thrust out of the field the loiterers. We do not want to attempt, in any of our churches, a policy of masterly inactivity. Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh,—a name we all hold in high esteem,—has lately written, "Let every lazy student of divinity go down himself at once." Rather a drastic measure that ; surely we would rather say, "Let him become baptized into the spirit of the Lord, who was consumed with zeal for God." Let me tarry here a moment to tell you what I told my people the other Sabbath. When looking through a little bundle, all too small, of my dear father's letters, I came across one in which he said, at the commencement of the epistle, "I am sadly out of sorts, quite indisposed for work. Even letter-writing seems too much of a burden. Therefore must I set to it with greater zest." There is a lesson there for us, dear brethren. I pray you, put that on your fire, and poke it.

I see, therefore, in this full-length portrait of the Christian Church, the feet of diligence hastening to and fro, in the sweet ministry of giving the blind their sight, making the lame to walk, cleansing the lepers, giving hearing to the deaf, raising the dead, and preaching the gospel far and near.

Nor can I read this brief Report without noticing the *sympathy* that must have pervaded the hearts of the workers. Nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to came within the ken and beneath the touch of Jesus. In our work for Christ, we need much sympathy. I do not think the Church has neglected the poor,—I do not think the charge can be sustained. I do believe that certain parties have lately woken up to hear the bitter cry of the outcasts, and because they have been asleep and have been suddenly aroused, they suppose we have all been dreaming. This I know, that the asylums, and homes, and orphanages, and hospitals, and benevolent societies—thank God their name is legion!—have all been devised by Christianity, and are supported for the most part by Christians.

We have seen the feet of diligence, here is the heart of pity, moved with compassion for the woes and wants that afflict mankind.

Looking at the Report again, I see *victory* all along the line. Here are real results recorded. Christ had an antidote for every ill. They

were in great variety, but the onlookers had to say, "He hath done all things well." Oh, that victory may be ours in our service for Christ! It is ours already in more or less degree. I could almost wish that we had found space in our programme in this Conference—perhaps we shall do so another time,—for a Testimony Meeting, in the which our brethren should tell of the triumphs of the cross, of trophies won by Jesus, or by us on His behalf.

See here the hand of power. No matter what the sickness was, it fled at Christ's approach.

But here also is *spirituality*,—this is the climax of all. You have noticed that the Report is on an ascending scale, like the ascent by which King Solomon went up into the house of the Lord. "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and"—listen to the climax,—"*the poor have the gospel preached to them.*" The greatest thing in our work is to preach the gospel. The noblest task that God entrusts to heart and voice is to declare to the people "the unsearchable riches of Christ." "The poor have the gospel preached to them," the oppressed hear the message of mercy. Those whom the Pharisees styled "the people," "the herd," "the masses" (perhaps we should illustrate their bitter spirit better if we pronounced that last expression, "them asses"), these were the very ones to whom Christ and His disciples gladly went with tidings of great joy. Of these, the Scribes and Pharisees said, "This people who knoweth not the law are cursed." To these, Jesus said, "Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God." Oh, what a marvellous change,—as though from frost to sunshine! No wonder that they heard Him gladly. We cease to marvel that, as the Revised Version has it, "They hung upon Him listening." We can well imagine them saying, in words of later date, somewhat paraphrased,—

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this Sun of Righteousness."

Here, then, is the voice of peace,—the gospel preached unto the poor.

That which strikes me in the Report most of all, however, is the evident fact that there was in the hands of Jesus and of His apostles a *remedy* for every malady, an antidote for each disease, and that they took it as their life-task to go hither and thither, dispensing these glorious remedies, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, raising the dead, and preaching the forgiveness of sins. Beloved, this is our task, too. The miracles that we work are of a spiritual order; they are not less but greater than those of which we have been speaking. "Greater works than these shall ye do," said Jesus, "because I go unto My Father."

The world is crowded with misery, the Church is cursed with heresy, and the gospel of the grace of God is the only, but sufficient, remedy. Not education, though we are glad that the poor should have the grammar taught to them; not the opening of museums, though a high authority has declared that the British Museum is one of the best Sunday-schools in Great Britain; not sanitation, though we agree that cleanliness is next to godliness,—not before, but after it;

not temperance, though we believe that, if through Christian effort, Bacchus should be dethroned,—which may God grant!—the cause and kingdom of Jesus would be greatly advanced. The gospel of the grace of God is still “the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”

Here let me tell you a story which, by way of good example, shall be an absolutely true one. A good old Christian woman, who knew more of the doctrines of grace than of the rules of grammar, who sometimes muddled her meanings and often expressed herself remarkably, was visited by her pastor, who had noticed her absence from the place of worship. “I have not seen you lately, Mrs. So-and-so?” “No, sir,” she answered, “I have been very sick and unable to attend.” “Well, you go to some place of worship nearer at hand, I suppose, when you are able?” “No,” she said, “I do not, I read Spurgeon’s Sermons.” “Well,” said the pastor, “you can hardly do better than that so far as reading is concerned, but if it is at all possible to attend the house of God, why forsake the assembling of yourselves together as the manner of some is? There is a little chapel just yonder. Why don’t you go and hear Mr. What’s-his-name?” “Well,” she said, “I have been there,”—she evidently added mentally, “and still wouldn’t go.” Her visitor was loath to press her for the reason, and she, I speak it to her honour, was equally loath to decry the preacher,—he was not her own minister, you know. However, he pressed the matter till she gave utterance to this remarkable expression. “Yes,” she said, “I heard him preach on one occasion, but let me tell you, sir, it was antidotes, antidotes, antidotes, from beginning to end, nothing but antidotes.” I do not doubt that the good woman meant *anecdotes*, and there may be a side light just here for some of us as to what the people think of an undue use of narrative. But it set one a-thinking, wondering whether the people after all do not prefer anecdotes to antidotes, but whether it is not the privilege and duty of all Christian ministers in their sermons and in their lives to produce antidotes, antidotes, antidotes, from beginning to end, nothing but antidotes. So Jesus went forth, giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and life to the dead, as we have read, dispensing antidotes where’er He wandered.

An antidote, as you know full well, is a remedy for any evil, the reverse of any ill; thus the antidote of cold is heat, the antidote of darkness, light. Moreover, an antidote, properly speaking, is a medicine adapted to counteract the effects of poison. Herein, beloved brethren, is our solemn sacred task. We are to regard the world that lieth in the wicked one as a vast hospital. Here are the sightless and the speechless, here are the lame and the leprous, here are the deaf and the dead. The gospel is the antidote for each and all of these sad conditions, and in many and many an instance the people are crying out to us and looking to us to antidote the ills from which they suffer. We are to them as Moses, and they look to us to throw the tree of Calvary into the bitter waters that it may make them sweet. We are to be to them as Elisha. The people of Jericho complain because “the water is naught,” and the cruse of salt is in our hands. We are to them as Elisha to the sons of the prophets. If our ears are properly attent,

we can hear at least some of them cry, "O, thou man of God, there is death in the pot!" And the meal is with us, the meal of the gospel, to cast into the sickening soup. Oh! I think I hear this morning the bitter cry of those who have been drugged and poisoned by sin and error, rising to my ears in some such words as these,—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?"

Would God we could! and by His grace we will, for we have learned by sweet experience that Jesu's blood avails.

The blindness of superstition and of unbelief is on every hand. In heathen lands, the gross darkness still enshrouds the teeming millions. The Lord help us to send the gospel out to those who sit in darkness! But the blind are not in China and Africa and India alone; they are at our doors and in our streets, perhaps within our homes. The British troops destroyed the fetishes of the Ashantees, but only we who are the soldiers of the cross can break down the superstitions, hoary as they are, which still linger amongst us. There are idolaters at our side. The worship of Mammon is by no means ended, Bacchus is still adored by multitudes, and oh, how many in these unclean cities of ours are devotees of Aphrodite! "Venus" is her Latin name, and "lust" her English. There are Romanists amongst us, ever increasing, as I fear me, with their dolls, and their dummies, and their dogmas. And there are Ritualists with candles, and crosses, and the diabolical confessional! And there are Rationalists who decline to believe what they cannot fully understand; while still upon the poor, dear Jews—I call them so, for I think it behoves us to pray oftener for them, and to love them better,—“the veil” remains.

The gospel is the antidote for all, as light is the antidote for darkness. The light that is in them is darkness. Oh, that the true Light may shine upon them! They tell us of those mysterious "X" rays, which must by this time be tired of being used as illustrations, that, whereas they are themselves invisible, they are most penetrating. We think that we have long ago come across certain rays,—not "X" rays, unless "X" stands for Christ,—no unknown quantity, for "we know Whom we have believed,"—invisible, 'tis true, for we have not seen Him, nor can we view the influences of the Spirit,—more piercing than any others. In His light we have seen light, and we can never cease to hold forth this light to others, till they also see themselves as God beholds them. I have learned that in the library of Mr. Edison there stands a statue entitled, "The Genius of Light." It consists of a winged figure poised on the shattered remnants of a gas lamp, holding in its right hand a brilliant incandescent electric lamp. I confess I do not envy Mr. Edison the possession of that beautiful statue, though it is doubtless a work of consummate art, for the poorest of our brethren has in his library a still more splendid monument,—this blessed Book, "The Genius of the Gospel," which stands already on the shattered remnants of many

previous institutions, and which is destined to out-live and to out-shine them all.

Does someone say, "But we cannot make men see"? Oh, how true is that complaint! It is for our comfort, however, that when Jesus was giving sight to the blind, He used some very humble instrumentalities. He took of the earth on which He had been treading, He took of His own spittle, and with these twain He made clay, anointing thus the blind man's eyes, and then He bade him wash in ordinary water. Lord, I know I cannot give these blind men sight, but may I not be as the clay? Nay, I would be content to be even as spittle if Thou wilt use me. Who amongst us would not gladly be as common as clay, as weak as water, or as vile as spittle for Christ's dear sake? "The blind receive their sight." Christ found the antidote for physical blindness. He was Himself, and still remains, the only antidote for spiritual ophthalmia.

The lameness of indecision we meet with at every turn. There are thousands who are halting between two opinions. "Halting" in that case means not so much standing stock-still, as they do who obey the command of the officer, when he cries, "Halt!" as limping, walking lamely to and fro. (The Professor here says "Wobbling.") There is no cure for this lameness of indecision, this halting disposition, but the gospel. Just bring the gospel to bear upon it, and await the miracle. It is the same with the lameness of doubt. "The legs of the lame are not equal." You may help with crutches, but only Christ can heal. Dose these lame ones with the gospel. And some are lame of disobedience, for they do not run in the way of God's commandments. Others are lame with worldliness. Brethren, is there anything that more effectually cripples the Church and the Christian than this same pandering to the world? But the Word of Christ still heals. His touch has still its ancient power. His truth is as mighty as ever. Why does it seem so inoperative at present? I fear me that we must confess that it is because we only half believe it. Oh, let us speak as those who believe in the power of the gospel to cure every hurt, and we shall see all cured undoubtedly!

We mention, next, *the leprosy of uncleanness*. Leprosy was and is the most fatal of all diseases, a sort of combination of the rest. Leprosy affected every power. If the man did not grow blind through it, his sight was very seriously impaired; he soon became lame, for his feet rotted beneath him. It affected the vocal chords. As the poet has it concerning the leper,—

"Even his voice was changed, a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key."

Leprosy was, indeed, a living death. Therefore has God used it as the most fitting emblem of all unholiness. Brethren, the antidote for sensualism is the holy gospel of the pure and lovely Jesus. It is ours to struggle with this giant, we have got to fight this foe in God's name, we have to administer an antidote for licentiousness. Alas! that modern literature, literature of the "*obscure*"—or, strictly speaking, *obscene* type, is calculated to foster it. The best way surely to counteract these ill effects is to scatter good books broad-

cast, to publish and to distribute missionary literature, to pray that the Bible itself, the truly hill-top Book, shall be more widely read and more deeply loved. "Bring meal," said the prophet. This is the miraculous meal. The people are saying,—

"Fill us with great ideas full of Heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth."

So we bring them the Bible, and preach to them the pure gospel of our lowly Lord.

We have also to grapple with the leprosy of intemperance. Oh, how shall words express the awful havoc this evil works? Looking, the other day, upon the upper shelves of the library at "Westwood," I came across some books which proved to be only imitations, constructed to fill the vacant places. They were labelled with names of themes and authors in the late dear President's most humorous vein. There was "Hammer and Tongs," by Smith; and "Eastward Ho!" by our dear friend Archibald Brown; there was "Cuff on the Head"; and "Aches and Pains"—ah, me! he might have written that himself—by Feltham. Two others call for special remark, "Rags and Ruin," by A. Brewer; and "Brains Addled," by John Barleycorn. Brethren, these dummy books speak volumes! But we believe that, though these things are sadly so, the gospel of the grace of God will work a wondrous change, and I trust that we are all one in this matter, believing that the gospel is the antidote for intemperance. I have read that there was a sect in the beginning of the 15th century, headed by a certain priest who came from the Alps, clad in white, with an immense concourse of followers behind him, all dressed in snowy linen. They marched through several provinces, following a cross borne by their leader. An emblem, these, of us. We, too, will be the white brethren following the cross. What happened them? I understand that Boniface X. ordered their leader to be burnt, and the multitude dispersed. But all the Bonifaces in the world will not succeed in dispersing the multitude of white brethren of to-day who lift up the standard of the cross against intemperance. We have witnessed its transforming power. We, too, can say exultingly, "the lepers are cleansed."

Of deafness and of deadness I cannot now speak particularly. Alas! we know too well that the unimpressible are ever with us. Our whisper does not reach them, God's thunder scarcely wakes them. Amongst them are the procrastinating, who mean to turn over a new leaf by-and-by. Some are hardened,—gospel-hardened,—and some are bent on pleasure, it is their little all. How can we heal these desperate cases? The only answer is,—

"Speak Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of sacred sorrow rise,
And all their glowing souls be borne,
To seek the grace which now they scorn."

Antidotes, as I have told you, are, strictly speaking, medicines administered to counteract the effects of poison. Well, all the world is suffering from the poison of sin. False doctrine was early put into the

very veins of the people,—the devil's doctrine, when he made men disbelieve and disobey their God. The sons of the prophets gathered herbs that were by no means nutritious. We have read together of how one went out, and instead of culling mallow, and asparagus, and lentils, in his ignorance he took what we suppose to be the colocynth. It is rather a pity that Elisha did not teach a little botany together with theology. "They knew them not." Presently they cried, "There is death in the pot," for the acrid taste betrayed the poison, and perhaps certain uncomfortable pains accentuated the suspicion. I am not prepared to advertise the poisons, the false doctrines, the erroneous teachings of to-day. There are some seeds that are not sown unless the hand of man scatters them, or the birds of the air carry them a-field. There are other seeds which have wings of their own, if I may so speak, or are at least so airily constructed that on the wings of the wind they fly abroad. Such is the accursed thistle-down of erroneous teaching. Who shall deny that it is all too ripe and rife? On every hand prevail low views of God, so that His justice is relegated to the background, if not eliminated altogether; low views of the Word of God, so that men have eyes for supposed discrepancies rather than for undesigned coincidences; low views of God's own holy day, so that there are not wanting some who boast that they are Sabbath-breaking parsons; low views of the Spirit of God, and of the Church, the Bride of Jesus, of the place and power of prayer, and of the ordinances of God's house; low views—and this is most lamentable of all,—of the atonement made by our dear Lord Jesus. O brethren, we must beware for ourselves, and we must be anxious for our people! A writer in *Household Words* of some years back, said, "Of all times that are gone, there is none gone more completely and more finally than the old time when to take heed against poison was one of the waking thoughts common to all; and when life was made uneasy by the constant rising of a horrible mistrust." Thank God those days are gone, so far as they are concerned who are able to kill the body; but we live, if I mistake not, in days in which the spiritual counterpart of this obtains; in worse days, therefore, for who would not rather be drugged and poisoned as to his body than poisoned as to his mind and heart and soul?

Alas! that the poison of false doctrine comes to us in specious forms and attractive guise. It is a way that poisons have.

"Serpents and poisonous toads, as in their bowers
Do closely lurk under the sweetest flowers."

Who would dream that the buttercup would hurt them, or that the fox-glove was full of death, or that the lobelia had designs upon them? There is a little plant they call in some places the wake-robin. It is highly poisonous; it grows in moist and shady places, and, strange to tell, its common name is "Jack in the Pulpit." It is distinguished, my brethren, by a superabundance of starch! Poison, I say, comes to us in attractive guise, with show of learning and with plea for progress.

I confess myself very suspicious about this progression. A water-man came to me, the other morning, as I strolled on the sea front, and said, "Nice day for a boat, sir." When I looked at the winds and

the waves, and saw them boisterous, I was not quite so sure of it; and when I beheld the skiff he offered me, my doubts increased; but when I saw the name of the skiff, my mind was quite made up. He had called it, "Up-to-date." I was quite afraid that the "Up-to-date" with my ponderous weight might go to the bottom, so I declined with thanks. "Not to-day, boatman," I politely said. You can apply that quite well, I am sure. We decline to trust ourselves to "Up-to-date" cockle-shells.

Moreover, we are expected to handle these poisons, and to dispense them, and to fraternise with those who love them, and this under the plausible plea of "charity." But it has been well written, "We have no right to be charitable with that which does not belong to us, and the truth is His, not ours." Alas! that many of these poisons are very palatable, and the people love to have it so. They are not acrid like the gourd that the prophet's son shred into the pottage. They are rather flattering and soothing. I knew a little lad, long years ago, and my brother knew another, who, through some mischievous purpose, took the stamens from the tulips in their father's garden, and ate them; whereupon there was administered internally some castor oil, and, if I remember rightly, externally some strap oil. Our Heavenly Father will doubtless punish those who take, because they seem attractive, poisonous notions and erroneous doctrines.

I am afraid that it is sadly true, that the people delight in that which harms them. They cannot endure sound doctrine. I have read somewhere the following amusing couplet:—

" 'I cannot sing the old songs,' they heard the maiden say,
And then the guests with one accord rose up, and said, 'Hooray!'"

They had grown weary of the old sweet songs that told of mother and of home. It is not so with us; we love the old songs of Zion, and the old doctrines of grace.

" Come, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in Heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs:
'Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!'"

Alas! alas! that the very children are to be exposed to this poison. They are to be taught that many of the incidents of the Bible are mere fables, and its histories myths, that the story of the creation is but a venerable legend. God grant these poisons may not get to my little ones, nor to yours! But we must be more diligent. Fathers and mothers must teach the little ones the Bible, as Doddridge learned his Scripture history, at the glowing hearth,—I mean in our case the glowing hearth of sympathy and love. A traveller relates that he watched a bird, evidently alarmed, fly to a certain tree repeatedly, and cover with its leaves her young in the nest. The mother-bird then perched on a branch overlooking, and there watched the slow progress of a large serpent ascending the tree. Presently, with glistening eye and open mouth, its head was lifted above the nest. As it came in contact with the leaves, the snake dropped quickly from the tree as though its head had been shattered by a bullet. Oh, let us cover our home-nest with

gospel truth, lest the fledglings suffer! The leaves of this tree are for the healing of the children.

And how are we ourselves to escape the poison? We must avoid it, we must not tamper with it. Do not dream that a little will do only a little harm. It is said that Mahomet felt, to the very end of his life, the effects of a morsel of poisoned mutton he had tasted in his early days. Remember the old adage, "Once a poison, always a poison." Be very careful what you gather. Did I hear someone say, "Oh, but I hate being suspicious"? So do I, but I hate being poisoned more. And is it not possible for us to fortify our constitutions against the effects of error? It is said that poisons had no effect on Mithridates, King of Pontus, for he had fortified his constitution by drinking antidotes. Drink deep draughts of the Word of God, let it dwell in you richly, and you will ward off the effects of the ill.

But how are we to detect the poison? They used to have poison-detectors in the days of which I have been speaking,—at least, they thought they had. They believed that opals turned pale at the approach of poison, that Venetian glass shivered, and that peacocks ruffled their feathers. But suppose you did not happen to have a peacock handy? What was a Baptist minister to do who was not likely to have an opal ring, or Venetian glass either? These things were myths and frauds, I doubt not, but I thank God we have a poison-detector. I want to put it thus. Some of us have hung in our happy homes this motto, "What would Jesus do?" It is a beautiful motto; it ought to help us and our families. But I would like to hang in the study or vestry of all my brethren, were it possible, a card bearing this legend, "WHAT DID JESUS SAY?" He was a Body of Divinity. We heard lately about the apostles' doctrine. The apostles' doctrine was Christ's doctrine. Paul speaks of "my gospel", but he tells us whence he received it. It was Christ's Gospel. *What did Jesus say?* Did He believe in total depravity, and in the need of repentance? His parables prove that,—the wandering sheep, the lost silver, the prodigal son. His words prove that. "Out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, railings: these are the things which defile a man,"—a procession of lepers issuing from the gate of the heart, each crying, "Unclean! unclean!" Did He believe in the new birth? Yes, when He was speaking to Nicodemus, and I have no reason to believe that He altered His opinion later. Did He believe in the divine decrees? Why, He nearly lost His life through speaking of them, for they would have hurled Him from the brow of the hill; and He did lose the love of some of His disciples, for when they heard Him speak after that fashion, they walked no more with Him. Did He believe in atonement for sin and in a ransom for sinners? Assuredly, for He declared Himself to be the Good Shepherd that layeth down His life for the sheep. He believed that eternal destinies are decided in this life, for He said that there was a great gulf fixed between Dives and Abraham. He believed in the Spirit's personality and power, in the final perseverance of the saints, in the Judgment, and in His own bright second coming. He said, "Every one that is of the truth heareth

My voice." If there is an article in our creed that Christ did not hold and teach, away with it, and if there is one that He did hold and teach that is not in our creed, let us have it there. What did Jesus say? What did Jesus say?—for *that* I long to say on His behalf.

We are persuaded, then, that the only antidote of every ill is the gospel, the word of the Living God, and Jesus Himself, the gospel incarnate. We do not want any admixture. Let it be the simple gospel. Sometimes they ask us what we mean by the simple gospel. We mean the gospel, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel. Or, if we may tarry with our medical metaphors, we mean what the ancients meant by "Simples," just that one thing, no adulteration, no addition, no admixture. I have heard of a certain diner, who, having been helped to salad, presently called the waiter, saying, "Waiter, what does this mean? How came this button in the salad?" Said the waiter, "Very sorry, sir, but I suppose it is part of the dressing." We are quite content with the gospel as Christ held it and taught it, and as we have trusted it and rejoiced in it. We do not want any dressing, and no sensationalism either. I am not sure that it is a very good thing—I am almost sure that it is not,—to advertise striking themes. I read, the other day, of one of "Our Own Men" who is reported to have advertised, "The Rev. X. Y. Z. preaches special sermons every Sunday night." Well, I think he was right. All our sermons ought to be special. I cannot think we shall do well to advertise such a subject, for instance, as "The Gospel according to Beelzebub." What was the theme for the following Sunday, I wonder. That sort of thing has to be maintained, you know. If you preach on "The Hornsey Horror" next Sunday evening, what are you going to do on Sunday week by way of special attraction? And as for magic lanterns and dissolving-views in the house of God on the Sabbath-day, we cannot away with this sort of thing. Ah! I know a dissolving-view that is worth having every Sunday; the people never tire of it. They used to wound the balsam tree in order to obtain its healing essence; so, for our transgressions, the Saviour was wounded, "and with His stripes we are healed." Tell them of the wounded Jesus, and they will presently be singing,—

"Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears."

Oh, take this gospel to everybody! Take it to the hesitating. A noted evangelist is reported to have said that the antidote for doubting is shouting. It depends very much upon what you shout. If you shout of sovereign grace and dying love, I am with the evangelist, and I doubt not he meant something of that sort. Brother, if you fear that the Church is tainted, counteract the taint by the truth. The way to drive out cold is to let in heat, the way to banish darkness is to admit light, the way to expel foul air is to introduce the fresh. Keep on preaching the gospel. And if you have reason to fear that your own mind has become tainted and hurt, do not set that anxiety aside; do not rest about it. I remember fancying myself poisoned

once. I had been told by a physician to get a certain remedy, and after I had taken a dose at bed-time, I looked at the bottle, and found I had got something else, which I supposed was poisonous. I tell you, I had the household roused in a very short space of time. I was not going to lie down fearing that I might have taken so much as a drop of poisonous matter. And oh, if you, dear friend, feel that there is coming upon you or lurking within you any declension from the old paths, do not rest about it! Go to your knees. There was a doctor, fortunately for me, in the house, and he soon set me at rest, and told me that, happily, I was mistaken. There is a Doctor in your house. Arouse Him speedily; give Him no rest, nor yourself either, until He sets you right.

And oh, let us be ready, nay eager, to recommend this glorious antidote to everyone! It is a pleasing fact, I think, that most people have it in their hearts to tell sick men and women what did themselves good. It gets to be a bit of a trial sometimes, but I like them for it. "Have you tried so-and-so?" and "Such-and-such a remedy is most excellent." When my dear father lived, the people plainly showed their love thus. I remember that, in the house in the Lane of Nightingales, there was a cupboard full of powders, pills, and potions, ointments, liniments, and lotions,—love-tokens all of them. A would-be poet, in those days of long ago, wrote concerning them,—

"Were half the drugs thus vainly sent
Upon the Pastor's system spent,
His doleful cry would ere long be,
'Alas, these quacks have done for me!'"

Yet do I think, dear brethren, that he relished and revelled in the tender love that sent those pills and draughts along. Oh! let us be much more anxious about the souls of men than about their perishing bodies; and since we know that this medicine is effectual, let us leave no stone unturned in our endeavour to administer it to all.

Just one moment more. I notice that this Report concludes with a benediction on those who stumble not at Christ. "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me;" *i.e.*, whosoever shall not trip or stumble because of Jesus. "The Son of the Blessed is very pitiful," yet some there are who stumble over Him. Is it possible that any of my hearers do so? Do you, dear brother, trip at Christ, or fall over anything that pertains to Him? Do you stumble as to His person? Oh! rather join in Peter's declaration, and cry, "Thou art the Son of the living God." Do you trip at His miracles, when even timid Nicodemus exclaimed, "No man can do these miracles that Thou doest, except God be with him"? Do you trip at any of His sayings, and suppose, as others have done, that He merely employed terms that the people were accustomed to, and ignorantly accepted current tradition? Do you trip at His doctrines? Some of them are hard, but they are His. Some are dark, but they are divine. Have you ever found yourself tripping over the cross? God forbid, for Jesus died, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. Then go out and tell about Jesus. It was said of John the Baptist, "John did no miracle; but all things that John spake of this Man were true."

There are some of us who are destined never to do a miracle, we are not likely to take foremost places, but it is possible for all of us to speak true things of Jesus. Blessed, blessed, ever-blessed Jesus! Oh, come, let us adore Him! There is none like Him in Heaven above nor in the earth beneath. Let each exclaim, with one of old, "I never come to Thee but by Thee, I never go from Thee without Thee." And we will each one add,—

"I'll speak the honours of Thy Name
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
The *Antidote* of death."

Amen and amen.

Pentecost and Whitsuntide.

A WHIT-MONDAY PRAYER-MEETING ADDRESS AT THE METROPOLITAN
TABERNACLE, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language."
—Acts ii. 1—6.

"Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear. For David is not ascended into the heavens: but he saith himself, The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thy foes Thy footstool. Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call. And with many other words did he testify and exhort, saying, Save yourselves from this untoward generation. Then they that gladly received his word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."—Acts ii. 33—41.

THESE two passages remind us of the great events which make the day of Pentecost still remain to us a standing encouragement and inspiration. It comes down to us to-day almost as a tradition, and the tradition has wrought such sad changes that the very glory of that memorable time is to a large extent hidden. People now talk of "Whit-Sunday, Whit-Monday, Whitsuntide," these names are given to this period because of a custom that was prevalent in the early church. Now, I do not pay any attention to what the early church did, any more than to what the late church has done, unless there is reason to believe that it was the will of the Lord that they should act as they did. In many matters that were not subjects of divine revelation, they were no more right than we are; in some things, far less so. Well, they said, "This is the day of Pentecost, and we must have a special observance of the day." I do not know that they were right in what they did, nor can I see what particular

use there was in their action; for, after the ceremonial law was abrogated, all its festivals were also abolished, and it would have been far better not to keep such days in any unusual manner, but to sanctify all days alike as holy unto the Lord. I always consider that the religious observance of "Christmas-day" and "Good Friday" is only a piece of modern Judaism, which tends to support the pretensions of the Church of Rome. Still, right or wrongly, these early Christians said to one another, as the anniversary came round again, "This is the day of Pentecost; three thousand believers were baptized on that day, and we should like to commemorate that great event by baptizing our candidates every year on that day." So it came to pass that, year by year, there were crowds of persons, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, who had waited till the day of Pentecost that they might be baptized.

"But," asks someone, "why is it called Whitsuntide?" That is easily explained; for it was the custom to dress the candidates,—the word "candidates" conveys the idea of persons robed in white,—it was the practice to dress them in white, and so the day was called *White-Sunday*. We have a similar custom now, when our sisters come to be baptized here,—not because we have any superstitious belief concerning their being dressed in white, but because it appears to be appropriate to the service, and is the best and easiest to be washed; blue or green would do just as well though it might not look so comely. To the Christians of the first century, it seemed suitable that the men and women who came to confess their faith in Christ should be clad in white,—that being in accordance with the taste of Orientals,—so everyone who was accepted for baptism wore a new white garment. The great numbers who had waited until the Pentecostal day probably made it impossible for all to be baptized on the *White-Sunday*, so I daresay they continued the services on the next day, and therefore called it *White-Monday*, and possibly the day after as well, *White-Tuesday*. I only wish that we might have such a *White-Sunday*, and *White-Monday*, and *White-Tuesday*, that the Lord would give us such a multitude of converts that we should be obliged to have baptisms day after day because there were so many to be baptized.

To the praise of God's grace, I must here say that this is very much what we have had these many years; long church-meetings, church-meeting after church-meeting, held almost exclusively for the reception of candidates for baptism and fellowship, all being the result of one long-continued Pentecost which God has most graciously given us. I sometimes make our friends from the country open their eyes when I tell them that we have as many as half-a-dozen church-meetings in a single month. They ask me, in the greatest astonishment, "What can your members find to do so often?" Well, we do not find any quarrelling to do, and we do not call a meeting to decide whether they shall use mottled soap or yellow for cleaning the Tabernacle. That is the sort of subject that they have for discussion in some churches, or little insignificant matters of detail of no more importance than that; some of their church-meetings are concerning nothing at all, and that is a grand subject to fight about. That is not our ideal of a church-meeting; we meet very often for no other purpose than to take in the candidates who wish to come forward and in the waters of baptism

confess their faith in Christ; and they keep on coming in great numbers, thanks be unto God! We can truly say, "The Lord hath done great things for us," and He continues to do great things for us, blessed be His holy Name!

But, my dear brethren and sisters, notwithstanding this glorious fact, does not your heart often grow heavy as you remember that, in this city of London, there are vast masses of people who never go to hear the Word of God at all? In some parts of the metropolis, you might go through street after street, and scarcely find a Christian family, or you might find large families without a single member attending the means of grace. *The irreligion and indifference of the people are perfectly appalling*; the few who are godly are like speckled birds in the midst of multitudes who are altogether careless. I have lived in country villages where I do not believe there was any habitual breaking of the Sabbath-day; if you spent the Lord's-day there, you would see the whole population going either to the Baptist Chapel or the Parish Church, or the Wesleyan or Primitive Methodist Mission-room. Everybody went somewhere or other to the house of God; a man who never entered a place of worship would have been looked upon as an utter heathen; but here, in London, we have multitudes sunk in this kind of heathenism; and do what we may, we do not seem to have any power to influence these masses of irreligious people.

Then there is a *growing infidelity*; not an infidelity that talks much, it is a great deal too respectable for that, but an infidelity that refuses to think about the things of God. What is to be done? What is to be done? There are a great many places of worship that are not half full, and a great many more with a little handful sprinkled about; the difficulty is to get the people in, to get the kind of man that the people care to hear, and to give them the kind of word that will attract and retain them.

Is not the case difficult? Is not the case hopeless? *It is neither hopeless nor difficult, because it is both hopeless and difficult.* If we had to do the work by ourselves, it would be both hopeless and impossible; but since the Lord alone kills and makes alive, since He wounds and He heals, since salvation is of the Lord alone from first to last, we have passed out of the sphere of difficulty, and consequently out of the region of hopelessness and impossibility. He can send us men from quarters where we never expected them; the boldest advocates of error may become the ablest defenders of the faith. This has happened before, and the Lord can make it occur again and again. He can take the most wicked and the most blasphemous of men, and cleanse them, and make them chosen vessels to bear His name and His gospel to the people. He can employ you, dear friends, in your homes, or in your workshops; He can make any one of you, nay, He can make all of you to be the dispensers of life and grace amidst the masses of the people, as it was when the newly-slaughtered Christ, by His almighty Spirit, inspired those who were but a handful, and a very feeble folk, and made them do exploits which, without the Holy Ghost, they would never have dared to attempt. Let the Lord but make bare His holy arm in our midst, let Him but fill each of you, and me, and every one of His servants, with His Holy Spirit, and who

knoweth what may come of it? He has ways and means of working where we have none. He is the mighty God, our strong Rock, and our ever-present Helper.

I am sometimes greatly strengthened in my faith by *the awful wickedness of men*. I had to-day a letter,—I often receive letters containing abuse and blasphemy, and become so used to seeing them that I take no notice of them,—I had to-day a letter, in which a man has written all the passages in the Old Testament in which God commanded the Israelites to slay their enemies. After citing these texts, the writer says to me, “And this is your God, is it? I do not wonder that He wants a bloody sacrifice to appease His anger if these are His orders to His ancient people.” Yes, sir,—if you are here,—I say without hesitation that Jehovah is my God, and that I am not ashamed of anything that He ever said or did. Why, friends! when we think of the judgments of God upon the wicked in days gone by, we need never feel the slightest shudder at what some call God’s cruelty. When I think of the abominable sinfulness of men, I wonder that the Lord, in punishing them, was not a thousand times more severe than He was; and when I have heard the way in which some men speak of Him now, I ask myself, “How is it possible for Him to continue to bear with them as He does?” After He has formed them and fed them, they neglect Him, and despise Him, and fight against Him, and some of them even deny His very existence; why does He not destroy them? It is because He is God, and not man, that they are not all consumed; and if, sometimes, He does lay bare His mighty arm, and teach them terrible lessons with the edge of His sharp sword, still I adore and bless the angry God. Let Him be what He may, He is to me altogether perfect; and though He slay *me*, yet will I trust in Him. Jehovah, the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of the whole earth shall He be called, that self-same God is my God, and He will win the day despite all His adversaries.

But perhaps you ask me, “How can you draw any comfort out of the blasphemy of men?” Why, in this way; it will stir up the Lord to jealousy, it will move Him to say, “Now will I do a great work in the midst of these rebellious and sinful people.” I used to wonder what John Bunyan meant when he said that he had great hope of the world because he saw so many young men who were terribly wicked. He felt that, if the Lord should save such big sinners as those, they would be great saints indeed. This is a prayer that the Lord will hear from His people: “It is time for Thee, Lord, to work, for men have made void Thy law.” There is a good deal in that argument; we do have confidence in God, brethren, even amidst the prevailing wickedness of men. Oh, what a mercy it is to have such a God to whom we can go in prayer! Let us turn again to the mercy-seat, and plead for the masses of men who are still far from God by wicked works. It was while the apostles were all with one accord in one place, continuing in prayer and supplication, that the Holy Ghost came upon them, and they were endued with the power from on high which their Lord had promised. So may it be with us, for His dear Name’s sake! Amen.

God-touched Hearts.

VICE-PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS AT THE NINTH CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON.

NO one can face a gathering of this kind without seriously considering the reason why so many men have deliberately elected to turn aside from the common walks of life, and have committed themselves to a calling which stands singularly and uniquely by itself. The vain illusion that a ministerial career is pre-eminently angelic in its freedom from care, and extravagantly remunerative, has long been dissipated, and if such a "vision" ever troubled any before me, I am sure they have wearied with its "tarrying", and dispelled from their minds a dream so empty. Baptist pastorates are certainly neither Elysiums nor El Dorados, but rather valleys like unto Baca, and the one famous for its dry bones. Other spheres in life's activities bear the palm for enchanting attractions and fascinating allurements to bewitch the heart and captivate the mind; while the Christian ministry stands almost destitute of charm, and well-nigh twice orphaned of the world's patronage. Premierships and primacies are at the disposal of a State Church; popedoms and palaces are the possessions and perquisites of partizans of the so-called "Mother Church"; and such "offers" may induce candidates for the episcopacy to become priests after the Anglican or Roman Catholic order. Mitres may meet the wish and satisfy the desire of those who long to wear a crown. Croziers in the hands of some, doubtless, feel like sceptres; and in the eyes of others, the varied and coloured vestments of a pontiff give him the air of an enrobed monarch. Fat livings, pretty parsonages, high society, &c., &c., have their enchantments, but none of these things move Nonconformists. The most we can say for the outward attractions of the ministry to which we belong, is not much. Our Cathedrals are at best but Tabernacles, our manses unromantic, our garb (except for here and there a white tie) grave and sombre, and the company we keep and the souls we seek are numbered among the poor of this world. So let it ever be!

To be escorted by bands of music, loud with the world's applause, and to be seated on the highest point of some triumphal car, arrayed in mimic regal robes, has, doubtless, a fascination to multitudes, and presents a spectacle which causes crowds to look and children to envy. The scene is changed, however, when pastors, preachers, missionaries, and evangelists file by. Careworn looks, furrowed brows, haggard features, tearful eyes, are the tokens of their self-sacrificing toil; and if the volumes were opened by the Angel of the Pastors' Aid and Book Fund, heart-rending stories of struggles with pain and poverty would be revealed, and tales of terrible sorrows told.

The streams of Heavenly influences would cease to flow, the water-courses of holy blessing be dried up, the rivers of happy joy become mere runnels, if *all* men were given over to temporal pursuits. The world would lack the irrigation which religion imparts, for want of channels to convey the living waters to the territories of life, if there were no Christ-like souls, willing to leave their nets, and become the

disciples of "the Son of the carpenter." How is it that, since the days of the Law-giver, men have been found "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt"?

Am I not right in saying the reason for this is found in the fact that we are "*a band of men whose hearts God has touched*"? The ungodly may gibe us, and even, after the fashion of Shimei, pelt "all the servants of the King" with stones; their cursing and casting dust shall be requited. "Fools," say they, "beside themselves," "mad," "touched in the head," and so forth. Nay, rather, "touched in the heart," are we, and herein lies the secret of our loyalty and chivalry for Christ and His cause. You will readily recall the incident wherein these words occur. Saul, the anointed and now appointed king over Israel, is about to return to his home in Gibeah. The cries of "God save the king!" have been loud and long, and presentations have been the order of the day; and now the ceremony of installation is at an end, and the thousands are dismissed. The majority return to their homes, soon to be engrossed in other matters, with only occasionally giving a thought to the king so newly elected; others are found, as the children of Belial, despising and insulting the Lord-chosen chieftain, while "*a band of men, whose hearts God had touched,*" joined themselves unto Saul, and went with him. Thus is it to this day. "We will not have this Man to reign over us," is said by myriads concerning Jesus, and by open hostility and worldly indifference His Kingship is disputed and despised. Only a few, comparatively, are found as faithful followers, and they are those whose hearts God has touched. It is upon this theme,—**MEN WITH GOD-TOUCHED HEARTS**,—I wish to say a little. Three things are noticeable, the *secret*, the *seat*, and the *subjects* of divine power.

I. **THE SECRET IS TOUCHED IN THE WORDS, "GOD-TOUCHED."** Can not we remember the first dart that reached our hearts? It was the winged arrow of God's Word, shot from the bow of one of the King's archers, and it stuck fast. It discovered and surprised us. To Ithuriel's spear is attributed by Milton a potent power, as when,—

"On he led his radiant files, dazzling the moon,"

in search of Satan. They found him,—

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.
Him thus intent, Ithuriel with his spear
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness."

Such a touch, only in a diviner sense, we felt when our sinful nature was revealed by the lance-point of convincing truth. The touch was strong, misjudged by us as rude and rough, but, thank God, we have learnt its worth since those days of criminal ignorance! No kinder act was ever wrought than when Jesus came into our hearts, and laying about Him with a whip of small cords, He drove out the thieves, and turned the market-place into a meeting-place; a

Pandemonium into a Paradise. Never shall we forget that touch, and its tremendous results. The stony heart was blasted and the rocky nature shattered, so that the Good Spirit could sail in with His argosies of blessing, and make our being the harbour for the flotillas of divine mercies. It was but a touch, *but it was God's*.

How marvellous the changes wrought through this divine operation ! The warm life we feel glowing in the very centre of our being, and the bright peace diffused throughout our tripartite being, as through stem and bough and twig, are hidden from the outward vision. The hardness and darkness of our corrupt hearts melt away under the potent spell of the perfecting love of God in Christ, and a whole Heavenful of glory takes their place. What wonder, then, that a claim so reasonable should be made by the Eternal Spirit, that men should present themselves a living sacrifice to God, and that it should be met by a full surrender of body, soul, and spirit, when we *as men* realize that our regeneration is the effectual working of the Holy Ghost ! Christ has won by His altogether loveliness, while the bubble beauty of the world has failed. We have found salvation in His touch. Sin's fetters have fallen from our hearts, for His bleeding, nail-pierced hand has snapped their links, and saving love has forged the golden chains wherein we are led captive by those strong arms, once bound to Calvary's cross. Cheerfully we leave the more unworthy occupations of life to follow our Emancipator. It is related in ancient history that "when Æschines saw everyone giving a present to Socrates, he said to the great sage, 'Since I have nothing else to give thee but myself, I give thee that.' 'Do so,' said Socrates, 'and I will give thyself back to thee, and a better man than when I received thee.'" Thus speaks Christ to us, and how truly has He bettered us ! The touch which gave us healing imparts a healthiness which must manifest itself in heroic service. The bruised reed has not only been reclaimed and repaired, but His fingers play upon it, and melody as sweet as the music of Heaven is discoursed as He breathes through it. The smoking flax He makes a torch to illumine the world, and lips of clay, touched with a live coal from off the altar, become hearths of burning words. The touch of His hand is the all-transforming power. This thought is tenderly and tellingly expressed in these charming lines, written by my beloved mother,—

“ Oh, that I were a cup, a golden cup
 Meet for the Master's use !
 Brimming and trembling with that draught of joy
 (The love of His beloved and purchased ones)
 Which fills His heart with gladness.”

* * * *

“ So spake a poor, vile, broken, earthly thing,
 A worthless castaway.
 The Master heard ; and when He passed that way,
 He stooped, and touched it with His *wounded* hand,—
 When lo ! its baseness vanished, and instead
 There stood a *golden* chalice, wondrous fair,
 And overflowing with deep love for Him.”

It is reported that Thomas Aquinas had a vision of Christ, and Christ asked him what He should give him. "Give me Thyself," was the reply. Ah, this is the *summum bonum*! Let Christ Himself, in the personal presence of His Spirit, enter into our being, and we are touched in every part. "That bravery and gallantry," says John Smith, of Cambridge, "which seem to be in the great Nimrods of this world, are nothing else but the swelling of their own unbounded pride and vain-glory; but the valour and puissance of a soul impregnated with religion hath, in a sort, an universal extent, as Paul speaks of himself, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'" "Young man, hitch your waggon to a star," is Emersonian, and sounds ethereally grandiloquent; but this we have done in a glorious sense, for we are linked to the omnipotence of the Bright and Morning Star, and our lives have become more radiant in His sight than the chariot of the sun, "for they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." We have felt the touch of God, and cannot leave the rich experiences of His grace and power for the paltry blandishments of earthly greatness. We have received an influx from the Eternal, and it is His life so infused that exerts and exalts our powers. Herein lies, first of all, then, the secret of divine power.

II. Now we have to consider THE SEAT of it.

Where does God exercise His influence over this band of men? Ignatius was known by the name of "Theophorus," that is, "the bearer of God," and when he appeared before the Emperor Trajan, he gave an explanation of the title. Said he, "I bear in my heart Christ the Lord." Our hearts also are the scene of His mighty activities. "As we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk we in Him." We have risen into an embracement of God, and thereby have been abstracted from carnal cravings. For us to seek and to derive happiness from unsanctified finite matter, would be like searching for brilliants in a dung-heap, or for gold in a dust-bin. Our hearts are no longer our own, and He who keeps them, satisfies them with favours fitting to their regenerated nature. When He touched us, He touched us in the right place. The chief centre of operation, the very citadel of our being was affected. Our Conqueror was not to be contented with a partial victory. He must have all,—country, counties, suburbs, city, and the palace-royal of our entire nature are to be absolutely His. Let the metropolis of the heart be once His, let Him establish His throne therein, then the whole world of our being shall feel His sovereignty. Our power lies in His power over us; and a man with a God-filled heart is a man after God's own heart. All our thoughts, tempers, words, and works, are produced and permeated by the Holy Spirit, and consequently the issues of life are God-honouring and blessedly powerful in their results. Read the history of God's people throughout all ages, and we find truthful records more wonderful than the legends fairy lore can furnish; and the biographies of such men as Wycliffe, Knox, Luther, and Spurgeon, contain facts as startling as the miracles of Christ, which can only be accounted for by recognizing the truth that their hearts were the habitat of Jehovah. The possibilities of a God-touched heart are immeasurable. While

in South Africa, I heard it often remarked, "No one knows the resources of this country. They only need developing to prove how ample they are." Such territories of wealth are hearts filled with grace divine; and when explored by the Holy Ghost, the hitherto Dark Continents shall prove to be replete with gold as of Ophir.

As *witnesses*, our testimony must be clear, definite, bold, and unflinching. Unless our heart be right with God, this can never be, for the powers that are arrayed against us are so many and so mighty. "The spirit of the age" is opposed to the Spirit of our Christ; and unless we have hearts of steel, the world will steal our hearts. What made men martyrs in times gone by makes them martyrs still,—unflinching in their fearlessness, calm amid the raging storms of hatred, self-possessed and patient, though enduring the strain of creaking rack and studied tortures of the cruellest kind. As then, God was in them, and God was with them, so now it is His residence in the heart that makes men strong.

As *workers* for God, our labours are to be earnest, self-denying, constant. This means "heart-work." "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord." Our principal work is preaching, and only those who preach know how much heart is needed for such toil. "Out of the abundance of the heart" (not the head), "the mouth speaketh." It is with the heart man believeth, so with all our heart we must proclaim the gospel. Eliminate this factor from our pulpit power, and we have lost its chiefest force, and ministers will become but mere machines, turning out Sabbath by Sabbath moral essays, eloquent harangues, cold, artistic, oratorical displays, miserable substitutes for the living gospel. To preach to the heart, we must preach with the heart. There must be sympathy between the preacher and the people. It is said of a distinguished preacher, that in an able sermon he "scolded his congregation for an hour and a quarter about the love of Christ." As dying men, speaking to dying men, we must learn the art of heart-preaching. Says Dr. Maclaren, "Put a living faith in Christ, and a heroic confidence in the power of His gospel to reclaim the worst of sinners, into a man's heart, and he will out of weakness be made strong, and plough his way through obstacles with the compact force and crashing directness of lightning." Take out the heart, and you have but an empty suit of armour, powerless because no life beats beneath the corslet; but let heart and soul go forth to the fray, then, like the fabled knight of old, who rode into the bloody field in a simple silken vest, and conquered, shall a band of men, touched by God, become invincible, and all-victorious.

Brethren, I believe God would have us show men our hearts when preaching. The culture most needed is heart-culture, not the horticulture of nineteenth century scholarship. It is, as Professor Phelps puts it, "The cry should be, not less intellect! less study! less culture!" but simply, "more heart! more prayer! more godliness!" God has designed that divine truths should pass from the heart into the head, and not from the head into the heart; and so, as it is necessary to know human things in order to love them, it is necessary to love divine things in order to know them. George Herbert recommended "the dipping and seasoning all our words and sentences in

our own hearts before they come into our mouths, truly affecting and cordially expressing all that we can say, so that our auditors may plainly perceive that every word is *heart-deep*."

III. It remains for us to notice the manifestation of His wonderful love in electing "a band of men" to be THE SUBJECTS OF DIVINE POWER.

From the very first, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." With every force in the universe at His disposal, He demonstrates His supremacy above means by making men His instruments and agents. You will doubtless have observed the emphasis laid by the Holy Spirit upon the fact that the messenger to the house of Israel, in the person of Ezekiel, was one of themselves. Nearly a hundred times does the title "son of man" occur in this remarkable prophecy; so that this fact is forced upon our attention, that God deals with man by men.

Was it a noble act on the part of Aaron when he "ran into the midst of the congregation with burning incense, and stood between the dead and the living, and the plague was stayed"? Then, nobler his position who, in the name of God, continually waves the censor of the gospel containing the "fire from off the altar" of Calvary among the perishing sinners of his day. "All honour to the memory of the mighty men who swept like a hurricane through the camp of the Philistines, and cleaving their way through a crowd of foes, drew the water of Bethlehem for their king: yet rather than be reckoned among David's mighty men, it would content me," says Guthrie, "as one of Christ's humblest servants, to hold the cup of life to a pauper's lips." The glory is augmented because the means are so humble; the honour increased, since the recipients are destitute of all merit. Truly, the vessels are earthen, and of the crudest kind, and, strange to say, they are best when broken, too, for the enamel of an inward holiness reflects the indwelling light with dazzling glare to the discomfiture of Midian's host. Our brotherhood has ever been famous because in its constitution it closely resembles the Colleges of Scripture. The sons of the prophets were evidently men accustomed to perform the common services of ordinary mortals, for it came natural to them either to shred gourds or fell beams; and the disciples and apostles were after the same order, for catching fish and making tents were the toils of graduates in Christ's College.

It is *men* God wants still to follow the King; and He finds them now as He did in "the brave days of old." The grandest workers the world has ever known were drawn from the ranks of rustics. Ploughmen, shepherds, *ushers*, weavers, fisher-folk, and the like, all play a prominent part in carrying out the divine purposes; and thus the base and the weak in the world's eye confound the strong and the wise. Hedgers and ditchers have done more for the good of their fellows and for the glory of God than "many mighty and many noble."

While we admit the weakness of our humanity, let us not forget there is a dignity attaching to it, which, consecrated in the service of God, renders it available for divine achievements. Let us be *men*. The age demands it of us, as well as the labour in which we are engaged. While the senate and the forum, the academy and the

laboratory, call for men of highest culture and cleverest acumen, the pulpit lifts up its voice loudly in claiming the sincerest and the best of men for itself. The bosom of Christendom still heaves with the sigh, "Oh, for men!" and she shall not be satisfied until the churches receive the fulfilment of the promise, "I will increase them with men like a flock." Men of uncompromising fidelity, indomitable zeal, patient endurance; in short, real men of God are wanted by their thousands to push the conquests of the cross into the territories of the enemy. Are all our Samsons asleep in Delilah's lap? Is it that the world has caught the deliverers of Israel a-napping, and shorn them of their locks, and, as a cruel satire upon their want of wakefulness, and sinful indolence, put out their eyes, and made mill-slaves of them? Oh, for a return of strength, so that once again the mighty may arise to do the deeds of glory which have rendered famous the men of old! Thank God, "a band" is still left unto Him that have not bowed their knees unto the Baal of this world. Truly, we are few and feeble; but the Lord of hosts is with us. The foe may cover the field like grasshoppers for multitude, yet shall they be as nothing; "the Breaker has gone up before us," and—

"The Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

"He that is for us is mightier than all they that are against us." The "lappers" were in the minority, but their hearts being touched of God made real men of them, and so, with a band 300 strong, Gideon overcame the hosts of Midian. At a time when Alliances, Federations, Co-operative Societies, and the like, are being multiplied, let us not be negligent in the matter of banding ourselves together more than ever for the maintenance of the truth and the spread of the gospel. "Spurgeon's men" have always been looked upon as "clannish"; this was said when our chieftain led the van. How much more needful is it that since he has been "promoted" we should consolidate, and become intensely tribal! As doubtless those who went with the king were dubbed Saulites, so may the world have the opportunity of nicknaming us, because God, having touched our hearts, we band ourselves together to follow, and, if necessary, to fight for Jesus! Much more might be said; but, rather, let us arise and go forth to *do*. The dawn of the day of days approaches when the King shall come in splendour and in power,—

"And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,"

shall gather around His throne to receive the golden medallion of His "Well done!" and the pension of eternal life. Never shall we regret our enlistment, nor sorrow because we "went with the King"; for those who "suffer with Him" as soldiers "shall reign with Him" as kings.

Joyfully will we therefore join ourselves unto those who have "hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord," and feel honoured to be enrolled among the "men of renown" who have "laid down their lives for Christ." Our prayer shall be that we may be kept

faithful unto death, and that, while others seek only the world and its pleasures, we may—

“ So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the Vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
We shall mount onward to the eternal hills,
Our feet unwearied and our strength renewed,
Like the strong eagle’s, for the upward flight;
A band of men whose hearts the Lord has touched.”

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXX. PASTOR JOSEPH CLARK, NOTTINGHAM TABERNACLE.

THE subject of this sketch was born in London, May 5, 1853, the year in which the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon commenced his ministry at New Park Street Chapel. While Joseph was yet a lad, his father removed from London to Essex, to a farm, so that he had an early experience of both town and country life, which no doubt helped to qualify him for his future service. The name of Spurgeon was often brought before him, both in Essex and London, but generally in an offensive manner, as he was brought up in a Church of England family, and sang in a Church choir. He freely confesses that he was a troublesome boy, both at school and at home. Being always strong and muscular, his leisure was given up to athletics, and he still holds several prizes won in his youth; but from his past experience, he is now anxious to protect the young life of the present day against the evils of the sports and pastimes which occupy so prominent a place in public esteem. Just now, when entertainments and amusements of various kinds seem to be to so large an extent usurping the place of church life and work, Mr. Clark’s statement is significant:—

“ The greatest temptation of my life came to me as the result of taking part in entertainments for charitable purposes. At an East End Church, certain professional gentlemen, who had heard of my singing and performances, made me an offer to join an operatic company, that I might be trained for a good position on the stage.” Here we see the natural outcome of the entertainment spirit in our churches, the church becomes a stepping-stone to the music-hall and the theatre. Mr. Clark was mercifully preserved from yielding to the temptation which has been the ruin of so many others.



Our brother's conversion appears to have been the result of several memorable experiences. Twice he was nearly drowned; he was very seriously impressed when the hands of his dying mother were placed upon him as she pleaded with him to surrender himself to the Lord; finally, the preaching of Dr. Hugh Allen brought him to decision for Christ, and a desire to enter His service. Owing to his connection with the Established Church, Mr. Clark was slow to renounce the teaching of his youth; but, at length, driven out by Ritualism, he left the Church, and attended the Evening Classes at the Tabernacle, and there, under the tuition of Professor Fergusson and Mr. Johnson, added to his store of knowledge. Having a capacity for learning, and an intense hunger for acquiring it, he made good headway.

Upon his marriage, and removal to Clapham, he became associated with Pastor E. Henderson, of Victoria Chapel, Wandsworth, who baptized him, and received him into fellowship; and for some time the writer and Mr. Clark enjoyed companionship in Sunday-school work, their classes being side by side. Our brother can describe now, with a hearty laugh, though it was no matter for merriment at the time, his first attempt at preaching. At an open-air service, in the Queen's Road, Battersea, he stood up to preach; he gave out his text, but the words refused to come, he could only stand still and look up and around, but not a syllable could he utter. Unhappily, the crowd regarded our friend's failure as a piece of fun, and laughed aloud; Mr. Clark, however, looked at it in quite another light. "This experience," he says, "silenced me for two years."

In the meantime, his duties, connected with a shop at Clapham and a business in the City, and his studies at the City of London College, kept him fully occupied, and often led to the burning of the proverbial "midnight oil." When he joined the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, he became a member also of the Country Mission, and was one of the first preachers to be sent by that organization to Thornton Heath. As Mr. Clark's services were held in the open-air, Mr. Spurgeon used playfully to say that he could sit in his garden, and hear him a mile off, so powerfully did he hold forth the Word of Life. At the beloved Pastor's request, he went to Teddington, and for some time carried on the work as well as his business. His next step was to take charge of the new church at Norbiton, preaching in the Assize Courts until the school-chapel was built. This soon proved to be too small, so the Public Hall was engaged, and large congregations were drawn to hear the young business-man pastor.

Then came another important step in his life; he entered the Pastors' College, and as a student and pastor worked hard and well. After his three years' course, he had the help of a private tutor, and still toiled diligently that he might lay up a good store of knowledge for future service. In Mr. Clark, we have an instance of how a good business man will make a good pastor. When entering the College, a proposal was made to him by a large firm which would have just doubled his income; this was followed by the offer of a partnership in a City house; but, after earnest prayer, and consultation with his wife, who has always been a loyal right-hand supporter to him in his work, he decided that the Baptist ministry, with its toil and difficulty, should

be his lot, believing that he was called by God to this service, and that he must not go back.

Mr. Clark has so far met with his reward. One of the last things the late beloved President did was to commend him to the church at Nottingham Tabernacle, and here there is ample scope for a strong man with business capacity and great preaching powers to serve God and the church. For five years, he has rejoiced in much spiritual blessing, and a real solid work has been done. Nottingham presents a splendid sphere for such a man; and thus far our brother has proved himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." The churches around Nottingham are often encouraged by his cheery presence, and helpful sermons and lectures. He delights in his work, and never shrinks from a big undertaking; he certainly has *this* before him, for he and his friends have to bear or to remove the remaining debt of £5,350 on their church premises. They hope that some of the King's stewards who read this Magazine may see their way to "come over and help" to reduce this heavy burden. In Mr. Clark, the Pastors' College has helped to train a man who, by his consecrated life and successful ministry, is proving an untold blessing in a most important sphere of Christian service.

A. A. HARMER.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

A RECENT correspondence concerning a Book Fund grant affords a cheering glimpse of the joy given, and the gratitude evoked by the blessed work still carried on from day to day in "my little corner." The first letter is one of application for a gift, the second is the acknowledgment thereof; the writer is a Wesleyan minister in a Midland county, and comment is unnecessary except from the hearts of the readers:—

"Dear Madam,—Pardon me for writing to you, somehow I can hardly pardon myself; but you could not possibly know my case unless I put it before you. Your generous kindness to needy ministers, myself among the number, makes me bold. How should I ever have been able to buy *The Treasury of David*? How often I thank God for that storehouse of good things, which years ago you placed within my reach! Now my soul longs for a few new books, to be my very own, gracing my book-shelves. What new books I read, I have to borrow; it is years since I was able to buy one of any worth. The reason of this will be obvious when I tell you I have a wife and eight children, and my stipend is but £130 per annum. If your funds will allow you to send me a parcel, there will be joy and brightness here, I can assure you. But I would rather wait years longer than that needier brethren should go without.

"With many prayers, yours truly, —————."

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—Your parcel of books came safely to hand this morning. Oh, what a day I have had! My soul has been

revelling in the rich pastures here spread out before me. I have wept tears of joy! Here is food for brain and heart for a long time to come. I have for many years praised God for His gift to us of your sainted husband, but never more fervently than to-day. When I have desired to enter into 'the holy place of the Most High,' I have always gone to your dear husband. No human guide has ever so sweetly led me into 'the secret place' as he has. How can I praise God sufficiently for his services to us as ministers of the Word? I am but one among hundreds of the Lord's servants who know, and love, and serve the Master better, because of the purity of Mr. Spurgeon's teaching, and the charm of his example. Dear Madam, words seem *so poor* to-day, my lips are fettered in the presence of your kindness! But 'the day' will reveal how widespread has been the influence of these books, and how blessed your service for the King in thus ministering to His needy servants.

"Very gratefully yours, ———."

* * * *

To the information I gave last month, concerning the translation of my beloved husband's Sermons into various languages, it may be interesting to add a few details as to the volumes of his works which have either been recently issued, or are in various stages of preparation. There is a translation of *Evening by Evening* in Tamil, and *Morning by Morning* in the same language is expected to be ready soon. The first volume of *The Treasury of David*, in Arabic, is on the library shelves, and will be followed shortly, we hope, by a Bengali version of the same work. In Lettish, there are *Farm Sermons*, *John Ploughman's Pictures*, *Sermons in Candles*, and *All of Grace*, beside quite a dozen single Sermons, of which many thousands of copies have been distributed. In Finnish, *Around the Wicket Gate* and *All of Grace* have been issued through the generosity of a gentleman, to whom the dear Pastor's writings have been blessed. *The Greatest Fight in the World*, some of the *Lectures to my Students*, *The Cheque Book of the Bank of Faith*, and *All of Grace* have been published in French; the last-named volume also speaks to the millions in India who can read Urdu; while *The Gospel of the Kingdom*, *The Art of Illustration*, *Words of Wisdom* (and *Words of Warning*) for *Daily Life*, *The Soul-Winner*, and many others have appeared in German. *Rare Jewels* have delighted many Dutch friends, and *The Greatest Fight in the World* is helping Italian Christians to war a good warfare against the powers of darkness.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"It shall not seem hard unto thee."—Deut. xv. 18.

Dear Lord, I have this morning lighted upon one of the secret springs of sweet waters; an ancient, hidden well in the wilderness, which Thy love, as it were, kept covered up and concealed, till my great need moved Thee to open my eyes to discover it. How precious has Thy thought been to me, O Lord! How strengthening and re-

freshing are these "cold waters to a thirsty soul," which Thou hast thus made to break forth in a strange place! For I thought I was suffering a hard thing, Lord, in the dealings and discipline which Thou hast seen necessary for me; and, though Thy grace kept me from openly murmuring and complaining, my inner self constantly cried out, "This is hard, Lord, this is very hard."

But now Thou sayest, "No, My child, it must not even *seem* hard unto thee. Thy trust in Me should be so perfect, thy faith in My love so strong, thy obedience to My will so complete, that nothing should seem grievous which I appoint, no trial that I send should affright or overwhelm thee. Have I not always been to thee 'a very present help in trouble'?" Lord, my heart says, "Amen!" to Thy gracious words, and then trusts Thee to work all this loving obedience in me by Thine own mighty power.

"It shall not seem hard unto thee." The peculiar trial through which I may now be passing, is the very "*it*" which must not seem hard to me. God's bow is never drawn at a venture; He makes no mistakes, either in telling the number of the stars, or in meting out to me the griefs which shall teach me to glorify Him. And, dear reader, if you would find comfort from the words which so comforted me, you must look upon your *present* trouble, *whatever it may be*, and say, "Lord, this shall not seem hard to me, for I have received so much bounty and blessing from Thee, I have known so much of Thy pity and pardoning love, that I dare not mistrust Thee, or question for a moment the Divine wisdom of Thy dealings with me." Ah! our eyes are so dimmed by earth's fogs and shadows that we cannot see clearly enough to distinguish good from evil; and if left to ourselves, might embrace a curse rather than a blessing. Poor purblind mortals that we are, it is well for us that our Master should choose our trials for us, even though to our imperfect vision He seems sometimes to have appointed a hard thing.

"All that God blesses turns to good,
While unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

Yes, it is in absolute and loving surrender to *the will of the Lord* that the secret of true rest and peace is found. This is the alchemy which turns earth's sorrows into Heaven's blessings; here is the antidote to every sting, the cure-all of each care, the unfailing remedy for all disquietude. Dear Lord, if I am Thy child, trusting, loving, obeying Thee, how *can* Thy will for me seem "hard"? Nay, rather, I should joyfully meet and welcome it, well knowing that Thy love to me could only send a message of peace, however dark might be the envelope which enwrapped it.

This comfort cannot apply to troubles which we make for ourselves, and which we sometimes glorify into spiritual hardships, when they are really selfish sins; these are not God's will for us, but our own perverse way, and they bring nothing better than bitterness and tears. But a God-given burden or sorrow, carried out into the sunshine of His love, and laid at His blessed feet, immediately loses all

its "hardness", and is transformed into a blessing, for which our soul praises the Lord with tender thanksgiving.

"*It shall not seem hard unto thee.*" Ah! dear Master, it must grievously pain Thy loving heart when we, Thine own redeemed ones, think any of Thy dealings with us harsh or stern. Thou hast loved us from everlasting, Thou didst not spare Thine own Son when a ransom was required for our souls, Thou hast led us, and fed us, and cared for us all our life long; can we be so wicked and ungrateful as to deem anything "hard" which Thy wisdom and love appoint?

"*It shall not seem hard unto thee.*" Since this precious text rippled from the pages of God's Word, like "a brook by the way," I have been drinking of its waters with great joy; and when a trouble, great or small, oppresses my soul, and causes my heart to faint within me, I take another draught from this sweet spring, and soon am ready to say, "'Tis no longer hard, Lord, for 'I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.'"

S. S.

Pastors' College Evangelical Association.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS AT THE NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

THE meetings commenced, on Monday afternoon, April 20th, 1896, with a gathering for prayer and praise at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road. The officers of the Association were represented by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon (the President), Pastor Charles Spurgeon (one of the Vice-Presidents), and Professor McCaig (one of the Secretaries); and there was a goodly muster of the brethren from London and the provinces, with at least two representatives of the brotherhood beyond the seas.

After about an hour had been spent in earnest supplication and thanksgiving, the President read and expounded the context of that portion of the Song of Solomon from which he had selected the Conference motto (Canticles iv. 8). We think that the members of our fraternity, as well as many others of our readers, will be glad to read this choice meditation, so we give it in full.

Solomon's Song iv. 8.—"*Come with Me from Lebanon, My spouse, with Me from Lebanon:*"

We would go anywhere with Jesus; we sometimes sing, "Anywhere for Jesus," but we cannot go for Him without going with Him; He never sends us out alone.

"*Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon,*"

Jesus leads us upward, away to the top of the mountains, into the fresh free air of His glorious truth and His revealed countenance; and thence He bids us "look," surveying the landscape o'er; and, as though from another Pisgah, viewing the Promised Land.

"*From the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.*"

It would seem as if there were dangers and difficulties even on the mountains of communion; and, though the Lord Himself leads us, we may expect to hear the roaring of the lions, and perhaps to feel some fear of the leopards; but if He is with us, what does it matter how many lions and leopards may come out against us? If the Bridegroom be with us, we shall be more than a match for them all.

v. 9.—"*Thou hast ravished My heart, My sister, My spouse;*"

Oh! think of the love of Jesus, that He should speak to us and of us in

such a fashion. We know, sometimes, what it is for Him to ravish our heart, what it is for us to be enamoured of Him, and to delight ourselves in Him; but that we should ravish His heart, and give Him gladness,—this is past our finding out, yet we do with all our hearts believe it. Lest we should disbelieve it, He says it again :—

“Thou hast ravished My heart with one of thine eyes.”

Or, as it might be read, “with one look from thine eyes.” Oh, how precious to us is one look from Jesus! Equally precious to Him is one look from us. Again we marvel at the mercy that makes this true, but we do not dare to doubt it: “Thou hast ravished My heart with one look from thine eyes.” Perhaps it means that just a side-glance, the profile even of our face, has made our Saviour glad. Certainly, this is so with Him; even if He does not turn His face fully towards us, we have been ravished with the very profile of His lovely countenance, with one look of His eyes.

“With one chain of thy neck.”

Jesus delights in every grace that we wear as an ornament upon us; and that love, for which we have been praying this afternoon,—the first fruit of the Spirit,—not only most blessedly beautifies us, but gladdens Him.

v. 10.—*“How fair is thy love, My sister, My spouse!”*

All sweet and tender relationships are mentioned, that we may be assured that He is ours, and we are His;—His sister, closer still, His bride.

“How much better is thy love than wine!”

This is what the bride said to the Bridegroom at the opening of the Song: “Thy love is better than wine.” Now He returns the compliment, so loving and gracious is He. Oh, think of this, my brethren, that your love makes glad the heart of God, that from this chalice He drinks with great delight! See to it that the cup is always full, let Him not look for your love in vain.

“And the smell of thine ointments than all spices.”

v. 11.—*“Thy lips, O My spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.”*

All these things have previously been predicated of the Bridegroom. I suppose the secret lies just here,—that the bride had been so much in His company that she had grown like Him, that she had caught something of His appearance, a good deal of His perfume, and much of His sweetness; and this return of compliment is really due to His overflowing grace, of which the bride has been the recipient.

v. 12.—*“A garden inclosed is My sister, My spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed.”*

And so preserved from being trodden down and defiled with dust.

v. 13-15.—*“Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard, spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices: a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.”*

So the Lord Jesus is pleased to speak of us. By the grace of God we are what we are; and if we accept this description, if we are humbly conscious that we bear any likeness to this portraiture, let us give Him the praise, and ask to be made still more to resemble Him.

So the Bridegroom ceases His speech, and then the bride begins:—

v. 16.—*“Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.”*

She is not self-satisfied; gratified, she must be, that such sweet words have fallen from His lips, to whom she longs to be all that He deserves and desires; but then, when He has spoken of her sweetness and her fruitfulness, she longs to offer to Him more fragrance and more fruit. Ah! surely,

one of the best signs of progress is a desire for progress ; one of the truest signs of holiness is—shall I say?—emptiness, a desire to be still further filled.

“Awake, O north wind.” The north wind is a rough wind ; but rude Boreas can accomplish what the southern zephyr cannot do. “And come, thou south.” Then comes the zephyr, on the heels of the rough wind, to heal and bless and comfort. “Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.” The flowers are planted ; nay, better, they are springing up, the buds are opening, some of the flowers have already opened their cups ; but there is a stagnation over all. I want the breeze to blow the flowers about so that, as their bells swing to and fro, the perfume shall be tolled out upon the passing air. And for what reason do I want the wind to blow upon my garden ? Not for my own gratification, but for my Lord's.

“*Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits.*”

Oh ! let us see to it, brethren, that our desires after holiness, our aspirations after something higher and nobler are not at bottom selfish and self-seeking. It is a grand thing to long to be a soul-winner, it is a grand thing to desire to be all else that a man of God filled with the Spirit should be ; but if the main idea in our minds is that we may be known as soul-winners, that people may talk of us as holy men, that will spoil it all. No, we want the flowers to grow, and blow, and to flow with fragrance, yet not that our fellows may see them, and sing our praises, but that they may praise the Cultivator ; and better still, that Jesus may come to the garden, and smell these precious spices wafted on the breeze, “and eat His pleasant fruits.”

Now go on into the next chapter ; just the first verse.

“*I am come into My garden, My sister, My bride :*”

I wonder why they wanted to make a new chapter of that, for it certainly ought not to be separated from the verse that precedes it. The prayer is scarcely uttered than the petition is graciously answered ; nay, while the spouse was pleading, she beheld Him near for whom she looked and longed. It was like Mary in the garden ; He was there all the time, the Saviour she had mourned as dead. In this case He says, “I am come into My garden.” “Do not look over the hedge, and wonder when I shall appear upon the horizon. ‘I am come into My garden.’” The bride calls it her garden, the Bridegroom calls it His ; who is right ? They are both right, for what is His is ours, and what is ours is most assuredly His.

“*I have gathered My myrrh with My spice ; I have eaten my honeycomb with My honey ; I have drunk My wine with My milk :*”

And so Christ sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied. He has—shall I say ? I say it with the utmost reverence,—He has a good meal ; the viands are sweet, and very plentiful. And what about the bride ? Is she to have nothing ? It will be her joy to see her Husband fed ; it will be His joy to feed her.

“*Eat, O friends ; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*”

And so, when Christ comes in to sup with us, you may be sure that He shares His supper with us, and gives us His own hid treasure. Oh, that this experience may be specially realized by us during this week ! Do you not feel the breeze fanning your cheeks already ? Is not the zephyr springing up ? Are there not signs just now that the south wind is blowing ? Oh, that the spices may flow out through all the garden, and then over the wall into the desert beyond ! Amen.

The ministers from a distance had continued to arrive during the afternoon meeting, and Trinity Hall was well filled for the tea which followed. Hearty thanks were accorded to Pastor J. C. Carlile and his friends for their kind hospitality, and the brethren then returned to the chapel for the public meeting. The President again presided, and there was a large

company of friends present from Mr. Carlile's and other congregations in the neighbourhood. After prayer by Mr. Lane, the well-known evangelist, the chairman read the list of students of the Pastors' College who had recently settled, and also reported the latest statistics of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, and then delivered an address which we hope to publish in full next month. The other speakers were Pastors W. Y. Fullerton (Leicester), Joseph Clark (Nottingham), and W. D. McKinney (Ansonia, Connecticut, U.S.A.).

At the same hour, the usual Monday evening prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle was specially on behalf of the Conference. Pastor Charles Spurgeon occupied the chair, several brethren led the congregation in thanksgiving and supplication, and addresses were delivered by the chairman and by Pastors G. Freeman (New Southgate), I. O. Stalberg (Penarth, Cardiff), and C. B. Sawday (assistant-minister, Metropolitan Tabernacle). In the course of the evening, a telegram of fraternal greeting was sent from the meeting to the gathering at Trinity Chapel, where it was heartily welcomed. Altogether, the opening day of the Conference was a season of much spiritual power, and a promise of yet greater blessings to follow.

On *Tuesday morning, April 21*, nearly an hour and a half was spent in the devotional service which is always the best preparation of all present for the Presidential Address as well as an occasion for specially remembering absent and afflicted brethren. On this occasion, Pastor G. W. Oldring (of Long Sutton), who was too weak to come to the Conference, and Pastor W. E. Rice, who was unable to leave Gloucester during the prevailing epidemic, were particularly mentioned at the throne of grace. The President read 2 Kings iv. 38—44, and Matthew xi. 1—6, and then, after an earnest prayer from his beloved helper, Pastor C. B. Sawday, delivered the address which appears in the present number of the Magazine. We are glad that our subscribers can have the privilege of reading a full report of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's wise, witty, and weighty words, though the most of them had not the opportunity enjoyed by his crowded audience of listening to the living voice, and cheering again and again the honoured occupant of the responsible position to which he has again been called by the unanimous and enthusiastic vote of his brethren.

Before separating for a brief recess, the venerable and blind ex-Professor Fergusson spoke for a few minutes in a touching earnest manner which recalled to many of his hearers the happy days of the past. On re-assembling, the first portion of the business of the Association was transacted, in the course of which four deaths were reported, and the resignations of five members and one associate were accepted.

After tea at the Stockwell Orphanage, the evening meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, Pastor Charles Spurgeon presiding. Prayer was presented by Pastor W. J. Mayers, the Orphanage choir and handbell ringers gave selections of their sweet music, and the chairman, after extending to the brethren a hearty welcome in the name of the Orphanage Trustees, referred to various "sacred spots" that were dear to them,—for instance, the hall in which they were gathered, the place where Christ first met with them, the scene of their baptism, Norwood Cemetery, "Westwood," &c. Concerning each of these, the Vice-President spoke with much power and impressiveness; and the rest of the evening was profitably occupied with interesting speeches by Pastors Hugh D. Brown, M.A. (Dublin), Robert Spurgeon (Barisaul, Bengal), and W. D. McKinney, who presented the following address, with the autographs of the 45 ministers appended:—

"The Brethren of the Pastors' College in the United States and Canada send loving greeting to the Brethren assembled in Conference, London, April 20th, 1896.

"We are one with you in faith, hope, and love. The bonds that bind us grow stronger year by year. Memory recalls, at each returning Conference, our dear departed President, and we lovingly think of his eloquent words and saintly example. He, being dead, yet lives in our hearts.

"We congratulate our present President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and assure him of our loving sympathy and unreserved confidence. Our ardent desire is to see the work of the Pastors' College and Conference continued and advanced on the well-defined lines laid down by the departed President. To this object we pledge ourselves, in our ministry beyond the Atlantic.

"We always pray for the prosperity and peace of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, the mother of many churches, and the Alma Mater of the Pastors' College. 'They shall prosper that love thee.'

"We also pray and labour for peace and concord between the United States and Great Britain, because we are one in language, religion, and brotherhood, and desire to remain ever the same.

"We send this greeting by our brother, Pastor W. D. McKinney. Receive him as ourselves. Brethren, pray for us, as we do for you, that we all may be faithful to our great trust in these perilous times.

"W. D. MCKINNEY, A. H. STOTE, W. E. PRICHARD, W. CARNES, MARK NOBLE, PHILIP J. WARD, FRANCIS TUCK, R. MARSHALL HARRISON, W. A. PERRINS, JOSEPH FORTH, ROBERT HOLMES, W. J. COTNER, WALTER L. MAYO, WM. THOMAS, C. H. RICHARDSON, R. MAPLESDEN, W. A. BISS, FRANK DANN, ROBERT HUGHES, J. CLARK, B. YEATMAN, H. DUNN, C. WILSON SMITH, ALFRED FAIRBROTHER, CHARLES A. COOK, JOSEPH SMALE, GEO. H. KEMP, ALBERT READ, JESSE COKER, GEO. H. TRAPP, W. T. LAMBOURNE, W. WARD WILLIS, W. T. WOTTON, JOHN J. IRVING, HENRY BAILEY, S. A. DYKE, JAMES HOLLINSHEAD, JOHN E. MOYLE, ROBERT LENNIE, RICHARD MARSHALL, C. H. EMERSON, HENRY F. ADAMS, F. W. AUVACHE, THOS. HAGEN, H. BOOL."

On *Wednesday morning, April 22*, after another profitable season spent in devotional exercises, Professor Usher, M.D., read his helpful paper on "Apostolic church life as reflected in the Book of the Acts and in the Epistles." He specially emphasized the spirit of unity and true brotherliness, prayer as a very prominent feature, the constant increase to the membership of the church, the spirit of missionary enterprise, the spirit in which the ministry of the Word was received, and the realized presence and indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

The next item on the programme was intended to be a conference on "The Pastor in relation to public prayer," but the business left over from the previous day made it impossible to have more than the opening address by Pastor A. G. Brown, and a brief paper by Pastor E. J. Edwards (Dover). Speaking of prayer as worship, Mr. Brown quoted Exodus iv. 31, to show the reverent spirit in which we ought to come before the Lord, even as the people first bowed their heads and then bowed themselves. Our brother then mentioned, as the first requisite of real prayer, the truth taught in Hebrews xi. 6, "He that cometh to God must believe that He is." This must be not only the objective fact, but also the subjective experience. The second requisite is, an intelligent comprehension of the work of each Person of the Trinity in the matter of prayer, as revealed in Ephesians ii. 18, "For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father;" and lastly, a deep conviction of our own inability to pray aright: "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought," and absolute dependence upon the Holy Ghost, who maketh intercession for us (or, within us) according to the will of God (Romans viii. 26, 27).

After three short, earnest prayers, the remaining business was transacted. Three names were removed from the roll, and eleven students were elected members of the Association, making the present number on the roll 738.

The Assurance Community's accounts were adopted, and Mr. Allison was re-elected Treasurer, with thanks for his past services. All the officers were re-elected:—President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon; Vice-Presidents, Pastors J. A. and Charles Spurgeon; Secretaries, Professor McCaig and Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.; and Remembrancer, Pastor Thomas Greenwood. Monday, June 15, was appointed as the CONFERENCE DAY OF UNITED PRAYER; and the long session was closed by the President's announcement that his dear mother's Conference present was her beloved husband's last published work, *The Soul-Winner*.

In the afternoon, the subscribers and friends of the College met for tea, and afterwards gathered for the annual meeting under the presidency of Thomas H. Olney, Esq. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, and by T. A. Denny, Esq., Pastors J. A., Charles, and Thomas Spurgeon, A. Dickerson (Raleigh Park, Brixton), and F. S. W. Nicholson (John Street Chapel, Bedford Row), Professor Marchant, and two of the students, Messrs. Walkey and E. Phillips, and sacred solos were sung by Mr. J. Manton Smith and Pastor F. H. King (High Street, Bow). At the supper table, the contributions for the College, including £200 from the chairman, amounted to £1,370 16s. 5d., to which must be added over £100 afterwards received, making the total considerably more than that of the previous year.

On Thursday morning, April 23, in the course of the devotional service, the President called the brethren's attention to the first two hymns on the sheet prepared for the Conference, and mentioned the fact that they were written by his dear father, very early in his ministry, to be sung at the opening of Mr. Oncken's chapel in Hamburg. In order that our readers also may be able to see these choice products of Mr. Spurgeon's heart and pen, we here reprint them:—

“ O living Spirit, quickening Lord,
Move in our midst with Heavenly power,
Give mighty witness to Thy Word,
With wonders crown this solemn hour!

Thy grace in all its fulness show,
With glorious deeds our souls amaze,
Make withered trees with blossoms bow,
And frozen hearts with fervour blaze.”

.

“ Glory to Thee, O King of kings,
Jesus, our souls' delight,
What wondrous gifts Thy favour brings,
How sweet, how pure, how bright!

Thou savest sinners by Thy blood,
Our anchor holds to Thee,
Amidst the roaring of the flood,
We rest most peacefully.

Here, here we rest, all one in Thee,
Bound to each other fast,
One while these hours so swiftly flee,
And one with Thee at last.”

Pastor Charles Spurgeon had selected as the theme of his first Vice-Presidential address the words, “A band of men whose hearts the Lord had touched,” upon which he founded an inspiring discourse concerning (1) The secret, (2) The seat, and (3) The subjects of divine power. We have

given lengthy extracts in the present Magazine, so need not refer to the address here in detail. The readers of the two papers that followed have kindly promised to let us publish them, so it will suffice to mention them, and to assure our readers that in each case there is a treat in store for them. Pastor H. Knee's topic was, "Joy in Christ, a condition of power in preaching Christ;" while Pastor A. Bird, who had recently returned from the Antipodes, bringing from the brethren there a loving greeting to the Conference, gave us "A new plea for an old doctrine." It was a morning long to be remembered for the manifestation of the Holy Spirit's presence and power.

In the afternoon, there was a largely-attended public tea, and afterwards the Tabernacle was almost crowded for the great gathering of the week. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, prayer was offered by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, addresses were given by the chairman, and by Pastors J. A. Spurgeon, W. D. McKinney, G. Stanley (Eythorne), and C. Joseph (Portsmouth), Professor McCaig, and Mr. David Barron (one of the students). The collection for the College, with additional contributions, amounted to £67 7s. 3d. At the close of the meeting, the ministers and students were entertained at supper in the lecture-hall.

On *Friday morning, April 24*, prayer and praise prepared all hearts for the blessing to follow. As usual at the final gathering, the warmest thanks of the brethren were accorded to Mrs. Spurgeon for her valuable Conference present, hearty gratitude was expressed to the hosts who had entertained the ministers from the country, and also to the President for the intaglio motto referred to in his address,—“What did Jesus say?” Pastor Thomas Spurgeon explained that he had intended the mottoes to be his gift, but the publishers had generously presented them. A cordial resolution was passed, acknowledging and reciprocating the fraternal greetings received from the brethren abroad, and the President's suggestion that he should write a letter to them was carried by acclamation.

Then followed the closing service of the Conference, always one of the most sacred hours of the whole week. The preacher was Pastor Archibald G. Brown, who first read and expounded Isaiah liii., and, after prayer by Pastor Charles Spurgeon, delivered a most impressive discourse upon two words in Matthew xxvii. 36, “HIM *there*.” No outline can convey an adequate idea of the volume of precious truth brought forth from the short text, but we append Mr. Brown's divisions that friends may see the lines of thought into which the Holy Spirit graciously guided him. I. The climax of surprising tragedy. II. The delirium of sin. III. The vindication of righteousness. IV. The triumph of love. V. The antidote against despair concerning any of our hearers. VI. Our own identification with our Lord upon the cross. VII. The very best preparation for service. VIII. A glorious prophecy concerning Christ as King of kings and Lord of lords. (On page 292 will be found Mr. Luff's lines reproducing many of the points of this memorable discourse.)

When all had gathered round the communion table, the President offered prayer, and then gave a brief address. Not only was it a fitting sequel to Mr. Brown's sermon, but it so vividly recalled, to many who heard it, the exposition with which the Conference commenced, that we print it in full.

Dear Brethren,—I almost hesitate to think of attempting an address after the sermon we have heard. I do not think I could venture upon it but for the remarkable fact that the words I had thought to speak upon, and the ideas God gave me, seem to fit in exactly with what has been already said. It will, however, be a brief exposition rather than a set address, upon two verses in the first chapter of “The song of songs, which is Solomon's,”—say rather, “which *was* Solomon's, which *is* ours.”

Canticles i. 3.—“*Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance; Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love Thee.*”—(R.V.)

“*Thine ointments have a goodly fragrance.*”—Our Lord's attributes; His service rendered for the sake of His people; His promises spoken into their ears, and fulfilled before their eyes; His precepts, which keep them in the narrow way, and strengthen them in the paths of God;—these are the ointments of the King which have a goodly fragrance. They are sweet; they are refreshing, too. The sayings and the doings of our Saviour are ointments that have a goodly fragrance. Upon Him rested and still rests the anointing of the Spirit; what goodly fragrance there is ever in the Holy Ghost! Yet the ointment which is most precious to all the Lord's people is that of His own atoning blood. The first mention of fragrance in the Scriptures is in connection with sacrifice; when Noah lit the fire, and the smoke of the sacrifice ascended up to God from the still wet world, “the Lord smelled a sweet savour.” We have been sitting around the altar this morning,—“we have an altar,”—and never was there fragrance so sweet to God, and to “God-touched hearts”, as the savour of which we have been hearing, that savour which arises still from Calvary.

“*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*”—His name stands for Himself; a cruse of purest alabaster, broken,—for “it pleased Jehovah to bruise Him.”

His name stands for His gospel, for His religion, the glorious Christianity in which we delight. Did they not call the early disciples by that dear name, “Christians”—those who were like Christ? His name stands specially for His stonement, for Jesus is to each believer—

“As myrrh new bleeding from the tree.”

“*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*” We have read to-day how “He poured out His soul unto death,” and Heaven above, and earth around, and may I not in some sense say that even hell beneath, were filled with the savour of that ointment?

“*Therefore do the virgins love Thee.*”—It is not a mere sentimental love that we have for Christ, we have a “therefore” for it. We love Him “because”—it is a reasonable love,—“because He first loved us.” All who are pure-minded and cleansed in their heart, love Him; how can they help it? “The upright love Thee,” says the fourth verse; and the marginal reading is, “They love Thee uprightly.” They cannot help themselves; Christ has become to them so choice, so fair, so chief in all their thoughts, that He fills their souls, and wins the love of their hearts.

Verse 12.—“*While the King sat at His table, my spikenard sent forth its fragrance.*”—(R.V.)

He is our King,—we have had that truth very beautifully and very powerfully put before us already; and this is “*His table*”—the table of the Lord. How we value that which was once the property, or even the furniture, of those who have gone before us! If it should ever happen,—which may God forbid!—that the table of the late dear President, *his* table, where he sat, and wrote, and thought, and wept, and prayed, should come to the hammer at the common auction, what do you suppose it would fetch? It is the best comparison I can find, but it is not to be compared with “His table”—the table of “Him” who was “there” on the cross, the table of “Him” who is “there” up in the glory; “His table”—not the actual table, but “His table” in a still more real and true and glorious sense, the table of memorial, the emblem and reminder of His dying love.

“While the King sat at His table, *my spikenard sent forth its fragrance.*” Have I a fragrance, too? My love to Thee, my Lord, has a sweet savour in Thine esteem, but 'tis because Thou hast stooped to ask of me the love of my poor heart. “My spikenard”—where did I get it? It all came from

Thee, my Lord ; my very love to Thee is only the outflowing of the love which Thou hast poured into my heart.

“ I love Thee, Lord, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give ;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.”

Oh, this is a miracle of grace, that Christ extracts spikenard from me ! There is a place near Paris that is celebrated for the manufacture of otto of roses ; it is also a sewage farm ! And despite my corruptions, my misery, my inbred sin, and despite my sins against light and knowledge since Christ made me His, from the sewage of my corruptions He extracts, not “ my ” but “ His ” spikenard ; yet I may call it mine, for he has made it mine through His infinite love.

“ While the King sat at his table, my spikenard sent forth its fragrance.” So Christ’s presence draws forth our graces ; if there is any love, He will extract it. As the breeze blows on the flowers, and rings their merry bells till they toll their perfume out,—as the dew falls on aromatic shrubs, and brings forth their fragrance,—so the presence of Jesus at His table brings forth from His people repentance, faith, love, thanksgiving, and devotion.

“ While at His table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing ;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.”

While He is at His table, let your spices flow, let the sweet savour of your spikenard rise,—all for Him. He, too, has something for us ; now that we have the ear of the King, let us ask for that we most require. I know not what your prayer may be ; I ask for holiness, likeness to Jesus.

“ I ask this gift of Thee, a life all lily fair
And fragrant as the place where seraphs are.”

The Lord hear my prayer, and fulfil your heart’s desire ! Amen.

The communion followed, closing with the Scotch version of Psalm cxxv., sung, as usual, by the whole assembly standing with hands linked.

At the farewell dinner, Pastor Thomas Greenwood, the Remembrancer, reported that 158 brethren had contributed or collected £255 17s. 7d. towards the College funds during the year ; hearty thanks were voted to the Hospitality Committee, for whom Mr. Charlesworth responded ; and after cheers for the various members of the beloved Spurgeon family, the Conference was brought to a fitting finale with the Doxology and the Benediction.

Medical Mission Work in Tunisia.

MY last letter to *The Sword and the Trowel* was lost in the post, and never reached its destination. When the news came to me, a day or two ago, at first I felt sorry ; but recollecting the text which begins, “ All things work together for good,” I rejoiced that, though the *report* of the work be lost, the service of which it told can never really be lost if done for God.

Leaving March, then, and turning to April, I find that this has been the busiest month, in a medical missionary sense, that I have had since coming to Sousse. 768 visits have been paid me, 675 *new* patients being entered. I am sorry to say that not a few persons have had to be turned away, as I find that, as at present situated, I cannot attend properly to more than 50 cases in one day ; and I have been obliged also to raise the charge for admission, in order to avoid a small riot outside my house on medical mission

mornings, and to prevent my being voted a public nuisance by my French neighbours. To the poor, I still try to give free advice and medicine; but where truth is not considered, and dirt and rags are almost fashionable, who can be certain of distinguishing the poor from the rich? The small fees which the people pay, mount up, and materially lighten the burden of the drug account, which otherwise would have been crushingly heavy. I do not think that making a charge hinders the work spiritually. Some of the patients almost think the preaching is part of the medical treatment. Of the *real* treatment, indeed it is, for we often tell them, "We try to doctor your bodies, but Jesus is the *only* Physician for your sin-sick souls." We are thankful that the people generally have hearing ears, and our prayer now is, that they may have understanding and receptive hearts.

Two men have been staying with me this month; from one of them I removed a tumour, from which he had suffered for 20 years; beside being really grateful, they both seemed to be hopeful cases spiritually.

The old woman, whose son died, we believe, trusting Jesus, calling upon us this month said, "I take the Book" (the Gospel), "and lay it down before me, and say, 'O Lord, I know I am very ignorant, I can't read; but my boy died trusting in this Book, and I trust it!'" and at night I always sleep with it under my head." So few who come to us can read, that I was glad when a friend this month sent me a packet of those little *books without words*, but with black, red, white, and golden pages. I passed them round this morning at service, asking the people to follow me in turning to the different pages as I explained their meaning. I was moved with pity to see how many did not even seem to know how to *hold* a book, or to turn over a page; probably they had never had a book in their hands before. Yet are they not our brothers and sisters, those whom God loves, and for whom Christ died?

A friend writes to me, suggesting that I should appeal for fellow-workers; but have we not our Lord's command to "Go"? The need and future of the unsaved, are they not before our eyes? Surely, if we hear not the voice of Jesus, and the sad wail of the people's terrible need, neither should we be persuaded to help, though to voice an appeal one rose from the dead.

The ground where our *baraka* stands is for sale for building purposes. We have been very thankful for this shed, and are hoping now that the Lord will give us other and even more suitable premises. 589 nights' lodging during April is beyond its power of healthy accommodation. One night last week, our servant came in looking very serious. The place was packed with family parties inside, the single men had intended to sleep outside. This arrangement would have worked all right; but, after dark, an unexpected fall of rain occurred, then those outside clamoured for entrance, and those inside forcibly resisted; thus a quarrel began, and the servant came for me. We got over the difficulty, however, by inviting the outsiders to come and sleep in our house, notwithstanding the warning of a French missionary brother, given us when we came here not 12 months ago:—"Be on your guard," said he, "against the Arabs; you are going to live outside the town; have some guns, and keep a good fierce watch-dog or two, for you are not unlikely to have natives taking sly shots at you during the night, across your garden wall." Yet here we were, in the darkness, welcoming a company of these same Arabs, utter strangers to us, into our house to sleep, all parties happy to have it so, and none thinking the circumstances strange.

We have been cheered, this month, by the arrival of a large barrel filled with good things from friends in England. Bandages and bottles, garments and groceries, pleased everybody, and in the near future will help many.

The dispensary work is ably performed by devoted missionary ladies of the North Africa Mission, who labour with me in the gospel here; but it

presses rather heavily both upon their time and strength, and I have been wondering whether the Lord has someone, somewhere, whom He will send us here as dispenser. One whose native language is Arabic would seem specially suited. Such an one could relieve me much, free the lady missionaries for more spiritual work, and himself do much faithful direct work for God among the patients. If the Lord found us such a worker, what individual, Society, or Sunday-school, would find, say, the sixteen shillings per week which would cover his support? I know these are difficulties, but I know that with God are no difficulties.

Sousse, Tunisia, N. Africa.

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

"Him—There!"

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

Suggested by the Conference Sermon, preached by
Pastor Archibald G. Brown.

COME, see a sight most marvellous!—a bush
That burns with fire!—and in thy heart's calm hush
Behold thy God,—the holy, great, and fair,—
Expire upon a cross,—behold "HIM *there!*"

O climax of surprising tragedy! that He,
Who calls the starry flock by name, should be
So bruised and crushed! that He, before whose throne
Heaven's hosts salute, hangs naked and alone!

Delirium of sin! All hell gone mad
Against God's Son, in deicide made glad!
The breaking up of goodness with a clash!
Behold "HIM *there,*" amid creation's crash!

"HIM *there!*" fully to vindicate the law
Of righteousness, which Heaven could not withdraw.
Necessity was laid upon His heart:
If He would pardon us, His soul must smart.

Triumph of love! Love was the mighty nail
That held "HIM *there.*" The enemy might rail,
And howl, and yell, and scream; but love held on,
And *there,* amid earth's hate, its triumph won.

"HIM *there!*" and lo, I see another there,
One "crucified with Christ," and made to share
His shame and death,—identified with Him,
Myself I see, with weeping eye and dim.

And shall I pick and choose my place, and care
For ease or praise, when I behold "HIM *there!*"?
And shall I doubt of any spot where sin
Is wildest? Even *there,* His cross comes in.

Oh, awful gloom of Calvary! But see!
From the dark scabbard-cloud with glee
A flash leaps forth, and on that cross I read
This word, "THE KING!" It shall be so indeed!

"HIM *there!*" where Jew and Gentile oneness own,
And Magdalene and John;—His cross—a throne
Shall be redemption's centre, bright and fair,
Thrice happy day, when we shall see "HIM *there!*"

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

Keep to the Right; or, the Young Man's Guide. Fair Adornment; or, the Young Woman's Guide. By JOHN ANGELL JAMES. *The Best of Both Worlds.* By THOMAS BINNEY. *Life in Earnest. The Mount of Olives, and other Lectures on Prayer.* By DR. JAMES HAMILTON. Edward Knight, 18, Middle Street.

Mr. KNIGHT asks us to mention that these five books, which we have reviewed as they have been issued, can all be obtained through any of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs.

Alpha and Omega; or, God in Human Life. By Rev. WILLIAM MIDDLETON. C. H. Kelly.

THE congregations to which these discourses were delivered, ought to regard themselves as specially privileged. If Mr. Middleton's ministrations can be maintained at the high level indicated by these seven sermons, he will be entitled to a place in the very front rank of present-day Methodism. This volume will be all the more acceptable to many of our readers because of the numerous appreciative references to Mr. Spurgeon's life and work.

The Forty-third Annual Report of the Open-Air Mission has, for a frontispiece, "Mr. D. L. Moody preaching at Mount Calvary, Jerusalem," and also contains other illustrations, together with an interesting account of

the year's operations. The Report can be obtained for sixpence, from the offices of the Mission, 11, Adam Street, Strand, W.C.

A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts. By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE. Religious Tract Society.

Mulum in Parvo. Only 48 pages for a shilling, but in some of these pages can be found nuggets of thought. Here is a sermon in a stanza:—

"Be Careful for Nothing.

"Fret not: 'tis wasteful, for it lets thy work:
And selfish, for it doth thy neighbour irk:
And faithless: did not God thy lot prepare?—
But, chiefly, needless, being healed by prayer."

A Primer of Modern Missions. Edited by RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A SHILLING handbook that must have entailed a vast amount of diligent research among the records of all Protestant Missionary Societies. For this bird's-eye view of the whole field of Foreign Missions, Mr. Lovett deserves the heartiest thanks of all who are longing and labouring for the evangelization of every nation on the face of the earth.

Notes.

OUR Notes and Reviews must be brief this month, in consequence of the large space devoted to the Conference reports.

On the Monday following the feast of Tabernacles, PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON accompanied his good friend, Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., to Dublin, thus for the first time visiting the Emerald Isle. He preached and lectured to crowded audiences, and also secured a short season of rest and change after the great strain of the Conference gatherings. The Pastor occupied his own pulpit again at both services on Lord's-day, May 10; on the Monday

afternoon, he took part in the Moravian Missionary meeting; and at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, the same evening, gave an account of his Irish experiences. On Wednesday evening, May 13, he was the preacher at the Home Counties Baptist Association meeting at Teddington; on Thursday evening, May 14, he preached in the Tabernacle on behalf of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society; and on Saturday, May 16, met the Tabernacle Sunday-school Young Christians' Association, at the Orphanage. With such abounding labours, and with ever-increasing responsibilities, the Pastor needs continual remembrance in

prayer, and this we are sure he has from very many of our readers.

Special Notice.—The annual meeting of the POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY will (D.V.) take place on *Monday, July 6*, when the President, Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, has kindly consented to be present to receive parcels of clothing to be distributed among needy ministers and their wives and families. Last year, over 800 garments were received; all of these are disposed of, and the Committee sincerely trust that friends will send additional articles, new or otherwise, to help them to carry on this most useful work. Parcels should be addressed,—Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, London. Donations for the Society's funds will be gratefully acknowledged by the Treasurer, Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Ingleside," Elm Grove, Peckham, S.E.

COLLEGE.—Two more students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. R. Sloan, at East Ham; and Mr. P. J. Walker, at Pembury, Tunbridge Wells.

The following pastors have removed:—Mr. H. F. Gower, from Bath, to Cann Hall Road, Leytonstone; Mr. R. J. Peden, formerly of Foxton, to Christchurch, Hampshire; Mr. T. H. Smith, from Hitchin, to Ashdon, Essex; and Mr. W. Walker, from Brentwood, to Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire. In the United States, Mr. Mark Noble has gone from Newberg, to Corvallis, Oregon; and Mr. C. Wilson Smith, from Royersford, to Phoenix, Arizona.

In Memoriam.—Even before the Conference, another of our brethren had been called home, but the news did not arrive till after the meetings had been held. *Pastor Henry Cocks*, of Independence, Kansas, while on his way to Quebec, to take another pastorate, spent a few days at Villa Nova, Ontario, at the residence of his wife's sister; he was taken ill there, and passed away on April 13. *Pastor A. H. Stote*, who was a fellow-student with Mr. Cocks, writes:—"He was a worthy brother, a good preacher, and was faithful unto death." May the Lord graciously comfort his sorrowing widow!

Dr. J. A. Spurgeon having signified his intention of not allowing his name to stand for re-election as President of the Pastors' College, a special meeting of the Trustees was held on *Thursday evening, May 21*, at which the following resolution was carried:—

"The Trustees of the Pastors' College acknowledge the receipt of a letter from Dr. J. A. Spurgeon, in which he states that he cannot allow his name to stand for re-election as President of the Pastors' College for another year, and they desire to place on record their thankfulness to him for the valuable services which he has rendered for

so many years to the College. Under the beloved Founder, C. H. Spurgeon, he was for many years Tutor and Vice-President, and at the death of the late President, in the year 1892, he accepted the position of President, to which honourable office he has been annually re-elected. The Trustees trust they may still have the benefit of the advice which his long experience and intimate knowledge of the College men and their churches and work enable him to give."

At the same meeting the Trustees unanimously elected *Pastor Thomas Spurgeon* as President for the ensuing twelve months.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick reports that blessing is still resting on the work in Tangier, and he also mentions that he has had the trial of parting for a season with his wife and children, as the health of the latter made it imperative that they should come to England for the summer.

Friends who have read of the terrible deaths of Dr. Leach and his wife and child at Sfax will be doubly interested in Dr. Churcher's account of medical mission work in that region, and we trust that they will be moved to pray specially for the protection of our brother and his loved ones, and also to help as far as they can the Society by which they are supported.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—*Pastor J. E. Joynes* sends to Mrs. Spurgeon the following report of *Mr. Burnham's* services at Great Marlow:—

"Mr. Burnham's brief visit was much appreciated by young and old, and many have testified to the spiritual help they received from his presentation of gospel truth both by speech and song. All the struggling churches which are favoured with a visit from your evangelists are under a great debt of gratitude to you for the able assistance which is given in the quickening of believers and the ingathering of sinners."

During April and May, *Mr. Harmer* has been at Devonport. On May 10, the secretary of the church wrote:—

"Dear Mrs. Spurgeon,—I am pleased to write you a brief account of Mr. Harmer's work at the Morice Square Chapel. You will be rejoiced to know that his labours have been made a great blessing to the church here; the result during the first month was so encouraging that he was requested to remain for another month (May). There are now thirteen young people who have come forward in response to his earnest appeals, and have told of their love for the Saviour and of their desire to be among His people; they are candidates for membership. One other friend, who has long stood outside, now wishes also to come nearer, and with the others will obey the Lord's command, and be baptized. For

this token of the Master's presence and blessing, we are praising our God. Our congregations and our offerings are largely increased. Truly, the Lord is with us.

Just as we go to press, we learn that the church has very heartily invited Mr. Harmer to the pastorate; next month, all being well, we shall be able to announce his decision.

ORPHANAGE.—We need scarcely remind our readers that *Wednesday, June 17*, is the date of the *Annual Festival*, to which they are all heartily invited. The chairman for the afternoon meeting is *W. R. Rickett, Esq.*, and for the evening, *G. S. Lancaster, Esq.*, J. P. The speakers expected are *Revs. R. C. Gillie, M.A., J. Grundy, M.A., W. J. Henderson, B.A., D. J. Hiley, R. O. Johns, G. P. McKay, J. B. Meharry, B.A., T. Nicholson, W. R. Skerry, John Spurgeon, J. A. Spurgeon, Charles Spurgeon, Thomas Spurgeon, Urijah R. Thomas, and W. T. Wensend, Messrs. Russell Hurditch and G. E. Morgan, M.A., and Colonel Morton (of Mildmay).*

The fifteenth annual report of the *Stockwell Orphanage Working Party, Reading*, of which *Mrs. James Withers* is the *Manager and Secretary*, announces that 461 garments have been sent to the institution during the past year. The Trustees are very grateful to all who have helped in any way, and they will be still more thankful if ladies in other towns will follow the good example so long set in Reading.

The *Quiver* for June contains a very interesting article by *Mr. Charlesworth*, entitled, "At Home with the Spurgeon Orphans." The illustrations, executed in *Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s* best style, represent the girls in school and at work in the laundry, and the boys at play, in school, and seated ready for breakfast in the Memorial Hall.

COLPORTAGE.—The most important event of the past month has been the *Colporteurs' Conference*, which was held on *May 18 and 19*. The whole band of earnest workers employed by the Association, with the exception of three who were unavoidably absent, met the Committee for prayer and conference, and a most enjoyable and profitable season was spent. On the *Monday afternoon*, the *President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon*, gave an address, which we hope to publish, and the *Vice-President, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon*, also addressed the brethren. The evening public meeting was of the usual pleasing character, several of the colporteurs relating striking instances of the usefulness of the work. When our readers see the new Annual Report, they will find that the Association is in a flourishing condition, but that the General Fund needs to be continually helped so that everything may be maintained in good working order.

Baptisms at *Metropolitan Tabernacle*:—*April 30th, fifteen; at Haddon Hall, April 26th, five.*

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. Vaughan	3	5	0	Mrs. Kent	0	10	0
Mr. C. P. Arlow	5	5	0	Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Collection at Wallington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. E. Jasper	4	0	0	Pastor T. Brswood	0	10	0
Mr. J. Collingwood	1	1	0	Proceeds of lecture by Pastor W. C. Minifie at Guildford Baptist Chapel, per Pastor John Rankine	8	8	0
Contribution from Shoreham Baptist Church, Sussex, per Pastor W. Chambers	0	5	0	Pastor John Rankine, proceeds of College box	0	10	0
Mrs. Jephia	1	2	0	Pastor J. S. Hookey	0	5	0
Pastor E. J. Burrows	0	19	0	Pastor A. Prier	0	10	0
Pastor John Bradford	1	1	0	Collection from Carlton Baptist Chapel, Southampton, per Pastor N. T. Jones-Miller	2	10	6
Rev. A. Hillington	5	0	0	Pastor G. K. Smith	1	1	0
Rev. A. Norris	0	10	0	Contribution from Tilehouse Street Church, Hitchin, per Pastor C. S. Hull	2	0	0
A friend from Chesham	1	0	0	Contribution from Sweet Turf Baptist Church, Netherton, per Pastor A. Griffiths	0	10	0
Miss Farley	2	2	0	George Street Baptist Church, Hylle, per Pastor E. B. Pearson	1	10	0
Pastor J. L. Bennett	1	0	0	Mr. Wm. Edwards	25	0	0
Mr. J. Roe	2	2	0	Mr. J. W. Abraham	5	0	0
Mr. J. Alder	1	1	0	Mr. John Cave	2	0	0
Mr. Charles Buchel	2	2	0	Mr. J. W. Whittle	5	0	0
Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Lang	5	0	0	Mr. Martin Hope Sutton	2	2	0
Pastor S. J. Thorpe	1	0	0	Mr. H. J. Martin	1	0	0
Mr. J. G. Hall	1	1	0	Pastor F. J. Flatt	0	10	0
Mr. A. G. Snellgrove	0	10	0	Mr. Wheeler	2	0	0
Mr. B. Hornford	2	2	0	Contribution from West Park Street Church, Chatteris, per Pastor W. K. Bryce	1	0	0
Pastor J. A. Brown, M.R.C.B.	4	4	0				
Mr. H. J. Gibbs	0	10	0				
Contribution from Evangelists' Association Training Class	2	2	0				
Pastor J. W. Ewing, M.A.	1	1	0				
Contribution from Istock Baptist Church, per Pastor A. E. Johnson	1	3	0				
Master J. Johnson's collecting box	0	5	6				

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Contribution from Dudley Baptist Church, per Pastor E. Milnes	2	2	0	Mr. Henry Keen	3	3	0
Contribution from Zion Baptist Church, Chesham, per Pastor H. Trueman	1	11	1	Messrs. George Russell and Son	1	1	0
Contribution from Rochester Baptist Church, per Pastor G. A. Miller	3	10	0	Mrs. G. W. Russell	0	10	6
Pastor W. Gillard	0	5	0	Mr. T. W. Doggett	5	0	0
Pastor W. Adams	0	5	0	Mr. F. F. Doggett	2	0	0
Pastor R. B. Morrison	0	5	0	Mr. A. H. Doggett	2	0	0
Collection at Baptist Chapel, Orpington, per Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	3	0	0	Mr. M. H. Foster	3	0	0
Pastor F. James	0	10	0	Mr. Frederick Fisher	5	5	0
From the Church at Barking, per Pastor D. H. Moore	2	0	0	Mrs. Esther Phillips	1	1	0
Pastor F. W. Walter	1	0	0	Mr. Percy R. Phillips	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. James Hall	10	0	0	Miss Palmer	1	1	0
Miss Leila Hall	5	0	0	Mr. Knight	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Field	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Stockbridge	2	2	0
"An old friend"	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Percy	2	2	0
M. D.	0	2	6	Pastor W. Williams	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ling	2	2	0	Mrs. Sawday	2	2	0
Mr. Thomas Wild	5	0	0	Pastor A. and Mrs. Hall	2	2	0
Mr. Sidney A. Read	8	3	0	With W. Olney's love, from New Zealand	5	0	0
Mr. S. P. Catterson	4	0	0	Mrs. William Olney	8	3	0
Mr. C. Dew	2	2	0	Mr. H. K. Olney	1	1	0
Mrs. A. Russell	1	1	0	Miss B. R. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. John Winckworth	5	5	0	Miss A. K. Olney	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. John Neal	3	3	0	Mrs. Routh	1	1	0
Miss F. Ling	0	10	6	Mr. G. Fiach	3	3	0
Mr. E. M. Hammer	3	0	0	Bertie and Muriel Mills	2	2	0
Mrs. Upton	5	0	0	Mr. E. Bryan	0	10	6
Mrs. Tinniswood	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wilson	3	3	0
Mrs. H. Hawkey	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Essex	5	4	0
Mrs. Oldfield	1	1	0	Mr. and Mrs. Narrows	5	0	0
Rev. F. C. and Mrs. Carter	3	3	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Steing	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker	5	5	0	Rev. G. P. McKay	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Alderton	5	0	0	Mr. E. Henderson Smith	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Reavill	5	0	0	Mr. E. Tait	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Spice	2	0	0	Mr. Jas. Tait	5	0	0
Mr. J. Buswell	2	0	0	Rev. J. A. Arnold	5	0	0
Mr. G. Apthorpe	1	1	0	Mrs. Arnold	5	0	0
Miss Morgan	1	1	0	The Misses Cuthbert	1	1	0
Mr. W. Morgan	1	1	0	Mr. Joseph Hall	3	0	0
Mr. S. Morgan	2	2	0	Mr. Benjamin Hall	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Blake	1	10	0	Mrs. M. Davis	4	3	0
Mr. F. Sexton	1	1	0	Mr. R. Snelling	0	10	0
J. E. M.	8	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. W. Payne	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Frisby	10	0	0	Miss Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. Edward Johnson	5	0	0	Miss L. Buswell	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Wigney	2	2	0	Mr. A. Culverhouse	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Ford	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Everett	5	5	0
Miss Scott	1	1	0	Mr. C. Waters	2	2	0
Mrs. A. S. Tatnell	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lovell	1	10	0
Mr. J. C. Goslin	1	1	0	Mr. W. H. Wilcox	3	5	0
Mrs. Scandrett	0	10	6	Mrs. W. H. Wilcox	3	3	0
Miss Neal	2	0	0	Mias Wilcox	2	2	0
Miss E. J. Emery	25	0	0	Mr. G. C. Heard	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Warren	5	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Smith	1	1	0
Pastor W. and Mrs. Stott	3	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. Lake	1	1	0
Miss E. A. Gilbert and friend	5	5	0	Miss M. Wollacott	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Harden	5	0	0	Miss N. Korridge	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Rugg	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Wollacott	10	0	0
Pastor E. and Mrs. Dyer	1	1	0	Mr. M. Crack	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons	2	2	0	Mr. W. Johnson	10	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Foyle	1	0	0	Mr. J. B. Meredith	5	0	0
Mr. H. Corry	2	0	0	An outside friend	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell	2	2	0	Mr. F. L. Edwards	15	0	0
Mrs. Buckmaster	1	11	6	Mr. A. Victor Culverhouse	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Buckmaster	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Pearce	5	0	0
Miss Winter	2	2	0	Mr. John Short, junior	3	3	0
Mrs. Moore	1	0	0	L. A. H.	1	1	0
Mrs. Higgs and family	50	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. H. Hornblow	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. Higgs and family	25	0	0	Mrs. E. Jeffery	1	1	0
Mrs. Robert Miller	10	0	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hill	15	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrett	2	2	0
Mr. Edmund J. Hill	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Downing	3	5	0
Mr. W. H. D. Wayne	5	5	0	Miss M. Pearce	1	1	0
Pastor W. D. McKinney	0	10	0	Mr. Edward Pearce	5	0	0
Mr. B. F. Leach	0	10	0	Miss C. Pearce	1	1	0
Miss Easton and friend	1	6	0	Miss Hooper	2	2	0
				Mrs. Raybould	6	0	0
				Mr. and Mrs. E. Norrish	2	2	0
				Mr. M. Romang	2	2	0
				Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wadland	2	2	0
				Mr. H. V. Shepperd	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. J. S. Wadland	1	1	0
Mr. J. Doubleday	1	0	0
Mr. Ottaway	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Dunn	1	1	0
Mrs. G. H. Knight	1	1	0
Mr. Fuller	1	0	0
Mr. George Coote	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Beechiff	1	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Bullman	1	0	0
Mr. T. Round	1	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bond	2	2	0
Mr. H. E. Kohlbeck	1	1	0
Mr. G. Andrews	1	0	0
Mr. H. Arnold	1	11	6
Mr. and Mrs. H. Barrett	3	3	0
Mr. Thomas Summers	5	5	0
Mr. R. Brazil	10	0	0
Miss Butcher	1	0	0
Mrs. Bonetto	2	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Sortwell	5	5	0
Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A.	5	5	0
Mr. James Clark	25	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	10	0	0
Mr. T. H. Olney	200	0	0
Mr. John Marnham	5	0	0
Mr. James Stiff	10	0	0
Mr. W. Mannington	5	0	0
Pastor C. Spurgeon and friends at South Street Chapel, Greenwich	12	0	0
Mr. C. Wagstaff	1	1	0
Miss A. H. Haberahon	2	2	0
Mr. G. Huntley	1	1	0
Mr. William Morgan	5	0	0
Miss Wade	2	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. F. Rouse	5	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Graham	3	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Parker	5	5	0
Mr. Frederick Mullis	5	0	0
Mr. George Redman	5	0	0
Collection at Conference annual meet- ing	67	7	8
Contribution from Pearisbrick Street Baptist Church, Wigan, per Pastor F. G. Kemp	0	8	0
Mr. C. Phillips	3	3	0
Mr. George Higgs	3	0	0
Collection at Faringdon Baptist Chapel, per Pastor H. Smith	0	15	0
Contribution from Baptist Tabernacle, Southend, per Pastor E. Dyer	1	1	0
Eythorne Baptist Church, per Pastor G. Stanley	2	17	0
Contribution from New Brompton Baptist Church, per Pastor W. Block- idge	2	2	1
Per Pastor T. W. Medhurst :-			
Alderman R. Cory, J.P.	5	0	0
Mr. S. Grey	1	1	0
Mr. W. Grey	1	1	0
Mr. J. Davis	1	1	0
Mr. John Jones	3	3	0
	11	6	0
Contribution from Baptist Tabernacle, Burton-on-Trent, per Pastor J. Askew	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Kent	0	10	6
Pastor J. Hillman	0	10	0
Pastor J. T. Castle	0	10	0
Miss J. Wood	2	0	0
Mr. J. Benson	3	3	0
Mr. W. Evans	25	0	0
Contribution from Salem Church, Dover, per Pastor E. J. Edwards	3	0	0
Pastor E. J. and Mrs. Edwards	2	2	0
Friends at Tooting Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. H. Rumsey	0	16	6
Friends at Christchurch Hall, Chip- penham, per Pastor H. Bardwell	1	1	0
Pastor J. J. Irving	0	10	0
Vauxhall Baptist Church, Jersey, and friends, per Pastor W. Bonser	4	8	6

	£	s.	d.
All Saints' Baptist Church, Guernsey, per Pastor J. Gard	1	0	0
Mr. A. Norman	2	2	0
Miss Dransfield	1	1	0
Mr. J. La Touche, per Pastor J. D. Gilmore	5	0	0
Contribution from Dereham Baptist Church, per Pastor R. J. Layzell	0	11	3
Collection at Harlington Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. F. Edgerton	2	4	8
Rev. J. Levinsohn	0	10	0
Baptist Bible Class, Bulwell, per Pastor W. Slater	1	1	0
Pastor and Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. H. W. Wright	2	2	0
Mrs. M. and Mr. Virtue	5	0	0
Contribution from Highgate Baptist Church, per Pastor J. H. Barnard	0	18	6
Mrs. F. Adams, per Pastor L. Falmer Contribution from Baptist Church, St. Leonards, per Pastor H. Rodger	1	1	0
Collection at West Cliff Tabernacle, Bournemouth, per Pastor G. Wain- wright	2	0	0
	5	0	0
Contribution from Waltham Abbey Baptist Church, per Pastor G. H. Kilby	1	1	0
Pastor H. C. Field	0	10	6
Pastor J. M. Colley	0	10	0
Pastor and Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Mr. J. Chamberlain	1	0	0
The Misses Gould	4	0	0
Mrs. R. Lane	2	0	0
Mr. J. Leaver	1	1	0
Mr. Henry Packham	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Norman	3	3	0
Mr. J. Keevil	5	0	0
Mr. John Parker	1	1	0
Rev. E. A. Carter	1	1	0
Pastor W. B. Nichols	0	10	0
Pastor F. Thompson	1	0	0
Pastor J. J. Kendon	2	2	0
W. H.	0	2	6
Mr. John Coutta	5	5	0
Mr. H. C. Wales	0	10	6
Pastor T. Philpot	1	0	0
Collection at Salem Chapel, Boston, Lincolnshire, per Pastor W. Sexton	0	10	0
Mr. K. Cope Morgan	10	10	0
Mr. George E. Morgan, M.A.	2	2	0
Contribution from Church at Enfield Highway, per Pastor A. W. Welch	1	1	0
Contribution from Beulah Baptist Chapel, Thornton Heath, per Pastor T. Lardner	0	10	0
Per Pastor T. L. Edwards, Stock- ton-on-tees :-			
Mr. W. Anderson	1	0	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	10	0
Mr. W. Watson	1	0	0
Mr. Reay	0	10	0
Mrs. Martin	0	10	0
Mr. J. Williams	0	5	0
Mr. Biddle	0	2	6
Mr. Lamb	0	2	0
	3	10	0
Contribution from Attercliffe Baptist Church, Sheffield, per Pastor J. G. Williams	0	5	0
Pastor A. W. Wood	0	10	0
Mr. T. A. Denny	5	0	0
Mr. A. Tilley	1	1	0
Contribution from Lansdowne Baptist Church, Bournemouth, per Pastor W. C. Minifie	1	1	0
Pastor W. C. Minifie	1	1	0
Mr. W. T. Dives	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Dean	14	14	0
"A friend to the College"	1	1	0
Mr. F. W. Amnden	5	0	0
No. 97, 53B B. L. E.	5	0	0
Mr. J. G. Priestley	5	0	0

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. J. A. Wittard	2 2 0	Pastor R. Ensoll	0 5 0
Mr. W. C. Greenop	2 2 0	Pastor Frank H. White	2 0 0
Miss Spliedt	1 10 0	In Memoriam, J. P.	20 0 0
Dr. T. J. Barnardo	5 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. Passmore	10 0 0
Pastor E. R. Pullen	0 5 0	Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Passmore	10 0 0
Mr. W. M. Cross	10 0 0	Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Passmore	5 0 0
Mr. J. J. Cook	2 2 0	Mr. and Mrs. Alabaster	10 0 0
Dr. A. McCaig	5 0 0	Pastor H. E. Barrell	1 0 0
Mr. F. Thompson	5 0 0	Mr. Thomas Moore	3 0 0
Mr. A. E. Thompson	1 0 0	J. F., 1869, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	0 10 0
Mr. James Batly	1 0 0	Friends in Elgin, per R. E. Glendening ...	1 10 0
Mr. D. Henderson	2 0 0	Mr. C. H. Price	2 0 0
Mrs. Dupont	0 5 0	Mr. F. E. Smith	20 0 0
Mr. G. Newman	2 2 0	Mr. W. Mills	5 5 0
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A.	5 0 0	Contribution from Paignton Baptist	
Messrs. Fisher Bros.	3 3 0	Church, per Pastor W. F. Price	0 15 0
Collection at Trinity Chapel, John		Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-	
Street, Edgware Road, per Pastor		April 19	21 9 1
J. C. Carille	8 18 8	" 28	0 13 3
Collection at Rushden Baptist Chapel,		May 3	21 5 6
per Pastor W. J. Tomlins	2 2 3	" 10	23 11 0
Pastor W. Usher, M.D.	2 2 0		73 9 0
Donation from Christ Church, Aston,			
per Pastor W. A. Wicks	1 1 0		
Rev. R. J. Beecliff... ..	0 2 6		
			£1,534 13 4

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Master J. A. Chamberlain	1 10 6	A.R.D.	0 7 6
Miss Spliedt	0 15 0	H. McS.	0 6 0
Per Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon		H. McS.	0 6 0
Mrs. Ellwood	4 0 0		
Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	1 1 0		
	5 1 0		£8 6 0

Spurgeon's Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from April 16th, to May 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. Brown	0 10 0	Parson's Hill Sunday School, Wool-	
Mrs. E. Vane	2 0 0	wich, per Mr. J. Reeves	2 10 0
Mrs. E. Howard	0 5 0	Collected by Pastor R. B. Morrison ...	0 8 0
Mrs. P. Norman	0 5 0	Fine box, High Street, Merton Tydvil	0 2 6
For the little ones	0 2 0	Mr. Robert Stewart	0 3 6
Mr. J. Lewis	0 2 6	Mrs. Shilson	0 5 0
Miss Lawson	0 5 0	Postal orders, Nottingham	1 5 0
Collected by Miss E. Campkin	1 2 0	Mrs. Merfield	0 10 0
Mr. Mackay	0 5 0	Proceeds of tea held in barn at Chyng-	
Mr. S. H. Perriam	0 10 6	ton, Seaford, per Mr. E. J. Gorringe ...	0 10 0
Mr. L. P. Roff	0 5 0	Per F. R. T. :-	
Thankoffering of the Bethesda Free		Mrs. Howard Blight	0 15 0
Church, Sunderland, per Mr. H. W.		Mr. J. R. Johnson	0 5 0
Cotbay	1 2 0	Mrs. Collingwood	0 5 0
Mr. L. Horner	1 0 0	Mr. S. L. Pewtress	0 10 6
Mr. G. W. Skeats	1 1 0	Mrs. Mold	0 3 0
M. A. L., Northampton	0 10 0		
Mr. J. Pillman	1 1 0	Mr. R. Morgan	2 0 6
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	0 7 6	Mr. Lewis	3 3 0
Miss L. Jenkins	0 12 "	Mr. Lewis	0 13 6
Mrs. E. Hood, Dungannon	0 5 0	Miss J. Bowie	0 7 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 "	Collected by Miss L. Shults	0 4 0
Mr. H. Dickens	0 1 0	Mr. J. Emeney	0 1 0
Mrs. L. Cox	0 2 6	A. Whitstable friend, per Pastor H. R.	
The late Miss Beatrice M. Ellis, per		Passmore	0 2 6
Mr. O. F. Ellis	1 0 0	Mr. J. G. Priestley	10 0 0
Mrs. A. Peerce	0 5 0	Mr. S. H. Dauncey	2 2 0
Mrs. W. Passmore's Sunday School		Pastor G. W. Linneear	0 12 6
Class, Chatsworth Road, West Nor-		Mrs. S. Slodden	0 2 6
wood	1 0 0	Miss H. Shaw	1 0 0
Mr. J. Bakewell	0 5 0	Mr. O. Barfoot	0 2 0
Mrs. W. H. Beeman	5 5 0	Mr. A. G. Wing	1 0 0
Golden wedding	0 10 0	Miss M. A. Sargeant	1 1 0
Mrs. M. Watson	1 1 0	Mr. W. Brown	0 10 0
Mr. F. Ray	1 0 0	Mr. R. Johnstone	0 10 0
		Mr. C. L. Quesne, per Mr. Iverson ...	3 0 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. K. Patterson	0	3	0	Mr. J. Beeston	1	0	0
Mr. J. Riley	0	1	0	Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Mrs. J. Curtis	0	10	0	Mr. W. Ranford	0	10	0
Mr. H. D. Marshall	1	0	0	Miss Jarman	1	0	0
Mr. D. Land	0	5	0	Box at Orphanage gates	0	10	7
Mr. J. Carter	0	2	6	M. S. ...	0	2	6
Mrs. W. Barry	1	1	0	Mr. Thos. Moore	3	0	0
B. J., Norwich	1	0	0	Mrs. E. Barrett	0	10	0
M. D. ...	2	0	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. H. Nichols	0	10	0	J. F., 1839	0	10	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0	Mrs. Frame	1	0	0
Mr. B. Bull	0	7	6	Mrs. Robinson	0	5	0
Mrs. S. A. Coad	0	2	6	S. K. J.	5	0	0
Mr. W. Ball	0	10	0	Mrs. Craig, birthday offer-	1	0	0
Mrs. E. Moses	0	2	6	ing ...	3	3	0
Mr. S. Priddy	0	10	0	Mrs. Charles Burt			
Pastor F. James	0	10	0				10 18 0
Pastor J. W. Colley	0	5	0	Mrs. W. Nicoll	1	0	0
Pastor A. W. Wood	0	10	0	Mr. P. Ellis	1	0	0
M. A. K.	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Eliza Webb	75	0	0
Mr. Vickery	1	1	0	Executors of the late Miss Helen Gray	230	0	9
Box at Tabernacle gates	1	1	0	Executors of the late Mrs. Elizabeth			
Mr. W. Pritchard	0	5	0	Redhouse	45	0	0
Mr. W. Hillier	0	15	0	Executors of the late Miss G. I. S wall	400	10	9
M. H. ...	0	5	0	Executors of the late Mr. Henry Wood			
An anonymous friend	50	0	0	(on account)	1700	0	0
Mrs. M. J. Warren	0	10	0	Executors of the late Mr. J. H. Tarrant	10	0	0
Mrs. Ray, sen.	0	10	0				
Collected at Cross Street Baptist Chapel,				<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the</i>			
Islington, per Pastor F. A. Jones	7	2	5	<i>Orphanage Choir:—</i>			
The Misses L. and C. Ferratt	0	10	0	Shooter's Hill Road Baptist Chapel,			
South Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-				Band of Hope	17	0	0
school	2	2	0	St. James' Hall, West Croydon, In-			
Miss N. E. Gearing	0	5	0	dustrial Exhibition	2	12	6
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	1	8	Peckham Tabernacle	2	10	3
A reader of <i>The Christian World</i>	0	5	0	Baptist Total Abstinence Association,			
S. A. S.	0	10	0	Annual Meeting at Met. Tabernacle	5	5	0
Miss J. M. Higham	4	0	0	Conference Hall, Mildmay Park	10	0	9
Mr. J. Gagard	0	5	0				
Mrs. D. Skelly	0	5	0				
Collected by Master D. S. Herries	0	2	9				
							£2,673 11 2

List of Presents from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.—PROVISIONS:—32 lbs. Lard, 12 Bath Chaps, 14 lbs. Bacon, Mr. W. Dixon; 109 lbs. Jam, Messrs. Wix and Son; 1 Cake, Mrs. W. Pasmore; 3 tons Potatoes, the Shooter's Hill Band of Hope, per Mr. S. Rogers; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seme Haslam; 24 lbs. Butter, Mr. E. Sparrow; 26 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 294 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potier; 6 quarters Bread, Mr. R. Heara; a quantity Bread, Mr. Law.

BOYS' CLOTHING:—6 Garments, Mrs. Jamieson; 1 parcel Worn Clothing, Mrs. Howie Muir; 85 Articles (Boys' and Girls'), The Reading Ladies' Working Party, per Mrs. James Withers; a parcel of Clothing, Miss Hughes; 7 pairs Knitted Cuffs, Mrs. L. Howard; 13 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higga.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—3 Garments, Mrs. W. Pasmore; 61 Garments, The Ladies' Sewing Meeting, Niton (Isle of Wight) Baptist Chapel; 7 Articles, Mrs. Jamieson; 3 Capes from Oban, per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 64 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higga.

GENERAL:—18 Volumes, The Band of Hope Union, per Mr. Chas. Wakeley; 2 Books, 1 Game, From a friend at Kilburn; 13 Copies Magazine, *Our Heritage*, The Anti-Sunday Travelling Union; 5 Volumes, the *Times Weekly*, Rev. Isaac Levinsohn; 1 Large Box, containing pieces of Materials for Patchwork, Mr. R. H. Hudge.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>			
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0
Cowling Hill, Pastor E. R. Lewis	10	0	0
Tewkesbury, Rev. W. Davies	1	5	0
Tewkesbury, Rev. W. Davies (arrears)	3	0	0
Wellridge, H. J. Campburn (arrears)	50	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	11	5	0
Pewsey Vale, H. J. Dawson	8	15	0
Stratford-on-Avon, Rev. J. Smallwood	1	5	0
Evesham, Mrs. Thos. Robinson	5	0	0
Tewkesbury, Mrs. Robinson, 6 Dis-			
tricts	60	0	0
Tewkesbury, Rev. J. E. Brett	1	5	0
Keetering, per Mr. J. Barratt	7	10	0
Aylebury, Mr. Thos. Gurney	1	0	0
	£27	10	0

	£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett	0	10	0
Pastor J. G. Priestley	5	0	0
M. A. K.	0	5	0
Mr. John Neal	1	1	0
Miss Spllett	0	15	0
Mr. James Batty	1	0	0
Mr. E. Harker	1	0	0
Mrs. Rayfield (collected by)	0	18	2
J. Gagard	0	5	0
Miss R. Daniell	0	10	0
Mr. W. King	1	0	0
Mr. Price	1	0	0
Mr. Wm. Evans	5	0	0
Mrs. Ellwood	2	0	0
Mrs. S. Clout	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0	Mr. Thos. Moore	2	0	0
Scotland, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon ...	5	0	0				
Mrs. E. A. Sinclair and daughters ...	0	15	0				
Mrs. Shearman	0	10	0				
					£29	11	8

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's services at Bloomsbury Chapel	13	0	0	Mr. John Neal	1	1	0
Thankoffering from Chesham Sunday School Union for Mr. J. M. Smith's services, per Mr. C. Hawkes ...	2	10	0	Mrs. Emily Barrett	0	10	0
					£17	1	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Scotland	5	0	0	Mr. Thomas Moore	2	0	0
J. B. T.	1	0	0	Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Croydon ...	2	10	0
Friends at Evesham, for Mr. Burnham	1	1	0				
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Great Marlow	1	10	0				
					£19	1	0

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rose Shimmen	0	1	0	Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Kilburn	8	0	0
I. F.	0	10	0	E. R. P.	0	2	0
A thankoffering to God for Sermon No. 2,349	0	10	0	Sale of Hindi sermons, per Pastor John Stubbs	1	1	0
Miss Withers	0	10	0	Mrs. Coxeter, for Oriya sermons ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Hewitt	0	3	0	Mrs. Smart	10	0	0
Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0	Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0
Mrs. Frame... ..	0	10	0	M. J. C., Winchcombe	0	10	0
					£36	8	0

For translations of sermons:—

Fran von Lingen, per Rev. J. D. Kilburn 3 3 0

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from April 15th to May 14th, 1896.

A, £100; B, £100; Income Tax, £1 14s 8d; J. W. H., £2 2s; Wild Rose, 10s; Mr. J. Brown, 10s; "Grateful," 10s; Mrs. Dundas, £2; Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., £2 2s; A reader of *Sword and Trowel*, 5s—Total, £209 13s 8d.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbelton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions for "For General Use in the Lord's Work," and for the support of Mr. Harmer and Mr. Burnham.—C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists,—should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

ANNUAL PAPER
CONCERNING
THE LORD'S WORK

IN CONNECTION WITH
THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
NEWINGTON, LONDON.

1895-96.



Printed for the College Trustees by
ALABASTER, PASSMORE AND SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1896.

Founder, and President 1856—1892,

C. H. SPURGEON.

COLLEGE BUSINESS OFFICERS, 1895-6.

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J. A. SPURGEON, D.D., LL.D., White Horse Road, Croydon.

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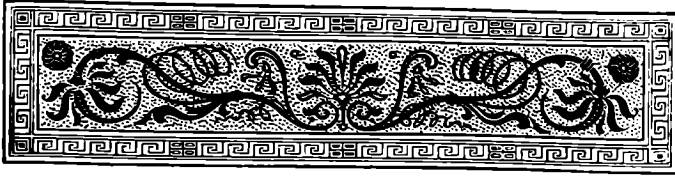
Secretary,

E. II. BARTLETT.

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 REQUEST.

*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.*



The Trustees' Report.

UNTIL the name of the Lord be the praise, that we can report another year of successful service in training young men for the preaching of the Gospel. Twenty students have received calls from Churches since our last Report, four going abroad, and sixteen settling at home. Young men offer themselves in abundance, and we have taken in twenty-six new candidates, for whom we pray that they may make full proof of their call to the ministry of the Word of Truth.

All our needs have been supplied, and from the legacies of the year we have met the expenses not provided for by regular income, and have a balance towards the future. The history of the College has always shown this extraordinary supply as being both needed and bestowed.

The necessity for the Pastors' College is as great; indeed, we think even greater than ever.

Nearly thirty years ago, the Founder published what is still true; and we adopt, with but little modification, his words:—

The College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle has a distinctive character, which has not been the result of human foresight and design, but of providential circumstances and the direction of the Spirit of God. To this its position amongst the Colleges and similar Institutions of the day is to be attributed; not to what it has in common with them, so much as to that which it has in distinction from them. Every new society supposes a particular need, and its own particular adaptation to that need.

We claim not perfection for the College at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, nor immortality, except in many of its results; all we claim for it is a capacity for doing great and good service for the revival and the increase of the Church of Christ in our day, and such as, humanly speaking, would not have been accomplished without it. An unusual measure of success has attended its efforts from the commencement; and that success continues unabated to the present time. We again ask, then, Is this the College that should come, or do we look for another? Old churches are revived; new churches are formed; mourners in Zion are comforted; the dead hear and live, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. Nor is its mission half accomplished.

We gather this encouragement for the future from the present and the past. That it has pleased God to raise up this Institution in so remarkable a manner, and to make it peculiarly His own; that He has given it such favour in the sight of others, and prompted so much

Christian liberality on its behalf; that He has introduced by its instrumentality nearly eight hundred pastors into spheres of usefulness within the space of a few years, and given them refreshing tokens of His continual blessing; and that He has given to tutors, and students, and presidents, and supporters, a cheerful and harmonious consecration to the work, are tokens to us of much enlarged and enlivening visitations of His Spirit of grace in times to come. "Thou shalt see greater things than these."

The Trustees are looking forward to a continuance of this noble work for the Church of God, and call the prayerful attention of their fellow-helpers to the testimony of a few of the brethren now settled in distant lands. The Report, already too long, would have been swollen beyond all bounds, if it had been attempted to include a quarter of the replies sent in from our former students now labouring in distant fields. A selection only can be furnished, to show the character of scores of other papers received in response to the letter of the President.

Upon all these many faithful labourers may God's richest blessing ever abide. Commending the College in all its departments to the increased support, sympathy, and prayers of its many friends; we gratefully recognise the continued generous help of the Tabernacle Church and all the subscribers, and wish for them all another year of Divine favour to prosper this and all other works of their hands in the great harvest-field of the world.

Yours to serve in Christ,

On behalf of our co-Trustees,

JAMES A. SPURGEON, *President.*

FRANK THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

Willing Witness.

I AM right glad to join the cloud of witnesses (1) as to the good work done by Pastors' College men "in the regions beyond," (2) as to the joy and blessing which attended the last Annual Conference of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, and (3) as to an earnest hope that there is a glorious future before this Institution.

Everyone knows that at home the Pastors' College men have, with rare exceptions, given a good account of themselves. Not a few of them are occupying leading positions in the denomination, and those who have "attained not unto the first three," yet have honourable place among David's mighty men. This is true also of brethren who have settled in the Australasian Colonies, where they now number no less than fifty. Since 1877, I have been privileged to go in and out among the Colonial churches, and I am able, therefore, to speak with some little authority.

Here are, alas! some black sheep in every flock, and it cannot be expected that all the sheep should be of equal quality. But "our own men" in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand have, as a rule, laboured

diligently and effectively, often under most trying circumstances. I fancy that all unbiassed minds will give them credit for being brave pioneers, earnest preachers, and faithful pastors. It is also worthy of note that not a few of them have distinguished themselves as editors of the denominational organs. The wave of depression which has overwhelmed certain of the Colonies has brought with it no small trial to many brethren. They need and deserve our prayerful sympathy.

Regarding last year's Conference, I can only say that it appeared to me to be a season of refreshing. The Trustees had, I think, every reason to rejoice that they extended the invitation to the brotherhood, and I know that the mother-church was proud and happy to have so many of her sons beneath her wings again. She is by no means tired of raising and training ministers of the Word, and she rejoices exceedingly to have them "dropping in," year by year, to see the dear old home.

I am happy to be able to place on record here the good service rendered to the Tabernacle Church by our devoted brother, Manton Smith, who took no inconsiderable part in a ten days' mission, held in January, 1896. He ably seconded Brother C. B. Sawday, whose words were greatly owned. Thus, two of her own sons were used of God to bless the parent-church.

It is surely in order to make mention here of the fact that Mr. Sawday has been elected assistant-pastor (for 12 months) at the Tabernacle. His brethren rejoice thereat (as numerous letters testify), and it should be a cause for joy to all who are interested in the College, that it has produced a man whose past career and Christ-like character have designated him as likely to prove a true yoke-fellow in this important sphere. May I ask the prayers of all who read this Report, for my colleague and myself, that we may pull well together, and to right good purpose?

In concluding, I desire to express my firm conviction that the heart of the church remains as true as ever to the first-born of her many agencies, and that the burden of the Lord that pressed upon its Founder in 1856 is, in 1896, a delightful load to those who, though alas! less able, are not less willing than their predecessors, to undertake what the late dear President called "the sublime difficulties of a Christ-like service."

Most earnestly do I hope that an increasing interest will be evinced in our school of the prophets. Are not its claims at least as great as those of the home for the orphans? Happy they who have it in their hearts and power, not only to feed the fatherless, but also to support the students who are training to teach the truth.

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

THOMAS SPURGEON.

"Spes Bona."

"OUR OWN MEN" in South Africa are holding the fort for King Jesus with no small measure of success. Indeed, when one remembers the difficulties that they have to contend against, they deserve the highest praise for their indomitable zeal and consecrated devotion to

the Master's cause. It was a great pleasure to the writer to visit nearly all the spheres in which Pastors' College men labour, and to be able to report very satisfactorily of the work accomplished.

May I take the reader in imagination on a trip through the Colony, having in view the purpose of visiting the churches presided over by *alumni* hailing from the Institution founded by my beloved father?

Arriving at Cape Town, we are met by Brethren E. Baker and J. Russell, the former holding the pastorate of the City Church, while the latter is the pastor at Wynberg, a beautiful suburb.

In each of these places we found a good work going on, and the highest testimony was borne to the efficient ministry of both the brethren. In Cape Town there is a building capable of seating some 520 persons, while in Wynberg the little chapel will accommodate 110 worshippers. The membership is respectively 204 and 76, and the Sunday-school in each place has an attendance of 160 and 140; and all the usual agencies of Christian work are carried on in connection with the churches.

Both brethren settled in 1893, and their period of service has been fruitful in maintaining and advancing the Baptist interest at the Cape. Mr. Baker has settled, in another sense, as on March 2nd, 1896, he was married to Miss Muter, who will make for him a worthy helpmeet in the Master's service.

I hope my reader does not object to a sea-voyage, for we must take passage, and make for Port Elizabeth, and look in upon Mr. C. H. Homer, who superintends the work at South End. This church was a branch established by Pastor H. J. Batts, when he ministered in Port Elizabeth. As an off-shoot, it is struggling to maintain an independent growth, and the 45 members with their pastor are heroically holding the fort. The neighbourhood is, for the most part, peopled by the poor; but to such the gospel must be preached; if they will but hear, there is a meeting-place prepared for 250, with an earnest, faithful preacher. It is uphill work, but brother Homer is plodding on.

By train we will next visit Grahamstown, where the worthy secretary of the South African Baptist Union presides over a church of about 200 members. Pastor G. W. Cross is held in very high esteem, not only by his fellow-citizens, but throughout the Colony and by all classes of the community, and is often significantly termed the "Bishop" among the Baptists. The church is the oldest in the Colony, dating back to 1820. It has a history, therefore; but the present pastor is not content with past glories; he believes in making history by carrying forward the work to greater successes. The chapel is a very comfortable and elegant building, capable of holding some 400, while in its rear there is a fine hall for school and lecture purposes with even ampler accommodation. Every department of church work appeared in a very healthy and vigorous condition, and God's blessing abiding upon it.

Some 16 miles away from Grahamstown is a village called Kariega, and here Brother E. G. Evans occupies the dual position of preacher and pedagogue. A good work is done by Mr. Evans; and although we

were not fortunate enough to see for ourselves the spot where he labours, we received abundant testimony to his faithful service among the people, of whom 58 are church members. It is only by the combination of the educational and spiritual that a cause is maintained here. All honour to the man who devotes himself so fully to the Lord's work!

Continuing our journey, we arrive by rail at Cradock, one of the most healthy spots in South Africa, and consequently a resort for those seeking renewed strength. Right in the centre of the township, and standing out boldly, is the Baptist Chapel, where Pastor J. Maginnes ministers at the present time. For some reason or other, Cradock is no longer the rendezvous of such numbers as used to reside there because of the healthiness of the climate, and a migration has consequently set in, and this affects a Christian church as soon as anything we know. Still, our brother is hard at it, and reports lately to hand speak most encouragingly of the work.

Bloemfontein is our next halting-place, and here we find Brother A. J. Edwards carrying on the Baptist cause in a very nice little chapel having a seating capacity of 250. The work was established in 1892, and for the short time that has elapsed since the formation of the church the results are encouraging. The Dutch element that exists in the town is necessarily a drawback, and rapid advancement cannot be expected, but the steady growth is an indication of real vitality in the church.

We must now retrace our journey, and, leaving the Orange Free State, once more return to British Kaffraria. Alighting at King William's Town, we visit the scene of the labours of our friend and old College colleague, Mr. H. J. Batts. Since our advent, however, a change has taken place, as Mr. Batts has removed to Pretoria.

Speaking of the work at the former place, we are able to report, from a very happy experience, that it is most prosperous; and, under the blessing of God, the large measure of success is due to the indefatigable zeal of Brother Batts. A church of over 200 members, with very flourishing Sunday-school and Christian Endeavour, carries on its work in a commodious chapel with large adjacent premises, and is a centre of great usefulness. Mr. Batts is now heroically seeking to establish the cause in the Transvaal, and against great odds is labouring with commendable zeal in Pretoria.

Our last call, ere we leave for Old England, is at the port from which we depart on our homeward voyage. East London, as far as the Baptists are concerned, is well catered for by the ministry of Pastor D. H. Hay, and certainly he knows how to "make hay while the sun shines," although he does not let the grass grow under him. We should say that in the last two places named, there are also thriving causes representing the German Baptists. Pastor Hay is an enthusiast in connection with Missionary Work, and as secretary of the Society of the South African Union, he takes great interest in the work carried on at the Tchabo and King William's Town. His church is but a new creation, comparatively, but it shows signs of healthy growth, and its various departments share the same development.

We have only given the barest and briefest outline of the service rendered to the Master's cause by those who have gone forth from

our ever-beloved "Alma Mater"; but from what we have written it may be gathered that our Colony over the sea is well cared for by "our own men." God bless them all!

GREENWICH.

CHARLES SPURGEON.

Mr. Marchant's Report.

THE way in which the Lord has led us during my thirty-four years' connection with the College, more than sixteen of which have been spent in sharing its tutorial work, often seems now, and increasingly as year follows year, like some reproduced vision of the way of the ancient "Church in the wilderness."

Our hope for the years to come still rests only in our God, and therefore do we hope the more. Tokens of His presence with us are not wanting. Excepting a few cases of sickness, the general health of the College has been good. The spiritual life and earnestness of the students, the fervour of the class-room prayers, the manifest desire of several of the brethren for a fuller measure of consecration to the Lord, the doctrinal soundness and evangelical character of the weekly sermons, with the good tone pervading the criticisms offered upon them, have been, on the whole, encouraging throughout the year.

Since our last Report, three brethren have matriculated at the London University, namely, Mr. Sidney Scott Sarson, Mr. Edward Pitcairn Wright, and, some time after leaving us to pursue his studies elsewhere, Mr. Edgar Morris Yeomans.

In my class studies, good average work has, I think, been done throughout the year. The whole of the Epistle to the Galatians, about half of that to the Hebrews, and part of the Acts of the Apostles, have been read by the more advanced classes in Greek Testament. One Junior Class has translated the greater portion of the first Epistle of John, the previous juniors having finished that Epistle and read a small part of the Gospel by Mark before the re-arrangement of the classes in August last. Careful attention is always given in these studies to grammatical forms and structure, and, especially in the Senior Classes, to the exegesis of the text. Since August, two Homiletical Classes have been held weekly, one of these extending throughout the entire year. Catechetical and other lectures have been given on some of the English Poets, while Euclid, Jahn's *Archæologia Biblica*, and other studies have occupied our time.

Such subjects as The Historicity of the Fall, Baptism as a Term of Church Membership, Christian Socialism, the question of Amusements, with a few impromptu exercises on some topic previously communicated only to the opener, and this but a short time before the commencement of the discussion, have furnished us with questions for some excellent debates in the closing hour of our week's work. These discussions have been found of much use, for many years, in cultivating the gift of ready and easy speech.

I need only add that my Theological Lectures during the year have

been on the Person of Christ, and on His Prophetic and Priestly Offices. In connection with the Priestly Work of the Saviour, we have been, since the beginning of November, considering the History and the Doctrine of the Atonement.

F. G. MARCHANT.

Dr. McCaig's Report.

IN reviewing the work of another year in our College, I think we may well thank God and take courage. We have had comparatively little sickness among the men; the studies have been vigorously pursued, and the progress made has been, on the whole, satisfactory. The devotional spirit has been well maintained, and the evangelistic fervour has not diminished. The men who have settled have, on leaving us, testified that their love for the evangelical faith has been strengthened during their College course, and the brethren now in College evince a warm attachment to the same glorious truth. It has been my privilege, as in previous years, to take part in the Recognition Services of many of the brethren who have accepted pastorates, and it has been a joy to find that in most cases tokens of Divine blessing have been given on the labours of "our men", and prospects of great usefulness are opening up before them.

During the year, the seniors have been reading, in GREEK, the closing part of Homer's *Iliad*, Plato's *Apology*, and Sophocles' *Antigone*. The intermediate men continued reading Lucian's *Dialogues* for a time, then read part of Plato's *Crito*, and in August united with the seniors. The juniors have been reading Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

In LATIN, the seniors have read part of Virgil's *Æneid*, the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, and part of the *De Amicitia* of Cicero. The intermediate men have read the *Ædlogues* of Virgil, and, while now united with the seniors in reading *Cicero*, have still an intermediate class, the subject being Horace's *Odes*, Book I. The juniors have been reading Cesar's *Gallic War*, Book I. Special attention has also been given to Grammar and Syntax.

In HEBREW, the seniors read a selection of the Psalms, while the intermediate men read a few chapters of Genesis. In January, the two classes were amalgamated, and the book of Jonah has since been the subject. The juniors have made steady progress with the grammar, and are now beginning to read in Genesis.

In my Theological Class, using Hodge's Outlines as our text-book, Eschatology and the Sacraments were the principal subjects considered during the greater part of the year, and we have for some time been dealing with the arguments for the Divine Existence, and the Christian Evidences.

In the class for the study of Church History we have followed the fascinating story to the close of the sixteenth century. I have also supplemented the class-work with lectures on the history of the Ante-Nicene period.

I may add that several of my senior students have been pursuing,

under my supervision, special studies with a view to University examinations, two of them having matriculated at the London University during the year.

ARCHIBALD McCAIG.

Dr. Asher's Report.

WITH profound gratitude to God, we can review the past year as having been used to the uttermost for the furtherance of the objects for which our College exists, and unhesitatingly testify that, as far as can be judged, the results have been most encouraging.

The Trustees and President have evidently been Divinely guided in the selection of the students who have recently been admitted; they appear to be men likely to be used of God to become a power in the ministry.

The spirit of devotion has been very manifest, and there have been granted seasons of special blessing in spiritual life and in Christian work; nor have these been prejudicial to the routine duties of student life.

The work done by the men in my classes has merited and received hearty commendation; they have given themselves with full purpose of heart to the work of preparing for the exercise of their high calling in Christ Jesus. Their geniality and brotherliness to each other in the class-room leave nothing to be desired.

The text-books used are those which have rendered such good service in the past that no change has been deemed necessary.

Attention has been given to the GREEK and LATIN Grammars. Rapid progress has been made in the study of Jevons' *Lessons in Logic*. Abbot's *How to Write Clearly* is acknowledged to be of great service in aiding the preparation of College sermons, and in other literary work.

Trench on *Words* ministers to the same end, assisting in the choice of words, and in increasing the vocabulary of the student, while the histories of Greece and Rome are sources of information and illustration.

Angus's *Bible Handbook*, Butler's *Analogy*, and Wayland's *Moral Philosophy*, may be cited as intensifying the love for the Word of God as the Storehouse of Truth, and the chief weapon of our warfare,—the message of God to all classes and conditions of men.

The lectures on Physiology, etc., continue to meet with marked appreciation from the members of the class.

The constant demand by the churches for "our men", and the blessing of God on their work, inspire us with hope for the future of this beloved Institution.

W. USHER.

Mr. Richardson's Report.

THOUGH I have not before written a report of my work, the VOICE TRAINING CLASSES have now been in progress many years. The late C. H. Spurgeon fully recognized the need for such

training, and some nine years ago appointed me as a regular teacher at the College; in which position it has been my pleasing duty to continue ever since. It gives me great pleasure to report concerning my classes during the past year, that not only has the interest in the studies been fully sustained, but a greater degree of individual effort has been put forth than ever before. When the study of ELOCUTION was first introduced into this College, considerable opposition had to be overcome; but I am glad to say that coldness and opposition are now things of the past. To-day the men are both willing and anxious to do the work appointed them; and, within the limits of the time at their disposal, they faithfully perform their duty.

From time to time, we hear from old students, who testify to the great benefit they have realised, since leaving College, from a practical use of those principles of voice production which were made known to them during their student days. There is, however, much still to be done, if this important subject is to occupy the position which rightly belongs to it. But now that the interest of the men has been fully aroused, we look forward, with confidence, to the future, believing that this study, which gives such material aid to the speaker, will, ere long, receive the fullest attention from all those whose high calling it is to speak concerning the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

JOSIAH RICHARDSON.

Reports of the Evening Classes.

I AM glad to be able to report that a very satisfactory year's work has been done in the Evening Classes. During the Autumn term of last year we had a larger attendance than for some time past.

Our brethren are animated with the spirit of brotherly love and mutual esteem, are enthusiastic in their work, and assiduous in their attendance at the classes, and some are making really good progress.

The majority of these brethren are engaged in some form of Christian labour, and some of them have reported that they have had a large amount of success, attributable, under the blessing of God, to the training which they have received in these classes.

We have carried on the work of these classes much on the same lines as in past years, being constrained to do so by the success which has attended the work.

The following subjects have engaged our attention during the year,—Human Physiology, Mental Physiology, The Holy Spirit, The Decrees of God, Creation, and Providence.

S. JOHNSON.

I am pleased to report that the work done on Monday and Wednesday evenings during the past year has been well up to the average of recent years. The men have used every endeavour to make good progress in their studies, and an earnest Christian spirit has at all times been shown.

On Monday evenings, the classes in Latin and Greek have met as usual, and have studied the *Principia Latina* and the *Initia Græca*. In the early part of the year the advanced class studied the Gospel of John.

On Wednesday evenings, Lectures have been given in English Grammar, History and Literature, and in Logic. The work in the latter subject has proved interesting, and useful to the men in their other work.

T. F. BOWERS, B.A. (Lond.).

SHORTHAND CLASS.—This class continues to meet every Friday evening, from 8 till 9 o'clock, and is free to all who desire to improve themselves for the Lord's work.

Since the last report, the class has gone through the *Manual of Phonography*, and afterwards had dictation practice for speed, discussions on best outlines for difficult words, phraseography, &c.

In September last a fresh class for beginners commenced, has just finished the first book, the *Teacher*, and now meets as an Advanced Class, studying the *Manual*, and *Æsop's Fables* for reading practice, and later on we shall have advanced practice in dictation, for speed, phraseography, best outlines, &c.

An examination was lately held for Sir Isaac Pitman's Elementary Certificate, and the papers are now being examined at Bath.

Some very pleasant evenings have been spent over the study, and that the class is much appreciated may be inferred from the fact that some of its members come from such distant quarters of London as Bow, Penge, Maida Hill, and even Plaistow and Plumstead.

HAYDN PINKESS.

The College and "the Regions Beyond,"

INDIA.

AT the present time, our College brethren engaged in missionary or pastoral work in distant lands number 164. To this number must be added missionaries on furlough from India, China, and Central Africa, bringing up the total to 172.

In India, Ceylon, and the West Indies there are 17 missionaries or missionary pastors. All the missionaries are connected with the Baptist Missionary Society. The pastors of the English-speaking churches in the East and West Indies are very truly missionaries, but their pecuniary support is derived from those to whom they minister.

Letters from our Missionary Brethren.

MY dear Dr. Spurgeon,—I am glad to see, by the circular letter you have sent out, that this year's Report of the College is to be a Missionary Report. As an old Missionary Secretary of the College, this naturally appeals to me; hence this letter is sent as my contribution. Many of the readers of the College Report are also readers of the *Missionary Herald*, and some of them will have followed my career through its pages. I may state, for the information of those who have not read the *Herald*, that I came to India fourteen years ago, with five others representing five different Baptist Colleges. Now, after fourteen years, by God's mercy, five of us are still in India, and the sixth is still a missionary, but in Jamaica. In the mission field we try to know no distinction as to Colleges; yet at the time of our annual gatherings at Conference, the members of the different Colleges often get together for prayer and social intercourse. My work all along has been at Agra, in N.W. India, where the famous Taj Mahal is situated. One advantage of living fourteen years in one station is that we get to know the people well, and can follow up the work from year to year. This year, two married men, who were little boys in one of our mission schools, came to me, the one to give up his idols, and the other to ask for baptism, the first being a Hindoo, and the second a Mohammedan. Neither had forgotten the lessons of childhood, which bore fruit after many days. Human nature is the same all the world over, and human depravity as prevalent in India as in England; hence, we do not find the heathen longing for the Gospel. Yet we do find that it is the power of God unto salvation to both Hindoo and Mohammedan.

In India, we have three seasons of the year—first, the long hot season, from March to July; then, the rainy season, still hot, from July to September, followed by the cold weather, from October to February. Most of the people in India live in villages, yet in our part of the country we can only safely travel about in the cold season. We then do itinerant travelling in tents from place to place. During the dry and

wet hot weather, we have to confine our attention mostly to the city work. At Agra, we have 147,000 people to work amongst, which is surely enough for a few missionaries. Our special work is Bazar preaching, which takes place daily. We also visit fairs and other religious gatherings of the people, and preach to the assembled crowds. Next in importance to public preaching, we place our day and Sunday-schools for the children. At Agra we have seven day-schools, with an attendance of about 200 scholars; to these must be added the 300 or 400 who are taught in our Bible-classes and Sunday-schools. The charge of these schools, Bazar preaching, the care of a native Christian community, and the much necessary business of the mission, keep one fully occupied. Occasionally, I am privileged to preach in English also to my own countrymen at the Havelock Chapel, but the work there is so important that, as missionaries, we cannot look after it properly; hence we generally have a pastor for the church, who gives the whole of his time to the work.

The life of a missionary is no easy one; his responsibilities are great, yet he has vast opportunities for usefulness. I entered College to be trained for missionary work, and I thank God that He led me into it. I chose the Pastors' College as the place where I thought I should get the best training for that work, and I believe I made a wise choice. I can only hope that more and more from that College will enter the mission field, and I shall feel specially pleased if they do so in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society.

In India, at least, the fourteen years past show few accessions to our ranks from Pastors' College men.

I write this letter sitting at the tent door. My good wife is with me, and the preachers' tents are just close by. The outlook is a pretty one, as our tents stand in a grove of trees, and we see green fields with growing crops all around us. Soon we shall be starting to preach at the villages around us,—my wife and the Bible-woman to the women, and myself and the preachers to the men. To-night, we expect a large crowd to see the magic lantern. Then we shall tell them the old, old story, illustrated by pictures of the life of Christ.

Wishing all good things to the College, its President, tutors, and students, * * * *

IN CAMP, AGRA DISTRICT,
January 20th, 1896.

J. G. POTTER
(Of the Baptist Missionary Society).

DEAR Mr. Spurgeon,—To many minds India has little attraction as a mission field. Its days of pioneer work and of romance are gone. More savage, silent, or mysterious lands lay hold of the earnest mind and enforce sympathy. "The regions beyond" is the word that awakes enthusiasm.

To many minds India is a difficult field. In its Northern portions, it is divided between the fanatic Mohammedan and the superstitious Hindoo. So attached are they to their respective religions, that the Mohammedan witness to the one-ness of God has had no effect on Hindoo idolatry, and it is impossible in the nature of things for a

Mohammedan to become a Hindoo. So bound up with race, indeed, are the distinctive religions, that proselytism by persuasion is a thing undreamt of. No man asks, "What is truth?" but regards it as right that the European should be Christian, the Hindoo a worshipper of his national god, and the Mohammedan a keeper of his feasts and fasts, and a diligent sayer of prayers.

With views of religion such as these, it is no wonder that influence and character as a converting agency are of little avail; and in the garden of the Home for Lady missionaries, it appears no anomaly that the sacred stone is worshipped, or that the trusted servant of Christian missionaries should, for thirty years, help the preacher in his sacred work, and to the last wear his dress distinctive of his difference in religion from his kind and loved employer.

There is, however, one fact that atones for many difficulties, and makes the fresh comer to such a field as this take more kindly to his work; and that is this,—from the very first, the missionary, fresh from his training-ground, finds himself surrounded by strangers and foreigners who understand and love to speak his language. There are the gentlemen in government employ, in courts, post offices, railway stations; commercial firms, and schools, who all know and love to speak his language. There are the thousands of boys who have been reading English from their childhood, and are striving with might and main to perfect themselves in English, and pass high examinations in which English plays a large part, and such are only too delighted to hear the Englishman speak his own language, no matter what be his subject. Let it be Christianity, if he likes. Conversation on religious topics is what these people like, and in which they are most at home.

Never a genius in a foreign tongue, I have still difficulty in preaching in the native language of the people of Bengal; but I have no need, therefore, to sit down idle. I have only been appointed to Chittagong a couple of months, and am reckoned far from proficient in Bengali; but here I find a number of Europeans and Anglo-Indians, and they need ministering to. It is a work I revel in.

Here, too, are some six or seven schools in which the boys are studying for the matriculation examination, and who all understand more or less of English. Some of these come to our service for Europeans, and some attend our weekly Bible-class specially held for them. My study, too, is always open to visits from any who wish to speak with me concerning our faith.

Strange to say, our Colporteur can scarcely sell any books in Bengali; he does not try, it is so hopeless; but he can sell English books, and is able to turn over a few shillings each week in penny and twopenny books. These are books specially printed for the work, and therefore issued with the view of propagating the Christian faith. It is little to say a man sells a few shillings' worth of books every week; but when it is considered that these books are foreign to the country, adverse to its religion, and sold among a poor people, the work is not to be despised.

But while I thus take advantage of learning-time to do work in English, our native evangelists are hard and steadily at work in Bengali. They teach Scripture and Catechism in our day-school, and on Sunday hold little Sunday-schools among the poor children; they preach daily

in the bazaars, especially to the villagers visiting this capital town, and they sell copies of the Gospels, &c., at the rate of one farthing each, through the liberality of the Bible Translation Society. Two of these preachers are at present away preaching and selling at a large fair in the neighbourhood, at which it is estimated by an eye-witness that some 50,000 people are assembled. They have gathered to do honour to an idol of Sheva, which is said to be beautiful beyond all others, and wonderful, inasmuch as whereas other idols have been *made*, this one *became of itself*. My Pundit did not teach me yesterday; he was fasting in honour of the god.

A most interesting branch of our work is that among the Mugs, who inhabit the hills on the border of Burmah. They are Buddhists, and live in the woods, and earn their bread by felling trees. We can only reach them through interpretation, as they speak Burmese, and we have been indebted for help in the work to the American Baptist Mission, who have furnished us with a Burmese preacher for their benefit. On my first visit to these interesting people, I saw three of them baptized in the broad river, and a fortnight since it was our joy to witness the baptism of two others in the baptistery of our little church in Chittagong.

The work is full of difficulty, and is hard of accomplishment; but we trust in Him, who is long-suffering, willing not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn to God and live.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID L. DONALD

(Of the Baptist Missionary Society).

BANYAN BOWER, CHITTAGONG, EAST BENGAL,
February 13th, 1896.

**Letter from the Pastor of the Baptist Church,
Byculla, Bombay.**

MY dear Dr. Spurgeon,—I herewith enclose our church report for the past year. Thereby you will note what forms so large a characteristic of our Anglo-Indian churches,—viz., that our decrease almost approximates to our increase. The *personnel* of these churches changes almost completely within the space of three years. Friends join us who have come out under covenant for two or three years, and then return home; or, in case of those of the Anglo-Saxon community whom we attach to ourselves, they move away to other Indian centres, in most of which no Baptist church exists. . . . With nothing whatever of home support at our backs, no aggressive effort is possible in the founding of new churches, and those that are already in existence have oftentimes a hard struggle, owing to the ever-shifting character of the population, to keep things going at full strength, if not at full speed. . . . It has been a year of much trial to our church, as for several months the church was without a pastor, as I was obliged in April last to return home, to bring to the care of home friends my little infant daughter, whose dear mother died, as you will remember, in December

last, at the time of baby's birth. Our friends did bravely during this enforced vacancy in the pastorate ; congregations were good, showing but little decrease, and finances were well maintained. For an Anglo-Indian church, we have on Sunday evenings a good congregation of about 250 people. We long to see greater additions, but people fight very shy of baptism, which is discounted very strongly by surrounding churches, and, as you are aware, there is no English Baptist church within many hundreds of miles, the nearest being at Agra, some 800 miles or more distant. We often feel very acutely the isolated position, but endeavour to bear our straightforward witness to the "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." With very kind regards, and greetings in our Lord,

Yours sincerely,

February 8th, 1896.

H. E. BARRELL

Lall Bazar Baptist Church, Calcutta.

THE great work with us this year has been the repairing of the church premises. To that we have devoted all our energies in getting the money we needed ; and now it is finished. The cost has been very great for us, Rs5,000, but we have paid off Rs3,000, and shall now have to bend all our energies to the paying off of the rest. God has been very good to us in giving us money for this, and He will give us all we need in this heathen land. And so surely it is still true, "My God shall supply all your need according to the riches of His glory in Christ Jesus." In the year, we have had ten added to the church, and we have baptized seven. This year, we have had more native enquirers come to us for baptism than ever we had before, but we have had no money to feed and clothe them, because all our money went to the repairs of the chapel. So we have not ventured to break their caste and family ties, and thus deprive them of their food and shelter by baptizing them, and we have had to let them go to other churches that had the money to feed and clothe and keep them, and thus have lost them to our community, though they are not lost to the Church of Christ.

LALL BAZAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, CALCUTTA,

January 13th, 1896.

G. H. HOOK.

CHINA.

THE contingent of our men in China is smaller than usual just now, only three being there. One beloved missionary, Thomas Macoun, entered into rest there in 1892. We are hoping, however, that three or four of our brethren, who have already done grand service in that vast empire, will soon be able to return to their chosen life's work. We give a brief note from two of them on the next page.

Letter from China Inland Missionaries.

DEAR Mr. Keys,—Having been on furlough the whole of the past year, we have very little information by way of report to give respecting the work of the Lord from Ch'eng-ku, North West China. From those who are at present in charge we have received letters, and have been glad to know that the work has been progressing very steadily. Further extension has been made in the vast district allotted to us, and the work generally at our principal station and six out-stations has been well maintained, being greatly assisted by two paid and many voluntary native helpers. There have been 39 additions by baptism, bringing our aggregate membership up to about 160. Besides these, there is a goodly number of catechumens under instruction.

We remain,

Yours very sincerely,

WESTON-SUPER-MARE,
March 20th, 1896.

A. H. & G. HUNTLEY.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

BETWEEN the years 1884 and 1890, five honoured missionaries from our College to the Dark Continent were called into the presence of the King. The names of J. W. Hartley, Sidney Comber, John Maynard, David Lyall, and J. G. Brown, are precious memories to us all. Three other devoted brethren laboured in Central Africa for brief periods, but loss of health compelled them to seek restoration and service in other lands. Of Pastors' College men, there are now seven Congo missionaries. *The Missionary Herald* has the first claim upon the brethren for letters and reports, and that is the chief reason we are unable to supply, at this time, further Congo news than is contained in the following brief communication:—

San Salvador do Congo, South West Africa.

DEAR Mr. Keys,—I send you particulars of our work here, but as there are three of us at work on the station, we cannot in any way put it down as the work of one. We are missionaries, and pastors of the native church, *ex officio*, until such time as one of the natives is competent to become pastor.

With this explanation, you will see that our work is very encouraging. We have had a larger net increase than ever before. Last year, 35 were added to the church after having been baptized: the present number of members is 101. In every respect the work gives us great cause for thankfulness to God.

I would like to have given you more detailed information, but am so busy that I have only just time for this hurried note.

My love to all the brethren; may you have "a feast and a glad day" at the Conference this year!

Yours very sincerely,

January 27th, 1896.

H. ROSS PHILLIPS
(Of the Baptist Missionary Society).

NORTH AFRICA.

DEAR President,—I feel that one of the greatest privileges I have enjoyed in life has been to have been a student in the Pastors' College, and to have listened to the wisdom and to have come under the gracious influence of the beloved President, C. H. Spurgeon. I also remember with gratitude the sympathy and encouragement which I, in common with other missionary students, always received from yourself. I could hardly wish for others a happier lot than to pass through similar training.

My occupation in North Africa, since 1885, has been, and still is, what Mr. Spurgeon would have called "driving piles"—doing foundation-work. Seeing that, to reach the souls of men here, we have to pierce the mud of centuries of Mohammedan superstition, it is no wonder if often there is much to do and little to show.

During my five years in Tangier, I was enabled not only to treat medically, but also to preach the gospel to a good many thousands who had never heard it before, and, moreover, to build the TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, which accommodates some twenty patients. Then, strange to tell, I cared for the missionary who cared for the sick; we married; since which time she has always had a doctor, and I a nurse.

Feeling a call to go forward, and leaving the hospital in the hands of my able and devoted successor, Dr. Terny, we moved on to Fez, where we spent a year and a-half in steady work for the Master. Then, returning to England on furlough, I was asked to go to Tunis for a time to fill a gap in the Medical Mission there.

While thus occupied, I learnt that there were reasons against the development of Medical Mission work just then in Fez: so, seeking guidance of God, I returned to Tunisia, and pioneered a new station here. Since last May, when we arrived, the Lord has given us great access to the Mohammedan people, so that with no effort on my part I have been visited by over two thousand patients, and been privileged to put before them God's joyful message of grace and salvation, and to be the instrument of relieving much bodily suffering. Had I ten lives, I think I should like to spend them all in witnessing for Jesus where he is *not* known, especially among these poor Mohammedans, so grandly bigoted in a false faith *into* which, from no fault of theirs, they have been born; and *from* which, humanly speaking, *we* alone can liberate them.

Oh, that not one alone, but *hundreds* of Spirit-filled Pastors' College men might be trained, sent forth, and sustained among these perishing millions!

Heartily yours,

T. G. CHURCHER, M.B., M.R.C.S.

SOUSSE, TUNISIA,

February 2nd, 1896.

LOOKING back on the past year, we are constrained to say, "The hand of my God . . . was good upon me."

Our Spanish meetings have been well attended. Some souls have been led to the feet of Christ, and the converts have been steadfast

Through the kindness of Dr. Terry, of the North Africa Mission, and his fellow-workers, the Dispensary work has been continued, and has been made good use of by the sick.

The Instruction Classes have been well attended, and in the day-school a decided advance has been made, as I have engaged a school-mistress from the Wesleyan Mission Schools, Gibraltar. Since her arrival, the numbers have increased, and the parents have commenced to pay a small sum for the education of their children, and good progress has been made. The average attendance is now about forty.

Much visiting has been done, and many thousands of tracts, etc., have been given away.

The Jewish Evangelist, whose work I superintend, has succeeded in gathering together a class of Hebrew lads, who meet every Saturday morning; but his especial gift is in visiting; consequently, most of his time has been spent in the homes of the people. A few young Jews have attended our Spanish meetings, and a short time since one told me of his faith in the Christ, but added, "I want to love Him and say nothing about it." I know no other Jew who has said as much as that during the year.

The English work has gladdened our hearts. By the grace of God we have formed a small church, and now number thirty members, a large proportion of whom are engaged in mission work. In this small membership we have natives of England, Scotland, the U.S.A., Germany, Syria, Brazil, India, Gibraltar, and Morocco. During the year, we have bought a suitable site for some £300, and now need £1,400 for building and furnishing.

The work of the year has, however, suffered severely through an epidemic of cholera, extending over nearly three months. All meetings, etc., were closed for many weeks, and we gave ourselves to nursing the sick and feeding the hungry. Through the generosity of friends in Tangier and England, we gave—

About 530 pints of beef-tea and soup and 120 pints of milk to the sick;

About 170 sums of money to *Jewish* families to buy nourishment for their sick, as they refused to take the food provided by us;

15 straw palliasses to families where death had occurred and bedding had been destroyed;

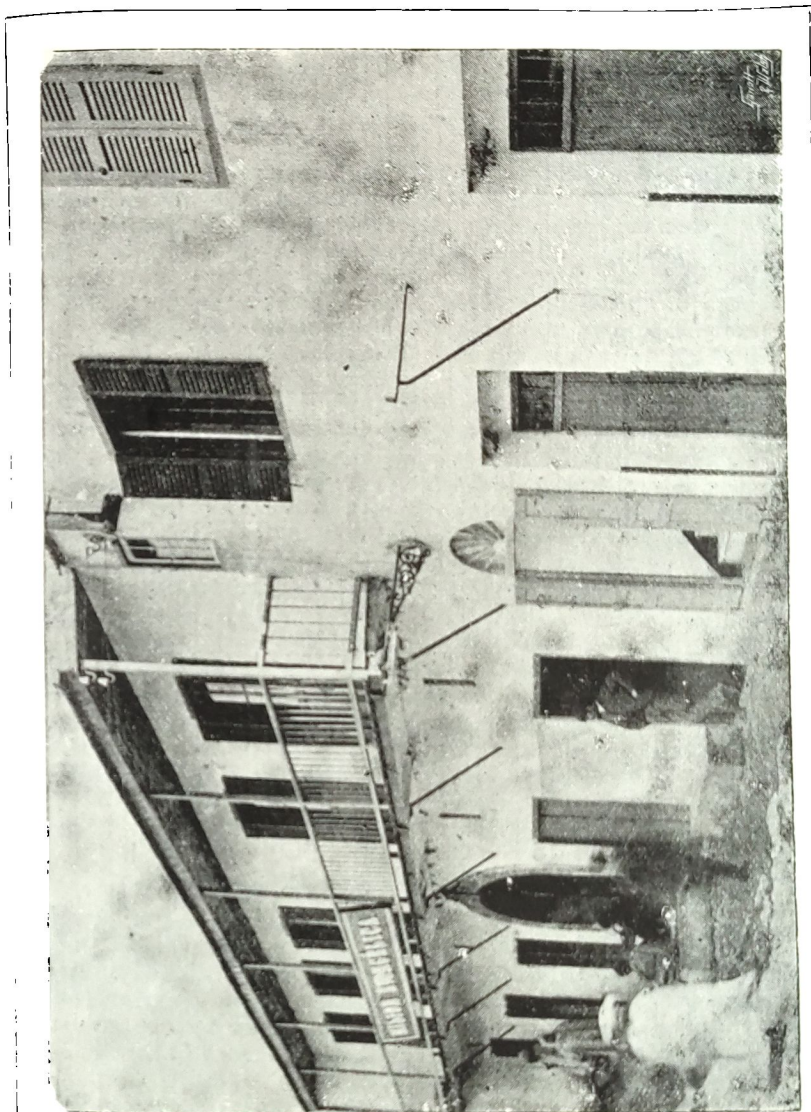
About £6 in cash to various families to remove to other houses, replace clothes worn when nursing, etc., etc.;

About 140 days' work to the unemployed;

About 560 loaves of bread to half-starved families.

All through these awful weeks we realized that we were "in the hand of God." Great weariness has followed the excessive strain. Many Spaniards have left Tangier, and there is a restlessness amongst those remaining that is not conducive to successful work. But time will change all that, and we are full of hope, knowing that—

" Christ, the Son of God, hath sent us
Through the midnight lands;
Ours the mighty ordination
Of the pierced hands."



EXTERIOR OF SPANISH MISSION PREMISES, TANGIER.

Asking for a prayerful interest in the Pastors' College Missionary Association,

I remain, yours faithfully,

MISION EVANGÉLICA,
TANGIER, MOROCCO,
February 10th, 1896.

N. HARDINGHAM PATRICK.

Through the kindness of Mr. E. H. Glenny, the honorary secretary of the North Africa Mission, we are enabled to present our readers with a view and description of the building used by Mr. Patrick for his Spanish meetings. These premises were taken about three year since, when our friends were driven out of their former location through the persecution of the Spanish priests. On the front of the balcony is a large notice-board, which announces its object to all passers-by, "Mision Evangélica" (Evangelical Mission).

It will be noticed that the third entrance from the right hand has two doors, which are open, and the foot of the stairs is seen. This is the entrance both to the school-room and service-room. Reaching the top of the stairs, and turning to the right, we enter the service-room. This extends the whole length and width of the building, but is far too small for the numbers that attend. It is with difficulty that a hundred persons can be accommodated with seats, although more than that number frequently find standing-room on Sunday evenings.

On the left, at the head of the stairs, is a passage running the whole length of the building; on the right of this passage are small rooms used for various purposes, and on the left is the school-room, the windows of which open on to the balcony. This room will hold about seventy children.

SOUTH AFRICA.

German Baptist Church, East London.

PASTOR, HUGO GUTSCHE, JUNIOR.

THIS year again we must be grateful for many joyous tokens, which prove that Jehovah has let His gracious face shine upon us. We were privileged to go through a season of revival. A true revival is generally best to be witnessed by the life shown in the prayer-meetings. Many a time, the old folks have had to keep silent, so that the young people could find room to pour out their burthened or happy hearts before God, in some instances eight to ten following each other without interruption. This made our inmost hearts exult with praise and joy.

Twenty came forward to be baptized, amongst them one whom his mother (a Roman Catholic) will never forgive for this "treason." During the past year, five of our members have been called to the better land; though we have thus lost by death, and from other causes,

we now have a church of 139 brethren and sisters, which is 19 more than last year.

The Ladies' Society has done noble work without going in for anything like a bazaar; more than £50 cash being the result of their sewing labour. This money is to go towards a building fund, which has now been started. Our intention is to erect a chapel that will seat about 300 people. Our members, though nearly all very humble folk, without power to dispose of earthly treasures, hope to raise between £250 and £300; £1,200 is required. We shall not start building before we have two-thirds of the necessary sum. I hardly venture to trust that friends in England will come to the aid of a German South African church. Still, we ought to expect surprises.

HUGO GUTSCHE, JUN.

Baptist Church, Cradock, Cape Colony.

PASTOR, JAMES MAGINNES.

DEAR Dr. Spurgeon,—I was pleased to receive your kind circular letter, and was delighted to hear that the good work at home goes on with success and blessing. It is always a deep sorrow for us who are far away from the dear College to hear of the meeting of the Conference, because distance debars us from its enjoyment and blessing. But the memory of past Conferences which we attended is a sweet and precious possession. We know we are not forgotten. We rejoice in the fact that we are remembered in your prayers: this comforts and strengthens us.

The lot of some of us is a lonely one. I have not clasped the hand of one of our ministerial brethren since the annual meetings of the Baptist Union of South Africa in April last year; nor do I expect to see any one of them till our next annual meetings in April next. It is quite impossible to describe the joy that fills each brother's breast here as we meet one another again after twelve months' separation.

Though the field is lonely, yet the Master keeps very close to me all the days, and I can truly say that my work for Him was never happier. The church is small, but full of love and good works, and they constantly bear the pastor up in the prayer of faith at the throne of grace.

During the past year, a wave of depression has swept over our district from which our ranks greatly suffered, several members and adherents having been obliged to remove to larger centres of population where business is more prosperous. Nevertheless, large congregations turn in to hear the good old gospel truths that were so earnestly and lovingly taught at the dear College in the homeland.

Some months ago I started a Band of Hope in our church, which grows weekly, and now numbers over 200 members. This is the largest Band of Hope in South Africa.

Praying that Heaven's richest blessing may be upon you all at the coming Conference,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES MAGINNES.

February 28th, 1896.

A U S T R A L A S I A .

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QUEENSLAND.**The City Tabernacle, Brisbane.**

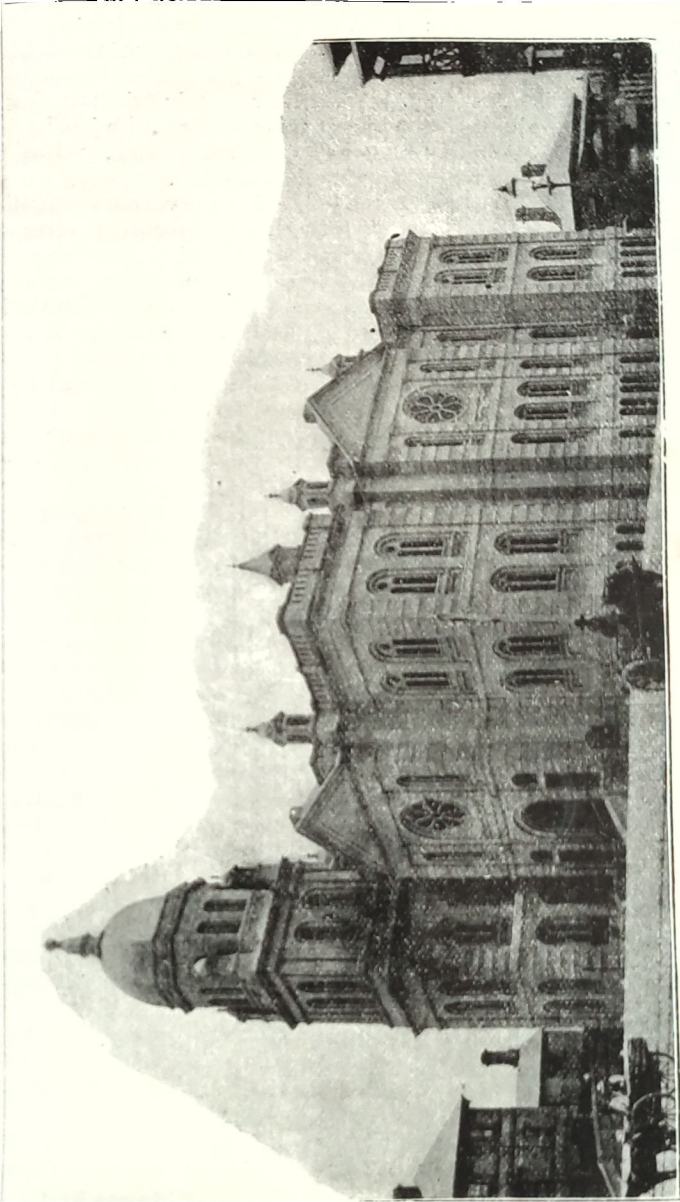
PASTOR, W. WHALE.

MY dear Dr. Spurgeon,—Your very welcome circular letter was received in Brisbane during my absence from home. I was quite run down; for heat varying from 90 to 100 degrees in the shade does not suit a man who presents so many square inches of surface as your humble servant.

I went away to Sydney, and there, after a few days, I found things worse, the register for days varying from 100 to 112 degrees in the shade. I have returned to work, but head and hand are somewhat unsteady even yet. This must be my apology for delay.

It is ten years last October since my arrival in Brisbane, and I have given them as years of hard and earnest labour for the Lord. Always I have tried to do credit to the College, and to honour the name of the dear President who has gone home, and that of those who succeed him. My heart has yearned to be with you at your Conferences, and I have many times wept when reading reports of your proceedings; but in spirit I joy with you all, that great grace has been given to you under conditions of peculiar need. Our work is mission work in a country twelve times the size of England, and with scattered populations totalling that of a good-sized town, say 400,000. All positions open to a minister of religion I have been called to occupy, and I venture to think that the tone has not been lowered by my presence in any one of them. The brethren have made me President of the Association (our Baptist Mission) three times. The Ministers' Union, of all denominations, has made me President on more than one occasion. I have just been elected President of the Council of the Churches. For three years I edited our little paper, "The Queensland Baptist." During the ten years, we have swarmed off two churches, one at Sandgate and one at Hendra. It has also been my privilege to take up two young men to work with me for a while, and to introduce them into the ministry; one is now pastor at Toowong and the other at Petrie Terrace. We have two successful missions, one at Samsford Road and one at Taringa; these we expect will soon be in a condition to swarm off and to support pastors. It was my privilege to start two missions at such a distance as Townsville, 870 miles North of Brisbane, and Charters Towers, 82 miles by rail from Townsville. In each case, we have a flourishing church with a pastor and the usual societies. For several years, the City Tabernacle Church has raised from £80 to £90 a year for the support of a Zenana Missionary.

Many calls, which it would be difficult to make clear, come to a congregation in a new and sparsely-populated country. In this account, I can only mention our church work, Sunday-school, Christian Endeavour Societies (senior and junior), Band of Hope, Mission Class, and Work Meeting, as they are in our ordinary programme; nor can I say much



CITY TOWNHALL AND MANSE, BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.

about the services rendered to my own and other denominations, and to the public generally, in social movements. Special mention should be made of a class of South Sea Island boys (Kanakas) which we have conducted for several years: I have baptized several of them. They are, of course, mostly heathen, but we have many tokens of Divine favour concerning them.

Five years of depression and disaster have sorely tried us, but we have "kept the faith," and aim "to finish our course, with joy."

I ought to mention the building of a new church, "The City Tabernacle," with its school-rooms and lecture-halls.

Shall I continue to write thus? No! I have never been so egotistic, and would not now be but at your request, and because I agree with you that the work done by men from the Pastors' College should be reported to the supporters of that noble Institution.

You will use this as you think well, but it is not written with the idea of separate printing, but rather to supply facts for the College Report.

May God enrich you all by His grace, and keep you looking for the appearing of our Divine Lord, whose praise and glory will be our highest joy!

Most lovingly yours,

BRISBANE, *February 7th*, 1896.

W. WHALE.

We so well knew our friend's averseness to write anything about himself or his work, that we had asked Pastor W. Bonser, of St. Helier, Jersey, to send us some particulars about the work at the Brisbane City Tabernacle. We quote a few sentences from a long and interesting article:—"One of the ablest of our men in the Australian Colonies, with an original cast of mind and an individuality all his own, is Pastor W. Whale. It was much to my advantage to be associated with him in Christian effort and fraternal intercourse for the nine years of my pastorate, at Maryborough, in the same Colony. He has always been regarded, not only as a popular evangelical minister, but as a man of pronounced power and force of character. Remaining rigidly true to the old lines of Gospel truth, he comes not behind any other preacher in the Colonies in gifts and graces. . . . Upon his arrival in Brisbane, as the chosen pastor of the Wharf Street Church, his fervid utterances on evangelical themes, sustained by deep thought, soon captivated the church-going community. The chapel was thronged to overflowing, Sunday by Sunday, by those eager to hear the pure Gospel pronounced with such charming emphasis. . . . The friends, at length, finding it utterly impossible to accommodate the ever-increasing numbers, determined to arise and build. Accordingly, a property was purchased in Wickham Terrace, in 1887, for £5,500. The next year one of those well-known periodic *land booms* sent all land and property up to fabulous prices. Owners of land, purchased in the early days for the proverbial "song", became suddenly rich by selling out at great advantage. Among them were the trustees of the Wharf Street property, who effected the sale of it for the princely sum of £16,000—the land originally cost £125. In a very short time the magnificent pile of buildings known as the City Tabernacle came into existence; the cost, which includes the manse adjoining, was about £20,000.

School and class-rooms occupy the basement, while in front are vestries for prayer-meetings and the pastor's reception-room, in which Brother Whale spends a good deal of his time seeing enquirers, and the poor and unfortunate of his flock. . . . It was feared by some, the pastor among others, we believe, that the change would unfavourably affect the attendance at the services, the new building being some distance from the main thoroughfare, and only to be approached by a stiff climb up a formidable-looking hill. These fears, happily, proved groundless. . . . The City Tabernacle has proved to be increasingly the centre of every religious enterprise and activity. . . . Additions are continually being made to the church-roll, and strangers flock more eagerly than ever to hear the still popular preacher."

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Three New Baptist Churches.

MY dear Dr. Spurgeon,—At your request, I send a short report of seventeen years' work since leaving the old country. My first church was at West Melbourne, Victoria. This was mission work, as the church was low. Here the Lord gave great blessing. We baptized nearly 200 in four years, and many others were received into church-fellowship. The building was enlarged to meet the needs of the increased congregations.

Then followed over three years' work as an evangelist. Most of the gold-fields were visited, viz. :—Ballarat, Sandhurst, Eaglehawk, Heathcote, Maryborough, Dunolly, Wolhalla, Kyneton, and Castlemaine. At the last-named place we had a spiritual harvest; over a hundred persons gave in their names for church-fellowship. Each season during these three years I visited the Gippsland hop-gardens. During the evenings we got large numbers to our meetings, and were able to reach a great variety of people. When in the Lake district we had missions for the fishermen,—good, hearty fellows. At one of our meetings we had a communion service, the first ever held there. Over twenty of us remembered the Lord's death in the "breaking of bread." During these years we have had many interesting cases of conversion; but it would make this report too long to relate them.

My next work was in Woolloomooloo, Sydney, New South Wales. Our first services were held in a small dancing-room; *twenty-two* persons were present at the first service. Soon we built the Burton Street Tabernacle, seating between five and six hundred persons. The church property is now valued at £6,400, and there is a membership of over two hundred, most of whom have been received by baptism. There are over three hundred children in the Sunday-school.

After three years' stay in Tasmania, I returned to New South Wales, and took up *new* work at Burwood, the services being held in the School of Arts, where the Lord gave us blessing. About twenty were baptised during the first year, and a Baptist Church was formed, which is doing a good work in the district. We had a baptistry made of wood, with wheels, so that we could take it out of the hall when not required; it served our purpose admirably.

Soon after the formation of the Burwood Church, I was asked to take

up new work in Leichardt, about four miles from Sydney. The fine Town Hall was hired for the services, and from the first we have had a congregation of about five hundred on Sunday nights, and a fair number on Sunday afternoons. We hope shortly to establish a Sunday-morning service. The Lord has blessed us with souls. We began the year with a membership of thirty-four, and thirty were added during last year, and we are expecting others to come forward for baptism. Some have been led to Jesus who had not attended any religious service for years.

The Lord give great blessing at the coming Conference! What joy it would be to many of us in far-away lands to share it with you! Only eternity will reveal the blessing that has been brought to thousands in distant lands through the preaching of the College men.

Yours in Christ,

BURWOOD, NEW SOUTH WALES,

A. J. CLARKE.

December 27th, 1895.

Baptist Church, Harris Street, Sydney.

PASTOR, HENRY CLARK.

DEAR President,—Having been desired, in your letter of November to send an account of my experiences since I came to Australia it gives me much pleasure to send some particulars of the work which the Lord has graciously enabled me to do for Him, and for His glory, by the help of many willing and earnest workers in the church.

In May, 1892, I received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the above church, which, having been without a pastor for about five months, was then in a feeble and somewhat discouraged condition. A number of members had, in the meantime, become scattered, and for various reasons had discontinued their attendance, so that it was found, soon after taking up my duties as pastor, only 65 members, all told, could in any way be reckoned upon. The Sunday congregations were comparatively small, and the attendance at the weekly prayer-meeting very poor. Since then, however, the work generally, under the blessing of God, has considerably revived and prospered; and from the beginning of my labour here until now, the work has gone on steadily and continuously, the last year being the most successful and prosperous period of the whole. During the three years and eight months of my pastorate, we have received into the fellowship of the church 141 new members, 75 of whom were received by baptism, and the net increase in the membership has been 85 up to the 31st December, 1895, our total membership at that date being 150; the net increase being at the rate of about 130 per cent. Out of the 150 present members of the church, 111 have been received into fellowship during my comparatively short pastorate; the remainder have been lost to the church in various ways, the chief reason being the unsettled condition of population in these Colonies.

The work during last year was specially encouraging and prosperous, as will be seen by the statistical form accompanying this report. Fifty-four additions were made to the church during 1895, 37 of them being by baptism. Deducting 19, the number of our losses during the year, we are thus able to report a net increase of 35. A very encouraging and

hopeful feature of the work is the large number of young people who have been brought to Christ and into the fellowship of the church. In connection with our work we have the following agencies, in addition to the regular preaching services on the Lord's-day, and our mid-week service on Wednesday—viz., A Y.P.S.C.E., with nearly 60 members; junior C.E.S., with 26 members; Pastor's Bible-class, 30 members; Mission School, in one of the slums, besides our regular Sunday School; open-air meeting, in one of the Sydney parks, every Sunday afternoon, besides other open-air meetings at different times and places; Band of Hope, Cottage Prayer Meeting, Tract Distribution, Women's Prayer and Sewing Meeting, Sunday Evening Mission Service, and Choir Practice.

It will thus be seen that our hands, and the hands of our earnest band of workers, are pretty full; and we rejoice to know that the Lord is manifestly and visibly blessing our efforts in nearly every direction, thus stamping our various agencies with His Divine approval. The attendances at the services on the Lord's-day, at the mid-week prayer-meeting, and at the communion services are comparatively large for a church of our size; and what, perhaps, is more satisfactory, is that they are slowly but steadily increasing.

We have had our share of difficulties and discouragements, as all have who are engaged in spiritual work, but "hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and, for the future, our trust and hope are in Him who has never failed us. On the whole, our outlook is bright with promise, and our prayer and hope are that this coming year will be as former years, but more abundant in blessing; for we know "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." With many prayers for God's blessing upon your own work for the Lord, and the work of the Tabernacle, and our beloved College,

Yours very sincerely and gratefully,

HENRY CLARK.

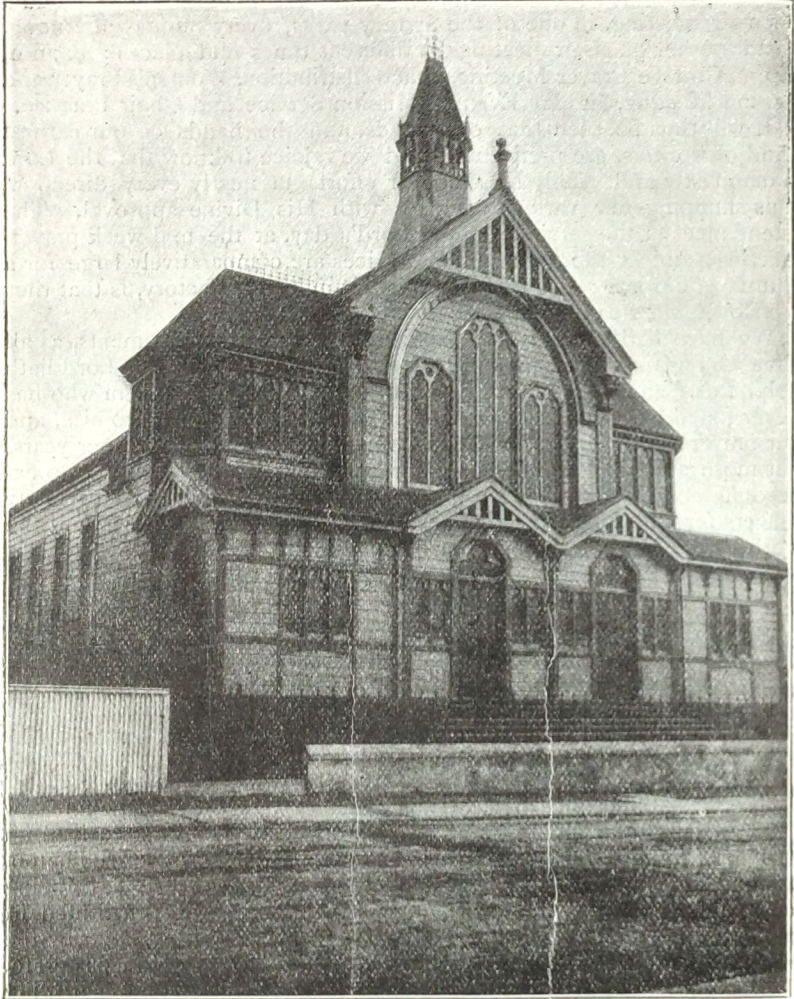
NEW ZEALAND.

Baptist Church, Austin Street, Wellington.

PASTOR, CHARLES DALLASTON.

IN the summer of 1877, Mr. Harrington left the College for New Zealand, and soon after arriving at his destination, he received an invitation to minister to a small company of Christians at Wellington, then meeting for worship in the Polytechnic Hall. His services proving acceptable, a Baptist church of nineteen members was constituted in the following January, which number had increased to forty-nine by the end of the year, when Mr. Harrington retired from the pastorate. During the ministry of his successor, a chapel was erected for the growing church and congregation. Our esteemed brother, H. H. Driver, who had come to us from New Zealand, returned to the Colony in 1884, and was invited to take the oversight of the Wellington church, and for six and a half years ministered with marked success to an earnest and attached people, until obliged to retire owing to an affection of the throat and consequent loss of voice.

The church then gave a hearty and unanimous call to their present minister, our brother, Charles Dallaston, then pastor of the important church at Christchurch, where, to use his own words, he had laboured "for fifteen happy years." Under his care the membership had trebled, and a beautiful chapel had been erected with sitting accommodation for seven hundred people.



The new building at Wellington, of which we give an illustration, is one evidence of the success which continues to attend Mr. Dallaston's ministry. The steady increase of the church, and the Divine blessing attending its many agencies, necessitated much larger accommodation than was afforded by the old chapel, which is still retained for Sunday-

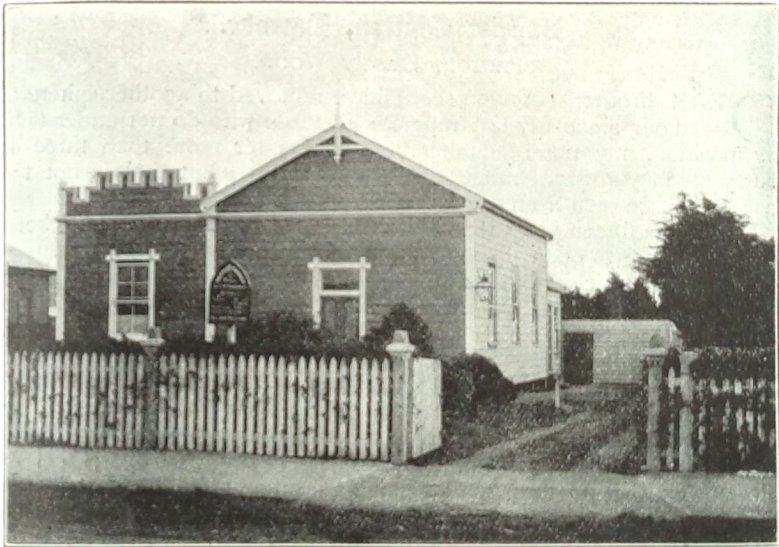
school and other purposes. There was a net increase of twenty-six to the church last year, which now has a membership of 242. The new chapel was opened in May, 1895.

A local writer testifies that the church, "both by its sympathy, and the active assistance of its members, has come well to the front in furthering all evangelistic work, both at home and abroad, in connection with open-air preaching, holding services in outlying districts, &c., and every true Christian worker and temperance reformer may safely calculate on the hearty support and co-operation of its pastor in working for the common good."

Baptist Church, Mosgirl, Otago.

PASTOR, F. W. BOREHAM.

AS the last man from the College to the Colonies, I am uncertain as to whether any report from myself is called for. From the time of my settlement here, to the time when this reaches "the home country", will be barely a year. Suffice it to say, that the months have been full of blessing. From the first, the congregations were too large for the small chapel, and two months after my settlement we enlarged the building very considerably, and re-opened it free of debt. The sitting



accommodation of the chapel is now 330, and that of the school-room sixty-five. The congregations have kept up well all through the year. The Word has been blessed to the conversion of several, who have come out brightly "on the Lord's side"; and I have gladly welcomed thirty-one applicants for baptism.

Humanly speaking, I set out a year ago for New Zealand, under the guiding hand of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. May I take this opportunity

of acknowledging gratefully the pains he then took to ensure my happy settlement in a strange land? Moreover, he besought the friends here to rally loyally round their new pastor. They have done so in very deed, and I cannot speak too highly of the heartiness with which the officers and members have one and all supported my endeavours.

Nor is the least encouraging feature in the work the fact that from fifty to seventy young people gather regularly for the study of the Word of God on Tuesday evenings in our Bible-class.

The Sunday-school, Christian Endeavour Society, Cottage Meetings, Week-night Service, &c., are all "in full swing," and are being blessed. Our branch Sunday-school at Riccarton (two miles from here) is also doing excellent work.

With the varying echoes from the College "desk-room" still ringing in our ears, and the aroma of the Friday prayer-meeting fresh upon us, we say as fervently as any, "God bless the College!" whilst for the work here, with its past blessing and present opportunities, we "thank God and take courage."

Brethren, praise with us, and pray for us!

December 31st, 1895.

FRANK WM. BOREHAM.

TASMANIA.

Baptist Church, Latrobe.

PASTOR, HARRY WOOD.

DEAR Brother,—As you see, I have removed to another sphere of labour since my last report. To those who do not understand my position, my not remaining in a charge for more than three or four years may appear strange and unsatisfactory; but that is not the case, as will be seen from the following particulars.

During the fifteen years that I have laboured in Tasmania, it has been my work either to open up new fields of service, or to try to resuscitate churches which, from various causes, had declined, and in some instances had become almost extinct. To this kind of work, I am thankful to say, the Lord has given very great blessing.

About nine months ago, the Council of our Union asked me to take up the work at Latrobe. It was in a very low state; so much so, that the Sunday services were being held in the vestry of the chapel, the week-night meetings had been given up, and one out-station had been closed for more than twelve months. The condition of things was so unpromising that no brother who came to supply would entertain the thought of taking up the work.

It is now six months since I was led of the Lord to come here. From the first, there has been growing interest manifested. We have opened the out-station that was closed, and with the help of some good brethren—some of them my own spiritual children,—the services are held every Lord's-day afternoon. The congregations are steadily increasing at Devonport, Sassafras, and Latrobe, especially at the latter place, where a goodly company gathers in the Tabernacle, and, what is better, souls are being saved. I have received three into the Latrobe church, and on Sunday week I have (D.V.) to baptize nine more who

are to join the fellowship of God's people here. We have much for which to praise the Lord. The work has still its trials and difficulties, but the joy and blessing more than compensate. Looking back, we can say, "Ebenezer"; looking at our present circumstances, we can say, "Hallelujah"; looking forward to more happy service, we can say, "Jehovah-jireh."

Wishing you much joy and blessing at the Conference—how I would love to be there, yet how much should I miss the beloved Leader, whom we all loved so well! May God richly bless our dear old College!

LATROBE,

Yours, in the truest bonds,

January 21st, 1896.

HARRY WOOD.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

Baptist Church, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

PASTOR, CHARLES A. COOK.

DEAR Brother Keys,—I regret that I have not been able to write out an account of my work, as desired . . . I really have not had the time. Besides, I have a feeling that there is nothing very special or remarkable for me to write.

It is now seventeen years since I left College, and I am in my third pastorate. The first was in Kingston, Ontario, Canada, where I was four years; the second in Toronto, Canada, where I was five years; and in my present pastorate I have been just eight years. In these seventeen years God has very graciously blessed me, and led me, and caused His face to shine upon me. I have, since I entered the work, been permitted to baptize 510 persons. We received 26 into fellowship last year, but our losses by death and removals have caused a slight decrease in our membership, I am sorry to say: we now number 399 in fellowship.

The Lord has permitted me to be of some service to Him outside of my pastorate. In this town I have been for four years President of the Local Evangelical Union, an organization which embraces all the evangelical churches of the town, and under which union efforts are systematically carried on for the furthering of the Lord's work in this place.

In the denomination, I have been honoured by election to the office of Secretary of the New Jersey Baptist Convention for the third time, and hold that office now.

The above are the leading facts in regard to my work, and I do not know that I could say much more even if I were to spin it out into a long story.

I rejoice greatly in the hold the beloved son of our late revered President has upon the Tabernacle work, and in all the progress which is being made under his ministry. May the anointing which he has received abide with him, and may he grow in power!

With many blessed memories of College days, and with fraternal regards,

I am, yours sincerely,

CHARLES A. COOK.

* In the United States there are 56 of "our men," and 17 in our North American Colonies.

Baptist Church, Sullivan, Indiana.

PASTOR, HENRY BAILEY.

DEAR Sir,—When I settled here, little more than a year ago, I found that the members of the church were holding their services in a hall. When the hot weather came, we were driven out of the hall by the intense heat. We then went to the Court-house on Sundays, but had no place for week-night meetings. We felt that it would be impossible for us to carry on an aggressive work for God and humanity under such circumstances; consequently, the church decided to build a new house of worship upon one of the finest sites in the town, which the church had previously bought. The work of building was begun at once, and the house was opened on the first Sunday in November; on that day, the balance of the money needed to pay for it was subscribed: it has a seating capacity for 400 persons. The style is Gothic, and it is said to be the prettiest house of worship in the town, and there are five other places of worship here. The entire cost was between five thousand and six thousand dollars.

Last year 23 new members were received, and others are waiting to join. The Sunday-school and congregations are growing, so that we are looking for greater things in the future than we have experienced in the past.

How I should like to be with you at the Conference! I trust that the Master whom we are all trying to serve will be with you.

Yours very sincerely,

February 17th, 1896.

HENRY BAILEY.

CANADA.

New Baptist Chapel, St. Catherine's, Ontario.

PASTOR, JESSE GIBSON.

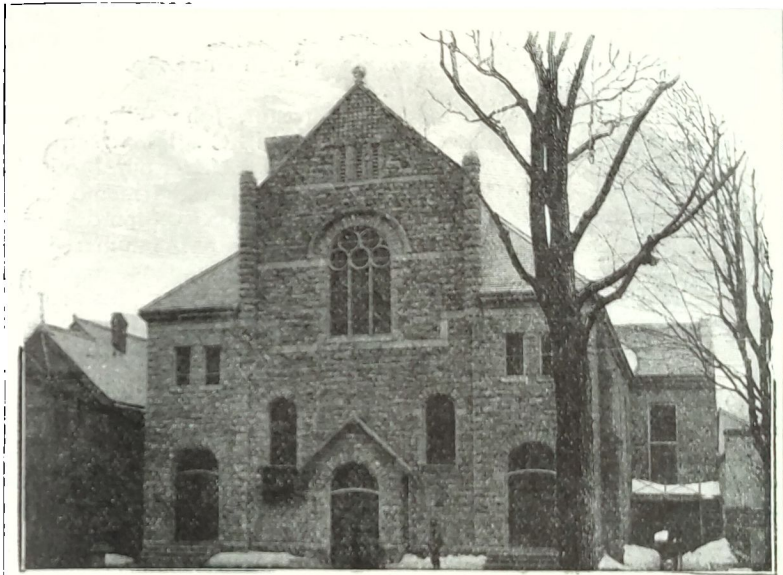
BELOVED President,—In accordance with your request, I send you a short report of my work since I left College and returned to Canada in August, 1881. On my arrival, I was called to the little church at Plattsville as their first pastor. There a noble band of men and women were gathered together, and the foundations of a strong spiritual church were laid. Plattsville church is noted among our Canadian churches as one of our most spiritual, earnest, aggressive, *liberal* churches, and the church says (not I) that it is largely owing to the work of its first pastor.

Next, I went to be pastor at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. There I remained for about five years; there also I was the first regular pastor. During my pastorate, over 100 were added to the church, three of whom are now in the ministry; the church building was enlarged about one-half. At this time I was also Field Secretary for Missions, and visited the churches in Ontario and Quebec on behalf of Manitoba Missions, and collected several thousand dollars. Churches were built and started at Brandon, Morden, Moosomin, Qu'Appelle, Moose Jaw, Regina, Oak Lake, Shoal Lake, Westbourne, Carmen, and several

other places, in all of which I was privileged, as Field Secretary of Missions, to lend a helping hand.

Then I was called to St. George, Ontario, where I laboured for two years and three months, and received about sixty into membership.

I was called from St. George to my present church in St. Catherine's in October, 1889. Under my predecessor, this old church had suffered great losses by divisions, leading to the foundation of two other churches in the neighbourhood; the congregation was small, and heavily in debt. I reluctantly left an enthusiastic people to try to save this church. Things were very black from the human standpoint, but God was with us, and has given us the victory. After I had been here about two years, our house of worship was burnt, and as the most of our



insurance had run out, we were in a very bad state. Still, the fire united the church, so it was a blessing in disguise. We have re-built the church, and added a parsonage, at a cost of some fifteen thousand dollars. We have paid for the new church, but on the old church, which was burnt, and on the parsonage, we owe in all four thousand dollars.

The new building is a handsome stone structure, seating 650 people. From the printed report of our church clerk you will see that "during the past year, thirty-nine believers were received into the church; twenty-nine of these by baptism. During the present pastorate, 192 have been added to the fellowship of the church."

Wishing yourself and the whole College brotherhood the greatest measure of success in your work. May Jesus shine on you!

Yours to serve in the Gospel,

JESSE GIBSON.

The Home Work of the College.

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.

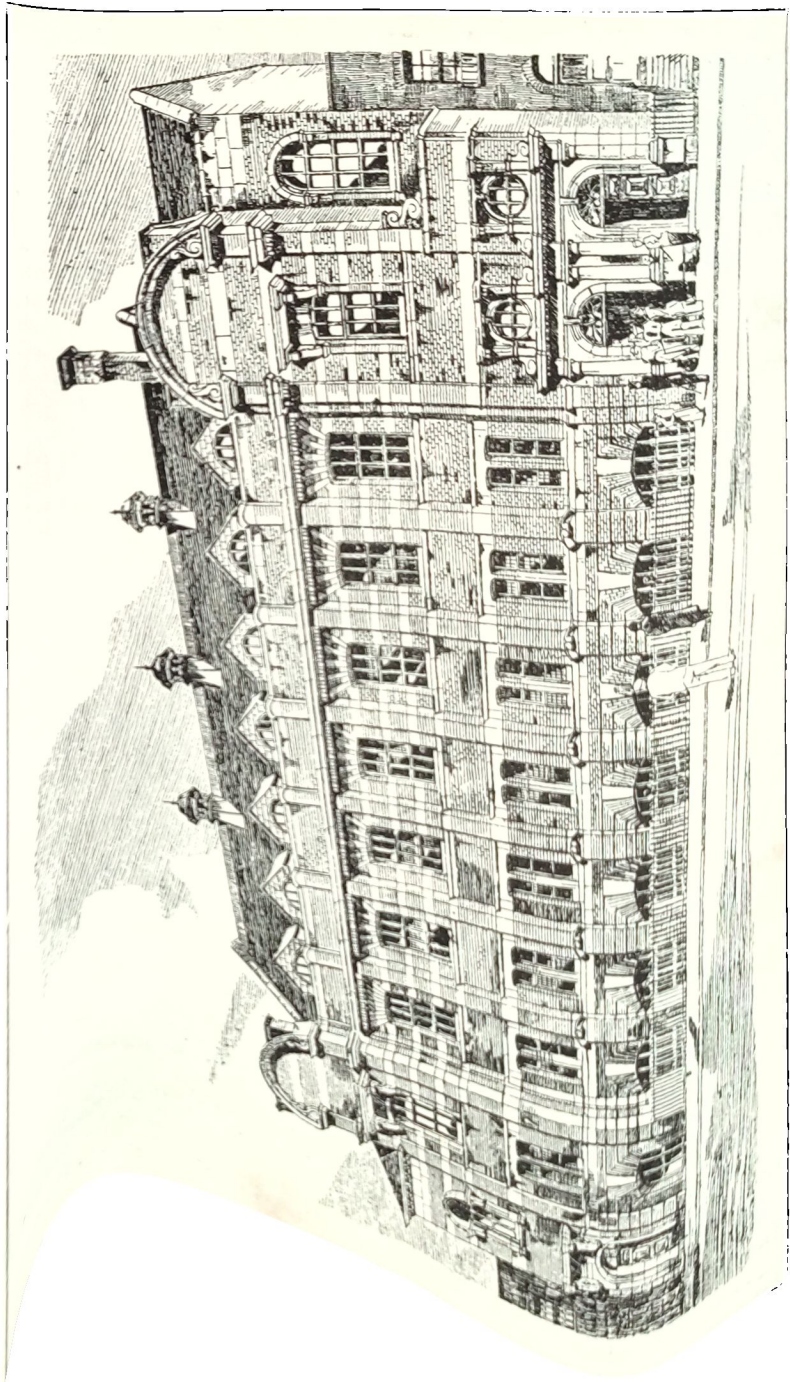
The Tabernacle, Beresford Street, Woolwich.

PASTOR, JOHN WILSON.

TO many of our friends, the name of our brother, John Wilson, is well-known as one of the most successful ministers of our denomination, an active and useful member of the School Board for London, and of tireless energy in evangelistic and temperance work. Just now that the new Woolwich Tabernacle is nearing completion, we are glad of the opportunity to give a few particulars of the work under his care, and so would bespeak for the hard-working church and its worthy pastor the practical sympathy of our friends.

It is nearly 19 years since the present pastor, John Wilson, commenced his work in Woolwich in a small chapel in Charles Street, with a membership of 90, and a congregation of 200. Under our brother's earnest ministry, a tide of revival set in, and soon the membership increased from 90 to 200, and the congregations proportionately increased. The chapel, an old building, which had been purchased the first year for £145, was now found too small for the congregation, and Parson's Hill Chapel was transferred to Mr. Wilson and his people, through the medium of the London Baptist Association. There was a debt upon the property of nearly £1,000, and galleries had to be erected at a further cost of £700; but the people had a mind to work, and not only extinguished the debt, but very soon erected a mission chapel at Cyprus, Beckton, at a cost of £600, when no Christian agency whatever was at work there. The need was great, and the blessing has been correspondingly great. Several young men have been trained for the ministry there, and many splendid specimens of humanity have been won to Christ. The church at Parson's Hill also assisted Mr. Stanley, who was then a student in the Pastors' College, to establish a church at Silvertown. Joseph Street Chapel, purchased by the late beloved President, was placed under Mr. Wilson's superintendence, and is to-day a busy centre for Gospel services and Sunday-school work. Since then, a mission and school have been established at North Woolwich, and both are making satisfactory progress.

Whilst many of the members have been sent out to proclaim the message of salvation to others, and engage in every variety of Christian agency in the localities above mentioned, the mother-church has grown in numbers and strength. The present chapel seats 650, and the membership is 1,250, sufficient to fill it twice over. For five years, a large drill-hall has been hired for Sunday afternoons and evenings, at an expense of about £1,000; but the building is not at all suitable, and the pastor and people are looking forward to the opening of the Tabernacle with eager anticipation. It is situated within a hundred yards of the Royal Arsenal, and is in the centre of a population of at least 100,000. It will seat 2,000 people, with school-rooms for 1,200 children, and as

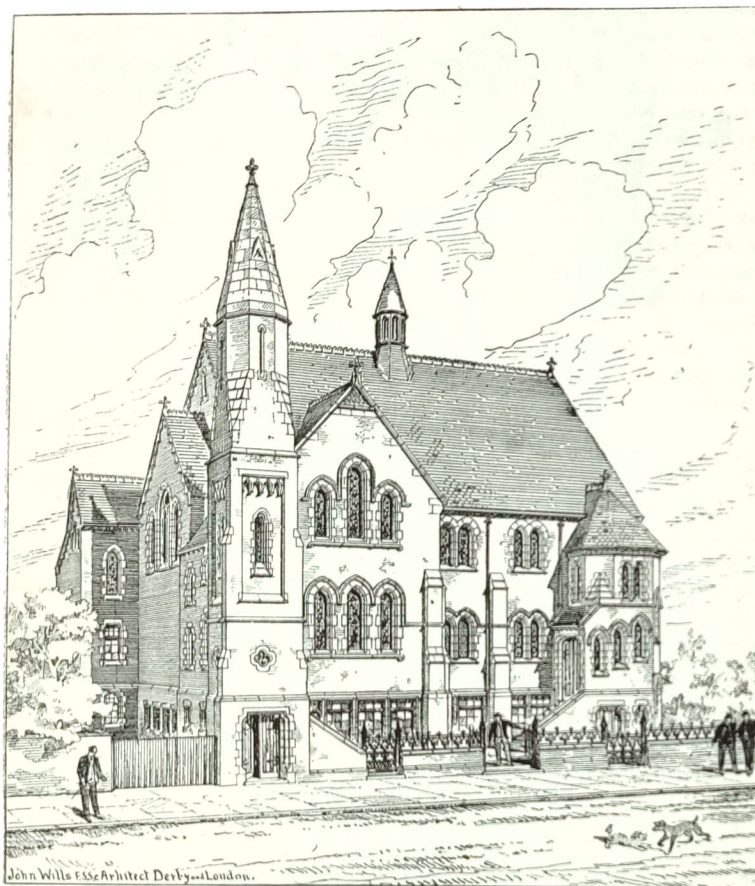


THE TABERNACLE, BERESFORD STREET, WOOLWICH.

the school is large and rapidly increasing the accommodation will all be required. The cost, including site, will exceed £13,000. Towards that amount, the friends have in cash and promises £4,300 the value of the old freehold chapel has also to be taken into account.

The Tabernacle is now roofed in, and the opening services are fixed for July 9th.

An earnest appeal is now made to the Lord's stewards to send help by the opening day, that the work may not be crippled by too heavy a debt.



New Baptist Chapel, Annandale Road, Chiswick.

PASTOR, ARTHUR G. EDGERTON.

BY the time this Report is in the hands of its readers, the erection of the new chapel, of which the above is an illustration, will have been commenced.

Like scores of others in the Baptist denomination, this church largely owes its origin to the perennial energy of our late dearly-loved

President. In the year 1866, at the request of a little band of Baptists in Chiswick, Mr. Spurgeon formed them into a church, and took over a chapel vacated by the Congregationalists. Nor did he disdain, although as a preacher he had the world at his feet, to come one afternoon and preach in this little chapel by the banks of the Thames. Moreover, the late President paid for the lease of the newly-acquired building for some seven or more years, and during that period supplied the pulpit with students from our College. Among other now well-known brethren, who came down for a given period as student-pastors, was Rev. John Wilson, of Woolwich, who says he served his apprenticeship at that little waterside chapel. Mr. Wilson's student-ministry was much blessed, one of the present deacons being amongst his first converts. At the expiration of the lease, it was thought necessary to erect an iron building further off from the river in an increasing neighbourhood; this step was consequently taken, and Mr. Spurgeon, ever generous, gave £50 towards this structure.

The present pastor, then a student in the Pastors' College, accepted the pastorate in the autumn of 1892. During the past three and a half years, much good has been accomplished. The aforesaid iron building has been once enlarged, and still proves too small. The church has also doubled in its membership, the pastor being greatly cheered by a constantly-flowing stream of conversions.

The new chapel, situated in the very centre of the people, will seat 620, and the school-room will accommodate about 300 children. The building (with school-room in the basement) will cost about £3,000, towards which, at the time of writing—February—we have some £1,025 in the bank. The church desires to record its sincere gratitude to the Executors of the late John T. Olney, Esq., who, knowing the constant interest he took in the church here, have already given one donation of £250, and promised a like amount very soon. The memorial-stones will be laid on Tuesday, June 2nd, about six weeks after commencement of the building. We are confidently hoping to open the chapel free of interest-bearing debt, and appeal for aid to enable us to do so.

ARTHUR G. EDGERTON.

East Greenwich Baptist Church.

PASTOR, W. E. WELLS.

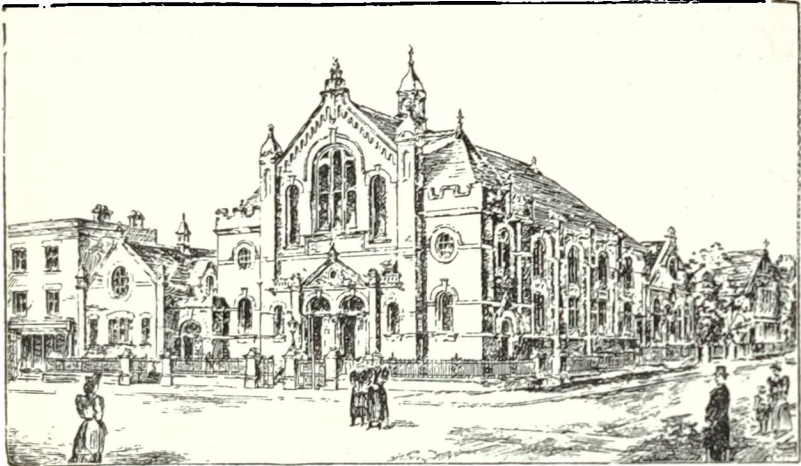
THE chapel represented on next page is in course of erection in the Lower Woolwich Road, for the church and congregation now meeting in Azof Street. The chapel there was built by the friends at South Street (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), who carried on a successful mission-work for several years, ultimately engaging Mr. Wells, then a student in the College, to take charge of the work.

In 1892 a church was formed, and Mr. Wells was elected pastor.

Marked success has from the first attended the labours of the Pastor and his earnest working church, so much so, that much larger accommodation has long been a necessity.

Mr. Wells informs us that the Azof Street property has been sold for £1,000, and that possession will be required by the purchaser

within a reasonable time. No suitable building in the immediate locality being available, the friends have been compelled to make a strenuous effort to supplement the amount realized by the sale of their present chapel sufficiently to warrant their present undertaking, which will require, at least, £3,000.



Mr. Wells and his people have done nobly ; but they are, as yet, "little among the thousands" of their brethren, and need their prompt and liberal help. They have the hearty recommendation of the President and Trustees of the College.

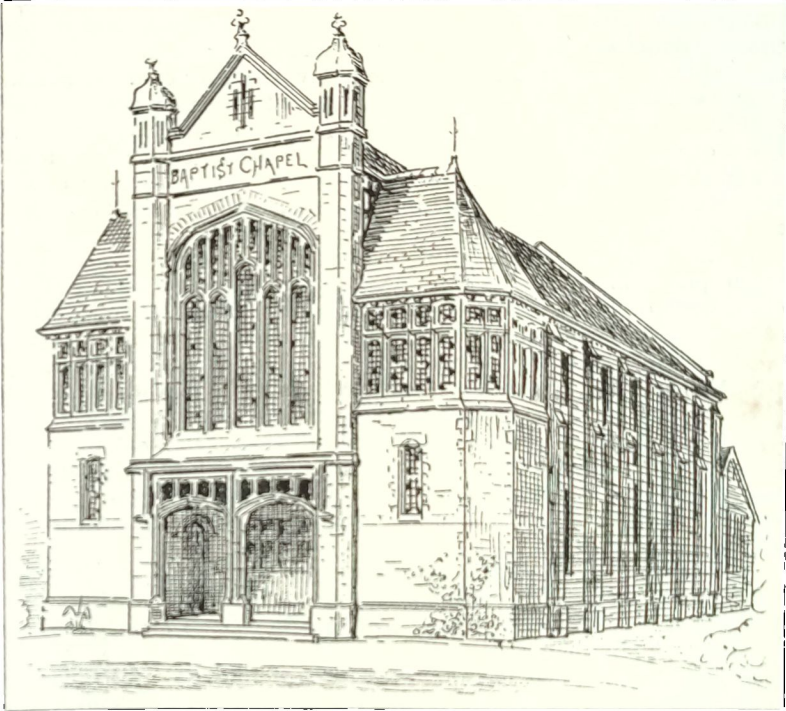
WALES.

Stanwell Road Baptist Chapel, Penarth, Cardiff.

PASTOR, ISAAC O. STALBERG.

THE Stanwell Road Baptist Church was formed in the house of Mr. G. S. Stowe, at "Lynwood," Penarth, in 1886, and in 1887 the small band of about thirty Christians took possession of their new school-chapel, the whole cost of which was defrayed by the opening day. In January, 1889, the present, and first, pastor began his work, and in the same year it was found necessary to erect a class-room and add a baptistery. In 1893, another class-room was built to accommodate about sixty infants, bringing up the total cost of the property of the young church to £1,222. The church, congregation, and Sunday-school have steadily grown. Open-air work has, from time to time, been undertaken. A lively interest has also been manifested in the work of the Baptist Missionary Society, for which the sum of £69 19s. was raised last year. The Band of Hope and the Y.P.S.C.E. were never in a more flourishing condition than now. Early in 1895, a definite move was made for the erection of a permanent place of worship, and on September 11th, the memorial stone was laid by Mr. F. H. Jotham, C.C., the treasurer of the church. The building, in the perpendicular Gothic style of architecture, is of blue stone with Bath stone dressings.

On the ground floor of the chapel there are sittings for 490 worshippers, while the gallery over the lobby will bring the number up to 600. The side galleries, which are for the present deferred, will accommodate 200 more, making a total of 800 sittings. The baptistry is under the floor of the platform and is lined with glazed tiles in two colours. At the rear of the chapel there are men's and women's retiring-rooms, the minister's vestry, and a small lecture-room. At an angle of the site a cottage for the caretaker has been erected; and the new premises will be connected by a covered way with the school-room.



The cost of the buildings, now near completion, is £3,328. Over £1,500 have now been raised, and it is hoped that £2,000 will be in hand by the conclusion of the opening services. The ladies have generously undertaken to provide an organ, at an outlay of £330 10s.

The prospects of the church were never brighter, and it is confidently anticipated that, with more convenient premises, a further impetus will be given to the work we seek to accomplish. The chapel is planted in a rapidly-rising neighbourhood, with high-class private residences on the one hand and a very populous quarter on the other. For the past there is much cause for thankfulness, and the future is full of promise. We open our new buildings (D.V.) in the month of May. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon has promised to visit us in June, and we are looking forward with much pleasure to his coming.

ISAAC O. STALBERG.

SCOTLAND.

Cambridge Street Baptist Church, Glasgow.

PASTOR, EDWARD LAST.

MY dear President,—By our report for the past year, you will see that the blessing of our covenant-keeping God has rested upon us in a marked degree. When I settled here, four and a half years ago, our membership was about 80, and after dismissing a goodly number to sister-churches, and removing not a few names for various reasons, we now have a membership of 402. For several years, Cambridge Street Church was an eyesore to the denomination, and at one time the doors would have been closed, had not a gentleman in business stepped in, and rendered good service as lay pastor for over two years.

It is cause for much thankfulness to tell that the past four and a half years have been years of wondrous blessing. Nearly every week we have heard of conversions, and the waters of baptism are continually stirred. During the past three years, we have had the largest increase of any Baptist church in Scotland, and, from being one of the smallest churches, there are now only five with a larger membership.

We have open-air meetings twice a week all the year round. We have seven prayer-meetings weekly; our Sabbath-school, Pastor's Bible-class, Band of Hope, and senior and junior Endeavour Societies are in a most healthy condition. Our senior Endeavour Society has an active membership of 120, the largest of any Society in Scotland. Unfortunately, we have an old debt upon our building. When I settled, it was £1,528; this has been reduced by nearly £500; but we find that an old debt, like an old sore, is difficult to remove. In addition to this, if our membership grows at the present rate, we shall have to face the matter of a new building. If the old debt were wiped away, we would not shrink from this; but the two cause me anxious thought, as literally I am "a poor beggar."

This year has started better than any we have known. Already, I have a dozen applications for membership, and our congregations have never been so good. After our own service on Sunday evening, we are helping in a work that has just been started in a large place of amusement, one of the devil's dens in this part of the city. Last Sunday night, fully 200 of my people marched down with me, and, with several other friends, I had the joy of preaching to about 7,000 people. This work is to be continued, and we are looking for a mighty revival in this part of the city. Several conversions were reported after last meeting.

Let me say, in closing, that I find nothing draws the people like the old story of redeeming love. Yours, in the King's service,

EDWARD LAST.

IRELAND.

Baptist Church, Ballymena.

PASTOR, T. WHITESIDE.

DEAR President,—In response to the earnest appeal contained in your circular letter, I gladly give you a brief outline of my work in the above district. When I left the Pastors' College, in

1880, I commenced work at Athlone, under the auspices of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission. After labouring there for eight months, in compliance with the request of the Secretary, the late Rev. W. Sampson, and by the unanimous invitation of this church, I removed to Ballymena. Two and a half years after, I also took charge of a Mission church at Clough, a village eight miles distant, and have been working both churches since 1883 until now. A forenoon and an evening service are held here, and an afternoon service in the Mission church each Lord's-day.

In addition to the care of the churches, a great deal of evangelistic work has been, and is still being done, in the district, which is very extensive. We have several preaching-stations, which are visited regularly. The usual method of working these out-stations is, to leave our manse early, visit the district, distribute tracts, *when we have them*, then preach in a farm-house, cottage, barn, school-house, or Orange Hall, as the case may be. Many, indeed, are the interesting items that might be given of blessings that have attended this work.

Since coming to Ballymena, a little over fourteen years ago, I have baptized almost a hundred persons. To some, this may appear a very small number; but when we take into account the strong feelings and prejudices which exist against believers' baptism in the North of Ireland, our hearts are full of gratitude to God for so many as have followed their Lord in this ordinance; our success, however, is not to be measured by the numbers baptized.

The Lord has been pleased to raise up in our midst some earnest and devoted brethren who have given themselves to the work of the Lord,—Messrs. Rock, Kelly and Shaw; all three are pastors of Baptist churches in Canada. Mr. Wilson, who was trained at Manchester, and settled at Hanley, has been called to the higher service above. Mr. Rock, jun., and Mr. Wright, are at present studying at Woodstock College for the ministry. At home, we have a band of young men who are preaching the Gospel with good results. To God be the glory. I owe much to the Pastors' College; the training I received there has been invaluable to me. May the Lord abundantly bless and prosper the President, the Tutors, and all its supporters, is the earnest prayer of the writer,

T. WHITESIDE.

The Work of the Evangelists.

Mr. J. Manton Smith's Report.

Once again, by grace, I am glad to be able to report a full year's work in the Master's service. At times, my strength has been severely taxed. But, thank God, not a single engagement has been unfulfilled by me; for a kind providence has watched over my health, and, like the Evangelists of the Early Church, I have been busily engaged going in and out among the churches, helping and aiding the pastors to feed the sheep and lambs of the flock, as well as gathering in new comers to the fold. On a few occasions, I have had the joy of working in double harness with my old and loved colleague, Pastor W. Y. Fullerton. But with his large pastoral work at Melbourne Hall, it is very difficult to

secure his aid on Sundays ; therefore, only two Sundays have we been able to work together during the year ; but his six or seven week-day visits during the year have been refreshing and memorable ones. Since my last College report I have preached and sung the Gospel in the following places :—

Upton Chapel, Lambeth ; Brighton ; Edmonton ; Southampton ; Great Grimby ; Southport ; Great Malvern ; Leeds ; Orpington ; Oxford ; Warminster ; Seebourg ; Clarendon Hall, Leicester ; Leytonstone ; Gildencroft Hall, Norwich ; Chester ; Mansfield ; Faversham ; Newport, Monmouth ; Wincobank ; Watch Night at the Tabernacle ; Polytechnic, Regent Street, W. ; and the Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, W. ; Metropolitan Tabernacle ; Croydon ; Taunton, and Birmingham.

No place has been without Divine blessing, and in some cases a very gracious wave has swept over the place and the people.

Without attempting to tabulate results, which is an impossible thing to do accurately, I can thankfully record a large increase of souls to the Kingdom of Christ through the missions I have been privileged to conduct in the Master's name.

At *one* time during the year the clouds gathered, and the outlook was dark. It seemed as if my services with the Pastors' College, after twenty years' connection, must cease for lack of funds ; but the kind response of many generous friends to the Trustees' appeal for aid, has enabled me, up to the present, still to keep at the work.

Through the kindness of the Polytechnic friends, I was able to take a good rest, in the heat of the summer, in Switzerland, and was able to render, in return, some services for Christ by preaching the Gospel on Sundays at Lucerne.

The improvement my general health has received thereby, has induced me to make a similar arrangement, with the sanction of the Trustees, for the present year. May I still ask for the prayers and support of the Lord's stewards towards the continuation of this work, which was so dear to the heart of the Founder of this College ?

I remain, sincerely yours in service,

J. MANTON SMITH.

Mr. Burnham's Report.

A **N**OTHER year of full and joyous service ! This completes *eighteen years* since the late beloved President grasped our hand, and repeated Paul's injunction to Timothy, "Do the work of an evangelist."

"Goodness and mercy" is once more the theme of our song. The work is as dear to us as ever, and rarely do we visit a place but God grants us "signs following" the Word.

This has been true *without an exception* this year ; and in several places, notably Stow-on-the-Wold, Bretforton, Brentford, and Shepshed, we have witnessed a most gracious season of ingathering.

Since last Conference, we have laboured at Earl's Barton, Evesham, Uphill, Great Staughton, Bretforton, Bengeworth, Cottenham, Princes Risborough, Haddenham (Bucks), Great Missenden, Wendover, Stow-on-the-Wold, Park Chapel, Brentford ; Shepshed, Charlton (Bristol), and Great Marlow.

Constant service and frequent journeyings are a considerable strain ;

but God has graciously proportioned our strength to our need; the only failure, all through the year, being three days' delay in starting at Stow, through prostration. That we have been thus divinely sustained throughout the year, calls for praise and thanksgiving. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

JOHN BURNHAM.

Mr. Harmer's Report.

Again, with joy and gratitude, I have to report another year's work for the Master. Mine must be a note of praise for blessing in the work, and for health and strength given and sustained.

The year's work commenced with a refreshing season at Stroud, with Pastor Soper, where I had the help of Pastor W. F. Price, who led the singing. My next mission was at Scapegoat Hill, Golcar, where the Pole Moor and Sunny Bank churches united. Here, upon the Yorkshire hills, dwell a people who love "the old, old story," and who blend with what is known as "high doctrine" a real enthusiastic desire for the extension of the Saviour's Kingdom; this is as it should be.

It would be a long story to tell of the gracious revival that followed the preaching of the Word. Pastor Lewis wrote fully to *The Sword and the Trowel* the glad story of a gracious time of blessing.

The next landmark in the season's work is Abbeydale, Sheffield. There I found a pastor and people true to the Gospel, and united in one desire to overthrow sin and build the walls of Zion. It was a good season of work, and there were many splendid workers. Then nearer home, at Tottenham, Pastor Howard and his band of workers rallied around us. Up to a very late hour of the evening we were pointing enquirers to the Saviour. The people described the last Sabbath as the happiest day they had ever known. The North Devon mission has been blessed of God. The dear old friends at Dolton (alas! so few are left) helped to make it a successful time, and souls were led to Christ. At Hatherleigh, we rejoiced over about forty who sought the Lord, and we learn that the good work continues. From Okehampton, I came on to Swansea, where I am now. Here, at York Place Chapel, we are in the midst of a blessed revival; from the first service we have had blessing. I have postponed a mission at Dorchester, so that I may continue here. At all our services, large numbers have made their way into the enquiry-room, and many have given their hearts to God. As we are now in the midst of the work, I cannot give a full report, but up to the present we have seen a large number "come over the line." May our Heavenly Father give us grace and support for this work, *and send the means for future service!* As He shall send it, will you, dear friend, bring it?

During the season, I have visited churches at the following places, viz.:—Stroud; South Croydon; Catford Hill; Burnham-on-Crouch; Hayling Road, Croydon; Poole; Monkwearmouth; Scapegoat Hill, Golcar; Pole Moor; Sunny Bank; Abbeydale, Sheffield; Killamarsh, Rotherham; Addlestone, Surrey; Bulwell; Tottenham; Dolton, Hatherleigh and Okehampton, North Devon; and Swansea.

A. A. HARMER.

The Work of the Pioneer Mission.

IN starting to write a report of the work God has wrought since last March, I am impressed with the prominence given in the life-work of our late beloved President to aggressive measures. His College was used from the beginning principally for this end, while everything he did was in this direction, hence the interest he manifested in our Mission. When first he heard of what we were attempting, he promised nearly £300 for different efforts. The seedling he then cared for, has now borne fruit, and, were he with us to help as of old, would produce a rich spiritual harvest. This is especially true of the work in Scotland, where fields are white unto harvest, but where there are so few who see baptism, to put in the sickle.

During the year, our Scotch work has somewhat changed and consolidated, so that in Gourock there is now a small church, which is steadily growing in numbers and influence. Mr. McPhail, who was in charge of this, is now in the Pastors' College. The work started last year at Govan, Glasgow, was stopped for a brief season, but has been resumed, and is now being carried on with blessing and success.

At Pinchbeck, in Lincolnshire, where the cause was almost extinct, a new chapel has just been built, and our help was asked to resuscitate the work. There is no Nonconformist minister in this parish of 8,000, which extends for miles, and hundreds are within easy reach of the chapel. The people are attending well, and we hope to do much for the Lord at this new branch.

The church at East Molesey, Hampton Court, has for some two or more years been in a very low state, and Pastor G. Wright, of Kingston, and the Home Counties Association, also Pastor A. Hall, asked us to take charge. Pastor David Tait is conducting a six weeks' mission, and from his visit we expect great things, and hear they are having deep spiritual blessing. There is much prayer needed for this, and such places, for the difficulties are tremendous, but the success is assured.

Sharon Hall, Liverpool, will for the future be known as Kirkdale Tabernacle. Under Pastor Frank Russell, the work is prospering. So we can say of almost all our places.

At South Molton, there are 180 people visited by Pastor Chambers every week with our dear President's sermons, in connection with the Sermon Society; but the work was so low when we undertook to help, that it may need months of patient work before the results appear; but we had the blessing assured to us in faith months ago, so go on, "If it tarry, wait for it." There is great need of evangelistic effort in this neighbourhood: may God break stony hearts!

We are glad to state that the President and Trustees have admitted into the College some of our brethren, who have proved their call to the ministry by the blessing and success of their work in our Mission.

Mr. Richard Cory's kind help has enabled us to take up many struggling places this year, and Tabernacle friends have helped in others; but we have quite a number of open doors, yet reluctantly are obliged to say no; but we pray, and wait God's time, and hope money will be forthcoming, for the work is so needed and helpful, as it breaks up the ground for others who shall eventually settle in the spheres.

Ours is a Gospel aggressive work: please pray for us, and help us. We praise God for past and present blessing, and pray for power to widen the area of aggressive effort for His glory.

E. A. CARTER.

[Contributions for the "Pioneer Mission" may be addressed to the Treasurer, Mr. R. Hayward, 104, Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common, S.W., or to the Pastors' College, for Mr. E. A. Carter.]

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

DURING the past forty years, nine hundred and forty-eight men, exclusive of those at present studying with us, have been received into the College, "of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some (one hundred and six) are fallen asleep." Making all deductions, there are now in the work of the Lord, in some department or other of useful service, about seven hundred and fifty-six brethren. Of these, six hundred and seventy-five 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	948
.. now in our ranks as Pastors, Missionaries, and Evangelists	675
.. without Pastorates, but regularly engaged in the work of the Lord	29
.. not now engaged in the work, but useful in secular callings	31
.. Educated for other denominations	2
.. Dead—(Pastors, 96; Students, 10)	106
.. Permanently Invalided	13
.. Names removed from the College List for various reasons	92

To this "summary" the late beloved President in one of the Reports appended the following note:—"The last were 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. We are sorry for their leaving us, and surprised that they should change their views; but this also is one of those mysteries of human life which are beyond our control." We ought to add, that for years past we have lost all traces of many of those referred to, and have reason to believe that several of them are dead.

STATISTICS						
INCREASE.						
Return for the year.	Number of Pastors making returns.	By Baptism.	By Profession of Faith.	By Letters from other Churches	By Restoration.	Total Increase.
1865	71	1,224	224	367	47	1,862
1866	101	1,774	218	544	51	2,587
1867	121	2,098	208	593	67	2,966
1868	140	2,175	186	529	43	2,933
1869	150	1,958	244	670	92	2,964
1870	157	2,032	236	602	73	2,943
1871	169	1,768	299	648	72	2,787
1872	172	2,053	222	741	98	3,114
1873	197	2,633	334	899	150	4,016
1874	230	3,173	358	1,134	109	4,774
1875	237	4,284	317	1,242	208	6,051
1876	264	3,752	456	1,322	148	5,678
1877	283	3,655	479	1,456	193	5,783
1878	296	3,600	557	1,655	142	5,954
1879	305	3,479	701	1,631	121	5,932
1880	330	3,950	699	1,723	156	6,528
1881	363	4,642	838	2,196	232	7,908
1882	387	5,000	935	2,014	203	8,152
1883	387	5,008	1,065	2,046	191	8,310
1884	397	5,338	880	2,126	257	8,601
1885	398	5,522	1,020	2,338	305	9,185
1886	421	4,852	968	2,451	236	8,507
1887	381	5,014	1,022	2,258	299	8,693
1888	391	4,180	1,029	2,121	200	7,530
1889	385	4,880	1,125	2,197	308	8,510
1890	414	3,991	1,382	2,368	206	7,947
1891	406	4,000	1,153	2,238	192	7,583
1892	413	4,493	1,255	2,647	168	8,563
1893	402	4,532	869	2,341	216	7,959
1894	419*	4,933	1,358	2,322	225	8,838
1895	415	4,218	945	2,493	165	7,821
TOTAL . . .		118,043	22,719	52,051	5,362	198,175

* The discrepancy between the figures for 1894 in this year's Report and that of 1895, is due to the addition of 3 returns received too late for insertion last year.

OF THE CHURCHES.						
DECREASE.						
By Death.	By Dis-mission to other Churches.	By Exclusion.	By Erasure for Non-Attendance.	Total Decrease.	CLEAR INCREASE.	Total Number of Members in Church Fellowship.
100	195	89	67	451	1,411	7,359
133	309	168	111	721	1,866	10,222
138	347	93	150	728	2,238	12,502
158	364	92	257	871	2,062	14,716
202	433	79	404	1,118	1,846	15,784
234	460	84	511	1,289	1,654	17,536
295	495	94	417	1,301	1,486	18,640
255	580	95	416	1,346	1,768	19,925
337	731	88	455	1,611	2,405	24,435
368	813	134	486	1,801	2,973	29,746
426	886	119	534	1,965	4,086	32,263
446	943	172	902	2,463	3,215	35,812
447	1,121	146	921	2,635	3,148	39,121
487	1,097	114	1,095	2,793	3,161	39,951
487	1,279	159	1,402	3,327	2,605	42,324
500	1,386	156	1,354	3,496	3,032	46,185
636	1,608	225	1,270	3,739	4,169	53,660
654	1,650	200	1,670	4,174	3,978	56,264
699	1,871	153	1,769	4,492	3,818	59,524
738	1,788	174	1,959	4,659	3,942	62,478
748	2,113	402	2,046	5,309	3,876	67,334
829	2,167	246	1,964	5,206	3,301	71,266
708	1,747	308	1,890	4,653	4,040	63,419
674	2,019	345	1,871	4,809	2,721	61,010
742	1,940	174	1,783	4,639	3,871	66,851
726	2,045	124	1,897	4,792	3,155	74,808
728	1,886	117	2,069	4,800	2,783	63,211
735	1,998	127	1,729	4,589	3,974	65,540
762	1,899	118	1,926	4,705	3,253	66,205
838	2,356	159	2,776	6,129	2,769	75,067
723	2,413	204	1,988	5,328	2,493	72,847
16,652	42,782	4,979	40,083	104,511	93,664	

415 Churches furnish returns for 1895: of these, 280 show an average increase of 13 members per church; 110 an average decrease of 10 members per church; 25 show the same numbers as in previous return; thus giving an average INCREASE OF 6 MEMBERS PER CHURCH.

PASTORS' COLLEGE.

Account for the Year 1895.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Weekly Offerings	...	By Salaries and Lecturers' Fees	1,291 8 0
" Donations	...	" Board, Lodging, and Medical Attendance	1,607 10 0
" Legacies	...	" Clothing	21 12 6
" Collections by Students	...	" Books, Printing, Office Expenses and Stamps	171 16 0
" Interest	...	" Book-grants to Students	118 8 0
	...	" Preaching Stations, Home Missions and New Chapels	380 11 11
	...	" Annual Conference and Supper	487 2 2
	...	" Furniture and Fittings	8 12 9
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1895	5,553 19 6		8,951 18 3
	81 19 6		1,684 2 9
	<u>£5,635 19 0</u>		<u>£5,635 19 0</u>

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

Audited and approved, February 17th, 1896.
JAMES HALL,
FRANK THOMPSON, } *Auditors.*

PASTORS' COLLEGE SOCIETY OF EVANGELISTS.

Account for the Year 1895.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Donations	...	By Salary	266 1 6
" Contributions from Churches visited	...	" Travelling Expenses	80 0 0
" Grants from C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund	...	" Printing and Postage	11 18 6
	...		£297 15 0
	...	Deficit, January 1st, 1895	117 15 10
	...		445 10 10
	...	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1895	166 18 10
	...		<u>£612 9 8</u>

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Account for the Year 1895.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Donations ...	188 18 0	By Balances of Dr. Churcher and of Mr. Patriok ...	89 0 0
" Grant from C. H. Spurgeon's Memorial Fund ...	100 0 0	" Printing and Postage, &c. ...	9 0 0
" Special offering for Mr. Patriok, during October ...	8 10 6	" Mr. Patriok (Special offering) ...	8 10 0
" Contribution from Mr. Dunn's Men's Bible Class for Mr. ...	20 0 0	" Mr. Wigstone (Spanish Mission) ...	20 0 0
" " Wigstone (Spanish Mission) ...	20 0 0		
" Proceeds of Collecting Boxes ...	23 13 6	Balance in hand, December 31st, 1894	871 17 8
	311 8 0		141 9 8
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1895 ...	201 18 6		
	<u>2518 6 9</u>		<u>2518 6 8</u>

Audited and approved, February 17th, 1896.

J. A. SPURGEON, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

JAMES HALL,
FRANK THOMPSON, } *Auditors.*

LOAN BUILDING AND RESERVE FUND.

Account for the Year 1895.

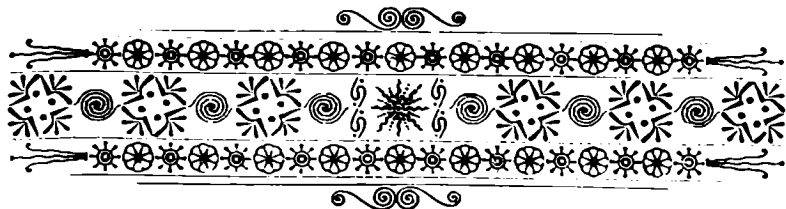
RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Balance in hand, January 1st, 1895 ...	1,026 10 6	By Loans to Churches :-	600 0 0
" Repayments of Loans ...	1,023 17 2	Grimsby ...	100 0 0
		Whitstable ...	100 0 0
		Bulham ...	200 0 0
	<u>2,049 17 8</u>		
		Balance in hand, December 31st, 1895	800 0 0
			1,829 18 8
			<u>22,189 13 9</u>

Audited and approved, February 17th, 1896.

T. H. OLNEY, *Treasurer.*
E. H. BARTLETT, *Secretary.*

FRANK THOMPSON, } *Auditors.*
JAMES HALL,





THE
Sword and the Crowel.

JULY, 1896.

The Reality of Religion.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CONFERENCE PUBLIC MEETING
AT DALSTON JUNCTION CHAPEL, ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 6TH, 1889,
BY C. H. SPURGEON.



ANY years ago, dear friends, there was founded a Pastors' College, of which I was and still am the President. The Institution has grown until, to-day, I think I may say that we have sent out into the ministry exactly eight hundred men,—not a small number to have gone forth from our midst to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. These brethren have been greatly blessed in winning souls. Since the year 1865, when our statistics were first collected, 83,037 persons have been baptized, and there has been a clear increase of 68,784 church-members. That is a result for which we have great cause to praise the Lord.

I am very thankful that so many of our brethren who were educated in the Pastors' College still remain with me in our new Association, but I hope that none of them are with me merely because of their attachment to myself, but because of their attachment to the great truths which we hold in common. I have had to pass through sore trials, as you know; they have not been by any means small ones; but had I foreknown and foreseen everything that has happened, I would have done exactly as I did. Indeed, like Luther, I could "do no other;" I am not able to make a compromise concerning the truth of God. I am so constituted that I can only believe that "twice two are four," and I have not sufficient genius, or whatever other quality may be needful, to admit that it may be four

and a quarter, or perhaps only three and a half. It may have been very easy, very comfortable, and possibly very clever for others to have acted otherwise than I have done; but I could not do it, nor shall I begin to try to do it.

With just that preface, I wish to say a few words to you about—

THE REALITY OF RELIGION.

Many people in the world seem to be under the impression that religion is a kind of invention, or fancy, or myth, a thing without any stern reality. The making of money is regarded as the main chance, earning their daily bread is looked upon as a reality; but hearing sermons, believing certain truths, and professing to be converted by them,—all this is regarded as a kind of mirage, real enough to the good people who are able to believe in it, but having no true reality in itself. You and I, dear friends, do not think so; we believe in the reality of those things which we have received by revelation from God, but do you not think that the world may have come to the conclusion that religion is merely a profession because we have ourselves acted in a measure as if it were so? If these things are not real to us, they are not likely to be real to the outsiders; many of them do not read the Bible, but they do read us. Many of them do not care what John, or James, or Peter, or even the Lord Jesus Christ did; but they notice what John Smith, who is a deacon at the Baptist Chapel, does, and they take note of what James Brown, who is a minister of the gospel, does. The world will pay attention to the men and women living in their midst, and it will very often judge the Bible by them. I heard, the other day, of a man who was speaking of his mother; he is not, I think, a Christian, but his mother was an old-fashioned Calvinist of the real old school. He said, "Those people who went to such-and-such a chapel wore terribly narrow, but my mother and those who were round about her believed in God; God was very real to her, she could see God's hand in everything, and she used to speak of God as a real Person with whom she was very closely acquainted; I do not find people talk like that now." I wish that every mother would leave the impression upon her son that God was wonderfully real to her. A sensible man may say to himself, "My mother was no fool, and if God was so real to her it will be wisdom on my part to seek to make Him just as real to me."

In order that we may try to make religion real to others, there is something that the preacher will have to do, and a great deal that the people will have to do.

First, dear brethren, WE WHO ARE PREACHERS OF THE WORD, MUST BELIEVE WHAT WE PREACH.

I do not know how to trust myself to speak of *the men who have two creeds*, and I am sorry that I know many who have. One is for private consumption, for their own personal belief, or to be introduced at "fraternal" meetings, and other gatherings where brethren of their own way of thinking meet together; but they have a very different creed when they come into the pulpit. If this gets to be a very general thing, ministers will become a by-word and a proverb, and they will make religion to be utterly contemptible among honest men

and women. Let it never be so with us, brethren; as for myself, I believe nothing that I do not preach, and so far as I know, I am prepared to preach everything that I believe; if I acted otherwise, I should count myself worthy to be shut up in a prison cell for life as a rogue and a vagabond. The honest minister, the man who can say, "I believed, therefore have I spoken," is the one who will make his hearers believe religion to be real.

Such a man, too, is *happy in his preaching*. Have you noticed how many of the old preachers, such as Rowland Hill and Whitefield, seemed to show by their very faces how greatly they enjoyed the truths they were preaching? Their people came together enthusiastically, to hear something that was worth hearing; and the preacher himself appeared to be getting as much good out of the sermon as his hearers were; he looked like a man at a banquet, who, while he was helping others, was also having a feast himself. Those who hear such a man say to one another, "That minister himself enjoys what he preaches to others," and they go away with the conviction that there is something real and delightful in it.

Beside that, brethren, we must be *earnest in our preaching*. I have heard of people going to sleep during the sermon,—I do not mean at Dalston; my dear Brother Burton will take care that you do not do that. One divine said, "Our people do not sleep much during my sermon, for I have instructed the sexton to wake them up;" but the person to whom he was speaking very wisely replied, "You should instruct the sexton to wake *you* up, because, if you were thoroughly awake, your congregation would be wide awake, too." People do not usually go to sleep while they are listening to a minister who is really earnest; they cannot do it. If you wish people to attend to you, brethren, give them something worth attending to; feed them well with knowledge and discretion, and as they are fed, and you are earnest, they will see that there is something real in the religion you profess.

I think also that the man who will convince the world of the reality of true religion is one who is seen to be *truly obedient to God's Word*. When I go into the pulpit to preach, I profess that I am about to speak in God's Name; not to utter my own words, but the Word of the Lord, which liveth and abideth for ever. Our good friend, David Davies, told us a good story, the other day, about a boy who would not do anything that his mother commanded him, and someone said that he was showing the strength of his mind, but she replied, "I think he shows great strength of *don't mind*." That is what many men are doing, nowadays, with the Word of God; if anything in the Bible does not quite suit them, they "show great strength of don't mind," and refuse to obey it; or perhaps they say that they take the general sense of the Scripture, but as the words are not inspired, they do not feel that they are binding upon them. I think that our reverence for the Scripture ought to be supreme, I do not believe that it can be carried too far; and, personally, I would go the length of saying that I accept every word of it from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelation, as it was given by God in the original documents. I believe that the Bible teaches the truth about natural

history, or about any sort of history, or about philosophy or anything else; and that, although there have been historical statements in it which have been questioned for a while, some old stone has been turned up at Nineveh, or somewhere else, containing an ancient record showing that the Bible was right all the time. Anyhow, I will sink or swim with it; and I am firmly convinced that, unless we do truly believe in the Word of God, and loyally bow to its authority, we shall not persuade the people of the reality of the truths we teach. If we give them an inch, they will take an ell. If you admit that there is even one error in the Word of God, you have got rid of the Infallible Author; if He can err on one point, if He is mistaken on some minor matter, depend upon it He is not to be trusted in the more important points. No, brethren, we dare not talk like that; this Word of God is our Master, we are not the masters of it; we believe it, we seek to obey it, and as the Lord liveth, before whom we stand, whatsoever He saith unto us by His Word, that will we preach in His Name.

I think that I hardly need say to any minister of the gospel that *we must be very honest and true ourselves*. I should recommend you to be very honest in everything,—in the payment of accounts and in making out statistics. If you have been losing members from your church, do not try to make it out that you have had an increase; do not any of you ever give proof of the truth of the accusation that “religious statistics are a pious way of lying.” Never adopt the dodges and tricks that are popular with so many. Let us have the truth at all costs; if it is good news, let us rejoice in it; if it is not, let us ask the Lord to give us more grace, so that the next year's record may be a better one. A little error in a preacher's conduct or conversation may make his hearers think that there is no reality in his religion.

Brothren, let me say one thing more to you; I think that the man who will convince the world of the reality of religion is *the man who is, as we say, “all there,”* especially when he has any opportunity of serving Christ. There are men who are “all there” in a sense I do not mean, in their white cravats and other paraphernalia; but when there is a soul needing to be pointed to the Saviour, they are not “all there,” but “all at sea.” I wish that all ministers were like one whom I knew right well; I spoke to one of his hearers, and he said to me, “Ah! sir, he is a man of men; if he comes to pay you a visit, you know that he has been in the house, and you remember that you have met with him, for he leaves such a gracious influence behind him.” You remember that part of the blessing upon Ashor was, “Let him dip his foot in oil,” and that should be the minister's portion also; wherever he goes, he should leave the unction of his gracious influence behind him.

Now, in the second place, I want to show you how THE REALITY OF RELIGION CAN BE SEEN IN THE PEOPLE, as well as in the preacher.

This part of my subject is as important as the former portion, for *religion, to some people, is a mere name*. It is not every member of the church who recommends religion, it is not every church-member who gives over his own family an idea that there is anything in his religion. There are others who have hardly the name of religion. I remember a man saying to me, “I don't go and shut myself up in a

stuff church or chapel, I stay at home, and worship the god of nature." "Ah!" I replied, "your god is made of wood; is he not?" for I had heard the man playing skittles on the Sunday morning. There are some people who have no more religion than that man had; and it is a pity, when that is the case, to try to retain even the name of it.

In the case of others, *religion is only a side issue*, like an off-hand farm to a farmer. They carry it on as a sort of additional shop to provide for contingencies that may possibly arise; but it is not their meat and their drink, their very life and soul. Now, brethren, if you do not really live your religion, religion is not going to give you either life or joy. If it is not everything to you, it is really nothing to you.

Some I know, alas! to whom *religion is an occasional fit*. It comes upon them all of a sudden, and they go in for it very vigorously, but they do not keep it up. They are like the man concerning whom it was asked of his child, "Is your father a Christian?" and the answer was, "Yes, sir; but he hasn't worked at it much lately." Suppose you were to die between these fits, dear friend, where would your soul be?

To some, I am afraid that *religion is a means of securing a position*, and, therefore, they are attracted by it. They get to be thought something of in the little community, perhaps they are made officers of the church; and though there is no very wonderful honour in that, yet there are some people who will covet it, and profess to be religious in order to attain to it. Now, if we get many such in our churches, we shall be very apt to make the world judge that there is no reality in our holy religion.

Dear friends, members of this or any other Christian church, I pray you to keep clear of all shams; especially fight shy of *sham doctrines*. Nowadays, there is even a sham doctrine of election; and there are numbers of gentlemen who are great adepts at using the old phrases, but giving to them altogether new meanings. You Dalston people are happy in being able to hear a man who says what he means, and means what he says; but there are many congregations where it is not so. I read, the other day, of a man who spelt the word psalm,— "salm," and he said he dropped the letter "p" out because it meant nothing to him; and I am afraid that many, in the same way, drop the doctrines because they mean nothing to them. I believe in a real election of grace, and a real redemption,—a redemption that redeems,— I believe in the real, eternal, unchanging love of God, and in a real Heaven, and, alas! in a real hell.

Beware also, dear friends, of a *sham experience*. It is very easy to pray or to preach somebody else's experience as if it were your own; but I beg you never to go in this matter an inch beyond the ground on which you have yourself travelled. Never tell either the Lord or His people about something that you say happened to yourself when, all the while, you only read it in a book. A sham religious experience is a horrible thing.

Avoid also everything like *sham living*, dishonest transactions of every kind. I heard, the other day, of a man who had paid his creditors only a shilling in the pound, and who had said to a friend, "I have not lost quite all my means, for I transferred a good deal of

my property to my wife before my bankruptcy." That is very shocking.

But, oh, how many there are who have only *sham religion*! These people are not usually to be found at prayer-meetings. If there is to be a comic or dramatic entertainment, they can manage to be present; but if it is "only a prayer-meeting!" they will make up some excuse for stopping away; it is wet, or they fancy they have the stomach-ache, or something else the matter with them. Ah! it is not the stomach that is wrong, it is the heart that needs to be renewed. Someone who spoke of the friends who were at home "on beds of illness" was told that he might also have mentioned those who were "on sofas of wellness." I must not ask questions, but I hope you are not acquainted with many of that sort in this region.

I come back to my main point, let us have everything real and true throughout; if there are any shams that must be used up, let them be used somewhere else, and not upon religion; there, let us be real and sincere right through, even to the core. We have made distinct progress in many respects, but we do not seem to have so many elderly Christian people as we used to have, ever ready for a profitable chat upon Christian experience. What times some of us have had, and still have, bless the Lord! We have talked of the leadings of God's providence, and of answers to prayer; and then we have got on to the doctrines of grace, and the covenant ordered in all things and sure, and we have gone home greatly refreshed and strengthened. I wish we had more of such fellowship, and more prayer together. To pray in the morning, before you go forth to your daily duties, is well; and to pray at night, when the day's toil is over, is also well; but, brothers and sisters, not only do that, and come to all the meetings for prayer, but try to make other occasions of joining in supplication and thanksgiving. When a friend drops in to see you, do not let him go till you have had a word of prayer together. Those little seasons of communion will be very sweet and very helpful, and will tend to make prayer very real to you. Saturate your whole life with prayer; and let not your religion be like veneer upon the surface, but a real vital force which enters into your inmost soul, and influences your whole life to the glory of God and the good of men. The Lord grant it, for Christ's sake! Amen.

What we Believe.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CONFERENCE PUBLIC MEETING
AT TRINITY CHAPEL, JOHN STREET, EDGWARE ROAD, APRIL 20TH, 1896,
BY THOMAS SPURGEON.

MY dear brethren, and Christian friends,—I feel that my first word should be one of hearty acknowledgment to the friends who have invited us, as a Conference, to hold our opening meetings in their place of worship. We are very grateful to the beloved pastor of this church,—who is one of ourselves, and an honoured member of our Association,—and also to his officers and friends who have made it not only possible for us to come, but pleasant for us to be here. We pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon them and their

work for the Lord, and that this act of kindness may be amply recompensed by Him who is never in debt to any of His people.

I think I ought also to say a word to friends who are not so well acquainted as some of us are with the Pastors' College and its work. I cannot profess to give on this occasion a history of the Institution, but only just a hint or two as to the work that has already been accomplished. It is now forty years since the beloved Founder received the first student; that first student was our dear friend Mr. Medhurst, who, I am glad to say, is with us to-night. Including the students who have settled since the last Conference, 948 brethren have been educated in the College, and have found spheres of service in different parts of the world.

(The President read the list of recent settlements, and gave the principal statistics from the Report issued with last month's Magazine. He then continued his Address, as follows:—)

No further evidence is necessary, surely, that the College has indeed been a distinct blessing, and that that good, great, wise man who founded it, was led of God in instituting this needful and most blessed work. Of all the good things that have been said of my late dear father,—and I must confess that they have been many, though none too many, at least for me,—I am glad that emphasis has been laid by certain speakers upon *the wonderfully practical turn of his mind*, the far-sightedness with which God in His mercy endowed him. He saw from the very beginning of his ministry that such a work as this was necessary then, and would be increasingly necessary as the years went by; so, instead of merely praying about it, he put his thoughts and prayers into practical shape, and with much self-denial he baptized the College in its infancy (though he did not believe in infant baptism) in the spirit of self-sacrifice, himself providing the necessary funds for the beginning of this good work.

I heard, the other evening, quite an interesting illustration of my dear father's practicalness. It was a minister—I think, of the Methodist denomination—who was speaking, and who told us that he heard C. H. Spurgeon preach when he (the minister) was but a boy, and C. H. S. was but little more than a boy. He was preaching about Ananias and Saul of Tarsus, and gave in the preface—as was his custom to the last,—a brief outline of his sermon. Amongst other things, he said that one portion of the theme would be, *What Saul of Tarsus saw when his eyes were opened*. Whereupon, this young man, who was even then an aspirant for the ministry, began to think of what the preacher would probably say were the first objects that met the opened vision of Saul of Tarsus. The minister told us that, for his part, his thoughts soared far away—somewhere in the empyrean, I think was the word,—to things heavenly and marvellous and divine. He was not a little astonished when the preacher, coming at last to that part of his subject, declared that the first thing Saul of Tarsus saw when his eyes were opened was "*Brother Ananias!*" The young hearer had never thought of that, he had been soaring far above such an ordinary sight as that.

So was it with regard to the Pastors' College; my dear father saw "*Brother Ananias.*" He saw that there would be certain brethren in

need of further equipment for the work of the ministry, brethren who had already proved their natural ability for the work, and also their spiritual call, but who would need assistance in preparing for their life's business, so he determined there and then that he would make it possible for the poorest amongst us to study more closely the Word of God, and become the better qualified for this holy service. Thank God for that practical view of the matter which the dear Founder of the College took!

He believed, moreover, that there would be in the days that were to follow, an increasing need of men of God who believed something, nay, for *men of God who believed in substitution, and in the other cardinal doctrines of our grand gospel faith.* I think very few men were gifted more than he was with prescience and foresight; and though you may be sure it was a painful vision, he did see much of the lapse and laxity which have, alas! come to pass. He determined, for his part, that he would do his best to prevent it, that he would do all he could to stem the tide that he foresaw to be coming upon the earth, and that he would impress other men with the same determination. Thank God that he did it to such good purpose!

He believed with all his heart, and we also believe whole-heartedly, —though, alas! our hearts are not as great as his,—that **THE NEED OF MEN IS APPALLING**, that the Fall is a real fall, resulting, not in the fracture of a finger, but in the ruin of the race. I have heard of a little boy who cried out, "Mother, mother, mother, Johnnie has fallen into the pond!" "How far is he in?" asked the mother, who was busy with the duties of the house. "He is in up to his ankles," answered the boy. "Never mind, then," said the mother. "Oh, but!" exclaimed the child, "he is in *head first!*" That altered the case considerably, and the mother rushed out to rescue little Johnnie.

There is a certain school that believes in a fall which amounts merely to being in up to the ankles, *feet first*; but we believe, from the teaching of God's Word, that *the* Fall of man was abject and absolute, that man has tumbled headlong into the mire of sin, and that he is buried in it head first; and it is for us to reveal to men their ruined and lost condition, and to proclaim to them the gospel, bidding them trust in that dear Redeemer who alone can save them.

We believe also that any deviation from the gospel, as our fathers have loved it, and lived for it, is a very serious matter. We are old-fashioned enough to suppose that God's truth is not to be tampered with, nor to be swerved from so much as a hair's-breadth; and there are certain doctrines which we believe are as important to Christendom and to the Church as a rudder is to a ship. By the way, speaking of a rudder, I remember the remark of a young lady who, on board a vessel, asked the captain why the ship had been stopped in mid ocean. "Oh!" he replied, "it was because of an accident to the rudder." "Well," said she, "that won't matter much; it is such a little thing, and it is right down under the water." I need not say that the captain took a very different view of the matter; he would prefer to have a mishap to any other part of the vessel rather than to the steering-gear, or to that "small helm" which turns the great ship "whithersoever the governor listeth." There are certain truths that

are rudder doctrines, helm doctrines, steering-gear doctrines ; and if we put them away from us, or suffer them to be placed at any disadvantage, the whole ship is in danger of being wrecked by running on the rock or by being engulfed in the quicksand.

We also believe that there is ONLY ONE REMEDY FOR THE MALADIES THAT AFFLICT MANKIND, AND THAT REMEDY IS JESUS. There is no healing for the wounds of men save in the wounds of the crucified Son of God.

And we believe that this gospel of the cross does not need to be adapted to different ages and to various times, to different sorts and conditions of men. We believe that God has made it gloriously suitable to all of every kindred, tongue, nation, time, place, and class ; and we have determined, God helping us, that nothing shall draw us away from the faith of the gospel, even though it be considered old-fashioned still to abide by it. Really, I have marvelled at the wonderful ease with which some adapt themselves and their message to the people. They are quite prepared, it seems to me, to take the opposite view from that which they have previously held ; I may not say that they do it without meditation and consideration, but it is deplorable to notice how easily they are removed from the faith of the gospel. As I came to the meeting, this afternoon, I saw written up over the window of a certain tradesman his name, and these two words,—LATE OPPOSITE. Well, that was all right, for it simply meant that he had transferred his business from the shop on the other side of the street ; but when a preacher has to write over himself and his doctrines, LATE OPPOSITE,—I confess that I am not inclined to patronize either him or his wares.

The gospel is not to suffer either alteration or adaptation. We believe that, though it is old, it is ever new ; we rejoice that it is old, but we who rejoice most in its antiquity are, I think, ever finding in it new beauties, new joys, new blessings. By the way, that which is considered old is not always old, so that which is considered now may not always prove on examination to be so. Many of the doctrines of to-day are merely old errors revived, rejuvenated, re-dressed. Perhaps you read the story of a certain lady who was a collector of antiquities, and who, in some ruins at Karnak, was delighted to discover the image of an Egyptian cat, for which she paid a very high price on the assurance that nobody knew how old it was, nor how many of the Pharaohs had looked upon it. She brought her precious cat home ; and one day, when the maid was dusting the room, she knocked over the image and broke its head off, and inside it was found a comparatively recent issue of *The Birmingham Post* ! So, you see, it was not very old, after all ; but we are persuaded that the old gospel—as we still rejoice to call it, though we are laughed at, sometimes, for using the term,—we feel satisfied that the old gospel is worthy of that name ; and that, though old, it is still young. The life is in it ; it has not been excavated from ruins, but it is to see the ruin of everything that dares to oppose it, or attempts to rival it.

Let me say, further, that we believe that this gospel, and those who hold it, are not to be distanced or outrun. I mean, that we shall

never get beyond the gospel; I hope we never shall, for there is nothing beyond it but mist, and miasma, and misery. We are not "Progressives" in the matter of theology; we do not believe in a progressive theology. We believe in finding out more and more of Jesu's love and of the Spirit's power, and in being ever more and more amazed at the revelations of God's will and skill, and grace and glory; but we believe that the Book and those truths that glisten in it, and shine forth from it, are not to be passed by or steered beyond. They have been the guiding stars of the Church in the past, and they shall be hers for ever.

This is an age in which there is a superabundance of fog. London fog is bad enough, but spiritual fog is far worse. There is nothing that the men of the sea dread so much as fog; they are in their element, as well as on it, when the storm is raging,—provided it is not extreme; but when they have been nearing the Channel, or seeking to thread their way through some intricate passage, with the scud flying and the mist gathering, I have seen the bravest hearts begin to quail. I remember well, the last time I was nearing Plymouth, that we experienced a fog; probably it had lost its way, and got down from London out to sea, or else it had come specially to welcome the stranger from the Antipodes. On several days the fog-horn was constantly blowing; that may seem to be a trifle, but I can assure you that it is enough to strike terror into the boldest heart to hear that dreadful sound day and night; at all events, it is enough to keep you from sleeping. The sailors call the fog-horn "the captain's baby", and you agree with them that it has a good pair of lungs, and that it can scream well. Almost up to the Eddystone lighthouse the fog continued, and the captain had to feel his way amongst a quantity of fishing craft. I recollect perfectly seeing one of the fishermen put his hand to his mouth as if about to shout some message to us, and I wondered if the captain would ask his way, for neither sun nor stars had in many days appeared. Just then, that burly Cornishman sang out, "Eddystone light, right ahead, sir!" and we had scarcely heard him say it than, right before us gleamed the friendly light, which as we neared it glowed ever brighter and brighter. The fog divided, and then lifted, the light grew brighter unto the perfect day; and just as we swept past the lighthouse, we were safe from the fog, and close to port.

Well, now, so may God grant that it may be with the Church, which it must be admitted has been far too long in a fog! I wish that some of the dignitaries would condescend to ask even a humble smack-master as to their whereabouts. Methinks that we could point them to the cross of Calvary, and our dear Lord Jesus; and paraphrasing my Cornish friend's expression, we would say, "The light of Calvary, straight ahead, sir; steer for the cross. The harbour of settled conviction, and of glorious service, and of near communion, is just beyond that lighthouse." I thank God that, by His grace, we have as an Association in great part been kept clear of the spiritual fog. May we never get into it, but may we be enabled to help others out of it! I do believe the fog is lifting, and that the true Light will soon shine out in fullest glory. God grant it, for Christ's sake! Amen.

A New Plea for an Old Doctrine.

A PAPER READ AT THE NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS'
COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY PASTOR ALFRED BIRD.

WE are frequently told that each epoch of time demands new discoveries of truth, that the beliefs of one age are necessarily superseded by later unfoldings of a larger outlook and a wider horizon, and that it is only in this way that the human mind is freed from the imperious tyranny of old superstitions, and advances to the acquisition of its inalienable right,—“The sum of all that is knowable.”

I, for one, have no quarrel with the demand for clearer light and a fuller knowledge of the truth. Our view of truth can, at the best, be only partial; “We see through a glass darkly,” and perhaps dimly apprehend what we do see. “More light!” may well be our humble and constant prayer; but what I think we of this Conference will ask, ere we accept the guidance of the modern teachers, is, that “the fresh revelation” shall be *Bible truth*, and the “clearer light” shall be light from the throne of God and the Lamb. We care not how ample the revelation; the ampler the better, from this source. The latest truth will not supersede the earliest, any more than the vertical glories of the noon will supersede the opening beauties of the dawn. Truth is one, and the later discovery is but a larger and truer view of the earlier. There are some great elemental facts of revelation that lie four-square to the whole world of thought,—facts which are never meant to be overlaid or obscured by any subsequent discoveries of truth. They are the eternal basis on which the enduring structure of the temple of knowledge and virtue must stand,—if stand it shall in this age of flux and change.

The attempt, in our day, to reconstruct the theology of the New Testament on a new basis,—humanitarian and altruistic,—has proved and is proving a disaster of the first magnitude. It is nothing less than an attempt to shift the centre from the supernatural to the natural, to regard everything in the realm of morals from the human rather than the Divine standpoint. The Incarnation—not the Cross—is made the well-spring of the Water of Life; and the Incarnation itself is regarded less as the revelation of God than the deification of man. In this new gospel, *Grace* has become obsolete, and in its place appears “sweetness-and-light”; and those very superior persons, its apostles, have proclaimed “a new heaven and a new earth” wherein dwelleth “*culture*”! Such old-fashioned terms as Sovereignty, Election, Atonement, Guilt, Perdition, are to be regarded as the symbols of a religious Philistinism akin to that taste which adorned the rooms of fifty years ago with florid wall-papers, vulgar carpets, and tawdry wax flowers. If this were a mere battle about words, I, for one, would not enter the lists; nor would I be a party to “making a brother an offender for a word.” But these terms, which are discarded with such undisguised contempt, stand for the eternal verities of God, to lose which means the loss of the landmarks of Heaven, the removal of the familiar sign-posts on the soul’s path to the Celestial City.

The gentlemen of the New School, who are reconstructing our theology for us, and bestowing upon us a Bible amended to fit their brand-new theology, are offering us a scheme of divinity entirely novel and original in character, and so unlike that which our fathers knew that we involuntarily call a halt, and claim our right to examine the prospect before us. What is the scene presented to our view? What are the attractions of the new world in which we are now invited to live? Gentlemen, we do not like the outlook; we lose the breadth of God's glorious realm. Yours is a trim, flat, tame landscape,—of the Dutch garden order,—without distances, immensities, atmosphere,—gloom and glory. It is a land of levels, of easy gradients, in which we pine for the mountains flushed with the rose of dawn, or crowned with the glory of the passing day. Your trees are shadeless; your birds are gay, but tuneless; your stream is bright, but shallow, and along its marge grows no Tree of Life whose fruit is food, and whose leaves are healing. Your world is too artificial for us; it may be cleverly and ingeniously constructed, and calculated to impress all beholders with the fact that its creators are very superior persons, who know how the prodigality and luxuriance of nature ought to be restrained, its paradoxes harmonized, its miracles and mysteries analyzed, measured, weighed, until there is no more any miracle, or mystery, but only the last lifeless dust-atoms, to be shelved in some museum among dead systems, and labelled, "The Ethical Result of Religion." No, no, gentlemen; we see nothing alluring in the prospects you present to us. We still prefer the good land and the large, the land flowing with milk and honey, in which we inherit houses that we have not built, treasures we have not gathered, wells of living water we have not digged, fields and vineyards we have not planted, "the land which drinketh water of the rain of heaven, a land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." This is the land of liberty. Our fathers loved it, lived in it, and trod its shining highways till they reached the Celestial City; and we, their sons, will never—though we be promised an Egyptian leek-garden,—forsake "Immanuel's Land."

What are the results of the acceptance of the New Theology? Is it inspiring its professors with a true enthusiasm, with a reverence for truth, a heroic temper, a deathless zeal? Does it produce in its disciples a sense of sin, and a thirst for holiness? Does it bring into their disordered natures the moral beauty and order of a new creation? Are they, because of what they believe, unworldly and spiritual in the best sense? I know what reply will be given to my questions; there will be a confident "Yos." But I shall venture—though it may lay me open to the charge of a hasty and uncharitable judgment,—to answer with a decided negative. Judging the teachers of the New Theology by their printed utterances, I find them inspired by "the enthusiasm of humanity." Man bulks so largely in their scheme that God appears only as a dim aureole about that splendid creature, man! I do not discern the unmistakable mark of reverence for truth, that humble, self-distrusting spirit which sits meekly at the feet of Jesus, the Great Teacher and Master of us all; but I do discern a proud self-

confidence which does not shrink from subjecting to its shallow criticism the most venerable and sacred beliefs of the Church of God, and dares even to judge that Word of God which our Lord declares to be the test and judge of all; and as for "the heroic temper" and "the deathless zeal"—those splendid marks of nobility which so conspicuously adorned the Puritan character,—where are they? The professors of the New Theology have rarely had the courage of their convictions; but have ever seemed determined to maintain their position in orthodox churches, at anyone's cost but their own! They are, for the most part, far too refined, and far too much under the power of pure reason, to be swayed by that wild and unreasonable passion,—zeal for the salvation of souls. Souls, they will tell you, will do very well without your gratuitous officiousness on their behalf. You can leave them, for the most part, to work out their own destiny according to their inward light, and under the benignant influence of "The All-Father."

But it is when we look for the general effect of modern criticism and latter-day theology upon the lives of the rank and file of its disciples, and upon the thinking, reading portion of our population, that we learn its true character. "*Do men gather grapes of thorns; or figs of thistles?*" Verily, no; nor can you find the marks of regeneracy upon the subjects of so-called advanced theology. The first sign of a work of grace in the human soul, a sense of sin—of sin as guilt, is conspicuous by its absence. Conversion, where the possibility of such a thing is admitted, has become a cheap and easy process in which there are no horrors of great darkness, no anticipations of judgment, no throes of heart-anguish, no birth-pangs, and, therefore, no more the "light above the brightness of the sun," nor the inward rapture, that subtle transmuter of all things that makes the poet's sweet conceit only the language of sober fact:—

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green;
Something lives in every hue,
Christless eyes have never seen."

Where there has been no conviction of sin, there will be no true longing for holiness, nor honest belief in the propitiatory and substitutionary character of the death of Christ; so that it is no marvel that we find light thoughts of sin and wrong views of the atonement always conjoined, they stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect.

We have reached a crisis in the history of the Church, and therefore in the history of that world which the Church affects both directly and indirectly. Earnest Christian workers are sorrowfully confessing that conversions are becoming fewer and fewer, and that the type of conversions that do occur is very different from those of other days. The change is less radical, the moral fibre of the converts is weaker, they are more prone to backslide, and less able to withstand the craft of error. And further, it is the almost unanimous testimony of those who have long been working among the masses that the spirit of utter indifference to the things of God and eternity has greatly and

alarmingly increased of late years; and side by side with this indifference, there has been and is an awful increase of profligacy. It is a startling and ominous fact that these sad changes have been contemporaneous with the "liberalizing" of theology. History repeats itself. As the Socinian lapse of the Evangelical Churches in the seventeenth century brought about that utter indifference to religion, and that aggressive Atheism, which marked the opening of the eighteenth century, so the theology of the last twenty-five years, with its new theories of Inspiration and Atonement, and its invertebrate and motiveless ethics, has first taught the hearers in our churches to discount the most solemn statements of truth, and then to break loose from the restraints of religion, under the fond delusion that they are only freeing themselves from the shackles of an old and effete superstition. "Then comes the deluge," in which all the barriers which the truth of God opposes to the tides of evil are swept away. Family prayer and family piety go together. Church attendance, as an occasional conformity to fashion, may still survive; but the Lord's-day is secularized out of recognition. The main business of life is alternately money-getting and pleasure-seeking. The literary fare on which even church-members regale themselves is, either the shallow science which has made God a superfluity, or the new volume of sermons, where the charm lies in the amazing way in which a clever man can pretend to establish faith by destroying its foundations; or, most sought and relished of all, the last novel in which the writer has distanced all compeers in flippant ridicule of true religion, in cynical disbelief in private and public virtue, and has exhausted the resources of the novelist's art in the attempt to make respectable and attractive the most shameless licentiousness. With this comes, of course, a lack of reverence for things and persons intrinsically noble and worthy, an impatience of the restraints and sanctions of law, a reckless disregard of honesty and virtue, for virtue's sake, and an essentially pagan worship of force, of animal strength, of mere physical beauty,—the sure presage of individual deterioration, and of national decay.

Brethren, it is on these—I think—patent and indubitable facts I base my appeal for the recovery and re-statement of *the old doctrine of God*. We need a new Charnock, who shall give us the old doctrine with a fresh adaptation. It is not enough for us to see and mourn the trend of modern thought, and its disastrous consequences both within and without the Church. We, as the divinely-appointed teachers and leaders of men, must, as our President has bidden us, "antidote" the evil, and this we shall never do by attacking symptoms of the disease. Our treatment of the case must be radical.

If the first point of departure from truth and right was the displacement of God and the supernatural, we must restore Him to His right place in our teaching and in the view of men; and the great central object of our Theology must be, not the god of neological romance, who regards with the complacency of a father those who are not his children, but the God of the Bible, of whom Jeremiah says, "The Great, the Mighty God, *ГЕОУАН* of Hosts, is His Name, great in counsel, and mighty in work," whose "eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men, to give every one according to his ways, and

according to the fruit of his doings." We must write, and speak of, and preach God inflexibly holy, just, and true; of Him "whose eyes are as a flame of fire," and out of whose mouth proceedeth "a sharp two-edged sword." We want a new, or rather, an old kind of Evangelism, whose first business shall be to show men God, to proclaim, not merely His love, but all His dazzling attributes in their Scriptural place and proportion; to arraign men before Him, to bring them face to face with God, and to do it with the awful sense of His presence upon us, so that the reverence of our manner, and the solemn, fearless directness of our speech, shall tell all who hear us that we stand to minister in the very presence of the Most High God.

This new Evangelism must not shrink from alarming men; nay, it must aim at this. It must say, in the words of "the Faithful and True Witness", "I will forewarn you whom ye *shall* fear; fear Him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." We must pray and think and study with God in view. The nearest way to man is through God; and it will be in His presence alone that the proud, self-sufficient, self-justifying creature, man, will learn how vile he is, will cast his cheap and easy sophistries to the winds, and say, in that language of penitence so old, and yet for us so fresh and new, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

The re-statement and enforcement of the doctrine of God, after this fashion, will compel us to a new type of gospel preaching, in which, according to Paul, in Romans i. 17, the righteousness of God shall be brought into high relief, and the fact that God *commands*, as well as *entreats*, all men to repent and believe the gospel, shall be most solemnly proclaimed. The firm, clear grasp of this doctrine, and its full and faithful statement from the pulpit, will make us dogmatists of the true kind; and men will not be slow to recognize the fact that we also "speak with authority, and not as the scribes."

And then,—not all at once,—for the mischief of years is not to be undone in a day,—there will come back the old signs of the work of grace in human souls and in the Church of Christ. The Word of the Lord will make "the sinners in Zion afraid." It will bring men to God, and not to an opinion of ever-changing complexion. It will fill our churches and our pulpits with soundly-converted men; and by their separation from the world, and their conformity to Christ, make evident the reality of the change wrought in their hearts. It will, furthermore, prove a potent attraction to the sinful and the sad. An almighty, just, and holy God as the source of all grace for sinners,—sparing not His own Son, but making Him to be sin for us, just because He can by no means clear the guilty without a real propitiation,—gives a guarantee of salvation to the uttermost, that no other view of the character of God can afford.

This re-affirmation of the doctrine of God, will bring again the lost reverence for Him, His Name, His worship, His house, His day; and this reverence will project itself along every plane of life, and penetrate all realms of thought; and Right and Law will recover their old supremacy, Truth its sway over the conscience, and Virtue its honour among men.

Brethren, are we of the Pastors' College Conference to bear a humble part in the recovery of Truth and Faith and Righteousness? Then, I do most solemnly believe that we must not be content with criticising the critics, or attempting what I fear but few of us are capable of doing, the refutation of their arguments and conclusions by competent scholarship. But we must seek for ourselves, first, a new and stronger faith in God, such a faith as will make belief in the divine revelation no conscious effort, but the normal instinct of the soul. When we speak, it must be because we believe. There is something in the hearts of men which cries out for certainties; be it ours to give them certainties, not guesses, nor speculations. Faith is contagious, thank God! A true, firm belief in the God of the Bible, and in the Bible of God, will make us influential where we want to be influential, will make us leaders whom men will follow; and when the present evil fashion of credulous doubt has run its brief blind course, those who believe will be found—not in the rear, but in the van of all true progress.

What to Do for the Unsaved.

AN UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENT, SPOKEN FORTY YEARS AGO BY
C. H. SPURGEON, FORWARDED BY T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

THERE are those who are without God, and without Christ, and strangers to the commonwealth of Israel. Christians are asking, "What can we do for them?" My brother, I do not know that you can do more for a sinner than simply *live the gospel*, so that he may see it in your life; and after you have done this, the next best thing you can do is to *pray for him*. Ask God to save your fellow-townsmen, your fellow-men, your own dear relatives, who are still without God. I cannot understand a tearless Christian, one who knows not how to weep over poor sinners; he is not like his Master, who wept over Jerusalem. I beseech you, pray for the ungodly, with tearful earnestness pleading with the Lord for their salvation.

If any desire to know what they must do to be saved, tell them Christ's own declaration, recorded in Mark's Gospel, sixteenth chapter, sixteenth verse:—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." If any want to know what it is to believe, you cannot give them a better illustration than the one which a negro once gave:—"Massa, this is how I believes. I falls down flat on the promises; and when I is down, I thinks I can fall no lower." That is a good definition of faith, just falling down flat on the promise of Christ. Let no one stand upright before God, trusting to ceremonies, to morality, to either church-going or chapel-going; but let the convinced sinner say,—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall,
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

If any sinner will do that, though he should be the greatest sinner in the whole world, he shall be fully and freely forgiven.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXXI. PASTOR ALFRED BIRD, LATE OF HAWTHORN, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

THE subject of this sketch opened his eyes on this terrestrial planet on October 19, 1847. God blessed him, ere he was born, with the greatest benefaction that can fall to the lot of any child,— He gave him godly parents, who hailed the advent of their offspring with hearts full of love, and many prayers for his spiritual and temporal welfare. They were members of the West End Baptist Church, Hammersmith, of which his grandfather was the honoured and successful



pastor. We heard the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon once say that, just as coming events cast their shadows before, so, when God has a choice blessing to bestow upon His people, He lets the shadow of that coming mercy fall on some good man's heart, where it lies till it becomes a burning desire, and is breathed back to God in fervent prayer. This appears to have been the case in Mr. Bird's history. When quite little, he was taken by his mother to the bedside of his grandfather, who lay in his last sickness. This beloved servant of God, in true patriarchal style, laid his hands on the child's head, and earnestly pleaded that the Lord would save him early, and call him by His grace to the ministry of the Word. This prayer was a prophecy, to be fulfilled in God's own time and way. Our friend's earliest religious impressions were produced by his pious mother's conversation and prayers; she used not only to show her son his need of a Saviour, but also took him to her room, and prayed with and for him. Thus he was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and from his early days breathed the atmosphere of Heaven on earth.

When his parents removed from Hammersmith to Camberwell, they attended the ministry of Dr. Steane. There was, at that time, a Sunday afternoon lecture by the Rev. Wm. Howieson. The boy was taken to that service by his nurse, a devout woman; and the plain, faithful preaching of this servant of the Lord so deeply impressed him that, one Sunday, he begged his nurse to let him speak to the minister. They waited for him at the chapel door, and walked with him as far as their way lay together. William Howieson was willing to labour for the soul of a little child, and talked to him most sweetly of “ Jesus, the children's Friend.” The lad subsequently became a scholar in Coldharbour Lane Sunday-school. His parents determined to give e

him a sound English education, so he was first sent to a preparatory school at Brixton, and afterwards to the City of London School. Having been equipped for the battle of life, at fourteen years of age he entered a City warehouse.

His environment being changed, and being away from home and parental control and influence, he became for a time indifferent to the things of God. His goodness was like the morning cloud and the early dew. The fair young buds of promise seemed blasted by the frost of evil. For a while, it looked as though the kingdom of Satan had the mastery over him; but, at the age of sixteen, he was brought into close business relations with a young man, who was not only a professing Christian, but one who adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. The life and character of this young man so affected Mr. Bird as to awaken in him a sense of his lost condition; and the red-hot youthful soldier of the cross eventually captured him, and led him to Jesus. He now became a member of the church at Bloomsbury Chapel, under the able pastorate of Dr. Brock.

Under the Scriptural, Evangelical, and robust ministry of this famous servant of Christ, the young life within him began to throb and grow until he felt that he, too, must do something for his Divine Redeemer. He began with tract-distribution, and inviting young men, whom he met in the street, to the Bible-class in connection with Bloomsbury Chapel. He also became a Sunday-school teacher, and soon, an open-air preacher. The Lord graciously set His seal to these early efforts, the people gathered to listen to the preacher, power accompanied the Word, souls were saved, friends recognized the fact, and began to urge him to devote his life to the Christian ministry. The Lord now set before him an open door. He was able to take a twelve months' evangelistic tour, in the course of which he visited Essex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Dorset. Such a measure of blessing was granted as justified an application for admission to the Pastors' College; the application was supported by Dr. Brock, and acceded to by Mr. Spurgeon.

Mr. Bird entered the College in August, 1867, and during his student course resided under the roof of Professor Gracey,—a life-long benediction to him. When he had been in College twelve months, Mr. Spurgeon suggested that he should attempt to raise a new cause in the growing suburb of Dalston. To continue his studies, and to preach to the same people week by week, he knew full well would be no slight task; still, as Mr. Spurgeon desired it, he determined to put his trust in the Lord, and to go forward. He commenced with a small audience in the Luxembourg Hall; steadily the congregations grew, souls were saved, and the hall became inconveniently crowded. This necessitated seeking a permanent home, and, as the result of earnest effort and self-denial, the present handsome chapel in Ashwin Street, Dalston, was erected. In the new building, the work of God went on right gloriously, many young men being converted, some of whom have since taken prominent places in the Christian Church.

In the year 1875, Mr. Bird became pastor of the Baptist Church, Commercial Road, Oxford. Here also the hand of the Lord was with him, and trophies were won for King Jesus; but ill-health compelled

his removal. He then took the oversight of the Penzance Baptist Church. Here, many were brought to the Lord, and much spiritual blessing was vouchsafed; but continued weakness demanded rest and change. In the autumn of 1883, Mr. Spurgeon was requested by W. Gibson, Esq., of Perth, Tasmania, to select a minister for a large new church, school, and manse, which he was erecting, at the cost of many thousands of pounds, in Launceston, Tasmania. Mr. Spurgeon's choice fell on Mr. Bird. After due consideration of the matter, he accepted the call, and, in January, 1884, with his wife and children, sailed for the Sunny South. The difficulties that faced him on his arrival in that far-off land were well-nigh insuperable. There was no church formed, nor could he form one, for there was not even a nucleus to begin with. There was not a single soul who had promised to join in the work; while, at the same time, other denominations looked askance on this new venture. There stood the large, half-finished edifice, in which, on its completion, he was to commence a new cause. Mr. Bird, when he saw what was expected of him, felt his heart fail within him. He is not, however, a man to sink down quietly before difficulties; so, after waiting upon God about the matter, he decided in the strength of the Lord to commence at once in the Mechanics' Institute. His first congregations were small, but the Lord was with His servant, and soon he was rejoicing over the firstfruits of his Australian ministry,—souls saved through the preaching of the Word. When the Launceston Tabernacle was completed, it was opened by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon; the work proceeded apace, and many were the sheaves our brother gathered from those white harvest fields in "Brighter Britain."

Mr. Bird's last charge was in Victoria. In the year 1888, a few friends, who resided in Hawthorn, an important, populous, and well-to-do suburb of Melbourne, resolved to establish a Baptist Church in their midst. They purchased the old Congregational Chapel, unanimously invited Mr. Bird to be their pastor, and went to work with a will. From the very first, the cause wonderfully prospered; there were showers of blessing, many came out on the Lord's side, the congregations increased till the building was far too small, and had to be enlarged. There are, to-day, at Hawthorn, splendid Sunday-schools, while the Christian Endeavour Society, and many other active organizations are flourishing; and to crown all, the Lord has honoured the church by calling some of its members into the foreign missionary service and some into the home ministry.

After seven years of earnest and successful labour in this place, the doctors advised Mr. Bird to return to England, as the climate of Victoria was too hot and stimulating for him. This accounts for his presence again in his native country. He is now seeking the sphere of service which he believes the Lord has awaiting him in the homeland. The officers of pastorless churches will do well to read the Conference paper published in the present Magazine, and then to invite Mr. Bird to preach to them and their fellow-members the "old doctrine" for which he pleads. He is worthy to occupy any pulpit in the land; and we may add that we do not think his ministry would have been nearly so successful but for the constant co-operation and

loving sympathy of the gentle lady who has for so many years shared his toils and rejoiced in his triumphs. May the Lord guide them to the spot where He desires them to labour, and continue to bless them both in His service!

JAS. S. HARRISON.

"The Everlasting Arms."

[The Sermon referred to in the following letter, written to Mrs. Spurgeon, has been a source of comfort to so many readers, that we gladly take this opportunity of calling special attention to it:—

"Dear Madam,—I have been reading the Sermon by your beloved husband, No. 2,435, 'The Everlasting Arms,' and coming to the first paragraph on page 498, I was so forcibly carried back to a blessed experience that was given me for my comfort (after a time of terrible depression and doubt), that I venture to send a few lines which I wrote soon after. I sought the Lord, and I found Him in 1857. The words that I took for *my continuous prayer for six weeks* while seeking the Saviour, I discovered in one of the New Park Street Sermons, and many, many times have I been blessed and comforted by them."]

"There are times when this text is very precious to believers: 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' One of these times is, I think, *when we are very sick and very feeble*. The pillows have been beaten up for you, and made as soft as they can be; and the bed, which is so apt to grow hard, has been tenderly smoothed by kind fingers; yet you sink back as if you were about to die of very exhaustion. Sink back, then; be not afraid, for 'underneath are the everlasting arms.'"—C. H. S., in Sermon No. 2,435.

ONCE, in the early morn, after a night
 Of shapeless dreams, that made my slumbers light,
 I seemed to be adrift in boundless space,
 All foothold gone, my recent resting-place,—
 This earth, the sphere till then securely trod,
 Receding 'neath me, like a falling clod.
 With out-stretched hands, in vain I tried to clasp
 A phantom vine, that vanished at my grasp.
 Backward, despairingly, I hopeless fell;
 My next anticipation,—deepest hell.
 When, at that instant, ere my fall could be,
 Two hands beneath my arms uplifted me,
 Up to the throne of God in rapid flight;
 Swifter than flash of thought, or ray of light,
 My head was resting on my Saviour's breast,
 Supremest foretaste of eternal rest.
 Eager to see His face, I raised mine eyes
 To catch a glimpse; then woke in blest surprise.
 Though, if I slept, or swooned, I never knew;
 I had the vision, and I know 'tis true.

MARY KNIGHT.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

I REJOICE in a new decoration for my WORK-ROOM, one so unique and exceptional, that those dear readers who were interested in the previous description I gave of the apartment will like to hear of this novelty in artistic adornment. There are two pilasters within the room, supporting a large beam which carries the weight of the upper story. I presume their internal structure is of brick, but they are encased in a cement as hard as stone. From the lower part of one of these, and apparently springing out of the pillar itself, are two small sprigs of *growing ivy*! At first, one very wee shoot was discovered, but it has lengthened out now, and another has joined it, and the two together make a fair show of tender green leaves. How they can have insinuated themselves, and forced their way into such a very strait and stony place, no one can tell. All my friends, two of them of long experience in building matters, say they never saw such a curiosity before. If the pretty things had come up through the flooring by the wall next the garden, they would have caused no surprise; but the pilaster is nearly two feet within the room, and these fragile little visitors seem to be growing out of the stone itself, for not the smallest chink is visible through which they can have come. All alone in the darkness, underneath in the dust and the dirt, they must have laboured and struggled, hoping one day to come to the light. Can you not imagine that, had they been gifted with speech, they might have said one to the other, "Keep up a brave heart, brother, we won't give up; we'll push forward a little longer, there *must* be something better than this black prison for living things like us, we feel the power of the life-sap in us, and it urges us to seek a higher and brighter existence"? So the persevering little plants patiently toiled on till, one day, they found themselves in my room, where light and warmth and a glad welcome were awaiting them. If the dear "Master of Westwood" had been still living here, instead of in the better home above, he would have taken keen interest in these growing things, and he would have had some charming words to say about them by way of illustration. But even to my dull mind they speak plainly of victory over difficulty through faith and patience, and whisper a very sweet, hopeful story of the power of indwelling life.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." We have no idea of what we can do or endure till we try. Faith can remove mountains; why, then, do we so often painfully climb them, when we might order them to stand aside, and walk triumphantly past them? Dear reader, have you ever solemnly put to the test the power of faith in God? Do you ever take Him at His word, and glorify Him by believing that *He means just what He says*? The wonder to me is, that we are not more anxious to secure the blessed privileges which might be ours if we believed in God in deep serious earnest. Whenever I have implicitly trusted God about anything, He has always honoured my faith, and then, will you believe it?—I scarcely can,—after a short season of soul-stirring joy, I have returned to the old rut of apathetic commonplace existence! How I abhor myself for my unbelief and half-heartedness as I make this confession! How ashamed I am that I

should need to learn from a trail of ivy the overcoming power of a confident trust!

Yet another lesson.

Dear, timid, fearful Christian, if the life of Christ be within us, it *must* raise us from the darkness and misery of distance from God to the warmth and light of fellowship with Him. Pieces of *dead* ivy would have lain in the dust and decayed; they could never have forced their way through such obstacles as these fragile little stems encountered; it was the mighty energy of LIFE within them which impelled each tender leaf and bud to struggle to the light! So let it be with you. Never be discouraged, though the delays of His grace seem long, and the darkness does not lift. Your desires after Christ, and your longings for His love, are sure tokens of the throbbing of the Heavenly life within you. Give yourself up to the inner working of His Holy Spirit, open all your heart to His wondrous influence; He will *reveal* the hidden life which you already possess, then He will guide you with His counsel, and afterward receive you to glory.

* * * *

A New Zealand missionary gave me, quite recently, a very interesting account of his sphere of labour, and, as he has some slight connection with my work-room through the Sermons, and Magazines, and a few gifts of books, I think it will please my dear readers to hear his story.

He lives on an old Mission Station where, thirty or forty years ago, brave men of God had the joy of gathering many natives into the fold of Christ, the good Shepherd. He calls it "holy ground", and with good reason, for the worship of God sanctifies every place, and here men have called on the name of the Lord, and been saved. In those long-ago days, hundreds of Maoris would come in their canoes on the Saturday, bringing their families and provisions, thus preparing for the day of holy rest, and enjoying sweet fellowship with each other and blessed intercourse with Heaven. On the Lord's-day, the whole valley was resonant with joyful praise and fervent prayer. The wife of one of these devoted missionaries passed away to her rest in her 37th year, and her remains, together with those of her infant child, lie in the quiet cool shade of the sweet-flowering acacia, in the little graveyard, not far from my correspondent's door.

Then, in 1863, when another missionary was labouring in this secluded spot, some ill-advised action of the Government drove the natives to take up arms in rebellion. As soon as war was fully decided on, they came to their teacher, and said, "We wish you to leave us, and go to Auckland; we are determined to fight, *but we cannot do this while you are here!*" "No," replied the missionary, "I must not go away, and leave my Master's work;" and he would not stir from the place. When they found that no entreaties would move him, they cried, "Then we must take you away; we cannot fight with you here, and we cannot promise you safety if you remain." So they prepared their canoes, and took up Mr. R. and his wife and family bodily, carried them on board with all their belongings, and rowed them down the Waipa for fifty miles to its junction with the Waitoko, about half-

way to Auckland. There they landed their unwilling passengers, and returned with the report that, as far as they could see, the missionary stood, just where and just as they had put him ashore, looking after them like one dazed, and as if he could not understand what was happening to him.

He afterwards laboured in various parts of the Colony for thirty years, but could never be induced to return to the scene of his interrupted labours. His grief was greatly intensified by learning that, during the war, the soldiers had destroyed all his Mission premises,—a nice house, a beautiful garden and orchard, good large school-rooms, and other buildings. How often do strange reverses overtake the Lord's most devoted servants, even in the midst of successful service! "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

The Mission is now flourishing again, and lately a new settlement has been formed, some four or five hours' ride from my friend's residence. It lies in the midst of the primeval bush (forest), where the people are at present simply dwelling in tents, hoping to have some rough houses up before winter. The missionary goes there once a month, and, first gathering the children together, tells them of "Jesus and His love"; then the parents and friends join them, sitting about on fallen trees, uniting in the singing, and eagerly listening to the Word of Life. There are forty children in the settlement, and, as soon as possible, a school-room is to be built for their use, and services will also be held in it. In this little community there is one man, an avowed sceptic, over whom the pastor's heart yearns with a great longing; he allows his wife and children to come to the meetings, and has half promised to attend the next one himself. "May I ask you," says the missionary, "to pray earnestly for this man that he may be led to Christ?"

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Let the beauty of the LORD our God be upon us."—Psalm xc. 17.

When I read these wonderful words, this morning, there came to me, quick as a lightning flash, the solemn question, "*Soul, is this beauty now resting on thee, and on all thy daily life?*" Alas! there was no reply by speech or voice; but a bowed head, and silent lips, and the inward sighing of a convicted, yet penitent heart, gave the only possible answer. Then I sat down before the Lord, wondering and ashamed, and the multitude of my thoughts within me took form and fashion thus:—Father, Thou knowest that I covet earnestly the loveliness of sanctification, I would fain obey Thy command to be holy; and if longings after complete surrender to Thee would avail to secure this special grace, I should possess it. What is it that so constantly defeats my purpose, and foils my efforts, and prevents the fulfilment of my most devout desire? Dear Master, if Thy will concerning me be my sanctification, why is not that will more absolutely done in me? Can it be that I am unconsciously cherishing something in my heart that hinders the work of Thy Holy Spirit, and so the blessing Thou

hast designed for me does not reach me, because the way is barred by a will not wholly yielded to Thine? Or have I been satisfying myself with mere empty desires after conformity to Christ, indulging in poor feeble longings in which there was so much half-heartedness that the Spirit of God was grieved, and would not reveal His power? O Lord, pity and pardon! Awaken my soul to an earnest sense of the solemn responsibility involved in belonging to Thee, and bearing Thy Name! Rouse in me, Lord, a blessed eagerness to become all that Thou wishest me to be! Fill me with that mighty influence which worketh in us "both to will and to do" of Thy good pleasure! Yea, chasten and afflict me, Lord, if nothing else will serve to make me a partaker of Thy holiness!

"*Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.*" Dear Father, I must have this blessing. Help me to pray the marvellous prayer intelligently, remembering at what an awful cost Thou hast secured to me an answer, and glorifying Thee for the matchless love which makes me,—

"With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

What hath God wrought! I can see, only too plainly, the ugliness and deformity which sin has worked in my nature, and the havoc it has made among all the creatures God had formed for Himself. If it had not been for this deadly thing, we should have borne "the image of God" even now. Doth the lily plead for its whiteness, or the tree for its lovely foliage, or the sun for his splendour? Nay, they are as God made them; they have kept their first estate, and are still "very good"; but man, sinful man, has fallen, and he who was made in the likeness of God is defaced and disfigured by the evil within. Ah! dear Lord, when Thou dost give us a sight of our own evil heart, we are overwhelmed with horror, and should soon be driven to despair, didst Thou not at once turn our eyes to that wondrous hill of Calvary, where One "altogether lovely" made the great Atonement which brought us back to Thee! That precious blood, which cleanses us from all sin, restores to us the beauty which that sin has forfeited; its royal purple not only covers our disfigurement, but removes it, and bestows upon us the comeliness which the Lord looks on with pleasure.

O soul of mine, dost thou not desire above all things that this "beauty of holiness" may be thy glorious dress? Then thou must keep very close to the Master, shutting the door of thy heart to every evil thing, and opening it wide to the incoming of His Holy Spirit, who, in revealing Christ to thee, will make thee *like Him*. An old fable tells how a piece of common clay became sweetly scented by close contact with a rose;—the fable will be a blessed fact in thy experience if the Rose of Sharon blooms in thy heart, and sheds its fragrance around thy life. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," yea, may God grant it; but the condition is thus expressed,—"Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Everlasting praises be to the Well-beloved of our soul, that His perfect righteousness covers us now, and that in the day when He shall bring us home to His Father's house, we shall be "PRESENTED FAULTLESS BEFORE THE PRESENCE OF HIS GLORY WITH EXCEEDING JOY."
S. S.

Among the Ancients.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS," &c.

THE flowers are blooming in the little garden plots of the almshouses, and the spring sunshine allures the inmates to their doors. Some of them blink at the strong May light, for they have dozed away the winter over the coals provided by the pious founder, and are not yet well awake. There are a few of them who are as nimble, as quick-witted, and as good gossips as ever, but the major part are qualifying for their long rest. What a merciful provision is that which makes sleep easy to the very old and the very young! In childhood, sleep comes as the ample reward for doing much on a small scale; and in old age, it intervenes to relieve us from doing anything at all. Surely we may thankfully acquiesce when the ancients sleep in the chimney corner. They have reached one of Nature's harbours of refuge; nor is there any necessity to time their sleep by the clock, to wake them for their next engagement. Look at the dear old grandmother. Her eyes have closed while reading her Bible. Do not frown on that account, for she grasped its precious lessons as a young wife long before it was even thought that the world would be plagued with *our* personality. Now her hands clasp the top of the volume, which leans towards her, poised on her knees, while her feet rest upon a worked stool. Her spectacles are slowly dropping off as she nods. Let her sleep. She has had many a wakeful hour in years gone by. As a wife, she watched the slow ebbing of a strong man's life; as a mother, she listened, and sighed, and prayed on stormy nights when her boy was out on the sea. Let her make up the leeway stolen from her by her sorrows, or filched, in days now past for ever, by the petty larcenies of care.

But in the open doorways of the almshouses, on this delicious May morning, stand figures which look as if they had stepped out of the canvas of a Dutch master. Old ladies with check shawls, according to taste, bright colours usually going with dark eyes. White caps, too, are in vogue, and clean aprons which follow in pattern the feminine love of variety. In the late morning, the little dwellings are always spick and span, for the parson may quit his books to study life, which, by the way, is a volume full of strange illustrations, published gratis, and printed in large type. There may be also another person abroad, whom these shrewd old almswomen know it is most necessary to propitiate, viz., "the squire's lady,"—the fairy in furbelows, who has but to say "Presto!" and, behold, a supply of comforts appears on the sideboard, or a parcel of flannel, at Christmas, from the village draper.

Here is a peculiarity who owns a parrot. Her boast is that, in early days, she lived in good families; so she keeps up her association with these dignified connections by mincing all her vowels. This process is very tantalizing if you happen to have an "o" in your name, which she improves to the sound of "a." It is amusing how patronizingly the old lady works this vocal distinction, till you bewilderingly feel she must be right. Her parrot, which has lived with

her twenty-five years, is the very counterpart of herself. He keeps his dignity with a "good day to you!" and he sings hymns in a nasal key. Altogether, a queer old couple. Yet the parrot's mistress, when you get past her foibles, has some grit in her, and has held her own for years as *the* lady of the almshouse group.

Speaking of mispronunciations, there is an ancient dame we know, who hails from Norfolk, and caps all we have come across in word-sorting. She is a member of a local Maternal Society, but her name for it is the "Eternal Society", and if you considerably repronounce the word, she will follow you up with something that sounds like "internal." She is a victim to bronchitis, which reaches your ears as the "brown creeturs", and if troubled with neuralgia, she has "the uralgees" badly. But, "howsomedevour," as she puts it, "you must have what the good Lord chooses to send, and it makes no difference to the pain how it's perounced." She has a grand old man, with whom she has lived in wedlock over fifty years. Every evening, the wife brings out a copy of dear C. H. Spurgeon's *Interpreter*,—a Jubilee present. This she reads, being "better that way than William." He is a kindly soul with little to say, a "William the Silent" in his way. No doubt he understands the old dame; he ought to, for she has been to him "instead of a mouth" these fifty-five years!

We walk by a few wicket-gates, and here, from an almshouse door, comes an old soldier. He bends heavily on the usual support of a retired army man,—a thick walking-stick. How tall he must have been in his prime, though now like a leaning tower! He will tell you that, many years ago, he was in a crack cavalry regiment, and was told off by the colonel to teach young officers their drill. "I would give £500 if I could do the sword exercise like S.," said a budding "blood." "But S. has been at it for years," replied the colonel; "it is practice which makes a man perfect with the sword; no money can buy it." Surely a good word for those who would wield well the Sword of the Spirit through the Holy War in which the army of Immanuel is ever engaged. This old swordsman is also a singer,—which, of course, is as it should be. S. is proud of his place in the chapel choir, though his voice is but the echo of other days. But there is plenty of bark in the old dog yet. He will tell you there was a time when he could set the barrack-room in a roar, and you can well believe it. He is a rare talker, and his legs would go as fast as his lips if it were not that the Lord had "tethered him by one leg so that he should not run away."

Another guardsman used to officiate in the little chapel not far from the almshouses; a man of towering stature, albeit creaky in his joints. It was a sight to see him stand at "Attention!" at the end of the pews, waiting to pass the bread and wine of the communion. For some time, the veteran gave out the hymns; this he would do as though he were on the parade ground. He was a splendid listener; quick at recognizing good points. His white head would shake to and fro, and up and down, during a discourse that suited him. If you could not make Deacon Matthews nod, something had gone wrong. This punctuation of the sermon with airy notes of admiration was helpful; and let it be known that preachers have no objection to nodding

hearers of this sort. Perhaps the retort will come that nodding of another kind is practised pretty frequently on Sundays, and that the man in the pulpit is mainly responsible for it. Ah, well! many folk are like Dives in the parable, who thought his brothers would be better men if they had a more rousing parson.

When Deacon Matthews became too infirm to walk up the hill to his own Zion, he dropped in at our Zoar lower down. It was thus that we got to know him so well. One Lord's day morning, we had preached upon Adoni-bezek. We were adventurous in those days! The old soldier waited for us, and, leaning on the top of his staff, thus delivered his soul, "Young man, you took a strange text, and an uncommon subject. I wondered how you would get through. We don't hear enough of God's eternal law of requital. As you grow older, you will see it always in force." Long years have passed, and we think now that the men who deliberately set themselves to sleep as soon as the preacher sets himself to speak, will find the law of requital in operation when they come to a dying hour, and will have hard work to recollect a comfortable assurance.

We buried Matthews long since, amid the snows of winter, close to the path of the chapel within which he was a pillar for so many years.

But there was even yet another adherent of this country cause who was quite a character in his way. He passed from an almshouse to "the Palace of the King" two years ago. Before he became an almsman, he was full often "in his cups," for he travelled about the country with crockery, sitting in a queer old cart hung round with his wares. He was a quaint soul, with Methodist enthusiasm and Calvinistic exactitude. He always hoped in prayer that the Lord would so bless the church that it might be constantly said, "Yea, of Zion, this one and that one was born in her." He spoke confidentially with Heaven, though his way of putting things at times seemed grotesque, for he would remind the Great Giver of all good that most of his brethren, including the pastor, were very poor, and had large families. But he was a man who feared God above many, and one of his sons is to-day a City Missionary, while another is an active worker for God at home.

The day wanes as we re-pass the almshouses. The brisk morning has spent its strength, and Time, like a tired navy, stretches himself full-length through the long afternoon. The very street seems to doze in the strong sunshine, and the warm air, redolent with the scent of May and lilac, but seals the senses in sleep. If you turn the latch of the little dwellings, in one of them the lame veteran starts uneasily, for his crooked leg is the demon of his dreams. Next door, a placid old fellow has passed into a slightly deeper oblivion than that in which he has lived all his life. In a third, our fastidious friend and her parrot take an early cup of tea. But most of the inmates either drowse away the humming hour, while their kettle sings low and fitfully; or trifling with their knitting needles, think over their by-gones, and dream day-dreams of their children far away.

Now the evening draws on. The day, without and within, is far spent. The warm light from the West falls in softened splendour on the almshouses. The doors are shut, but He carries with them Who

said to the disciples, "Peace be unto you." Many of the dwellers at this hour spell out their hopes anew, and, by His Word, Who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," read afresh their—

"Title clear
To mansions in the skies."

For most of these ancients "wait for the morning," cheered by the presence of the Christ, who, on the way to Emmaus, filled the disciples' hearts with resurrection joys.

The Cast-iron Pulpit.

BY B. SHINDLER.

THE "Black Country" of England is by no means wrongly named; its mines of coal and iron, its furnaces, forges, and other iron-works make it black indeed. A century and more ago, it was black in another sense, for in relation to morals and religion no blacker place could be found in what is still sadly miscalled, "Christian England." Cock-fighting, bull-baiting, drunkenness, and riot were among its leading characteristics. The preaching of Mr. Wesley and other evangelists was, however, greatly blessed of God in this region. If Satan had his seat there, and if thousands of the people, miners and colliers and others, were led captive by him at his will, the grace of God won many triumphs, and the gospel brought many trophies to the feet of the Redeemer. These were mainly among the poor; but here and there conquests were made among people of a higher grade in social life, and if "not many rich" were "called", there were happy exceptions to the general rule.

In the mining village of B——, there were a few converts to the faith, who met together in "society", and worshipped God in a very humble meeting-house which no architect had designed, and no skilled hands had reared. Turning off from the centre of the village, and pursuing a passage along narrow courts, dirty entries, and habitations where squalid misery reigned, you came to a building, mainly of wood, perched over two wash-houses, and approached by a rickety flight of stairs. The building was, like Joseph's coat, of many colours, for all sorts of old boards, variously painted, had been utilized to prepare this "house of God", while its windows were as diverse in shape and size as they well could be. This was the Methodist meeting-house, and here a few happy souls prayed to God, held communion one with another, and listened, as often as they could get a preacher, to the proclamation of His Word. The building was hardly rain-proof, and certainly not wind-proof, for the cold blasts of winter made the windows and uneven boards to rattle, and the entire building to shake and tremble. Nevertheless, it was, to the pious few, the house of God indeed, for here the Lord met with them, and here He "commanded the blessing, even life for evermore;" Pontecostal showers descended upon them, and their souls were as a well-watered garden.

But annoyance and even persecution fell to their lot. The women were laughed at for their Quaker-like dress and demure manners, and

the men were jeered at by their former companions as "simpletons who had abjured strong drink and cock-fighting, and rebels who had set themselves up against the State Church." And it was not in word only that they were annoyed; stones and mud were thrown at their frail temple, sparrows were introduced through the shattered windows, and their chirping within was the signal for uproarious mirth outside. Once, too, the frail staircase was removed during the time of a meeting, and there was no small merriment when the sisters were compelled to leap into the strong arms of the brethren in order to reach the ground.

One chilly winter's evening, the worshippers were more than usually happy, for they had the presence of the Master very specially with them; and while they yet lingered, one of the older sisters suggested the need of a new chapel. The need no one doubted, but how was the lack to be supplied?

"There is but one person in this village," said a stalwart worker in iron, "who has much wealth, and he's my master."

"Ay, ay," said the good sister, "Squire Webster, you mean, I reckon; but he's a churchman to the backbone."

"You're right," said a third, "an' he can't abear the name of Methodist."

It was the general feeling that little help could be hoped for from the squire, and the discussion was about to close without any suggestion or plan, when one of the younger sisters, who had hitherto been silent, said in a sweet and winning voice, though with evident bashfulness, "Suppose we ask the Lord about it. The hearts of all men are in His hands, and He could make even Squire Webster to be our friend."

The suggestion proved most acceptable, and the elder sister who had first mooted the matter was specially elated by the idea, and added, "Yea, and suppose we all agree to devote the dinner hour tomorrow, though in different places, to asking for the same blessing."

The resolution was agreed to, and faithfully carried out by every one of the little company.

A few days after this, the first travelling preacher of the circuit paid a visit to the little sanctuary. It was an experience meeting, and at its close they sang the hymn,—

"God is the Refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid."

It was heartily sung, but the friends seemed loth to depart. The secret of the new chapel and the united special prayer then oozed out. When the minister had heard the story, he promised to see Squire Webster on the morrow, adding, "I will trust to your faith and prayer for full success."

The squire lived in a large old-fashioned house a little way from the village. He was an iron-founder, and made it his boast that he could produce more excellent iron castings than any other iron-master in the kingdom. The minister was not ignorant of the character of the

squire, for, as some of the little band were workers in his foundry, they could give him needful hints. He walked up the avenue of beeches leading to the house with as much dignity and ease as though he had been the vicar himself. A footman, with yellow buttons and powdered wig, ushered him into the wainscotted parlour where Squire Webster was sitting, and from the windows of which there were distinct views of the foundry and other of his belongings.

"Squire Webster, I presume?" said the minister with a bow.

"The same, sir, at your service," gruffly answered the squire.

"I hear, sir," said the preacher, "that you are an iron-founder of great repute, and that you can produce most marvellous work."

The squire looked pleased, but did not reply.

"Now, what I have come to ask," said the preacher, "is whether you think it would be possible to make a cast-iron pulpit?"

"Ay, that it would," said the squire, overcoming a momentary surprise at the strangeness of the idea, "a pulpit, yes, and a parson, too, for that matter, as parsons go nowadays."

"Well, then," resumed the preacher, with a smile on his countenance, "I will give you an order for a pulpit if you will accept my terms of payment."

"Cash at three months?" asked the squire.

"No, sir, no cash at all; but the loving gratitude of some of your workmen, who have worked for you many a year, and——"

"Are you," interposed the squire, "one of those Methody parsons?"

"I am," said the preacher.

The squire started from his seat, muttered some unintelligible words, and paced up and down the room for some moments, evidently much agitated. At length, turning to his visitor, he said, with manifest emotion, "Call this day week, my friend, and I will answer thee."

That day week the preacher called, according to appointment. The squire was much excited, and he made no attempt to conceal his feelings.

"I tell thee what it is, friend," said he, after a cordial greeting, "I've had no peace for the last three weeks owing to you Methodists. I used to persecute them, but now I find that they are the best and steadiest of my men. I used to scoff at them, but now I find their zeal puts all my religion to shame. And now, wherever I am, something seems to be ever saying to me, 'Build 'em a chapel! Build 'em a chapel!' If I'm in the foundry, it's, 'Build 'em a chapel!' If I'm in my parlour, it's, 'Build 'em a chapel!' Even when I was driving the vicar to B——, the other day, I could hear something knocking at my heart, and crying, 'Build 'em a chapel.'"

"That seems very odd to you, no doubt," said the preacher, "but it isn't at all strange to me."

"Why not?" asked the squire.

The preacher told him the story of the earnest prayers which had been offered, and the very day and hour corresponded with the time when the squire first felt the strange inward promptings.

"I've had a pulpit cast," said the squire, "and very beautiful it looks; but when we were all admiring it, my best workman, who is a Methodist, said to me 'A pulpit is of no use, master, without a building to put it in.' And this reminded me again of that strange call, as I may name it, 'Build 'em a chapel!' So, churchman as I am, I mean to build you Methodists a chapel."

He was not worse than his word, and a noble building it was; and the cast-iron pulpit matched it well. When it was opened, the squire attended one of the services, "just to see," he said, "how the cast-iron pulpit looked." The preacher was one of his own workmen, and out of curiosity the master listened to every word of the service. God sent the truth home to his heart; and he wept like a little child. That same evening saw him, a penitent sinner, at the footstool of mercy; he cast himself upon the Lord Jesus for salvation, and it was not long before he could sing with fervour and hearty joy,—

"Oh, happy day, that fixed my oboice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day! happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away."

H. C. M. U.

"**WHAT!** another new organization!" cries in bewilderment the busy worker immersed in activities for the good of young people or older folks. Yes, another; but, kind reader, do not pass on in dismay, for these lines are meant particularly for you, and not less for your more favoured friend with moments or hours of leisure.

The interpretation of the mysterious heading to this paper is as follows:—*Young Christians' Missionary Union*; and the purpose for which the Union exists is, to seek, under the guidance and power of God, to enthuse Young Christians with the Missionary spirit wherever opportunities for so doing may be found.

The command to "Go . . . into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," still confronts the Church of Christ,—inflexible in its authority, and personal in its application to the individual believer; but to a considerable proportion of Christian people the words stand as dead, and more or less meaningless. As a result, the Missionary Societies rarely have as much money as their glorious undertakings require and deserve, and often it has to be made known that their enterprises are being crippled or hindered because the funds are low or actually exhausted.

Moreover, it would appear that, at the present rate of progress, an indefinitely long time must elapse ere the world will be evangelized; and that, during this time, countless millions of our fellow-men must needs go down into the grave without having heard of the Saviour whose love would have lit up their dark souls with the light of life had they heard of Him and believed on Him. There is a need that the whole body of the Christian Church should rally to the cause of the

world's evangelization, and should support Foreign Missions on a new and vastly larger scale than ever before, both prayerfully and financially.

The founders of the Y. C. M. U. recognized that the only hope, humanly speaking, of bringing about such an order of things, was to lay before the *Young Christians* of the present day the deep need and the divine command, so that they might in early life get a right conception of the supreme claims of Foreign Missions, and with increasing years and opportunities render increasingly efficient help to the Missionary Societies of their own denomination or of their own choice.

That many good organizations had been formed to help the Missionary cause, was not for a moment overlooked; but while the warmest good wishes were felt for all of these, it appeared that there was a need also for one which should be at once so simple in its working, and so capable of adaptation, that it could be easily introduced and set to work either in Sunday-school, Y. M. C. A., Bible-class, Y. W. C. A., Christian Band, or similar circles of young people, in any of the Evangelical denominations.

The Y. C. M. U. is designed to include in its organization,—

1. *A Central Council*,
2. *District Councils*, each sending a representative to the Central Council,
3. *Branch Unions*, each sending a representative to its District Council,

and work has been commenced in each of these departments.

The Central Council, which is intended to become a thoroughly representative body, has the oversight of the whole work, and its duties will embrace the formation of District Councils, the registration of Branch Unions, and control of the publications of the Union, but will not in any way manage the Missionary funds raised by Branch Unions, as each Union will dispose of its own monies as directed by its own Committee.

The District Councils are intended to organize, each in its own locality, Missionary Conferences and meetings, and to form and assist Branch Unions.

Branch Unions.—The Central Council has made the following provisions for Branch Unions; viz., a model constitution, a form containing the bond of union to be signed on joining, a card of membership, cards and envelopes for collecting "Carey's Weekly Penny," and a small receipt-book for treasurers or secretaries of the Unions.

The model constitution provides that the Union shall be managed by a Committee elected annually by the members, and after providing that there shall be at least one Missionary Prayer-meeting each month, it leaves all other arrangements to the discretion of the Committee. Thus, where opportunities are few, a Union might yet be formed for the purpose of prayer alone. In most cases, however, prayer would be quickly followed by active forms of help. Thus, to some it would be possible to start a Missionary Parliament, giving to each member of the Union a Mission-station or district to represent; the member would then watch the news of his or her place, and be ready to give information if asked for at the meetings.

The support of a scholar in a Mission-school, or a native teacher, or a bed in a Mission Hospital, or better still, a real live missionary, would become possible to many. It could be done by the following simple plan. Get a sufficient number of members to form a circle, each undertaking as his or her share to raise one penny a day for the work by securing seven friends who will each give one penny a week. By many of the friends of the Y. C. M. U., this has been tried and found to work satisfactorily and with large results.

Another useful method would be the collection of Missionary books—bright, and interesting,—for a small Missionary Library, and the widespread circulation of the books.

To some, the “trading pennies” would be possible; to others, “Do-without-bags”; and to others, a dozen other good and useful ways of helping Foreign Missions would suggest themselves; but all starting from the foundation of prayer. Beyond the monthly prayer-meeting the Committee is left with a free hand to plan and arrange as circumstances may permit.

Should any reader of these lines feel the desire to afford some help to this new organization, the following points may be of interest:—

1. Specimen papers and full particulars will be gladly sent on application to the Secretary, Y. C. M. U., College Buildings, Temple Street, Newington, London, S.E.

2. Friends can help the Union, and themselves, too, by forming a Branch Union in connection with their own Young People's work.

3. Those who would be willing to help in the formation of a District Council for their own town are cordially invited to communicate with the Secretary.

4. Financial help in this, as in all organizing work, is essential; any gifts sent will be gratefully acknowledged.

It should be mentioned that the Central Council has had the great advantage of securing the sympathy and help of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as President of the Union for the first year, and has also received encouraging assistance from several other good friends prominent in the cause of Foreign Missions.

A Needy and Deserving Case.

EIGHTY-SIX years ago, on July 20, 1810, the Baptist Church at Uffculme, Devonshire, was formed by Dr. Rippon. The present minister is Pastor W. Gillard, one of “our own men” who had previously done good service at Appledore, and whose labours at Uffculme have been much appreciated. The chapel is urgently needing a new roof, and other repairs and alterations must be made, at a cost of not less than £300. Not quite half this amount is in hand, and an appeal is now made for the remainder, that the Lord's house may be put into a fit condition for divine service without incurring any debt. Our friends deserve the generous assistance of the Lord's stewards in all parts, for during the past seven years they have built a mission-hall at Culmstock, costing £200, and re-seated and renovated the chapel at Prescott at an expense of over £200. They would be greatly encouraged by liberal help towards their present effort; contributions will be thankfully acknowledged by Pastor W. Gillard, The Square, Uffculme, Devonshire.

The Missionary Martyrs in North Africa.

SOME good friend in Canada has sent me a parcel of wordless books, and I beg to offer the donor my sincere thanks.

The flow of patients has been hindered during May by my visit to Sfax, and also by the great holidays of the Mohammedans; nevertheless, over 400 visits have been recorded, and the gospel seed has been sown in many attentive minds.

The arrangement about our *baraka* terminates to-day, and I am in treaty for the hire of a disused cottage, hard by, which will be, I hope, even more useful than the present shed has been for both sick folk and country patients. The need for some place was exemplified three days ago, when a little Arab boy of about ten was run over by a loaded stone-cart, just outside our door, and sustained a compound fracture of his left thigh. We have taken him into our own house, and he is doing well, but he must needs lie in bed for six weeks; he has no money, and his only friend here is his old father, a beggar, almost blind, whom he used to lead about to solicit alms. We were glad to replace the lad's dirty rags with two of the nice new garments which came from the Tabernacle Sunday-school.

This month will ever be remembered by us because of the murder of our friend, Dr. Leach, and his wife and child, at Sfax. Years ago, when resident in London, this medical missionary was a member of the Tabernacle Church, and was therefore specially our own. He was a very gentle, lovable, and holy man, and had only been in Sfax a few weeks, when, one night, his watch-dog was killed, his house broken into by several men, and he, his wife, and son all brutally murdered,—their baby girl of eighteen months alone being spared. The reason for the crime is still a mystery, and its sudden and unexpected character terrible. In a friend's birthday text-book, some time ago, Dr. Leach put against his own name, Matt. xxv. 6:—"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him." How aptly his chosen text fitted in with his bitter going out, yet blessed meeting with his Lord!

On hearing of the murder, I went at once to Sfax, and reached it just as the triple funeral was leaving for the grave. I was allowed to see the victims, and my heart was strongly comforted as I marked the deep peace which seemed to rest on each face. He, who said, "Lo, I am with you always," had not forsaken His poor sheep in their hour of need.

Another almost prophetic text was found upon the doctor's desk, written by him in French:—"The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fall on me."

One aspect of this crime must not be forgotten. There is a strong opinion among French people that English missionaries are political agents; indeed, an attempt has been made quite lately, in Algeria, to fix upon them a charge of selling ammunition. Now here we have a test case; a missionary family is suddenly attacked and murdered, yet they are so completely unarmed that they do not possess even a revolver with which to defend their own lives. Again, all their effects are immediately taken possession of and carefully examined by the French authorities, yet not a trace of political work, it is safe to say, has been found among them all; and, as if God would make their witness on this point still more clear, Dr. Leach and his wife left, not only the letters which they had received, but also rough copies of the letters which they had written for many years past, even on the most private subjects. These, in the course of the investigation, have been subjected to rigid judicial examination; what more cogent and triumphant proof could be given of the pure and non-political character of our mission? May HE, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, make this great crime a great blessing, and the blood of His martyrs to be once more the seed of His Church!

Sousse, Tunisia.

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

The "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society.

MANY of our readers may remember the "Note" which appeared in the July *Sword and Trowel*, last year, intimating that, on the 17th of that month, the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society would complete its fourth year of service; and probably many who responded to the appeal then made for workers will again look for an "anniversary note" now that another year is nearly ended.

Those friends who have followed the history of the work from its commencement, and who have read in these pages, and in Mrs. Spurgeon's volume, *Ten Years After!* the various accounts of its progress, must have rejoiced at the abundant blessing which has rested upon the Society; but the present statistics give cause for renewed praise and thanksgiving that this "living memorial" is such a mighty power for good, and they ought also to lead to *renewed consecration and zeal* in the various departments of this sacred service.

To add, in twelve months, a cipher to each set of figures announced a year ago, did not seem an easy matter, nor has it been; but, by the good hand of our God upon us, this is what has been accomplished. Thus, whereas we had 20,000 Sermons in circulation this time last year, there are now over 200,000. The number of distributors then, was 300; now, it is 3,000; and instead of the work being confined to 27 towns, over 270 towns have now taken it up, and in addition there are probably as many villages and isolated districts, as in many cases the town secretaries have extended the distribution to all the villages lying around for several miles, including all the operations under the one branch. One secretary, near Brighton, reports that at only one house (a rectory) in three entire parishes are the Sermons refused, although several public-houses are included in the district visited.

A year ago, distributors had begun work in one town in Scotland (Perth); now, the one has been increased to 24, while already, 11 foreign branches, with 63 districts, have been organized. Just as these particulars are being written, a letter has come from Pastor E. H. Ellis, of North Adelaide, South Australia (whose portrait appeared in the March *Sword and Trowel*, next to the Society's Annual Report), enquiring whether the work could not be extended to the Colonies. He writes:—"I am sure it would grow, and a good strong Colonial branch might be developed, to the praise of God's name." As a friend, who was present at one of the Secretary's lectures in Scotland, sent a donation of £5 just before the receipt of Pastor Ellis's letter, 20 sets (1,000 Sermons) have been sent to him; and if sufficient funds are given, the work can be carried into many remote regions where gospel literature is scarce and highly prized. We trust that the Lord's stewards will enable the friends to extend this useful agency abroad as applications are received.

To return to the English work, the Lord has given many tokens of His approval. Scarcely a day now passes without some encouraging report coming to hand, telling of a sinner's conversion, or of some tried and troubled believer finding comfort and consolation, or of some sick or dying bed being made bright and peaceful, or of Christian workers being stimulated and encouraged. The frequent testimony from all sections of the Christian Church is:—"We know of no literature, next to God's Holy Word, more calculated to do good, than the precious Sermons of the ever-beloved CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON."

We are convinced that many of our friends, who have not taken any part in this noble enterprise, would willingly do so if they only knew how the Lord is blessing it. Will not *all* who read this notice associate themselves in some way with the Society, either by enrolling themselves as distributors, to carry the glad tidings of salvation from door to door, or if unable to take

such an active part in the work, by stimulating others by their prayers and practical sympathy?

Two facts are worthy of special mention in this "anniversary note." First, some friends have presented 100,000 Sermons, as a loving memorial to their dear father and mother, who took the deepest interest in the publication and circulation of the Sermons from the first number that was issued until they went to join their beloved Pastor in the presence of the King. Then, the *order for a million Sermons* has been given,—an order which, we suppose, is unique in the history of sermon-production. Will our readers unite in praying that not one out of the million may pass from hand to hand without the Lord's blessing?

The Sermons are supplied *entirely gratis*, ready covered, and carriage paid in continual loan grants, on condition that all contributions received from sympathizers with the work are forwarded *quarterly, with a report*, to the Secretary. The number of "sets" (50 Sermons) required, counting one for each worker, should be stated, and all communications should be addressed to the Founder and Secretary, Mr. William Taverner, 72, The Drive, Brighton, Sussex.

The Attractive Power of Christ.

ONE feature of our Saviour's character was His unfaltering confidence in the extent and perpetuity of His power. The expression of this confidence must have struck those who heard Him as remarkable when they saw that He appeared to be only a Galilean peasant without rank, without wealth, and without influence. Yet He avowed Himself "Heir of all things," and "mighty to save," and He could with truth say, "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father." Although hurried from Gethsemane to the judgment hall and the cross, like the meanest malefactor, He intimated that more than twelve legions of angels awaited His prayer, and would flash forth at His request; yet He did not utter the request, nor present the prayer, for that would have defeated the great purpose of His coming into the world.

As He approached the close of life, He looked into the future, and saw Himself condemned to die a felon's death. He knew that the wicked plot against Him was ripe for execution, and that the gathering clouds were about to burst upon Him in all their pent-up fury. He saw the bitter cup He was so soon to drink, and the dark passage leading to the grave; yet He did not shrink from the one, nor tremble at the other. He knew that death by uplifting on the cross awaited Him, so that He was not taken by surprise nor did His enemies find Him unprepared. The words He spoke were not the utterances of a wild fanatic seeking to impose upon the credulous multitude, but of a Divine Messenger from Heaven, conscious of a commission for the salvation of His people, for everything connected with the calm dignity of His eventful life proclaimed Him to be the Son of God, and the Redeemer of men. He came not only to tell the way to God, but to be Himself the way. He placed Himself between the human soul and its Divine Creator. He was more than a divinely-inspired teacher; He was the Mediator between God and men.

Before He offered the one sacrifice for sin, He saw the triumphs of His cross. His prophetic eye caught a glimpse of the infinite and eternal results in Heaven. His ear caught the far-distant sound of His redeemed and glorified Church singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." He saw the gospel going forth conquering and to conquer, carrying light to the regions of darkness, and mercy and love to the habitations of cruelty. He beheld Ethiopia and the isles of the sea stretching out their hands unto

God, and the desert beginning to blossom as the rose; hence He exclaimed, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Even in the article of death, as He saw the last fold of the grand design of redeeming mercy unrolled, He passed out of the world with the exultant cry, "It is finished."

The power of Christ over men is *attractive*, not *coercive*. He *draws*, and does not *force* them against their will. He appeals to them by truth and love presented in sufficient but not in overmastering force. He does not invade the sacredness of moral agency, nor rife the soul of that liberty without which it would be alike incapable of virtue or vice, praise or blame. He influences by loving tenderness, and draws men to Himself; not to this system or to that, however attractive they appear; not to this church or to that, however well they are organized; not to this preacher or to that, however eloquent they may be; it is to HIMSELF that the Saviour attracts sinners. As the sun draws all things to itself, the grass-blade as well as the cedar of Lebanon, the shrub as well as the oak, so Christ attracts men to Himself.

The daisy in the meadow, under the cold and dark shadow of the night, closes its eye, and shuts itself up from all around; but when the morning comes, and the sun puts forth its genial beams, the little flower opens to gaze upon the light, and to drink in the warmth. Christ exercises a power of attraction over the soul that is shut against all that is good, holy, and pure, and under the dark and chilly influence of sin. As soon as He approaches the soul, the moving towards Him begins, and the man is drawn into personal and loving communion with Him, and all opposition is taken away. Just as the grey twilight that hangs upon the mountain, or the mists that hover upon the lake, yield to the sun's control, so, when Christ begins to work upon the soul, the darkness of sin and the mists of unbelief are overcome, and the Saviour reigns as Sovereign of the heart.

Christ was "lifted up" that He might attract sinners to Himself, as the smiting of the rock in the wilderness gave forth the refreshing waters, which drew the thirsty tribes around to drink. If the soul longs for sublime and tender fellowship, a friendship at once divine and human, an intimacy of perfect freedom, purity, and reverence, there is only one Being in whom they can be found—that is, Christ, who was both divine and human.

"Christianity," says Dr. Magee, "does not call upon us to believe in the mystery of God becoming man without an adequate reason for it. The simple publication of a new religion would be no such adequate reason. That might need an inspired teacher, not an incarnate one; it might need a Moses, but it could not need a Christ. When, therefore, we proclaim the Incarnate Christ, we express our belief in the doctrine that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. In Christ we have incarnation and atonement inseparably linked together. Take away one, and the other will not long remain. Take away the belief in the Divine and Eternal Christ, and we lose the true ground of the atonement. Take away the idea of the atonement, and we lose the only sufficient reason for the incarnation."

Christ's deep human pity drew around Him the despised and outcast. Contrite publicans and wretched wanderers wept before Him unrebuked, and were assured of His help and pardon. His presence awoke in miserable bosoms the torpid instincts after the invisible and divine, and He drew to Himself the life which He had inspired. Penitence found relief in tears whilst prostrate at His feet. Adoration poured its fragrant oil upon His head; and confidence found its haven of rest when reposing on His bosom. From His look the backslider retired to weep. Returning faith appealed for proofs of its sincerity to His merciful omniscience. Scepticism thrust its hand into His side, and broke forth in raptures of renewed confidence, "My Lord and my God." And adoring affection, as it beheld Him taken

up to Heaven on the shining cloud, worshipped Him, and returned with joy to await His blessed commands.

And He is the same loving Saviour still. "Touched with the feeling of our infirmity," He succours them that are tempted. By human sympathy He arrests our attention, by divine perfections He claims our worship. Wearied with the hollowness of the world, we find rest in Him. Chilled with reserve and selfishness, we pour out our hearts more freely before Him, and He always understands us, and sympathizes with all the peculiarities of our nature and our lot. The purer and more devoted we grow, the deeper we can enter into His disinterested motives, and His wondrous plans of love and pity.

THOMAS ELLIS.

Ramsgate.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

"*Theopneustia*;" *the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.* By L. GAUSSEN, D.D. With Prefatory Note by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

THE second edition of Dr. Gausсен's invaluable work having been exhausted, the publishers have wisely issued a third, to meet the demand for it which still continues. Wherever attacks are made upon the Inspired Word of God, this volume and others of kindred character should be circulated, that the wavering may be strengthened, the wandering reclaimed, and the steadfast yet more firmly established upon "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture."

Even before Midsummer arrives, Mr. BULLOCK'S ever-welcome Midsummer volumes are ready for his large circle of readers. They are so well known that we only need to mention their titles,—*Home Words*, *The Day of Days*, and *Hand and Heart* (all published at 7, Paternoster Square, sixpence each). This year, there is an addition to the series, the holiday volume of *The Fireside*, which gives a mass of good things for 3s. 6d.

The Christian Endeavour Hymnal.
Sunday School Union.

THE Y.P.S.C.E., having "come to stay," its own official Hymnal was a

necessity. Evidently, great pains have been taken to secure a suitable selection of hymns and tunes; and both the General Editor and the Musical Editor are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. They have wisely included in their collection a number of the good old hymns and tunes that never grow stale, and with them are many that have been specially written or harmonized for this book, and others that have become favourites with Endeavourers on both sides of the Atlantic. There are no less than ten Indices; and altogether, the Hymnal is worthy of the remarkable movement with which it is associated,—what higher commendation could we give?

In this connection we may also mention the admirable penny illustrated weekly, *Christian Endeavour*, edited by Rev. W. KNIGHT CHAPLIN, which is simply indispensable to all who would keep themselves informed on all matters interesting to members of the Y.P.S.C.E.

— The latest volumes added to Messrs. Blackie and Son's "School and Home Library" are CAPT. BASIL HALL'S *Log-Book of a Midshipman*, and SUSAN COOLIDGE'S *What Katy did at School*,—the first for the lads, and the second for the lasses, we presume.

Pleasure and Profit in Bible Study. By D. L. MOODY. Morgan and Scott.

A HEAP of minted gold. We can imagine how the revered founder of *The Sword and the Trowel* would have revelled in this volume, and with what enthusiastic welcome he would have greeted it. It is as clear as crystal, fresh as a mountain breeze, beautiful with homely and illuminating illustration as a meadow full of summer wild-flowers. The all-consuming earnestness of the man who loves Jesus, and because of this, yearns to save and bless men, gleams and glows on every page, giving the author an inspiration and soul-power that nothing can counterfeit or substitute. Precious beyond money value to all Christ's disciples, it will be of superlative help to Christian workers, who may read, and re-read, and read it yet again, with increasing profit every time. We bless God for this truly helpful book, and rejoice over it as "one that findeth great spoil."

The Permanent Message of the Exodus. By Rev. JOHN SMITH, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. SMITH'S studies in the life of Moses, having taken shape in a series of lectures to his congregation, are now issued in book-form for the general benefit. These studies are certainly worthy of such permanence as publication can confer. There is much of the pictorial and descriptive in them, as well as no little heart-power and kindling of soul. Altogether, they suit the literary form they now have better than the mould of pulpit discourse.

Ruth; or, Under the Shadow of His Wings. By W. SPENCER WALTON. R. J. Masters and Co.

THESE gracious and devotional sketches of the Book of Ruth will be welcomed by many who love to see in this beautiful idyll the parable of divine witnessing that is the privilege of all believers. The author does not seek to manufacture startling novelties, but is content to unfold and apply Bible teaching for the spiritual profit of the reader. Brilliance is

subordinated to edification, and the writer is lost sight of in the predominant presence of the Lord Jesus Christ. The gracious savour that clings to the whole volume will make it very acceptable to all true lovers of the King.

Christ in the Old Testament. By Rev. H. LINTON, M.A. Elliot Stock.

WE are glad to see so truly spiritual a volume in its third edition, and shall hope to see it in yet more. The study of the types, predictions, and sacrifices of the Old Testament that point to Christ, is one of the most suggestive and profitable lines of Scripture meditation, and must produce Evangelical and virile believers. These are the garments that "small of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia," that enswathe the King, and reveal His presence, and therefore are precious to all His loving and loyal followers. Keen-eyed readers will find here many valuable hints for Bible-readings, addresses, or sermons,—suggestions that will bear amplifying and illustrating to great profit.

The Nature of Christ; or, the Christology of the Scriptures. By WM. MARSHALL. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS volume is a reproduction and enlargement of a special chapter in the author's book on "The Invisible God." It deals with the question as to whether the humanity of the Lord Jesus was eternal in the past, or only assumed for His earthly life and redeeming work. In some hands, such a theme would have repelled by its irreverent analysis; but Mr. Marshall's devout spirit enables him to touch this lofty topic in the most reverent manner. As to whether he proves his point, opinions will vary; but whether convinced or not, we are obliged to confess that his arguments are both ingenious and devoutly stated.

The Revelation of the Christ. Familiar Studies in the Life of Jesus. By W. D. MACKENZIE, M.A. Sunday School Union.

ORIGINALLY written for a Sunday-school periodical, these papers are

now formed into a book, and a very pleasant, readable book they make. There is little formal exposition or connected theology in them, but much agreeable remark on various scenes in the Saviour's life. To see Him as the Son of God, and listen to His teachings as the revelation of the Father's will, is the central aim of these familiar chats. Reverent love for Christ, extensive knowledge, and considerable literary charm are all manifested in the volume, and the result is to exalt the Lord Jesus in the esteem and love of His own, if not to compel His acceptance as Saviour by the unsaved. Occasionally, as we read, we wish there were a more pronounced testimony to the great atoning and redeeming work of Christ; but, with this reservation, we cordially welcome these able and reverent treatises on religious themes.

What is the Gospel? With Preface and Introductory Note, by Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 7, Paternoster Square.

THIS vital question here receives an elevenfold answer by vicars, canons, archdeacons, and others. In these days of Sacerdotalism on the one hand, and Down-gradeism on the other, such a faithful presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus must prove a powerful antidote to the error so widely prevalent. Justification by faith in Christ and His substitutionary sacrifice is clearly set forth as God's remedy for saving ruined man. If this gospel be faithfully preached, both inside and outside the Established Church, it will prove, as in former times, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

The Power of the Spirit. Extracts from the Writings of WILLIAM LAW. With an Introduction, by Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet and Co.

LIKE the bush which Moses saw, this book burns with sacred fire. It treats of vital subjects; and though we may not endorse every sentence in it, we most strongly commend it, for it is a God-exalting book. All who would be able ministers of the New Testa-

ment, not of the letter, but of the Spirit, should secure this work, and prayerfully study it. With William Law, we firmly believe that the continuous operation of the Spirit is indispensable to spiritual life; to be Christians indeed, we must be under the power of the Spirit, and that continually.

The Charter of the Church. Six Lectures on the Spiritual Principle of Nonconformity. By Rev. P. T. FORSYTH, M.A., D.D. Alexander and Shephard.

QUITE the ablest treatment of Nonconformity as a deeply religious and Scriptural principle that we have yet seen. Dr. Forsyth passes by all that is merely politic or prudential, and goes right down to the rock-bed of spiritual and New Testament liberty in things religious, and matters of faith. He shows how antagonistic to the Spirit and teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ is all State interference with or patronage of religion, and how, ultimately, it becomes the destroyer of all intelligent and vital faith and loyal obedience to Christ. It is here revealed as a denier of "the crown rights of King Jesus." There is no rant, no hysterics, no "playing to the gallery" in Dr. Forsyth's fine robust lectures; but a calm, forceful reasoning that will be cogent and convincing to all candid minds. How we wish that our young men and women, lured by the glamour and social prestige of "the favoured sect", might read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this robust booklet! It would clear their minds of much sentimental nonsense, and deliver them from the fashionable but degrading worship of the golden calf of modern State-Churchism.

Strength in Quietness, and other Talks. By the late CANON HOARE, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

ADMIRABLY adapted to solace and strengthen the sick. A booklet consisting of twelve suggestive sermonettes, beautiful in their simplicity, and containing more real soul-nourishment than many large and pretentious volumes.

Delia: formerly the Blue-Bird of Mulberry Bend. By Mrs. E. M. WHITTEMORE. Alfred Holness.

AN unadorned but thrilling story of rescue work, done in the slums and purlieus of New York. Workers among the outcast and abandoned may here see what power the love of Christ has to uplift, to save, and to transform "the chief of sinners." It is a modern witness that Christ is still "able to save to the uttermost," which will cheer many, strengthen faith, and—who can tell?—may bring some other wanderers back to the Father's home and heart. We trust it may; we believe it will.

The Black Pope. A History of the Jesuits. By M. F. CUSACK (the Nun of Kenmare). Marshall, Russell, and Co.

AN electric search-light flashed into the horrible darkness and infamy of Rome's superstitions and soul-tyranny. Here we have a lurid exposure of the enormities that are committed in the name of the so-called vicar of Christ on earth. The colossal system of fraud, torture, and murder bound up with the principles of Jesuitry, is faithfully described, and then left to make its own appeal to our abhorrence, and vigilance against its inroads. Recent flirtations of English Church dignitaries with Rome, and other semi-political portents, equally ominous, will give timeliness to this startling volume, and will, we trust, rouse the latent Protestantism of the Free Churches, as well as that of many godly Churchmen, to become militant, and repel the danger to religion and civil

liberty that always comes from coquetting with this inveterate enemy of the truth.

Heroines of Daily Life. By FRANK MUNDELL. Sunday School Union.

ONE of the advantages of such a work as this is, that many who read these thrilling narratives will be moved to imitate the heroines whose noble deeds Mr. Mundell records. Sea and land, fire and flood, accident and treachery, our own country and foreign climes, all furnish their quota of brave women and girls, many of whom risked or sacrificed their own lives to rescue others from impending peril. These true tales will be far more beneficial to our young folk than the sentimental stories which are far too plentifully provided for them.

East London. Sketches of Christian Work and Christian Workers. By HENRY WALKER. Religious Tract Society.

A SERIES of graphic sketches, first published in the *Sunday at Home*, but well worthy of being collected in this comely two-shilling volume. They describe the condition in which the writer found one-fourth of London's vast population, and the religious, philanthropic, and educational efforts that are being put forth on their behalf. Well-known workers, such as Archibald G. Brown, W. Cuff, F. N. Charrington, Dr. Barnardo, Miss Macpherson, and others are of course accorded a well-deserved place in the book, but many less prominent labourers are also mentioned. The numerous illustrations materially increase the value of the work.

Notes.

Special Notice.—PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON asks us to announce that he cannot, for a long time to come, entertain any more applications to preach or lecture, as he is already fully booked far into next year. It will save much needless correspondence if all friends will kindly regard this notice as decisive. Before the additional burdens of labour and responsibility in connection with the College presidency were laid upon him, the Pastor had made as many engagements as he could reasonably hope to fulfil, and he feels that he must not add to them.

During the past few weeks, he has been happy to serve the brethren by preaching at Rochester, Chiswick, Rushden, Bow, Cardiff, Penarth, and Merthyr Tydfil; and he also took part in the Y.M.C.A. anniversary gathering at the Mansion House on *Wednesday, June 3.*

Concerning this meeting, our good friend, Mr. Matthews, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, writes, in his usual enthusiastic style:—

"I remember with great vividness PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON's visit to the

Mansion House, and how he there preached Christ to us from John iii. It was a memorable afternoon. I went on to the Tabernacle, and was the first to tell them of the beloved Pastor's reception, of his powerful word and testimony, and of how he pleaded with the men of the City to become citizens of the 'City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.'

"Well, this month, I was at the Mansion House again, and his son, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, spoke to a large representative congregation, Lord Kinnaird presiding. The address to the Y.M.C.A. friends was based on a telegram, 'Our heart is with you,' and for freshness and force, pith and point, gospel fervour and fire, many of us felt that God had raised up and sent among us a man with a message, worthy to follow so great a father. This unique address was another proof to us that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon is a growing force in this great metropolis. We may well pray that the Holy Ghost, who has so richly endowed him both with gifts and with grace, will abundantly equip him in body, mind, and heart, for the work is so great, and the giving out is almost daily. It was cheering to hear from such men as Sir George Williams, Admiral Grant, Lord Kinnaird, and many other representatives of Christ's great Church, hearty testimony to the sterling qualities and increasing influence of the ever-beloved Mr. Great-Heart's dear 'Son Tom.'"

On Monday, June 8, the friends at the Tabernacle were startled to learn that one of their fellow church-members, *Dr. McKean*, who had been at the communion service the previous evening, had been suddenly called away to be "for ever with the Lord." He was only thirty-six years of age, and he has left a widow and two young children. One who knew him well writes:—"He was a brother beloved,—gentle, generous, and gracious,—a friend to the widow and fatherless; he was devoted to the late and present Pastors, and was all that we could wish."

Mrs. McKean desires us to thank the members and friends for their loving and hearty sympathy with her in her sore bereavement. She will still be tenderly remembered in prayer, and not least by the students to whom her dear husband was such a kind and skilful medical attendant.

COLLEGE.—The second of the French students, Mr. A. Gross, has completed his course, and returned to his native land, to become assistant-pastor of the Baptist church at Marseilles.

Mr. E. Spanton is removing, from Modbury, to Naunton and Guiting, near Cheltenham.

In Memoriam.—Another of the Associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, *Pastor W. L. Crathern*, of Appledore, was called home on May 29, after a long and

painful illness. At the age of fifteen, he was baptized by Mr. Spurgeon, who always esteemed him very highly. He laboured earnestly in connection with various Tabernacle Sunday-schools and mission-stations, and afterwards was pastor at North Cheam for seven years, at Holyhead for four years, and at Appledore for nearly eight years. He was also the means of building the first Nonconformist place of worship at Westward Ho! Pastor F. Durbin, of Bideford, writes of him:—"He was a good and holy man; thoughtful, unselfish, loving, sympathetic, ever seeking the welfare and happiness of others."

In a letter to Mrs. Spurgeon, written on May 7, our Brother Crathern said:—"How very sweet the daily Text Union mottoes have been the last six weeks! Thank you for arranging the dainties of the Kingdom;" and on June 7, his widow (a daughter of the late Tabernacle Elder White) wrote:—"I feel you ought to know what a great comfort the Texts on the Almanack were to him especially during his last week on earth, and what a comfort they still are to me in this first lonely week. I also thank God for your words in *Ten Years After!* which my dear husband gave me last Christmas." May the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, graciously sustain our dear sister and her two daughters! If any of our readers can contribute to the fund that is being raised for them, their gifts will be gratefully received by Pastor F. Durbin, Bideford, Devonshire.

Last month, we mentioned that, on May 21, the Trustees of the Pastors' College unanimously elected Pastor Thomas Spurgeon as President for the ensuing year; the following week, with equal unanimity, they elected Pastor Charles Spurgeon as Vice-President for a similar term. On Friday afternoon, May 29, the two brothers met the students for the first time in their new capacity, when they received a very hearty welcome from the brethren.

On Friday, June 12, by the kind invitation of Pastor J. A. Jones and the church at Loughton, the President, Vice-President, tutors, and students, with some of the Trustees and a few friends, spent a most enjoyable day in that delightful region. At former similar gatherings, the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon had been the life and soul of the happy company; and in almost all the addresses on this occasion, tender and sympathetic references to that fact were made both by the hosts and the guests. Very hearty thanks were accorded to the pastor, deacons, and church-members, for their generous hospitality, and in response Mr. Jones, and Messrs. Edwards and Nathan expressed the joy they and their friends had experienced in entertaining the brethren. Pastor C. B. Sawday was one of the company, and he was much interested by discovering, in the burial-ground, the grave of Alfred Searle, one of the early students of the College, who was

chosen pastor of the church at Vernon Chapel, but was called away to the upper sanctuary before he could enter upon his ministry in that place. Mr. Spurgeon then recommended Mr. Sawday to the bereaved church, and thus began his long and successful ministry in the North of London.

Monday, June 15, appears to have been widely observed as the annual day of prayer in connection with the College Conference. At the Tabernacle, meetings were held at 10 a.m., and 3 and 7 p.m.; in many places, the ordinary gathering was made special; and in some parts, extra services were arranged, one brother of whom we heard had as many as five meetings during the day. Such a concert of prayer must bring blessing, not only to those who were able to gather together, but to the whole brotherhood and their churches.

On *Thursday morning, June 18,* the College session was solemnly and happily closed with a communion service at which the President presided. The students afterwards left for the summer vacation, which lasts until the second week in August. The full number of men to be then received into the Institution has been selected, so that other candidates or intending applicants will have to wait at least until next year for any vacancies that may by that time have occurred.

PASTORS' COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.—Our College brethren will be pleased to read the following copy of letter from the President to the members of our fraternity abroad:—

"Dear Brother,—At our recent Conference, of which I can only say that the Lord was with us, our absent brethren were lovingly and prayerfully remembered, and I was asked to convey to them an assurance of brotherly love.

"We were greatly gladdened by greetings from the United States, Canada, and Australia, and our hearts went out in true sympathy to all who looked longingly towards their Alma Mater when her sons were gathered together.

"Some of us know by experience what isolation involves, and you may rest assured that you are not forgotten by any of us.

"You are holding the fort in another land, but under the same flag; in a lonely outpost, perhaps, but with an ever-present Chieftain; under some discouragements, it may be, but with joy coming in the morning. The Lord keep you true to Himself—He will certainly be ever true to you, for 'He faileth not.'

"It is not by accident that you are yonder. Some must be far afield, and *He* has selected you for this honour, and He will be with you alway. All your brethren commend you right earnestly to the God of the whole earth, who is blessed for ever. We meet at the mercy-seat, though seas divide; and we are one in exclaiming, 'Hallelujah for the cross!'

"Accept also the personal greeting of your friend in Jesus,

"THOMAS SPURGEON,
President, P.C.E. Association."

(N.B.—The President desires us to say that, in the copies of his letter sent abroad, mention of the United States was inadvertently omitted.—*Ed.*)

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—We announced last month that *Mr. Harmer* had been invited to the pastorate of the church at Morice Square, Devonport, and we have now to report that he has accepted the invitation. He would not have relinquished the evangelistic work in which he has been so greatly blessed during the past eleven years unless he had received very manifest indications that this was the will of the Lord concerning his future service. After his serious illness, the winter before last, his medical adviser strongly counselled a settlement over a church in the South or West of England, so as to avoid the risk of travelling in all weathers all over the country. Now that, by a remarkable series of providences, the desired opening has come without any seeking on Mr. Harmer's part, Mrs. Spurgeon and all the friends who are most deeply interested in our brother's welfare judge that the call from the Devonport Church is a clear intimation that he should now return to the pastoral work in which the first years of his ministerial life were so profitably spent. As an evangelist, he will be much missed by the many pastors and churches for whose welfare he has so earnestly laboured, and we are sure that many of them will unite with us in praying that he may be yet more abundantly used in the winning of souls in the populous Western town to which he will shortly be removing.

There were some engagements that Mr. Harmer had to fulfil before settling in his Devonshire pastorate. From June 7 to 21, he was at Neath, South Wales; June 28, he was to spend at Devonport, leaving during the following week for Ireland, where he had promised to occupy Pastor J. D. Gilmore's place at Brannoxtown from July 5 to 19. On his return, he is to be at Miss Watney's Hall, Haling Road, South Croydon, for some weeks, after which he hopes to be able to devote all his time and strength to his new sphere of service.

The funds for the support of the evangelists have not come in lately to anything like the required amount, and Mrs. Spurgeon, in her weak state of health, is so heavily overburdened with other claims, that she cannot any longer continue the responsibility of this service. She only undertook the charge of it at first for one year, and then renewed the arrangement for another twelve months. *Mr. Burnham* hopes still to "do the work of an evangelist" among the country churches in whose interests he has laboured for the last eighteen years, and he will gratefully

acknowledge all contributions sent to him at "Fern Bank," Brentford, Middlesex. One liberal helper for many years will continue her generous gift, but other donations will be required, as many of the places that most need evangelizing are the least able to bear the financial burden of a mission.

After the labours of the past season, Mr. Burnham was glad to avail himself of the opportunity of taking a short sea voyage. On his return, he will be pleased to hear from brethren desiring his services during the coming autumn and winter.

ORPHANAGE.—*The Annual Festival* and celebration of another anniversary of the birthday of the beloved Founder, C. H. Spurgeon, took place on *Wednesday, June 17*, the nearest available date to the ever-memorable nineteenth.

The heavy rain, which fell at intervals in the morning, afternoon, and evening, must have prevented many from coming who otherwise would have been present; still, there was, under the circumstances, a very large attendance. The general receipts for the day were, of course, somewhat affected by the diminished gathering, but the liberality of the chairmen helped to bring up the grand total to near the average of recent years, W. R. Rickett, Esq., generously giving £100, and G. S. Lancaster, Esq., J.P., who was kept away through the death of his sister, kindly sending £50. When the houses for the girls at the Orphanage were being built, Mr. Rickett paid for one to be erected in memory of five dear children whom he had lost, so, at the commencement of the afternoon meeting, all the girls at present living in that house were ranged in front of the platform, and one of their number presented to Mrs. Rickett a bouquet, which was very graciously accepted. The President (Pastor J. A. Spurgeon) also handed to Mr. Rickett, in the name of the Trustees, a framed copy of the inscription upon the house given in 1880, and appropriately named, like the donor's home, "The Limes." The whole incident evidently gave great pleasure to our kind helpers, as well as to the crowded audience that witnessed it. The President gave an abstract of the Annual Report, which was of a most cheering character, especially the financial portion. Last year's balance-sheet showed a deficit of £1,547, but that has not only been cleared off, mainly through the great generosity of two ever-liberal ladies, but the year's accounts closed with a balance of £3,209 in hand. The President explained that a considerable proportion of the increased income for the year was due to the receipt of part of the large legacy left by Mr. Wood, the friend who paid the cost of building the infirmary; and he also mentioned that it would be a source of great joy to the Trustees if some other friend (or many friends combining) would contribute sufficient funds to secure a Seaside Convalescent Home, without

which the Orphanage could scarcely be regarded as complete.

Our space will not permit us to mention in detail all the interesting items of the festival; it may suffice to say that almost all the speakers we announced last month took part in the proceedings, which passed off happily and successfully, even the showers ceasing in time to permit one of the evening meetings to be held in the open-air. With scarcely an exception, the ministerial and other brethren of various denominations bore hearty testimony to the widespread and unabated love to the memory of the revered Founder of the Orphanage, and all commended the Scriptural and undenominational principles on which the Institution is based. There were all the usual attractions in the singing, handbell-ringing, and musical drill of the orphans, the bands of the Brixton Division of police and Dr. Barnardo's boys, and the illumination of the grounds at night; and, in addition, the Maori evangelists, Rawei and Hiné Taimoa, delighted the large companies which gathered in the afternoon and evening in the boys' play hall. Altogether, there is great cause to bless the Lord for the favour still shown to this portion of His dear servant's work.

COLPORTAGE.—This year's Conference will long be remembered by the fifty-five colporteurs who were privileged to take part in this holy convocation. Most of the time was spent in prayer and consultation with the Committee, and the brethren have returned to their work refreshed in mind and spirit by their two days' visit to headquarters. A large number of friends assembled for the public meeting, over which the Pastor-President presided. The Report then presented appears in the present number of the Magazine in full. Interesting accounts of incidents that had occurred in connection with the work were most earnestly related by the brethren.

The late beloved President once said:—"This is one of the best of our enterprises, and deserves to receive ten times its present support. It is one of the cheapest and best ways of spreading the gospel in the dark parts of our land. What can we say to interest Christian people in it? If it does not, from its own intrinsic worth, win sympathy, no words of ours will do it."

The Committee are anxious to extend their borders, and to open up new districts wherever a guarantee fund of £45 per annum can be raised. Will you, dear reader, help us not simply to maintain our present healthy and vigorous condition, but to take a step forward in this good work? All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
June 4, eight.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Ware	0	2	0	Mr. Giles Shaw, p.r. Mrs. C. H.			
Mrs. E. Walker	1	1	0	Spurgeon	2	2	0
Rev. C. E. Murphy	0	5	0	Mrs. Dunn, King's Winford	0	5	0
Mr. T. S. Price	4	0	0	Collection at Immanuel Baptist Chapel,			
Miss E. Price	1	0	0	Southsea, per Pastor J. Kemp	1	7	6
M. H. B. W.	0	10	0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
Pastor D. J. Hiley	1	1	0	May 17	23	13	8
Rev. B. J. Beechey	0	2	6	" 24	23	14	9
Mr. H. O. Serpell	2	2	0	" 31	30	13	0
W. H.	8	0	0	June 7	19	2	9
Mrs. Duncan Sharpe	0	5	0				
Mr. W. Pilcher	1	1	0				10s 3 9
Rev. J. P. Wigstone	2	13	4				£150 1 1
O. T., per Jones-Miller	1	0	0				

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. B. Brown	0	10	0	"A grateful son," per Pastor T.			
Moiety of collections from Teachers				Spurgeon	0	10	8
and Scholars at New Baptist Sunday-							
school, per Mr. W. Cooper	1	1	0				£2 12 0
Y.P.S.C.E., Bethesda Baptist Chapel,							
Forest Row, Sussex	0	13	8				

Spurgeon's Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 15th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. G. G. Johnson	1	0	0	Collected by the late Miss Bartlett	0	6	11
Mr. Wm. Barrett	1	0	0	Mrs. C. Heasman	0	10	0
"Little by Little"	0	10	0	A friend	5	0	0
Collected by Miss Fowler	1	2	6	B. A.	0	10	0
A few West Hamian friends, per Mr.				F. R. P.	0	6	0
A. Martin	0	5	8	Collected by Mr. G. Hicks	2	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woulidge	1	0	0	A thankoffering from Great Billingham,			
Collected by Miss E. Hardwick	1	1	0	Attleboro'	0	5	0
Mr. C. J. Roads	0	10	0	Mrs. Corby	0	5	0
Miss Ware	0	2	0	Mr. H. Bingham	1	0	0
Mr. Joseph Wheatecroft	100	0	0	Mr. Jas. Wilson	0	10	0
New Road Baptist Sunday-				Miss Lightbound	0	1	8
school, Oxford, per Mr.				Mrs. A. G. Johnston	1	0	0
F. H. Allen	1	0	0	Mr. S. W. White	0	1	8
P.S.A. for women	0	9	0	Mrs. Pullen	2	0	0
			1 9 0	Mr. J. F. Spencer	0	5	0
Mrs. Curtis	0	5	0	Mrs. Shaw	3	3	0
Mrs. A. A. Henson	1	1	0	Mrs. C. Weller	1	1	0
Mr. J. W. Spurgeon	0	5	0	Mrs. G. Howes	0	10	0
Pastor W. Cuff	1	10	0	Mr. J. S. Henderson	1	1	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton	1	0	0	M. H. D. W.	1	0	0
Mr. O. Kay	0	5	0	Rev. Ernest C. Murphy	0	5	0
Mrs. Ives	0	5	0	Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	0	8	3
M. A. L.	0	10	0	Mr. E. Jenkins	1	0	0
Mrs. S. Pickering	0	5	0	W. H. A.	0	5	0
Mr. P. Hooper	0	10	0	Mrs. W. A. Smith	1	0	0
Miss E. Locket	0	12	0	Mr. A. Humphries	0	10	6
Mr. and Mrs. Lees	1	1	0	Mr. H. Dickens	0	1	0
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0	Mrs. E. Hogg	1	1	0
Mrs. S. Sladden	0	2	6	Mrs. Ridley	1	0	0
Mr. W. A. Harding	3	3	0	Mrs. H. W. Thompson	0	1	0
A sermon-reader	2	0	0	Collected by the Misses			
Mr. C. Dabson	0	3	6	Dixon	0	9	8d
Mr. J. H. Biggs	0	11	0	Miss E. J. Dixon's			
Mr. Jas. Clark (in memory of Miss				larding fund	0	2	3d
Caroline V. Clark)	10	0	0				0 12 0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss M. Warren	0	10	0	Mrs. C. Bucknell	0	5	0
Messrs. F. Foulger and Co.	2	2	0	Mrs. S. Evans	0	3	0
A friend	1	1	0	C. F.	0	1	6
Mrs. R. Dodwell	0	0	6	Mr. A. Aberdeen	0	1	0
Collected by Miss R. F. Cook	0	10	0	Mrs. Groves	0	2	0
Mr. E. Angus, "In memory of dear parents"	1	0	0	Erica	0	5	0
Mr. W. Kemp	0	5	0	Milbank Hall Sunday-school, per Mr. J. W. Lawson	0	7	6
Miss Walker	1	0	0	Miss Hayball	0	2	0
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	1	6	Mr. S. Cole	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Hooker	0	15	0	Mrs. Dodwell, sen.	0	10	6
Mrs. Oliver	0	10	0	Miss Jane Stewart	0	10	0
Mr. R. M. McDonall	0	1	0	Mr. J. Cains	0	7	8
Mr. G. R. Adams	0	5	0	Miss E. Clover	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. F. G. Fry	0	2	6	Mr. A. Tessier	0	10	0
Rev. W. Priest Peck	1	1	0	Stamps from Edinburgh	0	2	6
Mrs. Dowson	0	10	0	Miss Brown	0	2	6
Miss M. Bashall	5	0	0	Mr. G. M. Rabbich	0	5	0
Mrs. Hester Keovil	10	0	0	Mrs. H. Warriner	0	2	6
J. B. C.	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. H. Smith	0	5	0
Miss Adcock	0	10	0	Mr. L. Davies	0	4	0
Mrs. J. G. Blake	0	10	0	Mrs. I. Cowell	1	0	0
Mr. I. J. Carter	1	1	0	Messrs. Alexander and Wood	2	10	0
Mr. H. Proctor	1	0	0	Mrs. J. Thomson	1	0	0
Mr. J. Green	0	10	0	Mr. E. Hoddy	1	1	0
Mr. G. W. F. Pringle	1	0	0	Mr. F. L. Hankin	1	1	0
The Misses A. J. and E. Gould, "In affectionate memory of our dear father's birthday"	8	0	0	Collected by Mr. F. Norton	1	8	6
Mr. and Mrs. Bland	0	8	0	Mrs. E. Milroy	2	0	0
Communion collection at Sutton Baptist Chapel, per Pastor G. Turner	4	18	0	Collected by Mrs. Jas. Withers:—			
Collected at Mission Prayer Meeting, Kent Road, Glasgow, United Presbyterian Church, per Mr. James Selkirk	1	3	2	Mr. M. H. Sutton	1	0	0
W. W., per Pastor C. Spurgeon	0	7	6	Mr. Alfred Sutton	1	0	0
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—				Mrs. James Withers	1	0	0
Lenah and Lizzie	0	5	0	Mrs. Charles Simonds	0	10	6
R. Coleclough	0	1	0	Mr. E. Harvey	0	10	6
Proceeds of exhibition work	0	1	0	Mr. Alfred Palmer	0	10	0
				Mr. Herbert Sutton	0	10	0
				Mr. W. Cowslade	0	5	0
				Mrs. Lawsley	0	5	0
				Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
				Mr. Brigham	0	2	6
				Mr. Ravenscroft	0	2	6
"In loving memory of beloved Mr. Spurgeon's birthday"	0	10	0	Miss Janet Wood	5	12	6
Collected by Master Upchurch	0	4	0	Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A.	1	2	0
Collected by Miss Cookshaw	0	16	0	Mrs. Glasier	1	1	0
Collected by Miss J. Cockshaw	1	4	6	Mrs. Hawley	0	10	0
Miss L. Wilson	0	7	6	Mr. D. Macintyre	0	13	0
Mr. J. Clark	1	0	0	Miss Little	0	3	0
Miss Cook	10	0	0	Mrs. D. Humphreys	0	5	0
Miss F. W. Peters and a friend, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	2	0	0	Mr. W. Nix	0	10	0
Mr. G. F. Dean	5	0	0	Mrs. Knott	0	5	0
Mr. W. T. Frew	2	0	0	Captain Thomas Milbourns	0	5	0
Mrs. Ellwood	5	0	0	Miss M. Fraser	0	8	0
Mrs. Haddow	0	2	8	Collected by Mrs. Lang:—			
Major-General L. R. Christopher	1	0	0	Mr. A. Beckingsale	0	5	0
Mrs. Bell	2	0	0	Mr. F. Beckingsale	0	5	0
Mrs. Hicks	1	1	0				
Mrs. A. Shearman	6	0	0	Collected by Miss E. E. Epps	0	6	4
Mrs. A. Newberry	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Thorpe	0	5	0
Mrs. Rennard	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	1	8	2
Mrs. Smith	1	10	0	Mrs. M. Townsend	1	0	0
Mr. A. H. Apsey	1	0	0	Collected by Miss E. J. Farmer	1	1	0
Dr. Jas. Dunbar	2	0	0	Mr. David Boyd	1	0	0
Mr. E. Sear	0	10	0	Miss M. Taylor	0	4	0
Mrs. Boyle	0	5	0	Mr. John Jackson	3	0	0
Mr. J. Lunaden	0	5	0	Mrs. Sarah Dales	1	1	0
Mr. J. Wood	0	10	0	D. D. B.	10	0	0
Miss Green	0	2	6	Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Kelly	1	1	0
Mr. Duncan Macpherson	0	2	6	H. E. S.	10	10	0
Postal order, Fence, Preston	0	2	6	Mr. C. F. Aldis	1	1	0
Mr. W. Crawford	0	10	0	Mr. and Mrs. Hewat	2	0	0
Mr. Hartswell	0	2	6	Mr. George Tingey	20	0	0
Mrs. E. Reynolds	0	2	6	Mr. R. T. Bull	1	0	0
Mr. J. Lewis	0	5	0	S. H.	5	0	0
Mr. J. Beeston	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Hinton	1	16	4
Misses M. and E. Foord	1	1	0	Collected by Messrs. Horn and Co. and Employe	2	4	0
Mr. C. Scruby	1	0	0	Mrs. S. J. Johnson	0	3	0
Miss F. Hall	0	5	0	Mr. Porter	0	2	6
				Mrs. J. Toller	0	10	0
				Miss E. Kewer, per Mr. T. Round	0	10	6

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. H. Holloway	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the			
M. J., Roscommon	Orphanage Choir:—			
Mrs. A. L. Davies	Eating (sale of programmes)	0 9 10
Mr. D. Campbell	Belmont Hall, Clapham	1 10 0
Mrs. Weldon, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	Loan Tract Society, Metropolitan	0 11 1
Collected by Mrs. Atkinson	Tabernacle, programmes	7 12 2
Collected by Mr. W. R. Garrett	Highbury Hill Chapel Band of Hope	25 9 2
"O. T.," per Jones-Miller	Nottingham Tabernacle	2 2 0
Sandwich, per bankers	Mr. D. Butcher	27 11 2
Collected by Mr. C. Clover	Sevenoaks Y.P.S.C.E.	5 15 0
Executors of the late Mrs. Kate				
Curling (on account)				£935 2 1

List of Presents from May 15th to June 15th, 1896.—Provisions:—1 sack Flour, Mr. W. Ladbrook; 720 Eggs, Mr. W. Paxman; 23 lbs. Butter, Mr. F. Barnes; 20 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong & Co.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haalam; 61 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 6 quarters Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 23 quarters Bread, Mr. W. Burr.

Boys' Clothing:—18 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; a parcel of worn Clothing, Mr. A. Pettit; 72 Articles, Mrs. East; 2 Woollen Ties, The Village Boys at Oundle, per Miss B. L. Capron; 5 pairs Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg; 3 Shirts, Miss Thatcher; 2 pairs Boots, Miss S. Hughes.

Girls' Clothing:—12½ yards Dress Material, Mrs. Howard; 110 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 11 Pinaflores, for No. 6 Girls, Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon; 23 Articles, Miss S. E. Knight; 28 Articles, Mrs. East.

General:—2 Ornaments, 1 pair Cuffs, 1 Inkstand, Mr. A. Slinger; 3 Volumes, Girls' Own Annual, 8 Volumes Golden Hours, for No. 8 Girls, Miss Buswell; 1 Load Firewood, Mr. G. Boxall; 23 Fancy Articles, 6 pairs Cuffs, 1 Quilt, 5 Aprons, for the Sale Room, Anon.; 8 Scrap Books, from the Village Boys at Oundle, per Miss B. L. Capron; a parcel of worn Clothing, Mrs. Woolland; 2 Tea Urns, Mr. J. Neal; 4 Beaded Collars and a few cut Flowers, Miss L. Reynolds; 8 Fancy Articles, M. B. C., Dundee; 1 Fancy Article, Miss K. Smithes.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—				A reader of <i>The Sword and the Trowel</i>	0 1 0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	Mrs. S. Ellerson	0 2 6
Anonymous, Liverpool	M. E.	0 1 0
Swaffham Friar, Rev. E. Moffat	Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	1 0 0
Mallon, friends at	Mr. Wm. Matthews	1 1 0
Hadleigh, Mr. W. F. Durant	Mr. W. Shadwick	0 10 0
Wolverhampton, Pastor J. S. Drummond	Miss Norris	0 10 0
Anonymous, Liverpool	Collection at Annual Meeting	18 13 0
"In Memoriam," Thomas Greenwood	Sale of Reports at Annual Meeting	0 12 11
Western Baptist Association	Mr. and Mrs. Splice	1 0 0
Earls Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	Miss Hegarty	0 5 0
Langham, per Mr. Thomas Scott	Mrs. Nicholson	1 0 0
Stow and Aston, Oxford Association	Mr. T. G. Ackland	5 0 0
Repton and Swadlowcote, per E. B.	Mr. W. Pitcher	0 10 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	M. H. B. W.	0 10 0
Herrford, per Mr. Samuel Ward	Mrs. Ifellier	0 10 0
Fritham, per Mr. E. W. S. Oriffiths	A friend, on behalf of our work	0 2 6
				Mr. J. Hall	2 2 0
	£157	0	0	Choir of Barrow Baptist Chapel at Higham Chapel (service of song)	0 10 6
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—				Mr. Atherton	0 1 0
Miss R. H. Thorn	"A grateful son," per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	0 10 0
Mr. Coatts				
Mr. A. J. Day				£21 11 8

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services, from Humberstone Road Nonconformist Church, Leicester
	4	0	0
	24	0	0

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	2	0	0	"For Jesus' sake"	0	2	6
Mrs. S. Hinton	0	5	0				
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's services at Morice Square Chapel, Devonport	10	0	0				
					£12	7	6

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Rev. G. H. Rouse, M.A.	2	0	0	For translations of sermons.—				
An old miner, and lover of Mr. Spurgeon	0	10	0		E. A. B.	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Hinton	0	10	0		Mrs. Walker	1	1	0
H. O. N.	0	4	0	Mrs. Kerridge	0	2	0	
"Dollie"	0	2	0	"Grateful"	0	5	0	
Mrs. A. G. Johnston	1	0	0					
Mr. Giles Shaw	8	3	0					
S. Andrew	0	5	0					
Jessie Taylor	0	10	0		£9	17	0	

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from May 15th to June 13th, 1896.

Mrs. Bridge, 2s; E. R. P., 3s; A. C., 2s; M. A. H., 4s; Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Croydon, £2 2s; Mrs. Walker, £2 2s; A widow, per Mrs. Brigg, 6s; The Misses Passmore, £1 1s; "Ebenezer" (Blackheath postmark), 2s; Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, 2s; "Entre nous," 10s; Mrs. Windmill, 2s; Mrs. B., 2s; Mrs. G., 2s; per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—"Ebenezer," 2s; Miss Pattenden, 7s 6d; Miss Wright, 2s 6d; Mr. R. W. Moore, £2 2s; Mr. James Martin, 2s; Mr. Colly. 2s 6d; Amy, 3s; Ada, 6d; a Shoreditch friend, 10s; Mrs. Shaw, 10s; Mr. T. G. Williams, 10s; Mr. Edmonds, 10s; Miss Edmonds, £1 1s; Dr. van Someren, £2; Mr. W. Lemming, £1—Total, including amounts acknowledged last month, £258 19s 8d.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

THE
TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
GOLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION,
✻ 1895. ✻



FOUNDER.

PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

PRESIDENT.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

PASTOR J. A. SPURGEON, D.D.

HON. TREASURER.

MR. C. F. ALLISON.

COMMITTEE.

MR. J. BUSWELL.
" J. J. COOK.
" J. T. CORSAN.
" J. HALL.
" S. JOHNSON.

MR. M. LLEWELLYN.
" WALTER MILLS.
" J. PASSMORE.
" S. R. PEARCE.
" F. THOMPSON.

HON. SEC.

MR. C. P. CARPENTER.

FINANCIAL SEC.

MR. A. E. ALDER.

— 卍 —
OFFICE AND DEPOT:—

TEMPLE STREET, ST. GEORGE'S ROAD,
SOUTHWARK, S.E.



METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE
COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.
TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1895.

WITH deep gratitude to God, and with earnest thanks to the friends who have generously helped us to continue the work through another year, the Committee of this Association have much pleasure in presenting their Twenty-ninth Annual Report.

During the past year we have had 63 Colporteurs constantly employed in this most useful and necessary work of circulating good and wholesome literature. They have effected sales to the total amount of £7,665 12s. 6d., which is considerably above the average amount of sales per man obtained during the previous year. This sum represents the sale of 741,332 publications, including 5,955 Bibles and 2,475 Testaments.

The Committee are glad to notice the continued increase in the sale of copies of the Word of God. For it must be remembered that in many instances the people do not ask for it, and have to be persuaded to purchase it, although afterwards many have to rejoice that the Spirit of God employed it to the salvation of their souls.

Many of the Colporteurs are engaged every Sunday in preaching and helping in the Sunday Schools. During the past year they have conducted 7,796 public Gospel services, and have paid thousands of visits to the homes of the people, and the Committee are fully convinced that these efforts must prove of incalculable value in bringing the claims of the Gospel to the notice of all classes of people.

The past year has been prolific in instances of the fearful consequences of feeding on the garbage of the "penny dreadful." Cases of burglary, suicide, and even murder, have occurred, in which these deplorable events have been traced to this source. But these are but a few of those who have been ruined by such literature. What numbers there must be whose minds have been debauched, whose moral natures have been warped, and whose lives have been twisted into evil courses! As the circulation of this class of literature cannot be prohibited or controlled, the Committee unhesitatingly appeal to

the Christian public to liberally support them in distributing not only religious publications, but good, sound, and pure reading, which by the blessing of God is bound to counteract, and, to a certain extent, supplant this vicious literature.

The Committee have much pleasure in drawing the attention of the Subscribers to the Balance Sheet, which shows the Association to be in a sound financial position, and they trust that the efficient administration of its affairs will commend the Society to their hearty sympathy and support.

THE LADIES' WORKING SOCIETY

For Helping the Colporteurs and their Families.

President—Mrs. THOMAS SPURGEON.

Vice-President—Mrs. PEARCE.

Treasurer—Mrs. HALL.

Secretary—Miss HOOPER.

Committee—Mrs. WIGNEY, Mrs. FREEMAN, Mrs. MORGAN, Mrs. PARKER,
Mrs. FULLER, Miss SWAIN, Miss MORRISON, Miss SMEE, Miss HEILBROUN,
Miss C. PEARCE.

THIS work has been steadily going on during the past year; it has been much appreciated by the men, some of whom have expressed their great indebtedness to the Society for the parcels received, these being such a means of relief to them as they go on their daily travels. These parcels contain garments for the wives, children, and in some instances for the men, when needed, so it may readily be understood what a boon it is for a man who, as in many instances, has a doctor's bill besides current expenses to meet, to receive one of these useful gifts. The Committee have to thank kind friends for subscriptions and left-off garments, which have enabled them in a large degree to carry on this work, and they would be very glad if many more would help by sending either money or clothes for the furtherance of this good work. The number of parcels sent during the year was 21.

A working meeting is held every alternate Monday, at the Tabernacle, in the Ladies' Room, from 3 till 7 o'clock. Any friend who can spare the whole or a portion of the time will receive a hearty welcome.

Parcels may be addressed to Miss HOOPER, Secretary, Ladies' Colportage Working Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, S.E.

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 Metropolitan Tabernacle Colportage
Association, 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 Association.*



METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE

Extracts from Letters, and Colporteurs' Journals.

From S. WATKINS, of Withington, Hereford.

Hearty Welcome from the Sick and Aged.

"Called on an aged woman formerly connected with the Primitive Methodists, but who, through age and distance, was unable to attend any service in connection with her own people. We conversed together and prayed; she was most thankful for my visit, and would have me stay and take a cup of tea with her.

"A few days ago I called upon an aged couple; they seemed hardly to know how to express their gratitude for my visit. We knelt together and commended this part of the Lord's work to Him in prayer and thanksgiving. Many of those who welcome me are in great pain, and appreciate very highly a kind and loving word spoken in the name of Jesus."

From A. R. RICHARDS, of Canterbury.

"That was a Good Book You Sold Me."

"With all the difficulties and drawbacks in this neighbourhood of Canterbury, I can thank God and take courage. As I go round my district I am often cheered by people telling me of good received by the word spoken or sold. On my round at Petham last month a gentleman bought 'The Traveller's Guide' on my recommendation. A few days after I met him, when he said, 'That was a good book you sold me; you must bring me another when you come round again, for I am going to give the other away; its such a good book, and has done me good.'"

From A. M. GOULD, of Denmead.

"Traveller's Guide."

"I have to report good results from reading books. 'The Traveller's Guide' was the means of the conversion of a sick man; he read it on his death-bed, and it was the means of leading him to trust in Christ. After his death each one of his children purchased a copy 'in memory' and they have proved a precious legacy. This is a poor district, but one where the work is much needed. I am glad to report that our congregations are increasing, and that there is a desire to hear 'the Word preached.' To God be the glory, for ever."

A Sweep's Conversion.

One of our Colporteurs' writes:—

"I am very pleased to report the conversion of the village sweep. He has not only been black outside, but has been blackened by sin inside, having squandered a small fortune left him by a relative in a very short time, mostly at the public-house, and with gay companions; he thought the religion of Jesus Christ a mockery, and His servants all a sham. Some time since he came to live next door to me, and I often had the opportunity of speaking a word for the Master to him. One day I sold him one of Horner's Stories, entitled, 'Playing with fire,' and this just suited him. He read this on the Sunday morning, and God used it as the arrow of conviction to his soul. His wife found him in tears in his bedroom, and was greatly astonished to hear him exclaim, 'By God's help I will go to chapel, and start a better life.'

"The following Sunday he went to the Wesleyan Chapel, and at night gave himself to Christ, and to-day he is rejoicing in the Saviour. He has bought a bible from me, and I often have the joy of teaching him the precious promises contained therein; it is indeed true of him, as of Saul of old, 'Thou shalt be turned into another man.' May this be the droppings of the showers that will yet come by the Holy Spirit, through the Colportage work."

From B. SLATTER, of Tewkesbury.

"Stray Leaves" and "Essex Lad."

"I am thankful to say the Lord has blessed my labour abundantly. Two books, 'Stray Leaves' and 'Essex Lad,' by Mr. Manton Smith, have been greatly blessed to two friends."

From G. WILLSTEAD, Chard, Somerset.

Village Preaching.

"When preaching at Tatworth in one of our village chapels, on the 10th February last, we had the presence of the Master in a special manner. At the close of the service I asked if there were any present who would like to remain behind, and to speak with me about the best things—alas, that so many leave the best thing to the worst (dying) moments. To my great joy I saw a young man and his wife staying in their seats. On speaking with them the man said, 'I cannot leave to-night until I know that Christ is mine.' We went into the vestry, and after a little talk I prayed and asked them to follow me. Both the man and his wife prayed very earnestly, and were enabled to go home rejoicing—they are now persevering Christians. I rejoice by the grace of God, that several have professed faith in Christ during my thirteen months 'of efforts to glorify God' in this district."

From Mr. TODD, of Earl's Colne.

Trashy Literature rejected.

"I am glad to record instances of blessing with my books. I sold 'Around the Wicket Gate' to an aged woman. I made my usual visit this month when she remarked, 'That was a nice book you sold me last month. I am delighted with it. I shall send it away to a friend.'

"Three years ago in one of the villages I was asked to supply the 'Family Herald.' About a month ago it was referred to again by myself, and I asked, 'Do you still read the 'Herald'?' 'No,' came the reply. 'Since I have taken Horner's Stories the "Herald" seems such trashy reading.'

"On visiting a dying man a few Sundays ago, he said, 'You have just come in time.' I had spoken with him about his salvation, and on this last occasion read to him Psalm xxiii; he remarked 'How beautiful, I shall soon be there. Jesus, come and take me home.'"

From T. BENDALL, of Great Totham.

Blessing on the Scripture Texts.

"I frequently hear of blessings through the Scripture texts. I heard recently that a Scripture text that I had sold had been the means of the conversion of a daughter. The text was, "By grace are ye saved through faith."

From Mr. GOULD, of Denmead.

"After Many Days."

"I am thankful to say I am still labouring for the cause of Christ. The work of Colportage is greatly needed. Calling at a labourer's cottage I asked the woman to buy a book. She said they were supplied with papers every week from town. These consisted of 'Police News,' 'Ally Sloper,' &c. I pleaded with her to buy that which would be more profitable for time and eternity. The people are too poor to buy expensive books, but I sell a good quantity of penny books.

"Horner's Stories have recently been blessed to a servant in my district. I also hear of another brought to a knowledge of the truth by the simple preaching of a Colporteur. Thus, we go labouring on at God's command, but we do not always see results at the time, but *after many days* the fruit appears."

From B. SLATTEE, of Tewkesbury.

"How an Old Woman became a Little Child."

"I called at a farmhouse recently, trying to sell some books. Failing to do so, I asked the lady to accept a little tract, at first refusing, but afterwards accepting. I read the title 'How an old woman became a little child.' I told her it was by giving her heart to the Lord Jesus Christ. I then asked her if she had given her heart to Christ; she was quite insulted with my impertinence in asking such a question, and told me that she did not like to speak to strangers about such matters. I said, 'We are not strangers if you are trusting Jesus, but brother and sister.' I left her with the word of Scripture, Luke ix, verse 26. I called again this month, and found her quite a different woman. She gladly received with thanks the little tract 'The way of Salvation.' My prayer is that the Lord may lead her in that way."

From Mr. COPE of Estover.

"Jesus Accepted as a Saviour."

"At Estover Chapel, Mr. and Mrs. H. received blessing through the services, they were self-righteous, thinking themselves as good as any of the professing Christians, but through intercourse with one of our young converts they were led to see that they lacked the 'one thing needful'—they attended our services and became under deep conviction of sin. Preaching on Lord's-day from Gen. xxviii. subject, 'Jacob's ladder,' the word was carried home to heart and conscience with power; at the close of the service they stayed to the prayer meeting and asked me to point them to the Lord Jesus. It was a beautiful sight to see husband and wife on their knees together seeking the Lord, and before rising from their knees both had accepted Christ Jesus as their Saviour.

"They have since attended our services—the husband has been for some time one of our most earnest Sunday-school teachers, also a tract distributor, occasionally giving an address at our week-evening service. Thus the Lord continues to bless our labours in this district. To Him be all the glory."

From ROBERT HALL, of Ilkeston.

"Regular Hard Work."

"I am pleased to say I have been able to sell a good few Scripture texts this month. I find I make the best sales where I am well known; it is hard work to try in a new place. Whilst speaking on the sufferings of our Lord Jesus, two women seemed deeply impressed. My own heart was cheered and gladdened to see the Word having power over my hearers. Trade is not bright in my colliery district, and I find it regular hard work to sell the books. If my brother Colporteurs are anything like me, they come home wet through with perspiration every night; never mind, they will be resting by-and-bye. May our loving Saviour make us more active in His service and wiser to win souls."

From Wm. BRAD of Wallingford.

"Kill Him with Kindness."

"Called at a public house; the proprietress is a good customer; we had nice talk on religion; I was much surprised and pleased when I found that she was deeply penitent on account of sin, and shed tears of grief and joy.

"She hoped I would call and speak to her the next time I came that way; was very pleased to see her at the Sunday evening service. Let her have the little book, 'Come to Jesus,' and told her to *kill her husband with kindness*. I pray that God may save them both.

"I look back with feelings of deep gratitude for the grace that He has given me to do this, my first year's work in my new district. I have sold 108 Bibles, 40 Testaments, 371 books under sixpence, 871 books over sixpence, 1,290 magazines, 1,514 cards, 100 sermons, 1,359 Scripture texts, 2,131 penny books—£113 8s. 6d. total sales."

From A. WALKER, of Melkham.

"You will always find a Welcome at My House."

"I feel very grateful to God for the success, both spiritually and financially, during the past three months. I am happy to tell you that the books, 'The Good Shepherd' and the 'Shepherd King,' have already proved a blessing, and I am hoping to sell a great many of them. Horner's Penny Stories continue to awaken great interest in the people. In one of the villages a man told me a fortnight ago, 'he blessed God I had ever called upon him.' He had never attended the house of God before; the Sunday newspaper he had thrown aside, and intended in the future to spend his Sabbaths in the house of God. He pressed me never to come that way without calling upon him, expressing sorrow at the unkind way he had treated me on former visits. *You will always find a welcome at my house*. His dear wife cried for joy and said, 'Praise the Lord.'

"An old lady 78 years of age said, as I visited her, 'Bless the dear Lord for ever sending you to my house! I cannot buy any books. I can, I do pray for you in your work. Never pass my door without looking in. Could you not come every week? Your visits do me so much good.'"

From A. R. RICHARDS, Canterbury.

Answered Prayer.

"Calling upon Mrs. Divers, of Petham, I found her in great trouble because her son had run away from home and enlisted. I prayed with her that God would make even this to work for her good as well as the lad's, and next month, when I visited her, I found the lad back and very penitent. This good woman's house is thrown open to me now, and she thinks nothing is too good for me, declaring it to be a direct answer to prayer."

From JARVIS SMITH, Eastchurch.

My Father brought to Jesus.

"A woman who has bought a number of penny books, told me they had been the means of awakening her father to serious thoughts about his soul, and resulted in his conversion. Beforetime he would not hear anything about religion, but now he finds it his chief delight. I was never more needed or welcome among the people than now."

From B. SLATTEE, Tewkesbury.

Abide in Christ.

"Two books that I have sold, 'The Traveller's Guide,' and 'Abide in Christ,' have been much blessed to several who read them."

From JOHN FORD, Gildersome.

Ambition Rewarded.]

"For a long time it has been my ambition to increase my sales to £150. This year they amount to £153. I must now raise the standard a little higher.

"I visited a man in Moorhead who told me he had never heard the story of 'The Prodigal Son.' I had to teach him the whole story of the Gospel.

"Great good follows 'The Traveller's Guide'—3 cases of conversion."

From E. GARRETT, Cheddar.

On the Mendip Hills.]]

"My sales this year amount to £258 1s. 3d. Here's a tough day's work: Left home before daybreak to meet the first train to Sandford, thence a journey of six miles—uphill the greater part—(half hundredweight of books sent on by cart), to Blagdon, on the Mendip hills; arrived there between 12 and 1. After a few minutes for refreshments, on again, calling and trying to sell the books. After dark returning to Sandford, and home about 10 p.m., tired out but thankful."

From A. W. GOULD, Denmead.

Increase of Sales.

"When I came here 12 months ago there was only 10s. worth of Magazines on order monthly. Now I am selling £3 worth each month, and my sales amount to £113 1s. 10d. for the year."

From BOTWRIGHT, Lymington.

Good Tidings.

"I have sold 207 Bibles and Testaments in this district this year. Sales for the year, £139 3s. 6d. Surely from this amount of good reading, and most of it tells the story of the Cross, we may expect a large harvest. 'Horner's' and other penny stories have been much blessed, and to our knowledge many have been led to attend the house of God. Many mothers are cheered and helped with 'Mother's Companion' in training their families. A friend sent 'Good Tidings' to America, which was the means of conversion to some there."

From T. BENDALL, Great Totham.

Seeking and Finding.

"I am pleased to report a case of blessing from reading the 'Gospel Watchman.' Through that magazine, a woman said she had found the Saviour, and enjoys going now to the house of God."

From W. BIRD, Wallingford.

Will the Lord save an old woman like me?

"Mrs. Crook, at a public house, is a regular customer for 'Horner's' and 'Thrilling Stories,' and is more anxious than ever about spiritual things, as she heard a sermon from the text, 'The door was shut.' I had a splendid chance here to obey the Master's word and preach the gospel.

"Mrs. Windows bought the 'Travellers' Guide,' read it three times, and has been earnestly seeking the Lord. She said, 'Do you think the Lord will save an old woman like me?' I told her, 'Yes.'"

From F. COLLIER, Swaffham Prior.

Spurgeon's Sermons.

"I am glad to report another instance of blessing on Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons. I sold these years ago to a friend who received comfort from them, and had lent them to this man."

From E. TIPTON, Bromsgrove.

Around the Wicket Gate.

"I was engaged in distributing 150 tickets for bread on Wednesday, and had opportunities of speaking to the people of the Bread of Life.

"I have started a Mission at Perry Pit in one of the cottages, as many of the people do not attend a place of worship. One night was stormy and snow falling, but fifteen came to listen to the message.

"I visited one young man who was dying, he had neglected the one thing needful, and when I left tears streamed down his face, and he said he was trusting Jesus. Bless the Lord.

"I paid a visit to some young people who told me they had been led to decide for Jesus through reading 'Around the Wicket Gate.' They have joined the Baptist Church, and are, I believe, growing stronger in faith day by day.

"Many buy 'Horner's' and 'Thrilling Stories' instead of the Penny Novettes, and many have bought Bibles of me, who had none in their homes."

Henry WEBB, Barrow.

A Pair of Stockings for Her Husband.

"At Dulham, I called upon an aged couple, the old man is 90 and very deaf. I have to put my mouth to his ear and shout a few words about Jesus. The old lady says no one else speaks to them about their souls, or gives them such 'letters' (conversations).

"An old lady in Hargrave told me she had thought about me a score of times since I was there, as the Lord had answered my prayer, and sent a pair of stockings for her husband.

"At Dulham I had a talk with a woman to whom I sell 'Horner's Stories.' She never reads novels, as she wants to live a Christian life."

From ^{Mrs.}A. WALKER, Melksham.

It's All Right Now.

"The other night, when over to take a service, I asked a friend how he was getting along. 'Oh,' said he, 'Praise the Lord it's all right now. Oh, that you had come to me sooner, I do praise the Lord that ever He sent you here.'

"One dear child, eleven years old, passed away last month, who was led to Jesus last winter at one Wednesday Evening Meeting. Two hours before she died she asked her father and mother to sing,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
As soft as downy pillows are."

"Don't sing Jesus can, but Jesus does, I am going home; do tell Mr. Walker."

"A dear old friend, sixty years of age, has found Jesus through my visiting him, and wants me to go and see him every week.

"Horner's Penny Stories' and the Wall Texts are arousing many of the people."

From Mr. POWELL, of Walworth.

A Sermon by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon.

"During the year I have sold—Bibles 45, Testaments 1,407, C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons 8,159, magazines 965, books sixpence and over 8,980, books under sixpence 669, Scripture texts 309, almanacs 1,022, penny stories 2,029. Total amount of sale £202 17s. 8d.

"In going from door to door I have been conscious of much help through the goodness of God. Some who were reading trashy literature are now reading Horner's Stories. A copy of 'Word and Work,' sold to a lady and given by her to a friend, containing one of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Sermons, was greatly blessed—the text just suited the reader. The work has not been all smooth, but goodness and mercy have been my companions in this labour for the Lord."

From G. HARRIS, of Cardiff.

Welcomed for the late dear President's sake.

"On Sunday evening last, at the close of a service I conducted, amongst the Welsh Colliers, in Rhondda Valley, South Wales, a young man came up to the deacon of the chapel after it was closed, and said: 'I am very much impressed about my soul through hearing Mr. Harris, the Colporteur, to-night, and if you will open the chapel door again I will come in and give my heart to God, in prayer. He did so, and there was much rejoicing amongst the members. Last Palm Sunday my worthy Superintendent, Alderman Cory, and myself, preached the gospel to thousands who were assembled together at Cardiff Cemetery; some hundreds of tracts were given away. My sales in pocket Bibles have been good. I find that no man in Wales is admired more than our late beloved President: for his sake I constantly receive a hearty Welsh welcome amongst the people.'"

From J. ANDREW, Sellindge.

Seed Scattered, Fruit Expected.

"The account of my work for 1895 is as follows: Total value of sales £214 6s. 8d.; families visited, 10,857; books, all prices, 2,839; magazines 8,580; Scripture texts for walls 1,231. This makes a grand total for the 13 years in this district of £2,666 16s. 11d.

"I have sold more of Mr. Spurgeon's 1s. works, reduced to 9d., during the last six months than I think I sold for two years before.

"Mr. R—— says, 'I feel thankful for the good I get from reading Mr. Spurgeon's books and sermons.'

"Another friend who was much blessed on reading 'According to Promise,' has ordered 'All of Grace.'"

From J. P. ALLEN, Swadlincoote.

Satan at Work.

"At Newhall, a woman invited me in, saying, 'We have an unpleasant dispute on 'Come in.' The subject was that religion was a trade, and that ministers did their work for the pay. The son was a very enthusiastic Socialist. Of course, I fell back upon the Master, His life and work, but especially His love to the world. I presented the life of Jesus Christ as the pattern of Socialism, that was worthy of imitation. I had tea and prayed with them before leaving.

"I have had a very anxious time during the last 2 months, owing to the Rev.—— denying the authenticity of God's Word from the pulpit, and preaching salvation through purification by punishment. My predecessor, Mr. Beard, and myself, have been his strongest opponents."

From C. G. HICKS, Thornbury.

More good out of Spurgeon's Sermons.

"A friend, speaking of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, said: 'I can get more good out of one of them than I can out of the Parish Magazine.'

"A lady, to whom I sold 'From Adam to Moses' ordered the remainder of the series: 'Bring them next time, so that I can teach my little boy about the Bible.'"

From W. BEER, Greenwich.

The truth realized, the way found.

"I invited a lady just a year ago to come to the chapel, which she did, and seeing her lately asked if she was trusting Jesus; she told me it was settled ever since she came to hear Mr. Balls preach from the text, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.' There is a Church Army man here, and I help him sometimes. Anywhere and with everybody if only to spread the knowledge of a Saviour's love. I am so glad to find the good old Book is still in demand. I think over 240 Bibles have been scattered in my district this year."

From ROBERT HALL, Ilkeston.

No time like the present.

"Travelling by train to Summerootes, a gentleman was in the carriage with me, and so I took out of my pack 'Morning by Morning,' by C. H. S.

"Please read the portion for the day, sir, 'Come unto Me.' He did so, saying, 'It was very good, how much do you want for it?' '3s. 6d., sir.' 'If I were at home I would buy it.'"

"I said time present was best. Avail yourself of the privilege; will you have it?' He replied, 'You are a good salesman; yes, I will.'"

From J. KEDDIE, Maldon.

"Like a Sunbeam."

"My visits are much blessed to the people. One said lately, 'It was like a sunbeam coming into the house,' for apart from me she never has anyone to speak a comforting word to her about Jesus.

"My Mission Station at Woodham Walter has been greatly blessed—20 have professed conversion to God and many others are seeking peace. One man who had been round the world found the Saviour here."

From R. MOODY, Pewsey Vale.

A Soldier of the King's Own.

"I had conversation in the train coming from Devizes with a soldier. I told him I belonged to the 'King's Own,' and was serving Jesus Christ.

"He said: 'You make me wish I did, too.'"

"Mr. Carter, of Pewsey, to whom I sold a 'Traveller's Guide,' tells me it has been the means of untold blessing to one man to whom he sent the book."

From A. PORTINGALL, Kettering.

Accepted Service.

"The people are very pleased when I visit them, and ask me to be sure and call again. One woman called me back, and shaking hands the second time, said, 'I cannot thank you sufficiently for your conversation and prayers.'"

From E. PATNE, Haultleigh.

The Colporteur in the Workhouse.

"I visit one man in the village who was quite opposed to the truth and used to treat me very abruptly. Now he takes Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and expects me again soon.

"I visited the Union lately and spoke and prayed with the people, going round to each of those confined to their beds.

"I called upon an old man who said, 'I am afraid there is no hope for me; come in and help me.' I sat down and pointed him to Jesus, as I had done before. He bought the 'Mourner's Comforter,' and 'From Death unto Life.'"

TABLE OF COLPORTEURS' SALES.

A complete list is impracticable, on account of the number and variety of Books sold; but the following table indicates the number of Books and Periodicals sold in considerable quantities during the year 1895:—

BOOKS.

	VARIOUS TOTALS.		INCLUSIVE TOTALS.
Bibles... ..	5,955	Books under 6d.	72,554
Testaments	2,475	Books over 6d.	45,367
Mr. Spurgeon's Book Almanack	1,378	„ in Packets	19,917
„ John Ploughman's do.	3,939	Scripture Texts... ..	56,477
„ Books (various)	2,817	Cards in Packets	91,669
Almanacks (various)	5,358		
Penny Illustrated Books... ..	151,608		
TOTAL BOOKS AND PACKETS			137,838
„ SCRIPTURE TEXTS AND CARDS			148,146
„ PENNY STORIES			151,608

PERIODICALS.

Adviser	2,660	National Temperance Mirror... ..	1,813
Appeal	2,347	Notes on Scripture Lessons	2,994
Band of Hope Review	10,326	Our Little Dots	5,638
Band of Hope Treasury	3,181	Our Own Gazette	3,969
Child's Own Magazine	5,045	Prize	8,169
Gospel Trumpet	2,682	Sunshine	6,763
Herald of Mercy	2,232	Silver Link	3,828
Juvenile Missionary Herald	4,405	Good Tidings	10,417
Baptist Messenger	2,582	Chatterbox	4,626
British Workman	7,356	Our Darlings	1,571
British Workwoman	3,837	Sword and Trowel	6,560
Child's Companion	5,309	Young England	3,300
Children's Friend	8,368	Boy's Own Paper	3,615
Christian Endeavour	3,873	Girl's Own Paper	8,085
Cottager and Artisan	7,021	Quiver	12,276
Family Friend	12,614	Sunday at Home	4,467
Friendly Visitor	4,085	Cassell's Family Magazine	3,782
Home Words	5,155	Miscellaneous Magazines... ..	80,703
Infants' Magazine	3,909	Spurgeon's Weekly Sermons	13,732
Mothers' Companion	15,452	Woman at Home	2,726
Mothers' Treasury	2,247		
TOTAL PERIODICALS			393,740

These figures give some idea of the sales made by 63 Colporteurs. In addition to this they distributed gratuitously upwards of 61,189 Tracts, made about 425,850 visits, and conducted 7,796 services.

Value of Sales from the commencement of the Association:—

£189,924 17s. 0d.

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 £45 a year is guaranteed, 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	1881	78	7,673	3	6	624,482	7,544
1867	6		1				1882	79	8,038	2	2	620,850
1868	6	1,139	16	3	91,428	1883	76	7,921	9	3	592,745	7,514
1869	11	1,211	10	6	127,130	1884	78	8,760	15	9	626,348	7,627
1870	9	1,056	11	4	92,868	1885	76	9,525	16	2	552,677	8,458
1871	10	1,110	3	4	85,397	1886	87	9,601	13	7	560,750	11,952
1872	12	1,228	10	11	121,110	1887	80	9,166	8	3	831,130	9,742
1873	18	1,796	2	2	217,165	1888	80	8,916	11	1	624,989	9,352
1874	29	2,937	1	7	217,929	1889	84	9,688	13	7	698,272	9,866
1875	36	4,415	8	7½	360,000	1890	90	10,979	2	10	718,534	10,246
1876	49	5,908	1	9	400,000	1891	95	11,255	0	6	689,284	10,147
1877	62	6,950	18	1½	500,000	1892	93	10,828	10	10	695,764	10,936
1878	94	8,276	0	4	926,290	1893	91	9,581	1	4	579,605	10,285
1879	84	7,661	16	0	797,353	1894	73	8,125	8	10	471,008	8,498
1880	79	7,577	7	10	630,993	1895	63	7,665	12	6	425,851	7,796

Cheques may be crossed London and County Bank, Newington Butts; and Post Office Orders made payable to SECRETARY, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. All communications should be addressed to SECRETARY, Colportage Association, Pastors' College, Temple Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, London, S.E.

LIST OF COLPORTEURS, with Districts occupied during 1895.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTEUR.	OPENED.	GUARANTOR OR HONORARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Ridings and Ilkston	Derbyshire	Robert Hall	1872	Mr. C. Perriam.
Cheddar	Somersetshire	E. Garrett	1873	Mr. H. Woolf.
Dorking	Surrey	S. Townsend	1873	Mr. C. T. Peiron.
Maldon	Essex	J. Keddie	1873	Friends at Maldon.
Cardiff	Glamorganshire	Geo. Harris	1873	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.
Minchinhampton.	Gloucestershire	W. Ford	1874	Messrs. P. O. Evans & Sons.
* Kempsey	Worcestershire	C. Dixey	1874	Local Committee.
Alcester	Warwickshire	C. Skinner	1874	
Everham	Worcestershire	T. Boulton	1874	
Downton	Wiltshire	C. Mizen	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Brentford	Middlesex	H. Mears	1874	H. M. and T. Greenwood, Esqs., 'In Memoriam.
Wellow	Hampshire	W. Hodge	1874	Southern Baptist Association.
Stow and Aston	Gloucestershire	C. Bartlett	1875	Oxfordshire Association.
Wolverhampton	Staffordshire	A. Frost	1876	Mr. T. Bantock.
Ironbridge	Shropshire	J. Gilpin	1876	A. Maw, Esq.
Pewsey Vale	Wiltshire	R. Moody	1876	Dr. Anstie and Local Committee.
Fritham	Hampshire	R. Bellamy	1876	R. W. S. Griffith, Esq.
Lymington	Do.	G. Botwright	1876	Southern Baptist Association.
Hadleigh	Suffolk	E. Faine	1876	Hadleigh Congregational Church.
Poole	Dorset	W. Lloyd	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
Bower Chalk	Salisbury	W. Hardiman	1877	Southern Baptist Association.
* Bethnal Green	Middlesex	A. Wagon	1879	Messrs. O. E. & W. R. Fox.
Kettering	Northampton	J. P. Allen	1879	Mr. Thomas Meadows, Sont.
Swadlincole	Derbyshire	T. Bignell	1880	E. S., Anonymus.
Orpington	Kent	F. Collier	1880	W. Vinson, Esq.
Swaffham	Cambridgeshire	C. Payne	1880	Cambridgeshire Association.
Repton	Staffordshire	J. W. Andrew	1882	E. S., Anonymus.
Selling	Kent	B. Slatier	1882	Mr. Thomas R., Anonymous
Tewkesbury	Gloucestershire	C. G. Hicks	1882	Rev. J. E. Breth.
Thornbury	Do.	T. Bendall	1883	Mrs. S. Taylor.
Great Totham	Essex	J. W. Kne	1883	Rev. H. J. Harvey.
Penrhykyber	Aberdare		1883	Messrs. J. and R. Cory.

DISTRICT.	COUNTY.	COLPORTER.	OPENED.	QUANTON OR HOBARY LOCAL SUPERINTENDENT.
Aylesbury	Bucks	Job Smith	1888	Messrs. J. E. Taylor and Thos. Gurney.
Melkham	Wiltshire	A. Walker	1884	Mrs. H. Keevil.
Stratford-on-Avon	Warwickshire	S. Barlett	1884	Messrs. J. Smallwood and Thos. R.
Greenwich	Kent	W. Beer	1886	Rev. O. Spurgeon.
Eastover	Devon	H. Cope	1887	H. O. Sorpell, Esq.
Langham	Essex	F. Hyatt	1887	R. Scott, Esq.
St. Margaret's	Kent	B. E. Slater	1889	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Cowfold	Sussex	W. Brooker	1889	Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Egham	Surrey	H. E. Cole	1889	Western Baptist Association.
Chard	Somerset	G. Willstead	1889	Thos. Harris, Esq.
Corton	Wiltshire	Thos. Haines	1889	Suffolk Congregational Union.
Barrow	Suffolk	Hy. Webb	1889	Rev. J. Haslam.
Gildersome	Yorkshire	J. Ford	1889	L. H., Anonymous.
Eastchurch	Sheppey, Kent	Jarvis Smith	1890	Miss Bilbrough.
Horsforth	Yorkshire	T. J. Tilney	1890	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Sittingbourne	Kent	J. Morey	1890	Home Counties' Baptist Association.
Horsell	Surrey	F. Bridger	1890	R. Beck, Esq.
Southampton	Hampshire	H. W. Hillman	1890	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School.
Newington and Walworth	Surrey	G. Powell	1890	Southern Baptist Association.
Denmead	Hampshire	J. Gould	1890	Mr. J. A. Tawell.
Earls Colne	Essex	T. R. Todd	1891	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Biddenden	Kent	F. Singleton	1892	Norfolk Congregational Union.
Dereham	Norfolk	B. Neal	1892	Cowling Hill Baptist Church.
Cowling Hill	Yorkshire	S. Parkes	1892	J. G. Priestley, Esq.
Catford	Kent	J. Chant	1893	W. Davies, Esq., Toronto.
Wallingford	Berkshire	W. Bird	1893	Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association.
* Bromsgrove	Worcester	E. Tipton	1894	Devon Baptist Association.
Devonport	Devon	J. Hines	1894	Mr. J. Meredith.
Withington	Hersford	S. Watkins	1894	Kent and Sussex Baptist Association.
Canterbury	Kent	A. R. Richards	1894	
Langley Moor	Durham	R. Dodds	1895	J. Raw, Esq.

No. of Districts occupied during 1895 :—63.

* Districts marked with an asterisk have been discontinued from list of Local Subscriptions or other causes.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND DONATIONS

Received from 1st January to 31st December, 1895.

(Previously acknowledged in *The Sword and the Trowel*.)

FOR DISTRICTS.		£	s.	d.
Aylesbury, per Mr. J. E. Taylor and Mr. Thos. Gurney	...	40	0	0
Axbridge, per Mr. Chas. Burcham	...	5	1	0
Abercarn, per Mr. D. W. James	...	10	0	0
Brentford, in memoriam	...	40	0	0
Bethnal Green, Mr. C. E. Fox	18 15 0			
Bethnal Green, Mr. W. R. Fox	18 15 0			
		37	10	0
Bromsgrove, West Midland Baptist Association	...	30	0	0
Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	...	45	0	0
Cambridge Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat	...	50	0	0
Cardiff and Penriceiber, per Mr. John Corv. J. P.	...	45	0	0
Cardiff and Penriceiber, per Mr. E. Cory. J. P.	...	45	0	0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. T. G. Priestley	...	20	0	0
Cowling Hill Baptist Church	...	40	0	0
Devon Baptist Association, for Devonport	...	45	0	0
Dorking, per Mr. A. Chabot	...	30	0	0
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell	...	40	0	0
Eastchurch, per L. H.	...	45	0	0
Earl's Colne, per Mr. J. A. Tawell	...	40	0	0
Fritham, per Mr. R. W. S. Griffith	...	53	5	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	...	50	0	0
Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam	...	40	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association	...	80	0	0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	...	40	0	0
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough	...	45	0	0
Hereford District, per Pastor J. Meredith	...	45	0	0
Ikeston, per Friend. N. Z.	...	45	0	0
Ironbridge, per Mr. G. Maw	...	40	0	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	...	200	0	0
Kettering, per Mr. J. Blunt	...	40	0	0
Langham, per Mr. Thomas Scott	...	45	0	0
Lanley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw	...	11	5	0
Malden, Friends at	...	45	0	0
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keovil	...	45	0	0
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. E. C. Evans & Sons	...	40	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sundry School, for Newington and Walworth	...	40	0	0
Norfolk Congregational Union, for East Dereham	...	45	0	0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson	...	30	0	0
Renton and Swadlincoote, per E. S.	...	80	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union	...	40	0	0
Southern Baptist Association	...	210	0	0
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beck	...	45	0	0
Stow and Aston, Oxfordshire Association	...	40	0	0
Sellindge, per the late Mr. Thos. R.	...	20	0	0
Stratford-on-Avon, per Mr. J. Smallwood	...	35	0	0
Shipley and Wolverhampton, per Rev. J. S. Drummond	...	45	0	0
Tewkesbury District:—				
Per Mrs. Robinson	...	20	0	0
Per Rev. W. Davies	...	4	10	0
Per Rev. E. Brett	...	5	0	0
Per Mrs. White	...	5	0	0
Per Rev. E. Balmford	...	1	0	2
		35	16	2
Thornbury, collected by Mrs. S. Taylor	...	30	0	0
Totham, Great, per Rev. H. J. Harvey	...	40	0	0
Wills and East Somerset Baptist Association	...	45	0	0
Worcester Evangelistic and Colportage Association	...	70	0	0
Western Baptist Association	...	45	0	0

FOR DISTRICTS.—continued.		£	s.	d.
Wallingford, per Mr. Wm. Davies,	...	45	0	0
Toronto	...	45	0	0
		£2,446	17	2
Difference between arrears and advances at the beginning and end of the year	...	14	8	2
		£2,460	5	4
GENERAL FUND.		£	s.	d.
Anonymous, per Mrs. C. H. S.	...	10	0	0
A	...	0	4	0
A Friend, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster	...	0	10	0
A Cottager	...	0	5	0
A Servant of Christ	...	0	2	6
A Friend, per Mr. G. Powell	...	0	2	6
A. B.	...	0	2	0
Allen, Mrs. M. A.	...	0	1	0
Alpha, No. 6	...	0	15	0
Ackland, Mr. T. J.	...	5	0	0
A. H. W.	...	0	10	0
A Well-wisher	...	0	2	6
An afflicted Missionary in London, per E. H. B.	...	0	11	0
Bullman, Mr. and Mrs. A. R.	...	4	7	6
Breewood, Rev. T.	...	0	10	0
Brazil, Mr. R.	...	2	0	0
Ballantine, Miss	...	0	2	6
Barrett, Mrs. H.	...	0	10	0
Batty, Mr. Jas.	...	1	7	0
Bayfield, Mrs., Collected by	...	0	12	6
Brookes, Miss	...	0	16	0
Buckmaster, Mr. E.	...	1	0	0
Bull, Mr. B.	...	0	5	0
Bully, Miss, per Elder J. T. Dunn	...	0	10	0
Barclay, Mr. W.	...	0	1	6
Barrie, Mr. J.	...	1	0	0
Brown, Miss	...	0	4	0
Casson, Mr. W.	...	0	10	0
C. A. M., per Dr. J. A. Spurgeon	...	5	0	0
Cleminson, Mrs.	...	1	0	0
Cole, Mr. E., proceeds of two lectures	...	1	15	3
Cooke, Mr. Harry	...	0	3	0
Chamberlain, Mr.	...	1	0	0
Culder, Mrs. E. A.	...	10	0	0
Coverdale, Mr. J.	...	1	0	0
Dale, Mr. E.	...	0	15	0
Dixon, Miss J. N., 2 years' collection of 3d. pieces, per Elder J. T. Dunn	...	1	0	0
Decroix, Miss	...	0	5	0
Elgee, Mrs.	...	1	11	6
E. G.	...	0	2	6
E. H.	...	1	0	0
E. K.	...	0	2	0
Emery, Miss E. J.	...	10	0	0
Evans, Mr. W.	...	5	0	0
Ellison, Miss S.	...	0	2	6
Fairey, Mrs.	...	0	2	6
Galley, Messrs. J. and E.	...	0	10	0
Giles, Mrs.	...	0	5	0
G.	...	0	6	0
General Meeting, collection at	...	21	7	6
Gratitude	...	0	10	0
Gale, Mr. W. H.	...	0	5	0
Heals, Mrs. D., per Mrs. J. Withers	...	1	0	0
H. H., per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	...	0	10	0
Hemmens, Mrs. J., per E. Garrett	...	0	2	6
Haward, Mrs. L.	...	0	18	6
H. A. B.	...	0	5	0
Haseltine, Miss A.	...	0	5	0

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Hubbard, Mrs. M.	0	10	0
Hegarty, Miss	0	5	0
Hellier, Mrs.	0	10	6
Harker, Mr. E.	2	0	0
Hiley, Pastor W., Rhymney	20	19	7
Heath, Mr. H. O.	0	10	0
Higbed, Mr.	0	5	0
"In Loving Memory," per Mrs. C. H. S.	50	0	0
J. G.	10	0	0
Jacob, Mr. E. W.	0	10	0
Knott, Mrs.	0	5	0
Kemp, Miss E.	1	0	0
King, Mr. W.	1	0	0
Langorse, Collection at, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ...	1	0	0
Little Bethel Chapel, per Pastor W. Whitehead ...	1	0	0
Laurie, Mr. W.	0	12	6
M. and A.	0	4	0
Marshall, Mrs.	1	0	0
M. A. K.	0	5	0
McNicoll, Miss E.	0	5	0
Miller, Mr. J.	0	2	6
McFarlane, Pastor R. A.	1	0	0
My little Friend, per Mr. E. J. Priestley M. R.	0	12	0
Mamre, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon M. H. B. S.	1	0	0
M. H. B. S.	10	0	0
Narraway, Mr. R. W.	0	10	0
Norris, Miss	0	10	6
Nicholson, Mrs.	2	0	0
Poste, Miss ...	1	0	0
Phillips, Mr.	0	5	0
Price, Mrs. C. H.	1	10	0
Peel, Miss ...	0	5	0
Priestley, Mr. J. G.	5	0	0
Penston, Miss ...	0	10	6
Palmer, Mr. G., Reading ...	20	0	0
Powell, O., Collecting Box on Stall ...	0	5	5
Payne, Mr. C., Collecting Box ...	0	14	6
Parcy, Mrs.	0	13	2
Pitts, Mr. A.	1	0	0
Quick, Mr. J.	0	2	6
Roberts, Mr. C. W.	5	0	0
Rawlings, Mr. E.	10	10	0
Reader of S. & T.	0	2	6
R. G.	10	0	0
Raybould, Mrs.	5	0	0
Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs. Morgan and Scott ...	8	10	6
Robinson, Pastor J. G.	0	2	6
Sinclair, Mrs. E. A.	1	5	0
Stevens, Mrs. E.	0	5	0
Shearman, Mrs.	1	0	0
Scotland, per Mrs. C. H. S. Spurgeon, Pastor Thos.	5	0	0
Spurgeon, Pastor Thos.	1	0	0
Shadwick, Mr. T.	0	10	0
Skinner, Miss ...	1	0	0
Spice, Mr. and Mrs.	1	0	0
S. C.	0	2	6
Smallbridge, Miss ...	0	10	0
Stockwell Orphanage Boys Young Christians' Band ...	0	5	1
Smith, Mr. J. P.	1	0	0
Thorpe, Mr. T., per Mrs. C. H. B. Two Friends, per T. Mizen ...	0	5	0
Tutton, Mrs.	0	5	0

GENERAL FUND—continued.

	£	s.	d.
Thankoffering for husband's recovery Taylor, Miss, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon Thorndike, Mrs.	0	10	0
0	5	0	
0	2	0	
Thankoffering, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon T. R., per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon T. R., per Dr. Jas. Spurgeon Van Notten Pole, Miss ...	2	0	0
10	0	0	
10	0	0	
1	5	0	
0	10	0	
Whyke, Miss M., per Mrs. C. H. S. Walter, Mrs.	3	0	0
3	0	0	
2	2	0	
0	5	0	
1	0	0	
0	10	0	
1	0	0	
0	10	0	
York, Mr. E.	0	10	0

ON ACCOUNT OLD DEBT.

Higgs, Mrs. L. A.	5	0	0
Higgs, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.	10	10	0
Pastor Thos. Spurgeon ...	10	0	0

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Brayne, Mr. E.	0	10	6
Buswell, Mr. J.	1	1	0
Cassell & Co., Messrs., 1894 & 1895 ...	4	4	0
Cook, Mr. J. J.	1	1	0
Calder, Mrs. E. A.	5	0	0
Ellwood, Mrs.	1	1	0
Fitzgerald, Mr. E. G.	1	1	0
Fishwick, Mr. F.	2	2	0
Gardner, Mrs.	2	2	0
Hopper, Mr.	1	1	0
Harden, Mr. R. A.	0	10	6
Hellier, Mrs.	1	1	0
Isard & Isard, Messrs.	1	1	0
Lloyd, Mr. F. W. N., per Mrs. C. H. S. ...	10	0	0
Marnham, Mr. T.	3	2	0
Meal, Mr. and Mrs.	2	2	0
Neal, Mr. John ...	1	1	0
Olney, Mr. Thos.	10	0	0
Olney, Mr. Wm.	1	1	0
Olney, Mrs. W.	0	10	6
O. B.	10	0	0
Phillips, Mr. E.	8	3	0
Phillips, Miss E.	3	2	0
Partridge & Co., Messrs.	2	2	0
Payne, Mr. W.	1	1	0
Pearce, Mr. B. R.	1	1	0
Rabbits, Mr. C. J. Whittuck ...	5	5	0
Spurgeon, Dr. J. A.	0	10	6
Watts, Mrs. M.	1	1	0
Wood, Mr. H.	1	1	0
Wells, Mr. F.	1	1	0

TOTAL 4426 6 0

C. H. S. Memorial Fund, final distribution

Legacy, per Exors. late H. B. Frearson ...	450	0	0
Legacy of Miss Alice Whitworth ...	104	14	5
TOTAL	554	14	5

METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION.
General Account, December 31st, 1895.

Dr.

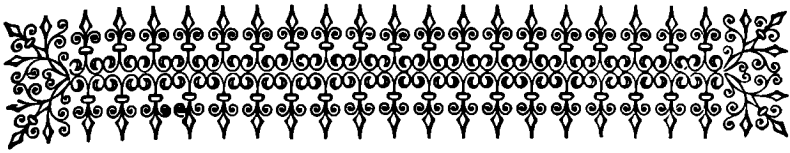
Cr.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Colporteurs—						
Wages	4,026	14	9			
Expenses	336	0	2			
New Pack	1	2	0			
				4,363	16	11
By Profit on Sales						
Subscriptions and Donations—						
For Districts				2,460	5	4
For General Fund				426	6	0
C.H.S. Memorial Fund and final Distribution				250	0	0
Depôt and General Expenses—						
Salaries—Secretary and Assistants	511	5	8			
Printing, Stationery, and Annual Report	45	10	6			
Postages and Telegrams	17	12	1			
Advertising and Travelling	2	8	11			
Accountant's Fee, Auditing 1894 Accounts	21	0	0			
Alterations, Fixtures, &c., at Depôt	3	18	1			
Sundries, Cleaning, &c.	7	19	1			
Annual Meeting Expenses	13	18	5			
Surplus to Capital Account	623	12	9			
	125	16	1			
	£5,113	5	9			

Balance Sheet, December 31st, 1895.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Creditors—						
District Subscriptions (in advance)	133	5	10			
Publishers, Printers, &c.	1,561	14	0			
Capital Account—				1,694	19	10
Balance, December 31st, 1894	1,055	17	5			
Add Surplus " " 1895	125	16	1			
Legacies	554	14	5			
Donation subject to a life Annuity of £40 per annum	1,000	0	0			
By Stock—						
At Depôt	859	10	2			
With Colporteurs	1,091	14	4			
Debtors—						
Colporteurs' Balances	663	14	8			
Book Agents "	24	6	1			
District Subscriptions (due)	113	4	0			
Investment £966 2s. 8d. Victoria 4 per cent Stock				1,000	0	0
Cash—						
At Bankers	633	18	6			
With Secretary & Trading Dept.	45	0	0			
	£4,431	7	9			

Examined with vouchers and found correct } Wm. PAYNE.
23rd April, 1896. } THOS. GREENWOOD.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

AUGUST, 1896.

Jesus Christ—"The Breaker."

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON, DELIVERED AT QUEEN'S SQUARE CHAPEL,
BRIGHTON, ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 23rd, 1856.
FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"The Breaker is come up before them: they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their King shall pass before them, and the LORD on the head of them."—Micah ii. 13.



OD'S people have wandered hither and thither, some on the mountains of pride, some into the deep glens of despair, some into the green and poisonous pastures of self-righteousness, others to the arid and burning sands of licentiousness and dissipation. One of the most difficult things in the world for man to do would be to collect the scattered sheep of God into one fold; indeed, it would be altogether impossible for mortal might to accomplish so wondrous a miracle; but God has promised that He will gather all His people together, wheresoever they may have strayed. The verse immediately preceding our text has this sure and comforting promise: "I will surely assemble, O Jacob, all of thee; I will surely gather the remnant of Israel; I will put them together as the sheep of Bozrah, as the flock in the midst of their fold: they shall make great noise by reason of the multitude of men." No matter how far they may have wandered, how extensive may have been their ramblings, how great may have been their errors, they shall, nevertheless, by sovereign grace be reclaimed. "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost," and He will "leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until He find it." There is not one of the Lord's

wandering sheep, however far it may have strayed, but shall ultimately be carried upon the shoulders of the Good Shepherd right into glory,—

"While Heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace,"

because Christ has rescued it from the lion and the bear that threatened to devour it.

But, if one thing be even more difficult than gathering the sheep together, it is leading them all the way from their pastures here, to their glorious fold in Heaven. When we consider what obstacles there are in the way of the Lord's flock,—a constant, persevering, indefatigable enemy ever striving to destroy them, that roaring lion that "goeth about, seeking whom he may devour," mountains piled upon mountains, and rivers that are not to be forded, but must be crossed, ere the sheep can enter within the promised rest,—we may indeed exclaim with wonder, "Who is sufficient for these things? Who shall lead the ransomed flock of God into the blessed fold of Heaven? Who shall be the Great Shepherd who shall conduct the Lord's sheep into the dwelling-place of the redeemed?"

The answer to our questions is seen in our text. There may be obstacles, there *are* obstacles; but here, flock of God, is your solace and comfort: "The Breaker is come up before them: they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their King shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them." He marches in front of His sheep, the Good Shepherd clearing the way; the Pioneer of the heavenly army; the Breaker, breaking through every difficulty; the King, overcoming all foes.

If the Lord shall enable us, this evening, we shall discourse a little, first, on the title of our Saviour as "*the Breaker*": "*The Breaker is come up before them.*" Then, after we have done that, we shall put the enquiry to ourselves, *Are we among the number who "have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it"?* *Has our King gone before us? Is the Lord at the head of us?*

I. We will first consider THE TITLE OF JESUS CHRIST—"THE BREAKER." He who hath many crowns, hath many titles. Jesus, the King of kings, hath many names, each of them fraught with meaning, and full of sweetness. Perhaps the title which we least seldom notice is that which occurs in our text. We have dwelt full frequently upon Christ the LAMB; we have noticed, oftentimes, Christ the PRIEST; we have referred again and again to Christ the PROPHET, and to Christ the KING; but seldom have we spoken of Christ the BREAKER. So come now, dear friends, and let me speak to you of the title of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ which is mentioned in our text, that is, the Breaker.

First, Christ is the Breaker, for *He broke the power of Satan*. In years long gone by, the arch-enemy of God rebelled, and thenceforward became the arch-enemy of man. He coiled himself, like a huge serpent, around this world, intent to crush it; he held the entire human race beneath his sway, and there seemed to be no hope of deliverance. By-and-by, a promise shone out like a new star in

the dark firmament, gleaming with this cheering message : "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her Seed ; I shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel" (Gen. iii. 15). Centuries rolled away, and then that Seed of the woman appeared, an infant of a span long ; and it was not long before He commenced His combat with the enemy. He had two great battles, at the beginning and the end of an awful struggle which was protracted through His entire life.

In the wilderness, Christ fought the arch-enemy ; foot to foot they stood, and long and hard they wrestled. Thrice did the foeman try to throw the Saviour to the ground ; but thrice He repulsed him, crying, "It is written ;"—"It is written again ;"—"For it is written." It was a stern fight ; but, at last, the Almighty Breaker became the Victor : "then the devil leaveth Him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him."

Oh, what a conflict was that which our Saviour had with Satan in the garden, and on the cross ! What a wrestling it was amongst the olive-trees of Gethsemane ! There, the Lion of the tribe of Judah and the lion of the bottomless pit fought for their lives. There, the seed of the serpent and the Seed of the woman struggled together. There, Satan grasped the Saviour, and so tightly did he press Him, that His body was covered with a sweat that "was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Ah, certainly, that was a desperate tug ! Christ then felt full well, even through His armour of proof, the pressure of His adversary's grasp. Satan held Him until, almost overcome, He cried, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me : nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Satan thus bruised the heel of Christ ; and then, later, he smote Him yet again and again ; on His head, for a crown of thorns was there ; he smote Him on His cheeks, shame and sorrow gushed adown them ; on His shoulders, for the cruel lash of tyrants scourged Him ; and at last Satan yelled, "Aha ! aha ! Thou Prince of life and glory, I have Thee now ; my Foeman, Thou art nailed to the cross ! Where now is the vaunted power of Him who was to crush to powder the iron limbs of death ? Where is the strength of Him who was to overcome His foes ? I have Thee now, O Christ, I have achieved the victory over Thee !"

Just then, the Saviour bowed His head, and with a loud voice cried, "It is FINISHED !" He sprang from the cross, and, though the astonished fiend sought to find shelter in the pit, Christ, the Omnipotent Breaker, pursued the arch-fiend down to hell, shouting, "Traitor to God and man, this My bolt shall find and pierce thee through ; though thou descendest to the remotest caverns of hell, My shaft shall reach and slay thee there !" The Sovereign Breaker sought and found Satan, lashed him to His chariot wheels, dragged him near the gates of Heaven ; the angels gathered on the battlements to behold the wondrous sight of Him who had led captivity captive, and to listen to Him as He cried, "Come, angelic hosts, stand round and see how I have triumphed over My mighty foe." Then, seizing the old dragon, He exposed him to their view, and hurled him down to the pit,—defeated, crestfallen, with all his hopes

crushed, there to lie, weltering in fell despair for ever! Christ broke the power of Satan in that glorious day when He entered Paradise in triumph, and received gifts for men.

What, then? My brethren, we are often vexed by the power of the enemy, and at times we are exceedingly afraid lest we should fall by his hands. O believer, fear not, thine enemy is a broken enemy, a conquered foe!

"Though hell and sin obstruct thy course,
Yet hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to His cross,
And sang the triumph when He rose."

Satan! why should I fear him? He may have a sword, but the edge of it is blunted; he may shoot his arrows, but the points of his barbed shafts have been taken from them by the Saviour; he cannot hurt us, he may worry, but he cannot devour. Pilgrim, art thou afraid to come by the den of lions? Fear thou not, their power is broken. Art thou fearful of the den of leopards? Fear thou not, their teeth are drawn. Tremble not, O Christian! thou shalt overcome because thy Saviour overcame; the day shall yet dawn wherein thou shalt put thy foot upon the neck of Satan, trample on him, and tread him beneath thy feet, and thou shalt be made more than conqueror through Him that loved thee. The Mighty Breaker is gone up before thee, so thou hast only to fight against a foe who is already overcome.

In the second place, *Christ is the Breaker of hearts*. What hard things hearts are! They are compared to the nether-millstone, which is the harder of the two, because it is subject to the greater pressure. Such is the heart of man; how often have we tried to charm it into softness! But, alas, how unavailing have been our endeavours! The minister has preached the thunderings of the law, he has launched the lightning of Jehovah from the pulpit! The sinner has trembled for a moment, and has wept; but, oh! wonder of wonders, he has wiped the tears away ere even he has left the sacred edifice, and he has not trembled to rush into fresh sins within an hour after he has rejoined his companions. Law and terrors did but harden him, for they were working all alone.

Another time, the preacher selected for his theme that which was gentle, and soft, and affecting, for he said, "Surely, the story of a Saviour's woe will melt them; surely, the proclamation of free grace must win their souls." He preached, till his eyes were filled with tears, and his heart was moved with tenderness; he talked of a bleeding Saviour, and pointed to that Saviour's wounds; he preached of the love of Jesus to Mary Magdalene and Saul of Tarsus; and lo, the sinner wept again even as he had wept before! It was wonderful how much he wept, but it was far more wonderful how soon his tears were dried up; like the morning cloud and the early dew, they quickly vanished.

Dost thou not remember, my brother, how oft thy friends tried to break thy hard heart? There was thy loving mother shedding tears over thee as she talked of the Saviour's grace; thy father's warnings

came to thee, but thou wast unmoved. Thou didst put away all the tears of thy mother, and all the entreaties of thy father. Ministers pleaded with thee, yet thy heart would not yield; but oh! canst thou remember, brother, that sweet hour when Jesus came to thee, and said,—

"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

Canst thou remember when thou couldst not help answering, and saying, "Nay, Lord, I feel I do not love Thee"? Dost thou not remember when Jesus said, "Sinner, thou art in awful peril," when He made thee feel that thou wast in dire danger, and when He caused the scalding tears of repentance to flow down, like a river, from both thy streaming eyes? Dost thou remember, brother, how He showed thee His hands and His feet, how He bared His side, and said, "See here; I opened this My side. I opened this My heart to pour forth a fountain of precious blood to wash away all thy sin"? Ah! it was not hard for thee to weep then; the Breaker of hearts had come. He had only to touch our souls, and they melted; then our rocky hearts dissolved, as snow upon the lower mountains when the sun shineth upon them; our hearts began to melt when Jesus did His love display.

How often since that glad hour, when our hearts have again become hardened, when Christ has come once more, have we set Him in the midst, and said, "Lord Jesus, we will be Thine; Thou shalt be ours; we give ourselves to Thee!" Oh! sweet thought, minister of the gospel, thou dost not have to break hearts, for "the Breaker is come up before them." I love to come into the pulpit with a full and certain faith that this is the case. There are some, in every congregation we address, to whom the Word will come with power. Many may laugh at the preacher, and scorn God's truth; but of some, at least, it shall be said, "The Breaker is come up before them." When we speak in our Master's name, the seed falls on good, broken soil. When we utter His message, each word tells, each syllable has its power, because the Breaker is gone up before us. It is not for us to go first; we want the Breaker to go *before us*, then all our work in breaking hearts shall be easy work.

I have often compared a congregation to a heap of ashes piled up; somewhere in the heap there are hidden some steel filings. We bring the magnet, it attracts the steel filings, but it leaves the ashes. So, there are some in the midst of this congregation who are being attracted out of the ungodly mass; they are drawn, and then they run after Christ. But who is it that makes the heart ready to hear the Word? It is "the Breaker." Sweet name, and it becomes Him well. My hearer, hast thou ever felt Christ to be a Breaker to thy soul? Has He ever melted thy spirit? Didst thou ever feel broken in heart? Oh, bow down before the Lord! Let me tell thee, if thou art never broken in heart, thou shalt never enter Heaven. Thine heart must be ground small before thou wilt be received there. God pounds our hearts in the mortar of contrition, He grinds us in the mill of conviction, till we are broken all to pieces; hast thou been so broken? Canst thou bless thine Almighty Breaker that, though man could never

break thine heart, though thou couldst not do it thyself, yet that Jesus alone, thy blessed Saviour, has proved Himself the Breaker of thine heart?

In the third place, *Christ is the Breaker of the chains of Justice.* There sits within this audience a man in chains. He knows it not, he thinks himself to be free; but he is a prisoner, his hands, his feet, his entire being is in chains. Though he thinks he walks freely on the earth, he hath but the freedom of a condemned convict, who can only walk round and round his cell, and look through the solitary slit in the wall, by which the sunlight enters. So, some sit here "condemned already," not believing in Christ. Some of you are wearing invisible fetters; they are none the less mighty on that account. You are carrying manacles and chains about with you, and when you die, those fetters shall be riveted for ever, and ye yourselves shall be dragged to execution, like chained culprits forced to the gallows, to die, to be lost, to be punished with the just terrors of the justice of God. Some of us felt ourselves in slavery once, we had chains upon us like the rest of mankind; but, glory to sovereign mercy, now we are free, and we love Christ, the Breaker of our bonds!

Perhaps there is a friend here who was once bound hand and foot, and who tried to free himself from the chains that bound him; but the more he tried to do so, the more firmly did those chains hold him, and the more completely did he manacle himself by his own exertions. He went to that blacksmith, Mr. Morality, and asked his leave to put his chains upon his anvil, that he might thus try to break them; but when he came away from making the trial, he found that he was more firmly fettered than before. Can you remember when you seemed to be chained all over, waiting only for the executioner to strike the last blow? Some passed by you, and laughed at your miserable condition, while your chains rattled in your ears their horrible mockery. Your friends tauntingly exclaimed, "It is very easy to break off such little fetters as these;" but you knew those fetters were made of sterner stuff than to be broken by mortal might. In despair, you cried, "I am chained; I am lost; I am condemned; I am going to perdition; that is my certain destiny." But, oh, you will never forget that happy moment when Christ, the Breaker, passed by, and said to you, "Poor sinner, thou art in chains." Thou saidst, "Lord, I know it." "Poor sinner, thou canst never get rid of those chains." "Lord, I know it." "*Sinner, canst thou trust Me?*" "Lord, who art thou?" "I am the Great Saviour, the Deliverer of captives: if thou wilt trust in Me, I will break off thy chains for thee." "Lord, Thou art very kind, but I have no faith." "I will give thee faith. *Sinner, wilt thou trust Me?*" "Ay, Lord, even to the world's end." "Well, then, I will take thy fetters from thee." He touched thee; and, oh! in a moment, it was wondrously true; thy manacles fell to the earth, thy chains dropped on the ground, thou wert free, and thou didst leap for joy, and cried, "I am free, free, free! I am forgiven! I am a miracle of mercy! I am a sinner saved by grace!"

Never did emancipated slave leap from his slavery with more ardour than we did when our Glorious Breaker set us free. Never did poor refugee tread with greater joy the free shore of England than did we

when we found ourselves thus delivered from our sins. Never did poor galley-slave, released from his weary tugging at the oar, rejoice so much as we, when we saw our fetters broken, cast into the furnace, and we leaped up God's freed men. We could have sung all the day long; our heart was like a city lighted up for an illumination; our eyes overflowed with joyful tears; our feet, like roes, did leap the hills; our soul was the very concentration of song, while we rejoiced that Christ, the Heavenly Breaker, had given us glorious, perfect, entire, eternal liberty.

Bond slaves! BOND SLAVES! BOND SLAVES! Christ has bidden us sound the trump of jubilee, and proclaim the year of release. Art thou fettered by sin? There is One who can break thy fetters. Hast thou the iron chains of guilt upon thee? He, the Heavenly Breaker, like another Prometheus, has volunteered to remove thy guilt. He comes, He comes, the Breaker of chains! Look to Him, and He shall free thee. Cast thine eyes up towards Him, and He shall give thee freedom, He shall give thee liberty; though thou wast dead, yet shalt thou live; though thou art loaded with twice ten thousand chains, a prayer, a look, shall release thee from thy load.

"He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more."

Oh, that my message might reach the ears of some poor convicted sinner! How I should rejoice that another was added to the list of Christ's freed men, and another struck off the list of Satan's bond slaves! Mighty Breaker! break the chains off this congregation; make, O make this people free!

In the fourth place, *Jesus Christ is the Breaker of all obstacles which impede us on our road to Heaven.* The first traveller through the pathless desert hath a rough road; those who follow him will find a smoother path. Christ was the Pioneer on the road to Heaven; He found it a wilderness, but the track is well-trodden now. "The Breaker is come up before them." If you have to pass over the bleak mountains, look closely, and you will find a footprint; look closer still, it is the footprint of a man; look again intently, lo! it is the print of a pierced foot, for your Saviour has passed that way before you.

"Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His Word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord."

They could not "follow their Lord" if He had not gone before them. What foolish people even many Christians are! There is an old proverb which says, "Never cross a bridge before you come to it." How many Christians are filled with sorrow on account of imaginary troubles! Many timid Christians have a trouble manufactory in their own houses; they sit from morning to night endeavouring to make trouble for themselves. We have quite enough real trials to bear; and if we make any more of our own, we have no promise that God will give us grace to bear our self-made sorrows. How unwise are those people who crowd a whole year's troubles into a single day!

The brave Spartan ranged his little troop in a narrow pass, Thermopylæ, and slew his enemies as they came up one or two at a time. If he had been foolish enough to have ventured into the plain to fight that mighty host of Persians all at once, he would soon have been overcome. Believer, stand in the narrow path of to-day; as thy troubles come, by divine grace slay them one by one; but, I beseech thee, never go into the broad plain of to-morrow, lest thou be overwhelmed by the vast hosts. Troubles usually come one or two at a time, and when they do come, it is for us to have at them, strong in the strength of Jehovah, and so to destroy them. If thou puttest together the troubles of a year, and seekest to bear them in a day, how canst thou expect to have grace sufficient? Thou didst ask this morning, "Give us this day our daily bread;" dost thou want all at once a month's supply? Thou hast the promise: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." Dost thou expect a year's strength in a single day? Believe me, my fellow-Christian, thy cup of sorrow will be quite full enough without thine additions. Let this cheer thee wheresoever thou art going: "The Breaker is come up before them: they have broken up, and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their King shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them." Oh, methinks it is sweet to go anywhere where Christ has gone before! Pilgrims in the Holy Land delight in spots where they can find traces of the Saviour. Christians may find a Holy Land in all their experiences of sorrow, for their Saviour was "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." Sorrowing Christian, in all those gloomy Gethsemanes of thine, thou dost hold fellowship with Jesus Christ thy Lord and Saviour! Cheer up, Christian! Take heart, man! Courage, O believer! "The Breaker is come up before them," "and the Lord on the head of them." Sing, then,—

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
'Hinder me not,' shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

In the fifth place, *Christ Jesus is the great Breaker of death.* When Jesus died, He was laid in the tomb. His enemies "went, and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch." Outside Joseph's own new tomb, the Roman soldiers watched while the body of Jesus lay buried therein. Then the hope of immortality seemed to be crushed for ever. The Saviour is dead and buried, and the scorner, death, points with his finger to the empty cross whereon the Saviour died, and cries aloud, "There is no hope of immortality now, for He who was to bring it is dead." There lay the Saviour, sleeping the sleep of death. Sleep on, O Almighty Conqueror, for Thou wilt yet arise to fight Thine own battles! Behold, there is a great earthquake; the angel of the Lord descends from Heaven, he rolls back the sealed stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, out springs the Saviour, death's Victor, clothed in light, radiant with resurrection glory,—

"Death of deaths, and hell's destruction."

Christ gained the victory over sin and Satan, He broke the power of

death and the grave. "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Now, beloved, what have we to do when we die? Nothing, but to meet the shadow. Death is vanquished. Christ slew death. He broke death's power. Christian, be not afraid of death, it is but a shadow; the shadow of a dog cannot bite, the shadow of a lion cannot rend in pieces, then fear not "*the shadow of death.*" I thought, some time since, if death be a shadow, there must be a light somewhere. Death is nothing but the shadow of the bright light of Heaven. We have but to go through the gloomy "valley of the shadow of death"; on the other side there is a brilliancy which excelleth all the light we have ever imagined. We who believe in Jesus need not fear to die, for death is conquered. Christ Jesus has come up from the Jordan before all His redeemed ones. Methinks I see the Christian die. Christ comes to his side, and says, "Come on, beloved, I will go with thee." The believer puts his foot into the cold waters; he hears a second foot splash in the stream, and a voice saying, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." "What, Lord, art Thou about to cross the stream with me?" "Yes, My friend, did I not so promise? Fear not: for I have redeemed thee." The believer takes another step, and another, and another, and he hears the Saviour still accompanying him through the waters; and as the billows dash upon him, still he hears his Lord's voice saying, "Fear thou not, thou art Mine, I am thy Saviour." When the cold dark stream threatens to overwhelm him, he feels the arms of Jesus round his loins strengthening him, and lifting him up, and so he sings, "My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." He seems about to sink, but the Saviour bears him up, and whispers, "Hold on, beloved!" Another step, another groan, another sigh, and then the spirit has gone;—gone! but not unattended, for Christ is still with him, and bears him up; and with attendant angels on each side, he flies upwards to Heaven, and the Saviour presents the ransomed spirit to His Father. *Blessed death!* once a curse, but now a blessing, for Christ, the glorious Breaker, hath broken the power of death.

In the sixth place, *Christ has broken down every obstacle that opposes His reign on earth.* "He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire." Christ, the Breaker, is coming soon. I look for my Master's advent; I know not when He will come, but I should not be surprised to see the Lord Jesus Christ to-night or to-morrow morning. "In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." To the world of the ungodly, like a thief in the night, unseen, the coming of the Lord stealeth through the earth's dark shade. Monarchs must then give up their sceptres, and kings resign their crowns, which shall be trampled in the dust, to make way for the coronation of the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Old Popery of the seven hills, we thank our God thy days are numbered; the Almighty Breaker is coming up against thee. Vain thy mitre and crosier, proud bishop, then! Thy lordly pretensions shall then be dashed in pieces; the Sovereign Breaker is coming up

against thee. Thou false prophet, Mohammed, when He comes, thy crescent shall wane, and all the sabres shall be snatched from earth's mighty ones. Ye may arise, ye kings of the earth, and mighty rulers, and "take counsel together against the Lord, and against His Anointed;" but it shall be all in vain. He "will overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is," and He will burn all the chariots in the fire. "The Breaker is come up before them." We shall not much longer preach without our Master; we shall not long have to mourn an absent Saviour; the clouds shall soon vanish, and reveal the golden wings of the descending Christ. All the earth shall see Him come; even now the sound of His chariot-wheels may be heard in the distance. And when He comes, what a victory it will be! His troops will not march on to an uncertain fight, but to conquer, and to win the day. Now we wrestle hard, and fight a fearful conflict; but when He comes, there shall be heard the shout, "Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." But a little while, and He shall come. We are no prophets to foretell days or years; the Lord Jehovah hath said that it is not for us "to know the times or the seasons." But He cometh! He cometh! He cometh! Vain the pomp, the pageantry of war; vain the pride, the power of man; vain everything that sets itself against the King of kings; it shall fall as Jericho fell. No great mountain can stand before our Almighty Zerubbabel. He comes! He comes! "The Breaker is come up before them: they have broken up and have passed through the gate, and are gone out by it: and their King shall pass before them, and the Lord on the head of them."

"The Breaker broke the powers of hell,
Did all its hosts o'erthrow,
Death, hell, and sin, the monster train,
He openly did show.

"He dragged them to the judgment seat,
Then cast them down to hell;
The power of His almighty arm
His hellish foes did quell.

"The Breaker broke the barrier down,
Which law and sin had made;
He did fulfil all righteousness,
And full redemption paid.

"Through death He did destroy the grave,
And made an end of sin;
Gave honour to the holy law,
And righteousness brought in.

"We'll sing the Breaker's power to save,
And triumph in His name;
Let all the powers within us join,
To spread His matchless fame."

II. Now briefly let us ask, ARE WE AMONG THE NUMBER WHO "HAVE BROKEN UP, AND HAVE PASSED THROUGH THE GATE, AND ARE GONE OUT BY IT"? HAS OUR KING GONE BEFORE US? IS THE LORD AT THE HEAD OF US?

I wonder, dear friends, how many of us know anything about Jesus Christ, the Breaker? Has Christ ever broken your heart? One says, "Pshaw! I do not want a broken heart." It may be very well for you to say so while you are in life, but it will be another matter when you come to die. I have read a story to this effect. A traveller once lost his way in the woods, and seeing in the distance a light, he said, "That is a cottage; I will go and rest there this evening." Approaching nearer, he perceived a number of lights, and heard voices. "Ah!" said he, "perhaps that is a meeting of Christians, I will go and join them." It was a solemn sight, and, in some degree, a singular one. They had cut down the trees in the forest, and laid them across for seats. The scene was illumined by several pine torches, which threw a lurid glare over some faces, but left others in darkness. He listened to the speaker; to his consternation, it was an atheist cursing his Maker, and daring Him to do His worst against him. The good man was shocked, astonished, and thought he must stand forth to vindicate the honour of his Lord; but he trembled lest he should not prevail, and a good cause should suffer through the feebleness of its advocate. He need not have trembled; from one corner of the meeting there rose up a middle-aged man, strong and stalwart. Leaning on his staff, he said, "Gentlemen,—I wish to say a word about the mighty orator who has just sat down. A few days ago, I walked by the side of a river, and saw a boat with one man in it. He did not understand the art of rowing, and his boat was being carried down to the rapids. I saw that man kneeling in his boat, and heard him cry, 'O God, save me!' I heard him confess that he had once blasphemed God, and doubted His being; but now he cried, 'O God, save my soul, if not my body!' I stood on the shore, and heard the shrieks of that poor wretch. I plunged into the waters; these strong arms rescued him, and brought him to the shore. . . . The man who just now cursed his Maker is the self-same man who prayed to Him in the boat. Judge ye what I say." You may imagine the consternation of the listeners; they raised a shout of execration against the man who could pray to God one day, and blaspheme His name the next. Sinner, it is just so with thee. Thou mayest despise religion now; but when sick, a few nights ago, a shrill shriek of agony escaped thee; and if thou turnest not from the evil of thy ways, thou shalt ere long know that there is a God, and feel it, too. Thou shalt surely know that "Tophet is ordained of old; yea, for the king it is prepared; He hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it" (Isaiah xxx. 33). I trust there are none present who will ever know the meaning of these solemn words. May you, who are unconverted, now turn, and repent, and be saved! I trust there are many poor convinced sinners here who know themselves to be sinners, who feel they need a Saviour, and who are seeking Him. Let them not fear that the Saviour will not accept them. If thou dost know thyself to be a sinner, there is no reason in the world why thou shouldst not know thyself to be a saint. All that is necessary is to feel thyself unholy and unclean, and, just as thou art, to trust in Jesus to save thee. We have seen men write on the flag-stones in London, "*I am*

destitute." We can never pass by such without in some degree relieving their necessities, although *we* may be unwise in doing so, having been so frequently imposed upon. But, sinner, if thou art *really* destitute, and art sitting by the wayside, begging that Jesus, the Son of David, may have mercy upon thee, as surely as thou art a living sinner to-day, thou shalt be a living saint soon. I care not what thy sins may be, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, can cleanse thee from all sin. Faith in the atoning sacrifice of Jesus will save thee.

" Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

If a helpless sinner wants to come to Christ, and asks, "What must I do to be saved? What is it to believe?" here is the answer, "Simply take Jesus Christ at His Word, and He has said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Allow me to finish with an illustration. There is, in our National Gallery in London, a picture by Raphael of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. When you look at that picture, you fancy you hear Moses crying, "Look, look, look!" In that picture there is one stout brawny man trying with all his might to pull off the serpents. They twist around him, coil on coil; with all his endeavours he cannot prevent their deadly poison from being instilled into his blood. He must die; his lips blacken, his eyes are sunken in their sockets. Another is seen, the serpents are twisting around him, and one eye is already swollen; but the other, in agony, is turned upward toward the brazen serpent; see, there is life coming back to him; for he has looked, and therefore he lives. One thing pleased me more than any other, a mother holding up her little child in her arms, and around that little child the serpents are twisting; for children are sinners, and need the Saviour as well as grown-up people. The child is so small it cannot itself turn to the serpent of brass, so its mother is holding up the little one, that it may look and live. This is the holiest office of a mother, to hold her child up so that it may look to Jesus. Sunday-school teachers should do the same; get their scholars to look to Jesus. In addressing sinners, to-night, I would that I could take them up in my arms, and, pointing them to Jesus Christ, cry, "Poor sinner, look, look, look!" There is nothing to be *done* in salvation. "It is finished." "Salvation is of the Lord." It is only,—Look and live,—*looking* and *living*, because Jesus Christ has had all the *doing* and the *dying*. There are no great miracles to be performed, no wondrous impossibilities to be done. "The Breaker is come up before them." The act of the sinner is simply this, to look to the wonderful Breaker; and even that look of faith the Holy Spirit enables the sinner to take. Sinner, art thou bitten? Dost thou know that thou art a sinner? Look away from thyself, and look to Jesus.

" High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens He reigns ;
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains."

I shall never cease exhorting sinners to "look," for that word, "look," was the means of my own salvation as I sat in a pew in a little obscure chapel, whither, driven by stress of weather, I listened to a minister whom I have never seen nor heard since. I know not what else besides he said, I was sad and weary on account of sin, but these words he uttered: "Sinner, dying sinner, young man, look, look, LOOK." I looked; I cannot tell my joy, and I shall not try; but next to that joy will now be mine if some poor soul will "look" to Christ to-night. Works will drive you from the Saviour, but the look of faith brings you to Him. It does not matter how black you are, if from head to foot you are covered with serpent-bites, if you are as black as Satan himself, if you look to Christ, He will save you. If you are, in your own feelings, one of the cast-offs of hell, too bad for the devil; if even Satan himself has cast you away, you may yet look to Christ, and, looking, you shall surely be saved. Come, O come, now come to Jesus, sinner, come! God help you to come, poor sinner! He will, if you are such as He has called. May He add His blessing, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen, and amen.

Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

I.—ESCAPING IN A BASKET.

WHEN Paul was in peril in Damascus, he was helped to escape in a way of which Indian history sometimes gives an illustration. The Jews had taken counsel to kill him, and watched the gates of the city day and night; but "the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket." The great apostle of the Gentiles never forgot that incident, for years afterwards he wrote in one of his letters to the Corinthians, "And through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall, and escaped."

Aurangzib, the famous Emperor of Delhi, had secured Sivaji, the Mahratta leader, as a prisoner. The chief pretended illness, and had medical attendance. On his recovery, he sent baskets of sweetmeats to the Brahmin priests and the fakirs of the city. Daily they were seen carried from his apartment to various parts of the capital, and people soon became accustomed to the sight. Then, one day, he packed himself in one basket, and his son in another, and so escaped. A swift horse was awaiting them outside the walls of Delhi, on which both mounted and fled, and the stratagem was completely successful.

David once escaped from King Saul somewhat as Paul was delivered at Damascus. Messengers were sent to watch his house, ready to slay him in the morning, "So Michal let David down through a window: and he went, and fled, and escaped." Thus should the sinner, pursued by his great adversary, flee for his life, and escape to the shelter of the Rock of Ages, where no harm can assail him.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

THE jottings this month concerning work done, directly or indirectly, in my room, combine to refer to or illustrate the blessing still resting on the printed utterances of the "ever-beloved C. H. S." Whether the communications come in haste from far-away ends of the earth, or linger lovingly among the scenes of the homeland, the same wonderful testimony continually repeats itself. The God who spoke by the lips of His dear servant, still speaks with the same power through the published Sermons and Magazine; and the blessing which accompanied the proclamation of the truth by the living voice, is continued, even though the charm of that voice is lost for ever on earth! Those of us to whom the dear preacher is, and must be, "ever-beloved," thank and praise our God with full hearts for this great mercy, this most complete proof that the preaching of the gospel in all its sweet yet stern simplicity is the Lord's own approved method of showing forth "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

"THE SWORD AND THE TROWEL" IN MONTREAL.

A valued correspondent says:—"A very special and tender constraint seems laid upon me to write you a brief letter. *God bless you!* It is on this wise. For over a month I have, as it were, been steeped in what I may call a 'Tabernacle atmosphere'—Tabernacle people, Tabernacle truth, and notably the Tabernacle personality of your beloved husband, C. H. S. About a month ago, a friend said to me, 'Look here, Mr. L., I have for many years been a subscriber to the *Sword and Trowel*, and the weekly Sermons of Mr. Spurgeon; they are carefully read, and then laid away in the book-case. Now, my wife says this is a pity, and that they ought to be passed on to refresh and edify other hearts. She thinks you could scatter them as occasion serves amongst the patients in the hospitals as you go your daily rounds, and I, though reluctantly, agree with her.' So," says Mr. L., who, by the way, is a very devoted and successful evangelist,—“I took a few dozen copies at random from the year 1882, the year I was baptized at the Tabernacle as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. But, dear friend, you cannot imagine the effect these old Magazines have had upon me, for I read every copy before giving it away. My heart and soul have received a most blessed refreshing, beyond what I could have believed possible. Some of the articles thrilled me through and through, especially Mr. Spurgeon's account of the Surrey Gardens catastrophe, and later on, those relating to 'The Down-grade Controversy.' Of course, I had read them all before; but looking back on the past events, one can better realize the accelerated pace of the Down-grade, and mourn for the hushed voice of him who gave the faithful warning. My heart burned within me as I thought on all that has transpired at the Tabernacle since then, and the goodness of God to your dear son in strengthening him to carry on so great a work, and I could only repeat softly to myself,—

“ ‘God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.’ ”

Then, at the end of this good friend's letter, there is a tiny word of encouragement for me, which came as a cordial to a very weary, fainting heart:—"Your 'Notes', dear Mrs. Spurgeon, month by month, move me very deeply, move me to prayer, and to believe more firmly and fully."

Could the dear Lord give me a sweeter or more blessed reward than this, that I should thus be allowed to carry His messages to the faithful ones who are fighting His battles?

A WINDFALL.

Through the kindness of our good friend, Mr. W. Olney, I have received from New Zealand the following delightful illustration of the way in which the Lord seeks out His own sheep, going after them even into the wilderness, until He find them. That the crook in the Good Shepherd's hand, wherewith He caught this wanderer, should have been one of the beloved Pastor's Sermons, makes the incident doubly interesting to my dear readers and myself.

"I was preaching," says the writer of the narrative, "in Aberdeen Street Baptist Church, Geelong, a few years ago, when, at the close of an evening service, an elderly man came to the platform to bid me 'good-night.' As he was a stranger, I asked him where he was from, and how long he had known the Lord; he then told me the story of his conversion, and the strange way by which he was led to the Saviour. About five years before, while keeping sheep some miles beyond Ballarat, he picked up a sheet of a weekly newspaper, which the wind had blown over the plains. He glanced at a few sentences, and these drew him on to read more, and then he found he was eagerly perusing a Sermon by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon. 'If I had known it was a Sermon,' he said, 'before I had begun to read it, I should have tossed it away;' but having commenced the discourse, he wanted to see how it finished. It set him thinking, he carefully preserved it, reading it over and over again in deep concern, until finally it became the means of leading him to the cross. For many years he had not entered a church, and he was utterly careless about his soul till this paper was blown to his feet. Now, when he has the opportunity, he always attends some Baptist church; but this is a rare pleasure, owing to his lonely life and employment in the bush. He does, however, get the weekly Sermons, which cheer and comfort him with spiritual nourishment."

We who rejoice to believe, not only in providential care, but in effectual calling, know assuredly that it was no chance breeze which bore on its wings this message from the King to one of His own. God spoke by that piece of newspaper to the man's heart as certainly as if an audible voice had been heard from Heaven. How near He is to us! How often might we say with Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

SERMONS IN A MADHOUSE.

Imagine yourselves, dear readers, in my Work-room, listening to the following snatches of conversation between a visitor and myself.

"Do you know, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, I have taken your beloved

husband's Sermons in for many years, long before God called him up higher?"

"I am glad to hear it, dear friend, and feel sure you have reason to thank God for them."

"Ah! I could never tell anyone what they have been to me; there has always seemed a private word in them to me personally, as if the dear preacher knew of all my trials and temptations."

"Hundreds of others have felt the same. The fact proves the working of God's Spirit by them, 'dividing to every man severally as He will.'"

"I used to call him a prophet of God; and though he has gone home, I still find the greatest delight in reading the words which fell from his dear lips."

"I suppose you know how signally God is still blessing them, and what a marvellous circulation they have reached both in England and abroad?"

"Yes, I know something of it, and can well understand that you receive many delightful testimonies to their value and influence; but I wonder if you ever heard of their being read and enjoyed in an asylum for the insane?"

"No, I never did. What an unusual occurrence! Please tell me about it."

"Well, for twelve years, a dear friend of ours was confined in Hanwell. He is now well and liberated; but while there, we used regularly to send the Sermons to him, and he as regularly read them to the patients,—sometimes three or four times over, and they would sit and listen most attentively, with the tears just streaming down their faces!"

"How wonderful! And who can tell? Perhaps some shaft of Divine light did pierce the mental darkness of those who listened. With God nothing is impossible."

"The Lord grant it may have been so! The day will declare it. I thought you would be interested to hear that, even in a madhouse, your husband's words had power to make men weep."

"Yes, thank you very much for letting me know of such an exceptional incident. It makes me think what lovely surprises there will be for us in Heaven!"

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Therefore I will look unto the LORD; I will wait for the God of my salvation: my God will hear me."—Micah vii. 7.

Heartrending griefs are often the forerunners of great spiritual blessing. It must needs be a heavy wave of affliction which casts some of us high and dry on the safe and sheltered shore of complete confidence in God. It was a most distressful acquaintance with earth's shame and sorrow which drew from the Lord's prophet the exalted utterance of the text, and we often have to learn the blessedness of turning to God, and trusting Him, by the sharp pain of finding out that He alone is a dependable and constant Friend. Come, my heart, God has set thee a lesson to repeat, this morning,

which has stood thee in good stead in many a time of sorrow! To say it over again, will help thee to get it by heart, for thou canst not too often remember the lovingkindness of the Lord, and the many deliverances He has wrought for thee.

Reading the first six verses of this chapter, we see in each of them a "because" for the "therefore" which follows in the seventh. Manifold miseries and woes are here delineated by the prophet. He has discovered the faithlessness of friends, he has endured the pitiless malice of enemies;—feuds and factions, bribes and betrayals, crimes and cruelties have encompassed him, even the closest of all human ties has been strained; he is solitary, desolate, and discouraged,—his soul fainteth within him; but in the face of all this grief, nay, *because* of it, he remembers the Lord, and an upward look to Him brings swift and sure relief. The very extremity of his condition has caused him to flee to the only refuge, the very bitterness of his distresses has suggested the sweet solace of rest in God's unchangeable love.

Dear Father, how often do we, Thy children, share in the experience so vividly described by Micah! Great tempests of sorrow beat upon us, we see the shipwreck of all our dearest hopes, and suffer the desertion of many friends, before we reach this rock of "therefore", and can stand upon its summit with uplifted face, regardless of the angry waves below, and with all our hope and expectation centered in God alone. The teaching and the discipline of life are truly blessed to us when earthly troubles serve to raise us nearer to our Heavenly Father, and the sad inconstancy of the creature reveals to us more distinctly the immutability of Him who has loved us from all eternity.

"*Therefore I will look unto the Lord.*" Eyes and heart are both sorely aching with grief at the sight of the sin, and selfishness, and sorrow which are within and around me; but help me, dear Lord, to look up, enable me to "lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh mine help." As travellers on the great mountains refrain from looking down the steep precipices, keeping their eyes fixed on the heights above lest a sudden vertigo should overcome them, so may I look unto the Lord with humble, steadfast gaze, and receive courage and strength to press onward and upward in the path He has marked out for me!

"*I will wait for the God of my salvation.*" Though bruised and wearied by the roughness of the way, I have at last reached a safe shelter and resting-place where I may wait till my Lord reveal Himself to me as my Deliverer. How blest am I to know that One so mighty both in love and power watches over and directs my steps,—One who is not only "God", but "the God of my salvation"! He has a more tender and personal interest in me than in the angels of Heaven, for I am that marvel of marvels, a sinner saved by grace, a soul redeemed unto God by His most precious blood! For Him I will wait, confident and expectant. As someone lately said, "I know I am cared for; but just what His care may deem best for me, this I do not know." I can leave all with Him, and wait the unfolding of His will and purpose concerning me. *Waiting* for the Lord is often the surest mode of

progression in the Divine life; and to be silent before Him, is not unfrequently the most importunate of petitions.

"*My God will hear me.*" Of course He will; let us never doubt it. This is the language of full assurance, the tongue of the dwellers in the hill-country of Perfect Trust. Such speech well becomes those who look to and wait for the God of their salvation.

Dear reader, dost *thou* use it often and well?

S. S.

"In Thy Presence is Fulness of Joy."

AH, my Lord, my God, how lonely
 Is my heart if Thou remove!
 But my joy returns, if only
 Thou returnest with Thy love;
 So come again to cheer me,
 And abide for ever near me,
 For I cannot live without Thee,
 And 'tis hell on earth to doubt Thee;
 But to see Thee, and to hold Thee,
 In the arms of faith to fold Thee,
 This is bliss ineffable,
 Such as tongue nor pen can tell!

All my soul goes out to meet Thee,
 As I hear Thee turn to come;
 But, alas! I cannot greet Thee
 As I would, for I am dumb
 With joy as I behold Thee,
 And the words, that would have told Thee
 How I love Thee, are unspoken,
 And the silence is unbroken;
 But, ah me! my Lord, Thou readest,
 Like a book, my heart, and needest
 Not that I in words should tell,
 What Thou knowest, oh, so well!

Thou art mine, yea, mine for ever,
 I can read it in Thy face;
 Nothing, henceforth, me shall sever
 From Thine infinite embrace;
 Thine arms of love enfold me,
 And Thy hands of power uphold me,
 Thou art mine; I need no other,
 Closer Thou than friend or brother;
 Thou art mine, my soul rejoices,
 All the air is filled with voices,
 Heaven repeats the song again,
 And my heart responds, "Amen."

“H-G-P-T.”

AN ADDRESS TO THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE COLPORTEURS,
BY THE PRESIDENT, THOMAS SPURGEON.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I have heard it told that one of the lieutenants of Mr. Edison, the great discoverer, set out at his master's word, on a journey round the world, occupying twelve months in all, in search of some one article that Mr. Edison desired to use in the manufacture of certain of his patents. When the long journey was completed, and the traveller arrived at head-quarters, Mr. Edison said to him, simply and only, “Did you get it?” Probably he said something else afterwards, but that was the earliest question he put to his agent, “Did you get it?” I suppose you, brethren, have not been round the world since you were here last year, yet I feel inclined to say to you, “Did you get it?” and to make my first and most important query to you something almost as short, and sharp, and decisive as Mr. Edison's enquiry was. Did you do what you set out to do? Did you succeed in accomplishing the task which God had set you, and which you had set yourselves?

I understand that the work of the colporteur is twofold; first, he is to sell books, and last, but not least, he is to save souls,—to be the means of saving souls. Well, have you done it, brethren, during the past year? You have all sold a great many good books, thank God for that; and many of you have been the means of saving some souls, let still greater praise be given to the Lord for that: but are you sure that you really have done both? There are some—I do not suppose they belong to this Association,—who save the books and sell the souls; that is a perversion of the order which none of you will be likely to adopt. There are some—again I say that I do not suppose they belong to this Association,—who attend to only one part of the work, and neglect the other. God give you grace, my brethren, in this new year upon which you have already embarked, both to record good sales of books and to bring in tidings of many wanderers reclaimed and sinners brought beneath the blood of Calvary!

I have heard of one saintly man who, while he lived, expressed his desire that, when he had passed away, his friends should inscribe upon his tombstone by way of epitaph just this one word,—

“KEPT.”

There is a great wealth of meaning in that little word “Kept”—“Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.” You may have this word, brethren; I am glad that you need not have it as your epitaph, at all events at present,—long may the colporteurs live and labour for their Lord!—but you may have to-day as the motto of your life, and after your life has ended, you cannot have a better epitaph than this short and most suggestive word, “Kept.”

Has not the Lord kept you in your weary wanderings, and often proved Himself to be a very present help in trouble? Some of you have been, by His gracious upholding, kept in heart when you were like to despair; you have been kept believing when doubts and fears

invaded your mind; and you have been kept anticipating the glory that is yet to be revealed, though very little sign of it has at present appeared.

I thank God if you are kept to-day believing, as you believed at first, in the grace of Jesus, in the power of His precious blood, in the personality of the Holy Spirit, and in the inspiration of the Scriptures. I thank God if you have also been kept firmly believing—terrible doctrine though it be,—in the final judgment and doom of the impenitent, in the final perseverance of the saints, which is the happier theme, and in the everlasting glory of those whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. It is a right joyous cause for thanksgiving that, hitherto, by the grace of God, we have been kept in the light and in the darkness, in shower and in shine. I remember a good old woman who, when she came to die,—trembling only on the verge of the last article,—said to her minister, "Do you think, sir, that my faith will hold out?" "Well," he answered, "I cannot be sure about that, but I can be sure that your Saviour will hold out, and that ought to suffice." And so, brethren, knowing that your Saviour will hold out, you have held out; that is the sole secret of your holding out. We believe rather in the final preservation of the saints than in their final perseverance; nay, we believe in both, but we know that the perseverance of the saints depends upon their preservation by Christ. As our brother said just now, it is looking unto Jesus that saves; not looking to our faith, but looking to Him who is the Author and the Finisher of our faith.

Coming back to this little word "Kept," I want still to keep on speaking to you about it, and I hope it will be kept in your mind for many a day. In the General Epistle of Jude, and the first verse, we have these words in the Revised Version:—"Judas, a servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James, to them that are called, beloved in God the Father, and *kept for Jesus Christ.*" Our Authorized Version renders it, "preserved in Jesus Christ," and that is the view of the matter we have already taken, a glorious view of a glorious matter; but the Revised Version makes a distinction which is not a whit less instructive.

Like Judas, the servant of Jesus Christ, and brother of James, we are "called." Do we not know it? Are not the echoes of the voice that called us still ringing in our ears? We are also "beloved in God the Father," for we dwell in Him, and "in Him we live, and move, and have our being;" and we are "kept for Jesus Christ." Try to put those four letters one beneath the other, to form a sort of acrostic in your minds:—

K
E
P
T

I. Now, in the first place, we are KEPT FOR THE KING: "Kept for Jesus Christ" as King. We are His retainers, and that word, as its very sound signifies, means those who are kept, retained, held by Him as His special possession. The motto of all who truly belong to

Christ is, "We serve," and it is Jesus Christ whom we serve; we have been retained by Him to serve His glorious cause.

Brethren, I hope that none of you are under the delusion that you have been retained by Jesus Christ merely for ornament. Some of us would never make ornaments of a first-rate order, so we are glad that we are kept for use, not for ornament. I know that our King takes great delight in us, and that He sees in us charms and graces that no one else can see; that is because He looks upon us with eyes of infinite tenderness and love, but the greatest of our charms in His eyes are those practical charms, such as self-denial and self-sacrifice, which redound most to His glory.

I was telling my people in the Tabernacle, last Monday evening, about something that a friend said to me. He asked me, "How is Mr. ———, ———? I cannot think of his name." I replied, "Well, I cannot think of it either; how do you spell it?" He had forgotten the name of the gentleman, so I said to him, "Well, then, describe him to me." "Oh!" he answered, "I don't know how to describe him except that I remember that he wears a big shirt front." Oh, dear! has it come to that, only remembered by what one has worn, instead of being remembered by what one has done? I recollect that my dear father used to speak of one of his deacons as "the man in the shirt sleeves." Well, I think that, if I had to make my choice, I had rather be the man in the shirt sleeves than the gentleman who wore the big shirt front. The one at least looked like working, while the other service rendered by the other was to advertise his washerwoman! Brethren, we do not want to be known in a spiritual sense as men in shirt fronts, mere ornamental men; but we want to be known amongst our fellow-Christians, and most of all by Him who keeps us for His use, as men who serve Him in season and out of season, and who are never so happy as when they are doing His bidding. So we are kept for the King, and for no other. You cannot serve two masters, you must cleave to the one and leave the other. Brethren, *you* must choose one King, and that one King, Jesus. Oh! has He not the right to reign over us in body, soul, and spirit, our supreme and only Sovereign and Lord?

One of the beauties of serving Jesus lies in the fact that we are *His bond-slaves*; we can use no softer term to describe our proper relation to Him. Yet from His point of view we are *His friends*. He calls us not servants, but friends. It is right for us to recognize that we are bound to Him; yet the very bonds are beautiful, soft as silk if strong as steel. "O Lord, truly I am Thy servant; I am Thy servant, and the son of Thine handmaid;"—there cannot be any doubt about it, I can feel the bonds, and yet in the very next breath I can say with equal truth, "Thou hast loosed my bonds." Yes, the old bonds are gone, but newer, softer, and still stronger ones are around, not our wrists or ankles, but our hearts. So we are kept for the King.

II. The next letter of our acrostic, E, reminds us that we are KEPT FOR EMMANUEL. Emmanuel means, "God with us," and I believe that Jesus keeps us that He may have communion with us. I am not going to say very much upon this point; it is one of those truths that are not to be talked about very freely in public, and scarcely even in

a company of Christian brethren and friends like ourselves. I think that those who know most about communion with God speak the least about it; at all events, they make no sort of boast concerning it, and rather say with the poet of the sanctuary,—

"Could I get nearer to the throne
Than is the common length,
My soul with gratitude should own,
'Tis done by borrow'd strength."

But I do love to think that Emmanuel finds His heart glowing with gladness when we approach Him, and when we speak with Him as a man speaketh with his friend. Oh! see to it that, by every holy influence, you "keep yourselves in the love of God," for we are "kept for Jesus Christ," that is, for Emmanuel, that the Lord God may dwell among us.

III. The next letter is P, and stands for Priest; we are KEPT FOR OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST. Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, but there is a sense in which we can be sacrificed for Him. Oh! did we not design, when we first trusted Jesus, and perhaps especially when we avowed him in baptism, that we would be a whole burnt-offering to His praise? The vows of God were upon us, we avouched ourselves that day to be the Lord's, and with the highest and most honourable intentions we devoted ourselves as sacrifices to Christ; yet, just as certain of the animals that were devoted to the Temple service broke away from their fastenings, so in many and many an instance have we, proud of heart and rebellious of will, broken loose, and thus God has not had what we ourselves had determined should be His. The Hebrews said that, of all beasts, the most restive were those that were devoted to sacrifice; and I think that, whether it was actually so, or not, it was some such notion that made the psalmist cry, "Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." Put some additional ropes, O Lord, around the sacrifice already designated for the flame, lest from the very altar it should leap away, and stray into supposed freedom once again!

Let me say upon this point that, if we are to be bound with cords even unto the horns of the altar, someone other than ourselves must do the tying. We have tried this business of tying knots to fasten ourselves to the altar, but for the most part they have been slip-knots; we have been away from the place of sacrifice almost or ever the knot was tied, and our resolves have had to be renewed and our vows remade. I do not know if I have ever told you of an experience I once had when sitting on the deck of a passenger ship with a little circle of friends. Very often there was nothing for us to do, and the only change was either to ship a sea or see a ship, so we were employing and amusing ourselves by tying knots with some of the yarn which was easily to be obtained. There were various kinds of knots, true lovers' knots and others; and while we were engaged in this interesting occupation, one of the officers came along, and looking knowingly at us, said, "Beg your pardon, ladies and gentlemen, are you trying to tie knots? Let me show you how to do it." Now, if a sailor can do anything,—and there are not many things that he cannot

do,—he can tie knots, that is a very important part of his work; so the officer took two pieces of yarn, just twisted them over one another, very slowly, so that we might learn the art, he said, though it was quite impossible to follow the movement of his fingers, and when he had fastened them together he exclaimed, "There, hang on to that;" and the peculiarity of the knot was that, the more one tugged at it, the tighter it grew. I think he called it a "clove-hitch." Well, that is the sort of knot, brethren, with which I want to be bound to Christ, so that neither He, nor I, nor the Church, nor the world, nor Heaven itself may miss the gift which He Himself has accepted, and which I myself, by His grace, have devoted to His service.

IV. The last of our four letters is T. I would like, in closing, to say that we are KEPT FOR THE TRUTH, that is, for Jesus, since this is one of His own names for Himself, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I have not time to speak fully concerning Jesus as the Truth, I expect you have yourselves preached on that topic before now; but just remember how true He was. He was the antitype of all the types, the fulfilment of all the promises and of all the prophecies; and He Himself spake truth to all men, neither fearing their frowns nor courting their smiles. He was Truth incarnate.

We are kept for Him who is the Truth; does not that mean that we ought to be true, that we ought to be all that we profess to be, and that we ought not to profess to be anything that we are not? Let there be nothing sham or counterfeit about you, brethren; be all that you profess to be, and nothing more nor less. Some of you were present when I spoke recently of what I had been told concerning the marble mantelpieces made of wood and of iron, and of how, when the fashion changed,—and many think it is better not to be, than not to be in the fashion,—some decided to paint their marble mantelpieces to make them look like wood. I do not know which I dislike the more, a marble mantelpiece made of wood, or a wooden mantelpiece painted to look like marble; I abominate them both, and I am sure that God must abominate one who professes to be His servant, but who, after all, is not really so, but only a sham and a fraud.

This is an age of shams; it is not so very long ago that a magistrate in London had to decide a case relating to certain so-called sausage-rolls. After hearing some of the evidence, the magistrate asked, "Well, now, what are these sausage-rolls made of?" The vendor answered that, so far as the insides of them were concerned, all that the sausages consisted of was soaked brown bread, pepper and salt, and red ochre. "But," enquired the magistrate, "where is the sausage-meat?" "Oh!" replied the man, "there is no need for any, the soaked bread, and the condiments, and the colouring matter are quite sufficient." Well now, brethren, it seems to me that those sausage-rolls were very much like the modern so-called gospel, without an atonement, without a Bible that you can trust from cover to cover, without a Spirit who lives and loves and quickens and guides, and without an eternity, such as the Lord Jesus described, of infinite joy to the believer and of infinite woe to the unbeliever. Those who manufacture this kind of gospel may say that there is no need of those elements which we regard as essential; but for our part, we refuse to recognize "another gospel,

which is not another," but is altogether unworthy of the name of a gospel.

Brethren, be true to the old gospel, whatever your special form of labour may be; whether you are witnessing, or working, or waiting for the coming of your Lord, be true to Him. This is especially needful at the present time, when some of the leaders of religious thought are telling us that the end of punishment is regeneration rather than retribution. I pray you, in all your spheres of service, to stick to the grand old gospel, not merely because your fathers held it, but because it holds you, and you cannot get away from it, and you would not if you could.

In view of the spread of Roman Catholicism to-day, we ought to be still more true to the simple gospel of the doctrines of grace. You have perhaps read, in this morning's newspapers, an account of a great procession in the West of London yesterday afternoon; it was a mile and a half in length, with bands and banners and I know not what, except that I remember that its central feature was a statue of the Virgin Mary borne in a most conspicuous manner through the streets. The procession was organized on behalf of those who call themselves "the Ransomers of England." England having been and still remaining part of Mary's rich dowry, these "Ransomers" are determined to win back our dear country to the Popish faith, so they went about singing, among other things,—

" Faith of our fathers ! Mary's prayers
 Shall win our country back to thee ;
 And through the truth that comes from God,
 England shall then indeed be free.
 Faith of our fathers, holy faith !
 We will be true to thee till death."

Those are beautiful words, but they are utterly spoiled, and made as I think blasphemous, by the insertion of Mary's name—though all due honour be to Mary,—instead of the name of Him who is the one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. Well, brethren, we are "kept for Jesus Christ," not for Mary; kept for the Son of God and the Son of Mary, but not for the mother of Jesus. Let us be true to our Protestant principles, and true to Jesus our dear Lord and Master. It is very significant that the priest, who preached the sermon yesterday afternoon, "described the procession as a glorious witness of the progress which the Church had made towards winning back the place which it had held in England for a thousand years." "Ritualism," he added, "was only a preparatory school towards that great consummation," which is just what we ourselves have long believed.

Now, brethren, if you have kept that acrostic in mind while I have been speaking, you will be able to recognize it in the lines with which I close; if not, you can do so when the address appears in print.

Kept for the **K**ing of kings, a servant bound, yet free ;
 Kept for **E**mmanuel, that God may dwell with me ;
 Kept for my great High **P**riest, a sacrifice to be ;
 Kept for the **T**ruth of truth, to be as true as He.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXXII. PASTOR JAMES W. DAVIES, AND THE BROMLEY ROAD
TABERNACLE, LEE, S.E.



THE subject of the following sketch, JAMES W. DAVIES, was born in Newbury, Berkshire, in the year 1860. He comes of good old Baptist stock, the family having, for several generations, been connected with the Baptist church in Reading, now meeting in the King's Road Chapel, but formerly worshipping in a quaint old meeting-house in Hosier Lane. The records of that church bear ample testimony to the useful career and rich Christian experience of many old members of the

Davies family, while their descendants are to-day carrying out the honourable traditions of their forefathers, in the hearty support they are giving to the Baptist cause in Reading. Many ministers of the gospel have sprung from different branches of the family, one of its members has recently fallen asleep in Christ on the Congo Mission-field, while a female relation is still aiding the arduous career of her husband in Demerara. Among those who have devoted their lives to the work of God as pastors of Baptist churches, the family is honoured in the possession of one who has received his training for the ministry at the Pastors' College, and who knew and loved in no ordinary degree the great Founder of that Institution.

Pastor J. W. Davies was brought up amid holy and gracious influences. His maternal grandfather was a man who simply breathed the spirit of love towards God and man, and was widely known for his ripe faith and consecrated life. His father, a deacon of the Baptist church at Newbury, has, during a life-long affliction, set an example of patience and resignation which has touched the hearts of all his children, and taught them, as nothing else could have done, the noble influence exerted by a man in whose heart the love of God is shed abroad. In such surroundings, it is little wonder that, at the early age of twelve years, the son should have come under serious conviction, though for some years still he lived a careless life. Nevertheless, the state of his mind was not actually antagonistic to the claims and privileges of the Christian life.

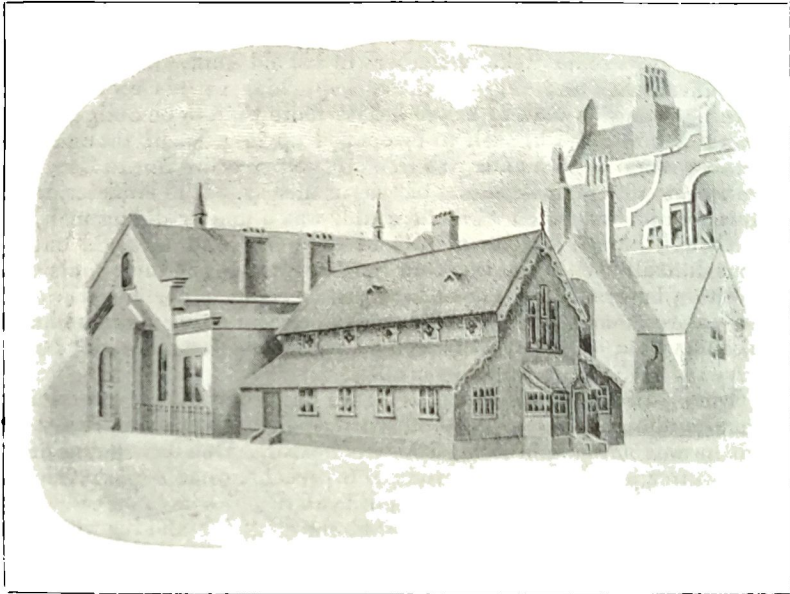
In November, 1881, while serving as an assistant in a business house, Mr. Davies experienced a sudden change, which proved to be genuine and lasting. Having believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, "he arose, and was baptized," and became a Sunday-school teacher and a useful member of the church at Newbury for the short time left to

him ere he forsook the home nest, and started forth to do battle with the world. In 1882, he took a situation at Guildford, in Surrey, where he came under the beneficent influence of Pastor John Rankine, who did much to mould his spiritual character by enlightening and confirming him in the doctrines of grace. The impressions gained by this companionship, and the lessons thereby learned, have not lost their power even down to the present time. At Guildford, Mr. Davies commenced speaking for Christ in public. Circumstances having led to his return to Newbury, he quickly commenced service as a village preacher, and in that labour for the Lord he gave evidence of such considerable power, that many friends urged him to enter College with a view to the ministry. He accordingly sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Spurgeon, who, after satisfying himself as to the candidate's call, welcomed him heartily as a student, and from that time forward never ceased to take a sympathetic interest in his welfare and in the success of his work.

Towards the end of 1886, Mr. Davies was unanimously invited to the pastorate of the church meeting in the Bromley Road Tabernacle, Lee. Notwithstanding the short period of preparation he had undergone, Mr. Spurgeon strongly recommended his acceptance of the post, though it was an exceedingly difficult one. He accordingly undertook the responsibility, still, however, continuing his student course at College for some considerable time. Thus began the union of pastor and people in holy service which has been characterized all along by hearty co-operation and never-flagging interest; and under these conditions failure became an impossibility. The building, an incommodious school-chapel, was incapable of seating more than 200 persons; and before the church lay the task of raising £1,000 wherewith to purchase the premises and the adjoining site for the future erection of a larger place of worship. Well might the beloved C. H. Spurgeon speak of the work as being "out of all proportion to their present strength," while describing the cause as "urgently needed in view of the speedy growth of the neighbourhood."

At that time, pastor, officers, and members, all told, amounted to only twenty-eight, the congregation also being proportionately small. Now, notwithstanding the heavy losses consequent upon a migratory population, the church has a membership of one hundred and forty, and the congregation fills the chapel uncomfortably, even to the extent of being harmful, by reason of the vitiated atmosphere of such a crowded building. The debt, during the nine years' pastorate of Mr. Davies, has been gradually diminishing, until at the present time only £150 remains, and this sum has been lent, free of interest, for a period of eight years. Though anxious to build, the pastor and officers have seen grave difficulties in the way, at least for the present. It was, therefore, decided to erect a comfortable iron building (of which we give an illustration), capable of seating about 380, on the site adjoining the present school-chapel, and facing the main road. There is no Baptist cause within two miles, the position is one not likely to interfere with any existing Nonconformist place of worship, and there are many people around who are in great need of having the gospel faithfully and urgently proclaimed to them. There is also

an opening for much “reform” work, and this Mr. Davies has been careful not to neglect. Though not perhaps religious in the strict sense of the word, such agencies as a Working Men’s Institute or a Band of Hope organization are closely allied to that spiritual teaching which aims to be practical as well as doctrinal. Those whose hearts the Lord has touched may here find an object worthy of their



sympathetic regard and monetary help. The pastor and members of this church are bravely bearing the burden and heat of the day; are there not, among the readers of *The Sword and the Trowel*, many who can and will, hand in hand with them, go up to the help of the Lord against the mighty? All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by Pastor J. W. Davies, 2, Bromley Road, Lee, London, S.E.

“God says ‘Now!’ When do you say?”

POOOR old Simmonds had ploughed the North Sea for many a year. From early boyhood he had lived most of his days on a fishing-vessel, and that not a large one. He was a very punctual man, and no one could say that he ever lost a tide through carelessness or negligence. He was very fond of saying, “’Tis the early bird as gets the worm.” There was no mistake about it, Simmonds meant to make money, and money seemed to roll in at his bidding. While quite young, he rose to the position of master, and was so successful that he became owner of a smack, and then he stayed at home to

manage his affairs. Mrs. Simmonds was a very, very cautious woman, one who must look *more* than twice before she leaped once. There was one sentence more often than any other upon her lips, and that was, "Don't be in a hurry."

The life ashore did not suit the fisherman nearly so well as the life at sea, and much of his time he was ailing and complaining. He did not think it would be right to keep away from a place of worship, so as long as he could he passed an hour or so on Sabbath evenings in a sailors' church.

There were some "shaky timbers in his old hulk," as he described his infirmities, and one of these kept him in his room at last. Nothing annoys a man of active habits more than to be obliged to see others at work, and himself to be cooped up in a small though comfortable room. Simmonds was like a caged creature in the Zoo, as he walked to and fro, looking the picture of misery. The minister, whose church he had attended while he could, was a matter-of-fact man, and he thought much of the morals of both Mr. and Mrs. S., but the great difficulty with him was that he could not get at their souls' true condition before God. Very often, just as some important truth was laid before them, the wife would remember something that she had to do, and would leisurely rise, saying, "Be very careful, don't be in a hurry; I say, 'Take time to consider.'"

Every attempt to win the man's soul proved such an utter failure that the minister almost gave up in despair. The secret really was that he was not simple enough for his hearer. One day, going on the quay after a disappointing visit, the preacher met a plain, simple-minded man, to whom he told his difficulty.

"I'll go with you to see him," said old Jimmy, "and try what I can do;" and soon the two were in the sick man's room. Providentially, the wife was out, and Jimmy, taking his seat close to Simmonds, enquired of him, "Well, how are you? Is your soul safe?"

"No," replied the man, "I cannot say that it is."

"You need a Saviour, don't you?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, that I do, and no mistake," was the ready reply.

"Well, then, what hinders you?" said Jimmy.

"I don't know, but I hope it will be all right, Jimmy."

Taking off his sou'wester, and kneeling close to the sick man, Jimmy said, "*God says, 'Now!' When do you say?*"

After a moment's hesitation, Simmonds replied, "If God says, 'Now!' I may as well say, 'Now!' too."

"Do you say, 'Now'?"

"I do," answered Simmonds.

"Then," said Jimmy, "God says, 'Now!' and you say, 'Now!' You are both saying, 'Now!' together. The deed is done."

Soon after, Mrs. Simmonds came in, and Jimmy said to her, "God says, 'Now!' and your husband says, 'Now!' They are of one mind; Simmonds is saved."

This utterance called out all the caution of Mrs. S., and, as though she would look right into the very soul of her husband, she stared at him in silence, but at last she said, "Are you sure you say, 'Now'?"

"Yes, sure as the day, I say, 'Now!'" he answered.

For months Simmonds lived a happy, holy life, and when, one day, his wife and sons and the minister were standing round his dying bed, he meekly said, "God said, 'Now!' and I said 'Now!' too, and ever since then we have said 'Now!' together."

There was no mistake about this man's decision. There was no doubt about his true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. His great sin was in waiting, instead of trusting in Christ at once. God had said, "Now!" for years. He had put off deciding; but when he said, "Now!" it was done at once.

What do you say, dear reader? Remember that text, "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation." Waiting will not save you; procrastinating may be the ruin of your soul; accept at once the blessing of salvation; trust in Jesus, just now. Think of poor old Simmonds, and say like him, "God says, 'Now!' I say, 'Now!' too."

Sunderland.

GEORGE WILSON.

Perfect Love.

ON the soft pillow of God's perfect love,
I lay me down;
Beneath me are the everlasting arms;
Above, a crown.

Weary of earth's long conflict, seeking rest,
Yet finding none,
I clasp God's will, and press it to my heart;
His will be done.

Gazing, O Lord, upon Thy cup, Thy cross,
While taking mine,
What is the weight of all this load of pain,
In sight of Thine?

God did not spare His Son the cruel thorns
Wounding His brow,
Nor the sharp pain of nails that pierced His hands;
So, trust Him now.

Hereafter, thou shalt know God's own needs-be;
And they are blest
Who, seeing not, believe, and take His yoke
To find His rest.

And leaning their tired hearts upon His love,
With joy confess,
Each pang is measured, but the love that metes
Is *measureless*.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

How the Stockwell Orphanage was Founded.

AT the recent celebration of "Founder's Day" at the Stockwell Orphanage, REV. W. J. HENDERSON, B.A., of Bristol, gave the following interesting information concerning an important interview which led to the foundation of the Institution. He said:—

I happen to have known quite well the lady who made a most handsome contribution to this Orphanage at the very beginning, and I am not sure whether the details I am about to relate are known to Dr. Spurgeon and other members of the Spurgeon family. It happened on this wise. Mrs. Hillyard and two friends of mine—a husband and wife,—were sitting together here in London, and in the course of their conversation Mrs. Hillyard said to my friend, "I have a considerable sum of money that I wish to use for beneficent purposes, but I am not competent to administer the money myself; but I wish you would take this sum of £20,000, and use it for the glory of God." My friend, who was a very sensible man, replied, "I am quite unfit to administer that large sum of money." It was pressed upon him, but he resolutely declined to take it; whereupon Mrs. Hillyard said to him, "Well, if you are not willing to take the money, will you give me some advice as to the disposal of it?" The advice he gave was that the money should be put into the hands of a public man, all of whose acts were known to people generally, one who was responsible to the public, and whose reputation depended upon the proper use of any funds entrusted to his keeping.

This counsel was approved by Mrs. Hillyard; and now comes the remarkable part of the story. You know that Mrs. Hillyard did not share many of our views, and the gentleman to whom she was speaking did not share our intense admiration for Mr. Spurgeon, though he had a kindly feeling towards him, and a high regard for his integrity and uprightness. When Mrs. Hillyard said to him, "Will you name somebody who fulfils the conditions you have mentioned?" he told me that the name of SPURGEON jumped from his lips almost to his own surprise; Mrs. Hillyard wrote to Mr. Spurgeon about the matter, he went to see her, and you all know what followed from their interview.

I want to make just a little addition to this story. Possibly there is somebody who needs to be told that this Institution could administer a considerable sum of money in a special way so as to make the Orphanage complete. You cannot have an Orphanage for five hundred children, in all respects suited to its purpose, unless you have a place at the seaside to which you can send the weakly ones in your large family; and some Mrs. Hillyard, or a good number of people put together to make one Mrs. Hillyard, may cheer the hearts of the Trustees as they unite in saying, "Please God, this want of the Orphanage shall be met immediately."

* * * *

One of "our own men," PASTOR CHARLES WELTON, of Morley, who heard Mr. Henderson's speech, sends us the following pleasing

reminiscence, which throws a most instructive side-light upon the history of the founding of the Orphanage. He writes :—

Many were the influences which the beloved President of the Pastors' College exercised over his students, the fragrant memories of which will never be erased. Among these, one of the chief was *his prayerfulness*. Whether we joined in his public prayers in the great assembly in the Tabernacle, or knelt with him in a more private way, there was the impression, that for once at least, we had come into contact with a man who was reverently familiar with the Lord.

"God only knows how your Pastor prays," said Mr. Thomas Olney to me in my student days, as he grasped my hand, and gave me an instance in illustration which I need not now repeat ; but the remark gave still greater emphasis to a fact with which I had already been much impressed. Yes, Mr. Spurgeon did pray, and he also taught others to pray ; but he did more than this, for he taught us to rise from our belief in the fact that God hears prayer to a conviction that, when we had truly prayed, we had the petitions that we desired of Him (1 John v. 15). This he fully believed himself, as the following incident will show.

One Monday night, at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Mr. Spurgeon said :—"Dear friends, we are a huge church, and should be doing more for the Lord in this great city. I want us, to-night, to ask Him to send us *some new work*, and if we need money to carry it on, let us pray that *the means may also be sent*." Several of the students had been called to the platform to join with deacons and elders in leading the assembly to the throne of grace, and to plead with God about the matter. While that mighty man of prayer, Mr. William Olney, was wrestling with the Lord, the beloved President knew that the answer had come. Had the Holy Spirit told him ? It seemed so, for, walking lightly to me on the platform, he said softly, "It's all right, Welton ; you pray for the conversion of sinners, will you ?"

Here is the sequel. A few days after this Tabernacle prayer-meeting, Mrs. Hillyard wrote to the dear Pastor offering to entrust him with £20,000 for the purpose of founding an Orphanage for fatherless children. Here was *the new work and the money with which to begin it*. Does not this incident account for the interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Henderson at the Orphanage Festival on June 17th ? It was my conviction thirty years ago, as it is to-day, that the Stockwell Orphanage, as well as the money to found it, came from the Lord in answer to the petitions offered that Monday night. Surely, the Orphanage was born of prayer.

Up the Queensland Coast.

BY PASTOR W. HIGLETT, ALBION, BRISBANE.

SEVEN hundred and fifty miles to preach ! Such a journey would be impossible in Great Britain, yet I undertook it merely to supply our Townsville church for a month ; and when I reached my destination, I was only half-way up our Queensland coast. I left by the steamer *Leura*, a

vessel of 1,200 tons, one Tuesday at midday. A quick run down the river, and twenty-five miles across the bay, brought us to the bar about four o'clock. Before I left home, I had given utterance to the wish,—

“And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea;”

but it was a vain wish. We encountered a fresh breeze in the Pacific, and my conviction is well expressed by Will Carleton,—

“Some folks may be who ocean waves are fitted to command,
But we've concluded *we* was built expressly for the land.”

Next morning, at breakfast time, we passed Lady Elliott Island, some fifty miles off the coast, and marking the southern limit of the Great Barrier Reefs, the coral formation which stretches right up to New Guinea. After passing this island, little else was seen until, at tea-time, we reached Cape Capricorn, and anchored in Keppel Bay, the former name suggesting that we were entering the tropics. Keppel Bay, 350 miles north of Brisbane, is at the mouth of the Fitzroy river, on which stands ROCKHAMPTON, an important town of 12,000 inhabitants, among whom Pastor E. R. Makin, son of a former Pastors' College man, is doing good work at the Baptist church.

The *Leura* weighed anchor about nine p.m., and next morning we were among the many islands that lie between the Barrier Reefs and the coast. Having thoroughly gained my sea-legs, I was able to enjoy the ever-changing island scenery,—bare rocks and grassy slopes, sandy bays and tree-clad hills, some mere patches and others several miles in extent, here and there a lighthouse with its keepers, but others uninhabited. These islands, of which at times ten or fifteen were in sight, prevented any feeling of monotony, and the day passed very pleasantly. Soon after midday we anchored under Flat-top Island, and in the distance could see the gleaming of the iron roofs of MACKAY, 540 miles from Brisbane, and one of the chief centres of the sugar industry; a little further north, the cane-fields can be seen from the deck of the steamer. Although in the district there is a population of 10,000, the Baptists are not represented by any church.

Having a good deal of cargo to discharge, it was night when we again pursued our way, and Whit-Sunday Passage was threaded in the darkness. The islands here being large, and the passage narrow, it is said to be one of the most picturesque spots on the coast, but on each trip it was my lot to pass during the night. On Friday morning we were out of sight of land, and hardly anything was seen until, at noon, we neared Cape Cleveland. Crossing the bay, we passed inside the breakwater about three o'clock, and TOWNSVILLE was reached. A terrific cyclone swept the town at the end of January, and the damaged breakwater, wrecked vessels, and shattered houses bore evidence of its severity. Happily for me, the rainy season came to an end the day I landed, and I was favoured with fine weather all the month. The heat was not excessive, yet I followed the sensible and almost universal practice of wearing white clothes. There was abundant evidence that we were in the tropics; cocoa-nut palms, laden with fruit, were to be seen in some of the gardens; mangoes were growing as shade trees by the roadside at the railway station, but it was not the season for the luscious fruit; and often, at night, large numbers of fireflies were to be seen dancing along in the still air. Meals were very commonly served on shaded verandahs, and I noticed that a local doctor had built his house so that the well-furnished dining-room was only screened from the roadway by a vine-covered lattice-work verandah; while this had the appearance of comfort, it also suggested an absence of burglars.

Townsville is built at the base of the Castle Hill, a rocky mass towering

1,000 feet above the sea level, and presenting a precipitous face to the bay. The population is about 13,000. It is the chief shipping port of North Queensland; and while it is the outlet for the cattle country lying to the west, it owes much of its importance to the Charters Towers goldfield. The only local industries worthy of notice are the meat works, one at Ross River, freezing and preserving works, and the other at Alligator Creek, extract and preserving works. I visited the latter, which is about sixteen miles distant by road; its name suggests the very unwelcome inhabitants of that and other creeks and rivers in the vicinity. When in full swing, the meat works here give employment to 300 men. We arrived just as the men were finishing dinner; and as the manager had other visitors, we went to the foremen's dining-room. The ride had whetted our appetites, the beef was excellent and abundant, and we made a hearty meal. Mr. J. Phillips, the foreman cooper, at whose house in Townsville I was staying, took us round the works. He is a staunch Baptist, whom I had first met at Toowoomba, where he was Sunday-school superintendent, and a deacon in the church. It will appear strange to English readers when I state that, at the time of our visit, 1,200 bullocks were being put through *simply for tallow*. Of course, the hides were utilized, and the tongues also were preserved, but the whole of the carcasses were boiled down for tallow, the residuum being converted into manure. I could not help thinking how many in England would have been glad of such a capital meal as we had enjoyed.

The Baptist church at Townsville was started eight years ago as the result of a visit of Pastor W. Whale. Brother Breewood, who has now returned to England, and Brother Buckingham, who has removed to Ipswich, are both Pastors' College men, and have occupied the pulpit at Townsville during the greater part of the church's history. My visit was to supply the pulpit for a month during the vacancy in the pastorate, and also to fulfil a long-cherished desire to visit our northern churches. As secretary of our Queensland Baptist Association, I was anxious to be personally acquainted with all our churches in the colony. They are not nearly so numerous as in many an English county, but then no English county has its churches scattered over 900 miles of country! The Townsville church has a preaching-station at BLACK RIVER, fourteen miles distant in the bush, among settlers who are for the most part dairy farmers. I arranged to go there one Sunday afternoon, but my plans were upset, and I was at CHARTERS TOWERS on the date fixed. I went out, however, on the following Thursday, and gave a lecture to the Mutual Improvement Society; about fifty persons assembled, and a pleasant evening was spent. At the close of the meeting, tea was provided, and it was eleven p.m. when we started for a delightful moonlight ride home, reaching there safely shortly before two in the morning. My trip north had also to serve me as a holiday; and though there was not much rest, it furnished the change which is often equally beneficial.

The only other Baptist church in North Queensland is at Charters Towers, distant from Townsville 82 miles by rail. Along the route there is hardly any population, the soil not being generally suitable for close settlement. At fifty miles, we reach the mountain range which divides the coast lands from the tableland of the interior. Crossing it at an altitude of something over 1,000 feet, we soon come to the junction for the Ravenswood goldfield, the importance of which is insignificant by comparison with its near neighbour. Presently we reach Macrossan Bridge, where the railway crosses the Burdekin river. This spot is notorious for the stoppages to traffic which occur almost every rainy season by reason of floods. The bridge is a low-level one, its principle of construction being that, before the flood rises sufficiently high to carry down trees and *debris*, it will have risen above the level of the bridge, and thus the whole mass will float over without injuring the structure. A high-level bridge would be much more

costly, and more liable to damage; but the stoppage to traffic is so serious, that tenders have been invited for the erection of one. At the time of my visit, the rainy season was just over, yet the water only occupied a small portion of the river-bed, which is here over a third of a mile wide. The streams appeared shallow enough for fording, and the rest of the bed was dry sand. Even in the water, trees were growing, all bent down-stream by the force of the floods. With a shriek of the whistle, the train dashed down an incline of one in twenty-five, rushed across the bridge, which seemed only about six feet above the river-bed, and ascended a similar incline on the other side. How different it must appear when in flood, for the waters then rise forty, fifty, and even seventy feet above the bridge! English readers must remember that I am writing of the tropics, where, except for occasional showers and thunderstorms, all the rain falls in the first three months of the year. In Townsville, the enormous total of 65·55 inches of rain fell during the first nine weeks of 1896.

Soon, the poppet heads and heaps of mullock appear on either side of the line, and the train draws up at Charters Towers; the most important goldfield in Queensland. Last year, the output of gold was 251,577 ounces, more than a third of the total output of the Colony, and worth, say, £1,000,000. The town has a population of 18,000, and is wholly dependent upon the mining industry. Every facility was afforded me of seeing all that was of interest. I descended the "Brilliant and St. George United" mine, and there, 1,700 feet below the surface, saw the rich quartz, here being prepared for blasting by the rock-drill, and there being quarried by the miner's pick. To describe all I saw, would suit a secular paper rather than *The Sword and the Trowel*. To a stranger, perhaps the most striking feature of a goldfield is the incessant work. The roar of the crushing mills goes on without intermission day and night. The mines are worked in three shifts, covering the entire 24 hours. All is haste to get the gold; the only quiet time is Sunday, and that day, alas! is devoted by the majority to playing or witnessing football or cricket matches. But operations at the mills and mines cease for 24 hours each week, and the stopping of the nearest crushing mill promptly woke me up at midnight on Saturday. As a friend remarked, "We only hear it when it stops."

The Baptist church at Charters Towers, like that at Townsville, is an outcome of our Brother Whale's visit to the north eight years ago; and, notwithstanding many difficulties, it has done good work. It had a unique experience in its early history. When the building was erected, it was encumbered with a debt of £500. The development of mines in that part of the town led a company to offer 500 fully paid-up shares for the right to mine under the church. At that time, the shares were almost worthless, and the company would not pay any cash, so the Baptist Association, in whose name the property is held, became possessors of mining scrip. The discovery of fresh reefs sent the shares up, and our scrip was sold out for about £450. By exchanging with Pastor T. Vigie, I was able to spend a Sunday in the Towers, and in the evening I took up the last of a month's series of special subjects which he had arranged. My subject was, "Confessing Christ," and it was a special joy to know that one soul that night was led to make the good confession, and to find that which was better than gold. My service was but the gathering in the result of another man's labours, but in the harvest both sowers and reapers rejoice together. The following Wednesday, I lectured in the church, the next morning saw me on my way back to Townsville. My return to Brisbane was in the s.s. *Aravatta*, a fine vessel of 2,114 tons. The weather was magnificent, and the sea so calm that the ship never rocked the whole way. Leaving on Monday at 3 p.m., a splendid run brought another of my happy Queensland trips to an end at 7 a.m. on the following Thursday.

A Strange Funeral.

(SEEN IN THE NIGHT.)

A SERVANT of God had been sharply assailed throughout the day by many doubts and fears. They had buzzed about him like swarming bees, and many had stung him. He went to bed swollen and smarting. He could not sleep. As he lay tossing and moaning, he suddenly saw the strangest funeral he ever remembered. It so fixed his attention that he forgot his sufferings.

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Two powerful horses were harnessed to a heavy hearse, which creaked beneath the weight of an immense coffin. There was but one solitary follower. "Mourner" he was not, for his face was covered with smiles. His step was so elastic that, every now and again, he fairly leaped into the air, throwing up his hat like a school-boy loosed for his holidays. "The man is a maniac," said some. "He is worse than a heathen," said others. He cared not a straw for these remarks, and started singing,—

"Sound the loud timbrel!"

It now transpired that, the night before, he had committed a deed, the telling of which made the blood curdle. He was a man with many foes, and seizing a favourable opportunity, he had suddenly surprised them, and before they could rise to defend themselves, he had thrust them all through with an all-powerful weapon, which he was now brandishing in the air. Collecting the bodies together, he had thrown them into this huge, rough, home-made coffin, and was about to bury them. The shuddering onlookers were unanimously of opinion that he should be arrested, yet no one ventured to touch him, and everybody was moved with curiosity to know where he would find a grave large enough for such an interment.

On went the *cortège*, until it reached the centre of a bleak, barren common, when the big oblong box, taxing the strength of the bearers to the utmost, was taken out. "Be careful," said the smiling man, with a momentary shadow over his countenance, "I do not want again to see the hideous faces of those screwed in there." "No!" exclaimed some of the bystanders, "that's true enough. The man's conscience is pricking him. The brute!"

The grave was reached, and what a grave it was! The like was never seen before; the depth made one feel dizzy. "Is it the bottomless pit?" asked one and another. It looked for all the world as though the earth had opened her mouth, and was waiting to be fed. While the men were roping the coffin, the man himself officiated, and began the strange funeral service.

"My friends," said he, "we will give these my foes a Christian burial, for in the name of God I have destroyed them. Let there be no sign of a tear, for all things have been done according to the Divine will." He then read, in a loud voice, passages of Scripture such as these, which made some look—

"As ghastly as the sheeted dead,
And awe-struck, not a few."

"Bury my dead out of my sight." "They shall not lament for him, saying, Ah my brother! . . . Ah Lord! . . . He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates." "Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope! . . . Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter

for sweet, and sweet for bitter!" "Ye are cursed with a curse."
 "Depart from Me, ye cursed." "Woe! Woe!! Woe!!!"

Then, as though addressing the coffined dead, he cried, "And as for you, O mine enemies, you who have so often rejoiced over me, I commit your dishonoured carcasses to this deep grave in the sure and certain hope of no resurrection;" and when he finished with the announcement of—

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,"

a whisper went round the assembly, "Surely the fellow is mad."

The signal was now given for the coffin to be lowered. "How will they do it?" queried many, for all could see that the cords would never reach to the bottom; but the rejoicing man was equal to the occasion, for no sooner had they slipped as far as they could through the men's fingers, than, clapping his hands, he shouted, "GO!" and away went coffin and ropes together. The suspense would have been unbearable, if it had not been relieved by that solitary singer, who struck up—

"I feel like singing all the time,"

and when he had finished the first verse, with the chorus, he shouted at the top of his voice, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together. I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

Not till all this had passed was there any indication of what had become of the dead. Then, a faint sound came up from "the vasty deep", as though the chest had smashed somewhere near the centre of the earth; and gradually the ground closed of itself, until no one could have told that there had been an opening. This caused the man, who seemed full of joy, to cry out once more, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

He was moving away, filled with ecstasy and delight, when one stepped up to him, and said sternly, "Sir, do you not know that this is a Christian country, and that, by your wicked and barbarous conduct, you have rudely shocked the feelings of this assembly of Christian people? Suppose they are your foes, whom you have buried, is it pleasing to the Almighty to treat them in this fashion?" And all the company groaned aloud, and some hissed.

Then, turning his sunny face toward the people, he replied, "Christian friends, let me explain to you that the rude *coffin* yonder"—pointing down to where the grave had been,—"which I hope never more to see, was made out of my *hard unbelief*, and the *cords* around it were the *bonds of thought* which bound it as fetters about my soul. The *foes* I have slain and buried are my *doubts and fears*, and the *weapon* with which I slew them is '*the Sword of the Spirit*.' The *grave of oblivion* was opened by God, who says, 'I will remember thy sins no more for ever.'"

This speech caused a transformation in the people on the common that baffles all description. If midnight had suddenly turned into midday, the contrast could not have been greater. The groaning congregation, with angry, terrified, and horrified looks, was changed as by magic into a smiling crowd, filled with happy wonderment and adoring relief; and no sooner did one start singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

than there was a spontaneous outburst of song, such as had never been heard before on that common ground.

The servant of God then went off to sleep with "The Old Hundredth" ringing in his heart, and he rose in the morning another and a happier man.

F. E. BLACKADY.

Letters from our Missionaries in North Africa.

D. R. CHURCHER writes:—"Hardly had this month (June) begun, when I was attacked with jaundice,—entering upon a very yellow if not exactly *golden* period of my life. Though the cause of the attack was obscure, the result was manifest, and justified a friend's remark, 'You are as yellow as a Chinaman.' Finding it hard to live well with a liver ill, or work with a liver which would *not* work, I spent a week away from home visiting the warm baths of Hammam-alif; but, as the only accommodation to be had was in the hotel of the Casino, I soon moved on, sad to see that all civilization can do there, for Mohammedanism, is to provide an hotel, a gaming-table, and a music-hall! In Tunis, whither I proceeded, I was told the following histories.

"Many years ago, a young German, brought up in a Christian home, was travelling with a party on the borders of the Sahara. He was captured by Moslem robbers, who offered him his choice between death or Islam; he chose the latter, and remained nominally a Moslem ever after. Having escaped, he resided for some time in Tunis, and delighted to visit and help the missionary there, bringing other Moslems for discussion, and even himself speaking up for Christ. One day he fell ill, even unto death. When visited, he said, 'My religion is just this, "To love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."' 'But,' said my friend, 'do you know whose words you are quoting? They are the words of Jesus, whom you deny.' The old man lay silent for a time; then raising himself slowly on his elbow, he said, 'In a few days, you will hear that they have carried a Moslem out to burial, but it will *not* be so; I have returned to the faith of my childhood, and I shall die a Christian.'

"Another case I heard of was that of a young Hebrew, who, many years ago, as a boy, came under the influence of a good missionary in Tunis. The missionary died, but his work remained; and years afterwards, one of his successors, walking in the cemetery, saw a form bending over his grave. He went quietly up, and found this Jew in tears; the keeper of the cemetery said it was not the first time by a good many that he had come, and wept thus over the grave of his friend. He freely professed that he was converted, and was trusting in Jesus; but said that, to confess Christ openly would mean ruin to himself and his family, and break his father's heart. Thus he lived, and so I fear he died—a disciple of Jesus, doubtless, 'yet secretly for fear of the Jews.' How much such cases call for our tender sympathy and prayers!

"I wish the **YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION** every success; who can tell to what grand ends the Lord may use it? Whole-hearted service is what the Lord loves. I liked a story I read in French history, the other day. A field-marshal, who was storming a town, at one place found his soldiers were being beaten back, defeated. Rallying his men, he put himself at their head, and holding aloft his marshal's baton in his hand, he flung the precious treasure into the thick of the enemy, following it up himself, determined *there* to find both it and victory.

"Among the old Carthaginians who lived in this land, it was the custom to give their children up to Moloch. We read that, once, feeling that they had failed in this duty, they offered two hundred of their choicest children, and fearing this was not enough, three hundred of the citizens voluntarily gave themselves up to death to please their god. Does not the devotion of these old pagans to their horrid idol shame our lukewarmness in the happy service of our glorious Master?"

MR. PATRICK writes:—"We have purchased the Episcopal iron church of Tangier. It is now re-erected on our own site, and will, I believe, serve

us well. By purchasing this building, I have been enabled to give up a part of our former premises, and have thus materially reduced our current expenses. We still need to build rooms for school and dispensary work, but we have decided to postpone this for the present. The last few months have been marked by much trial concerning finances. So severe has been the strain, that I have been obliged to give my helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, notice to leave. My general Spanish account was considerably overdrawn, but during the past fortnight we have received some £50 from various friends, and now, praise God, we are quite free from debt. We have never said much about the expenses of our work in the *Sword and Trowel*, as we have feared it might affect the amount given to the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION. We should be sorry to do that, but we ask the readers of the Magazine to remember our needs in prayer. I have had the joy of baptizing one English and five Spanish disciples of Christ in the past few weeks, and two other converts, one English and one Spanish, are to be immersed shortly. Our day-school now numbers sixty children. We have moved them into a larger room, but that is now full.

"On Sunday, June 14, at our English service, we made a collection for Moorish prisoners. The money given is devoted to the buying of bread for the poor captives, as they are dependent on their friends for food and drink. I was led to suggest a week of self-denial on behalf of these half-starved prisoners, and as the result of the collection and self-denial we are able to give each inmate a loaf of bread once weekly for some fifteen weeks. The Tangier prison is situated in the citadel. Through a hole in the door, something of the interior can be seen, but so horrible is the stench issuing from the aperture that few can bear it long enough to make a thorough examination of the place. The lot of the prisoners is miserable to the last degree; their dungeon is dark and damp, the sick are uncared for, silver opens the door when innocence is powerless. How often do we, Britishers, remember to thank God that we belong to a land where justice is not a strange thing?"

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

Vavasor Powell: the Baptist Evangelist of Wales in the Seventeenth Century.
By DAVID DAVIES. Alexander and Shephard.

A GOLDEN book on a choice and fascinating theme. Seldom have topic and author been so happily united. Mr. Davies' patriotic love for "gallant little Wales" has given the touch of fire and enthusiasm that was necessary to turn dry historical record into charming biography. To say that it equals its companions in the same series, is high praise; but it does more, it establishes the author's reputation as a thorough and scholarly biographer who has no need to deck his wares, for they are good enough to recommend themselves when he

sets them forth. His style is restrained and refined, but strong in stubborn fact and lucid description. We congratulate Mr. Davies very heartily on a most excellent piece of work that will lay the whole Baptist denomination, and indeed, all Non-conformity, under obligation to him. This little volume deserves a place in every home; the young people will gladly read it.

John Knox. By A. TAYLOR INNES.
"Famous Scots" Series. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

A SONER, compact piece of biography about as grim and terribly earnest a Scotch divine as ever lived. Those who crave for "nick-nacks" and "tit-

bits" had better not touch this little volume; but all who love strong solid fact and history, can hold high festival here. It is a substantial item in an excellent series, and will give any reader a capital idea of the struggle for Protestant principle that made Scotland in days gone by a very stronghold of the pure faith. We wish that the reading of it might bring a revival of the same conditions in these later and sadder times.

Robert Whittaker McAll. A FRAGMENT BY HIMSELF; A SOUVENIR BY HIS WIFE. Religious Tract Society.

"MCALL, of Paris," has engraven on the annals of nineteenth-century Christianity a name that will never be effaced. By the initiation of his *Mission Populaire Evangélique*, and the twenty-two years of mature life which he gave to it, he has made France his deep debtor. In this memorial we see how, in ancestry and early training, in professional experience and in pastoral discipline, he was prepared for what may fitly be considered as his life-work. We are sorry that the autobiographical "fragment" only runs to two or three pages, but we are grateful for the "souvenir" supplied by the tender hand of his wife, who has given a striking and memorable picture of a gentle, humble, capable, honourable man of God. The memoir has all the charm of Mrs. McAll's own personality, whose modesty has prevented the insertion of her own portrait amongst the numerous illustrations that enrich the book.

Peter Mackenzie, his Life and Labours.

By Rev. JOSEPH DAWSON. Chas. H. Kelly.

A BRIGHT memorial of a man of rare genius and piety. His quaint personality and world-wide fame as preacher and lecturer, will command for this biography an immense sale, and warm welcome. Full of sparkling incident and graphic description, it holds your interest from the first page to the very last, making the man to live before you in charming vividness. Not merely the Methodist, but the

whole religious world, was the poorer and the colder because of the promotion of Peter Mackenzie to his heavenly reward; but his memory will be preserved fresh and green for many, many years, by this admirable life-sketch. It deserves, and will be sure to secure, a hearty reception from all who love transparent sincerity and flaming devotion.

Messrs. Partridge & Co. have issued, in their Popular Biographies Series, *General Gordon, the Christian Soldier and Hero*, by G. BARNETT SMITH. (1s. 6d.) Though there is nothing of a controversial character in the book, its issue is timely. Whatever may be the result of the present campaign by the Nile, Gordon and Khartoum are names that will often be heard in the desert encampments and in our island home. If we must have soldiers, may they be as good Christians and as brave heroes as Charles George Gordon! Many "lives" of this soldier-saint have been written, but the one before us will be sure to make for itself the place it well deserves.

Raymond's Angel. A Story of two lives laid down. By BLANCHE GARVOCK. Elliot Stock.

A TOUCHING tale of a medical missionary and his intended bride. It has all the appearance of being true; we hope it is. If not, it is extremely well told.

"*His Boy.*" By J. H. B. Christian Literature Co., 108, Lothian Road, Edinburgh.

A CHARMING story of a little lad and his "penny trading" on behalf of foreign missions. It is published at threepence, but quantities for free distribution can be obtained at a reduced price.

Self-Improvement. A book for young men. By Rev. J. J. INGRAM. Robert Culley, 2, Castle Street, City Road.

A BOOKLET much on the lines of Professor Blackie's, with a little more of religious teaching added. Without being specially original or piquant, it is good, and only good.

Creation Centred in Christ. By H. GRATTAN GUINNESS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS voluminous work is designed to show that in Christ all things cohere, and that it is only in the Logos, or Word, that the mystery of creation is solved. One is impressed by the solidity of the argument, and the patient elaboration shown in the development of the author's plan. First, the testimony of Nature is adduced, and its dependence on a Great First Intelligent and Moral Cause made clear. Next, the need of Revelation is elucidated, the proofs of its existence developed, and the witness which it bears to Christ set forth. This is followed by a powerful exposition of the Law of Centralization,—the significant fact being attested that the natural and the spiritual form one system, and that the Law of Subordination, which reigns throughout the whole, finds its apex and explanation in Christ, Creation's centre and Lord. The Law of Analogy and the Law of Adjustment follow in course; the former showing that "as the whole system of typology in the natural world converges to a common centre in Man, so in Revelation in the Son of Man," while the latter makes evident that "the Kingdom of God revealed in prophecy is the goal of the long story of the earth and man." The scope of this work is too great and many-sided to condense into a brief notice. It must suffice to say that we have here the production of a powerful and sanctified intellect, and the best fruits of a scientific and Biblical scholarship.

The Genesis, Resurrection, Revelation, and Glory of the Gospel. By ALFRED DYE. Robert Banks and Son.

THOUGH we differ in prophetic matters from the writer of this work, yet we value the vigour of his reasoning all through, and agree with him in the view taken concerning Adam in Eden. There can be no question that this exposition of the gospel is full of strong meat for those who are of mature growth. We are glad to find, among our village pastors, one whose theological depth and fervour stand

out by way of survival, as if to remind us that, while the mighty men of the age of Huntington are no more with us, there is yet someone left to wear their mantle, and to do battle for Emmanuel's cause. We only hope that, despite the modern craze for theological gold-leaf, there may be found not a few to appreciate the sterling merits of this solid work.

The Glorious Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. Addresses by A. G. BROWN, W. F. GOOCH, E. G. GANGE, W. CUFF, F. B. MEYER, and G. P. MCKAY. Elliot Stock.

THESE six addresses, on such a transcendent theme, could not fail to be a blessing to those who listened to them, and were well worth preserving in print. They are, of course, varied both in style and value, as they reflect the personality of their authors; but each helps to display the others, and to contribute to the whole impression. We hope that, in this collective form, they will be largely circulated, carefully studied, and productive of much lasting good to the people of God.

Christian Character. A Study in New Testament Morality. By Rev. T. B. KILPATRICK, B.D. T. & T. Clark.

ALTOGETHER admirable as an exposition of the teaching of Jesus. The author shows that the Saviour's work is first redemptive and then ethical,—that regeneration goes before all reformation in the likeness of Christ. Then, upon this granite foundation, he reveals the whole edifice of fair Christian character and completeness. It is not milk for babes, but meat for men, and will well repay close study and meditation.

The Secret of Holiness. By Rev. F. S. WEBSTER, M.A. Marshall Brothers.

ONE more to swell the vast number of little books on this most important subject; it will not make that number one too many. This work should be widely read; it is simple and sound, and will be prized by all those who are seeking to "perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord."

A Box of Nails for Busy Christian Workers. Bible Readings and Outline Addresses. By C. EDWARDS, The Soldiers' Home, Winchester. H. R. Allenson.

No well-ordered household can afford to be without a box of nails of all sorts, and this allegorical *Box of Nails* is just as necessary to the equipment of busy Christian workers. The title is all too modest, for here there are not only nails,—“assorted, pointed, selected, numbered,” with others that are labelled “special, strong, and bright,”—but there is really a complete set of tools with which the workmen in Christ's service may be thoroughly furnished for every form of holy employment. Bible-class leaders, Sunday-school teachers, local preachers, lay hold of these nails at once, and then hammer away with them to your hearts' content!

Ways of Working; or, Helpful Hints for Sunday School Officers and Teachers. By A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D. Sunday School Union.

THE best handbook on Sunday-school management that we have yet seen. The author is no mere theorist, but a practical man, who says that he has “tried all the methods suggested in these pages, and nothing has been dwelt upon but what has come unscathed through the fire of experience.” We wish that some competent authority could persuade superintendents and teachers to study this work, even if its perusal should lead to the removal of some who have been occupying positions which neither nature nor grace has fitted them to fill.

The Bible and the Blackboard. By F. F. BELSEY. Sunday School Union.

THESE “Scripture lessons for eye and ear” are in all respects excellent specimens of what may be done in the way of attractive Bible-teaching for the young. The picturesque, so strong in children, is appealed to with great effect; and the lessons sought to be imparted are grasped, not with effort, but with delight. We shall be disappointed if Mr. Belsey's

book does not lead to this method of teaching being much more largely used in Sunday-schools, and so its circle of influence be greatly extended. The genial author has given us a capital incentive, and his admirable volume, published at one shilling and sixpence, should have a widespread circulation and welcome.

The Story of the Creation of the World. The Book of Genesis arranged for youthful readers. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE first little volume of eight intended to summarize the Bible for children. The notion is a good one, and deserves to succeed. We shall watch with sympathetic interest to see the result of this experiment. Infant-class teachers might try it upon their tiny charge, and so test its value.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have added two more valuable volumes to their World's Wonders Series:—*The Triumphs of the Printing Press*, by WALTER JERROLD; and *Miners and their Works Underground*, by F. M. HOLMES (1s. 6d. each). Great pains have evidently been taken to make both books as accurate and complete as possible, and we are pleased to be able to commend them with the utmost heartiness.

If Christ came to Birmingham. By W. H. ARCHER. The Midland Educational Co., Birmingham.

A SIXPENNY booklet somewhat on the lines of Mr. Stead's notorious work concerning Chicago. Even supposing that all here published is true, we feel sure that, *if Christ came to Birmingham*, He would not only see the sin and sorrow and shame at which this archer aims his sharp-pointed arrows, but He would also see the other side of the picture, and commend His servants for all the religious and philanthropic work which they are doing for His sake. Birmingham likes to take the lead in all matters. In one respect, this pamphlet beats all others that have reached us, for we have never before seen so large a number of typographical and other errors in the same number of pages.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Sunday School Union.

THE recent home-going of the talented authoress has drawn fresh attention to the work which is inseparably associated with her name. The Sunday School Union is wise, therefore, in sending forth the immortal *Uncle Tom* on another journey round the world. With new illustrations, and costing only a shilling, this volume should find a place in every home and Sunday-school library.

Little Folks Midsummer volume (Casell and Co.) rightly claims to be "the most charming gift-book of the season" for the young. In its 480 pages, there are many pictures and stories to suit the very little folk, and all manner of amusing and interesting illustrations and narratives for the older children. The contents range from fairy fiction to the thrilling tale in which David Ker relates how Vereshchagin and Skobelev—Russia's greatest painter and greatest general—first met as unknown youths in the Central Asian desert.

The Village Reciter. By Rev. WILLIAM ALLEN. Robert Culley, 2 Ludgate Circus Buildings.

A SIXPENNY collection of recitations and dialogues,—mostly original,—with a few well-known pieces such as "Where do you live?" and "An unfinished baby." The author is not always careful to make good rhymes, and the rhythm also is often defective; but some of his compositions will please the young reciters and those

who gather to listen to them. The "collection" pieces are very good, and will prove practically useful.

Talks to the King's Children. Second Series. By SYLVANUS STALL, D.D. Funk and Wagnalls.

AN excellent series of talks, which must have greatly interested and instructed all who heard them. We regard them as models of what addresses to children should be. Pastors and teachers will find this volume very helpful; it is also just the book for Sabbath evening reading to the little ones at home. The American spelling looks strange to English eyes, and the composition in places is equally unusual.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. have issued three more fourpenny stories in the Pansy Series:—*Spun from Fact.* By PANSY. *A Sevenfold Trouble.* By PANSY AND HER FRIENDS. *A Young Girl's Wooing.* By Rev. E. P. ROE. The one bearing "Pansy's" name alone seems scarcely so good as this charming writer's tales have usually been; but even pansies, floral or literary, must be expected to vary.

The same publishers have commenced the Marigold Series (6d. nett), "with the object of placing in the hands of all, the masterpieces of healthy fiction, by the best English and American authors." The first issue consists of—*The Wide Wide World*, by S. WARNER; *Pride and Prejudice*, by JANE AUSTEN; and *From Jest to Earnest*, by Rev. E. P. ROE.

Notes.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGIN's visit to Wales was a great success; crowds gathered at all the services, and the preacher's message was received with manifest tokens of delight and spiritual profit. One of the most notable events of the week was the presentation of an address from the Baptist Ministerial Union of Merthyr Tydfil and District. As many of our readers may not have seen this interesting document, we insert a copy of it:—

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—We, the undersigned Baptist Ministers of Merthyr and District, extend to you a very warm-hearted Welsh welcome on the occasion of your first public visit to Wales. For several weeks we have been anticipating with great pleasure your presence with us to-day. While in other parts of the Principality there are lavish preparations for giving loyal reception to a prince of royal blood, our

community, we feel sure, regard themselves signally honoured in having as their visitor a distinguished preacher of the gospel, and the son of one who deservedly bore the title of 'prince of preachers.' Enshrined in the happiest recollections of many of the inhabitants of Merthyr are the visit of your late beloved father, and his memorable utterances on that occasion in the Market-place. We desire to assure you that nowhere is the name of your honoured sire more revered than in Wales; and you may be interested to know that there is scarcely a workman's cottage that does not contain the portrait of CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. For your father's sake,—and none the less because we feel that you are a worthy successor of him,—we now cordially greet you. We offer you our sincere and hearty congratulations upon the fact that you hold the very responsible position of pastor of that vast church worshipping in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which, with its numerous ramifications, attracts the attention of the whole of Christendom. At the time of your election to your present charge, universal satisfaction was felt by us and throughout the whole of Wales, and we are now fully persuaded that time has amply justified the choice then made. We are glad to observe that you have taken the same fearless and uncompromising stand as your father did before you against the attempts of these days to pervert the gospel, and we are heartily at one with you in this, realising—as we do—that the honour of our Lord demands from us the utmost loyalty to Evangelical truth. We rejoice with you at the manifest tokens of the Divine approval that have attended your ministrations, and we bless God for the wonderful way in which He has sustained you under the heavy burden of responsibility which your work entails. We desire further to congratulate you upon your recent appointment to the Presidency of the Pastors' College, and we have every confidence that you will in this, as in the other duties devolving upon you, prove yourself worthy of the trust reposed in you. We have only to add that, as fellow-workers with yourself in the ministry entrusted to us by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we beg you to accept our assurance of fraternal sympathy and of our prayers on your behalf. May the Lord have you in His gracious keeping, and use you more and more to His glory!

"We are, dear sir and brother,

"Yours in the Master's service."

[Here follow signatures.]

SINCE his return from the Principality, the Pastor has been kept busily occupied with his home-work and the fulfilment of various engagements away from the Tabernacle. Among the latter, the two principal were an address in connection with the Evangelical Alliance jubilee meetings at the

Mildmay Park Conference Hall, and a sermon at the opening of the new Tabernacle which has been erected at Woolwich for the ministry of our esteemed brother, Pastor John Wilson. He has also preached for former students at Windsor, Clapton, and Southsea.

Pastor Thomas Spurgeon hopes to commence his well-earned holiday on August 17, and he asks us to announce that, in his absence, Pastor C. B. Sawday will (D.V.) conduct the week-night meetings at the Tabernacle, and also the Sabbath services on August 23 and 30. The preacher on Lord's-day, September 6, will be Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., and on September 13, Pastor Archibald G. Brown.

On Monday, July 6, another of the Tabernacle veterans, Mr. Edwin Dipple, passed away to his rest and reward. He had been for nearly a quarter of a century one of the seat-stowards in the great building, and until a few months ago, although in his 76th year, he was one of the most regular attendants at all the services and meetings, and an indefatigable worker in connection with the church to which he was so deeply attached. He was devoted, heart and soul, to the late beloved Pastor, and he had an equal love for the present Pastor, as he proved in a very practical way in the great crisis of the church's history. Although notice of the funeral was necessarily short, a numerous company of sympathising friends gathered with the mourners at Nunhead cemetery on Friday, July 10, when Pastor C. B. Sawday conducted the service, in the course of which he made an appropriate allusion to Mr. Dipple's long and earnest labours to ensure the comfort of visitors worshipping with the congregation at the Tabernacle. May our brother's widow and other relatives be graciously comforted in their season of sorrow, and may other workers be raised up to fill the places of those who are, one by one, being called away to the service of the upper sanctuary!

The annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE POOR MINISTERS' CLOTHING SOCIETY was held on Monday, July 6, in the lecture-hall, which was well filled. Mrs. Thomas Spurgeon, the President of the Society, was present to receive parcels of clothing and other articles for the help of poor Baptist ministers and their families. Between eight and nine hundred articles were brought in, the gifts consisting of garments of every kind, besides books, stationery, and toys and dolls for the children, and between £18 and £19 in special donations. Many of those aided by the Society have incomes of less than £50 a year, and it is impossible to tell what joy enters their homes when one of the large parcels is received by them. The value of the clothing, &c. sent out last year was £341. If friends would send to the Society new and left-off wearing apparel, as well as material that

could be made up, or contributions to help the work, much more could be done. Pastors Thomas Spurgeon, C. B. Sawday, and W. Williams (of Upton Chapel) took part in the meeting, which was of a very encouraging character. Donations may be sent to Mrs. Goddard Clarke, "Ingleside," Elm Grove, Peckham, S.E. Parcels should be addressed to the Secretary, Poor Ministers' Clothing Society, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington, S.E.

On *Lord's-day morning, July 12*, after six months' absence on a visit to New Zealand, necessitated by his brother's death there, Mr. William Olney was again able to be at a Sabbath service in the Tabernacle. The Pastor asked him to lead the congregation in prayer, and it was somewhat remarkable that he should be the one to give thanks for the restoration of his uncle, Mr. T. H. Olney, who had been absent for several weeks through serious illness.

The following evening, a very hearty welcome home was accorded to Mr. William Olney at the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, at which Pastor Hugh D. Brown, M.A., of Dublin, also spoke.

On *Wednesday evening, July 15*, a meeting in connection with the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION was held in the College lecture-hall, for the purpose of giving a cordial welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Easton on their return from China. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided. The meeting was opened with prayer by Pastor C. B. Sawday, and the report of contributions was read by the Missionary Secretary, Mr. Ernest Wigney. The Pastor spoke of the delight which the Sunday-school always gave him, and his admiration for the self-denial manifested in the maintenance of the missionary work. He also handed a prize to one of the scholars, Nellie Brown, for the large amount collected by her personally.

Mr. S. R. Pearce, on behalf of the school, having welcomed the missionaries, Mr. Easton gave an account of the labours of the past 20 years, and all most lovingly listened to the deeply-interesting narrative. Time being short, Mrs. Easton spoke for a few moments only. A "silver collection" was taken, and the meeting was closed with prayer.

COLLEGE.—Two more students have accepted pastorates:—Mr. David Barron, at Kent Street, Portsea; and Mr. John Love, at Arthur Street, King's Cross, London.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. F. W. Dunster, from Soham, to Upwell, Norfolk; Mr. E. Dyer, from Southend, to Earl's Colne; Mr. E. G. Ince, late of Fleet, to Mundesley, Norfolk; Mr. H. O. Mackey, late of Hendon, to Fulmouth; Mr. D. H. Moore, from Barking, to Vernon Square, King's Cross, N.; Mr. A. J. Clarke, from Leichhardt, New South

Wales, to Hindmarsh, South Australia; and Mr. Jesse Gibson, from St. Catherine's, Canada, to Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

Our Brother Hignett, in sending us the article which appears in the present number of the Magazine, writes:—"It seems that, if I did not occasionally send a line, your readers would learn nothing about Queensland. Yet it is well occupied by College men: we have Boyall, Buckingham, Glover, Whale, and myself, with Makin, the son of another of our brethren, and Weller from the College Evening Classes. We are all glad to hear of 'Son Tom's' success at the dear old Tabernacle, and we all entertain a very kindly feeling towards him. My chief recollection of him is when he 'farewelled' in College for his second trip to the Antipodes, towards the end of 1879."

We insert the above "Note" and the article on page 451, as a hint that we shall be glad to hear in similar fashion from other brethren far away: our readers are always pleased to follow the career of those who were trained in the Pastors' College.

C. H. SPURGEON'S EVANGELISTS.—Pastor Edgar M. Andrews, of Shepshed, writes:—"I am glad to report that Mr. Burnham's visit was much appreciated, and full of blessing. I have a class of about twenty-five enquirers, four of whom have recently joined the church. Personally, I am very grateful for the privilege of making Mr. Burnham's acquaintance."

Concerning Mr. Harmer's mission at Neath, Pastor E. Rowe-Evans reports:—"Though the excessive heat was not conducive to large gatherings and general comfort, the meetings were well attended, and most graciously owned and blessed of the Lord. The visit of our dear brother has proved a great blessing, the whole church has been aroused, and about thirty led to decide for Christ. Mr. Harmer has won the love and esteem of all, and I have found a true friend in him. It is a joy to associate with such a bright, true, manly Christian, and it was with genuine regret that I bade 'good-bye' to him."

Mr. Harmer spent one Sabbath with his friends at Devonport, conducting the Sunday-school anniversary services, and then went to Ireland for three weeks to occupy Pastor J. D. Gilmore's place during his holiday. After fulfilling his engagements at Miss Watney's Mission, South Croydon, he will be free to make arrangements for removing to Devonport, as soon as it is convenient, for the commencement of his pastoral duties.

ORPHANAGE.—On *Saturday, June 27*, there was quite a large muster of Sunday-school teachers of the Brixton Auxiliary, and members of several Societies of Christian Endeavour. A conference was held in the afternoon, and a service in the evening. The friends enjoyed their visit to the Orphanage, and are not likely

to overlook its claims upon their prayers and their purses.

On *Saturday, July 4*, a similar gathering took place of friends interested in the Young Men's Auxiliary of the Baptist Missionary Society. Several of the missionaries home on furlough were present, the company to welcome them numbering about a thousand. At the evening meeting, Mr. E. Rawlings presided, and addresses were given by Mr. Robert Spurgeon and other missionaries.

The orphans' summer holidays extend from July 14 to August 14, several friends kindly taking charge of children not otherwise provided for, and so securing to them and their matrons and teachers the full benefits of the vacation.

We mentioned last month the need of a *Seaside Home*, without which the Orphanage can scarcely be considered as complete. Since then, the proposal has assumed a definite shape, considerable sums have been given or promised by the Trustees and other friends, and a general appeal will shortly be issued. The total outlay is estimated at not more than £3,000, towards which over £1,000 has been already guaranteed; and it is hoped that the whole cost may be raised without diverting any contributions from the general funds of the Institution.

Arrangements are now completed for the departure of Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir and handbell ringers for their tour in the United States on behalf of the Orphanage. They will (d.v.) start from Southampton by the *ss. Paris*, on September 26, and they are sure to have a very hearty welcome, first, for the beloved Founder's sake, and next, because of the Institution they go to represent.

The next issue of *The Orphanage Quarterly* will contain a portrait and brief biographical sketch of Mr. Joseph Passmore, the late senior deacon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church, and Trustee of the College, Orphanage, &c.

COLPORTAGE.—The work of the Association is still diligently and successfully carried on, although it is often checked here and there for the want of financial help. We are glad to record the receipt of £28 towards our General Fund this month, yet this amount is not as much as we really need to keep us free from anxiety. We do very earnestly appeal to our friends to increase this General Fund, as we greatly desire, not only to maintain our present staff of workers, but to open up new districts where we may win fresh victories for King Jesus.

One of our colporteurs, Mr. Slatter, of Tewkesbury, writes: "I am glad to report that God is still blessing our late dear President's little shilling book, *The Mourner's Comforter*. I sold a copy to an aged woman, and she found it such a blessing to her own soul that she gave it to her granddaughter; and on calling at the house last month, she told me that the young woman, on her dying bed, spoke of the blessing she had received through reading it. She in her turn passed on the book to a friend, with the request to be sure and read it, for she had been blessed by doing so."

Contributions and all communications to be sent to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Southwark, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
July 2, twelve; at Haddon Hall, June 28, three.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs E. A. Tunbridge	0 10 0
Mrs. A. Websdale	3 0 0
Mrs. Elgee	0 10 6
Mrs. Yates	0 10 6
Part collection from Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, per Pastor D. J. Hiley	6 2 7
Rev. B. J. Beesly	0 2 4
Mr. J. Wilson	1 16 3
Mr. J. Batty	1 0 0
Mr. Thos. Gurney, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	0 5 0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. G. Jenkins	4 0 0
Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :—			
June 21	25 0 0
" 28	4 16 10
July 5	20 17 0
" 12	25 1 0
			75 14 7
			£92 11 7

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
A friend, for Dr. Churcher's work in Tunisia, North Africa	0 4 0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school Missionary Union, per Mr. T. H. Olney	5 0 0

	£	s.	d.
H. McS.	0 6 0
			£5 10 0

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from June 16th to July 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Collected by Miss Holden	0	6	10	Mr. H. Makepeace	1	0	0
Collected by Miss Spall	0	7	0	Mr. W. Graham	1	0	0
Mr. E. Johnson	0	5	0	Collected by Master J. Burt	0	15	0
Mrs. E. A. Sale	0	5	0	Mr. and Mrs. Streater	0	10	0
Mr. F. Longmore	0	10	0	Miss C. M. Stevenson	0	10	0
Mr. J. Niblett	0	5	0	Mrs. Broom	0	5	0
Miss Simpson	0	2	6	Mr. J. Newcombe	0	5	0
G. E., Northampton	0	10	0	"For dear Howard's sake"	0	4	6
Mr. J. Asten	0	10	0	Mr. J. Campbell	2	0	0
Mr. R. Brown	0	10	0	Collected by Miss Lewindon	0	7	6
Mr. and Mrs. Sloan	0	10	0	Collected by Miss G. Gunner	0	15	6
Miss S. M. Stedman and friends	0	4	6	Collected by Mrs. Pavey	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Knowlman	0	5	6	Collected by Miss G. Clarke	1	2	0
Collected by Mrs. E. Straw	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Hayner	0	7	7
Collected by Miss M. Bickers	0	15	0	Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	0	3	6
Collected at Cranford Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. W. Smith	0	14	2	Collected by Mrs. Hoskins	0	4	0
Mrs. E. Burdekin	0	5	0	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidwell	0	8	6
Woodford Baptist Sunday-school, per				Collected by Master W. Downing	0	14	0
Mr. W. French	0	12	0	Collected by Miss Robinson	0	10	0
Dr. Cowdy	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. R. Freestone	0	8	0
Master S. French	0	2	6	Collected by Miss F. E. Greenop	1	0	0
Collected by Master D. S. HERRIES	0	1	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Dickerson	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	0	14	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Ince	0	9	0
Mr. R. Parsons	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Hensby	0	5	0
Mr. J. Barrie	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Blayney	2	0	0
Mr. A. J. Archer	0	10	6	Collected by Mr. F. Comber	0	5	0
Rev. J. Johnson	0	2	6	Mr. A. Buntich	0	5	0
Mr. E. Stickland	0	10	6	Mr. A. Chilman	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. J. Manby	0	9	0	Mrs. Angell	0	3	0
Mrs. Johnson	1	0	0	Mrs. Mauder	4	0	0
Mrs. E. A. Calder	21	0	0	Miss Muir	1	0	0
Mr. E. Rawlings	10	10	0	Mr. T. H. Howell, J.P.	3	3	0
M. L.	10	0	0	Mrs. Bonnetto	1	1	0
Mr. C. E. Smith	5	0	0	Mr. B. Phillips	2	2	0
Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Cousin	2	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. E. Earl's Bible-class	0	12	6
Collected by Mrs. J. L. Blake	1	15	0	Crown Baths' box	0	5	0
Mr. T. Greening	1	6	0	Mr. J. Everett	2	0	0
Mr. G. Cox	1	1	0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	10	10	0
In memory of the late Mr. Driers, per				Mr. Hazel	0	10	6
Mrs. Jones	1	1	0	Mr. Smith Nutter	0	3	6
A. M. W.	1	1	0	Mr. W. Houre	0	10	6
Mr. A. Pearson	1	1	0	Miss E. M. Scott	0	2	6
Mr. B. Carey	1	0	0	Mr. T. J. E. Turnbull	0	10	0
Mr. W. Sicklemore	1	0	0	Collected by Miss A. Reynolds	0	7	6
Collected by Mrs. Beales	1	0	0	Mrs. Barton	0	2	0
Mr. G. Hedger	1	0	0	Mr. R. Dawson	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Yallop	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Luxford	0	8	0
Collected by Mrs. F. Farrow	0	11	0	Mr. F. Nullis	1	1	0
Mrs. Farrow	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Slipper	0	3	0
Mrs. Jaa. Stiff	5	0	0	Collected by Miss K. H. Smith	0	8	0
Mr. S. Sargeant	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. J. Norman	0	6	6
Mrs. Lamb	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Clubb	3	3	3
Mrs. S. Watson	0	3	0	Collected by Mr. G. Spooner	0	5	0
Miss Allen	0	2	6	J. O., Belfast	0	10	0
Mr. W. N. Finlayson	0	10	0	Collected by Master A. Myhill	0	3	6
Rev. O. Heywood	0	10	0	Collected by Miss D. Martin	0	2	3
Mr. J. B. Spence	0	10	6	Collected by Miss A. M. Herry	0	8	0
'The Misses N. and R. Burlidge	0	10	0	Collected by Mr. H. J. Curtis	0	17	6
Collected by Miss L. E. Jones	0	8	7	Collected by Mrs. Weeks	0	3	0
Collected by Miss S. A. Hunt	0	19	0	Collected by Mrs. E. Cobley	0	6	2
Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Robin	0	14	0
Collected by Miss E. J. Pickard	3	1	0	Collected by Miss F. Briggs	0	4	0
Collected by Mr. W. Beard	0	15	0	Collected by Miss E. Hare	0	7	2
Collected by Miss E. Bruin	0	10	6	Collected by Miss Allen	1	2	0
Collected by Miss L. Pears	0	3	0	Stamps, Tunbridge Wells	0	1	0
Collected by Miss D. Davies	0	2	6	Collected by Mrs. W. Dykes	0	15	0
Collected by Miss M. Waterman	1	12	7	Mr. G. Van Abbott	1	1	0
Collected by Miss V. S. Ashford	0	1	7	Mrs. Bousfield	15	0	0
Collected by Master G. Leatt	0	3	3	Miss Florence Bousfield	15	0	0
Miss Urquhart	5	0	0	Miss Rose Bousfield	15	0	0
S. B. S.	2	2	0	Miss Barker	1	0	0
Mrs. Lane	2	0	0	Miss E. A. Tunbridge	0	10	0
Miss Farley	2	0	0	Mr. R. M. George	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Evans	1	1	0	Miss A. Baker	0	4	0
Mr. G. B. Vanheson	1	1	0	Mrs. Lees	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.
Rev. S. B. Young	0	2	6
S. H. L.	0	3	0
Miss Turnbull	0	10	0
Mr. J. Stewart	1	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Saunders	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Roberts	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Fairweather	0	7	6
Mrs. A. Tempest	0	3	0
Mr. W. F. Lamb, per Mr. Norris	0	10	0
Collected by Miss R. Platt	0	13	6
Mr. A. C. Watkins	0	10	0
Mr. C. Hooper	0	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Baker	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. M. Elford	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	7	6
Collected by Miss Jackson	1	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Penney	0	5	0
St. John's Green Sunday-school, Colchester, per Mr. R. Wigley	1	0	0
Collected by Miss M. Fander	0	15	0
Mrs. Maynard	0	5	0
"Could not forget"	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	0	3	6
Mrs. Smith	5	0	0
Miss E. Grant	1	0	0
Mrs. Williams	1	0	0
Mrs. Creasey	1	1	0
Mrs. S. B. Leuder	1	1	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow	0	10	0
Mrs. Batty	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. H. Watson	0	7	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Miss S. Harris	5	0	0
Miss Eyles	2	0	0
Baptist Sunday-school, Twickenham, Mr. J. Slade	1	1	0
Mr. C. P. Simmons	1	1	0
Mrs. Hicks	0	5	0
Collected by Miss L. Staveley	0	2	6
Pastor J. W. Campbell	0	10	0
Mr. F. Gardiner	0	10	0
Mr. J. Edginton	0	10	0
Mr. A. W. Staveley	0	10	0
Miss Staveley	0	5	0
Mr. A. Southwell	0	2	6
Mrs. Gardiner	0	2	6
Miss Gardiner	0	2	6
Miss Bellars	0	2	6
Mrs. Hewitt	0	2	0
Mr. J. F. Tyars	0	5	0
Mr. J. Cockett	0	10	0
Mrs. Boulton	0	2	6
	2	10	0
Mr. John Dyer	5	5	0
Mrs. Brewer	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Howard	0	5	0
Mr. Jas. Walker	0	2	0
Collected by Miss N. Trill	0	10	0
Mr. G. Wood	0	2	6
Messrs. Hartnoll & Son	0	5	0
Mrs. F. Weekly	1	0	0
Miss M. B. Rolleston	1	0	0
Miss A. Kelly	0	2	0
Mr. P. Cockerell	0	10	6
H. M. L.	0	8	0
Communion collection at Baptist Church, Wishaw, per Pastor G. Whittet	1	10	4
Collected by Mrs. Sidery	0	15	0
Mr. E. Truicheon	0	1	0
Mr. and Mrs. Shilson	0	5	0
Mr. T. Eutock	0	2	0
Mrs. M. Munro	0	10	0
Mr. C. L. Kaufmann	5	5	0
Mrs. and Miss Layley	3	0	0
Mr. J. W. Green	1	0	0
Mr. W. Newton	0	5	0
Mrs. Naomi Mizem	0	2	6
Collected by Miss E. Oxford	0	15	0
For Jesus' lambs	0	5	0
Mrs. A. V. Uridge	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.
Collected by Mrs. Hammond	0	10	6
Mr. S. H. Dauncey	10	0	0
A. M. B.	1	0	0
Mrs. G. Colyer	0	10	0
Miss L. Jacob	1	0	0
M. J. R., Aberdeen	0	10	0
Collected by Mr. W. Murch	0	3	0
Miss Gregg	0	1	6
Collected by Miss E. Wain	7	2	0
Mrs. A. Romaines	0	5	0
Mrs. J. G. Bickle	0	10	0
Mrs. Elgee	0	10	6
Children's Service, Teignmouth Baptist Chapel	0	1	6
Mr. and Mrs. Essex	1	1	0
Mr. J. Lister	1	1	0
J. B.	1	0	0
Collected on s.s. "Goorkha," per Mrs. M. L. Miller	2	0	0
Three friends, per Miss J. Jordan	3	1	0
Collected by Miss M. L. Bailey	0	6	6
Mrs. C. J. Whittuck, Rabbits	10	10	0
Miss Mathew	1	0	0
Miss Tait	0	2	6
Mr. J. Emery	0	1	0
Mrs. Newman	0	7	6
Mr. J. Foulkes	0	2	6
Family Sunday dinner-table box, Mr. R. Giles	0	19	4
Collected by Mrs. Duncombe	1	0	0
Mrs. Tyson	1	0	0
Stamra, Walsall	0	2	0
Mrs. Yates	0	10	6
Collected by Miss G. E. Burrett	0	7	6
Collected by Miss A. M. Strickland	0	13	0
Mr. Wm. Phillips	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. S. C. White	1	0	0
Mrs. Dickford	0	2	6
A sister in Christ	0	7	0
Mr. James Wilson	0	10	0
Collected by Miss Meredith	0	4	10
Mrs. E. Rees	1	0	0
A. S. & M. B.	1	0	0
Mr. Hellwig	1	0	0
Mrs. Haybould	1	1	0
Miss M. Earl	1	0	0
In memory of dear old Dad, J. H. J. N. Murray	0	2	0
Mr. Marshall	0	10	0
Mr. J. Leiper	1	0	0
Mrs. Websdale	1	0	0
Box at Tabernacle gates	0	7	1
Half-year's interest on £5,000 Debenture Bonds, Messrs. Cory Bros. & Co., Ltd.	120	10	8
Postal order, Heaton, Hounslow	0	12	0
Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	0	8	0
Mr. T. Birch	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Gallyon	2	10	0
Mr. and Mrs. T. G. A., Croydon	5	0	0
Trustees of the Delmar Charitable Trust	10	10	0
Major Howard Sprigg	2	10	0
Mr. George Palmer	50	0	0
Young Women's Bible-class at the Orphanage, per Mrs. Burgess	0	10	0
Rev. W. Hill	0	10	0
Collected by the late Mr. Archibald McKay Martin, per Rev. J. S. Dawes	0	5	6
Collected by Mrs. Blandford	0	5	0
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	6
Postal order, Folkestone	0	2	6
J. B.	0	5	0
The Misses Sulmond	0	7	0
Miss Gurlyne	0	1	0
Mrs. M. A. Eaton	0	5	0
Miss C. Williams	0	5	0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i>	0	0	1
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis and Sons	1	0	0
Mr. Septimus Holtum	1	5	0
Mrs. Cooper	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Royal Engineers' Charitable Fund, per				Appleton, Miss	0	10	4
Mr. T. W. Pearson	10	0	0	Auckland, Miss S. A.	0	4	7
Harry	5	0	0	Ayres, Miss L.	0	1	2
A. B.	10	0	0	Ayres, Mrs.	0	1	3
Miss E. A. Barrett	0	5	0	Baber, Mr. G. R.	0	5	6
Mr. C. Jefferies	0	2	0	Bachelor, Miss	0	1	10
N. W.	0	10	0	Bailey, Miss...	0	1	2
Mr. A. E. Humphries, per Mr. J. C.				Bailey, Miss M.	0	1	1
Goddard	0	10	6	Bailey, Miss...	1	0	6
Mr. W. Appleton	5	0	0	Banks, Miss E.	0	12	11
Dr. Maynard	1	0	0	Barnard, Mrs.	0	11	5
Miss C. Maxwell	1	1	0	Barneden, Mrs.	0	13	2
Mr. James McFarlane	0	10	0	Barnes, Mrs.	0	11	11
Mrs. S. Smith	0	5	0	Basket, Miss N.	0	10	11
Baptist Sunday-school, Hampden Chapel,				Black, Miss...	0	6	1
Hackney, per Pastor J. Hillman	1	3	6	Blake, Misses L. and E.	0	11	3
Mrs. J. G. Conder	1	0	0	Branch, Mrs.	0	7	0
Mr. A. Edmeades	1	1	0	Bray, Master H.	0	1	8
Old Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, Guildford, per Mr. P. Pickett:—				Brazier, Mrs.	1	10	0
Girls' box	1	7	6	Bedwin, Mrs.	2	15	6
Boys' box	1	2	5	Beechiff, Mrs.	0	7	10
Infants' box	0	4	0	Belleine, Miss M.	0	2	4
Young Men's Class box	0	16	9	Bennett, Mrs. R.	0	4	9
Young Women's Class box	0	7	6	Bennett, Miss	0	1	6
Miss Parson's box	0	12	0	Bennett, Mr. F.	0	1	6
Miss M. Skuse's box	0	12	8	Benningham, Miss	0	2	7
P. Pickett's box	1	1	8	Bennington, Miss	0	6	3
G. B. Pickett's box	0	8	4	Benson, Master S.	0	6	2
Odd farthings	0	0	2	Best, Mrs.	0	16	6
				Bevan, Mrs. A.	0	3	11
				Bligh, Mr. F. G.	0	7	6
				Bliss, Miss	0	2	7
Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—				Boother, Master A.	0	2	0
Rev. H. Guerrier	2	2	0	Boswell, Mrs.	0	13	10
Mr. G. Jenkins	8	0	0	Bown, Miss	0	11	7
Mrs. G. Jenkins	2	0	0	Bown, Master	0	12	1
Master G. Jenkins	1	0	0	Brook, Miss	0	3	1
Winifred Jenkins	1	0	0	Broomfield, Master R.	1	3	6
				Brown, Mrs.	0	5	6
				Bullman, Mrs.	0	19	2
Postal order, Montrose	0	10	0	Burn, Mr.	0	2	8
Mr. B. Stewart	0	2	6	Burley, Miss	0	3	11
Collected by Miss Hunt	0	16	9	Burt, Miss E. M.	0	1	9
Mr. James Goodman	4	4	0	Buswell, Miss K. E.	1	4	7
Mr. F. G. Barnes	0	1	0	Butcher, Miss	0	6	0
Mr. Chas. Waters	1	1	0	Butler, Mrs.	0	13	1
Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0	Briggs, Miss E. A.	0	5	3
Mr. E. P. Morris	0	10	0	Butt, Miss D.	0	5	8
Miss Horton	1	0	0	Chapman, Miss H. E.	0	19	5
Miss E. P. Horton	1	0	0	Chase, Mrs.	0	2	2
Mrs. Genders	0	10	0	Claridge, Miss J.	0	1	9
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Clark, Miss	0	12	3
Madame Van Gogh	1	0	0	Clay, Mrs.	0	3	2
Mrs. Austin	0	10	0	Crane, Mrs.	1	7	10
Mr. Thos. Gurney	0	5	0	Crawford, Miss E.	0	3	9
Mrs. Hay	0	5	0	Ching, Miss F.	0	2	1
Mrs. Ollard	0	2	6	Chittock, Mrs.	0	11	4
Mr. John Holt Skinner	25	0	0	Clonke, Mrs.	0	4	1
Mrs. Goodes	2	0	0	Clow, Miss	0	11	10
Miss M. Blyth	1	0	0	Collier, Mrs.	0	2	8
				Conway, Miss	0	1	10
				Cook, Mrs. A. M.	0	11	2
Sandwich, per bankers	1	1	0	Cooper, Mrs.	0	11	9
From the late Miss G. I. Small's estate	0	14	6	Cooper, Miss M.	0	3	8
A. A. J.	5	0	0	Cooper, Mr. J.	2	8	9
Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—				Corry, Miss J.	0	16	6
Enfield Flower services	1	0	0	Coutts, Miss I.	1	1	10
Mr. G. Spicer	2	2	0	Cowell, Miss F.	0	9	8
				Carpenter, Miss	0	4	0
				Cox, Mr. H. O.	0	7	6
Hawstone Hall P.S.E.	1	18	6	Cobby, Miss B.	0	17	0
Young Men's Bible-class, Bromley, per Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd	12	12	0	Crow, Miss	0	4	10
Drummond Road Baptist Chapel, Bermondsey	3	2	8	Colley, Mr. A.	0	5	0
				Curtis, Miss	0	2	5
				Coppin, Mrs.	0	6	0
				Dale, Mrs.	0	6	3
Received at Annual Festival, June 17th, 1896.				Darch, Miss	0	4	7
Collecting Boxes:—				Davenport, Mrs.	0	8	4
Abbey, Miss	0	2	4	Davey, Miss	0	9	2
Allen, Miss	2	11	0	Davie, Mr. H. H.	0	8	10
Andersen, Master E.	0	8	6	Davies, Mrs.	0	9	4

	£	s.	d.
Davies, Mrs.	0	5	2
Dawes, Mr.	0	1	11
Deveson, Master C.	0	4	10
Dicker, Miss	0	11	9
Dobson, Miss L.	0	3	5
Dobson, Miss B.	0	4	0
Dolling, Master A.	0	3	8
Dougharty, Mrs.	1	5	10
Doyle, Miss	0	5	3
Durwin, Mrs.	0	9	8
Druce, Miss....	0	4	9
Dunn, Mrs. J. T.	0	12	9
Easton, Miss....	0	2	6
England, Miss	0	5	7
Evans, Miss and Master ...	0	1	1
Erlam, Miss....	0	2	1
Ey, Miss	0	8	11
Everett, Mr....	0	5	3
Edgley, Mr....	1	4	10
Ellington, Miss H.	0	17	8
Ellis, Mrs.	0	6	5
Eldridge, Master H.	0	3	0
Elliott, Miss P.	0	3	0
Elliott, Miss....	0	7	7
Francis, Master P.	0	1	10
Fairbairn, Mrs.	0	18	0
Franks, Mrs.	0	2	7
Fallows, Mrs.	0	17	0
Fletcher, Miss G.	0	3	8
Fletcher, Miss	0	3	2
Fitness, Miss M.	0	1	3
Field, Mrs. S.	0	3	0
Fisher, Master J.	1	8	7
Fisher, Mr. H.	1	10	0
Fosy, Miss	0	2	5
Fosdick, Mrs.	0	9	0
Fowler, Mrs.	0	2	0
Fowler, Miss	0	1	11
Ferr, Mr. C.	0	12	6
Ford, Mrs. J. T., per Mr. C. R. Stevens	0	5	0
Finlow, Mr. R.	0	2	6
Foradika, Master E.	0	7	11
Fitch, Mrs.	0	5	0
Forward, Miss G.	0	6	1
Foradika, Mrs. E.	0	7	0
Fuller, Miss....	0	16	8
Fuller, Master L.	0	9	0
Gayter, Mrs.	0	4	9
Grant, Mrs.	0	13	3
Grant, Miss ..	1	8	9
Gray, Mrs. E.	0	4	9
Green, Master J.	0	6	1
Green, Miss....	0	9	0
Green, Miss D.	0	2	1
Green, Miss J.	0	4	10
Giles, Master H.	0	3	2
Giles, Master P.	0	3	3
Grimes, Mrs.	0	6	2
Goode, Mrs.	0	4	11
Gooding, Mrs.	0	2	4
Goodwin, Miss	0	5	5
Goalin, Miss A.	0	14	10
Goaling, Mrs.	0	5	2
Goalin, Mr. P. H.	0	6	9
Godfrey, Miss A.	0	4	0
Gross, Master A.	0	4	11
Gubbins, Mr. S. J.	1	15	11
Harbert, Miss	0	12	11
Harding, Miss B.	0	2	3
Harrald, Miss	2	9	3
Harrald, Miss P. M.	1	11	0
Harrald, Master E.	1	0	2
Hare, Miss J.	0	4	9
Harris, Miss	0	12	0
Harris, Mr. W.	0	9	3
Harris, Mrs.	0	6	1
Hawgood, Mrs.	1	3	0
Haws, Mr. J.	0	1	9
Hayter, Miss	0	14	0
Hayward, Miss	0	14	7

	£	s.	d.
Hennings, Miss	0	2	9
Hewett, Mrs.	0	2	0
Hewitt, Mrs.	0	4	9
Hewitt, Master W.	0	5	6
Higgs, Miss....	2	2	4
Hill, Master G.	0	1	1
Hillier, Mrs.	0	1	6
Hyght, Master W.	0	2	5
Hodsdon, Miss	0	3	5
Holdstock, Miss E. and Master A.	0	1	5
Horwood, Mr. E.	0	7	0
Howells, Miss	0	5	0
Howton, Miss N.	0	8	1
Hoyle, Miss A.	0	6	11
Hubback, Mrs.	0	3	0
Hudson, Miss	0	11	6
Humphreys, Miss	0	4	6
Hutchinson, Miss	0	4	11
Hutchinson, Miss	0	1	9
Huitt, Mrs.	0	4	2
Hes, Miss C.	0	5	0
In memory of the late Mrs. G. Wilmot	1	7	8
Isaac, Miss E. J.	0	1	1
Jackson, Master V.	0	1	4
Jacobs, Master A....	0	5	3
James, Mrs....	0	6	0
Jago, Mrs.	0	10	0
Jeckell, Miss	0	2	1
Jewhurst, Miss	0	5	11
Johnson, Master E.	0	3	8
Johnson, Mr. E. F.	0	4	9
Johnson, Miss S. J.	0	7	4
Johnston, Miss	0	7	0
Jones, Mrs.	0	14	11
Jones, Miss	0	1	6
Jones, Miss E. E.	0	18	7
Kerridge, Miss M....	0	12	6
King, Miss E.	0	3	1
Kingdon, Miss A....	0	4	11
Kington, Mrs.	0	4	11
Kirby, Mrs....	0	1	7
Kirby, Mrs.	0	6	2
Kitson, Miss	0	10	11
Knowlden, Mr. H., and Miss E. Wingate	0	5	8
Lasalle, Mrs.	0	5	9
Langford, Master B.	0	8	0
Le Seigneur, Mrs....	1	0	7
Lewis, Master H.	0	4	7
Lewis, Master E.	0	5	9
Lee, Miss	0	2	11
Limebeer, Miss	0	6	3
Lockyer, Mrs.	0	3	6
Legg, Miss K.	0	8	1
Lott, Miss	0	19	0
Low, Mrs. E.	0	6	9
Luckhurst, Mrs	0	6	3
McGregor, Mrs.	0	3	1
McCombie, Mrs.	0	7	10
Mandrell, Mrs.	0	9	6
Marshall, Mrs.	0	7	4
Marshall, Miss	0	16	2
Mason, Mrs....	0	7	1
Matthews, Miss J.	0	8	6
May, Master	0	2	4
Messent, Misses E. and A.	0	4	11
Middleton, Mrs.	0	3	0
Mills, Mrs.	0	6	11
Morgan, Mrs.	1	1	3
Morgan, Miss F.	0	10	2
Moore, Miss E.	0	2	11
Morris, Master	0	4	2
Moxham, Miss	0	1	2
Newberry, Mrs.	0	6	1
Newton, Mrs.	0	7	4
Oaks, Mrs.	0	4	0
Older, Mr.	0	15	2
Oxenford, Mrs.	0	15	0
Orsman, Miss A.	0	7	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Orton, Miss	0	5	0	Tompkins, Miss H. ...	0	2	9			
Parker, Mrs.	3	0	0	Turner, Miss M. ...	0	4	8			
Pankhurst, Miss G. ...	0	4	3	Turner, Masters A. and A.	0	2	0			
Page, Master C.	0	5	10	Tudor, Miss... ..	1	0	8			
Payne, Miss	0	7	8	Tyson, Mrs.	0	15	0			
Parsons, Mrs.	0	5	9	Trueman, Master H. ...	0	5	3			
Parker, Master E. and				Underwood, Miss A. ...	0	6	1			
Miss P.	0	6	0	Vine, Miss A.	0	3	8			
Palmer, Miss	0	8	1	Walton, Mrs. J.	0	6	4			
Page, Master H.	0	9	10	Wadland, Miss L.	1	0	0			
Parker, Master W. ...	0	1	7	Wagstaff, Miss E. ...	0	5	2			
Palmer, Mrs.	0	8	1	Wallace, Mrs.	0	10	1			
Pawsey, Misses A. and E.	0	15	4	Walker, Mrs.	3	10	0			
Pavey, Miss	0	8	6	Watson, Mrs.	0	3	2			
Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0	Watts, Misses E. and A. ...	0	3	0			
Pearce, Misses C. and P. ...	1	1	4	Watkins, Master H. ...	0	2	1			
Prebble, Mrs.	1	1	9	Watling, Mrs.	0	14	9			
Peck, Mrs.	0	6	4	Wardell, Mrs.	0	10	5			
Pearson, Master F.	0	3	9	Walker, Miss A.	0	9	2			
Pearce, Misses J. and L. ...	1	6	2	Watkins, Mrs.	0	8	7			
Perkins, Miss W. K.	0	5	7	Weeks, Master W.	0	1	4			
Pitt, Mrs.	0	1	8	Westbrook, Mrs.	0	12	7			
Podmore, Mrs.	0	10	6	Webb, Mrs.	0	10	4			
Polley, Miss	0	3	1	Waite, Mrs.	0	5	0			
Proudfoot, Miss	0	11	5	Wilson, Mr. W.	0	4	1			
Potter, Miss J.	0	5	2	Winters, Miss	0	5	10			
Puller, Miss E.	0	7	2	Wright, Mrs.	0	6	2			
Plummer, Miss V.	0	19	6	Whitehead, Master A. ...	0	4	2			
Pinnegar, Mrs.	0	18	5	Wilsher, Miss	0	3	4			
Ramsden, Mrs. D.	0	4	7	Willmott, Mrs.	0	9	10			
Ransom, Miss	0	1	7	Willkins, Miss	0	7	4			
Reading, Mr. W. H.	0	7	2	Wickham, Miss M.	0	4	6			
Richardson, Mrs.	0	7	11	Willoughby, Miss H. ...	0	10	7			
Ricketts, Master S.	0	8	6	Williams, Mr. H. J.	0	12	7			
Riddington, Miss	0	19	6	Wilt, Miss	0	3	7			
Riddell, Miss	1	1	0	Wright, Miss F.	0	2	9			
Roper, Mrs.	0	3	8	Winsor, Mrs.	0	6	1			
Robertson, Mrs.	0	9	7	Womersley, Miss	0	7	6			
Round, Miss E.	0	10	6	Vincent, Mrs. W.	0	16	5			
Roff, Miss	0	12	6	Yewen, Miss	0	18	8			
Robson, Masters F. and E.	0	2	4	Young, Mrs.	0	3	6			
Roberts, Mr. A.	0	3	0	Sums under a shilling ...	0	4	11			
Rugg, sen., Mrs.	1	0	0					167	5	5
Rugg, Mrs. H.	0	9	2							
Stapleton, Mrs.	0	8	10							
Saint, Mrs.	0	4	8							
Sampson, Miss	0	2	8							
Swan, Mrs.	0	6	3							
Slade, Miss	0	13	1							
Spaull, Miss... ..	1	13	6							
Starkey, Mrs.	0	6	3							
Swain, Miss... ..	1	1	7							
Stephen, Miss	0	3	6							
Sheen, Miss	0	4	3							
Smees, Miss	0	8	1							
Shears, Mrs.	0	4	6							
Smees, Miss C.	0	7	0							
Stevens, Miss, and Mrs.										
White	0	1	11							
Shenton, Mrs.	0	8	6							
Speh, Miss	2	6	2							
Smith, Mrs.	0	5	4							
Smith, Mrs.	0	5	1							
Smith, Master B.	0	5	2							
Smith, Master S.	0	8	8							
Smith, Miss L.	0	2	5							
Sippetts, Mrs.	0	5	10							
Sillitoe, Miss A.	0	5	3							
Spiller, Mrs.	1	3	9							
Stockbridge, Misses G.										
and O.	1	12	5							
Soar, Mrs.	1	13	0							
Shotton, Mrs.	0	1	7							
Sivers, Miss K.	0	6	3							
Strudwick, Miss	0	8	9							
Sullivan, Mrs.	0	6	8							
Sullivan, Master H.	0	3	2							
Taylor, Miss S. J.	0	8	3							
Tregear, Miss	0	9	5							
Trowell, Mrs.	0	5	7							
Tringley, Miss N.	0	4	0							

Collecting Books:—

Allum, Mrs.	2	0	0
Barrett, Mr. H.	2	14	4
Brown, Miss J. H.	1	4	6
Crawford, Mrs.	1	5	0
Canston, Miss E.	1	10	0
Coleman, Mrs.	0	19	0
Everett, Miss A.	2	2	0
Gentry, Mrs.	1	0	6
Godbold, Mrs.	1	5	6
Haddock, Mrs.	0	12	0
Henderson, Mrs.	0	4	0
Jephs, Miss	1	0	0
Knight, Mrs. J. E.	0	5	0
Mann, Miss J. H.	3	4	6
Minter, Mr. A. W.	0	9	7
Miller, Miss H.	1	7	6
Mott, Mrs.	2	1	0
Quennell, Master P.	0	10	0
Saunders, Mr. E. W.	2	19	0
Smith, Miss J.	1	4	0
Tiddy, Mrs.	4	12	0
Per Miss K. E. Buswell:—			
Mr. E. J. Prebble	0	5	0
Mr. Blofield... ..	0	10	0
Mr. J. C. Bumstead 1 1 0			
	1	14	0

33 7 5

Donations:—

A. H.	5	0	0
A. & E.	0	5	0
Andrews, Miss E.	0	7	6
Allen, Mrs.	0	5	0
A friend	0	2	6
A friend	10	0	0
Anon.	0	2	6
Allen, Mr. G. J.	5	0	0

	£	s.	d.
A friend, J. S. ...	0	5	0
Bowerman, Miss A. ...	0	7	6
Butler, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Bowers, Mrs. T. F. ...	1	0	0
Buckmaster, Mrs. ...	1	1	0
Barnden, Miss ...	0	4	0
C. P. S. ...	0	5	0
Collin, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	0	0
Cullingham, Mr. and Mrs. ...	1	5	0
Crisp, Mrs. M. ...	0	5	0
Chester, Mr. G. ...	1	1	0
Cooper, Mr. J. ...	1	1	0
Drayson, Mrs. ...	0	10	6
Davies, Mrs., per Mrs. Mott	1	0	0
Elvin, Mr. David ...	1	1	0
Elvin, Mrs. David... ..	1	1	0
Evans, Mr. W. J. ...	3	12	5
Everett, Mrs. and Son ...	0	8	0
Frisby, Mr. E. ...	2	2	0
Fisher, Mr. ...	5	0	0
Freeman, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Hudson, Mr. E. ...	0	2	6
Immanuel Church, West Brixton, Young Peoples Service, per Mr. A. Wilson	5	0	0
Jones, Mrs. J. ...	0	12	6
Jones, Mr. A. E. ...	0	2	6
Kewer, Miss... ..	0	2	6
Lancaster, Mr. George S., J.P. ...	50	0	0
Legg, Miss K. A. ...	0	5	0
Lurwill, Mr. and Mrs. ...	0	5	0
Leaper, Mrs. ...	0	10	0
Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Walter	5	5	0
McCaig, Professor ...	1	1	0
Miller, Miss C., per Mrs. Mott	1	0	0
Miller, Miss, per Mrs. Mott	0	10	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Norris, Miss ...	0	5	0			
"No name," per Mr. Buswell	0	15	0			
Noble, Mrs. ...	0	8	0			
Olney, Mr. T. H. ...	20	0	0			
Oldfield, Mrs. ...	1	1	0			
Porter, Miss S. ...	0	10	0			
Phelps, Mrs. ...	0	10	0			
Pearce, Mr. Edward ...	5	0	0			
Parry, Mrs. ...	1	0	0			
Rickett, Mr. W. R. ...	150	0	0			
Rogers, Mrs. ...	2	0	0			
R. L. ...	1	0	0			
Smithers, Mr., per Mr. Cockerell ...	1	1	0			
Spelman, Mrs. ...	2	2	0			
Stewart, Mr. J. ...	2	2	0			
Sawyer, Mr. ...	1	1	0			
Thorpe, Mr. G. ...	0	5	0			
Tinniswood, Mrs. ...	0	10	6			
Townsend Street Sunday School, per Mr. J. Wilton	4	7	6			
Turley, Mr. ...	1	10	0			
Woodcock, Mrs. ...	2	2	0			
Wood, Mr. and Mrs. W. ...	0	10	6			
Wayre, Messrs. W. and Son	2	2	0			
Wayre, Mrs. W. H. D. ...	1	1	0			
Wiseman, Miss H. ...	0	9	0			
				280	18	5
Collection at afternoon meeting in Memorial Hall ...				8	10	0
Ladies' stall (needlework and sale- room, goods, etc.) ...				40	18	1
Book stall (profit on sales, per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster) ...				2	1	1
				£1,188	11	1

List of Presents from June 16th to July 14th, 1892.—Provisions:—24 quarterns Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 1 dozen Hams (weighing 120 lbs.), Mr. H. Bellerby; 64 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 36 quarterns Bread, Mr. Law.

Boys' Clothing:—A parcel of worn Clothing, Miss Briggs; 4 Articles, The Young Women's Bible Class, Bury St. Edmund's, per Miss K. Ridley; 7 Garments, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 parcel of Garments, 27/8/96, Anon.; 2 pairs Cloth Knickers, half-dozen Handkerchiefs, 4 pairs Stockings, The Sewing Meeting, Baptist Chapel, New-bridge, per Miss Daniell; 33 Straw Hats, Mr. W. Strange.

Girls' Clothing:—30 Pinafores, Mrs. F. Upton; 1 parcel Sundries, Mrs. A. Tempest; 88 Garments, The Ladies' Working Society, Baptist Chapel, Fleet, Hants, per Mrs. Aylett; 55 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 11 Garments, Mrs. E. Rees; 20 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 58 Garments, The Sewing Meeting, Baptist Chapel, Newbridge, per Miss Daniell.

GENERAL:—29 Fancy Articles, Mrs. Hitchman; 1 Large Cloak for Board Room, Mr. Jno. Neal, per Mr. Charlesworth.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1892.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—			
Devon Baptist Association ...	11	5	0
Estover, Mr. H. O. Serpell ...	10	0	0
Great Totham, Rev. H. J. Harvey ...	10	0	0
Ironbridge, Mrs. G. Maw ...	11	5	0
Corton, Mr. Thos. Harris ...	10	0	0
Suffolk Congregational Union ...	10	0	0
Thornbury, Mrs. S. Taylor ...	7	10	0
Catford and Forest Hill, Mr. J. G. Priestley ...	5	0	0
Langley Moor, Mr. J. Raw ...	11	5	0
Tewkesbury, Rev. W. Davies ...	1	0	0
Evesham, Mr. W. Ashley ...	13	10	0
Gildersome, Rev. J. Haslam ...	10	0	0
Melkham, Mrs. H. Keovil ...	11	5	0
Maldon, friends at ...	8	15	0
Alcester (final instalment, through lack of funds) ...	20	6	0
Kent and Sussex Baptist Association	50	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday- school, Mr. Thos. H. Olney ...	10	0	0
Anonymous, Liverpool ...	1	0	0
	£205	15	0
Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—			
Mr. C. W. Roberts... ..	5	0	0
Collected by G. Powell ...	0	8	2
Mrs. A. Webdale... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Elgee ...	0	10	6
Mr. Priestley's Shop Fund	0	8	0
Mr. G. Palmer, Reading... ..	20	0	0
Mr. James Batty ...	1	0	0
	£28	6	8

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at Spring Hill Chapel, Birmingham, per Pastor T. E. Titmuss	3 3 0	Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at "Our Own Mission," Gee Street, Goswell Road	1 10 0
			<u>£4 13 0</u>

C. H. Spurgeon's Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Thankoffering for Mr. Harmer's ser- vices, at Neath	6 9 9	Mrs. H. Dickson	0 10 0
Thankoffering for Mr. Burnham's services at Shepshed	8 9 6		<u>£10 9 3</u>

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Miss Smallridge	1 0 0	Mr. A. Overy	5 0 0
G. E. Northampton	0 10 0	P. C.	2 0 0
Mrs. H. Dickson	0 10 0	Mrs. Robert Wilson	2 0 0
Mrs. Morgan	5 5 0	For translations of sermons:—	
Mr. H. Cooke	0 2 0	Miss Chamberlain	0 10 0
Mrs. Goodes	1 0 0		
A. M.	0 5 0		
S. J. C.	0 2 0		<u>£18 4 0</u>

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from June 15th to July 14th, 1896.

L. H., £5; Mr. Thomas Gurney, 5s; Mr. J. Wilson, 10s 6d; two faithful friends, 5s; per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—Mr. A. R. Lloyd, £1 1s; Mr. Thomas Williams, 5s; "Ebenezer," £2 10s; a friend, 10s; Mr. R. W. Hodges, £1; Mrs. Hamlin, £1; Mrs. Green, £1 1s; O. R. P., £5; Mr. T. Cousins, 2s 6d; Mrs. Radbron, £1; Rev. H. Hardin, £1; Mr. H. Band, £10; a visitor, 14s 6d.—Total, including amounts previously acknowledged, £290 4s 2d.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stookwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stookwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stookwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.

ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE
STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE,

FOUNDED 1867

By C. H. SPURGEON.

Trustees and Committee of Management:

Pastor J. A. SPURGEON, D.D., *President and Treasurer.*

Pastor CHARLES SPURGEON. Pastor THOMAS SPURGEON.

THOMAS H. OLNEY.
CHARLES F. ALLISON.
JAMES STIFF.
WILLIAM HIGGS.
JOHN BUSWELL.

JAMES HALL.
JAMES E. PASSMORE.
WALTER MILLS.
FRANK THOMPSON.
SAMUEL R. PEAROE.

Hon. Consulting Physicians:

HENRY GERVIS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.
JAMES HERBERT STOWERS, Esq., M.D., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Surgeon:

CHARTERS JAMES SYMONDS, Esq., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S., &c., &c.

Hon. Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon:

JOHN BOWRING LAWFORD, Esq., F.R.C.S., &c.

Hon. Consulting Throat and Nasal Surgeon:

A. H. TUBBY, Esq., M.S., M.B. Lon., F.R.C.S., &c.

Dentist: W. O. HINCHLIFF, Esq.

Medical Officer:

WILLIAM SOPER, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., L.S.A., &c.

Head Master:

VERNON J. CHARLESWORTH.

Secretary:

FREDERICK G. LADDS.

London:

PRINTED BY ALABASTER, PASSMORE & SONS, FANN STREET, E.C.

1896.

THE

SPURGEON ORPHAN HOMES.

SUMMARY OF GUIDING PRINCIPLES:

- 1.—The Institution receives **Fatherless Boys** between the ages of 6 and 10, **Girls** between 7 and 10.
- 2.—It is conducted on the **Separate Home System**; each Home is presided over by a **Christian matron**.
- 3.—It is **Unsectarian**; children are received, irrespective of their denominational connection, from all parts of the **United Kingdom**.
- 4.—Candidates are **selected** by the **Committee**, **not elected** by **Subscribers**. By this arrangement the most **Needy, Helpless, and Deserving**, secure the benefits of the Institution.
- 5.—**No Uniform** is permitted, in order to prevent a costume from becoming a badge of poverty.
- 6.—The children receive a **Plain, but thorough English Education and Training** to fit them for the respective stations they are likely to occupy.
- 7.—The **supreme aim** of the **Managers** is always kept in view, to “bring them up in the **nurture and admonition** of the **Lord**.”
- 8.—The children, being cast upon “the **Fatherhood of God**”, are maintained by the **Free-will Offerings** of the **Stewards** of the **Lord's bounty**.
The sum of **£10,000** per annum is required in **voluntary contributions** towards the support of the Institution!

INSTRUCTION TO APPLICANTS:

Applications for admission should be addressed in writing to the **Secretary**, and full particulars given, stating present income, and the names and ages of the children. As the number of candidates is largely in excess of the accommodation, the **Trustees** may not be able to issue a form; if a form be granted, it must not be regarded as a guarantee that the application will succeed.

Friends who are only acquainted with the case in which they are specially interested must not be surprised at its rejection at any stage of the enquiry if it prove to be less necessitous than others. The **Trustees** maintain the strictest impartiality while considering the claims of the various applicants, and the greatest need will always have the loudest voice with them.

All letters on this business should be addressed to the **Secretary**, **Stockwell Orphanage**, **Clapham Road**, **London, S.W.**

ANNUAL REPORT,

1895-96.

FOUNDED in the year 1867, the Annual Reports have kept our friends fully informed of the rise and progress of the work of the Orphanage. So carefully were the guiding principles formulated by the Founder and the Committee of Management, that they have borne the test of nearly thirty years. As the wisdom which comes with experience is of no doubtful value, there is every reason to maintain the distinctive features of the Institution. Such modifications as have been sanctioned have only secured the wider application of the original principles.

As a home and school for fatherless children, the beneficent mission of the Orphanage has enjoyed our Heavenly Father's smile, and the grateful approval of those who have shared its benefits. The managers and subscribers cannot but esteem it an honour and a joy to have been permitted so large a share in such a Christ-like ministry of holy service. When the Lord says: "Leave thy fatherless children," He invites, if he does not thereby command, the fellowship of His servants in providing for Orphans. The Altar of Orphanhood is the monopoly of no sect or party, and the sacrifice is "acceptable and well-pleasing" to God when love consecrates it by its free-will offerings, and "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father," finds in its sacred ministry a beautiful ritual for its expression.

Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

In our last report we had to announce an adverse balance: this was a serious trial at the time; but, we are thankful to say, the deficit was not due to a decline of interest in our work, or to any weakening of confidence in its management. The depression in the commercial world, and the falling off in the amount of legacies, fully accounted for the difficulty which, we are thankful to say, proved to be only of a temporary nature.

It was not long after the fact of our adverse balance became known, that the deficit was met by the generous help of friends, and now we have the unspeakable pleasure of issuing a balance sheet which shows a substantial sum in hand on the current account. Verily, our prayers have been heard; and the interposition of a gracious God has laid all our fears to rest. Our only tears are those of joy, as we review the mercies which have crowned the year. To God be all the praise!

The increase in the amount received in donations, calls for grateful acknowledgment; and we would express the hope that our friends will remember to contribute every year, even though they do not pledge themselves to become annual subscribers. We have no paid collectors; but we have a number of devoted helpers who wait upon personal friends with collecting boxes or books. It would be a joy to us if the number of such helpers could be largely increased.

In many of the Churches and Sunday Schools throughout the country, the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Sunday was observed, and the free-will offerings for the Orphanage call for the most grateful acknowledgment. We shall be glad to hear from Ministers and Sunday School Teachers who can arrange for meetings on or near the last Sunday in January in each year.

Our Annual Festival proved to be the occasion for rallying our friends and supporters from all parts of the country. Sir John Barran and Martin John Sutton, Esq., presided over the meetings, and rendered us splendid service by their advocacy and generous gifts. The programme for the day was greatly appreciated, the speakers, representing different denominations, being at their best.

By the death of Mr. Joseph Passmore, in August, the President is left as the sole survivor of the original Board of Trustees; and as Mrs. Joseph Passmore passed away within six months of her beloved husband, the Institution has sustained a double loss. As friend after friend departs, those who remain to carry on the work cherish inspiring memories of their love and loyalty, and of their zeal and generosity for the cause which claims our unsparing devotion. Death does not sunder our holiest ties, it only suspends the fellowships of time till our glad re-union in the eternal home!

As the Orphanage must be regarded as a beautiful, and an abiding Memorial of its beloved Founder, C. H. Spurgeon, the President and the Board of Managers are anxious that its needs and claims should be more widely known. With this purpose in view, it is proposed that the Head Master should visit the United States during the closing months of 1896, with a choir of boys. The meetings, which, it is hoped (D.V.), will be held, are intended to furnish opportunities to our American friends to pay a loving tribute to the memory of the Founder who, by his self-sacrificing zeal in preaching and applying the truths of the Gospel, during a ministry extending over forty years, has laid the universal Church under perpetual obligation.

The issue of the Spurgeon Orphanage Quarterly Magazine, bearing the title, "Within our Gates," has proved of great service to the Institution. As it is a link "to unite those who love with those who need," we shall be glad to send copies to any friends whose names and addresses are forwarded to the Secretary.

MEDICAL OFFICER'S REPORT.

To the President and Committee.

Gentlemen,—

I have the pleasure to submit my report for the year ending 31st March.

The Institution, I regret to say, did not escape the epidemic, which was general over the London area. As many as 16 boys and 21 girls were attacked by scarlet fever, but none of the cases proved fatal. We were, however, put to great inconvenience and expense, as the hospitals of the Asylums' Board were too crowded to admit of the reception of all our fever cases. Happily, we were able to constitute our infirmary a fever hospital, and to secure the services of two trained nurses. As the Institution is rated to the parish, it was hoped that the Asylums' Board would regard our infirmary as an auxiliary hospital, and make a grant towards the expense incurred; but, I regret to say, such help was not afforded.

The number of ordinary ailments in our family of 500 children has been below the usual average.

I regret, however, to report that the number of strumous cases is largely on the increase amongst the class from which our candidates are drawn. This points to deterioration of physique in many instances, and the consequent inability of this class of children to endure the mental strain imposed by the modern educational system.

The health of the children received into the Orphanage is regarded as of primary importance; at the same time, the course of instruction is wisely directed towards their equipment for the battle of life which awaits them on leaving our care. I cannot speak too highly of the results of the Physical Education Classes.

Only one death occurred in the Institution during the year.

I must repeat the hope I have long cherished, that a Sea-side Home, to which our delicate children can be sent, will be provided in the near future. Such a home would prove of immense advantage to our children, many of whom come of a consumptive stock.

Our Consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon, Mr. W. E. Nettleship, whose services to the Institution have been, for so many years, of incalculable benefit to the children, has felt obliged to resign his appointment; but I am thankful to say that his successor at St. Thomas's Hospital, Mr. J. B. Lawford, has consented to fill the vacancy.

My best thanks are due to my Consulting Staff; also to the Officers and Board of Management, with whom it has been my pleasant duty to co-operate during the long period of 27 years.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

WILLIAM SOPER.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN ORPHANS

Have been received into the Institution to the end of March, 1896.

PARENTAGE OF THE CHILDREN :—

Mechanics 455	Soldiers 9
Manufacturers and Tradesmen ... 288	Journalists 7
Labourers, Porters, and Carmen 262	Solicitors 7
Shopkeepers and Salesmen ... 235	Surgeons and Dentists 4
Warehousemen and Clerks ... 209	Architects and Surveyors ... 4
Mariners and Watermen ... 65	Firemen 4
Ministers and Missionaries ... 57	Cooks 4
Farmers and Florists ... 59	Royal Engineers 3
Cab Proprietors and Coachmen ... 48	Butlers 2
Railway Employés 43	Auctioneers 2
Commercial Travellers 42	Photographer 1
Schoolmasters and Teachers ... 25	Bandsman 1
Policemen & Custom House Officers 23	Gas Inspector 1
Accountants 17	Gentleman 1
Commission Agents 21	Vaccination Officer 1
Post Office Employés 13	Exhibition Proprietor 1
TOTAL	1,919

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION OF PARENTS :—

Church of England 756	Presbyterian ... 31	Roman Catholic ... 4
Baptist 522	Brethren 15	Moravian 2
Congregational ... 191	Bible Christian ... 4	Salvation Army ... 2
Wesleyan 156	Society of Friends 4	Not specified ... 232
TOTAL	1,919	

NOTE.—These Tables show the Catholicity of the Institution.

PLACES FROM WHICH CHILDREN HAVE BEEN RECEIVED :—

Balham 10	Hampstead 5	Pimlico 7
Barnsbury 4	Harringay 1	Plaistow 1
Battersea 31	Hatcham 1	Poplar 7
Bayswater 8	Haverstock Hill ... 4	Rotherhithe 13
Bermondsey 104	Highbury 6	Shadwell 2
Bethnal Green 7	Holborn 10	Shepherd's Bush ... 1
Blackheath 1	Holloway 23	Shoreditch 5
Bloomsbury 2	Homerton 4	Soho 6
Borough 11	Hornsey 9	Southwark 87
Bow 20	Horselydown 6	Spitalfields 1
Brixton 47	Hoxton 14	Stepney 6
Bromley 4	Islington 39	Strand 2
Bromdesbury 2	Kennington 17	Stratford 10
Camberwell 62	Kensington 9	Streatham 5
Camden Town 10	Kentish Town 10	Stockwell 9
Canonbury 1	Kilburn 14	Stoke Newington ... 11
Chelsea 9	Kingsland 3	St. John's Wood ... 1
Clapham 18	Lambeth 69	St. Luke's 3
Clapton 12	Lewisham 9	St. Pancras 6
Olerkenwell 16	Limehouse 6	Sydenham 2
College Park 1	Marylebone 22	Tottenham 10
Dalston 4	Mile End 9	Vauxhall 8
Deptford 8	Newington 19	Walworth 64
Dulwich 11	New Cross 17	Wandsworth 26
Edmonton 1	Norwood 19	Westminster 13
Finsbury 5	Notting Hill 13	Whitechapel 3
Forest Gate 2	Nunhead 5	Willesden 3
Fulham 5	Old Ford 1	Wood Green 5
Hackney 23	Paddington 9	
Haggerston 1	Peckham 63	
Hammersmith 6	Pentonville 5	
		LONDON... TOTAL 1,154

<i>Bedfordshire</i> , Bedford	6	<i>Durham</i> , Wolsingham	1	<i>Hampshire</i> ,	
" Leighton Buzzard	1	<i>Essex</i> , Ashdon ...	1	" Lyminster ...	1
" Luton ...	2	" Barking ...	1	" Newbridge, I.W.	1
" Tingrith ...	1	" Boxted ...	1	" Newport, I.W.	2
<i>Berks.</i> , Ardington Wick	1	" Braintree ...	2	" Pokesdown ...	1
" Chieveley ...	1	" Brentwood ...	1	" Portsmouth ...	5
" Childrey ...	1	" Burnham ...	1	" Portsea ...	1
" Faringdon ...	1	" Chelmsford ...	2	" Ryde, I.W. ...	1
" Maidenhead ...	2	" Chingford ...	1	" Romsey ...	1
" Newbury ...	5	" Coggeshall ...	1	" Sandown I.W.	8
" Reading ...	33	" Colchester ...	3	" Southampton	9
" Slough ...	2	" Dunmow ...	1	" Southsea ...	5
" Uffington ...	1	" East Ham ...	2	" Totton ...	1
" Wantage ...	2	" Epping ...	1	" Waterlooville	1
" Wargrave ...	1	" Grays... ..	1	" West Cowes, I.W.	2
" Windsor ...	1	" Great Braxted	1	" Winchester ...	2
" Wokingham ...	1	" Halstead ...	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> , Ledbury	1
<i>Buckinghamshire</i> ,		" Harlow ...	2	" Michaelshuroh	1
" Chesham ...	1	" Hatfield Heath	1	<i>Hertfordshire</i> ,	
" High Wycombe	1	" Ilford ...	2	" Berkhamstead	1
" Princes Risboro'	1	" Leyton ...	4	" Boxmoor ...	1
" Winalow ...	2	" Leytonstone ...	8	" Oadicote ...	1
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,		" Little Ilford ...	1	" Dunstable ...	1
" Cambridge ...	7	" Loughton ...	1	" Hertford ...	1
" Cottenham ...	1	" Maldon ...	9	" Hitchin ...	1
" Histon ...	2	" North Woolwich	2	" Hoddesdon ...	1
" Landbeach ...	1	" Paglesham ...	1	" Redbourne ...	1
" Linton ...	1	" Plaistow ...	1	" St. Albans ...	1
" Newmarket ...	1	" Rayleigh ...	1	" Ware ...	1
" Soham ...	1	" Romford ...	4	<i>Huntingdonshire</i> ,	
" Waterbeach ...	1	" Southend ...	3	" Fenstanton ...	1
" Wisbech ...	2	" Stanstead ...	1	" St. Neot's ...	1
<i>Cheshire</i> , Birkenhead	1	" Upminster ...	1	<i>Kent</i> , Ashford	4
" Chester ...	1	" Wakes-Colne	1	" Belvedere ...	2
" Hyde ...	1	" Walthamstow	11	" Bexley ...	3
<i>Cornwall</i> , Falmouth	3	" Wanstead ...	1	" Blackhoath ...	2
" Penzance ...	3	" West Ham ...	2	" Boughton ...	1
" Porthleven ...	1	" Witham ...	2	" Broadstairs ...	1
" St. Columb ...	1	" Woodford ...	8	" Bromley ...	4
" Truro ...	2	<i>Gloucestershire</i> , Bristol	7	" Canterbury ...	1
<i>Derbyshire</i> , Belper ...	1	" Cheltenham ...	8	" Charlton ...	3
" Derby ...	5	" Cinderford ...	1	" Chatham ...	5
" Matlock Bath	1	" Cirencester ...	2	" Cranbrook ...	1
<i>Devonshire</i> , Appledore	1	" Fairford ...	2	" Crayford ...	1
" Axminster ...	1	" Gloucester ...	2	" Deal ...	3
" Bideford ...	1	" Nailsworth ...	1	" Dover ..	3
" Brixham ...	3	" Painswick ...	1	" Eastchurch ...	1
" Dartmouth ...	1	" Stroud ...	2	" Eltham ...	1
" Devonport ...	3	" Tewkesbury ...	1	" E rit ...	1
" Exeter ...	2	" Weirstone ...	1	" Eynsford ...	2
" Plymouth ...	3	" Wotton ...	1	" Eythorne ...	1
" Stoke... ..	1	<i>Hampshire</i> ,		" Folkestone ...	5
" Torquay ...	4	" Aldershot ...	1	" Goudhurst ...	1
<i>Dorsetshire</i> , Poole ...	3	" Bournemouth... ..	4	" Gravesend ...	4
" Lyme Regis ...	1	" Christchurch... ..	1	" Greenwich ...	14
" Portland ...	2	" Fleet ...	1	" Hillingbourne	1
" Swanage ...	1	" Fremantle ...	1	" Lee ...	1
" Weymouth ...	3	" Farnborough... ..	1	" Maidstone ...	4
<i>Durham</i> , Darlington	1	" Gosport ...	1	" Malling ...	1
" Durham ...	1	" Hayling Island	1	" Margate ...	8
" Middlesbrough	2	" Headbourne -		" New Brompton	8
" South Shields	2	" Worthy ...	1	" Northfleet ...	2
" Stockton ...	4	" Landport ...	2	" Orpington ...	3

<i>Kent</i> , Plumstead ...	8	<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,		<i>Surrey</i> ,	
" Ramsgate ...	8	" Northampton	2	" Leatherhead	1
" Rochester ...	2	" Oundle ...	8	" Mortlake ...	1
" Sittingbourne	4	" Peterborough	2	" Norbiton ...	1
" Sevenoaks ...	1	" Rushden ...	1	" Penge ...	4
" Swancombe ...	1	" Thrapstone	2	" Putney ...	1
" Tonbridge ...	1	" Walgrave	1	" Red Hill ...	1
" Tunbridge Wells	4	<i>Northumberland</i> ,		" Reigate ...	1
" West Wickham	1	" Newcastle ...	1	" Richmond ...	1
" Whitstable ...	5	<i>Nottinghamshire</i> ,		" Surbiton ...	2
" Woolwich ...	1	" Nottingham ...	1	" Sutton ...	6
" Wrotham ...	1	" Retford ...	1	" Tooting ...	3
<i>Lancashire</i> ,		" Sutton ...	1	" Wallington ...	1
" Ashton-under-Lyne	3	" Worksop ...	1	" Wimbledon ...	2
" Blackpool ...	1	<i>Oxfordshire</i> ,		" Woking ...	2
" Bolton ...	1	" Banbury ...	2	<i>Sussex</i> ,	
" Liverpool ...	6	" Chipping Norton	3	" Brighton ...	11
" Manchester ...	4	" Kidlington ...	1	" Buxted ...	1
" Morecambe ...	1	" New Headington	1	" Chichester ...	4
" Rochdale ...	1	" Oxford ...	5	" Faygate ...	1
<i>Leicestershire</i> ,		" Thame ...	1	" Hailsham ...	1
" Leicester ...	1	" Witney ...	1	" Hastings ...	5
" Loughborough	1	<i>Rutlandshire</i> ,		" Horsham ...	1
" Lutterworth ...	1	" Uppingham ...	1	" Lewes ...	2
<i>Lincolnshire</i> ,		<i>Salop</i> , Aston-on-Clun	1	" Newhaven ...	1
" Alford ...	1	" West Felton ...	1	" Portslade ...	1
" Boston ...	2	<i>Somersetshire</i> ,		" St. Leonard's	2
" Grimsby ...	5	" Bath ...	2	" Seaford ...	1
" Lincoln ...	2	" Curry Mallet	1	" Worthing ...	1
" Stamford ...	1	" Taunton ...	3	<i>Warwickshire</i> ,	
<i>Middlesex</i> , Acton	4	" Weston ...	1	" Birmingham	6
" Barnet ...	1	" Yeovil ...	1	" Coventry ...	1
" Brentford ...	2	<i>Staffordshire</i> ,		" Leamington	1
" Chiswick ...	1	" Bilston ...	1	" Oxhill ...	1
" Ealing ...	1	" Stourbridge ...	1	" Quinton ...	1
" Edmonton ...	3	" West Bromwich	1	<i>Wiltshire</i> ,	
" Finchley ...	1	" Wolverhampton	1	" Calne ...	1
" Fulham ...	2	<i>Suffolk</i> ,		" Chippenham	1
" Hampton-Wick	1	" Aldborough ...	2	" Devizes ...	1
" Harlington ...	1	" Bungay ...	1	" Downton ...	1
" Harrow ...	2	" Bury St. Edmunds	2	" Pinton Stoke	1
" Hendon ...	1	" Clare ...	1	" Salisbury ...	2
" Hounslow ...	2	" Fressingfield	1	" Summerford	
" Isleworth ...	3	" Halesworth ...	1	" Magna	1
" Old Hampton	1	" Ipswich ...	8	" Swadlincote	1
" Roxeth ...	1	" Southwold ...	1	" Swindon ...	2
" Southall ...	1	" Stanstead ...	1	" Trowbridge	1
" Walsham Green	8	" Stowmarket ...	4	" Warminster	1
" Wotstone ...	1	" Woodbridge ...	1	" Westbury	
<i>Monmouthshire</i> ,		<i>Surrey</i> ,		" Leigh ...	1
" Aborgavenny	1	" Addlestone ...	1	" Wroughton ...	1
" Blaenavon ...	1	" Barnes ...	3	<i>Worcestershire</i> ,	
" Maindee ...	1	" Bletchingley	1	" Cradley ...	1
" Newport ...	6	" Buckland ...	1	" Evesham ...	1
<i>Norfolk</i> , Attleborough	1	" Oatford ...	1	" Hampton ...	1
" Dereham ...	1	" Croydon ...	23	<i>Yorkshire</i> ,	
" Holt ...	1	" East Moulsey	1	" Bodale ...	1
" Lynn ...	3	" Farnham ...	1	" Burley ...	1
" Norwich ...	1	" Godalming ...	2	" Leeds ...	2
" Yarmouth ...	1	" Godstone ...	1		
<i>Northamptonshire</i> ,		" Guildford ...	1		
" Brackley ...	1	" Horley ...	1		
" Kettering ...	2	" Kingston ...	8		

COUNTRY...TOTAL 724

<i>Wales</i> , Aberystwith	1	<i>Wales</i> , Dowlais	...	1	<i>Wales</i> , Narberth	...	1	
" Brecon	...	1	" Haverfordwest	8	" Rhyl	...	1	
" Bridgend	...	2	" Hay	...	1	" Swansea	...	3
" Builth	...	1	" Holyhead	...	1			
" Cardiff	...	14	" Llanbister	...	1	WALES	...	TOTAL 36
" Carnarvon	...	1	" Llandudno	...	1			
" Cilgerran	...	2	" Llanelly	...	1			

<i>Scotland</i> , Dunfermline	1	<i>Scotland</i> , Larbert	...	1	<i>Ireland</i>	...	2
		" Lennoxtown	1				

ADMISSIONS FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH, 1896.

FROM LONDON DISTRICTS:—

Barnsbury	...	1	Dulwich	...	1	Kilburn	...	1	Stamford Hill	1	
Battersea	...	1	Edmonton	...	1	Lambeth	...	1	Stratford	...	2
Bermondsey	...	4	Hackney	...	1	Lewisham	...	1	Stockwell	...	1
Brockley	...	1	Herne Hill	...	1	London Fields	...	1	St. Luke's	...	1
Camberwell	...	2	Holloway	...	1	Marylebone	...	1	Tottenham	...	1
Camden Town	1	Hornsey	...	1	Newington	...	1	Walworth	...	3	
Canonbury	...	1	Islington	...	1	New Cross	...	1	Westminster	...	1
Chelsea	...	1	Kennington	...	2	Norwood	...	1	Willesden	...	1
Olapton	...	1	Kensington	...	1	Peckham	...	5			
College Park	1	Kentish Town	1	Pentonville	...	1	TOTAL	...	50		

FROM COUNTRY TOWNS AND VILLAGES:—

Acton	...	1	Buxted	...	1	Lewes	...	1	Roxoth	...	1
Aldershot	...	1	Croydon	...	1	Lincoln	...	1	Slough	...	1
Ashdon	...	1	Chieveley	...	1	Mddlesborough	1	South Shields	1		
Ashton-under-Lyne	...	1	Deal	...	1	New Brompton	1	Thrapstone	...	1	
Barnes	...	1	Erith	...	1	Newport, I. of W.	1	Tingrith	...	1	
Birmingham	...	2	East Ham	...	1	Newport, Mon.	1	Tunbridge Wells	1		
Braintree	...	1	Fleet	...	1	Oxford	...	1	Wallington	...	1
Brighton	...	1	Folkestone	...	1	Penge	...	1	Weymouth	...	1
Brixham	...	1	Greenwich	...	1	Peterborough	1	Winchester	...	1	
Broadstairs	...	1	Harlow	...	1	Plumstead	...	1			
Bromley	...	1	Hastings	...	1	Plymouth	...	1	TOTAL	...	48
Bungay	...	1	Hollingbourne	1	Poole	...	1				
		Lee	...	1	Reading	...	1				

FROM WALES:—Cardiff, 1 | FROM SCOTLAND:—Lennoxtown, 1.

TOTAL FOR THE YEAR, 100.

The above tables, while they tell of want relieved and sorrow soiced, also show the impartiality of the Committee in their selection of inmates and the range of their choice. The poorest localities and the most needy classes have again furnished the largest number of Children received into the Orphanage.

SUMMARY OF ADMISSIONS.

London	...	1,154	Wales	...	86	Ireland	...	2
Country	...	724	Scotland	...	3			
TOTAL			1,919.	

THE STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE TRACTS;

SETTING FORTH THE CLAIMS OF THIS "WORK OF FAITH AND LABOUR OF LOVE."

No. 1, "Love Jesus, and Live for Heaven"; No. 2, "Apt to Teach," for Sunday-school Teachers; No. 3, "Little Dicky"; No. 4, "To those who are happily married, or hope to be"; No. 5, "Sunshine in the Heart"; No. 6, "Gone Home"; No. 7, "Home in Sunshine and Shadow"; No. 8, "Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage; its Character and Claims"; No. 9, "John Maynard"; No. 10, "A Real Bit of Sunshine"; No. 11, "S. O."; No. 12, "Take my Hand!" No. 13, "Notes on Votes"; No. 14, "My Alma Mater"; No. 15, "A Happy Scene in a Storm"; No. 16, "Grannie"; No. 17, "After Many Days"; No. 18, "Mr. Spurgeon's last New Year's Cards"; No. 19, "In Memoriam"; No. 20, "Out of the Valley of the Shadow"; No. 21, "Mr. Spurgeon's Beautiful Memorial." Specimens may be had on application to the Secretary. Quantities for distribution will be supplied at 2s. per 100. Friends can render an important service by enclosing them in letters. Be sure and get some!

SCIENCE CLASSES—Boys'.

REPORT

BY THE

Inspector of the Technical Board of the London County Council.

I inspected this Institution on December 9th, and found 20 boys doing practical work in electricity in the laboratory. The work is very much better than last year. The boys construct such pieces of apparatus as electrophoruses, gold-leaf electroscopes, Leyden jars, and astatic galvanometers. After a piece of apparatus has been made it is tested by performing experiments with it. The pieces of apparatus prepared this term are very good, and in all cases where tested worked properly. This is excellent training for these boys in the direction of acquiring manipulative skill. They take great pride in getting good results. The boys doing practical work in geology in this laboratory are carrying out a very good scheme of work. Many improvements have been made in the laboratory since my last visit; cupboards have been put in, in connection with the benches; and also some additional store cupboards. New shelves have been added, and the place has been repainted, and the equipment has been much improved. The room was very hot on the night of my visit, but this may be accounted for by the fact that the boys were carrying on soldering experiments, and for this purpose had a gas furnace in addition to the ordinary heating appliances.

The suggestions made last session with regard to improvements in the lecture room have been faithfully carried out; the seats have been arranged in tiers, and the lecture room is now in every way satisfactory. A fair amount of apparatus has been added for the purpose of illustrating the lectures.

At present there are 50 boys attending the lectures in electricity and magnetism, and geology, and 20 of the best of them do practical work in these subjects. If it is found possible to devote another evening to practical work, it would be well for the rest of the boys to take it. The boys thoroughly enjoy the work, and an examination proved very satisfactory. Mr. Simmonds and Mr. Thompson appear to be good teachers. It seems a great pity that in the lectures so much ground should be covered in order to prepare the boys for the South Kensington Examinations. It would be much better if a thoroughly good course of elementary work was given instead. The boys are only 13 to 14 years of age, and if they are to obtain grants it must be by a system of cramming. At present the alternative course in physics is taken, and no practical work is done apart from that connected with the electrical portion. This should receive the early attention of the committee.

The geological museum in connection with the school is a very good one, and new specimens are continually being sent by old boys and others.

C. W. KIMMINS.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL REPORT.

The loving co-operation of a band of about 45 voluntary teachers is of great service to the Institution. In following the International Series of Lessons, arranged by the Sunday-school Union, the systematic study of the Bible is secured. The Annual Meeting of the Sunday-school Teachers and the members of the Orphanage Staff, was held on January 29th. An address was given to the workers by the Rev. Walter Home, M.A., vicar of St. Philip's, Kennington Road. Samuel Smith, Esq., M.P., distributed the prizes to the children, and gave an interesting address of wise and weighty counsels.

SCRIPTURE EXAMINATION, MARCH 8th, 1896.

Subject: "Jesus the Healer and Teacher."

Results:—Prizes, 10; first-class certificates, 125; second-class certificates, 34. Our boys took the first prize for each division in which they were entered for examination.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS' BAND.

Number of Members—Boys, 53; Girls, 36; Total, 89.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION.

Number of Members—Boys, 250; Girls, 345; Total, 595. These figures include former scholars who still like to keep up their membership with us.

BAND OF HOPE.

Number of Members, enrolled with the sanction of their friends, 260. Twenty-five meetings held, and numerous illustrated addresses on various aspects of the drink question were given. Illustrated lectures have been given by Rev. Thomas Wheatley, on "Sabbath Observance"; by J. Cooper Ashton, Esq., on "North Wales"; and by Miss E. M. Fricker, on "The Children of the Bible." Special addresses have also been given by members of the Croydon Y.M.C.A. Cyoal Club, and other visitors.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Sunday-school Teachers' Prayer Meetings have been held every month on Sunday afternoons and on Wednesday evenings during the year. Addresses have been given to the United Schools, assembled in the Memorial Hall, once a quarter. The Rev. E. L. Roxby, M.A., of Holy Trinity Church, Tulse Hill; Rev. T. F. Touzeau, of Loughborough Park Congregational Chapel; Rev. Henry Oakley, of Trinity Road Baptist Chapel, Tooting; and T. T. Taylor, Esq., of the S.S. Union have rendered us invaluable service, and have enabled us to demonstrate the inter-denominational character of our work.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND BAND OF HOPE COLLECTIONS.

Baptist Missionary Society (£10 of which supports a boy and girl at Wathen Station, Congo)	£	s.	d.
Dr. Phillips (Indian S.S. Mission)	14	17	6
Hagged School Union Holiday Homes	2	16	3
Continental Sunday-school Union	1	5	4
Dr. Churoher (North Africa Mission)	1	7	0
Temperance Hospital and Band of Hope Work	1	12	0
	26	5	6
	£48	2	6

An increase of £3 19s. for the year is a proof that our young people are interested in the various agencies to which they subscribe.

WAYS AND MEANS.

We shall be thankful if our friends will bear in mind that our supplies must be as constant as our needs. It would greatly rejoice the heart of the President if the current income were always equal to the current expenditure, so that legacies might be reserved to supply the falling-off in donations when old friends resign their stewardship and go home.

The collecting boxes and books have brought in, during the year, the sum of £887 8s. 3d. Once a quarter, the President arranges to meet our band of willing helpers, and personally to thank them for their efforts for his great family of little ones. Many more of our young people might help us by joining this Sustentation Army. Friends living miles away, who are not able to attend the meetings, can have special collecting books, and forward the amount received from time to time.

The children in the Orphanage and their friends collected, for the most part in pennies, the sum of £238 3s. 3d., and in every case this labour of love was a genuine expression of gratitude. We frequently have very warm-hearted letters of thanks from the mothers of our children. God bless them, every one!

The total amount received during the year from collecting cards, books, and boxes, reached the noble sum of £1,125 11s. 6d. This is substantial help; *but could it not be very easily doubled next year? We wish more of our friends would lend a hand.* O best and kindest of readers, will you not take a card or box yourself?

The Young Ladies' Working Associations at the Tabernacle, West Croydon, Reading, and elsewhere, continue to furnish splendid help; and their services are greatly valued by us. Could not more societies be started? Friends who are not able to join an association, can make up articles of clothing suitable for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen. Such aid, lovingly rendered to the Orphans, does not divert contributions from local claims, but rather stimulates generosity for their support.

Mr. Charlesworth, with a Choir of Boys, has visited many places during the year. The programme throughout is of a high-class character, and the most gratifying reports have been received of the good done. After deducting the immediate expenses, and the cost of the musical training of the boys, the sum of £350 3s. 9d. has resulted from the services of the Choir.

"Pure religion and undefiled" finds its illustration in care for the "widow and fatherless," and we are thankful when the help comes to the special objects of our charge.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by the President and Treasurer, Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, D.D. Address—The Secretary, The Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

AIMS AND PLANS.

Covering an area of nearly four acres, in one of the healthiest suburbs of London, the Orphanage is admirably adapted for keeping up as much of the family spirit as is possible in a Public Institution. The boys take their meals in one common hall according to families; the girls in their respective houses; and 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 and repeat the text for the day from Mr. Spurgeon's Almanack.

In the Schools our object is to impart a *thorough* ENGLISH education, and, by a complete system of physical training, to fit the boys for commercial pursuits.

In addition to the ordinary subjects, they are taught elementary science, drawing, shorthand, and vocal music. We are thankful to record that, as the boys attain the age for leaving, it is easy to find employers who will receive them. Many of the old boys are now occupying good positions in large houses of business, and not a few are engaged in works of usefulness; a large number are members of Christian Churches, and several are ministers of the Word. One of our old boys holds a Professorship in the University of Cambridge.

By a good education, and a thorough domestic training in the Homes, we hope to fit our girls for earning their own livelihood in houses of Business, in the Civil Service, or as domestics in Christian families.

We are concerned that the children should become disciples of Christ, and leave us healthy, intelligent, and gracious members of society, hence the moral and religious training of the children is a matter of primary concern. The earnest efforts of the matrons and teachers are supplemented by the labours of a godly band of Sunday-school teachers. Detachments of the children attend the Tabernacle and neighbouring places of worship on the Lord's-day, and Special Services are conducted at home, morning and evening. A children's week-night service is held every Wednesday. Several earnest friends give diligent attention to this department of the work. Once a quarter the entire household is assembled to hear a special address. The local clergy, ministers, and distinguished laymen render important help in this matter. Young Christians' Bands hold monthly meetings, and there are frequent meetings for the members of the Band of Hope.

The Sunday-school Teachers' Prayer Meetings are held twice a month, and a Prayer Meeting for the Matrons, conducted by Mrs. James Stiff, is held monthly. We very earnestly invite our subscribers to join with us in prayer for the continued blessing of God upon our work amongst the Orphans.

Christians of all denominations, by their hearty love and practical aid, cheer us in this enterprise, and together we will all unite in helping the widow and the orphan for Christ's own sake. His approval now, and His "well done" hereafter, will be a sufficient reward for any effort or sacrifice we may make. Infidelity must fool the power of 500 living arguments; for a Christian Orphanage attests the faithfulness of God, as the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow.

HOW FRIENDS HELP THE ORPHANAGE :

(1.) By **Donations and Subscriptions.** Members of all sections of the Church and of the community contribute to the funds of the Institution.

(2.) By **Bequests of Money or Property.** The new Statute of Mortmain, bearing date August 5th, 1891, has made it legal to devise real property in aid of Charitable Institutions.

(3.) By becoming **Collectors.** Collecting-boxes and Books may be obtained on application to the Secretary; also special Boxes to be fixed on walls.

(4.) By **arranging for Public Meetings,** to be conducted by the Head Master with a choir of Orphan boys. Mr. V. J. CHARLESWORTH will be happy to give all the necessary information.

(5.) By **Sunday-school Collections** on the last Sunday in January, being the anniversary of Mr. Spurgeon's decease. The Secretary will send Tracts and Booklets for distribution.

(6.) By **Gifts of Useful Articles.** We can use food, clothing, toys, fuel, furniture, books, and other useful articles at home, while fancy goods can be sold at the Annual Festival. We are universal consumers, and can do something with everything sent to us.

(7.) By **Birthday and New Year's Offerings.** A festive season suggests a fitting opportunity for sending help to those whose orphanhood calls for special tenderness. Our mercies are doubly sweet when they are shared with those who would otherwise feel the bitterness of want.

"With such sacrifices God is well pleased."

A WORD TO OUR DONORS :

(1.) The name should be legibly written, and a sufficient designation should be given that the reply may be rightly directed.

It is unfortunate when *Jones* is mistaken for *Thorns*, or *vice versa*. Where an initial only is given, we may not know whether to address the reply to Mr. or Mrs., or to any other designation. We should be sorry to write *Miss*, and find that we had written amiss.

(2.) As two persons may bear exactly the same name, it is important that the residence should be added. Where a donor has a *business* and a *private* address, it is desirable that one or other should be uniformly used, or we may accidentally treat our friend as if he were two individuals.

(3.) Change of address, or the death of a donor, should be promptly reported for the correction of our books. We cannot be omniscient, but we do like to be accurate.

(4.) We would respectfully urge our donors to advise us by letter or post-card of the despatch of goods. We can often make more economical use of gifts when we know that they are coming.

"To do good and to communicate, forget not."

TO INTENDING BENEFACTORS.

By an Act of Parliament, bearing date August 5th, 1891, land and houses may now be left for charitable uses.

Money left by will, with the direction that it be invested in land or houses, was forfeit until this Act was passed: it will not now be lost to the charity, but it must be used for its general purposes.

An important exception is made in the case of land or houses left or directed to be acquired, if it be proved that the property is necessary for the actual use of the charity, and not for investment.

The will must be signed by the testator in the presence of two witnesses present at the same time, and who must sign their names as witnesses in the presence of each other, and of the testator.

The following are in legal form, and may be copied:—

1.—In leaving a sum of money:—

*I Give and Bequeath the sum of _____
pounds sterling, to be paid to the Treasurer for the time being of
the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, in the county of London,
and his receipt shall be a sufficient discharge for the said legacy.*

2.—In leaving Freehold Property:—

*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the freehold house (or houses) situated and
being known as—here state clearly the exact designation as to name
or number, the street or road, the parish, the town, and
the county.*

3.—In leaving Leasehold Property:—

*I hereby Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage,
Clapham Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in
the leasehold house (or houses), situated and being known as—here
state clearly the exact designation as to name or number, the
street or road, the parish, the town, and the county.*

4.—In leaving Freehold Land:—

*I Give and Devise to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road,
in the county of London, the parcel of freehold land—here give the
exact designation of the land in the precise terms of the title
deeds*

5.—In leaving Land held on lease:—

*I Give and Bequeath to the Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham
Road, in the county of London, the whole of my interest in the
unexpired term of the lease of the land—here give the exact designation
of the land in the precise terms of the lease.*

Now that it has become legal to devise real property in aid of Charitable Institutions, the hope is cherished that our friends, in the disposition of their estates, will not overlook the Orphanage, which remains as a memorial of its Founder and first President, C. H. SPURGEON.

“WHOSE FAITH FOLLOW.”

Stockwell Orphanage.

GENERAL ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED MARCH 31st, 1896.

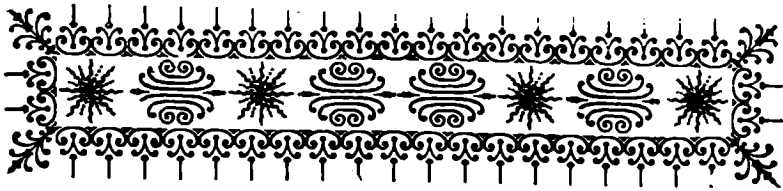
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Maintenance and Education:—				By Donations and Subscriptions:—			
Salaries and Wages	General
Provisions	Boxes and Books
Clothing	Services of Song (less expenses)
Laundry				
Fuel, Gas, and Water	Legacies
Books and School Requisites	" Balance of Dividends and Rents (less Repairs, Rates, and Taxes, &c.)
Medical, Hospital, and Convalescent Expenses				
Excursions and Travelling				
Situations, Part Outfits, Gratuities, &c.				
Gardening and Sundries				
			10,084				9,127
" Printing, Publications, Advertisements, Office Expenses, Collecting Boxes, &c.	966				5,295
" Repairs and Alterations	702				16
" Furniture, Fittings, Bedding, &c.	447				3
" Poor and General Rates	181				
			12,381				
" Balance (being excess of Expenditure over Income) March 31st, 1896	1,647				
			13,028				
" Balance at Credit March 31st, 1896	3,209				
			17,188				

Audited and found correct, this 4th day of June, 1896.

JAMES A. SPURGEON, } Trustees.
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17,188 17 6



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

Ministerial Joys.

AN ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE PASTORS' COLLEGE,
ON ONE OF THEIR VISITS TO "WESTWOOD."

BY C. H. SPURGEON.



DEAR BRETHREN,—When we meet for a social gathering like the present, I do not usually think it well to occupy much of your time with any address specially prepared. I thought, however, that I might, quite informally, say just a few words to you upon the subject of—

MINISTERIAL JOYS.

On another occasion, I may have to remind you of the sorrows and trials that most ministers have to endure, and I should not need to draw upon my imagination in order to find abundant illustrations of such a sad and sombre theme; but for to-day, at least, let us look at the bright side of the picture, and think of the pleasures that are our portion. Whether we have already entered upon the great life-work of the Christian ministry, or whether we are undergoing a course of preparation for the service to which we believe the Lord has called us, we have many joys and delights of which men of the world know nothing.

First, *our very studies are a source of pleasure to us.* To sit down earnestly and reverently to study the Word of God that we may learn what is the mind of the Spirit,—to come to the fountain of theology undefiled, and by prayer and meditation to drink of its pure waters, is

one of the highest joys that mortals can ever know in this imperfect state. I do not think any other place on earth has had more pleasure in it than this room* has had while I have been searching the Scriptures to find out what the Lord has therein revealed. This used to be the billiard-room of the house in the former owner's time, and I suppose that he and his companions derived much enjoyment from their play; but I am quite sure that, since the light from these burners has been shed



on the Word of God and those who have been seeking to know its meaning, far more pleasure has been experienced here. I trust, brethren, that you will often have a personal realization of this joy in the study of the Word.

Next, *what a source of pure pleasure is prayer!* I know that I have often found it to be so in the public service of the sanctuary; many a time, when in prayer for the great congregation at the Tabernacle, I have been so lifted up that, whether in the body or out of the body, I could not tell, and I have just lost myself in a rapture of adoring ecstasy before the throne of God. But there has been equal joy in fellowship with two or three kindred spirits with Jesus in the midst,

* The "Westwood" gatherings usually took place in the open-air; but on this occasion,—we think because of heavy rain,—the meeting was held in the study. Many of our readers remember the appearance of the "room" mentioned by the beloved speaker, yet it seems almost necessary again to insert the view, which explains Mr. Spurgeon's allusion to the method of lighting the study.—Ed.

or in communion alone with God at the mercy-seat. To pray over the Word, brings us great joy as we continue to make fresh discoveries of the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of Christ, and as we find out new meanings in texts that have long been familiar to us. I think, brethren, that even the preparation for the Christian ministry should be one of the best means of grace that a man can have, and that prayer especially should be to him a constant joy and delight.

Then, when we actually get at the work, *what a joy there is in preaching the gospel!* It is not always a pleasure, for sometimes the chariot wheels are taken off, and our thoughts and words drag heavily. But when we are borne along by the Holy Spirit, there is not an eagle whose flight is as swift as ours. When I am on my platform at the Tabernacle, I feel sometimes as if, in the might of God, I could speak as with lightning and thunder, such power is there in the Word of the Lord; and as for the joy of preaching, I have often felt that I did not wish to change places even with Gabriel himself. I have known what it is, while proclaiming the truth of God, to see eternal things, to look into the many mansions of the blessed, to walk amidst cherubim and seraphim, to bow, and wonder, and adore, and to lead the people also up to those glorious heights of bliss. Yes, it is indeed a joyous work to preach the gospel when the Spirit of God is present with us.

Besides, brethren, *what a joy it is to us when souls are converted through our instrumentality!* Especially do we rejoice over the salvation of very black sinners; their joy in being saved is truly great, but we feel almost as much delight as we rejoice over them. Nay, more than that, we think of all the bliss that will yet be theirs,—joy on joy, glory on glory, “from glory unto glory,”—and we seem to have a share in it all as we shake hands with those whom we have been permitted to lead to the Saviour. Last Lord’s-day morning, after the service, there was brought to me a card bearing the name of a minister of the gospel, and when the good man came into the vestry he said to me, “Twenty-four years ago, Mr. Spurgeon, you brought me into gospel liberty by such-and-such a sermon.” That kind of message gives me more joy than I can describe, and I praise the Lord that this is not a solitary instance of blessing, but only one out of a multitude of cases which afford me the highest delight that is possible here below.

I think I ought also to mention *the great joy of associating with godly people in Christian service*, and especially with those whom we have ourselves brought to the Saviour. I can say without hesitation that I have great joy in my dear brethren, the deacons and elders and members of the church. Some people find fault with deacons and elders, and even with ministers, and very likely there is good reason for the complaints that are made; but I am inclined to think that there is something in the grumblers themselves which accounts for their fault-finding. At all events, I comfort myself with the reflection that, as a rule, God’s people are about as good as I am; and if they are not what they ought to be, I must do my best to make them better. I should like to give to you, my young brethren, a piece of practical advice that may come in useful one of these days,—Don’t throw away

every stick that is a little crooked, but try to find out where you can employ it to a good purpose. Some of those very people who at first were opposed to you may become your most faithful friends and followers. If they do say nasty things about you, be sure to have a good supply of cotton wool to put in your ears, so that you may not hear what would grieve you; or if you must hear it, never let them know that you heard it, for the day may come when they will regret their hasty and unkind words, and be your most hearty helpers.

Still, brethren, you are not going into the ministry with the idea of pleasing men, but that you may glorify God. One of my greatest delights is to come home, and to feel, "I have not been able to preach as I should have liked to have done; but, O my Lord, it has been Thy truth that I have proclaimed." There is a passage in the fortieth Psalm that I often repeat with great thankfulness to the Lord who enables me truthfully to say it: "I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, Thou knowest. I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation: I have not concealed Thy lovingkindness and Thy truth from the great congregation."

It is frequently my experience,—and a very curious experience it is,—when reading a book, all of a sudden to come upon a piece about myself; quite recently I met with this observation:—"There are two men who are true prophets of God in this age; they are, Canon Liddon and Mr. Spurgeon. When they preach, they both of them say, 'This is what is in God's Word.' So many other preachers say, 'This is the result of my study, and of my thinking, and of my reasoning;' but these two prophets, when they go to the Scriptures, seek to know what is the mind of God, and what He has to say to the people to whom He has sent them to proclaim His truth." I am not responsible for what the writer of this book says; but I can honestly declare that, when I have done preaching at any time, I have, to the best of my knowledge and belief, unfolded the truth in my text, and I have made known what I have believed to be the inspired revelation of God.

If I have repeated the message that I have received from my Master, those who do not like it must settle the quarrel with Him, not with me. A person comes to my door, and I send a message to him by my servant; if the man finds fault with what I have told her to say to him, she very naturally replies, "That is no business of mine; I have only repeated to you what my master told me to say, you must blame him if you do not agree with what he says." That is just my case; I do not profess to be an original thinker, but I do try to tell out what my Master has spoken into my own ear and heart, and those who do not approve of it must find fault with my Master. If I have made a mistake as to my Lord's truth, I am so far responsible; but if, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have made known what He has revealed to me, I am clear of all the consequences of my action. I am simply a reporter who must take down, *verbatim et literatim*, what my Lord says; I am only like a telephone through which He speaks. The glass in those windows is perfectly clear; if you do not like the view that you can see through the windows, the glass cannot help that.

You and I, brethren, are to be like clear glass, through which men and women and children can see God and His everlasting truth. If we are thus clear, and are kept well cleaned, one of the joys that we shall know will be the joy of possessing an easy conscience, so that we shall be able to say with Paul, "I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." We shall also have the joy of a quiet walk with God, because we have thought and said and done all that we believed would be most pleasing in His sight.

Finally, dear brethren, *what a joy it will be, by-and-by, to meet one another in Heaven!* I expect I shall know the apostle Paul as soon as I see him. Blessed Paul, how fully did he understand the gospel, and how grandly did he teach it and preach it! And John, too, "that disciple whom Jesus loved," I am sure I shall recognize him; and Peter, who will never go out again to weep bitterly. I mean to look out for John Calvin, and John Knox, and John Bunyan; what a treat it will be to see "the immortal dreamer" in the Celestial City that he delighted to describe! I have promised to meet dear old Father Rogers up there, and to say to him, "Now, friend Rogers, you were wrong about that infant sprinkling, after all, were you not?" I expect to meet my dear friend, Dr. Armitage,* there, and you, too, beloved brethren. The highest joy of Heaven will be communion with God Himself, and next to that will be the delight of fellowship with the spirits of just men made perfect, and the innumerable company of angels who have never sinned. The Lord grant that all of us may not only be ourselves saved, but may also take a numerous company with us, and each one be able to say, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me"! May we be like the sheep described in the Canticle, "whereof every one beareth twins, and there is not one barren among them"! Amen.

Recollections of a Blessed Thursday Evening in August, 1888.

WE had never seen him, and never heard his voice, yet his face was familiar, and his soul-stirring words had refreshed us for years; but this evening we were going to the Tabernacle service, and, moreover, craved an interview with the great preacher.

Soon after the doors were opened, we were courteously seated near the lower platform; then came our request,—“Could we see Mr. Spurgeon on important business for a few moments?” Presently, receiving an affirmative reply, we found ourselves standing at the Pastor’s vestry door. A moment more, and the tones we had longed to hear said, “You come from Wales; I have wanted to see you to thank you personally for helping me.” Then the elder lady said,

* Dr. Armitage, of New York, was present, and gave an address upon “The Young Man of Nazareth.” One of the tutors who afterwards spoke was Professor Gracey, and prayer was presented by Pastor A. A. Saville. *All these brethren have since joined the beloved President in the presence of the King.*—Ed.

"We came to express gratitude that one whom we loved had been accepted as a student, and *we* were the indebted ones."

And here occurred one of those small deeds that showed the exceeding kindness of that great loving heart. I had a Birthday Text-book in my hand, and was preparing to petition for *his* autograph, when the dear friend motioned, "No!" But the action was not unnoticed, and Mr. Spurgeon said, "I know what she wants; give the book to me;" and that name makes this little volume a rich heritage.

A few hallowed moments of converse, and then the service. The huge building was filling when we returned;—a little longer, and the beloved Pastor was standing, with uplifted hand, beseeching a blessing,—*and it came.*

(Matt. xiii. 3.) "Behold, a sower went forth to sow," rang out in clear, silver tones. "This man *went* to sow, and for nothing else. Some seeds fell among stones,—he could not help that; some by the way side, and the fowls came;—Lord, keep away the fowls!—some on stony ground, no deepness of earth, excitement, etc., green at the top, dead at the root."

(Verses 7—22.) "Take heed; each one is responsible in hearing. Think of the waggon loads of sermons you have heard, and yet you are not saved; will you ever be? Think of the good men, now in Heaven, whose voices you have heard, and who drew tears from your eyes! What was the seed? The same in every case; he that sowed went to his Master, and filled his basket. . . . Yet it did not produce the same result in all soil in which it was sown. . . . The gospel has converted your sister, but not you; your parents wept as they heard it, but it has not touched your heart. . . . It is sad for any to gather the grapes, and yet never drink the juice; or to pluck the ears of corn, and never eat the bread. . . . Turn that sharp eye of yours inwardly; do not censure others, censure yourself."

And some *did* look inwardly. We noticed a young man striving to hide the tears that would come; at a little distance, one whose years were nearly seventy was weeping; within the range of our eye, with joy we saw three other souls touched by the Holy Spirit; and our hearts were melted,—melted with the love that passeth knowledge, brought so vividly before us by him who now is with his Lord.

O hallowed evening, how often have thy sacred moments been remembered with inexpressible delight!

One more word,—the young student referred to, passed through the College, he was chosen by the now-glorified President to labour in a far-off sphere, whence, after sixteen months' work, wonderfully blessed, the call "Home" came to him, and, passing through the gates of pearl on February 13, 1892, he was the first of the Pastors' College brethren to join his beloved President in glory!

Teignmouth.

FLORENCE THORPE.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

WORDS fail me to tell of the joy that fills my heart at the success and blessing which God is giving to the new cause at BEXHILL. The fact that it is all "of Him, and through Him, and to Him," not only accounts for the present hopefulness of the effort, but guarantees its future prosperity. Our God cannot fail in anything He undertakes, neither is it possible that the least of His plans and purposes can be thwarted of their fulfilment; and *this* work, from first to last, is His. Mr. Hockey's ministry has been "by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left;" and if it has also been, according to the apostle Paul's experience, "by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report," this does but bring more glory to the Lord, by proclaiming the insignificance of man and the majesty of the Most High.

Yes, God be thanked, there is a beacon lighted at Bexhill, which shall never be extinguished! It shall guide many poor storm-tossed souls to the only harbour of refuge,—Christ Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. The old, old gospel preached by the Lord's servant has lost none of its ancient fire and power; and if, by the grace of God, there shall rally round the preacher a gracious, praying, believing people, steadfast in the old truths, watchful over the old landmarks, faithful to sound doctrine, and "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," then a glorious future awaits BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, for it shall ever "flourish by the preaching of the Word."

* * * *

Some months ago, when I gave a brief account of the translation into "touch language"—Braille type for the Blind,—of some of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, the circumstance elicited much interest among my readers, and many kind gifts were sent in for the furtherance of the work. Those friends who helped this truly beneficent service will be glad to hear now of its growing success and prosperity. In a letter lately received from the Secretary of the Society, I am told that there are at present six Sermons available for those to whom the great trial has come of "the windows" being darkened. "You will be greatly interested in knowing," writes my friend, "that we have had an order from a lady in Tasmania for eight volumes of the Sermons in Braille type, she having seen in the *Sword and Trowel* your "Note" about the work, and being desirous of presenting them to two Institutions for the Blind in the Colony. You can imagine our joy in the thought that the sightless ones in that distant land will share in the good reading which is delighting so many at home. To her kind order we had the pleasure of adding several smaller books as a gift. How thankful we are to God, dear Mrs. Spurgeon, that He led you to mention our work in the Magazine, and to take such an interest in it, for it is entirely through you that this help from Hobart came. We are hoping soon to send copies out to Syria, and we have heard of a Japanese Christian who would be most grateful for some good books in Braille; he

can read English,—is quite blind,—and is now trying to teach other blind ones.”

Then the question is asked, “May we put some of your ‘Leaflets’ and ‘Personal Notes on a Text’ into Braille?” and I am only too glad to give the permission to use them thus for the comfort of any afflicted people. We to whom God has mercifully preserved the blessing of sight can scarcely imagine what the deprivation means. When Eye-gate is closed, what a famine there must be of mental food, what silence in the once-crowded market-place of the mind, what desolation in the highways and byways of life, what darkness over all the town of Mansoul! But our gracious Lord gives a wonderful compensation to the dwellers in this dreary land by quickening their sense of feeling. He touches their hands by His power, and immediately each finger becomes, as it were, a magic wand, endowed with the gift of *seeing by touch*; and this sensitiveness of the finger-tips enables the blind to read the pages of any book prepared for their use in embossed or perforated letters. I am told that the joy of these poor sightless ones is very great when they find they can be brought, literally, “into touch” with the thoughts and words of others, and I think that we, as Christians, should be anxiously wishful to supply them with literature, not only healthful, but helpful to their souls. It is a sad sight to see spiritually blind folks poring over silly and sensational novels which only increase their darkness, but it must be even more saddening to watch the eager hands of the physically blind as they trace out words which can bring no comfort, or joy, or light into their lives.

There are two difficulties to be met in this service of love; first, the expensiveness of the type, and secondly, the bulkiness of the volumes when produced. This latter drawback cannot, I presume, be overcome; but the former can easily be remedied by the liberality of friends. Anyone wishing to help in this good work will please send contributions, *not to me*, but direct to Miss Beckwith, 8, Milner Square, London, N.

* * * *

Finding that a fifth edition of my “Protest against Bazaars” will soon be called for, I have re-modelled and extended the original leaflet, and, as I hope, strengthened its plea for consideration at the hands of all those who desire to do the Lord’s work in His own way, and with the consciousness of His approval and blessing. I have added other protests to my own, which I trust may succeed in convincing where I have failed; and, notably, I have enriched the little pamphlet with some interesting details of an experiment made by a well-known pastor’s wife, as to the possibility of working for God’s cause *without having a Bazaar*. Some have objected to my protest on the ground that there are, in most, if not in all churches, many poor members who, being unable to give money, can only offer the willing skill of their fingers in plying the needle, or the knitting pins, and that these dear souls would feel hurt and neglected if not allowed to work or sew for religious objects, since that is the only way in which they can show their interest and love. For their sake,

and for the honour of the Lord's cause, I have asked and obtained permission to give in her own words this dear lady's account of her very successful plan, and I feel sure it will commend itself to every spiritual church. Many were the efforts made to conduct Bazaars in a manner which becometh saints, but they all failed; for the spirit of worldliness would creep in, and the Spirit of God was grieved. Under the new rule, all goes well, holiness and happiness link hands, and the cause is helped, and God is glorified. With such an example before them, I feel sure that many other "Pastorinas" will gladly follow it, and heartily welcome such a deliverance from the bondage as well as the blameworthiness of the almost universal custom of holding an annual "Vanity Fair" for the benefit of the funds of the Church of the Living God!

The booklet is published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, and its price is one penny, or 7/- per 100, post free.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise and with Thy honour all the day."—Psa. lxxi. 8.

Lord, may this cry of my heart reach Thine attentive ear this morning! Lips, and tongue, and mouth are all empty at this calm, quiet hour, and I come to entreat Thee to cleanse and consecrate them to Thyself and Thy service, so that "all the day long" they may be filled with the sweetness of Thy love, and out of this blessed fulness may "shew forth Thy salvation." Far too often, O my Master, is my mouth filled with the bitterness of earth's impure fountains; but now, my chief desire is that only the bright streams of thankful love and praise to Thee should flow from it. How seldom does the tender grace of the early morning devotion *last* throughout the busy hours of the day! It is gone as the dew on the grass when the sun looks upon it, or as the fleecy cloud when the West wind blows it away. Why is it, dear Lord, that earth and earthly things have such power to draw away my thoughts and heart from the unseen but eternal realities which are so near and precious to me when I am alone with Thee? Wilt Thou not teach me the blessed secret of abiding "under the shadow of the Almighty"?

"My mouth." This is a distinctly personal matter, about which I should be seriously concerned. "All Thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee," but if every creature and all creation were silent, this tongue of mine ought to speak of Thy loving-kindness and Thy tender mercy, for "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

"Filled with Thy praise." Abounding in thanksgiving! Brimming over with grateful love! So full of joy and rejoicing in God that, "my tongue also shall talk of Thy righteousness all the day long." This is how it should be; but, alas! Lord, I have not thus glorified Thee. My heart has more often been troubled than glad, petitions have more frequently filled my mouth than praise, sharp and hasty

words have escaped the lips which should "drop as the honeycomb," and the glory due unto Thy Name has been less thought of than the passing needs of my sinful and selfish heart. O Lord Jesus Christ, how much Thou hast to pardon and to pity! How very far I am yet from being conformed to Thy likeness! •

A surly servant is no credit to his master, a thankless guest is no joy in a house, and a miserable Christian is an anomaly in God's universe. Lord, help me to cultivate gladness, teach me to improve every occasion of receiving mercy from Thee; do Thou so *fill* my mouth with praise and thanksgiving that there may be *no room in it* for anything less choice and precious! I have Thy dear promise to plead when I ask this, for Thou hast said, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." As the hungry little birds in a nest gape and clamour for the food they need, but cannot obtain for themselves, so do all the emotions of my soul long to be supplied by Thee with the power to show forth Thy praise.

Ah, Lord! there is no lack of material for thanksgiving, no dearth of causes for gratitude. There are mountains of mercies to praise Thee for, seas of exceeding love, boundless stores of grace! I am surrounded, weighed down, covered and submerged with countless blessings, all of which I owe to Thee, my God. If I could ceaselessly praise Thee throughout my mortal life, and then through all eternity, I could never even begin to repay the debt of love I owe. If every word I spoke, and every act I performed, and every desire of my soul were "to Thy name, and to the remembrance of Thee," this would be far less homage, more incomplete devotion than I am bound to render.

"*Filled . . . with Thy honour.*" Lord, can it be that *Thy honour* is thus entrusted to the lips of Thy believing people? Dost Thou look to such a source for the proclamation of Thy perfect justice and Thy glorious grace? Is it in this way that Thou dost come seeking "the fruit of our lips giving thanks to Thy Name"? How often, then, must we have disappointed and dishonoured Thee, O Lord! I bow my head for very shame before Thee, when I think how often Thou hast found upon this tongue of mine either a guilty silence, or thankless and half-hearted words, when there should have been jubilant psalms of praise, and sweetest songs of thanksgiving. But now, alter all this for me, dear Master: "Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise and with Thy honour *all the day.*" From morn to eve, may the chief thought of my life be, how I shall glorify my God by speaking "well of His Name." Through every moment of every hour of every day, may the consciousness that I am Thine, and that Thou hast loved me, stir my spirit to the constant melody of whole-hearted gratitude! Thou hast said, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me," and I joyfully reply, "Yes, Lord, 'my lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto Thee, and Thy praise shall continually be in my mouth.'"

S. S.

William Henry Milburn, the Blind Preacher.

BY R. SHINDLER.

MR. MILBURN was born in Philadelphia, 26th September, 1823. His father was a merchant in that city, but suffering reverses in business, he removed to the West in 1838. When about five years of age, playing with a young companion, one of the child's eyes was injured by what we call an accident. Partial vision, however, remained. By the use of caustic, the physician strove to remove the protuberance that affected the little fellow's sight. Twice the poor boy bore the application, but when for the third time it was employed, he begged for relief, then resisted, declaring he could not endure it. The physician caught him in his arms, and forced the caustic on the wound, and in the struggle both eyes were dashed with the fiery substance. After various remedial measures had been tried, the young sufferer's sight was completely gone, with the exception of a narrow aperture at the upper corner of the right eye. By placing a projecting shade over the eye, and the hand in a convex shape beneath it, and bending very considerably forward, he could manage to read one letter at a time.

His vigorous constitution bore his necessarily painful application to study without manifest injury until he was nineteen years of age, and a senior in College, when suddenly his health broke down, and it was discovered that he had a slight curvature of the spine, and some internal organic disease. From these complaints he has never wholly recovered, though he has shown himself able to endure great fatigue, and long-continued, severe mental application.

In subsequent years, his little sight gradually diminished, so that only in a favourable light could he discern the outline of objects. The merciful law of compensation has operated in his case, so that, in proportion as his powers of vision declined, his other senses have been quickened. He recognizes acquaintances by their voice as readily as others do by sight, and judges of character by intonation as quickly as others do by expression of countenance. His idea of locality is so exact that he can move about in familiar places without attendants, and can travel without a companion, relying on the kindness of fellow-travellers, and the almost certainty of meeting friends. His memory is most vivacious and retentive. When at home as a youth, and hearing his father read a chapter of the Bible at family worship, he would repeat it after him without a mistake. While at College, a class-mate entered his room one day, and read to him nearly two-thirds of one of Chalmers' astronomical discourses. Milburn expressed delight, and wished it to be read again. It was done. "Thank you," said he, "I have it now." "What do you mean? Have what?" "Why, I have that sermon!" and to prove the truth of what he said, he repeated it *verbatim*, and the next Saturday declaimed part of it in the chapel.

Going back a few years in the history of the Milburn family, we see them settled at Jacksonville, Illinois, after unsuccessful efforts to secure a livelihood elsewhere. A small store was opened, and William

Henry was shop-boy, clerk, and general supernumerary. His duties involved rising at four, lighting the kitchen fire, cutting wood, opening and sweeping the store, and returning to breakfast before daylight in winter and at sunrise in summer. Notwithstanding his busy life and his very limited vision, his preparation for College went on. In 1839, he entered Jacksonville College; and in 1843, as already mentioned, his health broke down, and riding on horseback was strongly recommended.

From an early date, young Milburn had been the subject of religious impressions, and at the age of fourteen he was received into the Methodist Church. He had often had a presentiment that he should one day be a preacher. His father's house had always been the resort of Methodist ministers; their stories, their escapes, their religious experience and exhortation were to him themes of absorbing interest. And now, having to relinquish study, and being driven to the saddle to recruit his health, the old longing returned, and he listened to the urgings of the preachers, who looked upon his present circumstances as pointing out the path of duty. So the momentous step was taken.

His father furnished him with a horse, saddle, and saddle-bags, his mother fitted him with a grayish-blue suit of jean, a kind of homespun; and thus equipped, with an overcoat strapped to his saddle, he started forth, in company with the presiding elder, as an itinerant preacher. He had not ridden much before, but at the end of two and a half days an appointment one hundred miles distant was punctually met. This was a quarterly meeting, held in a double log-cabin; that is, a cabin with two rooms, on the floors of which the preachers slept at night. The meeting began at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon with a sermon by the elder. In the evening, the local preacher officiated, and at the close of the service, the elder announced, in an imperious voice, that "Brother Milburn will now exhort." Thus, taken without warning, and standing behind a splint-bottomed chair, "Brother Milburn" made his first address to a religious assembly, and entered on his work as a preacher, being at the time a few months over nineteen years of age.

The work of a travelling Methodist preacher in those days, and in that wide unsettled region, was no sinecure. Among the rules of the Book of Discipline are the following:—

1. Never fail to meet an appointment.
2. Never disappoint a congregation.
3. Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed.
4. Believe evil of no one without evidence.
5. Speak evil of no one.
6. Be ashamed of nothing but sin.
7. Do everything at the time.
8. Rise at four o'clock.
9. *Converse sparingly with women.*

In the course of the summer, young Milburn and the elder travelled through a region a thousand miles in extent, preaching every Saturday and Sunday, and three or four times during the week. Meanwhile,

the elder had put him through a theological course,—the Bible his Text-book, the saddle his recitation seat, and the wide expanse of the beautiful earth his seminary. The day he was twenty years of age, he was admitted to the Illinois Conference as a travelling preacher, and his field of labour appointed him.

The work of the preacher is thus set out: Rising at four o'clock, after a season of devotion, he seeks his horse, which he cleans and feeds. The Methodist preacher always takes care of his own horse, and they become greatly attached to each other, and the preacher takes a worthy pride in his steed. Milburn's horse was a good one, and young, and his companion during four years of Western life. He rode him once ninety miles in a single day. Having attended to his horse, he returns to the house, washes, and sits down to study till breakfast. Breakfast usually consists of bacon, "corn dodger," or hot corn-bread, and a cheap kind of coffee called "seed-teck." After breakfast, he saddles his horse, and starts on his journey, having, probably, an appointment to preach twenty miles distant at half-past ten. If it is winter, he has on a fur cap, overcoat, and buffalo overshoes. If warm and not raining, the overcoat is strapped behind the saddle, and a straw hat covers the head. The suit of coarse blue jean is cut in simple Quaker style. The saddle-bags are filled with religious books, which he sells, realizing from the profits a little daily income. Every appointment must be kept, even when the preacher knows that no audience will be there to meet him. Even drenching rain must not interfere with his progress. He carries no umbrella, and often gets soaked, but the motion of riding is an insurance against taking cold if the clothes can be dried at the stopping-place. On his way, perhaps, he overtakes some half-dozen women in calico gowns and aprons, with knitting work, proceeding, with friendly gossip, to the meeting. These will constitute his audience, as it is a work-day in spring, and the men are busy in the field.

The log-cabin, where the meeting is held, has but one room, which is parlour, bedroom, kitchen, and meeting-house all in one. After a little friendly chat with the women, he withdraws to another part of the room for meditation, and then the service commences with a hymn. Then follow prayer, another hymn, a sermon, and the concluding exercises, when the meeting adjourns to the evening. Thereupon, the good housewife commences to get dinner, pulling from under the bed a nice molasses pudding which she has prepared in anticipation of the minister's welcome visit. The men come in from the fields, and pleasant talk ensues, humorous and religious combined. The preacher occupies the afternoon with writing and study, and in the evening addresses a larger audience of men and women, attending to personal religious conversation and any matters of church business.

On Sunday, the congregation is gathered from within a circuit of from five to thirty miles, the sermon is longer, and a large part of the day is spent in religious services. The settlers do not care to travel thirty miles for a mere sprinkle of preaching; they want a baptism. These sermons are not formal and highly-wrought discourses, but consist much in exposition of Scripture, in liberal quotations and

grouping of texts, and in familiar illustration and earnest exhortation, which just suits such an audience. The sermons have body, force, and incisiveness, and are by no means thin. "Skim milk" would not suit these hardy sons and daughters of toil, and that is not what God sends to starving and perishing men, but "the sincere (or undiluted) milk of the Word, the bread of Heaven, and the wine of the Kingdom." The sermon has been built up, not on the rocking-chair or on the sofa, but on horseback, in cabins, and by practice three or four times a week. Observation of men and things, experience, conversations, anecdotes, are all made to contribute to its life, and hence it is full of vitality, force, and point.

The late Professor Porter, of Rochester University, New York, who has compiled the history of some of these pioneer and backwoods preachers, has thus described the class to which Mr. Milburn originally belonged :—

"With the gratitude of redemption, with the warmth of a first love, with the assurance of a divine commission, they present themselves to the Conference, and the Conference sends them forth. They find their way among the log-cabins, they gather people more unlettered than themselves, they preach in kitchens and from stumps. They sometimes utter words of the deepest wisdom; they know little of books, but they can think, and reason, and feel, and influence, and accomplish, so that they become guides, captains, pioneers in life. Some seem to have intuitive knowledge,—the common-sense persons; some have studied human nature; some have been trained in the school of active life; some have been developed by silent thought; and thus, knowing little of lexicons or encyclopædias, they are better educated than some pale student who has paid his five dollars for a parchment. There is no doubt every one of them would be of a higher order of manhood, and a better preacher, if more skilled in books; but with little learning they become great teachers; with scanty seed they reap mighty harvests. They could live on sixty-four dollars a year, preach seven times each week, exhort daily from house to house, and complete the circle of three hundred miles with every moon; swim ferryless rivers, sleep on the ground, eat corn-bread and bacon; and at the end of the year report themselves strong and hearty to the Conference, and receive credentials for another campaign."

Surely we may say with this writer, "We honour their devotion; we bless their good deeds; we forgive their deficiencies."

In September, 1845, Mr. Milburn was called East to present the cause of education to the Conference, and to collect funds for Methodist schools and colleges. On his journey, he found himself on board an Ohio river steamer, on which were three hundred passengers. In the course of several days' voyage, he became well informed of their character. Prominent among them were many members of Congress on their way to Washington. Some of these had attracted the preacher's attention by their prevailing habits. When Sabbath morning came, it was rumoured among the passengers that a minister was on board, and Mr. Milburn was requested to give a discourse. He promptly consented, and divine service was commenced, the

members of Congress occupying the chairs nearest to the preacher, who gave an address suitable to the occasion. It was full of feeling, and marked by much eloquence, and was listened to with intense interest. At the conclusion he stopped short, and turning his face, all aglow with zeal, towards "the honourable gentlemen", he said:—"Among the passengers on this steamer are a number of members of Congress; from their position, they should be exemplars of good morals and dignified conduct; but, from what I have heard of them, they are not so. The Union of these States, if dependent on such guardians, would be unsafe, and all the high hopes I have of the future of my country would be dashed to the ground. These gentlemen, for days past, have made the air heavy with profane conversation, have been the constant patrons of the bar, and encouragers of intemperance; nay, more, the night, which should be devoted to rest, has been dedicated to the horrid vices of gambling, profanity, and drunkenness." "And," continued Mr. Milburn, with deep solemnity, "there is but one chance of salvation for these great sinners in high places, and that is, to humbly repent of their sins, call on the Saviour for forgiveness, and reform their lives."

This was bold language for a stripling hardly twenty-two years of age, and it had a startling effect. The audience separated, and the preacher returned to his state-room to reflect upon what he had said. Believing that he had only done his duty, he determined at all hazards to retain his position, even at the expense of being rudely assailed, or even lynched. While thus debating with himself, a rap was heard at the door, and a gentleman entered, and stated that he came with a message from the members of Congress, that they had listened to his remarks, and in consideration of his boldness and eloquence, they desired him to accept a purse of money, which they had made up among themselves; and, also, they assured him of their best wishes for his success and happiness through life.

During the rest of the voyage, they became better acquainted with him, and they repeated their expressions of kindness, and, at parting, actually offered to secure for him the appointment of Chaplain to Congress, which promise they honourably performed, securing for him the distinguished position, by means of which his name has become familiar in every part of the Union. This appointment he still holds, and many readers will remember the remarkable prayer offered by him on a recent occasion in opposition to the fratricidal spirit which was being manifested in many quarters.

We have already gone far beyond what we intended in this sketch, which was, to write a sort of preface to one of the many interesting incidents in Mr. Milburn's life. That, however, must be given in a separate paper, and this must be concluded by a reference to an instructive passage in his life, which is specially appropriate to the times on which we have fallen, when doubt is often more extolled than faith, and when a man is esteemed in many circles, not for his fidelity to the truth of God, but for his departure from it, and his arrogant boldness in censuring its advocates.

During the two years that he was stationed at Montgomery,

Alabama, the cold fog of doubt closed down upon his spirit. His life became sad, his ministry almost profitless, and his spiritual eye became like his natural, exceedingly dimmed. He was, as he said to the people afterwards, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." If there are any people who prefer fog and mist, and their dark coldness, to clear sunshine, they must be strangely constituted; and those who choose the uncertainties of modern thought, with its coldness, and mistiness, and illusions, to the clear sunlight of divine revelation, and the absolute verities of the everlasting gospel, give little proof of heavenly-mindedness, and of being born from above. "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we (the Trinity and believers) have fellowship one with another."

At the end of two years, Milburn came again into the light. He preached with his old energy and power; the dead leaves of the past were shed by the influx of new life, and his soul and his ministry blossomed out again into new fruitfulness and joy.

"All, All for Christ!"

"ALL, all for Christ!" Fain would I write these words
 Upon my life and heart;
 "All, all for Christ!" nor would I for myself
 Keep back the smallest part.
 O Lord, I love Thee so, I long to give
 My *all* to Thee, and for Thee only live!

"All, all for Christ!" I know not what it means;
 Perchance some heavy cross,—
 Perhaps the severing of earth's dearest ties,—
 Sorrow, and pain, and loss.
 Yet, Lord, I love Thee so, I still would say,
 "I'll follow Thee however rough the way."

"All, all for Christ!" but, oh! my wayward heart
 Prompts me to many a sin;
 Sorrow and pain without I'd gladly bear,
 But, oh! the sin within.
 Thy Spirit has to grieve o'er many a fall,
 E'en though I say that I have given Thee *all*.

"All, all for Christ!" yet all I cannot give,
 But I can give my will;
 O take it, Lord, and mould it to Thine own,
 And my whole being fill
 With all Thy strength, and power, and love divine!
 Then shall my life be fully, wholly Thine.

“ Our Own Men ” and their Work.

XXXIII.—PASTOR J. S. HOCKEY, AND BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL,
BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

MANY of the readers of Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes" in the *May Sword and Trowel* will doubtless be pleased to have further information concerning Mr. HOCKEY and the work entrusted to his charge at BEXHILL-ON-SEA. From a recent photograph, taken by Mr. Emil Vieler, of Bexhill, we are able to give a faithful likeness of our brother, and we are glad to accompany the portrait with some particulars of the service for the Saviour already accomplished by our friend, together with the latest details concerning the project which, by the Lord's blessing, will link his name inseparably with the highest prosperity of the rapidly-rising watering-place on the Sussex coast.



Mr. Hockey was born at Montacute, Somersetshire. Whatever his native place may have lacked, it possessed a Baptist Chapel famous for the sound gospel preaching of the occupants of its pulpit. Through the teaching in the Sunday-school connected with this house of prayer, and the reading of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons,—which he says he used to devour wholesale,—the youth was brought to Christ, and soon afterwards confessed his faith in the Scriptural fashion by being baptized. From a child he had felt persuaded that he would one day be a preacher, so that when, quite in his early Christian days, a godly man said to him, "John, we need village preachers; *you* must go to Winterbourne, and take the service next Lord's-day," John first replied that "he would pray about it," and having done so, he further answered that "he would try." Since that memorable day, he has "prayed" about many other matters, and received gracious answers to his supplications; he has also "tried" to preach some thousands of times, and the many souls saved and believers edified under his ministry prove that he has not tried in vain. The secret of his success is that he has preached the gospel, the whole gospel, and nothing but the gospel. Wherever he has gone, he has been able to say to his hearers what the apostle wrote to the church at Corinth, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

The next stage in Mr. Hockey's career can be best described in his own quaint, racy words, which will give just a hint of the Puritanic Scripturalness of his style of speaking, and also of the quiet humour which he often turns to good account:—

"In the course of providence, I went to live at Bower Chalk, near

Salisbury, where I found two good things; I found a good wife,—and Solomon says, 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing,' and I also found my first pastorate. There was a small Baptist church—ten miles from every where!—rich in everything save £ s. d., but the young minister thought he could tell how to keep two men—to say nothing about the wife,—for the £10 the friends were able to raise. How could this be done? Well, with a little outside aid, they might secure a Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteur; and as for the pastor, he could do what many a worthier man had done before him,—labour, working with his own hands. Thus passed twelve happy years in this 'lay pastorate.' The colporteur still continues to 'hold the fort.'"

In 1880, Mr. Hockey realized the fulfilment of his long-cherished desire to become a student of the Pastors' College. Years before, he had been told that he might enter as soon as the Lord made the way plain; so that, when he sent his formal application for admission, a hearty "Come when you like," was the beloved President's reply. Of course, he speedily availed himself of this kind permission, and diligently applied all his mental powers to the acquirement of the knowledge needed for his life-work. He had not been many months in the College when, one day, Mr. Spurgeon sent for him, and the following dialogue took place between them:—

"Hockey, there is a little church at Wyndham Road, Camberwell; the friends have heard of you, and think you are the man they want."

"Yes, sir; but I do not want a church yet, I should like to give myself to my College studies."

"Well, but you have been preaching for years, and must have a lot of old sermons that you could use."

"I had, sir."

"Had? What do you mean? Where are they now?"

"I have had one bonfire, and am seriously contemplating having another."

"Go on, Hockey, you will do."

Every true Pastors' College student had but one reply to the "Go!" uttered by the loved leader, who could truly say, "I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh." Thus, the village pastor suddenly became an arch-bishop, for the little congregation met under a railway arch. There the Lord gave much blessing, both spiritual and material; not a few joined the church, and, aided by the ever-generous President, substantial progress was made with the building scheme, which ultimately led to the erection of the Clarendon Street Chapel, Camberwell New Road.

An invitation from the church worshipping at Park Chapel, Brentford, was followed by another special interview between Mr. Spurgeon and our brother. The dear President was not at first willing for Mr. Hockey to take the position, because of the peculiar difficulties connected with it; but on being assured that the call was regarded by Mr. Hockey as a summons from the Lord, he consented. The pastor soon found, however, by painful experience, that the President's fears had been only too well founded. What was there

endured on behalf of purity, none but the Lord and His servant know, but neither suffering nor service was in vain. Much of the sowing was in tears, but the reaping was in joy. Over two hundred members were added to the church during the ten years' pastorate, while land was secured and an iron chapel erected in connection with a new movement at Southall, where there is now a healthy, growing church with its own pastor.

Mr. Hockey was at Brentford during the great "fight for the faith" in 1887-8, and had the honour of sharing with his loved leader in that solemn conflict, and accompanying him in leaving the Baptist Union. It was fitting, therefore, when Mr. Spurgeon joined the Home Counties' Baptist Association, that Mr. Hockey should have the privilege as Moderator of giving "the dear gov'nor" the right hand of fellowship. The present writer is happy in the recollection that he was the next one to be welcomed into the Association. In the ever-memorable year 1892, at the request of his brethren, Mr. Hockey wrote the H. C. B. A. Circular Letter on "The Influence of Faith on Practice."

Some two years ago, Mr. Hockey removed to Henfield, Sussex, to preach in an Independent Chapel where the members were mainly Baptists. It was hoped that the cause might be worked satisfactorily without the sacrifice of principle on either side; but when it was found that this was not possible, pastor and people parted, with mutual regrets and good wishes. Then came that long time of weary waiting which Mrs. Spurgeon so touchingly described in the *May Sword and Trowel*. The darkness was, however, only the prelude to the dawn; and "a great door and effectual" was seen to be opened for the preaching of the gospel at Bexhill. This sea-side town, near both Hastings and Eastbourne, has already a resident population of eight thousand, with at least fifty thousand visitors in the course of the season, but with *no Baptist Chapel!*

For five months, Mr. Hockey has been preaching in the only places that were available, first in the York Hall, and recently in the Institute. The crowded congregations at the latter spot, the evident interest taken in the services, and best of all, the Lord's approval of the movement as signified by the conversion of sinners, have made it manifest that a building must be at once erected for the further development of the work. Indeed, we are glad to be able to announce that building operations have actually begun. It was decided that a school-chapel should first be built, in the hope that the friends who should there find a spiritual home would afterwards undertake the responsibility of the larger place of worship which would then be needed. The plans for the whole scheme have been prepared by the architect, Mr. R. W. Moore, of Preston Park, Brighton; at present, however, the contractors are to proceed with only the smaller portion of the design. We may not be able to mention in the present number of the Magazine the exact amount to be expended; but the land and the school-chapel will certainly cost more than £1,000, and we may venture to reprint what Mrs. Spurgeon wrote concerning the method of obtaining the required sum:—"There must be NO DEBT on this House of God! I am going to give all I possibly can to it, and trust in my

rich Father to send me the remainder. He knows how much will be needed; and if He inclines the hearts of any dear friends to help me in this new work for Him, I shall very gratefully accept their assistance. But I shall 'beg' only of Him, and there will be no Concerts, or Bazaars, or worldly entertainments of any sort to share in the erection of BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA!"

Neither the present nor the future building is to be called "Spurgeon Memorial" Chapel, yet that is really what each of them will be, and this idea is to some extent carried out in the following inscription on the two memorial stones, which are joined together so as to form one solid block:—

"These foundation stones were laid,
August 11th, 1896,
to the glory of God,
and in tender memory of that prince of preachers,
C. H. SPURGEON,
by his twin-sons, Charles and Thomas,
on behalf of their beloved mother."

"Shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord."—

Psalm lxxviii. 4.

These stones were generously prepared and presented by Mr. William Higgs, who has also rendered much loving personal service in connection with the purchase of the site and the preliminary arrangements with regard to the proposed buildings. The day chosen for the important ceremony of laying the memorial stones proved to be an ideal summer's day, and consequently a large company of residents and visitors at Bexhill, together with numerous friends from Eastbourne, Hastings, Brighton, Worthing, etc., met those who had journeyed from London to take part in the pleasing proceedings. Mrs. Spurgeon was unable to be present, but she was worthily represented by her two sons, who also carried with them substantial tokens of their own interest in the work which has been so specially laid upon her heart.

The new President and Vice-President of the Pastors' College had quite a nice little contingent of "our own men," in addition to Brother Hockey, to greet them; viz., Pastors A. W. L. Barker (Worthing), E. Compton (Rye), W. J. Harris (Eastbourne), W. J. Mayers (Wallington), G. B. Richardson (Battle), H. Rodger (St. Leonards), T. E. Titmuss (Birmingham), and J. Turner (Eastbourne); Pastors G. Burnett (Brasted), and G. Woodcock, Wesleyan minister, Hastings, were also present. The silver trowels used on the occasion were additionally valuable from their previous history. Pastor Charles Spurgeon's was the one given to him by his dear mother; with it she had, in 1868, laid the first stone of the College House on the boys' side of the Stockwell Orphanage, and in 1880, she used it again at the laying of the foundation of the Sermon House on the girls' side of the same Institution. "Son Charlie" employed this precious instrument at the Orphanage in 1893 for one of the stones of the C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Hall; and recently, he again turned it to good account in laying one of the

memorial stones of the Chiswick Baptist Chapel. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's trowel was also a gift from his dear mother; it had been presented to his beloved father by the deacons of the Metropolitan Tabernacle on the occasion of his laying the foundation stone of the Pastors' College in 1873, and it seemed specially fitting that it should pass into the possession of the gracious and gifted son who is both Pastor of the Tabernacle Church and President of the College.

The whole of the proceedings passed off with the utmost heartiness and earnestness, and a bright hopeful spirit pervaded the assembly. Our limited space will not permit us to give the details; but we may just mention that Mr. Hockey gratefully acknowledged his indebtedness to the Lord and to dear Mrs. Spurgeon for all the help received thus far, and he also gave a very definite statement of the Evangelical doctrine which would be proclaimed in the new chapel. Pastors Charles and Thomas Spurgeon equally shared the duties at the stone-laying, and the elder of the twin-brothers preached in the evening from the words "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." The Wesleyan friends were specially kind, lending their schoolroom for the tea, and their beautiful new chapel for the evening service; the Lord graciously reward them for their Christian courtesy!

In the course of the afternoon, the following telegram was received from Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.' I am with you in spirit, blessing and praising our gracious God." Mr. Mayers was entrusted with the task of framing a suitable telegraphic reply, so he sent to "Westwood" this appropriate and touching message:—"Am desired by large and enthusiastic company of Baptist and other friends at stone-laying to send you loving greetings, and offer warm gratitude for your generous interest. They praise God that your heart has so fully responded to His call to raise a building to His glory, and they are thankful for the strength of threefold cord of mother's love, father's memory, and sons' loyalty to-day demonstrated."

It only remains for us to give, on behalf of Mrs. Spurgeon, who is the Treasurer of the Bexhill Baptist Chapel Building Fund, a statement of the present financial position. Up to the time of the stone-laying, Mrs. Spurgeon had placed to the credit of the Building Fund £200 from trust monies at her disposal, and £200 as her own private gift, and various friends had given to her or to Mr. Hockey about £110. Pastor Charles Spurgeon laid upon the stone £20 from himself and friends at South Street Baptist Chapel, Greenwich; Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and friends at the Metropolitan Tabernacle contributed £155 (including one promise of £20); and in addition to these amounts about £60 was received at Bexhill on August 11, with a promise from the architect of £25 out of his commission. Up to the date of closing this month's list (with £47 11s. 6d. promised), the total amounted to £778 15s. 4d. Well may we say, "What hath God wrought!" Yet we think we hear Him say, "Believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these." The Lord grant it!

J. W. H.

Stray Pages of Puritan History.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS."

II. A QUAKER SHRINE.

ABOUT two miles from the village of Chalfont St. Giles, in the county of Bucks, sequestered among the trees, stands the ancient Quaker meeting-house of Jordans. Within the graveyard adjoining lie buried William Penn,—statesman and philanthropist,—Thomas Ellwood,—the friend of Milton,—and other worthy folk.

It was on one of the few cool days of the July of the present year that we bent our steps in the direction of this holy place. The day was not an inviting one for pilgrimage, for all the way from London to the rural railway station at Chalfont Road the rain came down, and, when we alighted, a suspicious "Scotch mist" swept over the fields. But the way improved as we went, which was a happy advantage to a solitary pilgrim. Birds in abundance fitted across our path;—chaffinches, with the flash of the white feathers of their wings; black-birds, unaccustomed to interruptions; swallows flying low beneath the leaden sky; but of bipeds of the same genus as ourselves there were wondrous few. Only a labourer, on a water-waggon, who had never heard of Jordans; and a much shrewder man, who, having magnified the distance to our goal, wanted to charge an exorbitant price for driving us there. We declined with thanks, and onward walked, cheered by the sweet smell of wayside flowers, for the shower which had laid the dust had also brought their fragrance forth.

The way was overhung with spreading trees;—edible chestnuts stretching their arms to embrace the beeches on the other side. Anon, we passed an avenue of larch, with here and there a spruce, standing like a sergeant in charge of a company. Nearer Chalfont St. Giles, the woods and lodge of the Vaches came into view. It was on this estate, says the local historian, that General Fleetwood, one of Cromwell's conspicuous Ironsides, and Lord Deputy for Ireland, came to reside after the ill-fated Restoration of the Stuarts, and it was here also that the Great Protector's widow is said to have lived in the degenerate days which succeeded the Commonwealth.

Along the roads of these parts, many of the worthies of the Puritan period must have travelled; for the men who resided at or near the Chalfonts were certain to gather round them kindred spirits who would not mind a journey, so that, in such perilous times, they could keep their courage burning by contact with the fire on the altar of the hearts of others. We know that, long before the Restoration, the countryside was noted for its independence, and that, as far back as the reign of the fifth Henry, Amersham, one of the near towns, was a hotbed of Lollard opinions. It is equally a matter of history that one of the clearest thinkers and most intrepid leaders of the Parliament in its struggle with Charles the First was the Buckinghamshire squire, John Hampden.

During the latter half of the seventeenth century, Puritanism might not be favoured at Court, nor held in high esteem by the legion of time-servers who sought to stand well with the dominant party; but

England's black Bartholomew had proved that there were at least two thousand godly ministers who preferred a good conscience to royal favour. This two thousand, among whom was Richard Baxter, who is known to have preached around Chalfont, represented principles professed by such shining lights as John Milton and John Bunyan. The Quakers had succeeded to many of the tenets of the Lollards; and though they offered no resistance to the government of Charles or of James, and suffered alike at the hands of Puritan and Prelatist, there is little doubt that their sympathies would be exercised and their friendships extended more towards the former than the latter. The followers of George Fox were very numerous in Bucks and West Herts during the reign of Charles the Second, though now scarcely a trace of them can be found. In 1670, William Penn was in Bucks, on a visit to Isaac and Mary Pennington, the worthy Quakers of Chalfont Grange. It is this visit which will bring before us the characters which made the neighbourhood of Jordans famous in the annals of English Nonconformity.

A rare pamphlet, published by a Friend, in 1853, and a most interesting lecture by the greatest living authority on the history of the Chalfonts, the Rev. W. H. Summers, of Beaconsfield, are our chief sources of information. All visitors to Jordans should know how much they owe to the painstaking research of Mr. Summers. But to our story.

We are introduced to William Penn, the son of an English admiral, one of Cromwell's sea-dogs, converted by the thrilling preaching of Thomas Loe, the Quaker. "Son William," said his old father when he was dying, "if you and your friends will keep to your plain way of living, and your plain way of preaching, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." Penn came down to Chalfont soon after his father's death, and not so very long after he had been the hero of the celebrated trial which established the right of juries to return a verdict according to their conscience. One of the quiet, godly household at Chalfont Grange was Isaac Pennington's step-daughter, "fair Guli," as she was called. She was the sole issue of the marriage of Mary Pennington with her first husband, Sir William Springett, one of Oliver's colonels. In due time, "fair Guli" became the wife of William Penn. Both lie buried, side by side, with several of their children, in the sacred enclosure at Jordans. They settled down after their marriage at Basing House, Rickmansworth; and it was there, says an American writer, in the first exuberance of his married life, probably contrasting the persecutions of his followers and the bitter spirit of the times with what should be, that Penn formed the idea of founding beyond the seas "the City of Brotherly Love."

But in the household of Isaac Pennington there was another good and true man, destined to be for ever associated with the fame of one of England's greatest poets. Thomas Ellwood, the friend of John Milton, was tutor to Pennington's younger children. Ellwood was the son of an Oxfordshire squire. He was a Quaker preacher and secretary. Of fine tastes, and of finer character, we can imagine him just such a man as Milton would delight to honour. When the blind

poet wanted a Latin reader, Ellwood was appointed; and when the illustrious man sought a retreat in the country from the Great Plague of London, it was Ellwood who found him a cottage at Chalfont St. Giles. Here Milton showed his friend the MS. of a poem he had just finished. It was *Paradise Lost*! When Ellwood had read it, he returned it with the words, "Friend, thou hast said much here of Paradise lost, but what hast thou to say about Paradise found?" When the Latin reader visited the poet in London a considerable time after, Milton put into his hands another MS. It was *Paradise Regained*! The great man acknowledged that the inception of the latter poem was due to the question put to him at Chalfont.

What evenings—which we would fain make live again—must have been spent while Milton stayed at Chalfont! We can almost hear the "fair Guli" playing the organ to him. Then Ellwood would read, and Milton stop him to explain or enlarge upon the difficult passages. In the porch they might sit, and though he, who had spoken such imperishable words about light, could not see the glories of the sunset, the blush would mantle his pale face, and suffuse the sober features of the Quaker. Anon, a friend of liberty would drop in to pay his respects to the poet, for within riding distance was Chenes, one of the seats of the Russell family, and Cassiobury, where dwelt Arthur Capell, Earl of Essex, of whom Lord William Russell said, "The father was a martyr for loyalty and the son for liberty." Algernon Sidney, one of Penn's dearest friends, was connected with Amersham.

As we walked onwards through the little village of Chalfont St. Giles, we felt that we were in no mean neighbourhood, but in the midst of a country possessed of a glorious past, whose roof-trees had sheltered some of England's noblest sons. The red-brick meeting-house of the Friends stands amid home meadows, beeches, and lindens, and is about equi-distant from the two Chalfonts,—St. Giles' and St. Peter's. On the day of our visit, many Christians had come from London, and the local towns and villages, to spend "a quiet day" together in meditation and prayer. It was beautiful to see a hushed company of seeking souls filling to its utmost capacity the old-time sanctuary. Many earnest words were said; many fervent prayers were offered; and then, as a closing hymn, uprose the strain,—

"All hail the power of Jesu's name!"

We felt how grand it was that there, in the very footprints of history, the chosen of the Lord should all be Friends, forgetting their sectional differences, and merging their praise to Him who alone is "Leader and Commander to the people," even as He alone is Redeemer by His blood, and Teacher by the ministry of the Spirit.

Coming forth from the meeting-house, we tarried a while by the graves of those who, in the shameful days of the Stuart kings, stood firm for liberty of conscience, and who were so far in advance of their time as to practise that larger toleration and respect for the rights of all mankind which even to-day many of their fellow-countrymen so tardily acknowledge. William Penn's conduct towards the Indians of Pennsylvania might well be imitated by the modern pioneers of South African colonization. But William Penn was a man whose

heart was governed by the fear of God. After a hundred years had rolled by, the copper-faces on the Delaware River kept sacred the memory of the great Englishman who did not cheat and lie, nor rob their fathers of their spoil in hunting, "nor take a rod of land from them till they had fixed and he had paid the price." The historic picture, by Benjamin West, of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," is now in the Town Hall of Philadelphia.

We reluctantly left the graveyard, and rode through Chalfont St. Peter's to Rickmansworth, and thus back to London, glad to have had the opportunity of visiting so interesting a spot, and praying that England might have now, and evermore, men as true to righteousness as the Puritans of Bucks, and as peace-loving and holy as the Quakers now buried under the green-sward at Jordans.

Joy in Christ a Condition of Power in Preaching Christ.

A PAPER READ AT THE NINTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE PASTORS'
COLLEGE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION, BY PASTOR H. KNEE, OF BRISTOL.

DEAR BRETHREN,—In bringing to the Conference some few thoughts on a theme so vital and exalted as the one assigned me, I wish at the outset to disclaim the personal possession of any qualifying gift or grace whatever, save what may lie in the somewhat costly virtue of simple obedience to the call of the President's letter. Concerning "the laws of the jungle," the high authority of Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, "Many and mighty are they. But the head, and the hoof of the law, and the haunch, and the hump, is OBEY." For a few minutes, you will permit me to indulge in the pleasing fancy that you are pulsing with sympathetic appreciation of this humble heroism, and saying to the speaker what, long years ago, the philosopher said to his friend,—

"Tell us what we knew before,
Paint the prospect from *thy* door."

In telling you what I see from my own soul's door, as to JOY IN CHRIST being A CONDITION OF POWER in our work, I seek to make and establish the claim that, what the subject assumes, the Lord Jesus asserts, or at least clearly implies in some of His tenderest and deepest final words. No one, I think, can enter "the Holy of Holies," and read what lies between the 12th and 18th chapters of the fourth Gospel, without seeing that the Master would have His servants go forth to the work which we now share, pure, calm, happy-hearted men, conscious of power and confident of victory. In possession of the qualities of Deity, the swift, sure insight of perfect love, together with the compassion of a full-orbed human experience, He knew all about "the four temperaments"—Sanguine, Choleric, Phlegmatic, Melancholy. Indeed, they were all around Him when He lifted up His eyes to

Heaven, and said, "Father, . . . let them have My joy fulfilled in themselves." He knew, too, the limitations and restrictions of mortal life, and the forces that would ever be in antagonism to their message and mission. Every man of His would be "an ambassador in bonds," and every holy rousing authoritative word of His would meet with resistance in the sin, inertia, and pride of mankind. Yet He said, "Behold, I give unto you power;" "As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."

It meant no environment of delightful circumstances, no holiday scramble over beautiful flowers, but toil, hardship, danger, enmity, from evil men. Who, however, can fail to see that His blessed will was that they should go, not as soldiers acting on a forlorn hope with the valour of despair, but in that holy joyous tone of spirit which meant courage and victory? "These things have I spoken unto you that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." In proportion as this was realized, they would wield a ministry of power; and the same is true to-day. Joy and power are our magnificent property in Christ, and the two features of our heritage are so related that the joyless man must necessarily be weak. Permit me, then, to place this joy in Christ before you, first, *as a fulfilment*, and secondly, *as an equipment*.

I. *We regard joy in Christ*, first, *as the natural and beautiful fruition of life in Christ*. This is the disclosure of the great analogue of the Vine and the branches, with His and our sweet abiding in mutual living union. "These things have I spoken, that the joy that is Mine may be in you." He imparts to us, by the secret processes of spiritual life, His own absolute and personal joy. There are few things that we need more than to be delivered from the outwardness of things, the bondage of the seen; and what a large lesson there is for us on that in the fact that the Lord, the same night in which He was betrayed, could speak of His joy! In a few minutes, He would be in Gethsemane; and we know what happened there. Strange, too, that throughout the farewell discourse, and the High Priest's prayer, there should be an undertone of jubilation and triumph. The powers seemed to be all against Him and His; it was "their hour." On the morrow, the cross would rear its awful head on Calvary, to be for ever the high flood-mark of iniquity, and, for the time, to be the sign that darkness had chained success to its car. Yet *He*, the Victim on whose heart all sorrows would meet and all burdens press, was talking of His glory, of having overcome the world, of having power over all flesh, and calmly speaking of the issues as if victory had already spread her glittering wings to greet His banner. The moment of deepest darkness was the dawn of light, and we need look for no explanation other than that found by the seer, whose vision long before had penetrated the mystery. Jesus knew what the result would be, and that result, which infinite love devised and infinite power achieved, was ever present to His mind. He *looked out* from the travail of His soul, and was satisfied.

"That the joy that is Mine may be in you." "That they might have the joy that is Mine fulfilled in themselves." Pointing to Himself, He had said again and again and again, with slight variation, "*It is enough*

for the disciple that He be as His Master, *and the servant as His Lord.*" This meant more than they knew,—they learnt it in the after days; and the oft-recurrent New Testament expression, "*in Christ,*" puts the key into our hands. "*Like the Master,*" who was anointed with the oil of gladness above His fellows. In spite of the baptism with which He was baptized, in spite of all the burden and the weight of our sins, the most joyful of men. "*As the Lord,*" able to look away from the restless and evil present to a future upon which shines the pure sunlight; able, amid the confusions, the depressions, the darkness of the hour, to open a window in "the upper room" which framed in the prospect of a fair country all bathed in rosy light, a land of corn and wine and oil, a land of victory and peace.

Politicians have sometimes found relief from the anxieties of a stormy time in the delights of an impossible and preposterous fancy. The air was full of the noise of change, the Reformation was in full career on the Continent, and the ground swell of the great movement already rumbling on the shores of England, when Sir Thomas More wrote his description of the ideal state, where everything was perfect. But it was an *imaginary island*, kin to the schemes of some social reforms to-day. He rightly called it, "Utopia." "*Nowhere,*"—that was its precise locality. The state which Christ came to create, the sweet majestic vision of which filled His gaze even upon the cross, was no "Utopia," but the City of God, the descending Jerusalem, the Kingdom which shall not be moved. With this testimony the growing years and the experience of all the saints cry aloud. Over the grave of a dead captain of freedom, it was said, "Above the changing fortunes of which he was the leader, he moved as untroubled as the stars in their orbits. He was never elated by success, never disheartened by temporary disasters and failures. Of ultimate success he was always certain." This has been defined as "the gift of the morning star,"—more than the promise, the earnest of the future light of victory. We see the gift best of all in the Heavenly Giver, who was a Conqueror in every stage and moment of the fight. To think of it, is an inspiration.

" We were weary, and we
 Fearful, and we in our march
 Fain to drop down and to die.
 Still Thou turnedst, and still
 Beckonedst the trembler, and still
 Gavest the weary Thy hand.
 If in the paths of the world
 Stones might have wounded Thy feet,
 Toil or dejection have tried
 Thy spirit, of that we saw
 Nothing, to us Thou wast still
 Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.
 Therefore to Thee it was given,
 Many to save with Thyself;
 And at the end of the day
 O faithful Shepherd! to come
 Bringing Thy sheep in Thy hand."

So then, brethren, the open secret of "joy in Christ" is conscious

vital union with our Lord. We are joined to the Lord, and are "one spirit" with Him. It is a great truth, well called "the beautiful pearl of the Kingdom of God," for which a man might say, "I shall sell all I have in order to find it." 'Tis our real inheritance, our proper characteristic, "Christ liveth in me," and when I see that the fulness of Christ is mine, and surrender myself to Him for His purposes, the Holy Vine bears its fruit, the fruit of the Spirit which is joy. Our Saviour asks us to accept that.

The joy of the Son, who could always look up, and say, "Father!"

The joy of the Servant, the cadence of which comes to us in the words, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

Tenderest, sweetest, and most sublime of all, *the joy of the Saviour*, who finds lost things, brings them home, and joys over them with singing. Nothing short of this is life's fulness and fruition.

"I do not know the art by which such bliss is given,
I only know Thou hast my heart, and I have Heaven."

II. I have now to speak, in a few words as may be, of *this joy in Christ as a condition of power*, or, as I have ventured to term it, *an equipment for our service of preaching Christ to men*.

In lower things, this condition of power is recognized by all observers of life; indeed, it is the veriest commonplace of thought and speech. He knew something of human nature who, in the "Winter's Tale," put into the mouth of the rogue, Autolycus, the familiar song,—

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

I may also be allowed to press into the service of this illustration some suggestive words of the late Phillips Brooks:—"Joy in one's work is the consummate tool, without which the work will always be done slowly, clumsily, and without its finest perfectness. Men who do their work without enjoying it are like men carving statues with hatchets; the statue gets carved, perhaps, and is a monument for ever of the dogged perseverance of the artist, but there is a perpetual waste of toil, and there is no fine result in the end. A man who does his work with thorough enjoyment of it, is like an artist who holds an exquisite tool which is almost as obedient to him as his own hand, and seems to understand what he is doing, and almost works intelligently with him. If the only loss of a man who hates his work were the mere loss of the luxury of enjoying it, that would be bad; but if, in the loss of the enjoyment of his work, he loses a large part of the power for the most effective doing of it, then it is a matter far more serious." I passed, the other day, a pawnbroker's shop in an obscure street in our city. Its windows showed the usual shabby and wretched refuse which belongs to such places,—that sort of battered and broken driftwood which the tide of human energy, and hope, and success, has left stranded on the beach when it has ebbed out to sea. But one window was a great deal sadder than the other. In the first window,

there were tawdry and faded trinkets, old jewellery, and bits of cheap personal finery, which poverty had confiscated from their desperate or careless owners; but in the other window there were piles of workmen's tools,—hammers, and saws, and planes, and files, and axes,—the things with which men do their work, and earn their living. That was the sadder window of the two. To lose a *trinket*, is mortification and disappointment; but to lose a *tool*, may be ruin. And so, if joy in work were a mere polish and decoration of life, it would be sad that a man should not have it; but if it is the means by which alone the work of life may be effectively and nobly done, then its loss may be the very loss of life itself, for it is “the only true transfiguration and success of labour and of life.”

The link thus inseparably uniting joy and power, in inferior matters, may be traced with equal clearness in the holy service of gospel ministry. Our Lord recognized it, and His servants have ever realized it. His *first* word of greeting to “the advanced detachment” of His Church that met Him in the garden, on the resurrection morning, was, literally, “Rejoice!” Then came the words, “*Be not afraid, go tell.*” Was not that the Master’s own sweet way of saying, “Joy in Me is your power to serve Me”? We know what the Book of Acts has to say about the times that followed: “With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all.” Have we noted what all historians have to say about the joy that filled and flooded the early Church? The briefest quotation must suffice:—“When Hebrew traditionalism was binding grievous burdens upon men, and all the rest of the world seemed to be dying of sated self-indulgence, hopeless fatalism, or stoical philosophy, they rejoiced. Never was outward life so trying, never was inward life so full of joy. Joy irradiated the souls of martyrs, joy lived in the catacombs, joy inspired them because their thoughts habitually dwelt on the joy-inspiring fact that He who once died for His people now lives for them. Their joy shone like a brilliant sun-lit pinnacle visible over the vast reaches of time, because under the pinnacle was a solid building, under the building a solid foundation, and the foundation was this solid fact.” What made the early Christians glad, is for us to-day in as full a measure as it was for them. You cannot name one single spring of joy that has been dried up since the New Testament days. It is the Saviour’s will that we should be joyful. Without it, we must be weak. The joy that quivers feebly and half-hidden in the pages of Nehemiah throbs to the music of the gospel, not for an age, but for all time. “The joy of the Lord is strength,” as it exalts, expands, exhilarates the soul which it fills. It is your *strong-hold*, vouchsafed to those with whom the melodies abide of the everlasting chime, who dwell in the secret place of the Most High. “Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.”

I can only, in a few words, indicate the dark background for this subject, which might be supplied by its opposite, as seen in Christian history and experience: “The sorrow of the world which worketh death.” Dante, Thomas Aquinas, Chaucer, and in our time Dean Paget, have written much concerning the sin of *accidie*, and its hurtful

snare. Alas! we know it all too well, that sinful, slothful gloom which saps our vigour and seals the springs of life, the foe of the three adverbs which should characterize our serving God—*speedily, seriously, steadily*,—"the dreary sickness of the soul, the fear of all bright visions leaving us, the sense of emptiness, without the sense of an abiding fulness anywhere." "Sullen were we in the sweet air that is gladdened by the sun; carrying lazy smoke within our hearts, now lie we sullen here in the black mire."

There are few of us who could not offer the prayer of Francis Neumayr, the Jesuit:—"My Saviour, let my days be few if only they may be well filled; but art not Thou the Lord of Life? I pray Thee, then, grant me a long life, but for no other end than this, that I may redeem the time which I have lost by *accidie*." The sin which found its way so easily to the cells of anchorites and monks, is not very far from many of us in the stress and luxury and doubt of our day. The only known remedy is a simpler, stronger, steadier faith in our message, our mission, our Master.

Two friends once stood together, and gazed upward, inside one of the noblest creations of Continental architecture. They paused for a while in speechless admiration of a strength, like that of giants, associated with an industry like that of dwarfs. One of the two friends looked at his companion, and said, "You may see here the difference between opinions and convictions. Opinions cannot build such cathedrals as this, convictions can." There are so many opinions and so few convictions in our day. Convictions alone can rear a life of joy, and maintain a service of power; not intellectual assent to doctrines, however precious; not emotional fervour regarding facts, however touching and sublime; but vital apprehension of Christ, who is our Life, the inwrought conviction of the soul.

These we may have; and having, may claim and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, according to the power which worketh in us.

We must trust His working.

We must obey His commands.

We must seek His end.

Then, whether as the rushing wind or as the still small voice, whether in closet privacy or sanctuary fulness, whether uplifting to ecstasy or entrancing the spirit into the awe of the silent heaven, our hearts welcoming the gift shall swell forth at once their hosanna, and their resolve, "He hath made me full of joy with His countenance." "Now will I teach transgressors Thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto Thee." The music, the meaning, the might of our life, all lie that way.

"Take joy home, and make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come and often sing to thee
Where thou art working in the furrows, ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hours of dawn;
It is a comely fashion to be glad.
Joy is the *grace* we say to God."

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 225.)

LXXVI.—THE SAVIOUR'S SOLILOQUY.

THEY shall come, and shall declare His righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that He hath done this."—Psalm xxii. 31.

This Psalm, written in the spirit of prophecy, is all concerning our Lord Jesus Christ. He commenced His death agonies with the first question in verse 1. In verse 2, He alludes to Gethsemane and His many nights spent in prayer. Verse 3 shows that He remembers in His sufferings that God is righteously bruising Him for our sin. In verses 4 and 5, He cites instances of God's deliverance of others, but remembers the opinion men had of Himself (verse 6). He sees the wagging of the mockers' heads (verses 7 and 8). He appeals to God's former love (verses 9 and 10). He cries to the Lord for help (verse 11). Verses 12 and 13 tell of His many cruel enemies. Verses 14 to 16 foretell His crucifixion agonies; His fainting, the dislocation of His bones by the fixing of the cross in its place, His heart failing, inflammation setting in, thirst, clamminess of the mouth, the near approach of death. His emaciation and the impudent gaze of the people are foretold in verse 17; His garments are parted among the soldiers (verse 18). In verses 19 to 21, He importunes again. Now comes the light; then gratitude (verse 22). He calls on all to praise the Lord with Him (verse 23). He gives a testimony and vow (verses 24 and 25). He dwells on the effect of His death (verses 26 to 31). In the last verse of the Psalm, we have the Saviour consoling Himself with thoughts—

I. OF THE GLORIOUS GATHERING: "They shall come."

All the covenanted ones, despite all opposition, "shall come"—

1. Into the world by birth, each in his time and season;
2. Into grace by the new birth, being quickened by the Spirit;
3. Into glory everlasting, finally persevering.

II. THEIR ETERNAL THEME: "and shall declare His righteousness."

This is the object of their existence, conversion, and glory; to declare—

1. God the Father's righteousness, in law, providence, and grace.
2. God the Son's righteousness, in His perfect life and substitutionary death.
3. God the Spirit's righteousness in conversion, leading sinners to the Saviour, dwelling with saints.

III. THE GLORIOUS ARGUMENT: "He hath done this," or, "It is finished." All is fulfilled,—the law magnified, justice satisfied, the covenant ratified.

LXXVII.—CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER UNLESS THEY ARE AGREED?

"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?"—Amos iii. 3.

This question may be asked in relation to—

- I. THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

There has been, is, and will be still, a great variety in their states, tastes, and views; yet they walk together. Among them there is a true union of love, concern, and enjoyment of each other's society, and this because and just in proportion as they are agreed in their supreme love to one common Lord, and in a consistent manifestation of true holiness. These are the conditions of communion.

II. COMMUNION WITH GOD.

That this was enjoyed by Adam, and by saints in all ages, is evident from numerous Scripture declarations, and from the experience of the saints in death, trouble, and at other seasons. It surpasses natural understanding; only the possessor knows its sweetness.

It consists in—1. Mutual love.

2. Mutual revelations.

3. Common aims and interests.

This cannot be enjoyed unless we are agreed with God; and just in proportion as we are so agreed will be our communion with Him. The necessary agreement consists in—

1. Reconciliation by the atonement of Jesus, the only ground of acceptance.

2. Pardon and justification; since perfection and sin or imperfection cannot agree.

3. Regeneration, conversion, and sanctification, making oneness of nature. It is in meditation, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and observing the ordinances, that we come most into the secret of communion; but all this depends upon our previous agreement with God in our conversion.

Inference 1. Let none pretend to communion with God who are not like Him.

Inference 2. Let the Christian take heed of disagreeing with God, either by harbouring sin, or by trusting in his own righteousness; for, if he does so, he cannot "walk with God."

Inference 3. If holiness be necessary to a walk with Him, how much more to an everlasting dwelling with Him!

There is another side to this truth,—

III. IF SINNERS WALK LIKE SATAN, THEY PROVE THAT THEY AGREE WITH HIM.

Like effects spring from like causes. All sinners are brethren in sin. Our walk evidences the state of our heart. Those whom we walk with here we must live with for ever.

Walk with me, great God, for Jesus Christ's sake!

LXXVIII.—SELF-DECEPTION.

"For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself."—Galatians vi. 3.

Perhaps, in the Fall, man lost some of the original acuteness of his intellect; without moral error, it seems likely that he was free from mental error. But now, man may easily be deceived. None dare claim infallibility save the Pope, and he is but a fool to do so. Man's folly betrayed itself in the so-called science and religion of the darker ages of the world's history; and folly is not dead even now, particularly religious folly. In business matters men are often deceived, how

much more in religion. Many are still deceived, and all Christians once were.

Several circumstances render self-deception easy,—

1. Our ignorance of sin, of our own hearts, and of the new birth.
2. The customs of the world ; judging by a wrong standard.
3. Partiality to ourselves, a hope for the best.
4. Suggestions of Satan, blinding of the eyes by him.

There may be some deceived one here ; let him know that "he deceiveth himself." He bears the burden. God, he cannot deceive ; nor the saints, nor even the world for long.

The most common forms of self-deception are—

I. A high opinion of creature capabilities,—whereas we are "nothing"—developed in the form either of self-righteousness or of self-sufficiency.

II. A confidence on the part of the young that their education, moral principles, etc., will preserve them from falling. The educated heart is like a tame tiger, it may prove its true nature at any moment. Nothing but conversion is a real guard ; without it, we are "nothing."

III. The most hideous form of self-deception is that of supposed conversion, when the ground of hope is either doctrinal knowledge, transient impressions, outward ceremonies, or mere morality.

Yet let not God's true children be downcast, for faith in Jesus, love to God, secret devotion, meditation on the Word, and good works, are such evidences that with them full assurance may be enjoyed. Still, searching of heart is at all times good.

LXXIX.—THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

"And take . . . the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."
—Ephesians vi. 17.

In whatever light we regard God's children, we shall find that He has made ample provision for them ; if they are considered as plants, sheep, pilgrims, children, or soldiers, He gives all that is necessary for them.

In this passage, it is not our Lord Jesus who is referred to as "the Word of God" ; it is the Bible that is meant, as it is in Hebrews iv. 12.

I. IT IS CALLED A SWORD, THOUGH ITS GREAT MISSION IS ONE OF PEACE.

1. Because of its cutting, revealing, opening nature, its piercing and killing power.
2. It is a most useful defensive weapon to a Christian against Satan, his lusts, unbelief, the world.
3. It is the great conquering principle, subduing all things.

II. IT IS CALLED "THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT"—

1. Because He is its Maker. It is important for a sword to have a good maker.

The Spirit is the great Executive of the glorious Trinity. He dictated the words that holy men of old wrote.

2. He has used it many a time, and still does.
3. He only can give this Sword to us, and teach us the right use of it.

III. THE APOSTLE'S ADVICE CONCERNING THIS SWORD: "take it."

1. Get it; the Bible is not truly ours till we have studied it, learnt it by true heart-learning, and received it by faith.

2. Gird it on your thigh, carry it everywhere, never forget it, love it, have it ever ready for use, be well acquainted with it.

3. Handle it; swords are meant to fight with, not to look at.

Cautions. 1. Never play with edged tools, especially not with this Sword.

2. Do not attempt to alter the style of this Sword. The Holy Spirit made it perfect.

3. Often practise the Sword-drill.

Cut Thou, O Lord, with this matchless weapon!

LXXX.—THE TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."—2 Corinthians iv. 7.

One great trial Paul had to endure was that ungenerous doubt of his apostleship which obtained in many churches. There were then, as now, many critics who, if they could find no fault with the treasure, abused the vessel that contained it. But Paul stops them by this declaration.

I. GOD HAS COMMITTED HIS TREASURE TO EARTHEN VESSELS.

The gospel dispensation is a vast treasure, since it saves man's life, regenerates, moralizes, preserves the earth.

The graces God gives are treasures for abundance, enduringness, superiority, their immense cost. They need to be guarded with caution, watchfulness, jealousy.

This treasure is in earthen vessels,—

The preaching of the Word was first entrusted to poor despised fishermen.

God's graces are given to men weak through affliction and infirmities.

They are only vessels, and earthen ones, too; the holders, not the makers of the Heavenly treasure.

II. THE REASON WHY THE LORD HAS DONE THIS: "that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

1. That the success of the gospel in the conversion of men may be seen to be of God alone.

2. That the Heavenly graces it produces may be shown to be of God alone.

Men are apt to look at second causes; but God puts His treasure into a poor earthen vessel, that the glory may be all His own.

"The excellency of the power" is of God in planning, providing, and applying.

III. THE LESSONS WE MAY HENCE LEARN.

1. Let us never think lightly of any grace on account of the deformity of the vessel which contains it; nor value the contents of a vessel for the sake of its beauty.

2. Let us never accept any doctrine which dishonours God.

3. We may here see one reason why saints are so often sad.

4. None need think themselves too despised for the Lord to use, for in their case there will be the more glory to the God who condescends to put His treasure into them.

Put this treasure into me, Lord,—more and more!

(To be continued.)

Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

II.—A SHOE-BEARER.

INDIAN history and mythology often supply illustrations of Scripture phrases. Perhaps no other land yields so many instances of humility and meekness such as the Bible describes. John the Baptist said, concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, "He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear." Yet John received high praise from his Master, and stood in near relationship to his Lord.

Ranoji Scindia was the father of one of the most famous Indian warriors, named Scindia; but in his young days he had been *only a shoe-bearer*. It is the customary mark of respect to take off the shoes or sandals at the door of a superior, or at the entrance to a temple. Ranoji's master went one day to visit a Rajah, leaving his slippers in his servant's care. When he came out, he found the lad asleep at the door, but he was clasping his master's shoes to his breast. "The servant who thus takes care of small things," the master thought, "will be faithful in other matters; I will promote him to a place among my body-guard." From that hour Ranoji began to ascend the hill of fame and honour, till he became one of the best-known courtiers near the throne. Is not this incident an illustration of Matthew xxv. 21? "His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Pastors' College Re-union at "Westwood."

ADDRESSES BY THE PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1896, will henceforth be another of the memorable dates in the annals of "Westwood" and the Pastors' College, for it was the occasion on which the students once more assembled at that sacred spot after their summer vacation. The day was all that could be desired, everything that could be thought of to make the meeting a time of physical, mental, and spiritual enjoyment had been arranged by Mrs. Spurgeon and her two sons, and the whole of the proceedings passed off with the heartiness and enthusiasm that characterized the gatherings in the never-to-be-forgotten days of the peerless President, C. H. SPURGEON.

On the arrival of the brethren at 11 a.m., refreshments were served in the Rosary, and then followed what always used to be an interesting item in the programme, viz., the reception of the new students by the President,

This was preceded by prayer by the Vice-President, Pastor Charles Spurgeon, who lovingly pleaded for a special blessing on the dear dweller at "Westwood," on his beloved brother, and on all the tutors, students, Trustees, and helpers of the College. The President, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, then delivered a brief, bright introductory address, in which he assured the guests of the joy his dear mother felt in welcoming the College again at its old meeting-place, although her rejoicing was necessarily mingled with undying memories of the loved one who had been the life and soul of former assemblies. Before welcoming the freshmen, the President read extracts from a letter from his grandfather, Rev. John Spurgeon, regretting that he was unable to accept the kind invitation which had been sent to him. Several who had been present on previous occasions, when C. H. Spurgeon gave the right hand of fellowship to the men whom he had consented to receive into the College, could not help remarking the resemblance between his method and that of his dear "Son Tom." There was even the beloved father's happy knack of playing upon the names of certain of the new brethren. One of the newly-accepted students has already done good work in connection with the Telugu Mission in India, and several others have entered the College in the hope of going to the foreign mission field. Altogether, 18 have been received this session, making a total of 58 on the roll.

The company then dispersed, to engage in various outdoor games, or to explore the beautiful grounds so closely associated with the later years of Mr. Spurgeon's earthly life. It was the first time most of them had visited "Westwood," and it was delightful to see how they appreciated the privilege; somehow, they seemed to be linked still more closely with the revered Founder of the College while walking where he loved to walk, or looking into the arbours where he sometimes worked or retired for private prayer and meditation. This feeling was intensified, later in the day, when Pastor Charles Spurgeon conducted the brethren through the study and "den" which are hallowed by imperishable associations. A day spent amidst such surroundings must be helpful to the many young and earnest workers for the Master who were present.

After dinner, a meeting was held on the upper lawn, in the old spot consecrated by so many similar gatherings in the happy past, and all were delighted to find that Mrs. Spurgeon was able to occupy a seat in the adjacent summer-house where she sat when her dear husband last addressed the students at the summer re-union. The hymn commencing—

"Our God, our help in ages past,"

was sung; prayer was presented by Professor Marchant; and then the President addressed the assembly. After making very tender allusions to his beloved father and mother, and to the great privilege accorded to the College in again meeting at "Westwood," he said that, a good many years ago, his father asked him to speak at one of the annual Conferences, and though he was not going to preach an old sermon, he would take the same text as he had then :—

"I see men as trees, walking."

I. I SEE MEN.

I may be pardoned, even in the presence of a few ladies, in congratulating myself that I see *men* rather than women,—only because you are destined for the ministry, and are devoted to the glorious task of preaching the gospel of the grace of God. "God bless the women!" I say; and with the Irishman I add that, "Often, when you want a thing done, and done well, the women are the boys!" But I have yet to be converted to the notion that they were sent to this earth to stand in a pulpit, or on a platform, to

declare the gospel of Christ in such a public fashion. I rejoice that I see men before me,—men on whom I believe the Lord has set His appointing hand, and on whom He has shed His anointing grace. This is the first occasion on which, at the beginning of a session, I have had the honour to stand before you as President; and I am free to confess that I do not think I should have accepted the office if you had not all been men,—in any other case, perhaps, a lady President would have been more appropriate.

I trust, brethren, that you are men in a very real and noble sense, that your Christianity is of a robust and manly type. I do believe in womanly women, but I also believe in manly men; and I hope that, by all possible means, you will cultivate a manly and robust disposition.

You will also be *courageous*, I trust. You will need to be brave if you are really called to this work of preaching the gospel whole-heartedly. I remember meeting with a little lad whose father was a glazier, who was asked, "Of what did God make man?" and he answered, "Putty." I do not know whether he was judging by his father, or by other representatives of the species; but I am quite sure that we do not want any such men in the College. We need men who are made of grit, men who have stamina, and strength, and courage, men who in these days of laxity and declension will stand fast and firm, come what may. I have heard of one who was told that he had not enough backbone, and when he declared that he had, he was asked, "Well, if you have enough backbone, why don't you bring it to the front?" Well now, brethren, I do not doubt that you have plenty of backbone; but mind that you bring your backbones to the front, and be as firm, and strong, and staunch, and stalwart for all things good and gracious as it is possible for you to be.

Then, brethren, though you are strong men, and manly men, I hope you will always be *gentle men*. A gentleman is, as the word expresses, a gentle man. We shall not have, I trust, either in the President, or the Vice-President, or the Trustees, or the tutorial staff, or the students old or new, anything of a pompous or of a bumptious character. We are all brethren in Christ Jesus, and we should, therefore, be gracious and gentle to one another, and genial with all. I have sometimes heard a humble-bee called a bumble-bee, and I have been at some little pains to discover which is the correct expression; according to some dictionaries, both are usable and passable, but oh! brethren, what a world of difference there is between being humble and being Bumble! Bumble seems to be the incarnation of all things pompous and bumptious; wherefore be humble, not Bumble.

I do trust that all of you will be *Christlike men*. The Man Christ Jesus is to be the great Example for us all. In a word, you will prove yourselves to be men of God, whom even those who only catch an occasional glimpse of you will discover to be such, and will say of you, as the Shunammite said of Elisha, "I perceive that this is a holy man of God."

So, I see men before me; and I congratulate you, gentlemen, that you are men, manly men, courageous men, gentle men, and Christlike men.

II. I SEE MEN AS TREES.

I do not mean to insinuate that you are green; far from it, though some of you hail from the country. Nor would I imply for a moment that you are what is ordinarily termed "wooden." You are trees, surely, in some other sense. I may perhaps be permitted to tell you what happened on one occasion when our dear father was asking us boys some riddles. He enquired, "Which is your favourite tree?" One of us answered, "Yew (you), father." He saw the joke even more quickly than you did, and very much enjoyed it; it was a compliment to him, and an expression of our esteem and love.

What sort of trees are you, brethren? Well, first, *be as little like willows as possible*; be not like the trees that bend with every breeze, and sway even before the zephyr. Be not like the willow unless, indeed, it be the

weeping willow, for we have good reason to weep over our shortcomings, and over the sins of others, and over the world that lieth in the wicked one.

I should also advise you as trees, *not to seek to be popular*, and as men, not to aim at being popular. It is comparatively easy to become popular, but it is not so easy to keep it up. Do not go in for anything like sensationalism, for you can be easily outdone in that line by the showman at the country fair. You may have heard the story of the young minister who arrived at a village railway station, and being rather cumbered with luggage which attracted the notice of a group of children, he said to the porter, "My arrival seems to have created some sensation here." "Bless you, sir," answered the man, "it's nothing to the dancing bear that passed through yesterday." That sort of bubble reputation is scarcely worth acquiring.

Aim rather to be as the *olive*, which draws oil out of the flinty rock, and freely dispenses it to all who come to seek its favour. Seek to be as the *palm*, which flourishes with its head in the fire and its foot in the water. Seek to be as the *fig*, not bearing leaves only, but much ripe and luscious fruit as well. Be as the *juniper*, whose coals give out a most vehement heat. I do hope you will all be *plane* trees; I mean, plain in speech. Do not ever wish to receive the commendation—if such it was,—that was uttered by one of the hearers of a certain learned doctor, "Oh! he was just splendid, I did not understand a word of what he said." Then, brethren, you can all afford to imitate the *spruce* tree; I do not mean that you should be anything approaching a fop, but that you should be trim, and neat,—spruce, in the true acceptance of the term. So, "I see men as trees."

III. And they are "WALKING."

I am desirous that you should be walking trees;—not walking-sticks, lest you be mistaken for Cain. By-the-bye, we have had amongst us quite a number of brethren who have been as trees walking. We have had two *Woods* in the College,—how many trees they included, I cannot tell,—and a *Greenwood* makes the third. One of our brethren is named *Tree*, and another *Deal*, which I suppose has some relationship to a tree. *Holyoak* and *Pollard* have not long left us, while *Juniper* is flaring away in Burmah. I love to think that, the whole world over, there are brethren who found root in the College, and spread their branches amongst us, and now are as trees walking, for they have gone far afield, and their walk is all that we could wish it to be. They are a monument and a credit to the College, and God's blessing is resting upon them. Brethren, "as ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." The walk is all important. One who told Bowland Hill of a very remarkable dream that he had dreamed, received from the good man the wise remark, "I don't care so much about your dream as I do to see how you walk now that you have woke up." That is the great matter, after all, brethren. Live in the Spirit, realizing that the Spirit is also in you, and walk in the Spirit; then, wherever your lot may be cast, you shall be not merely a credit to the College, but a delight to the Lord Jesus Himself, and an honour to His holy name.

The Vice-President commenced, as his dear brother had done, with a loving tribute to the memory of his beloved father and sympathetic reference to the presence of his dear mother, and then announced as his theme, three things which are essential to those who are called of God into the Christian ministry; first, *a hot heart*; secondly, *a burning mind*; and thirdly, *a fiery tongue*, his text being,—

"My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue."—Ps. xxxix. 3.

I. Let each of us seek to have a HOT HEART; and there is nothing that beats like love.

We do rejoice that *we love Jesus* because He first loved us, and it is because we have the love of Jesus in our hearts that they are warm hearts. Try to maintain your love to your Lord at its highest pitch through the whole of your College course; let that love permeate all your studies, even that horrid Homer and that outrageous Sophocles.

Love *the truth*, too, and love it truly, and love it even unto death.

And, brethren, *love men also*; I believe that you have a passion for souls, or else you would not be here. Love them even more fervently. Men are getting worse and worse, or else as one gets older he realizes evil more vividly; and if it be so, there is all the more reason why we should love men for Christ's sake. Peradventure, when they see that we have this hot heart, they may be a little concerned about themselves, and so souls shall be won for our Lord Jesus Christ.

II. Then, brethren, seek to have A BURNING MIND, for this musing leads to fusing. Herein lies the secret of enduring efficacy.

The more you think of your love to Jesus, and of your love to the truth, and of your love to men, fiercer will the fire burn, and brighter will the blaze be. There is warmth in smouldering embers, but there is more heat in a white glow. There is fire in smoking flax, but there is more heat in a flaming torch, for it has reached the blazing point. The first can be felt, the second can be both felt and seen. I want you, brethren, to have burning minds, the holy oil being kindled into a flame, and each one of you, having a reservoir of power, shall be used of God in days to come to be a flaring beacon that shall be seen, not only in the little sphere in which He has already enabled you to shine, but like some giant *pharos* on a rocky bluff, you shall send your far-reaching rays athwart the main. Sometimes, from a distance, we have seen the reflection of Brocks' fireworks at the Crystal Palace, and occasionally we have seen the display itself; there is a mass of brilliance and a lot of bang, and then all is over, and there is nothing left but a number of empty cases and rocket-sticks. We don't want our ministry to be like that, brethren.

I trust that you will find real joy in study, specially in studying your Lord, and studying His Word,—not to find fault with it, as some do; not to criticize it, but studying it because you love it, and desire to know all that it teaches. Study men, too; if you understand your hearers, you will be able the better to meet their needs. Study one another while you are in College, for you will find different dispositions and various characters among your fellow-students, and if you take note of them, it may help you afterwards to preach to those who will be your hearers such words of grace and power as God Himself shall own and bless.

III. If you have hot hearts, and burning minds, what follows? FIERY TONGUES.

This was the gift of Pentecost, and the blessing has never been withdrawn. May God give to all of you, brethren, power to utter what you have received in your own heart through the love of Jesus, and through meditation upon Him and upon His Word! How many opportunities we miss of speaking a word for Jesus! If we were all on fire with love to Christ, we should burn everybody with whom we came into contact. Let us always preach the gospel with such burning earnestness that men must feel its force.

Do not speak to men in the fiery language of anger, but do speak to them with the vehemence of real enthusiasm. Your President has bidden you be plain in your speech. Well, fire makes its presence known; it does not have to introduce itself, you soon feel that it is there. I was riding, on the top of an omnibus, past the Church of St. John, Lewisham, and noticed that some repairs were being done to the steeple. There was a bird of some sort on the top, but I never could tell whether it was an eagle or a dove. I asked the driver if he could decide which it was, and he answered, "Well, I think it is a weather-cook." I was glad to get some sort of a

definition that was distinct ; but whether the cock was an eagle or a dove, I have not yet been able to find out. Let your speech be so plain and simple, brethren, that when your people go away from the service they will take with them something about which they are certain.

So, with hot hearts, and burning minds, and fiery tongues, may the Holy Ghost descend on you ! His choicest and most powerful figure is the fire of God. The altar has been built, the wood has been laid thereon, and we ourselves are the living sacrifice. We are Baptists, so we have drenched the altar, the wood, and the sacrifice with water ; now we wait for the fire of God. May it fall upon Presidents, upon Trustees, upon tutors, upon students, upon all our friends ! May the blessing enter into the quiet resting place where sits our Queen, my beloved mother ! - Amen.

Brief addresses were then delivered by Dr. McCaig, as representing the tutorial staff, and by Deacon Wm. Olney on behalf of the Trustees. In the evening, another meeting was held on the lawn. The College anthem,

"Hallelujah for the cross !"

was sung, prayer was offered by Mr. Harrald and Deacon Buswell, Dr. Usher spoke with much power upon "Emmanuel—God with us," and "Who can stay the bottles of Heaven." One of dear Mr. Spurgeon's favourite hymns,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

was sung, followed by prayer by two of the students, Messrs. Beckett and Clapp ; very hearty thanks were accorded to Mrs. Spurgeon on the proposition of Mr. Barron, seconded by Mr. Payne ; and the President made a few announcements concerning the College, including one to the effect that, commencing on September 9, and continuing at least until the Christmas vacation, a course of theological lectures would be delivered by his dear friend, Pastor James Stephens, M.A., of Highgate Road,—a notice which was received with very manifest signs of satisfaction. In his closing prayer, the President pleaded for a special blessing to rest upon his dear mother, and upon all the busy workers who had helped to make the visit to "Westwood" so truly enjoyable ; and a most delightful day was closed with praise to God by singing the Doxology, and with cheers for Mrs. Spurgeon, the President, Vice-President, Trustees, tutors, and all friends.

"Incorruptible Seed."

WE are about to resume our interesting work among the hop-pickers in Kent and Worcestershire. During the month of September, many thousands from the courts and alleys of London, and other large centres of population, flock to the hop-gardens. Recognizing in this annual migration a most favourable opportunity of carrying the gospel to these masses, the "Hop-pickers' Mission" was started many years ago by Pastor J. J. Kendon, of Goudhurst ; and the smile of God has richly rested on the work that has been done. From small beginnings the work has grown to considerable proportions ; and now, some sixteen missionaries are engaged every September, trying in a variety of ways to reach these denizens of slumdom. Numerous cases of definite blessing have come to our knowledge from time to time ; not the least interesting is the following :—

One of the London City missionaries was toiling with us in Kent. His people in London, anxious to help their missionary, but too poor to do much, hit upon the happy idea of making a number of small camphor-bags, and pocket pin-cushions, and neatly attaching to each a text of Scripture.

These were distributed among the women in the gardens and camps. One of them, Mrs. S —, shortly afterwards was writing to her soldier-son in India, and it occurred to her, as a happy thought, to enclose the little gift as a *souvenir* of his earlier years when he used to accompany his mother on these annual visits to Kent. Attached to this pin-cushion was the verse from 1 John i. 7: "*The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*" This text God used in leading the young soldier to Christ, and the following mail from India brought the glad news of his conversion, and subsequent letters told the further good tidings of his efforts to win his comrades for the Saviour. He is to-day an earnest Christian worker in the ranks in India.

Another of our missionaries, last year in Worcestershire, was met in the market-place one Saturday evening by an elderly man in evident distress. It transpired that, for thirty years, he had been living, unmarried, with a woman who had borne him a large family. Present the previous Wednesday evening at a camp-service conducted by our brethren, the Word of God had broken his heart, and now he was sorely distressed over his past life. He desired our missionary to marry them at once. This, of course, he could not do; but he took the poor man to the vicar of the parish, and he, after listening to his story, published the banns three successive Sundays, and then married them *in due order!*

The Hop-pickers' Mission is entirely dependent on the voluntary gifts of God's people; we therefore venture to issue this "reminder" to old friends, and indeed to all who are willing to have a share in extending the Redeemer's Kingdom among these thousands of "the submerged tenth."

"Who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?"

Parcels of clothing, boots, tracts, &c., should be sent, per S.E.R., carriage paid, to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Marden Station; contributions to Pastor J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or to the writer,—

JOHN BURNHAM.

Fern Bank, Brentford.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

The Captain on the Bridge. Pictorial Addresses in Outline. By NEWTON JONES. Grapho Press, 77, Leadenhall Street.

AN excellent course of addresses, full of unction and spiritual power. They help to explain the secret of the success as a soul-winner of this well-known evangelist of the Sunday School Union. The ingenious charts and numerous illustrations contained in the book greatly increase its value. All who would know how to instruct the young, and win them to Christ, should secure this work, and prayerfully study its author's methods.

One historical reference, on page 15, relating to James I. and the flag, should be corrected in the next edition, as that monarch was dead long before the year 1707.

The Children's Saviour. By Mrs. J. G. RICHARDSON, of Bessbrook. Headley, 14, Bishopsgate Street Without.

A THREEPENNY booklet, full of the gospel, written in a charmingly simple style. It is equally suitable for a mother to read to her children, or for the boys and girls to have for their own private study. There is also a cheaper edition at twopence.

Mr. G. Stoneman, 39, Warwick Lane, means to be in time for Christmas and the New Year, for he has already sent us specimens of *Test and Motto Cards*. They are ready soon enough to send to friends the other side of the globe. A penny card, "The Ladder of Faith," may be made very useful in explaining the gospel to anxious enquirers. The six booklets in the "Sacred Gem Series" (price 6d.), by W. C. M., are very striking in appearance, and full of sound Scriptural teaching.

The Report of the Christian Endeavour Convention, held at Bristol, Whitsuntide, 1896 (Sunday School Union), is both a record of the phenomenal growth of the Y.P.S.C.E., and a proof of the painstaking skill of the esteemed Editor, Rev. W. Knight Chaplin. The cold type cannot fully set forth the extraordinary enthusiasm of those "wondrous gatherings day by day," but this eighteenpenny pamphlet of 270 pages will recall to those who were present the principal parts of the proceedings, and it will also give absentees much more than a hint of the good things they missed. If every Endeavourer will secure a copy, a very large sale will be ensured; the day will probably come when these early Convention Reports will be even more valuable than they are now.

The Mission Call. Missionary Facts and Gleanings. Selected and Arranged by Rev. WM. S. WALSH, B.A. "Home Words" Office.

AN admirable compilation, likely to be of great service to speakers at missionary meetings and services. The information is very varied, and appears thoroughly reliable. There is, however, one little slip on page 41, in which Sychar and Samaria are referred to as the same city.

A threepenny pamphlet, entitled, *Objections to Foreign Missions* (Elliot Stock), by the author of *Are Foreign Missions doing any good?* and *Foreign Missions and Home Calls*, is written in the trenchant yet pleasing style which has secured for those booklets a circulation of fifty thousand. If

objectors will only read what is here said, their objections ought to be turned into subscriptions.

The Life and Sayings of Kilsby Jones.
By VYRNWY MORGAN. Elliot Stock.

A DELIGHTFUL book about a choice subject. There is not a sleepy page in the whole volume, and scarcely a paragraph but is all-alive. The able and gracious Welsh preacher here described was as full of originality and holy humour as he could be, and his biography was well worth telling. Incidents abound, all of them effective for sermon and speech, so we may be sure that other preachers will eagerly peruse them. Fire, force, and fun, seem to divide the book between them, and a very pleasant blend it is. Well done! Mr. Morgan; try again!

Life and Times of Savonarola. By Professor VILLARI. Popular Edition. T. Fisher Unwin.

RIGHT heartily do we welcome this popular edition of the biography of the great Italian Reformer. Savonarola's life-work was of magnificent service in resisting the Papal abominations of his time, and socially, politically, and religiously, he is worthy of reverent remembrance. The Church of God in all subsequent ages is under undying indebtedness to him for his fearless and splendid Protestantism and devotion to soul-liberty. If this cheaper edition of a fine standard work shall lead to a study of his life-achievements, both the Church and the world will be thereby enriched. It goes on to our shelves as a permanent acquisition of no small value.

The Papal Attempt to Re-convert England. By one born and nurtured in Roman Catholicism. Religious Tract Society.

WE do not know a better historical *résumé* of the whole Romish question than is presented in this compendious and able text-book. It is clear, methodical, strenuous, and, so far as we can judge, historically complete. The entire ground seems to be covered, and the Papal claims are searchingly analyzed and repudiated.

Christ and His Friends. The Fisherman and His Friends. By Rev. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D. Funk and Wagnalls.

BOTH these volumes of sermons are excellent specimens of the vivid or realistic style of preaching, abounding in incident, and unvarying in their devotion to the cross of Christ. The preacher's object does not seem to have been so much the edification of the saint as the winning of the sinner; and the best praise that can be given to the discourses—praise undoubtedly merited,—is that they are well adapted to the end designed. We only hope that the author will be as much encouraged by the souls ingathered through the printed word as he has already been by the spoken message.

The Way of Salvation. Sermons, by Rev. CHARLES G. FINNEY. R. D. Dickinson.

AN admirable selection from the late Mr. Finney's works, serving both as a memorial of the man and as a monument of the forensic style of preaching. Ability to reason, and to take an intensive grip of the conscience, was Finney's forte; and the wonder is, not that so many were convicted under these sermons, as that any were able to hold out against them. Whatever exception may be taken to certain points of Finney's theology, it cannot be denied that, as a preacher, he had "the Tongue of Fire." Every pastor and evangelist should procure and ponder this four-shilling volume.

Plain Talks on Plain Subjects. By FREDERICK A. REES. Elliot Stock.

A SCORE of week-night addresses on such topics as "Woman's Rights," "Man's Wrongs," "Hand-shaking," "Lopsided Men." The speaker appears to have had texts for his discourses in his mind, though he did not announce them to his hearers; we are old-fashioned enough to wish he had done so. Still, these "Plain Talks" must have been of service to those who listened to them, and those who have to address working people may find in them many helpful hints and useful illustrations.

Unsearchable Riches. By the late JOHN DICKIE, of Irvine. Kilmarnock: John Ritchie. London: Partridge.

A CHOICE book of meditations and letters emanating from the heart of a suffering saint. This work is as fragrant as the lily of the valley, and can no more be criticised than can the perfume of that lovely flower. Our late beloved Editor would have been delighted with this little volume, as he was with its author's *Words of Faith, Hope, and Love*. Those of our readers who make these "riches" their own will possess a lasting store of heavenly treasure.

Christ no Product of Evolution. By Rev. G. HENSLOW, M.A. George Stoneman.

A TRECHANT pamphlet in book-form upon a subject that is well-nigh played out. Darwin and Strauss are getting to be theological "dead horses" which it is a waste of time to flog. Should their ghosts, however, still scare timid believers, this pamphlet should, we think, lay them; but it is a sorry business even when well done.

Subjective Religion. By T. L. RAO. Henry Frowde.

THE author of this pamphlet has aimed at showing that the religion of Jesus Christ answers to the manifold needs of mankind, and is therefore the one supreme religion and philosophy, too. Himself a converted Hindoo, he knows how to answer the subtle acumen and keen dialectic of the Oriental mind; and has made this his special aim in this very excellent *brochure*. May it lead many, who are seeking for the Truth, to Him who is also the Way and the Life! It has our warmest commendation.

Notes on the Life of Christ. By W. M. WHITEMORE, D.D. George Stoneman.

JUST the kind of papers suitable for Sunday-school lessons, that the late editor of *Sunshine* would be sure to write,—simple, sweet, and spiritual. We doubt, however, whether it was wise to make them into a book, or whether teachers need to buy them.

The Crowning Folly. Compiled by WILLIAM STANYON. National Temperance League, 33, Paternoster Row.

A SIXPENNY booklet of 144 pages, which should be scattered, not merely by thousands, but by millions. Starting with Charles Lamb's comical story of the foolish Chinamen, who first built and then burnt their houses in order that they might enjoy roast pigs, the author arraigns the British nation as guilty of far greater folly. With brief extracts from the sayings and writings of a host of doctors, judges, ministers, and representative men of almost all classes, except brewers and publicans, the compiler proves that "Licensed Strong Drink" is "Licensed Poison, Disease, Lunacy, Idiocy, Cruelty to Children, Crime, Suicide and Death." There is also a collection of literary "Slings and Stones" that ought to help in bringing to the dust the modern Goliath, —Strong Drink.

There are just a few expressions that ought to be altered in the next

edition, which will, we trust, soon be needed. "The teetotal gospel of Joseph Livesey" (see preface) is of little worth without "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Man must "get his foot" on Christ, the Rock of Ages, not merely "on the rock Teetotalism" (page 115). "Strong drink has" not "had thousands of Christian victims" (page 119), though it has, alas! captured myriads of professing or merely nominal Christians.

Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By Rev. JAMES DODDS. A. & C. Black.

THIS is one of the best of the "Guild Text-Books." Lucid, Scriptural, cogent in argument, it should become the constant companion and handbook of those who desire to master this admirable epitome of Evangelical doctrine. We are not sure that the article on the "descent into hell" will satisfy anyone as to its interpretation, but that is one of the penalties of having to expound a human gloss instead of a Divine doctrine. It had better have been entirely passed by; it is the one fly in an else fragrant ointment.

Notes.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON is now away for a holiday, but he hopes to preach again at the Tabernacle on *Lord's-day, September 20*, which will be his fortieth birthday. It is possible that arrangements may be made for some special celebration of this interesting event, and that an opportunity may be afforded to friends of expressing their gratitude to God by thankofferings for any portion of the work that may need assistance. This is a form of congratulation in which readers at a distance can equally share. The prayer-meeting at the Tabernacle on *Monday evening, September 21*, will be additionally noteworthy from the fact that Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage choir and handbell ringers, who are to sail for America on the following Saturday, are expected to be present, and to take part in the proceedings.

The first Handbook of the BAPTIST UNION OF IRELAND (W. W. Cleland, Belfast, price threepence,) contains the gratifying intelligence that the number of baptisms during the year was greater than in any previous twelve months. In the churches comprising the Union, there are 2,594 members, with 223 Sunday-school teachers and 2,077 scholars. In one respect, the Baptist Union of Ireland is far ahead of the older organiza-

tion in our part of the United Kingdom, for it has a very definite doctrinal basis to which each member gives his hearty and unreserved adherence. Probably this fact will help to account for the blessing resting upon the work, in fulfilment of the promise, "Them that honour Me, I will honour."

The fifty-sixth Annual Report of the BIBLE TRANSLATION SOCIETY (Alexander and Shephard) gives a most interesting account of an important work which is not nearly as well known as it ought to be even among Baptists. All who value the pure Word of God, and desire to know the merits of the controversy with the British and Foreign Bible Society, should procure this Report, and support the Society which has, for more than half a century, rendered such valuable service to the cause of revealed truth.

The Christian Scotsman Special No. 1, entitled, *Strange Fire among the Primitive Methodists* (122, Ingram Street, Glasgow, price twopence), contains a vigorous denunciation from the pen of our friend, John Robertson, of the erroneous teaching which he has discovered among the Primitive Methodists of Northumberland. We cannot spare space to refer to the matter at

length, but advise all who are interested in the question to procure the pamphlet, and judge for themselves.

COLLEGE.—Mr. A. Bird, who came back to England from Victoria, is returning to his former pastorate at Penzance. Mr. C. H. Homer, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has arrived in England; he is a most worthy brother, who will be glad to hear of a church needing a minister. His address is:—Clifton Lodge, Hunter's Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. J. S. Bruce, from Markyate Street, to Pinner; Mr. T. L. Edwards, from Stockton-on-Tees, to the Tabernacle, Southport; Mr. J. J. Ellis, from Hornsey Park, to Emmanuel Church, Upper Brook Street, Manchester; Mr. H. A. Fletcher, from Burwell, to Blackmore, Essex; Mr. R. E. Glendening, from Elgin, to Paisley; Mr. C. Hewitt, formerly of Burwell, to Eden Church, Ponder's End; Mr. G. W. Robert, from Kingsthorpe, to Deanery Road, Bristol; and Mr. S. Skingle, from West Retford, to Bishop Burton, Yorkshire.

EVANGELISTS.—Mr. Harmer asks us to express his hearty thanks to the many friends who have aided him in various ways in his evangelistic work, or who have written to congratulate him upon returning to the pastorate. He also wishes us to say that it is useless for brethren to continue to invite him to hold evangelistic services, as he must devote all his time to his Devonport duties.

Mr. Burnham, as his article on page 528 shows, will soon be at work again among the hop-pickers; and Mr. Manton Smith will be resuming his missions after a time of rest and refreshment in Switzerland.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Dr. Churcher writes:—"Sickness by the hundredweight, healing by the ounce," say the Arabs. My illness came almost in a day, but it took a long month to go away. Happy was I when able to do even a little work. 'Hallelujah!' came from heart and

lip, for happy is the man who is happy in his work; and for the work to be stopped, reminded me of my feeling at sea when suddenly the engines stopped, and the sound of the screw's busy thud gave place to the listless lapping of the waves. Once more the screw is revolving, and we rejoice because we're moving. I have only seen and preached to some 70 patients during July, but then, praise the Lord! we are 'under weigh' once more.

"Dear friends, I would earnestly ask your prayers for missionary work in North Africa. The times in which we live are times of poor support to the missions, much sickness and trial among the missionaries in the field, and abounding opposition from without. We sorely need more faithful ones who, by their prayers and their right use of means, will, like Moses, Aaron, and Hur, stand on the hilltop, while we fight in the valley. Many of God's children are by the sea-side now; will they remember that the same stretch of water which they are contemplating reaches right away to dark North Africa, and witnesses to its awful needs? Brethren, come over and help us, or at least cheer us by your practical sympathy and support."

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Patrick's father, Mr. Patrick had to come back from Tangier sooner than he had anticipated. He will be glad to preach or speak on behalf of the College Missionary Association wherever brethren can give him the opportunity. His address is:—Bracondale, Redhill, Surrey.

COLPORTAGE.—Our amount for the General Fund this month reaches £24 9s. 6d. We are very grateful for this, and are hoping that it may increase as the months go by. Still we wait for the command to "go forward," and this shall come when the Lord's stewards send the needed supplies. Dear reader, will you kindly help us? Contributions may be sent to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, Newington, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—July 30, seven.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0
Collection at Princes Risborough Baptist Chapel, per Pastor J. H. Markham	1	12	0
Mr. T. Welch	0	12	0
W. C. F.	0	2	6
Mrs. E. Sutton Bevis	0	2	6
Mr. A. Hellwigg	0	5	0
Pastor and Mrs. R. Thornton Lewis	1	1	0
Collection at Bromley Common Baptist Chapel, per Pastor W. Holyoak	2	15	4

	£	s.	d.
Pastor G. W. Linnear	0	12	6
Rev. H. Rylands Brown	1	0	0
N. B.	25	0	0
Bromley Road Baptist Sunday-school, per Pastor J. W. Davies	1	0	0
Emmanuel Church, Margate, per Rev. R. Turner Sole	4	11	7
O. A. M.	25	0	0
W. H.	0	5	0
Higham Hill Baptist Chapel, Walthamstow, per Pastor F. H. King	1	1	0

		£	s.	d.	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab. :-		£	s.	d.		
Mrs. Wells	...	1	0	0	July 19	...	25	1	6		
"A reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i> "	...	1	0	0	" 26	...	4	13	4		
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	...	0	2	6	Aug. 2	...	24	2	4		
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-					" 9	...	20	0	0		
Mrs. Lees	...	0	10	0							
Mr. John Cameron	...	10	0	0							
			10	10	0				78	17	2
Mrs. J. Colman	...	5	5	0							
G. H.	...	1	0	0					£169	16	1
Mr. S. M. Burch	...	10	0	0							

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1896.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.		
H. McS.	...	0	6	0	W. C. F.	...	0	2	6		
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon :-					"A reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i> "	...	0	10	0		
Miss Lily Smith	...	0	7	6							
Mrs. Lees	...	0	10	0					£1	16	0
			0	17	6						

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1896.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss G. Shaw	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Curtis	...	0	5	0
Messrs. Fitch and Sons	...	1	1	0	Miss Ferguson	...	0	5	0
Mrs. C. Stopford	...	3	0	0	F. G.	...	0	6	0
Collected by Miss S. A. Johnson	...	0	10	10	Miss E. L. Tarver	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Lawrie	...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Jephcoat	...	1	8	0
Mr. J. G. Jones	...	5	0	0	M. D.	...	2	0	0
Miss M. McEwing	...	2	0	0	Mr. S. Cornock	...	0	2	6
Mrs. M. Clews	...	1	0	0	Mr. W. A. Nathan	...	0	10	0
Mr. F. Jackson	...	2	2	0	Mrs. A. B. Anderson	...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Grant	...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss C. J. Spurgeon	...	0	8	0
P. and P.	...	0	5	0	Mr. J. Wilson	...	0	10	0
Mr. W. Pritchard, jun.	...	0	2	6	Mr. C. F. Pfeil	...	1	0	0
Mr. A. J. Bobbins	...	5	0	0	Mrs. E. S. Beves	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. Thomas	...	1	0	0	Mr. F. Dillistone	...	1	0	0
Willenden Green Baptist Church Sun-					Collected by Miss A. Jones	...	0	4	0
day-school	...	0	7	10	Postal order, Knighton	...	0	2	6
Straw-plaiters, Irvinghoe Aston, per					Stamps, Ross	...	0	5	0
Mary C. Horn	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Crane	...	0	5	0
Mrs. S. Slodden	...	0	2	6	Mrs. Renshaw	...	1	0	0
Mr. G. F. Chamberlain	...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Tansley :-				
Mrs. Davis	...	1	0	0	Mr. Mellows	...	1	1	0
Mr. D. Land	...	0	5	0	Mr. Colman	...	0	10	0
Miss F. Burn	...	0	5	0	Mr. Tansley	...	0	10	0
Mr. Woodidge	...	0	10	0	Mr. H. S. Colman	...	0	5	0
Miss S. A. Harrison	...	0	10	0	Mr. Wilson	...	0	5	0
Collected by Ma ter C. V. Eveleigh	...	1	5	0	Misses Hall and Torey	...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. D. McLeay	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Starar	...	0	4	0
Mrs. B. Jones	...	1	1	0	Rev. T. Barras	...	0	2	6
Mr. J. E. Hullett	...	0	10	0	Mr. G. Smith	...	0	2	0
Collected by the Misses Smith and									
Hunt	...	1	16	0	A commercial traveller	...	25	4	6
Mr. J. Riley	...	0	1	0	Mrs. Scarlett	...	0	5	0
Mr. F. W. Fellowes	...	0	2	0	Mr. R. Morgan	...	0	10	6
Mr. F. Hullett	...	0	5	0	Fillebrook Junior C E. Society	...	0	4	3
Mr. H. Keil	...	0	10	0	A friend, per Pastor N. Dobson	...	1	1	0
Collected by Mr. A. H. Burnett	...	0	9	0	Mrs. Banbury	...	1	0	0
Mr. C. Tibberson	...	0	3	0	Masters Bert and Norman Wells	...	1	0	0
Capt. John Williamson	...	5	0	0	Mr. Simpkin's Bible-class, Lansdowne				
Orphanage box at Tabernacle gates	...	0	13	6	Baptist Church, Bournemouth	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Clark	...	1	0	0	W. J. S.	...	1	0	0
Mrs. N. Hall	...	2	0	0	Mr. W. H. Blow	...	0	10	0
T. E.	...	0	3	6	Miss R. Hayward	...	0	10	0
Mr. G. E. Buchanan	...	1	0	0	The Misses Howe	...	5	0	0
Mr. Lewin Sealy	...	1	0	0	E. A. L.	...	0	2	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mr. C. E. Russell	0	10	0	A widow	0	2	0
Collected by Mrs. de Witte	0	0	8	Mrs. R. Smith	1	0	0
Miss H. Fox	0	10	0	Mr. Haddow	0	2	6
Bessels (Green Baptist Sunday-school, per Mr. E. Greenway)	1	18	0	Mrs. J. Colman	5	5	0
Stamps from Berwick	0	10	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Flower Service, Beulah Baptist Sun- day-school, Thornton Heath, per Mr. D. Honour	0	12	0	Mrs. Lees	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Morris	0	11	9	Miss Pendlebury	1	0	0
Mr. B. Bull	0	5	0	A tenth from the Bush	2	0	0
Mrs. Anderson	0	5	0				3 10 0
Mr. F. J. Rumsey	0	5	0	Sandwich, per Bankers			1 1 0
Mrs. J. Le Fauvre	0	10	0	Collected by Miss D. Sutherland			0 10 1
Mrs. Berry	1	0	0	Exors. of the late Mr. Henry Wood			45 7 4
Mr. J. C. Henderson	0	5	6	Exors. of the late Mrs. Jenifer Battershill			100 0 0
Mr. J. E. Stephens	0	5	0	Exors. of the late Mrs. M. A. Ferris			160 0 0
Mrs. M. Finch	0	10	0	Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Mr. J. Bettinson	5	0	0	Sunday-school Union, meeting at St. Martin's Town Hall			4 4 0
Mr. J. Farley	2	2	0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Loan Tract Society			2 4 9
Mrs. H. Smith	0	2	3				£480 0 9
J. S. R.	0	5	0				
G. H., Abergavenny	1	0	0				
Mr. E. H. Ferriam	0	10	0				
Mrs. J. Hunt	0	5	0				

ERRATUM, *Sword and Trowel*, August:—Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon: Rev. H. Guerrier, £2 2s, should be Rev. W. J. Guerrier.

List of Presents from July 15th to August 14th, 1896.—PROVISIONS:—3 hampers Gooseberries, Mr. H. T. Camps; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 6 quarterons Bread, Mr. R. Hearn; 56 Buns and 3 lbs. Sweets, Mrs. Juggins.

Boys' CLOTHING:—2 Shirts, Miss Dawson and Miss M. Worsfold; 15 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce.

Girls' CLOTHING:—16 Articles, Miss Dawson and Miss M. Worsfold; 8 Articles, Mrs. Cooper; 9 Waterproof Cloaks, a Friend, per Mrs. Finch.

GENERAL:—1 Knitting Machine, Miss M. A. Brewster; 2 boxes Christmas Decorations and Dolls' Clothes, a Friend, per Mrs. Finch.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>				Anonymous, Liverpool	1	0	0
Cowling Hill, Mr. E. R. Lewis	10	0	0	Aylesbury, Messrs. Taylor and Gurney	10	0	0
Home Counties Baptist Association	20	0	0				£222 5 0
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
Minchinhampton, Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	10	0	0	Mrs. S. Baskcomb	5	0	0
Cardiff and Penrhiceiber, Mr. R. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0	Mr. E. Rawlings	5	5	0
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10	0	0	Mr. Lewin Sealy	0	7	6
Cardiff, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0	Mrs. R. Wilkinson	0	10	0
Brentford, Messrs. Greenwood Bros. "In Memoriam"	10	0	0	Mr. John Lawrence	1	0	0
Southampton, Mr. R. Beck	11	5	0	Miss Poate	1	0	0
Dorking, Mr. A. Chabot	15	0	0	Mrs. Raybould	1	0	0
Cambridge Baptist Association, Mr. R. J. Moffat	10	0	0	An old member, per Pastor Thos. Spurgeon	0	5	0
Wilts and East Somerset, Mr. H. J. Deacon	11	5	0	Mr. Harry Cooke	0	2	0
Horsforth, Miss Bilbrough	11	5	0	Mr. F. W. N. Lloyd, per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	10	0	0
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday- school Mission Fund, Mr. Thos. Olney	10	0	0				£24 9 6

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.
F. L. and E. J. Smith	0	10	6

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 13th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
A thankoffering from a friend...	2	0	0	Mrs. Davis	0	10	0	
A well-wisher, Kilcreggan	1	0	0	For translations of sermons:—				
F. C. W.	0	2	6	F. C. W.	0	2	6	
"First-fruits" from a constant reader				"In memory of an incomparable				
of <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	2	2	6	sermon," No. 2464, "The Power of				
Mr. John Cameron	5	0	0	a Sigh"	5	0	0	
H. O. N.	0	2	0	Mr. John Cameron	5	0	0	
"Grateful"	6	10	0					
T. A.	0	10	0					
G. E., sale of 7s. piece	0	14	0					
						£22	18	6

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from July 15th to August 13th, 1896.

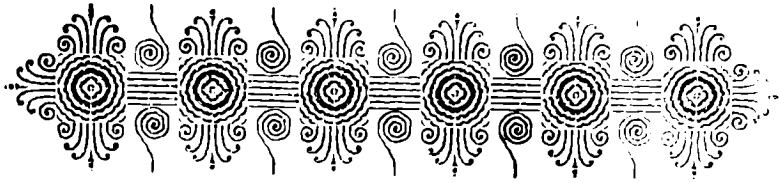
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Amount previously acknowledged ... 280	4	2		Pastor Charles Spurgeon's				
Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				Men's Bible-class	5	0	0	
Mr. W. Power	2	2	0	Per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon:—				
Mr. W. Power, jun.	0	2	6	Mr. T. H. Olney	100	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. Barrett				Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	20	0	0	
(second donation)	1	0	0	Mrs. Wm. Olney and family	5	0	0	
Mrs. Mackay	0	10	0	Friends at Tabernacle				
Mrs. Andrews	0	10	6	prayer-meeting	2	2	6	
"Ebenezer"	2	10	0	Mr. W. C. Greenop	2	2	0	
Miss Stocker	0	10	0	Mr. Wm. Payne	2	0	0	
Mr. Keys	1	1	0	Mr. J. Hall	2	0	0	
Miss Trenfield	0	10	6	Mr. J. Buswell	0	10	0	
Mr. Ames	0	5	0	New Park Street	0	10	0	
Mr. E. Rawlings	5	0	0	Per W. O.	0	10	0	
Mrs. Stokes	0	5	0	Mrs. Ballantine	0	5	0	
Miss Dives	0	10	0	Mrs. Leadbeater	0	5	0	
Mr. John Maruham	2	2	0	Mr. and Mrs. Barfoot	0	5	0	
F. W. A.	0	10	0					
"East London friend"	0	5	0	Per Pastor J. S. Hockey:—				
Mr. Robin	0	2	6	Mr. Davis	1	0	0	
Box at "Institute" door,				Mr. and Mrs. Wade	3	3	0	
Bexhill	0	10	1	"A love-token from				
				E. H. T."	5	0	0	
				Mrs. Norton	1	0	0	
Mrs. Sinclair	0	5	0	Mr. Chas. Thomas	10	0	0	
Mr. and Mrs. C. Comber	1	0	0	Mr. G. Simmonds	5	0	0	
Miss Farley	2	2	0	Mr. E. Frisby	5	0	0	
Mr. W. E. Fox	5	0	0	Laid on memorial stone	7	1	0	
Proceeds of stone-laying services,				Afternoon collection	12	9	2	
August 11:—				Evening collection	9	8	11	
Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	200	0	0			58	17	1
Pastor Charles Spurgeon						£731	9	10
and friends at South								
Street Baptist Chapel,								
Greenwich	15	0	0					

(Promises unpaid, £47 11s. 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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE
Sword and the Trowel.

OCTOBER, 1896.

The Great Invitation.

A SERMON, BY C. H. SPURGEON, PREACHED IN 1866.

FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."—John vii. 37, 38.



HERE is, doubtless, something suggestive in the occasion upon which our Lord Jesus Christ uttered these words, as well as in the posture He assumed when He spoke them. *The occasion upon which He made this declaration was, "the last day, that great day of the feast."* Some commentators try to make a great point of a certain, probably absurd, ceremonial, which they say was practised by the Jews on this particular day,—that of drawing water out of the Pool of Siloam, and pouring it out in the presence of the crowd. We have no clear evidence that such a ceremony was ever practised; but if it was observed, as it was not Scriptural, nor ordained of God, it must have been only a matter of superstition (even as infant sprinkling is down to the present time), and Christ would not have in any way accorded to it His sanction. There may be something convincing in the fact that, on this particular day, according to the Jewish law, the people were commanded to do no servile work, and that among such works were to be numbered the hewing of wood and drawing of water. Inasmuch as upon that day, therefore, they could not lawfully draw water, we believe they did not take any out of the Pool of Siloam, as by some it is alleged. Seeing they were thus prohibited from drawing water on

"that great day of the feast," the Saviour may have used the occasion to show them that, when men passed from the law to the gospel, there was "a fountain opened" whence they might drink, that their spiritual thirst might be quenched.

I think we have a reason for this peculiarly full declaration of the Saviour on this occasion. Perseveringly had He pleaded with them on the previous days, and they had now arrived at "the last day, that great day of the feast," and He was about to leave them. It was the last opportunity He would have of addressing that assembly of people; never more would they all be gathered together again. They were soon to be scattered, going their several ways to their own homes, and therefore the teaching of Jesus was fuller, clearer, and plainer than usual, and He was, if possible, even more earnest than ever He had been before in pleading with them to come unto Him that they might obtain eternal life. It is often thus in the present day in our congregations; there are usually some to whom we are addressing the Word for the last time, some who will listen to our voice proclaiming the gospel no more for ever. In my own case, I am always impressed with this fact. Perhaps, since I have preached at the Tabernacle, there has never been a week without the loss of some two or three members from the congregation. Every Sabbath, when I stand on my platform, it is a moral certainty to me that there are some of the previous Sunday's congregation who have departed from time into eternity. In a measure, and in proportion to the number of their hearers, this becomes not a matter of speculation, but of positive certainty with all ministers. Therefore, we should feel, every time we stand up to preach, "This is a 'great day' because it may be 'the last day' to some of these people here present. I must now seek to be more earnest than ever I have been heretofore; I must be more clear and plain in the proclamation of the gospel, in pointing out the way of salvation, for there are some in this congregation who will never again hear the gospel from my lips."

The posture of our Lord Jesus Christ upon this occasion was also significant: "*Jesus stood and cried.*" At other times we read, "He sat down, and taught the people" (Luke v. 3). Here, in our text, it is written, "Jesus stood and cried," as if He must be more earnest and forceful than usual in pleading with the people. We may suppose that He chose some corner of a pillar, or that He stood erect on the Temple steps, and cried aloud. He was not encased, as so many preachers are, in a wooden, or stone, or marble thing, called a pulpit, which is surely a device of Satan to check the preacher's earnestness. "Jesus stood and cried," as Raphael depicts Paul preaching, impelled by an intense interest in the souls of his hearers, and eager for their salvation. So "Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Jesus "cried." We may be sure that He did so vehemently, with force, and pathos, and plaintiveness. He "cried" to the people, as though in the extremity of the distress of His heart, that all in the crowd might catch every syllable of His utterances. He spoke out earnestly, and with all His might. He was not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He so "cried" that emotion well-nigh choked His

utterance. As afterwards He *wept over* Jerusalem, so now He *wept in* Jerusalem. He cried aloud, with the deepest pathos, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Oh, that we were able to preach as did our Master! Oh, that we were men who could stand upright, and cry to a world whose ears are closed against ordinary teaching, with a voice that would rend the rocks, and cause hearts of iron to melt! If we cannot do that, let us tell out the simple gospel in such a style that even the most ignorant may understand our message.

Thus much, then, about the place, the time, and the manner of our Saviour's preaching; now for the subject matter of His proclamation: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Let us endeavour to enter into the meaning of these words, by asking a few questions concerning them.

I. "If any man thirst,"—WHAT KIND OF THIRST DOES THE SAVIOUR MEAN?

There are some persons who are afraid that too many people will be saved, and go to Heaven. These maintain that the thirst the Saviour meant was a *spiritual* thirst, so they put in that adjective. They are sure either to add an adverb to the verb, or an adjective to the noun, for fear lest some sinners, who are not invited, should take courage, and come to Christ. I find by my text that Jesus said, "If *ANY man thirst.*" He used no qualifying adjective whatever, so God forbid that I should be guilty of the presumption of thinking that our Lord Jesus Christ has omitted anything which ought to be included in this invitation! That would be to incur the curse pronounced in the Revelation upon those who "add unto" or "take away from" what the Holy Spirit has left complete and perfect. The thirst that Christ intended was just "*thirst*"—thirst of any and of every kind. No matter what kind of thirst you suffer, come to Jesus if you do but thirst in any way whatever. If your soul is thirsting, believe on Jesus, and he will surely quench your thirst. Let me mention some different kinds of thirst, not with any view of giving you a complete catalogue, for that would be an impossible thing to do; but in order to let you see that all kinds of thirst are intended, and none are excluded.

First, some persons have a *thirst of conscience*. God the Holy Spirit has convinced them of sin, and now they are thirsting after pardon. They want to be forgiven; they cannot bear the thought that they should be lying under the anger and just condemnation of the Most High. They thirst for something which shall assure them of their acceptance before God. To these persons many bring the empty pitcher of forgiveness without the atonement; and when these poor parched souls put the pitcher to their mouths, they cry, "Alas! this only mocks our thirst." Others pretend to offer forgiveness through the sinners' own merits; and they foolishly try to quench their soul's thirst, and to obtain the forgiveness of their sins, by their own meritorious works; but after a time they see that they have failed, and they give up trusting to their own merits, for in such broken cisterns they find no healing waters. Others present a thirst-quenching concoction called, "Forgiveness by penance, through perils and afflictions."

They teach that the troubles of this life may be a set-off against the evil of our sins ; but soon the thirsty ones turn away, their souls more parched than ever, and they cry in anguish, " Oh, that someone would give us to drink, so that our thirst might be wholly removed ! " Jesus stands before all such persons to-day, and He cries, " If any man thirsts for the forgiveness of his sins, if any man is conscience-stricken, and desires a salvation which shall satisfy him, and make him perfectly at ease in the presence of God, let him come unto Me, and drink. I am the great sacrifice for sin ; let him trust to Me, for I am the Mediator of the New Covenant. He that believeth on Me shall thirst no more. "

Secondly, there are others who have a *thirst of heart*. This is not at all an uncommon thirst, and it ought not to be forgotten. The heart of man must have some object upon which to rest itself ; it thirsteth for someone worthy of its love. We love the creature, but after a little while we find that there is unfaithfulness in the creature, and we turn away disappointed even though the one on whom we had set our affection is fair and lovely. Some seek to slake their thirst with wealth, which can only cheat them ; others turn to fame, which only mocks them. Many are content to abide in their calling, and to make the best of what they find to satisfy them where they are ; but, alas ! the thirst of their soul is not quenched. None but the Triune God can fill the heart of man ; old Francis Quarles says truly,—

" The God that made mine heart, is He alone
That of Himself both can and will
Give rest unto my thoughts, and fill
Them full of all content and quietness :
That so I may possess
My soul in patience,
Until He find it time to call me hence. "

When the heart has long tried first this object and then that, and has turned away from all, exclaiming, " Vanity of vanities, all is vanity ; there is nothing here below that can satisfy me, or that can give me full contentment, " then it is that Jesus stands and cries, " If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. " O souls ! if you would have someone to love who is every way worthy of you, one who can satisfy your deepest longings, one whom you may love fully, and yet never be guilty of idolatry, one who cannot desert you, and who will never forget you, one who will love you infinitely better than you can love Him, one whose charms shall grow upon you, and never decline, one who shall become sweeter every day, and more precious than the droppings of the honeycomb every hour, come ye to Jesus Christ, the altogether lovely, to Him who is even now inviting you, saying, " Come ye, drink of Me, and you shall never, never thirst again. "

Thirdly, others there are who have a *thirst of intellect*. They want something absolutely and entirely certain, which they can believe with unquestioning confidence. They want to be able to say, as Paul wrote to Timothy, " I am not ashamed : for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. " Some have tried to find rest in unbelief ; and because they could not get in it what they thought

was sure, they have run on until, from doubting, at last they have come to denying everything; but they find that there is no satisfaction, or quenching of their thirst in this mockery of dry unbelief. Others have gone to the opposite extreme, and, to make sure, as they thought, have submitted themselves to the dogmas of so-called "priests", and to the alleged "infallible" teaching of the Pope of Rome; and so they have tried to quench the thirst of their intellect by getting something on which they can rely with absolute certainty. Alas, for the deceivers and for the deceived! There is no man, however deeply he may think, or however widely he may search, who is saved by trusting to his own intellectual powers, or who can find anything in superstition to quench his thirst; but to all such our Lord Jesus cries, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Come to Jesus. If you want wisdom, He is made unto you wisdom. If you want knowledge, here is the knowledge of Christ and Him crucified; and I reckon the knowledge of Jesus Christ to be, as old Dr. Alexander Carson used to say, "the most excellent of the sciences." You want to be able to distinguish between things that differ; here is the Spirit of Jesus, who can make you to discern between joint and marrow, between soul and spirit. If any man would become profoundly learned, let him become a philosopher only in this way, by understanding the philosophy of the cross of Jesus Christ, the marvellous doctrine of the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ on the cross, Jesus crucified and dying to save sinners. I think any Christian man, who has really and truly been led to come to Christ by faith, and who has received the gospel into his heart, will tell you that, whereas he once was troubled about a thousand things, his soul is now at peace, according to that promise in Isaiah, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee." The man says, "My heart is fixed, my heart is fixed; I have no doubts about doctrine now; I have now no troubles about a thousand questions that used to fill me with perplexity. Through the cross of Christ I have become settled and satisfied; and my thirst is stayed and quenched for ever."

Fourthly, there are certain others who have a *thirst of ambition*. They say they thirst to achieve some great and noble purpose, to do some notable thing before they die. "Oh!" said a young man on his death-bed, "I am about to be taken away, yet I never did a good or a great thing in my life." It is true that all men should have an object in life; a man without a purpose is like a poor blind horse, going round and round in a mill, working and toiling, but getting no satisfaction out of its labours. Man naturally is like an arrow; he wants a target at which he can be shot. Well then, that being the case, how shall we have an object worthy of us, which shall be always before us as long as we live? Jesus says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." Dost thou want to have before thee the highest and holiest object? Let it be to glory in the cross of Jesus Christ. Dost thou want to live for a blessed purpose? Let it be to live for Jesus Christ. Wouldst thou have something in which thou canst spend and be spent? Let it be in the service of Jesus Christ. If thou wouldst have some excellent object beyond thee, then

remember that Jesus Christ is always beyond thee, so that thou mayest strive to apprehend Him by whom thou hast been apprehended, and forgetting that which is behind, thou mayest press forward to that which is before, even the perfect likeness of Jesus Christ. Many an individual has had an object among men, and when he has gained it, he has become more miserable than if he had lost the object of his pursuit: but the man who lives for Jesus Christ, and to magnify His Name, lives indeed, and He reigns while he lives. He obtains his object, yet not so obtains it as to leave it behind; for still he presses on, and on, and on, and feels that the utmost craving of his inner nature is abundantly satisfied with the living water that Jesus gives.

I have only mentioned these four variations of the current of human thirst: I specify no more, because I cannot attempt to complete the list. If you have not found your particular thirst described, do not think yours is a peculiar case, shut out, and therefore not mentioned; but remember that Jesus thus issues His invitation, "If *any* man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

II. "If *any* man thirst,"—WHO IS INVITED?

"If *any* man thirst." Here is one who is learned. He can speak several languages, he has made himself master of some after some laden with the riches of ages. Well, my friend, *you* are invited. I may also have here present a poor foolish person, all but an idiot, one who cannot read a word, and to whom writing is a mystery. He also is invited. Here is one who walks blamelessly; he is without reproach before his neighbours, though he knows that he is not without blame before God. He is invited. Here is another who has committed well-nigh every crime in the black catalogue of iniquity; he has made himself vile with lust and red with blood; yet he, too, may come, for the invitation is on this wise, "If *any* man thirst." Here is one who has grown grey-headed in sin, who has heard the gospel through the whole of his long life, who has resisted the Holy Spirit, and overcome the strugglings of a quickened conscience. Well, he is invited. Here is another who is quite a child, who is but a beginner in the way of wrong-doing, who hears the gospel to-day, and hears it, perhaps, for the first time. My young friend, *thou* art invited. Bring me "*any* man" you will, if he does but answer to this description; if his soul is thirsting, even though he does not know for what he thirsts, that man is invited. The text says, "If *any* man thirst,"—not if he answers such and such another description, but,—"*if any man thirst,*" he may be sure that he is included in the invitation, and let none attempt to shut him out.

"But none ought to come unless they are among the elect." Friend, you do not know who the elect are, and no one but the Lord knows. "But should we not seek to find out who are the elect?" How do you think we can find them out? The command to us is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." See, here is a great heap, made up of steel-filings and ashes. I want to find out the steel-filings, and so I sit down by the hour together, and try to separate them from the ashes. Why, it would take me all my life to do it, and probably when I thought I had got to the end of my task, I should see many filings in the heap that I called ashes,

and many ashes in the heap that I called steel-flings. I should never be able to make the separation in that way; but here is a great magnet, I thrust that into the midst of the heap, and draw out from it, through the magnet's instrumentality, all the particles of steel. I have thus done in a few minutes what I could not have done in a lifetime in any other way. I put in the magnet, and the steel-flings cling to it; I lift up the magnet, and the ashes are left behind. So, if I would know who are God's elect, I have not to go and look into people's faces, and ask the question, "Are you one of the elect?" I have to "preach the gospel" to every creature under Heaven, and my Lord says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." I know that the gospel of Jesus Christ is a great separator; it finds out God's chosen ones, and leaves behind those who "will not come" unto Christ that they "might have life," and who by their own persistent unbelief are given up to perdition. No description that you or I could give as to who are the elect would answer the same purpose. I have heard descriptions of saints that were *so high* that few, if any, could get into Heaven if that were the true standard by which they were to be tested; and I have also heard descriptions of saints *so broad* that thousands might have answered to them who would, nevertheless, not be saints after the gospel standard. Our only course is to preach the gospel, to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, to cry aloud, as Peter did on the day of Pentecost, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts ii. 38). "The Lord knoweth them that are His." Never you trouble yourselves about the doctrine of election; I am sorry for you if you do, seeing it is a most precious and blessed doctrine, full of comfort. Modern divinity does not suit me at all; when one gets really hungry, he wants the solid meat of the old Puritanical theology of the sovereign everlasting grace of God. Why should you be troubled about that which is the believer's delight? Whatever election may be, or may not be, it is quite certain, if it is not in the Bible, you need not bother your head about it; and if it is there, it cannot be inconsistent with any other portion of Scripture, for truth is always consistent with itself. Therefore the doctrine of election is quite consistent with our text, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." It must also be consistent with other passages, such as "Let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely;" or, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."

Whatever difficulties there may seem to be, you need not try to solve them. Just take the passage before us; you can understand it, though some other texts may be "hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction" (2 Peter iii. 16). Look, here is a man overboard! Throw him a rope. There it is, close to him; why does he not lay hold of it? Why, he says he does not know whether he is predestinated to be drowned or not! We tell him that, if he does not lay hold of the rope, he must perish. There is no time to enter into any speculation as to what the rope was made for; let

the drowning man lay hold of it, and then when we have got him safe on board, we can begin to talk of these speculative matters. It is God's command that we should trust His Son Jesus Christ. He adds to this promise of pardon a fearful threatening if the sinner will not trust Him: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; *but he that believeth not shall be damned.*" Listen to this other Scripture: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; *but the wrath of God abideth on him.*" Harken to another passage: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned: *but he that believeth not is condemned already*, because he hath not believed on the Name of the only begotten Son of God." Why is the sinner condemned? Because "he believeth not." What is there which is necessary to salvation beyond what you can understand? There is nothing required but simple trust in Jesus. We may and do preach the full and free gospel without any fear that we are doing harm thereby; we are certain we are doing good. "If *any man thirst*," the wide world over, we cry to him, that he may come unto Christ Jesus, and drink and live.

III. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me,"—WHAT IS IT TO COME TO JESUS CHRIST?

Sometimes, explanations of faith are a great deal more troublesome to understand than faith itself. What is coming to Christ? Trusting Him. What is the faith that saves the soul? Certain preachers say that Christ died for every man; well, then, if Christ died for every man, He must have died for me; and yet I may believe *that*, and perish. The revelation that Jesus Christ died specially and particularly for me, is one that is in close connection with faith, but it is not the essence of faith. Faith is just trusting Christ. Whether I have any special interest in His redemption or not, is a thing I have to ascertain by-and-by. Just now, Jesus Christ bids me trust Him, and I do so, as an act of obedience to His divine will. That trusting Jesus Christ is the saving act which brings the soul into union with Him, and gives it the water to drink which quenches all its thirst.

IV. WHAT IS THE WARRANT FOR COMING TO CHRIST? Turn again to the text: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said,"—that is the warrant,—"*as the Scripture hath said.*"

No sinner can of himself alone believe in Christ, no matter how sincere may be his repentance. Repentance is no qualification for coming to Christ. No matter what your feelings are, feelings in no sense constitute a claim upon Christ. The sinner stands before Christ without anything by which he can recommend himself; he comes to Christ, and lies at His feet, because He has told him to come, and for no other reason. He comes to Christ by the power of the Holy Spirit, and not in his own strength. It has been my unhappy lot to meet with preachers who never give an invitation to any except "*sensible*" sinners; but gospel exhortations are addressed to sinners, and even to stupid sinners. Look to Jesus Christ to save you; not to any sufficiency of your own, but to His all-sufficiency, to His sufferings, blood-shedding, and substitutionary death at Calvary.

Any preacher who directs a sinner to look for any warrant, or fitness,

or hope in himself, is anti-Scriptural. There is a danger of making a christ out of a man's feelings, and of so preaching as to lead men to think they must not come to Christ as sinners, but that they must wait until they become awakened sinners, "sensible" sinners, repenting sinners. I have heard some say that it is wrong to invite sinners to come to Christ unless they give signs of repentance; but any repentance which is supposed to come before faith is a snare and a delusion, a repentance that needs to be repented of; for, if there be such a thing as repentance before faith, inasmuch as we are told that "without faith it is impossible to please God," such repentance in God's sight must be obnoxious and detestable. Some talk of a law-work which is to overcome the infirmity of the flesh, and subdue man's pride, ignorance, and unwillingness to come to Christ; but a man, after years of law-work, as it is called, finds that it will not do, and after all he has to come to Christ simply as a sinner, not as a law-worked sinner. The only way by which anyone can come to Christ is to come as a sinner. The only warrant you can ever have for coming to Jesus is that He Himself bids you come when He says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink."

I know what some of you are looking for: you want to be saved by an angel coming down out of Heaven to convert you; you want to be made to feel some sort of electrical shock; you have read certain biographies, and you think you must be saved like Mr. So-and-so, who was dragged over the mouth of hell before he came to Jesus by the way of the cross. You are full of all sorts of whims and fancies, but just as Elisha sent his servant to say to Naaman, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean," so I say to thee, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Dost thou say, "It seems such a simple thing to do"? Yes, because it is so blessedly simple, men think it hard to receive such a doctrine. If we were to bid them, "Go, and labour, till you work the flesh off your bones," many men would receive our message. If we were to say, "Have such-and-such feelings," then you would try to work them up; but when you are told to "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," the pride of your naughty heart will not let you obey, you will be questioning God, you will want to have a finger in the matter, you are not willing to go to Jesus as a pauper. None will ever come to Christ in this way, but those whom the Spirit brings will come. No man by nature will ever accept this simple gospel, but if any of you say, "Just as I am, I trust the Lord Jesus to save me," depend upon it there will soon be wrought in you that which all the holy angels in Heaven could not have accomplished. This simple plan of salvation, although it is despised of man, is in God's eyes excellent above all others. "This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ." Down with all your frames and feelings, if you set them up before the cross of Christ; down with your doings, prayings, church and chapel-going, if you, in any way, put them up in competition with Christ. These may be all right and good in their place, but Christ Jesus must be first and chief of all. These may be all blessed as fruits, but not as roots. These may do for walls in the house, but not as its foundation. "Thy wounds, Jesus!

Thy wounds, Jesus! These are the cleft rock in which I hide myself." Thus exclaimed the dying monk who had found a Bible in his cell, and this must be every sinner's resting-place for salvation,—a whole Christ for a broken heart, a full Christ for an empty sinner, Christ the only Saviour for the guilty and the lost.

Are there any here who will trust my Master, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Have you all trusted Him? Blessed be God, if I have the privilege of preaching to a congregation of all saved souls! But, my hearers, it is not so; there are some of you who have not yet trusted in Jesus. Young woman and young man, ay, and those of you who have got into the sere and yellow leaf, you have lived up to this present moment without trusting in Christ Jesus for your soul's salvation. "But what if I trust Him, and then perish after all?" some of you perhaps are asking. Well, I will perish with you, too; we will go together; but, blessed be God, I have a better hope than that!

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not, He will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

"But," say you, "suppose, after all, we go to hell, and have to say, 'We did trust Christ, yet He did not save us!'" We could not be in hell with such a statement in our mouths; when once we put our trust in Christ,—

"His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep;
All that His Heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

You sometimes say of certain persons, "I wish I had not seen So-and-so, for he does trust to me so much that I don't know what to do with him;" but Christ will say of you, "There is that poor sinner, he does trust Me so, I must, I will save him; I will not, I cannot deceive him. He has no rest anywhere but in Me; I will surely save him."

V. I now come to the last point, upon which I shall not detain you long,—AFTER A MAN HAS ONCE BELIEVED IN CHRIST, WHAT THEN?

Our text is rather roughly translated from the original, which may be read thus, "*He that believeth on Me, out of the midst of him shall flow rivers of living water.*" After you are yourself saved, you will seek to do good to others, and thus be, in your turn, instrumentally a saviour of others. The goodness of a true believer, when Christ has come unto him, is not merely external, but in the very midst of him; and it will flow out from him, not in drops and dribblets, or in small streams, but in "RIVERS"—not in one river, not in one special manner of doing good, but in "RIVERS." Out of the midst of a believing soul "shall flow rivers of living water."

Dear friends, do you know that you are saved? Are there "rivers of living water" flowing out from you? Are you doing good to others? Are you channels of blessing to your friends, neighbours, companions? Some of our churches—I do not know whether it is

so where I am now preaching,—are “*very respectable!*” The people who go to such-and-such a chapel—they call it a “*church*” now,—are “*such a respectable congregation!*” There is “*such a respectable minister!*” There are no poor people there; such “*respectable*” persons do not like places where the mob assemble. Now, what do such churches and congregations do for the Lord, and for the salvation of sinners? It will not take any great length of time to enumerate their doings.

“*But,*” says one, “*we really do a great deal as a church.*” Well, what do *you* do personally? “*Oh, I subscribe a guinea a year to the Missionary Society!*” Says another, “*I give what I can afford, but what I give is nothing to nobody.*” Yes, yes, that may be true enough, in more senses than one; but, my friend, what do you do personally for Jesus Christ? Do you ever say a word for Him? Do you speak to the persons who sit in the next pew to you? What did you say? “*Oh, no! I have never been introduced to them, and it is only vulgar people who speak without an introduction!*” “*Introduced!*” Why, are we not all one family in Adam? You need no introduction; introduce yourself. You know that there is a person living opposite to you who has no fear of God before his eyes; did you ever try to do any good to that man? “*No,*” you reply, “*it never struck me.*” Just so, and there are hundreds of Christians, so-called, who are never “*struck*” with any idea that they ought to do good to their fellow-men. “*If I get to Heaven myself, will not that be a wonder of grace?*” It will, my hearer, and such a wonder of grace as I am afraid will not happen. “*But, sir, I am not my brother’s keeper.*” No, friend, you are not your brother’s keeper; but, like Cain, you may be your brother’s murderer! If you are idle in the Lord’s cause, you are doing mischief. Generally, the idlers in our churches are the grumblers and complainers. “*Well, what can I do? I must call on my minister, and ask him what he thinks I should do.*” Do not do any such thing. If you are right in heart, you have no need to trouble your minister, you can get plenty to do close at hand. “*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,*”—not what the minister or the church finds for thee to do, but—“*whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest*” (Eccles. ix. 10). You need do nothing more than open your eyes to enable you to see something that you may do for Christ.

There are in most towns certain streets with very nice houses, but behind them are dark courts and alleys; you can go down them, and work for the Lord. “*But we pay a missionary for doing that.*” I daresay you do; but did the Lord Jesus pay somebody to come here and deliver you? No; He came personally. When Jesus Christ healed the leper, He did it by personal contact. “*He put forth His hand, and touched him, saying, I will: be thou clean.*” And immediately the leprosy departed from him” (Luke v. 13). That is the way in which the members of the Church of Jesus Christ must come into contact with, and heal the sick everywhere. There is a charming and noble-hearted woman who can condescend to look on the fallen and sinful, and visit them in their wretched homes; why, there is a

glory and majesty about that Christian woman that even scorners cannot help admiring. Were we, every one of us, personally in earnest in bringing souls to Jesus Christ, the church of which we are members would soon look "forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Do not be content to see the promise fulfilled in other people, whilst it is not fulfilled in yourself: "*out of the midst of him shall flow rivers of living water.*"

Every one who believeth and drinketh for himself, out of him "shall flow rivers of living water." I have no doubt that I am speaking to many who love the Lord, and who are trusting their souls to Him. Let me be very earnest in asking each one of you, personally,—Are you doing as much for Jesus Christ your Saviour as you can do? Perhaps you may be doing as much as you think you can do: but you do not know how strong you are, or what is the measure of your ability. Faith makes men and women so mighty, that what they before thought to be impossible becomes easy when they attempt great things for Christ, because they expect great things from Christ. Venture upon large things for Christ, and keep up your little ones as well, and you will find that "as your days, so shall your strength be."

The time of the harvest is coming; what if the farmer says, "I have no reapers to work for me"? Suppose he says to you, "Here is the corn all ripe; the ears are shelling out on the ground, and I have no reapers." He gets hold of you, and says, "What are you doing? Here is a vast population wanting bread, and here is the harvest ready for gathering, but I have no reapers." Why, if I understood nothing about the business, I should take my sickle, and try and gather in some of the produce of the field; but what if I saw a company there, all standing around, and saying that they would eat the bread when the corn was cut? I should say, "Brothers, come and take a sickle; cut down the wheat, and bind up the sheaves, for here is this great harvest which must be reaped, or the corn will all be lost." One gathers a handful, and another gathers a little; and they say, "We do not see how all this is to be reaped." Should we not then cry, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest"? We should say, concerning the spiritual harvest, "Let the Lord of the harvest send as many labourers as He may into His field, / cannot be spared. If I do any work for Christ, it will be a blessed thing for myself; I shall be reaped whilst I am reaping, I shall be gathered whilst I am gathering, I shall have corn for myself whilst I am seeking to gather corn for others." May we all have an abundant entrance into the joy of the Lord! May we hear Him, at the last, say to each one of us, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

May God bless these remarks, for the sake of Jesus! Amen.

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

THE worker in the "Work-room" has cause for abundant thanksgiving at the increasing number of opportunities which the Lord graciously gives for FOREIGN TRANSLATIONS OF THE SERMONS. Is it not good news to you, dear readers, that I had, last month, three fresh applications for help to print and publish them, in addition to some gratifying reports of success concerning those already in circulation? The new efforts are to be in HINDUSTANI, ESTHONIAN, and GAELIC. The two first-mentioned will take some long time to arrange for and complete, but the latter is already in the printer's hands, and will, I hope, be published with all speed. I think you will like very much to know that a former student of the College, now an evangelist in one of the distant Isles of the North,—Alexander Macdougall by name,—and a true Highlander by birth, has accomplished the happy task of translating into his native tongue his beloved President's Sermon, "No. 1,500; or, Lifting up the Brazen Serpent." When he was attending the last Conference, he promised, with the greatest enthusiasm, to enter at once upon this labour of love; and that he has done his work excellently well is proved by the testimony of the Professor of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh, who thus writes concerning it:—"The translation, so far as I can judge, is exceedingly happy, at once faithful and idiomatic; and I shall be very glad indeed to see it printed. I have read it with much pleasure." Unite with me, dear friends, in praying for rich blessing on this Sermon when circulated among the Gaelic-speaking people in bonnie Scotland and its isles, that its gracious, forceful words may find a welcome entrance into many hearts because presented in the language which is so dear and melodious to them.

Oh, those precious Sermons! How the Lord does use them to His glory, and the salvation of immortal souls! I have just received a letter from a pastor in Shetland, who as yet is unaware of the approaching issue of the discourses in Gaelic, but who tells me of an incident in his early life which greatly encourages me in their world-wide distribution in all languages. He says,—“It will cheer you to know that, to a very large extent, I owe my position in the ministry to-day to the reading of and feeding upon dear Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, and that I was first led, when a lad, to bow my knees in prayer to God for pardon *through reading a small scrap of one of them which I had picked up from the highway.*” Thus, whether it be by a wind-blown newspaper sheet in the Australian Bush, or a torn shred of the weekly issue rescued from the dust of a street in a Scottish city, the utterances of God's glorified servant are directed by a sure hand to prepared hearts, and proved to be life-giving words through the power of the Holy Spirit.

* * * *

In the August number of *The Sword and the Trowel*, I inserted part of a letter from a correspondent at Montreal, testifying to the value set upon the Magazine in that city; and this has induced the friend who

gave Mr. L.— the copies for distribution, to communicate with me himself. He is the superintendent of a large Boys' Home in Montreal, which is doing splendid service in rescuing and training the waifs and strays of the streets, and giving them the opportunity of leading a respectable and godly life. In his letter, there is a very tender and graphic description of a visit which he paid, some twelve years ago, to dear Mr. Spurgeon at the Tabernacle. It is told so naturally, and sets forth the dear Pastor's kindness and heartiness so vividly, that it made my eyes dim with unshed tears; and I feel sure it will interest you, my dear friends, perhaps partly reproducing the experience of some of you when seeking an interview with one "of whom the world was not worthy."

"I longed to look into his dear face," says Mr. Dick, "I had prayed for it for many months and years. And God gave me my desire. I saw him, and spoke with him; and the memory of those fifteen minutes is still as fresh as is the remembrance of the days of my early life in bonnie Scotland. I had been on a visit to my native town, when the thought came to me, 'Now is my time to see Mr. Spurgeon.' I went to London, and should have had great difficulty in getting into the Tabernacle on the Sunday but for a ticket lent me by a friend, who himself stayed at home to favour me. That memorable morning, the sermon was on 'The Parable of the Lost Sheep' (No. 1,801). My soul was filled. Next day I was at the Tabernacle to find out how I could see him. Several people said, 'You must write to 'Westwood,' and make an appointment.' I had no time to do that, but I must see him. I went upstairs to an office, and told a kind-looking man my errand, but he gave me no hope that my desire would be granted. At last, he took pity on me, and said, 'If you will be here at 6.30 this evening, and stand at that door, you will see him pass on his way to his vestry for the prayer-meeting.' Of course I was there; he passed, but did not look at me, and after him came three or four deacons. Now was my chance. I followed, and was going up the stairs, when the last one turned and asked me, 'What do you want?' 'I wish to speak to Mr. Spurgeon.' 'But you cannot,' said he, 'he is just going into the prayer-meeting.' 'I *must* and *will*,' said I; but the good man barred my way. Then I said, 'Please give him my card.' He took it, and came back presently, saying, 'You may go up, but don't keep him long.' Oh, I was so glad! I can feel the thrill of joy still. Up I went, and there he stood, with outstretched hand, and said, 'Come along, Brother Dick,' as if he had known me for years. What a smile! What sweetness of expression! What a Christian welcome he gave me! We talked about boys, and Boys' Homes for a minute or two, and then I told him what a struggle I had had to see him, but how well repaid I felt for all my trouble. (Ah! what will it be to see his Master, his Lord and mine! I *shall* be satisfied when I awake in His likeness!) 'Now,' I said, 'I promised the deacon not to keep you a minute.' 'Oh, never mind him!' was his reply, 'sit down.' So I told him how I read his Sermons, and re-delivered them to 'my boys.' 'Ah! I see,' said he, 'that is a case of Spurgeon filtered through Dick!' Then he told me to go downstairs on to the platform, and he would see me there. So

I went, and enjoyed the presence of God. After he had spoken, he said to the people, 'I have a friend here from Montreal, I wish him to tell you what he has told me of his work for poor boys there.' Dear Mrs. Spurgeon, did you ever feel as if you were sinking down into nothingness? I did then. However, I spoke of my work, and afterward he called on me to pray. No doubt the Lord heard my prayer; but for what I prayed, I could never tell. On Thursday, I heard him again in the evening, and there has been silence between us ever since then. Oh! how my heart bled when the news of our great loss came,—'Father in Heaven, mother resigned.' I pleaded for sustaining grace for you."

There, dear friends, I hope you have enjoyed reading this letter as much as I did. And it made me think how greatly our own spiritual blessedness might be enhanced if, in seeking God, we used more of that resolute importunity which procured for Mr. Dick the coveted interview with the great preacher. We sometimes say, "We would see Jesus," and then, alas! rest slothfully content with having said it. What trouble do we take to see Him? When do we press through hindering people and things to get a passing glimpse of His lovely face? Or, when is our eagerness to be in His presence so great that it will brook no denial? I would that we should turn to profitable account Mr. Dick's experience in this matter. When the Holy Spirit puts into our hearts a deep longing after our Lord, let us determine at once to *realize* it; let us put a holy boldness on, and seek Him with all our heart, and soul, and strength. The dear Pastor was not displeased at his visitor's perseverance, nor will our Master ever chide us for a too eager desire for His company. And, as a hearty welcome greeted the friend from over the sea when at last he stood in the presence of the beloved preacher, so, but even more surely, if we mount the stairway of strong desire, shall we find, in the upper chamber of communion, that Blessed One awaiting us with a smile of heavenly sweetness, and words of tender grace, and outstretched hands full of blessing above all that we ask or think.

* * * *

Some time ago, a good man received from me a parcel of books, and, in writing to acknowledge the arrival of the gift, he voluntarily promised to "read them all carefully and prayerfully." He was a Primitive Methodist, and, when he found included among the other volumes a copy of Gibbs' *Defence of the Baptists*, he almost repented his hasty assurance. He had been a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ for twenty years, had been honoured in leading many souls to the foot of the cross, had no desire to alter his views on baptism, and felt that his time would only be wasted in reading such a treatise. He hesitated for a long while; but he was an honourable man, and no delay could alter the fact that he had given me a *promise*. So, at last, he sat down, and read it. "Thank God I did," he wrote to me afterwards, "my previous convictions on the subject were all upset. I saw how utterly untenable my position was, and I was irresistibly brought into a sore conflict of soul. A long and severe struggle was experienced before I

could submit to the Divine will; but, on Friday last (my twentieth spiritual birthday), in a public service, I joyfully realized what it was to be buried with Christ in baptism, an experience never to be forgotten, and for which I shall ever praise God." This is another instance of the bow, drawn at a venture, sending an unexpected arrow right between the joints of the harness. When one's own heart's belief is, that the Lord Jesus commanded baptism, that is, immersion, to all those who believe on Him, it *must* be matter of rejoicing to see that command lovingly and heartily obeyed by others.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*What is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe.*"—
Ephesians i. 19.

Come, my heart, satisfy and delight thyself, this morning, with the thought of what thy mighty God can do for thee,—the grace He is able to give thee now,—the glory He is reserving for thee,—the uplifting, upholding, strengthening, and preserving power which is all vested in His loving hands on thy behalf. Here is a storehouse of riches on which thy largest demands can make no perceptible diminishment, and all this is thine!

"*Exceeding greatness.*" Yea, Lord, more vast and wonderful than my poor finite mind can conceive. Thy power bids the sun pour forth his radiant light and heat,—Thy power holds the stars in space, and hangs the earth upon nothing,—Thy power rules the universe with a word! Is it not exceeding great? All nature shows Thy handiwork, and Thy wondrous power is as much seen in the lowest forms of life and growth as in the higher developments of Thy creative hand. All the discoveries of science, all the revelations of its secrets which have of late so surprised and delighted us, are but glimpses of the infinite might and wisdom of the God whose "love is as great as His power, and neither knows measure nor end."

But, Lord, it is not on the majesty of Thine Omnipotence as shown in Thy material world that I would meditate at this moment; it is, the "*power to us-ward who believe*" that enchains my heart, and thrills my soul with joy. Help me to draw nigh to Thee, dear Lord, humbly and reverently, that I may "see this great sight;" for, though this is holy ground, and the bush burns with fire, there is no barrier, as of old, to prevent a near approach to Thee, seeing that, now, we "are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

If I have true faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, then the exceeding greatness of the power of the Most High God, "according to the working of His mighty power," is to me-ward, is on my side, or—I say it with deep reverence,—*at my service*, always at hand to help, to guard, to defend, and provide for me. My pen pauses as I ask myself, "Do I believe this? Do any Christians really hold this faith? Is it possible that there can be among the feeble, doubting, self-engrossed, and half-hearted people that I see and hear of, any who possess the assurance that the power of the living God dwells in them, and that they can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth them? If

there be any such, why, oh! why do they not walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called?"

Look to thyself, my soul. Is the exceeding greatness of thy Lord's power manifest in thee as it should be? Blessed be His Name, thou canst say, "He has redeemed me from death and hell, pardoned my sins through the shedding of His precious blood, and given me a promise of life eternal in His presence." But what more? Those are the cardinal gifts of His grace, the corner-stones of His mercy and love. What dost thou possess of the *details* of His mighty working, the filling-up, as it were, of the great plan of His will and design concerning thee? What does "the effectual working of His power" produce in thy heart and life? Art thou wholly consecrated to His service? Hast thou given thyself and all that thou hast into His loving hands? Art thou filled with His Holy Spirit? Does He control every thought, and word, and deed? And are all the powers of thy being and all the possessions of both soul and body subject and surrendered to His absolute sway?

Ah, Lord! Thy poor child sorrowfully confesses to falling very far short of the high standard of Christian life to which Thy Word expects us to attain. In common with so many others, I seem to live at a "poor dying rate" when I might have "life more abundantly." I know that the possibilities of conformity to Christ are only to be measured by the exceeding riches of Thy grace, and the exceeding greatness of Thy power, and yet I sometimes seem content without a full participation in the glorious experience which Thy love offers. Lord, enlighten and quicken me, I beseech Thee! Put forth in me the mighty grace which will make my daily life a proof that Thou art working Thine own will in me, and giving me to know, at least in some measure, "what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe."

S. S.

Thoughts on a Rainy Day.

THERE are five sparrows sitting on my fence in the rain. They look so odd with their tails straightened out by the wet. But they are putting their heads together over something which gives them a most droll, philosophic air. Perhaps they are confabulating where they shall spend the afternoon, under some eaves which can shelter them all. How little we know of the life everywhere about us! But how all-embracing must be the cognizance of our Heavenly Father, when "not a sparrow falls" without His permission!

The rain is coming down in steady straight lines. So fast follow the drops that they look continuous. With what an impact must they descend one after the other on to the dry earth, every succeeding one making it easier for the next to penetrate, till the soil is saturated! May we not find here a figure of the effect of repeated spiritual impressions, and see in a soaking rain a presage of what we so much need in the Church of God? But there must be more Carmel confession and intercession before the sound of abundance of rain will be heard over the valleys of Israel!—*Extract from a Pastor's letter to Mrs. Spurgeon.*

Old Jedidiah ; or. " There's Rest at Home."

BY R. SHINDLER.

WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN * was preaching, one Sabbath afternoon, in the doorway of a log cabin in a village in one of the Western States, to a congregation which filled the house and the front yard. When about half through the sermon, he observed an old negro riding alone towards the house. The man speedily dismounted, fastened his horse to a tree, and took his stand among the throng. Soon the tears began to trickle down his furrowed cheeks, and sundry exclamations, which he seemed unable to repress, burst forth from his lips.

At the conclusion of the service, he presented himself to the minister, with profound reverence, as his guide to Colonel M——'s, some nineteen miles distant, where was his next appointment. As he had only recently arrived in the circuit, such a guide was needful ; but as he had already preached three times and had ridden twenty-three miles that day, he proposed to Jedidiah, as the old negro was called, to wait until the morning.

" No, no," said the negro, " the Colonel insists on your coming this evening. Do go, massa, for no massa-preacher bin there for four months."

Milburn mounted to start, but Jeddy's horse was found to be too lame to return. Recent rains, too, had swept away a bridge on the only road, and rendered it necessary for them to take an indirect course, through a boggy prairie, in order to cross the stream nearer its head. Jeddy saw no great difficulty in the lameness of his horse, for he could walk while the preacher rode.

They started into the prairie, but had not gone far when it became apparent that, at Jeddy's pace, they would not reach their destination until morning. Though he slipped and tugged at almost every step, the good old negro's heart brimmed over with delight at the thought that he had induced the " massa-preacher " to accompany him. Milburn directed him to get up behind him, but he seemed almost overcome with astonishment at the amazing condescension, as he evidently thought it. By a kind familiarity, Jeddy became quite communicative. He told the minister his whole history, and in particular his Christian experience. With such manifest sincerity and thankfulness did he relate his story that the tears ran down his face, and the minister was so moved that they wept together like children.

When they had passed nine miles of the journey, the night was falling fast, and the patches of quicksand, so common in the Western prairies, made travelling quite dangerous. After having plunged into a number of these, Jeddy dismounted, to lessen the danger by relieving the burden of the horse. They had not gone many rods further before the horse sank above his knees in the mire, and only extricated himself after great effort. Though accustomed to greater

* See article in September *Sword and Trowel*, " William Henry Milburn, the Blind Preacher."

difficulties, the fatigues of the day had so affected Milburn that he began to display a greater want of courage than the poor slave who guided him. Dismounting, he leaned wearily against his horse, and expressed a disposition to return rather than risk the perils and fatigues of the remainder of the journey.

"No, massa," replied Jeddy, "do not be discouraged, there be rest at home for you."

There was something, either in the tone of Jeddy's voice, or in Milburn's own mental mood, which at once gave the expression a double sense.

"Yes," said the latter, almost involuntarily, "thank God, there is a home for us, Jeddy, where the weary are at rest."

"Oh, yes, massa!" said the old labour-worn negro, as the tears started in his eyes; "me often tinks ob dat, me hopes to get dere some day."

"There is rest at home! There is rest at home!" thought Milburn; and the words gave him new energy, as the hope had done to many before, and has done to numbers since.

They jogged along together, but every now and then they were struggling in the bogs. At length, almost worn out, they sat down on a small eminence to rest awhile, and cheered their hearts with cheerful talk.

"How old are you, Jeddy?"

"I'se seventy-three, massa; me be getting toward that home, massa."

"Have you a wife, Jeddy?"

"Yes, massa; but me know not where she be. Ole massa love not God, and sold her far away."

"Have you any children?"

"Yes, massa."

"And where are they?"

"All gone, too, massa; me know not where. But we all served God, massa, and hope to meet in that home where be rest."

The tears started afresh in the old man's eyes, and Milburn forbore to question him further. Indeed, his feelings overpowered him. "What," thought he, almost aloud, "what are my sufferings compared to those of this poor sorrow-stricken servant of my Master?"

"There is rest for us at home, Jeddy," said he, and motioned to proceed.

It was dark, the rain was falling, and Milburn's horse limped through weariness, so that he was compelled to lead him by the bridle the remaining ten miles. Through rain, and mud, and quicksands, they plodded on, nerved against them all by the thought, ever-recurring with refreshing influence, that there was rest for them at home. At last, the glimmer of a distant light fell upon their course.

"Dat is home, massa," exclaimed Jeddy, with ecstasy.

It was about midnight when they reached the log-cabin, wet and weary; yet Milburn was received as an angel of God. A table had already been spread with everything the house could afford for his refreshment, and the poor jaded horse was well cared for. After many congratulations, a much-needed repast, and prayer and praise, Milburn laid him down to rest. Yes, "rest" was what he needed, and rest he

found in this "home in the wilderness." He closed his eyes with the murmuring of the too-little appreciated text, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." Little wonder that he dreamed; let us tell his dream in his own words:—

"Never did I feel the significance of rest as in the dreams of that night, sweetened as they were by beautiful visions of the better land. The phrase of my aged guide wove itself into all my dreaming thoughts, and yet with such effect as not in the least to disturb my repose. At one time, I thought I was reclining my head on the breast of a seraph, and dying,—nay, it was falling asleep in Jesus,—pervaded from head to foot with the most delicious sensation, a feeling of profound repose, which I never felt before nor since. At another time, I was gliding through the air, up over the hills and down into the valleys of Heaven, without touching the soil, and wrapped in an unimaginable ecstasy; an ecstasy intense, yet strangely tranquil. At another time, I was sweetly sleeping under a leafy tree, near one of the streams, on whose margin all varieties of flowers were bending and blushing, as if at the reflection of their own charms; and though asleep, yet it seemed that my eyes were open, drinking in all the indescribable scenery, while music, slow, sweet, and subdued by distance, flowed like a soft breeze of the South over my charmed spirit; and ever and anon a seraph glided by, smiling with unspeakable love, uttering, as he passed, the words, 'Rest thee, brother,' and leaving behind him a wake of fragrance, like the odour of June roses. These were fantasies; but how sweet they were! I rose the next morning with the freshness of youth, greeted by the sweet and ever-varying notes of a mocking-bird, which had perched on a tree over my chamber."

* * * *

Ten years had passed away,—years of much labour, and many changes in the history of Milburn, when he had occasion to visit a frontier settlement much more remote than Colonel M——'s place. He preached in a log school-house, to a congregation gathered from places within a circumference of twenty miles. A young man introduced himself as the son of his former host, Colonel M——. The Colonel had emancipated his slaves, and during a long illness had been, it was hoped, converted, and had died as a believer. The son, who succeeded to the property, had advanced Westward with the ever-extending tide of emigration, and the old coloured servants, unwilling to disperse, had accompanied him, and were settled about him. "One of them," said Mr. M——, "is not expected to live from hour to hour." Mr. Milburn wished to be conducted to the sick man's cabin. It was surrounded by coloured people weeping like children for a father. There, on a bed in the corner of the cabin, lay the dying man, venerable and feeble with age and sickness. The preacher approached to address him. The dying man's languid eye kindled, and in a moment there was a mutual recognition. It was Jeddy. We shall not attempt to describe the feelings of the old friends in thus meeting again. Leaning over the bed, and taking the dying man's hand, Mr. Milburn asked:—

"Do you remember, Jeddy, the boggy prairie at ——?"

"Oh, yes, massa! That precious night!" he feebly uttered, gasping for breath.

"Your pilgrimage is almost ended; there's rest for you at home, Jeddy."

The good old man had not forgotten the phrase. His dying eye flashed again, and in broken expressions he responded, "Yes, bless the Lord, massa, me almost home! Me poor, old, weary servant,—oh, very weary! but going home, going home!" Joyful tears expressed his thoughts and feelings more fully than words, and when he had almost lost the power of speech, he continued to repeat, "Rest at home," and his very last words were, "Rest, home!" He died that same night, and passed at once through the gates into the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world.

Jeddy knew more about divine things than many a wise and learned scribe, and the sweet repose of his spirit was that to which neither the man of the world nor the self-righteous formalist can ever attain. He looked for little here, and little he had of earthly things but toil and sorrow; but he knew "the peace of God, which passeth understanding," and he had the hope of eternal life beyond the grave, while day by day he proved the truth of the precious words: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee."

Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

III.—OUR MEDIATOR.

MOHABAT KHAN was the greatest general in Shah Jehan's army. Though victorious over Hidjar Sing, the Rajah of Bandlekund, he was filled with admiration at the rebel's gallant resistance; but he had to bring the noble prisoner before his master. As he entered the royal presence, his inclination to plead for his captive was very strong; but it was frowned down by the emperor. Next day, he made the attempt once more, but again was repulsed. A third time the persevering general entered the throne-room with the conquered prince, only on that occasion he did not attempt to speak. With his own hand chained to that of the captive, he approached the throne. It was enough! "Advance, Mohabat," said the emperor, "I pardon Hidjar Sing; but life without dignity is no present from the Emperor of the Moguls to a fallen prince; I therefore restore to Hidjar Sing his kingdom."

Thus, linked with his conqueror, the conquered one found favour, and honour, and a restored kingdom; and we also have "an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," the Captain of the Lord's hosts. Hand in hand with Him, we may boldly approach the throne, sure of full acceptance and eternal honour and glory.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

A New Use for the "Sword and Trowel."

FROM time to time, we have heard of the *Sword and Trowel* being employed for a variety of purposes beside that for which it was founded by the late beloved Editor, viz., as "a record of combat with sin and of labour for the Lord." But, until recently, we had never known that the Magazine had been of service as a *certificate of character*. How this came to pass, the following narrative will show:—

Some months ago, Mr. Taverner, the Secretary of the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society, was in Scotland on a lecturing tour on behalf of the work which the Lord has so manifestly called and qualified him to do. Having been rather closely confined to his office, and finding that he had a day or two to spare, he thought that he would leave his lantern and luggage in the town, walk out into the country as far as he could, and try to find some hospitably-disposed person to entertain him for the night. He succeeded better with the first part of his programme than with the second, and he ultimately found himself, as the shades of evening were falling, in a very thinly-populated district, where for a while it seemed impossible for the wayfarer to obtain the rest and refreshment he required.

At last, when he had almost made up his mind that he would have to spend a night on the hillside, he was told of one house where, peradventure, he might be entertained, and, following the directions given him, he met "the good man of the house." His troubles were not even then at an end, for the canny Scot was suspicious of a young stranger wandering alone without bag or baggage; in fact, he had an impression that his visitor might be a fugitive hiding from the officers of justice!

After considerable parleying, Mr. Taverner remembered that he had in his pocket a copy of the March number of the *Sword and Trowel*, which contained a portrait of himself seated in the office of the Sermon Society at Brighton. As soon as the familiar cover was produced, the good man's countenance underwent a complete transformation, for he had been for many years an interested and profited reader of dear Mr. Spurgeon's Magazine; and when our friend pointed to the picture, and asked him to compare the face of the traveller with the features there represented, nothing more was needed to ensure him a hearty welcome to all that the home contained. Nor was that all, for when his host found that his young friend had a second night free, he insisted on his spending that also in the same place. The guest was introduced to another local worthy who was reputed to be a man of very few words, but when the subject of conversation was Mr. Spurgeon and his Sermons and Magazine, and still more, when Christ and His gospel became the theme of the talk, the silent one became eloquent, and two hours swiftly and happily passed where it was supposed that a few minutes would heavily drag.

When the lecturer had to leave in order to fulfil his engagements, he was constrained to promise to bring up the lantern and slides, while his newly-found friends undertook, on their part, to obtain the use of the most suitable building, and to gather as many of their neighbours as

they could to hear Mr. Taverner discourse upon "The Life and Work of O. H. Spurgeon." The chair was taken by Pastor W. F. Stead, who had been one of the students in the Pastors' College, and a most pleasant and profitable evening was spent. Before the proceedings closed, some regular distributors of the Sermons were secured, and what the ultimate results of their labours may be, none but the Lord Himself can foretell.

J. W. H.

The Tunnel Spider.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS."

AROUND the meadows of "Westwood" there dwells a species of spider whose habits may point many a moral. It chooses a crack in the earth, or where the ground is easily penetrated, and there builds its home. This consists of a tunnel lined with wonderfully-spun silk. The tunnel is from six to eight inches in depth, and is often brought up above the surface of the earth, and fastened off by many threads of web to stems of grass. It would be more correct to call the upper part a funnel. In fact, around Norwood, in the summer-time, many of these funnel-webs may be seen suspended in the midst of brambles. About half-way down the funnel, the spider sits ready to dart out upon its prey. At the very extremity of the sheath, there is woven a very white and substantial cocoon, from which the baby-spiders issue in due course.

Musing upon this home of the spider, the first thought which came to us was,—What an argument this insect and its habits afford of the existence of a Great Creator and Designer, even God! The construction of the spider itself is more wonderful than the house it makes, for the one precedes the other. No reasoning upon this point is needed, for all Nature points to God. It has been well said that "an all-pervading Spirit governs the natural and the supernatural," and that "the agencies by which He works are the symbols of One Living Presence."

Then, too, in looking at these silk-lined tunnels of the spider, we reflected on the variety and prodigality of the gifts wherewith God had endowed His creatures. Here was an example of profound ingenuity on a minute scale. Spiders of an allied type, which are to be found on the Continent, add to their houses a door that closes of itself, falling back by its own weight. If the equipment of the spider be such, what shall we say of man? This solitary artizan of the insect world often puts the people who tread on it to shame by its tireless industry, patience, and skill. Do we all use our gifts, highly endowed as we are, so as to reflect His glory by whom we are "fearfully and wonderfully made"?

We saw one of these funnels of silk inserted within the crevices of some rock-work. The gardener's boy, rightly from his point of view, brushed all the upper part away. In a day or two, the patient tenant had repaired all the damage. The spider did not give up because disaster overtook it. One naturalist tells us that, three times running,

he removed a spider's web, and that three times in six hours the insect renewed it. The experiment was a cruel one, but what shall we say of the tenacity and hopefulness of the spider? Are they not a reproach to those of us who are so ready to give up because of difficulties? If the rough hand of criticism touch our work for God, or some Sanballat sneer at it, we want at once to resign our office. Let us remember the ballad of our childhood, which told us how King Bruce of Scotland learned from the spider to "try again." Yea, further, let us go to Holy Writ, and be inspired by the resolve of the brave, persevering Nehemiah,—“The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we, His servants, will arise and build.”

This tunnel spider has no courage at all apart from its home. Taken out of its proper surroundings, it is a poor nervous thing, and will run from a fly. It is lost away from its silken hiding-place. Humble as is the symbol, it may yet remind the child of God how lost he would be apart from his true Hiding-place. The ruthless hand can destroy utterly the flimsy house of the spider, but no hand can mar the abode of them that are in Christ Jesus.

The dear lady of "Westwood" gave orders that the tunnels and funnels of these ingenious insects should not be disturbed, so there they were, through many days, pointing more morals than this page can hold.

October Gales.

(Driftwood gathered in the reading of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermon,
No. 2,374, "Blessed Discipline.")

WELCOME as is the forest shade,
It is when wintry tempests blow
And withered leaves bestrew the glade,
While sheltering boughs are fallen low,
We clearest see the heavens above—
So is it oft with Jesu's love.

Not when the sun is shining bright,
And song of warblers fills the air,
But in the silent shades of night
The heavens His handiwork declare.
And lo! the starry worlds above!
So is it oft with Jesu's love.

So, Christian, comfort now thy heart,
Though trials strip thy pleasant things;
Take courage, wherefore should we start
Because night spreads her darkening wings?
Look up! and clearer view above
Erst-hidden gems of Jesu's love!

C. E. O.

“Our Own Men” and their Work.

XXXIV.—PASTOR HARRY WOOD, LATROBE, TASMANIA.



IT is about as difficult to put “an ocean of thought into a drop of language” as to press into three or four pages the material of Pastor Wood’s chequered life. He has often been urged to commit to the quick service and safe custody of the Press his reminiscences of evangelistic and pastoral life, the mere stray leaves of which would make a volume of respectable size. The difficulty of compression is enhanced because he has never “continued long in one stay.” His mission has been to revive decaying churches, and

he has often made the eyes of the faithful few glisten with hope when he has responded to their appeal, “Come over and help us.” His gifts are ideally revivalistic; it is his meat and drink, instrumentally, “to make new saints and to mend old ones.”

HARRY WOOD began to be in Brighton forty-one years ago. As he grew, the fond affection of his parents was unbacked by religious training, for they made no profession of piety themselves. And because the family was large, and the income small, he was set, while yet of tender years, to add by the sweat of his face to the common stock. Becoming so early a graduate of Toil’s stern school, his wits were sharpened, not by books, but by men and things.

His ardent temperament scarcely knew restraint till he was sixteen years of age; but the coltish course, which his mother’s anxious love could not check, was curbed by a merciful sickness, which summoned the past and future, sin and God, before his startled eyes, and caused the horror of a great darkness to fall upon him. His doctor’s skill could not “minister to a mind diseased,” nor “pluck from his memory a rooted sorrow,” but the Good Physician in compassion took over the case, and sent a godly cousin to be his minister of spiritual health, and as it proved, of physical blessing, too. The visiting clergyman had talked to our friend of the “grace” of his baptism, confirmation, and sacrament-taking, but nothing of Jesus as a personal Saviour. His cousin spoke to him faithfully of his sins, and lovingly of Christ, and wooed him to a gospel meeting, where, in a way he had never heard before, the message of mercy was so clearly proclaimed that he trusted Jesus there and then, and “from his heart the burden rolled away. Happy day!”

Like light that shines through every window, and glints through every chink of the house, so, when Christ came to dwell in Harry Wood’s heart, “He could not be hid.” His very face was a tell-tale of his Lord’s presence. Soon, “it was noised abroad that He was in the

house," and the Saviour brought such blessing both to heart and home that father and mother and four of the family were ultimately led to trust in Him. When Jesus came into the house, the neighbours felt the benefit of it as well, in the starting of a "Lads' Meeting." It was our brother's happy idea, and by the bedside of a crippled friend, with an audience of three, he began his public speech for Christ.

His mother's kitchen was next requisitioned, and as the meeting grew, other quarters were obtained, until the boon and the blessing to the neighbourhood were so marked that merchants and ministers gave it their sympathy and support. That was a grand school for the embryonic evangelist. To keep rough lads in order, and interest them as they sat tailor-wise upon the bare floor, for lack of more civilized accommodation, was no mean feat; and the youth who can do it may hope, some day, from the pulpit to command the pew. God blessed the "Lads' Meeting" to those who attended it, and several of them are now salaried Christian workers. Once, in Launceston, Tasmania, Mr. Wood was "spotted" by a Salvation Army captain, as he strolled up to the open-air ring, little thinking that one of his converted Brighton lads was speaking; and after the "captain" had given an account of his early days and conversion, he called upon his old-time chief to address the assembly.

If you are the means of blessing the lads, adults will hear of it, and want to share in the good things going. It was so in Brighton; the meeting was therefore divided, Mr. Wood taking the adult portion. His happy knack in this kind of work attracted the attention and help of "devout and honourable women" like Lady Ogle and Mrs. Bainbridge; souls were saved at almost every meeting, agencies grew apace, and soon required our brother's whole time and supervision. The call of God to devote all his energies to the work came with undimmed clearness, and by the sympathetic advice of Dr. Winslow and others, and the financial help of Mrs. Bainbridge, he surrendered good temporal prospects to enrich many toward God. He has never had cause to doubt the validity of his call, nor to regret his obedience to the heavenly voice.

He was urged, at this time, by the Rev. J. Walton—then at Brighton,—to begin training for the Wesleyan ministry, and was offered all needful help; but he had become exercised about believers' baptism, and by the brotherly help of Mr. Gwillim—one of Mr. Spurgeon's elders,—he was led to obey his Lord in this respect. On this account, the lady who financed the mission threatened to withdraw her aid, because she feared it would sectarianize the work; but none of these things moved the earnest evangelist, and he was baptized by Pastor John Glaskin, in Bond Street Chapel, Brighton. He had never before been inside a Baptist place of worship. To his surprise, when he called to bid farewell—as he thought,—to his generous helper, she met him with tears, and besought his forgiveness for trying to hinder him in the path of duty. In studying the subject to prove his error, she found her own, which resulted in her baptism at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at the age of sixty-five, after a Christian life of forty-five years. She not only continued her

donation, but doubled it when Mr. Compton, of the Pastors' College, succeeded Mr. Wood.

Mr. Gwillim and Deacon Allison, through seeing his work, became intensely interested in him, and carried a good report to Mr. Spurgeon. At the beloved President's request, Mr. Wood went to see him. The outcome of the visit was that he was warmly welcomed to the College with the words, "If you are half as good as you have been represented to me, you are a fine fellow." He entered "Our Alma Mater" on the same day as "Son Charlie," whose many kindnesses he still gratefully remembers.

Whilst he mused in College, the fire still burned, so he joined the Evangelization Society. Captain Smith bears hearty testimony concerning "his adaptation to the work of the evangelist," and of his associates' great personal esteem for him. Prudent preservation is not a marked feature of Mr. Wood's nature, and his frail frame could not bear the strain of studies and missions. The inevitable breakdown came, and Dr. Kidd ordered him to the Colonies. In the certificate which the dear President sent from Mentone, to smooth his way, he speaks of him as being "highly esteemed by us all. I had hoped," he says, "that his career, which had begun with great promise, would have continued in his native land, where we greatly need such a zealous and able evangelist as he has already proved himself to be. . . . I love him much in the Lord, and regret that my absence from London forbids my seeing him, and saying in public all I think of him; but I commend him to the hearty confidence and loving hospitality of all my brethren in New Zealand and elsewhere. He is a young man of great promise, from whom, in God's hands, I expect great things. May grace, mercy, and peace preserve him, and may the people among whom he may labour prove worthy of such a preacher of the Word, by treating him kindly, receiving the Word prayerfully, and aiding him diligently in the work of the Lord!"

The words of the "man greatly-beloved" are too precious to let any of them fall to the ground, and a few sentences from a personal letter to Mr. Wood will show how he sent the sons of the College forth, and will reveal somewhat of the secret of his personal charm and power:—"I lament that you should be unsound in body, but I rejoice that you are sound in spirit, and sound in the faith. New Zealand will gain by our loss. . . . Go forth, my brother, with the prayers of all who know you. You have my full approval and heartiest sympathy. Do not forget me in your prayers. Keep to the old gospel. Walk humbly with God. His power will rest upon you." After heartily endorsing the liberal provision made by his brother James for Mr. Wood's passage, Mr. Spurgeon proceeds:—"I wish you a prosperous voyage. I hope you will speak one Monday evening before you go, and get the Tabernacle prayers. You are so well known to me that I think I see you (especially your distinguished head of hair), and I look you in the face with a tear of love in separation, and say, '*God bless you, Wood! Go, and blaze away for your Lord.*'" His splendid estimate has not been falsified, and though his young friend has been hustled from place to place by the doctors' orders, yet he stayed long enough in Auckland and at Thames, New

Zealand: at Saddleworth, South Australia; and at Deloraine, Tasmania; to see glorious revivals, and the churches set agoing with strength enough to warrant other brethren settling as pastors.

In 1882, Mr. Wood returned to England, and with his friend, Mr. J. S. Harrison, conducted missions at Mr. Charrington's Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road, and also in Ireland. Besides taking services on several occasions for Pastor A. G. Brown, he was requested by the beloved President to preach in the Tabernacle. His address at the Conference was reported by *The Christian* as "one of the main features of the evening." A half-day spent at "Westwood" with the beloved host and hostess remains as an undying memory, and a set of books is lovingly treasured "for valuable services rendered at the Conference of 1882." The crowning favour was bestowed when the revered President, in September of the same year, completed Mr. Wood's "make-up" by wedding him to a God-given help-meet, the one to the other set "like perfect music unto noble words." And they—

"Have together stood
Through years of trial, each supporting each."

By the end of 1882, our brother had returned to the Colonies, and settled in Williamstown, Victoria. An energetic church life, which abides to this day, was soon aroused; appreciative Press notices were frequent; temperance work created quite a furore; and when he left, he received many gratifying tributes of esteem.

Through the strong friendship, which has existed for many years, between Pastor Thomas Spurgeon and himself, Mr. Wood was first introduced to the Gibsons, of Tasmania. He again received pressing letters from Mr. Gibson to return to "the tight little island" where he has since laboured, first at Longford, then in Launceston,—the Northern capital,—afterwards in rough pioneering work at Sheffield, again at Deloraine, and now at Latrobe. In every case, the churches have been revived, and finances and membership greatly increased; but, alas! in each instance, the inevitable breakdown in health has also followed.

For the establishment of new churches; for pioneering, rough or smooth; for the quickening of a lukewarm people, and a general all-round rouser, under God, Tasmanian Baptists always look to Pastor Harry Wood. Some of the principal churches in the Colonies have tried to lure him away, but for sixteen years Tasmania has been blessed by his labours, and he has been benefited by its lovely climate. His brethren have delighted to honour him. Twice he has been called to the Presidency of the Baptist Union of Tasmania. Thrice he has preached the annual sermon. He is as true as steel to "the old-time religion." The ideal minister is evangelist, expositor, and pastor, all in one; and Brother Wood has these gifts in a remarkable degree. He visits his flock persistently, and quickly catches at events of joy and sorrow to win influence for his Lord. He is equally at home with the unlettered labourer or his cultured master; with the small audiences of the bush, or the crowded ones of the city. He has a bright and racy quality in him; a very genius for description and appropriate

gesture; a quick facility of illustration and sparkling epigram; a pleasing voice and ready utterance; and, withal, a special gift in prayer;—the man who can sleep under his ministry must be very far gone. Though hampered by a body which sometimes unexpectedly plays him false, yet we thank God for the sinners saved and the saints edified through His servant, and we pray that this worthy son of our dear "Alma Mater" may long be spared to win souls for the Saviour, and bring glory to His holy name.

J. E. WALTON.

Mr. Spurgeon's First Outlines of Sermons.

(Continued from page 523.)

LXXXI.—"TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR."

"Take heed therefore how ye hear: for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have."—Luke viii. 18.

Preaching is a Divine institution. Of old, Enoch, Noah, the priests, the prophets, etc., declared the law of God; under the rule of grace, apostles, disciples, and ministers preach the gospel of Jesus.

As a Divine ordinance, it is greatly blessed; most of the conversions of sinners probably happen under the sound of the Word preached.

We should, therefore, hear the Word; but we must take heed how we hear. This caution was necessary in Christ's time, and it is necessary now also, for as it was then so is it still, there are—

captious	}	hearers.
curious		
careless		

Jesus knows their sad state, and warns them, for such hearers are—

1. Slighting precious truths.
2. Dishonouring a jealous God.
3. Putting away a glorious gospel.

We must not hear as they do.

We shall discuss under three heads the manner in which we should hear the Word of the Lord.

I. BEFORE HEARING. Preparation, desire, prayer.

1. Preparation. What day is it? Where am I going? What for? What am I to hear? Whose servant? Whose Word? Let me dismiss all worldly thought, and all evil thoughts of the preacher or of other hearers.

2. Earnest longing for the good Word of God. Food requires appetite. If a saint, desire to be fed; if a sinner, to be converted.

3. Earnest, believing prayer for yourself, the minister, the congregation, that all may be blessed by the Holy Spirit.

II. DURING HEARING. Attention, candour, earnest prayer.

1. Attention. Without this, good is seldom received. Devils would attend if they might. Do not lose any of the sermon, turn all to good account, carry away as much of it as you can.

2. Candour. Be open to conviction of sin or error in sentiment. Judge whether it is the truth, but judge rightly. Look not at the man.—do not go out when your favourite preacher is not there,—but be willing to hear the truth from any of the Lord's servants.

3. Earnest prayer that you may have a blessing. Sit expecting it; you need assistance, even in hearing; so do not hear without looking to Christ, and seeking instruction from the Holy Spirit.

III. AFTER HEARING, the work is not done; but we still require—

1. Meditation. The sermon is nothing without this; but with it, the poorest discourse may become a good and useful one. Think on the words all the week.

2. Application. See what applies to yourself; apply it all, however humbling it may be; put it in your own heart.

3. Practise it. Let it direct you all the week; let it shine through all your life and conversation. Follow the lead of your conscience, and seek that it may be enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

4. Pray again; yea, at all times. Steep the seed before you sow it; water it when it is sown, and afterwards as well.

Hear as damned souls would hear if they could; hear as eternity would teach you to hear. God bless you all! Amen.

LXXXII.—FINAL PERSEVERANCE CERTAIN.

“Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.”—Philippians i. 6.

The text contains much important matter, for it traces the work of salvation up to its true source as well in the Philippians as in others; but passing this over, it expressly teaches the doctrine of final perseverance. The “good work” here mentioned is sanctification, to “perform” means to complete, and “the day of Jesus Christ” will be the day of His glory. All men who have had this good work begun in them shall have it carried on and at last completed.

Let me invite you to a candid investigation of the doctrine, for by calm enquiry many difficulties may be removed; next, let me hint at the proof derivable from election and the covenant of redemption, and then pass on to establish this great truth on grounds admitted by all Christians:—

1. *The joy of angels.* These intelligent beings make no mistakes. If the repenting sinner fell away, how disappointed they would be! If a believer in Christ could be lost, how anxious must be their looks every day! They dare at best only hope that any would be saved.

2. *The intercession of Jesus.* He prays now, and no doubt presents the same prayer as He did on earth (John xvii). He must be heard. We are united to Him; and the members of Christ's mystical body must live as long as the Head lives.

3. *Pardon granted forbids punishment.* Justification declares glory certain. Adoption makes the man a son eternally. The witness of the Spirit seals all believers as God's own children.

4. *God has done so much*—in the gift of His Son, in the descent of His Spirit, in gracious revelations and helps,—*that it is irrational to suppose that He will not complete the good work.*

5. *If the saints were not finally preserved, would not the attributes of God be dishonoured?*

6. *Many Scriptures declare that the final perseverance of believers is certain.* Jeremiah xxxii. 39, 40; John x. 28, vi. 37; Isaiah xlix. 15; Hebrews vi. 17—20; John v. 24, iv. 14; Isaiah liv. 10; Romans viii. 35—39.

But as objections will arise, let us answer them:—

1. "Suppose," say some, "a man ceases to believe, will he be saved?" This is a supposition that begs the question, for a true believer cannot leave off exercising faith in Christ.

2. How can God punish sin in His people? By corrections, affliction, the Spirit's desertion, etc.

3. How can fear be maintained? Love is the great motive-power of the gospel, but fear may also be kept up by a fear lest we are not true believers.

4. Does not this doctrine lead to licentiousness? No; the Puritans believed it, remember how they lived. All abused, wrested doctrines may be turned to evil.

5. Some believers do fall, but 1 John ii. 1 is still true. Hence learn,—

(i.) How safe the saints are.

(ii.) How much reason they have for joy.

LXXXIII.—COUNT THE COST.

"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?"—Luke xiv. 28.

Forethought is always requisite, especially in religious matters. Whether you are going to serve God or the devil, count the cost. Consider,—

I. THE COST OF RELIGION.

Some say, "Why tell it all to young beginners?" But Jesus did.

This will sift them; no true believer will turn back because of all this cost, but hypocrites will.

Religion costs—

1. Much trouble,—repentance, daily and hourly,—sickness of self; Satan's roarings, the world's enmities.

2. Renunciation of all sin, great and small, even the dearest; all inducements to sin, evil companions and habits.

3. Abandonment of self-righteousness. Be humbled; God demands all the glory of our salvation.

4. Implicit obedience. Entire consecration. Minute submission. Earnest activity. Fervent love.

5. Thou must take Christ for better or worse,—for ever. How much the gain exceeds the loss!

II. THE COST OF IRRELIGION.

1. Through life, loss of solid pleasure,—enjoyment of the love of Jesus.

2. At death, a loss of joy.

3. At the judgment, a loss of justification.

4. In hell, untold loss for ever and ever.

5. Loss of Heaven, since all the requisites for its enjoyment will be wanting.

What an awful cost! Heaven or hell is the only alternative for each one of us. Choose ye this day which shall be your portion.

LXXXIV.—JESUS AND HIS ACTS.

“But this Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool.”—Hebrews x. 12, 13.

The remembrance of Jesus is at all times profitable. It is the very root of true spirituality, Christian love, and devotion. How good a thing it would be to have the Lord always before us!

I. JESUS IN HUMANITY ONCE OFFERED A SACRIFICE.

Jesus was God, yet man, and the union of both perfectly. He was less man than we are, because He had no sin; yet more man than perfect Adam was, because He suffered the sorrows of fallen humanity.

His “one sacrifice” was Himself; not merely in His death, but also in His self-sacrificing life as well.

This sacrifice Jesus offered as a man. God alone could not suffer; man was the condemned one, and justice could not be satisfied unless “man” died, therefore Christ became man.

He died once; and there is needed no other sacrifice for sins of all colours and degrees,—aggravated, countless sins.

Christ Himself offered the one sacrifice; He was both Priest and Offering, too.

II. JESUS IN HUMANITY SITS DOWN IN GLORY.

He ascended in His human nature, in flesh like ours, but spiritualized, in the humanity in which He suffered, that He might be the firstfruits of the resurrection.

When did Christ sit down on the right hand of God? When he had finished the work He came to do, and not till then.

He “sat down.” He did not kneel, nor walk, nor does He now hang crucified, nor still lie buried in the tomb; but He has “sat down on the right hand of God.”

This is a posture implying—

1. That He had ceased offering, for priests stand to offer sacrifice.
2. That He had rest from toil; all His work was done. The Conqueror has fought the fight, and now rests.
3. His dignity, in that others bow before Him; and especially, His kingly dignity; on His throne the Heavenly Monarch sits.

The place where He sits is on the right hand of God, which is a place of pre-eminent honour, and shows that He has great favour in the sight of God, and true friendship and sympathy with Him. It is also a pledge that God's right hand of power shall be employed on His behalf.

III. JESUS'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Conquerors sometimes tread on the necks of their vanquished enemies, and Jesus shall put His foot on His foes. They shall be the footstool before His throne.

1. By the dissemination of the gospel, idolaters, Mohammedans, Catholics, Mormons, shall be made to bow before Christ.

2. At the last day, His enemies shall wail because of Him, and fall prostrate before Him. Satan shall be bound, and death itself shall die.

He "expects"—not hopes; knowing the certainty of the event, He looks upon it as a matter of course that His enemies shall be made His footstool.

Application :—

Look to Jesus crucified, and you shall see Him for ever glorified.

Despise Jesus, and His mercy shall turn to wrath, and you shall be His foe for ever.

Remember Him who still remembers man.

LXXXV.—THE DOG AND THE SOW.

"But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."—2 Peter ii. 22.

Here is—

I. THE NATURAL STATE OF MAN.

He is like a dog or a sow; these are both unclean animals. The same figure occurs in our Lord's words in Matthew vii. 6. Violent, blaspheming men are like dogs; the lascivious are like swine. Man is utterly depraved; so the best of men have ever said. It can be proved by investigating Scripture or ancient and modern history, or looking now at the heathen, or even at those in our own land who, bursting the restraints of civilization and education, run wild into every excess of riot.

1. Selfishness is an animal propensity.
2. Grovelling ideas unite men to brutes.
3. Sensuality is an animal characteristic.

II. THERE IS A CHANGE WHICH IS NOT CONVERSION.

The dog vomits. The sow is washed.

1. There may be a conviction of sin, but—
 - (i.) Common conviction denies God's justice.
 - (ii.) Nor is it concerned for the loss of God's favour.
 - (iii.) Nor has it a sincere hatred of sin as sin.
 - (iv.) The sorrow arises out of self-love, not the love of God.
 - (v.) There is no real discerning of depravity.
 - (vi.) There is no practical renunciation of self-righteousness.
2. There may be a love of ordinances,—
 - (i.) Because of the scope of the gospel.
 - (ii.) Because of the pathos of the speaker.
 - (iii.) Because some sort of comfort is gained from them; but these hearers do not care for spiritual communion with Christ.
3. There may be some sort of reformation of character.
 - (i.) The man reforms through fear, not through faith or love.
 - (ii.) Or he works with a view to wages for himself, not for the glory of God.

III. THIS CHANGE IS NOT ENDURING.

1. Because it is not according to the design of the gospel.
2. Faith and love are absent.
3. The heart is untouched.

This fact does not affect the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints; they are as sheep, but these people are still swine or dogs.

Lesson 1. Let us seek a real change of heart, lest at the last we be numbered among the goats.

Lesson 2. Let backsliders beware lest they be found among the dogs who are "without."

(To be continued.)

In Memoriam—Deacon John Buswell.

ADDRESS BY PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON.

BY the sudden home-going of our beloved brother, DEACON JOHN BUSWELL, on *Saturday morning, September 12*, the Tabernacle Church has lost a most devoted worker, and the Pastor has had to part with one of his most faithful friends and helpers. At the prayer-meeting on the Monday evening before his departure, Mr. Buswell took part, and he was also present at the Thursday evening service, so that he remained at his post to the last. On the Saturday morning, while he was walking in his garden, one of his daughters saw him fall, but she could only get to him as his spirit passed away to be "for ever with the Lord."



The funeral service was held on *Thursday afternoon, September 17*, in Chatsworth Road Chapel, Norwood. The four daughters, and other relatives of our dear friend, were present, with most of the deacons and elders, and a large number of the members of the Tabernacle Church, and two of the tutors and many of the students of the College. Pastor C. B. Sawday prayed, and read part of John xiii. and xiv.; the hymn commencing—

"Come, let us join our friends above,"

was sung; and Pastor Thomas Spurgeon delivered the following address:—

Beloved Friends,—We have tarried in this house of prayer on our sad journey to the tomb, that we may worship God, and speak a word of respect and love concerning him who has been suddenly taken from our midst. Scarcely ever has a more difficult task devolved upon me than that which I now attempt. It is hard indeed to speak to a congregation that does not sympathize; perhaps it is a little harder—though in a different sense,—to speak to one that is overcome and overwhelmed with sympathy; and such is the audience of to-day. It will matter little if the speaker delivers nothing approaching an oration, it will matter little if your response is but a tearful one; we are here—as I have said,—to worship God who gives and who takes away, and to tell each other and our common Father

how much we loved and honoured him who is no more with us, but who is already in the Better Land.

It was my lot to spend a part of last Lord's-day in an old-fashioned burying-ground in the island of Jersey. Betwixt the showers, I ventured forth to look upon the tombstones, to read the doggerel rhymes on many of them, and the Scripture texts on others. I noticed one which bore the name, the date, the age, and so on, and then this simple but sweet inscription,—

BELOVED BY ALL.

I said to my companion, "I would like to write that epitaph on Brother Buswell's tombstone, for it was true of him that he was 'beloved by all.'" There is not a man amongst us but might be grateful and happy if he could even now rest assured that, when he comes to die, his friends could write upon his tombstone truly, and honestly, and without flattery, these choice words, "Beloved by all."

We know well that our dear friend was *beloved of God*, and, truly, this is best of all. We can endure the hate of earthly enemies if we are sure that we have the affection of our Heavenly Father. Our friend had friends on earth as well as in Heaven, but his greatest gladness sprang from the fact that he was conscious of the Father's friendliness and favour. We know that God is loving to all, "for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" still, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact—nor do we wish to,—that there is with God a special and distinguishing love, a love that calls some out of the multitude, and makes them truly the Lord's, a love that speaks in their hearts with an irresistible call, and bids them come to His side and to His service.

Our dear friend, for many, many years was the subject of this love. Long ago, God called him by His grace, and he ran in the way of His commandments. God saved him, and gave him the sweet assurance that his iniquity was pardoned, that his transgression was at an end. Then the Lord showed His love to him by employing him in His service. A greater privilege could hardly be imagined than that of being a deacon in an honoured Church of Christ, a trustee of the Orphanage and of the College, too, bearing his part—no inconsiderable one,—in the care of the fatherless, and in the training of the students; and, as if this was not service enough, he was selected from amongst his brother-deacons to be, with others, the distributor of the alms of the Church. This brother was honoured in being chosen to so difficult and delicate a post; surely, this showed alike the love of God and the trust and esteem of his brethren. The Lord gave our dear friend favour in the eyes of the people; this also was a proof that God regarded him with affection. He caused him to hold a high and holy place in the hearts of the members of the great Church.

If you ask for other proofs of God's love, I will point you to the chastisements that our friend endured. He knew what it was—as we do to-day,—to weep as dear ones were committed to mother earth. He, too, had illness and losses, disappointments and perplexities. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." I cannot forget, moreover, that our dear friend was more than once delivered by the outstretched hand of God. It seems only a few months ago, but time flies so swiftly that it may be years, since he was delivered from the peril of an accident; we heard with concern that he had been thrown from a vehicle, but the angel of the Lord was encamping round about him, and he was preserved. "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him." Still more recently, our friend was laid aside with sore sickness, and some of us began to fear that the "post" had come to summon him across the river; but in answer to prayer he was spared a little longer. The Lord showed His love to him, and I believe to us also, by lengthening out his days.

I know the Lord has various ways of calling home His children ; and all of them prove His love ; but I do think that such a call as our brother received may be put down as yet another indication that God loved him. I have never yet found it in my heart to pray to be delivered from sudden death ; unless, indeed, it be for the sake of those who love me. Yet I know not but what even for their sake it might be well to miss the pining illness, the long anxiety, and the constant grief. For our brother, at all events, sudden death was sudden glory. The Lord loved him well enough to take him by express to Heaven, to hasten him to His side and to His throne. Writing to me, this morning, on this same theme, my dear mother said to me, "What a glorious translation for the dear old man ! One moment happy in his garden, the next in the Paradise of God ! No pain, no dying strife ; only sudden glory !" Jesus said to Peter, "Thou shalt follow Me afterwards." Our brother's "afterwards" has come, and he has followed Christ into the land of the undying day. So, our friend was beloved by God.

Let me say, next, that he was greatly beloved by the Lord's people. I have not yet met the member of the Tabernacle who had not a warm corner in his heart towards our brother ; he was a lovable man, and it would be a shame if there were any who did not love such as he. But the members, one and all, *did* love him, and so did his brother-officers. They noticed his zeal in the cause, his love for the Pastor, his hope for the future, his constant service. It was only quite recently that he gave up the arduous task of tramping all round the Tabernacle, at the close of the services, opening the weekly-offering boxes ; it was quite a journey, and it was only because he was growing frail that he was willing for others to take the good work into their hands. Then, as I have reminded you, he had long discharged the duty of relieving the poor most wisely and well. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon Brother Buswell ; he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, he was a true father to the poor ; and yet with much judgment did he dispense the alms. Well may the many whom he relieved look lovingly towards this coffin ; let them rather look trustingly to Brother Buswell's God.

I can also say that the Pastor loved him very intensely. I have sometimes said to him, half-jokingly, "Friend Buswell, you are the minister's man ;" but I meant what I said. He waited upon me with wonderful tenderness and love ; he was one of the first to greet me before each service, and always the last to say farewell. He was ever ready with a word of cheer when most I needed it, and especially when the sound doctrine of the sermon had been altogether according to his mind, for he loved the "strong meat" of the gospel with all his heart. I admired him for his prayerfulness, for he was always at the prayer-meetings,—not merely the main one, but at the minor meetings, too. I admired him for his praisefulness, for I could ever hear his sonorous bass sounding out behind me the praises of the Lord ; and to the last he did his best—and it was no mean best,—to help the psalmody of the service. I loved him also for his hopefulness with regard to the work of the Lord in which he was so deeply interested ; one of the last talks I had with him was concerning the future of the Tabernacle, and I may tell you that he believed most firmly that God was with us, and that days of brightness and of glory were yet to be ours. I remember saying to him, "I hope, dear friend, you will live to see them ;" and though we mourn his death to-day, I cannot bring myself to believe that he will not see those days that he anticipated. He has seen them with the eye of hope, and I like to think that it is more than probable that he will be one of the first to witness the coming in of the crowds, the testimony of the converted hearts, and the general rejoicing which the Lord our God shall see fit to grant us.

I used sometimes to speak of Brother Buswell as "Father Honest." I

hardly know why it was in my heart to give him that title; it seemed to me that he fitted the name, and that the name fitted him. If you are familiar with Bunyan's story of Christiana and the children, you will remember that Mr. Honest was distinguished for true faith, for honest walk, and for his cheerful countenance, and that by these three things he did much to mitigate the sorrows and the trials of the pilgrim company. So I shall still think of Brother Buswell as "Father Honest." Only in the matter of his death did he differ from the Mr. Honest of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. You recollect how it was with him. "When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks." (It was not so with our beloved friend; surely the river was at its lowest when he was called to cross it.) "But Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one Good-conscience to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over." (I know not if, in that moment of time, our friend had opportunity for thought, or prayer, or hope, or wish; but if he had, I feel persuaded that Good-conscience was by his side, ready to help him in any difficulty he may have met.) "The last words of Mr. Honest were, 'Grace reigns.' So he left the world." (Our dear friend was not permitted to speak, but I do not think more fitting words could have escaped his lips; perchance, he would have spoken them if he could,—"Grace reigns," and now he also reigns in the land of glory. He has reached his everlasting home.)

I have been more than once touched in my heart when I have heard this dear departed brother say that he was about to visit his native village; he had a great love for the little place from whence he came, and for the neighbouring country. He was born in Clipston, Northamptonshire,—born there so far as the flesh is concerned; but he was born again from above, and he has gone back to his native place. He will be at home in the New Jerusalem; his spiritual nature came from thence, and he has but returned to his native country to breathe for ever the air that fans the brow of God. So, it is well with him.

I would fain try to speak a word of comfort to all the mourners; but it were better, perhaps, for me to commend them to God in prayer, and to believe that, in answer to prayer, they will be supported, and guided, and provided for. So will also the bereaved Church, which can ill afford to have this pillar taken from its midst.

Are there any here who do not love and trust Brother Buswell's Saviour, —any here who, if they had dropped dead in their gardens, could not have had these things said about them, or this hope cherished concerning them? Then, I charge you, by the fading flowers that deck this coffin; by the precious form that lies within; and, better still, by our brother's saintly life and by his sudden death, prepare to meet your God, yield ye yourselves to Jesus, and seek to live, as our friend has lived, walking in the footsteps of the Son of God.

May God bless these stammering sentences for His Name's sake! Amen.

Part of John Berridge's sweet hymn, commencing—

"O happy saints, who dwell in light,"

was then sung; the Pastor prayed, and the long *cortège* slowly moved on to Norwood Cemetery, to the grave where Mrs. Buswell was buried. There the Pastor read appropriate passages of Scripture, and, after Mr. Dawson, of Birmingham, a ministerial friend of the sorrowing family, had offered prayer, delivered another brief address, closing with an earnest appeal to the unconverted, and a final supplication for all who had been bereaved, and all who had gathered around the sepulchre.

The "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society.

TWO NEW DEVELOPMENTS OF THE WORK.

FOR a long time, the workers in connection with the "Spurgeon Memorial" Sermon Society have felt the need of a number of the Sermons for *free distribution*, in addition to the regular circulation of them from house to house as loan tracts. This lack has now been supplied, for a large special edition of the latest twelve-page Sermons has been purchased from the publishers at a great reduction, and they are now offered, neatly covered with tinted wrappers, at the exceedingly low price of 2s. 6d. per 100, carriage 6d. extra on any quantity. All applications for them must be sent, with remittance, to Mr. W. Taverner, 72, The Drive, Brighton. Any friends desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity should apply soon, as the offer cannot be repeated after the clearance of the quantity now in stock.

The Secretary has received so many requests for the extension of the Society's operations by means of *Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons in the Welsh language* that the time appears to have come when definite steps should be taken for the translation and publication of a sufficient number of discourses to furnish workers in the Principality with complete sets (50) for loan-distribution. The cost of such an effort must necessarily be considerable, and Mrs. Spurgeon has such a number of foreign translations depending upon her special fund for this purpose, that she can only aid the new effort to a comparatively small extent. The Secretary believes, from the information furnished to him, that the love of Welsh Christians of all denominations for Mr. Spurgeon and his Sermons is so intense, that they will gladly furnish the funds that will be needed; *will all who are able and willing to help kindly communicate direct with Mr. Taverner at the address given above?* He will also be glad to hear from any ministers or churches where he can have, during November, the use of the chapels for the lantern lecture on "The Life and Work of C. H. Spurgeon," in aid of the Welsh Sermon Fund.

The regular work of the Society continues to progress with unabated rapidity, and instances of the Lord's blessing upon the Sermons are constantly being reported. One of the most recent cases is that of a man who, for a long while, refused to receive either the messenger or the message. One friend, however, made a special effort to reach him, and took him the discourse entitled, *The Turning Point*,—the one with the coloured cover representing the prodigal leaving the swine. This brought him to the Saviour's feet; he is now a distributor of the Sermons, and since he started in the service he has sold nearly the whole of his set (50) among his readers.

Including the special edition mentioned in the first paragraph, and the Sermons already in circulation, nearly *a million and three-quarters* have been received or ordered by the Memorial Society; add these to the many millions distributed through other agencies, and it is easy to believe that the beloved preacher is addressing even larger audiences than during his lifetime on earth. To God be all the glory for ever and ever!

Dr. Churcher's Medical Mission Work.

AUGUST and September are reckoned the most trying months of the year in Tunisia, and I am glad that the first is now past. We had three days of hot wind, which wrought much mischief; it scorched thousands of vines, and even caused the death of several persons.

During the month, 264 visits have been paid me, and I have received from the Arabs for medicines, &c., £9 4s.; this sum goes far towards pay-

ing for the medicines, but as, *in addition*, it is the only money available to meet the rent of mission premises, wages of door-keepers, &c., &c., I find it difficult to keep a balance in hand. I long to be able, not only to give medicine free to the very poor (as we do), but also, for a time, to feed poor sick folk, to whom medicine alone is of little value. If any friends are moved to send me help for this special purpose, I shall be very grateful. This matter is pressed upon me just now because our new *baraka*, containing five rooms, is at last in our possession, and we are thus able to shelter indigent patients for Christ's sake. To give such help is quite in accord with Mohammedan ideas, as to feed people for God's sake is a form of virtue much practised among pious Moslems, the person helped being called "dief Allah"—God's guest.

I am quite touched, sometimes, by the sad cases which come to me. A few days ago, on opening the door, a poor Bedouin woman came sliding in, in a sitting posture, her ulcerated foot being so bad that this was the only way she could get about. Another woman, from a distance, had received a cruel blow from a stick, which had torn away half the cornea of her eye, and she was suffering terribly. I should like to be able to give any person coming to me three days' entertainment as "God's guest." The cost would be about sixpence per day, and during that time one might hope that they would get a fairly clear idea of the gospel message. It seems almost absurd to *expect* that a perfectly ignorant Arab,—especially a woman,—can learn much by a single visit paid to us amid all the bustle of a medical mission. It is most encouraging, however, to see how they *do* respond to God's truth, and *apparently* receive the good news, so that one is quite sure that this is *the* key to unlock their hearts.

One day, this month, we visited the village of KALA SERRERE, the first station on our new railway; and we had a good time there. A former patient found us out, and took us to the welcome shade of his garden, while some ladies of our party visited and preached in the village. I remained, and after a time had quiet talks and consultations with those who came,—about twenty in all. My wife, speaking to one woman about Jesus Christ, asked her if she knew about Him. "No," said the poor soul, and then, quite seriously, she asked, "Does He live in Sousse?"

I hope to visit other villages on my free days, but the expense of hiring, often amounting to 10s. or 12s., is a serious difficulty. I am always grateful to the dear friends who contribute to the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, and so relieve me from care as to my daily bread, and free me to witness for Christ in this dark land. I would ask their continued prayers, that we may not fail of the Lord's good will concerning us.

Sousse, Tunisia.

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

Barbed Arrows from the Quiver of C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 2s. 6d.

THIS little volume is a fitting companion to Mr. Spurgeon's popular work, *Feathers and Arrows*, which has reached its thirty-second thousand. Pastor Charles Spurgeon has here collected from his dear father's Sermons a varied and useful assort-

ment of the illustrations, anecdotes, similes, &c., used by the beloved preacher. The book ought to be of great service to preachers and teachers and all Christian workers. The extracts are arranged alphabetically, according to subjects, and at the end of each letter are little heaps of arrow-points, such as John Ploughman often used with most happy effect.

The Lay Preacher's Guide. A Handbook for Busy Preachers, by Leading Christian Workers. Preface by SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 3s. 6d.

THE lay preacher who will follow the guidance given in this substantial volume will be a workman who needeth not to be ashamed. The writings and sayings of many well-known Baptist, Congregational, Wesleyan, and undenominational Christian workers, in reference to lay preaching, have been most industriously collected, and with more than fifty portraits and other illustrations have been made into an instructive and unique work upon the subject. The Introduction, by the Committee of the Evangelical Lay Preachers' Association, will probably attract as much attention as any part of the book; we shall be interested in hearing what is thought of it by the "college professors" and others who are treated to "a little plain speaking from the lay preacher's point of view."

Armenia and its Sorrows. By W. J. WINTLE. Andrew Melrose. 1s.

In Bonds: an Armenian's Experiences. By Rev. KRIBOR BEHESNILLIAN. Morgan and Scott. 1s. 6d.

Two little volumes that ought to be carefully studied in the present terrible crisis. Mr. Wintle, after narrating the awful story that makes us sick and sad as we read it, clearly shows that Europe, and especially Great Britain, is responsible for the continuance of the crimes that have shocked the whole civilized world.

Whatever else can or cannot be done, the whole Church of Christ should give itself to earnest supplication until the God who delivered Israel out of the hand of Pharaoh shall rescue the remnant of the nation that the Sultan and his willing agents are seeking to exterminate. Mr. Behesnilian bravely writes in the second book above-mentioned:—"Affairs in Armenia are truly heart-rending; yet God, who is the only Deliverer of the oppressed, will save His people there in His own good time. Heaven will not always be closed to those importunate ones, and they are many, who are storming

its very gates." The brother who pens these confident sentences is an Armenian who, after completing a three years' course of study at New College, Hampstead, returned to Cilicia (the apostle Paul's country) as the first missionary sent by English Christians to Armenia. He has won many to the Saviour, but he has had to suffer imprisonment, loss, bereavement, and many of the trials that seem inseparable from Christian service in almost every portion of the Turkish empire. His story is well worth reading, and should lead many to help the work for which he is now pleading.

William Tyndale, and the Translation of the English Bible. By G. BARNETT SMITH. Partridge & Co.

THE story of one of the greatest of the many translators of our English Bible cannot too often be written. It is well worthy of a place in Messrs. Partridge's series of eighteen-penny Popular Biographies. The author must have devoted much time and research in gathering the materials for this work, and he has used his accustomed skill in arranging them into a most interesting narrative.

Wonders in the Western Isles. By Rev. A. W. MURRAY. Alexander & Shephard.

It was almost a pity to re-issue this work without completing the story of "Wonders in the Western Isles" down to the present day. This record of early missionary work in Western Polynesia owes whatever interest it possesses to the facts here published, for it has little of the literary charm that has given to Dr. Paton's books such widespread acceptance.

The Jew in his Relation to the Second Coming. By J. HUGHES-GAMES, D.C.L. Alfred Holness.

A THREEPENNY booklet worthy of more than passing notice. It is impossible to study the subject of our Lord's Second Coming without seeing how greatly concerned are His ancient people in that glorious event. The worthy archdeacon's booklet should be put into the hands of intelligent and thoughtful Jews.

The Life of Privilege, Possession, Peace, and Power. By Rev. W. H. WEBB-PEPLOE. Nisbet & Co.

A REAL live book, giving forth no uncertain sound on themes vital to true godliness. The addresses on "The Curse of Compromise" and "The Sin of Unbelief" are of a heart-searching, conscience-stirring, soul-quickening character. Would that all worldly Christians, low-level professors, and churches tolerant of error, could be induced prayerfully to read this volume, and that its teaching could be brought home to their hearts! They might thus be convinced that laxity of doctrine and looseness of life stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect, that a temporizing treatment of error and worldliness is answerable for their weakness and for much of the widespread indifference of the present day, and that zeal for the salvation of men—the true enthusiasm for humanity,—can never be generated by half-hearted and doubt-smitten souls. Those who would reach the breezy height of the higher life, and enjoy the rest of God while sharing in His incessant activities, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the contents of this most valuable work.

The Voice of the People. By Rev. FRANÇOIS BOURDILLON, M. A. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER of this esteemed author's happy homely talks on every-day topics and on the great subject which has been the one theme of his long ministry. Mr. Bourdillon has here selected a number of common sayings and proverbs; and while pointing out their inaccuracies, he has very clearly shown how far "the voice of the people" in them may be regarded as "the voice of God." This two-shilling volume is worthy of a wide circulation.

In the Banqueting House: a series of Sacramental Meditations. By MARK GUY PEARSE. C. H. Kelly.

THESE meditations will, no doubt, be very helpful to many. The plan of the book is novel, and there is an originality in the thought; but we cannot say that the work, as a whole,

is one of Mr. Pearse's best productions. It hardly does justice to his well-deserved popularity as an author.

The Exalted Christ, and our Identification with Him in His Exaltation. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. J. G. Wheeler.

ADDRESSES and Bible-readings delivered at Mildmay Conference. It is quite up to the average of Mr. Meyer's writings, and is sure to prove helpful to devout readers.

Scripture and its Witnesses. By Professor J. S. BANKS. C. H. Kelly.

HEADINGLEY College is privileged in having a Professor so able and orthodox as Mr. Banks. If all theological institutions were as well staffed, there would be less error thought and taught by the rising ministry. We have read this book with intense pleasure and profit. Its "Outlines of Christian Evidence" are necessarily brief, but all of them tend to confirm faith, and not to destroy it. The author does not commit himself to any theory of inspiration, but he says that all "new truth must have been given to the writers in words, for words and thoughts are inseparable." Referring to the distinction which many modern writers make between the teaching of Christ and the teaching of the apostles, Professor Banks very justly says:—"It is to be regretted that Dr. Horton, in his *Teaching of Jesus*, favours the new distinction. . . . The object of the distinction introduced by the new school is evidently to reduce Christianity to simply ethical teaching." We heartily commend this work to all thoughtful readers.

Home Morning and Evening Service. Short Prayers and Meditations. By A. M. M. T. Elliot Stock.

THOUGH not much in our line of things, yet we doubt not that these aids to personal devotion have been useful to many, or a second edition would not be called for. If they should only lead to personal study of the Scriptures, and the effort to pray without a printed form, none will rejoice more than we shall.

Thoughts on the Spiritual Life. By JACOB BEHMEN. Translated from the German, by CHARLOTTE ADA RAINY. Oliphant & Co.

A LITTLE collection of fragments, some of which are fragrant with the aroma of a life of communion with Christ, while others, it seems to us, were scarcely worth resurrection in this detached form. Dr. Alexander Whyte, in his charming preface, says that "those who open Behmen for the first time in this little book will feel something of what William Law felt as he stood entranced beside an old book-stall in a London street, 'The book put me into a perfect sweat.'" We think Dr. Whyte is somewhat sanguine; but mystic souls will find here some seed-thoughts.

Ephraim; or, the Present Location of the Hebrew Tribes. By Col. E. F. ANGELO. Elliot Stock.

ANOTHER of the already numerous and ingenious guessings on the Anglo-Israel theory. The author assumes a great deal, argues from it, and then triumphantly declares, "There can, therefore, no longer be reason to doubt that her Majesty, Queen Victoria, is the lineal descendant of King David, and is ruling over Israel, or at least, over a representative portion of it." And yet, notwithstanding this confident assertion, we do doubt, with or without reason, whether this is not mere theory after all. It is much ado about little even if true; but if mistaken, what a waste of time and thought! Our readers need not trouble to buy this book, unless they revel in puzzles without prizes.

The Busy Man's Bible, and How to Study and Teach it. By G. W. CABLE. Sunday School Union.

BUT for a craze to say startling and outrageous things that every now and again mar these pages, we should have warm words of commendation for this "live" little book. Our author seems to have some unnamed opponent in view all the way through, and in great pugnacity "goes for him" every time he sees a chance, to the bewilderment of the pacific reader, who wants to know how to study the

Bible, and not how to impale antagonists. Still, barring this fault, there is plenty of good, earnest, pointed talk on an ever-attractive topic.

How to Study Wild Flowers. By Rev. GEORGE HENSLOW, M.A., F.L.S. Religious Tract Society.

ANYONE who masters the contents of this valuable half-crown volume will have a greater knowledge of British flowering plants than is possessed by those who only admire the pretty products themselves, or perhaps merely know their names. The book may be used either for botany classes, or by private students; but the author especially intends it to be a help to the study of the living plants, which he hopes will be carefully dissected and examined according to the instructions here given.

The Story of our Railways. By W. J. GORDON. Religious Tract Society.

ANY boy of an engineering turn of mind will be delighted to possess this eighteen-penny volume. It is brightly-bound, well-illustrated, and gives in a popular style the marvellous history of our English railways, locomotives, &c. The book is a welcome addition to the former issues in "The Working World Library."

Messrs. Blackie and Son's "School and Home Library" has received two interesting additions,—*The Downfall of Napoleon*, extracted from SIR WALTER SCOTT'S life of the great little emperor, and relating the story of his last struggle, with the narrative of the battle of Waterloo, written after a visit to the field, and conversations with officers who had been in the decisive fight;—and CAPT. MAYNE REID'S *Rifle Rangers*, founded on incidents in the Mexican War of 1846.

Three Golden Words. By Mrs. J. ALEXANDER SMITH. Sunday School Union.

A SHORT story that vividly reminds us of "*Probable Sons*." If the authoress had only written a dozen chapters as good as the four here given, her work would have been equal to that exquisite narrative.

Robert Forward; or, A Life's Regret.
By HARRY LINDSAY. C. H. Kelly.

THE old sad story of ruin through gambling and its consequent sins and sorrows. Boys should read the narrative, and keep clear even of the first beginnings of the evil that has caused to so many "a life's regret."

Helen Murdock; or, "Treasures of Darkness." By ALICE JANE MUIR-HEAD. H. R. Allenson.

AN interesting story showing how a self-willed girl became a sincere Christian, and also illustrating the old saying about dark clouds having silver linings.

Notes.

During the Pastor's absence from the Tabernacle, the services were efficiently maintained by the assistant-minister, Pastor C. B. Sawday, with the welcome help of our beloved brethren, Hugh D. Brown, M.A., and A. G. Brown, on two of the Sabbaths. The special "In Memoriam" article, on page 570, gives particulars of the solemn service which necessitated PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON'S return home a day or two before the appointed time. His holiday ended with a strange mingling of sadness and gladness, for on *Lord's-day, September 20*, when he resumed his ministry in the great congregation, he had to announce that, on an average, one church-member had been promoted to glory every day of the previous week; yet, amid the many bereavements, there had been much hearty congratulation that he had been spared to reach his fortieth birthday, and to be back again at his arduous but joyous post of duty. While he was away, the deacons had issued to the church and congregation a circular, from which we have made the following extract, believing that it will be of interest to our readers generally:—

"Dear Friends,—It is proposed to celebrate the Pastor's birthday by an expression of our gratitude for another year of happy fellowship in the work and worship of God, and by a substantial token of our love and esteem. Our 'sacrifices of thanksgiving' for the Divine blessing which has rested upon his ministry will be gratefully received by the Pastor on *Monday, September 21*. The amount which we place in his hands can be assigned to the funds of any of the Tabernacle Institutions we may suggest, or it may be left for the Pastor to distribute at his own discretion. In the evening, there will be a meeting in the Tabernacle for praise and prayer."

This proposal was duly carried out, and the response was most hearty. Last year, the total of the Pastors' Birthday Fund was £150; this year, he was able to announce at the prayer-meeting that £275 had been received, and he felt quite sure that the amount would reach £300, as the drenching rain must have kept many friends away, and others were waiting to bring their contributions at the end of the meeting. There was a very large attendance, for, in addition to the birthday celebration, Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir about to sail

for America were present, and many came to wish them a safe and prosperous tour, and to plead for the Lord's blessing to rest upon them. One friend and his wife gave to each of the lad's a small pocket Testament, strongly bound, and bearing a suitable inscription, and another "Mr. Anonymous" supplied them with half-a-crown each for pocket-money. Addresses were given by the Pastor and Mr. Charlesworth, and the meeting, which had been of a specially bright and happy character, was closed with the singing of the farewell hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

A somewhat similar birthday celebration took place at South Street Chapel, Greenwich, where PASTOR CHARLES SPURGEON'S many friends joined in congratulating him on attaining his fortieth birthday, and in presenting to the Lord their thankofferings for the many blessings granted to Pastor and people during another year.

THE "TEXT UNION."—The following communication from Pastor Charles Spurgeon will have a special personal interest to many of our readers:—

"Another year has passed since I wrote to the members of our 'Text Union,' and our numbers have been growing all the time, more than 15,000 having been enrolled. But this is not the best part of the work. Testimony still continues to be received of the spiritual good derived from adopting the 'Text Bond,' and this fact makes me more than ever anxious to see the ranks increased and the work extended. I dare not relinquish any effort to make the 'Text Union' even more widely known and richer in spiritual fruitfulness, so I desire to take all the members into my confidence and seek their practical sympathy. The labour involved in the clerical department has now become so great, that it is absolutely necessary for the proper administration of the 'Union' that someone should be engaged to act as secretary, and devote his whole time to the business of the 'Text Union.' The work connected with the addressing of envelopes (15,000), folding and enclosing circulars, registering members' names, despatching Almanacks and cards, besides answering innumerable letters received from members, is of such a nature that it is more than I can possibly accomplish, and although, hitherto, voluntary

help has been very willingly rendered, good as such aid has been, from a business point of view it has proved far from satisfactory. Believing that every member will render me financial support in this matter, I have temporarily engaged a Christian young man, and trust that funds may be forthcoming to allow me to secure the appointment of a permanent secretary for the good work. If every member would send a contribution, all expenses incurred in postage, printing, stationery, and secretarial labour would be both easily and amply met. If you have derived any spiritual blessing through the daily portions during the past year, will you give a *thankoffering to the Lord*, and in this way enable me to advance the interests of our beloved 'Text Union'? Can you and will you secure *one new member*, and so double our numbers? **TEX.**"

All communications concerning the "Text Union" should be addressed to Pastor C. Spurgeon, "Haddon," Dartmouth Row, Blackheath, London, S.E.

"OUR OWN HYMN BOOK."—We have occasionally heard of some of "Our Own Men" who have given up using the hymn-book compiled with so much care by our ever-beloved President, and in several instances it appears that they have adopted "Psalms and Hymns" because the profit is given to the widows and orphans of Baptist ministers. Without wishing for a moment to lessen the amount thus happily expended, or to make any comparison between the two compilations, we think our brethren ought to know that Mr. Spurgeon always gave away the whole of the profits of his hymn-book,—very largely to "Our Own Men."—and since his home-going, Mrs. Spurgeon has followed exactly on the lines laid down by her beloved husband. In addition to the undoubted merits of the collection, it seems to us that this fact ought to impart a special value to it in the eyes of all the sons of "Our Alma Mater." Perhaps, in the future, when other churches and ministers are considering the question of adopting a new hymn-book, they will kindly bear in mind the information contained in this paragraph.

In Memoriam.—Quite unintentionally, we omitted to mention last month that Mr. Joseph Fryer, whose portrait, with a sketch of his life, appeared in the February *Sword and Trowel*, was called home on July 24. A representative company of his former fellow-members attended at Norwood Cemetery the funeral of the "Tabernacle veteran"—as he was described in the article in the Magazine.

Among the many church-members who have lately been taken to the higher sanctuary were the wife of our Brother Hewson, travelling secretary of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, and one of the daughters of Elder Harden. The latter friend was a teacher in Haddon Hall

Sunday-school; she was at the Tabernacle on Lord's-day, September 13, and two days later was with the Lord: Mrs. Hewson had long been seriously ill. We pray that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may sustain the ever-growing number of bereaved ones in the church and congregation.

BRULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—The contract for the school-chapel has been signed during the past month, and the builders are getting on rapidly with the work. The cost will be £900, but there will be a further expenditure for baptistery and other items not included in the estimate, so there is still an opportunity for friends who take an interest in the new cause to have a share in the first portion of the building scheme. When it is paid for, prayer and liberality must be concentrated upon the heavier task of raising the amount for the larger structure; but this also will come in the Lord's own time and way.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of collectors and friends of the mission in North Africa will (D.V.) be held at the Tabernacle on *Monday, October 12*, when Pastor Thomas Spurgeon expects to preside, and Mr. Patrick is to speak. The Pastor writes:—"It is hoped that a special effort will be made to bring in overflowing boxes, and that a revival of interest will result from Mr. Patrick's description of the place and its peoples."

PASTORS' COLLEGE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—At the monthly meeting, held on *Thursday, September 10*, Mr. Jefferd spoke concerning Madeira, the place where he has been labouring for two years. The work there has been attended with great difficulties, as the people are priest-ridden, ignorant, and superstitious; but Mr. Jefferd has great hope for the island, and believes a good work can be done there, as the people are waiting for the truth. He said that, in order to carry out the work more efficiently, a "Gospel Mission" had been formed, and he hoped through this Mission to evangelize, not only Madeira, but the neighbouring island of Porto Santo,—forty miles away,—where a Protestant missionary has never hitherto been.

The address was very much appreciated by the students.

ORPHANAGE.—The next *collectors' meeting* will (D.V.) be held on *Tuesday, November 10*, when Pastor W. Cuff, of Shoreditch Tabernacle, has promised to deliver his popular lecture on the life and work of Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. J. H. Alabaster has kindly consented to preside.

Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir, after a series of farewell meetings, sailed from Southampton on September 26 for New York, where they hoped to arrive the following Saturday. Their first meetings

are to be held with Dr. MacArthur's friends, and then they go on to Dr. Lorimer, at Tremont Temple, Boston, where letters from American correspondents may be directed to them.

COLPORTAGE.—We are now awaiting our Master's good time for the increase in our General Fund, for which we have pleaded with His stewards, and we hope in next month's "Notes" to be in a position to return our hearty thanks for their kind and much-needed help. Although our treasury is low, spiritual blessings run high, the great promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive," having again been graciously fulfilled to us. The quarterly reports of our men show very blessed results from their preaching and visits, many having been led to trust the Saviour through the instrumentality of the colportours.

Mr. Slatter, of Tewkesbury, writes:—"I am thankful to say that the Lord is still blessing my labours. I was asked to preach at Ebbw Vale on June 14, when the presence of the Master was manifested in a

very special manner; at the close of the evening service, five of the congregation remained behind, and gave their hearts to Christ."

Mr. Brooker, of Cowfold, writes:—"One man, who, in bygone days, has opposed me very much about the services, and who used to think anything outside 'the Church' was wrong and sinful, and who called me 'a canting hypocrite' and other insulting names, after a good deal of pressure came to the meetings to see what they were like, and he has never been absent since the first Sunday he came. He called on me a little while ago, to inform me that himself and his wife and daughter are now trusting the Saviour, and happy in Him. They are amongst my most regular attendants and best supporters."

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms at Metropolitan Tabernacle:—
September 3, four.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Halls	0	10	0	Collection at Portmahon Baptist Chapel, Sheffield, per Pastor H. Trotman ...	3	16	0
Messrs. E. and G. Harris	2	2	0	Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Miss Bidewell	1	0	0	Mrs. H. Keevil	10	0	0
Mr. W. Pitcher	1	1	0	Mrs. Edwards	3	0	0
E. M.	0	5	0				
Rev. R. J. Beediff	0	2	6	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:			12 0 0
Friends at Garland Street Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmund's, per Pastor S. J. Baker	8	7	7	Aug. 16	32	0	0
Collection at Claremont Baptist Chapel, Bolton, per Pastor C. Cole	8	0	1	" 23	21	6	10
An affiliated missionary in India, per Pastor T. Spurgeon	0	12	0	" 30	25	2	0
W. H.	0	2	6	Sept. 6	26	7	9
Mrs. L. H.	0	10	0	" 13	10	5	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	2	2	0				115 1 7
							£145 12 3

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Miss Halls	0	10	0	An ancient friend to missions, Mrs. L. H.	1	0	0
Metropolitan Sunday-school Mission- ary Union	5	0	0				£7 7 1
H. McS.	0	6	0				
Mrs. Harvie, proceeds of collecting-box	0	11	1				

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 16th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Reed	3	0	0	Miss Bartlett	0	10	0
F. G. B.	0	1	6	Mrs. R. Horscroft	1	1	0
Mr. J. H. Hainsworth	0	5	0	P. W. H.	0	1	0
M. A. G.	0	10	0	Miss G. Webster	1	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Postal order, Queen Camel	0	2	6
Collected by Miss Kiddell	0	10	0
Miss M. Withers	0	10	0
Miss S. Carveley	0	5	0
A widow	0	2	0
Miss A. M. Davis	1	0	0
Proceeds of Sale of Work by Misses Nellie and Winnie Bowler and friends	0	12	0
Mr. Field	2	2	0
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	0
Mr. S. Buick	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. Woolidge	0	10	0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0	3	0
Sale of jewellery	0	14	3
Mrs. Watt	0	3	0
Mr. J. W. Moore	0	2	6
Collected by Mrs. Honour	1	1	0
Miss L. M. Ratt	0	7	0
Mrs. A. Mitchell	0	2	0
Mr. P. MacKinnon	10	0	0
M. A. L.	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Maden	0	7	6
Mr. Lewis	0	10	0
Morice Square Baptist Sunday School, Devonport, per Mr. W. H. Osambler	0	14	0
Mr. N. C. Thompson	10	0	0
Mr. T. Revan	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hawthorne	0	16	6
Mrs. Slodden	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wilson	0	10	0
Mrs. Goodman	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Graham	2	0	0
The Misses L. and D. Mason	0	2	9
Mr. Beatrice	0	10	0
Mr. E. B. Booth	1	1	0
D. T. D. Carmarthen	0	5	0
H. G. Norwich	1	0	0
M. W. Farnham	0	2	6
Mr. J. Cairns	0	10	0
Messrs. de Rothschild	2	2	0
Mr. T. Chamberlain	0	5	0
Collected by Mr. W. Dixon	0	12	6
B.	0	8	0
J. B. C.	1	0	0
Mrs. A. Pettit	0	5	0
Miss L. Wilson	0	5	0
E. E. M. W.	0	2	6
Mr. G. Baker	0	10	0
A widow	0	5	0
Collections at Barn Services, per Mr. E. J. Gorringe	2	7	2
Mrs. E. Walker	5	0	0
Collected by Miss S. Hughes	0	10	6
Miss J. Harding	0	1	0
Mrs. S. E. Page	10	0	0
Postal order, Port Glasgow	0	10	0
Collected by Master Blair	0	1	7

	£	s.	d.
Mr. W. Mingins	1	0	0
E. B. R.	7	10	0
Mrs. O. Walter	10	0	0
Mr. R. Graham	0	7	6
Miss N. Bryson	0	2	6
Mr. J. Wickham	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. D. Burgess	1	0	0
Mr. R. Morris George	0	5	0
F. G.	0	8	0
Mrs. E. Vane	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Shaw	5	0	0
Collected by Mrs. Halsey	1	8	3
Mr. T. Steer	0	15	0
Collected by Mr. and Mrs. F. Fieknoc	0	5	0
A. S.	0	10	0
M. S.	0	10	0
E. S. M.	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs. Dee	0	8	7
Mr. A. Humphries	0	18	6
I. M., Stromness	0	5	0
Mr. L. Horner	1	0	0
Mr. H. R. Kelsey	5	5	0
Miss E. L. Thompson	0	5	0
Per Mrs. J. Withers:—			
Mr. J. H. Fuller	2	9	0
Mrs. Cox	0	2	6
Mrs. J. Davis	0	2	6
Miss A. Maackereth	2	7	0
B. M.	0	2	6
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0
Box at Orphanage gates	2	5	6
Brocklehurst Street Mission, Hatcham, per Mr. J. A. Bates	1	0	0
Mr. E. Moses	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. M. Penning	0	8	6
Orphan Boys' cards, as per list	66	9	11
Orphan Girls' cards, as per list	43	9	5
Executors of the late Mr. David Rees Thomas	50	0	0
Executor of the late Mrs. Captain George Noel	300	0	0
Executors of the late Mr. Alexander Milne	89	14	8
Executor of the late Mr. G. Coxeter	4	4	11
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mrs. Ewart	1	1	0
Postal order, Park Road, Clapham	0	10	0
Mrs. Edwards	2	0	0
Meeting by Mr. Charismatic and the Orphanage Choir:—			
Christ Church, Westminster, P.S.A.	6	13	0
	£678	15	6

Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards:—Almond, R., 3s 3d; Algar, W. H., 3s 1d; Allnatt, W. H., 2s 6d; Angus, J. B., 5s 6d; Barton, C., 3s 5d; Beard, B., 7s 6d; Baker, F., 2l 1s; Butcher, F., 2l 1s; Bryett, C., 2l 1s; Bowles, S., 6s; Boggia, A., 5s; Bradstreet, H., 6s 4d; Beauchamp, J., 4s 6d; Barrow, J., C., 2l 1s; Bowles, S., 6s; Boggia, A., 5s; 10d; Burton, A., 2s; Burrough, D., 5s; Broom, B., 5s 6d; 8d; Baggaley, J., 12s; Bristow, S., 5s; Bourne, E., 8s 3d; Channer, B., 14s 6d; Cowley, C., 14s 10d; Baker, G., 5s 6d; Bradley, F., 2l 1s; Coppin, G., 7s 7d; Cracknell, E., 5s 10d; Clow, R., 14s 10d; Cross, W. D., 6s; Collingwood, F., 8s; Cole, J. L., 2l 16s; Challis, E., 2s 9d; Carter, P., 6s; Cluridge, G., 2s; Chapman, D., 2l 1s; Davis, W. F., 5s 6d; Davis, J., 7s; Davis, A., 14s 2d; Doal, B., Challis, H., 6s 2d; Clark, S., 1s 2d; Davis, W., 4s; Dubensky, E., 6s 6d; Everitt, E., 1s; 2l 1s; Dixon, A., 7s 9d; Dawson, S., 6s; French, C., 7s; Grundy, T., 14s 3d; Goodwin, W., 3s; Garton, F., Edwards, J., 4s; Fyfield, F., 7d; Prench, C., 7s; Hampton, J., 1s; Hutchinson, H., 7s 6d; Harris, F., 3s 4d; 14s; Harmer, F., 6s; Haselden, W., 7s; Horden, L., 1s 6d; Hewitt, W., 3s; Hookley, F., 2s 6d; Hunt, E., 9s 6d; Heritage, W., 6s 6d; Jones, D., 6d; Johnson, C., 4s 4d; Johnstone, C., 6s 6d; Hopwood, R., 17s 8d; Isaac, J. S., 2s 6d; Leigh, C., 4s 1d; Kirkpatrick, W., 16s 6d; Kingshott, A., 2l 1s; Jones, G., 1s 8d; Kirby, M., 14s; Kay, H., 4s 6d; Laselett, A., 2l 1s 6d; Latzer, J., 3s; Keats, H., 2s 8d; King, F., 10s 6d; Leigh, C., 4s 1d; Leach, E., 6s 10d; Mantelow, P., 10s 3d; Lunders, A., 1s; Lee, L., 10s; Llewellyn, A., 6s 6d; Newton, H. B., 12s 7d; Newton, G., 8s 1d; Mudder, F., 5s 8d; Murphy, G., 10s; Mann, J., 2l 1s; McMechan, O., 10s; Mathias, R., 3s; Muskell, B., 1s; Nokes, G., 4s 2d; Noble, A., 6s 6d; Newton, H. B., 12s 7d; Phelps, W., 1s 8d; Price, G., Nobbs, W., 2l 1s; Pottle, J., 5s; Preston, V., 16s; Pepler, L., 7s 10d; Phelps, W., 1s 8d; Price, G., 7s 7d; Pratt, J. E., 7s; Pullen, F. C., 4d; Pavey, P., 12s 8d; Page, J., 2l 1s; Prichard, D., 1s; Pile, C., 7s 6d; Rawlinson, E., 3s; Rickwood, S., 1s; R-dmill, G., 3s 1d; Robins, A., 10s 4d; Rogers II., 7s; Rodwell, B., 1s; Smith, W. A., 2l 1s; Saville, B., 1s 2d; Sheath, F., 6s; Sankey, P., 6s; Sluice, B.,

10s; Seward, P., 2s 12s 6d; Shurley, B., 1s; Shinn, A., 14s; Shaw, W., 2s 3d; Smith, S., 5s 1d; Stratford, T., 1s 1s; Simmonds, G., 10s 6d; Skelly, J., 12s; Steere, P., 2s 7d; Shorten, R., 6s; Sargeant, D., 6s 2d; Tier, C., 7s 3d; Townsend, W., 7d; Taylor, W. A., 7s 9d; Terry, G., 12s 3d; Tipper, W. A., 3s 6d; Tyers, P., 9s 6d; Taffe, P., 1s 6d; Trinder, G., 4s 1d; Viney, P., 7s 1d; Voysey, E. A., 1s 1s; Whatmough, C., 12s; Willmott, W., 11s; Watson, J., 1s 1s; Warburton, C., 2s 6d; Woods, W., 3s 6d; Webb, A., 3d; Williams, E., 14s 4d; Woods, C., 2s 6d; Witney, T., 6s 6d; Wild, C. E., 4s 1d; Wright, H., 2s 6d; Woollard, E., 4d; Warren, H., 7s 8d; Williamson, A., 8s; Wickins, G., 5s 6d; Weston, H., 11s 4d; Ward, P., 1s 1s; Wilmore, H., 2s 6d; Wallis, B., 5s 8d; Warrington, S., 8s; Yerbury, H., 6d. Total, £66 9s. 11d.

Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards.—Addis, E., 6s; Aahbourne, E., 4s 6d; Ayling, A., 4s; Ashton, K., 2s 6d; Ayres, E., 8s 6d; Brown, L., 2s 6d; Birch, A., 10s 8d; Buhicrossan, U., 5s 1d; Baker, G., 6d; Brooks, L., 7s; Band, C., 7s; Brinsdon, A., 9s 8d; Barton, E., 4s; Burroughs, E., 7s; Barnes, A., 4s 6d; Briggs, M., 3s 11d; Blundell, M., 3s; Collins, L., 8s 11d; Cole, E., 10s 6d; Cracknell, H., 6s 10d; Court, A., 5s 6d; Ceell, L., 1s 4d; Cullen, A., 9s 5d; Coppendale, E., 1s 6d; Crispin, M., 10s 8d; Cobb, L., 6s; Coombes, I., 3s; Choat, R., 10s 3d; Civil, E., 1s 1s; Clark, M., 2s; Cory, C., 6s; Cooke, H., 5s 6d; Collins, K., 8s 8d; Creese, S., 7s; Crawford, R., 21s 1s; Day, N., 3s 6d; Dennis, M., 6s; Day, M., 4s; Dunlop, E., 6s 4d; Day, M., A., 6d; Dolittle, M., 1s 3d; Dine, E., 4s 3d; Davis, G., 16s 8d; Dunalow, R., 7d; Dodd, G., 2s; Dew, E., 6s 1d; Durham, L., 7s 4d; Ellis, E., 3s 5d; Ebdon, M., 6s; Eason, E., 10s; Elliott, A., 10s; Fleetwood, B., 6s 6d; Fletcher, G., 6d; Francis, K., 6s; Fielding, B., 2s 6d; Friend, M., 21s 1s; Figgins, E., 1s; Field, N., 2s 6d; Gater, E., 9s; Grover, B., 4s; Gouyn, E., 4s 8d; Geldart, C., 2s; Goss, M., 3s 2d; Grove, C., 11s; Gearain, B., 3s 6d; Gurteen, E., 6s; Grimes, B., 4s; Grover, K., 7s 8d; Griffiths, A., 2s; Green, K., 2s 6d; Gouyn, A., 4s 10d; Hyland, E., 10s; Harper, A., 3s; Hudson, E., 3s; Hazelton, D., 1s 1s; Hall, F., 6s 6d; Heath, K., 2s 6d; Hicks, M., 1s 6d; Hull, A., 2s 5d; Hollingworth, M., 8d; Hicks, S., 1s; Harmer, E., 1s; Knotts, A., 10s 11d; Kimber, E., 2s; King, E., 7s; Last, A., 4s; Lawrence, C., 3s 6d; Lacey, M., 3s; Lamb, M., 5s 1d; Lee, G., 4s 6d; Mason, M., 7s 8d; Millet, M., 10s; Moorcroft, R., 1s 6d; Munday, J., 7s; Mitchell, K., 2s 9d; Marlow, B., 2s 4d; Muge, B., 5s 3d; Mudge, M., 6s; Mott, B., 8d; Marlow, J., 1s 1s; McCarty, L., 7s; Marfleet, E., 3s 6d; Mayell, B., 1s 9d; Marks, C., 3s; Martin, N., 1s 2d; Marjoram, E., 2s 1d; Norris, F., 1s 11s 6d; Nutt, M., 7s 6d; Orbell, M., 1s 4d; Peak, E., 1s; Papworth, E., 6s 6d; Palmer, C., 4d; Page, E., 10d; Petty, V., 4s 3d; Roser, L., 1s 1s; Reis, E., 2s 2d; Smart, E., 3s; Still, M., 1s 8d; Sadler, M., 1s 6d; Scott, K., 4s; Suttell, M., 3s 5d; Sharp, M., 2s 6d; Smith, D., 7s 2d; Senyard, M., 3s 7d; Spencer, G., 2s 6d; Smith, E., 1s; Smith, C., 12s; Sandy, E., 2s; Smith, M., 5s. 2d; Sanders, L., 6s; Saltmarsh, E., 6s 4d; Turner, L., 4s; Tinworth, M., 1s 4d; Tower, W., 21 10s; Tash, R., 6d; Tutt, M., 1s; Villars, C., 1s 2d; Wiltshire, F., 5s 6d; Witting, J., 16s; Windfield, L., 10s; Wallace, E., 3s; Wicks, R., 4s 6d; Williams, L., 1s 1d; White, M., 3s; Widdeson, M., 7s 6d; Wiffen, B., 3s 6d; Wilson, A., 5s. 1d; Weeks, M., 3s; Wallis, E., 3s 3d; Williams, L., 4s 6d. Total, £428 9s. 8d.

List of Presents from August 15th to September 14th, 1896.—PROVISIONS:—1 Large Cake, Miss Dawson; 40 quarters Bread, Mr. A. Burr; 90 lbs. Tea, Messrs. Armstrong and Co.; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 1 hamper Plums, Mr. John Townrow; 28 lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 23 lbs. Baking Powder, Messrs. Freeman and Hildyard; 224 lbs. Rice, Mr. J. L. Potter; 43 lbs. Sausages, Mr. J. T. Crosher.

Boys' Clothing.—15 Shirts, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 45 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 box Worn Collars and Ties, Mrs. A. Pettit; 24 Scarfs, 19 Neckerchiefs, 4 Shirts, Mrs. Graham; 3 pairs Socks, Mrs. J. McCulloch; 4 Articles, Mrs. Wilkinson.

Girls' Clothing.—9 Waterproof Cloaks, a Friend, per Mrs. Finch; 1 pair Boots, 1 Pinafore, Miss Dawson; 6 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Wynne Road Baptist Chapel, per Mrs. R. S. Pearce; 3 Articles, Mrs. G. Thompson; 3 Worn Garments, Miss Rachel Hall; 12 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 1 box Worn Clothing, &c., Anon; 3 Lace Collars, Mrs. J. McCulloch; 14 Garments, Mrs. Wilkinson; 6 Pinafores, Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon.

GENERAL.—1 Scrap Book, Miss Dawson; a quantity Old Stamps, Mrs. M. Keeling; 1 load Firewood, Mr. F. Fisher; 7 tons 3 cwt. House Coal, Mr. R. K. Juniper; 90 large Bundles Firewood, Messrs. Jonas Smith and Co.; 1 cwt. Blacking, Messrs. Carr and Son; 4 Dolls, Mrs. Wilkinson.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>				Sellindge, per T. Sharwood	—	3	10
Tewkesbury, Mrs. Robinson	...	5	0				
Western Baptist Association	...	11	5		£11	5	0
Kettering, Mr. G. Barrett	...	7	10				
Earls Colne, Mr. J. A. Tawell	...	10	0	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>			
Tewkesbury, Pastor J. E. Brett	...	1	5	Mrs. Sinclair	...	0	5
Tewkesbury, Pastor W. Davies	...	0	10	Mr. W. Hiley, Rhymer	...	20	19
Hanford, Mr. Samuel Ward	...	11	5	Mrs. Greenop, per Mr. W. Andrew	...	0	3
Tewkesbury, Mrs. B. White	...	1	5	Mr. John Marham	...	2	0
Shipley and Whampton, Miss E. A. Tyler	...	11	5	W. H. A.	...	0	5
Anonymous, Liverpool	...	1	0	An afflicted missionary in India, per Pastor Thomas Spurgeon	...	0	10
Repton and Swadlinoote, per E. S.	...	20	0				
Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. J. Smallwood	...	8	15				
Maldon, Mr. A. G. Sudd	...	7	10				
Langham, per Mr. Thomas Scott	...	11	5				
					£34	4	0

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from August 15th to September 14th, 1896.

Mr. J. Wyoliffe Wilson £ s. d.
... .. 1 0 0

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from August 14th to September 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
From Wills	0	10	0	Mr. P. Lamont	0	5	0
Mr. Beck	1	0	0	Miss Brown	1	0	0
Mr. W. Perry	0	12	0	Miss Thompson	0	3	0
Mr. D. Shaw	1	0	0	Mrs. Calder	10	0	0
Mrs. Bowden	0	12	6				
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>			
"Rumcorn"	0	2	0	Mrs. Calder	5	0	0
A thankoffering, Isleham	0	5	0	Mrs. Thomas	2	0	0
M. A. H.	0	10	0				
A reader of the <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0	3	0				
Jessie Taylor	0	10	0				
							£24 12 6

Boulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from August 14th to September 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	731	3	10	Mrs. H. Keevil	5	0	0
Mrs. Edwards	1	0	0	Mr. James Friend	1	0	0
Miss West	1	0	0	<i>Per Pastor J. S. Hooker:—</i>			
Anon.	0	1	0	Mr. Chizlett	0	10	6
Mrs. Jeffery	0	13	6	Miss H. M. Dives	0	5	0
G. Rogers	0	10	0	Mr. Shaw	1	1	0
Ada	0	3	0	Mr. Goodrich	0	10	0
Letty	0	2	0	Mr. Barter	0	1	0
Kate	0	1	0	Mr. Cheal	1	0	0
Mrs. Sinclair	0	6	6	Miss E. Cheal	0	5	0
Mr. J. E. Bayley	2	0	0	Miss N. Cheal	0	5	0
J. I. S.	2	2	0	Miss M. Cheal	0	2	6
Mr. J. Coxeter	10	0	0	Master W. Cheal	0	2	0
Mr. S. Hayes	5	0	0	Brixton	0	1	0
In loving memory	0	5	0	Mr. Hutchinson	1	0	0
Mrs. Ewart	1	0	0	Mrs. Phillips	1	0	0
Mrs. Halsey	1	0	0	Box at 'Institute' door, Bexhill	0	8	6
Mrs. Higgs	5	0	0				
Tabernacle prayer-meeting	0	2	6				6 6 6
A. Z.	1	0	0				
Mr. C. H. Frise	5	0	0				£781 18 10
Mr. J. H. Field	2	2	0				

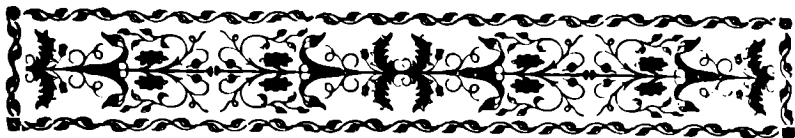
(Promises unpaid, £47 11s. 6d.)

Received, with thanks, for Hop-pickers' Mission,—A sympathizer, 5s.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Boulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Boulah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

Christ's Superlative Loveliness.

A COMMUNION MEDITATION, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women: what is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us? My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand. His head is as the most fine gold, His locks are bushy, and black as a raven. His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set. His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers: His lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh. His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl: His body is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires. His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold: His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His mouth is most sweet: yea, He is altogether lovely."—Solomon's Song v. 9—16.



WE have no time for a preface, so we will go at once to the passage which is to be the subject of this evening's meditation.

I. The text is a question repeated, and we will commence with A FEW REMARKS CONCERNING THE QUESTION.

Our first remark is this,—*it was a question asked of the spouse when she was in sadness.* She had lost the presence of her Lord, and she was seeking Him in the dark. She had lost her veil, she had been beaten and wounded by the watchmen of the city, and it was at that time that she said, "I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell Him, that I am sick of love;" and then it was that the question was asked of her, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" Learn hence, that a Christian may be useful even in his lowest spiritual condition, and that sadness and depression of spirit ought not to prevent our looking out for opportunities of magnifying

our Lord. Even if He should not smile on me, yet will I trust Him ; and if I cannot preach with delight, I will preach all the same. If I may not myself enjoy the feast, I will spread the table for others. If Christ is not pleased to give me the dainties of communion with Himself, yet will I wait at the posts of His door, and be found willing to serve Him there or anywhere. As the spouse, though in distress, was made a blessing to the daughters of Jerusalem, so you, my brethren and sisters, though not always enjoying the full assurance of faith, may yet be made a blessing to those among whom you dwell.

The question in the text was also put *because those who asked it perceived a singular beauty in the spouse*. They addressed her as "fairest among women." If she had been an ordinary person, the object of her love would not have interested them ; but when they looked upon her, and saw her to be so supremely beautiful, they then took an interest in that which interested her. Learn from this, my brethren and sisters in Christ, that if we would attract the world's attention to our holy faith, we must be renowned for holiness ourselves. If you who profess to be Christians are no better than other people, no one will want to know what your religion is. If you can be as false and as frivolous, as wicked and as worldly, as others are, then men will care nothing at all for the faith you hold, but they will suppose it to be of that worthless and useless kind which is so abundant throughout the world. A holy Christian makes an enquiring family, and by-and-by, an enquiring neighbourhood. When men see you to be more strict in your integrity than they are, they will want to know of whom you learned this virtue. If they see you more patient in suffering, more zealous in service, more generous to the poor, more careful of the sick, they will ask, "With whom do these people consort? Who is their Lord and Master? for we would fain know Him, too, and learn of Him as they have done." Oh, that each of us had this beauty! I am afraid that, oftentimes, we are so unlike what we should be, that men may be well acquainted with us, and yet never be concerned to know the motives which actuate us.

Further, the question in the text was *suggested by the evident earnestness of the person to whom it was addressed*. She came to the daughters of Jerusalem with anxious face and tearful eye, and spoke of her Beloved, and then they enquired, "Who is He, and what is there about Him that is so charming as thus to ravish thy heart?" Yes, and we also must be in earnest concerning our religion if we are ever to make the world care to know anything about it. You who play fast and loose with Christ, you who wear His holy Name, but have never felt the power of it in your souls, who were never transported with His charms, who never did give yourselves up wholly to Him,—you, I say, will never lead others to Him. Give me the man whose heart is full of Christ, whose eye flashes with celestial joy at the very thought of Jesus, give me the man all on fire with love to Christ, a man of zeal, and earnestness, and holy passion, and such a man will burn his way through the dull, stolid masses of this city's population, and compel men to ask, "Why is this stir? What is it all about? Why is the man so in earnest? What is his Beloved better than any other

beloved that he should so charge us?" Oh, for the sacred fire of this holy enthusiasm! It is this that we want; may the Spirit of God mightily work it in us!

Please notice also that, as the beauty and earnestness of the spouse led to enquiries being made, *she was ready at once to give an answer.* "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" was the question, and there was no time lost between the query and the reply of the spouse: "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand;" and then she went on to describe all the parts of His person with an infinite delight. She had the subject, as we say, "at her fingers' ends," or, what is much better, she had it in her heart's core. So, dear Christian friends, if you have in like manner excited enquiry concerning your holy religion, "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." There is nothing to be ashamed of in being a follower of Christ, but there is much to be ashamed of if we are ashamed of Him. You will find some professors who know so little, who have so small an intelligent knowledge concerning the Saviour, that if anyone should enquire of them concerning Christ, he would get but a sorry answer. Let it not be so with you, beloved. Study His Word, for there you have a description of His many charms. Live near to Him, for by close communion with Him you will come to know Him better, and then, though your accents should be stammering, and your cheeks should blush under the soft impeachment of being in love with Jesus, yet as you tell out the story of His matchless beauty, and magnify His peerless person, others shall be won to love Him, too.

It seems that *the answer given to the question was amply blessed.* If you turn to the next chapter of the Song, you will find the daughters of Jerusalem saying to the spouse, "Whither is thy Beloved gone, O thou fairest among women? whither is thy Beloved turned aside? that we may seek Him with thee." Oh, happy result! The question was asked, and in answering it the spouse had an opportunity of praising her Beloved so that the enquirers said to her, "Whither is thy Beloved turned aside? that we may seek Him with thee." So, dear friends, while I am trying to talk to you about Christ, my heart longs, and pants, and thirsts that some of you may say, "We will seek Him with thee." If that shall be the result of our meditation, my soul will be perfectly satisfied with so blessed a reward.

These, then, are my remarks respecting the origin of the question.

II. I will now speak to you CONCERNING THE QUESTION ITSELF.

If you look at it carefully, you will see in it three things. First, you will at once see that, *in every true lover of the Saviour, his love is so conspicuous that the most shallow observer will soon discover it.* These daughters of Jerusalem who asked the question were merely people whom the spouse met in the street, yet they asked her, "What is thy Beloved more than another beloved?" We are not true Christians unless Christ is conspicuously the Beloved of our souls. I am persuaded that there are thousands of people who claim to be Christians who never really had in their souls a grain of love to Jesus. They go to their places of worship because it is proper to do so, and

they would hardly be reckoned respectable if they did not go; but they wish in their hearts that they dared to stop away. As for love to Christ, or the kindling of a holy flame of ardent affection for the things of God, they are strangers to it. Dear friends, let me tell you solemnly that the religion which does not grow out of love to Christ is a religion of which you will be ashamed at the last great day. You must love Christ, ay, and love Him better than kinsfolk or acquaintance, or you are none of His, for He Himself has said that, unless you love Him better than father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and your own life also, you cannot be His disciple. Christ will either monopolize your affection or have none of it. He must be the Head of your whole being, and you must take Him to be your bosom's absolute Lord for ever, or else you really know nothing of Him, and are not saved by Him. What say you, dear hearers,—especially those of you who are coming to the Lord's table,—do you truly love Jesus? Let each one put in his inmost soul the question,—

“ Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not? ”

and let the answer be distinct and clear, “ Lord, thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee.”

“ Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each odious idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

“ Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But oh, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more! ”

The second thing in this question is this,—it is quite clear that, *men in the judgment of the casual observer, a Christian who is truly in love with Christ prefers Him to all others.* We have all heard of the Pantheon which was erected in the form of a circle in order that all the gods of the heathen might stand looking towards one another, each one having an equal place of honour. It is said that it was proposed to put the statue of Jesus there, that He might have a place with all the other gods, and mere worldly professors might agree to this. Buddhists, and Mohammedans, and idolaters of every kind may say, “ Oh, yes! you may worship your Jesus, and we will serve Juggernaut,” or whatever idol they may prefer; but the religion of the Lord Jesus cannot consent to this arrangement, for it is intolerant of all others. It is tolerant to the last degree as far as touching men with the arm of the law is concerned, for we believe in perfect freedom for all in matters of religion, and we hold that no government as such has any right either to support or to condemn a religion. We believe that there is no more right to be an established episcopal church in this land than that there should be an established religion of fire-worshippers. Let the church stand or fall on her own merits as judged by the Word of God: and if she cannot maintain herself, let her perish. This is but fair and honest to all men; but, though we preach that doctrine, and

hold it firmly, and maintain that no man should suffer in this world for his faith, let that faith be what it may, yet all are responsible to God to find out what is true, and the religion of Jesus does not say. "You may believe as you like, and yet it will be all right at the last," but Christ says, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned;" and there it ends. It makes no allowance for those who have not believed. When Christ comes into the Pantheon, down must go all the idols and false gods, that Christ, and Christ alone, may sit upon the throne. Our Beloved is so much more than another beloved that we claim the preference for Him, and we will not have a good word for any other beloved. He must be loved, and He alone, and all the gods of the heathen and all the gods of man's base heart must be given up. I ask you, dear friends, whether your religion is the chief thing with you. If not, I am afraid you have not a religion that is worth having. Unless it is above all other things to you, I fear you have never learned it in deed and in truth.

One thing more this question teaches us, namely, that *if we stand on this high ground, we may expect many to dispute it with us.* They will ask the question, "What is your Beloved more than another beloved, that you set Him up alone, and put everyone else down?" Christ always had adversaries and gainsayers, and He always will until the brightness of His presence shall consume them. Do not the kings of the earth still stand up, and take council together against the Lord and against His Anointed? Did not Herod seek to destroy the young child Jesus, and did not wicked men hunt Him all His life until on the cross they thought they had conquered Him, whereas He had really vanquished them? Are not the great ones of the earth still opposed to King Jesus? Well, then, Christian, expect it to be the same with you, reckon upon having a life of warfare; but be of good cheer, for He has overcome the world, and so shall you.

III. Having spoken to you of the surroundings of the question, and of the question itself, I must now ask your attention for a few minutes to THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION.

Is Christ better than any other object of love? Speaking experimentally, we can say that we know that He is, for some of us, after having tried other lovers, have proved Him to be the best of all. There are some here present who now love the Lord, but who once loved the pleasures of sin. I know what you would say if you were to stand up and speak. Well, dear friends, were the pleasures of sin ever equal to the pleasures of the love of Christ? I know that once you could empty the flowing bowl, you enjoyed the sweet sound of the lute and the viol, you were with the giddy multitude by day, and with the wicked by night; some of you spent the earlier part of your life in such ways, but how is it with you now? "Oh!" answers one, "I am ashamed that it was ever true of me; I cannot look back upon it with any satisfaction; while I was in it, the mirth was loud, but it was not solid; the waters rippled, but they were shallow; now I have come to this well, the waters of which are deep and satisfying, I dare not even put in contrast Belial and Emmanuel; I would not for a moment compare the pleasures of sin with the perfections of the Lord:

truly, there is none that is equal to my Beloved." Some of you, perhaps, have tried the ways of the world in the matter of respectability and wealth. Thousands of people live only to get money,—not, perhaps, to grow immensely rich, but still to occupy in society a certain position of respectability. This is not altogether the grossest aim a man might have; still, it is living for self, and nothing more. You who have attended to your business with all your might and soul, and who thereby have made money, I know, if you now love Christ, the sweetness of love to Him makes all your successes pale their fires. In all that the world can yield, you find no joy that can be compared with the love of Jesus. Is it not so? And do you not perceive that, when your substance shall vanish in the cold blast of death, Christ will then stand out as the only real wealth that you possess?

There may be some young man here who is trying hard to obtain all the learning that he can, and his head aches with his long studies. Study as hard as thou canst, my young friend, but remember that, if the attainment of learning be thine only object, if thou hast nothing higher or deeper than that, thy learning, when thou hast mastered it all, will only make thee a learned fool. It is a poor thing to live for by itself. Take up the skull of the philosopher, and the skull of the greatest dunce, when they have been dead three years, and find out the difference between them if you can; there is no more then within the one than there is within the other. He who lives only to acquire learning loses it when he dies, but he who lives wholly for Christ may take his learning with him across the stream of death into the land of immortality. Whatever else there may be that is admirable in the world, I am resolved more and more to exalt my blessed Master, arrayed in robes of glory and beauty, and to say, "There is no beloved like my Beloved."

This is what is to be said in praise of Him. First, *our Beloved has a character such as was never heard or known of before*. The spouse says, "My Beloved is white and ruddy." Our Lord Jesus is perfectly pure. Infidels have read the life of Christ through and through to try to find faults in it; but, as to any truthful accusation against Him, they have utterly failed, and the most of them have been subdued by its charms. That life of Christ, if it could be proved to be a fiction, would prove man himself to be infinite in having conceived so marvellous an idea,—no virtue in excess, and not the slightest taint of evil. The matchless character of Christ Jesus our Lord must strike every mind with awe, and every holy man with love. Taken in connection with His substitutionary sufferings, that life has charms indeed. He was perfect, yet despised and rejected of men, and led like a lamb to the slaughter,—"*white and ruddy*." O beloved, I wish I could take you into the very heart of my subject, but I cannot! Yet my Master's sweet character, and His bitter death, ought to win your hearts to Him: they ought to fasten the eyes of your soul upon Him till you should be enraptured with Him. Fires of holy love, vehement as the flame of the coals of juniper, should burn in the bosom of everyone who loves the Lord.

If you will, at your leisure, read the spouse's description of her Bridegroom, you will find that it is exceedingly delightful. She says

of Him, "*His head is as the most fine gold.*" Truly, when Christ teaches us, the thoughts that come from His marvellous head, the mighty doctrines which emanate from that wondrous brain of His, are like fine gold. The teachings of human philosophy are mere dross and alloy compared with the philosophy which Christ taught. He is the Master-Teacher, the Great Rabbi, the Divine Philosopher who has taught us to love the true wisdom: "*His head is as the most fine gold,*" and further, says the spouse, "*His locks are bushy, and black as a raven.*" No age has affected Him. Systems of theology and systems of philosophy have grown grey and disappeared: but the religion of Jesus Christ still has locks that are bushy and black as a raven. Christ still has "*the dew of His youth.*" The longer the world exists, the more fair will be the truth as it is in Jesus. You need never fear that, in twenty years' time, the gospel will be superseded; the old-fashioned gospel of our grandsires, the gospel of the Puritans, the gospel of the Smithfield martyr-fires, the gospel of the Alpine valleys, the gospel of the Roman amphitheatre where the early Christians died, the gospel of Paul, the gospel of our Lord Jesus, still is as young and fresh and vigorous as ever.

Then the spouse says of her Bridegroom, as though she knew Him well, "*His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters, washed with milk, and fitly set.*" When He looks upon the sons of men, His eyes are the eyes of a peaceful dove; there is no thought of cruelty in Christ, no desire to destroy. All is meekness and gentleness in Him, but that gentleness is associated with purity: "*His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of waters.*" These are the rivers of His tears, for His eyes poured forth floods of grief on our account. "*Washed with milk,*" it is said. So pure is Christ's love to His people that He hates their sins while He loves their souls with a love unfathomed and eternal. "*And fitly set,*" Christ's eyes look straight on. Wisdom governs all that He does; there are no imperfections in His judgment, no mistakes in His purpose. Those eyes of love which He fixes upon you, my Christian brother or sister, are eyes of wisdom as well as eyes of affection, eyes of purity as well as eyes of grace.

The spouse next goes on to describe her Bridegroom's cheeks: "*His cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers.*" Christ's silent communings with His people the spouse compares to a bed of spices, and all of you who have ever had communion with Christ,—not merely in public through the Word, but alone in the privacy of your chambers,—you know how fragrant the love of the Saviour is. "*As sweet flowers,*" says she, yielding their perfume to all who can perceive it. Oh, to be near Christ! There are no flowers that bloom on earth that can be compared in their best sweetness, or on the sunniest May-day, with the love of our Lord Jesus. I cannot fully explain this mystery to you who know nothing of it, but the fact will never be denied by you who have proved it by happy experience.

The spouse, as she still thinks of her Beloved, says, "*His lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh.*" Christ's promises are all pure and perfect; they are what earthly lilies are not, they are full of myrrh. A promise from Christ is richer than all the promises of a king. One word from Thy blessed lips, my Master, shall more delight

me than all the hallelujahs of the skies. Let me but hear thy voice, and I would not change its music for all the harps of gold that ring out their melody in the streets of Heaven.

The spouse further adds, "*His hands are as gold rings set with the beryl.*" Christ is an active Saviour, working and toiling for us, and He does such marvels for us that we see the ring of his everlasting love set with the jewels of His omnipotence, His faithfulness, His wisdom, and His immutability. Look back upon all the history of Christ, and you will see this to be true.

Then the bride passes on to the more hidden parts of her Bridegroom. She speaks of His bowels, for that is the word, the bowels of His compassion towards us, and these she compares to "*bright ivory overlaid with sapphires,*" as if she did not know how to set forth all His glories.

"The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know ;"

and neither bright ivory nor precious sapphires shall be able to describe the condescension, the gentleness, or the love of Jesus. As for His goings-forth, which were of old, and all His present movements towards His church, the spouse says, "*His legs are as pillars of marble,*" and as the strength of a pillar depends greatly upon its base, she says that they are "*set upon sockets of fine gold.*" Yes, the goings of Christ towards us are based and grounded upon His Deity, His infallibility, His immutability, His truth, His faithfulness. All else stands upon a sandy foundation, but our Lord Jesus is firmly fixed for ever and ever, blessed be His holy Name!

The bride closes her description by declaring of her Bridegroom that "*His countenance*"—or rather, as the word should be, "*his whole aspect is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars. His mouth is most sweet : yea, He is altogether lovely.*" It has been said that, if the history of all the tyrants in the world had been lost, you might paint a picture of all tyrants out of the one portrait of Henry the Eighth. Whether that is true or not, we know that, if all the pictures of loveliness in this world were lost, you might pourtray all true loveliness out of the single person of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! but you should see Him! Oh, but you should get even a glimpse of Him! How can we rightly talk of beauty? It is a thing to be seen; it is a matter, not so much for the tongue of the speaker as for the eye of the observer. Oh, but you should see Him! Beloved, you should see Jesus in your darkest hours appearing as the Sun of Righteousness to make you glad. You should see Him as some of us have seen Him when we have been communing with Him at His table, and He has taken us in the chariots of Ammi-nadib away from all this world's care. You should see Him as some of the saints of old saw Him, in their prison cells or in their private place of retirement, when they waited upon Him, and He revealed Himself unto them as He doth not unto the world. You should see Him as the angels see Him; how glad their eyes are made by looking upon Him! Nothing charms them in all Heaven like a sight of Christ. The pavement of shining gold, the walls of chrysolite and of jasper, and the gates of pearl, are as nothing to them; Jesus, *Jesus*, *JESUS*, He is Heaven, He is bliss, He is the very

glory of glory. Ah! and you shall see Him,—some of you perhaps in a very few weeks' time,—when your spirit shall be freed from the shackles of this clay; yes, you shall see Him whom you have loved. It is sweet to hear of Him, but what must it be to behold Him!

Ah! and you ungodly ones shall see Him, as we all shall see Him, for He will come in the latter days upon the clouds of heaven to judge the world in righteousness. Then you who have despised Him will not sing as you do now; for then shall your harps and viols give place to mournful wailings which shall never know an end. Then shall you look on Him whom you have pierced,—not to trust Him, but to flee from Him, and to cry to the rocks and to the hills to hide you from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne.

Behold He comes; on flying clouds He comes! Ye who love Him, let the prospect cheer you. You shall see Him, but not afar off: for you shall fly into His bosom. You shall be like Him, you shall reflect His beauty everlastingly; and this shall be your never-ending portion, to be with Him where He is, and to behold His glory, the glory which His Father gave Him or ever the earth was. O beloved, are you not longing to be with Him? Do not your souls pine for Him? If so, ask Him to manifest Himself to you now, for though He is not here in person, yet His Holy Spirit can so describe and depict Him to you that your spirit shall be brought into sweetest fellowship with His Spirit. Say unto Him, "Sweet Lord, talk with me as Thou didst with the disciples at Emmaus." Put the preacher aside, forget his feeble words. Ay, and when you come to the table, I pray you put aside the emblems; do not think of them further than they can help you to think of Him. If your eyes be defiled and dim, so that you see the signs but see not Him, let this be a grief to you: cry to Him,—“Saviour, I must have Thee; I cannot take a stone instead of bread; I must have Thyself. Sacraments and ordinances, what are these by themselves? I cannot be content with anything but Thyself.”

“Come, spread Thy savour on my frame,
No sweetness is so sweet;
Till I get up to sing Thy name,
Where all Thy singers meet.”

Humble and contrite spirits, you shall not be denied. Christ will bid you put your finger into the print of the nails, He will bid you thrust your hand into His side. He loves you, He is very near to you; think not that He forgets you because He is in Heaven, and you are down here. His heart is with you, and He is Himself present with you according to His promise, “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” If any of you suffer, He suffers with you. If you rejoice, He rejoices in sympathy with you. Look up to Him, and beseech Him to look down to you, and may you have a blessed and happy time of fellowship with Him at His table!

If there be any of you who wish to know Him, remember that to know Him you have nothing to do but to trust Him, to depend upon Him. May the Holy Ghost give you the power to exercise simple faith in Him! The moment that you do so, you are saved. May God give you His blessing, for Christ's sake! Amen.

Mrs. C. S. Spurgeon's Work-room.

THE walls of the "meeting-house" (dear, old-fashioned, much-revered name) at BEXHILL-ON-SEA are rapidly rising, and my hopes and desires are mounting upward also. It is astonishing, if one prays much about a place or a purpose for God's glory, how close and dear to one's heart the thing grows. Mr. Hockey's ministry at the temporary place of worship is the constant subject of intercession at the throne of grace, and every token which the Lord gives of His approval and favour thrills my soul with adoring gratitude and love. What hath God wrought! Ever since, in answer to prayer, the first seed-thought of the work was sown in my heart, it has grown in the sunshine of a full assurance that it would be perfected by Him, and I think that all who are concerned in this service feel such a blessed certainty that the Lord has undertaken the whole matter, that the message to King Jehoshaphat has been repeated in our history,—“Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you.” We have “set ourselves” to seek the Lord, *and Him only*, in the building of a house to His Name, and with happy certainty we believe He will accomplish it all in His own good time. “This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes,” is a word so constantly on our lips, and in our minds, that we have the joy of praising Him all the day long for His goodness. Sometimes, we are as those that dream, in our astonishment at the fulfilment of our desires, for it is as yet scarcely nine months since the Lord prompted the purpose, and commissioned Mr. Hockey to carry it out. With rare faith and obedience, he responded to the Master's call, and through all difficulty and discouragement he has steadily gone forward, preaching the pure gospel of the grace of God; and before the end of this year, by God's blessing, a pretty little school-chapel, ALL PAID FOR, will be a standing proof that God hears prayer and answers it, and honours the faith which He first bestows.

Thinking over the matter, the other day, I said to myself, “Well, whatever the building may cost, it would ill become *you* to have any doubt about raising the money; it is twenty years since you commenced the Book Fund, and God has during that time sent you £30,000 without your having asked a single human being to help you by so much as a penny,—surely, if anybody ought to trust God absolutely, without the shadow of a fear, it should be *you!*” Yes, and I do thus trust in Him; but He alone can give and sustain an “overcoming” faith; and my constant cry is, “My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him.”

What think you, dear reader, will the Lord fail me now, or forsake the work of His own hands?

* * * *

My heart is very sore with the sorrows of poor ministers. I have lately had brought before me a case of such grievous poverty and privation that I cannot keep the sad secret all to myself; I must seek the sympathy of those who can feel for others' woes, and have compassion on them. It has been truly said that “one-half of the world

knows not how the other half lives ;" but the fact is a very deplorable one, and we should each do our best to alter it, for its existence is a blot on our humanity and our Christian profession. Now, if I tell you something of what I know concerning some poor pastors, you at least will no longer be in ignorance of the sorrowful condition of many of these much-tried servants of the Lord. I will draw for you a living picture of what has happened recently. There is a very poorly-paid minister located in a country village. He has the scantiest of incomes doled out to him,—about £15 *per quarter* being deemed sufficient to meet all the demands of himself and family. Having provided that munificent sum, no further consideration of his circumstances is thought desirable. I happen to be aware that some well-to-do farmers are members of his church, so naturally I had visions of frequent processions to the humble Manse of persons carrying gifts in kind,—a piece of pork when the farmer killed a pig,—a fowl or two when the poultry-yard grew crowded,—a dozen or so of eggs when the hens laid well, and sundry pounds of butter and cheese, as a loving contribution to the poor man's scanty larder! Alas! I was but dreaming a foolish dream; for, in the instance under consideration, nothing of this sort happened, and they were left to screw, and pinch, and deny themselves of positive necessaries, while the poor wife toiled, and worked, and mended, and amidst her sighs hoped things might be better, wondering whether they could be worse, and what the end of it all would be.

Never a murmur, nothing like a complaint ever passed the pastor's lips. For long years he had been in this same pastorate, not always so poor, but God had lately tried him by loss of money, by the unfaithfulness of friends, and the bitterness of enemies, till he was brought to the sad condition in which I first heard of him. But all he would say was, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." At last, a terrible illness overtook the long-suffering wife; for days, even weeks, her life seemed to hang on a thread, and she had to endure agonies of pain. The husband went about like a shadow, and two kind friends watched and tended the invalid with such anxiety that they scarcely knew night from day, and but rarely put off their clothes for rest. Sometimes they snatched a hasty meal of bread and scrape, washed down with the weakest of tea, and the chief food of the pastor during this weary time was *water oatmeal seasoned with a pinch of salt!* You will perhaps think I am exaggerating the misery of the situation,—I assure you I am not, for I can add more sad and painful details.

The weather was cold and wet, yet no fire could be permitted, except when necessity compelled the boiling of the kettle, and even for this, a few knobs of coal at the very bottom of the grate had to suffice, and "kindlings" required diligent search. Once or twice during the dreadful time, a tin of canned meat was opened, but sparingly used, and the tiny stores of tea, sugar, bread, and coal dwindled so alarmingly, notwithstanding the starvation-rate at which they were consumed, that the two self-denying nurses were at their wits' end how to manage. Think of it, dear friends; I cannot find words vivid enough to reveal the depths of this direful poverty; the shadow of death hung

over the house, constant attentions were necessary to the patient, with most anxious and careful watching,—yet there was not a comfortable meal for the watchers, or a bright fire to cheer their spirits, or even a nice hot cup of soup, or strong tea, to refresh their tired-out frames. How they bore up under such sad and pitiful conditions, amazes me; but they *did* pull through, by God's blessing, and the patient is now slowly recovering her health. But to what a life of toil and trouble is the poor soul returning! How is she to recover strength on water-gruel? She needs the most nourishing things that can be provided for her, but their painful economies preclude all thought of dainty and delicate food. How can she, in her present weak state, take upon her the work and the duties of her household, and the care for her husband's comfort, which is the chief concern of every true wife's heart?

"Ah!" someone will say, "quite an exceptional case, I am sure. Mrs. Spurgeon is making the most of a singularly unfortunate set of circumstances." I almost wish I were romancing, and that these sad things were fictions rather than facts. But while writing this paragraph, I received a letter from a friend of another country pastor, appealing for help to tide him over such long-continued difficulties that I was assured the poor man was utterly *penniless* for more than a week, and then, oh! so thankfully, received a few shillings in connection with some ministerial service! Oh! that church-members would awake to a sense of the responsibility which rests on them as to their treatment of those who are set over them in the Lord! Can the Master look with complacency on the cold indifference to their pastor's welfare which seems characteristic of some congregations? What will *He* say when *He* comes?

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"Every thing that may abide the fire, ye shall make it go through the fire, and it shall be clean."—Num. xxxi. 23.

Is not this Thy way, even now, O Lord? The ancient statute has never been repealed, this "ordinance of the law which the Lord commanded Moses" is still in force in a spiritual sense for His own Israel. His prey which He has taken from the mighty, His precious spoil which He has gathered from among all nations, must be cleansed and purified before it can be meet for His use; and so it comes to pass that all that may abide the fire, shall be made to go through it.

Herein, surely, are comfortable thoughts for tried and afflicted souls. "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you;" it was even so in the days of old, and there is a needs-be for the fulfilment of the commandment yet. If we are God's gold, we must be subjected to constant purifying by fire. If He claims us as His silver, we shall be refined again and again, that our pollution may be purged, and all that is true and precious may shine forth with fresh lustre to His glory. It is not the actual separation of the ore from its

original dross that is here referred to, but the necessary cleansing of fashioned vessels and shapely treasures which have contracted any defilement, or suffered some dishonour. Alas! our inmost hearts tell us what abundant need there is that "the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

But now, dear Lord, help me to apply this Thy law to my own most valued possessions. Let me see what I have that will "*abide the fire.*" Will my "good hope through grace" stand the test of such an ordeal? Will my "joy and peace in believing" crumble into nothingness under the fierce heat of tribulation? Can the "strong consolation" which God gives me disappear as a vapour when the flame of affliction touches it? Or, if I should lose my best and dearest treasures, can the hot furnace of bereavement burn up all my strength and comfort? GOD FORBID!

The true work of grace in a human heart *can* abide the fire of any trial to which the Lord may be pleased to expose it. We *can* sing of His love when the heat is most vehement, and glorify Him by proving that promise true, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." This is why the command is so frequently heard, thrilling through heart and life, "*Ye shall make it go through the fire.*" *Because* our faith is precious, and our love golden, and our hope "maketh not ashamed," they must be ever subject to the refiner's fire. Does the flesh sometimes shrink from such an assaying as this? Yea, doubtless it does; "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak;" yet need we not fear; the purpose of our great Refiner is to discipline, not to destroy us. He makes the sighs of the furnace to strike the key-notes of the new and everlasting song; and the coming forth of His "tried gold" will be found "unto praise, and honour, and glory at His appearing."

Dear Father, what a blessed reason this gives for glorying in tribulations also, for thus we are being made perfect to do Thy work and will. What though the fire be hot, and the process a painful one, can we not see Thine eyes watching tenderly, and hear Thy loving voice saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee," and does not Thy presence give "fulness of joy" *anywhere*? To *abide* the fire, is sure proof that we shall pass through it, and emerge at last in Thy likeness. Thou dost not melt, and try, and prove that which is spurious and valueless; but, having seen the glint of the gold which is Thine, even through the defilement which defaces us, Thou dost patiently wait, and "perfect that which concerneth us."

"*It shall be clean.*" O glorious promise! Not a moment longer than the furnace is needed shall we be exposed to its heat; but only when all that is vile is consumed, shall we come forth white and glistening. Dear Lord, we cannot love the fire, but we do praise Thee for the fire's work upon us. By Thy grace, we would rather feel the hot breath of the purifying flame as it destroys our rust and rubbish, than disgrace our Lord and Master by living tarnished and corroded lives.

A World on Fire.

BY JOHN HORNE, SPRINGBURN, GLASGOW.

"But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up."—2 Peter iii. 10.

IN verses three and four, Peter says that, in the last days, scoffers shall appear, crying, "Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." It would seem, at first sight, that the observation of the scoffer had something in it. He looks out on the world, and finds Spring introducing Summer year by year; he sees a calm and settled sky, with a sun regular in rising and setting; and he concludes that no changes are likely to take place! There is no sign of Christ's coming to judgment, and everything seems to continue as of yore.

But it is against the Lord's declared purpose to afford any sign or promise of the time of His arrival. He says He will come again as He did at the Flood,—suddenly, and without warning. Did men know the date of His coming, they would indulge themselves during the time that was safe, and then compel a false piety as the actual day drew on. Such piety would be contemptible. The *uncertainty* of His coming is one of the most salutary influences on thoughtful men. "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man shall come." If, then, it be God's purpose to keep the secret of this day to Himself, it follows that the scoffer's demand for a sign is pointless.

Besides, all things have *not* "continued as they were." Apart from the Bible, we have abundant evidence of the Flood having taken place. In addition to the testimony of geology, we have clay tablets and slabs in the British Museum bearing unmistakable witness to the fact of the Flood. If then, according to science, history, and revelation, God partially destroyed the world by water, why may He not do so altogether by fire? The assertion that "all things continue as they were from the beginning," breaks down. We might refer to earthquakes, eruptions, and the like, as minor evidences.

Sirs, this is a fair world,—a world to delight the heart of man with its hope-creating sunrises and sobering sunsets, its calling oceans and bewitching streamlets, its spires of mountain and rock, and its lawns of field and quiet valley; but it is "reserved unto *fire* against the day of judgment." Sigh, ye westering winds; moan, all tides and seas; droop, flowers of the hillside and glen; for the world is doomed!

I. THE FULFILMENT OF THIS PROPHECY IS MOST PROBABLE.

(1) Other worlds have taken fire, and burnt out. Astronomers affirm that many lights, once seen in the heavens, are no longer in existence. New stars, too, sometimes appear, which are supposed to owe their existence to the breaking up of some world.

(2) The centre of the earth is one mass of fire, if geologists speak correctly. Evidence of the likelihood of such a condition may be found in the volcanic eruptions which now and then blaze forth from Mounts Vesuvius, Etna, etc. Going down a coal-shaft, too, the heat

increases; multiplying the possibility of this heat proportionately to space, the hardest rocks would be melted at a distance down of about sixty miles.

(3) The world is enveloped in electricity. Faraday said there was enough electricity even in a drop of water to make a flash of lightning. We are to-day only on the verge of discovering the vast powers and resources of electricity, but we know that our world is swathed in it. Who can tell the possibilities of its destructiveness, if once it be let loose?

(4) In short, there is nothing in the world but has fire in it. Strike flint, and you get fire. Let your carriage-wheel run without oil, and the iron will take fire. Rub your walking stick in your hand, and it will create fire. Fire, fire, everywhere! All waiting for God's torch to start it!

II. THE CONFLAGRATION WILL BE EXTENSIVE.

Saith the text, "The earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." As Shakespeare, the seer, affirmeth,—

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind!"

Mountains and forests, cities and cathedrals, palaces and huts, business houses and ships, instruments of greatness and toys; paintings and statuary, too, with all creations of pomp and wealth,—all, all must go! Mozart, before his death, wrote the requiem for his burial. O men of wealth or genius, prepare ye now the requiem of your vaunted works, for soon the messenger of fire will utterly condemn them!

III. IT WILL BE ATTENDED BY A TUMULTUOUS CONFUSION.

"With a great noise" will the heavens (the encirclement of our world) and the earth pass away. Burning prairies will contend with boiling oceans; rocking mountains will challenge jostling islands; loosened thunders will call to bursting earthquakes; crashing cities will spread their fiery fever to trembling villages; exploding gases will add their booms to mixing metals; while overhead, flame-driven, cloud will whirl with cloud in torturing waltzes. Imagination faints in the attempt to think of the tumult and noise of that greatest of days.

IV. IT WILL COME UNEXPECTEDLY.

"As a thief in the night," declares the text. Everything will be going on as usual: the lawyer at the bar, the beauty at the ball, the joiner at the bench, the minister in his pulpit, the criminal in his cell,—when, lo! *fire, fire!* O men, let us be ready!

I have three thoughts to wind up with:—

1. *Let us do our daily duty cheerfully while the world lasts.* All our appointed days let us live joyfully and usefully. Before beginning a feast, the Egyptians used to hand round the model of a coffin with a corpse in it. Then, having remembered death, they said, "Now let us be happy!" So, he can best enjoy the world who does not forget that it is transitory.

2. *The world is to burn, is it? Well, let it burn!* They who are Christ's are safe, in any case. They cannot be lost, nor can they lose anything of importance. Do not despond, my Christian friend; thou shalt triumph in the end.

“ When, wrapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunders shake the world below,
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!”

3. *This world is to be burnt to make way for a new one.* “Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness” (ver. 13). This is our hope,—*new heavens and a new earth*, purged from deficiencies and imperfections.

The conclusion of the whole matter is summed up by our Scotch paraphrase,—

“ Since all this frame of things must end,
As Heaven has so decreed;
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
And watch o'er every deed:
Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
When Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
Where sin shall be no more.”

Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

IV.—A RUDE AWAKENING.

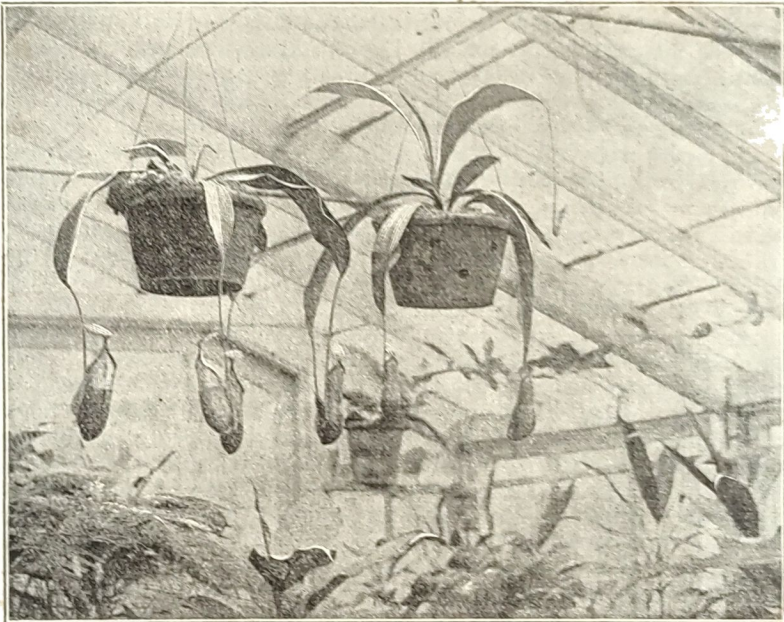
SOME people need just such a zealous friend's ministry as the one I now describe from Indian history. A famous Rajputana king had been succeeded by his son Umra. Jehangir, the great conqueror, invaded his land; and, at a council of war, some of his courtiers counselled peace at any price. One of them, however, named Salumbra, was shocked at what he considered the degeneracy of the youth of Rajputana. It so happened that, in the council-chamber, there hung a European mirror. Salumbra thought this a ridiculous piece of vanity, and said so. Determined to enforce his exhortations to fight with the invading enemy, he seized his young sovereign by the arm, and dashing him against the mirror, cried aloud, “To horse! To horse! Chiefs, to horse!” All started to their feet, and leaped to their saddles. As they rode forward to the fight, Umra turned in his saddle to salute his followers, and shouted, “Come on! You shall never have to regret my father's death.” He benefited by the rude awakening in a way that no other treatment could have rendered to him: but the man who administered it was worthy to do such a deed, for he was loyal to the throne. Thus may believers, who are filled with extraordinary zeal and loyalty to God, do exploits at which many will wonder.

ROBERT SPURGEON.

The Pitcher Plant.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS."

IT may not be generally known that the late dear Pastor and President, C. H. Spurgeon, was a great admirer of beautifully-marked foliage plants. What *he* loved is still cherished at "Westwood," and there are to be seen in the fernery and stove-houses some splendid varieties of *Begonia*, with *Caladiums*, *Coleus*, and other richly-leaved plants. Mr. Spurgeon was wont to turn all his treasures to spiritual account, and to entertain his visitors, as they walked by his side, with lessons drawn from the various objects they passed. So much was this the case during the last year or two of his earthly life, that those who had the honour of his intimacy were awed by the way in which he would make leaves, and flowers, and fruits speak to them of God. He was like Solomon, for he could talk with profit "of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall."



PITCHER PLANTS AT "WESTWOOD."

There were, this summer, in one of the "Westwood" glass-houses some specimens of the *Nepenthes*, or Pitcher Plant. If the dear "Master of Westwood" could have stood by us as we admired the pendulous urns of this strange product, all the habits of the plant would have been made to point a moral. Our poor pen is a sorry substitute for his golden utterances, but it must serve.

See you, then, the Pitcher Plant. From the midrib of the young leaf there unfolds a stiff coil, which descends about a foot, and then shapes into a miniature jug, with a lid attached as by a hinge. The lid is usually open. The *Nepenthes* is a native of tropical Asia, and belongs to the class known as under-shrub plants. When rain descends, the pitchers receive their share of the outflow of blessing from heaven. In this sense we, too, would resemble the *Nepenthes*. But we would go further. There are, usually, only two or three urns to each plant of this kind. There is, however, another order, the *Sarracenias*, where every leaf is shaped into a pitcher, and these more closely set forth what we, as children of God, would have all our powers to be,—namely, open to receive the showers of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In the *Sarracenias*, the leaves curve upward, like open horns; they are beautifully-veined and scalloped along the edge. In the orchid house at Kew, the visitor can see a large assortment of the *Sarracenias*, and then, at the further end of the house, he will discover a very fine specimen of the *Nepenthes*, from Borneo, and many of the smaller sorts, suspended from above, their urns hanging over just like those at “Westwood.”

But the Pitcher Plants not only catch the rain-drops, they also distil an acid which mixes with the liquid falling into the cup. This solution is fatal to all insects finding their way into the tubular leaves of the *Sarracenias*, or into the urns of the *Nepenthes*. The inside of the pitchers is lined with a belt of fine hairs, turning downwards, so that, though descent is easy, return is impossible, and the fate of fly or cockroach, once within, is sealed for ever. We thought of this strange equipment with mingled feelings. We wished that our souls might be so filled with the grace of God as to be fatal to all sin entering from without; then, as insects meet their doom in the solution of the Pitcher Plant, so the suggestions of Satan would receive their quietus from hearts filled with the Divine Spirit.

The *Sarracenias*, inhabiting the turfy, spongy bogs of North America, cannot obtain from the soil the nutriment necessary for its sustenance; it has, therefore, been fitted by the All-wise Creator to feed on the insect life around. We remembered, as we looked upon this remarkable provision, that the child of God also dwelt in the marshy places of an unsatisfying world; and that He who, in His wonderful providence, had equipped the obscure Pitcher Plant so that it could procure its nitrogen by extraordinary means, had also so endowed the saved soul that “food convenient” for its spiritual nature, which could not be secured from the spongy, sinking surface of surrounding circumstances, could be obtained from higher sources, even from Himself,—for alone by the Lord and Giver of life can the believer be fed.

But here the comparison ends, and a fresh line of thought must be taken up if we are going to get all the moral out of our musing. Beside the *Sarracenias* at Kew stood the *Venus fly-catcher*, and we were at once reminded that the fluted leaves and speckled urns of the two orders of Pitcher Plants were all *traps for the unwary*. We looked at the purple leaves of one variety. How beautifully-embroidered were

the edges; how splendidly-marked the sides! "*Traps?*" we almost exclaimed. It is even so. And those pretty cups of the *Nepenthes*, are they traps? Yes, they also are traps. The gardener in charge at Kew told us that we should be astonished how soon the body of a large beetle was absorbed by the Borneo *Nepenthes*. Very handsome death-traps are these Pitcher Plants, looked at thus. And we thought of soul-snares, quite as ingenious in their way, quite as fascinating in their appearance, quite as innocent-looking as these urns and horns of the Pitcher Plants, and as fatal to those caught in them.

What shall we say of some of the amusements fostered by our churches? What shall we say, again, to the suggestive speech indulged in by some professors? What shall we say, further, to the brilliantly-lighted saloons permitted at almost every street corner by an indifferent Christian public? What shall we say of the sinful state of our streets after sunset? Sad enough is it to feel that there are so many *Venus fly-catchers* in the human sphere of shame, of whom the plant affords but a faint figure.

We saw a poor butterfly held fast in the trap of the fly-catcher. The attendant mercifully released it before life was extinct; and there is One who can deliver from the snares of the devil, so various and so subtle. It is the Head Gardener, even He of the pierced hand, Jesus our Lord. He has saved some of us from the delicately-scented traps of the world; He has plucked us from the net laid privily for us, even from "the snare of the fowler." Oh! that He may be appealed to by any readers still held captive by the way of the world, the flesh, or the devil, so that such in their *sure* deliverance may sing, "The snare is broken, and we are escaped."

The Martyrs of Lewes, 1555-7.

NEXT to a diligent and prayerful study of God's Holy Word, the careful consideration of the martyr records of our own and other countries should engage our earnest attention. I know of nothing, outside the Bible, so stimulating to faith, or so helpful to Christian experience, as a wide acquaintance with the lives and deaths of those who "on fiery wheels rode up to Heaven." The "easy" period which we have so long enjoyed has made us lightly esteem the memories of the martyrs; but a greater regard for their deeds of daring, and their victory through the blood of the Lamb, will help to bring a revival of doctrinal and experimental religion, which will afford a striking contrast to the miserable sentimentalism and Downgradeism which so largely prevail to-day.

During the reign of Queen Mary, the county of Sussex furnished the cruel Bishop Bonner with forty-one persons whom he adjudged as fit subjects for martyrdom. Two reasons may be assigned for so many being gathered from Sussex; first, its nearness to the metropolis, and second, at that time Sussex was noted for its adherence to the Reformed faith, and in order to strike terror into the people the places of martyrdom were selected all over the county. Lewes,

Chichester, Grinstead, Mayfield, and Steyning witnessed this abomination, and four times over the martyr flames licked up the dust in Lewes High Street.

The first to suffer in the county was DERICK CARVER, of Brighton, who had been living there about eight years when he was apprehended. He was a Fleming by birth, and during the reign of Edward VI., when foreigners were allowed to form their own religious communities, Carver opened his house for worship, and gathered about him a little flock whom he sought to strengthen and help in the Divine life. These cottage or evangelistic meetings continued for years, and many blessed hours were spent in prayer and praise; but on the restoration of the papal power such meetings were declared illegal, "an invasion of the rights of the clergy," and the vengeance of the newly-restored "priests" was excited against Carver and other godly men who were seeking to worship God according to the rule laid down by the Lord Jesus Himself, "in spirit and in truth."

On a beautiful evening in October, 1554, Carver had gathered with twelve others for prayer and Bible-study. Bonner's spies were abroad, yet these stout believers feared not what man could do unto them, for their trust was in God. In obedience to their Heavenly Father, they met for worship; and their belief in the necessity for such gatherings that they might acquire a greater knowledge of the Word, intensified by the risks they ran in meeting together, produced in them a boldness which could not have been the result of any mere human agency. The magistrate and county sheriff, who sanctioned the apprehension of these men, was Mr. Edward Gage, of Fittle. (The family of Gage has now been connected with Sussex for more than four hundred years.) Of the thirteen Bible-students made prisoners that night, the names of only five have been preserved; the remaining eight may have escaped, or have been released.

The charge preferred against them was that they, to the number of thirteen, were apprehended in the house of Derick Carver for saying the service in English, as set forth in the reign of Edward VI. After prolonged examinations, they were condemned by Bonner. Carver, in answer to the question as to "whether he would stand to his confession or declaration of belief," replied that he would; "for," said he, "your doctrine is poison and sorcery. If Christ were here, you would put Him to a worse death than He was put to before. Your ceremonies in the church are beggary, and further, I say, auricular confession is contrary to the Word of God, and very poison." "Whereupon" says Foxe), "the bishop, seeing his constancy, and that neither his accustomed flatteries nor his cruel threatening could once move this good man to incline to their idolatry, he pronounced the usual blessing, as well toward this Derick, and also upon John Launder, and then handed them over to the secular authorities for the execution of the church's sentence." "*The church's sentence,*" forsooth! What does the righteous God think of churches that can murder His saints, and of ecclesiastics who can perpetrate such crimes, or attempt to justify them?

In the case of Carver, the execution of "the church's sentence" was carried out at Lewes, where the inhabitants were greatly inclined to

the Reformed faith. Would that they were still more inclined to it now! Affecting details of the terrible scene have been preserved as follows:—"At Carver's coming to the town of Lewes to be burned, the people called upon him, in the name of God, beseeching God to strengthen him in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. He thanked them, and prayed unto God that of His mercy He would strengthen them in like faith, and when he came to the sign of the 'Star' the people drew near to him. As he reached the stake, he kneeled down, and prayed. His Bible was flung into the barrel (of pitch), but Carver took up the book, and cast it to the people. He then said:—"Dear brothers and sisters, witness you that I am come to seal with my blood Christ's gospel because I know it is true. It is not unknown unto you here in Lewes, it hath been truly preached to you here, and now it is not; and because I will not deny God's gospel, and be obedient to men's laws, I am condemned to die. Dear brothers and sisters, as many of you as do believe on the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost unto everlasting life, see ye do the works of the same, and as many of you as do believe on the Pope of Rome, ye do believe to your utter condemnation; and except the great mercy of God prevent, you shall burn in hell perpetually." Gage exclaimed: "If you do not believe the Pope, you are damned, body and soul; speak now to thy God, that He may deliver thee, or strike me down dead as an example to this people;" and Carver replied, "The Lord forgive you your sayings!" After this, he offered the following simple, trustful prayer: "O Lord, my God, Thou hast written, "He that will not forsake wife, children, house, and all that he hath, is not worthy of Thee;" but Thou knowest I have forsaken all to come to Thee! Lord, have mercy upon me; unto Thee I commend my spirit, and my soul doth rejoice in Thee." After the fire came to him, he cried again, "Lord, have mercy upon me," and sprang into the flame, calling on the name of Jesus, and so ended." Thus Foxe records the thrilling story. "So ended" all that was mortal of the first Sussex martyr, in the month of July, 1555. His teaching remains till this day, and for many generations earnest godliness characterized his descendants. His name was held in high esteem by them, and until recently a "Derick Carver" lived in the neighbourhood of Brighton.

Two others of that little company suffered as Carver did, THOMAS IVERSON was burnt at Chichester, and JOHN LAUNDER at Steyning, both manifesting sincere love for Christ's truth. Iverson was earnestly pressed to recant, but in reply he said:—"I would not forsake my belief for all the goods in London. I appeal to God's mercy, and will have none of your church, nor submit myself to the same; and that I have said, I will say again; and if there came an angel to teach me any other doctrine, I would not believe him." This at least indicates one rooted and grounded in the faith, and fully persuaded concerning the truth for which he died.

These were the first to yield up their bodies to be burned in the county, and for nearly a year no other was committed to the flames here; but on the 6th of June, 1556, the fires of (*ir*)-religious persecution again blazed in the High Street of Lewes; and all that now is

known of those who then suffered, beyond the fact of their martyrdom, is just their names and addresses,—THOMAS HARLAND, a carpenter, of Woodmancote; JOHN OSWALD, a farmer, of the same place; THOMAS AVINGTON, of Ardingly, and THOMAS READ. "They had lain long in prison, and persisted in rejecting the mass, and the chief reason for their arrest was that they did not come to church." On the 29th of the same month, two more were burnt in Lewes, one of whom was THOMAS WOOD, believed to have been a clergyman in the town, and it is supposed that Carver referred to Wood's preaching when he said, "God's gospel hath been truly preached in Lewes, and now it is not." Too little has been preserved of these holy men's lives; yet Lewes ought to be thankful for the memory of them. The blood of the martyrs is still the seed of the church.

Though the town had witnessed much that was truly horrible in the way of human sacrifices on the altar of papal bigotry, the worst was yet to come. On the 22nd of June, 1557, ten persons, four of them women, were committed to the flames in Lewes. Of most of these martyrs very little is known; but one of them was such a prominent man, and the circumstances of his arrest so painful, that this wholesale slaughter was clothed with a more than usually pathetic interest. RICHARD WOODMAN was an iron founder and agriculturist, of Warbleton. At the time of his imprisonment, he was thirty years old, and employed a hundred men. The few records of him that we have prove that he was a diligent Bible-student, and one who knew, experimentally, the truths on which the Puritans and Romanists differed. The rector of Warbleton was a veritable "Vicar of Bray." He had taught and defended the Reformed doctrines during Edward's reign; but on Mary's accession, to use Foxe's language, "he turned head and tail, and preached clean contrary." Woodman would not tolerate such a turncoat without reproof; in consequence, the "priest" had him apprehended, and he was committed to prison for eighteen months. He was liberated in December, 1555. During the imprisonment, he was many times examined; "but," says Woodman, "my time was not yet." In addition to the good man's Christian character, his straightforward, unflinching manliness is impressive, and this was begotten by a devoted study and practice of Bible-teaching interpreted and applied to the heart by the Holy Ghost.

The providential escapes which were granted to Woodman were truly wonderful. All through the years of bitterest persecution, his confidence in the fatherly care and affection of God is touchingly manifest; and though he knew he was watched at every turn, and anxiously waited for by those who thirsted for his blood, he was not disobedient to the Lord's call, but was instant in declaring the gospel of Christ alike among its friends and its foes. As long as liberty was permitted him, he went from village to village to talk with the people on these things; not simply among the poor and despised, but among the chief of the people; and many false charges were preferred against him by those who loved their sins, and hated the light which too plainly revealed them. Sir John Gage was informed of the work Woodman was doing, and in order that he might be apprehended, five different warrants were issued; yet for a long time these remained

ineffective, "because," says Woodman concerning his enemies, "I had warning of their lying in wait, and came not where they were."

On one occasion, he was engaged in ploughing, when several persons surrounded him, and, making him a prisoner in the Queen's name, said that he must go with them to Gage. He desired them to let him break his fast, and change his garments. Permission was granted, and they conducted him to his house. Though filled with a mortal fear at their approach, Woodman says:—"I remembered myself, and said in my heart, 'Why am I thus afraid? They can lay no evil to my charge. If they kill me for well-doing, I may think myself happy;' and so I was persuaded, I praise God. The frailty of the flesh made me loth to forego my wife and children, for I saw nothing but present death before mine eyes; but as soon as I was persuaded to die, I was merry and glad and joyful. The battle lasted not more than a quarter of an hour, but it was sharper than death while it lasted."

He presently asked for the warrant on which he was arrested, that he might know the particular charge, and they had not a warrant among them! At once he reminded them of their illegal act in arresting him, and they went off to fetch a warrant, and Woodman went off, too, and though a diligent search was made for him through the country to the sea-coast, he lay for six or seven weeks in a wood within a stone's cast from his house. He says:—"There I lay under a tree, and had my Bible and my pen and my ink, my wife bringing me my meat daily; yea, I thought myself blessed of God that I was counted worthy to lie in the woods for Christ's sake." After this, he got to the coast, crossed over to France and Holland, and in those countries preached the gospel of Christ.

When our Saviour was on earth, He gave many warning intimations of what should happen to His faithful followers. His words in Luke xxi. 16, were certainly a prophecy in Woodman's case: "Ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolk, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death." Woodman was finally betrayed by a brother. When he left the country, he committed to his father and brother a sum of money with which to conduct the business. On his return, he required a statement of their stewardship; the father was willing to render it, but the brother would not. He had been unfaithful, and to cover his wrongdoing he made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. He informed a man named Grandillar that Richard was at home; this person told Gage, and he sent twelve men to take him. On an evening in April, 1557, Woodman was at home, and in bed, when one of his children rushed into the house saying that twenty men were in the lane. The door was shut and barred, and escape was impossible; he therefore got into what is described as "a place over the hall." The house was searched in vain for him, but he who became informer knew of this place, and sent the searchers back. The wife saw that there was no escape but in flight, so when the men were out of hearing she told her husband to break through. This he did by physical force, but the noise of bursting the partitions attracted the attention of his enemies, and the pursuit began again, they with drawn swords

crying for his blood. Woodman was shoeless, and the lane from his house was full of scoræ from his forge; he stepped on a sharp cinder, and fell, and before he could rise, he was again made prisoner. The martyr himself thus finishes the recital of these events:—"If I had on my shoes, they were like to have gone away errandless, if there had been five hundred more, but it was not God's will; if it had been, I should have escaped them."

He was examined on the usual questions,—“Who is the Head of the Church?” “Salvation by works,” “The Real Presence in the wafer,” &c. His defence was a bold, spiritual, and valiant fight for the truth. The Bishop of Chichester, Bishop Christopherson, urged him to attend to his “*spiritual counsel*.” Woodman asked, “Are you sure you have the Spirit of God?” The Bishop said, “No, I am not sure; I dare not be so bold as to say so. I doubt of that.” “Then,” said Woodman, “you are like the waves of the sea that be tossed about with the winds, and you are unstable in all your ways.” Then were his examiners in great fury, they called him “a perverse fellow, one who had the devil in him, a madman, and worse than the devil.” To it all Woodman quietly replied, “God forbid that I should learn from one who confesseth that he hath not the Spirit of God!”

He appends to the detailed statements of his trial these closing words:—"He read forth sentence in Latin. What he said, God knoweth, and not I. God judge between him and me; and so I was carried to the Marshalsea, where I am, and shall be so long as it shall please God. I praise God most heartily that He hath ever elected and predestinated me to come to so high a dignity as to bear rebuke for His Name's sake. His Name be praised for ever and ever. Amen."

These are the last records we have of him. Lewes was chosen as the place for his burning, and on the 22nd of June, 1557, he and nine others suffered in the High Street. It is said that at least eight of these never had a hearing, and no writ of condemnation was ever obtained. The names of the ten were RICHARD WOODMAN, GEORGE STEVENS, WILLIAM MAINARD, ALEXANDER HOSMAN, THOMASINE À WOOD, MARGERY MORRIS, JAMES MORRIS (her son), DENIS BURGESS, Mrs. ASHDOWN, and Mrs. GROVES.

In the town of Lewes, no memorial* has yet been raised to this noble band of martyrs. For generations it has been talked about, and recently a simple plan was proposed to the Town Council, which received but scant courtesy. It would appear that, in the present day, even men who are supposed to be Protestants are fearful of offending the descendants of those who cruelly butchered their ancestors. Edward VI. prayed, as he was dying, “O Lord, save Thy chosen people of England! O my Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain Thy true religion!” This might well be a national petition to-day.

J. P. MORRIS.

* MR. SPURGEON often used to say that he believed the fifth of November celebrations at Lewes, notwithstanding all their extravagances, were a tribute to the memory of the martyrs who were burnt in that town. Whether this is the case or not, we cannot tell: but our Sussex friends should take care thoroughly to instruct the “Bonfire Boys” and all others in the principles for which so many in the county were willing even to lay down their lives.—*Ed.*

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXXV.—PASTOR F. G. WHEELER, GRESHAM BAPTIST CHAPEL,
BRIXTON, LONDON, S.W.

THE subject of this sketch is one of several brethren whose ministerial lot has been cast in the gay commercial thoroughfare of Brixton; and who, so far as regards the Baptist ministry, seem all to hail, with the exception of the writer, from the Pastors' College. I presume that each of these servants of the Master will, in due course, find his place in the distinguished album of that Alma Mater, and serve the purpose of stimulating the faith and holy action of others. May it be



so! We need to have our eye on the present, as well as on the past, if we are to glorify God on account of the living epistles of His grace whom He is fashioning to make His power and mercy known.

Born in King's Road, Chelsea, June 13, 1870, of Congregational parents, PASTOR F. G. WHEELER is now in his twenty-seventh year. About his second birth there seems to have been nothing of the distinctive character which renders the passage "from death unto life" of monumental significance; for, by a gradual awakening, in connection with the Stormont Road Congregational Mission Band, he became assured of his personal interest in the Saviour. From the first, he took rank as a confessor of Christ, speaking frequently at the Sunday evening open-air services of the Stormont Mission Band, and gaining the ear of the crowd in a way that marked him out, in his early youth, as a man for the people,—a feeling voiced by his Bible-class teacher in the words, "Well, Fred, you'll shine some day." Constrained by the spirit of zeal, he also engaged in wayside tract-distribution, and inaugurated a system of public-house invasion, circulating the silent messengers of mercy at the bar of some twenty of those houses in the neighbourhood, and witnessing for Christ as opportunity allowed.

Mr. Wheeler's adoption of Baptist views is interesting as showing that the best Handbook on baptism is the New Testament itself. At the time now under review, in connection with the Stormont Mission, there was a week-night Bible-study, and the leader, having introduced the subject of baptism for the following meeting, asked our friend to open it. By the aid of a Concordance, the New Testament was studied, with the result that young Wheeler appeared at the next gathering fortified in the belief that the Congregationalists were wrong, and that baptism by immersion, for believers only, was the express teaching of the Word of God. A two evenings' discussion followed this avowal; and at the close, Wheeler, and several others, determined to take up their cross in this matter, and follow Christ. Accordingly,

they were baptized, early in 1889, by Pastor C. E. Stone, now of Middlesbrough, then of Northcote Road, Wandsworth. In consequence of this step, Mr. Wheeler separated from the Congregationalists, and became a member of Mr. Stone's church, joining heartily in the work under his pastoral charge, and profiting much under his ministry.

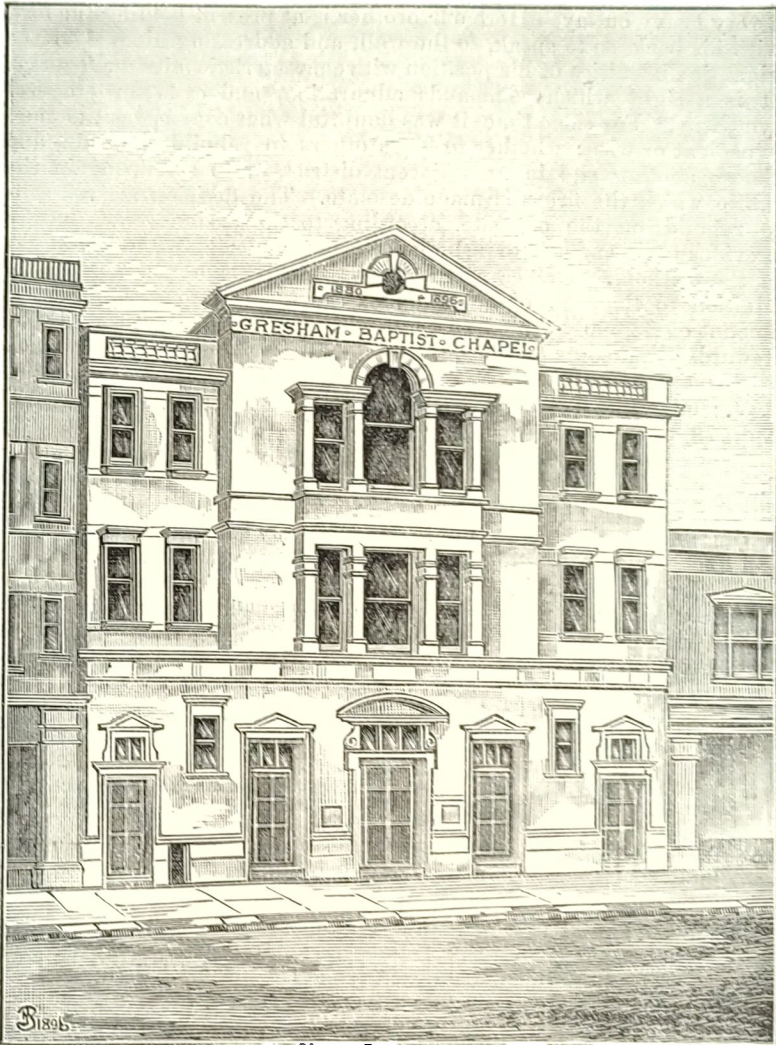
At that period, Mr. Wheeler held a temporary government appointment, and was supposed to be in training with a view to securing a permanent position by the way of competitive examination. But, for long, there had been deep heart-longings to enter the ministry; and a something within kept telling him that the road he was going was not God's chosen path for him. Unable to rest in the way towards which his face was set, and with heart averted—do what he would,—from the studies that had the government appointment in view, towards the end of 1889 he sought the counsel of his pastor, telling him of his strong desire to enter Mr. Spurgeon's College, that he might ultimately become a minister of the gospel. Mr. Stone, acting wisely on the principle that only those are fit for the sacred calling who can sustain a liberal *douche* of discouragement, did all in his power to dissuade the candidate from proceeding further; but, finding that he let in the gloom upon the scene in vain, and that even prospective starvation failed to appal the spirit of his young friend, he turned round, and most heartily seconded his efforts, introducing him to Pastor J. W. Ewing, who most warmly supported his application to Mr. Spurgeon, the result being that, in August, 1890, perseverance was rewarded, and Frederick G. Wheeler's name was added to the many hundreds already on the Pastors' College roll.

Early combining preaching with study,—by no means a wise proceeding in every case,—our brother, during the first three months of 1891, held the student-pastorate at Belmont, Surrey, one of the College preaching-stations. Here he found that his youth militated against him; the round jacket in which he preached was also an eyesore. The friends desired an older man; but it should also be mentioned that his brief ministry is still remembered at Belmont with appreciation.

In August of the same year, Mr. Wheeler was asked to undertake, along with his College duties, the student-pastorate of the Surrey Lane Baptist Mission, Battersea, then a branch of the Northcote Road Church. Here, the Divine blessing was given in a marked degree; numbers were converted, and baptisms followed in such quick succession that, in a brief space, it was felt that the time had come to form the mission into a separate church, which was accordingly done, to the satisfaction alike of the parent church and the branch community. This pastorate was retained till January, 1893, the succession being taken up by a fellow-student, now also in Brixton,—we refer to Pastor Alfred Dickerson. On leaving this charge, some twenty volumes of books were presented to Mr. Wheeler as a token of gratitude from the flock among whom he had so acceptably laboured in the service of the gospel.

His work in Brixton dates from May, 1894, when he entered upon the pastorate of Gresham Baptist Church, East Brixton,—the scene of the devoted and successful labours, for so many years, of Pastor

J. T. Swift. The prosperity of our brother, in what may be regarded as his first ministerial pastorate, was from the first conspicuous, and continued without interruption till the ruinous fire in December last all but destroyed the place of meeting. In proof, it need only be



mentioned that, so wondrously did the Lord act in connection with Mr. Wheeler's settlement that, in the brief space of two years, it was possible to report a doubled and still-growing membership. Financially, too, as well as numerically, the cause had thriven. Howbeit, just when they had cleared off accumulated debts of over £200, the

fire came to dash their hopes, and plunge them, as it has proved, more deeply than ever before in the mire of financial troubles. Since that calamitous event, the homeless congregation has met in Brixton Hall, which has been engaged for the Sunday services as the best makeshift under the circumstances, although this arrangement entails a very heavy outlay. Here our brother is at present holding the fort, with his back, so to speak, to the wall, and addressing himself to the gigantic difficulties of his position with characteristic faith and energy. It is a sight which commands admiration, and calls for practical sympathy. For some time, it was doubtful what course was the more expedient or wise; whether to leave others to rebuild the ruin, and choose another site in an adjacent district, or to set up again the fabric which the fire had made desolate. The decision arrived at is to rebuild, on the old site, according to the design shown on the previous page, and also to include in the new undertaking the purchase of the freehold. The carrying out of this scheme will require, in addition to the sum obtained under the insurance policy, the large amount of £3,500. An earnest appeal is made for help to all God's stewards; and contributions will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by Pastor F. G. Wheeler, 46, Arodens Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.; or by the Treasurer of the Rebuilding Fund, J. C. Hitchcock, Esq., 78, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.

In bringing this rapid sketch to a close, we do so with the feeling that to prolong it is unnecessary. Mr. Wheeler is still on the threshold of his ministry, and has, we trust, long years of successful sowing and reaping before him. He is clearly adapted for the people, and knows how to bait his hooks so as to "catch men" for the Lord Jesus Christ. His voice, though not loud enough to wake the dead, is quite sufficient to make the deaf to hear; and his utterance has weight and practical directness as well as volume. Meanwhile, his faith, and also that of his friends, is being sorely tried. May it be given to pastor and people alike to know that faith is no less precious in the trial of it than it is in its own intrinsic nature!

Brixton.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

"V. R."—A Story of the Queen's Jubilee.

THERE was no finer lad in a Sabbath-school than Fred ——. A handsome, well-behaved youth, he promised fair to become one of the ornaments of the society in which he moved. His mother had lavished all possible care upon her only son, and her very life seemed to be bound up in him. People with keen eyes and a knowing way declared that he would one day be a parson, for he was diligent in study, and had plenty of language at his command.

Alas! the eyes of others, beside those who wished him well, had looked upon Fred. A tall recruiting sergeant had measured him up and down, and made enquiries about him from some of his companions. For some time he heard whispers from them that the sergeant had his eye upon him; but he only laughed, and said, "Let him catch me if he can." The sergeant meant business, for he was on recruiting service, and no wily one ever played out his scheme more perfectly

than did this "Queen's man"—as he called himself. He was seen, now and then, close to the chapel door, giving friendly and significant nods to the young men as they passed in and out. One evening, a group of lads stood around the sergeant, who was full of talk about the active life of a soldier, the glory of foreign service, the pay, and best of all, the pension after just a few years with the colours. Looking earnestly at Fred as he passed, he said, "Who is that fine young gent? I want to be introduced to him." Soon the two shook hands, and ever after Fred could not pass the sergeant without a hearty grip. Tales of soldier-life, promotion, and honours, were too much for poor Fred; and gradually he began to like the company of the man whose object he was too blind to see.

At last, one night, Fred was seen to enter the parlour of the public-house where the lads met to hear the old soldier's tales; and after some hours' carousing, he became talkative, boastful, and careless. That night sealed his doom; for when he reached home, his face was red, his eyes wild, and the bed on which he had so often slept was too hard for him. Do what he would, he could not sleep, nor did he want to get up. He was unhappy, for he had "taken the shilling." Next morning, the sergeant was at Fred's home early, and then the poor mother found out that her son, her treasure, had to go to be "sworn in." She tried to beg him off, but she was not able to pay the "smart money." Fred was too independent to ask, or allow his mother to ask, aid from anyone she knew, so off went the silly fellow to the doctor and the magistrate. What a sad day that was for both mother and son!

Soon Fred was being drilled with the other members of "the awkward squad", and later on he was sent to the town where the regiment was stationed. Petty offences, and extra drills, and once knapsack drill, quickly followed each other, till our hero made up his mind that he had had enough of it, and he would desert. How he deserted, I need not relate. For years, he lived just where he could in "outcast London", afraid to appear in the day, and disguised at night. Once he ventured to steal away into the country, just to have a glimpse of his mother; but then he was, in appearance, a deformed old man, who was simply "tramping the country." Fear of detection continually haunted him, and he often thought of giving himself up; but there was the dread of punishment, and worse still, the fear of being made to serve out his time. What a life he lived,—hungry, ill-clad, timid, a companion of low men in common lodging-houses, and ever afraid to hear the footfall or to see the blue uniform of a policeman!

One night, Fred heard some men talking of the preparations then being made to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, and this sentence made the colour deepen on his cheek: "*There is to be a pardon offered to all deserters who will give themselves up.*" "Where and when would such an offer be made?" he wondered, but he was afraid to put the question lest he should be suspected. He was ever on the look-out for a proclamation of such news as he had heard of. Day after day passed, but in the out-of-the-way streets he frequented he saw nothing and heard nothing to make his heart glad. One day, hunger and cold

drove him to the more public thoroughfares to see what he could pick up, and he even ventured near to a police-station. Holding his head down, like a hump-backed man, but turning his face sideways to look at a large bill posted on the wall, he fairly staggered at what he read. He passed on, but some words on the bill had fixed themselves upon his mind. He feared to stay to examine the notice, but he went round a low street, and back in a little time to the same spot, and then he stood still, and read:—



"THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

*"All deserters giving themselves up, within 31 days,
shall receive a full and free pardon."*

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

Fred was at his full height in a moment. He threw away all fear, and entering the office, he accosted a policeman, saying, "I am a deserter, and I come to claim the Queen's pardon." He was detained, but feared nothing while the officer in charge took his name, and age, and asked all necessary questions, and for a day or two he was kept under observation; but at last he received an official document bearing his name and description, and a duly certified and stamped *assurance of pardon*. He was overjoyed, and walked the London pavements, putting his heel down before his toes, and whistling a lively air. Most likely it was one of the old tunes of his boyhood, when "Home, Sweet Home" would suit his frame of mind; but that sweet and soothing strain was too slow for him now.

One lovely morning, he started to go back to his mother. Forty miles lay before him, and he must walk every inch of the way. On, on, he trudged till, two days later, he knocked at the door. "Is that you, Fred?" enquired a low, timid voice, afraid to be heard. "Yes, mother," answered Fred, quite cheerily, "but you need not whisper now; I'm a free man." "How is that?" she asked. "Why! don't you know about the Royal Proclamation? The Queen offered a free pardon to all deserters who gave themselves up." "Ah, yes! I heard of it, but I was afraid to ask about it lest you should be found out," said the mother, and then adding, "How did you get the pardon, Fred?" "Well, I just walked in, gave myself up, and then waited till I received this," taking out his pardon paper.

Fred began life afresh, and is now doing well; and when anyone asks how he got his pardon, he just says, "I gave myself up, and claimed it." When he was seeking peace with God, a year or so after this event, his former experience was used to illustrate the way to obtain pardon from God,— "You are a sinner, but God is willing to pardon; give yourself up, and take what God waits to bestow upon you."

Do you, dear reader, feel that there is something wrong with you? You have left the way of peace and holiness; look at this Royal Proclamation,— "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man

his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon " (Isa. lv. 7). O ye who fear and dread to approach the God of grace, have you never heard a sinner like yourself sing,—

" My pardon I claim, for a sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus's name " ?

If you will come, trusting in the death of Christ, and claim the pardon God freely gives to all believers, you also shall receive the assurance that God has, for Christ's sake, forgiven you all your transgressions.

Sunderland.

GEO. WILSON.

Wings.

BY REV. HENRY BURTON, M.A.

I READ of " wings like eagles," but I thought
'Twas but a figure of the poet's speech,
A splendid fancy, but beyond the reach
Of real life, so poorly was I taught.

And so I toiled up every rugged steep,
Beneath a load of over-weighing care ;
With resting-places only here and there,
Where, spent and weary, I sat down to weep.

The way was upward, Heavenward, this I knew,
But it was hard and somewhat rough at times ;
Yet now and then I heard the Heavenly chimes,
And in the haze its walls came into view.

An angel passed one day, who saw me toil,
With harp all silent, and with heart oppressed ;
" Is this the royal road," he said, " is this the rest
That Jesus gives ?—this burden, care, and toil ?

" Exchange thy weights for wings, and thou shalt know
How bright and blessed is the life of trust ;
How smooth the shining pathway of the just,—
The Heavenly suburbs stretching far below."

So then I came to Jesus with my cares,
The weights my foolish heart had borne too long,
That bent my spirit, and half checked my song ;
And, like a bird escaped from fowler's snares,—

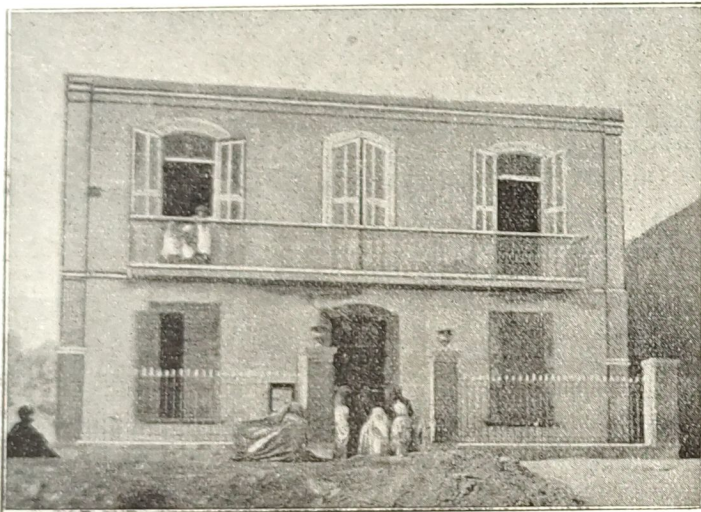
I found I, too, had wings ; that Faith and Love
Would make my toil a rest, my sorrows sweet ;
And now, my weights all left at Jesu's feet,
My heart is free to range the heights above.

—*Divine Life.*

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

ON Monday, October 12, as many of the collectors for the PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION as could get through the drenching rain met for tea at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON, who addressed them as follows:—

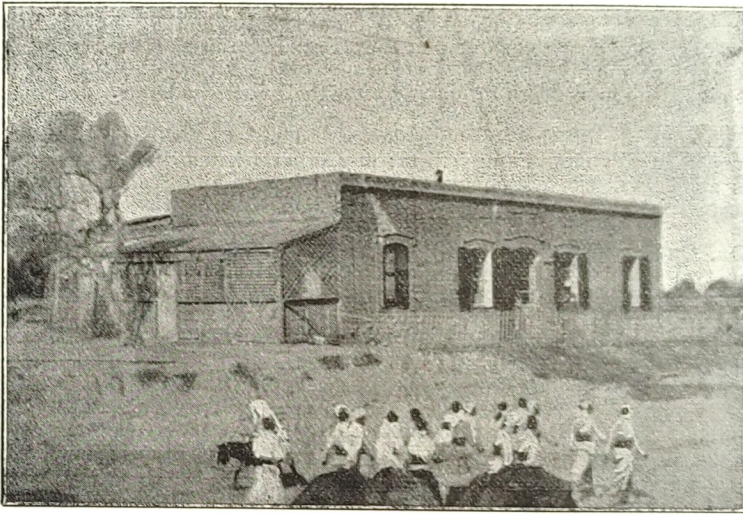
I congratulate you, dear friends, on having a hand and a share in this good work. I know that most of you are engaged in other good works, neither few nor small; and I often find it cause for wonderment that you are able to have so many irons in the fire, and to keep them all at a good white heat. This surely is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. But to have a share in this particular service is, I think, cause for special congratulation. Mission work of every sort claims our interest, and demands our prayer: but we may be pardoned for taking a very special interest in work which was inaugurated by the late dear Pastor and President, which was carried on for so many years—not without difficulty,—



MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, SOUSSE, TUNISIA.

by him and his fellow-workers, which has felt—perhaps more than any other Society,—the loss that his decease involved, but which has still maintained its hold upon the hearts of some of God's people, and is destined, as I believe, to rise with that rising tide of which, thank God! by this time we see some signs and tokens. I believe that we, who have held the fort in this matter, and provided or helped to provide the means in the time of extremity and of necessity, will receive, in the day when greater blessing attends the work, special tokens of approval from our dear Master's lips and hands. He who said to His disciples that they who had continued with Him in His temptations should sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel, will say to us, "You stood in the breach in the day of need, you would not hear of this and that and the other service being set aside, or allowed to drift or to lapse;—well done, good and faithful servants." I think we have a right, from Christ's own promise, to anticipate that He will regard them most favourably—as, indeed, He does now,—the labour of love, the work of faith, which we have undertaken and continued in His name.

It is a great joy to me, dear friends, that you have been able to meet here again, with your boxes full, I hope, and with your hearts still full of zeal for the Master's cause, and for the ingathering of the poor heathen. Every portion of the world claims an interest in our prayer and in our practical help, but I do think that those places which are so near to us, and which are so hard both for the ploughing and for the reaping, should have our special attention. I have heard it urged against Algeria and Morocco that, since the field is so difficult, our money and our men would be better employed in more hopeful directions. I cannot agree with any such doctrine; our Lord has told us to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, and I have it in my heart to believe that He is specially delighted that some are leading what are called forlorn hopes, and trying to tackle the most difficult tasks in the name of the omnipotent truth of God. This our Brethren Churcher and Patrick have gladly done, and they have already proved that, although the sphere where they labour is difficult, there is nothing too hard for the Lord; and they believe, as we shall presently hear, I doubt not, that better and brighter days are soon to dawn,



BARAKA FOR NATIVE PATIENTS, SOUSSE, TUNISIA.

when the Spirit of God poured out upon the people will work wonders in this age, greater even than the marvels of the ages that have gone. God grant that the blessings of Pentecost may be ours in these later days as in the days when Christianity first set out upon its conquering way!

I bless God that, in our Sunday-school, the missionary spirit is so ripe and so ripe; and though our friends do not, of course, confine their interest to this one Society, yet I am glad that they have a spoke in this wheel amongst all their other good works, and the Tabernacle Church is, I believe, becoming growingly interested in this part of God's service. So may it be as the days go by! We are very glad to welcome Brother Patrick again amongst us, and we assure him of our constant prayers on his behalf while he is absent from us. I was almost on the point of saying that we are proud of our dear brother; well, perhaps I had better use the Scriptural expression, and say that we glorify God in him, and in Dr. Churcher also, and we are specially thankful that we have representatives so earnest and devoted, and withal, as we judge, so capable and so successful.

MR. PATRICK said that, on October 30, with his dear wife and children, he expected to leave for Tangier; four days later, they hoped to reach Gibraltar, which was only three hours by steamer from Tangier. It was necessary to mention where his field of labour was; for he had heard Morocco described as being "the other side of the Congo," while one speaker told his audience that it was in India! In Tangier, there are 10,000 Moors, 10,000 Jews, and 7,000 Spaniards; Mr. Patrick labours mainly among the Spaniards, and to some extent among the Jews. After thanking all the collectors and contributors for their self-denial, sympathy, and prayer, Mr. Patrick concluded his brief address at the tea-table by quoting the following lines, which he said had greatly helped him, and might be of service to others:—

"I am only one, but I am one;
I cannot do everything, but I can do something;
What I can do, I ought to do;
And what I ought to do, by the grace of God I will do."

At the prayer-meeting, Mr. Patrick spoke with great power upon the need of work among Roman Catholics, and pleaded that many more of the Pastors' College brethren should be sent out as missionaries, not only to the far-off heathen, but to the different countries of Europe. He said that, one reason why so many Romish priests came to England was because we did not give them more work in looking after their flocks at home.

The contents of the collecting-boxes brought to the meeting are announced in this month's cash lists; any other friends desiring to help in this good work can obtain boxes by applying to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, Newington Butts, London.

DR. CHURCHER writes from Sousse, Tunisia:—I am glad to be able to send two small photographs, one showing the *Medical Mission House*, with some patients just entering the door, while the other is a view of the new *Baraka*, or cottage, which I have been able to hire through the continued kindness of a reader of the *Sword and Trowel*. This cottage promises to be a great blessing to people coming from a distance, and a valuable help to our work. We gather those who are staying there, each evening, for service, and we have had some good meetings during the month. I was greatly encouraged one night when we were reading the 3rd chapter of Matthew's Gospel. First one man roused himself, and came nearer to listen; then another, from another part of the room, and then a third; and as we read on, and explained our Lord's baptism, with the descent of the Spirit, and the witness of the Father, in the words, "This is My beloved Son," the narrative seemed specially suited to meet the difficulties of my hearers, and the poor unlettered yet fanatical Moslems were hushed, and seemed to receive the truth under the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. Last night, twenty-three persons availed themselves of the shelter, and made up quite a nice congregation.

Recent events in Constantinople should give an impulse to mission work among Mohammedans, for "the great assassin," as Mr. Gladstone calls him, is the very prince of believers (in the sense in which that word is used by the followers of the false prophet), and I have no doubt that he has strong passages from the Koran to sustain him in his "pious" massacres, as for example the following:—"When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads, until ye have made a great slaughter among them." (*Koran*, Sale's translation, page 375.)

Surely these horrible doings should rouse true Christians to think of the real state of Moslems, bound and blinded as they are by Mohammed's falsehoods till they know not light from darkness nor darkness from light.

To my gathered patients, I still preach from John iii. This month, I have given them copies of *The Wordless Book* (kindly sent me from the Tabernacle). I have found them very useful, and am only sorry that the packet is now finished. In parting with one man, I said, "Now don't forget about our Lord Jesus." "No," he answered, and then producing his *Wordless Book*, he added, "I shan't *now*, for have I not *this book?*"

We find that the very words about salvation are sometimes quite unknown to the people. For instance, "el fardie" is "the redeemer." The *verb*, to redeem, they knew; but it had not entered their minds that there could be a *personal* Redeemer. Now it has entered their *minds*, let us together water the good seed with our prayers, assured that the Lord of the harvest will not fail on His part to give the increase.

In Memoriam—Ernest Harborough.

(Formerly a student in the Pastors' College, and pastor of Lewisham Road Baptist Church, Greenwich.)

GONE; gone so far;—O tears, break forth!
'Tis manly thus to mourn for such a soul;
Yet not for him, but for ourselves we weep;
The gain is his, the sad, sad loss is ours.

O Ernest, thou so earnest in thy toil,
Who, white-faced, held the fleeting hours that passed,
Whose candle burned so long and burned so low,
Thy page, so neatly writ, is blotted now
By death, and handed to the Great Examiner!
Now sleep; nor fear the issue of the day.

"So tired, My child? Then, lay thy pen aside,
The task of life is never finished here,
Fret not, but in *My* arms lie still and rest."

In College we were friends. I mind him now;—
Precise in phrase, cultured in thought, refined,
A careful critic,—quick to sympathize,
Severest on himself, seeing the good
In all, and giving praise where due, alike
To honest effort and performance. Thus
He won esteem. We loved him. Who did not?

His voice grew husky ere he left the bench,
The pew strained toward the desk to hear him speak,
Then all was silent; books were laid aside,
And weary days gave place to weary nights.
His hope was on the sea,—a slender hope,—
So, bidding all farewell, he left our land,
And sailed to Southern climes,—the Cape of Hope:
Thus land from land but one blue sky o'er all.
She whom he loved as but few *wives* are loved
Bade him farewell in tears, in faith, in hope,
Content, for love, with silent messengers
That came, telling of life invigorate.—
Then Sorrow spake, with news that he was dead!

His life was one for others; his motto this:
Life's highest good to raise the lowest man.

Lorne Villa, Wandsworth, S.W.

HOWARD T. N. USSHER.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1897. Passmore and Alabaster. Price one penny.

WE trust that the many thousands of lovers of the Book Almanack will find that it is fully up to the mark of previous years. The articles bearing the familiar and ever-prized initials, C. H. S., are as numerous as in any former issue; and there is one page, entitled, "The Heart of the Gospel," which should be a special favourite. It would make a most effective magic-lantern slide, and we hope it will be very widely used in that way for the furtherance of the gospel. Mrs. Spurgeon has again selected the texts for daily meditation by the members of the Text Union, and other readers who have not formally adopted the Text Bond; and beside the usual introductory letter, there is another communication from her busy pen. The garden at "Westwood" has furnished the material for two of the pictures and three of the articles in the little book, and this fact should help to commend it to all who still love the dear Pastor whose name it bears.

John Ploughman's Sheet Almanack for 1897 is almost ready, and we believe it will prove as acceptable as its many predecessors. The proverbs and mottoes are evidently appreciated as much as ever, for we find that they are appropriated for various periodicals, often without any acknowledgment of the source from which they are taken.

"*The Most Holy Place.*" *Sermons on the Song of Solomon.* By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price seven shillings.

By special request, the publishers have issued this volume containing fifty-two of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons on the Song of Solomon, uniform in style and price with the three volumes on our Lord's Parables and Miracles previously published. The title of the collection is taken from one of the beloved preacher's many descriptions of

that precious Book of Canticles in which he so greatly delighted. Though he repudiated all pretensions to a priesthood, except that which is the privilege of all believers, he was often within the veil bowing in reverent adoration before this Innermost Shrine of Divine Revelation,—another of his names for the Song of Songs,—and in these Sermons he has proclaimed for all time the messages given to him by the Spirit of God in this "Holy of Holies." Many of these discourses were delivered as a prelude to the great communion services in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; the meditation printed in the present Magazine, though not included in the volume, is a fair specimen of its contents. To spiritually-minded people, this will be one of the choicest treasures among Mr. Spurgeon's many works.

The *Twelve Sermons' Series* (limp cloth, 1s. each; post free, 1s. 2d.) has proved so useful and acceptable that Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have prepared ten new sets of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, making altogether thirty-two varieties published in this form. The present issues comprise *Twelve Sermons on Holiness*, *Twelve Sermons on Hope*, *Twelve Sermons on Joy*, *Twelve Sermons on Peace*, *Twelve Sermons for Christian Workers*, *Twelve Sermons on the Gospel for Sinners*, *Twelve Sermons on the Love of Christ*, *Twelve Sermons with Strange Titles*, *Twelve Revival Sermons*, and *Twelve Memorable Sermons preached on Remarkable Occasions*. All are good, and cannot be too widely circulated. The last-named volume contains the last Sermon preached by Mr. Spurgeon in the Tabernacle, "The Statute of David for the Sharing of the Spoil."

From October 1st, the penny illustrated religious weekly, *The Christian Million*, has been published by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster. It can be obtained of all booksellers and news-

agents. Our readers will be specially interested in learning that, in future, the paper will each week contain a reproduction of one of the notable Sermons of the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon.

Look! Look! Look! C. H. Spurgeon's Conversion, as related by himself. Passmore and Alabaster. One half-penny each, or 2s. per 100 nett.

An illustrated booklet, suitable for enclosure in letters, or for presentation to anxious enquirers and seekers after salvation.

Mr. Henry Varley's new monthly magazine, *The Search-Light*, can be procured, price threepence, from Mr. Alfred Holness, 14, Paternoster Row. It is mainly concerned with the spiritual, moral, and financial affairs of Melbourne, and other Australian cities and towns; but the author's well-known vigorous and unsparing denunciation of evil in its colonial forms, has also a message to many of the dwellers in the mother country, which Mr. Varley will re-visit as opportunity occurs.

The Treasury of Religious Thought, published by E. B. Treat, New York, can now be obtained of Messrs. Gay and Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, 1s. monthly. Each number furnishes sermons and outlines by notable American divines, with portraits and biographical sketches of the preachers, together with editorials, Sunday-school lesson-notes, book reviews, and miscellaneous articles upon religious and social subjects as viewed from the standpoint of our brethren across the Atlantic.

Messrs. Bemrose and Sons remind us that 1897 will soon be here, for they have already published their three new shilling Calendars,—*The Daily Calendar*, *Shakespearean Daily Calendar*, and *Proverbial Calendar*. Having had their predecessors in constant use at "Westwood" during 1896, we can testify to their accuracy and usefulness, and heartily commend them to our readers.

Mr. Alfred Holness sends us *The Golden Text Calendar*, 1897 (1s.), for which Mrs. Holness has selected the daily portions from the Word of God, as she has also done for *The Search and See Almanac* (one halfpenny, or 3s. 6d. per 100). The same publisher has also issued *The "Day by Day" Almanac* for 1897 (1d. 6d., and 1s.), and *The Way of Salvation; or, Peace with God—What is it?* both edited by A. H. G., and, like all the publications of our friend Holness, thoroughly Scriptural and Evangelical.

As usual, the Religious Tract Society is first in issuing the new annuals, and it leads the way in more senses than one. We have received the four handsome volumes, *The Sunday at Home*, *The Leisure Hour*, *The Boy's Own Annual*, *The Girl's Own Annual*, which appear in all respects worthy to take their places side by side with their numerous predecessors. In the matter of illustrations, these magazines seem to excel all former issues, and we scarcely see how the esteemed editors can add any further attractions to enlist fresh readers for the volumes just commencing. Their new programmes, however, show that they mean not only to retain their already large *clientèle*, but to increase the number of their subscribers wherever it is possible.

A semi-annual which is always welcome is *The Christian Pictorial*, (Alexander and Shephard). The seventh half-yearly volume of this popular illustrated Christian weekly worthily follows the six that have come before it. The energetic editor (Rev. David Davies) is always on the look-out for striking topics for his leading articles, and his able assistants in the artistic and reporting departments combine with him to produce a paper that may be introduced without hesitation into any Christian home.

Mr. Bullock's annual volumes, *Home Words* and *Day of Days* ("Home Words" office) keep up to the high mark attained by former issues. Church of England friends will

specially value them, but others can also read them to profit.

Among the early annuals, and as welcome as any, are the seven choice volumes published by Messrs. Partridge and Co.,—*The British Workman*, *The Band of Hope Review*, *The Children's Friend*, *The Infants' Magazine*, *The Family Friend*, *The Friendly Visitor*, and *The Mother's Companion*. The covers are really works of art, and not many years ago would have cost as much as is now charged for the contents as well; while, as for the contents themselves, there is almost a bewildering mass of good things for the different classes of readers for whom the various magazines are intended.

Messrs. Morgan and Scott issue "The Herald of Mercy" Annual, under the title of *Helping Hands, and other Readings*. (1s.) The charm of this volume consists in the fact that all the narratives and sketches, many of which are very striking and forcible, set forth the gospel in the plainest possible terms. It cannot, therefore, be too widely circulated.

From the same publishers comes a sixteen-page quarto penny pamphlet, entitled, *The People's Day*, by WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A. This valuable treatise, written more than forty years ago, has peculiar value in these days of widespread desecration of the Sabbath.

Just in time to be included in this month's notices are three more of the smaller annual volumes. *Onward Reciter* (Partridge and Co.), full of readings and recitations as good as ever; *The Children's Treasury* (Nelson and Sons), a triumph of art for a shilling; and *Our Boys and Girls* (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union), improving, yet still not up to the mark in its illustrations.

The Artistic Lithographic Company, 10, Bunhill Row, E.C., sends us specimens of some very dainty booklets, ranging in cost from fourpence

to half-a-crown. At the latter price, *Golden Rays*, and other poems by CHARLOTTE MURRAY, would make a present fit for a princess. The same well-known writer's pleasing verses are used in *The Days of Old* (1s. 6d.), *Lifts Heavenward* and *Heaven-Light for Earth Shade* (1s. each), and *Home Welcome* (4d.); while *Helps by the Way* and *Our Sufficiency* (4d. each) contain a Scripture quotation for each day of the month.

Messrs. Partridge and Co. are again catering for the children in their usual admirable style. They have issued four sixpenny picture-books, with coloured covers, that will make many a youngster dance with delight. Their titles are,—*Playful Pussies' Book of Pictures and Stories*, *Rosie Dimple's Pictures and Stories for Tiny Folk*, *Under the Umbrella—Pictures and Stories for Rainy Days*, and *Little Snowdrop's Bible Picture-book*. Two larger books, at a shilling each,—*Off and Away!* and *Follow the Drum!* have several coloured pictures inside as well as on the cover; and they are full of those illustrated tales of which the little ones never grow tired.

New books come pouring in so fast at this time of the year that we can only spare space for the bare mention of new editions of the various works that have been previously published. In this category we have to include the second and popular edition of *The Sunny Days of Youth* (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.); a revised and illustrated edition of *The Basket of Flowers* (Sunday School Union, 1s.); cheap editions of *Plain Talks on Plain Subjects*, by FRED. A. REES, and *Talks with Young People on the Psalms*, by C. H. PERRY (Elliot Stock); and the fourth edition of *Conflict and Conquest, the Experiences of Father Flynn*, by GEORGE C. NEEDHAM (American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia).

The Man of Sorrows, and the Joy that was Set before Him. By JAMES CULROSS, D.D. Partridge and Co.

We commenced this little book with high expectations of a feast of fat

things; and we have not been disappointed. It contains a valuable exposition and an unanswerable argument. Boldly yet lovingly does the gifted author claim that there is salvation only by the substitutionary sacrifice offered on Calvary's cross. Readers of previous writings by Dr. Culross, will scarcely need to be told to obtain this choice little volume.

Beulah - Land. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

A DELIGHTFUL book, by one who dwells in the serene and charming country of Beulah, where the atmosphere is sweet and clear, and the sun shines by night as well as by day. Dr. Cuyler needs no commendation from us. He is one of God's veterans, who combines the vigour of youth with the wisdom of age. *Beulah-Land* is just the book to make the old feel young again. Its pages prove that the worthy author was an ardent admirer of Mr. Spurgeon, and the following extract shows that Dr. Cuyler tenderly remembers the loved one who still tarries in the Beulah-Land at Norwood:—"There are many ways of doing good open to invalids. During the years that the wife of Charles H. Spurgeon was confined to her room, she conceived the plan of providing commentaries and useful books for poor ministers and village preachers. She told me that over one hundred thousand such volumes had been secured in response to her appeals. When I visited her, last summer, in the beautiful old home at 'Westwood,' I found that she was cheering the lonely hours of her widowhood by continuing this labour of love."

It would have been more correct if Dr. Cuyler had said that *nearly two hundred thousand volumes* have been distributed *without any appeal* (except to the Lord) having been made by the dear Manager of the Book Fund. (See "Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room," on page 594 of the present number of the Magazine.)

Reminiscences of Thirty Years' Gospel Work and Revival Times. By SAMUEL BLOW. Kilmarnock: John Ritchie. (6d., 1s., or 1s. 6d.)

A PLAIN but interesting narrative of the principal incidents in the life of an earnest evangelist who was, for a time, a fellow-student in the Pastors' College with Archibald G. Brown, W. Cuff, C. B. Sawday, and Frank H. White. There are many references to Mr. Spurgeon, one of which we reprint, as it will serve both as a specimen of Mr. Blow's style of writing, and as a reminder of the great Sermon on Baptismal Regeneration, which has reached its 225th thousand, and is probably needed even more to-day than when it was first delivered:—

"A circumstance in connection with one of the special Sermons delivered by Mr. Spurgeon about this time, which caused such a universal stir,—I refer to the subject of Baptismal Regeneration,—is well worthy of mention here, and is characteristic of the devoutness and prayerfulness of the man. I believe it was the custom for Mr. Spurgeon to revise his Sermons on Monday mornings, and then in the afternoon to come to the class-room, and question us on history and other subjects in a homely and friendly way. Entering the room and taking his seat on this particular occasion, he told us that he had just been revising this special Sermon, and he was certain it would cause a great stir and raise tremendous opposition when it appeared in print. So he suggested that, instead of going through the usual course of instruction, we might agree to spend the time in prayer. So the whole of that afternoon was spent in supplicating a blessing on the issue and circulation of that remarkable discourse showing the absurdity of the Baptismal Regeneration theory. I think it remarkably significant and characteristic of the times, that in most, if not all, of the different biographies that have appeared as yet of Mr. Spurgeon, little if anything has been said on this stirring controversy. Honest outspoken truth is never popular

long. It is soon ignored, or silently passed over, as unworthy of notice, and latterly condemned as savouring of uncharitableness and lack of brotherly love."

Gospel Questions and Answers. By JAMES DENNEY, D.D. *The Unity and Symmetry of the Bible.* By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

THESE "Little Books on Religion" are an improvement upon some that have preceded them in the same series; and, except for a doubtful expression here and there, can be cordially commended to thoughtful readers.

Meditations on Faith and Practice. By CLARE LANGTON. Elliot Stock.

A WELL-WRITTEN booklet likely to prove helpful to those who are rooted and grounded in the truth. Greater definiteness is needed in some of the meditations, and the doctrine of the Atonement should be made more prominent if the little work is to become thoroughly satisfactory.

Heart Cheer for Home Sorrow. Edited by CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D. 7, Paternoster Square.

A CHOICE little volume of short meditations and poems by writers of good repute. That a third edition should be called for, testifies to its real worth. It has our hearty commendation.

Everybody's Medical Guide, a Handbook of Reliable Medical Information and Advice. By M. D. (LOND.) Saxon & Co., 23, Bouverie Street.

ONE of a series of sixpenny books intended to teach everybody—everything! It is said to have been written by a well-known West End physician, and it deals very simply with a large number of the ailments to which our poor mortal flesh is heir. There are many people who might be wiser and happier if they would make good use of such a handy medical guide as this, instead of sending for the doctor in every real or fancied illness, and so running up an account they can never hope to discharge.

Dainty Dishes. Recipes collected by LADY HARRIET ST. CLAIR (late COUNTESS MUNSTER). John Hogg.

THE twelfth edition of a cookery book hitherto sold at 3s. 6d., but now reduced to a shilling. Many of these *Dainty Dishes* could only be furnished by those who have very long purses; it may be that this is the reason why the "Publisher's Note" says:—"Should it be desired to simplify or to cheapen the Recipes, it is generally possible to vary or to omit some of the ingredients, according to judgment."

Dorice; or, Not all Gold that Glitters. By MRS. L. SHOREY. G. Stoneman.

ANOTHER story of the doings of drink, sad, but all too true. The heroine was made to suffer terribly through the cruelty of her drunken husband, who drove her from him; at last, blind but repentant, he was grateful for the loving ministry of the wife he had so shamefully ill-used.

Martha's Trial; or, Truth will Prevail. By MABEL QUILLER-COUCH. Sunday School Union.

A WELL-TOLD tale of two servant-girls falsely accused of theft, but ultimately cleared by the confession of the wrong-doer. Mistresses and maids might equally be profited by reading the little book.

Her Welcome Home. By SAEON C. J. INGHAM. C. H. Kelly.

A DAUGHTER, marrying against her father's will, is long unforgiven, but "a little child" softens the hard heart. The story will not suit Baptist readers, but others may like it.

Making Fate. By PANSY. C. H. Kelly.

TWO young critics, who read this story through, came to the conclusion that it was not finished, for two couples introduced by the talented authoress were left unmarried! Probably, "Pansy" is writing a sequel in which the lovers will be disposed of in the orthodox tale-telling fashion.

The Author of "Morning and Night Watches." Reminiscences of a long life. Edited by his DAUGHTER. Hodder and Stoughton.

A BEAUTIFUL mind and character, set forth largely in his own words, the editing being only the delicate discretion of love as to what to include and what to suppress. Through his sweet and plaintive writings, Dr. Macduff was known all over Christendom, and this pen-portrait of the man himself will be eagerly read by his many admirers. It is a charming sketch of a fine personality glorified by the Spirit and Grace of God, and is

full both of instruction and attraction to all lovers of the Saviour whom he so devotedly served. Dr. Macduff, too, had a wide range of acquaintance and correspondence, and in these pages we get glimpses of many eminent persons, both within and outside the Christian church. This invests the volume with added interest, though its main worth is the portraiture of a gracious minister, a fertile author, and a noble man. As a gift-book, or to include in the book-club or library, it will be warmly welcomed, and will be read down to the last line with unflinching delight.

Notes.

Before our friends purchase all their Christmas presents, we recommend them to ask their booksellers to order for them Mrs. Spurgeon's new little volume, entitled, *A Carillon of Balls, to Ring Out the Old Truths of "Free Grace and Dying Love."* It is to be published as soon as possible by Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, price 1s. 6d., and will make one of the choicest gift-books of the season. It will contain the whole of Mrs. Spurgeon's "Personal Notes on a Text" which have appeared in the *Sword and Trowel* during the past two years.

PASTOR THOMAS SPURGEON asks us again to say that he has fully booked up all the engagements he can hope to fulfil for many months to come, and that he is unable to make any more. He will be very glad if friends will therefore refrain from asking him to preach or lecture, as the refusal which he must give to such requests causes much needless correspondence.

He also wishes us to state that, for a good while, it is quite useless for any more brethren to make application for admission to the Pastors' College, as there is already a large number of candidates whose cases are under consideration.

During the past month, in addition to his duties at the Tabernacle and College, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has found time to visit Nottingham, Grimsby, Wimbledon, Waltham Abbey, Northcote Road (Wandsworth), Penge, Chesham, and Newbury. The names of these eight places are soon written, but it is not so easy to realize all the labour involved in such an amount of outside service by one who is so heavily-burdened with home-work. He could not have accomplished so much if it had not been for Mr. Sawday's efficient help.

The friends at Nottingham have set a good example that may be followed in other parts where the President is able to serve the churches and the brethren, for although

he went to assist their work by his preaching, they gave him two guineas for the College funds as a thankoffering for his visit. This was such a thoughtful and graceful act on the part of Brother Clark and his helpers that we feel sure it will lead others in similar circumstances to "do likewise."

The Pastor's Birthday Fund, to which we made reference last month, was ultimately increased to £354 14s.,—a remarkable amount to come as an *extra* thankoffering from those who seem to be always giving to one good object or another. At the special prayer-meeting on behalf of the persecuted Armenians, held on *Monday, September 23*, the sum of £22 12s. was spontaneously contributed to the Armenian Relief Fund as a practical expression of sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden subjects of the cruel Sultan.

Special notice.—Among the many meetings to be held at the Tabernacle this month, two gatherings are likely to be of more than usual interest. On *Tuesday evening, November 17*, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will (D.V.) preside at a great Missionary Demonstration of Young People, which will form part of the "Missionary Congress" arranged by the Young Christians' Missionary Union from November 15—18. Tickets and programmes may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Y.C.M.U., College Buildings, Temple Street, Newington, S.E.

On *Thursday evening, November 26*, the annual meeting of the Pastors' College will (D.V.) be held in the Tabernacle, preceded by tea in the schoolroom. In the course of the evening, the President (Pastor Thomas Spurgeon) hopes to deliver a lecture entitled "Pins and Needles," and addresses will also be given by the Vice-President (Pastor Charles Spurgeon), and representatives of the tutors and students. As this is the first time "the two brothers" have had the

opportunity of speaking on behalf of the College since their election to their present offices, we suggest that it is a fitting occasion for all "our own men" in and around London to make a special effort to be present, *with their congregations*, to show their sympathy with the honoured sons of our ever-beloved and glorified President in carrying on so important a part of his work.

On *Wednesday evening, September 23*, Pastor N. H. Patriok, of Tangier, addressed a meeting of the **YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION**. There was a good attendance, and the address was both interesting and forcible. The speaker first displayed a number of curios from Tangier which he had presented to the missionary museum, and then passed on to tell of the dark places and dark deeds of Morocco, concluding with a pointed appeal for consecration, prayer, and self-denial for foreign missions. A collection was taken, amounting to £2, towards the £10 needed for the baptistry in the Tangier chapel.

On *Saturday evening, September 26*, the Tabernacle was crowded with London members of the **Y.P.S.C.E.**, who had met to welcome Dr. Clark, the founder of the movement. It was a wonderful sight to witness, and a testimony to the ever-growing influence of the remarkable work "For Christ and the Church" represented by the familiar letters, C.E. In the course of his address, Dr. Clark said that Christian Endeavour was doing its part in bringing the nations of the world together, and that the whole Christian Church in America was unanimous in saying that there must be no war between England and America. He also appealed for a higher Christian standard for the individual Endeavourer, and pleaded for more devotedness to Christ, and more earnestness in service for the Church. The collection amounted to nearly £50, part of which was devoted to the relief of Armenian refugees.

On *Tuesday evening, September 29*, the annual meeting of the **METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE EVANGELISTS' ASSOCIATION** was held in the Tabernacle lecture-hall, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. Thos. Cox, writes:—"We had a splendid meeting, never a better one as to tone and spirit; 180 were present at the tea, and the collection realized five guineas. Given in the order in which they addressed us, our speakers were,—Mr. Kemp, an evangelist from Glasgow; the President, Pastor Thos. Spurgeon; Pastors T. J. Hazzard, of Bow, and C. B. Sawday; and Mr. J. Lane, a member of the Association. All the addresses were worthy of the occasion; that of the President was a gem. He drew lessons and parables for spiritual workers from our railways and railway-stations.

During the evening, Madame Annie Ryall sang four gospel solos with much spiritual fervour and expressiveness."

We can only spare space for a brief summary of the Annual Report, which showed that the Association, as in past years, is still doing a large amount of evangelistic and home mission work at a very small cost. The fifty-five members have, during the past twelve months, conducted 1,196 Sabbath services, with 548 on week-nights, and 160 open-air meetings; the total expenditure has been £123 12s. 7d., which includes £37 15s., in part payment of purchase of freehold at Wanstead. In addition to this amount, considerable sums have been raised and spent locally in connection with the various missions, and the Association aims as far as possible at making all the stations self-supporting. The work is carried on, first, at seven missions wholly under the control of the members; next, by the regular supply of preachers to missions and chapels under other management; and, then, by the occasional services of the evangelists wherever they are needed. Any financial help for the furtherance of this good work will be gratefully received by Mr. Cox, 64, Kennington Oval, London, S.E., who will also be glad to hear from any preaching brethren of experience who can join the ranks of the Association.

At the Tabernacle prayer-meeting, on *Monday evening, October 5*, several of the brethren and sisters connected with the **NORTH AFRICA MISSION** were present, and took part in the proceedings. On *Monday evening, October 19*, as part of the celebration of the days of special prayer for the young, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon gave an address to Sunday and Ragged-school teachers from Daniel xii. 3.

On *Tuesday evening, October 20*, an enthusiastic meeting of the Tabernacle friends of Temperance was held in the lecture-hall, under the presidency of the Pastor. An Association was formed, bearing the name of **THE "JOHN FLOUGIMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY**. Pastors Thomas Spurgeon and C. B. Sawday were elected President and Vice-President, Elder Chamberlain was asked to serve as Secretary *pro tem.*, and an influential Committee was appointed. Will all abstaining friends pray, and work, and give, so as to make the re-organized Society a great blessing to the whole neighbourhood?

In Memoriam.—Just as we go to press, we hear that our dear old friend, *Mr. Robert Abraham*, whom Mr. Spurgeon used to call his Oxfordshire deacon, has been "called home" after being for years laid aside from active service. We hope to give a longer notice next month; and meanwhile, we commend the bereaved widow and family to the sustaining grace of Him who is *The Comforter*.

COLLECTOR.—Mr. F. J. Mathison has completed his course, and settled at Millom, Cumberland.

The following brethren are removing to new spheres of service:—Mr. A. Bax, from Salters' Hall Chapel, Islington, to Wycliffe Chapel, Reading; Mr. E. E. Fisk, from York, to Shipley; Mr. H. Trotman, from Sheffield, to Bridgwater; and Mr. F. C. Watts, from Moulton, to Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. W. Thomas, of Vincennes, has gone to Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A.

In our September number, we recorded the removal of Pastor R. E. Glendenning from Elgin to Paisley; but we were not then aware that, through a sad mental affliction, Pastor John Crouch had been obliged to discontinue his loved work. The friends at Paisley have shown their appreciation of his long and gracious ministry by electing him *Pastor Emeritus*, while Brother Glendenning is *Acting Pastor*. Our brethren, especially the elder ones who best knew Brother Crouch, will not forget him at the throne of grace.

News has just reached us of the death, on September 12, at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, of *Pastor E. Harborough*, formerly of Lewisham Road, Greenwich. After only a brief ministerial career, our brother had to resign his pastorate through ill-health. Last February, he went to the Cape in the hope of gaining strength for future service, and for a time he seemed to be rallying; but, after May, he gradually grew weaker, and now he has gone to the land where sickness and pain are unknown. One of his fellow-students has penned a loving "In Memoriam" tribute, which is published on page 619. His memory is very dear to all who knew him, and specially, of course, to the lady to whom he was engaged to be married. We seek for her, and for all the sorrowing relatives, that consolation which only the Lord Himself can give.

Another of the Associates of the Pastors' College Evangelical Association, *Pastor W. K. Armstrong*, of Lewes, was "called home" on September 26, after a long and trying illness. He was a veritable "stalwart" in all matters relating to the Evangelical faith, and was one of the staunchest supporters of Mr. Spurgeon's protest against the "Down-grade" in doctrine and practice. He was also, personally, very deeply attached to the beloved champion of the truth, with whom he was in such hearty agreement; and when the olive casket from Mentone arrived at New-haven, Mr. Armstrong was one of the band of faithful friends who gathered to pay respect to the memory of the "promoted" President. A Sussex paper says:—

"In 1879, Mr. Armstrong was chosen minister of the Eastgate Baptist Chapel at Lewes, and during his sixteen years' work in the county town, he had the satisfaction of seeing the chapel thoroughly restored, and a good start made towards the acquisition of Sunday-school premises. He

was a most able and eloquent preacher, and, whilst holding firmly to his principles, never bordered on bigotry, but was at all times ready to defer to the views of others when he could conscientiously do so. He was candid and outspoken, fearing no one but the Master whom he served; and these sterling qualities gained him a position of high respect in the town. . . . Mr. Armstrong's last appearance at the chapel services was on Sunday, December 18, when he was taken unwell in the vestry, and could not conduct the preliminary prayers. He was, however, able to preach, and delivered a powerful discourse, which was for long afterwards spoken of as one of his best efforts. . . . He leaves a widow, four sons, and two daughters."

We pray that the bereaved relatives may all be divinely comforted and sustained. During Mr. Armstrong's illness, the services at the chapel have been efficiently conducted by Mr. J. P. Morris, the writer of the article in the present Magazine on "The Martyrs of Lewes, 1555-7."

EVANGELISTS.—*Pastor Z. T. Downen* writes from Brixton:—"You will be pleased to hear that the visit of our friend, *Mr. J. Manton Smith*, to Wynne Road, has been a complete success. The number of conversions has not been large, but the blessing to the church has been great, and I believe permanent. He is a prince of preachers to children and young people, and his pictorial presentation of the old gospel has deeply moved the hearts of many children of a riper growth. The best thing I can say is, that we shall warmly welcome him amongst us again, and no one more so than myself."

ORPHANAGE.—Our readers will be glad to know that Mr. Charlesworth and the orphan choir safely reached New York a week after they left the shores of old England. It is too early yet to have any detailed account of their tour, but many are uniting in asking the Lord to make their way prosperous.

Collectors, and those who are willing to join the large band who thus help the Orphanage, will not forget the *collectors' meeting on Tuesday, November 10*. Mr. J. H. Alabaster, whose name should be familiar to all readers of the *Scord and Trouce* and *Sermons*, is to preside, and Pastor W. Cuff is to give his lecture on Mr. Spurgeon's life and work.

COLPORTAGE.—We are pleased to be able to report that our last month's request has been granted, and we have now to thank our kind helpers for their hearty response, thus enabling us to show an increase in our General Fund as desired. Oh, that many more generous gifts, "In loving memory," might come to cheer our hearts, and relieve us from further anxiety in this branch of our work! We need *largely-increased* help

£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Per Miss L. Buswell:—				Collected by Mrs. Holman	0 10 4
Gullsboro'	0 5 0			Collected by Mrs. S. Gibbons	0 4 9
Mr. Brook	0 5 0			Collected by Miss Underwood	0 4 11
Mrs. U. Parker	0 5 0			Collected by Miss J. Warren	0 6 7
Mrs. Rouse	0 5 0			Collected by Mrs. Bloomfield	0 2 7
		1 0 0		Collected by Mr. J. W. Harraid	1 17 0
Mr. Peroy, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0 10 0			Collected by Miss Snowden	1 2 6
Mrs. Fuller, per Mrs. T. Spurgeon	0 9 0			Collected by Mrs. Knowlden	0 7 0
Miss Churcher	0 10 0			Collected by Miss Scudder	0 16 6
A. L. C.	0 10 0			Collected by Mrs. Akers	0 4 10
Mr. W. Olney	0 10 0			Collected by Misses Pearce and Permain	0 10 3
Mr. F. Thompson	0 10 0			Collected by Miss L. Wood	0 4 0
Geo Street Mission	0 5 0			Collected by Miss Harris	0 3 0
Mr. Worth	1 0 0			Collected by Mrs. Westbrook	1 2 9
Mr. Harrison	0 1 6			Collected by Mrs. Oberm...	0 12 0
Mr. Tanner	0 1 0			Collected by Mrs. Atkinson	0 5 2
Mr. Barrett	0 10 0			Collected by Miss N. Bryan	0 4 7
Mr. Beakan	0 2 6			Collected by Miss Elliott	0 3 2
Anon.	0 5 0			Collected by Miss F. T. Sones	0 1 3
Anon.	0 10 0			Collected by Mr. J. B. Parker	1 4 3
Collected by Miss L. Mundy	0 5 0			Collected by Mrs. Howard	0 1 0
Collected by Mrs. McGregor	0 4 2			Collected by Miss Cope	0 16 0
Collected by Miss N. Barratt	0 7 7			Collected by Mrs. Howell	0 10 4
Collected by Mrs. Butler	0 8 9			Collected by Mrs. Watts	0 8 10
Collected by Miss J. Sjoblom	0 14 0			Collected by Mrs. Thos. Spurgeon	5 16 0
Collected by Miss O. Taylor	1 4 0			Collected by Miss Silverside	0 7 6
Collected by Miss O. Williams	0 2 4			Collected by Miss Silverside	0 12 7
Collected by Miss A. Kirby	0 7 6			Collected by Miss Swain	0 9 10
Collected by Mrs. Patriok	0 2 0			Collected by Miss Weekes	0 5 6
Collected by Mrs. Boney	0 1 6			Collected by Mr. J. Channon	0 7 0
Collected by Mr. A. Grose	0 11 6			Collected by Miss Strugnell	0 2 1½
Collected by Mrs. M. L. Smith	0 8 8			Collected by Pastor W. T. Soper	0 5 4
Collected by Miss L. Buswell	2 12 6			Collected by Mrs. Gibson	0 6 2
Collected by Miss L. Blackman	0 8 0			Collected by Mr. A. Johnson	0 4 9½
Collected by Miss A. Blackman	0 5 5			Collected by Miss F. Goddard	0 0 6½
Collected by Mr. F. Fuller	0 8 2			Collected by Mr. D. Browning	0 3 1
Collected by Mrs. Collier	0 6 3			Collected by Mr. M. Neate	0 10 2
Collected by Miss Perkins	0 2 6			Collected by Mrs. Carter	0 10 2
Collected by Mrs. Soper	0 19 0			Collected by Mr. C. J. Percy	1 3 4
Collected by Mrs. Laurie	0 5 0			Collected by Master H. C. Atkinson	0 4 11
Collected by Mr. Frisby	0 8 4			Collected per Rev. W. T. Soper	0 14 0½
Collected by Mrs. Ely	0 10 6			Collected by Miss Annie Brown	0 10 0
Collected by Miss Partington	0 11 0				
Collected by Mrs. Mason	0 4 7				
Collected by Miss S. Teah	0 8 0				
					£47 6 5

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mrs. M. Parmley	1 0 0	Mr. Hadow	0 2 6
F. G.	0 10 0	Miss E. Durrant	1 0 0
E. M.	0 2 0	Mrs. F. Shilson	0 5 0
Collected by Mrs. Rhodes	1 11 9	From Clifton	0 15 0
Readers of <i>The Christian Herald</i> :—		Mr. G. R. Adams	0 5 0
Hull	2 0 0	Mrs. A. Sluce	0 5 0
J. W.	0 5 0	Miss S. B. Gould	0 10 0
	2 5 0	Mr. W. Manton, junr.	0 10 0
Part collection at the Baptist Chapel,		Mr. J. Jackson	2 0 0
Lymington, per Pastor John Collins	1 15 0	Postal order, Colchester	0 5 0
Mrs. Young	0 10 0	Mrs. E. Tipper	0 5 0
Mr. F. Carpenter	2 0 0	Mr. James Brown	5 0 0
S. M. A.	0 10 6	E. R. N.	0 2 6
Mrs. H. Windmill	0 10 0	Rev. Sidney R. Young	0 2 0
Mrs. S. Blodden	0 2 6	Mr. T. W. Doggett	3 0 0
E. B., Weymouth	0 5 0	Collected at Hope Baptist Chapel,	
Collected by Miss L. Pattenden	0 2 8	Bridgend, per Mr. W. J. Lewis	3 10 0
Collected by Miss N. Knight	0 1 8	Mrs. Faulconer	100 0 0
Stamps, Hexham	0 2 11	Collected by Mrs. Leaper	0 5 0
Mr. G. Fryer	0 14 0	Collected by Mrs. Miller	0 10 0
B. L.	0 5 0	Per Mr. A. G. Wheeler:—	
Collected by the late Mrs. Chart, per		Mr. Biggs	0 5 0
Miss Wood	0 4 0	Mr. Battcock	0 3 7
Mr. and Mrs. W. Woolidge	1 0 0	Mr. Green	0 10 6

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. E. Palmer	...	1	0	0				Collected at an anti-infidel meeting held				
Mr. E. Russell	...	0	1	6				on Pockham Rye, per Mr. W. J.				
Mr. J. W. Tobitt	...	0	2	5				Williamson	...	3	0	0
Mr. A. G. Wheeler	...	0	15	0				Produce of pear-trees, per Mrs. Adlem	...	0	8	0
Mr. F. C. Darvill	...	0	1	0				Collected by Mr. J. Whittaker	...	0	15	0
					3	0	0	Collected by Mr. S. Church	...	0	12	0
The Dowager Lady Abercromby	...	1	1	0				Mrs. Sutherland	...	1	0	0
Mr. G. S. Puttock	...	1	1	0				Miss A. Saltmarsh	...	0	5	0
Mr. J. Clark	...	1	0	0				Mrs. Burdikin	...	0	2	6
Mr. W. S. Cowell	...	0	10	6				Mr. S. H. Perriam	...	0	10	0
Mrs. C. Clark	...	0	5	0				Miss Kitchen	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Thomson	...	0	5	0				Mr. S. J. Johnson	...	0	2	6
Miss Gregg	...	0	1	6				Per Miss S. Green	---			
Miss Brown	...	0	2	6				Mrs. Mackenzie	...	0	10	0
Mr. James Clark	...	2	2	0				A friend	...	0	10	0
Mrs. E. Lloyd	...	0	13	0				Miss S. Green	...	0	5	0
Miss Ferguson	...	0	10	0								
Mrs. Bradley	...	1	0	0				Mr. James Wilson	...	1	5	0
Miss S. Clout	...	0	5	0				Mrs. Burgess' Bible-class	...	0	16	0
Miss Muir	...	1	0	0				Mr. P. Stewart	...	0	5	0
Postal order, Chipstead	...	0	2	6				Mr. W. Barnes	...	1	0	0
The late Mrs. Appleton's box	...	1	4	3				Mr. J. Wickham	...	0	5	0
Collected by Miss A. Hoyle	...	0	3	0				"Bessie"	...	10	10	0
Collected by Mr. E. Ladin	...	0	3	0				Mr. A. Carter	...	0	5	0
Miss H. Warren	...	0	5	0				Mr. C. Barker	...	1	0	0
Mr. W. Beard	...	0	15	0				Collected by Mrs. R. C. Allen	...	0	6	0
Mr. L. L. Morse, J.P.	...	2	2	0				Sandwich, per Bankers	...	1	1	0
A. A.	3	0	0				Mr. F. W. Stevens	...	0	5	0
Postal order, Knighton	...	0	2	6				Collected by Mr. D. Cheek	...	0	2	4
Mr. A. H. Runney	...	1	1	0				Mrs. H. Rogers	...	0	10	0
"Every little helps"	...	0	0	1				P. and P.	...	0	5	0
Mr. C. Hooper	...	0	10	0				Mrs. Everett	...	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Hensley	...	0	8	0				Miss M. Hadfield	...	10	0	0
Collected by Mr. H. Shipton	...	1	9	5				Collected by Mrs. F. Stevenson	...	0	10	0
Messrs. G. T. Cox and Sons	...	5	5	0				Mr. and Mrs. Harris	...	5	5	0
Mrs. N. Sparrow	...	0	10	0				Mrs. Parker	...	0	2	6
A friend	...	5	0	0				Collected by Mrs. W. Fromow	...	0	15	0
Mr. D. Rees	...	0	5	0				South London Auxiliary Sunday School				
Old iron, Tatenhill	...	1	0	0				Union, per Mr. H. Gittens	...	2	2	0
Mr. F. Duffell	...	0	10	0				Mr. T. Lawrence	...	0	2	6
Mr. H. Bell	...	0	10	0				I. C. M.	...	1	0	0
Mrs. and Miss F. M. Hay	...	0	2	0				Stamps, Millport	...	0	2	6
Mr. W. A. Weightman	...	3	0	0				Miss S. Simpson	...	0	3	0
Mr. W. H. Wilcox	...	2	2	0				Mrs. E. O. Landover	...	0	1	0
Miss Porter	...	1	1	0				Collected by Mr. F. Scott	...	0	6	0
The British Chautauque, per Mr. P. C.								J. F. H.	...	1	0	0
Webb	...	2	1	10				Stamps, Putney	...	0	1	0
E. B. T., Watchet	...	1	0	0				Miss M. S. Hine	...	1	0	0
J. Jategee	...	0	5	0				Mrs. H. Holloway	...	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Zuber	...	0	8	0				H. M. C.	...	0	5	0
Mrs. R. Freestone	...	0	8	6				Mrs. Raybould	...	1	0	0
Mr. G. Wood	...	0	2	6				Mr. Park	...	1	1	0
Mr. W. Laurie	...	0	10	0				Mr. J. Wilson	...	0	10	6
Collected by Mrs. M. Winter	...	0	1	3				Mr. Thomas Cottam, J.P.	...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Marshall	...	1	0	0				Readers of <i>The Christian</i> , per Messrs.				
Mr. E. S. Vincent, per Mrs. J. A.								Morgan and Scott	...	5	12	6
Spurgeon	...	0	10	0				Mr. G. B. Vanheseon	...	0	10	0
Mr. J. Foulkes	...	0	2	6				Mrs. H. A. Southernwood	...	0	5	0
Miss Lightbound	...	0	2	6				Miss A. Collins	...	0	5	0
Miss Sladen	...	0	5	0				Mrs. Chenery	...	0	5	0
T. H. Maesteg	...	0	5	0				Post office order, Carlisle	...	2	0	0
Collected by Miss K. Butler	...	0	4	0				Miss G. Shaw	...	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cave	...	2	0	0				Mrs. E. Maclie	...	0	10	0
Harvest thanksgiving, Baptist Chapel,								Miss A. Letchworth	...	1	0	0
Craven Arms, per Rev. M. Matthews								A friend, Cheltenham	...	0	3	6
Mrs. M. Earl	...	0	10	0				Collected by Miss G. Copley	...	0	4	0
Box at Tabernacle gates	...	0	12	7				Miss A. Whitley	...	0	5	0
Mr. A. Scans	...	2	0	0				Mr. T. Eatock	...	0	2	0
Messrs. W. C. Jarvis & Sons	...	1	0	0				Mr. James Tutt	...	1	0	0
Mrs. Uridae	...	0	10	0				Collected by Miss M. H. Sharp:—				
Mrs. Yates	...	0	10	6				Christmas collection	...	0	15	6
Collected by Miss J. Mead	...	5	12	6				Annual subscriptions	...	3	6	6
Harvest thanksgiving service, Stowup-								Sale of knitted dish-cloths	...	0	3	0
land Congregational Church, per Mr.								A penny per head on visi-				
T. E. Carter	...	1	0	8				tors at a sister's country				
Mr. E. Dawson	...	0	2	6				boarding-house, a few				
Stamps	...	0	1	0				days in Bank Holiday				
Mrs. C. Napier	...	0	1	6				week	...	0	4	1
Miss E. M. Scott	...	0	2	6				Sundries	...	0	2	8
Mr. E. Reynolds	...	0	2	6								
Postal order, West Bromwich	...	0	2	6				Collected by Miss Carter	...	1	1	4

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Tabernacle office-box	0 13 0	Mr. B. Bull	0 5 0
Mr. H. J. Veitch, for the maintenance of an orphan boy for one year	20 0 0	Mrs. Curtis	0 5 0
Mr. A. Humphries... ..	0 19 6	Exor. of the late Miss Desroix	97 16 1
Mr. W. Ramsay	1 0 0	Orphan Boys' collecting-cards (as per list)... ..	2 2 6
G. E., Northampton	0 10 0	Orphan Girls' collecting-cards (as per list)... ..	2 2 3
Stamps, Ilgham Ferrers... ..	0 2 0	<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the Orphanage Choir:—</i>	
Mrs. M. A. Chapman	0 10 0	A friend at the Tabernacle, Monday, Sept. 21st	1 0 0
Dugdale Street Baptist Chapel Sunday-school, per Mr. Brown... ..	1 9 6	Sir George Williams at Y.M.C.A. prayer-meeting, Aldersgate Street, Sept. 24th... ..	3 0 0
O. B., per J. A. S... ..	50 0 0	Watts Memorial Hall, Southampton... ..	8 8 0
An anonymous donor	50 0 0		
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—			
Mr. Brown, Barisal, per Pastor W. Carey	1 10 0		
Pastor T. A. Vaan	1 0 0		
Mrs. Townsend	2 2 0		
	4 12 0		£514 15 6

*Orphan Boys' Collecting Cards (second list):—*Burnett, F., £1 2s 6d; Barnett, E., 2s 6d; Fox, J., 10s; Rouse, G., 4s 6d; Utton, A. J., 2s; Walden, J., 1s. Total, £2 2s 6d.

*Orphan Girls' Collecting Cards (second list):—*Benthall, B., 1s; Evans, D., 2s 6d; Gibson, B., £1 0s 1d; Hussey, V., 2s; Halls, J., 4s 3d; Hunt, B., 1s; McConдах, A., 1s; Moss, F., 1s 8d; Robinson, E., 7s 6d; Stickland, F., 3d; Walker, K., 1s. Total, £2 2s 3d.

*List of Presents from September 15th to October 14th, 1896.—*PROVISIONS:—1 Hamper Blackberries and Apples, The Misses Wiseman; 1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; 2½ lbs. Bacon, J. H.; 104 lbs. Pickled Pork, Mr. E. Sparrow; 20 lbs. Beef, Mr. T. Round; 136 quarts Milk, Messrs. Walker & Son; 19 bushels Apples, Messrs. E. & S. Fowler; 2 sacks Flour, Mr. Jno. Attlee; a quantity of Eating Apples, Mr. W. J. Graham; a quantity of Apples, Mr. F. F. Warman; a quantity of Apples, Mr. and Mrs. Cooks. *Proceeds of Harvest Thanksgiving Services:—*A quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Regent Street Baptist Church, Lambeth, per Mr. D. Henderson; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Borstal, per Mr. Bert Miller; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Sandy, per Rev. H. J. Milledge; 3 large Loaves, friends at Sussex Street Baptist Chapel, Brighton, per Pastor T. Burros; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Brabourne, per Pastor A. F. Cotton; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Baptist Chapel, Devizes, per Pastor J. Day; a quantity of Vegetables, Fruit, &c., Stowupland, per Mr. E. Sparrow; a quantity of Fruit, Vegetables, &c., Chitterne, Wilts, per Mr. F. Maidment.

*Boys' CLOTHING:—*2 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 16 pairs Boots (for choir boys), Messrs. Pocock Bros.; 9 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 8 Articles, The Summer Hill Baptist Juvenile Sewing Class, Mandeë, Newport, Mon., per Mrs. Douglas; 6 pairs Knitted Socks, Mrs. E. Hogg.

*GIRLS' CLOTHING:—*12 Articles, Mrs. Wilson; 20 Articles (for No. 1 Girls), Miss Knox's Bible-class; 4 Pinafors, Mrs. Leaper; 31 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 49 Articles, The Summer Hill Baptist Juvenile Sewing Class, Mandeë, Newport, Mon., per Mrs. Douglas; 8 Articles, Mrs. Sutherland; 38 Garments, The Cheam Baptist Working Society, per Mrs. E. Cox; 6 pairs Stockings, a quantity of Dress and other Buttons, Miss O. E. Selfe.

GENERAL:—A quantity of Magazines, Anon.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1896.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>		Cowling Hill Baptist Church	10 0 0
Orpington, per Mr. W. Vinson... ..	10 0 0	Anonymous, Liverpool	1 0 0
Evesham, per Mr. W. Ashley	10 0 0	Gildersome, per Rev. J. Haslam	10 0 0
Stow and Aston, Oxfordshire Association... ..	10 0 0	Corton, per Mr. Thos. Harris	11 5 0
Wilts and East Somerset Baptist Association	11 5 0		£202 0 0
Devon Baptist Association	11 5 0	<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>	
Langley Moor, per Mr. J. Raw	11 5 0	Mr. C. J. Whitnuck Rabbits	5 5 0
Home Counties Baptist Association	20 0 0	Mrs. Rainbow	1 0 0
Totham, Gt., per Rev. H. J. Harvey	10 0 0	Mrs. A. Fiddymant	1 0 0
Catford and Forest Hill, per Mr. J. G. Priestley	5 0 0	O. B.	10 0 0
Suffolk Congregational Union	10 0 0	Collection at special meeting at Plymouth	1 1 4
Thornbury, per Mrs. S. Taylor	7 10 0	"In loving memory," per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon	50 0 0
Hadleigh Congregational Church	10 0 0	Mrs. Raybould	1 0 0
Fritcham, per Mr. R. W. B. Griffiths	11 5 0		
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	10 0 0		
Ironbridge, per Mrs. G. Maw	10 0 0		
Melksham, per Mrs. H. Keevil	11 5 0		
Tewkesbury, per Rev. W. Davies	1 0 0		£69 6 4

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Thankoffering from Regent Street Polytechnic, for services of Mr. J. Manton Smith	50 0 0	Mrs. Rainbow	0 10 0
Thankoffering for Mr. J. Manton Smith's services at Wynne Road, Brixton, per Pastor E. T. Dowen ...	5 5 0	O. B.	10 0 0
			<u>£65 15 0</u>

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. W. Anderson, junr.	0 10 0	Mrs. Cooper	0 2 0
Mrs. Mott	0 5 0	G. E., Northampton	0 10 0
Mr. H. Humphrey	1 0 0		
Mrs. Barker	0 15 0	<i>For translations of sermons:—</i>	
Mr. C. Matthews	5 0 0	Mrs. Hookey's Bible-class, Bexhill-on-Sea	0 15 0
Mrs. Townsend	2 2 0		
Mrs. F., "a constant reader"	3 0 0		
"Nameless"	1 0 0		
"Grateful"	0 10 0		<u>£15 9 0</u>

Bewlah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from September 15th to October 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Amount previously acknowledged	781 18 10	Mr. Harry Cooke	0 2 0
Mr. Joseph Passmore	10 0 0	"For the Lord"	10 10 0
Mr. James E. Passmore	10 0 0	Per Pastor J. S. Hookey:—	
Mr. J. H. Alabaster	5 0 0	A friend	1 0 0
A. L. O. S.	0 10 0	A friend	0 10 0
Mrs. Mott	0 10 0	Mrs. Smith	1 0 0
Miss E. Simur	0 5 0	Mr. C. Ladin	0 2 0
Mr. H. Higbed	0 2 6	Colonel Philips	5 0 0
"A gift of Providence"	5 0 0		
"Nameless"	2 0 0		
Miss Bevan	0 5 0		
Mrs. Green, per Pastor C. Spurgeon ...	0 2 6		<u>7 12 0</u>
			<u>£893 17 10</u>

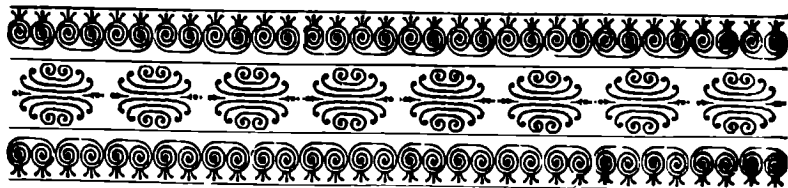
(Promises unpaid, £27 11s. 6d.)

Mr. Taverner very gratefully sends us his first list of promises and donations towards the Welsh Translations of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons mentioned in last month's *Sword and Trowel*, page 574:— Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, £5; Mr. R. Cory, J.P., Cardiff, £5; a Welsh friend in London, £1.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notice.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Bewlah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Bewlah Hill, Upper Norwood.



THE

Sword and the Trowel.

DECEMBER, 1896.

An Unpublished Exposition.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

REPORTED AND FORWARDED BY PASTOR T. W. MEDHURST, CARDIFF.

2 CORINTHIANS IV. 7—18, AND V. 1—9.

(The Sermon that followed this Exposition is No. 1,719 in the *Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit*, and is entitled, "The Tent Dissolved and the Mansion Entered.")



CHAPTER iv. Verse 7. "*But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.*"

God might have put the treasure of the gospel into such golden vessels as cherubim and seraphim; as preachers of the Word, He might have sent angels who would never stutter, and never err, and never sin; but, instead of doing so, He has chosen to send the gospel to men by commonplace beings like ourselves, who are but "earthen vessels." This redoundeth much to His glory; and remember, dear friends, that God's great object in sending this gospel into the world, when we get to the bottom of it, was His own glory. He would manifest His mercy to men that His mercy might thereby be glorified. It is not worthy of God to have any lower aim than His own glory; and, to secure this, He has given us the gospel; and still further to attain to it, He has committed the gospel, not to the trust of angels or even of perfect men, but to poor, feeble, fallible creatures such as we are: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels."

8. "*We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed ; we are perplexed, but not in despair ;*"

Paul is speaking for himself, and for all the members of the Apostolic College, and also for all the early saints. They appear to have been very much "troubled," and sometimes to have been very much "perplexed." I meet with a certain sort of brethren, nowadays, who have no troubles ; they are so supremely wise, that they are never perplexed. They are so eminently holy—at least in their own estimation,—that they do not appear ever to be tempted. They seem to belong to what men call "the upper crust" of religious society, they do not wish to be reckoned with the common sort of Christians. Well, I for one do not belong to their set ; and the grand princes of the Church of God in apostolic days were men who were "troubled on every side, yet not distressed ;" they were "perplexed, but not in despair ;"

9. "*Persecuted, but not forsaken ; cast down, but not destroyed ;*"

They were "persecuted, but not forsaken" ; they were "cast down," for they were men of like passions with ourselves, yet, though they might full often feel themselves to be broken to pieces, they were "not destroyed." I am quite content to be numbered with them, and to sing with good John Fawcett,—

"Temptations everywhere annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I moura.

My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
My hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end."

10. "*Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.*"

To have a sign of death upon us, should be no hindrance to our spiritual life, but should rather be a help to it. To bear about in our body "the dying of the Lord Jesus" tends greatly towards our manifestation of the life of Christ. Whenever we begin to reckon that we shall live long, we generally begin to live loosely. To live as though to-morrow were to be the judgment-day, or as though to-day the Kingdom of Heaven might come, is the style of living that is best of all. Let us have a life lengthened as much as God may please, but it shall be a life of holiness. As the worldling has been heard to say, "A short life and a merry one," the Christian's motto shall be, "A short life, if God so wills it, *but ever a holy one.*"

11, 12. "*For we which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh. So then death worketh in us, but life in you.*"

These apostolic men lived on the very borders of the grave daily,

expecting to die a cruel death ; and in this way life was brought to many, like the Corinthians, who otherwise would have been left to perish eternally.

13—16. "*We having the same spirit of faith, according as it is written, I believed, and therefore have I spoken ; we also believe, and therefore speak ; knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you. For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God. For which cause we faint not ; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.*"

As the flesh goes down, so, by God's grace, the spirit goes up. You know that there are various heavy weights that tend to keep a man down to the earth, but he who understands mechanics knows that, by the right arrangement of wheels and pulleys, these same heavy weights may be made to lift a man. So does God often make the weight of bodily affliction to be the means of uplifting the spirit.

17, 18. "*For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory ; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

"*Things which are seen.*" Some would say, "These are the only things that can be looked at." "*Things which are not seen.*" Says another, "These are the things which cannot be looked at." Yes, but these are the things that the believer's eye can perceive, for he sees that which to others is invisible.

Chapter v. Verses 1, 2. "*For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from Heaven :*"

In this poor body it is our lot often to groan, but the groan is a hopeful one ; it is a birth pang, and it will bring us great delight.

3. "*If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.*"

We have no wish to be unclothed, but we do long to be clad in that new garment which God has prepared for us.

4—8. "*For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened : not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord : (for we walk by faith, not by sight :) we are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.*"

"*Always confident.*" That is a blessed word. There are some

Christians who are never confident, and some who are afraid of confidence. If they see confidence in another Christian, they begin to tremble for him. Never mind, brother, if God gives you a holy confidence, hold you to it, and be not afraid of saying, "Always confident," and again, "We are confident."

9. "*Therefore we labour, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him.*"

"*Accepted of Him.*" That is our main business, beloved. Whether we live, or whether we die, is of no consequence at all; but to be accepted of Jesus Christ, so to live, by the help of the Holy Spirit, as to be well-pleasing to God the Father, be this our constant ambition!

Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room.

IT has been the good pleasure of the Lord to bless my "Personal Notes on a Text" to many of His tried and afflicted people, and to make them messengers of comfort in hours of sorrow or darkness. Very gently did He lead me into this unthought-of service, and most graciously has He hitherto sustained me in it; first giving me in my own heart the joy of His Word, and then enabling me to minister of that rejoicing to others.

When a friend suggested that these "Notes" should be gathered together, and arranged in a small book, I felt it was quite possible that the Lord in His tenderness would continue to speak by them to some who needed consolation or encouragement. So the little volume is now ready, and I shall be a happy woman if God will use it to make music in any worn and weary heart. I have called it "A Carillon of Bells," because its one aim and object is to summon the Lord's people to bless and praise His Holy Name, and every note, from the highest to the lowest, is meant to peal forth the melody of "free grace and dying love." There is nothing *new* in the book;—no, for "the old is better," it tells of ancient covenants, and everlasting love, and full atonement, and final perseverance,—grand old doctrines on which a soul may stand without fear when heaven and earth are passing away, and the Son of Man comes in His glory.

In these days of daring infidelity, and awful treason against the Most High, I count it an unspeakable honour to be permitted to testify to the power of the old truths, and the pleasantness of the old paths, and the unfailling faithfulness of God in the fulfilment of each and all of His precious promises; and though my voice is less than a whisper amid the roar and turmoil of conflicting opinions and blasphemous theories, I know that God can hear it, and that He will accept the loving tribute which my heart thus offers to Him.

* * * *

Very warmly do I thank the many friends who have rendered help to the two ministers of whose privations I wrote in last month's Magazine. Both cases were even sadder in detail than I dared to

describe them, but the money I have since received will go far to make them comfortable, and without sordid care for the winter. Their gratitude is deep and devout; it is delightful to note how their hearts are uplifted in praise to God for these earthly blessings which have come direct from Him, though through human channels. To have a new song put into one's own mouth by His goodness, is a very gracious experience; but to fill the lips of others with thankful praises, is a ministry only a little lower than that of the angels. To sow such seeds of joy, is happy labour; and they are very fruitful, they bring forth "some thirty-fold, some sixty, and some an hundred."

But may I remind my friends that these poor ministers are "always with us"? The two cases I wrote of are but *specimens* of the suffering and poverty many of the Lord's servants have to endure. My description stirred your hearts to an extra effort; but there are scores more, just as needy and quite as worthy, who will not benefit by this kindness unless it is continued, and you remember lovingly to give "as God hath prospered you" to those whose claim upon you, for Christ's sake, is as pathetic as it is powerful. One of the gifts recorded in the list on page 668 came with these words:—"I beg your acceptance of the enclosed postal note, for the minister's suffering wife. I am poor and afflicted, and am writing in bed. The two shillings were given to me by a kind Christian visitor,—please may I send them on to her, for I have a fire, but she had none?" Oh, for more of such a self-denying Christ-like spirit in those of us who "have all things and abound."

Since I wrote the above paragraph, sad proof has come to hand that the sorrows I depicted were but "specimens" of others' woes. One of "our own men" sends me the following "personal note," which very effectually confirms all my statements, and, I think, justifies my constant sympathy on behalf of poor ministers. He says:—

"On reading the article on ministerial poverty, under the heading of 'Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon's Work-room,' I could almost see myself as in a glass. My wife also, to whom I handed it, thought the same, and during its perusal she turned to me, and asked, 'When did you send this to Mrs. Spurgeon?' Somewhat evading the question, the reading continued; but soon after, it was interrupted again by the ejaculation, 'I see that you did not write it, after all.' No, I did *not* write it; but I might have done so, and in thus doing I should have given an autobiography.

"The sickness of wife and children has been ours to know more than once, and the 'processions to the humble Manse' have been so few as to be utterly insignificant; whilst, for this said Manse, £3 has to be taken every quarter for rent out of the £15 salary, thus leaving a balance of £12 to provide for the necessities of *eight* persons for the next thirteen weeks. True, there are certain small supplementary sums occasionally dropped into our exchequer, and such sums go to purchase boots or some needed articles of dress; but they do little

more than this, and practically, the aforesaid balance represents the luxuries of our life and table.

"Possibly these few details may be useful to some orator who wishes to emphasize the fact that 'an efficient rural ministry' must be maintained *at any cost*. I will only add that I know of other cases as bad as my own, and of one which is even *worse*."

* * * *

"THIS IS THE FOREST PRIMEVAL."

Through sending the *Sword and Trowel* to dwellers in far-off and lonely lands, I have become aware of a very interesting little Christian colony which has established itself in the depths of the forests of BRITISH COLUMBIA, far from all civilized life and habitation. It will perhaps be refreshing for the readers of this Magazine to have a brief glimpse of circumstances and surroundings so entirely different from their own; and if any should be led to pray for or otherwise help forward this remarkable mission, I shall be glad to have introduced it to their notice.

Two missionaries,—Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson,—who have been working among the Indian tribes for twenty-eight years, are the originators of this unique and remarkable effort which I shall try to describe to you. Nine years ago, they, with a few Christian Indians, were living in a heathen village; but finding many disadvantages connected with such a residence, they determined to leave it, and seek out a suitable spot where they could found a Christian settlement, far from all old associations, and where they could worship God in peace, and bring up their children in happy ignorance of heathen customs and superstitions. "We chose this site," says the missionary's wife, "because our people had often passed through it on their hunting expeditions; otherwise, it was an untrodden and unknown portion of the land, in the depths of 'the forest primeval', and far from every sign of human habitation." So the little company "came out from among them," as God's people often have to do, whether it be in British Columbia or in Britain itself, and settled themselves in this far corner of the world. Only seven persons joined them at first, but others have since come in from the surrounding tribes, and now the colony numbers about forty men, women, and children who have left their heathen homes and given up their idolatrous practices, to embrace the religion of Christ and the teaching of His Word. The missionary thus describes the plan followed in admitting natives to the settlement:—"After the Indians have seen our ways, and understood our village laws, and expressed a desire to join us, they are requested to sign a paper, promising to discard all heathen customs, and live as law-abiding citizens, in a quiet Christian way. They are then enrolled as members of the village community, and are entitled to a piece of land, on which to build a house. We make our own laws and regulations, and though some have considered these too strict, and have left us, the majority have remained contented and faithful. 'Tis true they come to us but slowly, yet this gives greater hope that those who do come have well considered the matter, and will stay."

What a strange, isolated life for these good people to lead! Their little community is an oasis of civilization in a desert of savagery. But how busy they are! The letter goes on to say that some of the younger Indians have made great progress in reading and writing, and that all of them are especially fond of singing. The winter is the principal time for teaching them, as during the other part of the year they are hunting and preparing stores of fish and berries for winter consumption. The missionaries have a son and two daughters, who have known the language from their childhood; and they are a great help in teaching and translating and forwarding the interests of the settlement.

Now that the *Sword and Trowel* has found its way to this singular corner of God's vineyard, will not its readers pray for these good people, that the Lord will give them the souls of the Indians for Christ? They are sadly cut off from communication with the outside world. From November to April they are dependent on any chance party of natives coming across country, for receiving letters, or hearing any news, and though there is a river near them it is seldom navigable; but *the way upward* is always open, and we can send blessings to these lonely workers by that higher road with the certainty that such despatches can never go astray, or be lost in transit.

* * * *

"PERSONAL NOTES" ON A TEXT.

"*I am thine, and all that I have.*"—1 Kings xx. 4.

A little while since, dear Lord, Thou didst permit me to sign a contract for the building of a House of Prayer to the honour of Thy Name. This morning, on the table of my heart there rests another covenant, one I would fain renew with Thee, and to which I pray Thee to set Thy seal and signature. O my Lord, come near, I beseech Thee; look down with Thy great love upon me as I write these solemn words, "I AM THINE, AND ALL THAT I HAVE," and let my soul hear Thy tender response, "I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine."

There is nothing on earth, O Lord, Thou knowest, that I desire so much as to be absolutely surrendered to Thee, and to Thy service. I want the fullest spiritual blessing Thou canst see fit to give me; and to obtain this, I do gladly yield up body, soul, and spirit,—all that I am and have,—into Thy loving hands, that Thou mayest reign over me, and rule within me as my absolute King and Master. Dost Thou ask me if I have counted the cost? Yes, Lord, it means, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." This is the cost, but Thy grace is sufficient to meet it, and to fill Thy child's heart with joy unspeakable at the thought that she is no longer her own, but "bought with a price."

"*I am Thine.*" Who has so great a right to me as Thou hast? Created by Thee, I belong of necessity to Him who made me.

Daily preserved by Thee, the life Thou maintainest ought to be consecrated to Thy service. But the closest tie of all is that Thou hast loved me, redeemed me from death, purchased me with the price of Thine own blood, and thus bound me to Thyself for ever. O love amazing and Divine, why didst Thou do all this for one so unlovely and unworthy? It is but another instance of "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight," and, since it has pleased Thee to be thus gracious, and Thou hast made it possible for me to say, "I am Thine," it must naturally follow that I should add, "*and all that I have,*" laying every possession and power at Thy dear feet; for what have I, Lord, of anything good or excellent, which is not Thine own gift to me?

I pray Thee to grant that my surrender may be real, practical, and complete; not in word only, but in deed and in truth,—not simply a spiritual submission, which might be counted easy and pleasant, but that constant denial of self and its pleadings, that keeping under of the body, and bringing it into subjection, which I find so difficult of attainment. If Thou hast given me but one talent, may that be so used as to bring the greatest possible interest of glory to Thee! My time must not be aimlessly frittered away, or merely employed for self-indulgence; but every hour should bear on its fast-flying wings the witness of something said, or done, or thought, for Thee, my Master, or Thy service. My money all belongs to Thee, and every coin of it should be spent, as in Thy sight, and with Thy approval. I pray Thee, enable me, in this matter, to render a good account of my stewardship. Deliver me from the evil of looking on gold as a gift, to be used at my will and pleasure, instead of receiving it from Thee as a sacred loan or trust to be employed and expended only for Thy glory. Be it much or little which Thou dost bestow on me, help me from my heart to say, "*All that I have is Thine.*"

O my pitiful Lord, Thou wilt remember that my dearest and most precious possession is already in Thy safe keeping, and that Thou hast long since taught me, by a sorrowful experience, to measure earth's losses by Heaven's gain! Yes, Lord, I can bless Thee that Thou hast but removed my treasure into Thine own treasury, and gathered my priceless jewel into Thine own regalia. "Of Thine own have I given Thee" when resigning into Thy arms that most dearly-beloved one who is now with Thee in the glory.

Dear Lord, in taking *him*, Thou seemest to have taken ALL THAT I HAVE, so that it is no longer a question of "surrender", but only of quiet, happy submission, as Thy will daily unfolds itself, and directs my work and my way.

Lord, keep me ever thus in the secret hiding-place of Thy love, "as having nothing, yet possessing all things;" it is so safe a shelter for a weary, waiting soul, and so blessed a way of being made meet for the coming inheritance!

"Our Own Men" and their Work.

XXXVI.—HENRY KIDNER, SECRETARY OF THE LONDON YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ONE Lord's-day afternoon, more than thirty years ago, a lad, not fourteen years of age, was walking in a West London thoroughfare. He was met by a Christian worker distributing tracts, and invited by him to a Bible-class at the Youths' Christian Association. A promise to attend, the following Sunday, was given; and, true to his word, the youth was there. The Y.C.A. was an outcome of the great Revival movement of 1859, and was carried on at a house in Stafford Street,



Marylebone. On that particular afternoon, Mr. Robert Johnston, the President of the Association, conducted a devotional service in place of the Bible-class. The leader was "a man of venerable appearance, solemn and impressive, yet bright and cheerful in manner." In the course of the meeting, several youths and young men rose to testify that they had found the Saviour, and had received the forgiveness of their sins. This stirred the new-comer's soul to its very depths; so that, when prayer was offered in the after-meeting, special request was made for a youth who desired to realize the same joy that he had seen in others. That Sabbath afternoon saw the passing away of old things, and the beginning of new in HENRY KIDNER'S life. Our friend was born in 1850. While quite young, he had to depend upon his own exertions to make his way in the world. Long hours at business left very little time for self-improvement. When, later on, an advance to a wholesale house gave slightly more leisure, the opportunity was eagerly seized upon for the culture of the mind. Nor was our brother idle as to Christian effort. He joined a band of tract-distributors, who went out every afternoon into the London streets to induce youths to attend the Bible-class. This was his first work, and, with varying methods, it is upon these lines he has moved ever since. As time went on, he entered heartily into all services for young men, and especially made a point of dealing with them personally as to the salvation of their souls.

Through all subsequent years, Mr. Kidner has kept in touch with Stafford Rooms,* and so preserved alive the spirit that animated him in the old days. He speaks in grateful remembrance of Mr. W. H. Mills, the present Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. British National Council,

* An old branch and the present North-West District centre of the Young Men's Christian Association at Titchborne Street, Edgware Road, W.

who was for many years Secretary at Stafford Rooms. Mr. Kidner records his special indebtedness to this good brother for encouragement and help. It was during this formative period, also, that an observant Christian employer gave the earnest youth ten minutes extra at the dinner hour daily for reading the Bible. The opportunity was used to the full, and had a great influence, for the entrance of God's Word "giveth light." After business hours, evening classes were attended, and the rudiments of Greek mastered, for the resolve had already been formed to enter either the foreign mission field, or the Christian ministry at home, as the way opened.

All this while, the Great Master, who shapes His servants for their varied spheres, was moulding Henry Kidner for that work which was ultimately to be the supreme purpose of his life. We have seen him not only seeking to store his mind with knowledge, but "with both hands earnestly" endeavouring to turn young men into gospel paths. Who can doubt that the enthusiasm shown towards the young, and the faculty for interpreting their wants and ways, have been overruled by the Divine hand to bring our brother to the important post he holds to-day?

However, as a young man, the goal of his ambition was the Christian ministry, and to this hour he regards the preaching of the gospel as the highest service in which any human being can be engaged. Our friend felt that he was on the threshold of the fulfilment of his desires when he entered the Pastors' College, in the autumn of 1871. He had been early convinced of the duty of believers' baptism, and had attended the earnest ministry of Pastor W. Stott.

The Pastors' College, when Henry Kidner joined it, was passing through its golden days. The peerless President was in the full strength of his great powers, and was ably supported by his brother, "Father Rogers," Mr. Gracey, Mr. Fergusson, and Mr. Selway. Who that had the privilege of belonging to the classes of that day can ever forget them? The Fridays when C. H. Spurgeon would stir to the highest enthusiasm the band of men gathered before him,—the theological mornings with Professor Rogers, when *our* "Grand Old Man" used to read his lectures from microscopic shorthand notes, without the aid of glasses,—classics with Mr. Gracey, and English and metaphysics with Mr. Fergusson—what times were these! If any man could come under influences such as these without being moulded into a workman needing not to be ashamed, there was very little of the right kind of material in him. How we should delight to let those days live again by giving imagination the key to the gallery of memory! But though the Editor kindly allows the present writer to meander sometimes, he must keep within bounds just now.

Brother Kidner was known in College as a keen critic, a good debater, and a thorough-going student. Three of us resolved on a race in Euclid; and as Mr. Rogers had a great liking for Q.E.D., we plied him with propositions till really the old gentleman felt obliged to pull us up. Perhaps he thought we might injure our health by endeavouring to digest so much logic; yet, although the ancient sage set a limit to our exertions in this direction, he let us stretch ourselves pretty well. In that memorable struggle, Pastor J. Raymond, now of

Llandudno, came in first, and Henry Kidner second; who was third, need not be stated. But these are by-gones.

Mr. Kidner left College in 1874. His course had been a happy one, the student had been admitted into the closer fellowship of friendship; and to this day there is no one among his "old boys" who can more readily than Henry Kidner bring a smile across the lion-like features of Mr. Fergusson. Our brother's first settlement was at the Mumbles, near Swansea. Rev. James Owen gave the charge to the new pastor. "The aim of my preaching at this time," says Mr. Kidner, "was to bring those who heard me to immediate decision for Christ. The chapel used to be crowded on Sunday evenings, and there were numerous conversions. I often thought my preaching very poor. A sermon on the new birth much discouraged me; yet, when I asked a coast-guard'sman, who wished to be baptized, to what he attributed his conversion, he replied, 'It was that sermon on the new birth that did it.'" Special services were held at the Drill Hall, for the fishermen engaged in oyster dredging; Mumbles—or, to quote its other name, Oystermouth,—being one of the chief centres of that industry.

By this time, our brother had married a lady who, for many years, was his right loyal helpmeet in the work of God. It was the privilege of the writer of this sketch to see much of this gifted and devoted wife within recent years. To know *her*, was to feel how far short one came in whole-hearted consecration. She was "a burning and a shining light," and we were glad for a season to rejoice in that light. During our friend's pastorate at the Mumbles, Mrs. Kidner began to make her unique power felt. She visited constantly, took classes, and conducted cottage services. While at this place, Mr. Kidner preached, in one of the Cardiff chapels, the annual sermon on behalf of the Glamorgan-shire Baptist Association.

In the autumn of 1878, a move was made to Minchinhampton, near Stroud. Here, during six years, a splendid work was done. With the hearty support of the members, our friend undertook the entire renovation of the schoolroom, built new class-rooms, and provided a new baptistery in the chapel. The old schoolroom had originally been the chapel, and there the baptistery had been situated until this alteration. At the same time, with intense zeal, Mr. and Mrs. Kidner threw themselves into pastoral work. Mrs. Kidner took the oversight of a Young Women's Bible-class, started by the former pastor, and Mr. Kidner began a class for young men. This work among both sexes was greatly blessed. As a proof that the labours of our brother and his devoted wife are held in precious memory at Minchinhampton, it may be mentioned that, when Mrs. Kidner passed away last spring, around her grave in Paddington Cemetery there stood, among prominent leaders of the London Y.W.C.A., some friends from Gloucestershire, while a wreath was sent as a tribute from the church in the Cotswold Hills.

In the summer of 1884, what seemed at the time to be a mysterious providence overshadowed our brother's home. A serious breakdown of health, which affected his throat, compelled him to resign the pastorate, the doctors peremptorily ordering six months' rest.

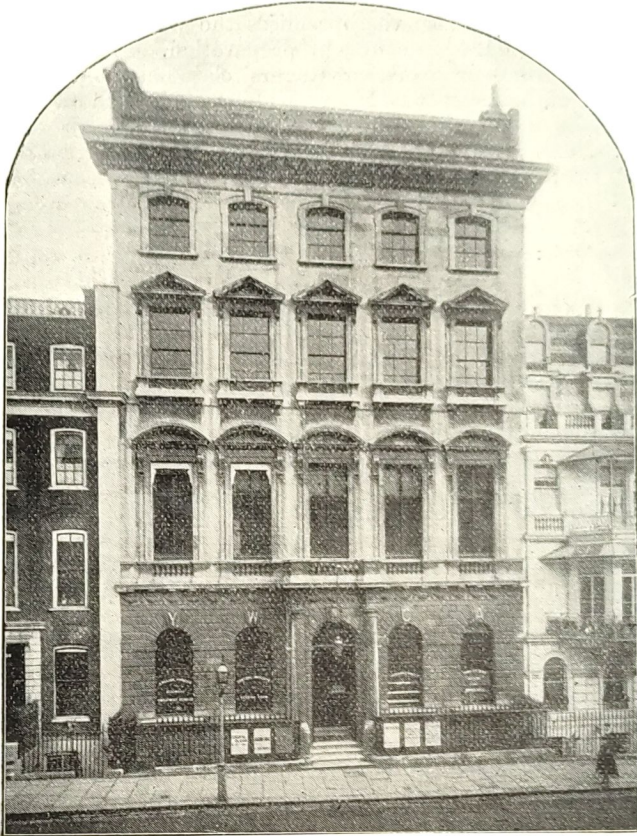
At the close of that period, and when health was largely restored,

a position offered itself in such a manner as to mark the hand of God in the disposal of our friend's gifts and experience. He became Managing Secretary in connection with *Our Own Gazette*, the organ of the Young Women's Christian Association. This work was entered upon in 1885, and, from that day onwards, Henry Kidner has devoted his talents and energies to the furtherance of the Y.W.C.A. To-day, he holds the post of General Secretary to the London part of this far-reaching Institution. What the work of the Metropolitan division means may be gathered, but in a faint way, from statistics. There are 50 institutes, homes, and restaurants; 92 other branches; the London membership is put down at 14,000; the workers—mostly voluntary,—at 2,100; while the young women and girls benefited annually are reckoned at 30,000. There are 21 departments, and 5 affiliated sub-societies. One department looks after poor girls who have been ill, and sends them for a free holiday when convalescent, with the help of funds specially raised for the purpose. Another assists members to emigrate. There are two central employment agencies; one for governesses and servants, the other for young women in business. A further department looks after foreign girls in London,—a most Christ-like work. Yet another sends workers into the London parks to pick up stray girls. There is a home for barmaids at 14, John Street, Bedford Row, and special visitation is made to railway restaurants. In 18 London districts there are 721 public elementary school teachers who are members, and these are looked after according to their wants. Factories are also visited all over London, and the "Travellers' Aid" gives protection to girls when journeying.

Over all these activities Lord Kinnaird presides, the Viscountess Portman being President of the London Council; while the Hon. Emily Kinnaird and Miss Morley share between them the duties of Honorary Secretaries. It is no secret in the Y.W.C.A., that to the abundant labours of these two ladies the present prosperity of the Institution is largely due; but very many other workers have loyally contributed, such as Mrs. F. A. Bevan, who takes the chair at the meetings of the London Council, and Miss Denny, who occupies the vice-chair. The finances of the Association are supervised by a committee of gentlemen. Mr. W. T. Paton is one of the leading spirits of this committee, and, together with Miss A. R. Habershon, acts as Honorary Finance Secretary of the whole work.

The motto of the Association is the well-known passage in Zech. iv. 6, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The basis is set forth thus: "A living union with Christ, our God and Saviour, the only principle of action being the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, and uniting in prayer and work those who desire to extend His Kingdom among young women by all means that are in accordance with the Word of God." The first object is, "Union in prayer for young women." The second is, "Work among young women of all classes," with a view to their eternal and also temporal well-being. This work is not only carried on in the ways we have already indicated, but in many others, far too numerous to mention, and it involves the expenditure of a sum

of money so large that, unless the public believed in such effort on behalf of the girls of London, it would have to be seriously curtailed. But the public has shown every confidence in the Y.W.C.A., therefore the activities of the Association go on increasing, though we have no doubt the Treasurer can always do with more money.



NEW Y.W.C.A. HEAD-QUARTERS, 25 AND 26, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

Within the present year, the large freehold premises, shown in the above illustration—kindly placed at our disposal by the Honorary Secretaries,—have been secured, at a cost of £20,000. These will be the new Head-quarters, not only for London, but for the other divisions. Accommodation will also be afforded for the Central Institute, and the Offices of the British National Council, the Continental Department, and the recently-organized World's Y.W.C.A. The property was formerly the town mansion of the Duchess of Buckingham. The stone staircase is very fine; as we stood at the summit, with Mr. Kidner, and looked

upon flight after flight of stairs, we thought of the many who had gone up and down them in other days. What a company! What histories! Yet we venture to think that, grand as the processions may have been in the past, the best days of that noble staircase are yet to come, as the solid steps shall bear the feet of the servants of the King of Glory going forth to succour and to save their sisters the wide world over.

In every part of these vast premises the work of the Y.W.C.A. was either going on, or in course of preparation. It is here that the man we sat beside in Professor Rogers' class has his office, and it is in this hive of industry that Henry Kidner holds such an honourable post. At the time of his first appointment, in 1885, his old friend, Mr. Mills, of the Y.M.C.A., wrote:—"He has never failed yet in anything he has undertaken. He has too much perseverance for that." This has been fully verified. When Mr. Kidner was accepted, the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird—the present Lord Kinnaird,—congratulated him as follows:—"I am glad to think you are coming to work with us in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association. I know of none more important at the present time, nor one which has a larger possibility of future usefulness. I trust that increased blessing may attend our labours, and that we may be spared to work many years together." Nearly twelve years have passed since those words were penned, and we trust that they may be true with regard both to the writer and the recipient for many years to come. From the very first, our brother has esteemed it a great privilege and pleasure to be united in work with Lord Kinnaird, Mr. W. T. Paton, and the Finance Committee of the London Young Women's Christian Association.

Amid much blessing in his public service, our friend has had sharp private trials. An only daughter died in 1887, and a few months ago, as we have already noted, he passed into the shadow again. A sympathetic reference to Mrs. Kidner appears in this year's Report of the Y.W.C.A. She was, indeed, intent on winning souls. Converted at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood, under the ministry of Mr. Stott, she very early settled at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and caught the spirit of the greatly-beloved C. H. Spurgeon. She was a teacher in the Tabernacle Sunday-school, and it was here, when Mr. Kidner came to the College, that he found her. She stimulated every great movement of their married life. That such a woman should be greatly missed, is a matter of course. She left one son, aged eighteen years. At so young an age, he recently passed the Intermediate Science Examination at the London University, and hopes to graduate in Science next year.

From one of the latest letters written by Mr. Kidner, we take a short extract, which may fitly finish this sketch of his career:—"I still stand by the old faith as I held it thirty years ago, and was taught it in our *Alma Mater*.

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all,"

is the sum and substance of my theology."

H. T. S.

Forgiveness and First-class Fare.

HOW many sad and sinful men and women just barely exist in the East of London! Men in hiding are there, and men who boldly face the poverty and misery they have brought upon themselves. Here is the story of one man who was hiding in that crowded region.

Fresh from the country, and as much unlike a Londoner as possible, I was enlisted in a kind of amateur detective service by a gentleman who wanted to find a man. He said to me, "Will you go to C—— Street, and ask for a man called Johnson. That is not his real name, of course. As you will be taken for someone offering him employment at the docks where he is working, you will be able to do me grand service; and may I say that yours is indeed a mission of mercy? This wretched fellow I want you to see, is a born gentleman; but, having spent his own fortune and that of his wife, he forged his wife's sister's name, and now he is working as a dock-labourer. Find him if you possibly can!"

Soon, a friend and I were knocking at the address given, and the door was opened by the landlady.

"Does a man named Johnson live here?" I asked. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I suppose you want him at the docks? I am glad, for he is 'hard up.'"

"When can I see him, ma'am?"

"Well, if you call at one o'clock, sir, you will most likely find him here."

One o'clock found the two of us at the house again, and soon there was a third individual with us in the small dirty room. The man we had come to find, who went by the name of Johnson, had on a shabby frock coat and tall hat, and boots which it would puzzle anyone to stand erect on their own soles. He was grimy, for he had been working in the docks, and his appearance altogether was most deplorable. My friend stood near the door, and looking straight at the man, said, "So your name is Johnson, is it?" "Yes, sir," said the man; "you can give me a job, I hope, sir?" "Now, my dear sir," said my friend, "your name is not Johnson, it is ——."

The man made for the door, thinking we were detectives, but the two of us were too many for him.

"Sit down on that box," said my friend, "and I will tell you something that will make you glad." He sat down, looking dreadfully uneasy. "Well now, Mr. ——, you have made a fine failure of life; you are here in hiding, and you are in a pitiable state. You forged your sister-in-law's name, and you are entirely at her mercy. Will you believe this letter? Look at it; you know her writing. Look!"

The poor fellow did look, but his face was deathly white.

"Now, Mr. ——, will you let me read this letter to you?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply, "she is only on my track."

"Well, then," enquired my friend, "will you go home?"

"No, sir," said the man, "she only wants to give me a taste of the law."

"My dear sir," said my friend, "I belong to the City Mission, and

your sister has asked me to find you, and to beg you to return. Will you go?"

"Sir, what can I expect from her but punishment, for I have nearly ruined her?"

"Well, here is your pardon, on this slip of paper, which will satisfy you if you read it."

He read:—"My poor dear brother, come home to my sister, and I will forgive as freely as God has, for Christ's sake, forgiven us."

"Now will you go home?" asked my friend.

Oh, the tears of penitence which started at once! Oh, the sobs of the helpless man! "Sir," said he, "I would go back, but it is a long way, and I am penniless; how can I go back? I would if I could; but look, sir, see my clothes; I could not go home in this garb. Mine has been and is a hard lot."

There was a pause, and then my friend said, with a smile, "Your sister has sent a cheque, with which you are to obtain an outfit, and a first-class ticket for the journey home."

"Then I'll go," said the happy man.

Three hours after, there stood upon the platform of a large railway station a real gentleman; the barber, the tailor, and the shoemaker had together made a poor seedy-looking scamp into a man occupying a respectable position in society. "Take your seats," cried the guard, and Mr. ——— took *his* seat in a first-class carriage, for he held in his hand a ticket for the whole journey. When the train started, one involuntarily exclaimed, "*Pardoned, clothed, and passage paid all the way; and first-class, too!*"

There is no need to tell of the joy in a country home, a few hours after; there was not one word of reproach, but there were many of heartiest welcome.

To a guilty sinner, in hiding, labouring hard, fearful of punishment, there is a pardon offered just as freely as to our poor friend. Take it, dear reader, as Mr. ———, *alias* Johnson, did, and you will reach home as joyfully as he did. To a repenting sinner, whose rags will not cover him, there is offered right royal raiment, for the Father cries, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him;" and to the penniless sinner there is given a *first-class through-ticket*, marked, "*From the cross to the throne.*" Cheer up, saints, we have not only first-class fare in travelling to Heaven, but first-class everything. God gives to us the best of all He has. "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?"

Sunderland.

GEO. WILSON.

Through the Microscope.

BY H. T. S., AUTHOR OF "THE MARCH OF THE MONTHS."

DURING a visit to "Westwood," last July, the dear lady of the house lent us a treasured microscope. That little instrument had been a humble yet helpful companion in a time of deep sorrow,

when the bereaved one stayed behind at Mentone, in the ever-to-be-remembered early days of 1892. The pocket microscope, then used in gentle walks through the gardens of a friend, soothed by its suggestiveness as it showed the exquisitely-perfect manner in which the Great Father finished the minute things wrought by His hands, and clothed the grass of the field with beauty and a lavishment of tints which no human eye unaided could discover. So the thought came as a tonic, that He who was ever at work, unobserved, in Nature's realm, was the same God who would change "the body of our humiliation" into the likeness of "the body of His glory," and array the saint with that life and joy to which the apostle looked forward with such ecstasy when He said, "To die is gain."

Two of us, enjoying a preacher's holiday, lay on the large lawn at "Westwood," and applied the little glass first to a flower of common trefoil, which showed a texture of such delicacy that it were a sacrilege to touch, and tints of tender shading utterly unsuspected but for the microscope. Then we took another tiny flower, known to the local children as "hen and chickens." The petals revealed a wealth of gold within a vase of pink and green. Again we moved the glass, and placed it over the spreading leaves of a very little weed, and our wonder grew, for we looked down into a field of tender green, from which sprang silver hairs in profusion, all bending one way.

But, why enlarge by words? Where'er we placed the magic lens,—whether over the eye of the lovely lobelia, which became a treasure-tuft tipped with sweet nectar, springing from a tunnel of vanishing blue, from whence emerged a fly so small as to be quite unseen without the glass; or whether over the glossy red leaflets of a small variegated fuchsia,—every sight but deepened the awe, and we felt the whole place to be hallowed with the nearness of God. What we had hitherto called "common" was no longer so, the very grass beneath our feet had become holy ground. So we sat still, and thought of the dear Lord who drew the lesson of Divine care from "the lilies of the field," and who proved that He knew well the *quality* of the Father's workmanship when He made the comparison, "I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We remembered that there was one of old time, who, if he had no microscope, had his eyes opened by the Spirit when he cried, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches;" and we found ourselves using his apostrophe for our evensong. Then we pondered, and argued from the lowly to the sublime, that if He thus decks "the flower of the field," how will He *adorn* those in whom His soul delighteth!

We sat long before the Lord, saying nothing, but hearing many things,—things that refuse to be cramped into a printed page; then we rose, and faced the evening light, which stretched like a world of "far distances" over the trees of "Westwood," and as we walked we repeated the beginning of the fourteenth Psalm, "The FOOL hath said in his heart, There is no God."—*From Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack for 1897.*

Indian Incidents and Illustrations.

V.—A REAL JUBILEE.

OUR Queen's Jubilee was celebrated in India on February 16th. At that time, I was living at Madaripore, in the Bengal Presidency, the most isolated of all our mission stations in India. When the day arrived, the mission boat was drawn up before the row of fine fir trees that stand like sentinels along the riverside near the courts. The place was gaily decorated, and at night fireworks and illuminations delighted the natives; even the mission boat was ablaze from prow to stern. Early in the morning, native music filled the air, while bombs were fired at intervals in imitation of cannon. Large awnings were erected for the comfort of the immense crowd that gathered, and Indian carpets were spread on the grass beneath. I was the only Englishman present; and a seat was given me by the side of the native deputy magistrate, the official representative of the Queen. Loyal and florid addresses were given in English, Bengali, Hindustani, and Sanscrit. Students from the Government School read laudatory poems, and sang hymns to their gods. I was asked to pray for the Empress of India, and as I ceased the large crowd evinced their accord by a loud and hearty clapping of their hands instead of the usual "Amen." to which they were strangers. Once more, native musical instruments burst forth, and bombs were fired at many points.

But the most exciting part of the day's ceremonies was yet to come. Seven prisoners were led into the arena in prison garb, and placed in a line with hands folded as though in supplication. Perfect silence reigned among the crowd of onlookers. Native policemen, with red pugarees, blue jackets, leather belts, truncheons, and heavy boots, stood upright behind the prisoners. Curiosity was at its height, as the paper containing the Queen's orders was seen in the hand of the official representative of the powers that be. Then, one by one, five of the criminals (as their names were called) came forward, trembling with excitement, and prostrated themselves before the magistrate; but as the word *Kalash* ("Free") sounded forth, each one leapt from the ground, sprang through the crowd, flung aside his prison garb, donned a piece of cloth, and in a few seconds was out of sight, and speeding towards his home. That word "Free" found a ready response throughout the large crowd, and they shouted, clapped, and rejoiced as it was uttered to each of the elected ones. To them it was a *real Jubilee* indeed! The day had brought liberty to the captives.

But there was a sad background to the scene for those who looked on. Two of the prisoners only had their terms of imprisonment reduced, and with heavy hearts they returned, manacled, to their cells. Sadder still was the fact that, as they went, they were burdened with the clothes the freed men had cast away. How sorrowful it seemed to see men return to captivity, who had been near enough to hear the proclamation of freedom, and to witness the liberation of others, but themselves missing the boon! Yet the same thing occurs to-day in many assemblies where men, authorized by God to proclaim liberty

to the captives, plead with sinners to go free. How the Heavenly watchers must rejoice, and strike their harps afresh, as one after another those who have been rebels approach the throne, and realize that a *real Jubilee* has come to them! Then are they "*free indeed.*" There was no claim to mercy, no right to liberty, urged by any of the prisoners that day; and only implicit faith in the Queen's proclamation required to be exercised. It was *her word* that set them free, even though it was uttered thousands of miles away from her royal palace by one of her appointed representatives. So is it to-day with the gospel of salvation. Its proclamation of pardon is only restricted to those who believe in Christ, "for God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

ROBERT SPURGEON.

Pity the Poor Moslems.

THE religion of Mohammed speaks of God, and spiritual things; but it is like an incorrect index to a book, which is more misleading than none at all. A man came to our Medical Mission, not long ago, and offered what appeared to be a gold piece, and asked for change. I looked at it and then at him. It was a gilded farthing (2 centime piece) which he offered me: he seemed to really believe that it was good, and his face was a sad study when I said, "This is not gold." So these poor people are deluded with the gilded farthing of Mohammedanism, and it is we alone who have the true gold who can show them something better.

Moslems often assume beautiful names, such as "the slave of God," "the slave of the Merciful One;" such names are common, while those who bear them are generally the slaves of the grossest sins. As I walk among the whited graves which shine so purely in the strong light of our African sun, and then return to deal with the moral corruptions of the people, our Lord's striking figure about the Pharisees (Matthew xxiii. 27.) often comes to my mind.

Meanwhile, these Mohammedans are deeply sunk in superstition. A friend of mine was knocking a doorway between two rooms in his house when the landlord became very excited, and begged him to stop till a fowl was secured, and its blood sprinkled upon the doorway. Seldom does a patient, very ill, come to consult me but she is adorned with various charms:—pieces of coral or bone, a porcupine's claw perhaps, or texts from the Koran, in little bags, or even a miniature copy of the Koran itself may be hanging from her neck. They put great confidence in such useless things, and they are their favourite remedies.

When preaching, a few mornings ago, to a lot of men who had come from a great distance, I said to them, "Why have you come so far? You have come because you have more faith in the Christian's medicine than in your own. That is well, and very wise of you; but my *medicine for the soul* is also much better than yours, will you not try that, too?" We rejoice in the opportunities given to sow the seed, and we believe that He who has already given the early rain, which has made the ploughing and sowing possible, may well be trusted to give the latter rains also, and the harvest in due season.

We had the pleasure of having with us, for a day or two lately, a young Moslem, who we believe is truly converted. In his village home his friends had noticed the change, and were displeased. They asked him whether he fasted in Ramadan, and when he answered, "No," they cried

out, "Stone him! Stone him!" When he was with us, he did not wear his turban in the house. Someone told him to put it on, and said that it was wrong for him to be without it. S— replied, "It is wrong to lie or to steal, but it is not wrong to leave off your turban." This lad, like most others here, is unable to read; and it is well for us to remember that merely sending Scriptures is not enough to do for the people of these lands. How can they hear without a preacher, when so few of them can read at all, and those few who can, are often the very ones whose learning makes them too proud and bigoted to seek the truth of God? As for us, let us not wish to be above our Master, who preached the gospel to the poor, and let us remember that God can, even of these Mohammedans, raise up children unto Himself. At the services in the *baraka*, during the month, I have several times had fifteen to twenty attentive listeners, and yet not one of them able to read. I would ask my friends to pray for me that at such times special teaching power may be given me. I believe two men did accept the Saviour at one of these services; their joy and praise to God, for His great salvation, were a refreshment to my soul. At a Mothers' Meeting started this month, three several women put the same question during one afternoon, and it was this, "Why did not these Books come to Sousse before? We never heard of them till the Doctor came." Ah! dear friends, why did they not, and why are they not going to many another dark town? Is it God's fault? Dear reader, will *you* think and pray about this matter, and help as you are able?

Statistics for October,—visits paid, 356; new patients, 247; nights' lodging in *baraka*, 368.

Sousse, Tunisia.

T. GILLARD CHURCHER.

Notices of Books.

Any Book reviewed or advertised in this Magazine will be forwarded by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster on receipt of Postal Order for the published price.

A *Carillon of Bells, to Ring Out the Old Truths of "Free Grace and Dying Love."* By Mrs. C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster. Price 1s. 6d.

EVERYTHING that Mrs. Spurgeon writes is highly prized by her readers, but her "Personal Notes on a Text" have been the means of greater blessing than any other product of her Spirit-guided pen. Hence, we anticipate a wide welcome and great usefulness for this daintily-bound volume of gracious meditations upon some well-known passages of Scripture and other less-familiar texts. On page 636 of the present Magazine will be found Mrs. Spurgeon's own reference to her new little book, so we only need to say, "Be sure to buy the *Carillon of Bells* for your own heart and home, and then see that this 'Free

Grace' music is heard by all your friends and neighbours this Christmas and New Year."

The Sword and the Trowel. Volume XXXII. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 5s.

FIVE volumes completed since dear Mr. Spurgeon wrote at Mentone the pathetic Preface for 1891,—almost his swan song! In those five years, how many new magazines have been started, and how many have also ended their brief career! Amid the keen competition of the period, we are thankful to continue our "record of combat with sin, and of labour for the Lord;" and it is with devout gratitude to God that we finish the volume for 1896, and commence the new one for 1897. All who desire to

preserve the monthly numbers of the Magazine can obtain suitable cloth covers, 1s. 4d. each, through any bookseller; or the bound volume can be procured shortly after the present part is issued. No true lover of Mr. Spurgeon can afford to be without the weekly Sermon and the monthly Magazine by which, "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

The Higher Criticism: the Greatest Apostasy of the Age. By D. K. PATON. Passmore and Alabaster. Price 1s. 6d.

A BOMBSHELL exploded in the camp of the enemies of the cross of Christ! With this little book in his hand, or its contents stored away in his head, a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not fear to confront a whole army of "Down-grade" Doctors of Divinity. The great controversy over the inerrancy of the Word of God is here in a nutshell, and the nut is one that the so-called "Higher Critics" will find it hard to crack. The author writes without bitterness, but he uses great plainness of speech, as for instance when he proves that the serpent in Paradise was the founder of the school of Higher Criticism, or when he writes:—"We all believe in progress, and earnestly desire it in everything, but especially do we all desire progress in the Divine and Heavenward life. But we refuse to believe that the reappearance of Voltaire or Paine, dressed out in fine clerical robes, is evidence of any kind of progress whatever." This eighteenpenny booklet ought to be scattered by the hundred thousand.

Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster have issued two more two-shilling volumes uniform with *Words of Wisdom for Daily Life*; they are entitled, *Words of Counsel for Christian Workers*, and *Words of Advice for Seekers*, by C. H. SPURGEON. Whether for workers or seekers, the counsel or advice is such as, if followed, must bring blessing and joy.

Our publishers have added to the series of 3s. 6d. books by Mr. SPURGEON a brightly-bound volume, *The Teachings of Nature in the King-*

dom of Grace. The dear preacher loved to look through Nature up to Nature's God, and to show that the Books of Creation and Revelation were written by the same Divine hand, and therefore were never at variance with one another. This volume contains fifty-six short chapters upon various aspects of spiritual teaching as illustrated in the natural realm, and closes with the first printed Sermon by Mr. Spurgeon,—“Harvest Time,”—preached in New Park Street Chapel, in August, 1854.

Just too late to be noticed last month came Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s well-known annual, *The Quiver*. Fully up to the high mark of previous years; what more need we say?

From the Religious Tract Society we have received five more admirable annuals,—*The Cottager and Artizan*, *Friendly Greetings*, *Light in the Home*, *Child's Companion*, and *Our Little Dots*. For all ages and a great variety of readers, these Magazines continue to furnish abundant material both for interest and for instruction.

The R.T.S. *Scripture Pocket Book* for 1897 is issued in a new and improved form at 1s. 6d. and 2s. All who carry it will have a choice collection of Scripture texts always close at hand, with much useful general information.

The Sunday School Union continues to provide an excellent supply of literary matter for the three classes of readers for whom *The Child's Own Magazine*, *The Silver Link*, and *Young England* are intended. The last-named volume ought to satisfy the most rapacious appetite for stories of adventure, travel, and war; while the first-mentioned contains a frontispiece that is quite an artistic gem. *The Silver Link* is specially devoted to the interests of the International Bible Reading Association; and as there are more than half a million home-members, its constituency is a wide and important one. We congratulate our good friend, Mr. Chas. Waters, upon the success both of the I.B.R.A., and of the Magazine which is its worthy organ.

Messrs. Walter G. Wheeler and Co., 17, Paternoster Row, (who have purchased the businesses of Messrs. J. E. Hawkins and Co. and Mr. W. G. Wheeler,) send us an excellent assortment of their *Christmas, New Year, and Motto Cards, Calendars, and Booklets*. They are so good that we advise our readers to send for the full list before making their season's purchases. The demands upon our space will not permit a long notice; but we may specially mention the shilling packets of cards, "Love, Light, and Glory," "The Service of the King," "Mountain Voices," and "By Moor and Stream"; and the "Keswick" Calendars, "Our Onward Way," 1s., and "The Faithful Promiser," 2s. The latter is particularly choice, with pretty pictures and well-chosen words. Many of the motto cards are admirable.

Mr. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, has published a complete *Thumb Edition of the Pilgrim's Progress*, which will not merely go into the waistcoat pocket, but into the watch-pocket. It contains 860 pages of the famous Oxford India paper, the type, though small, is quite legible, the flexible binding increases the pleasure of handling the tiny volume, and the portrait of John Bunyan and other illustrations further add to its value. The price of this literary gem ranges from 1s. 6d. upwards.

Messrs Partridge and Co. have issued two more plentifully-illustrated eighteenpenny books.—*Stories of Animal Sagacity*, by D. J. D., and *Anecdotes of Animals and Birds*, by UNCLE JOHN,—which will charm the young readers' eyes, and make them better acquainted with the swift-winged or four-footed creatures of whom the two authors so pleasantly write.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons send us a grand assortment of books for young readers. As usual, they are noteworthy for the taste and skill displayed in their production,—paper, printing, binding, and illustrations all being

first class. Starting with the two volumes at a shilling each, we have *Fireside Sketches from Swedish Life*, by Mrs. WOODS BAKER, and *King Matthias and the Beggar Boy*, adapted from the Hungarian of BARON NICHOLAS JOSIKA, by SELINA GAYE, in which our boys and girls can read much that is interesting concerning the children belonging to those two nationalities.

Then follow two books at one-and-sixpence,—*Frank's First Term*, by HAROLD AVERY, upon the perennially exciting topic of a boy's first experiences at boarding-school; and *Jack and his Brothers*, by Mrs. AUSTIN DOBSON, a story of the home life of "three-year-old Jack," which is made additionally attractive by the introduction of several pieces of original music. At half-a-crown, there are also two capital volumes,—*The Hermit Princes*, by ELEANOR STREDDER, recording the strange adventures of an English boy in Japan; and *Making his Way*, by J. MAODONALD OXLEY, who relates his hero's progress as scholar, teacher, Christian worker, and Baptist minister. This is "a tale of boys," that must be a blessing to all who will read it in the right spirit. Its author has also written for Messrs. Nelson a 3s. 6d. book, *Busting the Blockade*, in which he tells the story of the terrible internecine war between the Northern and Southern States, specially narrating the thrilling events that happened in and around Charleston in those times of stress and storm.

Messrs. Nelson have issued two stories (3s. 6d. each) from the never-tiring pen of EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN,—*The Sign of the Red Cross*, a tale of Old London in the days of the Great Plague and Fire, and *Dominique's Vengeance*, a story of France and Florida in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. One of the pleasantest methods of administering a dose of history and geography is to present to a studious boy or girl one of Evelyn Everett-Green's historical tales, of which a list of "a baker's dozen" is given in the volume now before us.

Fact takes the place of fiction in

the substantial four-shilling illustrated volume narrating *Captain Cook's Voyages round the World*, with an Introductory Life by M. B. SYNGE; while, to crown the present series of books, is one published at a crown,—*Clevely Sahib*, a tale of the Khyber Pass, by HERBERT HAYENS, opening with the hero's birth at Lahore, when Runjit Singh was "the old lion of the Punjab," and continuing with the mingled strains of love and war till the terrible Indian mutiny was over, and husband, wife, and child safely landed on the shores of old England.

The next parcel of story-books comes from the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus Buildings. Beginning with the smallest first, we have three collections of short stories such as little children love to hear, especially at bed-time,—"*Something to do, Please!*" by ANNIE F. PERRAM; and *Crossing the Rainbow Bridge*, by Mrs. J. ALEXANDER SMITH (6d. each); and *Our Cousin Noel*, by ANNIE CRAIG (9d.). Then follow two tales at a shilling each,—*Weasel Tim*, by BESSIE MARCHANT; and *Lucy's Temptation*, by F. SPENSER, the latter story written with the special object of warning young men and women of the curse of strong drink. If we could have only one of the three volumes at 1s. 6d.,—*Winsome Winnie*, by EMILY SPRATLING; *Two Little Sisters and Humphrey*, by ISABEL STUART ROBSON; and *The Scotch Girl's Exile*, by ALICE J. BRIGGS;—we should choose the last one, for it professes to narrate the stirring story of the son of the martyr Wishart; and if the tale is true, he was the worthy son of a noble sire. Last, but not least, is JEANIE FERRY's capital account of *Maggie's Life Work* (2s.), in which the history of the motherless daughter of a drunkard is traced through various vicissitudes till she becomes the happy helpmeet of a minister of the gospel, and so finds her highest and best "life work."

Messrs. Partridge and Co. send us three brightly-bound and well-illus-

trated stories at 1s. each,—*Lady Betty's Twins*, by E. M. WATERWORTH; and *Carol's Gift*, and *Raymond's Rival*, by JENNIE CHAPPELL. All three are so good that it is difficult to choose between them; if you put all in the school or home library, the children ought to give you three cheers, or even "three times three."

Mr. John Hogg has issued two new illustrated books of travel and adventure (3s. 6d. each), which not only furnish plenty of excitement for the youthful readers, but also convey a considerable amount of information in a pleasing form. The first is entitled, *Matthew Flinders*, by ROBERT THYNNE, and gives the true story of Captain Flinders' Adventures and Explorations; the second is called, *Under the Naga Banner*, by CHARLES J. MANSFORD, who weaves into his narrative of the Nagas of Assam quite a number of traditions, including one which is said to be likely to "settle that endless discussion about the lost tribes." The book is too full of fighting to please a member of the Peace Society; but we suppose it truthfully describes the fierce folk who are gradually becoming more peace-loving under the British rule which they have been so unwilling to accept.

Namesakes, by MARGARET HAYCRAFT, is No. 16 in Mr. Hogg's "New Illustrated Shilling Juvenile Books." It is a well-told tale of a boy and a dog bearing the same name, Hector,—very appropriate to the boy, who was fond of hectoring. The two-footed animal tried in various ways to get rid of the nobler-spirited quadruped, which ultimately treated him better than he deserved by saving him from drowning.

Ella's Christmas Letter, and other Stories. Voices from a Money-box.
By W. J. FORSTER. Robert Culley.

Two volumes of children's stories well calculated to arouse the sympathy of our boys and girls on behalf of the destitute and the orphan. The books are illustrated, and well got-up, and would be a capital addition to any children's library.

A. J. Gordon, D.D. A Biography, by his Son, ERNEST B. GORDON.
Hodder and Stoughton.

WE are very glad to welcome this memoir so quickly after the departure of the gracious and many-sided man of God whose life it records. His son, who himself deserves a high place in the world of letters, touches with deft hand the chief points of his beloved father's career, and in the modest compass of less than 400 pages gives us a portrait of the man which impresses us with its vivacity, spirituality, and practicalness, in pleasing contrast to the effect of the somewhat morose picture which serves as frontispiece to the volume.

The story of the transformation of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, from its fashionable and frigid state to the fervent fellowship which now exists, is worthy of the attention of those who, by worldly methods, hope to further God's work, instead of aiming at simplicity, heartiness, and other-worldliness as the true atmosphere for success. We have known Dr. Gordon before as a Biblical teacher, and earnest missionary advocate; but here we see him also as a social reformer, a man of affairs, a worker amongst Jews and Chinese, a lecturer to students, a prominent figure at conventions, an editor, an open-air preacher, and what not? In his capacity for all good works, and in much else, he reminds us of our own dear C. H. Spurgeon. He was not afraid to take his stand on the whole Bible in opposition to the critics of the day: he accorded to the Word of God a place of solitary and unapproachable pre-eminence.

With his Calvinistic views, and his eager outlook towards the appearing of the Lord Jesus, we are in very hearty accord; and though we know him only from his books, we can almost enter into the pathetic sense of loss which prompted some unknown traveller to send from the train which bore him through the darkness westwards, that sheet of paper which reached the house of sorrow, and contained but three words, "*O my friend!*" Such a man is for ever a friend to all those who "will live

godly in Christ Jesus." His memory is like some box of spikenard, very precious; and this book, high-toned and reticent, is no unworthy memorial of the life which we count as a precious heritage to the children of God everywhere.

A Village Maiden's Career. Life Story of MRS. SYDNEY WATSON.
Told by Herself. Partridge & Co.

READERS of Mrs. Sydney Watson's *Thrilling Life Stories for the Masses*, and the many friends whom she has met with during her evangelistic labours, will welcome her autobiography. It is full of instances of the Lord's gracious working, and of blessing resting upon His Word. Even those who do not agree with the authoress as to the call of women to preach will find much to interest them in this volume. It is a marvel of cheapness,—390 pages for a shilling,—or 2s. in cloth boards; and can be ordered of any of the Metropolitan Tabernacle colporteurs.

The Story of Florence Nightingale, the Heroine of the Crimea. By W. J. WINTLE. Sunday School Union.

A WORTHY and welcome addition to the "Splendid Lives Series." The honoured lady, whose name has been a household word for more than a generation, can never be forgotten by the country for whose stricken soldiers she laboured so devotedly. Such work as hers affords a pleasing contrast to the horrors of the criminal Crimean war which paralyzes England's arm to-day when she would fain rescue the Armenians from their cruel oppressor. Mr. Wintle's narrative makes a thoroughly interesting volume, which should be placed in every girls' library in the land.

Missionary Pioneers in India. By JOHN RUTHERFURD, B.D. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot.

WE have much pleasure in heartily commending this small volume as a worthy memorial of men whose work is an inspiration to read. In comparatively brief chapters, Mr. Rutherford has succeeded in giving a

comprehensive view of the missionary pioneers themselves, and of the scope and issues of their labours. The whole subject is treated with a tender and discriminating hand, and displays a wealth of information, simply told, such as makes every page a charm. We know of no better book of the kind; and what adds to the value of it, is the rescue of two names that had largely faded from view, but which find now an appropriate setting.

"Famous Scots" Series. *Richard Cameron*. By JOHN HERKLESS. *Hugh Miller*. By W. K. LEASK. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

THE sturdy Covenanter, and the great Christian stonemason, geologist, and editor, are here depicted with much affectionate skill. Mr. Leask tells us little if anything that is new about Hugh Miller, and he is scarcely generous to former biographers; but the portrait of the grim and stalwart Richard Cameron is very vigorous and attracting. The brave heroism that fought for the Covenant in Scotland, and the loyalty to Christ that inspired it, have been largely forgotten in these softer days of ours; but such a biography as this will surely arouse the old spirit in many a reader. We earnestly hope that these volumes may sell and be read by thousands, so that Scotland, and our own land, too, may once more be thorough for Christ and His gospel. The Laodicean indifference of Moderatism has permitted all manner of evils to flaunt themselves in that which professes to be Christ's Church; but this story of faithfulness unto death in Christ's cause ought to nerve those who read it to emulate the doughty deeds of Caledonia's noblest sons.

Cardinal Manning. As Presented in his own Letters and Notes. By STANLEY ROAMER. Elliot Stock.

No better service could be rendered to Protestantism than to select portions of this latest biography of a Romish cardinal, and give them to the masses of the people. To bring the doings of this apostate church into the light, to show how she revels in the false, the cunning, the tricky, and the

degradingly-superstitious, is to deliver many who are in danger of yielding to her enticements.

Cardinal Manning was one of Rome's wiliest servants, and it was with something like a gasp of horror she learned that all his backstairs' cunning and intrigue had been put into print, and so become common knowledge. This admirable selection from the larger volume ought to be a splendid beacon light to warn any who have been dallying with the harlot who has so often been "drunk with the blood of the saints." Whilst Anglican priests may beg for Papal recognition, and smart under the snub they get for their pains, the men and women of England will learn from every biography of the Romish communion to resist her preposterous claims, and to oppose her pestilent heresies.

A Short History of Christianity in England. By HOWARD EVANS. James Clarke and Co.

A CAPITAL notion, carried out with great success. The idea is, to teach the people of this realm the true history of genuine religion in England, and so counteract the lying fictions that a sacerdotal priestly class is so diligent in disseminating. If the rising manhood and womanhood of to-day only knew the true story of gospel truth in this land, they never would for a moment be caught by the deadly allurements of "Romanism in disguise." Here, for the astonishing price of a penny, is a manual of religious history exactly suitable for putting into the hands of our young men and women; and it will be a lasting dishonour, now that it is published, if it is not scattered by the hundred thousand. All who have in any way to do with the youth of our land should regard it as a high privilege to sow the truth on these matters, and it can now be done at a cost which is ridiculously small. In the conflict that is coming, between the priest on the one hand, and the rights of conscience, especially in the matter of education, on the other, this booklet should be an invaluable weapon, and greatly contribute to the ultimate victory for the truth and the right.

Bible Characters. Adam to Achan.
By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.
Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

WE cordially welcome this first instalment of *Bible Characters* from the author of *Bunyan Characters*. Dr. Whyte does not merely depict as an artist; he invests his subjects with flesh and blood, and puts life into them. This volume contains strong masculine thought, and displays penetration, and the power to track the subtle workings of the human heart, and to expose the secrets of the soul. Those who heard these delineations of character must have felt that they were in the presence of a spiritual detective possessing the gift of the discerning of spirits. Some few expressions had better have been omitted, while the eulogy of Terah is as much too glowing as the strictures upon Isaac are too severe. On the whole, these are most striking addresses, and should have an immense circulation.

Shadow and Substance. An Exposition of the Tabernacle Types. By GEO. C. NEEDHAM. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

IN these days, when some men would have us even doubt whether there ever was a Tabernacle in the wilderness, it is refreshing to find a teacher who can, in a score of addresses, point its spiritual significance, and spell from its alphabet some of the most precious words of redeeming love and of the Christian life. This little book may be commended as a safe guide into the mystery of these early "patterns of things in the heavens." Devout minds will value these fruitful meditations.

The Birth and Boyhood of Jesus.
By G. F. PENTECOST, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

SERMONS which were enjoyed whilst heard, do not necessarily bear printing. The cold type, without the living personality, freezes and exaggerates the faults of an extemporaneous speech. This, we take it, is the reason why Dr. Pentecost's sermons, in book-form, seem so unattractive. The wilderness of words,

and the prairie of print, weary and tire us by their unrelieved monotony. Everything here is very sound and correct; but there is no mental stimulus in a whole mile of it. As you read on and on, you sigh for a smart sentence, an axiom, or an epigram; anything to break the dull-drum dullness. The hearers of these discourses doubtless felt some power in them when linked to the living voice, but it seems subtly to have evaporated in the process of being printed. Students and preachers will demand something with more point and pithiness, and the rank-and-file Christian will wish for something less provocative of gaping and nodding.

The Supremacy and Sufficiency of Jesus Christ as set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews. By IGNOTUS. Blackwood and Sons.

A DELIGHTFUL book upon the choicest of themes, viz., the glory of Christ as set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here are gleaming mines of spiritual wealth laid bare by an anonymous author; mines of truth about the Saviour's sacrifice, His intercession, His reigning in His people, and in eternity. Every page teems with suggestion; and whilst the ordinary lover of Christ will delight therein, the open-eyed preacher and teacher will surely find here many subjects for meditation and speech. Altogether a fine little volume, full of thought-provoking enrichment for mind and spirit.

The Arch of Titus and the Spoils of the Temple. By the late W. KNIGHT, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

A POPULAR reprint of a very valuable and scholarly work, which has long been out of print. It is one of the "By-paths of Bible Knowledge" Series, which form a fine body of Scripture defence against modern destructive criticism. The Roman conquerors of Israel were, in their pride, all unwittingly expounding and establishing the Bible story, and their triumphal arch of conquest is a standing memorial of that "Word of God which liveth and abideth for ever." The more we can have of such solid

and irrefutable witnesses as this little book, the better; we heartily welcome its appearance in this form, and trust it may have a very large sale.

The Coming of Christ. By PASTOR JOHN WAITE. G. Stoueman.

ONE of the most admirable and balanced little books on the Second Advent that has been written,—Scriptural to the last degree, and sober in judgment in every sentence. Exactly the book to put into the hands of those who are studying the subject for the first time, as it gives in briefest form the Bible-truth on this momentous topic, and avoids all fevered imaginings. The style is transparency itself; and the reader is compelled to read on by the sheer force, and clearness, and Scriptural illumination of the theme. Mr. Waite has put the people of God under a lasting obligation to him by his sane and succinct statement of a subject which has been too often discredited by its champions and enthusiasts.

Will Jesus Come Again? By GEO. C. and ELIZABETH A. NEEDHAM. Albert Needham, East Northfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

"YES!" is the unanimous answer of all Christian men, whether they are pre or post-millenarians. Preterists and Futurists agree here; the divergence appears when these good men begin to discuss the time and the manner of Christ's coming. Here is a little book on this great subject which is certainly worth prayerful study.

How to Study the Bible for Greatest Profit. By R. A. TORREY. Nisbet and Co.

THE theme is of paramount importance to all earnest Christians, and is here treated with great sagacity and brevity, by one who has had unusual experience in Bible Readings, &c. &c. Mr. Torrey is an honoured co-labourer with Mr. Moody at the Chicago Bible Institute, and he has written this little work mainly to answer enquiries addressed to him continually on "How to study the Bible." The hints here given are all the outcome of long practice, and are

just enough to afford guidance for individual independence of method. There is no padding; every word tells, and conveys precious fruits of persistent Bible research. We warmly commend this admirable little compendium, which will be ardently welcomed by all leaders of Bible-classes who desire the highest profit from their study of the Word of Life.

The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil. By COULSON KERNAHAN. James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

WITH the exception of an expression, here and there, which our Calvinistic creed will not permit us to endorse, we heartily welcome this striking vindication of what the author calls "the one supreme and controlling Law . . . of vicarious sacrifice." We are glad that a man who has gained the ear of the reading public should thus boldly declare his adherence to the faith which the devil and the wise men of this world are seeking to destroy, but which those who have the child-spirit delight to accept.

Elements of Religion. By A. H. MONCUR SIMS. Second Edition. Alexander and Shephard.

ELEGANT essays on moral and philosophic themes, but quite innocent of any gospel grip or graciousness. The author might be a Positivist, or Unitarian, or even a Buddhist, for anything distinctive to be found here. It is a cloudland of theory and word-painting; in some respects very pretty, but cloudland still, and very unsubstantial. Those who want facts and not theories, Christ and not mere moral essays, will leave this volume alone.

A Gentle Heart. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

AN earnest plea for a greater display of gentleness in daily home and church life. There is just a slight danger of unduly exalting even such a desirable quality as gentleness, so readers of this sixpenny booklet must remember that there are other virtues equally indispensable to the complete Christian life.

The Sunday School and its Relations.
By six well-known writers. Edited
by A. M. Sunday School Union.

A NEAT and compact little book on the relation of the Sunday School to the home, the church, to amusements, to athletics, to temperance, to Biblical criticism, and to the business of life. With most that is written here, we are in full agreement; but the paper by Professor Marcus Dods, on Modern Biblical Criticism, is a serious blot on an otherwise excellent little volume. The glaring assumptions of the modern Bible-mutilators are coolly accepted by him as being gospel truth, and made to form part of our belief; and we are then informed that no injury to the Sunday School class will follow. We beg leave to doubt this, and would warn our readers not to sample this poison, for it brings disease and death to every soul that imbibes it. We are not surprised to find that, in the Preface, it is announced that "the Sunday School Union is not necessarily committed to the views here enunciated on any *debateable question*." If debateable, why not wait until the truth about it is known, and not scatter doubts and questionings broadcast? Is the Sunday School Union no longer a champion for the truth of God?

Messrs. Dyer Brothers have published a new and enlarged edition (price twopence) of Mr. J. FORBES MONCRIEFF'S powerful pamphlet on *Our Theatres, and why Christian people cannot go to them*. Of course, true Christians cannot go to the theatre. It would be well if our brother's weighty words could be brought under the notice of all worldly-minded professors who frequent the places where the very doors often bear the truthful notice,—THE WAY TO THE PIT.

Shakespeare and the Bible. Fifty Sonnets with their Scriptural Harmonies. Interpreted by C. E. Bagster and Sons. (1s. and 1s. 6d.)

ONE who loves the Bible, and who also admires the writings of the Bard of Avon, here lets the light of the Divinely-inspired Word fall upon the

pages of the great Elizabethan poet. Shakespeare himself, like the writers in every age, was largely indebted to the Scriptures; and our friend, C. E., has done well to give us, in this handy little volume, not only so many of the choicest of the Sonnets, but also "their Scriptural Harmonies." The quotations are all the more appropriate as they are taken from the Bible of Shakespeare's own day, the Geneva version of 1610.

The Christian Endeavour Birthday Book. Compiled by FLORENCE WITTS. Sunday School Union.

As the Y.P.S.C.E. increases its membership, various efforts are made to provide for the needs of the host of young people thus banded together "for Christ and the Church." It is, therefore, only natural that a special Birthday Book for Endeavourers should be regarded as a necessity of the times. The compiler has done her work well, and on the whole she has given suitable extracts from a wide range of authors to illustrate the texts for every day of the year.

Mr. W. Walters, 84, St. Paul's Churchyard, sends us specimens of the *Illustrated Gospels* issued for gratuitous distribution by the Scripture Gift Mission. In English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, modern Greek, and Arabic, in brightly-coloured covers, and with many illustrations by well-known artists, they are admirably adapted for widespread circulation. The Mission is doing an excellent work, and deserves to be supported by Christians of all denominations.

Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross. By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY. Sunday School Union.

ANOTHER book of the series which we think ought never to be written. It seems to us almost like a profanation of the Scriptures to make the proto-martyr the hero of a novel, and we fully endorse the protest which the authoress anticipates in her Preface:—"The pen of inspiration has written of Stephen all that God wills us to know of him, therefore let us be content."

Notes.

ALTHOUGH we have devoted so many pages to "Notices of Books" this month, we have had to leave a large quantity in type, and to postpone till our next number reviews of a great many volumes that came to hand late. Our January issue will (D.V.) be published before Christmas, and we shall include in it as many book notices as possible. We especially call attention to the advertisements of publications of various kinds appearing in the present Magazine; we are unable always to insert the price of works reviewed, but this can easily be ascertained on enquiry of the publishers.

OUR PROGRAMME FOR 1897.—We are glad to be able to announce, as a special item of interest to our readers, that Pastor Thomas Spurgeon has kindly promised to furnish us with an article each month under the general heading of "The Pastor's Page." His contribution for January will be most timely, as it will be descriptive of a New Year's card sent to him by his dear father, and the card itself will be reproduced in the Magazine, in *fac-simile*. Our esteemed correspondent, H. T. S., has also undertaken to write each month a brief article upon "The By-ways and By-gones of Life."

We have mentioned the *new* items first; but, of course, the ever-beloved C. H. Spurgeon will still be the chief contributor to "his own Magazine," as we have many of his prayer-meeting, communion, and College addresses which have never been published, and our Brother Medhurst has not yet exhausted the store of early Sermons which he has sacredly preserved, and most heartily places at our disposal. In the course of the coming year, we expect to publish Mr. Spurgeon's own (very full) outline of the first Sermon preached by him in London, from James i. 17. Mrs. Spurgeon will, as health and strength are granted to her, keep her friends informed concerning the service for the Saviour carried on in her Work-room; Mr. Robert Spurgeon will supply further interesting "Indian Incidents and Illustrations"; and the series of sketches of "Our Own Men and their Work" will (D.V.) be continued month by month. These biographical papers not only serve to show what a great work is being done by our Pastors' College brethren at home and abroad, but in many instances the accounts of their building and other enterprises have moved the Lord's stewards to send them substantial help. The various movements connected with the Tabernacle Church and its many institutions will, as in the past, be chronicled in our columns so far as space will permit, and everything will be done to keep the Magazine up to the standard which the dear Founder set up at the first, and maintained to the last. Will

our readers, on their part, aid us by *each one securing one new subscriber for 1897*? Dear friend, whom will you persuade to take *The Sword and the Trowel* for the ensuing year?

After inserting so much relating to the future, our record for the past month must, in consequence, be very brief. There is much that might have interested our readers, but we are obliged to omit it through lack of room.

On *Monday evening, October 26*, after the prayer-meeting, a SPECIAL CHURCH-MEETING was held at the Tabernacle, under the presidency of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, when all the former elders were re-elected, and Brethren Thomas Fuller and E. Johnson were added to the number.

On *Monday evening, November 2*, the annual meeting of the METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE MATERNAL SOCIETY was held in the lecture-hall. Pastor C. B. Sawday presided, and addresses were given by Messrs. H. L. Bartlett, J. Chamberlain, and F. Thompson.

On *Wednesday evening, November 4*, the annual meeting of Elder J. T. Dunn's MEN'S BIBLE-CLASS was held. The chair was taken by Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and the speakers included Rev. W. R. Mowll, M.A. (vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton), Pastor C. B. Sawday, Mr. Dunn, and members of the class. During the past year, £23 has been contributed for the Pastors' College, and £20 to the Pastors' College Missionary Association, for Mr. Wigstone, one of our brethren labouring for the Lord in Spain.

On *Wednesday evening, November 11*, the annual meeting of the TABERNACLE AUXILIARY OF THE ZENANA MISSION was held in the College. Pastor Thomas Spurgeon presided, and spoke upon "Growing, Giving, and Going;" prayer was presented by Pastor C. B. Sawday; Mr. William Olney reported the receipt of £131 8s. 6d. during the past year, and pleaded for a larger amount for 1896-7; Miss Taylor gave a most interesting account of Zenana work in India, and Miss Angus told of the needs of the women of China, and of what is being done for them. The meeting was well attended, and must have stimulated the missionary zeal of those who were present.

From *November 15-18*, services and meetings were held in connection with the MISSIONARY CONGRESS arranged by the YOUNG CHRISTIANS' MISSIONARY UNION. The gatherings appear to have been a great success, especially the "Demonstration of Young People" on the Tuesday evening, when the Tabernacle was crowded with a most enthusiastic audience. The promoters of the Congress, and especially the energetic Secretary of the Y.C.M.U., Mr. Ernest J. Wigney, are to be heartily congratulated

on the impulse that must have been given to the cause of foreign missions.

Beside the foregoing, and other Tabernacle and College engagements, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon has, during November, given addresses, lectures, or sermons at Abbey Road Chapel, St. John's Wood; Romney Street Chapel, Westminster; Enfield Tabernacle; Centenary Chapel, March, Cambridgeshire; Chatsworth Road Chapel, West Norwood; Albemarle Chapel, Taunton; Weymouth; and Carlton Chapel, Southampton. The President's visit to Taunton will materially benefit the College funds, as Pastor Levi Palmer and his friends spontaneously offered to give half the proceeds to "our Alma Mater."

Special notice.—On Tuesday evening, December 8, the inaugural public meeting of the "JOHN PLOUGHMAN" GOSPEL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY is to be held at the Tabernacle, when Pastor Thomas Spurgeon will (D.V.) exhibit "John Ploughman's Pictures" as lime-light views. Abstaining and non-abstaining friends are heartily invited to be present.

We find that our friend, *Mr. Robert Abraham*, of Ringwood, Witney, whose home-going we briefly noted last month, had reached the ripe age of 76. For nearly seven years he had suffered from a painful affliction, borne in the true spirit of Christian resignation. He was buried in the ground attached to Leafield Chapel, which was erected and has been largely maintained at his expense. Many friends gathered to show their sympathy with the sorrowing family, and among those who took part in the service were Pastor W. Sullivan (Leafield), Mr. Eden (Chadlington), Mr. J. F. Maddox, J.P. (Shipton), and Pastor Joseph Benson (Belle Isle Mission), who first met Mr. Abraham at Mentone, where he was staying with Mr. Spurgeon.

COLLEGE.—The following brethren have removed, or will shortly do so:—Mr. R. W. Ayres, F.S.Sc., from Ravensthorpe, to Mill Road, Cambridge; Mr. F. J. Feltham, from Leicester, to Wellington Street, Stockton-on-Tees; Mr. W. Ruthven, from Norwich, to Bridgeton, Glasgow; Mr. F. W. Walter, from Bildeston, to Burley Road, Leeds; and Mr. W. T. Wotton, from Pavilion, to Mount Morris, New York State, U.S.A.

Mr. J. R. Way, who has been for three and a-half years bravely "holding the fort" in the lonely island of St. Helena, has returned to England. He is now living at 99, Heigham Road, East Ham, London, E., and will be glad to hear of any opening either as a supply or with a view to the pastorate. The St. Helena Church commends our brother for his earnest and faithful service.

The annual meeting of the College is

being held just as the Magazine is passing through the press, so we must defer till next month our report of the proceedings, which are expected to be exceptionally interesting.

PASTORS' COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Patrick writes:—"We had a very fine passage out to Tangier, and arrived here on Wednesday (November 4). A most hearty welcome from English and Spanish friends was awaiting us, and we found our tea-table laden with presents of food, fruit, flowers, etc. The Spanish meetings yesterday (Sunday) were small, but larger than they have been during the summer months. We are delighted to be back, and expecting a good work during the winter."

EVANGELISTS.—Pastor James Owen writes:—"Special evangelistic services were conducted in Mount Pleasant Chapel, Swansea, from October 10 to 18, by Messrs. J. Manton Smith and W. Y. Fullerton. The congregations were very large, and increased as the mission advanced; Christians were stimulated to greater zeal and effort; some backsliders were restored; and, although the number of new converts was not large, yet our belief is that as the result of the services many souls will be gathered into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Mr. Fullerton's Bible-readings were much appreciated, and Mr. Smith's sweet songs and telling stories were listened to with great delight."

Pastor J. Meredith, of Commercial Road Chapel, Hereford, says:—"From October 25 to November 1, evangelistic services were conducted by Mr. J. Manton Smith. The meetings were well attended, especially on the Sundays, when the chapel was crowded to excess. Mr. Smith's messages, both in song and speech, were greatly appreciated, and much blessing has resulted from his labours here. On the Thursday, Mr. W. Y. Fullerton gave a Bible-reading in the afternoon, and in the evening delivered a powerful address, which was owned of God in the conversion of souls. The visit of our dear brethren will long and gratefully be remembered, as having stimulated the activity of the church, and as being the occasion of many accepting Christ."

Many friends who have attended *Mr. Harmer's* evangelistic missions, and others who have read of his work, will rejoice to know that he had a most successful series of recognition services from November 1 to 4, and that he is greatly encouraged by the blessing already given to his pastoral labours at Morice Square, Devonport.

ORPHANAGE.—The quarterly meeting of collectors was held on Tuesday, Nov. 10, when a goodly number of friends gathered. After tea, the company adjourned for a short time to the girls' play-hall, where a number of the boys gave an exhibition of

musical drill, etc. At the meeting in the Memorial Hall, Mr. J. H. Alabaster presided, and the Trustees were represented by Messrs. J. Hall, J. E. Passmore, and F. Thompson. Mr. Hall, after introducing the chairman, thanked the collectors for their continued interest in the work of the Orphanage. Mr. Alabaster expressed his great pleasure at being present, and his high esteem for the late beloved Founder and first President, with part of whose lifework he deemed it an honour and a privilege to have been associated. Following in the footsteps of his father, the chairman said he would always be glad to assist the Orphanage, which he considered to be one of the noblest and most beneficent of the many works inaugurated by Mr. Spurgeon.

Pastor W. Cuff then delivered his popular lecture—illustrated by a unique series of dissolving views,—on the life and work of Mr. Spurgeon. It was highly appreciated by the audience, the lecturer handling his subject in a fascinating and forceful fashion. The total receipts for the day, which included £10 from the chairman, were up to the average, for which the President and Managers are very grateful to the collectors and all helpers. Are there not other friends who can collect for the orphans? Please write for boxes or books to the Secretary, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Writing on November 9, concerning the orphan choir in America, Mr. Charlesworth reported the entire party in good health and spirits. From the time of leaving home, September 24, they have held 59 meetings and services, the audiences numbering at least 45,000 persons. They have travelled about 5,000 miles, visiting New York, Brooklyn, Ansonia, Waterbury, New Haven, Middleton, Springfield, Boston, Lincoln, Worcester, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Toronto. Mr. Charlesworth addressed the ministers' meetings in Boston and Toronto, and he is invited to address the ministers at New York and Philadelphia on the homeward route. The choir has been received everywhere with the utmost kindness and enthusiasm; in many places, hundreds have been unable to obtain admission to the meetings. Engagements are booked at Cleveland, Bedford, Ilyria, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Trenton, etc., and the return journey is fixed per s.s. *St. Louis*, leaving New York (D.V.) December 16. It is a cause for thanksgiving that our friends have been preserved, so far, from accidents by sea and land, and that hundreds of thousands of our fellow-Christians in the United States and Canada, who revere the memory of the Founder of the Orphanage, are now familiar with the character and claims of the Institution. Will all American and Canadian friends accept our grateful acknowledgments of their sympathy and help?

Special note.—It will be seen, from the previous paragraph, that Mr. Charlesworth and his party hope to be back at the Orphanage in time to celebrate Christmas in the good old English fashion. This is an additional reason for reminding all friends, far and near, of the time-honoured custom of sending in special gifts for the orphans as the festive season approaches. There is no need to plead for this spirit of liberality to be again displayed; but, dear readers, we just stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance, feeling assured that you will not forget the fatherless family in the happy home at Stockwell. All contributions, in money or kind, should be addressed to the Treasurer, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

COLPORTAGE.—As the year is now drawing to a close, may we ask all our annual subscribers, and friends who are interested in our Colportage work, to send in their subscriptions and donations for the present year, as we are very anxious to show as creditable a balance as we did at the end of 1895. To prove to all that our men, both old and young, are earnest, and that their work is being blessed, we give the two following extracts from reports just received:—

“Lymington.—Our work is the great pioneer work, say what you will. A drop of ink can still make a million people think. Oh! if the Church of God were more alive, and stood by the colporteur, many more precious souls would be saved. As we scatter the good seed broadcast, we are as busy as ever we can be, and God is still owning our work. All around us, whole families are being saved. One father told me, the other day, that it was through my visits that now he is a diligent worker himself; others, in the sick chamber, wait so earnestly for our regular calls.”

“Maldon.—The work of selling is sometimes very depressing, but I am greatly cheered in other ways. There are many who testify to the blessings they receive through my visits, and as to our Mission, we are enjoying unabated blessing. Last Sunday week, in our open-air service, a woman, who had been a great sinner, broke down, and cried for mercy. She found peace in believing, and there were three more persons waiting to be spoken to about their souls. No one can tell the comfort that dear Mr. Spurgeon's *Good Cheer* and *Mourner's Comforter* bring to the afflicted sons of men.”

All communications and contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, Colportage Association, Temple Street, London, S.E.

Baptisms:—At Metropolitan Tabernacle, Oct. 29, twenty-two; at Haddon Hall, Oct. 29, two.

Pastors' College, Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
A reader of <i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0 10 0	Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fox	50 0 0
Mrs. C. Robertson	1 5 0	Thankoffering from Pastor J. W.	
Mr. W. Pithers	1 1 0	Boud. Penge Tabernacle	1 1 0
Miss Webster's Bible-class, per Pastor		Per Pastor E. J. Knight:—	
Joseph Clark, Nottingham	0 10 0	Mr. Jackson	0 5 0
Mr. J. Hosie	1 0 0	Mr. Mas	0 2 6
Collection at Salters' Hall Baptist		Miss Harold	0 2 6
Chapel, per Pastor A. Bax	3 7 1	G. J. K.	0 10 0
Miss A. Wim	1 0 0		
Mr. R. Snelling	10 0 0	Mrs. Hill	1 0 0
Collection at Sailors' Chapel, Ratcliff		A friend, per Miss S.	0 5 0
Highway, per Mr. E. T. Beckett ...	1 0 0	Weekly Offerings at Met. Tab.:—	0 5 0
Contribution from King's Langley, per		Oct. 18	5 4 9
Pastor D. Macmillan	0 11 6	Nov. 25	23 19 9
Mr. James Batty	1 10 0	Nov. 1	19 4 3
Rev. R. J. Beecliff	0 2 6	Nov. 8	18 8 7
Mrs. R. Wilkinson	2 0 0		
Contribution from Mr. J. T. Dunn's			
Men's Bible-class	28 0 0		66 11 4
Mr. F. W. Kay	0 10 0		£168 9 5

Pastors' College Missionary Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. G. Pine, Bristol	5 0 0	Mrs. Smelau	0 5 0
Collected by Miss Hancock	0 8 4	Mr. J. Billing	0 10 0
Collected by Mrs. Newman	0 10 0	Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-	
Collected by Mr. F. Malling	0 19 7	school Missionary Union, per Mr.	
Collected from classes at East		T. H. Olney	5 0 0
Finchley Sunday-school, per Pastor		Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—	
J. J. Bristow	8 13 6	A friend, per Miss S.	0 5 0
Proceeds of collection from Mr.		Mr. Archibald Stewart	0 2 0
Patrick's visit to South Street,		C. S. G., a reader of the	
Greenwich, per Pastor C. Spurgeon	8 15 2	<i>Sword and Trowel</i>	0 3 8
H. McS.	0 6 0		0 10 8
Contribution from Mr. J. T. Dunn's			£45 18 3
Men's Bible-class, for Mr. J. P.			
Wigstone, Spau	20 0 0		

Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Mr. John Lamont	5 0 0	Mr. R. B. Hindley	0 5 0
Mrs. Coad	0 2 6	Mrs. E. M. McClure	0 2 0
Collected by Miss E. Gray	0 6 0	Mrs. S. Brazil	2 2 0
Miss H. M. Donaldson	0 5 0	Per Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon:—	
J. C., Derby	0 5 0	Mrs. O. Sellars	1 1 0
"Rosneath"	5 0 0	Miss Jones	0 10 0
Mr. Thomas Hankin	1 0 0		1 11 0
Mrs. A. E. Gregory	0 5 0	Mr. A. E. Whitehead	0 5 0
W. Plumley (Orphan girl's collecting-		A reader of <i>The Christian Herald</i> ,	
card)	0 9 8	M. E. C.	0 10 0
Harvest thanksgiving service at		Mrs. C. Robertson	1 5 0
Ebenezer Chapel, Yatton Keywell,		Mrs. Warriner	0 3 0
per Mr. N. B. Marsh	1 1 0	Collected by Mrs. Cooper	0 2 8
Mr. J. Toon	0 10 0	C. W. Cheeseman (Orphan boy's	
Mr. T. W. Denne	0 5 0	collecting-card)	0 10 0
Mr. C. Ibberson	0 3 0	X. S., Bristol	10 0 0
Mrs. H. M. Gray	5 0 0	Harvest thanksgiving service, Union	
Mr. Thomas Penny	2 2 0	Chapel, Fitzurse, near Chippenham...	2 5 0
Mr. W. Joas	0 2 6	Sale of fruit from harvest festival at	
F. E. and Mrs. Whitfield	5 5 0	Regent Street Baptist Chapel, Lam-	
Miss M. Hall	3 3 0	beth	0 3 6

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
E. Williams...	...	0	5	0	Collected by Miss E. Howard	0	4	0
Young Women's Class, Baptist Chapel,	...	2	4	8	Collected by Miss Robinson	0	7	6
Dial, per Miss F. Pledge	...	0	1	0	Mrs. Robert Davies	2	0	0
Mr. P. Whitaker	0	1	0	Miss A. Cumpsty	0	10	6
Mr. T. G. Green	1	1	0	Collected by Miss A. Wolfenden	...	0	5	0
I. Oa., Belfast	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Watson	0	10	0
Harvest thanksgiving Palmer's Green	...	0	8	0	Collected by Mrs. Holder	1	2	3
Mission, per Mr. O. P. Ford...	...	0	10	0	Collected by Miss M. Cheal	6	15	0
Miss E. Macnicoll	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. S. Zuber	0	3	6
Mr. and Mrs. W. Woolidge	2	2	0	Collected by Mrs. H. S. Creasey	...	1	0	3
Miss Watts	0	2	6	Mrs. Liddle	0	3	0
Mrs. S. Slodden	0	5	0	Collected by Miss M. Humphries	...	0	5	0
Mrs. W. Balls	0	2	0	Per Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster—	...			
Mr. O. Barfoot	0	2	6	Mrs. Winter	1	1	0
"Nobody"	0	10	0	Mr. D. Land	0	5	0
Mr. J. Hosie	1	0	0	Collected by Miss Ena Stevens	0	15	0
Mr. I. Walker	5	10	0	Collected by Miss Attfield	0	5	0
Mr. J. G. Van Rija	0	12	6	Mrs. C. Heasman	0	7	6
Manion House Mission, per Pastor	...	2	5	0	Mr. L. Atkinson	0	10	6
G. W. Linnecar	2	0	0	Collected by Miss E. M. Smith	0	3	0
Messrs. Horn and Co. and employes	1	1	0	Collected by the late Mrs. Lord, per	...	0	6	0
Mr. Neil McVicar	1	1	0	Rev. J. Lord	1	0	0
Mr. J. Cutler	1	10	0	Collected by Mr. G. Tolley	0	15	0
Collected by Mrs. Bradley	...	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. A. Johnson	0	7	6
Per F. R. T.	0	10	0	Miss J. Pearce	0	7	0
Miss Winsworth	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Tucker	0	5	0
Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith	1	5	0	Collected by Mr. W. Coward	0	7	0
Mr. and Mrs. C. Tidmarsh	...	0	12	0	Collected by Miss R. Patten	2	2	0
Collected by Miss J. Permaine	0	6	6	Sir Frederick Howard	0	3	6
Miss Brown	1	1	0	Collected by Miss A. Godfrey	1	0	0
Wellington Street Baptist Sunday-	...	2	0	0	Mr. G. B. Vanheson	0	3	3
school, Luton	2	10	0	Collected by Miss E. G. Comber	...	0	10	0
M. D.	0	10	0	Miss Speh	1	0	10
E.	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. G. Rees	1	0	0
Mr. D. M. McKercher	1	0	0	Collected by Miss M. Saunders	...	0	9	0
Mrs. Greenwood	0	2	5	Collected by Miss L. Collis	0	10	0
M. A. L.	0	10	0	Collected by Miss S. A. Ackland	...	0	10	0
Collected by Master D. S. Herries	...	0	1	0	Collected by Miss A. Cowles	0	5	0
Collected by Mrs. Voysey	10	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Fox	0	10	0
"Bessie"	0	1	6	Collected by Mr. W. Dixon (School box)	...	0	10	0
Postal order, Queen Camel	5	0	0	Collected by Miss C. M. Bidewell	1	10	5
A friend	1	0	0	Collected by Mr. W. Sherlock	0	4	1
W. J. S.	5	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Shurner	0	5	6
Mrs. A. Moncrieff	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. F. Air	0	8	0
Collected by Mr. W. J. Lewis	...	2	2	0	Postmen's pence	0	10	0
Per Mrs. Charlesworth:—	...	2	2	0	Collected by Miss Daisy Bond	0	6	0
Messrs. Pocock Brothers	2	2	0	Collected by Miss C. Havenhand	...	0	3	0
Mr. W. W. Thompson	1	1	0	Collected by Mrs. M. Pilgrim	0	12	0
J. L. A.	0	10	0	Collected at Baptist Sunday-school,	...	0	17	0
Miss Aukland	5	15	0	per Mr. A. Smith	0	4	6
Birch Meadow Baptist Chapel,	...	0	15	0	Collected by Mrs. Short	0	10	6
Broseley	0	8	6	Collected by Mrs. Stevenson	0	2	6
Collected by Miss A. Duggan	0	2	0	Collected by Mr. W. Hygate	0	7	0
Collected by Mrs. Butler	0	6	0	Collected by Miss H. Wood	0	6	2
Collected at Mothers' Meeting, Orping-	...	3	14	6	Collected by Mrs. E. Champ	0	10	0
ton, per Mrs. E. Vinson	2	3	0	Collected by Mr. James Friend	0	5	0
Collected by Miss G. F. Smith	2	0	0	Collected by Mr. M. A. Beard	0	6	0
Collected by Mrs. Clayton	1	0	0	Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0
Mrs. J. Stiff	1	3	3	K, a tradesman who believes in the	...	0	10	0
J. B. C.	5	0	0	Lord Jesus Christ	0	2	5
Collected by Pastor Charles Ingre...	...	0	10	6	Collected by Miss Ball	0	5	8
Mr. J. Billing	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Mackenzie	0	5	0
Collected by Baptist Sunday-school,	...	0	10	0	Collected by Mrs. Weeks	0	5	6
Kimbolton	1	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Pegs	0	4	6
Miss K. Hall	0	10	0	Mr. H. Emery	1	1	0
Collected by Mrs. Haddock	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Mumford	0	3	0
Collected by Mrs. Fowler	0	5	0	Mrs. S. Hawker	0	15	6
Mr. J. Wilson	2	0	0	Collected by Miss E. M. Broughton	...	1	10	0
Mr. H. Bell	0	5	0	Mr. Houghton (3 years' subscriptions)	...	0	19	6
Mrs. Vane	4	0	0	Mr. A. Humphries	0	16	0
Mr. T. D. Adams	5	0	0	Collected by Mr. H. J. Fryer	0	1	4
Mr. G. Bantick	4	0	0	Collected by Mrs. Hewitt	0	5	0
Miss Reeves	5	0	0	Miss E. C. Clutterbuck	0	11	5
Mr. D. Poord	0	10	0	Box at Orphanage gates	0	10	0
A Midlothian farmer	1	7	8	A. E.	0	10	0
Mr. F. Kay	0	5	0	Collected by Mrs. Perry	0	10	0
Collected by Miss E. Cubitt	0	4	0		...			
Mrs. M. Everest			
Collected by Mr. W. Sullivan			

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Boxes at Tabernacle gates	1	1	2	Grove, Master W.	0	1	7
Messrs. Rabbits and Co., Limited, In-				Goodwin, Miss	0	5	10
stitute, per Mr. J. Kingham	1	1	0	Good, Miss	0	18	10
Collected by Mrs. W. Hillier	0	2	0	Gross, Master A.	0	5	1
A country minister	0	5	0	George, Master E.	0	5	3
F. G.	0	8	0	Hayward, Miss	0	16	9
From the estate of the late Miss G. I.				Hart, Mrs.	0	2	5
Small	0	16	10	Hall, Miss L.	0	1	9
Executors of the late Mrs. Kate				Haynes, Master P.	0	1	3
Curling (on account)	225	0	0	Harvie, Miss G.	0	11	9
Sandwich, per Bankers	1	1	0	Hazzard, Master E.	0	4	8
Per Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon:—				Hall, Miss A. H.	0	1	9
A friend, per Miss S.	0	5	0	Haselden, Master E.	0	4	11
Mr. Alfred Overy	5	0	0	Hertzell, Mrs.	0	8	2
Mrs. Pool	1	1	0	Herring, Master B.	0	2	2
A member of Surrey Taber-				Hennings, Miss	0	2	5
nacle, Walworth	1	0	0	Hillier, Mrs.	0	2	8
Misses E. and A. Heap	2	0	0	Hillier, Mr.	1	10	4
Amy	0	10	0	Howells, Miss	0	11	7
Matthew xxv. 40	1	15	0	Howton, Miss M.	0	3	10
Mr. S. Cornborough	5	0	0	Hollands, Miss E.	0	2	1
			18 11 0	Iles, Miss C.	0	4	7
				Jacobs, Miss E.	0	4	1
<i>Meetings by Mr. Charlesworth and the</i>				Jewhurst, Miss	0	11	7
<i>Orphanage Choir:—</i>				Johnston, Miss	0	6	7
Devonshire Square Baptist Church	10	10	0	Jones, Miss M.	0	4	8
				Kington, Mrs.	0	6	7
<i>Received at Collectors' Meeting, November 10th.</i>				Lee, Mrs.	0	2	9
<i>Collecting Boxes:—</i>				Low, Mrs.	0	5	4
Ash, Miss	0	4	1	Legg, Miss K. A.	0	10	10
Allen, Miss	1	5	1	Mallison, Mrs.	0	5	1
Ashton, Miss	0	7	7	Mann, Master	0	2	6
Barnden, Mrs.	0	17	4	Madder, Mrs.	0	6	3
Bartlett, Miss N.	0	12	10	May, Master	0	5	9
Brannon, Master H.	0	4	3	Metropolitan Tabernacle			
Belleine, Miss C.	0	1	1	Mothers' Meeting	0	17	10
Belleine, Miss M.	0	2	6	Middleton, Mrs.	0	4	2
Bithrey, Mrs.	0	5	4	Moore, Miss E.	0	3	8
Bliss, Miss	0	3	9	Newton, Mrs.	0	3	6
Boyce, Miss G.	0	7	0	Oakes, Mrs.	0	2	9
Boughton, Master H.	0	5	9	Osborn, Mr. D. E.	0	2	1
Bown, Miss	0	11	7	Parker, Mrs.	0	4	7
Bown, Master C.	0	11	7	Pankhurst, Mrs.	0	10	0
Burgess, Miss A. F.	0	4	11	Pawsey, Misses A. and B.	0	9	3
Burton, Mrs. W.	2	16	9	Parker, Master	0	1	8
Butler, Mrs.	0	16	4	Palmer, Mrs.	0	6	10
Burt, Miss E. M.	0	1	3	Preedy, Mrs.	0	7	5
Burn, Mr.	0	2	6	Pearson, Master F.	0	3	0
Charlesworth, Miss E.	0	1	3	Pearce, Misses C. and P.	0	13	9
Cane, Miss	0	9	4	Prichard, Mrs.	0	3	11
Chapman, Mrs.	0	14	3	Potter, Miss J.	0	5	5
Claridge, Miss J.	0	2	8	Plummer, Miss N.	0	10	9
Clark, Mrs. A.	0	7	6	Porter, Mrs. O. J.	0	6	0
Childs, Mrs.	1	2	1	Powell, Master H.	0	4	0
Cover, Miss N.	0	6	6	Rayner, Miss M.	0	6	1
Clow, Miss E.	0	14	2	Read, Mrs.	0	2	0
Cox, Miss	0	17	1	Reynolds, Miss	0	5	11
Crowder, Mrs.	0	11	10	Roberts, Master A.	0	5	9
Collins, Master	0	1	7	Roberts, Mrs.	0	4	8
Cooper, Miss B.	0	1	1	Robins, Mrs.	0	8	7
Collins, Miss M.	0	1	3	Roper, Mrs.	0	5	0
Champness, Mr.	0	4	8	Russell, Mr.	0	5	10
Carpenter, Miss	0	2	6	Rugg, Mrs.	0	8	0
Colley, Mr.	0	11	0	Stapeley, Mr.	0	13	3
Dennish, Mr.	0	10	7	Swan, Mrs.	0	4	9
Dykes, Mrs.	1	0	0	Sampson, Miss	0	5	1
Doyle, Miss	0	3	9	Stephens, Miss	0	2	9
Eyles, Master C.	0	2	10	Skinner, Miss	1	0	4
Elliott, Miss	0	5	4	Smith, Miss C.	0	1	7
Frewin, Master A.	0	2	0	Smith, Misses V. and D.	0	1	9
Frisby, Master J.	1	7	4	Silley, Mrs.	0	4	2
Field, Mrs. S.	0	1	2	Soulsby, Miss	0	6	4
Field, Mrs.	0	8	2	Strudwick, Miss	0	1	8
Forward, Miss G.	0	4	8	Taylor, Miss	0	1	0
Footo, Miss M.	0	1	4	Taylor, Miss E.	0	1	0
Furlong, Master T.	0	2	1	Tarrant, Mrs.	1	3	0
Furlong, Mrs.	0	2	10	Taylor, Miss S. J.	0	7	3
Fuller, Miss E.	0	1	9	Tregear, Miss	0	11	2
Grant, Miss C. A.	0	10	9	Townrow, Mrs.	0	8	3
Grimes, Mrs.	0	8	3	Tompkins, Miss H.	0	2	6
				Thomas, Mrs.	0	6	0

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.					
Vears, Mrs.	0	17	0				Broughton, Mrs.	0	15	0				
Villo, Mrs.	0	8	6				Brown, Miss J. H.	0	7	7				
Vincott, Mr.	0	15	3				Coleman, Mrs.	0	12	0				
Wakelield, Master... ..	0	1	3				Everett, Miss A.	3	0	0				
Watling, Mrs.	1	3	7				Fitzgerald, Miss	0	10	6				
Weeks, Miss	0	6	1				Fowler, Miss	0	16	0				
Wheeler, Mrs.	0	4	0				Howes, Mr. C.	0	7	5				
Whitlock, Mr. G.	0	5	7				Jackson, Miss	1	2	0				
Whitehead, Master A.	0	4	2				Jephs, Miss	0	15	8				
Whittington, Master S.	0	10	5				Keylock, Miss A.	0	12	8				
Wilson, Master W.	0	1	7				Miller, Mr. C.	1	0	0				
Wilmot, Mrs.	0	6	5				Noble, Mrs.	0	5	0				
Woolcott, Miss	1	7	6				Saunders, Mr. E. W.	3	10	0				
Wilmot, Miss R. (in memory of Mrs. Wilmot)	0	5	6						17	7	4			
Young, Mrs.	0	3	2				<i>Donations:—</i>							
Young, Master W.	0	1	10				Alabaster, Mr. J. H.	10	0	0				
Boxes under 1s.	0	2	10				Freeman, Mrs.	0	5	0				
Odd farthings and half- pence	0	6	4				Haseltine, Miss N. (farthing fund)	0	2	8				
				55	2	4	Raybould, Mrs.	1	1	0				
										11	8	8		
<i>Collecting Books:—</i>												£532	16	8
Alderton, Miss	0	12	9											
Barrett, Mr. H.	3	0	0											

List of Presents from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.—PROVISIONS:—1 New Zealand Sheep, Sir A. Seale Haslam; a quantity Fruit, Vegetables, &c., proceeds Harvest Thanksgiving Services, North London Mission, per Mr. C. P. Ford; 14 lbs. Honey, Mr. W. Marchant; 1 Sheep, weighing 105 lbs., Mr. W. J. Graham; 17 gallons Milk, Messrs. R. Higgs & Son; 30 lbs. Fresh Beef, Mr. T. Round.

Boys' CLOTHING:—24 pairs Knitted Socks, 3 Scarves, Mrs. W., East Grinstead; 2 pairs Boys' Stockings, Miss Turner; 3 pairs Stockings, 2 pairs Socks, Mrs. Warriner; 15 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 2 pairs Boots, 1 Suit, Miss S. Hughes; 4 Articles, Miss Harper.

GIRLS' CLOTHING:—1 Apron, Miss Turner; 20 Articles, Miss Passmore; 197 Articles (Girls' and Boys'), The Ladies' Working Party, Reading, per Mrs. James Withers; 37 Articles, The Ladies' Working Meeting, Metropolitan Tabernacle, per Miss Higgs; 37 Articles, 3 Shawls, Miss Harper; 24 Articles, Mrs. Proctor; 12 yards Flannel, 6 yards Calico, 16 Scarves, Miss Torr.

GENERAL:—5 Dolls, a few Toys, Miss Turner; a quantity of Christmas Cards, Society for Distributing Scripture Truths, Eastbourne; 1 volume each "Sunday at Home," "Leisure Hour," "Boys Own Paper," "Girls' Own Paper," "Cottage and Artizan," "Friendly Greetings," "Child's Companion," "Light in the Home," Mr. J. G. Van Rijn; 5 Scrap Books, Miss Harper.

Colportage Association.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
<i>Subscriptions and Donations for Districts:—</i>						
Cardiff and Penrhwiwceiber, per Mr. E. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0			
Messrs. Greenwood Brothers, "In Memoriam"	10	0	0			
Repton and Swadlincote, per E. S. Kent and Sussex Baptist Association...	20	0	0			
	36	18	4			
Cardiff and Penrhwiwceiber, per Mr. J. Cory, J.P.	11	5	0			
Minchinhampton, per Messrs. P. C. Evans and Sons	10	0	0			
Estover, per Mr. H. O. Serpell... ..	10	0	0			
Southern Baptist Association	60	0	0			
Sellindge, per Miss Bell	0	10	0			
Sellindge, per Mr. H. Headley... ..	0	10	0			
Southampton, per Mr. R. Beek	11	5	0			
Ilkeston, per Friend, N.Z.	45	0	0			
Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday-school, per Mr. Thomas H. Olney ...	10	0	0			
Tewkesbury, per Mrs. Thomas White	1	5	0			
Anonymous, Liverpool	1	0	0			
Friends at Tewkesbury, per Mr. E. Balmford	2	15	0			
Friends at Maldon, per Mr. A. G. Sadd	7	10	0			
Friends at Maldon, per Pastor C. D. Gooding	3	15	0			
Horsforth, per Miss Bilbrough... ..	11	5	0			
Aylesbury, per Messrs. Taylor and Gurney				10	0	0
Cambridge Association, per Mr. R. J. Moffat				10	0	0
				£283	18	4
<i>Subscriptions and Donations to the General Fund:—</i>						
Mr. A. Brown	0	2	6			
Mr. Bullman	0	10	0			
Mr. James Batty	3	0	0			
Mr. J. Billing	1	0	0			
Mr. Windmill (omitted last month) ...	0	10	0			
<i>Annual Subscriptions:—</i>						
Mrs. E. A. Calder	5	0	0			
Mr. W. Olney	1	1	0			
Mrs. Olney	0	10	6			
Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.	2	2	0			
Mr. W. Payne	1	1	0			
Mr. W. Izard	1	1	0			
Mr. Hopper	1	1	0			
Mr. J. Quick	0	2	6			
Mrs. Gardiner	2	2	0			
				£19	3	6

Pastors' College Society of Evangelists.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Part collections at Messrs. Fullerton and Smith's mission at Mount Pleasant Chapel, Swansea	...	10	0	0	Thankoffering for Mr. J. M. Smith's services at New Court Chapel, Tootington Park	...	5	5	0
Mr. J. Priestley	...	5	0	0					
							£20	5	0

Mrs. Spurgeon's Fund for General Use in the Lord's Work.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Miss A. Thatcher	...	0	2	6	For translations of sermons:—				
Phebe...	...	0	5	0	Mrs. Bridges	...	1	0	0
E. Y. B. C.	...	1	0	0	Mrs. Cubitt	...	0	10	0
Madame de Mirimonde (10 francs)	...	0	8	0	Miss F. Gutteridge	...	0	10	0
"An old lady"	...	5	0	0	Miss Boobbyer	...	0	5	0
Mrs. E. Fuller	...	1	0	0					
F. G.	...	0	4	0					
Miss Mayse	...	0	4	0			£10	8	6

Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Statement of Receipts from October 15th to November 14th, 1896.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Amount previously acknowledged	...	833	17	10	Mrs. G.	...	5	0	0
Mr. W. Sawyer	...	0	10	0	A friend, Romford	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Shearman	...	1	0	0	Mr. Archibald Stewart	...	0	1	6
Mrs. Edwards	...	0	10	0	Mrs. Scott	...	1	0	0
Mr. Alfred E. Passmore	...	3	3	0	Miss Gutteridge	...	0	10	0
Mrs. Porter	...	1	0	0	Postal orders from Tunbridge Wells	...	0	10	6
Mr. W. H. Webb, per Pastor J. S. Hockey	...	1	0	0			£849	12	10
Money order from Auckland, New Zealand	...	1	0	0					

(Promises unpaid, £27 11s. 6d.)

Mrs. Spurgeon very gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts, from Oct. 29 to Nov. 14, for the poor ministers mentioned on page 595 of November *Sword and Trowel*:—M., 4s; E. P., 10s; W. M., 2s; Mrs. M., £2; Ethel and Jessie, 10s; "an old lady," £5; Mrs. K., 10s; Rochford, 10s; E. J. S., 2s 6d; Mrs. D., £2; Mrs. R., 5s; Miss B., 5s; Mr. C. C., 10s; Miss L., 10s; Mrs. B., 10s 6d; Mr. F. E. S., £5; Mr. R. S., £1; Hawkhurst, 5s; Eliza G., 2s 6d; A. C., 5s; Mrs. B. A. S., £1 5s; J. C. B., £1; Miss Y. and friend, £2; a constant reader of the *Sword and Trowel*, £1; Miss A. S., 5s; Mrs. M., 10s; Miss E. S., 2s; a widow's mite, 2s; Mrs. W., £1; "One in the Faith," 5s; Mrs. S., £4; Mr. L., £5; Mr. F. K., 5s; F. R. H., 4s; Mrs. E., £1; Mr. J. H., £1; Miss E. M. P., 10s; Mr. J. E., 10s; Mrs. P. and friends, £1 10s; widow's mite, Croydon, 5s; Mrs. J. G., £1; Mrs. R., £1; Mr. J. M., £1; Mrs. E. B. W., 5s; F. H. T. O., £1; Mr. J. S., £2 2s; Mrs. B., 10s; Miss G., 10s; Mrs. W., 2s 6d.—Total, £49 4s.

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 Pastor J. A. Spurgeon, Campbellton, White Horse Road, Croydon, if no acknowledgment is sent within a week. All parcels should be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London.

Special Notices.—It is earnestly requested that all donations for the Stockwell Orphanage be addressed to the Treasurer, Spurgeons' Orphan Home, Stockwell Orphanage, Clapham Road, London. Donations for the Pastors' College, the Pastors' College Missionary Association, the Colportage Association, and the Pastors' College Evangelists, should be addressed to the Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Cheques, money orders, &c., should be crossed, and made payable to the Treasurer of the College, Orphanage, Colportage, or other work desired to be assisted.

Contributions "For General Use in the Lord's Work," for Foreign Translations of C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons, and for Beulah Baptist Chapel, Bexhill-on-Sea, should be sent to Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, "Westwood," Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood.